

Sunday Reading.

THE RESULT OF PATIENCE.

How It Overcame a Mischievous School Boy.

Many years ago a minister of the gospel told me that when he was a boy at school it was his constant effort to lead the children of Christian parents, and especially those who seemed to show any regard for serious things, to do what he knew was wrong. If he could get them into quarrels or to use wicked words, etc., he felt it was a sort of license for him to do the same. The presence of such scholars was a rebuke to his own wicked course.

Another minister spoke of the great annoyance it was to him, when at school, to be called 'Deacon,' as he was the son of a Deacon. He said he was often tempted to do things that he knew were wrong, just to show his tormentors that it was not proper to call him Deacon. Now the members of the Society of Christian Endeavor can, and do, greatly aid each other in patiently enduring such cruel annoyances and in resisting all the bad influences. If a member sees a fellow-member in any hard conflict, or one who is beginning to be discouraged, or one who is in danger of being led astray, or of in any way dishonoring his profession, his very presence, and especially his words of warning and encouragement, will be full of helpfulness.

The following incident of a schoolmate in my boyhood will show the trials to which young Christians are sometimes exposed, and the great help they can be to one another.

Henry Bell, at the time of his last winter in the public school, was about sixteen or seventeen years of age. In the autumn of that year he had united with the church. He was the only scholar, so far as I know, professing to be a Christian, even in that school-house.

There was hardly a family in the district, except the one to which he belonged, with Christian parents.

A short time before the winter school commenced, Charles Willard, a classmate of Henry's said to his father:

'Henry Bell has joined the church.'

'Well, what of it?'

'I mean to look after him this winter,' meaning that he was going to annoy him.

The father said: 'I wouldn't trouble him if he does nothing wrong.'

'I shall watch him, and see if he is any better than the rest of us.'

And Charles and most of the other scholars did watch him and by every possible means seek to annoy him. There purpose was if possible, to get him out of patience and angry, and then taunt him with pretending to be a Christian, and setting himself up as better than the rest of them.

Henry was able to bear it all meekly without a look or word of impatience or complaint. He never went out with the boys at recess or remained at the school-house at noon.

What a source of comfort and strength one Christian associate would have been to Henry! How the members of a society of Christian Endeavor—had there been such a society there then—would have stood by him and shared with him the burden of ridicule and persecution!

Henry went daily to his praying mother and poured into her ears and into her heart the tale of his wrongs. With the comforting and encouraging words of that mother, and especially with the help and strength he obtained in his closet, he was able to return to school every morning with a calm, untroubled spirit and with grace sufficient for any new trials that might await him.

And by Charles ceased his efforts to annoy, and Henry learned that something was troubling him. For several days he had tried, as school closed at noon, to get near him, but Henry supposed that it was to make some new attack upon him and he avoided him.

One day, as he approached, Henry said to him pleasantly, 'Charles don't you want to take a walk?'

Charles at once took his arm and burst into tears. They went to a neighboring wood and there, under a majestic oak, they sat down, when the now penitent Charles with tears acknowledged the cruel wrong he had done his classmate and said: 'It was your patience under our ridicule that overcame me. I said there must be something in your religion that I knew nothing about that could keep you from getting angry.'

For two or three days these classmates spent the 'nooning' under that oak—ever since sacred in the minds of each of them—in conversation and prayer. Charles soon became a warm-hearted Christian! And no one—who has not been in like circumstances—can tell the joy of Henry's heart, that he now had one Christian companion; and no one can tell the warm attachment that now for more than three score years has existed between them. For more than half a century they have both been actively engaged, and still are, in the work of the gospel ministry.

My exhortation to all young Christians, and especially to the members of the Society of Christian Endeavor, is, strive

be helpful to one another—to make it easier for others to be good—and to honor a Christian profession.—By Rev. Asa Bullard.

OPPORTUNE HELP.

It Came at a Time When It was Most Needed by the Orphans.

