

## A Young Man's Face



or his sister's either, should be just as free of pimples, blotches and blackheads as his arms, chest or back. If it isn't what it should be, he can get it so by using our reliable home treatment.

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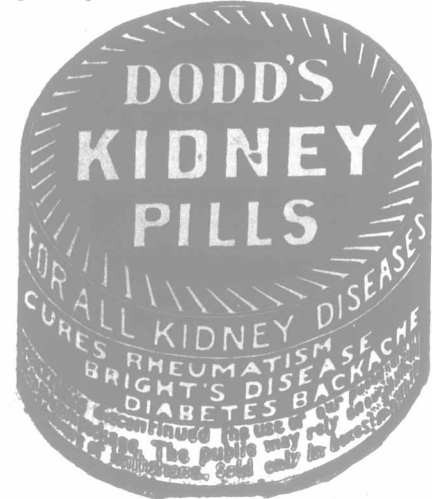
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hands, it does not come from circumstances. Christ carried with Him a wonderful peace of joy, which can be felt as an atmosphere in reading His life. The people who live in luxury are seldom as happy as those who think very little about their own comforts. Your happiest days have not been days of selfish pleasure, but days when you lived life to the full—days when your whole nature went out in eager, loving service.

So, in wishing you a Happy New Year, I don't want to give you the useless gift of idle luxury, but rather hope that each day in it may be lived for God and for others, that it may be a year rich in results. What a joy it is to know that such a life of rich beauty may blossom and bear fruit anywhere; and whenever it is growing, silently and modestly, its

glory and beauty are visible to the eyes of God and man, and its fragrance cannot be overlooked. Have you never seen women like the one described below?

"Brave little woman, trudging along  
Patiently, day after day,  
Weaving a garment of shining light  
Out of the clouds of gray;  
Bearing the burdens and vexing cares  
Like one of the saints of old—  
Making the best of a dull, hard life,  
With its miseries all untold.  
"Long have I watched her with wonder-  
ing eyes—  
Faithful, and sweet, and strong,  
Doing the work that the Master sends,  
"Making of sorrow, song;  
Questioning never the wisdom that  
asks  
Self-abnegation complete.  
Willingly treading the pathway of thorns

That leads to the Master's feet.  
"I see not the dull gray cotton gown,  
That is faded and worn and old—  
But the shining gleam of a raiment  
white,  
That glistens in every fold.  
I see not the brow that is worn and  
lined  
From the anxious, toiling years—  
But the halo divine that glorifies,  
Giving beauty for ashes and tears!  
Somewhere is waiting a fair, dear day,  
Meet for such infinite grace—  
Somewhere, oh somewhere, fruition  
shall be  
When the angel shall find her place,  
Close to the Father, and hear Him say,  
As He tenderly bids her come,  
'Out of the valley of darkness and  
toil,  
My child, thou art welcome home.'"  
HOPE.

## GLENGARRY SCHOOL DAYS.

A STORY OF EARLY DAYS IN GLENGARRY.

By Ralph Connor—Rev. C. W. Gordon.

### CHAPTER V.

#### The Crisis.

The first days of that week were days of strife. Murdie Cameron and Bob Fraser and the other big boys succeeded in keeping in line with the master's rules and regulations. They were careful never to be late, and so saved themselves the degradation of bringing an excuse. But the smaller boys set themselves to make the master's life a burden, and succeeded beyond their highest expectations, for the master was quick of temper, and was determined at all costs to exact full and prompt obedience. There was more flogging done those first six days than during any six months of Archie Munro's rule. Sometimes the floggings amounted to little, but sometimes they were serious, and when those fell upon the smaller boys, the girls would weep and the bigger boys would grind their teeth and swear.

The situation became so acute that Murdie Cameron and the big boys decided that they would quit the school. They were afraid the temptation to throw the master out would some day be more than they could bear, and for men who had played their part, not without credit, in the Scotch River fights, to carry out the master would have been an exploit hardly worthy of them. So, in dignified contempt of the master and his rules, they left the school after the third day.

Their absence did not help matters much; indeed, the master appeared to be relieved, and proceeded to tame the school into submission. It was little Jimmie Cameron who precipitated the crisis. Jimmie's nose, upon which he relied when struggling with his snickers, had an unpleasant trick of failing him at critical moments, and of letting out explosive snorts of the most disturbing kind. He had finally been warned that upon his next outburst punishment would fall.

It was Friday afternoon, the drowsy hour just before recess, while the master was explaining to the listless Euclid class the mysteries of the forty-seventh proposition, that suddenly a snort of unusual violence burst upon the school. Immediately every eye was upon the master, for all had heard and had noted his threat to Jimmie.

