

# Sunday Reading.

## WHISKY NOT TO BLAME.

The Saloon the Avenue Which Leads to Vice, Destruction and Death.

Upon my desk there lies a private letter from one who is a stranger to me; but the heart-breaking sorrow of which it tells fills my soul with inexpressible sadness, and I shudderingly ask myself: 'Could I have borne it?' And because I know that other hearts as loving as mine, do bear just this and still live on, I can make no answer only to thank God that he has never allowed me to be tried so cruelly. The letter, never intended for publication, is eloquent with its burden of woe. He writes:

'We have a sorrow worse than death. The demon drink has invaded our once happy home; found the jewel of our flock, and work his ruin. A black darkness enshrouds us. Could you but know the extent of the agony of an old father and mother you would not wonder at our despair. And all is caused by the accused whisky traffic that is legalized by our law to destroy, like angry wolves, the tender lambs as well as the stronger ones to whom we look for solace and support in our helpless old age.'

'My God, how can I pen the words! Hundreds of miles from here our poor boy, with his hands all red with blood, fills a prison cell, from which he sends us his piteous wail of remorse; crying, 'Father, mother, whisky did it!'

My heart aches with a sympathy which I can find no language to express, as I vainly try to picture the agony of these two aged, loving hearts.'

Could I have borne it to have seen my sweet hopes blasted; my whole life wrecked; my home in heaven made sad forever? Full keenly I feel that all of this would have been my portion if my boy had lost his way or fallen in the onward march. Ah, me! The bare possibility of such grief as this turns all my glad sunshine into blackest night. I dare not think of what my life would be, with its poor dead heart, if I were forced to drink from such a poisoned cup as this. And again, I cannot help remembering that while so many wrecks are lying all about us, many a mother's heart, as tender as mine could ever be, must bear this weight of woe.

'Whisky did it, writes the now sobered and penitent boy. 'Father, mother, whisky did it!'

But, no! The boy is mistaken. Whisky did not do it. It was the vote of this poor boy's friends and neighbors that dyed his hands in blood and thrust him behind the prison bars.

Men with boys—bright, beautiful, manly boys—growing up beside them, said: 'We will strew temptation all across their paths. Every step they take, after they leave their mother's arms till they lie down in death, shall be thickly set with snares. Yes, we love our boys, but we love far better the gold which is paid to us for those who would drag them down to ruin.'

Homes will be blighted, hearts will be broken, boys, aye, and girls, too, will be ruined; crime will stalk up and down the land, and prisons will be filled just so long as the voters of our country and the makers of our laws decree that these things shall be. Whisky unsupplied can never harm our boys. And not one boy in many thousands would seek it, or even care for it if the temptation was not pressed upon him.

The story of this young man lying in his prison cell for some act committed while under the influence of drink will cause no excitement among those who hear it, apart from those whose hearts are breaking with the sorrow and shame. We hear of such things every day. It is an old, thread-bare story; so common that it scarce excites a passing interest. And yet, how sad a part of our nation's eternal disgrace it is that tales like these are so common. What right have they to be common? What right has law to legalize crime and then to punish the perpetrator?

Men who vote for those who make our laws know full well that the saloon is the avenue which leads to every form of vice and sin and death. And yet they vote for men who will seek to plant these demon-breeding nests in every path that our unsuspecting boys must tread.

It only those who deal in, or who by their money or influence encourage the traffic, had to suffer, we would feel there was a kind of reciprocity, as well as a just retribution in their reaping the full fruit of the seed they have sown. But in this, as every where else, the innocent must suffer with—often more than—the guilty.

Boys stepping out from Christian homes, never intending or dreaming of evil, see the gilded snares, walk unsuspectingly on to them, and fall therein.

Loving parents, wives, sisters who would barter their heart's best blood to save their dear ones, must yet look on in silent, hopeless agony and watch their dearest and their best sink down into the gulfs of everlasting shame and agony. And when the home is turned into a holocaust because the gallows or the prison cell has claimed the victim, the cry is: 'Whisky did it.'

But whiskey did not do it, and we have no right to blame it. The law, made strong and respectable by your vote, my Christian brother, has filled our prison cells with victims, robbed homes of their light and joy, and broken loving hearts.

We have all heard of the man who was stung to death by the very serpent he had fondly warmed in his bosom to life. Who knows? It might even prove that you voters are not so safe as you dream you are. This venomous serpent you are so graciously caressing may yet turn upon you and crush or sting you to cruel death. Your dearest and best may fall in the pit you dig for others. Your home may be turned into a holocaust so black that no ray of light can enter. Your own heart may yet be broken. A reaping time will surely come, and when that night shall come I wonder if you will dare to cry 'Twas whisky did it.'—Anna Bradley, in the 'Templar'.

