

boat, taking one of those people with them—sometimes a little child, sometimes an aged man, sometimes one that looked strong and well, sometimes one stricken with disease.

And so the people always knew that when the King's ferry-boat came out of the cloud across the river, some one of them would have to go away.

They would follow their friend down to the bank of the river, and say farewell, often with bitter tears; and then the boat would go over to that other side, which they could never see, carrying away some one whom they loved.

Well, you may suppose that made them very sad; for they never knew what happened to their friends when they reached the other side.

Now, the King heard about all this, and when He found how sorrowful they were He was sorry for them, too, and so one day He said to His Son, "Will you go and tell these poor people that all of those who come over in the King's ferry boat come to Me, and that although they cannot see through the cloud, they may be quite sure that all is well, and that they need not be afraid?"

So the King's Son came, and when He heard the people say, in frightened tones, "Oh, here is the King's ferry-boat again, and some of us will have to go away," He said:

"Do not be afraid, they are only going to the King. In my Father's house are many mansions; your friends will all be quite safe with Him."

Then the people were very glad, and they said, "O Prince, is that really so?"

And the King's Son said, "Yes, if it were not so, I would not have told you; let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid."

And then the people said, "We will not let the boat be black any longer; we will paint it a shining white, and we will make it beautiful with flowers, for we shall not be so sorry any more."

Then they thanked the Prince, and blessed Him, because they said, "He hath brought life and immortality to light by His Gospel."

So the King's ferry-boat still comes and goes across the river, but it is not black now as it used to be. Its colors now are white and gold, and travellers who depart carry flowers with them, and they say to those they leave behind: "Farewell until we all meet together in the palace of our King."

Well, children, I think most of you will understand the story. The King's ferry-boat sometimes comes and fetches little ones whom we know and love, but it is a white boat adorned with gold and flowers. Our little friends go away from us across the river, whose other side we cannot see; but Jesus, the King's beloved Son, has told us not to be afraid. He has gone to prepare a glorious place for all who love and serve Him on this side of the dark water. They are safe indeed yonder—no more tears, no more pain. Behind the veiling cloud there is the Father's beautiful home, and better still, the Father's loving self, waiting to receive all who love and trust Him. And of these children the dear Saviour said: "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

## Change of Climate

Not Necessary in Order to Cure Catarrh.

The popular idea that the only cure for chronic catarrh is a change of climate is a mistake, because catarrh is found in all climates in all sections of the country; and even if a change of climate should benefit for a time the catarrh will certainly return.

Catarrh may be readily cured in any climate, but the only way to do it is to destroy or remove from the system the catarrhal germs which cause all the mischief.

The treatment by inhalers, sprays, powders and washes has been proven almost useless in making a permanent cure, as they do not reach the seat of disease, which is in the blood and can be reached only by an internal remedy which acts through the stomach upon the blood and system generally.

A new discovery which is meeting with remarkable success in curing catarrh of the head, throat and bronchial tubes and also catarrh of the stomach is sold by druggists under name of Stuart's Catarrh Tablets.

These tablets, which are pleasant and harmless to take, owe their efficiency to the active medicinal principles of Blood Root, Red Gum and a new specific called Guaiacol, which together with valuable antiseptics are combined in convenient, palatable tablet form, and as valuable for children as for adults.

Mr A. R. Fernbank of Columbus, Ohio, says: "I suffered so many winters from Catarrh that I took it as a matter of course, and that nothing would cure it except a change of climate, which my business affairs would not permit me to take."

My nostrils were almost always clogged up, I had to breathe through the mouth, causing an inflamed, irritated throat. The thought of eating breakfast often nauseated me and the catarrh gradually getting into my stomach took away my appetite and digestion.

My druggist advised me to try a fifty cent box of Stuart's Catarrh Tablets, because he said he had so many customers who had been cured of Catarrh by the use of these tablets, that he felt he could honestly recommend them. I took his advice and used several boxes with results that surprised and delighted me.

I always keep a box of Stuart's Catarrh Tablets in the house and the whole family use them freely on the first appearance of a cough or cold in the head.