One day, says George Muller, of the Orphan Homes, we had three prayer meetings from meal to meal for help, but I had to go home after the last prayer meeting with nothing in hand for the breakfast next morning (and we paid cash on delivery for everything). On reaching home I expected to find something there, but there was nothing. The next morning I went down to the Orphan Houses early to see if anything had come in. When I arrived, my chief helper showed me £3 he had just received, between six and seven a. m. The receipt of this sum in a time of such need was recorded in the next report, and after the report had been published the donor came and said, 'On the morning I gave the £3 I was expecting important letter at my counting house, and went down early in consequence; on my way it came to my mind. Should I not give something for orphans today? but I decided to do so in the evening. Again the thought was pressed on my mind. Why cannot I do so now? Still I went on, but at 11 a. m. I walked a mile further in the direction of my office I could not go on, and turned back to walk at once to the Orphan House. When I had walked half a mile back I stopped, and remembering my important letter turned again in the direction of my office, but once more more I felt I could not go on, then turned and went direct to the Orphan House and gave the £3.' This came before the milkman had arrived, and supplied our needs for the day. At another time we had four prayer meetings between each meal for the supply of the next, and at 10 p. m., because there was nothing in hand for the breakfast next day, I went home, hoping something had come in there; but no, there was nothing there. I went down between six and seven the next morning to share the need with my co-workers, and when not far from the Orphan House I met a gentleman who wished me 'Good morning,' and after he had passed, came back after me and handed me some gold, and thus we were helped for that day.

If you want to be miserable think about yourself, about what you want, [what you like, what respect people ought to pay to you and what people think of you.—Charles Kingsley.

Spread the Gospel.

The closing paragraphs of Dr. A. J. Gordon's last pastoral letter were as follows:—'Forget not that your first and principal business as a disciple of Christ is to give the gospel to those who have it not. He who is not a missionary Christian will be a missing Christian when the great day comes for bestowing the rewards of service. Therefore: Ask yourself daily what the Lord would have you do in connection with the work of carrying the news of salvation to the perishing millions. Search carefully whether He would have you go yourself to the heathen if you have the youth and fitness required for the work. Or, if you cannot go in person: Inquire diligently what blood mortgage there is upon your property in the interest of foreign missions; how much you owe to the heathen, because of what you owe to Christ, for redeeming you with his precious blood. I warn you that it will go hard with you when your Lord comes to reckon with you if He finds your wealth invested in superfluous luxuries or hoarded up in needless accumulations instead of being sacredly devoted to giving the gospel to the lost. But remember that consecrated giving will be impossible unless there be first a consecrated giver. Therefore I counsel you to seek the special grace and anointing of the Holy Spirit, that He may work in you that consecration of heart and life on which so much depends.'

If we are poor we may take a long step toward wealth by becoming contented.

Value of Youth.

If young people only knew the value of their youth! A half hour each day steadily given to the vanquishing of some real books in history, science, literature, is three hours a week, is more than twelve hours a month, is more than twelve solid days of twenty-four hours each, a year. What cannot the business man accomplish by such seizure of fragments of his time? Oh, if the young people only knew the culture possible for them by such simple means. And for evermore it is the man who knows who gets to be the man who does, and to whom the chance for doing comes. Merely frittering time in newspapers and novel reading—a youthhood devoted only to that, how pitifully sad! No ship drifts into harbor. No young persons drift into an achieving manhood or womanhood.

I am always longing to have the people I love near me; that is my idea of heaven, just to have the souls that belong to me within reach.—Celia Thaxter.

A BEAUTIFUL BUGLE CALL.

The Taps is the Sweetest of all the Army Bugle Calls.

'No doubt the most beautiful of all the army bugle calls is taps, the call for lights out,' said the old soldier.

'There are other calls that are stirring and some that are very musical, but none so beautiful as this.'

'I remember a time when we had settled down in camp for awhile, with all the routine of camp life, day after day, from reveille to taps, so that we came to look forward to the calls, fatigue, guard mount, hospital call, drill, dress parade, and so on through the day, to tattoo and taps at night.'