"James, was that you, sir?" There was no answer, except such as could be gathered from Jimmie's very red and very shamed face.

"James, stand up!" Jimmie wriggled to his feet, and stood a heap of various angles.

"Now, James, you remember what I promised you? Come here, sir!"

Jimmie came slowly to the front, growing paler at each step, and stood with a dazed look on his face before the master. He had never been thrashed in all his life. At home the big brothers might cuff him good-naturedly, or his mother thump him

on the head with her thimble, but a serious whipping was to him an unknown horror.

The master drew forth his heavy black strap with impressive deliberation and ominous silence. The preparations for punishment were so elaborate and imposing that the big boys guessed that the punishment itself would not amount to much. Not so Jimmie. He stood numb with fear and horrible expectation. The master lifted up the strap.

"James, hold out your hand!" Jimmie promptly clutched his hand behind his back.

"Hold out your hand, sir, at once!" No answer.

"James, you must do as you are told. Your punishment for disobedience will be much severer than for laughing." But Jimmie stood, pale, silent, with his hands tight clasped behind his back.

The master stepped forward, and grasping the little boy's arm, tried to pull his hand to the front; but Jimmie, with a roar like that of a young bull, threw himself flat on his face on the floor and put his hands under him. The school burst into a laugh of triumph, which increased the master's embarrassment and rage.

"Silence!" he said, "or it will be a worse matter for some of you than for James."

Then turning his attention to Jimmie, he lifted him from the floor and tried to pull out his hand. But Jimmie kept his arms folded tight across his breast, roaring vigorously the while, and saying over and over, "Go away from me! Go away from me, I tell you! I'm not taking anything to do with you."

The big boys were enjoying the thing immensely. The master's rage was deepening in proportion. He felt it would never do to be beaten. His whole authority was at stake.

"Now, James," he reasoned, "you see you are only making it worse for yourself. I cannot allow any disobedience in the school. You must hold out your hand."

But Jimmie, realizing that he had come off best in the first round, stood doggedly sniffing, his arms still folded tight.

"Now, James, I shall give you one more chance. Hold out your hand!" Jimmie remained like a statue.

Whack! came the heavy strap over his shoulders. At once Jimmie set up his refrain, "Go away from me, I tell you! I'm not taking anything to do with you!"

Whack! whack! whack! fell the strap with successive blows, each heavier than the last. There was no longer any laughing in the school. The affair was growing serious. The girls were beginning to sob, and the bigger boys to grow pale.

"Now, James, will you hold out your hand? You see how much worse you are making it for yourself," said the master, who was

heartily sick of the struggle, which he felt to be undignified, and the result of which he feared was dubious.

But Jimmie only kept up his cry, now punctuated with sobs, "I'm not—taking—anything—to—do—with—you."

"Jimmie, listen to me," said the master. "You must hold out your hand. I cannot have boys refusing to obey me in this school." But Jimmie caught the entreaty in his tone, and knowing that the battle was nearly over, kept obstinately silent.

"Well, then," said the master, suddenly, "you must take it," and lifting the strap, he laid it with such sharp emphasis over Jimmie's shoulders that Jimmie's voice rose in a wilder roar than usual, and the girls burst into audible weeping.

Suddenly, above all the hubbub, rose a voice, clear and sharp.

"Stop!" It was Thomas Finch, of all people, standing with face white and tense, and regarding the master with steady eyes.

The school gazed thunderstruck at the usually slow and stolid Thomas.

"What do you mean, sir?" said the master, gladly turning from Jimmie. But Thomas stood silent, as much surprised as the master at his sudden exclamation.

He stood hesitating for a moment, and then said, "You can thrash me in his place. He's a little chap, and has never been thrashed."

The master misunderstood his hesitation for fear, pushed Jimmie aside, threw down his strap, and seized a birch rod.

"Come forward, sir! I'll put an end to your insubordination, at any rate. Hold out your hand!"

Thomas held out his hand till the master finished one birch rod.

"The other hand, sir!"

Another birch rod was used up, but Thomas neither uttered a sound nor made a move till the master had done, then he asked in a strained voice, "Were you going to give Jimmie all that, sir?"

The master caught the bitter sneer in the tone, and lost himself completely.

"Do you dare to answer me back?" he asked. He opened his desk, took out a rawhide, and without waiting for a word from his hand, began to lay the rawhide about Thomas's shoulders and legs, till he was out of breath.

"Now, perhaps you will learn your place, sir," said the master, and then he said to Thomas, looking at him steadily in the eye, "You are welcome. And I'll give you a rawhide whenever you show that insolent face."

The silent laugh which followed this brutal speech was as wince as he had not seen the terrible thrashing which had not a word to say.

(To be continued.)