

Sunday Reading.

DO NOT "PRETEND."

A Charming Little Story of a Country Girl and a City one.

Being a sensible girl Miss Buttercup understands that there is nothing quite so vulgar as pretensions. She may go to the utmost extreme in making the best of herself and of what is hers, but it she passes beyond that and pretends to be what she is not, or to have what she never possessed, then has she taken that tiny, fatal step from the sublime to the ridiculous.

She has been entertained in town. It was a great treat to her. Miss Townbred yawned in the street car and fidgeted at the lecture; she was bored at the concert, and grew weary at a high tea, but Buttercup was alive with interest all the time; everything was new to her. Even the menu and the style of serving meals; the parlors and the manner in which callers were received, in fact the whole life was different from anything she had known. Now a letter comes from Miss Townbred. She learns that her visit is to be returned.

Buttercup thinks of the lovely room she occupied in her friend's home, of the elegant parlors, the artistic halls, the well-appointed bathroom, all the hundred and one conveniences and luxuries of which her home is so hopelessly bare, and for one hour her heart fails her.

"I dare say the change will rest her my dear," mother says cheerily. "And if she is a good girl she'll be thankful for even such as we have, and if she is not a good girl she doesn't deserve anything at all," father adds. Then Buttercup feels her heart swell with independence, and she is herself again.

The little "company room" is sweet and clean as the sparrow's nest that swings on a limb of the green elm outside of the small, bright window. The parlor is fresh and cool, with its bare, yellow floor and pretty braided rugs. Its simple furnishings have no look of poverty about them, even if there is no hint of luxury. The sanded dining-room is spotless, just the place to serve simple country fare.

There is really nothing to be done in the way of preparation, except in extra dusting, and to fill the old bowls with pink roses, and the lilac pitcher with lilies. Miss Townbred is to be taken into the family and made welcome; that is all. She comes. She brings a medium-sized trunk, instead of the immense Saratoga that Buttercup half expected to see. In the trunk are pretty cambric dresses, flannel skirts and shirt waists. There is a thin party dress, short and just suited to a country tea party, and a trim little church dress with its small, close hat. There are wide hats and broad shoes, thick gloves, plain parasols and fans. You see Miss Townbred is not a silly girl with no idea of the fitness of things. She is pale and tired when she comes, "a little run down and off my feet, you know," she says, and Buttercup's mother looks past the slang and sees only the need that she can help to supply.

So Miss Townbred is turned into the little bedroom which she finds astonishingly convenient. There is no noise of car or cab, no din from crowded streets, only restful country sounds, the wind softly touching the elm leaves and slowly playing through the pines, the chirp of sparrows, the hum of bees, and the clear hum of the locust.

After a delightful bath and a restful nap. Miss Townbred goes down to dinner. Such a dinner, too! Somehow the farmer in his shirt-sleeves is not offensive to Miss Townbred. Perhaps his jolly face and the kind heart shining in his eyes make up for any lack in his dress, and he seems a part of the pleasant whole.

The cloth is as white as linen can be made, and there are nicely cooked vegetables, brown biscuits, white bread, squares of golden honey, prints of yellow butter, pitchers of creamy milk and, as an ornament for the whole, a great blue china bowl full of pink sweetbriar, with its small single roses and scented leaves.

Then comes the long afternoon in the hammock under the apple trees. The shadows grow as the sun moves on, and the sleeping breezes awake. Miss Townbred revels in the sweetness and quiet. No one expects to entertain her. She is simply left to do as she pleases. Buttercup's duties go on just the same. But there are walks in the woods where the ferns are growing and where wild flowers grow, and as along the shady roads. There are merry little parties and jolly games and picnics, and the young people lounge under the care of a chaperon, Gunn's word or two from a sensible, reliable so that explains many a little happening.

Natural! It looks very queerly to those to the circumstances are not known. There, a cup simply divides her own simple either, the unpretentious life of her home, check for a apology or excuse for its simplicity. faith. What good, and it is all she has. complete but he is there is a pretty, unstudied ed but he is in the girl's manner. The they were for hospitality in the home lifts and M. R. M. the commonplace, and gives it a more complete arrangement that many a more

lacks. There is a sort of it, such as one finds in the

forests. The common things of life are not rude or vulgar in this home. There is a sort of grandeur about its very simplicity. Such grandeur as you have expected to find in the tent home of Abraham and Sarah, or with Deborah under the palm trees.

Nobody feels cramped, nobody is over-worked or over-entertained. The guest is free to be happy and welcome to enjoy this dip into a new life so different from her own. It is what she needs, what she is glad to have, for she had half-fared something different—a bad copy of city living, possibly, and she carried home with her much of the country freshness in renewed health, brightened eyes, refreshed hope, and a little touch of Buttercup's simple sweetness.

