

SUFFER AND BE STRONG.

"ASTRA" THINKS IT BETTER THAN TO SUFFER AND COMPLAIN.

How They Also Serve, who Only Stand and Wait—How Sympathy is Largely Relative—A Lesson in Patience from a Sick Friend who Gave It Unwarily.

"They also serve, who only stand and wait." So wrote the great blind poet, in that most pathetic sonnet on his own blindness, which has touched many a heart; and his words awoke a sympathetic chord in the hearts of men, because the writer had learned through bitter experience just how hard both the standing and the waiting were. He knew, in spite of his great gifts and brilliant powers, the bitterness of being dependent upon others for the smallest service, and time had taught him the humility of helplessness, and the beauty of that least valued of virtues—patience.

I know full that there are not many of us who can "serve" the world as Milton did while standing still; but it often seems to me that it would be a good thing if we set a little higher value upon one of the most difficult virtues poor humanity is ever called upon to exercise.

We give it so little thought, we hurrying, busy folks, who are in reasonably good health, and seldom stop to think of something we are not obliged to practice ourselves. We know there are sick and suffering people in the world, and we are sorry for them to a certain extent, but we scarcely appreciate their burdens unless we happen to have carried the same kind ourselves. For instance, my whole heart's sympathy is given to anyone who has a headache, or two or three useless and aching joints in their spine, but I never could understand how people could spend sleepless nights over a "bone felon" or lie up for weeks with a sprained ankle; but I know that is merely because I know all about the first mentioned ailments and am utterly ignorant about the last two.

I am afraid sympathy is largely relative, and people only give it, when they really understand the need which should call it forth. Marie Antoinette, when told that the people had no bread, asked her celebrated question—"Can they not eat cake?" not from the heartlessness with which she has been credited, but from the utter inability to understand their desolation which was the natural outcome of her perfect ignorance of privation, or want of any kind. She found it impossible to imagine a state of things she had never experienced herself.

And so, those who have nothing much to be patient about, fail to take home to themselves all the lessons they might learn, if they only took the trouble to look about them. We have a toothache and are too cowardly to get the cause of the trouble extracted, so we suffer for days, making everyone around us miserable with the sight of our misery, and exalting our cowardice into heroism, in our own minds, until in the fulness of time the tooth stops aching of its own accord; and then we cheer up and go about with the air of a martyr telling how patient we have been under suffering such as poor humanity is seldom called upon to endure. But somehow we seem to forget, in recounting what we have gone through, that only in the next street lies a young girl who has been a prisoner to her room for three years with spinal disease, who counts it one of her "good" days when she can be moved to the sofa to have her bed made, and gets through the day without having to take morphine to deaden the pain which is with her always; and yet who has never been heard to murmur at her fate.

A sudden headache keeps us home from some anticipated outing, and we lie in a darkened room bemoaning our hard fate and feeling more ill than the man who lives next door but one, who lost his sight suddenly a year ago, and whose patience and cheerfulness we have so often wondered at.

I wonder if we well people ever realize what those two words mean? Patience, enduring meekly afflictions which we cannot get out of, is one thing; but patience and cheerfulness combined with it, shows a saintliness the early martyrs could scarcely have exceeded. It is hard for us to take in the full significance of a life spent in a sick room, unless we have experienced it ourselves; the days of pain and nights of weariness; the long hopeless hours of listlessness and unrest when the mind is as active as only a sick person's mind can be, and the body too weak to lift itself from the bed.

It is such a terrible thing to be young, with all the eager impulses of youth in one's heart, and all youth's love of pleasure, and yet to be condemned to an enforced inaction, and worst of all to feel oneself a burden to those around one, as is too often the case. To feel that if we only could, how willingly and cheerfully we would do the hardest day's work, and what joy it would be to feel once more the healthy fatigue that comes from work, instead of the miserable weariness of inaction! And then to be patient! To bear the burden and believe that it is all for some good purpose, and look such trouble in the face with a smile. Well, I don't think any other virtue in the world, except, perhaps, selfishness, excites my wonder and admiration as much.

