

**rub**  
**ch**  
**inser**  
ubs any other way  
n Chasing Dirt  
d full directions  
fer - Can! LQ

t not to ask. Sabbath  
I set about prepar-  
the anointing." She  
r from the ground,  
thy weary heart, be-  
ie Master here, he  
be of good comfort."

**THWAY**  
**NTS KEEP**  
**2 SHAPE**

ds — Rough Skin —  
ured by Campana's  
Send two-cent stamp  
free trial size, or 25c.  
bottle, postage paid—  
paper—to the dis-  
nada. E. G. West &  
an.

**S**  
**vn by**  
**ie are**  
**best it**  
**ossible**  
**roduce**

**SEED CATALOGUE**  
**OR 1913**

esting and instructive  
r the Farmer and Gar-  
what and how to plant.  
—profusely illustrated.  
d you a copy? If so,

**IE CO. LIMITED**  
**ONTREAL, WINNIPEG,**  
**INCOUVER**

**ELLS SCHOOL**  
nd Special Donation Plan No. 10  
for churches are DUTY FREE  
nany, Hillsboro, Ohio U.S.A.

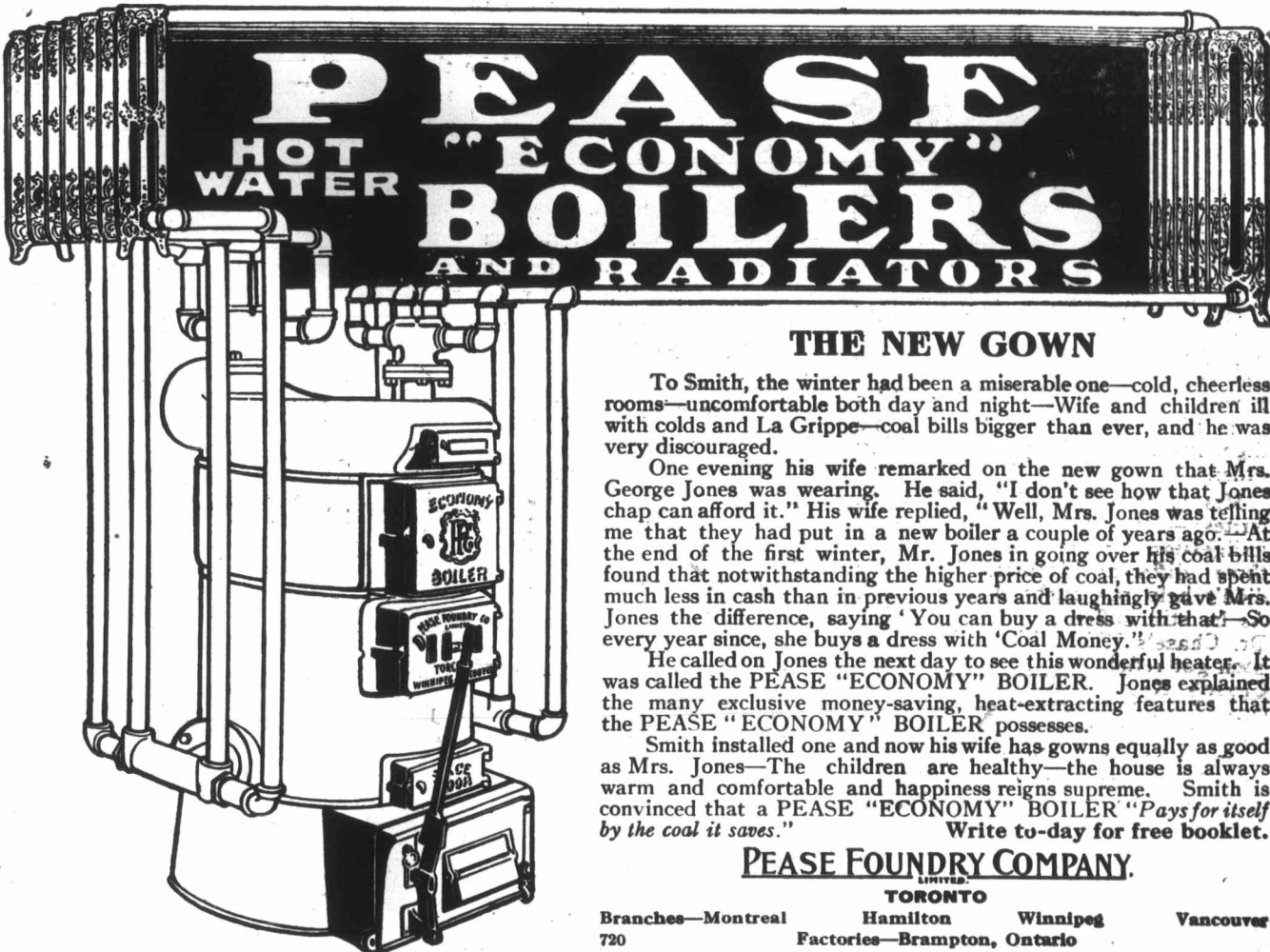
"Alas, what comfort, now he is gone?"

