

THE  
**DOMINION  
BANK**  
PAYS SPECIAL ATTENTION TO  
**SAVINGS  
ACCOUNTS**

Interest Credited Four Times a Year.

1854 THE 1854  
**HOME BANK**  
OF CANADA.

**FULL COMPOUND INTEREST  
Paid on Savings Accounts  
of One Dollar or more**

Head Office  
8 King Street West, Toronto

Toronto Branches, open 7 to 9  
every Saturday night:

Queen St. West, cor. Bathurst St.  
Bloor St. West, cor. Bathurst St.  
78 Church St.

Alliston, Belle River, Cannington, St. Thomas  
Lawrence Station, Melbourne, Walkerville  
Ferne (B.C.) Winnipeg, Man.

The National Park Bank, New York  
The National Bank of Scotland, London, Eng.

**JAMES MASON,**  
General Manager

**The Pioneer  
Trusts Corporation  
of Canada**

After twenty-five years' successful  
management of trusts of every descrip-  
tion the Corporation confidently offers  
its services as

ADMINISTRATOR  
EXECUTOR  
GUARDIAN  
TRUSTEE  
ASSIGNEE  
RECEIVER  
LIQUIDATOR or  
GENERAL AGENT

to those requiring a trustworthy and  
efficient medium to undertake such  
duties.

**The Toronto General  
Trusts Corporation**  
Ottawa Toronto Winnipeg

**EAGLE AND RAIL LECTERNS,**  
Altar Rails, Crosses, Vases, Desks, etc., Candel-  
sticks, Vesper Lights, Memorial Brasses, Chan-  
deliers, and Gas Fixtures, Communion Services,  
made or refinished. Electrical Contractors.

**CHADWICK BROS.**  
Shew Room, 193 East King St., Hamilton.  
Factory, Oak Ave., near Barton St.  
Send for Catalogue

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

**BELLS.**

Alley Church and School Bells. Send for  
Catalogue. The C. S. BELL CO., Hillsboro, O.

to come to our May party, and Mar-  
garet was chosen for the queen, then  
she had to go away with her mother  
for a visit! Should you think, Mollie,  
that she'd want to go?"

"Well," replied her sister sensibly,  
"you see she loves her aunt, and  
maybe going to Boston is better than  
being a queen."

"Maybe," responded Harriet,  
doubtfully.

"And now we must choose a queen  
all over again," said Mollie. Just  
then up the lane and through the bars  
came hurrying another little girl, who  
sank down on the grass by the sis-  
ters.

"I s'pose, Marietta," began Har-  
riet, "you've heard the news—we've  
lost our queen. Who can we have?  
Just try to think who is the dearest,  
prettiest one know? Who has light  
hair, for we're sure, Marietta, a queen  
ought not to have black hair."

"All queens in books have long,  
shiny, gold hair," added Mollie.

Marietta was silent for a minute,  
her brown eyes fixed upon the far-off  
mountains; then she spoke, but hesi-  
tatingly: "You asked me who was  
the sweetest, prettiest one I knew,  
with light hair. Well, girls, that's  
just my Grandma Parsons—it is."

Harriet's cheeks flushed pink with  
excitement, and she sprang to her  
feet, clapping her hands delightedly.  
"Oh, we've found a queen, she cried,  
"we've found her, we have! Why,  
white curls are a great deal prettier  
than yellow ones; anybody might  
have yellow curls, but there aren't  
many white curls around. We needn't  
look any more for a queen."

"Do you think that Grandma Par-  
sons would be a little old?" suggest-  
ed her grand-daughter.

"No!" exclaimed both the sisters  
together.

"S'pose she wouldn't want to,  
what would we do then?" mused  
Mollie.

"Let's think she will," chirped  
Harriet, and the trio started straight-  
way for Marietta's house, and Grand-  
ma Parsons. Astonished, a little  
frightened, was grandma when her  
quiet room was invaded, a few min-  
utes after, by three excited little  
maids, who all tried to talk at once.

"And you want me for your queen,  
dearies?" she replied, putting down  
her knitting; "such a wrinkled old  
queen!"

"We do, we do!" cried the eager  
voice; "say yes, please, say yes!"

