

Sunday Reading.

CROOKED WALKING.

"Tell me why you looked so queer just now, Daisy?"

The two were walking along the sidewalk together, that bright afternoon. They were great friends, Arthur and Daisy, although the former was the eldest son of Col. Starr, and his companion was only baby Reginald's nurse.

They had just passed a man who stumbled against the baby carriage, and who recovered himself with an angry scowl.

Arthur, who was very observant, had not failed to notice Daisy's quivering lip, and how her cheek flushed.

"Do tell me, Daisy!" insisted the boy, in his imperious way.

Arthur was a noble-looking child, with dark eyes and a fearless toss of the head. A boy to be proud of, surely! Daisy laid her hand on his shoulder, saying, "Artie, dear, don't you ever, ever get to be like that man, never in the world! Promise me."

"Like him?" repeated the child, with a disgusted glance back at the disreputable figure staggering along, holding on to the fence for support. "Why, Daisy, what do you mean? He's dirty, and he's got horrid clothes and looks—oh! I can't tell you, but I'll never look like that! How can you say such a thing?"

They had reached the park, and wheeling her charge under a tree, Daisy seated herself on a rustic chair. The boy stood near her, attracting notice, as he always did, by his picturesque appearance. A little prince! exclaimed more than one. Arthur, unconscious of their admiration, was silent a little while, thinking intently.

"Daisy," he said, thoughtfully, "I want to know something! I've seen it in other men, and now in this one. Why can't he walk straight and hold his head up?"

"Because he takes poison!" and Daisy's voice, usually so pleasant, sounded harsh and forbidding. The child looked up at her in open-mouthed wonder. "There, Artie, boy, Daisy didn't mean to be cross. Don't get frightened, darling. I only meant this, that some men—yes, and women too—drink dreadful stuff that almost burns them up inside, and that makes them ugly and stupid. Some of them get to fighting and even kill each other, because they don't know what they're doing. It uses up their money to buy the stuff, and they don't have any left to get food for their families to eat. I tell you, Arthur, because you ought to know about it, even if you are a little boy."

"Daisy! O Daisy! That can't be the reason my papa walks so crooked sometimes! Oh, don't tell me so!" And he stamped with impatience. Seeing that people were watching him curiously Daisy sought to soothe him, and at length succeeded in calming him down somewhat.

"Let us go home, Artie, and we'll talk to the Lord about it," she said, rising, and he willingly assented.

Arthur was a motherless child, Col. Starr's young wife having "gone to heaven," the boy always said, when Baby Reginald was only a few weeks old. Daisy had always had considerable influence over the child, and had taught him to believe firmly in the power of prayer.

On the way home she talked quietly but earnestly on the subject which was uppermost in their minds. Poor Daisy's own home was blighted by the misery caused from the effects of drink, and this was why she spoke so feelingly to the child.

For long months she had known that Col. Starr was indulging in the habit of drinking. His wife had wept over this many a time in Daisy's presence, though she never spoke openly to the child over the cause of her grief.

When Daisy and her charge had reached home the girl took off baby's wrap and put him on the floor to play; then turned to Arthur, saying: "Now, darling, we'll tell the dear Lord about it." Col. Starr was just awakening from a heavy sleep in the adjoining room, when he heard his little son's voice raised in entreaty:

"We've come to tell you all about it, Lord, Daisy and I; I suppose you know about it, because you know about everything, and if you do, of course you can see that it won't do for my papa to drink the poison that burns him up. I know that sometimes he can walk as straight as anybody, and then sometimes he can't, and I never knew why before, and it makes me so ashamed! Oh, I can't stand it. Somehow you'll have to help us out, for I don't know when he'll begin to use his money to buy the poison, 'stead of getting us things to eat. I could do 'bout things better than poor little Regie. He's so little, you know, and it won't agree with him very well to go hungry!"

"Arthur," exclaimed his father's voice, and he spoke so sternly that the boy sprang to his feet in alarm. "What does all this mean? What have you been teaching my boy?" and he turned angrily to Daisy, who had picked up the frightened baby. "You may leave my house immediately, if you please."

