

Sunday Reading.

DO THE BEST YOU CAN.

But Don't Run Into Debt to Have a Little Pleasure.

It is good for you to wish to hear the best music, to see the finest dramatic representations, and to hear the story of some wondrous land told by a good lecturer. But be honest in your enjoyments. You may find greater pleasure in the music, in the play or in the lecture, if you have a girl friend with you, but unless you can afford to take her, unless it means leaving a clear balance sheet, don't do it. Mr. Almighty Dollar, whose father is a millionaire many times, can afford to take the pretty girl you admire to the opera, say five dollars apiece for the tickets, come after her in a carriage, and send her a huge box of flowers when flowers are worth their weight in gold. But you cannot afford to imitate him—honestly. But send your tiny bunch of violets, with your card attached, if you like, ask her to the theatre, and either walk there or go in the street cars. But, because the other fellow does it, don't be small enough to feel that no pleasure is worth offering unless it is offered in the most extravagant fashion.

If this girl is worth your admiration she will appreciate your tiny posy, she will appreciate your reason for entertaining her in the simplest manner, and, if she does understand, don't waste your time with her—she doesn't care near your ideal. The girl who talks to you a great deal about the sweets one man sends her, the flower that come from another, and the way another takes her out, is the girl who wants to have a pencil mark drawn through her name on your day-book, and opposite you should write, "Unprofitable, not worth cultivating." You are not living just for today, consequently in making friends you are making them for life, and silly girls, foolish girls and extravagant girls are not worthy of consideration.

Opportunity.

Opportunities, numerous and golden, ever wave before us on the march along the busy pathway of life. The work of the present must be done now or never, so much depends upon to-day. Some things may be deferred, some omitted, but with every day there may come to us an opportunity which if misimproved shall return no more. From every heart should arise the great question, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" and with open eyes and ready hands we should watch and wait to do our appointed work. Who can estimate the loss that may result from the neglect of a single opportunity? A life may hang in the scale, a soul may be saved by the faithful performance of the duty of to-day; hence, while we should not give way to depression, nor sink down beneath a load of anxiety, we should ever hold ourselves responsible to God, and continually watch that opportunities which are granted to us may not pass by unnoticed and unimproved. The path we tread, the business in which we engage, the recreation which we enjoy, the company with which we associate, the strangers who may chance to be thrown in our way, all these may afford us opportunities of doing good, or blessing those around us, and sowing seed which may produce fruit to life eternal. Not only in the acts which we do, but in the words which we speak, and in the tempers which we exhibit, we may be wielding an unconscious influence which will tell upon the welfare of others, and which may settle their decisions when the balance hangs tremblingly before them. O, we little know the mischief which may be done by an angry word, or act, or look! Around us are souls whose prosperity may hang suspended, as it were, in scales that tremble at a breath; and it may be for us to decide their course for the right, even unconsciously, or without effort or intention.—Rev. W. L. Martin.

The Boy Who Says "We."

Don't laugh at the boy who magnifies his place. You may see him going to the postoffice, with a big bundle of his employer's letters, which he displays with as much pride as if they were his own. He feels important, and he looks it. But he is proud of his place. He is attending to business. He likes to have the world know that he is at work for a busy concern. A great merchant once said, "I would not give much for a boy who does not say 'we' before he has been with us a fortnight." The boy who says "we" identifies himself with the concern. Its interests are his. He sticks up for its credit and reputation. He takes pleasure in his work, and hopes one day to say "we" in earnest. The boy will reap what he sows if he has grit and sticks to his job. You may take off your hat to him as one of the future solid men of the town. Let his employer do the fair thing by him; check him kindly if he shows signs of being too big in his place; counsel him as to his habits and associates, and occasionally show him a pleasant prospect of advancement. A little praise does an honest boy a heap of good. Good luck to the boy who says "we!"

There is no Place Like Home.

