

Sunday Reading.

AS OTHERS SEE US.

We Criticize our Neighbors Acts and Condone our own.

'If people could only see themselves as others see them,' is a wail that often goes up from some would-be-reformer. This is of course, impossible; but I believe we may see ourselves as we really are, whether others see us thus or not. See ourselves as others see us would be but a kaleidoscopic view at best, since all are not apt to see us alike.

But surely, we who are really behind the scenes must know ourselves better than they who judge only from appearances. We know our motives for our actions, and, though we may be doing our best that seems possible to our fallible judgment, our motives are often misconstrued by others.

We often see things done by our neighbors which we feel prone to criticize, when if we had done these same things ourselves they would have appeared all right to us. And since we know this to be true, why can we not be charitable enough to give other people the benefit of the doubt and suppose they do in good faith what seems best to them?

Not to know our own characteristics can only be possible because of a lack of self analysis. It is not a great deal of trouble to put ourselves through a course of rigid self-examination; and if we are fair-minded we will do this. Surely we all have a desire to know ourselves as we are, and it seems that none of us need be in ignorance of our faults and foibles. If we would take an inventory of these frequently we should doubtless grow dissatisfied with our narrow soul, and be led to aspire to greater magnanimity.

But the trouble is, we don't do this often enough—we don't take that rigid self-examination. We all, doubtless, have a vague, ever-present knowledge of our own temperaments; but we don't examine deep enough. If we did we couldn't be satisfied with ourselves, but would strive to be something nobler,—to overcome selfishness, to conquer the brute in us, to subdue sensuality, to be more generous and kindly to others;—and, in earnestly striving, we would eventually become so.

No one can know us so well as we might if we would but take the trouble to become acquainted with our own characteristics. If we don't do this it is our own fault; but we can do it only by putting ourselves through a course of self analysis.

An Easy Task.

'Make the best of one another.' It we choose, make the worst of one another.

Everyone has his weak point; everyone has his faults; we may make the worst of these; we may fix our attention constantly upon these. It is a very easy task; and by so doing we shall make the burden of life unendurable, and turn friends into enemies, and provoke strife, hatred and heart burning, wherever we go, and cut off from ourselves one of the chief sources of happiness and goodness and usefulness. But we may also make the best of one another. We may forgive, even as hope to be forgiven. We may put ourselves in the place of others, and ask what we should wish to be done to us, and thought of us, were we in their place. By fixing our attention on their good qualities, we shall rise to their level as surely as by fixing our attention on their bad qualities, we shall sink below their level. By loving whatever is lovable in those around us, love will flow back from them to us, and life will become a pleasure instead of a pain, and earth will become like heaven; and we, if God so please, shall become not unworthy followers of Him whose name is Love.—Dean Stanley.

The Uses of Responsibility.

Every mother should remember that the making of her daughter is of far greater importance than the administration of things in her house, and every daughter should realize that she can learn to avoid mistakes only when she sees them. She enjoys most seeing her mother's mistakes and resolving that when she has a house she will "never do so." A beginning may be made with a small and comparatively unimportant responsibility, and not mere work, is the great thing. The very little girl may have the care of one plant, a hardy one to begin with, but system and neatness may be practiced in its care to great advantage. If the plant should be a blooming one a small vase for the breakfast table would give an additional bit of care and pleasure to both child and parents. Regularity, thoroughness, quietness in labor may be practiced under a wise mother's influence till they become a part of her daughter's character.—Mrs. Lyman Abbott in August Ladies' Home Journal.

What True Friendship Means.

Between friends there must be close sympathy, and one must be able to give to the other what she lacks, but even between those friends who are nearest and dearest it is not necessary to lay bare one's heart. Such confidence is too apt to be greeted with a curious satisfaction, and even with a friend this gratification makes one feel as if one's bruises had been touch-

ed with a vitriol. A real friend asks no questions. She takes the best that comes. That best that is in you, the best that you care to offer her, and demands nothing more. She has long ago learned being wise, that to all of us there comes a time when nothing should be said; it is true there is a time when something should be said, but there is never a time when everything should be said. There is often a silence between two women friends that means rest, and she is unwise who breaks that silence.—Ruth Ashmore in July Ladies' Home Journal.