"No, no," cried Arthur, springing to her side, and throwing his arms around her neck. "You must not go!"

"Hush, Artie! I must go if your papa

says so, but perhaps he'll let me come back," she whispered. The father was so angry that she dared not wait to get together her possessions, and had soon left the house.

A few minutes later she reaches her humble home on Fourth street, and had told her mother the whole story. "Perhaps I've done wrong, mamma," she said, "but even if this does not change Col. Starr it may keep my poor Arthur from liking wine. I've been so afraid for him when it's been on the table."

She passed a sleepless night, and early next morning was about to fall into an uneasy doze when a loud knock was heard at the door, and a voice said, coldly, "My son is very ill; your imprudence being the cause, but he has taken a fancy to you, you must come until he is well. But remember, no such talking any more!"

For days Arthur's life was despaired of, and he constantly raved over "poison" and "crooked walking," until his distracted father could bear it no longer, and rushed out of the house anywhere to get away from the accusing words.

But he could not get away from his conscience. The Holy Spirit could not be silenced, and in agony of mind he sought pardon of the God against whom he had sinned.

One morning the light of reason shone in the sick boy's eyes, and he said in a weak voice, "Daisy, what's the matter with my hands! They're as thin as—"

"Artie, dear, here's your papa," said Daisy, smiling.

"Yes, my son, a father that will never walk crooked again," said a tremulous voice, and Col. Starr bent over his little son's pillow.

"You mean that the Lord is going to walk with you, and keep you straight, papa?" said the child, looking up with shining eyes. And the father added, solemnly, "Amen!"—Helen Smerville, in "Christian Witness."

The Bible in Japan.

The Rev. H. Loomis writes as follows to the New York "Observer" concerning the present state of things in Japan:—

One of the encouraging and suggestive things that I have met with is the possession of the bible on the part of so many of the Japanese in high places; and with many of them it has evidently been a treasured book. When on my way to Corea last fall I was on the same steamer that carried the Japanese consul to Chemulpo. He had spent several years in the United States and spoke English quite fluently. When I asked him about Christianity, he told me he was not a professed believer, but he used to attend church in New York, and he had a prayer book that he read every day and enjoyed very much. He accepted with evident pleasure a copy of the Japanese New Testament, and asked for another copy for his servant who had the care of his children. He died soon after reaching his post. There is reason to believe that he was a true child of God.

When I called on the chief of police in Yokohama to ascertain if I would be allowed to distribute scriptures among the policemen, he granted the request most cheerfully, and then to my surprise, added: "His teachings are good, and if they were followed it would lessen my work very much." He said he had a bible which he used to study secretly. He then suggested that the lost woman of this city and several of the adjacent towns be under his supervision, and if I would bring scriptures, or any religious books, he would see that they were distributed to them. He intimated that it would be especially important to distribute to those who were in the hospital that was for that class alone. The usual number in the hospital is about a hundred and thirty, and the total number in Yokohama is upwards of two thousand. These books were afterwards supplied; and he then told me that a new hospital was now in process of erection, and he would have an apartment made where the inmates could be gathered and receive religious instruction.

The governor of Yokohama informed me that he had a bible and spoke in able terms of our work. Count Inouye also told me a few days ago that he has both an English and a Japanese copy. These are significant facts. It is evident that there are many in this land who believe in Christianity, and are perhaps secret followers of Christ, but for various reasons do not make their convictions or faith known. The sale of scriptures for the quarter ending March 31 was 867 bibles, 4,774 testaments, and 17,038 portions; and their aggregate value was \$1,947 (Mexicans).

A New Way With the Poor.

For seven years the industrial Missionary Association of Alabama has been pursuing a new plan, particularly with Black Belt negroes, but upon principles applicable as long and as far as poverty exists. It has bought four thousand acres of land, and is renting to actual families in real life. All rents and profits of every kind are devoted to the training which these families need. Its specialty is home getting and home making, in connection with farm, school, church and every helpful agency. Agriculture is prominent because this is the open field of nature and the negro's avenue to occupation and profit.