CHILDREN AND PARENTS.

Their Inter-Love is what makes Life Worth the Living.

The dearest, sweetest, thing in the home life of any family, is the love and confidence which the children give the parents. It is, when viewed correctly, what really makes "life worth the living," and is the strongest tie in time of sorrow and trouble. There is no trait of childhood that responds so readily to kindly interest as confidence, and yet there is none so easily repulsed when not understood. It is something we cannot gain at once, nor when we will, but it must grow gradually with every year, just as other characteristics develop. Every thoughtful consideration of our children's actions draws it out.

To the mother, especially, a child's confidence is absolutely necessary for control and development. We must know what our children are thinking or planning before we are capable of directing, and we need never expect them to confide to us their plans, be they good or ill, unless we have previously shown an interest in all their work; and the sooner each mother realizes this fact, the more thoroughly will she gain a companion for her old age.

All along the road from childhood to manhood are innumerable opportunities for strengthening confidence. Each day of a child's life brings some new difficulty to overcome, some puzzle to solve, or some wound to heal. With every awakening in the field of observation comes a desire to build, to contrive, and to plan. These are just the times when, by extending our sympathy and aiding with suggestions we can gain that most precious of all things, a child's confidence. But better, perhaps, than all else is to take an active interest in their school work. We, as busy mothers, are apt to leave this too entirely to the teacher, stopping only now and then to admonish them to "be studious." There are few of us with an education so meagre that we cannot enlarge upon their lessons by stories from practical experience, descriptions from our travels or observation, something that will prove of real interest and value. Your little girl may do sums while wiping the dishes, piling the plates, knives and forks by 2's, 3's, or 4's, while learning the multiplication tables. She may get a knowledge of the value of fractions while you are cutting up a pie, thus turning her lessons to practical account in every way possible. It is not necessary to use up every resting moment for this work, but let me assure you that it is a wonderful incentive to good school work to have Mamma take part in it. Enter into their confidences at every turn. You may save your child the pain and sorrow of many mistakes by talking with them and presenting things in a new light. Give the children a kind friend to go to for advice, and let that friend be their mother. Let them feel assured that every petition shall at least have a hearing, if nothing more. How many little folks are there in whom the soul of ambition was crushed because the parents failed to hear and direct the little plans. How many young people have committed sins because a father was too reserved or a mother too severe. Let us live with our children, truly making them our companions, that our old age may not be filled with regret that our wisdom has been the means of driving from us souls that were given us to lead to highest usefulness.

Messages of Help for the Week.

"His hand is stretched out still." Isaiah 9:17.

"Repent and turn yourselves from all your iniquities, and make you a new heart, and a new spirit, for I have no pleasure in the death of him that dieth, saith the Lord God." Ezekiel 19:30-32.

"Be of good cheer: it is I; be not afraid." Mark 6:50.

"Lord, I believe, help thou mine unbelief." Mark 9:24.

"Whoever shall be ashamed of me and of my works, of him shall the Son of man be ashamed, when he shall come in his own glory." Luke 9:26.

"Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that heareth my word, and believeth on him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death into life." John 5:24.

"How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation." Heb. 2:3.

CHURCHES AND MISSIONS.

The Russian Bible society has distributed over 1,588,000 Bibles among the peasants of that country in the last twenty-five years.

Rev. Hudson Taylor, of the China Inland mission, estimates that more than 100,000,000 of Chinese are addicted to the use of opium.

The Ohio Wesleyan university has just received for a new library the sum of \$50,000. The giver is Dr. Charles E. Slocum, a leading physician of Defiance, O.

The latest statistics show that in Brooklyn there are 95 young people's societies, with a membership of about 10,000, and 42 junior societies, numbering about 1,700 members.

It is stated that no public worship, save that of the Roman catholic church, is allowed in Peru. Admission to services of other religious organizations must be by ticket or password.

The colored members of the methodist episcopal church number 247,439; Sunday-school scholars, 179,832; pastors, 1,627; presiding elders, 71; annual conferences, 17; local preachers, 3,800.

The Salvation Army has already contributed 250,000 signatures to the polyglot petition to be presented to the governments of the world by the heads of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

The oldest catholic church in New England is at Damariscotta Mills, Me., and was built more than one hundred years ago. It is still occupied for religious purposes one Sunday in each month. The interior is said to be decorated and furnished like a drawing room.

Nine episcopal churches are maintained in Trinity parish, New York, of which six are free while in the other three churches the seats are not sold, but rented under important restrictions, and are free at night services, special services, and daily services throughout the year.

ONE KIND OF CHARITY.

The Kind that Cureseth Him Who Gives and Him Who Takes.