"After all this time!" half whis-  
pered Grandma Parsons; "why, chil-  
dren, nearly fifty years ago I was  
once a May queen; I remember, for  
a long, wonderful day, I wore a  
wreath on my head; then my hair was  
as yellow as cowslips, and my gown  
was a pink print." Something glist-  
ened in grandma's eyes, but no one  
noticed it, and before her little callers  
had left the room she had promised to  
be their Queen of May. Mollie's and  
Harriet's mother thought it was a most  
beautiful idea, and Marietta's mother  
was quite enthusiastic over the plan.

Great was the surprise of the young  
guests, the following Saturday, when  
they trooped over the meadow, across  
the road from the house, to find, sit-  
ting in her low wicker rocking-chair,  
on a gray rug, by the flower-trimmed

**AFTER YOU HAVE TRIED "THE NEW ONES"  
YOU WILL COME BACK TO**

**SHREDDED  
WHEAT**

The world's best cereal  
food. Not so heating as  
corn or oats, and much  
more nourishing and more  
easily digested.

TRY A BISCUIT WITH MILK OR CREAM OR FRESH FRUIT.

All Grocers—13c a carton, 2 for 25c.

**A TRIAL PACKAGE.**

**Of The Wonderful Pyramid Remedy  
Is Sent Free of Charge by Mail to  
Everyone to Test Thoroughly.**

The use of the wonderful Pyramid  
Pile Cure avoids the danger and ex-  
pense of an operation. You cure your-  
self with perfect ease, in your own  
home, and for little expense.

Gives instant relief, heals sores and  
ulcers, reduces congestion and inflam-  
mation, and takes away pain and itch-  
ing.

Mr. George Braneight, of Schell-  
burg, Pa., says: "I was a terrible suf-  
ferer of piles for fourteen (14) years  
and during all this time I found no  
relief.

"After trying but one treatment of  
your 'Pyramids,' I am absolutely  
cured. Your Pyramid Pile Cure will  
cure when all others fail."

You can get a full regular-sized  
treatment of Pyramid Pile Cure at  
your druggist's for 50 cents. If he  
hasn't it or if you want to prove this  
matter at our expense, before purchas-  
ing, send your name and address to  
the Pyramid Drug Co., 94 Pyramid  
Building, Marshall, Michigan, and  
receive a sample packet free by return  
mail.

pole, a quaint little figure! Who but  
Grandma Parsons, smiling shyly on  
all around? About her shoulders was  
a fluffy white and lavender shawl,  
while a wreath of violets encircled her  
very best lace cap.

"What a beautiful queen! what a  
lovely queen!" they cried, and, join-  
ing hands, danced merrily around and  
round their chosen lady.

But a short time only could she  
stay with her subjects, this frail little  
queen, and soon they escorted her to  
the house with due honour, as befitted  
royalty. At the door they left her,  
and went back to their play.

From her window grandma watched  
them, and still she smiled, still she  
wore the wreath of violets, fading  
now. The warm sunshine flooded the  
room, and sunshine was in her heart.  
Where, in the country round, could be  
found that day a happier Queen of  
May than Grandma Parsons?—Alix-  
Thorn.

Mt. Vernon, N.Y.

**THE PRIVILEGE OF STRUGGLE.**

Overcoming brings the greatest  
joy that a child of God can know.  
But overcoming is not possible with-  
out something to overcome; and that  
something is offered to us with every  
temptation. We weary of our tempt-  
ations; we long to be free from them;  
yet if that longing were granted now  
and here, we should be robbed of a  
privilege that nothing else could re-  
place. Probably there are no regrets  
in heaven; but if there were, can we  
imagine a keener regret than that of  
looking back at the privilege of  
struggle which belongs to every soul  
on earth along with the assurance of  
victory through Christ, and knowing  
that we were now cut off forever from  
the joy of resisting and conquering  
the powers of evil—a privilege that  
we had so often wasted when it was  
ours? God gives us only a limited  
lifetime of this sort of character-  
making opportunity. It is a privilege  
that perhaps angels do not have; but  
the Son of God shared it with us.  
Shall we not rejoice in it and use it  
to the uttermost while we may?—S.  
S. Times.

**WHY WE SAY "HELLO."**

Long, long ago wolves were numer-  
ous in all parts of the world, especi-  
ally in England. Wolf hunting was  
a favourite sport with the gentry, and

**plendid Sermon**

each, is the label on  
every bottle of

**bbey's  
r-ent Salt**

follow the directions  
take a morning glass—  
you will find yourself  
stronger and  
better every day. 148