This enterprise is not an industrial school. It sustains schools, but they give simply elementary and religious instruction, and its industries are bona fide business. It is not a practice farm or a school farm, for its sixty and more renters are doing regular farming to live and to get on in the world. Though a pure benevolence, it is not a charity. No shareholder ever realizes a dollar from his investment, and on the other hand, no beneficiary receives any dote or bonus. With strict account and responsibility, the association holds its colored renters to pay as well as to promise, and yet causes them to know that every pound or bushel saved is a step forward in the world. Rent and goods are a lien upon crops, and if a tenant grows careless his cotton and corn are holden. He will be patient's dealt with if doing his best, but he must attend to business. He has the stimulus of a fair chance in the world, and can buy a home with his own efforts. He does not work hard through the year only to come out in debt at last through overcharge for goods and underpayment for produce.

It will be seen that when once established this plan in part or whole contains its own enjoyment. Already the business profits for a year from farms, store and mills have exceeded the cost of the regular missionary work for that year. When debts are paid, interest extinguished, and the plant completed, there is promise of a regular income from the capital invested which will sustain an ever expensive influence for right living through business, education, religion and the home.—New York "Observer."

WOMEN AND LIFE INSURANCE.

The Female Mind on the Subject of Policies for Women.

"Women seem to have a rooted dislike to insuring their lives." This was the assertion of one of a new firm of women "insurance brokers," who have established themselves in the hope of educating the sex to the demands of modern civilization in this respect. Incidentally the brokers are earning a few dollars in the business. The new woman has been steadily pushing herself into many of the avenues to riches and fame hitherto traversed by men, but the two keen-eyed but modest widows who have hitherto taken to themselves the title of "insurance brokers" are the first to venture on such a rocky road to reformation.

They represent several large insurance companies, fire and life, and they will buy or sell real estate, or trade a second-hand bicycle for a fast horse, or buy you a silver mine in Colorado or a gold mine in Crapple Creek, or negotiate any kind of "paper," or, in fact, do anything that a live man of business finds to his advantage.

"Why will not women insure?"

"If it is a married woman she will say, 'Why should I pay money for another woman to enjoy after I am gone?' You see they are always thinking of that terrible other woman that is to occupy their place when they have shuffled off this mortal coil. It is strange that married women always take it for granted that their husbands will marry again if they ever become widowers. This thought in itself is bad enough, but the idea of No. 2 having the money laid up by No. 1 is worse. So we have to educate the women up to insurance, and it is anything but an easy task."

"But all women are not married. Why should not single women get insured?"

"There, again, the single woman has plenty of reasons for refusing to insure, and most of them valid. She says that she cannot afford to, for one thing; then she will ask why should she insure her life and pay out money annually, when she has no children to enjoy the money she may leave. She will say that there is absolutely no inducement for her to go out the advantages of an endowment policy, which will give her the money at the end of twenty or twenty-five years, she cannot see it. She feels that she would rather have \$10 in her pocket to-day than wait twenty-five years for \$10,000. I am a woman, and I know my sex."

"But do not some women insure their lives?"

"Yes; but they go to men to do it. I suppose there must be about \$2,000,000 invested by the rich women in this city in insurance policies. Your rich woman knows the value of insurance, and she does not hesitate to take any means to add to her wealth, even if she must die to. We are trying to educate women to insure with women, and we hope to succeed, but we have to hustle. One of us stays in the office and the other goes out to look up business, and we are never idle. We represent a number of excellent companies, of world-wide reputation, but we are hampered by our sex. The new woman in it not all her own way yet—at least not in the insurance business."

WHEN IT RAINED DOGS.

Played a Joke on the Mayor, But Will Not Repeat It.

