

May 2, 1912.

ALITY
A
tea, is your
exquisite
ness, satis-
655
resses and pretty
ow her well yet.
better when you
her would say.
don't think I will
week later, it had
But it stopped
went out to see
that spanned the
rectly she came
g a pretty white
ry wet.
ie cried, "look at
Isn't it pretty?
own, mamma?"
I cannot find the
some one's pet,
ts it as much as
t," she pouted.
," said mamma,
y keep it until
you had better
use. I expect it
girl."
ght of that too,
"Remember my
face—you'll see
me again."
is the cost
lected beef
roducte. It
e cook will
n. It goes
selves; it
the variety
untry-shelf.
desiccated Soup
three varieties—
mato, White. The
ariety is a thick,
soup prepared
beef and fresh
The other two
vegetable soups.
y Irish
word.
S.W.P.

EUROPE!
THERE AND BACK \$100

Write for Illustrated Booklet "S" descriptive of the Superior "One-Class" Steamers of the

MONTREAL—HAVRE—LONDON
MONTREAL—GLASGOW

Weekly Services

THE ALLAN LINE

The largest and finest "One-Class" Steamers sailing from Montreal, will be employed in the London and Glasgow Services during the St. Lawrence season of 1912.

Full particulars on application to
H. & A. ALLAN, MONTREAL
General Agents
The Allan Line Steamship Co. Limited

ISLAND PARK
Centre Island, Toronto

Sunday School Excursions have these immense grounds, mostly shaded and grassed, large tables, pavilion, etc., at their service. Boating, merry-go-round, fishing, etc. Phone Main 2965, or write.

TORONTO FERRY CO., Bay St. Wharf

Don't Be a Slave to Disease and Drugs

Quit running to "Dr. Dope" for every little ailment—every little scare in the family.
Don't allow anyone to feed you and your dear ones vile concoctions that you would not knowingly give to a dog. Don't remain another day in ignorance of the real inside facts about "commercialized medicine."

Get Our FREE Book of Secrets of the Drug System

This book tears from modern medicine its mask of feigned professional secrecy and its cloak of age-long imposition on the people's ignorance of things they should know. It discloses the real contents of the poisons so generally doled out to the sick. *Be duped no longer. Cease your bondage to the "Dope System."* Get our book and inform yourself. It contains the most appalling information printed for years—information on conditions that threaten the lives of you and yours. We want you to read it. Just say, "send your book." Write us right now. You may need it to-morrow.
The Ontario Oxypathor Co., 701 Yonge St., Toronto



and she is going to get me one, and she wants me to come to see her every day. Mamma, I will never call anyone 'stuck-up' again"—Dixie Girl.

FOR MOTHER.

He was only a mite of a boy, dirty and ragged, but he had stopped for a little while in one of the city's free playgrounds to watch a game of ball between boys of his own and a rival neighbourhood. Tatters and grime were painfully in evidence on every side, but this little fellow attracted the attention of a group of visitors, and one of them, reaching over the child's shoulder as he sat on the ground, gave him a luscious golden pear. The boy's eyes sparkled, but the eyes were the only thanks as he looked back to see from whence the gift had come, and then turned his face away again, too shy or too much astonished to speak. But from that time on his attention was divided between the game and his new treasure. He patted the pear, he looked at it, and at last, as if to assure himself that it was as delicious as it appeared, he lifted it to his lips and cautiously bit a tiny piece near the stem. Then with a long sigh of satisfaction and assurance he tucked the prize safely inside his dirty little blouse.

"Why don't you eat it, Tony?" demanded a watchful acquaintance.
"Eat' it? All meself? Ain't I savin' it for me mother?"

The tone, with its mingling of resentment and loyalty, made further speech unnecessary. Whatever else Tony lacked—and it seemed to be nearly everything—he had learned humanity's loftiest lesson; he had another dearer than himself, and knew the joy of sacrifice.—Baptist Young People.

A NATURAL POET.

The father of Isaac Watts was determined that his boy should not become a poet, and when he caught him making rhymes, after tiring of remonstrating with him, he flogged him. As he applied the whip young Isaac cried out:—

"O father, do some pity take,
And another rhyme I shall never make."

This provoking the father still more, he applied the last with more severity, and young Watts cried out:—

"O my father, do spare my back from pain,
And I shall never make a rhyme again."

The father, thoroughly discouraged in his vain attempt to beat the poetry out of the boy, sent him away to school with a special request that the principal flog the boy if he caught him making rhymes. The first morning at the chapel exercise the boy Watts, looking up at the ceiling during prayers, saw a rat

ROYAL YEAST

MOST PERFECT MADE

MAKES LIGHT WHOLESOME BREAD.

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

coming down the bell-rope. He laughed so loudly that the teacher, stopping in his prayer, demanded

Piles Not Taken Seriously

"Annoying, but not dangerous," seems to be the way many think of piles in the early stages. But gradually they become worse, until they prevent sleep, undermine the nervous system and make a wreck of life.

When the doctor is finally consulted he considers the case so serious that he recommends the surgeon's knife as the only means of cure. It may cure or it may kill. The risk is yours.

But there is an easier, and surer way to relieve and cure piles. That is by applying Dr. Chase's Ointment. The earlier you begin the use of this ointment the quicker the cure. But you need not be discouraged because you have suffered for ten or fifteen years. It would be difficult to imagine worse cases than have been cured by Dr. Chase's Ointment. Relief comes at once and cure is just as certain if you persist in the use of this great ointment.

why he laughed. The boy tremblingly answered:—

"Well, teacher, there were no stairs,
The rat came down the rope to say his prayers."

The teacher discovered the genius of the boy, and encouraged his rhyme-making, and his hymns to this day are sung the world around.—Literary Digest.

MARTHA ANN'S SONG.

Martha Ann was out in the backyard hanging up the weekly wash of the Brown family. As she toiled she sang loud and clear a merry little song.

The grocer's boy, trudging along in the dusty street, heard it, and whistled the same tune, forgetting that the basket he held was almost too heavy for him to carry.

Mrs. Brown heard it, too. Poor Mrs. Brown! She was always at work in her stuffy little house, and always tired, but the song flew in

through the open window, and she smiled at it, because it was a careless, happy little thing; and before she knew it she was singing as she moved about—something she had not done for many a weary day.

Baby May heard the rippling sounds. Her little white teeth were pushing their way up into sight. They hurt the little maid, those hidden teeth, so that she fretted uneasily and cried to be comforted. But the merry song laughed at her, and she listened and cooed and dimpled with delight, and she reached out her pretty arms as if she would catch and hold it fast.

A little girl who had been shut in for several weeks, and was down-hearted and blue because she could not go about, also heard the song and unconsciously hummed the merry tune.

Just a little song, such as any one might sing, quickly sung and quickly sinking into silence, but what a pleasant mission it had in the world!

It is worth while to be a Martha Ann, to drop a little oil of gladness on the grinding wheels of life, to make them run a little easier and a little smoother. Even you and I can do that.—Comrade.

The Chances Against You

"Oh, I will be all right in a few days," says the person who is tired out and has to drag himself to his daily work because the nervous system is exhausted.

Unfortunately nervous diseases do not right themselves, and the wasting process which has brought you to this condition keeps right on until there is a complete breakdown.

You must get the building-up process started, so that, instead of being a little weaker at the end of each day, you will find the balance on the other side and know that you are gradually getting strong and well.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food will help you wonderfully if you only give it a reasonable chance. As the system is built up you will find such symptoms as headache, sleeplessness and indigestion leaving you. You will find the old energy coming back. The mind and body will better serve you, and you will see a new pleasure in life.