

Soda.

times Follow its Use.

ght in its place and when and for cool- ses, but it was never and people who use regret it.

mon use of soda to our stomach, a habit people practice almost fraught with danger: ily gives temporary the stomach trouble

mechanical irritant to ach and bowels and ere it accumulated in death by inflamma-

mmends as the safest sour stomach (acid preparation sold by ame of Stuart's Dye- e tablets are large 29 leasant to taste and acids, peptones and ential to good diges- fter meals they digest d promptly before it sour and poison the tem.

hat he invariably uses ablets in all cases of s and finds them a for sour stomach, but the food they create increase flesh and of the heart and liver, tic, but intended only nd weakness and will y stomach trouble ex- mach. All drugs cents ia Tablets at 50 cents

cribing all terms of their cure mailed free art Co. of Marshall

erstand what an is made upon me days later, I was e failing of my own g was intensified. ill, and as hope distress was hardly

One night, when ere too anxious to

about Stella, and ourselves to take ery possible care, rome our first ob- the promise more l, we exchanged s illness made it al and easy at first, oved on so smooth- ink she gained her kly. All the mend- as done promptly on, and we always ayng we liked to m knows what is or breakfast; we to inquire, for we joys little surprises. e dear baby are bet- or having so much attention.

er I visited Stella e light of the home. discipline I passed I understand how accomplish so much. xpressed something er eyes filled with ed: "Do you sup- us—that she knows g to do?" Her hands and delicate, but I ore beautiful. Why, e a pretty hand now ing whether it has a nd white. So I am help mother, I shall use I know it's my

As Louise finished speaking, the retiring bell sounded. Not a word was spoken, but the kiss which each bestowed upon the flushed face of the earnest speaker told of the impression her words had made. Those mothers alone can tell whether the influence was lasting.

A PATIENT LITTLE SISTER.

A bitter, chilling wind was blowing from off the lake, and well-dressed pedestrians were hurrying toward their destinations. The people at Terrace Station were watching the clock and listening to the gusts outside, when those sitting near the windows caught sight of a little girl, certainly not more than eight years old, staggering under the weight of a heavy child, and toiling up the stairs toward the street.

The girl was poorly clad, the tattered skirt of faded cotton plaid barely covering her knees, while gaping holes in run-down shoes and ragged stockings revealed her cold, red heels. But she did not seem to mind the bitter winds herself. Her care was for the child in her arms, and she tugged at the ends of the shawl over her own shoulders, trying to draw them closer around the boy, who was already wrapped snugly in a warm cape, and looked far more comfortable than she.

"Don't cry, Tony, don't cry!" the girl was urging soothingly. "He shall see engine now, and big, big cars. Don't cry."

A freight train rumbled through the station without stopping, and the baby forgot to cry, as his round black eyes stared solemnly at the moving cars. His sister, to rest for a moment, stood him down upon the platform at her side; but the child rebelled most vigorously, and the girl hastened to lift him again and hushed his wailing with soothing words.

At this moment the train for which so many were waiting pulled in, and the people thronged out. But we saw a little lad slip away from a group of well-dressed children and thrust into the shabby little girl's hand a paper bag. The tired face brightened, and a look of gratitude flashed into the dark eyes. As the train puffed on its way, we had a glimpse of the girl's face as, bending over the child in her care, she held up a golden banana. The girl's face, with the light of love upon it, was beautiful, and the child's, all aglow with laughing eagerness, was no longer the face we had seen earlier; the lad's gift had opened hearts and the face of both children were transformed in consequence. How many of us carry around with us keys to hearts and use them not!

WON A PLACE BY A WHISTLE.

He was an odd-looking little figure as he came merrily whistling down the street the morning after the big snow. His nose was red, his hands were bare, his feet were in shoes several sizes too large, and his hat was held in place by a roll of paper under the sweatband. But he piped away like a steam whistle, and carried the big snow shovel much as a marching soldier carries his rifle.

"How much?" from an imposing-looking man who was asked if he wanted his walks cleaned.

"Ten cents!"

"A nickel's enough."

"It would be if I couldn't do better. But I've got to do the best I can, and business is rushing. Good-morning," and that merry whistle filled the air as the boy started away.

"Go ahead and clean 'em!" shouted the man, whose admiration and better nature had been aroused. "Just see the little rascal make the snow fly," he laughed to his wife, who stood at the window with him. "Why he's a regular snow plow. And he does it well, too."

"What a little mite, and how comical. I wonder if he's hungry." She called him as soon as he had finished, but he would not take time

THE BATTLES OF LIFE

Demand Nerve Force, Energy, Vitality—The Weaklings go to the Wall—Dr. Chase's Nerve Food a True Fountain of Health.

What use has the world for men and women who have not courage enough to face the battles of life? Every day men are failing and women are growing discouraged and despondent because they lack the nerve force which is absolutely necessary to health and strength, and which supplies energy and ambition to body and mind. It is not too much to attribute nine-tenths of the sufferings of humanity to waning nerve power, the vital principle of life itself.

