



**WILL J. WHITE**

the well-known character humorist, who is now booking garden parties throughout Ontario. His address is 81 High Park Boulevard, Toronto, and long distance telephone is Parkdale 906. He will draw you a big crowd.

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**BOMBS DROPPED FROM AIRSHIPS.**

During the past few months it has been difficult to pick up our papers without reading an account of an airship raid, or an attack on some unfortified town by one of the gas bags of Count Zeppelin. At the Exhibition this year bombs will be dropped from airships while in flight, but as the missiles will not be loaded with asphyxiating gas or German shrapnel

**ANTIPON IN CANADA**

**Spreading the Fame of the Great British Specific for Rapid Fat-Reduction.**

The burden of obesity is so distressing and so unprepossessing, and is generally so difficult to get rid of with any degree of permanence, that the introduction to Canada of the famous British Specific, Antipon, will be welcome in many quarters. The preparation is not unknown here already, but the obstacles in the way of its supply to the general public were necessarily great. All difficulties are now removed.

Ere the important discovery of Antipon the treatments usually employed for the reduction of weight included starvation dietary rules, sweating and purging, together with mineral drugging. All these things are weakening in the extreme, and, when obstinately persisted in, ruinous to the constitution. Antipon is diametrically opposed to such drastic methods.

To expel the superfluous fatty matter from the system is all very well, but the body must be amply nourished at the same time. Now, Antipon not only rapidly eliminates the excess of fat, but overcomes the unfortunate tendency to "run to fat." Ample wholesome food therefore becomes Antipon's strength-giving ally, and there is no need to dread that the extra nourishment taken will bring about a re-development of excessive fatty tissue.

Every dose of Antipon is a sure step in the direction of the recovery of beauty of form and vigorous nervous energy.

The decrease of weight is not a tedious process. Within twenty-four hours of the first dose there is a reduction varying, according to individual conditions, between 8 oz. to 3 lb. The scales will be the unerring recorder. The daily decrease is eminently satisfactory. When normal weight and symmetrical proportions are regained the treatment is no longer necessary.

Antipon contains only the most harmless vegetable substances in solution, the liquid being in appearance like a light red wine. It is palatable, refreshing and slightly tart, and never occasions any unpleasant reactionary effects.

Antipon can be obtained at all drug stores, from stock or to order.

they will be quite harmless. These flights will be most spectacular and realistic and some daring airmen will perform in view of the visitors to the Exhibition.

**THE LEMONADE STAND**

By Alice Annette Larkin.

"How's business to-day?" Uncle Jack asked, as he stopped in front of the lemonade stand under the big maple tree on the Blake lawn.

"Not a bit good," replied Bobby, with a hasty glance at the row of clean glasses. "Not one single person has wanted to buy lemonade this morning."

"Guess we won't earn money enough to go camping with the Boy Scouts, if we stay here till Thanksgiving," added Billy with a sigh. But don't you want to try our lemonade, Uncle Jack? It's good, and there's a cooky to go with every glass."

"Of course I'll try it," was Uncle Jack's hearty reply. "And don't you boys get discouraged yet, for somebody'll be sure to stop here before noon. This is first rate stuff, and the cookies are all right. Here's a nickel—" But Uncle Jack didn't finish, for Bobby was saying gravely, "No, Uncle Jack, we don't want any pay. Business is business, you know, and we're to furnish you with all the lemonade you want and run all your errands for you in return for the lemons and sugar that come from your store. That's our bargain."

"All right, then," Uncle Jack said as he turned to leave. "There'll be some errands to do to-night. Good luck to you both, and I reckon you'll need some more lemons before tomorrow."

It was very cool and comfortable there under the big maple tree on the front lawn. Tony, the scissors-grinder, thought so as he came slowly down the street. And he wished that he might put down his machine and the little bundle of old umbrellas and rest a while. But he couldn't afford to buy cookies and lemonade to-day, for his father was sick, and there were little brothers and sisters at home who needed shoes and stockings, to say nothing of bread. So he only looked longingly across the street as he stopped to rest a minute. Some boys seemed to have everything while he had very little except brothers and sisters.