I want to say to you now, with all the earnestness I can command, it is just in as

much as peoples and nations strive after this ideal of the Christian home that they will be happy. The curse of the present day is the divorce court. Christ taught that there was just one cause in the sight of God that could put an end to the marriage bond. But in these days the slightest show of temper; the slightest, the most trivial matter of disagreement; preference for another woman or man; any godless idea of opinion that might occupy the mind; tiredness of connection in life and mutual attachment; poverty unexpected; the wreck of fortune; corrupt and wicked motives; these things under those whom God hath joined together. And when children are regarded as a nuisance, when the club is the very life of the husband—when the husband is at this place, the wife at the other, the children with relatives or left to the care of the servants, what is to be expected? There will be confusion and misery and evil work. It is just in proportion as you follow the example of Christ in your whole life that sweet old song which has greeted you after a hard day's work—when you sit by the fireside will become part of your very life, "Home, home, sweet sweet home; be it never so humble, there's no place like home."—Rev. Canon DuMoulin.

Blasts From the Ram's Horn.

God alone can tell where our personal influence is going to stop.

If you have parted with your sins, don't hunt them up to say good-bye to them.

It takes both grace and grit to get along pleasantly with people who never make mistakes.

The cross we pick out for ourselves is always heavy.

Whenever the world comes face to face with unselfish love it has to stop and think.

Some fellows get very low down in getting up in the world.

Self denial is about the last thing some people undertake when they start out to be Christians.

Christ has nowhere promised to bear the burdens of those who borrow trouble.

A little weed has no more right to live than a big one. To spare any kind of a sin may mean to lose your own life.

The man who has a high opinion of himself doesn't know himself.

The man who looks for difficulties will find two where he only expected one.

Self-Denial.

Life in the individual is never preserved without self-denial. Self-denial from religious motives is spoken of by St. Paul as a sacrifice to God. This is what he means when he talks of each Christian being a living sacrifice. The death of the sacrifice is the death to sin, the life of the sacrifice is the life of righteousness. These two parts of holiness are inseparable. Death and life run parallel in the experience of the true Christian. Without the death of self-denial, there can be no life of grace. The cardinal principle of Christianity, in the domain of morals, is that the vital sacrifice which alone preserves the individual, the church and the race finds no motive excepting in religion, a true feeling of responsibility to the moral ruler of the universe.

Making Vows.

Vows, rightly and properly made, should be religiously kept. Some are hasty in making them, and as hasty in breaking them. Others are slow in vowing, but equally slow in going back upon them. Broken vows are great hindrances in Christian experience and in aggressive work. Well-maintained vows are a source of inspiration to greater undertakings and holier living.

Wisdom and grace are the two main requisites in their formation and execution. Intelligence indicates the proper occasions for making them, and divine strength enables the soul to put them into practice. The great thing is to vow in the Lord, and to pray in His name and by His help.

Doing One's Best.

That is all you can demand from people—and all one can insist upon on one's self—to do one's best in every sphere and situation. In the shop or factory, at home or at school, in the pulpit or on the bench, the inexorable law is the law of doing one's best. As to what is the best, that is left to the individual, and it is not our business to set down a canon or standard as to our neighbors' conduct. Let us sweep the snow from our own sidewalk first; let us do the nearest duty to be done; let us breathe into our work all our manhood or womanhood, all our earnestness and determination. Then we can peep a little at our neighbor and see how he is getting along and whether the result is worthy or unworthy.

Unquestioning Obedience.

Night after night, as you lie down to rest, the weary day ended, think that a day offered to God in weariness and quiet endurance may bring you fuller joy than the brightest, happiest seasons of enjoyment can do. And when morning brings a fresh beginning, it may be in weariness of body and spirit, strive to hear the voice of God

saying: "My child, it is thus I will that thy service be weary and lifeless, and deficient in all earthly reward and pleasure, what is that to thee, so long as it will? What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter. Follow thou me without questioning the love which indicts thy weariness and sadness and seeming privation of all thou most dearest in."—

Happy Homer.