## CHARACTER BUILDING.

None but the Best Material Should be Used in It.

While talking with Jesus this morning before leaving my room I was asking that none but good thoughts that would help one build up a christian character might find their way into my mind today.

I want none but the best building material, for my house is to stand forever. If I should put any bad timber in the framework my building would be weak just there, and as we are told that there is a terrible storm coming that will try the strength of all our houses, we ought to build carefully, as none but the strongest will stand the storm.

Each one of us is all the time selecting his materials and putting up his house, for it takes a life time to build it.

There are two contractors who keep building material on hand, and they are both recommending it so strongly that we would be quite at a loss were it not that we have seen some samples of their work and have compared them, and have made our choice, and for many years we have been supplied with the best of material. Some complain of the price, but we have always found it reasonable.

The other character has called upon us every day all these years, and we have told him No, so often that one would think he would get discouraged and cease to come, but he still comes and raps at our door; but we have come to know him by his rap, and as we have no business with him, we keep him out.

Our patience would have been worn out long ago, but the other contractor who well knew his acts, told us what we might expect, and he told us, moreover, that he would help us to bar the door so that he could not get in. I wonder why he comes, for he must know, by this time, that we do not intend even to buy of him. Why! buildings made of his material are so faulty that they are tumbling down all around us, under the pressure of the common storms of life, and besides they were built upon the sand, instead of upon the Rock of Ages.

Our life that others see is the expression of our thoughts that cannot be seen by any but God. Good thoughts go to make up a solid christian character that is a guiding light to others as we pass through this world, and though we take it with us, this we must do, it is our passport over the line. Yet the blessed influence of such a life flows on in ever increasing volume until the end of time, and then on and on forever.

—Mary E. Hammond.

## OUR RESPONSIBILITY.

We Cannot Escape the Various Cares Thrust Upon Us.

After all we are our brother's keepers, though a Caine society has been denying it ever since the first murder. We are put into one another's custody in this world; here, where so many things are in doubt, this is unquestionable. Up to the present time our notion of a custodian has been some sort of jailer. Society really provides no other for the weaker brethren. We imprison people whom we find wandering about without a home; we imprison utter poverty; we imprison hopeless misfortunes. We may not all of us think that a very fine thing; but we have to draw a line somewhere, and if we are brought to book about it, we shrug and ask, what are we to do? Are we to give tramps a decent lodging? Are we to secure to poverty the means of livelihood? Are we to succor misfortune without shutting it up and putting it to shame?

These questions, which are of our own asking, must be of our own answering. It is not that misery is growing, but it is growing intolerable, if not to the sufferer, then to the witness. We have come a certain way toward humanity, and it seems to be the parting of the ways. One path will lead us onward to the light; the other will lead us roundabout and back to the darkness we came out of. In this age man denies the claim of humanity with much greater risk to himself than formerly. He is in danger of truly becoming a devil; not the sort with horns and hoofs and forked

tails, who were poor harmless fellows at the worst, but the sort of a devil every man must take care of himself.

That is the belief which society as a whole, acts upon now, as far as it can; but personally, we are each more or less ashamed of it, and reject it more or less openly. It is the rule of life; because it is the experience of every living soul that men cannot take care of themselves.

It is not yet so apparent to us all that men must take care of one another; but in the history of the race that is the most obvious lesson. The stronger man must take care of the weaker, as his jailer, on the old lines, and in conformity to the ideals of the stone age in political economy; or else he must take care of him as his brother.—W. D. Howell in the Century.

## WOMEN AND CARD-PLAYING.

The Gambling Feature and Other Harmful Influences Discussed.

In the June Ladies' Home Journal Edward W. Bok enters editorial protest against progressive card-parties, as they are at present conducted, and against card-playing in the daytime. Progressive card-playing, Mr. Bok contends, has passed from its primary mission—a pleasant form of diversion—and taken a place as a social function, creating rivalries in the magnificence of the hospitality, and in the value of the prizes bestowed by the hostesses. In fact, the writer asserts that 'the progressive card-playing of to-day is nothing more nor less than a system of gambling. It may be a proper and eminently respectable form of gambling, but the element of chance has come into the game, and that most distinctly. It is simply a question of how respectable gambling can be made. That is all.'