There is many a rich man seated today with easy conscience at a table shining with cut glass and silver, would be ready to stretch out a helping hand to those who need it, if they were not "all so far away." He is living in another world. What he does is to make his annual contributions to our charitable societies, and that is all. Some day we shall begin to calculate the evil resulting from such contributions. Again and again it is true of the charity of today that "it cureseth him who gives and him who takes." On the one hand the poor man, sinking down into the mire of pauperism, realizes dimly the bitterness of his degradation, and takes the alms offered him with curses in his heart; while on the other hand the rich merchant or manufacturer, who is daily disregarding the health of little children and delicate girls, quiets his conscience with a large check in the name of charity. And society applauds the generosity of such a man, and his eyes are blinded. "It is so tempting to the rich to think that by giving a check for the support of a social scheme, poverty may be abolished, and they be left free to enjoy their wealth. They always hope that something, not themselves, might meet all needs."

One is often asked the question, "What can the rich man do for the relief of suffering?" I believe that there is but one answer: Let him give not alms but himself, and the wisdom comes with the giving. I knew a young apprentice in a great machine-shop who was stricken down with consumption. His parents were old and feeble, and it was only through the gifts of his employer that his last days were made comfortable, but more to them all than the gifts was the fact that the employer came himself to the little home in the East side tenement, and spoke friendly words. From every such natural friendship there grow more and more chance for helpfulness, and for that truest charity of all charities—the treating of others as if they were of our own kind.

THAT LITTLE WORD "NOW."

Canon Wilberforce tells an Interesting Story Concerning It.

Canon Wilberforce tells a pathetic story illustrating the force of the little word "now." It was of a miner who hearing the gospel preached, determined that, if the promise of blessing of immediate salvation were indeed true he would not leave the presence of the minister who was declaring it until assured of his possession by himself. He waited consequently after the meeting to speak with the minister, and in his untutored way said, "Didn't ye say I could have the blessing now?" "Yes, my friend." "Then pray with me, for I'm not goin' awa' w'eut it." And they did pray, these two men, until the wrestling manner heard silent words of comfort and cheer. "I've got it now!" cried the miner, his face reflecting the joy within; "I've got it now!" The next day a frightful accident occurred at the mines. The same minister was called to the scene, and among the men, dead and dying, was the quivering, almost breathless, body of this man, who, only the night before, big and brawny, came to him to know if salvation could really be had now for the asking. There was but a fleeting moment of recognition between the two ere the miner's soul took

flight; but in that moment he had time to say, in response to the minister's sympathy, "Oh, I don't mind, for I've got it—I've got it—its mine!" Then the name of this poor man went into the sad list of "killed." There was no note made of the royal inheritance to which he had but a few hours before come into possession, and all by his believing grip of the word "now."

Home Scripture Study.

The annual meeting of the society for the Home Study of Holy Scripture and Church History was held in New York on Nov. 8. Under the auspices of Bishop Doane, with the wisdom, devotion and enthusiasm expended on the work by Miss Smiley, the society has become a powerful supplemental adjunct to the regular education of the church. Its instructors are amongst the most devoted and cultivated women of which the church can boast. The pupils are found in families all over the country; the courses of study are arranged to suit nearly all classes, and the pupils vary in age from girls leaving school to women advanced in life.

Set yourself earnestly to see what you were made to do, and then set yourself earnestly to do it; and the loftier your purpose is, the more sure you will be to make the world richer with every enrichment of yourself.—Phillips Brooks.

A VICTORIA CO. MIRACLE.

THE STORY OF AN EX-REEVE OF GARDEN TOWNSHIP.

Seventeen Years of Intense Suffering From Rheumatism—Local Physicians and Treatment in Toronto General Hospital Failed to Help Him—How he was Restored to Health and Activity.

(From the Lindsay Post.)

There are few men better known in Victoria county than Mr. Fitzgerald, who was one of the first settlers of the township of Carden. He was elected to the honorable position of reeve of that township for twelve successive years, and filled the position with so much acceptance to the people that he was pressed to continue in office for a longer time, but was compelled to decline the honor. It therefore goes without saying that Mr. Fitzgerald is not only known to all the residents of the township, but that his word is considered by those who know him to be as good as his bond, and that upon anything he may say the most implicit confidence may be placed.