The sweetest and happiest homes—homes to which men in weary life look back with yearning too deep for tears; homes whose recollections linger round our manhood like light and the sunshine and the sweet air, into which no base thing can intrude—are homes where brethren dwell together in unity; where, because all love God, all love their brothers also; where, because all are very dear to all, each is dearer to each than to himself.—Rev. Dr. Frederick W. Farrar.

The Truly Brave Soul.

The truly brave soul does not quail before or shrink from life's hardships, but heroically faces them, assured that they are a part of that divinely ordained life discipline which fits the soul for an eternity of bliss. This life is the school in which faithful, diligent, brave students are fitted, by severe discipline, for the glories of the life which is to come.

At the End of Life.

Blessed is everyone who, at the end of this life draws near, can say, "I am now ready to be offered. I have fought the good fight. I have finished my course. I have kept the faith: Henceforth there is laid up for me the crown of righteousness which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day."

Saved, Saved, Saved.

Always live below your income. If you are making \$5 per week save a dollar and put these dollars out at interest.

Knowledge Put to Use.

The importance of what we know is derived largely from its influence on the will or conduct.—Bishop Spalding.

Dreamers.

Too many grieve over the past, dream of the future, but never act in the present.

The entire grace, happiness and virtue of a young man's life depends on his contentment in doing what he can dutifully, and in staying where he is peaceably.—Ruskin.

No person goes through life entirely unappreciated. It would be a sorry world if we judged all our friends by the outside.

SPEAKING OF LONG AGO.

Today, as I pen these lines, one picture from the long-vanished past rises in my memory as clearly as though it hung on a wall before my very eyes. It is of a boy about fourteen years old, propped up in a great arm-chair with pillows and bed-clothes, and gazing through a window. He is just convalescing after a long and dangerous illness, and still thin, pale, and weak. The strong arms of his loving father have taken him from the bed and placed him snugly by the window in order that he may see his playmates at their games in the snow; for the times is mid-winter. They wave their hands to him and he waves his hand feebly to them. The scene is from my own boyhood, forty years ago. What magic has conjured it up now? Only a sentence from a letter.

This "I was so weak that for years I had to be carried upstairs to bed." A lady speaks thus of her girlhood. What a pitiable thing. It is not what nature meant; but alas! too often what really happens in this perverted world. Children should never suffer pain, for pain is punishment. For whose offences, then—surely not their own—do the little ones sicken and die by uncounted millions? "From childhood," so runs the letter, "I was always delicate. When fourteen years old I got a chill on the lungs which left me in a weak state. Indeed, I was always tired and weary, and never knew what it was to feel strong."

Now, tell me, if you can, what sadder reading one is apt to come upon than this? Fancy a young girl being always tired, weary, and weak?—too weak to climb the stairs to her own bed! so feeble and lifeless as to require to be carried over the house through which she should have skipped and danced like a fawn. What had so crushed her? Disease? What disease and how caused?

"I was very pale," continues the letter "My feet were cold and clammy, and hot sweats now and again burst over me. My appetite was poor; and, after eating, I suffered such pain at the chest and sides that it often amounted to agony; and the palpitation of the heart was so bad that many times I got no sleep at night on account of it."

And this at an age when the heart should beat quickly only with feelings of joy and hope; and girlish forms in their beds should be as quiet as recumbent statues. "After a time," says the writer, "I could take liquid nourishment only my stomach being too weak to retain anything solid. Thus, I gradually wasted away until I was nothing but skin and bone. I had not even strength to walk across the floor; and all who saw me said it was impossible that I should ever get well."

"From time to time I saw doctor after doctor, and twice went to the Sherborne Hospital, but received no benefit from the treatment there. At last the doctors said that both my chest and bowels were ulcerated and that there was no hope of my recovery. I was now so bad that I could take nothing but weak brandy and water—and that only occasionally."

