fine tea. tea --- "hille freshness l packages.

was not the easild to look after. tender years, an

at the last time n her story, Tom ht in front of the e had found "how as nowhere to be

ed up, and ran to t, but no sign of Perhaps he had without her noticew. Mother was , having come out

matter, Hilda, is the little girl, ed ran up the gar-

om in the house? d he was here a

'minute ago'?"

shed the chapter,

at once and look ot in the house"; lancing around, one. With whom

ink." quickly, and see with him."

second telling, for and mother looked

"Dr. Dopem" for tevery little scare

to feed you and your ncoctions that you gly give to a dog-her day in ignorance facts about "com-

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little truant. Somehow, she could not help feeling anxious, though she told herself that surely he could not have gone far.

missing, she became seriously alarm- little tramps.

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St. Lawrence season of 1912.

ties suggested themselves to her mind, though she tried to keep calm and to give instructions to the others. One was left on duty at home, while the rest started off to look in all likely and unlikely places for the missing chil-

ed, and all sorts of dreadful possibili-

Just as Hilda was starting, she spied her father coming up the street, and ran to meet him, ca'ling:

"Tom is lost, father!" and panted penitently as she drew nearer, "It's all my fault."

Mr. Meyer only waited to hear just how things stood, and went at once to inform the police; for the City by the Sea held many dangers for such youthful wandcrers, as, beside the risk wharves, and the Park lake not far ing hard. away; yet, like his wife, he hoped their fears would soon be set at rest.

But it was not to be. All through the long hot afternoon the families of party to-night?" the children, with their friends and neighbours, searched, coming back to the house at intervals to see if anything had been heard of them.

Poor little Hilda was like some wild thing, and about five o'clock returned once more with her father, only to hear the same discouraging words-"No tidings yet."

It seemed as if she could not move another step, and her father did Meanwhile Mrs. Meyer prepared to everything short of insisting—for he go out, should Hilda fail to bring the understood the sensitive, imaginative nature—to coax her to stay quiet for a while; but, being a bit of a Spartan, off she started with him again.

They had only just rounded the street corner when they were met by However, when Hilda came back a procession of boys of the neighbourwith the word that Tony, too, was hood, triumphantly carrying the two

> Little Tom spied them at once and held out his arms to his father, and, somehow, as Hilda, half crying, followed them up the garden path, there flashed into her mind—"And when He found it He layeth it on His shoulders, rejoicing"; and a big lump came in her throat.

long the family were all at home; the for one day? but what made you ask?" mother, crying and laughing by turns, "O, only that, in the lesson, when and hugging her wee laddie for pure the sheep was found they called their

The poor little chap looked actually thin from his wanderings, for he had been found in the lower part of the town, more than a mile from home, hand in hand with his little chum, his hat gone, likewise the cart, "which," he said "I los' in de into bed.

one had paid much attention to Hilda; tears. their service. Boating, merry-go-round, fishing, etc. Phone Main 2965, or write. TORONTO FERRY CO., Bay St. Wharf supper, her mother found her curled quieted the poor child, and they had a Ointment is applied.

BAKIE POMDER THE STANDARD AND FAVORITE BRAND. MADE IN CANADA CONTAINS NO ALUM

of crossing streets, there were the up in a big armchair, evidently think- little talk as she helped her to get to

in and said, suddenly:

"Mother, are you going to have a

Muscles Useless Without Nerve Force

Perhaps you are not quite clear on the relation of the nerves to the rest He wanted me to remember always." the body. Through the nerve fibres, which extend through countless branches to every nook and corner of the human system, is conveyed the motive power which operates the various organs.

There could be no breathing, no beating of the heart, no flow of the digestive fluids, no action of any muscle or organ of the body without nerve force. Consequently, when the nervous system becomes exhausted there is complete collapse of the body, the different stages of which are described as nervous prostration, locomotor ataxia and paralysis.

ness, indigestion and other warning symptoms first appear. A few weeks' to revitalize the wasted nerve cells lasting Fold. and restore health and vigour.

"A party, dear! Don't you think Death Follows The good news soon spread, and ere we have had quite enough excitement

> friends and neighbours together and that's a party, isn't it?"

"Not exactly, just a custom of that country, dear; but, indeed, I think all our good friends and neighbours do rejoice with us to-night. Don't you?" "Yes, mother but, do you know, I've been thinking that if it is, as water"-a statement which made his Miss Johnson says, we really stray mother shudder. But except that he from the Good Shepherd when we are had seen a big boat and a man had careless, then I was the one who gave told him to "go home" the child all the trouble, and not Iom; for he could tell very little of his expedition, did not know any better, and it was and as soon as posible was tucked all my fault; and what if they had never found him!" she added, with a There had been so much excite- kind of gulp, for then the pent-up failed. ment at Tom's home-coming that no feelings gave way and she burst into

but after their somewhat irregular. Gently the mother comforted and

bed, when the mother tried to explain She looked up as her mother came that all the anxious time they had had was the tender Shepherd's way of seeking to show that He would have all His children faithful, even in little things. And Hilda grasped it, at least in part, for she said as she laid her weary little head on her pillow: "That must be the meaning of the lesson hymn-

> " 'Perverse and foolish oft I strayed, But yet in love He sought me.'

"I have so often been careless, and

Then, unable to get it all quite distinct, and thinking again of her father and Little Tom, she added,

"And on His shoulder gently laid. And home rejoicing brought me'" while somehow, to the mother's heart, as she kissed her little girl goodnight, there came a deeper realization of the Good Shepherd's love for all His lambs; and with a quiet, heartfelt thanksgiving for His special The time to use such restorative care of her dear ones, she breathed treatment as Dr. Chase's Nerve Food a prayer for all wanderers that night, is when the headaches, sleepless- and asked that at the great Homecoming her own precious flock might persistent treatment is then sufficient be forever gathered safe in His Ever-Lillian Brock.

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Surgery is the fad in medical treatment, and many doctors still recommend a surgical operation for piles. Too often the results are fatal to the patient and even when the operation is a success there is not always a

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Disease and Drugs

ook of Secrets of m modern medicine professional secrecy e-long imposition on ance of things they