'Right next to us was a regular battery. We could hear its calls about as plainly as we could our own. We had good buglers, but there was a man in the battery who was an artist. And after we came to know him we used to listen nights to hear him blow taps. The camp was still. Suddenly would come the notes of a bugle—our man blowing the call, and blowing it well; a musical and graceful good night! Then the man in the battery—he always blew last. It always seemed as if he waited a minute or so for the applause from our tents for our own man to cease. Then we could fancy him raising his bugle, and then the lovely call as he blew it, a most melodious good night. Then we used to turn over and go to sleep.'—New York Sun.

CAUSED HER TO FAINT.

Great Pain From Kidney Disease.

With kidney disease, unless the real cause of the trouble is eradicated, the disease becomes more deeply seated.

'That this is the case,' said Mrs. J. Halman, wife of a well-known merchant of Berlin, Ont., 'was shown in my experience, for I had suffered from kidney disease for eighteen long months.'

'Did you suffer much pain?' was an enquiry.

'Yes,' said Mrs. Halman. 'At times the pain would be so intense that I would lose consciousness and go off in fainting spells.'

'What efforts did you make to rid the system of the disease?'

'I did, as I thought, every thing through doctors and proprietary medicines but it was not until South American Kidney Cure was brought under my notice that I obtained relief. The results were marvellous. Ease came after taking a few doses, and the use of two bottles was sufficient to cure me of all kidney trouble.'

Where South American Kidney Cure differs from the many pills and powders advertised is in the fact that it is a liquid, and dissolves the uric acid and exalts of lime that gathers in the system when kidney disease is present. Allowed to remain these sand-like particles filter through the kidneys, and in time destroy them entirely.

She is Everywhere.

Women in America, says an English paper, are known to hold places creditably as engineers, auctioneers, firemen, quarrymen, slaters, masons, hunters, trappers and barbers. They are also employed in insurance offices and as detectives. Their reputation is European as well as American. Patience, tact, finesse and intuitive inspirations are peculiarly feminine qualities, while in moral courage and endurance they are second to none, and the waste and neglect of such valuable products is nothing less than a crime in political economy. The epigrammatic French expression, 'C'est chez la femme,' has a double significance, for, where you will, where will you not find her?

SOUTH VICTORIA SURE.

Chas. Fairbairn, M. P., Speaks Out in Definite Terms.

Just what conclusions South Victoria's members may have reached on some questions is perhaps uncertain, but that Mr. Fairbairn has clear and definite views as to the nature of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder there can be no doubt. Accustomed to dealing frankly with matters as they come before him, he has, with every plainness, told of the effective character of this remedy in the case of catarrh or cold in the head. The quick relief that comes from a use of this medicine is a point in which not alone Mr. Fairbairn, but hundreds of others have freely testified. It is a cure is desired, avoid cheap, worthless imitations. Sample bottle and blower sent by S. G. Detchem, 44 Church street, Toronto, on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

For Girl Athletes.

One who is familiar with amateur sports and the methods of training competitors gives it as his opinion that there is no danger whatsoever in running and no reason why girls should not make excellent scores in the hundred yard dash, in sprinting and in basket ball, but he warns them against jumps of all kinds. He would even banish the skipping rope. As to the fear expressed about the action of the heart in running, he says that girls should be trained like professionals and that it is possible to regulate the number of heart beats, so that violent exertion shall produce comparatively little flattening, but without such training both boys and girls should beware of attempting to achieve phenomenal times.—Brooklyn Eagle.

A NEW LEASE OF LIFE.

HOW A CUMBERLAND CO. N. S. MAN OBTAINED IT.

A Sufferer From Acute Dyspepsia and a Complication of Troubles Following an Attack of La Grippe—He was Forced to Quit Business and Was Hopelessly Discouraged When Help Came.

From the Amherst, N. S., Sentinel.