Be Careful How You Judge.

A man went into a church to worship. He was seated in the pew beside a man whose clothes were poor, whose face was scarred, and whose arms and hands were constantly in motion—altogether a queer man. 'I think I must change my seat,' said the man to himself. 'This person is very disagreeable to me.' Just then the minister gave out the sweet old hymn:

'Just as I am, without one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me, and the queer-looking man began to sing. Such sounds! Then it was time for the second verse, and the strange-looking man leaped over and asked for the first line;

'Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind.'

'Yes,' he said, 'that's for me. I'm blind and paralyzed,' and then he began again. All was changed. The voice seemed no longer harsh. 'Should I ever again complain,' thought I, 'when this poor, unfortunate man, blind and paralyzed, can sing;

'Yes, all I need in Thee I find, Sight, riches, healing for the blind.'

Throw Open the Windows of Your Soul.

The fountain of peace and joy is in the heart. If you would throw open your heart's window to the sunshine of Christ's love, it would soon scatter the chilling mists, and even turn tears into rainbows. A large draught of Bible taken every morning, a throwing open of the heart's windows to the promise of the Master, a few words of honest prayer, a deed or two of kindness to the next person whom you meet, will do more to brighten your countenance and help your digestion than all the drugs of the doctors. If you want to get your ashes and trials out of sight, hide them under your mercies. Bear in mind, my friends, that your happiness and your misery is very much of your own making. You cannot create spiritual sunshine any more than you can create the morning star, but you can put your soul where the sun is shining.—T. L. Cuyler, D. D.

For the Uneducated.

Schools and academies are not opened for the well educated; they are opened for the ignorant who are desirous to learn. Christ's church is not an assemblage of matured believers; it is a school for souls, and the best requisites for admission are an honest, humble, teachable spirit, a hunger after Christ, and a sincere desire to do His will. Whatever the Holy Spirit presses you to do, promptly do it. A sincere, heartfelt promise to serve Christ is always conditioned on His infinitely greater promise to help you. I admit that you are not strong enough in yourself to keep the solemn vows involved in a public confession of Christ. But that loving Shepherd who knoweth His humblest sheep by name, when He saith 'My grace is sufficient for thee.'—Dr. Cuyler.

Meekness.

Meekness is love at school; love at the Savior's feet. It is Christian brotherhood. It is the disciple learning to know himself; learning to fear and distrust and abhor himself. It is the disciple practicing the sweet, but self-emptying lesson of putting on the Lord Jesus Christ. It is the disciple learning the defects of his own character. It is the disciple praying and watching for the mellowing of his temper and the amelioration of his character. It is the living Christian at his Savior's feet, learning of Him who is meek and lowly, and finding rest for his soul.—Dr. James Hamilton.

Anxiety Hurtful.

And what does your anxiety do? It does not empty tomorrow, brother, of its sorrow; but, ah! it empties today of its strength. It does not make you escape the evil, it makes you unfit to cope with it when it comes. It does not bless tomorrow, and it robs today. For every day has its own burden. God give us power to bear all the sorrows of His making; but He does not give us the power to bear the sorrows of our own making, which the anticipation of sorrow most assuredly is.—Ian Maclaren.

Appeal to God.

It is related of Whitefield that he had repeatedly urged to cross the Atlantic to preach in a place where a revival was urgently needed, he replied: 'It is useless to urge me; I am on my Father's business. Appeal to him. If you are in such earnest as you say, you should pray to God and He would send me. I am in His hands; wherever He sends me I will go. Do not importune me; plead with my Master; he never refuses an earnest seeker.'

Little Things.

Little things are often the hardest things. It is comparatively easy to do a momentary deed of daring that will startle everybody; it is not easy to do little deeds of quiet courage from day to day unheeded by all and unheeded all. Perhaps you are not called to do the great deed. But you are called every day to do the little deeds, which more surely wear our life and strength in the long run. Be glad that you were called to this, for this is the harder task and he who is faithful here will not be unfaithful in the easier great things.

