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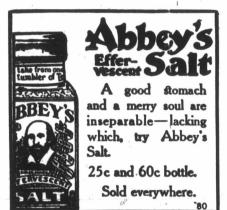


# Department

RST RESCUE.

s big for his age, ear suit on a sixt he though he was than he was, and he almost as big as t he would be some le he was growing! ily-father, mother ears old, going on





July 4, 1912.

seven-lived on a rock in the middle of the ocean, or at least, five miles from any other land. There was a tall lighthouse on the rock, and at the base of its tower was a tiny house with five rooms. This house was

The lighting of the great lamp of the lighthouse had always been a great attraction to Freddy. One day, when his father carried him up, up the winding stairs and showed how the lamp was lighted and how its rays spread far out over the tossing ocean, Freddy felt that his little world was the most wonderful that any body could imagine. Think of the crew

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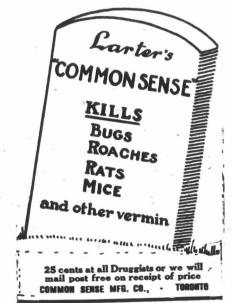
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But as time added another year to Freddy's age, his little mind soared to greater achievements. He was accustomed to storms and rough weather. He knew that his father often went out in his little boat to help strange people who drifted near the shoals. Sometimes he brought them back in his boat, half dead and so white! His mother then worked hard to give them warm clothing and hot things to drink and eat.

Freddy at first was content to boat watch and help; then he wanted to do more. He wanted to go with his stern until I come back," cautioned father in the lifeboat to pick up the his father. shipwrecked people.



"Someday, lad, when you get bigger," his father answered this request.

After that Freddy asked every Little while, "Am I big enough now to go with you in the boat, papa?"

"Not yet-not quite yet," had always been the response.

So Freddy had been forced to wait and grow. How he counted the days and looked at his figure in the glass to see if he was growing! When he first donned his seven-year suit, he felt surely that he was almost big enough to help save shipwrecked people.

As chance would have it, his opportunity did come a few days after this important event. There had been a storm at sea, not a very heavy storm, but one which made the sea home, the only home Freddy ever pretty rough off the shoals. The day after the storm, the sun came up bright and warm. The sea was rolling in long swells.

Not a mile away from the lighthouse something was drifting heavily, swinging slowly up and down with the waves. A quick glance through the telesope showed that it was a dismantled sloop, a small coasting vessel abandoned by its

Mr. May quickly got his boat in the water, and was preparing to go to the derelicts when Freddy's lips

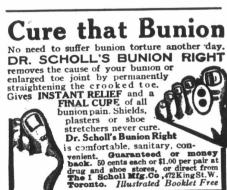
"Papa, am I big enough to go!" There was a smile on the lightkeeper's lips, and, after glancing up at the weather and down at the sea. he said: "Yes, Freddy, you can go to-day. Jump in the stern."

Now there was no happier boy in all the world than Freddy May at hundred steps up the tall tower and that moment. He fairly tumbled down the steps and dropped snugly into the stern of the lifeboat. His eyes were bright and glowing. Wasn't he going to a real wreck?

The row to the dismantled sloop was not a long or rough one, and Mr. May/pulled so lustily at his oars that they were alongside in not time. When they reached the sloop, Freddy gazed at it in awe. Would there be half-drowned people aboard, and would he be strong enough to help his father lift them into the life-

"Now, boy, you stay quietly in the

He tied the boat to the stern of the sloop, and then nimbly climbed aboard. He was gone a long time, so long that Freddy got worried. What would he do if anything happened to his father. Could he row back to the lighthouse? What if another storm should come up and make the ocean very rough?





He was thinking of such dreadful things when Mr. May appeared above and shouted:

"Nobody aboard, Freddy. She's been deserted for a long time. We'll go back home now."

This announcement was not pleasant for our little mariner. What disappointment to go to a shipwreck and then find nobody aboard, and not even go aboard the wreck.

"But, papa, there might be somebody in—in—"

His father shook his head. "No, lad, I've been everywhere."

Then noticing the disappointment in the little face, he added: "But if you want to come aboard and look, I'll let you. I forgot this was your PSOTIASIS first shipwreck. Here, now, hold fast to my hand, and I'll pull you up."

Freddy climbed up, with his father's assistance, almost as easily as if a veteran sailor. He stood on the deck of the old abandoned sloop in a moment. One glance showed Itching and Burning Was Terrible him the awful desolation of the waveswept craft. Mast and spars, sail and rigging were tumbled about, in cargo of lumber was shifted over to one side.

"Be careful, little man, and hold tight to my hand," his father cautioned. "I'll take you to the cabin, it is usually considered incurable. and show you what an abandoned boat looks like."

Freddy seemed to come natural into the use of his little sea legs. He did not lurch and roll with each toss ward. When they came to the cabin, Mr. May threw open the door, and—

Suddenly both of them started. Something moved inside, and then there was a mild cry of some frightened animal. Out of the darkness a bundle of white appeared. It came directly toward Freddy, and mewed. "It's a pussy cat, papa—a white

Freddy took the frightened creafur. The kitten mewed and rubbed its nose in his face.

pussy!"

somebody, papa," asked Freddy, anxiously.

"It belongs to you, little man, if to any one. You rescued him, and I same." don't think anybody will take it away from you."

All the way back to the lighthouse home Freddy held the kitten in his arms and stroked and patted its head. In his affection for the shipwrecked cat, he even forgot to notice the waves or the condition of the weather. The one fact to impress his mind was that he had made his first rescue from a shipwreck, and he would always keep the kitten for his own. He wanted a playmate—a kitten or a dog-and now the sea had brought him one all for his own self.—St. Nicholas.

After Five Years of Suffering-Three Doctors Failed and Said Case Was Incurable.

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## a confused mass, and part of the DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT

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Mrs. Nettie Massey, Consecon, of the boat, but walked steadily fer- Ont., writes: "I thought it my duty word. When they came to the cabin, to write you telling you the great benefit I received from using Dr. Chase's Ointment. For five years I suffered with what three doctors called Psoriasis. I doctored with three different doctors, with no good results, and one of our noted doctors told me if any one offered to guarantee me a cure for \$50.000 to keep my money in my pocket, as I could not be cured.

"The disease spread all over me, even on my face and head. The itching and burning was hard to bear. ture in his arms and stroked its soft At last my brother read in the paper about Dr. Chase's Ointment as a healer. I used eight boxes, and I am glad to say I am entirely cured, not "Do you suppose he belongs to a sign of a sore to be seen. I can hardly praise the ointment enough, and you are at liberty to use my testimony, as I hope thereby to induce other sufferers to try the

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