

To "My Boy" From "Somewhere in France"

[The following beautiful letter, taken from the "Shaftesbury Magazine," was found upon a soldier killed on the battlefield, to be opened in that event by his eldest son.]

"My Dear Son,—How dear you are to me! You will never know how hard it is for me to leave you; perhaps never to return; you can never understand unless you go through the same ordeal yourself some day, and I hope you will never have to, but if you do, face it, boy, face it bravely; do not break down. I love you with all the power of love within me, and now on the eve of my departure for war I am writing, and if I do not come back this will help you to understand why I went; why I took such a risk; why it was necessary! I count my life cheap in the scale compared with the Empire. I am a man, and being a man I could not stand by and see my country in danger and not do my best to save it.

"It may be my lot to fall and not return with the troops, and if so I would like you to always remember that I loved you better than life itself. I have looked forward to the time when you would be a little older and I would be helping you to shape your future and giving you a father's

A Minister's Evidence

**That Piles, or Hemorrhoids, Can
be Quickly Cured—A Justice
of the Peace Cured
Many Years Ago.**

Toronto, Ont. (date of issue).—There has come to us recently these two letters from prominent men who bear unquestionable testimony in regard to Dr. Chase's Ointment as a prompt and lasting cure for piles.

These men give their evidence freely because they know what it means to suffer from the tortures of piles and then be cured. They feel it a duty and a pleasure to let others know how they too may be cured.

Rev. Frank N. Bowes, Methodist Minister, Priceville, Ont., writes: "In the winter of 1912, I was stationed in Cobalt. I went for a snowshoe tramp one day, and sat for only a few minutes on a cold stump waiting for some comrades to catch up to me. From sitting on the damp stump I contracted piles, and suffered so severely that it caused me great pain to walk. A friend recommended Dr. Chase's Ointment, and I immediately purchased a small box, which very rapidly effected a cure. I always keep a box on hand and find it excellent for any kind of wound or sore."

Mr. W. B. Thorne, J.P., Alderside, Alta., writes: "It was twenty-eight years ago that I became acquainted with the merits of Dr. Chase's Ointment, and would not be without it on any account as it never fails to do its work. I was first induced to try it for piles. Less than one box cured me and I have never been troubled since. That was twenty-eight years ago, so I think the cure is permanent. It is good for sore lips and hands, chafing, and, in fact, all sorts of sores. You are at liberty to use this statement for the benefit of others."

You can put Dr. Chase's Ointment to the test in any case of piles with the utmost assurance that you will obtain relief from suffering and ultimately lasting cure. 60 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

counsel, and you would have the benefit of the years of experience I have had, we would be good friends, you and I, the best of friends! You are my eldest son, and I hope you will grow up to be as good a man as you promise to be at present. My boy, always be good to your mother, if my actions deprive you of a father you will still have one of the best of mothers; you cannot afford to neglect her; honour her and love her above all else, and you can safely rely on her counsels and judgments. Be kind and true to Grandma; she is Daddy's mother, and has a great store of wisdom for boys and girls.

"I must think of you as a boy of twelve, a big boy, a true boy, a boy who will make a man. There are three things to be true to; 1st, be true to your God; 2nd, be true to yourself; 3rd, be true to your country. You can be true to your God by obeying His commands, and carrying out His will and being kind to all His creatures. You can be true to yourself by treating yourself fair. God has given you a body to go through life; use your body in the way He would wish you to, keep your body clean, that will keep it healthy; keep your mind clean by reading good books, thinking good thoughts and doing kind acts; choose clean friends and always be friendly. Never go back on a friend; one good friend is worth a good many poor ones. In your play and daily contact with your friends and schoolfellows be clean in your conduct to them, particularly with the girls—remember you are a gentleman, and treat them like ladies. Avoid the bad ones; you cannot afford to spend time with them, that would be treating yourself unfairly.