"Once in my experience," said the Montana man, in a musical tone, "I can remember when it actually rained dogs. The shower did not last more than five minutes, but they came very lively while they were coming. However, everybody will wish this: 'We thought we would play a joke on the Mayor of the town in which I lived. When I say we, I mean the Board of Councilmen. The Mayor had been heard to say that he wanted a dog, and along this line we worked out our joke. We resolved ourselves into a committee of the whole to hunt down all the dogs in the town. There were a good many dogs in this town, a good many that seemed to be 'there own dogs,' so we collected all of them together and placed them in the Mayor's room one night. He was a bachelor and had chambers over the first floor of the house which was known as the Town Hall. The president of the board and myself had collected the dogs, and while the other councilmen took the mayor to help them decorate the town a bright vermillion hue, we slipped the animals into his room. We then joined the rest of the council. With due respect we all saw the mayor to his home at about 2:30 the next morning. The mayor was able to walk alone, if it was so late in the morning, so letting him go by himself up the steps to his rooms, we stood under the windows to watch what would happen next."

Soon we heard a struggling sound, then a door banged to. A light shined in the windows. The windows were thrown up with a crash. Amid a chorus of wild yelps and muttered curses, the shower of dogs began. "Look out!" shouted the President of the Board, who was the first to get control over his laughter, as the shower commenced slackening, 'he will begin to shoot!"

"The warning came none too soon, nor scarcely soon enough I thought the next day as I examined a bullet hole in my hat. There was a glitter of bright steel in the window above, and then that Gatling gun sound which only a Montana man can make a pistol produce."

"The council adjourned."

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"The council adjourned."

"The council adjourned."

THREE TRUE FRIENDS

Who Keep Every Promise—Rheumatism Banished; Kidney Disease Takes Wings; Dreaded Indigestion Not Known—The Great South American Remedies.

We can get at the heart of this matter by letting other people tell the truth of what these wonderful South American Remedies can do, and have done. John Marshall, of Varney, county of Grey, suffered as only those can suffer who have been troubled with sciatica. A relative suggested that he try South American Rheumatic Cure, which promised so much. Result—Inside of three days he was able to walk a distance of nearly 4 miles to Durham for the purpose of procuring another bottle of this remedy. He continued its use, and to day he testifies that he knows nothing more of the troubles of this painful phase of rheumatism.

Some disease consists of the gathering of solids and hardened substances in the system. The troubles cannot be permanently removed, except as these particles are dissolved. A powder or pill will not do this. South American Kidney Cure possesses the particular elements that get at the seat of this disease. John G. Nickel, one of the best known farmers in Wallace township, suffered from kidney complaint, carrying with it a wail pain. Nothing did him any good, until he tried South American Kidney Cure. His words are:—"After taking only two doses the pain was entirely gone, and I have never been bothered with it since. I feel as well as I ever did. Let any one write me to Shipley Post Office and I will gladly give them particulars of my case."

If the world looks blue to anyone it is to the dyspeptic. For ten years David Reid, Chasley, Ont., suffered much from liver, complaint and dyspepsia. He says:—"At times my liver was so tender I could not bear it pressed or touched from the outside. I tried a great many remedies without any benefit; was compelled to drop my work, and as a final resort was influenced to try South American Nerve. Before I had taken half a bottle I was able to go to work again."

HANDS OFF THE MOON.

A Telescope that Will Bring It so Close that Observers Will Want to Touch It.

The huge block of crystal which will become the mirror for the great telescope has safely arrived in Paris. If all goes well the Exhibition of 1900 will be able to boast of a distinct feature. Whether the moon's features will be equally distinct is another question. Prof. Loewy thinks not, but M. Dolencle is still determined to carry through his idea.

"The moon one yard off." It was thus the scheme of the gigantic telescope was spoken of in the papers, but M. Dolencle, however ambitious he may be in Central

TRY

SATINS,

The Finest Molasses Chewing Candy in the Land.

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

Africa, protests that he never had so posterous a notion. He claims that it will be possible to throw on to a screen views of our satellites brought within a distance of thirty-eight miles. It remains to be seen. However, everybody will wish M. Dolencle, and still more especially his shareholders, every success in what one must still regard as an experiment.

