

Walter Baker & Co., Limited.
Dorchester, Mass., U. S. A.
The Oldest and Largest Manufacturers of
PURE, HIGH GRADE
Cocoas and Chocolates

on this Continent. No Chemicals are used in their manufacture. Their **Breakfast Cocoa** is absolutely pure, delicious, nutritious, and costs less than one cent a cup. Their **Premium No. 1 Chocolate** is the best plain chocolate in the market for family use. Their **German Sweet Chocolate** is good to eat and good to drink. It is palatable, nutritious and healthful; a great favorite with children. Consumers should ask for and be sure that they get the genuine **Walter Baker & Co.'s** goods, made at **Dorchester, Mass., U. S. A.**
CANADIAN HOUSE, 6 Hospital St., Montreal.

Boys and Girls.

As Every Laddie Does.

Oh, when I was a tiny lad I wandered
In a wood,
To look for fairies or for flowers, as
every laddie should.

I only got my fingers stung by things
that creep and bustle for them instead, as
every laddie does.

I sought the pretty fairy-folk in all the
yellow flowers,
Where nothing but the busy bees im-
proved the shining hours.

I found a little caterpillar hanging by
a thread;
I put him in a buttercup and took him
home instead.

I caught some minnows in a pool, and
thought myself a man,
Because I found that I could fish, as
every laddie can.

I got my father's pocket-knife—its
blade was red with rust—
And cut my name on many a tree, as
every laddie must.

I made a sturdy walking-stick to climb
the highest hill,
And whittled till the knife was blunt,
as every laddie will.

I owned a treasure of things that I
had found or caught,
And changed them off for better ones,
as every laddie ought.

I had a little puppy-dog and pets of
many kinds,
But some they died, and some got lost,
as every laddie finds.

I coveted a pony, and a gun to shoot
the crows—
A pony is a beautiful beast, as every
laddie knows.

What most I loved were fireworks, and
all that lights and burns;
But these sometimes are treacherous,
as every laddie learns.

My coats grew shorter in the sleeve;
my slippers crushed my toes;
But such things always smaller seem
as every laddie grows.

—St. Nicholas.

How Tilly Grew Fat in a Single Night.

"She must go to the country and fatten
with the little calves and lambs,"
the doctor said, nodding his head de-
cisively.

He slid his eye-glasses up from the
tip to the top of his nose and looked
at Tilly's poor little thin cheeks
through them.

"And drink cream right off from the
tops of granny's milk-pans," he
added.

Tilly listened hard. She was wonder-
ing what mamma was going to
answer. And then she heard.

"Right away, doctor?"
"Tomorrow morning, I should say—
early train."

"Well!" mamma said. Two little
valleys were beginning to grow be-
tween her eyes. That almost always
meant "I'll see."

And so it happened that the very
next morning, on the early train, she
and Tilly were whizzing and panting
towards grandma's. The pair of lean,
pale little cheeks were all aglow with
excitement. Every single minute they
were getting nearer and nearer. There
lots more telegraph poles had hurried
by!

There had been no time to send word
they were coming, and so they must
take the old stage and go jouncing
down the dusty road. The very last
jounce landed them right into grand-
ma's arms.

"The dear land!" grandma cried out,
and then she got Tilly into her arms
and cried over her—as grandmothers
do. And after every word she put a
kiss like so many periods, this way:

"The little dear. Bless her. Her
little heart."

"She's come down to fatten with the
bossies, mother," laughed mamma.
"Can she drink all the cream off the
tips of your milk-pans?"

"Two pans—three-four pans!" cried
grandma's big voice behind them. And
then there were more love-words with
periods after them.

The fattening began right away. It
was dinner-time and at Tilly's place
was the cunningest little tumbler, fit
to the brim of rich, yellow cream. It
was there at supper, too, and that time
grandma slyly filled it up after each
sip.

"We'll have those cheeks as round
as oranges in a jiffy!" grandma said.
"By tomorrow morning?" asked

**Nature makes the cures
after all.**

Now and then she gets
into a tight place and needs
helping out.

Things get started in the
wrong direction.

Something is needed to
check disease and start the
system in the right direction
toward health.

Scott's Emulsion of Cod-
liver Oil with hypophos-
phites can do just this.

It strengthens the nerves,
feeds famished tissues, and
makes rich blood.

50c. and \$1.00; all druggists.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Canada, Toronto.