When young, a strong or more hearty man could not be found, but possessed of an iron constitution, he did what too many are prone to do, neglected his health, and exposed himself to all sorts of weather, often in the pursuit of his calling as a farmer being wet to the skin for hours at a time. A little over seventeen years ago he found that he had contracted rheumatism of a muscular form, and each succeeding day found him in a worse condition. He applied to the local doctors in his neighborhood, but received no relief, and was then induced by them to apply for admission to the general hospital at Toronto for treatment, and was in that institution for several months, until he became disheartened at the want of success attending his treatment and returned home, as was thought, to die. By this time the muscles of his body had become so contracted that he could not straighten his limbs, and was forced to spend the greater part of his time in bed, and when able to get around at all it was only with the aid of a stout pair of crutches. When he attempted to raise to his feet his legs would crack at the knees like sticks of wood, caused, as the doctors told him, by the fluid in the joints being completely dried up.

He was confined to a fearful degree. When he retired at night there was not sufficient blood in his veins to keep him from feeling intensely cold, and in order to keep him warm his daughter knitted him woolen leggings and lined them with soft wool. Several times his family, a portion of whom reside in Michigan, were summoned home to see their father for the last time, as he was thought to be on his death-bed. Finally, after suffering as much bodily pain as would have killed an ordinary man, and at a time when he had not set his foot on the ground for a year, he was induced by his son to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial, as he had heard of the many remarkable cures made by that remedy. It was after much persuasion that he was induced to give them a trial, as he had then spent a small fortune in medicines and different modes of treatment under which he had steadily grown worse, and he had despaired of finding anything that would help him. At last he began the use of the Pink Pills and had not taken them long before he began to notice a decided improvement in his condition. Continuing their use he found he could get around much better than he had been able to do at any time for many years, and after a still further use of Pink Pills he was entirely relieved from all rheumatic pains, and is now a wonder to himself and all who knew him. Mr. Fitzgerald is now 70 years of age, is able to walk to Kirkfield every day, and is enjoying better health than he has had since he was first affected.

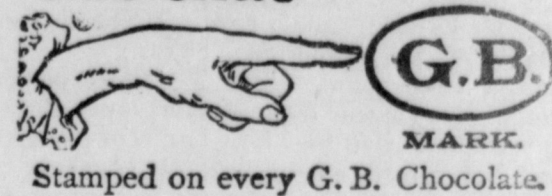
Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a perfect blood builder and nerve restorer, curing such diseases as rheumatism, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus' dance, nervous headache, nervous prostration and the tired feeling therefrom, the after-effects of all the grippe, diseases depending upon humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. Pink Pills give a healthy glow to pale and sallow complexions, and are a specific for troubles peculiar to the female system, and in the case of men they effect a radical cure, in all cases arising from mental worry, over work, or excesses of any nature.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ontario, or Schenectady, N. Y., at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

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MR. J. W. DINWOODIE, CAMPBELLFORD, ONT.

Men of affairs usually weigh their words. They are not of that class of people who carry their hearts upon their sleeve. One of the best known men of affairs in Canada is Mr. J. W. Dinwoodie, the large railroad contractor, evidence of whose work is to be found in all parts of the Dominion, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, to chain one section of our vast Dominion with another and bring its people into easy touch with each other through the medium of the iron horse, as Mr. Dinwoodie has in a short lifetime done, is a work of which any man may be proud. Hard and brainy labor, however, is necessary to success of this character, and the strongest constitutions are in danger of breaking down under the strain. It has been so with Mr. Dinwoodie. The great thought that he has had to give to his work, and the care and responsibility that it has carried with it finally told on his constitution, and he became a victim of nervous troubles, his liver and kidneys becoming seriously disordered.

Naturally he consulted a medical man. Comparatively no relief was obtained. He changed his doctor, and did not stop with one, two or three physicians, but he got no better. Various proprietary medicines were recommended, and, as he says himself, "I tried them all, but got very

little benefit. Last fall I was camping out, and I was feeling very ill. I happened to pick up a paper with the advertisement for South American Nerve. I determined to give it a trial, and procured a bottle from the local druggist. After having taken but a few doses I found very great relief. The severe pain that I had been suffering in the small of my back left me, and the nervousness that had rendered me, in a large measure, unfit for work, has as a result of the continued use of Nerve, become banished from my system. I am now able to enjoy refreshing sleep the night through. I keep South American Nerve always in the house, and I do not hesitate to say that it is the very best medicine I have ever taken, and most confidently recommend it to anyone troubled with nervousness of whatever form and the attendant diseases of the liver and stomach that follow this weakness."

The important fact can not be too often emphasized that South American Nerve cures all the nerve centers, from which emanate all diseases. This being an undoubted scientific truth, fully and perfectly demonstrated by science, it is never an experiment to use Nerve, but in this remedy is always found a certain cure.

For sale by Chas. McGregor, 37 Charlotte St.; Hazen J. Dick, 148 Charlotte St.; Clinton Brown & Co., Cor. Sidney and Union; E. J. Mahoney, 38 Main St.; A. C. Smith & Co.: 41 Charlotte St.