



What an Editor says of Shredded Wheat

"We have used Shredded Wheat in our family since it first appeared on the market and find it by far the most satisfactory, as a breakfast cereal, of anything we ever tried. More recently we have been using it as the foundation of many other meals, following the admirable recipes as given in the 'VITAL QUESTION,' and the result is not only appetizing, but perceptibly advantageous to the general health of the family. We cannot find language too emphatic to express our high opinion of Shredded Wheat Biscuit as a convenient, economical and satisfying food."—W. H. BROCK, editor "Healthy Home," Athol, Mass.

Shredded Wheat Biscuit For Sale By All Grocers.
(Mention this Paper.)

perhaps as this terrible monster they have pictured. When Saint George refused to bow before the false gods of Rome and tore down the wicked emperor's proclamation, I think he showed the spirit of a hero quite as much as if he had gone to ride against the horrible dragon that they make him do in the story books. He risked his life in daring to do right, and suffered martyrdom for it. Could Bayard or Sydney perform a braver deed than that?"

"But weren't there ever any real dragons?" persisted Carl, who could not bear to think that his favorite hero had never encountered such monsters.

"Dragons! Yes, Carl, there are real dragons—pride, avarice, indolence, vanity, love of the world—great and cruel monsters that devour all noble manhood and sap the strength of the strongest champion. Doubtless St. George met all these and conquered them."

"Now I know you are laughing at me, mamma."

"No, Carl; I am not laughing at you at all. Saint George and the Dragon is only a symbol. There are dragons to day, and brave knights are riding against them, and by God's help will subdue them and win greater glory than even your favorite saint. Do you see that man passing in yonder carriage? Ten years ago he was a common drunkard and was seen reeling daily upon our streets. But one day a child placed in his hands a tract, 'No Drunkard Shall Inherit Eternal Life.' The words spread themselves upon his brain. He could not forget them. He determined to slay the dragon of intemperance that had destroyed his honor and all but ruined his life. It was a desperate conflict, but in the end he won the battle, and is to-day a highly respected citizen, a man of many benefactions.

"In the grand old legend of Saint George and the dragon, you read of now other knights had encountered the monster and had lost their lives, but the victorious knight was not discouraged by their failures. He rode boldly out to meet the dragon, and was successful. It is worth something to try; but better to succeed. I know a little boy who does not love to get up in the morning, sometimes he has to be called several times. Now, there is a dragon for him to conquer. I wonder if he will

be victorious like Saint George, or will he fail like those other knights whom the monster destroyed. May God give him grace to conquer!" and Mrs. Harris kissed the solemn face that looked up at her.

"Oh, I know now what the picture means," said Carl, "and I will try, mamma, to kill my dragon."

And I have means of knowing that Carl has kept his word.

QUEEN ALEXANDRA

Queen Alexandra has the same quiet way of bestowing personal favour as Queen Victoria. An instance of this is cited in the story of how one day she met a dressmaker waiting at Marlborough House having just brought some things that she had been making for the young Princesses. The Queen, taking the girl into a private room, examined the work she had brought, judging it

with the eye of a connoisseur, she being an expert at fine sewing, and having, it is said, made much of her beautiful trousseau herself. Noting that all the work was handsewn, she inquired why the girl had not used a machine to help her with her task. It then came out that the girl, who had an ailing mother to support, was too poor to buy or hire one. The Queen's sympathy was at once enlisted, and she ordered that wine and fruit should be sent immediately to the invalid, following up the gifts on Christmas Day, which fell shortly afterwards, with the present of a good sewing machine, on which were the words: "A gift from Alexandra," the girl then learning for the first time who the lady was to whom she had told her trouble.

During the Paris Exhibition of 1878 a British chaplain and his wife were invited to lunch at the Embassy to meet the Prince and Princess of Wales. Mrs. Moran, the clergy-

COMFORT FOR POOR SLEEPERS.

The Mystery of Sleep—Insomnia a Warning of Over-work or Approaching Nervous Collapse Which is Not to be Lightly Disregarded.

Robbery of Sleep One of the Worst of Crimes—Dr. Chase's Nerve Food by Building Up Blood and Nerves Restores Restful Sleep.

"Sleep is the vacation of the soul; it is the mind gone into the playground of dreams; it is the relaxation of muscles, and the solace of the nerves; it is the hush of activities; it is the calming of the pulse; it is a breathing much slower but much deeper; it is a temporary oblivion of all carking cares; it is a doctor recognized by all schools of medicine. Lack of sleep puts patients on the rack of torture or in the madhouse, or in the grave."