With our children we think there is nothing so safe and reliable as Stuart's Catarrh Tablets to ward off croup and colds, and with older people I have known of cases where the hearing had been seriously impaired by chronic catarrh cured entirely by this new remedy.

## THE FOUNTAIN THAT WOULD NOT PLAY.

"I don't know what we will do, doctor," said the nurse, her sweet face clouded with sudden perplexity; "there isn't a single vacant bed in the ward."

"One must be vacated, then, Miss Catherine," said the doctor, bluntly. "The boy was ground up as if he had been through a mill; he is on the operating table now, and in twenty minutes they will bring him up in the elevator. If there is a nurse in this hospital that I can depend on to do the impossible, it is Miss Catherine. I will tell them to send him up in twenty minutes."

"Give me a half-hour, then," said Miss Catherine, smiling faintly at the flattery, "and ask Miss Rebecca to come to my help for half of that time."

Within the half hour these two swift deft-handed nurses had cut No. 7 freshly dressed in the whitest of sheets and spreads and pillows, and a poor little maimed boy, white with exhaustion and redolent with chloroform, was laid on it, committed to the care of the angel of mercy, known in the hospital as "Miss Catherine."

"I knew you would do it, nurse," said Dr. Paulus, nodding approval to her as he sat down by his latest

Your grocer may tell you that he has something "just as good" as Monsoon. What is his object in telling you this?

"A larger profit" is the only explanation.

Insist on getting

# MONSOON

## INDO-CEYLON TEA

### When you write to your friends

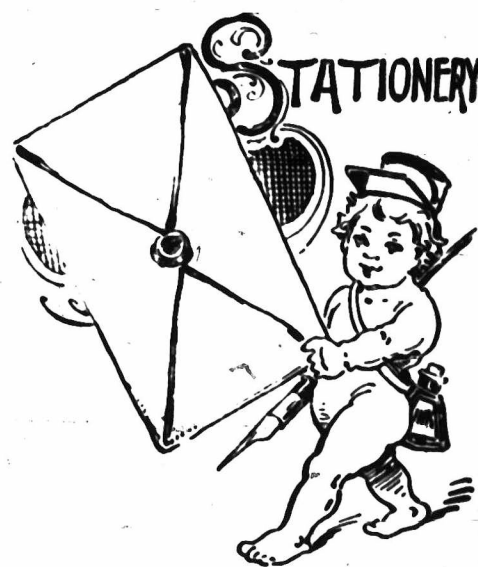
You want the latest and best stationery, for a lady is often judged by the notepaper she uses. A favorite of society is

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patient; "but what did you do with that old man?"

"He is to have a cot made up in the linen room," she answered.

"Yes, I know it is against the rules, but so it is against rules for you to bring me more patients than I have room for."

"That's all right," said the doctor. "There are some needs beyond all rules, and this little chap"—the boy was asleep, but the doctor lowered his voice—"this little chap will soon be beyond needs and rules, too."

There was a moment's silence—a tender silence. It is not true that doctors and nurses lose all feeling; they learn to control their feelings, but we who have hung upon their ministry know that the feeling is there.



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"Did you see the old man? the doctor was grateful to never fail."

"Not a word," he knew my name. He was eating one who had done it."

"Sir Paul," the doctor did not know.

"The morning nurse this sort of right."

But the chance to had taken charge of the Soldiers' room.

where a young man was in a room. He paid for the old cot, and at the first notice how has kept friends with you?"

"My name are in the you?"

"I'm pretty weakly; 't don't."

"Don't worry, my boy—that wa'n't while; we'll with a bra You know Jesus, you a body fit Is Jesus yet?"

"I don't wearily. dropped o

Old Joy In a few from the not knowi Saviour or a young s

But their Thank God boy—than there are and down: such refu Catherine

"If you old soldier me, and te and the ne was a Nev much use on," he sa he ain't lo

"Not lo gently. "Well, p'int him he can on part; John blessed M road."

And so lay open c day and Gospel c could read many ti visited th: its beaut nurse, bu turn in re

The day suffering almost fin