The Heavenly Visitant.

Every fact is a heavenly visitant. Welcomed, and fed on the bread of a holy contemplation, it shows its divineness as truth, spiritual, nourishing, upbuilding; for in a loving mind and heart an earthly fact is always a heavenly truth, seen such as it lifts into its blossom of a quickened mind and heart.

NEVER KNOWN TO FAIL

The Three Great South American Remedies Always Cure—Mrs. Edward Purr, of Surrey Centre, B. C., Once Paralyzed on One Side, is Now 'As Well as Ever' Because of South American Nerve-W. W. Brownell, of Avonmore, Ont., Thought He Would Die From Rheumatism and Neuralgia, Cured by South American Rheumatic Cure—South American Kidney Cure the Only Specific for Worst Forms of Kidney Disease.

To do all that one undertakes to do is commendable in these days of broken promises. The application is apt in the case of proprietary medicines. In the three great South American Remedies, however, are found specifics that square up to every claim and promise.

The wife of Edward Purr of Surrey Centre, B. C., was taken bad last August with nervous prostration, which later developed into paralysis of one side. Her husband writes: 'She tried many remedies, but only in vain. South American Nerve was recommended, and I am glad to say the result, after taking three bottles, was astonishing to myself and family. We believed it worked a wonder for Mrs. Purr, and we cannot speak too highly of the remedy.'

As an aftermath from an attack of typhoid fever W. W. Brownell of Avonmore, Ont., became a victim of most painful rheumatism and neuralgia. He called in the best medical aid, but got no relief. His words are: 'I thought I must die many nights thought I could not live till morning, the pain was so severe. The doctors said I must go to the springs, but I secured a bottle of South American Rheumatic Cure from Mr. E. H. Brown, druggist, of Cornwall. The first dose gave relief and after taking two and a half bottles the pain all left me and now I am as well as ever.'

There is no experiment in the use of South American Kidney Cure. It is not a pill nor powder, but a liquid, that immediately dissolves the hard stonelike substances, that constitute kidney disease, and doing this it becomes an absolute cure. D. J. Locke of Sherbrooke, Que., says he spent \$100 in treatment for a complicated case of kidney disease, but received no permanent cure until, to use his own words: 'I began to use South American Kidney Cure, when four bottles completely cured me.'

BN ROYAL AUTHORITY.

The Law Regarding the Tradesmen's Display of the Arms.

Every Canadian who has visited Europe will recall to mind the fact that a large number of the shops in the leading thoroughfares of the various cities are adorned with coats of arms of royal personages. Thus, in London there are at least sixty of the stores in bond that have either the three feathers of the Prince of Wales or the armorial bearing of Queen Victoria emblazoned on their windows and on their billheads, while the same coats of arms are to be found over the entrances of the principal stores of Unter den Linden, at Berlin, and on the Graben at Vienna.

A very widespread impression prevails even in Europe that any tradesman who pleases may ornament his shop and his billheads in this fashion, while there are others who imagine that a mere chance visit and a single purchase on the part of a royal personage is sufficient to authorize the shop keeper to assume the coat of arms of the illustrious customer in question, and to entitle himself 'purveyor to his or her royal highness.'

This belief has been rudely dispelled in London by the arrest of a large number of tradesmen for having assumed and used the royal arms so as to deceive and lead to the belief that the businesses were carried on under royal authority. The magistrate let them off with a fine of \$100 apiece and costs, intimating to them that on the next offence of the same kind the penalty would mean imprisonment. In Berlin and in

Vienna the authorities are even still more severe and the fines, which are much heavier, are invariably accompanied by a sentence of imprisonment.

