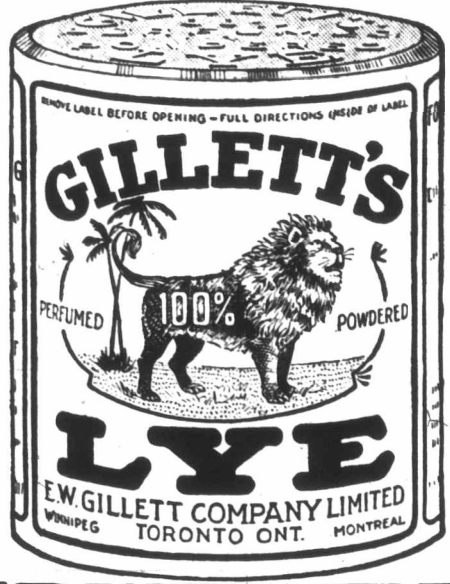


GILLETT'S LYE EATS DIRT



Ocean, through the Panama Canal and into the Pacific Ocean. They will reach San Francisco for the Pan-American Pacific Exposition in 1915. Built in Spain and exhibited at the World's Fair, the ships have been lying off Chicago since 1892. Much of the equipment and practically all the armaments of the ships are the originals used by Columbus. Muskets with bayonets attached, arrows, cannon with stone cannon balls, and old folding chairs seen on the duplicate ships, were all taken by the Spanish Government from the ancient caravels. The Santa Maria, the flagship of the fleet, carries the actual compass with which Columbus shaped his course. The bed on which the discoverer slept will be on the new ship. Before reaching the Panama Canal, it will sail to San Salvador, Columbus' first landing place.

British and Foreign

The Royal assent has been given to the Bill for the foundation of Bishoprics for Sheffield, Chelmsford and Suffolk.

The Bishop of London has appointed the Rev. H. N. Bate, Vicar of St. Stephen's, Hampstead, to the important living of Christ Church, Lancaster Gate, in succession to the Rev. Prebendary Gurdon, the Bishop-designate of Hull.

The new Suffolk See is to be known as the Diocese of St. Edmundsbury and Ipswich, and the parish church of St. James, Bury St. Edmunds, is to be the cathedral church. The new dioceses will be formed out of the Archdiocese of York and the Dioceses of Ely, St. Alban's and Norwich, respectively.

An extraordinary combination of names was revealed recently at a wedding at St. Paul's Church, Burton-on-Trent. The name of the bride was Lamb, that of the bridegroom Veal, the best man was a Mr. Fox, and one of the guests was named Hare, while the officiating clergyman was the Rev. P. Rooks.

The Rector of Lowton, the Rev. C. Musgrave Brown, has recently had restored to the church a Holy Communion flagon formerly used in the church. The flagon bears the following inscription in Latin: "Ye are come to Jesus the Mediator of the New Testament, and to the blood of sprinklings, that speaketh better things than that of Abel. See that ye refuse not Him that speaketh."

A motor-car chapel, the "St. Peter," said to be the only automobile church in the United States, has just been inaugurated in Texas by the Roman Catholic Church Extension Society, which has pressed the motor chapel into service to supplement the missionary work now being done with railroad chapels. The motor chapel is

mounted on a three and a half ton chassis, and can be converted into a church by opening the rear and sides. When travelling it serves as a living room for the priests who are in charge. So fully equipped is the chapel that a complete cathedral service can be held, and yet, when it is closed for travelling, it has all the conveniences of a first-class railway train.

Lord Sudeley has done good work in drawing attention to the failure of national museums to exercise their full influence on the community. The ordinary visitor to one of these institutions is in the presence of priceless treasures, but he learns little of them, and there is no one there to guide him. Lord Sudeley suggests that every museum should be equipped with one or more "guide-demonstrators," whose duty it should be to explain to visitors the interesting features of the exhibits. With the view of stimulating interest in the subject, there has been published a second edition of a pamphlet, which contains Lord Sudeley's initial letter to The Times and narrates what has since been done to carry his idea into effect.

An event almost unique in the Church life of England took place at Llandrindod Wells, the popular Welsh Spa, on a recent Sunday, when a clergyman of the Church of England—the Rev. Barclay Fowell Buxton, M.A.—preached in St. John's Wesleyan Church morning and evening. The resident minister (Rev. W. E. Sellers), was unwell, and Mr. Buxton kindly took his place, conducting both services throughout. His morning text was, "Open thy mouth wide and I will fill it," and the evening, "I would that thou wert cold or hot." The sermons were practical, powerful, and intensely spiritual. Large congregations gathered. Mr. Buxton was formerly curate of St. Paul's, Onslow-Square, London, and is a member of a well-known family. He has recently been a missionary in Japan, to which country he is shortly returning.