Perhaps it may be that patience was not

one of the gifts my fairy godmother hung on my cradle and that I was born with the most impatient nature that ever worried its owner to the verge of a premature grave; that the merest trifles irritate me, as graver things could never do, and "to suffer and complain" would be my version of the grand line, "To suffer and be strong."

When I want to learn a lesson in patience I go and spend an hour with a friend of mine, who had a slight accident—just a single misstep resulting in an apparently harmless fall, and has been a cripple for nearly seven years. She was a most active woman full of life, and of the love of enjoyment, fond of fun and amusement as any young girl, and a great favorite in society, she had a husband and children and a beautiful home to look after, but almost in a moment she became helpless and for months at a time was unable to lift herself from her bed. When she did get up it was only to be wheeled about in an invalid's chair, or struggle around on crutches, and though there is always a hope that some day she may be well, the hope has been deferred for seven long years now, and yet that woman has never failed in patience, and seldom in cheerfulness. Her children need her active care, her husband misses her constant companionship, and yet she never falters, never complains, but patiently endures, always taking the brightest view of her affliction possible, and feeling cheerfully certain that she will get well in the end.

She has grown better and worse, she has gone back to bed after moving about for two years, and she has sometimes seemed worse than she was at the very first, but still her courage has never faltered and though her spirits have sometimes failed her patience never has.

I don't suppose she has the slightest idea that she is an example to anyone, and I am quite certain that should she read these lines she will not have the least idea to whom they apply; but all the same she has been an example to me many a time when I wanted to complain about my own trials, and it is true that "all things come to him who can wait," surely she has waited long enough, and the time must be near when the perfect health she has been waiting for so patiently, will be hers again.

ASTRA.

YARMOUTH'S BIG HOTEL.

The Grand and What It is Like—Who is in Charge of It.

PROGRESS is indebted to the management of the new "Grand" hotel, Yarmouth, for a neat pamphlet illustrative of its facilities for the entertainment of guests and some of the advantages of a sojourn in this live town. Yarmouth has good reason to be proud of this, its latest venture, or rather of the men with enough public spirit to father the project.

The house is a splendid new brick and freestone house of the first class, built and furnished with special reference to the demands of modern tourist and business travel. There are about one hundred sleeping rooms, all light and well ventilated; a number of them en suite with private parlor and bath. The situation occupies an entire block of land, the house has a street on three sides of it, and the ample hotel grounds in the rear. The situation is on Main Street, overlooking the park and the harbor, and from the upper windows and balconies delightful views are afforded of the town, the Milton Lakes, and the Bay of Fundy.

The company has had the good fortune to secure for the opening and management the services of Mr. Charles T. Wilson, who was for many years manager of the Tremont House, Boston, and more recently of the Broadway Central, N. Y., and of the Glen House, White Mountains. (Mr. Wilson was in charge of the last-named famous resort when it was burned in 1893.) The many persons throughout the United States and Canada who have been Mr. Wilson's guests at either of the houses named above, will be prepared to believe that the quality of the service to be expected at the "Grand" under his management will be of the highest.

The house has a fine billiard room with billiard and pool tables. Music will be furnished by Professor Medcalf's orchestra during the tourist season, and a weekly hop will be given, if desired by the guests. The grand dining-room will be converted into a ball-room for these occasions. Arrangements have been made with the livery stables whereby teams may be obtained by guests through the hotel office. The tariff of charges for teams is very moderate. Bicycles are on hire in the town, and wheelmen will find the roads just right for cycling. There is a club of about fifty members in the town.

Sail and row-boats may be hired at the piers, and men to take charge of them when desired. An hour's sail takes the visitor out on the blue waters of the Atlantic, and it would be a poor day for fishing if a dozen fine deep-sea fish could not be taken on such a trip. A chowder compounded by the "cook" of one of the Yarmouth fishing excursion parties—the fish being caught within the hour—is a feast to be remembered. In the spring months trout and salmon may be taken by the angler in the waters of the famed Tusket River.

