

underground trees the sun fly and the mountain torrents the streams,

a protection tornadoes. The over an open velocity, cause if they are their force disaster is ren, for the ven you the inted "Arbour n are thus ce of having hey will grow do their part e forests of child should



in from LAKE SIMCOE, especially prepared for home use by courteous and

of 6c. per day, we also a \$1.00 per ea.

ICE CO. Tel. 1947-223 gona.

Stone MAKER Street

32 e been greatly popular demand for

County SAVINGS CO.

so desiring to own inuing to pay rent tion Life Building

HILLIPS, President

hours,

there interested in ffo or literary work, I write for the an- iversity Corres- (red) giving courses o academic deres, ork, the basis of at- ted by able Profes- sure, Mathematics, Art. Address: the ILAN, Indianapolis

g....

om Webb's People who want r fifty years they d Canadian brides in the chief on- able weddings. by express to all Dominion. Cate- ce on application.

Co., TORONTO

plant a tree each Arbour Day, water and protect it, there would be less danger of poor soil, lack of rain or great floods. You all know how beautiful an avenue planted with trees appears, and how delightful their shade on a hot summer day; but our large cities are sacrificing their trees for elevated roads and other progressive purposes, and soon our streets will be nearly devoid of the lovely foliage which is so refreshing, when the sun is pouring down hot and glaring, unless we all keep the day by planting a tree, so that America may not become a treeless, arid land.

TWO KINDS OF FUN.

"Oh, what jolly fun!" "Yes, it was. To see that little rat running after us"

The boys came in with a rush after an hour's brisk play after school. Their sister Bertha was ready, as usual, at the library table to encourage the short half-hour of study which, once over, left the two with nothing on their minds till the next day.

"What was all the fun?" she asked, when coats and caps had been laid aside.

"Oh," said Ned, "it was that poor little rat of a Jimmy Murphy. When we boys were coming home from school, and had got to the top of the hill, there was Jimmy with a big sled-load of branches and roots he had got out of the woods; and just as we came on with a whoop, he had stopped to stamp round a little and rub his hands to warm himself. We all pounced on his load and started it down the hill, and Jimmy came running after, squealing at the top of his voice."

"As if he could have done anything against so many of us," put in George, as Ned paused to laugh at the recollection. "We sent it ahead of us, and near the bottom it took a turn and ran—as slick!—right into the creek, breaking into the ice. The ice was thin, you know."

"The last we saw of him," resumed Ned, "he was shaking his fists at us."

Bertha did not laugh, as the boys expected she would.

"Is Jimmy Murphy that little fellow about your size I have seen near the shanty down by the creek?"

"Well I don't think he's quite as tall as I am," said Ned, who was proud of his height.

"He always looks as if life were a pretty hard struggle for him," continued Bertha.

"It must be," put in mother, who was lying on the sofa. "His mother is a widow, and I have seen Jimmy doing things which needed almost a man's strength."

The boys' faces grew a little grave.

"You said he appeared cold," Bertha's comments went on. "I suppose he was not half clad for such weather. No mittens on—or overcoat?"

"No," said Ned, his voice a little lowered.

"So benumbed as to have small chance of looking out for his load when all you boys set upon him—a dozen or more against one, I think you said?"

What a way of putting it! No fault found, yet how differently the whole thing looked! Could the most severe reproach have made them feel more like cowards?

They settled to study without any of the usual gentle urging. Later in the evening, after their lessons were learned, Ned carried his sober face to his sister.

"I—hate to think about that poor little Jim," he said. "It didn't look so to me till you began to talk. We—really, Bertie—we didn't think"

"No, dear," she said, as he paused; "I am sure there was not one of you boys who would have been deliberately cruel if he had stopped to think. The trouble is," she went on, "boys are easily led when once there is someone for them to follow. Now, if there had been anyone there to say: 'Hello, Jimmy! you've got more to do than your share. We'll take hold and help you out,' then, I feel safe in saying, there was not a boy among you who would not have been ready to give poor Jim a helping hand."

"Bertha you are great!" exclaimed, Ned with an admiring look.

Half an hour after school next day a sled brigade wended its way toward the small shanty, in the rear of which Jimmy could be seen cutting up such wood as he had recovered after yesterday's onslaught.

As he caught sight of his tormentors, he started to go into the house with an armful of wood. But with a shout they prevented his escape.

"Ho, Jimmy, drop that wood!"

It was impossible to forebear the mingling of a little roguish fun with the atonement for their unkind dealings. With shouts of glee they rushed on the dismayed boy, and bound him hand and foot with their scarfs.

Then as he gazed in helpless perplexity, sled after sled was drawn up. They were well loaded with stove lengths of seasoned wood. Half a dozen axes were soon flying busily at the splitting. Then another descent was made on Jimmy, and he was released.

