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Boys and Birls A HUNDRED YEARS FROM NOW

There's a picture in the window Of a little shop I know, With boys and girls dressed as they were

A hundred years ago. And since I saw it, I have thought, And keep on thinking how The children, maybe, will be dressed A hundred years from now.

Will girls wear caps or farthingales, Or hoops in grand array? Will they wear bows like butterflies, Just as they do to-day? Will boys wear jackets short, or tie Their hair in queues? Just how They'll really look, I'd like to know-A hundred years from now.





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What do you think the girls and boys Will eat in those far days? Will they be fed with breakfast foods In many sorts of ways? Will all the good and tasty things Be worse for them than rice? Will ice-cream soda make them sick,

Will children's books have pictures then,

And everything that's nice?

Or just all reading be? Perhaps they'll be hand-painted and Most beautiful to see, But when I think of those I have, I truly don't see how They can be any prettier

A hundred years from now.

A WORD TO GIRLS

IRLS in the country sometimes grow tired of the quiet routine of farm work and long for the excitements and attractions of city life. But life in the city is not the public holiday it seems to the girls on their occasional visits to town. Believe me when I tell you that working girls in the city have an infinitely more monotonous existence than the country girls ever dreamed of. You get up early and work hard, it is true, but the picnics you attend in summer and the sleigh-rides and parties that enliven your winter give you social recreation and change, while there is always the keenest enjoyment for those who know how to read mother nature's book.

Think of spending every day working in a dingy office, writing and figuring constantly, with but half a day's vacation in three years, as one girl I know of has done! Think of spending all the hot, dusty summer days at a sewing machine in a factory with the ceaseless clatter of hundreds of other machines all about you! Think of walking two miles to work, standing behind a counter all day, forced to smile and smile, though you feel as a villain ought to feel, and again walking home at night! All these things' thousands, of girls in big cities do.

One girl I know stands and irons ready-made shirtwaists all day, week in and week out. What is the variety of her life How would you like to exchange your duties with her? Do you not think it would be a welcome relief to them to milk in the cool of the morning, churn, bake, and sweep before the hottest part of the day, peel the potatoes for dinner out under the shade of a tree, and after dinner is over to sit out in the cool and shady yard, or rest in the hammock, or take a canter on a pony; or in the fall go to the woods in search of nuts, and at night lie down and breathe in the sweet-scented air of the country instead of amid sewer smells and effluvia or dirty alleys?

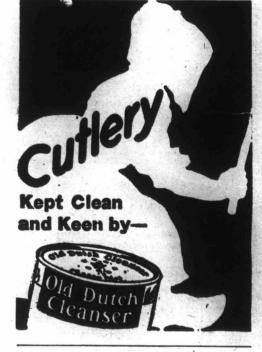
How would you like to pay out of your scant earnings for every specked apple or withered peach you ate? Why, if you live in the city, you would pay for fruit that you will not pick up from the ground now. How would you like the ever-present possibility of losing your "job" and having your income cut off for a time, with no money to pay the expenses that always accumulate so fast? Think of these things before you give up the quiet and peaceful life of the country with the certainty of a comfortable home, even if you do not have ice cream and oysters every day. To make the best of what you have is better than to rush into evils that you know not of.-Metropolitan and Rural Home.

THE COAL-MAN'S DUCKLING

DEFORE the black cave of a coal dealer's shop a crowd of people, all eager to see, were jostling one another,—little boys and girls, telegraph messengers, baker boys with their baskets balanced on their heads and with every second the crowd grew denser. It was already too numerous for the sidewalk, and had overrun into the street, where the carriages were beginning to stop, and the coachmen to

What had happened? A crime? A suicide? That is what the last arrivals were asking, but as no one knew anything, the only answer they got was a shrug of the shoulders. Only the first six rows or so of the spectators were in the secret. From time to time a shout of laughter broke from them, which gave the policeman, who had hurried to the scene to restore order, a suspicion that the affair could not be of the gravest. I am in a position to affirm that it was not, for I was in one of the stage-boxes, enjoying myself royally. The occasion of that assemblage of people, stopping the traffic of a whole street was a simple duckling. No jest-just a duck of flesh and bones. I do not add feathers, because though he was big and plump, he was as yet only clothed in the fuzzy down which covers young

And this duckling was taking a bath! He needed one, I assure you, for he was a true coalman's duck. His feet and bill, formerly yellow, were inky black, and his whole body resembled a shoe-brush. He was taking his bath in an earthenware wash-basin, not with the languid proceeding of a schoolboy afraid of water, but with admirable fervour and animation. His whole body quivered, jerked itself up and down, his rudiments of wings fluttered frantically, he drew back his head and used it on his back like a frictioning glove. He would have liked to swim, to immerse himself, to disappear altogether under the water. Alas! the basin was so small that the efforts of the young duck had no result but to make his tiny bath-tub overrun and topple, and every time he lost his balance. Homeric laughter shook the assembly. The floor of the shop was inundated. As for the coalman, happier than any Barnum at sight of a packed house in ecstasy before his performers, he stood there



with folded arms, his face expanding in a broad grin, which exposed the white teeth of a native of Auvergne.

Suddenly, in the dark-brown water, the duckling made one last awkward movement which completely overturned his tub, and with an indescribable flop he tumbled head over heels out of his bath.

Poor beastie! I watched him run away and hide under, a pile of wood. He seemed dirtier than before his bath.

As I went my way the thought of that unhappy duckling haunted me. I could not but say to myself: "There is the counterpart of what most men are doing. Alongside of the great life made for them by God, they create an existence of their own choice and contriving-petty, miserable, mean. They forsake the broad, deep currents, the springs, the lakes, the rivers, where strength and joy flow abundant, and substitute for them a little impure water, which stains instead of cleansing. The narrow systems of philosophers, the restricted formulas of theologians, the regulations of pedants, the labourious and superfine prescriptions of a morbid esthetocism, the double-distilled pleasures of the worldly and the epicures,—all these things are, after all, compared with real life, like the coal-man's wash-basin; the more you bathe in it, the less clean you become!—S. S. Times.



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