

THE VALUE OF CHARCOAL.

Few People Know How Useful it is in Preserving Health and Beauty.

Costs Nothing To Try.

Nearly everybody knows that charcoal is the safest and most efficient disinfectant and purifier in nature, but few realize its value when taken into the human system for the same cleansing purpose.

Charcoal is a remedy that the more you take of it the better; it is not a drug at all, but simply absorbs the gases and impurities always present in the stomach and intestines and carries them out of the system.

Charcoal sweetens the breath after smoking, drinking or after eating onions and other odorous vegetables.

Charcoal effectually clears and improves the complexion, it whitens the teeth and further acts as a natural and eminently safe cathartic.

It absorbs the injurious gases which collect in the stomach and bowels; it disinfects the mouth and throat from the poison of catarrh.

All druggists sell charcoal in one form or another, but probably the best charcoal and the most for the money is in Stuart's Charcoal Lozenges; they are composed of the finest powdered Willow charcoal, and other harmless antiseptics in tablet form or rather in the form of large, pleasant tasting lozenges, the charcoal being mixed with honey.

The daily use of these lozenges will soon tell in a much improved condition of the general health, better complexion, sweeter breath and purer blood, and the beauty of it is, that no possible harm can result from their continued use, but on the contrary, great benefit.

A Buffalo physician, in speaking of the benefits of charcoal, says: "I advise Stuart's Charcoal Lozenges to all patients suffering from gas in stomach and bowels, and to clear the complexion and purify the breath, mouth and throat; I also believe the liver is greatly benefited by the daily use of them; they cost but twenty-five cents a box at drug stores, and although in some sense a patent preparation, yet I believe I get more and better charcoal in Stuart's Charcoal Lozenges than in any of the ordinary charcoal tablets."

Send your name and address today for a free trial package and see for yourself. F. A. Stuart Co., 56 Stuart Bldg., Marshall, Mich.

digging my fists into my eyes. They never ask me to come."

"I expected sympathy, but she gave me an impatient shake and push."

"Is that all, you little ninny? Nobody wants folks that'll sit around on a bank and wait to be asked," she cried. "Run along with the rest, and make yourself wanted."

"That shake and push did the work. Before I had time to recover from my indignant surprise, I was in the middle of the stream, and soon was as busy and as happy as the others."

The Canadian Churchman is undoubtedly a first-class advertising medium. It circulates extensively in the homes of the clergy and laity. Our advertisers assure us that it is an excellent paper to advertise in as it brings most satisfactory returns.

LIGHT.

When grandma was a little girl,
And was sent up to bed,
She carried then a "tallow dip,"
Held high above her head.

When mamma used to go upstairs,
After she'd said, "Good-night,"
Her mother always held a lamp
So she could have its light.

As soon as sister's bedtime came,
When she was a little lass,
If she found the room too dark,
Mamma would light the gas.

Now, when the sandman comes for me,
I like to have it bright;
So I reach up and turn the key
Of my electric light.

And maybe my dear dolly,
If she lives out her days,
Will see right through the darkness
With the magical X-rays!
—St Nicholas.

DILLYDALLY.

Dillydally was nearly seven years old. See if you can guess why he came to have such a funny name.

"O, Dillydally? Where are you, dear? Run quickly with this pail to the grocer's and get it full of molasses, and don't spill a bit. I want it for—well, no matter. I want it."

That molasses was for molasses candy. His mother had just remembered that it was his birthday.

Dilly took it and ran out of the door. He was always quick enough at starting. His trouble was afterwards. In the hedge by the garden gate he spied a yellow breast and heard a sweet note that made him stop to see what the leaves hid. That took a minute. "Oh, I must hurry!" he said, and started again; but this time Mr. Toad hopped out in a friendly way to make him linger. A dozen things stopped him. He had to play a game of marbles with some boys he knew. He saw a balloon up in the sky, and watched it until it was a speck like a black pin head. It was almost dark when he came in sight of home.

"O Dillydally!" cried his mother, "where have you been all this time? It was your party, and all the little boys and girls I sent for had to go home, it grew so late I had to cut the cake to give them all a piece, and there wasn't anybody to play games or anything. It was too bad!"