The drives in and around Yarmouth are a never failing source of recreation and health, and strangers speak of the roads and scenery with enthusiasm.

The easiest and pleasantest way of getting to Yarmouth from any point in the United States or Western Canada is by taking one of the boats of the Yarmouth Steamship company from Boston. A boat leaves Lewis Wharf, Boston, every Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday at noon during the summer months arriving in Yarmouth in seventeen hours, and making connection with trains of the Yarmouth & Annapolis Railway for Halifax and intermediate points. The boats of this line are safe, fast, and luxurious, and the service first-class in every way.

A Newspaper Report.

It Was Read By An Ottawa Government Official.

He Strongly Indorses Every Statement.

The Report was Published in the Ottawa "Citizen."

It Referred to a Wonderful Cure by Paine's Celery Compound.

Some weeks ago the Ottawa Citizen published the particulars of a most wonderful cure effected by Paine's Celery compound. The fortunate lady who was enabled to throw off the deadly grasp of disease and suffering is well known by many outside of her own immediate district.

Scores of men and women were aware of the fact that Mrs. Neil McKay, of North Hill, Lingwick, P. Q., had been doctoring for a long time, but all the best efforts of her physicians were of no avail. Her strength was all gone; she was extremely weak, and had great difficulty in moving about. A few years ago she was a woman who weighed 185 pounds; sickness and disease reduced her to a mere shadow.

Mrs. McKay, at a critical period, determined to test the curing virtues of Paine's Celery Compound. The first bottle proved that it contained the elements that could banish trouble and sickness. The medicine was continued with the result that seven bottles made her a new woman.

These facts appearing in the Citizen, and read by Mrs. Chas. W. Ross, of the department of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, caused him to write the following letter:

"I have just seen in the Citizen, another proof of cure by the use of Paine's Celery Compound, and I now write to corroborate the statements of Mrs. Neil McKay and Mr. Pennoyer, postmaster, of Gould, Lingwick, Que. I have personally known Mrs. McKay for a number of years, having been a resident of Lingwick for 30 years; she was one of my customers for ten years, and I have seen her at times not able to walk. She has been treated by several doctors without any apparent relief until she began to use Paine's Celery Compound; and though I am now a resident of Ottawa, I have had occasion to see Mrs. McKay two or three times a year, and know the statements in her case to be wholly correct."

Every cure made by Paine's Celery Compound in Canada can be endorsed and vouched for as strongly as Mrs. McKay's wonderful case. No false statements are ever allowed to be made regarding the great cures reported from week to week by Paine's Celery Compound are the only cures that stand thorough investigation.

Fooling The Professor.

An amusing story is told of the late Professor Henry Morley. Some years ago when the "slumming" boom was occupying general attention, he was accosted one day in the Strand by a peculiarly emaciated and ragged individual who solicited aid in moving terms. Professor Morley, who was never proof against such petitions, responded with a silver coin. "Thank you, Professor Morley; I'm much obliged," said the man. "You know me, eh?" "Yes, I attended your lectures at King's College in 1860." "Dear, dear, I'm sorry to see you in this state." "Not at all, my dear Professor. I am doing some articles for my paper, and the editor insists on my making my researches in character. Will you dine with me to-night?" and he handed a card bearing a well-known name.

A TRAVELLER'S EXPERIENCE.

THE LIFE OF A COMMERCIAL MAN NOT ALL SUNSHINE.

Constant Travel and Roughing it on Trains Weakens the Most Robust—The Experience of a Halifax Merchant While on the Road.

(Anchored Recorder, Halifax, N. S.)

Mr. Percy J. A. Lear, junior partner of the firm of Blackadar & Lear, general brokers, 80 Bedford Row, Halifax, N. S., comes from a family of commercial travellers. His father, James Lear, was on the road in lower Canada with dry goods for twenty-three years, and few men were more widely known and esteemed, and the genial Percy himself has just retired from the ranks of the drummer, after a varied experience as knight of the grip, which extended over seventeen years and embraced almost every town and village in Canada from the Atlantic to the Pacific. He is an extremely popular young man, a leading member of the Oddfellows' fraternity, an officer in the 68th regiment of militia, and a rising merchant.

