

can you say such a thing? What could be worse?"

Old John had a twinkle in his eye, and replied, "It might have been true, sir; true, sir; and not a dream!"

NOTHING LIKE TITHING!

"I'm just disgusted with Mrs. Grant, mother; she's the richest woman in our church, and won't even give us a cake for our missionary supper."

"Why, daughter! I never heard of Mrs. Grant being selfish. I think she's considered a very liberal woman."

"Well, she's not. All the girls say the same thing. She never yet has given to us for a supper or fair, and now we do so want to raise the money for our co-worker in India. Don't you think she might have helped, mother?"

"What reason did she give for not helping?"

"Oh, she does not believe in raising money for church work in that way. She believes in tithing. Tithing! What would I give if I tithed?" replied Ella, as she drew off her gloves and removed her hat.

"Let us see," suggested her mother. "You are included in the family for church giving, and father pays that. He also furnishes you with everything you need and allows you ten dollars a month for pin money. Did you ever think of tithing that amount?"

Ella flushed scarlet. "No, mother, I never did. Sometimes I've given a quarter and sometime a dime; but more often nothing. There are always girls to treat, and some little extras to buy, and the money slips out of my hands."

"Well, that is one dollar you could give each month. Then there was the twenty-six dollars your Aunt Amy sent for a birthday gift. I suppose you did not think of tithing that, either."

Ella's face was redder than ever as she again answered, "No."

"That brings the amount up to three dollars and a half that might be credited to you. And about the five dollars that the boys gave you? That makes four dollars you might have given. Perhaps, daughter, it will be well for the young people to take up the subject of tithing, and study it. I'm sure you can learn a beautiful lesson."

A few days later, Ella and a young friend were calling at the Old Ladies' Home, where they often carried flowers, fruit and magazines to the inmates. They were chatting brightly when they heard the noise of several automobiles, and, looking from the window, they saw a line of them drawn up in front.

"Oh!" chirped an old lady, "the cars have come. Mrs. Grant sent her cars again."

"Mrs. Grant!" gasped Ella.

"Yes. She sends 'em every week. She don't know we know who sends 'em, though. She don't want us to know, but ain't she grand?"

Ella and her friend walked thought-

fully away, and presently stopped at the home of a young girl who did beautiful embroidery for sale.

"Oh, girls!" she exclaimed, enthusiastically, "do come in: I've some money for the Missionary Circle. I've been tithing. Mrs. Grant, she's my best customer, you know, told me about it. Of course, I knew they did in Bible times; but I never thought I had anything to tithing. Now, whenever I make a sale, I put in a little book what the tenth of it is, and I have a little jar that I slip it into, and the very thought of trying to fill that jar makes me

happy. I can't keep any in it, though, for I hear so many calls for help from different places."

Her laugh tinkled out musically.

The two girls thanked her for her generous donation, and again started on their way.

"Suppose we try tithing, too, Ella," suggested Edith. "We both spend lots of money on little, foolish things. My allowance comes to-night. I'm going to put by a tenth the balance of the year. Won't you, too?"

Six months later the girls of the Mission Circle were gathered in their

room at the church. On the table before them lay an amount of money.

"Who'd ever dreamed such a pile of money could come from a few tithes?" laughed Ella. "And here's a cheque for one hundred dollars from Mrs. Grant, and this one line: 'Don't you like the new way better than the old?'"

"Well, I should say we do," chirped another girl. "It's really pinched me, often, to do it; but after I began I never failed to put aside one-tenth of everything that came my way. And I never was so happy in my life."

Hardening of the Arteries

An Interesting Explanation of How This Dreaded Condition is Brought About.

You take out the garden hose in the spring, turn on the water, and if the rubber has got hard and brittle the tubing bursts and water spurts out in all directions.

The arteries of the human body may be likened to small rubber pipes, which go everywhere through the body and carry blood to the hands and feet, as well as to the nerves, muscles and vital organs. They carry all the blood in the human system, and if this blood is burdened with the poisons left over when the liver and kidneys are not properly performing their filtering work, these poisons form a deposit on the inside walls of the arteries.