SOME MODERN RELIGIOUS IDEAS

The word which has been in most common use this summer, "Immune," is marked "rare" in our dictionaries. It will never again be rare, for it fills a place where it was much needed. We all understand that not only do individuals become immune by actual experience of disease, or through processes of inoculation, but whole communities become immune, possibly by the loss of power in the disease attacking. The most deadly plague exhausted itself before it exhausted the race. Scarlet fever is nothing like the scourge it was two generations since, and diphtheria promises to lose the terrors which it has inspired in the past. But not only is it true that certain diseases become less morbid, certain remedies become less efficient. Doctors know that upon chronic patients the remedy which was once helpful "wears itself out" and becomes absolutely worthless. Similar facts are to be noted in the spiritual realm. It is nothing at all to say that the "old-fashioned revival" that it was not work now. It is objected that we have no new "crusades" by the Women's Christian Temperance Union, and that the Salvation Army shifts its plans and devises new methods for getting at the people. All this is consistent with what we know of living organisms and their laws. We cannot lazily fall back upon the remedies which our fathers used; but we must remember that the divine resources are inexhaustible, and that they will be opened up to the faithful and prayerful seeker after good.—The Interior, Chicago.

We know of no more ominous sign of approaching old age than a habit of discouragement because of evidences of social decay. The Christian who would keep the spirit of youth in him must look underneath the changing methods of Christian thought and service, and discern the same divine spirit still guiding men. He must be slow to criticize, quick to join with effort to which his conscience approves. He must present generation giving up beliefs which their fathers cherished. It may be, but note to what other beliefs men give new emphasis, and rejoice in them. Are they less reverent in their regard for the Lord's Day, less loyal to the forms of worship in which they have been trained? See in what new ways of serving men their hearts kindle, and join with them there. If old ways of honoring God are passing away, look at new ones in which men's higher nature expresses itself. Look resolutely, for though prophecies fall, tongues cease and knowledge vanish away, faith, hope and love abide. Those who have lost these have destroyed themselves, whatever may be their judgment of others. Those who keep these keep in touch with God's words.—Congregationalist, Boston.

We see occasionally a reference to the mystery of the origin of sin. Paul makes the origin of sin to be in a knowledge of the law—thus anticipating the moral philosophy of the present time. The cruel wolf or cat is not a sinner. The man who knows better and is better, but who voluntarily goes back and makes a wolf or a cat of himself, he is a sinner. Sin consists in descending from the morally higher to the lower. However this knowledge of the law came into the heart of man, it lifted him into the high plane of moral responsibility, so that when he sinned he was fully aware that he was sinning. He was not a sinner because he was, as he was, a free agent, legally entitled to do. There is no mystery in it, behind which we can hide ourselves from God or our consciences.—The Interior.

It must be remembered that the most important work of life is not the discovery of truth, but the absorption of truth into one's nature and its permanent expression in character. One often learns more in one hour of vision than he can make use of in a year of living. The mountain summits are not our homes; they are too much exposed, and the air about them is too rare; they are for our occasional ascent; they show us the distant point to which we are traveling, but the path we are to take runs through the valleys or along the lower slopes. The summits give us outlooks, but the valleys shelter and feed us. The possession of great truths is not a matter of searching, but of living. It is long, dull days which often intervene between our visions are rich in the quiet assimilation of what we have seen and in quiet preparation for what we are to see. The greater part of the growth of some plants is accomplished before the blades see the light.—The Outlook.

There are few realms of human experience in which there is a greater necessity for freshness, individuality and originality than in Christian living. It is absurd to allow the world to prescribe the Christian standards of conduct, and for churches or cliques of Christians to do so is to come perilously near usurping the rights of individuals. We are not to be imitators, but disciples; we are to be his disciples, and the mere juxtaposition of the two terms suggests the broad difference between them. In other words, the individual Christian is not called to follow a programme set by any master or church, but to yield to a spirit to cultivate a disposition. When the apostle is defining the example of Christ, he does not say do this things that Christ did, but "Let this mind be in you, as which was in Christ Jesus." Conventional ways of Christian living have largely lost their power. The "testimony bearing" of the average prayer-meeting, for example, except in the rarest instances, is no longer efficient. But let one do a simple act in daily life that he could hardly have done without being prompted by a Christian spirit, and how instantly it arrests attention, how impressive it is! It is not necessary always to be taking religion to bear acceptable witness to the Master.—The Watchman (Baptist), Boston.

