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To form no friendship that can bring him into degrading associations.

To respect other people's convictions.

To reverence womanhood.

To live a clean life in thought and word, as well as in deed.

That true manliness always commands success.

That the best things in life are not those that can be bought with money.

That to command, he must first learn to obey.

That there can be no compromise between honesty and dishonesty.

That the virtues of punctuality and politeness are excellent things to cultivate.

That a gentleman is just what the word implies—a man who is gentle in his dealings with the opinions, feelings and weaknesses of other people.—Mother's Magazine.

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FOR THE MOTHER.

The sun beat warm against the outside of the little house, and almost persuaded the bird swinging in his cage that it was spring, instead of autumn. At least, he broke into so cheerful a song that Berta looked up from her knitting, and Karl from the little ship he was fitting with sails. The two children had been working silently, an upturned tub serving the one for a seat, and the other for a carpenter's bench, but now Berta held up the long stocking that had busied her and viewed it approvingly.

"I am nearly done," she said.

"So am I," answered Karl.

Berta bestowed a careless glance upon the carefully-made, prettily-rigged little vessel, and then looked back at her knitting.

"But mine is real work, useful work, to help our mother," she remarked, "and that toy is only play."

"Maybe—maybe not," replied Karl briefly. Berta's self-satisfaction was exasperating; she need not be so sure

that no day but herself could get of a good one, or that no plans but her own were of any use. When the father had gone away to the far country across the sea, the children had talked it over together—that while he was making a new home for them, they must help to earn bread in the old one. Berta was doing her best, but Karl thought, with a sigh, it was easier for big girls to find work than for little boys. When he had tried two or three times and failed, Berta seemed to think he had forgotten.

"The stockings will bring money," said Berta. "I shall sell them at the store, and then I shall have something to give Mother." She rolled up her work and went indoors, and never once noticed how skilfully the little boat had been made, nor how patiently the boyish fingers had toiled at it; she only wondered how Karl could be content to idle over such things.

The stockings were finished and sold the next day, but, even with the price burning as a delightful secret in her pocket, Berta did not at once tell her mother; she was waiting for Karl to come home. So it was evening, and they all were together around the little table, when she drew forth her tiny hoard.

"I earned it, with the knitting, for you, Mother."

Karl's eyes were shining, his hand was in his pocket; he, too, had a delightful secret, and in a moment a second pile of coins lay beside Berta's.

"I sold the little ship," explained Karl. "One day when I was in the small shop down by the water, where so many things are kept for the sailors, I heard a little boy asking for such a boat. It made me think, and I made one and took it there. The man said

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he did not have calls enough for such things to buy it, but he told me of a toy shop where he thought they might want it. They did, and I am to make more for them—as many more as I can make this winter."

The glad mother praised both her children, but Berta's eyes were thoughtful, for that little boat, of which she had been so scornful, had brought more than the stockings. But she was an honest young soul, and when she next wrote one of her painstaking letters to her father, she put under the head of the things she was learning: "Not to be too sure my work is more important than other people's work."

A FAITHFUL SHEPHERD.

By a Missionary Bishop.

As I go travelling from place to place in my missionary district I often see a flock of a thousand sheep and lambs, and every sheep has a brand upon it, a great S or T printed on its back, to show who owns it; and every lamb is thus branded before he is weaned from his mother. So, too, every flock has a shepherd, and every shepherd has a crook, and a dog to help him.

But I go to a great many towns where there are as many people as there are sheep in a flock, and yet they have no minister to care for them, no priest to break to them the Bread of Life, no pastor to lead them to green pastures, and sign the little children before they leave their mothers with the sign of the Cross.

Now I, and all the missionary bishops, wish you children to help us take care, of these people who have no shepherd; help us that we may help them to come into the true flock and be signed with the sign of the Cross.

But you ask, How can we children help the bishops take care of the people away out in the missionary field? Well, I answer, you can help by sending your Lent and Easter offerings, that do their part in sustaining in their work the missionaries who "feed the flock of God."

You are better than a dog are you not? Let me tell you a story of a dog who took care of a flock of sheep.

This dog was named Stub, because he had a little short tail which he wagged very fast. He was a wise and faithful dog, and helped his master, who was a shepherd, tend a flock of a thousand sheep among the Blue Mountains. Other flocks were in the mountains, but only a few white people beside the shepherds lived there.

One day the Indians broke out into war, and went through the mountains, and burned the houses, and killed the people, and they killed Stub's master, the shepherd, and some of the sheep; but Stub and the rest of the shep ran away and hid in the bushes.

And when the Indians were gone, Stub began to bark, and run about, and get the sheep together. He scoured the woods, and searched the thickets, and drove them all back to

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the fold, which is a great yard where the sheep stay at night. Then, every day, he drove them to the pasture and down to the water, and back to the fold at night; and if any wild beasts came to hurt the sheep, Stub would run out and fight them away. So this wise dog took care of the flock until the war was over, and white men came out from the town and found the faithful shepherd and his flock.

Dear children, will you not help us who in many lonely and difficult places have the care of God's flock, and do all that you can to aid us in our work for the Good Shepherd's sake?

Eczema Worse In the Spring

The Blood is Watery—Difficult to Get the Healing Process Started.

But Whatever the Cause You Can Relieve the Itching and Heal the Sores With

DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT

Salt rheum and eczema are usually worse at this time of year because of the sudden change of temperature and the watery condition of the blood.

It is not necessary to refer to the suffering caused from the intense itching nor the tendency of these ailments to spread over the entire body. The essential point is how to bring about cure, and if you have been reading the cures reported from time to time in this paper you will already know that there is nothing like Dr. Chase's Ointment as a cure for eczema, salt rheum, psoriasis and every form of itching skin disease.

This ointment stops the itching almost as soon as applied, lessens the discharge from the vesicles or blisters, cleans out the morbid growth and stimulates the process of healing.

Because other treatments have failed, you may feel discouraged. But in Dr. Chase's Ointment there is a cure for you. We know this because of the reports we have received from so many thousands of cases.

For instance there is the cure of Mrs. Nettie Massey, of Consecon, Ont., who had psoriasis of chronic eczema so bad that almost the whole body was covered with sores, and three doctors failed to cure her. One doctor said she could never be cured. Write to Mrs. Massey about her case. Dr. Chase's Ointment, 60c. a box, at all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.