The only people in trade who have the right to use the royal arms are those who have received from the chief of a royal household a duly stamped and sealed warrant appointing them purveyors to the royal personage in question. Thus, all the shop-keepers who are authorized to use the crest and armorial bearings of the Prince of Wales have warrant's signed and sealed by the comptroller of his household, Gen. Sir Dighton Probyn. In the same way the warrants of purveyors to Emperor William are signed and sealed by Count Eulenterg. These warrants are usually framed and hung up in the shop windows, and whenever the royal or imperial arms are used without the display of the warrant, it may be taken for granted on general principles that the shopkeeper is intentionally deceiving his customers, and as such is unworthy of confidence.

GUNS LOADED WITH FOOD.

Why an Old Negro Thought His End Had Come

Maj. Thomas Q. Farquhar of Anniston, Ala., on a visit to Buffalo recently told a Buffalo Express reporter a humorous story of the war. During the siege of Vicksburg he was in command of a Confederate regiment outside of Gen. Grant's lines.

'We had plenty of food,' he said. 'It was a fertile territory that we had to draw from and there was no difficulty in getting enough to eat. We intercepted a poorly-guarded supply train of the Yanks and had enough to feed a regiment for a month stored right in our little camp. In spite of Yankee vigilance spies would now and then steal out of the city and we saw and talked with several of them. Each had a pitiful story to tell of how the inhabitants of Vicksburg suffered for food, and we ransacked our brains to devise some means of sending them a portion of our plenty.'

'An old negro who was acting as a gunner under me was the one to suggest what looked at first like a feasible plan. His idea was to load supplies into the four cannon which we had and fire them boldly over the heads of the Yankee into the city itself. It was a great idea, and after some study we decided that it was worth while making the experiment. The supplies which we had captured consisted of hardtack in tins, that would go into the guns like grape shot, and we calculated that by giving them plenty of elevation we could send the food directly into the city, where even such morsels would be welcome. I was in command of the detachment, and gave my consent to what an older and more experienced officer would probably have frowned upon as being contrary to all rules of war.'

'Next morning at sunrise we loaded the guns. We put a plentiful charge of powder in each and then rammed home as many cans of hardtack as would equal in weight an ordinary cannon ball, and that was not a great many, I assure you. In one of the guns we put four cans of tomatoes. This we considered an experiment, as we had little hopes that such fluid stuff would survive the impact of falling in the city, but it was worth trying. We pointed the guns and just before the lanyard of the first was pulled the old negro gunner ran a few rods down the hill, where he would be below the line of smoke and able to see where our novel shot struck.'

'The first gun fired happened to be the one we had loaded with tomatoes. The gunner pulled the lanyard, there was a roar and a puff of smoke that obscured our sight for an instant; then it blew away and we saw running up the hill toward us our old negro, covered from head to foot with what looked like blood, while he waved his arms wildly and shrieked, 'I'm killed! I'm killed! O Lord have mercy on my soul!' We were alarmed and ran down toward him. He still screamed and shrieked and fell down in a faint as he saw us. We rushed up to him and then every man of us burst into a laugh that would have waked the dead.'

'If roused old Tom, who opened his eyes and shrieked the louder when he saw our apparently inhuman levity. As soon as we were able to speak or move we picked the old negro up, stood him on his feet to assure him that he was still alive, and then ordered him to scrape the tomatoes off himself. He was the most thoroughly bedaubed specimen I ever saw. You see the heat of the discharge of the cannon melted the soldier in the tomato cans and they had simply dropped to pieces on leaving the gun, while their contents had been propelled just far enough down the hill to patter all over the old negro.' The major paused and chuckled again.

'How did the hardtack work?' asked the reporter.

TRY

SATINS,

The Finest Molasses Chewing Candy in the Land.

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

'We didn't get a chance to try it,' was the reply. 'The Yanks, thinking that we were about to bombard them from the rear, started up the hill after us, and as there would have been no use in making any resistance against so superior a force, we spiked the bombs and retreated. What they thought when they found the hardtack in them I never learned, but I suppose it only confirmed their idea that we were going to attack them.'

BRICK AND MARBLE.

'I FOUND Rome built of brick; I left it built of marble,' said Augustus Cæsar.

