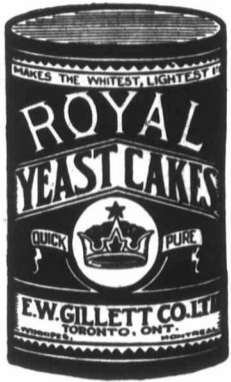


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A Clever Rector.—Many interesting stories are told of Bishop Wilmer of Alabama, who was noted for his wit and sharp repartee, said a clergyman. A story which is considered characteristic of the man was told by a Virginia minister. When Bishop Wilmer was rector of the little Protestant Episcopal church at Upperville, Va., he was much worried by the non attendance at service on Sundays of the majority of the young men of the community. On inquiry he found that instead of going to church they were in the habit of playing marbles for stakes. Marbles in those days, it must be remembered was a much more serious game than it is now, occupying much the same position in the realm of sports as do billiards and pool in these days. Bishop Wilmer, then a parson not well known, determined to break up this practice. He himself had been an expert marble player in his boyhood. Accordingly one Saturday he came across a number of young men engaged in a game. The good Bishop asked several questions and finally challenged the lot to play him for "keeps." They readily consented. Much to their astonishment the young minister won steadily, and soon they had to go to the stores to replenish their stock. Toward the close of the afternoon had won every marble in the town of Upperville. Putting his "winnings" in a bag, he remarked as he walked away, "Now, gentlemen, since you can't play marbles to-morrow I hope to see you all at church. And he did. On the last Sunday in the old year the Lord Bishop of Edinburgh dedicated in St. Cuthbert's, Colinton, a baptismal font, which is the gift of Lady Oliver Riddell of Craiglockhart and a new organ, the funds for which have been raised by subscription. The font is situated at the west end of the church, and with its high cover it forms a notable and pleasing fea-

ture of the interior. It is of octagon form, and each face of the basin is panelled and filled with beautifully-designed and executed sculpture. The devices include the four evangelistic symbols, the consecration of St. Cuthbert, the baptism of Christ by John the Baptist, an angel bearing a shield displaying the cross of St. Cuthbert, and an angel supporting a lozenge bearing the arms of the donor. Round the base of the font is the inscription—"To the glory of God. Given to St. Cuthbert's, Colinton, by Lady Riddell of Craiglockhart, 1909." The font is surmounted by a tall cover in the form of an open-work spire, in stages. It is elaborately panelled and carved, and the woodwork is coloured and gilded in the traditional manner. The richness and design of the colouring are in harmony with the entire scheme of the interior of the church, which is one of the most fully-decorated in the diocese. The spire is surmounted by the figures of the pelican and its young. The whole cover is suspended from the roof by a heavy rising and falling weight, by which it is accurately balanced. The total height of font and cover is about twelve feet. The organ, which is by Messrs. Ingram and Company, Edinburgh, is erected within a chamber on the north side of the chancel, with keyboard so arranged that the organist, without being seen, commands a full view of the choir and pulpit. The case, which is of oak, is in three panels, the centre panel, in which the larger pipes are placed, being higher than those at the sides. The side panels are subdivided, and have carved wings. The case is coloured in accordance with the old mediæval traditions, and in keeping with the decorative treatment of the church. Both the font and the organ case were designed by Sir Rowland Anderson.

Children's Department.

LITTLE BLACK SOLOMON.

Claire was sitting up in bed waiting for the doctor. She had been sick for a fortnight, but now was almost well again. Dr. Bell was down in the hall talking with her mother, and in a minute they would both come upstairs to her. Sometimes the doctor brought her a little gift. Yesterday it was a nest of three pretty pill boxes. She wondered if he would have anything for her to-day.

The door opened, and in came Dr. Bell, a puffed-out paper held carefully in one hand. "You never could guess what I've brought you," he said. Then he put the paper on the bed and uncovered the wretchedest specimen of a little black crow you ever saw.

"O-o-o!"—cried Claire.

"I found him by the side of the road over on the mountain," said the doctor. "I knew he would die there, for he isn't old enough to fly, so I thought I'd bring him to you. If he lives, he'll make you a fine pet, though he isn't very handsome at present."

"Oh, I shall just love him—I know I shall!" Claire exclaimed, delightedly.