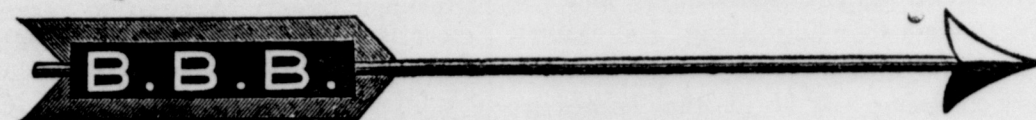
Mr. Chas. Tucker, who lives about two miles from Lockport, is one of the best known men in that section. He is engaged in business as a lobster packer, and dealer in flour and salt, and in addition has a fine farm. During the past three years, Mr. Tucker has been an almost constant invalid, being the victim of a complication of troubles following a severe attack of la grippe. Recently he has been restored to his old time health and having learned that he gave the entire credit to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, concerning which a reporter interviewed him in the matter, and was cheerfully given his story for publication. Mr. Tucker said:—'About four years ago I had a severe attack of



la grippe, which left me in a fearful condition. I had for a number of years before this attack been a sufferer from dyspepsia, but following the la grippe it took a more acute form, and to add to my distress my liver appeared not to perform its usual functions, and my heart troubled me greatly, and there were all with other complications which baffled the skill of four doctors whom I successively called in in the hope of regaining my health. From the knees down my legs were as cold as ice; my bowels would bloat and I suffered great pain. My case went from bad to worse despite the medical treatment I was undergoing and at last I got so bad that I was forced to give up business. I could hardly eat anything, got but little sleep at night, and as you will readily understand my condition became one of despair. My father urged me several times to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial, but I was so discouraged that I had no further faith left in any medicine. However more to please him than from any hope of beneficial results, I began the use of Pink Pills. The first beneficial effects I found was that the warmth and natural feeling began to return to my limbs, my bowels ceased to bloat, and with the continued use of the pills my appetite returned. I slept soundly at night, and the action of my heart again became normal. I continued taking the Pink Pills until I had used in all fifteen boxes, and I have not felt better in years than I do now. I did some particularly hard work last fall, and was able to stand it with a strength and vigor which surprised me. I consider Dr. Williams' Pink Pills not only a wonderful medicine, but also in the light of what my other treatment cost, the least expensive medicine in the world, and I strongly recommend Pink Pills to all in need of medicine.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills act directly upon the blood and nerves, building them up and thus driving disease from the system. There is no trouble due to either of these causes which Pink Pills will not cure, and in hundreds of cases they have restored patients to health after all other remedies had failed. Ask for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and take nothing else. The genuine are always enclosed in boxes, the wrapper around which bears the full trade mark. 'Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.' May be had from all dealers, or sent post paid on receipt of 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

STRAIGHT AS AN ARROW



TO THE MARK.

In all diseases that affect humanity there is some weak link in the chain of health, some spot that is the seat of the trouble. It may be the liver, it may be the stomach; perhaps it is the bowels or the kidneys; most likely it is the blood. Burdock Blood Bitters goes straight to that spot, strengthens the weak link in the chain, removes the cause of the disease, and restores health, because it acts with cleansing force and curative power upon the stomach, liver, kidneys, bowels and blood.

With good red blood health is assured, without it disease is certain to come and Burdock

BLOOD BITTERS

is the only remedy that will positively remove all blood poisons. In ulcers, abscesses, scrofula, scrofulous swellings, skin diseases, blotches, old sores, etc., B.B.B. should be applied externally, as well as taken internally according to directions.

TRY

SATINS,

The Finest Molasses Chewing Candy in the Land.

GANONG BROS., Ltd., St. Stephen, N. B.

JENNIE KIMBALL'S BOYS.

Many Comedians that Were Graduated From Her Juvenile Company.

