

rapidly approaching completion. The figure would be placed in the thickness of the wall, visible from both the chancel and the chapel. The committee has decided to advise the Chapter to commission Sir John Frampton, R.A., to execute the statue.

The octogenarian, Canon Fausset, has lately celebrated his jubilee as Rector of St. Cuthbert's, York, amidst the rejoicings of many friends. Although he is eighty-eight years of age, he is still active and able to undertake his pastoral and pulpit duties, and he attended the recent enthronement of the Archbishop of York under whom he has served. This, we should imagine, creates a record. The venerable Canon was ordained in 1847 by Bishop Maltby, of Durham, to the curacy of Bishop Middleham, where he stayed eleven years until he was offered by the Lord Chancellor his present charge. Archbishop Thomson appointed him to a Canonry in the minster. Canon Fausset is an Evangelical, and has always been a generous supporter of those societies which specially appealed to him. He is the author of a number of theological and other books, and has long been recognized as an erudite scholar and eloquent preacher. In recognition of his "fifty years' devoted and laborious service" the parishioners of St. Cuthbert's have presented him with an illuminated address and a gold watch.

Children's Department.

WHAT HAPPENED TO A GOOSE.

"Why is the goose silly?" repeated Grandfather Longbow, putting down his paper. "Do you know that the goose was once the wisest of all creatures? You don't? Then it might be well for little boys and girls to hear the true story of what happened to the goose.

"Long ago, when the rabbit had the longest tail of any creature living, and when the eagle, then the most timid of birds, used to live on pumpkin seed, the goose was very wise. It walked about with a dignified bearing that you can yet see traces of in spite of its waddling; and, by asking questions of everyone, it learned all that was really to be known about

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In The Morning

Try a Charcoal Lozenger and a Glass of Water if Your Breath is Foul and Your Mouth Tastes Bad.

Immediately upon arising in the morning, should you have a bad breath and a disagreeable taste in your mouth, try a charcoal lozenger. Simply chew the lozenger up as you would so much candy and drink a glass of water, washing it down into the stomach in this manner. The effect is almost magical. The mouth becomes sweet and the breath pure and fragrant in a very short time.

After a few days you will notice that your stomach is digesting food much better. All traces of gases and sour stomach will disappear, and the perfect assimilation promoted by a healthy stomach will build up strength and muscle, and your bad breath and coated tongue will be a thing of the past.

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the dry land. But the learned goose was still unsatisfied.

"Why," it exclaimed, "the world is more than three-fourths water; and, although I know all that is to be known on and about dry land, I am ignorant of everything in the water."

"So the goose set about learning how to swim and dive; and after many years of study or questioning, it learned all about the water and the creatures that live in it. But still it was not satisfied.

"I know very little about the air," said the learned goose. "I must now learn to fly like the eagle, so that I will be able to take longer journeys than are possible to one who only swims and walks."

"After much practice the goose learned to fly; and that enabled it to travel so much and learn so much that it finally fell ill with brain fever. When it recovered, its mind was affected; and it couldn't tell whether it belonged to the sea like the gull, the dry land like the hen, or the air like the eagle. And ever since it has been wandering about—a homeless, witless, foolish bird; and all because it asked too many questions and learned too much.

"No; I will not tell you how the rabbit lost its tail, and the eagle became brave and fierce. Remember the fate of the goose, and don't try to learn too much at once."—The Independent.

PAULINE'S LOST RING.

"Mama! mama!" screamed Pauline, rushing into the sitting-room, "Someone stole my ring that grandma gave me!"

"Maybe you lost it," said her mother. "I am sure I didn't," said the little girl. "Somebody took it out of the box in my room."

"When did you have it last?" asked Mrs. Gray.

"I put it in the box last night when I went to bed, and I didn't wear it to-day. Oh, dear! What will grandma say when she hears that?" Pauline sat down to put her head in her mother's lap to cry, and it was a long time before the tears stopped falling. Then her mama took her up in her arms and told her that no thief would get into a house and take only a little ring.

"You surely must have lost it, Pauline. Think carefully where you have been this morning, and what you have been doing."

"Maybe I did put it on this morning," said Pauline at last. "I was not out of the yard, though, for most of the time I was in the kitchen with Rhoda."

Rhoda was in the kitchen baking cookies and knew nothing of the ring. "I done tole you you'd lose that pretty ring if you wore it without the string," she said rather crossly, for she did not like to be bothered when she was busy. "Mebbe next time you'll mind what your ma says."

"Did you take the ribbon off?" asked Mrs. Gray when Pauline hung her head. "You know grandma bought the ring too large so you could wear it a long time."

"Mama, it looks just like a baby to have a ring tied on," said Pauline. "I only took it off once in a while to see how it would look."

"And then you lost it," said her mother. "I am very sorry."

Pauline had almost forgotten about her lost ring, but one day she saw a little girl at Sunday School with it on. "That is exactly like my ring," she said right out in lesson time. "Where did you get it, Maybelle Ross?"

"My mama bought some cookies at an exchange, and this ring was in one of them," said Maybelle. "Maybe it is your ring."

Pauline could hardly wait till her mother could hear the strange story. "I remember now that we sent all the cookies Rhoda made that day to the sale for the benefit of poor Mrs. Lansing," said Mrs. Gray. "Perhaps you dropped your ring into the cooky dough, Pauline."

"I am sure that was the way it happened," said Maybelle's mama. "We are glad Pauline has her ring again."

"And now I'll wear a ribbon till my finger gets large enough for the ring," said Pauline, looking at the pretty gift that had been gone so long. "I never want to lose it again, even if it would be safe in a big, brown cooky."—Hilda Richmond.

The crowning sin of to-day is unwillingness to accept Jesus Christ as the Redeemer.

John Ruskin says at the close of one of his volumes: "This is the sum of all my writing, 'Whatsoever He saith unto you, do it.'" This should be both the essence and the substance of all Christian teaching. Christ's word is the ultimate test of belief and behaviour. Christ's power and sympathy constitute man's sole reliance.

Saints are not people living in cloisters after a fantastic ideal, but men and women immersed in the vulgar work of everyday life and worried by the small prosaic anxieties which fret us all, who amidst the whirr of the spindle in the mill, and the clink of the scales on the counter, and the hubbub of the marketplace, and the jangle of the courts, are yet living lives of conscious devotion to God. The root idea of the word, which is an Old Testament word, is not moral purity, but separation to God.

How is a Cold to be Cured

When it has reached the chest, is developing into bronchitis, and threatens to become pneumonia.

There's no time for delay or experimenting—It's time to use Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine.

It seems too bad that there is not more pain and suffering associated with a cold, for then there would be less tendency to neglect treatment.

So gradually and stealthily does a cold pass from its simpler form of a cold in the head into inflammation of the bronchial tubes and then on to the lungs that many do not realize their condition until pneumonia is upon them.

Ordinarily, of course, the cold is thrown off, but with the system run down and weakened there is every reason to expect that a cold will end seriously.

Why should not every cold be taken seriously and Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine used before a severe illness is upon you?

There are many reasons why you should use Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine. It is more thorough and far-reaching in its effects on the system than any mere cough medicine can possibly be. It keeps the cough loose and open, it aids expectoration and allays the inflammation.

It does more than this. It cures the cold as well as the cough. It is direct, positive and almost specific in action.

Mrs. Geo. Good, Tichborne, Addington county, Ont., writes: "It is with pleasure that I certify to the wonderful success of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine as a cure for colds. It is the best and surest treatment for coughs and colds that we have ever been able to find." Twenty-five cents a bottle, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.