"I know not." The older woman's face was sad, but her eyes were illumined. "His power to help could reach across the grave, irresistible, to Lazarus, who heard and woke. May it not reach back across the grave to thee, to heal thy broken heart? And it may be—" She broke off abruptly, saying to herself as she turned to enter the house, "I will not raise her hopes, lest they be dashed again. But I cannot help the thought—did he not say to me those strange words, that he was the resurrection and the life? How could he be, if death has power to hold him? Ah, I know not. I will not think—my part is to prepare the spices, as I said. If they should not be needed—"

The Sabbath was past. At the edge of the garden, the appointed meeting-place, the two Bethany sisters waited the coming of the other women. A great while before dawn they had risen up to set out upon the two-mile walk that separated them from the city. Lazarus remained behind; Jewish custom would not allow both men and women to perform together the funeral rites, so the women must go alone to do the last sad offices. In the dusk of the hour before dawn they had traversed the rocky path straight over the hill, a shorter way than the road, and made easy by an ascending series of flat limestone beds which served as steps. Looking back, they could see the light breaking over the eastern mountains. They passed the "house of stone" where Lazarus had lain—a rock-hewn chamber where now maidenhair fern was beginning to cover the gray stone floor. Words out of the past rang in Martha's ears, spoken to her when her practical nature sought to interpose a doubt between the Master and his greatest work. "Said I not unto thee that if thou wouldst be-

## Like Magic To Weak Nerves

With the nerves exhausted both mind and body are of little use. You feel tired, worn-out and down-hearted, and the organs of digestion fail to perform their all-important functions. Nervous troubles do not go away of their own accord, but gradually grow worse and worse until some form of paralysis is developed. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food can be depended upon to revitalize feeble, wasted nerve cells as nothing else can. Here is a case in illustration. Mr. A. Sicard, Dana, Sask., writes: "When I began to use Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, on the recommendation of a friend, my system was so much run down that I was weak and exhausted, and could not at times attend to my work. The effect of the Nerve Food was almost like magic, for in a few days the weakness wore away and I found strength and vigor being restored to the body. That cure was effected three years ago, but I generally use the Nerve Food in the spring, as I can find no treatment so effective as a spring tonic."



# PEASE

## HOT WATER "ECONOMY" BOILERS AND RADIATORS

### THE NEW GOWN

To Smith, the winter had been a miserable one—cold, cheerless rooms—uncomfortable both day and night—Wife and children ill with colds and La Grippe—coal bills bigger than ever, and he was very discouraged.

One evening his wife remarked on the new gown that Mrs. George Jones was wearing. He said, "I don't see how that Jones chap can afford it." His wife replied, "Well, Mrs. Jones was telling me that they had put in a new boiler a couple of years ago. At the end of the first winter, Mr. Jones in going over his coal bills found that notwithstanding the higher price of coal, they had spent much less in cash than in previous years and laughingly gave Mrs. Jones the difference, saying 'You can buy a dress with that.' So every year since, she buys a dress with 'Coal Money.'"

He called on Jones the next day to see this wonderful heater. It was called the PEASE "ECONOMY" BOILER. Jones explained the many exclusive money-saving, heat-extracting features that the PEASE "ECONOMY" BOILER possesses.

