

ACETYLENE

Saves your Eyesight



Acetylene is a white light—nearer to sunlight than any other lighting system known. You can read, sew or do fancy work by Acetylene with little, if any, more fatigue than by daylight. By Acetylene you can match colors, or enjoy the beauties of flowers or paintings, just as well as by daylight. And you can have Acetylene lighting in your home, at a cost lower, for equal illumination, than that of coal oil lighting. It's easily installed in any house. Write and we'll tell you how, with full particulars as to cost and advantages.



ACETYLENE CONSTRUCTION CO., LIMITED
 604 POWER BLDG., MONTREAL.
 Cor. McTavish and 6th Sts., Brandon, Man.
 622 Richards Street, Vancouver. 3

DO IT NOW.

If you're told to do a thing,
 And mean to do it really,
 Never let it be by halves;
 Do it fully, freely.

When father calls, though pleasant
 be
 The play you are pursuing,
 Do not say, "I'll come when I
 Have finished what I'm doing."

If your are told to learn a task,
 And you should then begin it,
 Do not tell your teacher, "Yes,
 I'm coming in a minute."

Waste not moments nor your words
 In telling what you could do
 Some other time; the present is
 For doing what you should do.

Don't do right-unwillingly,
 And stop to plan and measure;
 'Tis working with the heart and soul
 That makes our duty pleasure.

THE SNAIL'S LESSON.

Freddy sat on the wall in the garden with a book in his hand, at which he was looking with a very sad face. "I'm sure I shall never learn it!" he cried, in tones of despair.

The master had given all the boys a holiday task, and Freddy Scott had let the time slip past without touching a book, until a week was left and

he had his long poem to learn by heart.

Like most boys, he wished to get the prize, but did not like the labour of working for it. Rather an idle boy was Master Freddy; in fact, he had got into his head that he was not as clever as other boys, and that it was not much use to try.

He was thinking that very thing now, when his eye fell upon a snail crawling up the bottom of the wall on which he sat. "Surely," thought he, "that silly thing is not going to try to get to the top at that pace." Yet slowly, as he watched it, very slowly, the snail came nearer and nearer, until at length the summit was reached; and, as if in triumph the old snail reared itself up, and waved its horns, until Freddy laughed outright.

Then the thought flashed upon him: Supposing the snail had said what he had: "It is no use trying," he would never have reached the top of the wall, that was certain.

"I won't be beaten by a snail!" cried he; and he set to work in downright earnest, and by the time the holidays came to an end he knew his poem by heart, and could recite it without a mistake.

Prize-day came, and the boys listened eagerly for the prize-boy's name. Freddy's surprise can hardly be imagined when he heard his own name called out; but there was no mistake about it, he had won the prize.

When Mr. Frazer, the master, handed him the handsome volume, he patted him on the head, saying kindly:—

"Well done, Scott! I am very glad you have gained a prize: but how did you do it so well? Did you expect it?"

H. H. NIGHTINGALE
 Stock Broker and Financial Agent
 Investments and Loans Negotiated
 33 MELINDA STREET, TORONT

"Sir," said Freddy, looking up with beaming eyes, "it was all through the snail on the wall."

And to this day Freddy thinks the snails are very clever things, indeed.
 —Child's Hour.

BERTIE AND QUEEN ALEXANDRA.

One warm late summer day Bertie and Tom and Elinor were playing down in the orchard at grandma's. It was the loveliest place to play, with its low-branching trees and a feast always ready for the plucking. But things to do will somehow give out, and in one of these pauses, Bertie saw Elinor's beloved Queen Alexandra sitting in quiet dignity under a tree.

Now, Elinor's mother had bought this dolly for her in London when they were abroad the year before, and, of course, she was named for England's Queen.

When Bertie and Tom, sauntering along, spied the queen alone, Bertie

was seized with an idea, as often happened.

"Let's hang her," he said. "Queens are always beheaded or hung or something."

The little mother not being in sight, Tom said, "Let's! that'll be fine."

Bertie produced a good stout string from a pocket which never lacked the usual boy's assortment of things, and without even a pretense of trial Queen Alexandra was strung up on an apple-tree limb.

The deed was barely done when the queen's moher was seen trudging down the orchard path, and the conspirators disappeared with speed.