With reference to the impropriety of card-playing in the daytime Mr. Bok asserts that it is worse and more serious than a waste of time. 'It has a bad moral influence, it engenders a spirit that is fatal to woman's happiest way of living. \* \* \* I make no distinction here,' he says, 'between women who have home ties and women who have not; the wrong of the thing is simply a question of degree. The one has no right to play cards during the daytime; the other woman cannot afford to. \* \* \* It is not my pleasure but my misfortune, to know some women who are addicted to the card habit, and the study of them is both interesting and pitiable. Evidently their thoughts rarely rise above the card table. Talk to them about books, art, music, the theatre, the tropics of the day—anything, I care not what, and their answers are as monosyllabic as their interest is languid. But mention 'cards,' and in a moment a sparkle of interest comes to their eyes, and they are ready for business! What a subject, after all, to arouse interest, when one thinks of it! What an ambition, what a distinction, to be adjudged a good card-player! \* \* \* Do not adjudge me severe or uncharitable until your next appearance at a 'progressive card-party,' and then take a few moments and look calmly around you. Study the women who are there. They may be your friends. But look at them away from that standpoint. Judge them impartially and quietly. Stop and think a little of what they represent. And then, if you have eyes and will see, I think you will agree with me in the kindly-mentioned statement that the best type of our American woman is not to be found at the card-table during daylight hours.'

## The Danger of the Theatre.

While I might go to see Booth or Irving and not be harmed, says the Rev. F. N. Upham, and, further, not be subjected to the impure things in other plays—yet I have been to the theatre, and one who is seeking an excuse or hoping to point a slur would never discriminate. Those whom you hope to reach and save 'for Jesus sake' are surprised to see you there. On the side of influence only one course is open. For worldliness, as it consists in display, pride, rank, and classes, the highest theatres cannot be surpassed. In vice of lowest depth the cheapest play-houses abound, though they have not the monopoly. From high to low the theatre is branded not with the marks of the Lord Jesus—it is no school of virtue—but with 'the marks of the beast.'

## A New Combination.

As their name signifies, Laxa-Liver Pills are a combination of laxative principles with the best liver medicines obtainable. They cure Sick Headache, Constipation, Biliousness, Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia and all deranged conditions of the Stomach, Liver and Bowels.

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## ARMENIA CENTURIES AGO.

Marco Polo's Description of the Country and its People.

This a great country. It begins at a city called Arzinga, at which they weave the best buckrams in the world. It possesses also the best baths from natural springs that are anywhere to be found. The people of the country are Armenians, and are subject to the Tartar.

The country is indeed a passing great one, and in the summer it is frequented by the whole host of the Tartars of the Levant, because it then furnishes them with such excellent pasture for their cattle. But in winter the cold is past all bounds, so in that season they quit this country, and go to a warmer region where they find other good pastures. At a castle called Paipurth, that you pass in going from Trebizonde to Tauris, there is a very good silver mine.

And you must know that it is in this country of Armenia that the ark of Noah exists on the top of a certain great mountain, on the summit of which snow is so constant that no one can ascend, for the snow never melts, and is constantly added to by new falls. Below, however, the snow does melt, and runs down, producing such rich and abundant herbage that in summer cattle are sent to pasture from a long way round about, and it never fails them. The melting snow also causes a great amount of mud on the mountain.

The country is bounded on the south by a kingdom called Mosul, the people of which are Jacobite and Nestorian Christians, of whom I shall have more to tell you presently. On the north it is bounded by the land of the Georgians, of whom also I shall speak. On the confines from Georgia there is a fountain from which oil springs in great abundance, insomuch that a hundred shiploads might be taken from it at one time. This oil is no good use with food, but it is good to burn, and is also used to anoint camels that have the mange. People come from vast distances to fetch it, for in all the countries round about they have no other oil—Noah Brooks, in the July St. Nicholas.

## Its Ravages are Stayed.

The Mortality from Heart Disease Decreased Wherever Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart is Known—Mrs. Margaret Smith's Miraculous Recovery by the Use of This Remedy—Leading Physicians Recommend Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder—Growing Popularity for Dr. Agnew's Ointment for Piles and Liver Pills for Liver Ills.

Just as vaccination has proven the means of reducing mortality from that dreaded disease, smallpox, and recent scientific discoveries are having a like effect on diphtheria, so the discovery of Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart is giving new life to thousands who have suffered from heart disease and have feared that death would come to them any day.

The case of Mrs. Margaret Smith of Brussels, Ont., is only one of hundreds in Canada. She says: 'I was troubled with an affection of the heart for over two years, and at times the distress was such as to confine me to my bed for days, during which times my suffering was very severe, and I would have welcomed death with joy. No physician's help did me any good, and not until I procured a bottle of Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart had I hope of recovery. I have now taken four bottles and I must confess I have never felt better in my life and am my old self again.'