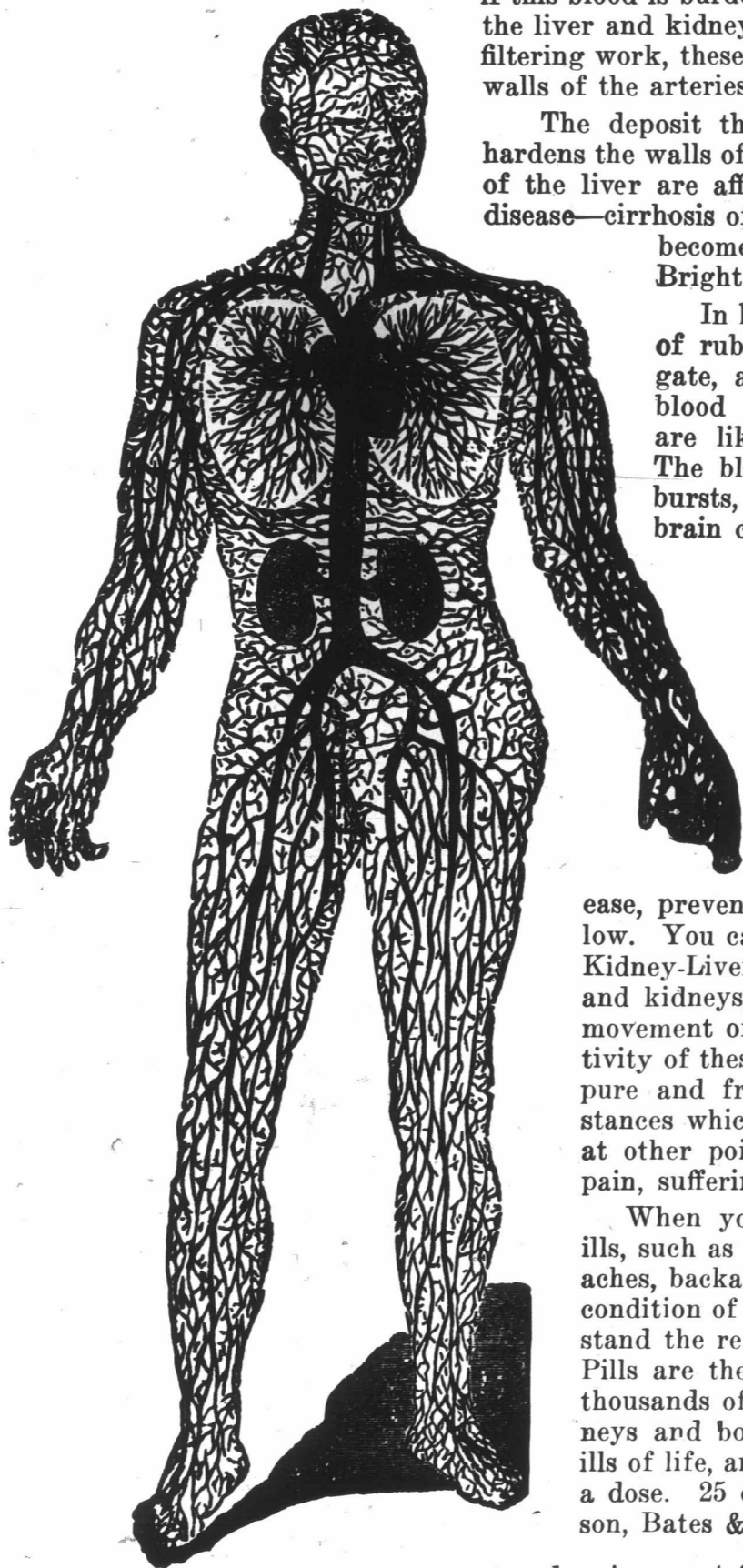
The deposit thus formed gradually thickens and hardens the walls of the arteries. The tiny blood vessels of the liver are affected, and thence comes that fatal disease—cirrhosis of the liver. The cells of the kidneys become starved for want of blood, and Bright's disease gets its start.

In health the arteries have the elasticity of rubber, and expand, contract or elongate, as required by the demands of the blood pressure. Hardened, the arteries are like so much brittle rubber tubing. The blood pressure comes on, the tubing bursts, and the resulting blood clot on the brain causes apoplexy.

It will be plainly seen that the cause of trouble is in the inefficient condition of the liver and kidneys. When these filtering organs are kept healthy and active, and the bowels regular in the removal of waste matter, there is no chance for such dreadful conditions as hardening of the arteries bring about.

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When you think of the scores of common ills, such as colds, indigestion, biliousness, headaches, backaches, etc., which arise from a torpid condition of these organs, you will better understand the reason why Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are the favorite family medicine in many thousands of homes. By keeping the liver, kidneys and bowels active they cure the common ills of life, and prevent serious disease. One pill a dose. 25 cents a box, all dealers, or Edman-son, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto.



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