"It's a rusty old doll, anyway," said Bertie, to quiet his conscience, as they hurried on out of hearing of the wail which was soon sure to go up. Then he added scornfully, "Girls are so silly about dolls—act like they were real people. But we'll go and take her down after Elinor's gone to the house," which she was also sure to do.

The wail certainly went up when Elinor reached the scene of the execution, for her little heart was completely outraged. Her dolly, and a queen, too, swinging from the limb of a tree! The wail reached Auntie Lou, who happened to be driving along the road by the orchard fence, and it was so woe-laden that she stopped and called the little girl to the fence, and heard all about it. Auntie Lou persuaded her to slip through a conveniently loose paling and get into the carriage, so they could hunt up those boys, and have all the wrong righted.

But they didn't see the boys anywhere, for a bounding rabbit had carried them far away, and the ride she had with Auntie Lou was so nice that Elinor and she both forgot all about the poor swinging queen. Everybody was snugly in bed before she was even thought of again, and then it was Bertie who remembered.

Somehow he had not fallen asleep at once, and soon there came swift gusts of wind and the roll of thunder, and then he thought of Queen Alexandra.

He started up in bed. Oh, oh, he must get her! But he didn't like storms, and it was so dark and so far to the orchard—it seemed then. How could he ever do it? But how Elinor did love that doll!

THE STANDARD ARTICLE USED EVERYWHERE

THE KIND THAT PLEASES THE PEOPLE

MOST PERFECT MADE

A little later the wind came sweeping through the house, and grandma said to herself, "My! that front door must be open," so, leaving her bed, she went out to see, and got there just in time to take into her arms a little wet figure in pink pyjamas hugging Queen Alexandra tightly to his breast.

When his teeth stopped chattering he said: "I hung Alexandra in an appletree this afternoon, and I had to go and get her, for I couldn't let her get wet and all spoiled," and grandma folded him closer.—Isis May Mullins in Sunday School Times.

Obliged to Quit Business

So Dreadful Was the Suffering from Itching Piles.

After Twenty Years of Pile Torture Relief and Cure Came With

Dr. Chase's Ointment

You take no risk and you make no experiment when you use Dr. Chase's Ointment for piles. Many doctors still cling to the idea that nothing but an operation will effect a cure. But operations are expensive and dangerous, and often fail in their results. Some have been cured by Dr. Chase's Ointment after operations had failed.

Dr. Chase's Ointment truly has a wonderful record as a cure for piles and all itching skin diseases. Here is a case which was reported recently:—

Mr. John P. Marshall, 14 Barnes Road, St. John's, Nfld., writes: "For upwards of twenty years I was troubled terribly with itching piles; at times so bad that I was obliged to lay up, unable to attend to business."

"I tried many treatments without benefit, until I accidentally read of Dr. Chase's Ointment, and found at last a cure by using this ointment. I only used one box and part of a second one when I was completely cured, and have had no return of the piles. That was eighteen months ago, and, needless to say, I attribute this cure to Dr. Chase's Invaluable Ointment."

Many sufferers from piles have tried so many scores of treatments that they cannot believe that cure is possible. In order to convince the skeptical we are always willing to send a sample box free to anyone who encloses a two-cent stamp to pay postage.

Dr. Chase's Ointment, 60c. a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

ATIONS

by frequent
 ions, or are
 mill-advised

a safe and
 terest?

ions are de-
 in the

oronto artment

om loss, and
 and accrued
 vailable, and
 dily as your
 them.

er your own
 arn three per
 compounded

000,000

and keep watch
 count to suffer
 boy went as he
 rely at his post
 came up, per-
 he gate to be
 declined to do,
 e had received,
 not to disobey
 l bribes were
 r awhile, one of
 ced and said in
 My boy, do you
 Duke of Wel-
 and you to open

use Bowker's
 h the earth and
 Address Bowker
 o, N.Y."

cap, then ans-
 sure the Duke
 not wish me to
 must keep this
 to pass through
 express permis-

sturdy old war-
 it, and said: "I
 oy who can be
 tightened in do-
 n army of such
 uer the world."

RET

he rose 'mid the
 'S ITALIAN
 beaux, from her
 hen for those with

INA'S ITALIAN
 a perfectly clean
 t-class druggists.
 Wholesale Drug-
 Toronto.

Abbey's
 Effer-Vescent Salt

A good stomach
 and a merry soul are
 inseparable—lacking
 which, try Abbey's
 Salt.

25c and 60c bottle.
 Sold everywhere.