"How comes it that you are so fat and ruddy after such a term of bustling railroad life and varied diet, Mr. Lear?" questioned the reporter.

"Well," was the answer. "It is a long story, but one well worth telling. I weigh 190 pounds to-day and am in better health than I ever before enjoyed in my life. Two years ago I got down to 155 pounds. Constant travelling, roughing it on trains and in country hotels broke me all up and left me with a nasty case of kidney complaint and indigestion. My head was all wrong, my stomach bad; I was suffering continual pains and dizziness, and my urine was extremely thick and gravelly. I began to get scared. I consulted several physicians in Montreal, Winnipeg and other cities, but their treatment did not give me a particle of relief. One day I bought a box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I made up my mind to give them a good trial. They seemed to help me, and

I bought a second, third and fourth box, and they cured me. My stomach was all right, the dizziness left my head; no more lassitude and all traces of my kidney disease disappeared. I was a new man, and gained flesh immediately, and have never been troubled since. I consider my case astonishing, because kidney complaint, especially gall stones, is hereditary in our family. It helped to hurry my father to an early grave, and an uncle on my mother's side, Dr. Whittle, of Sydney, Australia, had been a chronic sufferer from gall stones to boyhood. I was so impressed with the virtues of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills that I took the trouble to send Dr. Whittle two boxes all the way to Australia. Since my discovery of the benefits of these wonderful little pink coated exterminators of disease, I have recommended the remedy far and wide, and I could enumerate dozens of cases where they have been efficacious."

An analysis shows that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain in a condensed form all the elements necessary to give new life to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for all diseases arising from an impoverished condition of the blood or from an impairment of the nervous system, such as loss of appetite, depression of spirits, anæmia, chlorosis or green sickness, general muscular weakness, dizziness, loss of memory, locomotor ataxia, paralysis, sciatica, rheumatism, St. Vitus' dance, kidney and liver troubles, the after effects of la grippe, and all diseases depending upon a vitiated condition of the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, building anew the blood and restoring the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses. Sold by all dealers or sent by mail, postpaid, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N.Y. Beware of imitations and substitutes alleged to be "just as good."

Even an upright piano is sometimes a downright nuisance.

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Adam's Root Beer Extract.....one bottle
Fischmann's Yeast.....half a cake
Sugar.....two pounds
Lukewarm Water.....two gallons

Dissolve the sugar and yeast in the water, add the extract, and bottle; place in a warm place for twenty-four hours until it ferments, then place on ice when it will open sparkling and delicious.

The root beer can be obtained in all drug and grocery stores in 10 and 25 cent bottles to make two and five gallons.

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Sold everywhere. Price, 25 cents. M'd. by THE HAWKER MEDICINE CO., Ltd., St. John, N. B.

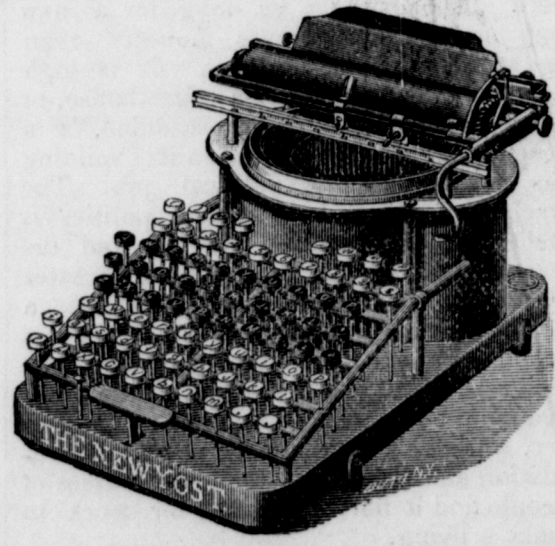
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