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In answering any advertisement it
is desirable you should mention
The Canadian Churchman.

She seemed scarcely able to keep her fingers off the plate, and resented its daily use as a liberty taken with something of hers.

"That is chiefly a matter of taste, isn't it?" said Mrs. Benson, with a quiet smile. "I do not care for common china, and I do care to have my beautiful things about me, where I can enjoy the sight of them."

"Oh—h," said the elder woman, "I didn't know. I thought perhaps you were short of others."

"Oh no, thank you; my house is well stocked. May I inquire your names?" she inquired, politely, during the pause that followed, "and—and to what I am indebted for the—the honour of this visit?"

There was a moment's awkward silence, broken at last by the girl. "Well," she said, with a forced giggle, "our name is Wardle, but that won't make you any wiser; we didn't come to call so much as we—well, we came really to see what old china and things you had, and what you would sell them for."

Philippa Benson's face flamed and her eyes gleamed, but her anger was only momentary; such persons as these should not have power to enrage one, she told herself, and her eyes were quite gentle and steady as she turned to them. "Then I need not detain you; I have nothing to sell."

"Nothing! oh, you must let me have the American plate; I will give you anything you ask for it," cried the girl, feverishly. With her, collecting was as great a passion as is gambling in another. "My father is rich, he will give me all I ask for —."

"The plate is not for sale," said Philippa, decisively. Then more lightly, "I have only one thing that I would not mind parting with—if you really wanted it."

"Yes, yes," eagerly; "do let me see it, what is it?"

"The little brown teapot," said Mrs. Benson, calmly, stepping towards the bell.

The elder woman forced a laugh. "You are amusing," she said, absently, in a tone which plainly showed she was never in her life further from appreciating the humour of any remark. Her eyes wandered the while hungrily round the humble cottage room, which was a perfect treasure-house, were lighting on dainty miniatures, old samplers, rare china, and gleaming silver, until at last they fell on Philippa Benson's delicate hand and the rings of rare beauty adorning it. "I am afraid we have made a mistake," she said, with some embarrassment.

"I am afraid you often do," said Philippa Benson, quietly.

Something in her voice and manner struck the elder woman uncomfortably. She felt that they, in their turn, had been summed up, and not to their honour or glory, either. Suddenly it was she who felt humble, and mean, and embarrassed.

"I hope we haven't hurt your feelings," she said brusquely; "you see it is hard to know, and you—you might have been very glad to sell your things."

"Never glad," said Philippa, softly, "and never to you," she added men-

**CHARCOAL STOPS GAS ON YOUR
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**Wonderful Absorbing Power of Char-
coal When Taken in the Form of
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Trial Package Sent Free.

Charcoal, pure, simple charcoal, absorbs 100 times its own volume of gas. Where does the gas go to? It is just absorbed by the charcoal,—the gas disappears and there is left a pure, fresh, sweet atmosphere, free from all impurities and germs.

That's what happens in your stomach when you take one or two of Stuart's Charcoal Lozenges, the most powerful purifiers science has yet discovered.

You belch gas in company, sometimes, by accident, greatly to your own humiliation. That is because there is a great amount of gas being formed in your stomach by fermenting food. Your stomach is not digesting your food properly. Gas is inevitable. Whenever this happens, just take one or two of Stuart's Charcoal Lozenges right after eating, and you will be surprised how quickly they will act. No more belchings; no more sour risings. Eat all you want and what you want, and then if there is any gas going to be formed, one of these wonderful little absorbers, a Stuart Charcoal Lozenge, will take care of all the gas.

And it will do more than that. Every particle of impurity in your stomach and intestines is going to be carried away by the charcoal. No one seems to know why it does this, but it does, and does it wonderfully. You notice the difference in your appetite, general good feeling, and in the purity of your blood, right away.

You'll have no more bad taste in your mouth or bad breath, either from drinking, eating or smoking. Other people will notice your bad breath quicker than you will yourself. Make your breath pure, fresh and sweet, so when you talk to others you won't disgust them. Just one or two Stuart Charcoal Lozenges will make your breath sweet, and make you feel better all over for it. You can eat all the onions and odorous foods you want, and no one can tell the difference.

Besides, charcoal is the best laxative known. You can take a whole boxful and no harm will result. It is a wonderfully easy regulator.

And then, too, it filters your blood—every particle of poison or impurity in your blood is destroyed, and you begin to notice the difference in your face first thing,—your clear complexion.

Stuart's Charcoal Lozenges are made from pure willow charcoal, and just a little honey is put in to make them palatable, but not too sweet.

They will work wonders in your stomach, and make you feel fine and fresh. Your blood and breath will be purified.

We want to prove all this to you, so just send for a free sample to-day. Then after you get it and use it, you will like them so well that you will go to your druggist and get a 25c. box of these Stuart's Charcoal Lozenges.

Bank of Toronto

Deposits - \$26,500,000

In this Bank

The Capital \$4,000,000 and
Reserve Fund of \$8,500,000,
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deposits, as a protection to
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Incorporated 1855

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tally; "but you could never under-
stand. Good evening."

"I'd put the kettle on, and cut
some bread-and-butter," said Salome,
coming into the room after showing
the callers out; "didn't they want
any tea, ma'am?"

"They did not want my teapot,"
said her mistress, suddenly beginning
to laugh. But a moment later her
eyes filled with tears. "How they
did hurt," she sobbed; "and—and I
might have been so poor as to be
thankful to sell my treasures even to
them. Others have, who loved quite
as much. God has been very good
me."—By Mabel Quiller-Couch.

A FAILURE THAT BORE FRUIT.

A number of years ago the heart of
a young girl was greatly moved by a
letter from a missionary in India, de-
scribing the suffering which was
caused by the absolute lack of all
knowledge of the right way to treat
the sick.

To this young girl this feature of a
missionary's work in India seemed at
the same time the most trying and
the most appealing.

The first response which she de-
sired to make to this appeal was to
go to India as a missionary herself.
But when she began to prepare her-
self for that work, it was only to give
it up almost immediately, because her
health was evidently too weak to en-
dure the strain of a missionary's life.

Nevertheless, she was not disheart-
ened. She began at once to work for
the accomplishment of an object