Which is something to boast of. Who-soever turns a sheep pasture into a corn-field, or makes two blades of grass grow where only one grew before, is so far a benefactor to his race. And who-soever finds the world cursed by pain and disease, and leaves behind him the knowledge how to overcome it—at least in part—is worthy even of a better grade. This a few have done, and their crowns of blessing will remain bright ages after the Roman emperors have been utterly forgotten.

Here is a short story in that line. Mrs. Monica Barrett works in a mill, and does yet. She belongs to the great multitude in England who depend on their labor for a living. The question with her is, What can my two hands do? Not, How shall I spend my income? Her husband (who will pardon us for mentioning it) is a shoemaker, and a good one. He hammers away at his bench, and his wife toils at the mill—as we said. It takes both to keep the pot boiling, and to find meat to put in that same pot. Early hours and late, no matter how backs may ache and eyelids grow heavy with sleep; that's the way it goes.

Well, some time in 1885, this woman began to lose her power to work. You who (like the writer of these lines) must work, or have no money for the butcher, the baker, or the landlord, understand what it means to have to knock off work. Yet we stick as long as we can. To be sure, who consents to drown so long as there is a straw to clutch at? She held on when she ought to have been in bed at home.

'I could hardly stand at the loom,' she says, 'I was so weak, I had been ill ever since the spring. It was then I first felt languid, tired, and weary. Everything was a trouble to me, I was so discouraged and depressed. I couldn't eat; my appetite was almost gone. And when I did eat a little of something, it hurt me at the chest and in the pit of the stomach. There was a bitter, sourish taste in my mouth, and a sickening wind or gas came up. My strength gave out more and more, and one cannot work when the body trembles with weakness. What ailed me I couldn't tell.'

'From time to time I was obliged to leave my work at the mill, and stay at home. Occasionally I would be laid up two or three weeks in this way. I was anxious to get well; who wouldn't be? I consulted two doctors, one after the other, in hopes they could help me. They gave me medicines, but I was none the better. One of the doctors said my complaint was constitutional weakness. Besides the doctors' medicines I took others, but they didn't reach my trouble. Year after year I suffered thus, sometimes feeling a bit better, and then worse again. It was a sad and miserable time, and so long—from the spring of 1885 to the spring of this year, 1893.'

'Last March I read in a little book about Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, and get a bottle from Mr. Watkinson, chemist, Fayette Road. After I had taken it for fourteen days I felt wonderfully relieved; my food agreed with me; I relaxed it and gained strength. Cheered up by this I kept on taking it, and it wasn't long before all the pain and distress were gone like a bad dream, and I was a new woman. Since that time I have enjoyed the best of health. (signed) Monica Barrett, 11, Maudland Road, Preston, October 10th, 1893.'

Save for the happy ending what a sad story this is. The worst part is that she should have suffered eight years with indigestion and dyspepsia (the bane and blight of women) when she might have been cured in eight days had she known of the Syrup, and used it in the spring of 1885. There is no measuring or figuring on an experience like this. It is death in life. Yet hundreds of thousands of English women are going through it all the time—yes, even now. Well, we can only say, try the medicine that cured Mrs. Barrett. If it cured her, why not you?

'I found Rome built of brick; I left it marble,' said Cæsar.

'I find people ill; I leave them well,' says Mother Seigel.

Took Care of Itself.

'Mary, I hope you took good care of my animals while I was away.'

'Indeed I did; only once I forgot to feed the cat.'

'I hope she didn't suffer.'

'Oh, no! She ate the canary and the parrot.'—Flegende Blaetter.

Why Some People Fall.

The world is full of people who have failed because of Dyspepsia, Bilioueness and Constipation, which are responsible for nine-tenths of life's miseries. Burdock Blood Bitters cures these diseases as well as all other diseases of the stomach, liver, bowels and blood in 99 cases out of 100.

The population of Liverpool is a little over 116 persons to the acre.