Wasn't it? Dilly thought so. A boy's birthday party without any boy to it!

"O Dilly! Dilly!" said his mother, sorrowfully, "why won't you earn a better name?"

Dillydally says that he is going to. How do you suppose that he will do it?

THE MUSIC HE LIKED.

"I always thought I was fond of music," said Farmer Greene, "but since I visited Matilda in Boston I've had my doubts about it. I hadn't been there a day before Matilda she says to me, 'Now, father, we're going

to have a musicale, and I do hope you'll enjoy it!'"

"Of course I shall," says I. "You know how fond I am of them famous old Scotch songs you used to sing, and how I'm always ready to jine in when anybody strikes up 'Coronation.'" "

"Well, this will be the best music you ever listened to," says Matilda, and my mouth watered to hear it.

"The night of the concert you ought to ha' seen the folks pour in, all silks and satins and flowers. Matilda wore, well, I don't rightly know what, but I think 'twas silk and lace. Pretty soon we all got quieted down, and then a German, with long hair and a great bushy beard, sat down to the piano and began to play. My, how he did bang them keys! There was thunder down in the bass, and tinklin' cymbals up in the treble.

"The lady that sat side of me whispered when there was a minute's stop, 'Do you distinguish the different motives?'"

"My, no!" says I. "I don't see what anybody's motive could be for workin' so hard to make a noise."

Then she smiled behind her fan, but I don't know what at, whether 'twas the music or me.

"When the piece stopped everybody hummed and whispered to each other how lovely 'twas, and a good many told the German how much obliged they were. I didn't say a word.

"Then a tall woman, all fixed up with silks and furbelows, sang a piece that almost made my hair stand on end, it went so high and had so many ups and downs in it. She was master smart; anybody could see that, but somehow I didn't fancy that kind of singin'. It made me uneasy. When she was climbin' up to her high notes, I wondered if she'd ever get there; and when she dropped down again, I wanted to say, 'Now, you've got through it safe once, don't try it again!'"

"Well, pretty soon Matilda came round to me and whispered, 'Father, how d'you like it?'"

"I don't care much for it," says I. "It's a little too much like frosted cake when you want plain bread."

"She laughed, and in a minute I heard her sayin' to one of the performers, 'My father's a little old-fashioned, you see, and would you mind?'"

"What do you suppose happened then? Why, that woman that sung the trills and warbles stood up, and, without any piano playin' at all, sung, 'Ye Banks and Braes' and 'John Anderson.' How she knew what I liked I never could tell, but she sang the songs I've loved since I was a boy, and when she got through the tears were streamin' down my cheeks.

"Bless you, my dear!" says I, and I went up to her and shook both her hands. And it seemed to me she liked the songs herself, for when she

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looked at me her eyes were wet, too. "I had a beautiful time, but I suppose it's no use thinkin' I appreciate real music."

WHEN JACK USED HIS EYES
AND EARS.

What was the cause of that great round tear which splashed down on Jack's knee, followed by another and another? Why, only that the small boy had planned to make a visit that bright morning, and, as something had occurred to prevent it, all the joy had fled away from life, leaving not a single thing for a fellow to do, nor anything for him to look at.

That at least was what Jack was saying to himself when, a few moments later, his cousin Godfrey came out on the piazza. Taking no notice whatever of the streaked little face, he simply said, "What a lot there is going on in the world to-day, Jack!"

"Why, what do you mean, Cousin Godfrey," asked Jack, a good deal surprised. "I haven't seen anything."

"You haven't? Well, in the first place there is a new house being built out there on the lawn. I have been watching it for half an hour from the window just behind you."

"A house!" Jack twisted about and glanced hastily over the great, beautiful lawn; but, of course, as he had very well known, there was no sign of a house.

"Ah! but you're looking in the wrong direction," said his cousin. "Just look up, take a peep into that great elm yonder, through the opening in the leaves just before your eyes."

For a minute the boy gazed. Then he exclaimed, "Look, Cousin Godfrey! there comes the mate with a long horse-hair. I never saw a nest being built before. What fun it is!"