Dear Sirs,—I was for seven years a sufferer from Bronchial trouble, and would be so hoarse at times that I could scarcely speak above a whisper. I got no relief from anything till I tried your MINARD'S HONEY BALSAM. Two bottles gave relief and six bottles made a complete cure. I would heartily recommend it to anyone suffering from throat or lung trouble.
J. F. VANBUSEKIRK,
Frederickton

The Poets.

The Bewildered Guest.
I was not asked if I should like to come.
I have not seen my host here since I came.
Or had a word of welcome in his name.
Some say that we shall never see him, and some
That we shall see him elsewhere, and
Why we were bid. How long I am to stay
I have not the least notion. None, they say,
Was ever told when he should come or go.
But every now and then there burst upon
The song and mirth, a lamentable noise,
A sound of shrieks and sobs, that strikes our joys
Dumb in our breasts; and then, some
They say we meet him. None knows where or when,
We know we shall not meet him here again.
—W. D. Howells.

Easing the Load.
The camel, at the close of day,
Kneels down upon the sandy plain
To have his burden lifted off
And rest again.

My soul, thou, too, shouldst to thy knee
When daylight draweth to a close,
And let the Master lift the load
And grant repose.

Else how couldst thou tomorrow meet
With all tomorrow's work to do,
If thou the burden all the night
Dost carry through?

The camel kneels at break of day
To have his guide replace the load;
Then rises up anew to take
The desert road.

So shouldst thou kneel at morning dawn
That God may give thee daily care,
Assured that He no load too great
Will make thee bear.
—Boston Transcript.

A Recipe for Success

How is it I have prospered so? How
is it I have struck
Throughout the bull of my ka-reer jest
one long streak of luck?
Intelligence, young man; that's all, I
reason an' reflect—
'Tis jest intelligence an' brains an'
straightout intellection.

When I git up I'm allus sure to dress
me right foot first,
Or put my drawers on wrong side out,
or hev my vest reversed,
For them are signs you'll hev good
Knows all them signs, an' shapes his
life on a consistent plan.

I've strewed ol' hoss-shoes down the
road for somethin' like a mile,
An' I go out an' hunt 'em up a-every
little while;
But if you fin' a hoss-shoe, w'y you're
sure to prosper then,
A fac' that is familer to edicated
men.

A cat's tail p'intin' to'rds the fire, it
is an awful sign;
But I hev counteracted it with every
cat of mine;
If my cat's tail should p'int that way
it would give me no scares;
I'd go in my back entry then an' simply
fall upstairs.

It's a good sign to fall upstairs an'
counteracts the cat;
An' that's the way I shape my life—I
balance this with that;
I see four crows—bad sign, I know—
might scare a man that's bolder,
But I jest wait an' see the moon rise
over my right shoulder.

The moon it counteracts the crows;
one balances the other.
For one is jest wiped out, you see, an'
cancelled off by t'other.
I hear a dog howl in the night; it
don't give me no dread.
I balance it by gittin' out the right-
han' side the bed.

An' so I've prospered all my life by
jest a little pains,
Intelligence, young man, that's all, an'
intellection an' brains.
'Tis ignorance that makes men fail.
An' wisdom—nothin' less—
Intelligence an' knowledge, sir, oan
bring a man success.
—Sam Walter Foss.

BULLET PROOF

Corporal Laurie, of the Seaforth High
landers, Had His Clothing Shot Off.

Corporal Laurie, of the Seaforth Highlanders, seems to have one of those "charmed lives" of which we read in old romances. The Scotsman prints part of a letter written by him to his sister after the battle of the Albatraz.

I suppose you have seen me reported as slightly wounded, and pictured me as an interesting invalid. Well, I was struck, but the effect was so small that I have often been worse hurt in a football match. But during the rest of the day, and for some days afterwards, I was an object of interest.

I have been questioned by almost every man and officer in the battalion, referred to as the "bullet-proof man," and asked if I would mind letting a section fire a few rounds at me to see if they could do me any harm. The fact is that I got most of the corners of my clothing shot off, while personally I was unharmed.