A Recount Not Needed

Wins in Every Contest—This Is the Record of Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart—Mrs. W. T. Rundle, of Dundalk, Ont., Cured in One Day—Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder the Only Remedy to do Sylvester Lawrence of Wyndham Centre, Ont., Any Good—Dr. Agnew's Ointment a Certain Cure for Piles—Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills Cure Constipation and Headache.

Continued experiments are needed to test the certainty of some things, but this has no application in the case of Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart. No matter how severe the pain, it will immediately relieve. Relief comes within one-half hour. The disease will remove it. Mrs. W. T. Rundle, wife of a well-known cattle dealer in Dundalk, suffered severely for a considerable time from heart disease. As he says: 'I was for some time unable to attend to my household duties. No remedies did me any good. I was induced to try Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart, and I must say the result was wonderful. The pain left me after the first day and I have had no trouble since.'

Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder is recommended by all classes of people. The leading clergyman of the country, over their own signatures, have borne testimony to its effectiveness. Nearly 100 members of the late House of commons have done the same service. It has cured the worst cases of deafness, an outcome of catarrh. Sylvester Lawrence of Wyndham Centre, Ont., says that this remedy is the only thing that he can use with ease and comfort. His words are: 'It is the best remedy I have ever tried and I have used a good many.'

The very best thing that can be said of Dr. Agnew's Ointment is that in the case of piles it will cure in from three to six nights. It is a certain cure for tetter, salt rheum and all eruptions of the skin.

Simple and yet most effective are the Little Liver Pills of Dr. Agnew. They are easy to take and cure sick headache, constipation, biliousness and indigestion as by magic. 10 cents a vial—40 doses.

PROVISIONING NEW YORK.

About \$100,000,000 Worth of Dairy Products and Meats Consumed Annually.

'Feeding a City Like New York,' an article by John Gilmer Speed in July Ladies' Home Journal, presents some interesting and astonishing statistics. For instance, Mr. Speed declares that New Yorkers consume 80,000,000 dozen eggs per year, for which they pay \$14,400,000; 290,800 pounds of butter per day, costing \$18,200,000 per year; 297,000 gallons of milk, 5,600 gallons of cream and 1,200 gallons of condensed milk daily, at a yearly outlay of \$16,250,000. Including cheese, for which \$10,000,000 per year is paid, the aggregate value of the dairy products consumed in New York City is \$44,450,000. Mr. Speed fixes the valuation of the meats of various kinds sold to New Yorkers each year at about \$58,000,000. This does not include poultry, from 200,000 to 400,000 head of which are sold weekly. Upon a conservative estimate Mr. Speed places the quantity of fish consumed yearly in New York at 45,000,000 pounds, not including oysters, clams, crabs and other shell fish. There are 24,000 bushels of potatoes sold in New York daily, the yield of a 90,000-acre farm per year, the aggregate value of the tubers being \$13,000,000. Other vegetables are consumed in like proportions. There are 70,000 bushels of wheat (four) eaten every week besides large quantities of oatmeal, buckwheat flour and cornmeal. (The quantities of provender always on hand (the perishable goods being kept in cold-storage warehouses) leads Mr. Speed to conclude that were New York cut off from all the points from whence her food supplies are drawn her people could live in plenty for four months, and even manage to get along for half a year, without emulating the Chinese appetite for rats.

Colic Cured.

DEAR SIRS,—I was very bad last summer with colic and a few doses of Wild Strawberry cured me. I am safe in recommending it as the best remedy ever used. I cannot speak too highly of it.

MRS. ALFRED VICE, Berlin, Ont.

Procreancy.


A Male school teacher, much disturbed in mind, reports that one of her pupils, a small boy of no particular distinction, when asked recently to define the word 'man,' retired into his inner consciousness for a moment and then spoke these words, 'man'—a living being, unfortunate enough to know it.' Vigorous questioning as to whence he had plucked a carnation so peculiarly, arsenically green, failed to elicit any other response than 'I just made it up.' If he told the truth, and did 'just make it up' the teacher is right in thinking the event a portentous one; perhaps, it is portentous even if the little boy lied. Invented or stolen, the phrase had impressed him as meaning something and that fact is very terrible.—White Mountain Echo.

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