Boys and Girls

DAVID'S GIFT.

For one moment the boy stood spell-bound. With wandering eyes and parted lips he paused, as though fearful lest any movement on his part should break the spell and cause the vision to fade.

The tall lady by his side watched him as the colour came and went on his face, then gently she took his hand, and leading him forward said: "There, David, I promised you a prize for your regular attendance at the Sunday School, and this is what I am going to give you."

No words of thanks seemed forthcoming; but one look into the boy's face was sufficient. A quick flush mounted to his forehead, and, with a catch in his breath very like a sob, he put out one hand and timidly stroked the grey elephant.

The boy was thinly clad, even shabby, but signs of care and attention were not wanting in the numerous darns and patches on the threadbare little clothes. In one hand he clutched the remains of a biscuit, while with the other he gently stroked the long trunk of the grey animal, and seemed lost in a dream of wonder.

"Now, David, the elephant is yours, take it in your arms and trot along home."

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The boy started, then stretched out both hands and took the toy tenderly in his arms as he was bid.

"It's mine," he gasped: "my very own!" Then turning with a look of gratitude, he stammered: "Thank you very much."

Once out in the street he walked as in a dream—never before had he such a treasure like this. As he went on his way home he tenderly pressed his cheeks to the soft, grey ear of his Jumbo, murmuring gently, "Mine—my very own!"

The boy lived in a crowded part of the town; a top backroom, barely furnished, was the only home he had ever known. His mother, left a widow five years before, earned a scanty living for herself and her two boys by making shirts for a warehouse.

Tim, the younger of the two children was a cripple, confined more or less to his bed, and had never known the joys and delights of running about.

As David sat cuddling the new-found treasure in his arms suddenly a thought of this little brother came into his mind; but no sooner had the thought come than it was quickly banished, and he held the elephant more tightly than even before.

"No; I cannot do it," he exclaimed aloud.

For a long time he sat, while one plan after another suggested itself to his eager little brain.

For months he had longed to give his brother something to play with—something to while away the lonely hours he was forced to spend on his back. Oh, the joy and rapture on Tim's face as the gift was placed in his hands; the wondering exclamations and the kisses bestowed. Surely his delight was payment enough for any sacrifice.—Scottish American.

MOVING DAY AMONG THE SQUIRRELS.

W. H. Burgwin, a friend of the youthful readers of the "Children's Own," has written for them a description of "family moving" which he once witnessed while living in the woods. He says:

"We had been in camp for several weeks—long enough to form a slight acquaintance with a grey squirrel family which was there before us. Some of us had observed a large bunch of leaves in each of two tall oak trees. We had not thought of squirrels as living in these, however. One bright August day, the mother squirrel, as we supposed, was seen climbing toward her castle in the air. From a distance her head appeared uncommonly large. It hardly seemed likely that she was storing away a winter's food supply. Certainly the

acorns and hickory nuts of our grove were not ready for the storehouse then. Soon the active creature was descending the tree, this time with empty mouth. With our eyes we followed her carefully to the oak some thirty-five paces off where was the other leafy castle. Mrs. Squirrel only half entered this nest of hers, and immediately came out with a burden. That burden was grey like herself, only a little brighter. Our suspicion was aroused. We eyed her closely. Down the oak she came, head foremost. The journey of a hundred feet or so between the two oaks was made. As the graceful creature passed within a dozen feet of us we became sure that she was moving her family—that she really was carrying a baby squirrel in her mouth. Two legs of the baby seemed braced against the parent's neck one on each side. Up that tall oak with her load she climbed with graceful ease and dropped her baby into the nest. We saw her make this journey back and forth until she carried six little ones (each, apparently, about half-grown) down one tree about forty feet, across the intervening space one hundred feet or more, and up the oak possibly forty-five or fifty feet. She did vary the journey several times on her way back for another little one by taking the air-line through the branches of neighbouring trees. Once, startled by our nearness, with a heavy baby in her mouth, she actually mounted a tree when her ground journey was about half travelled, went into its top and jumped from tree to tree until she was able to place her precious load in her cosy castle.

"We tried to discover the reason for all this careful activity on the part of our good neighbours. Possibly it was because their first home was too near a roadway on one side and a much travelled path on the other, maybe the increased height of the new home had in it promises of safety. Or, it may have been that the large family had outgrown their first quarters.

"Whatever the cause, we were taught that day that even the wild creatures of the woods have a concern for their little ones kindred to that which human parents cherish for their children. Then there came to us the words of Jesus concerning the birds and the foxes and their homes. Anew we were impressed with the truth that the heavenly Father careth for all his creatures."

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