Before I entered the zareba I was not struck, but soon afterward a bullet took off the toe of my left shoe without hitting my foot, the shoe being a size too big for easy marching and sleeping at night. Then my bayonet was struck and bent over at a right angle. Then a shot went through my sleeve, near my left wrist, tearing two holes, but not hurting me. Then a nigger in a trench let drive at me with a spear, missed my ribs by an inch, and slit up my haversack. A bullet then grazed the back of my hand, just enough to make it bleed. When I reached the river bank, which was nearly perpendicular, a shot came from the bottom, about 20 feet below and a little to the left, which caused the wound I am supposed to have got, and was so curious that I was paraded before the general.

The bullet entered through the lid of my right ammunition pouch, which was open, went into my right coat-pocket, tore four holes in my shirt,



The Faithful Housewife

is often burdened beyond her strength. She realizes it, but sees no remedy. If her duties are properly performed she MUST work, even though her health be at stake.

Pabst Malt Extract The Best Tonic

will supply the needed strength. It will quickly and surely bring back the rosy cheeks, giving a healthy appetite, refreshing sleep, and strength to mind and body.

All druggists sell it.

Canadian Depot: PABST MALT EXTRACT, 55 McGill St., Montreal. (a.)

ADAMS' Tutti Frutti

is made from pure Chicle Gum. It is by a long way the best of all chewing gums. See that the trade mark name "Tutti Frutti" is on each 5c. package.

**ALL OTHERS ARE IMITATIONS.
FREE.**

A variety of very handsome souvenirs and prizes are sent free for the return of sets of coupons from the 5c. packages of Adams' Tutti Frutti Gum. Sold by druggists, confectioners and grocers, or send 5c. for sample package and list of prizes to Adams & Sons Co., 11 & 13 Jarvis St., Toronto, Ont.

made a surface wound two or three inches long on my left breast, and came out near my left shoulder, through my coat and ammunition pouch braces.

In the afternoon I strolled over to the field hospital and got a piece of dressing on it, and it has never troubled me at all; in fact, it was a farce to put it in as a wound. It was done without my knowledge by the color-sergeant.

ON GLADSTONE

Dr. Dewart's Rich Tribute—It Earned
Lord Rosebery's Praise.

The following beautiful tribute to memory of William Ewart Gladstone, is from the pen of Rev. Dr. Dewart, Toronto. It brought the author a eulogistic letter from Lord Rosebery:

A mighty nation mourns her greatest son,
Who bore the torch of progress in the van,
Leader of men, thy great life-work is done—
Reformer, Patriot, Sage, and Friend of Man!

Not only Britain mourns; from every land
There come sad tones of blended grief and praise,
For him who with unquelling heart and hand
Stood for the right through all his lengthened days:

A giant oak among the forest trees,
Strong to resist the fiercest storms that blow—
An eagle soaring till the sun he sees
And heralds brighter day to earth below.

Not on the gory fields of martial fame
His deathless deeds of chivalry were wrought;
The glory that surrounds his stately name
Was won by battles in the realms of thought.

A man of peace he life-long war maintained
That justice might oppressive wrongs displace;
The triumphs which his knightly valor gained
Were all to bless his country and his race.

To freedom's Land of Promise, rich and fair,
With peerless eloquence of tongue and pen,
Through seas of hate and deserts of men,
He made a pathway for the sons of men.

His words were swords which cut the gordian knots
Of partial laws that long held dire control;
But greater than his potent words and thoughts
The human sympathy that filled his soul.

Enthroned in lofty place of power and fame,
On that high stage he played a noble part;
Today the voices of the world proclaim
His highest place was in the people's heart.

By faith in God the power to him was given
To move right on, nor swerve for friend or foe;
He ever brought the light and strength of heaven
To do the work of earth for men below.

There's nothing in the starry heavens above,
Nor earth beneath in all her summer glory,
More beautiful than manhood, truth and love,
Wrought out and carved in deed and living story.

The name of Gladstone shall forever shed
A guiding light on the high path he trod—
A grand heroic soul in heart and head—
True to himself, his country and his God.

Ask for Minard's and take no other.

Preserve Your Teeth

And teach the Children to do so by using

**CALVERT'S
Carbolic Tooth Powder**

6d, 1s, 1s 6d and one pound, 6s Tins, or

Carbolic Tooth Paste.
6d, 1s and 1s 6d Pots.

They have the largest sale of any dentifrices
Avoid imitations, which are numerous and
unreliable.
F. C. CALVERT & CO., Manchester.

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