The death of Jennie Kimball recalls the fact that the burlesque stage of today owes her some of its brightest stars as well as the 'infant' prima donna Corinne. It was from Miss Kimball's first juvenile company, the Corinne Merry-makers, that the Daly brothers, Bob and D. N., took the start. Dan is now leading comedian at the New York Casino. 'The Great Crowley,' who has been successful in London, was also one of her early juveniles. Harry Conner, who made a hit as Welland Strong in Hoyt's 'A Trip to Chinatown,' and Charles A. Bigelow, the O'Holligan of 'Little Christopher,' are others of Jennie Kimball's boys.

Miss Kimball's school was of the best for would-be burlesque artists, and it was a misfortune for that branch of the profession when she decided, about three years after Corinne began, to surround the baby star with adult support. Miss Kimball was well fitted for her task of making burlesque artists, having been a burlesque actress for many years at the old Howard Athenaeum in Boston, along in the '70s. She took to the profession of managing after her meeting with Corinne. Corinne has often been spoken of as Jennie Kimball's child. She is, in fact, the daughter of poor Italians, and attracted the attention of the burlesque actress by her plaintive singing in the streets. Miss Kimball offered to teach the five-year-old child, and found her not only apt and bright, but also a natural actress. She soon adopted Corinne, and in 'Pinafore' the tot made her first bow to the public at the Boston Museum in 1879. Juvenile opera companies were then just beginning, Haverley's and Miles's juvenile opera companies being the first. Miss Kimball gathered all the child singers she could in the city, getting many from music teachers, and when, two years later, after a couple of weeks' run at the old Gaiety Theatre, she started the Merry-makers on the road with 'Cinderella' the little company numbered thirty-five ranging in age from the prima donna's 7 years to some 15 year-old chorus girls.

The only adult besides Thomas Flaherty, a Boston piano dealer, who backed the show, and whom Miss Kimball married and was divorced from about two years ago, was 19-year-old Frank Hayden, the tenor, who always remained with her and is now general manager of the company. In the chorus, besides Leah Farrill, the belle of the company, and now married to a wealthy husband, Aida Miner and Bessie Louise King, were the Daly boys, young Crowley, Joe Coughman, Tony Williams, and Charley Bigelow. Bigelow led the chorus, and, though only 14, was property man.

Miss Kimball was very strict with her youthful company, and not only watched over their stage business, but also looked after their habits, and the budding chorists and comedians frequently led their guardian a pretty chase, as each member had given her the strictest orders. A salutary lesson to one boy made a great impression on the rest of the boys. It was in St. Louis. The curtain was about to ring up when Buttini was reported missing. Scuffling about town Hayden finally brought the small low comedian in a sad condition into the awful presence of the head of the company, and held her knitting while she settled with him. She first demanded where Buttini's savings were. There could be no doubt Charley had spent them all. He was penniless and very tipsy. So Miss Kimball who was rather athletic, and had got the disgraced Buttini into a corner, boxed his ears soundly (to be entirely frank, cat-o'-nine-tailed him), berating him the while. Being quite irresponsible the boy stood on his dignity, and refused to promise reform, whereupon he was at once discharged, and started on his homeward journey in the hour.

A week or so later, while the company awaited a train in the Minneapolis station, Miss Kimball espied a small-sized tramp sitting shivering back of the stove. The sympathy natural to one dealing with so many children welled up in her bosom. Stalking up to the stove she dragged the tramp out into the light, and disclosed to the astonished gaze of the assembled company the luckless Buttini, with trousers that scarcely held together, the mere remnant of a shirt, and no hat.

'Is this you?' she thundered, holding the shivering morsel with two fingers.

'Ye-es,' sobbed the penitent tramp, submitting patiently to be soundly shaken. He knew that the shake meant forgiveness and a new suit of clothes, for there were tears in Miss Kimball's eyes. But he was compelled to vow that he would never get tipsy, nor neglect his part, nor squander his earnings again, before he tasted the full sweets of the prodigal son. He kept his word while he was with Miss Kimball, and his friends wish he had always stayed with her.

