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er areas of dry lands thrown in, and the purchase price will be payable on the basis of one-third cash and two-thirds on mortgage for minimum of two years at 5 per cent. Sir Percy is reported to be shortly leaving for Europe, and during his visit will endeavour to interest investors in this and similar land schemes in the Union.

Boys and Girls

LONDON'S APPALLING SIZE

From the statistical point of view, London's size is almost appalling, says an exchange. The population of all England in the reign of Edward III., when the victories at Crecy and Poitiers raised England to the position of paramount military power in the modern world, was scarcely 2,000,000. The population

of Greater London to-day is 7,537,000, and it is spread out over an area of 70 square miles. London proper, or the administrative County of London, has an area of 118 square miles and a population of about 5,000,000. It contains 8,000 streets more than 3,000 miles long; 650,000 buildings, including 1,500 churches, 6,500 public houses, 1,700 coffee houses and 500 hotels and inns. London is said to number among its citizens more Scotchmen than there are in Aberdeen, more Irishmen than in Dublin, more Jews than in Palestine and more Roman Catholics than in Rome. There are 15,000 Americans resident in the city and more than 100,000 pass through it every year.

The City, the old City of London, and the East End, or that part of London east of the Temple, form the commercial quarter. The West End is the quarter that spends money, makes laws and regulates the fashions. This is the part best known to tourists. Here are situated the palaces and mansions, the clubs, museums, picture galleries, theatres, hotels, barracks, Government offices and principal buildings, joined together by broad, handsome streets and wide parks and open spaces. Across the Thames, on its right bank, "The Surrey side," lies the ancient borough of Southwark, known from time immemorial as "the Borough," continued to the west by Lambeth and Battersea, the three forming the principal industry and factory district of the city. And below Southwark, stretching toward the mouth of the river, lie the several constituent municipalities of Bermondsey, Rotherhithe, Deptford, Greenwich and Woolwich, all crammed with trade.

A LITTLE SERMON

Never a day is lost, dear,
If at night you can truly say
You've done one kindly deed, dear
Or smoothed some rugged way.

Never a day is dark, dear,
Where the sunshine of home may fall,
And where the sweet home voices
May answer when you call.

Never a day is sad, dear,
If it brings at set of sun
A kiss from mother's lips, dear
And a thought of work well done.
—Our Young Folks.

THE EXPERIENCE OF A ROSE

By Elsie Smaill, (13 years of age).

Written for the Canadian Churchman.

"I opened my eyes one morning," said a Rose, "and found that my home was in a beautiful old-fashioned garden. All around were flowers of every description. By my side grew a tall, proud hollyhock. Opposite was a bed of shy, dainty violets. They

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seemed to be always trying to hide under some leaf or fallen twig. All that day I nodded to my companions and when evening fell I was acquainted with every plant in the garden.

"The next morning a young girl came through the garden and the moment she saw me she stooped and with a pair of bright scissors snipped me from the bush. Then carrying me carefully, so that my thorns would not prick her fingers, she placed me in a pretty vase in the bedroom of a sweet little old lady.

"For many days I stayed with the old lady making her hours more pleasant and filling the room with my sweet fragrance. About a week passed and one morning a neat-looking maid came in to tidy up the room. After helping my old friend into another room, she began to sweep and dust. Then she took the vase I was in and lifting up a window that faced a back-yard she threw me out. I landed on a pile of rubbish and lay thinking how unjust some people are; I had always tried to look pleasant at the dear old lady and make her feel happy, and now before I was half wilted I was thrown away. But after all, I thought to myself my friend was not to blame; it was all the fault of that fussy maid.

"The next day the sun shone on the nasty smelling pile and I longed for a drop of dew and for the old garden. Just as I was mourning over my plight a little lad came along with a stick poking in the pile. When he first looked at me he did not pay much attention, but on a second thought he picked me up and took me to his home. Such a different place from the one I was used to. Everything was neat and clean, but poverty showed everywhere. In a small room on a white bed lay a little girl with golden curls falling around a thin, white, little face. Her large, dark-blue eyes reminded me of the violets in the old garden. The boy placed me in a cracked jug and put me on a table by the bedstead.

"My new friend proved to be the daughter of a woman whose husband had been killed in a terrible wreck leaving his wife and two children with very little money to live on. The mother took in fancy sewing for some big stores in the city and the little boy sold newspapers. The hot, oppressive air of the tenement house had made the little girl very ill. That night after she kissed her mother and brother good-night, she took me in her frail little hands and printed a gentle kiss on my petals. Although this home was bare I enjoyed living here very much. When the doctor came to see my little friend he said she was much better. And a few days after his visit she was out playing with the other children. Whether

it was the nice cool weather we had been having or that my fragrance had made her wish to get better, I shall never know. The mother took me out of the vase and put me between the leaves of a large book which they called a Bible.

"One day a beggar came to the door and asked for something to eat; he told the little girl's mother that he had once been a good, Christian man. But his wife had died and his children had all forsaken him, so he took to drink and spent all his money. When he got up to leave, the woman took the Bible that I lay in and gave it to the man, telling him that maybe if he would read it once in a while it would help him keep straight and turn back to God. The man thanked her and taking the Bible in his hand started out for another city. He walked out of the city streets into the country lanes. After he got a good way from the city he sat down under a big, shady tree and started to read the Bible. He listlessly turned over page after page until he came to the place where I lay. 'Ah! poor little rose,' he said, 'You are like me, once happy and good, now wilted and spoilt for life. How can you keep that sweet face of yours smiling through all your troubles? If a little, delicate plant like you can keep up such a brave smile, I, a strong man, should not be discouraged.' So he picked me up and for the second time my leaves were pressed with a kiss of thanks. We travelled on till we reached the next city and here the man went to a minister and told him his troubles and asked to be taken into the Church. He found a good position and rented a room in a nice boarding-house. He placed the Bible and me on a table by the window. And he often tells his Christian friends, who come to see him, how he had been saved by my brave smile. And I often think to myself, it was better that I should suffer a little, as my suffering had cheered an old lady's lonely hours, brought the flush of health back into a child's cheeks, and last, but best of all, brought a man back to the Saviour."

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