

ACTER.

Disease.

own for years disease but a der, yet the ue to believe le and try to lies, like pow alers. y accomplish ry temporary rmanent cure mplished by rs. They may om the exces- a few hours can hardly be s loaded with s no argument l washes and t on the blood. ve long since s and washes because they

ised only one arrh and the ood, the rem- uart's Catarrh ss preparation s, but my ex- ge of Stuart's a dozen local

of Hydrastin, icol and other h sufferer can hat they con- that they are cessful treat- rrh at present

e large, pleas- to be dissolved delicate mem- hea, and im- n, while their removes the whole system. ents for com-

his banish- to experi- to test the he result of ly developed known. He with mor- wn in Ken- In twenty- his master's t, however, overed from see in what and so had imply keep- k. He was, er, put in a en northeast

and southeast, then kept in a dark shed over night, and let loose in the morning. He at once set out in a straight line and on a run—not at all like a dog that had lost his way—crossed two broad rivers and three steep mountain ranges, through five large towns and a network of roads and cross roads. Although he had never been in that part of the country before, in four days he reached Cincinnati again. He could not have remembered or known anything about his journey down, for he was unconscious the whole of the time. What, then, induced him to start in the right direction and keep it till he arrived home? This question has long puzzled the naturalists; for stranger instances of animals finding their way home even than this have occurred.

“JUST LET IT HURT.”

We were hunting among the Tennessee mountains, and came upon a log cabin on a sunny southern slope. The only evidences of prosperity were to be found in a brood of tow-headed little children, who were scampering about the door-yard. The oldest was a sturdy lad of twelve or thirteen. He told us his name, and then we asked him:

“Do you have to work?”

“Work? Well, I should say. I cut all the wood that's cut for this here place.”

He was a worker sure enough; but when he heard the guns go off, he went with them! He followed us over hill and vale, through forest and clearing, through stubble fields and bramble patches. As he emerged from one of those tangled masses of blackberry bushes, which are so common in that region I noticed that his little bare shins, from his knee to his ankle, were just streaming with blood.

“Whew!” said I, sympathetically,

“That's nothin'!”

“Don't it hurt?”

“Hurt? You bet it hurts!”

“What are you going to do about it?”

“Do? I ain't goin' to do nothin' but jest let it hurt!”

Now, that is the kind of stuff that makes men. “Just let it hurt.” Don't squeal, don't kick, don't put up your lip; but “just let it hurt.” It is not such a bad education as some others for a boy to go stumbling bare-footed around a farm or through a country village. I pity the boy who has never done it.

Loss of Flesh and Weight.

An Indication of Wasting Disease, of Exhausting Nerve Force and Declining Strength and Vitality.

Note Your Weight and Test the Flesh-forming, Tissue-building Effects of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food—The Results Will Surprise You.

Can you imagine a more severe test of any preparation than that of adding firm flesh and increasing the weight of the body? It is possible, of course, to add fat by the use of fish oils, but the tissues created by the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food are firm and natural. The blood is thoroughly enriched and the nerve force replenished. Pallor and weakness give place to a healthy complexion and strength of mind and body. Languor and discouragement are driven out to make way for vigor, new hope and confidence.

It might be worth your while to make a test of this great food cure as a builder of flesh and muscle. Note your weight when beginning the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food and watch the gradual increase week by week. At first the increase may be slight, owing to the wasting process, which must be stopped. Then, naturally and certainly, the whole system is built up and perfect health and vitality restored to every part of the body.

Mr. A. R. Fawcett, the well known editor and proprietor of the Leader and Recorder, Toronto Junction, writes: “It is very seldom that I need medicine of any description, but this spring I got so badly run down and out of sorts generally, that I became somewhat alarmed. Chancing to read a testimonial about the results derived from Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, from a gentleman whose case seemed to be identical with my own, I purchased a box and commenced using it.

“The result was simply marvelous. I was benefited from the first, and soon restored to my usual good health. I never felt better in my life than I do now. To tell the simple truth, I did not have very good faith in any medicine until I used Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, but now I have no hesitation in strongly recommending this great remedy to others as a valuable and effective remedy.”

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50c. a box, 6 boxes for \$2.50, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

THE HERMIT AND THE ANGEL.

There is a story I should like you to know, which is very old, so old, indeed, that it used to be told by the monks of the Middle Ages one to another. It runs in meaning somewhat like this:

There was once an aged hermit living in the lonely woods who was visited one day by an angel. The hermit was well known to all the people of the country far and wide for his holiness of life, and his kindly deeds. It was because of his goodness that the angel came to visit him. The angel was in the form of a man, and his dress was that of the people of the time, but he told the hermit of his nature, and of his exalted rank.

