on the blessed

tlaw," exclaimed y as the servants meone in their tlaws but pigmy boy !" she cried, set down their her. "I fear me the past helping," over the wet, un. Nhere found ye

off in the forest, wered the man. under the snow, dead. If we rub wet clothes, he'll

ng warm, dry host; "he'll rebeats. Rub thou nd, Pierre, hand set. An' he swalhis eyes." drink was forced ips of the waif. cques, for it was d eyes on an un-

he surveyed the ch he found himgorgeously clad ling down at him, to the banqueting er and gold, and ng in the backagain to the great chimney and the around it.

Campana's Italian ie hands and face before thoroughly chapping. For size sample bottle ceipt of ten cents by E. G. West & e Street, Toronto.

ES' AGES er Ib. oung Pork Daily. ed Hams acon all parts of City. ES CO. GE ST. rth 2851.

February 10, 1916.

"Eh bien?" queried the amused host, as Jacque's intent gaze rested finally on him, "art satisfied thou art in good hands? Methinks," he continued, "he is sufficiently restored for us to proceed with our celebration. Bring the royal robe and crown."

From a brass-bound chest at the upper end of the hall the attendants brought a long purple robe trimmed with ermine and wrapped it around the bewildered boy. Next, a gold crown was set on his forehead and an ivory sceptre placed in his unresisting hand.

Then gradually it dawned on Jacques that this must be the feast of the Three Kings, and that somehow he had been brought into a nobleman's château to be made king of the feast. Therefore, he straightened his little form, and, with all the dignity he could muster, walked gravely by the side of the châtelaine to the seat assigned him at the table; and the company were charmed with his behaviour.

Jacques gave small thought to the unaccustomed dainties set before him, but satisfied his hunger, with his eyes alternately on the company and on his own magnificent attire. He listened entranced while the châtelaine, standing before him, sang the song of welcome to the stranger at the feast. But he was taken aback when the assembled guests, passing from grave to gay, gave a vociferous shout as he raised his glass to his lips.

"The king drinks! The king drinks!" they cried, and all with one accord raised their glasses in salutation to him.

However, the tender-hearted châtelaine was more interested in the boy himself than in his temporary pomp. His emaciated form and his bright, intelligent face appealed to her sympathies.

"Who art thou, little one?" she asked, after the lords and ladies had, one by one, followed their host and done homage to the king of the feast by bowing over the boy's hand. "Why art thou so starved. And why wast thou lying out in the forest?"

Jacques raised his large brown eyes to her.

THE CANADIAN CHURCHMAN

"My lords and ladies," the châtelaine addressed the company, "shall we not give this boy more than the usual alms? Methinks we could not give to one more deserving."

She took a silver cup from the table and went the rounds of the room to collect from her guests whatever they wished to give. The cup was filled with gold pieces.

The châtelaine counted the gifts. "Here are one hundred pounds, little Jacques," she said, much pleased. "Now, you can make your way to Paris without hardships, and pay a good bit of your schooling, too."

The company laughed merrily and laid him down, royal robes and all, on a bench to sleep for the night. The next morning they failed not to bid him godspeed on his journey and to wish him success in his great enterprise of learning. But much as they admired his pluck and determination, they little thought as they watched the small figure trudging happily away on the road to Paris that they were looking at the future preceptor of the royal princes, the great Bishop of Auxerre, the grand almoner of France, and the famous translator of Plutarch — Jacques Amyot.

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Your mirror has a message for you. Is it one of health and good cheer ? Or do you read there signs of disease and a warning to take action ?

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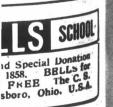
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without color ? Is there puffiness under the eyes ?

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"I am the son of poor peasants of Melun, gracious lady," he answered. "They could not give me more to eat, for they had it not themselves. I was on my way to Paris when I lost myself in the forest, being frightened by the sounds of savage men."

"On thy way to Paris! And what wouldst thou do in Paris that thou goest so far alone? Hast friends there?"

"No, gracious lady, I know no one in the great city. I am going because I would fain study at the College de France."

"Study at the college! But, child, poor as thou art, how canst thou pay thy way?"

"I can work for the other students, noble lady," replied the boy, simply.

"Now, this is a right worthy peasant lad," exclaimed the Seigneur of Brunay, "and glad am I that to him has fallen the honour of being our king of the feast." Since the Nerve Food cures by the building-up process, you must expect to keep up the treatment for some little time. The thoroughness of the cure will more than reward you for your perseverance, and in the meantime your mirror will tell you of improving health and the return of color to the cheeks.

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