Insomnia is a disease of our country and of our age. Where there is one man or woman with strong, healthy nerves, there are a dozen whose nervous systems are overwrought and unstrung. In vain they toss in beds of misery, longing for nature's great restorer, restful sleep. In hours of temptation they resort to opiates and narcotics, which produce temporary unconsciousness at an enormous expense to the human system.

In all occupations and professions there are times when a special draft is made upon nervous energy. Mothers, too, deprived of sleep and worn out by caring for their children and watching them through periods of sickness and disease, are left physical wrecks. Especially in the springtime do we all seem to require unusual allowance of sleep to overcome the weakening and debilitating effects of winter and the trying changes of temperature.

Sleeplessness is a warning that the nervous force of the body is being exhausted more rapidly than it is being created, and points to ultimate physical bankruptcy. The nights do not repair the waste of the day. Some unusual effort must be made to overcome this state of affairs, or collapse is certain. Scientists have pointed out certain ele-

ments of nature as being peculiarly suited to the needs of an exhausted nervous system. Through the medium of the blood and nervous system these restoratives carry new life and vital energy to every nerve cell in the human anatomy.

While these elements of nature are combined in various proportions, it is now generally conceded by physicians that the prescription, used by Dr. Chase with such marvelous success in his immense practice is the one which gives most general satisfaction. This preparation is now known as Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and has come to have enormous sale in every part of this continent, where nervous disorders and sleeplessness are so prevalent.

Each and every sufferer from nervous and physical exhaustion, thin, watery, and impure blood, and the demon insomnia, can begin the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food with positive assurance that the regular use of this famous food cure will gradually and thoroughly build up and reconstruct the nerve cells and bodily tissues, and permanently cure sleeplessness and irritability.

You must not confuse Dr. Chase's Nerve Food with sleep-producing drugs and opiates. It is different from any medicine you ever used, and instead of tearing down the tissues and deadening the nerves, it cures by filling every cell with new life, vigor and vitality. As a spring tonic and invigorator it is marvellous in its action, instilling into weak, worn, tired human bodies the strength, elasticity, and buoyancy of perfect health; 50 cents a box, 6 boxes for \$2.50, at all dealers, or sent, post-paid, on receipt of price, by Edmanson, Bates and Co., Toronto.

ROSS' HIGH GRADE TEA

ROSS' HIGH-GRADE CEYLON TEA is absolutely pure. Get the 25c. package. Black, Green, Mixed.

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N. B.—Our charges have been greatly reduced in order to meet the popular demand for moderate-priced funerals.

man's wife, took the opportunity to interest the Princess in a former stable boy at Sandringham who was dying of consumption in a slum in the Ternes quarter of Paris. Her Royal Highness, with the eagerness of a schoolgirl, proposed to slip quietly out and visit the humble invalid. The two ladies took a cab, and the Princess ascended to a wretched chamber on the fourth floor, and no sooner saw the boy than she recognised him. Sitting on the side of the bed she brightened the place by her cheeriness. Then she said, "My poor boy, why did you leave us? You were always delicate. I am not too well supplied with money for my Paris visit, but I will send you fifty pounds to-morrow." The angel of charity kept her word. The Princess, revelling in her new freedom, then suggested a ride outside, the Madeline on a Bastille omnibus to see the boulevards as one of the people. Mrs. Moran of course consented, and the Princess, parting with her at the Embassy, said it was the happiest afternoon she had ever spent in her life.

A LITTLE MAN.

This was what I heard his mother call him on a hot day in June. He was a little fellow, hardly four years old, and could not talk "straight" yet. He was playing on the front porch, having a good time with his building-blocks, and much interested in the store he was building. Presently a stray dog came along, stopped, and looked at the little boy longingly. The dog was hot and tired.

"I dess he's firsty," said the boy, "I'll det him somefin' to dwink."

A tiny saucepan was on the porch. The little fellow poured some water into it and set it before the dog who lapped it eagerly.

"It's all don," said the boy. "I'll det some more."

Five times the little boy filled the saucepan; then the dog bobbed his head, wagged his tail, and went off.

The little fellow laughed gleefully.

"He said, Fank you, didn't he, mamma? I dess he was glad to det some cold water, wasn't he?"

"Indeed he was," mamma answered.