

THE  
**DOMINION  
BANK**  
PAYS SPECIAL ATTENTION TO  
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Interest Compounded four times a year.

**DIVIDEND No. 4**  
THE  
**HOME BANK  
of Canada**  
Notice is hereby given that a Dividend at the rate of SIX PER CENT per annum upon the paid-up Capital Stock of the Home Bank of Canada has been declared for the Half-year, ending November 30th, 1907 and that the same will be payable at the Head Office and Branches of the Bank on and after Monday the second day of December next.

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 16th to the 30th of November prox., both days inclusive.  
By order of the Board.  
Toronto, October 23rd, 1907.

**JAMES MASON,**  
General Manager.

**The Pioneer  
Trusts Corporation  
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After twenty-five years' successful management of trusts of every description the Corporation confidently offers its services as  
ADMINISTRATOR  
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LIQUIDATOR or  
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to those requiring a trustworthy and efficient medium to undertake such duties.

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**EAGLE AND RAIL LECTERNS,**  
Altar Rails, Crosses, Vases, Desks, etc., Candle sticks, Vesper Lights, Memorial Brasces, Chandeliers, and Gas Fixtures, Communion Services made or refinished. Electrical Contractors.

**CHADWICK BROS.**  
Show Room, 193 East King St., Hamilton.  
Factory, Oak Ave., near Barton St.  
Send for Catalogue

**MENLUY BELL COMPANY.**  
22, 24 & 26 RIVER ST., 177 BROADWAY,  
TROY, N. Y., NEW YORK.  
Manufacture Superior  
CHURCH, CHIME, SCHOOL & OTHER  
**BELLS.**

In answering any advertisement it is desirable you should mention The Canadian Churchman.

most desirable, I am sure—for such people as live out here, but I am not like them. I would not live amongst them, only the house happens to be my own, and I have such associations with it that I cannot make up my mind to leave it. All who ever belonged to me have died beneath this roof, and now I am left to live on here alone."

"That seems sad," said the visitor, her voice soft with sympathy, "but happily no one need be really lonely; there are always those around us who want our help. I've just seen that poor crippled woman next door. Isn't it wonderful how cheerful she is?"

"I know nothing about her," said Miss Peabody, coldly.  
"No! And yet she is your neighbour!"

"Oh, indeed, I don't look upon these people as neighbours. It is my misfortune that I have to live amongst them."

A shadow fell on the face of the other lady.

"It might make a great difference to them that you lived here," she said.  
"May I leave this card? If you do not care to attend yourself you might induce some one else to do so."

"Why, yes, I'll send Mary Jane," said Miss Peabody, brightening, "I'd be thankful if anything would do her good. That girl is a perfect torment, so heedless, so idle, so impertinent. So ungrateful, too, for what I've done for her. She hasn't a soul belonging to her and was almost in rags when she came to me."

"Poor girl," said the lady involuntarily. Miss Peabody looked at her with some suspicion, but her smile was full of kindness as she passed on her way.

Mary Jane was willing enough to embrace the opportunity of an extra outing in the following week. She went to the Mission service and returned punctually at nine. As she let her in Miss Peabody noticed that her eyelids were red.

"What's the matter, Mary Jane?" she asked sharply; "you've been crying."

"No, Mum—yes, Mum, I mean," faltered the little maid, her tears gathering anew, "but it's not because I'm unhappy, Mum."

"Did you like the service?" inquired her mistress.

"Oh Mum, it was just lovely," said Mary Jane fervently. "There was a lady who sang beautifully, and she spoke to me, and said she knew you and had called at this house."

"So she was there," said Miss Peabody. "What was the text, Mary Jane?"

"One there is Who loves thee," said the little domestic.

"That's no text," replied her mistress; "those words are not in the Bible."

"It's Gospel truth, though," responded Mary Jane astutely, "and the preacher didn't talk of nothing else but love. It's made me so happy to think that there's One who loves a poor girl like me."