Master Crow cocked a bright eye up at her in a way to make them all laugh, and Dr. Bell said: "Oh, I

The American Excess
Of Good Living

The Principal Cause of the Great
Prevalence of Indigestion and
Dyspepsia

Man inhabits every part of the globe where external influences can be successfully resisted. Food is an important element in effecting this, and nature has provided for it accordingly. The colder the climate the more animal food and oily substances are required; the warmer a preponderance of vegetables and fruits is necessary in one's diet.

The whale-blubber of the fur-clad Eskimo, and the rice of the nude African, are as much necessities of locality, as matters of choice. The safe indications exist in civilization. Thus, the diet in America and England is essentially different from that in Italy, Spain and Egypt.

The effects of universal communication are nowhere more obvious than on the luxurious table. To furnish the refined cuisine, all climates, both sea and land, are laid under contribution, and the stomach is expected to digest, without assistance everything that is put into it. Combining together such varied products, and the neglect of the relation between climate and foods, are very active causes of dyspepsia.

The heavy substantial dishes of this climate accord badly with the thermometer at ninety degrees; and an inflexibility in regulating the kind and quantity of food is a cause of a large proportion of the ill health and stomach troubles among the English and Americans.

Thousands of people who have suffered from stomach troubles, and a general ill-health resulting therefrom, because of the badly regulated diet, and the ingesting of an excessive amount of food at the table, have obtained speedy and permanent relief by means of a simple expedient—that of using one or two of STUART'S DYSPEPSIA TABLETS after each meal, or whenever any of the well-known symptoms of indigestion are present.

These powerful digestive tablets contain every element that exists in the stomach to digest the food, and in the exact proportion as found therein. They take the place of the natural digestive juices when the latter are deficient in quality or quantity, and do their work for them, removing the indigestion by digesting the food, and resting, strengthening and purifying the digestive tract.

There is no other digestive remedy on the market which has been found equal to Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets: none which is so rapidly and powerfully efficient, or which removes discomfort, banishes stomach-pain, and relieves and cures all of the symptoms of dyspepsia and indigestion in so thorough and pleasant a manner as these marvellous little tablets, a single grain of which is capable of digest-

ing 3,000 grains of any and every kind of food.

All persons who are annoyed with stomach troubles of any kind should use Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, which will remove such troubles in a very short time. Purchase a box from your druggist, and send us name and address for free sample. Address F. A. Stuart Co., 150 Stuart Building, Marshall, Mich.

shouldn't wonder if he turned out to be a regular Solomon for wisdom!" "I'll call him Solomon!" cried Claire. "Wouldn't that be a good name?"

And so Solomon it was. The bird grew fast, both wise and handsome; and by the time Claire was quite well, her pet was able to fly. At first there was talk of clipping his wings; but the little girl could not bear to have it done, so he was left to use his beautiful wings to fly away with if he chose. But Solomon did not choose. Occasionally he would be gone for hours, but he was sure to come back at dusk and rap on the window with his long bill. On being admitted, he would utter a joyful "Caw! caw!"

Once Claire looked out in to the yard to see Solomon talking to a whole flock of crows, and she trembled lest he should be coaxed away; but her pet had no idea of leaving his home, and after a while the strangers departed.

Solomon was fond of anything bright and the family had to keep their coins out of sight. Occasionally they wanted extra milk, so they set a pail out on the steps, dropped the pennies in to pay for the milk, and put on the cover. Once or twice the money was missing, and then naughty Solomon was caught carefully taking off the pail cover and grabbing the coins.

All the neighbours knew Solomon, and he paid them frequent visits; but whenever he was not wanted, all they had to do was to say, "Go home," and he would fly at once.

Claire missed him one day and wondered what had become of him. He did not appear for dinner or supper. At bedtime he had not come, and she feared her pet had gone forever. The next night he was still away, but before she went to sleep she heard his familiar "Caw! caw!" and she jumped up to open the window. But such a Solomon! His feathers were rumpled and his tail was gone.

Where he had been nobody has ever found out, but for days he seemed afraid to leave the house. Now he always returns by nightfall, and Claire looks forward to having Solomon for a pet for fifty years to come.

Worrying Themselves to Death.—People worry themselves ill; they worry themselves insane; they worry themselves to death. Ambition is a good thing; energy is a good thing; industry is a good thing. But restlessness, fretfulness, and worry—these tend directly to insanity and death.

For a Sweet Stomach
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