Is it any wonder that the heart's action grows weak and irregular, the digestion poor, the liver and kidneys sluggish and inactive, when the vital force stored up in the nerves is consumed or wasted by disease, worry or over-exertion of the mental and physical powers? We are living too far from nature's rules, burning the candle at both ends and wasting nerve force without thought of how it is to be replenished. The effects are carelessly overlooked until prostration, nervous collapse or insanity overcomes us and renders restoration next to impossible.

In his immense practice in the United States, the very home of nervous diseases, Dr. A. W. Chase studied the cause of these ailments which are slowly sapping millions of young men and women of the vital spark of life and energy. The result of his tireless investigation and experiments was the giving to world of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, the most marvellous nerve restorative that man has ever known.

There is no use of talking about old methods of treatment being as good as this new system of Dr. Chase's. Facts prove beyond a shadow of a doubt the surprising upbuilding effects of this great food cure. By making note of your weight from time to time while taking it, you can observe the gradual upbuilding influence of this treatment. The colour returns to the cheek, the energy and ambition to body and mind, you have new hope, new confidence and a new determination to succeed in life's battles. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, 6 boxes for \$2.50, at all dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

for more than a cup of coffee. "Too busy."

"What are you going to do with the money?" asked the man, as he insisted on settling at 25 cents.

"I'm goin' to get mother a shawl for Christmas. She's wearing one you can see through, and it ain't right."

On he went with his glowing cheeks and his cherry whistle. But they had his name and address. It was the wife who took a shawl to the mother, and it was the husband who installed the sturdy little snow shoveller as office boy in a bright new uniform, and with permission to whistle when he feels like it.—Exchange.

A LESSON TAUGHT BY A CHILD.

A little girl was repeating her evening prayer at her mother's knee, when she was interrupted by a cough. Instantly she said: "Please, dear God, excuse me for coughing right in your face. I did not mean to do it."

How many of us older children, with the innocence and simplicity of this little child, ever ask God to forgive us the numerous insults and injuries that we daily offer Him in the desecration of His holy day? For misuse and abuse of the precious moments which He give us—for neglected opportunities and wasted privileges; for the careless indifference to His word—we are guilty of all these, yet never once have been known to say with this dear little child, "Please, God, excuse me."

Nor can we add with the same innocent sincerity, "I did not mean to do it," we are truly sensible all the time that we are dishonoring God both in our words and in our life—that the little children are teaching us lessons that we will not receive.

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NIAGARA - RIVER - LINE

CHANGE OF TIME

On and after Monday, September 16th, steamer leaving Toronto 9 a.m., Lewiston at 7.30 p.m., and Niagara-on-the-Lake 7.52 p.m., will be discontinued. Steamers will leave Toronto 7 a.m., 11 a.m., 2 p.m., 4.45 p.m., until further notice. JOHN FOY, Manager.

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Duke of Cornwall and York Celebration.

Toronto, October 10th and 11th

Single First Class Fare

Going by trains arriving Toronto p.m., October 9th, all trains October 10th and 11th, valid to return until October 14th, 1901. For further information apply to Agents G. T. R. System.

RETURN TICKETS AT Single First Class Fare

will be issued from all stations where the one-way first class fare does not exceed \$2.50 to

GUELPH, BERLIN, STRATFORD

valid going by trains arriving afternoon of October 11th, and a.m. trains October 12th. Good to return by all regular trains until MONDAY, OCTOBER 14th.

From all stations where the lowest one-way first class fare to London does not exceed two dollars and fifty cents (\$2.50), also from Detroit, Mich., Windsor and intermediate stations.

Lowest One-way First Class Fare.

Tickets good going by trains arriving London p.m. of October 11th, and all trains October 12th, 1901; valid for return leaving London on or before October 14th, 1901.

Single First Class Fare

Will be issued from all stations in Canada where the one-way first class fare does not exceed \$2.50 to

NIAGARA FALLS

Valid going by trains arriving Niagara Falls afternoon of October 11th, and all trains October 12th. Good to return by all regular trains until MONDAY, OCTOBER 14th.

Single First Class Fare

Will be issued from all stations where the one-way first class fare does not exceed \$2.50 to

HAMILTON.

Valid going by trains arriving Hamilton afternoon of October 11th, all trains October 12th, and good to return by all trains until TUESDAY, OCTOBER 15th.

Single First Class Fare

Will be issued from all stations where the one-way first class fare does not exceed \$2.50 to

Brantford, Woodstock.

Valid going by trains arriving Brantford or Woodstock, afternoon of October 11th, all trains October 12th, and good to return by all regular trains until TUESDAY, OCTOBER 15th.

J. W. RYDER, City Pass. and Ticket Agent, North-west corner King and Yonge Streets. Phone Main 4300. M. C. DICKSON, Dist. Passenger Agent.

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—Whatever you cannot understand, take to Jesus and leave it with Him. He will make it plain to you in His own good time.

—Cheerfulness and sweetness of disposition are often as great a force in trying situations as sheer intellectual ability. The power of restraining one's temper under provocation, of looking on the bright side of things in discouraging circumstances, and of not construing a difference of opinion into a personal matter, is one of those choice attainments whose winsomeness men almost universally recognize.