Long time these two talked together, for they were alike in this—they loved God with all their hearts, and loved all mankind as themselves. As they talked, one proposed that they should take a journey together and see the world as it worked under the government of God, and do all they could as opportunity offered. To this the other agreed.

On the morrow they started out, and the hermit saw many strange sights, and many beautiful scenes, such as his eyes had never before rested upon. He was full of joy, and his heart sang a song of praise.

At nightfall they came to a humble cottage by the wayside and craved shelter for the love of God. The good people bade them welcome, gave them a homely but plentiful supper, and a warm bed. In the dead of night the holy hermit was awakened by the movements of his companion. He saw him go to the side of the cot of the little child of his host, stand for a moment, then raise his hands as if in the act of blessing. Great was the peace which filled the hermit's heart, and he slept again, but in the morning he was startled by a wild cry of sorrow, and then he learned that the child had been found in the cradle white and cold—dead. He did not dare to utter a word, but hastened his departure, overwhelmed with sorrow.

Next night the travellers came to a wealthy farmer's house. The harvest had been gathered in, the barns were bursting with their wealth of store, and the farmer in jovial humour entertained the travellers right royally. At length they retired to rest, and being very weary, the hermit slept soundly. But after a time he was awakened by the shining of a bright light in his room, and then he found all the household astir, for the ricks and barns were blazing, and before the morning light came all the year's store was burned, and only piles of black ashes left.

Again the travellers went on their way. As they walked, the hermit looked hard at his companion to see whether by the traces on his countenance he had been the cause of the fire, but in the angel's calm, peaceful face he could read nothing. And he did not dare to ask

of the troubles which had happened.

As evening again drew on, the hermit and his companion stopped at the door of a lonely house, the hush of the twilight hour had fallen upon all things around; the faintest whisper could be heard. As one of them lifted his hand to knock, the sound of a man's voice from within was heard in tones of agony and prayer, and he paused to listen. The man was pleading that his wife, who was dying, might be spared at any cost. It was clear to those who listened that the man loved his wife more than God. The hermit looked at the angel's face, and saw it marked with deepest sadness. Then the angel entered the house unbidden, and said to the man, “Wilt thou that thy wife should be raised whether for good or ill?” “I would,” he answered, boldly, “for she is dearer to me than life.” Then the angel went to the side of the bed wherein she lay, and spoke some words to her, and the moaning ceased, the pale cheeks flushed, and she opened her eyes. Death had been robbed of his victim. Then was the husband glad with a great joy, and the hermit, too, uttered his thanks to the angel.

On the morrow, as they walked, the hermit could now speak without fear, and he told the angel of all the sorrow he had felt when the child had died, and the farmer's ricks were burned, but now he was right glad because of the raising of the woman, and he gently added, “We came out only to do good.”

The angel looked at him with eyes full of infinite pity, and answered: “Oh! thou short-sighted mortal! Dost thou think I have not done only what is good? The child's life was given back to God because had he been spared he would have grown up wilful and evil, and at last have broken his parents' hearts. Was it not better that his soul should go back to God, while it was pure and innocent?” And the hermit answered: “It is even so.” “I set fire,” continued the angel, “to the farmer's ricks because goodness is more than wealth; and the man's life was growing bad, being eaten up with his pride and riches; only poverty could bring him back to goodness! Is it not better so?” “True,” returned the hermit. “Then what of the man whose wife was raised?” he asked, timidly.

“Ah!” said the angel, “he will have to learn through many a year of sorrow that love lies at the root of all things that God does, and that all requests should be made with due submission, for, in spite of seeming, the Hands that govern the lives of men are very tender.”

The hermit was silent. He saw that things are not always what they seem, and that if we could know all, we should not say this is hard and that is bitter, but walk in trust, knowing that love is everywhere.

Is not this a lesson worth learning? If we would but learn it, what glad and thankful hearts we should always have!

Contribution Envelopes

WE SUPPLY THEM



There is nothing in the line of Church Printing that we do not do and do well.

THE MONETARY TIMES Printing Co. of Canada, Limited, TORONTO.

ONLY FIRST-CLASS WORK Standard Star Laundry

Company Limited Phone 2444

cuil gestion pation.

it use of your iscuit for four l that is to be ater. It con- t. of my food. and Constipa- y the appetite f meats and refore used. hat will equal idigestion and

TER, ver, Colorado.

Biscuit.

rocers.