

A SAFE ROAD To SUCCESS

Is the one that leads to
a Savings Bank every
PAY DAY.

A Savings Account at
the Bank of Toronto to
which spare money may
be added frequently, is a
much better possession
than doubtful stocks or
other investments.

IN THE BANK the
money is safe, the regu-
lar interest is sure, and
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all of it—or a part—
when wanted.

INTEREST IS PAID ON ALL
Savings Accounts
Four Times a Year

BANK OF TORONTO
ASSETS \$37,000,000

lage wished to follow Ann Somers. The Rector was old and white-haired. He had known many troubles, but in his preaching and in his life there was the joyfulness of real faith and love. The restfulness of perfect trust penetrated all his teaching.

After the funeral we all re-entered the church for a short service. From the pulpit Mr. Brown looked on nearly the whole of his parishioners.

"He saw of the travail of His soul and was satisfied," was his text, and he went on to remind us what that travail was. As he spoke we seemed to be standing amid the crowd around the Cross, to be seeing and hearing as those others saw and suffered.

We felt it was for us He hung and suffered there, to save us—each one of us individually. We seemed each one to come into His presence, and to feel how much He had borne for us ourselves.

"Let us see to it," said the Rector, "that for each of us He may see the travail of His soul and be satisfied; that we disappoint Him not—that the prophet say not to one of us, 'Is it nothing to you that ye pass by?' So much has been done for us. It's not what do we think we would like to do for Him? it is what do we owe Him? What is His right?"

I went out to India soon after, and it was not until last year that I found myself back in the little village again. Time had brought many changes, but my landlady still reigned at the post-office, and was the happy possessor of a granddaughter.

USE

TEABERRY

And Have Sound Teeth.

All Druggists.

Seeing the old friends brought back the past vividly, and I had heard news of many who were out in the world, and of some who were gone.

"I must try and get to Lane End to-morrow," I said. "I brought Ann's uncle some tobacco which I think he will like."

Mrs. Williams smiled. "You are like all the rest of us, Miss, in caring for the old man. The weekly paper you ordered has been such a pleasure to him."

"Who has he lived with?"

"Well, Miss, Bessie had him, for he said it seemed natural to live with the babes, his lass had saved; and Bess, she liked it. He's a handy man is old Sam, and the children would mind him as they would no one else. It's made a different home of Bessie's, I can tell you. She and her husband, and all they, couldn't seem to do enough for him; and they have learned his good ways. 'Twasn't only old Sam they took in, but his Bible, too, you see.

"But some of us was disappointed. We had set our hearts on having Sam after what Ann asked us as she lay there, and we could not feel that he would be comfortable in such a shiftless home as it was then.

"So we worried over it a bit; we could not do nothing after Ann's 'Look to uncle,' could we, Miss? So we just agreed together.

"Mrs. Jones, she arranged always to do Sam's and Bessie's washing same as her own; and some of us made out to take it in turns to go and do their Saturday's cleaning, and I did their baking. But there, Miss, it was a pleasure, and made one feel almost ashamed when one thought of Ann and her doings. What is a bit of work beside the giving of a life? Have you been to her grave, Miss? Her's and Jack's and her husband's? If you are rested will you come now?"

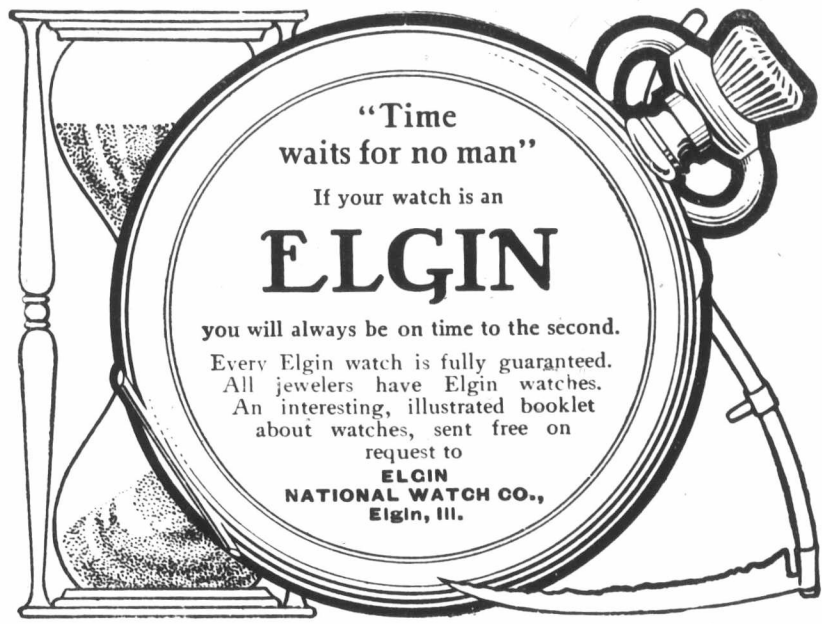
I went willingly. The corner where Ann lay faced the west, and the setting sun lit up almost as brilliantly as the glare of the flames had lit up her dying face so long ago.

