

and said, quite cheerfully: "Right here; it's a wonderful pain."

Mamma thought she had better lie down, and Aunt Carrie loaned her cologne, which she said helped her to get well, and mamma rubbed her head.

"I—I guess I'm hungry," the invalid announced later, after she had grown worse and had been regularly put to bed. She glanced longingly at Aunt Carrie's tray as she spoke.

Mamma hurried off with just a backward glance at her sister, who hid her face behind a big book she was glancing through.

Half an hour passed, and mamma re-appeared, bearing a tray, on which was spread a delicious lunch, just like that enjoyed by Aunt Carrie. There was the same brown chicken on crisp toast, the same creamy asparagus, a bit of mashed potato and something nice to drink, with lots of cracked ice.

Mamma looked warm and tired, and it must have been a good deal of extra trouble to prepare it.

Bessie bounced on the edge of the bed, and did not wait a second, but ate her lunch, every speck but the bones without delay. Then she lay back with a sigh of contentment.

"I guess I feel better," she said. But mamma darkened everything, and after wheeling Aunt Carrie off to her own room for a nap, went away to see about the family luncheon.

For half an hour Bessie lay very still, as she imagined sick people did; then she remembered the dress she had begun for her doll, and that her cousins, Mary and Lucy, were coming to play with her.

So she went to the door and called to her mother please to bring her clothes, that she was well again.

But her mother looked surprised, and said: "Oh, no; it is time for your medicine now."

"But I'm well!" insisted Bessie.

"My dear," answered her mother, in the firm tone no one ever disobeyed, "you said you were sick, and sick people take medicine. Here is the first dose; take it like a lady."

Oh, how that stuff did taste! It was awful! Bessie made a bad face, and gagged, but mamma saw that she swallowed it.

After that Bessie stayed very meekly in bed, until she heard her cousins enquiring for her, and heard mamma answer that she was in bed to-day, but they might come back to-morrow and she how she would be.

That was the last straw, she thought, and sobbed piteously in the pillows, feeling like Esau, who sold his birthright for a mess of pottage. But when six o'clock arrived, and there was company for dinner, with frozen pudding, which mamma said was too rich for the sick ones, the little girl felt that this world is a cold and unsympathetic place to live in.

She lay in a pathetic heap, under the sheets, too forlorn to even taste the milk and crackers sent in for the invalids.

When mamma bent to kiss her good-night, she looked so repentant that the tender mother's heart relented, and the second dose of

## Thanks, Dear Mrs. Grundy,

for your advice about 40¢ MONSOON CEYLON TEA. I have tried it and must say it is most delicious. My husband now says that breakfast is "something to look forward to."

# MONSOON

## INDO-CEYLON TEA

medicine was not administered. Two little arms went round mother's neck, and a small voice sobbed: "I never will make 'tend again, truly."

Something mamma said, in the lowered light, with her little daughter clasped close in her arms, must have sealed that pledge perfectly, for from that day to this Bessie has been known for her absolute truthfulness.

### HOW MOLLIE HELPED.

There was once a bright, spirited little girl, whose hard-working father was taken suddenly away from his little family, leaving the whole burden of their support on the mother. A kind lady questioned this child, but six years old, as to how they got along.

"Oh," said little Mollie, "mother and I do all the work now, and we do it first-rate."

"But what can you do to help, with such little hands as those?" asked the lady.

Mollie held up her plump little hands, and, turning them over and over again, said: "Oh, I can do lots and lots! I set the table, and wash the dishes, and shake up the cradle pillow, and blow the whistle for the baby. Sometimes mamma gets tired washing

Although the medicine business should, above all, be carried on with the utmost conscientiousness and sense of responsibility, the unfortunate fact is that in no other is there so much humbug and deception. The anxieties of the sick and their relatives are traded upon in the most shameful manner; impossible cures are promised; many preparations are also utterly worthless, and some are positively dangerous to health.

As a consequence, all proprietary remedies are regarded with suspicion by many people, and the good suffer for the bad.

For these reasons we announce that our proprietors are the principal shareholders in

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which will, we are sure, be an ample guarantee of the truth of every representation made concerning

**IRON-OX TABLETS**

The Iron-ox Remedy Co., Ltd.  
Walkerville, Ont.

and she cries. Then I go and lift baby out of the cradle (he's awful heavy), and hold him right up before mamma. Then she always laughs and takes him, and that rests her, you see."

"THY WILL BE DONE."

Just as soon as we turn toward Him with loving confidence, and say, "Thy will be done," whatever chills or cripples or enslaves our

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spirits, clogs their powers, or hinders their development, melts away in the sunshine of His sympathy. He does not free us from the pain, but from its power to dull the sensibilities; not from poverty and care, but from their tendency to narrow and harden; not from calumny, but from the maddening poison in its sting;

## An Object Lesson

In a Restaurant.

A physician puts the query: "Have you never noticed in any large restaurant at lunch or dinner time the large number of hearty, vigorous old men at the tables; men whose ages run from 60 to 80 years; many of them bald and all perhaps gray, but none of them feeble or senile?"

Perhaps the spectacle is so common as to have escaped your observation or comment, but nevertheless it is an object lesson, which means something.

If you will notice what these hearty old fellows are eating you will observe that they are not munching bran crackers or gingerly picking their way through a menu card of new fangled health foods; on the contrary they seem to prefer a juicy roast of beef, a properly turned loin of mutton, and even the deadly broiled lobster is not altogether ignored.

The point of all this is that a vigorous old age depends upon good digestion and plenty of wholesome food, and not upon dieting and an endeavor to live upon bran crackers.

There is a certain class of food cranks who seem to believe that meat, coffee and many other good things are rank poisons, but these cadaverous, sickly looking individuals are a walking condemnation of their own theories.

The matter in a nutshell is that if the stomach secretes the natural digestive juices in sufficient quantity any wholesome food will be promptly digested; if the stomach does not do so, and certain foods cause distress, one or two of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets after each meal will remove all difficulty because they supply just what every weak stomach lacks, pepsin, hydrochloric acid, diastase and nux.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets do not act upon the bowels, and, in fact, are not strictly a medicine, as they act almost entirely upon the food eaten, digesting it thoroughly, and thus gives a much needed rest and giving an appetite for the next meal.

Of people who travel nine out of ten use Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets knowing them to be perfectly safe to use at any time, and also having found out by experience that they are a safe-guard against indigestion in any form, and eating as they have to, at all hours and all kinds of food, the traveling public for years have pinned their faith to Stuart's Tablets.

All druggists sell them at 50 cents for full-sized packages, and any druggist from Maine to California if his opinion were asked, will say that Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets is the most popular and successful remedy for any stomach trouble.

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