The new telescopic mirror is the largest ever made. It was cast at Jeumont, a manufacturing place and the last French station on the line to Liege, Cologne, and Berlin. This splendid block of homogeneous crystal weighs 3,000 kilogrammes. Its diameter is 2.05 metres and in its present nearly rough state it cost \$4,000. Of course it was conveyed to Paris in a special train. It was wrapped up in heavy felt blankets, protected by hoops of soft wood, with metal tires, mounted on pivots. This packed, the mirror was tightly wedged in a case that was placed in the wagon on a bed of hurdles and layers of hay.

For greater safety, the train stopped only once, at Tergnier, and went at as slow a pace as a royal train, escorted by a railway inspector. It was insured to its full value. The same afternoon it was removed from the northern terminus to the workshop. The mirror, before leaving Jeumont, went through a second grinding of its faces, being as smooth as a fine plate glass. But for telescopic purposes this sort of smoothness is roughness itself. The finishing process will take two years and six months, and by more expeditious processes than any hitherto in use, which, moreover, will give greater accuracy than anything known.

Hitherto astronomical mirrors and lenses have been polished by hand by slowly rubbing the glass with the naked hand, sometimes, but not always, moistened with oil, albumen, and other substances which are the maker's secret. The drawback of this process is that the mere heat of the hand may cause the surface to warp.

The new mechanical process, of which particulars are not given, will produce a surface approaching a true plane, within one ten-thousandth part of a millimetre. Even this marvellous finish will leave a margin, astronomers tell us, for errors. The whole finishing process will cost \$26,000. The silversmith will not cost anything to speak of.

The mirror will be mounted on two arms ten metres long, and will be set in motion by machinery of the usual sort. The rays gathered from planetary space will be reflected horizontally through a mammoth tube 60 metres long, laid on piles of masonry. The lenses of flint and crown glass will be 1 metre 25 centimetres the largest in the world, and the images, enlarged 6,000 times, will be thrown on to a screen, which thousands of people will view at a time.

The moon will, if all goes well, be brought within thirty-eight miles, out it is most doubtful whether images on this scale will prove correct. M. Loewy, the assistant director of the Paris Observatory, who has submitted some splendid photographs of the moon, believes that the limit of ninety-four miles he has reached is the utmost practicable for a long time to come. Larger images will be indistinct.

HAD HE KNOWN.

With Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart at Hand, Death from Heart Disease is Impossible

Wonders of this World-Famed Physician's Catarrhal Powder.

Success has followed all of Dr. Agnew's specifics. With all the emphasis possible, this is the case with his Cure for the Heart. Its effectiveness is marvellous. The very paroxysms of death may seem to have seized the patient, and yet relief is secured with the taking of a single dose, and the continuation of the use of this remedy soon cures the worst case of heart disease. George Crites, customs officer, Cornwall, Ont., says: "I was troubled with severe heart complaint for several years. The slightest excitement fatigued me, I was under doctor's care for over six months, being unable to attend to my business. No relief came to me, and it was only after I had scarcely dared to hope for cure that I used Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart, and in a comparatively short time it removed the disease altogether."

With careful, innate conservatism, yet recognizing its benefits, the Rev. John Scott, D.D., Presbyterian minister, of Hamilton, is only one of the many leading clergymen in Canada who, having used Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, has freely testified over his own signature as to its unquestioned benefits. It may be only a cold in the head, or the case may be a more aggravated phase of catarrh, that has baffled other remedies, but this simple and pleasant remedy will give relief in 10 minutes, and entirely remove the difficulty. Sample bottle and Blower sent by S. G. Detehson, 44 Church St., Toronto, on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

Don't ride your wheel until you look tired. "Look pleasant, please."

NATURE SLOWLY MAKES READY. You have probably never seen a volcano in eruption. It is a magnificent spectacle. Where do all those torrents of red-hot lava come from? Nobody can tell, except that they come from somewhere down deep in the earth. But one thing we know, namely, that eruptions of any one volcano are far apart. Between whiles Nature is getting ready for them; she is preparing for the tremendous demonstration.

