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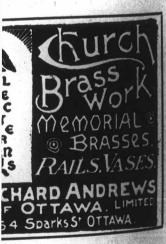
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Boys and Girls

July 6, 1916.

A CHRISTIAN'S ALPHABET

BY REV. W. S. FOREMAN.

A is for Asking, Commonly called Prayer.

B is Believing, In God every where.

C is for Christian,
The name to us given.

D is for Death—
The gate-way to heaven.

E is for Earnestness— To do what is right.

F is for Faith,

To believe in the right.

G is for Grace,

In which virtues are grown.

H is for Hearts,

Where the good seeds are sown.

I is Intemperance,
A destroyer of Peace.

J is for Jealousy,
Which quickly should cease.

K is for Kingdom,
For which we contend.

For both enemy and friend.

M is for Mercy—

A grace each much show.

N is for Nourishment—

N is for Nourishment—
Without which we can't grow.

O is for Offering—

A gift made in love.

P is for Pardon—
Sent down from above.

Q is for Quickening—

By the Spirit bestowed—

R is for Refuge—
We have in our Lord.

8 is for Surrender— Which each one must make.

T is for Trust—
Which hell cannot shake.
U is for Uprightness—

Jehovah's delight.

V is for Virtues—

The sum of all right.

W is for Wisdom—

To guide us to heaven.

X is for X-cuses— By so many given.

Y is for Yoke— Which for Jesus we wear—

I is for Zeal—

His truth to declare.

—Church Observer.

* * *

THE PASSING OF THE BUFFALO

The buffalo as a wild animal is gone. The great herds will never again be seen roaming the plains.

Who is there of the present generation that does not feel profound regret at the thought and ask himself: "Why was I born too late? What would I not give to have seen the buffalo days and people in their romantic prime?" All the hungry regret that Sir Walter Scott felt over the departed glories of the feudal life is felt by every boy and young man of our country now when

he hears of the buffalo days and the stirring times of the bygone wildest West.

Why was it allowed? Why did not the government act? And a hundred sad "might have beens" spring forth from hearts that truly feel they lost a wonderful something when the butchers, drawn from the dregs of border towns, were turned loose to wipe out the great herds that meant so much to all who love wilds and the primitive in life.

There is one answer—the extermination was absolutely inevitable. The buffalo ranged the plains that were needed by the out-crowded human swarms of Europe. Producing buffalo was not the best use for those plains. Possessed of vast size and strength and of an obstinate, impetuous disposition that would stampede in a given line and keep that line to the utter destruction of all obstacles or himself, the buffalo was incompatible with any degree of possession by

white men and with the higher productivity of the soil.

He had to go. He may still exist in small herds in our parks and forest reserves. He may even achieve success as a domestic animal, filling the gaps where the old-time cattle fail. But the buffalo of the wild plains is gone forever, and we who see those times in the glamour of romance can only say: "It had to be; he served his time, and now his time is past."—Earnest Thompson Seton, in Scribner.



Nervous Prostration

Mrs. Conrad Schmidt, R.R. No. 1, Milverton, Ont., writes: "Two years ago last spring I was run down, had nervous prostration, and was in a terribly nervous condition. I could not sleep or eat, could scarcely count the nights that I passed without sleep, and if I did eat, had sick headaches and vomiting spells. My limbs would swell so badly that it hurt me to walk. I would jump up in bed, awakened by bad dreams. In fact, I was so bad, thought I could not live, and started to use Dr. Chase's Nerve Food without much hope.

"It was not long before I began to improve under this treatment, and I can truthfully say it has done me a world of good. It took some time to get the nervous system restored, but I kept right on using the Nerve Food regularly, and gradually gained in health and strength. I have a fine baby boy now. He weighed 12 lbs. at birth, and, though my friends were anxious after the condition I was in, I got over that fine, and now weigh 120 lbs. Before using the Nerve Food I was a mere skeleton."

The original of this testimonial is on file in our offices for your inspection, or you may write to Mrs. Schmidt for confirmation of her cure.

50 cents a box, 6 for \$2.50, all dealers, or Edmanson,



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