"In this hopeless condition I lingered on until March, 1890, when I heard of Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. Although I had given up all hope of deriving any benefit from any medicine, I nevertheless, sent for a bottle of the Syrup and after having taken it for a few days I

found myself a little better. This led me to continue using it, and shortly I was able to take solid food, and the sickness gradually left me. Holding to this medicine—the only one that had ever helped me—I grew stronger and stronger until I was in good health. Without Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup I should never have recovered; and you must try to imagine how grateful I feel. I never can put my thankfulness in words. Yours truly (Signed) (Mrs.) Mary Jane Hilliar, Rimpston, near Sherborne, Dorset, March 9th, 1893."

We rest at this. Here is a life history. How can we comment on it adequately? What a pity that this woman should have so suffered! What a satisfaction to know that she suffers no more! And yet—the last time, the last happiness! Ah, yes! Mother Seigel had reason enough to induce her to labour as she did to relieve her sister women. Thank Heaven for her success.

Mrs. Hilliar's real disease was of the stomach—indigestion and dyspepsia; in hereditary, probably, and made chronic by circumstances. The remedy she finally used cured this, and so freed her from all the symptoms and results. How kindly are the arms that carry us in our weakness. How glorious not to need them!

They had no Dinner.

The absent-mindedness of a certain well known Scotch professor is notorious. Not long ago he invited a few select friends to dine with him; and upon their arrival, some short time before the hour set apart for dinner, the professor suggested a walk through the conservatory and grounds until the gong should sound the dinner hour. After spending a short time inspecting flowers, plants, etc., host and guests came suddenly to a small gate at the end of the lawn. "Ah," said the professor to his astonished guests, "assuredly this will be a much nearer way home for you than going back to the front." And, all unconscious of invitation to dinner, he opened the gate and bowed his guests out.—London Answers.

SEND FOUR CENTS

For Six Fancy Dolls With Extra Dresses.

The manufacturers of the popular Diamond Dyes have a taking novelty which they are sending out to every city, town and village in Canada. This novelty is known as the Diamond Dye doll with extra dresses.

Six of these dolls with six extra dresses will be sent to any address upon receipt of four cents in stamps. These dolls are very artistic and ornamental, and delight the young people.

When you order the dolls, ask for card of forty-five samples of dyed cloth, and book of directions for dyeing with Diamond Dyes; these are sent free of cost. Wells & Richardson Co., 200 Mountain Street, Montreal.

Long-Lived Animals.

It is generally agreed among naturalists that the tortoise is the longest lived of all the animals. There are many instances of them attaining the extraordinary age of 250 years, while one is actually mentioned as reaching the unparalleled age of 405 years. Notwithstanding these examples, which, of course, are exceptionally rare, the ordinary tortoise only lives on an average from 100 to 150 years.

A CAREFUL STUDENT OF SOCIAL REFORM.

Rev. W. Galbraith, LL. B., Pastor of Elm Street Methodist Church, Toronto, Has a Good Word to Say of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder.

The Rev. Wm. Galbraith, LL. B., is one of the thoughtful preachers of the day. The active interest he has taken in questions of social reform has given him wide influence outside of his own church, where his influence is undisputed. His mind is of the kind that thinks out a problem, and then he is able to speak with force and intelligence. He is to be credited with examining into the merits of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, with the same bent of mind. And what does he say? That in this medicine he has found a remedy that gives quick relief for cold in the head, which is so uncomfortable to everybody, and giving relief there it helps, perhaps, more than any other remedy to stave off the ill effects that come from catarrhal trouble.

One short puff of the breath through the Blower, supplied with each bottle of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, diffuses this powder over the surface of the nasal passages. Painless and delightful to use, it relieves in ten minutes, and permanently cures catarrh, hay fever, colds, headache, sore throat, tonsillitis and deafness. Sixty cents. Sample bottle with blower sent on receipt of 10c. in stamps or silver. S. G. Deetchon, 44 Church street, Toronto.

Well-Paid European Rulers.

