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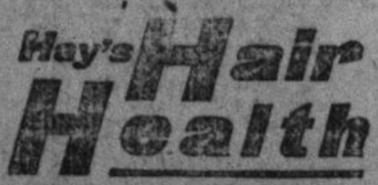
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L. T. BEST. T. J. HOAG.

REV. MILES BYRNE AT WORK IN HIS curate. PARISH.

Worked Out to Help the Cause.

By H. A. Hinkson in The Treasury. When the Reverend Miles Byrne came to Ballyduff as curate to Father Theophilus (Daly he found many things, to his way of tainking, amiss in the parish. The young people were leaving Ballyduff for America, and soon only the old and the inn m would be left. If this unhappy state of things were not quickly checked it would be a bad day for the parish of Ballyduff. Father Byrne thought anxiously over the problem, and at | last came to the conclusion that he had solved it, at least in part. He had noticed that the vast majority of those who emigrated were unmarried boys and girls. The married were much more likely to remain at home, partly because two tickets to America cost more than one and partly because the domestic interests of married people, and even their quarrels, left them less leisure for listening to the fairy tales told of the wealth and prosperity to be found in America.

more convinced Father Byrne became that early marriage was the antidote to the evil of emigration, and since he had come to Ballyduff, six months ago, there had been only one marriage solemnized in the parish, and both the contracting parties had been over sixty married we shall soon stem the tide of emi- book, he heard a knock at the door, and his clesiastical superior. But Father Daly shook his head with a smile at his curate's optimism. "Go easy, Miles, my boy," he answered. "You know what they say of priests' marriages. Let them alone and mate as they please. There's no good comes of interfering in such things. The only thanks you'll get will be the blame if it doesn't turn out well. Let them make their own marriages. I burned my fingers once-a long time ago. They were a likely couple, and willing enough when I put the thought of marriage into their heads, instead of letting it come there of its own accord. It turned out badly. The boy ran away to America before two years, and the only thanks I got was a letter from him asking me to look after his wife and child as he had married her to mease me. That's I do for you?" all the thanks you'll get for meddling in their !

The curate's ardour was somewhat damped by this prosaic ending to the idyll of priest's match-making, but that after all was an extreme case, and not likely to recur Besides he was young and his superior old and old methods had been tried and found wanting in Ballyduff. Half a dozen weddings, and half a dozen newly married couples settled down in the parish would soon convince Father Daly that, after all, he had been right. He would argue no more until he could produce conclusive evidence. Father Daly smiled, deceived by his curate's silence and thinking that he had found another plan or the amelioration of the parish, antil one lay he noticed a suppressed air of triumph ind a vivid excitement in Fither Byrne's manner. "What's the matter now, Miles, my boy?" he asked. "Have you found the fairies crock of gold or the philosopher's stone, or

matrimonial affairs.'

"Neither the one nor the other," answered Father Byrne, "though maybe it's better than either. It's three years, isn't it, since there was a wedding in the parish, except old Joe Malone, and he doesn't count."

"He was properly married, anyway, for married him myself," rejoined Father Daly. "To be sure you did, and you'll have another to marry this month. What do you think of that?"-and the curate's voice was

"Who is it?" asked the parish priest, somewhat excited, it must be admitted, by the "Pat Kinsella and Nora O'Brien."

"Why, Pat's only a lad, and as for Nora t's only the other day when I christened

"That was before my time," retorted the curate, laughing; "and, anyway, wora is a fine slip of a girl and was eighteen last Michaelmas, and Pat will be twenty before Christ-

"He may be," responded the par sh priest but they're both very young to take so much

"Maybe they'd never take it if they grew older, but be leggin' it off to America, like tell you what to do. Both of you come to the rest," responded Father Byrne.

