

"Did you post my letter, Polly?" asked her mother when Polly was studying her lessons that evening.

Polly's face grew very red and she put her hand in her pocket. "I'll post it in the morning," she said faintly.

"It is too late," answered mother. "The man to whom the letter is directed went away this evening, and I haven't got his address. It really only matters to yourself, for it was an order for a music-box for your birthday."

"Oh, mother!" exclaimed Polly, "is it really too late?"

"I don't know where he is now," said her mother calmly. "If you had not put off posting the letter, he would have received it before he started and sent the music-box. It is too late now."

Wasn't that a hard lesson? It cured Polly, though; and she has nearly lost her old name—Christian Uplook.

"I SHALL BE A KING."

There was once an English nobleman, Philip James George Hamilton, who was born about 152 years ago. He was a gentle, studious boy, and from a child was remarkably serious, taking great delight in reading the Bible, whose truths made a great impression upon him.

One day when he was about ten years old, the duchess, his mother, said to him:—

"James, write me a verse of poetry, and I will give you a crown," meaning a piece of money.

The young duke immediately took pen and paper and produced the following lines:—

"As o'er the sea-beat shore I took my way,

I met an aged man, who bade me stay;

'Be wise,' said he, 'and mark the path you go;

This leads to heaven, and that to hell below;

The way to life is difficult and steep;

The broad and easy road leads to the deep."

This is pretty good for a boy in the primary school, so to speak; it also shows the grave and religious tendency of his mind.

When you finish your first bottle of

Abbey's Effervescent Salt

you will have but one regret—that you did not use it months ago. The way ABBEY'S SALT makes you eat—and sleep—and feel—will surprise and delight you.

25c. and 60c.

At Druggists.

This Washer Must Pay for Itself

A MAN tried to sell me a horse, once. He said it was a fine horse and had nothing the matter with it. I wanted a fine horse. But, I didn't know anything about horses much. And, I didn't know the man very well, either.

So I told him I wanted to try the horse for a month. He said "all right, but pay me first, and I'll give back your money if the horse isn't all right."

Well, I didn't like that. I was afraid the horse wasn't "all right" and that I might have to whistle for my money if I once parted with it. So I didn't buy the horse although I wanted it badly. Now this set me thinking.

You see I make Washing Machines—the "1900 Junior" Washer. And, as I said to myself, lots of people may think about my Washing Machines as I thought about the horse, and about the man who owned it.

But, I'd never know, because they wouldn't write and tell me. You see I sell all my Washing Machines by mail. (I sold 200,000 that way already—two million dollars' worth.)

So, thought I, it's only fair enough to let people try my Washing Machines for a month, before they pay for them, just as I wanted to try the horse.

Now I know what our "1900 Junior" Washer will do. I know it will wash clothes, without wearing them, in less than half the time they can be washed by hand, or by any other machine.

When I say half the time, I mean half—not a little quicker, but twice as quick.

I know it will wash a tub full of very dirty clothes in six minutes. I know no other machine ever invented can do that, in less than 12 minutes, without wearing out the clothes.

I'm in the Washing Machine business for keeps. That's why I know these things so surely. Because I have to know them, and there isn't a Washing Machine made that I haven't seen and studied.

Our "1900 Junior" Washer does the work so easy that a child can run it almost as well as a strong woman. And, it don't wear the clothes, nor fray the edges, nor break buttons, the way all other washing machines do.

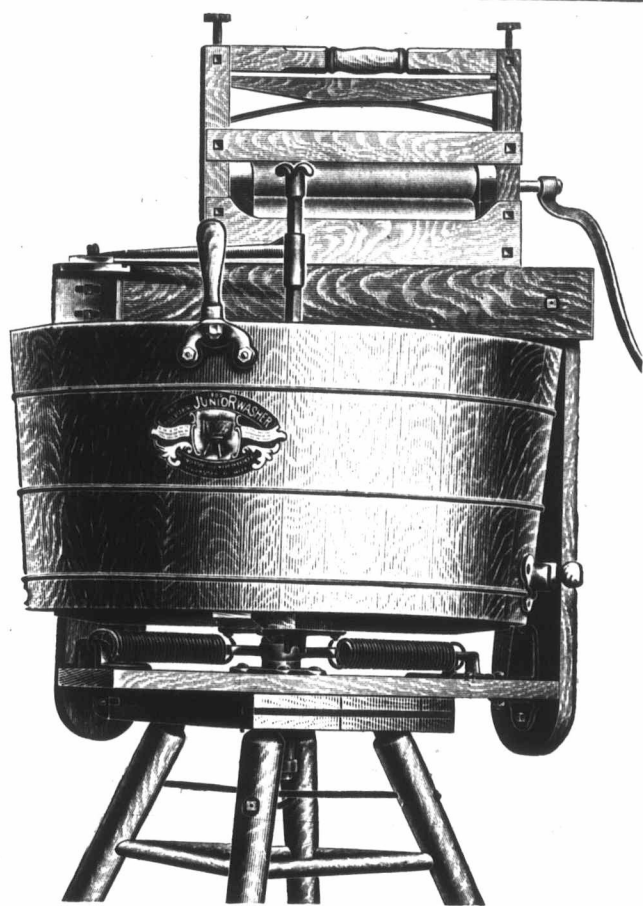
It just drives soapy water clear through the threads of the clothes like a Force Pump might.