Smith installed one and now his wife has gowns equally as good as Mrs. Jones—The children are healthy—the house is always warm and comfortable and happiness reigns supreme. Smith is convinced that a PEASE "ECONOMY" BOILER "Pays for itself by the coal it saves."

Write to-day for free booklet.

### PEASE FOUNDRY COMPANY.

TORONTO

Branches—Montreal      Hamilton      Winnipeg      Vancouver  
720      Factories—Brampton, Ontario

lieve, thou shouldst see the glory of God?" "Ah, Rabboni, if I might!" her heart cried out. But her lips kept silent for Mary's sake.

Through the shadows of the garden they could descry at last the fluttering of a woman's garments. It was Mary of Magdala, sorrowful, downcast, hopeless. No braver were the three who came after her—the other Mary, wife of Cleopas, and Salome, and Joanna. Together the dreary little group made their way through the dewy paths of Joseph's garden.

"It is where he would have loved to lie." The words of Mary of Bethany broke the silence. "He loved a garden. Dost remember, Martha, how he loved our garden?"

A sob from Mary Magdalene hurried Martha into practical speech, to break the strain. "Didst thou tell me, sister, the tomb was closed?"

"Yea, verily—and a great stone rolled across its mouth."

Martha stood still, aghast. "And who shall roll us away the stone?" she cried in discouragement. "Oh, foolish, not to have thought of that! We are not strong enough." Then in her heart an echo rang, "the glory of God"; and the thought followed it, "Perhaps there will be no need to roll it away." "Come," she said to the others, who also had stood still at her words. "It may be one of the soldiers will use his strength for us. We will see."

A turn in the walk among the trees brought them in sight of the tomb. Mary of Bethany peered beneath her hand, to see whether the sight of her eyes was true.

"The tomb is open," she cried. "Wolves of priests! they could not suffer him to be at peace in death."

It was Mary Magdalene who raised an exceeding bitter cry. "Alas, my

Lord!" she wailed. "Alas! they have taken him away." She turned aside from the rest, tears flooding her cheeks. "I must go seek for him," she said in a half whisper, and before they could stop her she had darted away among the trees of the garden.

"Poor soul!" cried Salome. "She is half mad with grief. All night she hath kept watch for dawn, weeping a passion of tears."

"Let us go nearer," said Martha quietly. "It may be some of the twelve has come before us to see the body." And in her heart the echo still rang, "Thou shalt see the glory of God," and the questioning thought, "Suppose he should be risen!"

So they drew nearer. Martha hurried ahead, down the two or three low steps; stooping, she looked into the small, low room. A single glance, and she turned back with bounding step, her face alight.

"There are angels there!" she cried; then, as she saw a look of

doubt cross the other faces, "Look for yourselves," she urged. "Verily, he is risen. I felt death could not hold him."

The women trembled, stooped, peered into the gloom. The brightness at its farther end showed that the tomb was empty.

"It is a dream," breathed Mary of Bethany. "Ah, how the light dazzles my eyes!"

Then out of the bright cloud came a voice: "Ye sorrowing ones, why seek ye the living among the dead? Jesus of Nazareth truly was crucified; but he is not here, for he is risen, as he said."

Wondering, affrighted, the women listened. "Go, tell his disciples," the voice went on, musical as of heaven.

"It is a vision," murmured Salome. "It cannot be. Grief has turned our brains. It is a dream."

"But see!" cried Martha, "see where his body lay! The place is empty! That is no deception, no fruit of a disordered mind. And

## WORK THIS PUZZLE! SEND NO MONEY!!



# \$50.

## CASH PRIZE

**ALSO A PRIZE OF \$10 FOR NEATEST SOLUTION.**  
 Somebody who sends for particulars of this Puzzle Contest telling us **WHAT THREE STATES IN THE UNITED STATES ARE REPRESENTED** by the above Three Sketches, will receive a **\$50 GOLD WATCH** or **\$50 IN GOLD MONEY!** Try it at once. It may be you.  
 Write the names of the States in a letter or postcard, giving your Name and Address  
**BRITISH PREMIUM CO. Dept. 46 Montreal, Canada.**