As might be supposed, Miss Kimball kept an eagle eye on her favorite, 'Sweetie,' as she called Corinne. Many an incipient love affair between the Liliputian prima

donna and some youthful masculine member of the company was nipped in the bud. The first was when Corinne was about sixteen. The hero was Jack Kingsley (Brocolini's son), a handsome chorister, a few years' Corinne's senior. The first covert act of the love affair was Corinne's absenting herself from rehearsal and—high crime and misdemeanor—being tardy for a cue that night. Miss Kimball set about finding the reason, and soon discovered Cinderella—for that was the opera on the boards—seated on a barrel behind the scenes enjoying the most realistic love scene, with Jack as the hero. The luckless chorister was summarily pitched out of the stage door, and 'Sweetie' was founced on the stage to sing and caper with a sad heart. Jack never came back, and after a clandestine correspondence through a chorus girl, which was always going astray, he was dropped in sheer despair.

One of Miss Kimball's most onerous duties was returning boys discharged and sent home or called home by their mothers. It was no easy matter, for, while she sought to have them travel comfortably, sadder and all, the blighting truth that the boys were always in her debt could not easily be overlooked. This indebtedness was caused by the fact that the chorus salary was \$3 a week, while the fines usually aggregated \$4. This difficulty could readily be adjusted while en route with the company, as three small boys could be lodged in one double berth, but other means had to be resorted to where the little fellows were journeying homeward in disgrace, and the necessary trouble and expense often won a culprit's pardon when nothing else would.

Miss Kimball probably gave more female impersonators to the stage than any other American manager living, from 'Sister Frank,' Mr. Hayden, who delighted in donning 'fats,' a blond wig, and tights, and going on in the girls' march, to Joe Coughman Conner, who preferred feminine parts. Even then Crowley, with his falsetto voice, was giving promise of the ability which has made him a leading female impersonator. Miss Kimball always had several burlesquers of this style in her company.

It has often been said that nobody could get away from Miss Kimball under three years if once they engaged with her; certainly a splendid certificate of character for the manager, even though (as one young comedian remarked when he heard that his old teacher and manageress was gone the way of all flesh), 'She did lick the stuff out of them.'

IT MAKES OLD MEN YOUNG.

Many Years Added to the Lives of Those Who Use This Great Discovery

What a Windsor Resident of 70 Years of Age Says.

Mr. James Sherwood, of Windsor, Ont., has attained the ripe old age of 70 years. A few years ago he suffered from an attack of paralysis, and a second attack came on him twelve months ago. The result of this trouble was to seriously derange his digestive organs, and complicated nervous troubles followed. He obtained from Labbe & Co., of Windsor, a bottle of South American Nerveine. It had an immediate effect on the stomach trouble, and on the nerves, besides strengthening the heart's action which had become weak. He says: 'I consider it the best of medicines. It has relieved me of pain, built up my health, and has given me a good appetite. I will always keep it in my house.' At this season, trying to all, but especially to the old and very young, a safe and effective tonic should be kept at hand. South American Nerveine is the best on the market.

Gaining Ground.

Only the ill informed believe the cause of woman suffrage is making no headway in the world as a result of the agitation of the subject during the last generation. It is one of those reforms which, if meeting multitudinous reverses, is nevertheless steadily gaining ground, and there is hardly a year that some substantial progress is not made.—Troy (N. Y.) Press.

X RAYS ON THE HEART.

Something Needed to Diagnose the Real Cause of Heart Disease.

Scientists can hardly confer a greater boon on the human race than in leading an investigation that will result in securing some certain method of preventing the spread of heart disease. A Tesla or Edison, with their X rays, may be able to solve the problem, and yet they can hardly attain greater success than has come as a result of Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart, a remedy that in the most distressing cases is capable of stemming the worst forms of heart trouble. The fact that in half an hour it will give the patient relief is an evidence of its peculiar adaptation to this trouble, where quick results must often be attained or else the worst happens. Mrs. W. T. Rundell, of Dundalk, Ont., is one of the many thousands who believe they owe their lives to this remarkable discovery.