Italy can have 10,000 men slaughtered in Abyssinia and still pay her king \$2,000,000 a year, while the price of macaroni is going steadily down. The civil list of the German emperor is about \$4,000,000 a year, besides large revenues from vast estates belonging to the royal family. The czar of all the Russias owns in fee simple 1,000,000 square miles of cultivated land, and enjoys an income of \$12,000,000. The king of Spain, little Alfonso XIII., if he is of a saving disposition, will be one of the richest sovereigns in Europe when he comes of age. The state allows him \$1,400,000 a year, with an additional \$600,000 for family expenses.

TRIED, TESTED AND TRUE.

Thousands Know of the Quick and Certain Relief that Comes from South American Kidney Cure.

This medicine will not cure all the ills the flesh is heir to, but it will cure kidney trouble of whatever kind—no case too aggravated. It will cure speedily—sure relief in six hours. It is rich in healing powers, and whilst it quickly gives ease, where pain existed before, it also gives strength to the weak and deranged organs, making the cure complete and lasting. Thousands who know what South American Kidney Cure has done for them will tell you so.

TRY

SATINS,

The Finest Molasses Chewing Candy in the Land.

GANONG BROS., L'td., St. Stephen, N. B.

MILLIONS FOR DEFENCE!

NOT ONE CENT FOR TRIBUTE.

Safety of Canadians Assured

When Paine's Celery Compound is Used.

Once at a state fair which he was visiting in company with Gov. Hoyt, of Milwaukee, Lincoln entered a side-show tent where a "strong man" was performing—going through the customary circus feats of tossing and catching great iron balls and rolling them on his back and arms apparently with the greatest ease. It was a new spectacle to Lincoln, who was greatly interested, and watched his every motion with keen attention, ejaculating under his breath at each new achievement, "By George! by George!" Seeing his interest, Gov. Hoyt, when the performance was ended, asked him to come up and be introduced to the athlete. Lincoln at once complied, and stood for a moment looking down upon the man who happened to be very short, in evident astonishment that such a little fellow could be so strong; then his amazement got the better of him, and he burst into speech.

"Why," he exclaimed, still gazing downward from his elevation of a foot or so above the man's head, "why I could lick salt off the top of your hat!"

With the earlier anecdotes of Lincoln's size and strength are linked always other anecdotes of his story-telling in the intervals between working hours, when his long, gaunt figure would be stretched at ease, and he would pour out stories, anecdotes and bits of mimicry till the crowd around him was helpless with laughter. In one town, where he stopped four weeks to build a flatboat, there was preserved and pointed out for many years a peeled log called Abe's log, whereon he and his listeners used to sit lounging and whittling in the summer evenings. So irresistibly funny were the yarns that Abe told there, that, said the narrator, who used to be one of the boys "whenever he'd end up in his his unexpected way, the boys on the log would whoop and roll off." The result of this appreciative friction, constantly repeated, was that Abe's log, so long as it was in existence displayed a polish like a mirror from one end to the other.—Youth's Companion.

Brazilian Black Diamonds.

Although the greatest Diamond mines in the world are in South Africa, Brazil exports more diamonds to that part than anywhere else on earth, says a London paper. The explanation is easy. They are black diamonds, and not of the kind used for jewelry. The place of their greatest utility is underground in mines. South Africa does not produce them, but it could not well get along without them.

Black diamond is the hardest substance known. Its utility has not only been realized for about twenty years, and improvements are constantly being made in it. The rough stones are taken and split by machinery in a way that was unknown until recently. The split must follow the grain. If it does not the stone will be wasted. Each stone is split into stones of different sizes. The cubes are then welded into mining drills if they are to be used for boring. The steel is cast about the diamond so that it cannot get loose. In the same way nearly all diamond saws are made. They are circular saws. Every tooth is a black diamond cube. It is fastened on when the steel portion of the instrument is in a molten state.

The attempt to make these stones artificially has proved a failure in every instance. The cost is greater than the market price of the Brazilian diamond. Black diamonds weigh ordinarily less than 100 carats, ranging all the way down to half a carat. The largest in existence was found only a short time ago, its weight being 320 carats. The diamond was sold to a museum for £8,000.