"I hope, Miles, that it isn't you that's been putting marriage into their heads?" Father Daly asked anxiously. "Oh, it was there, right enough," the curate inswered lightly; "all I did was to bring it

out. Pat and Nora are breaking the ice. We'll have weddings galore after this," "Maybe, maybe; but I hope there won't be Gray Hair to its Natural anything else broken-their hearts, for in-

now unduly unreasonable. He was secretly Kinsella standing at the door. Beside him glad that he had fixed the matter up between was a pail full of water and a mop. Pat and Nora before they had had an oppor- "So you got the mop, Pat," remarked Father life. The book is being rediscovered, not tunity of consulting the parish priest, and he Daly, was grateful to the dentist who had kept Father Daly out of the parish for a week

onger than had been expected.

On the following Sunday there was a thrill of excitement amongst the congregation when the names of Pat Kinsella and Nora ing to the mop and the pail. O'Brien were called out and their banns Nora was kneeling in a dark corner of th published. Three weeks later as handsome church. She had a shawl over her head ar and happy a couple as ever was seen was her face was flushed as though she had been joined together in the bonds of matrimony, weeping, but Pat's face was still sullen and Father Byrne's face beamed with joy, and if determined. "Kneel down there, both of Father Daly had any misgivings he did not you," said Father Daly, "and take the shawl reveal them. Let them believe, as Father off your head, Nora." So the young husband Byrne told them, that marriages were made and the young wife knelt down before the in heaven to give a foretaste of heaven upon chancel rails as they had knelt on their wed earth. So he gave them his blessing and ding day, about six months before. Father hade them to be good children and love and Daly dipped the map in the pail and then be patient with one another. The curate put it on Pat's head, until the water ran or was triumphant. The luck of priestemade of it down his neck. Pat shivered but said marriages had changed at last, and if any one nothing. But when the mop was placed or and Nora Kinsella and their trim little cot be to God, my best dress'll be destroyed." tage on the hillside. Father Byrne watched Father Daly put the mop in the pail, and possible this cure. It feeds the over them with more than a fatherly care opening his breviary began to repeat his res, induces sleep, quickens the and each time he visited them he returned office, walking up and down the church.

The island of Aldabra, to the north-west of church, near the wretched village of K isn't a couple so edifying in the whole town kneeling together, he took the mop from the Madagascar, is becoming smaller and smaller Tur, has been declared the true spot.

"But isn't it better that they should live in harmony than at discord?" exclaimed

"Of course it is if it's real harmony," answeted Father Daly, "but if you are always Aropping in on them you don't give them the the chance for natural development. Are they Young People at Home-The Plan He never to have a quarrel and a making-up like other good people?"

There's too much quarrelling in the parish as it is," returned Father Byrne. "Do you suppose Nora and Pat will never

'I suppose they will, but if I can I'll pre-

vent it as long as possible." "Well, give them a chance, Miles, my boy, and let them get used to one another. In this limate of ours it's unnatural to have always

a cloudless sky."

Now, had Father Byrne continued his guardianship of the two proteges there might have been nothing in the story of Pat and Nora Kinsella worth recording, but like most people the curate of Ballyduff was human, and in his turn needed a holiday. About six months after the marriage of Pat Kinsella and Nora O'Brien, Father Daly sat reading in his study. It was a chilly October night, with a hatsh east wind blowing through the casement. A few days before Father Byrne had left Ballyduff for Buxton to spend his annual vacation. The priest paused in his The more he throught about the matter the reading to throw a log on the fire. "'Tis little good Miles will get out of his heliday if he has weather like this," he muttered. 'Tis better after all to be an old man and take one's holiday by his own fiteside. What do you say, old fellow?" and he bent down and patted the head of the Irish terrier which "If we can induce the boys and girls to get lay at his feet. As he turned again to his ousekeeper entered.

"There's Pat Kinsella outside, Father, aid she, "and no matter what I say to him ne won't go away until he sees your rever-

"Well, why shouldn't he, Mary?" asked the priest. "Maybe its another wedding he's ome to tell me of. It'll break Father Byrne's heart if it is and he away." "It isn't weddin's is in his mind, Father, by

the look of him," Mrs. Kennedy answered, "it's more like funerals I'm thinkin." "Well, show him in," said the priest, resignedly laying down his book. The next moment a tall, good-looking youth, with a fair, flushed face, stood confronting the priest with a look of mingled shyhess and rebellion.

"It is to undo, I came to ax your riverence," returned Kinsella, nervously twisting his felt hat in his fingers.

