

EVER GIVE Your Thinker a Thought?

Funny things happen in this world and now and then some of them make one an interested observer, for instance: several years ago a man pursued a systematic course of investigation to discover what kind of elements the body would take up from the vegetable kingdom out of which to make gray matter in the brain and nerve centres throughout the body; also how to prepare this food so that it would be easily digested and allow Nature to make use of these elements. So far the proposition was all right. Question—How to bring all this about?

It took over two years work to solve the problem successfully. After it was solved the food was given to many people and the result watched carefully. When all results were proven beyond doubt the food was put on the market under the name of Grape-Nuts. Then followed public announcement in the newspapers and magazines that such a food was in existence and that it would perform its intended work. People all over the world realized the need of such a food and began purchasing it liberally. It attracted so much attention that a long list of imitators sprung up all over the country. They boiled wheat, roasted it, stewed it, chopped it, mixed it with rye, malt, oats, and perhaps hay—we are not sure—gave it a fantastic name and told the public it was a "Brain food."

Then, from these imitators, came the offering of spoons, knitting needles, china-ware, pictures, doll babies and even pianos to induce people to gorge themselves with the various and sundry things.

Fortunately the most of these imitation foods are harmless and decently clean so that no real harm is done except that people who pay out money to secure a food for special service have a right to expect an equitable return for that money.

Investigation proves that in practically all cases where imitations are put upon the market, the men who place them are untrained and have no knowledge of the real scientific basis of food making. If they did have, they would produce original articles. The very fact that they make imitations is prima facie evidence that they have no professional ability to originate valuable articles themselves, but must get under the eaves of some originator.

Up to the present time no prepared food has appeared, to the knowledge of the writer, that is made upon the solid, fundamental, scientific basis of Grape-Nuts.

In this celebrated food the right parts of the wheat and barley are selected, they pass through various and sundry mechanical processes (absolutely no chemical treatment). In these processes the starchy elements are slowly transformed into sugar now known as Post sugar. In this form it is ready for immediate assimilation and transmission to the blood without taxing the digestive organs. By the blood, the elements which Nature uses for rebuilding the soft gray matter in the brain and nerve centres and carried to the respective parts and there made use of, while other elements known as carbohydrates are carried to the muscles and tissues and there deposited and held in readiness for use when energy and warmth are demanded. Remember that simply raising the arm requires the expenditure and giving off of warmth and energy. Now then we must have the elements that supply warmth and energy deposited in these tissues and muscles else we cannot release them and make use of them. These are the missions of Grape-Nuts, and the person who desires to make use of the proper builder of brain and nerve centres, and keep them in first-class working order, and also make use of a supply of warmth and energy, can absolutely rely upon securing this service if they feed regularly on Grape-Nuts.

These are incontrovertible facts demonstrated by actual use by hundreds of thousands of Anglo Saxons to-day.

There's a reason and a profound one for the use of Grape-Nuts. The food is already cooked at the factory and can be served instantly with rich cream. It is delicious and can be made into a great variety of toothsome dishes after the recipes found in the recipe book enclosed in each package.

Attention is also invited to another very small but "meaty" little book in each package under the title "The Road To Wellville."

Grape-Nuts food is made at the Pure Food Factory of the Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., and sold all over the world.

THE TWO WAYS.

None of us can tell for what God is educating us. We fret and murmur at the narrow round and daily task of ordinary life, not realizing that it is only thus that we can be prepared for the high ascend. We must descend before we can ascend. We must suffer if we reign. We must take the via crucis (way of the cross) submissively and patiently if we would tread the via lucis (way of light). We must endure the polishing if we would be shafts in the quiver of Emmanuel. God's will comes to thee and me in daily circumstances, in little things equally as in great meet them bravely; be at your best always, though the occasion be one of the very least; dignify the smallest summons by the greatness of your response.—Rev. F. B. Meyer.

A GENTLEMAN.

I was once spending a night in a beautiful home in a large city. At about nine o'clock my host, a gentleman about fifty years of age, got up, went into the hall, and put on his overcoat and rubbers. Returning to the parlor door, he said:

"Excuse me, please, for just a few minutes. I am going to say good-night to my mother."

His mother lived three blocks distant, and for thirty years her son had never failed to go and bid her good night, if he was in the city.

"No matter what the weather may be, no matter who his guests are, my husband never fails to run over to his mother's and bid her good-night," said the gentleman's wife when he had gone.

Neither he nor she could sleep if this duty had been neglected. When his business compels him to be away from the city he writes to her every day, if only a single line.

"Her mental powers are beginning to fail and she forgets many things so that her mind is a blank on some points; but when nine o'clock comes, she always knows the hour, and says: 'It is time for Henry to come and bid me good night.'"—Selected.

A MINISTER'S LABORS.

Apart from the labors that fruit into pulp ministry and pastoral and public service, is no accounting to be made so the mental strain and the spiritual travail which are an inalienable part of the ministerial calling? Not only does the minister carry on his

heart the sorrows of a great many persons who look to him for succor, but there are hours when the tide of his own faith ebbs. Is a minister's fight with his doubts worth anything to the world? Because he always seems so sure of his hold on the eternal verities, is it to be thought that he is content to pass on to others a merely traditional faith, instead one that has been wrought out in long hours of painful questioning and wrought as triumphantly into the very texture of his own life? The effort which a minister makes to keep and broaden, to intensify and make real, his own faith, to adjust it to the growing light of science, is as necessary and as noble a part of his work as anything that he does.—The Century.

THE HEART OF A CHILD.

"Just see, papa! I made all this to-day," said a tiny girl, holding up an awkward bit of work.

"Well, I don't care anything about that, child," said the father.

I expected to see the child burst into tears but she went away quite tranquilly. She was so used to such treatment that it did not surprise or hurt her any more.

That father prided himself on his kindness to his children. It was his boast that he never struck one of the whole five. What would he have said if he had been told that his words injured that child as much as a beating would? Although he never scolded or said rough things, he was continually manifesting a lack of sympathy with the little ones. The blows were falling directly on loving childish hearts.

He often wondered why the older children never took him into their plans. He loved his children dearly; he would have enjoyed being a companion of the big boys and girls, but he turned them away again and again when they were tiny children and he might have obtained the key to their hearts.

Oh, fathers and mothers, come into the lives of your children when you can sympathize with the little men and women. Take time to be interested in their affairs, and then you will be spared the bitter pain of being shut out of their confidence, and feeling that they have grown away from you, when they most need you.—Exchange.

The Bible is the only book which show us what we are—not only our needs, but our possibilities. So many men are content to live in the valley or to roam about among the foothills who might be climbing upon the peaks of the higher Christian experience.—John R. Mott.

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An Opportunity for Profit With Minimum Risk.

THERE are certain fields for the profitable investment of idle funds not assailable by stock-exchange manipulation; safe—no doubt of it. Our business is the finding out of such investments and then offering them to people who value such service. Not every man is able to sift the good from the bad himself, or, perhaps, as well as we can. One remarkable opportunity is Rubber. To-day the supply is diminishing on an increasing demand, with prices steadily advancing. The world's future supply depends entirely on cultivation. The Obispo Rubber Plantation Co., with 9,000 acres at Tuxtepec, State of Oaxaca, Mexico, has undertaken to produce rubber and is succeeding. Other crops are already large sources of profit. As an investment it is surrounded with unusual safeguards; and it is already paying 10 per cent. You pay for stock only as work progresses. Booklets and letters concerning this plantation—the past, present and future of the rubber market—and conservative estimates of the probable returns from an investment in this enterprise, sent anywhere upon request, without obligation.

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