Not only has Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder received the warm personal recommendation of the leading clergymen of all denominations, prominent members of Parliament, and well-known citizens in all parts of the Dominion, but the medical profession have been quick to speak of its excellent qualities. Dr. Godbout of Beauce, Que., is one of many physicians who is found recommending this remedy. Taken in the incipient stages of the disease it quickly banishes catarrh, but it has been proven just as efficacious where the disease has assumed a chronic state, and given rise to loss of hearing and other troubles. It is an exceedingly pleasant medicine to use, as well as being a sure cure.

There is no doubt whatever of the immediate relief that Dr. Agnew's Ointment gives in case of piles. One application brings comfort, and this disease is cured in from three to six nights. It is an excellent remedy for all skin diseases.

For a disordered stomach, sick headache, and biliousness there is no remedy so simple, easy to take and certain in its cure as Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills. They have been placed at 10 cents a vial—40 doses.

## Growing Old in a Day.

A woman can grow old in a day, says a writer in the Philadelphia Times, and this marvelous transformation is speedily produced if she comes face to face with deceit in one whom she has regarded as a true friend. A white-faced, heart-broken wife told us, the other day, a story that, while it is not new save for the scenario, was so pathetic in its details that we can do naught but put it up for the benefit of those who think they have trials but who do not know of what they speak. The husband and wife were young, but had been mar-

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SATINS,

The Finest Molasses Chewing Candy in the Land.

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

ried since they were boy and girl. The wife loved her husband devotedly, but having always been used to admiration she thought nothing of going out with others, always telling her husband of whatever she did, he apparently being pleased that the flower of his choice was not left to bloom unseen after matrimony. One day a woman prettier and younger by far than the wife, came into their lives. She was married, too, and to all appearances regarded the actions of wife number one as indiscreet and entirely out of her line. The two wives grew more than friendly. Wife number two addressed number one. 'Don't tell him what you do; it only worries him,' she purred, and the open-hearted, frank, essentially womanly but scatter-brained friend kept quiet until one day she discovered that what she had not told, her friend (?) had, and the husband, once so lenient, saw matters in another light, a divorce being the consequence.

Do you wonder her hair grew gray and cheeks wan and white? Here was a woman whom she trusted, who accepted her hospitality and entertainment, cooing to her of friendship the while she was giving her mind with unjust and cruel suspicion, against an innocent woman. Justice may be tardy, but the laggard, as a rule, overtakes the criminal, and some day conscience will awake in the interloper, and the white-faced, wistful-eyed wife will not be the only sufferer.

## His Crooked Canal.

In connection with the canal which Mehmet Ali caused to be cut by unskilled Fellah labour, to connect the waters of the Nile with the sea of Alexandria, a characteristic of the Napoleon of Egypt has been told.

A French engineer, in conversation ventured to criticise the Viceroy's plan for the canal, while the work was in course of completion.

'Your Highness,' he said, 'will pardon me for suggesting that your canal will be very crooked.'

'Do rivers in France always run in a straight line?' promptly asked the Pasha. 'Certainly not,' responded the surprised Frenchman.

'Did not Allah make them?' 'Assuredly, your Highness,' replied the engineer, who thought the questioner's wits were wandering.

'Well, then,' answered Mehmet Ali, triumphantly, 'do you think you or I know better than Allah how water ought to run? I initiated him in my canal; otherwise it would be a dry ditch; not a canal.'

The Frenchman was silenced, it not convinced, and the canal was certainly made very crooked, and so remains.

## THE DARK NIGHT.

If You Would Avoid Its Terrors and Sufferings

Be Wise and Use Paine's Celery Compound.

The dark night of sorrow, suffering and terror has come to many a man and woman in our midst, and hope has almost fled from the troubled and anxious heart.

The shadows and small clouds, or in words, the symptoms of disease that were noticed and felt some time ago, disregarded, and the sufferers now find themselves completely overwhelmed, and are calling for succor and release.

To the disease-burdened we would say, despair not. You may renew life and establish a condition of health that will cause your friends amazement and wonder. Paine's Celery Compound will do the good work for you. It restores lost vigor and vitality, gives new, fresh blood, braces up the nerves, and builds up flesh and muscle.

Paine's Celery Compound—the century's wonder—is no new and untried remedy. It has been tried and tested for years, and has proved triumphant in the most obstinate cases. It has saved life after all other medicines failed, and has the approval of the best medical men on this continent.

If the shadows of disease are hovering over you, if you are not as bright, energetic and strong as you were some weeks ago, a few doses of Paine's Celery Compound will tone up your whole system, cleanse the blood, correct indigestion, sharpen the appetite, and give you a vim and vigor that you will thoroughly appreciate.

