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Boys and Girls
A WORKMAN APPROVED

"Now boys," said father, "as soon as you have finished your breakfast, I want you to get right at that weeding."

"All right, sir," answered Ralph, pleasantly, as he buttered a hot cake.

"The sun is so hot," complained Albert, as he squirmed on his chair.

"That is the reason I want you to get at it early," his father told him. "I have to drive over to Newton this morning, and want you to have it all finished by the time I get back."

Albert continued to frown as long as he was at the table and followed Ralph to the garden with lagging steps. The latter generally did his own work and then helped his brother, but this morning their father had told them that each must do his own work without help from the other.

Whistling cheerfully Ralph went at his task neatly piling the weeds in little heaps so they could easily be gathered up and carried away; but Albert would weed for a minute or two and then stop to look down the row and wonder how much farther he had to go and how long it would take him, so he got on very slowly. And he wasn't very particular about getting all of the weeds out, either. He grumbled about the dew making everything wet, and then next the sun made his back ache.

They had been working perhaps an hour or so when they heard some one coming across the garden toward them.

"Uncle Ralph!" they exclaimed, eagerly springing up to greet the newcomer. An officer in the army, he was their hero, and they never tired of listening to his stories of army life, and a visit from him was a great treat.

"Well, well!" he exclaimed, glancing over what the boys had been doing, "this reminds me when I was a boy, only I had no brother, but had to work alone. Who did that?" he suddenly asked, pointing to what Ralph had done.

"I did," Ralph answered, and Albert's face grew red as his uncle glanced at his untidy row. He felt suddenly very much ashamed to have any one inspect what he had done, least of all Uncle Ralph, but "Um-hum," was all his uncle said.

"Let me see if I have forgotten how to pull weeds," and off came his coat and he set to work on a particularly weedy spot, and the boys forgot to be tired or to think of the sun making them warm, as they laughed at his jokes.

"Do you know," he said presently, "that when a man enlists in the army he has to learn to do a great many different kinds of work, and no matter how dirty or disagreeable it is, that work has to be done just the best he can do it? Long ago when I enlisted in the army of Jesus, I took for my rule in life part of a Bible verse we had once memorized; 'A workman that needeth not to be ashamed,' which means that I should do every task and duty as cheerfully and well as I am able to, and it has been a big help to me in my army life. I wasn't

much older than you boys when I became a Christian. I wonder if you wouldn't like to make that the desire of your lives?"

The boys were thoughtfully quiet, but Albert's face glowed with determination as he slipped back to the row he had been working on before Uncle Ralph came, and not a weed was left standing.

"There," exclaimed Uncle Ralph, when the last weed was pulled, "I call that a good job," and he looked over the clean rows with pride.

"Now then, laddies," he said, as he picked up his coat, "suppose we clean up a bit. I want to tell you about some things I have been doing lately, so we will scrub off some of this dirt, then go out on the porch, where we can rest and cool off while we talk."

And while he talked the boys each resolved in his heart that he, too, would be "A workman that needeth not to be ashamed."—Damarest Wentworth Rubins, in Herald and Presbyter.

CANON GRIBBLE'S DIAMOND JUBILEE.

(Continued from page 666.)

he resisted all efforts to retain his services in that field. He has retired from active service to live in Toronto, and frequently assists at the services at St. Stephen's, Toronto, where he is much beloved. He possesses all his faculties unimpaired; he keeps up his theological studies, and is full of vigour—indeed, his marvellous activity would put to shame many a younger man. His attractive disposition and saintly character win for him friends wherever he goes. "The Canadian Churchman" congratulates him on his sixty years of splendid service, and trusts that he will be spared yet many years to enjoy a well-earned retirement.

Copy of Address presented to Canon Gribble on Monday, September 25th.

To the Reverend Canon Gribble.
Reverend and Dear Sir,—All great joys are tinged with sorrow, and this

Believes She Was Saved From Stroke of Paralysis

All One Side Was Cold and Powerless When She Began Using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

A dead nerve cell can never be replaced. In this way it is different to other cells of the human body. But feeble, wasted nerve cells can be restored, and herein lies hope.

In this fact is also a warning to take note of such symptoms as sleeplessness and loss of energy and ambition, and restore the vitality to the nervous system before some form of helplessness results.

Nervous prostration, locomotor ataxia and paralysis are the natural results of neglecting to keep the nerves in healthful condition. The use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food when you suspect there is something wrong, will soon restore vitality to the nervous system, and thereby prevent serious developments.

Mrs. Merritt Nichols, R. R. No. 3, Dundalk, Ont., writes: "I take pleasure in writing to tell you the great benefit I have derived from the use

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expresses our feelings on the occasion of your farewell visit to the parish and scenes of your early manhood. In those long-since days, Portage du Fort was an alien town with glowing prospects of a future, and the untiring efforts of the splendid and enthusiastic young Rector were an inspiration to all.

Alas! the years have wrought many changes, and few of your contemporaries remain; but we who are here this evening, welcome you with overflowing heart and appreciate the loyalty and affection that prompted you to take a long and wearying journey in order that you might celebrate your *Diamond Jubilee* with us in the old church.

Your visit recalls to our memory many who have gone to join the Church triumphant, and we know that when the day is far spent and the shadows begin to fall your saintly lips can say in the full assurance of faith, "Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace." We offer this gift in gold. It is pure and without dross, therefore appropriate and emblematic.

We pray that your years may be prolonged to a great old age, and that you will have the joy of celebrating the greatest victory the world has ever known: when the tragedy of the ages that is being enacted on the blood-soaked battle fields of Europe will have passed into history.

Once more, farewell, And God be with you.
Portage du Fort, Quebec.
September 25th, 1916.