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THE BISHOP OF ALGOMA'S LETTER TO CHILDREN.

My Dear Children:—

Do you know about our Algoma Indian homes at Sault Ste Marie? Do you ever think about the Indian boys and girls who are being trained there? Do you wonder how the money is got to train them?

Mr. King, the principal, has just reported to me that there are at present in these homes 65 Indian children (52 boys and 13 girls). They are of various tribes, Ojibway, Delaware, Iroquois, Mohawk, Cree and Pottawattamie. They are learning not only to read and write, but to work in various ways. The girls are taught to sew and to do housework, and the boys to do farming, shoemaking and carpenter work. Many of the children are motherless; some have neither father nor mother, and, ah, when they enter the school, are more or less pitiable by reason of their ignorance and unfitness for life. When they leave the Home most of them are capable of earning an honest livelihood side by side with their white brethren.

For every child admitted to the Home, \$75 are needed in addition to the grant made by the Government. For the 65 children now in the Home nearly \$5,000 has to be raised annually. No wonder it is hard to keep the work alive! No wonder there is almost always a large debt hanging over us!

It is a costly work, but it is a blessed one. These children in their native state, amidst the filth and poverty of their aimless roving life, have little chance of becoming happy and useful men and women. It is largely by such means as are provided in the Shingwauk and Wawanosh homes, that they are transformed into civilized and Christian people.

I shall be much surprised, my dear children, if after you have considered all this you do not feel it to be your duty and your privilege to help this good work.

I know you are already helping such work in Lent. Send your offerings then to the Domestic and Foreign Mission Board for Indian Homes in general—that is all over the Dominion. I do not wish you to stop doing that. I would gladly see you do more in that direction. But I wish you also to do something in particular for your own Indian homes in Algoma.

And what better time could there be for such a work than the seasons of Advent and Christmas?

Will you not each of you give a trifle—even if it be but a cent or two—on each Sunday in Advent, i.e., on the four Sundays next before Christmas? The best way to give it will be in your class at Sunday school. And then on Christmas Day all that is given may be offered in Church with a prayer for God's blessing; and afterwards it may be sent to Mr. King, at Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.

I hope each child and every

Sunday school in the diocese will do something in response to this request.

Believe me, my dear children, Very faithfully your friend and Bishop,

GEORGE ALGOMA. Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.

The Secret of Strength

The blood is the medium through which every part of the body receives its nutriment, and as this nutriment is extracted from the blood while it is passing through minute vessels at the extremities of the arteries, it is evident that in order to have health and strength of body there should be a full and free distribution of this fluid to all the parts, and it must be pure and rich in its flesh and muscle making qualities. So important is the blood to health, and even the existence of our bodies, it was said by the ancients, "The blood of the body is the life."

Disease has no effect on persons who have a sufficient quantity of rich and pure blood. It only acts on those whose blood is watery, impoverished or impure. For example, if a man whose blood is in good condition meet with an accident and get bruised, burned or cut, it soon heals up and is forgotten; but if his blood is poor and bad, his bruise may turn into a cancer, and his burn or cut into the worst kind of an ulcer, that may eat his life away in a few years. One of the first signs of disease is weakness, emaciation and lack of vitality, and the first sign of returning health is increased flesh, strength and vigor. This weakness, emaciation, and lack of vitality simply means that certain substances which go to make up the blood and nerves have become exhausted, and to renew flesh, muscle and strength these substances must be restored. DR. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD is composed of the same kind of substances that are lacking in the impoverished blood and nerves when in poor health, and abundant in the rich juices that flow through the entire system when in perfect health.

If people would take this food occasionally when in health to keep their blood and nerves in good condition, many spells of sickness and wasting diseases may be prevented, and there would be little left for doctors to do. It makes sick people well, puts solid flesh and muscle on thin people, gives strength to weak people, restores the lost vitality to nervous people and imparts the tone of health to pale and sallow people.

Disease Germs.

Disease germs only affect those whose vitality has become low, and very old and very young people. You can pass through an epidemic of grip, typhoid fever, and even small-pox if you have plenty of pure and rich blood and strong nerves. DR. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD is composed of iron and the different salts and phosphates that go to make up new, rich blood and nerve force, in their most active and condensed

form. It is the greatest muscle and flesh-maker known. Each dose means new life, vitality and strength.