If people only knew how much hard work the "1900 Junior" Washer saves every week, for 10 years—and how much longer their clothes would wear, they would fall over each other trying to buy it.

So said I, to myself, I'll just do with my "1900 Junior" Washer what I wanted the man to do with the horse. Only, I won't wait for people to ask me. I'll offer to do it first, and I'll "make good" the offer every time. That's how I sold 200,000 Washers.

I will send any reliable person, a "1900 Junior" Washer on a full month's free trial! I'll pay the freight out of my own pocket. And if you don't want the machine after you've used it a month, I'll take it back and pay the freight that way, too. Surely that's fair enough, isn't it?

Doesn't it prove that the "1900 Junior" Washer must be all that I say it is? How could I make anything out of such a deal as that, if I hadn't the finest thing that ever happened, for Washing Clothes—the quickest, easiest and handsomest Washer on Earth. It will save its



whole cost in a few months, in Wear and Tear on clothes alone. And then it will save 50 cents to 75 cents a week over that in Washerwoman's wages. If you keep the machine, after a month's trial, I'll let you pay for it out of what it saves you. If it saves you 60 cents a week, send me 50 cents a week till paid for. I'll take that cheerfully, and I'll wait for my money until the machine itself earns the balance.

Now, don't be suspicious. I'm making you a simple, straightforward offer, that you can't risk anything on anyhow. I'm willing to do all the risking myself! Drop me a line today and let me send you a book about the "1900 Junior" Washer that washes clothes in 6 minutes. Or, I'll send the machine on to you, a reliable person, if you say so, and take all the risk myself. Address me this way—C.C.B. Bach, Manager "1900" Washer Co., 355 Yonge St., Toronto. Out Don't delay, write me a post card now, while you think of it.

When he was but eight years old, his father died, and he became the seventh Duke of Hamilton, one of the greatest nobles of England, with many castles and an enormous rent roll. It is said he could ride all day on his own lands, he owned so many acres.

But he was not at all proud and haughty, as a great many young people would have been, but was the same quiet, modest boy that he was before, only perhaps more thoughtful and serious. At the age of twelve he became an earnest and conscientious Christian. A severe cold, caught by exposure to a storm while going to see one of his tenants, threw him into a decline, and before he was fifteen he lay dying under the purple canopy of his ducal couch.

As he found death approaching he called his younger brother to his bedside, and, addressing him with the deepest affection and solemnity, closed with these remarkable words:

"And now, Douglas, in a little time you will be a duke, but I shall be a king."

He was at the point of death, and yet it was as he said. He was truly going to be a king, grander than even the great Henry Plantagenet, the mighty victor of Agincourt. He was happy to die and leave his great possession, for he believed he should

receive a "crown of glory" in heaven.

If you will read the fifth and sixth verses of the first chapter of Revelation you will learn who it is that promises to make us kings, if we serve and love Him.

Fred Myron Colby.

The Canadian Churchman is undoubtedly a first-class advertising medium. It circulates extensively in the homes of the clergy and laity. Our advertisers assure us that it is an excellent paper to advertise in as it brings most satisfactory returns.

—We talk and think so much of the trouble we have with others that we more than half persuade ourselves that if everybody else were just right we could get on pretty easily in life, but the fact is that more than half—a great deal more than half—of all our trouble, even of our troubles with others grow out of our own faults and our own failures. —Sunday School Times.

—Sad will be the day for any man when he becomes absolutely contented with the life he is living, with the thoughts he is thinking and the deeds that he is doing—when there is not forever beating at the doors of his soul some great desire to do something larger which he knows that he was meant and made to do because he is a child of God. —Phillips Brooks.

—Ink stains may be removed from white goods with lemon and salt. Cover the stain with fine salt, squeeze the lemon juice on it, and rub between the hands. A second application will be necessary when the ink is obstinate. Ink may be removed successfully from coloured cloths by soaking them in sweet milk. Mildew will usually disappear if soaked in sour milk, and then washed in the

usual manner. Chloride of lime will also remove mildew stains, but it must be well diluted and carefully used.

Back so Lame Could not Walk

Doctor's Efforts were in Vain, but Cure Came With the Use of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

It is not always the doctor's fault when he tries to give temporary relief instead of lasting cure. Sometimes patients demand it.

The thorough, far-reaching and lasting effects of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are well illustrated in this case, in contrast with the doctor's failure to even bring relief:—

Mr. Geo. Tryon, Westport, Leeds Co., Ont., writes:—"For two years I was completely laid up with lame back, and could neither walk nor ride. I tried many treatments and the doctor put on a fly blister, which only increased the suffering and did not do me the slightest good.

"A friend told me about Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, and I had not finished the first box before I was completely cured. I have never had a lame back or kidney trouble since, and it has been the means of selling dozens of boxes of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. We are never without them in the house, and think there is no medicine like them."

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, one pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at all dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

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