"To undo, Pat!" exclaimed Father Daly. "Yes, your riverence," Kinsella went on, quickly finding his tongue. "You married me and Nora, didn't you, Father?"

"Yes, of course I did, and there was no impediment. You're married right enough. You need have no doubts about it." Pat moved uneasily. "It isn't about that I was thinkin', Father," he said, "but I thought maybe that as you had married us, you could unmarry us as well."

"Unmarry you!"

"Yes, your riverence." Father Daly's eye twinkled. In all his experience he had never been asked to un marry people before. He thought of his cur- Daly resumed his office. ate, and wished him home again. "So you, want to be unmarried, do you?" he asked.

"Yes, Father." "And what about Nora, does she want to be unmarried, too?" "Faith she does, your riverence, just a much as me," and Kinsella spoke with sup

"How long have you been married, Pat "A matter of six months or more, Father." "And you're tired of each other already? asked the priest.

"Well, it was a foolish marriage. Sure we were too young to know our own minds; not that I'm blamin' Father Miles for it. Sure what did he know about such things, small the best, but he didn't know Nora"

"And he didn't know you either, Pat. An so you both wish to be unmarried?" "We'll be main thankful To your riverence -Nora is more on for it than me, and we've

both made up our minds.' "Hadn't you better wait until Father Byrn comes back?" asked Father Daly. "No, your riverence, we can't wait," ejacu-

lated Pat, "the house is too small to hold u as it is, and what's more it was you, Father, that married us, and by rights 'tis only you can unmarry us."

the church to-morrow at four o'clock and Last year 80,000 college men in eighteen difbring a pail of water and a mop."

parish of Ballyduff," evplained Pat. forget the pail of water. Good night, Pat." closed on Kinsella. "A lovers' quarrel; they'll to himself. However, on the next afternoon, spective lands. when the priest went down to the church, Father Byrne felt that his superior was with his breviary under his arm, he saw Pat

> "I med it meself," returned Kinsella, wit a kind of mournful pride.

"Very good. Where's Nora?" "She's inside the chapel, yer riverence." "Well, carry them in," said the priest, poin

subted it, he could point to the case of Pat | Nora's head, she murmured to herself, "Glory

grow tired of each other if you watch over from her sodden garments. Again the mop. was laid on their heads and Pat, who had shown signs of restlessness, turned to the A Century-Old Custom at Tissington, Derbypriest: "how long is this ceremony going to last, Father?" he asked.

"I don't know," replied the priest, resuming his walk, and unconcernedly repeating his office. When for the sixth time the mop was applied, Pat lost his temper, and, striking the rails with his fists, he cried outs "Tell me, Father, how long is this ceremony to last?" "How can I tell how long it will last?"

returned the priest. "You can't tell, Father!" ejaculated Pat, in bewilderment, "Sure, the girl's a'most drownded, an' I'm wet to the skin. Sure, you must know, Kather!"

"Do you remember what you said when you knelt there six months ago?" "My head's that bothered with the throuble, to say nothing of the cowld water runnin'

own my back, that I misremember everything," said Pat. The priest lifted the mop from the pail; but Pat put up his hand quickly, and cried out. his teeth thattering? I'll get my death of

"Well, do you remember?" "Yes, Father, I remember."

cowld, Father."

"You promised to take Nora for better or

Again the priest lifted the mop. "You're right; Father; me memory's coming back," Kinsella cried out in alarm.

"Cold water's a great cure for a defective memory;" remarked the priest. "And didn't

figure he made, with his thick curly hair sod- text such as is shown in our drawing. den with water which ran down his cheeks, for the priest had given him the larger share the parish church, a procession is formedof the pail. He had, like herself, put on his clergy, choristers, parishioners-and a move best clothes for the ceremony, and his collar and tie were limp and discolored.

