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MY BEST FRIEND
ROYAL
YEAST CAKES



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sew again. And her mother had said that she must finish her sewing.

Mellicent grew pale, but she scrambled to her feet and went up the hill to the place where she had seen the needle disappear and began picking the haycock over, wisp by wisp. Because if anyone ever found a needle in a haycock it was by doing just that, unless they came upon the needle by "happencence" and pricked themselves. That

PHOTOGRAPHY REVOLUTIONIZED

BY NEW INVENTION

Films, Plates and Dark Room
Made Unnecessary

New Camera Takes Finished
Pictures in Two Minutes

Mr. Edmond F. Stratton, of New York City, has invented a camera that takes and completes pictures ready to see in two minutes. It does away with the expense of buying films or plates and the trouble, expense and delay of having them developed and pictures printed by a photographer.

This Camera, which is called the Gordon Camera, is being manufactured by the Gordon Camera Corporation, New York. As they are desirous of making it known in every locality, they are making a special offer to our readers. For a limited time they will sell Model H at \$5.00 and Model B at \$7.00. The regular price of Model H, which takes pictures 3 x 4 1/2 inches, is \$8.00, and the regular price of Model B, which takes pictures 3 1/4 x 5 1/2 inches, is \$10.00. Whichever one you order, enclose 90 cents additional to cover express charges, sensitized cards and developing powders.

The sensitized cards are wrapped for daylight loading, and the powders make the developing solution to be put into the developing tank, which is inside the camera. Model H is 5 1/2 x 9 1/2 x 10 inches in size and weighs 3 lbs. 7 oz. Model B is 6 1/2 x 9 1/2 x 10 1/2 inches and weighs 4 lbs.

The cost of taking pictures with the Gordon camera is almost nothing in comparison to all other cameras. Extra sensitized cards for Model H can be bought for 2 1/2 cents each (cards for Model B 3 cents each), and 10 cents worth of developer will develop over 40 pictures. The Gordon Corporation sells flash-light lamps for \$1.00, which will enable you to take pictures at night in your own parlor, or out-of-doors.

The operation of this new camera is so simple that any person of ordinary intelligence can easily take pictures with it after reading the directions sent with each one. There is no customs duty to be paid, as the Gordon Corporation will ship to you from their Canadian branch which is near Toronto. All orders and letters, however, must be sent to their office, which is at 721A Stuyvesant Building, New York, N.Y. When ordering a camera under this special offer be sure to mention that you are a reader of THE TORONTO CANADIAN CHURCHMAN.

is what happened to Mellicent and it was very uncomfortable, but it helped her to remember that needles are best off carefully run in and out of sewing or tied up in a needlebook. And even if it was very uncomfortable it kept this story from ending right here with poor Mellicent sorting the hay in the haycock wisp by wisp.

As it was she sucked her finger until it stopped bleeding, wishing very much that the sewing-bird had been thoughtful enough to stick the needle into the little green cushion on his back instead of letting it drop into the haycock, and then she carried the needle back into the house and put it away in the carved ivory needle-case inside the red lacquer box. She decided to take the box along with her so that she might put the sewing-bird inside when she caught him.

Then she went out again, this time as far as the garden. There she saw two humming birds who were hunting for honey in all the larkspurs, and a goldfinch who was resting on the lowest branch of the apple-tree, but nowhere did she see the silver sewing-bird.

Mellicent stood still in perplexity. It was a very big world to find anything in, even so uncommon a thing as an escaped sewing-bird. At last she made up her mind that she could see a silver gleam on the hill to the left of the white meeting-house on North street.

She had scrambled through seven fences and had walked carefully around two hayfields, so as not to trample the standing grass, and had jumped the stepping-stones in a brook, before she reached the top of the hill and the silver gleam. Half-way around the last hayfield she had discovered that the gleam was only a very shiny window-pane, but she had decided to go on and ask the people who lived in the house if they could tell her where the silver sewing-bird had flown to. So she climbed the last fence and walked up to the door between the borders of ribbon grass and bachelor's-buttons and thimble-weed and Queen Ann's lace and silk-weed and cotton-grass and pine-needles and lady's-smocks that grew on each side of the brick walk. Now if Mellicent had ever taken botany lessons she would have known that something unusual was about to happen to her, for no one ever saw these plants all growing together, outside of a story-book. But she was too hot and breathless to notice anything. Even the

darning needle that buzzed against her did not arouse her suspicions.

