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By order of the Board.
Toronto October 23rd, 1907.
JAMES MASON,
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a hint of sadness in her voice, "You will have to go on without mother in the future, children," and seeing the moisture in her eyes, the children understood how much this confession had cost her, and ceased their pleas for help that had always before been given so cheerfully.

In the quiet farming community where Mrs. Richards had spent her girlhood, she had not the advantages of even a high school course, but to such good use did she put the opportunities which she did enjoy, that she made a very successful common school teacher—a preparation that fitted her admirably for the early training of her own children later.

A thrifty little housewife, she made home bright and sweet for the dear ones it sheltered, and in the midst of her busy, happy life, she not only kept abreast with the times for her husband's sake, but she kept a strong hold on the respect of her children, by her ability to help them over hard places in their daily lessons. As Peyton had said, she had always been such a helper that they thought she knew everything. But this night there had been a rude awakening. They had come to the "parting of the ways," and while the children must go forward—there was no other way but to leave the mother behind.

While toiling over her basket of mending that night, the little mother looked sadly out into the future, and seeing her children growing away from her, bravely determined to keep step with them. Just how this plan was to be developed she had not yet fully decided, but before she slept she satisfied herself, by a peep into the children's lessons for to-morrow, that it would be no child's play to carry out the tasks that she had set for herself.

Besides Peyton and Janet, there were three other children in the family: Mildred, aged ten; Victor, six; and baby Marian, two. "There must be no letting down of the bars so far as the care of my family goes," she told herself. "But I cannot afford to let my children grow away from me and am willing to take on the added burden of 'lessons' rather than to be left behind them."

For a few days she carried on her work alone, but with such thoroughness that when the next difficulty arose with the children's new studies mother was ready as of old to lend a helping hand.

The study, merely to assist the children, soon became a source of so much pleasure to herself that she determined to broaden the programme of work, and taking her husband into her confidence, they together mapped out a source of study and with much enthusiasm entered upon it.

The little mother's enthusiasm in her studies was contagious, and before the autumn had given place to winter, several other ambitious mothers and a few fathers—whose schooling in youth had been limited—were

admitted into the little circle of learners. Consequently a more extended course, embracing four year's work, adopted, and the parents, desirous of keeping pace with their children, entered upon their scheme of turning their spare time to advantage.

Following the Chataqua, forty-five minutes were devoted daily to the studies assigned, and once each week the members of the circle came together to compare notes and help one another over such hard places as they found in the way. They took turns as leader, and by combining study and social life, managed to get a good deal of pleasure as well as instruction out of their weekly meetings.

"I enjoy the work very much, indeed," said Mrs. Richards in reply to the doleful pity of a friend who feared she was overtaxing her strength. "I am sure the other mothers feel just as I do about it. The tasks taken up for our children's sake have proved a source of delight to us, and our only regret is that we did not begin the work sooner. We feel a respect for ourselves that we never felt before, and it is so nice to have something to talk about when we meet, instead of wasting our time in idle gossip, as we used to do."

"But you must be neglecting something more weighty to make room for all this study," urged the other woman.

I can not see that I am leaving anything of importance undone," insisted Mrs. Richards. "The only place that I am curtailing labour is in fine needlework, and if I do not succeed in tiring my eyes out with fancy embroideries, crazy quilts and the like, no one will suffer from the lack of useful ornaments. It is much more important that my children should find a companion and helper in their mother, than that their garments should be tucked and ruffled in accordance with the prevailing fashion."

"I think you are right, Alice," admitted the friend, won over to the sensible side. "It is much wiser to keep pace with your children and to help your neighbours to a higher standard of life, than to waste your few spare minutes in ironing flounces or listening to ill-natured remarks about other people's sayings and doings."

As the years passed on, the work of the club continued; places that were left vacant by old members being speedily filled with new ones.

It was three years after the mother's work of love, for the sake of her children, began, that Peyton, home for his first college vacation, told her, in confidence, how sorry he felt for Dick Adams, his room-mate, with whom he had spent the Thanksgiving holidays. "His mother is so illiterate," he explained. "She was just as tidy and nice as she could be, and so kind to me, but she used dreadful English, some of her bad 'breaks' sending the tell-tale colour to Dick's face in the language that needed no

IS MAN A SELFISH BRUTE

and do women have
the worst of it?

Many a woman thinks so in her heart though she may never give it expression. Most men who live in the country, though they work hard during the day, have a little time to themselves at noon time and in the evening, when they can sit down and read, smoke a pipe or play with the children, but women's work is never done and many of them go on month in and month out with scarcely a thing to cheer them up and bring change and enjoyment into their lonely lives.

Yet the man plods along with mulish indifference never realizing that the wife really has less in the way of enjoyment than the hired servants.

Now just think what it would mean to bring into a home like that, at a very small expense, the very best music that the great singers and great players of the world have produced.—What a joy it would be for the wife and daughters at their work in the long evenings to listen to music such as the people in large cities like New York have to pay \$5.00 and even \$10.00 a ticket to hear just for one evening only—music which people in cities like Toronto, Montreal or Winnipeg cannot hear, any more than the farmer can, without going to New York for the purpose.

Even people in other large cities of the States almost never have the privilege of hearing the wonderful singers like Caruso, Eames, Melba, etc., or the great Violinists or Cello players, or the Great Bands of the world unless they go to New York.

Yet this wonderful music can now be brought right out into the country, to your own home, by the Great-Berliner Victor Gramophone, so that you can hear it not as a mechanical production, but with all the life, power and wonderful ringing tones of the singers, just as though they were right there in the room with you.

Why, you can hear them breathe, and almost have to pinch yourself to realize that you are not looking right at them. This is almost beyond belief, yet it is an absolute fact.

Just think of it for a moment and try to realize what it really means to have these wonderful singers and players right here in your home to sing the songs you like best and play your favourite airs. Then think of the magnificent sacred music you might have on Sundays, and on week-day evenings, the funny stories, comic songs and recitations, the best in the world. Why! If we could place the Berliner-Victor Gramophone in your home for one evening—for one hour even, we would not need to talk to you any more about it. It would sing and play its own story right into your heart, and you would part with almost anything else before you would let it be taken away. Wouldn't you like to have one of these instruments in your home for Christmas?

All we ask now is that you write us for a Catalogue of the 3,000 pieces it will reproduce then that you go to the nearest dealer and ask to have some of these pieces played for you. We send the Catalogue free of charge if you just send your name and address and ask for catalogue C.C.—The Berliner Gramophone Company, Montreal.

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