I seemed to hear again, "Look to Jack's grave; I'd like it cared for"; and, indeed, they had looked to it. Turf was beautifully kept, and all through were the blossoming plants which her friends tended so constantly. It looked "cared for" as she had wished.

"We all come, Miss," said Mrs. Williams, "and the squire and Mr. Brown, they put the headstone. Bessie's boys used to tend the graves regularly till they went, two as sailors and one for a soldier; and they come here when they are home for a holiday. It is not only Ann it reminds of us either. I am sure, trying to do as she asked us when she lay there, many and many a time's made us think of Him who suffered more dying for us than ever she did.

"I think it must have been to help keep us in mind that Mr. Brown put the words he d'd." Mrs. Williams pointed to the plain white cross

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where were the three names, and under Ann's and the date of her death I saw written:—

"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

"While we were yet sinners Christ died for us."

"Ye are my friends if ye do whatsoever I command you."

Silently, with a full heart, I stood by the old Rector's grave, too, and then turned away thinking of that last sermon of his, and repeating to myself Keble's beautiful words:—"Thou knowest He died not for Himself, nor for Himself arose: Millions of souls were in His heart, and thee for one He chose.

Upon the palms of His pierced hands engraven was thy name, He for thy cleansing had prepared His water and His flame.

Sure thou with Him are risen: and now with Him thou must go forth,

And He will lend thy sick soul health, thy striving might and worth."—The Church Worker.

FOLLOWING THE COPY.

Bahadur Khan lives in North India, and he writes on a slate that is made of wood and covered all over with white stuff like fuller's earth. He writes on it with a funny wooden pen sharpened at one end. Girls have a black wooden slate, and write with white ink, because their mothers say they make such a mess with black ink and spoil their clothes. And just look here—this boy's shirt is covered with ink! You see he has a little white shirt hanging outside, like Samuel's mother made for him. (I know it says "cotton" in the Bible, but I think it was something like what I have said.) So I suppose it must be very difficult to keep the ink from dropping on it sometimes. But if only they had clean shirts as often as you have clean pinafores!

One day last year I made a boy take off his shirt and wash it, and then he hung it up to dry! And when it was dry, then off came his trousers, and we had those washed too, with soap, properly, and all the little boys looked on while it was being done. But the things wouldn't come clean, and all because he was learning to write!

Now I am going to preach to you! If you look at your Bible, in the first

Epistle of St. Peter, chapter two, verse twenty-one, the Apostle says Christ left us an example to copy. And when he said that he was thinking of the way in which the school-boys wrote in his day, because the word "example" which he uses meant just writing copy written on a little slate very much like what these boys use, only in those days they didn't use ink; they covered the slate with wax and then scratched on it, so they did not make themselves so dirty.

Well, Bahadur Khan has his copy, and you have yours (and yours is a very beautiful one—do you know what I mean?) and Bahadur Khan makes blots and smudges, and so do you and I. And he has to wash his slate sometimes and begin all over again, and so do you and I. And sometimes he writes so badly that it isn't a bit like the copy, and you and I often do the same! But write he must, or he will never get on in school; and try he must, or he will never be able to write.

Could Not Speak Above a Whisper.

Cold on the Chest Seemed to be Unmovable, but Cure Was Soon Effected When We Used Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine.

It is waste of time to use ordinary cough mixtures for serious colds on the chest, and time is of infinite value when the lungs are in danger.

The risk is too great, especially when you wait to think that Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine is for sale in nearly every store that keeps medicines at all.

This letter gives you some idea of the effectiveness of this great medicine.

Mrs. A. Barnum, Ingersoll, Ont., writes:—"My husband had a very severe cold on his chest and got so bad he could not speak above a whisper. The cough medicines he tried seemed to have no effect, and, reading about Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine, I sent for a bottle. In two days he was cured, and is very grateful for such a medicine. He says we will never be without this medicine in the house."

Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine, 25 cents a bottle; family size, 60 cents, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

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