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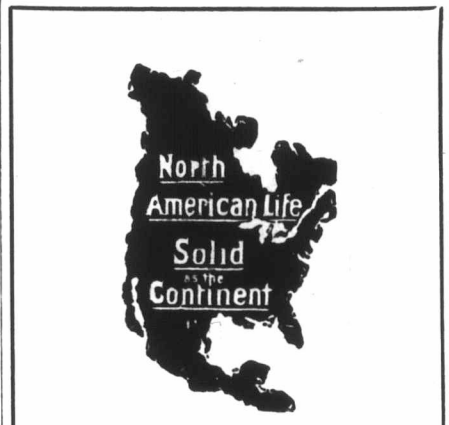
It was past eleven, and pouring in torrents. "Can you get us a carriage?" asked Aunt Judith of the sleepy-looking station-master. "Not to-night, ma'am." "How far is it to the village?" "Nearly three miles, ma'am." "Three miles from the village, rain, wind and Egyptian darkness! Not a very pleasant prospect

PURE FOOD INSURES GOOD HEALTH

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E.W. GILLET COMPANY LIMITED
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THE EXHIBITION

Of indifference to the claims of Life Insurance by so many men in these enlightened days is somewhat remarkable.

It is a matter not merely of worldly prudence, but of duty as well, that every man having others dependent upon him should make provision accordingly against such a contingency as that of his death.

Many a happy home has been broken up and the family thereafter condemned to an existence of want and hardship, all through the indifference and neglect manifested towards this important matter of Life Insurance.

Better consider this now and act at once by making application for a policy in the

NORTH AMERICAN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY

"SOLID AS THE CONTINENT"

Home Office - TORONTO

for a walk," laughed Aunt Judith. "Oh, aunty, whatever in the world shall we do?" cried Mildred. "Stay here all night, I suppose," said Aunt Judith, who had travelled all over Europe and Asia, and was never daunted by any ordinary difficulty. "Yes, ma'am," said the station-master, "that's just what you'll have to do. It isn't very comfortable here, but at any rate there will be a roof over your head, and that's a great thing on a night like this." There were two rickety settees in the room. Aunt Judith made a nest of shawls upon one of them for Mildred, and settled herself upon the other. Soon the south-bound train steamed noisily in, but left no passengers; and when it had gone, the station-master took his hat and coat and the lantern and went out, saying he would return at six in the morning. "Oh, aunty!" cried Mildred, "he has left us in the dark!" "The light from the stove is enough. We shall sleep all the better," said Aunt Judith. "But, aunty, he has locked the door! he has locked us in!" cried Mildred in dismay. "No matter," laughed Aunt Judith. "He will unlock us bright and early tomorrow morning." How the wind howled! How the rain dashed against the windows! One window had a broken pane, and they could hear the water dripping, dripping, down the wall to the floor. "What a dreadful birthday!" sighed Mildred. Just then she heard a noise at the broken window, and raised herself on her elbow to listen. What could it be? Was it a tramp? Was it a burglar? Was it a bear? Again came the noise. First a scratching, then a scrambling, and then something small and white bounded into the room and jumped up on Mildred, whining and licking her hands. Mildred sprang up with a scream of delight. "Oh, you darling, darling thing! Oh, you sweet dear wee bit a doggy! Oh! Aunt Judith, did you ever, ever see such a cunning doggy?" They carried him to the stove and examined him by the faint light of the dying coals. "A very valuable silver Yorkshire," said Aunt Judith. "See his tiny black nose and his little pink tongue," said Mildred "and just feel how soft and silky he is. And, oh! do look at his lovely silver collar and blue ribbon." "Perhaps we shall find his owner's name upon the collar," said Aunt Judith. "Keep still, you mite, and let me see." But the collar bore only the word "Timoleen." Mildred was dancing with joy. "Oh, Timoleen, darling, you must have come to be my birthday present," said she. She fed him with bits of chicken and cake from their lunch-basket, and then cuddled down in the shawls again with him clasped tightly in her arms. "What a perfect birth-day!" said she. When the station-master returned in the morning, he said that the Yorkshire must have belonged to someone on the south-bound train, and that probably inquiries would be made for him. "But, oh, my darling Timoleen! I could never, never let him go!" cried Mildred. "Are you going to be round here long?" asked the station-master. "About a month," said

CHARCOAL REMOVES STOMACH POISONS.

Pure Charcoal Will Absorb One Hundred Times Its Volume in Poisonous Cases.

Charcoal was made famous by the old monks of Spain, who cured all manner of stomach, liver, blood and bowel troubles by this simple remedy.

One little nervous Frenchman held forth its virtues before a famous convention of European physicians and surgeons. Secheyron was his name. He was odd, quaint and very determined. His brothers in medicine laughed at his claims. Thereupon he swallowed two grains of strychnine, enough to kill three men, and ate some charcoal. The doctors thought him mad, but he did not even have to go to bed. The charcoal killed the effects of the strychnine and Secheyron was famous. Ever since that day physicians have used it. Run impure water through charcoal and you have a pure, delicious drink.

Bad breath, gastritis, bowel gases, torpid liver, impure blood, etc., give way before the action of charcoal.

It is really a wonderful adjunct to nature and is a most inexhaustible storehouse of health to the man or woman who suffers from gases or impurities of any kind.

Stuart's Charcoal Lozenges are made of pure willow charcoal, sweetened to a palatable state with honey.

Two or three of them cure an ordinary case of bad breath. They should be used after every meal, especially if one's breath is prone to be impure.

These little lozenges have nothing to do with medicine. They are just sweet, fresh willow, burned to a nicety for charcoal making and fragrant honey, the product of the bee. Thus every ingredient comes to man from the lap of nature.

The only secret lies in the Stuart process of compressing these simple substances into a hard tablet or lozenge, so that age, evaporation or decay may not assail their curative qualities.

You may take as many of them as you wish and the more you take the quicker will you remove the effects of bad breath and impurities arising from a decayed or decaying meal. They assist digestion, purify the blood and help the intestines and bowels throw off all waste matter.

Go to your druggist at once and buy a package of Stuart's Charcoal Lozenges, price 25 cents. You will soon be told by your friends that your breath is not so bad as it was. Send us your name and address and we will send you a trial package by mail free. Address F. A. Stuart Co., 200 Stuart Bldg., Marshall, Mich.

Aunt Judith. "Well, then, missy, you had better take the little dog along with you, and you can leave me your address in case any one inquires for him," said the station-master. But no message ever came from the Yorkshire's owner, and when Mildred went back to Boston, little Timoleen went too.—Youth's Companion.