But all means give Paine's Celery Compound a fair and honest trial at this season, and you will be compelled to sing its praises as thousands of others have done. Get the genuine 'Paine's' as there are vile imitations.

## Odd Arrangements.

Most of the railroad stations in Russia are about two miles from the towns which they respectively serve. This is a precaution against fire, as many of the Russian dwellings are thatched with straw.

## FLOWING ON FOR EVER.

There is said to have been a man once who for the first time in his life set out to see the world. He came at length to the tanks of a wide river. To continue his journey he must cross it. There was no boat, no bridge. He did not miss them, however, being unfamiliar with the ways of great bodies of water. He simply seated himself on the shore and waited patiently for the river to flow by, that he might walk over dry ground.

'If I wait until I have nothing to do before I put on my things and go out for an airing,' said a lady the other day, 'I shall never go at all. So I break loose occasionally and let work wait till I come back. But not often, for I'm uneasy lest something should go wrong while I'm away.'

That's just it. Woman's work is never done. It is a river that never flows by. And most women, faithful souls! will not leave it. Hence, we get letters like these.

'In the early part of 1880,' says one, 'I felt tired, languid, and weary, as if all life and energy had coaxed out of me. I was very pale and my hands and feet were cold. My appetite was poor and after meals I had fullness at the chest and fluttering and palpitation of the heart. Then I became weak and reduced. I was like a walking ghost. I was four years in this way. Two doctors prescribed for me, but I got no better. They said my blood was thin and poor. Finally, I bought a bottle of Mother Seigel's Syrup and it cured me. That is nine years ago now, and I have been in good health ever since. (Signed) Mrs. Emma Richard, Larchmont, St. Stephen, Cornwall, March 6th, 1893.'

'In July, 1885,' says another, 'I was taken ill. At first I merely felt tired, languid, and weary. My mouth tasted badly, I had no appetite, and after eating I had pain in the chest and palpitation of the heart, also pain at the stomach and between the shoulders. Often I would have giddy spells, as if I should fall to the ground. Then came a frightful pain at the heart, and a choking sensation as if something was lodged in my throat. My breath came short and quick, and I was so nervous I was afraid to be left alone. I took all sorts of medicines, but nothing did me any good. Three years I suffered thus, and then one day a neighbor gave me a bottle of Mother Seigel's Syrup. In a few days I felt better, and when the Syrup was gone my complaint was gone too. (Signed) Mrs. Amelia Leyland, 73, Spencer's Road, Hecley, Sheffield, Feb. 10th, 1893.'

'For the last ten years,' says another, 'I suffered from severe indigestion and torpid liver. My appetite was poor, and after eating my chest felt raw and sore. I was never easy until I had thrown up my food. Some days I was quite prostrate. I had great pain and lifting at the heart, and lost a deal of sleep at night. I saw a doctor from time to time, but he was not able to relieve me. In May, 1892, I first read of Mother Seigel's Celery Syrup. After I had taken it for a few days my food began to relish and digest, and I didn't vomit any more. I was cured, and since then I have kept in good health by taking an occasional dose whenever I felt the need of it. (Signed) Mrs. Martha Brynon, Brockton, near Shrewsbury, Feb. 23rd, 1893.'

We could go on quoting letters of this kind all day. They all tell the same story—illness and suffering with happier times following the use of the remedy mentioned by these three ladies. Incessant work and abundant worry produce indigestion and dyspepsia, and yet work they must as long as they can stand.

Do husbands and brothers always appreciate this? We fear not. They don't mean to be brutal, but they don't think; that's the whole of it—they don't think. Now let these men think to keep the house always supplied with this medicine. It will help the woman to do the work that is never done—to cross the river that flows for ever.

Besides, consider the saving of money, time, and suffering. And then, too, best of all, the bright faces and pleasant voices of the women at home when they feel well and happy.

## Mission of the Grange.

While many co-operative efforts have been made among farmers, only a few have been successful owing to a want of unity of action and that stick-to-itiveness so essential for the accomplishment of a purpose. I am well aware that this is a broad and almost limitless field for operation and will require much time and patience to accomplish permanent results, but I believe that through the grange organization the seed is being sown that will ultimately produce a harvest that will be widespread and beneficial to the agricultural interests. In communities where the influence of this organization has been felt, the morals have been elevated, social refinement has been advanced, reckless habits and customs have been changed, systems improved and the general condition of the people made better.—Albert Deyo.

Fifty years of success in curing Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Cholera, Colic, Cramps, Bowel Complaints of summer and fall, etc., stamp Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry as the best remedy in the market. It saves children's lives.