"To get an education, God has given you a time of youth to prepare your mind. Knowledge is gained every day, but only one day at a time. You will get tired of school and you will see boys who do not try very much, and you will think that they get along just as well, but they will not, and they will perhaps find it out in time. Study your lessons each day, one day at a time, and you will find the better you know your lessons the better you will like to go to school. You will not be true to yourself unless you learn your lessons each day as they come along. You are storing up knowledge that will always be useful to you. Be true to yourself in your play; play fair or not at all. A boy who will not play fair is likely to make a man who will cheat in his business, they are both on the same road; the business comes a little farther along. You can be true to your country by being a good citizen, one ever ready to defend what is right and oppose what is wrong. As you grow to manhood you will have to decide on many questions, public questions, and take one side or the other; it is your duty to do that; decide honestly and act accordingly. In filling any office of any society or in any public capacity, do your best. This is all included in citizenship of the best kind. It is not always necessary to die for your country to save her—you can live for her; only do your duty as you see it, and you will be fulfilling your obligations.

"I have many friends upon whom you can rely for counsel and help. I cannot name them all, but only a few of my nearest and dearest ones. (Here follow names of uncles, minister and others.)

"And now, my own dear boy, may God keep you, protect you and watch over you, and make you worthy of the love bestowed upon you. You and I have each other, which is right—I know you both love your sisters and they love you. How happy you will all be. My own dear boy, I must close. I cannot express my love for you.—Your loving "FATHER."

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ROSE ISLAND

By Lilian Leveridge

CHAPTER I. (Continued.)

The closing bell had rung, and with laughter and shout the care-free thirty had filed out into sunshine and freedom. Unheeding his class-mate's half-laughing taunt, "You're going to catch it now, Robin," the miscreant bent his eyes studiously over his book, wondering how long and preachy Miss Cameron's lecture would be, and how many minutes she would keep him in. Evidently she was in no hurry to begin. North and south the last pupils had disappeared before she raised her eyes from her own book.

When at last she pushed aside the book and stood up there was not a particle of colour in her face. Robin's heart gave a little throb when he saw her take the rubber strap from its nail under the chimney, where it had hung undisturbed ever since Mr. Watson, the last teacher, had hung it there.

"Robin," she said, coming down to his seat—and her voice as she spoke sounded strained and unnatural as if she found it hard to get her breath—"Robin, I have tried by every kind and gentle means I know of to get you to learn your lessons and behave as you ought, but everything has failed. I can't allow this to go on. I must have obedience at any cost, and only this one last resort remains. If you have any excuse to make, however, I am willing to listen."

Robin thought of those exquisite moments amid the violets. Their memory would always remain with him, and even this was not too high a price to pay. Should he tell Miss

Cameron? No! What would be the use? She wouldn't understand—she wouldn't care. More than likely she would be afraid to touch a butterfly with one of her dainty white fingers. He kept silent while his teacher waited. At last she told him to stand up.

The dull, defiant flush deepened on Robin's face as the shame of it came home to him with poignant intensity. Should he stand this without protest, from a girl? He had felt the sting of that same strap more than once before, and had not flinched. But this was different. To be whipped by a girl seemed too great an indignity; he could see the instrument of torture trembling in her hand. It would be an easy thing to snatch it and fling it away—and consequently have done with the old school forever. Why shouldn't he do it?

"Robin!"
The low, tense voice and the real trouble in those eyes awoke a better impulse within him. Without a word he obeyed.

It was no light, coaxing touch that fell upon his outstretched palm, yet even as he caught his breath and set his teeth he was conscious of a greater respect for Miss Cameron than he had felt a minute ago. Weak and shrinking as she appeared, she was evidently not utterly devoid of strength or courage. Still he had no intention of suffering this humiliation a second time.

The ordeal over, with feverish haste he set about gathering all his books together.

"What are you doing?" asked Miss Cameron in a shaky voice as with both arms full he started for the door.

"I'm goin' home," he answered firmly, "and I ain't comin' back."

"Robin!" There was pain and pleading in the teacher's tone, but he

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