Just so it is with all her processes. In the cold of winter she is arranging the forces which are to make the heat and the harvests of the following summer and so on.

From May, 1890, to February 1892, is a period of twenty-one months. The two dates will long remain clear in the mind of Mrs. Martha Bowles, of 182, Llangyfelach Road, Morriston, near Swansea. For the first was the beginning and the second the ending of an experience which was bad enough in itself, yet only the introduction to something vastly worse. It was like the time of getting ready for a great trouble to come.

Her first sense of this was indefinite and vague, like the low muttering of thunder below the horizon while the skies are yet clear. She expresses it thus, in the very words most of us use on similar occasions, "I felt that something was wrong with me—something hanging over me."

At dear me. How often we think such feelings are a warning sent to the spirit, when in fact they are caused entirely by the condition of our bodies. She felt heavy, languid and tired, and mentally depressed. This was not only melancholy to her but new, as she had always been strong and healthy. Then came the discomforts which there could be no mistake about. They are common enough to be sure. Oh, yes. But isn't that all the more reason why we should understand what they mean? "Certainly," you will say.

Well, then, there was that bad, offensive taste in the mouth, that so many of us have had; the failure of the appetite, and the pain in the chest and sides after eating. The worst pain was in the right side, where it was very heavy. That pointed to the liver, which is located on that side, and when anything ails the liver it is as though the big water-wheel of a mill had got fixed so as not to turn round. For the liver does half a dozen kinds of work, and when it strikes work the rest of the organs take a sort of rainy holiday.

Presently her skin and the white of her eyes turned yellow as autumn leaves. That meant bile in the blood; the liver was off its duty; that is a sure sign. The kidney secretion was the color of blood instead of a clear amber, which meant that the trouble had already reached those important organs. Then the stomach was upset and refused to take kindly to food—as though the miller sent your grain back, declining to grind it. She vomited a sour, bitter fluid, which was acid bile away out of its proper track. On and on, along this line, constantly getting further and further from the happy land of health; this was the history of those twenty-one months—all bad enough, yet all preparatory for worse ones.

"One day in February, 1892," she says in her letter of August 18th, 1893, "I began to have dreadful pain and cramp. It began in the right side, and extended across the stomach. For hours together I was in the greatest agony. What I suffered is past description. When the pain eased a little I was cold as death and shivered until the bed shook under me. I had hot iron plates applied to my feet, and held hot irons in my hands, but nothing gave me much relief. My stomach was so irritable that I could keep no food on it. I was now confined to my bed, and the doctor attending me said I was passing gall stones. He wanted me to go to Swansea Hospital and be operated upon, but I was afraid I might not live through it."

"I next had two other doctors at Morriston and also three from Swansea, who all gave me medicines, and said nothing more could be done for me. For six months I lay in bed undergoing the greatest agony; never free from pain more than two or three hours at a time. During the whole of this time I was fed on nothing but milk and water. I had scarcely any life or strength left in me. All who saw me said I never could by any chance get better in this world."

"I lingered on like this until August, 1892, when my daughter brought me a book telling me of Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. In this book she read of a case like mine having been cured by this medicine. My husband got a bottle from Mr. Bevan, the chemist, and after taking a few doses I felt a little relief. I kept on with it and soon the pains left me, my appetite returned, and my food agreed with me. After taking the Syrup for three months I was a new creature and strong as ever. I can now eat anything, and nothing disagrees with me. After I was well our minister one day said: 'Mrs. Bowles, I never thought to see you alive.' I said, 'Mother Seigel's Syrup saved my life.' You may publish my case, and I will gladly answer inquiries. (Signed) Martha Bowles."

This case—one of acute indigestion and dyspepsia, with liver and kidney complaints—is well known in the district. The lady's husband is a gardener, well known and respected.

Do we need to point out the moral of this wonderful cure? No. You can see it for yourself.

Every rose is an autograph from the hand of God. The universe itself is a great autograph of the Almighty.

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