

SHINE JUST WHERE YOU ARE.

Don't waste your time in longing
For bright, impossible things;
Don't sit supinely yearning
For the swiftness of angel wings;
Don't spurn to be a rushlight,
Because you are not a star;
But brighten some bit of darkness
By shining just where you are.

There is need of the tiniest candle
As well as the garish sun;
The humblest deed is ennobled
When it is worthily done;
You may never be called to brighten
The darkened regions afar;
So fill, for the day, your mission
By shining just where you are.

Just where you are, my brother,
Just where God bids you stand,
Though down in the deepest shadow,
Instead of the sunlit land;
You may carry a brightness with you
That no gloom or darkness can
mar,
For the light of a Christlike spirit
Will be shining wherever you are.

A SCHOLARSHIP BOY.

The Southern Virginia Juniors support a scholarship in the Widely Loving Society Orphanage in Osaka. They have received a picture of the little boy who is now on the scholarship, and an account of the child who was formerly supported on it.

The names of this other lad is Tokio Matsida san. He is a faithful and honest boy, and was the best loved child in the Orphanage while he made his home there. Some little time ago the Kaku ai Sha was flooded, and the children were taken into the mountains for a short time. Here, for fifty days, the teacher of the school made a special effort to teach Tokio arithmetic, but with poor success. He tried once for the higher school, but failed upon examination. It had been hoped that he would become a Christian worker, but his mental powers did not seem sufficiently strong to enable him to pass the necessary examinations.

At last he expressed his desire to become a photographer. This was

CANADIAN NORTHERN ONTARIO CARRYING THE PASSENGERS TO MUSKOKA.

The comfort of getting to the principal points on the Lakes around three and four o'clock in the afternoon is having its effect, and people are going by the new short way.

Two magnificent parlor cars have been added to the equipment of "The Lake Shore Express" to accommodate the travel. reservations can be obtained at the corner of King and Toronto Street, or Union Station.



RED ROSE TEA "IS GOOD TEA"

*The more particular you are,
The better you will like it*

The fine quality of Red Rose is most appreciated by those who are the most particular.

Notice the clear, amber color in the cup and the delightful fragrance when poured from the teapot.

Will you try a package to-day? Ask your grocer to send you one!



his own idea. He writes the characters well, and is successful in working in any way with his hands. Accordingly he was taken to the best photographer in Osaka, and after a short probation the photographer and Tokio were so pleased with each other that he was apprenticed for seven years. He returned to the Orphanage to see his old friends, and they had a little farewell meeting for him. The children were much distressed to part with one who was so universally a favourite.

Miss Hayashi wants him to become the best photographer in Japan. She believes he can glorify God even though he does not become a regular Christian worker. No prominent photographer in Osaka is a Christian, and she thinks that if this boy becomes successful in his work he can do good service for God in his chosen profession. She knows another boy, brought up in another orphanage, who learned photography from the same photographer. Now, he himself is a photographer, succeeding well in his work, and helping the orphanage which benefited him when he was young and in need.

THE BELATED GUEST.

A young man with the fire of youth in his veins stood at the foot of the mountain preparing to climb. A stranger approached. "Whither wouldst thou go?" he asked.

"To the top," replied the young man exultantly.

"Follow me," the stranger commanded, sternly.

The young man looked at him, and laughed. He was simply clad, his hair was white, his face serious.

"Follow you?" the young man echoed. "No, indeed. I follow no man. Nothing but my own determination shall guide me." After many days of danger and fruitless toil the young man returned with a tired, bitter look of disappointment in his face.

At evening the young man approached the city. There was a glimmer of lights and the tinkle of music. The stranger approached and asked: "Shall I enter with you?"

"No, indeed," said the young man, sneeringly. "My friends would laugh me to scorn if I should take you with your plain garb and sober face into the courts of pleasure."

Days and nights of revel followed, in which the young man came to be known as the Prince of Pleasure Seekers. But again he returned, older, sadder, the lines of his face deepened, and his steps languid. The man, now no longer young, turned his face toward a business meeting. Once more the stranger and asked: "May I go with you?"

The man looked at his simple dress, his frank, open face, and shook his head. "No," he said; "should those men who offer me a chance of wealth see me with you my chance would be ruined."

The years passed. The man almost became very rich. Then came exposures and failure. His hair was sprinkled with gray, and his face was seamed with disappointment and regret. Out into the night across the barren fields the man walked, and walked, and with him the phosts of the past. "I was ambitious," he muttered, "and I failed miserably before I had gone half-way up. I sought pleasure. Bah! Pleasure it was not, but pain and loathing. I turned to business. I was rich, and then I failed, and now approach age a broken and ruined man."

For miles he walked in the night. The cold east wind and rain beat upon him. He was hungry and weary. "Everything is false—all a delusion—life a miserable nightmare," he murmured, sinking down upon the desolate barren.

Then the stranger came and laid his hand upon the man's shoulder. "Come with me," said the stranger. He knew the voice and obeyed. The stranger took him to a humble cottage where a light burned in the window. He gave him food and a bed. When the man regained his strength, the stranger gave him work. At first the toil was hard, but as the days went by and hope awoke in the man, the labour became sweet. He went forth singing in the morning with a new light in his eye; he re-

turned tride at night, and sank comfortably to rest with peace in his heart.

One day as the stranger walked with him, the man said: "When I first saw you, you looked stern and uninviting. I thought you were ugly. Now you seem wondrously changed, for I have never seen a more lovely face." Then pausing in his walk, he said "Dare I ask, good friend, who and what you are?"

"My name," replied the stranger, smiling, "is Duty."

To Keep the Skin in Health

Avoid Pore-clogging Powders, and Cure All Skin Irritations and Eruptions With Dr. Chase's Ointment.

It is quite possible that, while you know of Dr. Chase's Ointment as a cure for eczema, psoriasis, and the most severe forms of itching skin disease, you may have overlooked its value as a beautifier of the skin.

There are minor forms of skin trouble, such as rough, red skin, chafing, chapping, pimples, blackheads, blotches, irritation, or poisoning from the clothing, etc., which disfigure and form a starting point for serious trouble.

A few applications of Dr. Chase's Ointment at such times not only remove these blemishes, but also restore the health and beauty of the skin, and positively prevent further development.

Dr. Chase's Ointment is delightfully pure and creamy, is pleasant to use, and is rapidly absorbed. It acts as a food for the skin, making it soft, smooth and velvety. By its soothing, antiseptic and healing properties it allays inflammation, relieves itching, and heals sores, wounds and ulcers; 60 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

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P. M.

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BERRY
And Have Sound Teeth.