"So you both promised, in the sight of God, to live together until death parted you,

"Yes, Father," answered both culprits Well, then, sure I must go on with the "Well, Pat," said Father Daly, "what can ceremony until one of you dies, and how can

I tell when that will be?" Father Daly said. "Is that the only way to unmake the marriage, Father?" asked Pat, looking anxiously That's the only way."

besther not wait to the end. It's a terrible cowld day. Maybe the girl would come home "Then you'd better ask her," said Father

"Nora, alanna, will ye come home?" whis-

"Yes, Pat," whispered Nora, with a sob. priest. "And whenever you want to unmake upon and designated by appropriate tablets. the marriage, bring the mop and pail here The rough cell in which He was imprisoned again. Be off with you now." And Father while awaiting the decision of Pilate has

On the hillside of Ballyduff there is pretty whitewashed cottage standing in old pail and a tattered mop should hang in the place of honor beside the fireplace. Nor Nora Kinsella as proving the beneficent results of early marriage know of their second baptism, because Father Daly kept his own counsel, notwithstanding his curate's boast-

The Bible in Practical Life.

In the May Century unusual importance attaches to the paper on "College Men and blame to him, an' what he done he done for the Bible," setting forth the stimulating facts of a widespread revival of interest among in tellectual young men in the text and teachings of the scriptures. The movement is be ing guided by an international committee of the Y.M.C.A. from all denominations, more than sixty thousand students are hiready enrolled. The article is by Clayton Cooper, secretary, charged with organizing the work in the colleges, who has just returned from a special mission to India, China, Corea and Japan, where Bible study is spreading with surprising enthusiasm. The "Very well, Pat," rejoined the priest. "I'll influence of this North American student up rising has already extended to other nations. ferent countries were engaged in studying "A mop, Father!" There isn't a mop in the this great book of the nations in an intelligent and voluntary fashion. National secretaries "Well, you'll have to find one, and-don't giving their entire time to the far-reaching enterprise are leading the work in five coun-Father Daly laughed softly as the door tries, while national councils of scholars are devoting thought to the preparation orget all about it in the morning;" he said literature appropriate to the needs of the re-

One of the most practical features of the uprising of students is that the Bible is being transferred from the region of dogmatic and theological conceptions to the realm of real simply as a store-house of mysterious sacred information, but as a means leading to successful and normal human life. Bible is taking its place among the serviceable books ci the world. It is proving itself to be the first book for conduct, which Matthew Arnold asserts composes three-fourths of human life; the simplest thing to know and the hardest thing as regards doing student coming out of one of these Bil groups was recently overheard to say: feel as though I had much to do in the world."

A New Anglican Church at Antwerp.

antwerp, consecrated by the Right Rev. Dr. ate's judgment seat. Wilkinson, Anglican Bishop for North and Another controversy settled to the great Central Europe. This church, one of the comfort of the Christian world concerns the finest English churches on the Continent, is part of Mount of Olives from which Christ in Early English Gothic style, and cost £10,- made His ascension. Two places have for a 000. A large stone statue of St. Boniface long time been thus designated. One site, (presented by Sir Cecil Hertslet, British con- occupied by the Moslems, was declared the

moyancy of spirits. \$1.50 per bot- land as Pat and Nora," be exclaimed, "and onil and soused their heads with it. They through the action of the mangroves that upon my word it does me good to see them." were by this time thoroughly saturated, and grow along the foot of the cliffs. They eat "I noticed, Mr. Lloyd, that you were the "Maybe you're seeing too much of them." the day was cold, with a biting wind. Nora their way into the rock in all directions, and only person who did not weep during Mr. returned Father Daly. "Don't you think it covered her face with her hands and sobbed into the gaps thus formed the waves force would be better for them if you gave them quietly, and from time to time Par stole their way. In time they will probably reduce "You forget, Mrs. Davies, that I belong to the chance to quarrel now and them? They'll anxious looks at her and the water dripping the island to a reef.

CUSTOM OF WELL-DRESSING.

shire, England.



