

**THE HOME SAVINGS AND LOAN COMPANY**

(LIMITED)

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**JAMES MASON, Managing Director.**

turned on them from the fort of Mont Valerien.

Pierre Barlat was a gunner at that fort. One wintry day he was standing by his gun, when the commander, General Noel, came up. The General looked through his field-glass in the direction of Sèvres Bridge.

"Gunner," he said, sharply, without looking at Pierre, "do you see the Sèvres Bridge over there?"

"I see it very well, sir," answered Pierre.

"And that little cottage, at the left, amongst the shrubs, do you see?"

Pierre turned pale, but answered respectfully, "yes, sir, I see it."

"Why, it's a nest of Prussians," continued the General, "try it with a shell, my man."

In spite of the cold, great drops of perspiration stood on Pierre's forehead, but no one noticed his emotion. He, however, sighted his piece carefully, then deliberately fired. The officers, with their glasses, marked the effect of the shot after the smoke had cleared.

"Well hit, my man! Well hit!" exclaimed the General, looking at Pierre with a smile of approval, "the cottage is completely smashed."

Then to his surprise he saw tears running down the gunner's cheeks, and said, somewhat roughly: "What's the matter, man?"

"Pardon me, General," said Pierre, recovering himself, "it was my house, and all I had in the world!"

It was hard to obey, but duty bade him do it, and it was done. The saving of years was shattered in a moment. Self must always be made to yield in the face of duty, but this was a case of extreme hardship. I trust, however, when it comes to you to face duty you will never be found unwilling to sacrifice self to do it.

**"THE OLD, OLD STORY."**

If I am asked what is the remedy for the deeper sorrows of the human heart—what a man should chiefly look to in his progress through life as the

power that is to sustain him under trials, and enable him manfully to confront his afflictions—I must point to something which, in a well-known hymn, is called "The old, old story," told of an old, old book, and taught with an old, old teaching, which is the greatest and best gift ever given to mankind.—W. E. Gladstone.

**IF WE KNEW.**

There are gems of wondrous brightness

Of times lying at our feet,  
And we pass them, walking thoughtless,

Down the busy crowded street;  
If we knew, our pace would slacken—  
We would step more oft with care,  
Lest our careless feet be treading  
To the earth some jewel rare.

If we knew what hearts are aching  
For the comfort we might bring;  
If we knew what souls are yearning  
For the sunshine we could fling;  
If we knew what feet are weary  
Walking pathways roughly laid,  
We would quickly hasten forward,  
Stretching forth our hands to aid.

If we knew what friends around us  
Feel a want they never tell—  
That some word we've lightly spoken  
Pained and wounded where it fell,  
We would speak in accents tender  
To each friend we chanced to meet;  
We would give to each one freely  
Smiles of sympathy so sweet.

—To clean marble pour some turpentine on a clean cloth, and rub the stained part with it. Zinc and tin things can be cleaned in the same way.

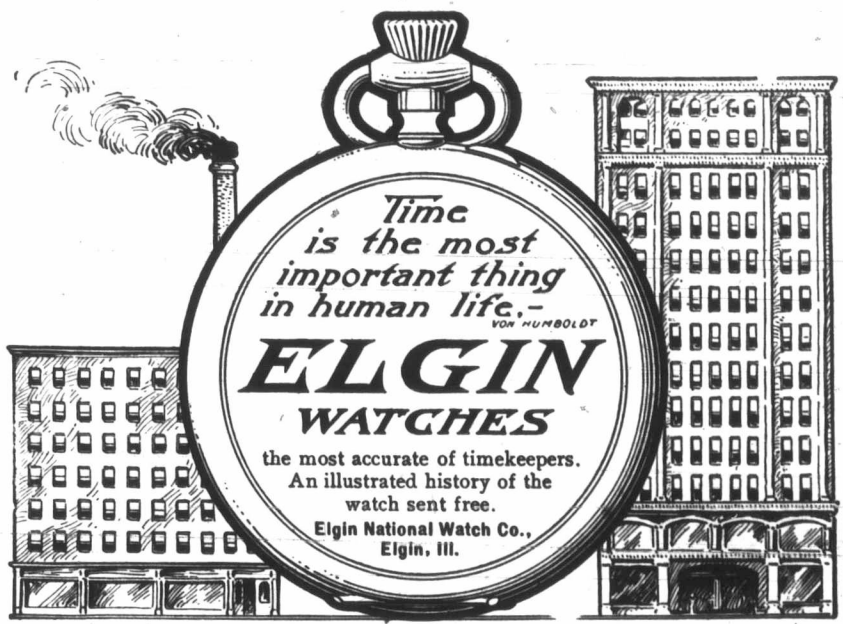
—Biscuits that have gone soft through keeping should be spread on a tin, and put into a moderate oven for a few minutes. When cold they will be as crisp as ever.