She knocked at the door, and when it was opened said, "Please could you tell me if a silver sewing bird has been flying past here? He was carrying a piece—"

She got no further, for the little old man who had opened the door, said:

"Bless us, if she hasn't gotten here after all!" He took her by the hand and led her into the house, and there on the back of the tall chair by the table sat the silver sewing bird. There was a gleam in his eye when he saw Mellicent.

"Bless us!" said the old man. "Won't you sit down and rest?"

Mellicent climbed obediently into the chair he pulled out for her. She began to feel a little shy and sat and looked at him from under her lashes and wondered if he would let her have the sewing-bird to take home again. The sewing-bird was thinking about it too, for he began to speak in a very high, excited voice:

"I simply will not go back. No self-respecting sewing-bird would be willing to endure it. It's asking entirely too much—"

The old man waited until the sewing-bird's breath gave out and then remarked to Mellicent:

"I have been wishing for an opportunity of talking with you for some time." Now this would have pleased Mellicent and made her feel very important if the old man had not looked so steadily at the tumbled piece of muslin which the sewing-bird had dropped upon the table. She wished that it would vanish—she was quite sure that she never could have put those smudgy, crooked stitches into it. They seemed to wriggle and grow bigger every moment.

"I hope," went on the old man, "that you do not consider this a specimen of fine and elegant needlework such as—"

"Oh, no," broke in Mellicent; "I don't at all. I—"

"And I am very sure that you will be delighted to remedy the matter by taking out all those stitches and putting them in again properly."

"Oh, yes," said Mellicent.

"But I shan't have anything to do with it," broke in the sewing-bird hastily. "I can't be expected to—"

"No," said the old man, "you needn't. I see you have your sewing things with you," he continued, as Mellicent set her red lacquer box upon the table. "Where is your needle?" Mellicent opened the box and took out the little carved ivory needle-case. She wished from the bottom of her heart that she had left that big needle at home.

"Hump," said the old man as he took it in his fingers. Then he whistled and there came a sound like the falling of ripe poppy seeds, and there was a gleaming and flashing in all the dark corners—as needle after needle appeared in answer to his summons. Sail-needles and shoemakers' needles and embroidery needles with bits of colored silk and gold thread still in them, machine needles, big darning needles, and little needles, so tiny that they seemed made for a doll's workbox—needles of steel and needles of bronze and needles of bone, they

kept coming until Mellicent's eyes fairly popped from her head.

"You may choose a more suitable needle for yourself," said the old man. "You should have no difficulty, for there is one of every kind in the world here."

(To be continued).

A QUEER BOY.

He doesn't like study, it "weakens his eyes."

But the "right sort" of book will ensure a surprise,

Let it be about Indians, pirates or bears,

And he's lost for the day to all mundane affairs;

By sunlight or gaslight his vision is clear—

Now, isn't that queer?

At thought of an errand, he's "tired as a hound,"

Very weary of life and of "tramping around."

But if there's a band or a circus in sight,

He will follow it gladly from morning till night.

The showman will capture him, some day, I fear,

For he is so queer.

If there's work in the garden, his head "aches to split,"

And his back is so lame that he "can't dig a bit."

But mention baseball, and he's cured very soon;

And he'll dig for a woodchuck the whole afternoon.

Do you think he "plays 'possum?"

He seems quite sincere;

But—isn't he queer?

—Christian Advocate.

IN PALESTINE.

In the church which I attend, as in many others, it is customary for the minister to give a "sermonette" for the benefit of the young. One Sabbath this part of the service so arrested my attention that I thought it would also prove of interest to others.

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