Now, Jimmy, we can't have you idling here any longer, while we're all working so hard. Here's an armful ready. Carry it into the house."

Jimmy's face beamed with quick appreciation of the situation. As the pile of split wood rapidly increased, he carried it in until he announced that there was no more room inside. Then active hands joined in piling the remainder against the back of the house.

As the merry crew at length took leave, Ned said to Jimmy:

"Now, Jimmy, if ever we find you on the hill with that wretched

green wood, unless you have dry wood at home to mix with it, we'll serve you just as we did yesterday."

To this day, Jimmy has never been able to determine in his own puzzled mind from which day the kindness of the boys dated.

PRAYING AND DOING.

"Bless the poor little children who haven't got any beds to-night," prayed a little boy, just before he lay down on his nice warm cot, on a cold, windy night.

His mother said: "You have just asked God to bless the poor children; what will you do to bless them?"

The boy thought a moment. "Why if I had a hundred cakes, enough for all the family, I would give them some."

"But you have no cakes; what, then, are you willing to do?"

"I'll give them some bread."

"You have no bread—the bread is mine."

The boy thought again. "I'll give them half of my money; I have seven pennies, I'll give them four. Wouldn't that be right?"—Our Little Ones.

Plain Truth Plainly Told

By plain, everyday people who believe in Dr. Chase's Remedies because they have been actually cured by using them.

The persons who wrote the following letters did so in order that you might profit by their experience. If you want further particulars regarding any case here mentioned the writers will gladly answer your inquiries. A test of any of Dr. Chase's Remedies will convince you of their merit.

BABY ECZEMA.

Mr. Chas. K. Moss, Berlin, Ont., writes:—"My child, six months old, was a terrible sufferer from itching sores on her body. The doctors called it salt rheum, but could not cure it. We tried many remedies recommended, but they had no effect. Having read of Dr. Chase's Ointment, I decided to try it, and am happy to say that she was completely cured before the first box was all used.

CONSTIPATION.

Mrs. W. H. Fisher, Preston, Ont., states:—"I can recommend Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills for constipation. I was troubled for about nine years, and have spent hundreds of dollars with doctors and for remedies I heard of, but they failed to even give relief. Hearing of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, I procured a box, and they have cured me of this long-standing complaint. I don't have to use them any more at all, which goes to show that the cure is complete and permanent."

WEAKNESS.

Mr. W. H. La Blanc, Bonfield, Ont., writes:—"I was once a sufferer from catarrh, and while using Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure I was recommended to use also Dr. Chase's Nerve Food to build up the system. I have found it the best preparation for strengthening the body that I ever used. My nerves were exhausted, and I was too weak to do a day's work when I began using it, and now am strong and healthy, and feel real well. I am perfectly sure that anyone who uses Dr. Chase's Nerve Food will believe as I do, that it is the best strengthener and restorative obtainable."

Imitators of Dr. Chase's Remedies do not dare to reproduce his portrait and signature, which are to be found on every box of his genuine remedies. At all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.



With a Capital of \$2,500,000 00 And Assets of . . \$6,256,074 58

Will be pleased to receive the accounts of corporations, firms and individuals, subject to cheque.

—Liberal Interest Allowed. Prompt Service. —Good Facilities

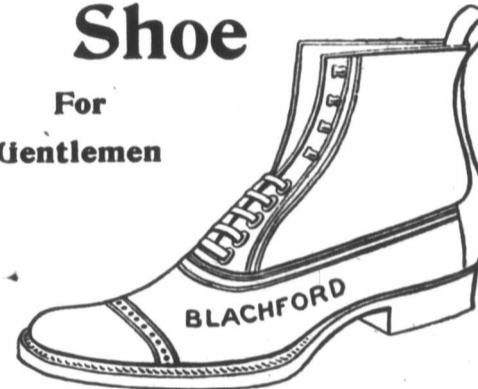
HON. GEO. A. COX, President.

F. W. BAILLIE, Secretary. E. R. WOOD, Man. Director

Offices: Cor. King & Victoria Sts., TORONTO.

A Seasonable Shoe

For Gentlemen



HAGAR

White Canvas or Linen Shoes. Oxford tie or lace.

The Most Comfortable Summer Shoe Made

Made by J. & T. BELL expressly for us.

H. & C. Blachford 114 Yonge St.



Churchman readers can depend upon this. We have several pianos that were rented during winter and can give very special prices considering that goods are like new.

Cash or easy terms make 10% difference you can buy either way, goods sent on trial. Write for particulars.

Stanley Warerooms: 11 Richmond St., West, TORONTO.

When writing to or purchasing from Advertisers please mention The Canadian Churchman

Now Is the time to subscribe for THE CANADIAN CHURCHMAN.