The Unappreciated Value of a Cent.

"Until recently I never appreciated fully the value of a cent," a talkative individual remarked, as he replaced a cent that had fallen from his pocket to the floor of the car. "The difference of a cent in the bids for the \$100,000,000 of government bonds was \$10,000. I didn't buck against Morgan for the whole lot lately because I couldn't raise the difference. At about that time I had a controversy in regard to interest with the secretary of a trust company that carried one of my small accounts. After my pass book had been balanced I noticed that interest to the amount of \$13.99 had been allowed. It seems to me it might have been \$14, and I worked at the figures quite a while. I found that the amount should have been \$13.993, but the company got the benefit of the half cent, and I didn't induce the secretary to transfer it to my account. I thought afterward that if a company that has a capital of \$1,000,000 and a surplus of \$500,000 can figure on half cents, I ought to be careful with cents."

It has ever been the boast of Britons, that they never shall be slaves. The Briton's heart warms to freedom; his blood is aroused when human beings become mere chattels—bought and sold like animals. British subjects will suffer patiently even extreme taxation of the raising of millions for defence; but, never, never will they pay tribute to any foreign master.

British subjects—men, women and children—are slaves too often! What do we mean? Just what we say—that we are too often miserable bondmen and bondwomen, when we might revel in freedom and strength.

Thousands of us are slaves to some trouble or disease that makes this earthly pilgrimage burdensome and oppressive.

Why suffer longer? We have near us a mighty and powerful deliverer and rescuer known as Paine's Celery Compound that quickly banishes our assailing and tormenting enemies that come too often in the form of rheumatism, neuralgia, dyspepsia, indigestion, constipation, heart disease, nervousness, sleeplessness and blood diseases.

Why encourage and pay tribute to such death-dealing masters? Our bodies should be free, clean, pure, and fitted for the full enjoyment of true life. That world-renowned prescription, Paine's Celery Compound, gives perfect health, strength and life. It removes every trace of disease from the body, and purifies the blood. This is the season to banish every weight and oppression. Let the renovating work be commenced now, so that summer and hot weather may be met with strong and vigorous bodies and clear heads. Paine's Celery Compound has in past spring seasons saved thousands of sufferers; it will do the same for you today, weary and sick mortals.

When you decide to use the great health-giver, see that your dealer gives you the kind that cures. Ask for Paine's Celery Compound, and see that it has the trademark, the "stalk of celery." No other preparations will suit your case.

Japan Has no Domestic Animals.

Japan is a land without the domestic animal. It is this lack which strikes the stranger so forcibly in looking upon Japanese landscapes. There are no cows—the Japanese neither drinks milk nor eats meat. There are but few horses, and these are imported mainly for the use of the foreigners. The freight cars in the city streets are pulled and pushed by coolies, and the pleasure carriages are drawn by men. There are but few dogs, and these are neither used as watch dogs, beasts of burden nor in hunting, except by foreigners. There are no sheep in Japan, and wool is not used in clothing, silk and cotton being the staples. There are no pigs—pork is an unknown article of diet, and lard is not used in cooking. There are no goats or mules or donkeys in Japan, and a special agent of a society for the prevention of cruelty to animals there would have a perpetual picnic, with nothing to do but to wear fine clothes and collect they early dues.

But One Dose of South American Rheumatic Cure Relieves and Half a Bottle Cures.

Robert E. Gibson, Pembroke's well-known merchant: "I contracted rheumatism in my severe form in 1888, and have suffered untold misery each spring since. I have repeatedly applied fly blisters with but little success. Doctors whom I consulted likewise failed to relieve, I was induced to try South American Rheumatic Cure by Mr. W. F. C. Bethel, of the Dickson Drug Company. The first dose gave me instant relief and half a bottle cured."

As a cure for rheumatism this remedy is certainly peerless.