An Ounce of Blood

The loss of an ounce of blood each day would wreck the strongest constitution, and to gain an ounce of pure, rich blood each day, as can be done by taking DR. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD, you can build up the weakest and most delicate person. This preparation, by building up the system, cures all diseases arising from poor and watery blood and shattered nerves. It increases the action of the heart, the circulation of the blood, and makes new nerve force very rapidly. Each dose of it means new life, vitality and strength. Weigh yourself before taking it. 50 cents a box, 6 boxes for \$2.50, at all dealers or Edman-son, Baes & Company, Toronto.

THE SQUIRREL'S PARTY.

Beneath a large elm tree, which is in front of their house, Mary Allen has a hammock swung. The elm tree is the home of many squirrels, who dart back and forth from it in all directions. They are quite tame, and sometimes stop awhile on the fence which is under the tree. Mary loves to watch them as she lies in her hammock, slowly swinging back and forth.

She often puts some nuts on the fence, and these the squirrels carry away into their nests.

Once Mary put an ear of corn on the fence, and watched to see what would be done. Pretty soon a fine old squirrel slid down the tree, and after looking at the corn, tried to carry it off, but it was too heavy. He was not to be discouraged, however, but commenced eating off the kernels of corn. This made the ear much lighter, and he was finally able to get the rest of it to his hiding place.

Then a funny thing happened. Mary saw the squirrels from all parts of the tree running to the hole into which the corn had been taken, and she thought the old squirrel was having a party, with the corn for refreshments!

Mary knows that the squirrels need water, and she often puts a shallow dish of water on the fence, and is rewarded by seeing the little fellows come to it for a drink.

We read of squirrels who cross a river by jumping on a piece of bark and putting their bushy tails up in the air for a sail. Who taught the squirrels this?

It was God, who also teaches this little animal, as well as many others, to lay by in summer a store of food for winter. If he refuses to do this, he must suffer and perhaps die. In the same way, children, you must now lay up a store of knowledge and good habits. You will need both when you are older.

We sometimes hear boys say they don't want to go to school, or they don't want to study this or that branch of knowledge. That means they don't want to provide for the future. Do not be less wise than the animals are!

ONLY A LETTER.

It is impossible to estimate the good that may spring from one little act of kindness. It may be only a word, a stray thought, or a trifling

favour, but it often carries a blessing to one who thinks himself friendless.

I have not forgotten the circumstance of a young man in the army who received no letters, and when his comrade saw the tears fill his eyes when the mail arrived, he wrote home to his mother and told her of his orphan comrade.

"Mother," he wrote, "do write to him; and as his mother is dead, do mother him a little."

Very quickly a letter came to the young man. As it was handed he said, "It is not for me. I have no one that cares enough for me to write."

But when he opened it and saw, "My dear son," he bowed his head and wept like a child. Then lifting his face, beaming with smiles, he said, "I have got a mother."

WHAT THE MAY BASKET BROUGHT.

"See my new ball!" said Arthur, as he held it up.

"I wish you'd give it to me!" said Bert, who lived next door.

"Well, I guess not!" replied Arthur. Then he put his new ball in his pocket, and began to toss up the old one.

"Humph!" said Bert to himself.

Then he turned into his own yard.

"I won't play with that stingy thing another minute!" he said to himself. "I wonder if he's forgotten who lent him skates last winter, and who helped him out on his examinations; I'd like to know if wasn't by a fellow by the name of Bert Hazelton? But all the 'com'dations he'll get from me now, he can put into a thimble and that's all I have to say about it."

Bert went into the house, and taking from the old secretary the May Basket he had planned to hang for Arthur that night, said to his mother, who was in the room:

"I'm going to give this to Flora Barnes. I'd rather hang two for her than one for Arthur. He won't let me touch that old ball of his he's just bought."

"I should think that it would be a new ball if it has just been bought," said his mother. "But we must not judge one another. There may have been some reason why Arthur would not let you take his ball."

That evening, just after Bert came home from hanging the May Basket, his own door-bell rang with a loud ring. With a scream of delight, just as loud, he ran to the door. The May Basket was the largest one he had ever seen, but he did not step to make so much noise on the sidewalk.

He went back to the house, all out of breath. He looked into the May Basket, which was made of pretty pink and white tissue paper that just matched the pink and white arbutus blossoms that nestled within.

But it was not at these fragrant flowers that he was looking. O, no! He seemed to see but one thing, and that was a new ball he had last seen in Arthur's hand.