Miss Peabody looked at her Abigail in astonishment.

"You don't mean that you have been converted, Mary Jane?" she said.

#### THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH

Professor Hart, who is 73 Years of Age, has found it in a Wheat Diet.

In an instructive article on the Secret of Longevity, contributed by several leading English and American scientists, considerable space is devoted to Professor Herbert H. Hart, an Englishman, who believes he has found the fountain of youth. He is 73 years of age, and his hair and beard are white, but these are the only signs of age upon him. It is claimed that if his body were found to-day in a railroad accident, with the head missing, it would be set down by the police as belonging to a man of 35 years of age. The writer goes on to say: "Yet Professor Hart was once dying of a wasting disease. He had lived, like the rest of us, on whatever the baker gives us in the way of bread, and the restaurant sees fit to serve. He was fifty years old. The doctors having nothing better to suggest, advised travel. A few months of wandering brought him to Judea, where a sprained ankle made him dependent for several days upon the hospitality of a Jewish woman.

"At first he was afraid he would starve to death before he could move on. The woman ate nothing but wheat cakes made from flour ground in a little hand-mill, which had not been improved since the time of Methuselah. On these cakes Professor Hart lived a week, and, instead of dying he found himself stronger than he had been in many months.

"He had learned his lesson, and has lived on similar food ever since."

Professor Hart believes the bread made of ordinary flour is almost wholly starch and of little nutritive value. The civilized world he thinks is suffering from lack of nutrition, though the white man eats more to-day than ever before. He points to Methuselah as an object lesson in favor of proper diet. Methuselah's meals were prepared in the primitive way. The flour for his bread was ground by the little hand-mills you now see in Judea and baked in the primitive ovens. It did not have all the nourishing part extracted leaving only the starch for Methuselah's consumption. Had this been done, the world would never have heard of "the oldest man." Instead, his food was the wheat as nature intended it to be eaten. And the best source of brain, muscle and nerve nourishment is unquestionably wheat.

Physicians in examining Professor Hart marvel at the condition of his arteries, which show very little sign of the hardening of old age. Such sclerosis as there is Professor Hart says occurred before he discovered the natural diet. From year to year, his arteries are growing softer instead of harder according to his observation.

In this connection it may be pointed out that Shredded Whole Wheat is the purest form in which this life giving diet can be eaten. It is made of the choicest Canadian wheat, cleaned, steam-cooked, shredded and baked in the most hygienic factory in the world. It is the Whole Wheat and

nothing but the wheat—nothing added and nothing taken away.

Try the Biscuit with milk or cream. You will find it not only a healthy, wholesome food, but a palatable one as well.

"I don't know about that," said Mary Jane; "but I do mean to be a better girl and to do my work as well as possible. I'm going to try to love you, too, for I've no one else to love."

"Oh, really!" Miss Peabody was not as grateful as she might have been.

"Put on your cap, Mary Jane; your actions will soon show whether you have any affection for me."

"Yes, Mum," said Mary Jane as she pinned on the grubby morsel of muslin which was her badge of service. Miss Peabody withdrew to the dining-room, astonished.

Her astonishment was still greater on the morrow, when Mary Jane was remarkably energetic and did her work so well that her mistress could find no fault with it. As a reward she was allowed to go again to the Mission.

Martha Peabody felt sad and lonely as she sat by herself that evening. She could almost envy the little maid who had seemed so happy all day, singing from time to time, "One there is who loves thee." Her past life came back vividly to her. She remembered that the morrow would be her birthday, and recalled what that day used to mean for her. Now there was no one to wish her "many happy re-

#### Bank of Toronto



**THE LARGE RESOURCES** and **RESERVE FUND** of this Bank, together with the experience of over 50 years of business, make it a safe and satisfactory depository for  
**SAVED MONEY.**

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**Interest is added to all.**  
**Balances 4 times a year.**

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**Reserve - - \$4,500,000**  
**Assets - - \$38,000,000**

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Incorporated - 1855

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