At Tissington, in Derbyshire, England, is. annually celebrated the century-old custom of Well-dressing, or Well-flowering. This decorating of the five local wells from which the village obtains its water supply, is prepared for during the winter, when holly, yew, and mountain-ash berries are collected and

stored away against the great event. In the early part of Holy Week the wells you promise to keep her until death parted are temporarily taken over by an appointed authority, and, Jealously guarded from the "I suppose I did, Father," Pat answered would-be curious. A frame-work of wood is erected over each well, and then a layer of "And you, Nora, didn't you promise to be soft clay built up, so as to make the whale supply you. If he does not, send price a good wife to Pat until death parted you?" resemble a wayside chapel or oratory. The to us, we forward prepaid "Yes, Father," Nora answered tremulously, actual dressing follows, the busy worker and with a side glance at the dripping figure striving to outdo others. Flowers are gathof her husband. Cold and wretched as she ered from far and near, and the scheme of was, she could almost have laughed at the decoration is completed by an appropriate

> On Holy Thursday, after divine service in made to one of the wells, generally the Cup and Saucer Well, where a hymn is sung and a portion of the Psalm for the day read. Then a move is made to the Coffin Well, thence to the Hands Well, the Town Well, and the Yew Tree Well, with a similar service at each, and a final thanksgiving. The religious aspect of the festival then gives place to the secular, and jollity and merri-

> > HAVE BEEN LOCATED.

"Then, Father, I'm thinkin' maybe we'd Sacred Spots Where the Saviour Spent Last

Bickerings of doubters have, in a large measure, been silenced and it is a generally accepted belief among Oriental archaeologists that most of the sacred spots where the Saviour spent His last months have been finally located. The very points along the "Well, make haste and change those wet Via Dolorosa that marked Christ's labored be clothes, for it's a cold day," suggested the Journey to the cross have at last been settled been unearthed, the stocks that encased His | the nervous system, that it cannot a feet have been found, and the silent tomb, a the real holy sepulchre from which He arose, pleasant, well-kept rose-garden. Within the has been beated. The only point at issue souse is white and spotless, which makes the between the Biblical research societies is which of the two Golgothas, the traditional one or the one recently discovered by Majordo those who point to the example of Pat and General Wilson, of the British Army, is the

actual scene of the Saviour's crucifixion. Each new discovery has added to the interest of the Holy City. Indeed, if the sacred sites were taken away, it would be about the meanest spot on earth. Dirty, crooked streets crumbling buildings, and dirty natives is all that would be left. Possessing the sites | Nerve Pills advertised and got a box to of the Saviour's life, however, Jerusalem is try them. I took three boxes and can the heart of the Christian world, and each now lie down and sleep without the light newly-discovered relic has added to the power

it exerts over the faithful in every land. What has been decided on as the true tomb of the Saviour lies just outside Jerusalem. The site has been purchased by a committee of archaeologists, headed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, for \$10,000. The owners of the site have dug among the accretions of soil that for centuries covered the spot and have laid bare what is asserted to be the veritable tomb in which Christ was laid following His crucifixion. It is hewn out of solid rock, and when the place was excavated, it was found that the place planned for the reception of a body was empty. The devout consider this fact very significant. The tomb of Christ is beipg restored as rapidly as possible, and a beautiful garden is to be set out

The cell in which Christ was confined prior to the crucifixion is in the street called Ecce Homo, which forms part of the long route called Via Dolorosa, through which the Saviour is supposed to have passed on His way to the cross. It is on property belonging to the Greek Church, and its discovery a year or so ago was made accidentally. Several workmen, excavating under the direction of archaeologists, came upon an underground passage hewn out of rock fifteen feet long, to a chamber or cell measuring seven feet on each side. The cell was not intended to hold more than one person at a time. Iron rings, used as stocks, prove this. The person to be confined in such a cell must have been of importance, for Romans usually herded their common criminals in a quadrangular chamber below. Investigators are satisfied that the Saviour was confined in this room while awaiting Pilate's decision. Another fact that has won scoffers over to the belief in the discovery of cell is that it is about a hundred yards from the spot long identified by the The fine Gothic Church of St. Boniface, Roman and Greek Churches as Pontius' Pil-

sul-general), with a brass, giving details of true one; the other, owned by the Greek his life and martyrdom, is in the sanctuary. Church, was pronounced with equal emphasis the authentic spot. That of the Greek The island of Aldabra, to the north-west of Church, near the wretched village of Kafr El

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