"There's the scissors-grinder's boy," whispered Billy to Bobby. "And my, but doesn't he look tired and warm!"

"Why can't he buy some lemonade, then?" asked Bobby in a low tone. "Guess his father must be sick, or else he wouldn't be around alone with that heavy machine. Maybe he can't afford to buy. Say, Billy, let's—"

"Say, Bobby, let's treat him." Billy and Bobby spoke almost at the same time, while Bobby added, "We won't get much money that way, but sometimes there are things better than money, mother says."

So Tony Turrano, the scissors-grinder's boy, soon found himself seated in the lawn swing while Bobby and Billy stood close by offering him

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glasses of ice-cold lemonade and big sugary cookies. A half-hour later he was trudging along the street and whistling as he went. And he was thinking, "What a good world this is, after all!"

Billy and Bobby watched him until he turned the corner. Then they washed the glass he had used and replenished the plate of cookies.

"Look quick, Billy!" Bobby cried, when they had begun to feel completely discouraged. "Who are all those folks coming now? Why, the road seems full of them. And Billy Blake, they're every one of them looking this way. Just suppose they should come here! Wouldn't it be great?"

Bobby didn't expect Billy to answer, for the big boys and little boys were soon crowding around the lemonade stand, and all were demanding cookies and lemonade.

"Whew!" said Billy, when the last cooky had been eaten, and the last boy had gone hurrying away.

"Just look at that pile of pennies and nickels and dimes," said Bobby. "Now we'll have to run down to the store for more lemons. That was the Rixville Baseball Nine and all the fans, but how did they ever think to come this way? Why, they always go round the other road. You don't suppose Tony told them, do you?"

"Perhaps he's brought us luck at last," Billy suggested as he looked at the row of empty glasses. "Anyway, I guess we can go camping after all, if business keeps up like this." Then Billy began to whistle for the first time that day.

And the whistle grew louder and louder each morning during that warm summer week, for business was good. Not every one who drank the ice cold lemonade and ate the sugary cookies added to the pile of nickels and pennies, for there was Joe, the lame peanut man, who trundled his heavy cart up and down the street and tried to support his big family of children; he wasn't asked to pay. Neither was the little old lady who sold buttons and needles, nor several other people who passed by. Still, the little pile of money grew larger and larger, until Bobby and Billy felt very sure of the camping trip.

"But money isn't everything, is it?" asked Billy as they counted the week's earnings.

"Sure not," replied Bobby. "There's all the fun we had, too, and the new friends we made, and the folks that didn't look so tired after they'd tasted our lemonade. Let's do it again."

"Yes, let's," agreed Billy. And they did. Ashaway, R.I.

**Was Personally Attended by Dr. A. W. Chase**

**Before He Became Famous as the Author of Dr. Chase's Receipt Book.**

Here is a letter from an aged gentleman who consulted Dr. Chase, long before his Receipt Book attained a world-wide circulation or his family medicines became known to the ends of the earth.

Like most people of advanced years his kidneys were the first organs to break down and when doctors failed to help him he

remembered the physician who cured him of pleurisy in his younger days.

Mr. O. D. Barnes, R.F.D. 1, Byron, Mich., writes:—"About fifty years ago, when living in Ann Arbor, Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous Receipt Book author, was called on to treat me for



MR. O. D. BARNES.

pleurisy. Ever since that I have used and recommended Dr. Chase's Medicines, and have two of his Receipt Books in the house.

"Some time ago a cold settled in the kidneys, causing backache, frequent urination, dizziness, and affected the eyesight. My appetite failed and I could not sleep nights. Two doctors failed to do me any lasting good, so I started using Dr. A. W. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills and Nerve Food. The results have been highly satisfactory to me. Appetite improved, I gained in weight, sleep and rest well, and feel strong and well. My kidneys resumed their natural functions, and I believe that my cure was due to Dr. A. W. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills and Nerve Food. I am 78 years old, superintend work on my farm, and can turn in and do some work myself."

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