—To Take the Shine off Cloth.—A black coat, which has seen much service, invariably acquires an undesirable shiny appearance. To remove this, rub it well with a piece of flannel which has been moistened with spirits of turpentine. After carefully going over the garment, hang it out in the air for some time till the smell of the turpentine has passed from it.

—An old rabbi was awakened by one of his twelve sons, who said: "Behold! my eleven brothers lie sleeping and I am the only one who awakens to pray in the still watches of the night." "Son," said the father, "you had better sleep, too, than wake to censure your brothers."

**THE CONSCIOUSNESS OF SIN.**

The consciousness of sin begets a natural reluctance to come into the Presence of that great Being, whom we know that we have offended; we shrink from Him with instinctive



awe, and are oppressed by His purity and greatness. Of this, the most striking example was the conduct of our first parents after their original offence, when they hid themselves from the Presence of the Lord God in the midst of the trees of the garden. And what else is the hurry of dissipation, and the restlessness of life, and the love of excitement, and the fear of solitude, and the aversion to meditation, and the tediousness of prayer, but so many signs of that alienation of man from the Holy Being, in whose image he was created, of which sin was the original cause? Alas! we know what must be the fatal end of such an alienation. "Because I have called, and ye refused; I have stretched out My hand, and no man regarded"; "I also will laugh at your calamity; I will mock when, your fear cometh."—Ven. R. I. Wilberforce.

**"I AM THE RESURRECTION."**

Upon the tomb's dark walls bereavement reads: "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live"; "Marvel not at this, for the hour is coming in which all that are in the grave shall hear his voice and come forth"; "Now is Christ risen from the dead and become the first fruits of them that slept." How beautiful do these words make graves appear! Mother, father, could all the floral charms of nature add such a glory to the little mound? Mourning children, could garlands of lilies and roses so beautify the resting-place of sainted mother as these heavenly words of hope and promise? To-day why should we seek the living among the dead? Our vanished loved ones are not in the dust of our cemeteries. They walk with God in white. As shone the angel faces and the angel robes, so shine their faces and their white-robed forms in light. We walk alone for a while. There are empty places in home and church; there are empty chairs and empty arms; but there is a light still burning where they were; a light in the mourning mother's arms; a strange, sweet light in the home; something like a glory in the very air, as though angels had swept past on gleaming wings and left a train of light from earth to heaven. Oh, seek ye the living among the living!

Lift up your sad faces toward the light, toward the smiles that are falling from heaven, and let this Easter time be full of faith and hope and praise. "Why seek ye the living among the dead?" "Jesus and His own are alive forever more."

**Was Blinded By Eczema.**

**Suffered Intensely for Three Years and Was Horribly Disfigured.**

**Skin now as Smooth as a Baby's, Thanks to Dr. Chase's Ointment.**

Such cures as the one described below are what have given Dr. Chase's Ointment a world-wide reputation as the standard ointment and the most satisfactory treatment ever devised as a cure for itching skin diseases.

Mrs. Robert Clendening, Welland Station, Ont., writes:—

"For three years my daughter, Fanny, was afflicted with eczema in an intense and persistent form, and for nine days she was totally blind. The burning, itching and disfigurement were horrible, her entire face being completely raw for months, and the distress so great that she could not sleep.

"The best efforts of two eminent physicians failed to even mitigate her awful suffering. One day when I was low-spirited over my daughter's condition Dr. Chase's Ointment was recommended to me, and to our surprise Fanny was helped with the first box, and she has since been entirely cured by this treatment.

"Her face is now as smooth as a baby's, and she is in splendid health. The credit for this cure is entirely due to Dr. Chase's Ointment, and I cheerfully give you permission to state my daughter's case, hoping that it will lead many others to secure the same good results."

Dr. Chase's Ointment is recommended and sold by all dealers at 60 cents a box, or sent post-paid on receipt of price by Edmanson, Bates & Company, Toronto.

**Windsor Salt**

the best salt that Canada's best salt works can produce, and that's the best anywhere

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