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"Learning?" interrupted the man. "What is that?"

The pale face of the little fellow glowed with sudden exaltation: "'Tis the knowledge hid in books; all the wisdom men have acquired; the languages of the ancients; I would know it all."

"The saints save us!" exclaimed the teamster, hurriedly crossing himself. "Art sure it is not magic?"

"Nay, there is no magic in it. One must work hard to get learning. But I must press on. I pray thee tell me am I on the right road?"

"Aye, thou art hard by the forest of Senart, if that is on the road to Paris. But wait a minute, little one," the man peered through the dusk at the thin, white face of the boy, "thou canst not go through the forest so late. There be cut-throats and masterless men at every turn who will make short work of such a weakling as thou."

"Nay, they'll not harm one as poor as themselves," asserted Jacques. "Besides, I must on—for I would ask shelter for the night of the Camaldules in the forest."

"At the monastery, Run, then, for it is a long half league from here, and St. Julien guard thee," the man called after him, "for thou are a brave boy."

Jacques waved his hand in farewell and sped down the road. Indeed, weary as he was, he felt that he must run, not only to reach the hoped-for shelter before nightfall, but to avoid succumbing to the penetrating cold.

A quarter of a mile further on the forest loomed before him. The dusk deepened as he followed the road into its gloomy depths. The loneliness and the darkness under the great trees appalled the little fellow, whose dauntless spirit had borne him up so well hitherto. Shivering with fear as well as cold, he glanced affrighted to the right and left as he hastened along. The wind, which had subsided for a brief space, rose again and rushed moaning through the tree-tops. The boughs creaked, and the falling snow served but to accentuate the surrounding blackness.

Bravely Jacques strove to rally his sinking spirits.

"'Tis the way to Paris! to Paris!" he murmured to himself as he ran. "To the great college where I shall become a scholar."

But suddenly he heard angry voices raised in a quarrel, and an arrow whizzed past him.

"The outlaws!" he gasped, and stopped, trembling. Then, as the sounds drew nearer, fearing to keep on the road, he rushed terror-stricken off through the woods.

On and on he ran, stumbling against the trees, bruising his poor, bare feet on stumps and stones, falling repeatedly and rising painfully to rush wildly and aimlessly forward again. At last he fell and could not rise. Worn out, he lay on the cold, wet ground, sobbing weakly:—

"I am lost! And now I'll die here and never have any schooling—never know what is in the books."

The seigneur of Château Brunay

had invited many guests to assist his household in celebrating the feast of the Three Kings, or Epiphany, according to the custom of the day.

From all the surrounding châteaux they had come, lords and ladies with their pages and varlets. The great hall rang with their merriment. Though the snow beat against the casements, and the howling wind rushed down the chimneys and drove the smoke out into the room, the big logs in the huge fireplaces threw out a grateful warmth and the gay company cared little for the weather without.

The long table was loaded with goodly viands, whole roasted pigs, pheasants stuffed with sweetmeats, and compotes of many kinds, and to crown all, a wonderful, great white cake in the shape of a citadel, with portals and ramparts and towers complete. This last was borne into the hall with much ceremony and placed before the lord of the castle.

The seigneur of Brunay then raised his hand, requesting silence.

"My lords and noble ladies," he said in earnest tones, "as you know, we have assembled here to celebrate the visit of the three kings to the

cradle of the blessed Babe of Bethlehem. And as the kings brought rich gifts of gold and frankincense and myrrh to that humble cradle, so we, in memory of that day and of Him who was born in poverty, do give our gifts to the poor, and will now according to custom choose a king for our feast, and let him be the lowliest of the low." He turned to the servants at the end of the hall: "Go ye out and find me such a one, a stranger, poor and needy, and bring him in to preside at our table."

(To be continued.)



OPERATIONS for APPENDICITIS



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Mrs. J. A. Ballantyne, Sturgeon Falls, Ont., writes: "My husband was treated for appendicitis and the doctors ordered an operation. But he would not consent to an operation and began the use of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. Since doing so he has had no need of an operation or even of a doctor, as the trouble has completely left him. I cannot find words to speak our gratitude for his cure. Dr. Chase's Medicines have proven of wonderful benefit in our home, as the Ointment cured my little girl of a severe burn, when nothing else would bring relief."

Dr. David H. Reeder writes as follows of appendicitis:—
"In considering the treatment of any condition of sickness it has always been my rule to first find the cause. To my mind, it's the only logical way. Many people seem to think that if they have had an operation for appendicitis they are forever immune, and need have no further fear along that line, but I say emphatically, and I think you will agree I am right, that after an attack of appendicitis, even though you have been successfully operated upon and the appendix removed, your troubles have only just begun unless you remove the cause. What was the cause of the appendicitis?"

"The thoughtless will say inflammation in the appendix. No, inflammation in the appendix is appendicitis, but what caused the inflammation? Constipation, yes, that is the prime cause. If you were never constipated you would forever be safe. Appendicitis is only one of the results of the retention of fecal matter in the colon for too long a period."

There is no longer any question that the real cause of appendicitis is constipation. By keeping the bowels regular you not only prevent appendicitis, but also a host of other ills, some of which are even more dangerous than appendicitis. Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are recommended to you in this connection, not as a mere relief by effecting the movement of the bowels, but rather as a positive cure for constipation. As is well known, the bile secreted by the healthful action of the liver is Nature's cathartic. So long as the bile flows freely into the intestines there is no constipation of the bowels and no clogging of the excretory organs. Hence the wisdom of using Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills to ensure regular working of the liver, kidneys and bowels. You thereby save yourself much inconvenience from the minor ills of life, and ensure against such fatal diseases as appendicitis and peritonitis.

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