

Sunday | | Reading.

DOVETROT'S WAY.

It was a common sight—the faithful animal overloaded, pulling beyond his strength, the trembling limbs at last given out, and nothing but blows and shouts to reward him for doing his best.

'Shame on thee!'

The deep bass voice was heard with startling clearness from the group of men and boys who made up the usual spectators of such a scene.

'Shame on thee!'

The astonished Jehu dropped his arm to see who it was that dared to interfere with him in the management of his 'property.'

'Just you mind your own business, 'n I'll tend to mine.'

'This is my business, friend. It's the business of every man to see there's no injustice done his brother; all the more so if that brother's dumb.'

'Well, Old Broadbrim, let's see 'thee' get that 'oss up 'bout beatin' or yellin' ut 'im.'

'Ye hadn't better be sassy,' sung out a small boy; 'Dovetrot's got a star under his coat.'

The man quieted down at once. He looked enquiringly at 'Dovetrot' as the children, unbribed, called the good, broad-chested, not very tall old gentleman. His quaker garb was dove-color, and a way he had of walking also suggested the name 'Dovetrot,' by which he was familiarly known in the community. Dovetrot didn't deny the boy's statement, but looked at the brawny teamster with a quiet, steady eye that commanded respect.

All this time the fallen horse lay panting, with his limbs outstretched and trembling, and a look of despair in his eyes.

Dovetrot got down on his knees to rub the aching joints, while, at the same time, he said to the man:

'Now do thee get a bucket of water, quick!' and to the poor beast he said, in soothing tones:

'Thee's got a hard master, poor boy; but maybe we can make him better. Poor boy, good boy.' He repeated this softly many times until the irritated nerves became quiet and the look of distress passed off.

'Now, help him to drink,' said Dovetrot, as the man brought the water, 'and don't on any account yell at him or even speak rough to him. Your poor horse is as nervous as a child.'

'Poor boy, good boy,' repeated Dovetrot, soothingly, as he brought from one capacious pocket a tin basin and from the other a little bag of oats.

He put some water with the oats and held the compound under the horse's mouth. After eating, the poor beast's spirits continued to rise, and without any urging he soon got upon his feet.

A string of small boys brought up the rear, while the driver walked at the side holding the lines and looking as though he had found an idea.

The boys had witnessed scenes like this before, and one of their number had gotten up an impromptu song to the tune of 'Kind Words Can Never Die.' They now all joined in singing this, probably for the twentieth time, stamping their feet as they danced along to emphasize the words, which we must confess had in them more truth than poetry:

Kind words in Dovetrot's way,
Quaker way, dressed in gray;
Oats, words, and Dovetrot's way
Carry the day.

The crowd cheered and the driver looked ashamed.

'Now, these don't want to yell at thy faithful servant at any time, said Dovetrot, kindly. 'If thee will feel of his pulse before and after thee hast shouted at him in a cross way, thee will find it has jumped ahead at a gallopin' rate under any harsh, hard tones. When it don't make him nervous and feverish it makes him stubborn and ugly—like it does his brother, man. Horses don't like to be 'ordered around,' as the boys say. Why can't thee be polite to them when they are doing thee a favor? They are wonderfully kind and accomodatin'. They never haggle about what thee is going to say them, but pitch right in and do their very best.'

All this time Dovetrot was rubbing the horse's nose, and occasionally his knees and ankles, and almost whispering 'poor boy, poor boy.'

'And thee seldom ever thanks them,' he resumed, to the driver. 'Now, come on my boy,' in a cheery tone to the horse, and the animal started his load—from before which Dovetrot had removed the stones, and followed his benefactor like a lamb.

When making preparation for your trip, don't forget your teeth. This will at once suggest 'Odorama' the perfect tooth powder.—Druggists 25 cents.

Stories About the Archbishop.

Dr. Temple who has just been elected to be Archbishop of Canterbury, the most exalted non-royal position in the British Empire, is witty and genial, and a number of anecdotes are related of him. The St. James Gazette prints the following:

A certain youthful curate was taken to task by his lordship for reading the lessons of the service in an inaudible tone. Whereupon the young man replied: 'I am surprised that you should find fault with my reading, as a friend of mine in the congregation told me that I was beautifully heard.' 'Did she?' snapped the Bishop, and the fair young curate collapsed. His lordship had once been a young clergyman himself, and knew a thing or two about the 'friend.'

The following story Dr. Temple tells of himself:

He entered during a popular service in an East End church one night, and, standing in a back pew, joined in the singing of a Moody and Sankey hymn. Next to him stood a workman who was singing lustily in tune. The bishop sang lustily also, but not in tune. The workman stood the dissonance as long as he could, and then, nudging the bishop, said in a whisper, 'Here, dry up, mister; you're spoiling the show.'

The following story is not so well authenticated:

In the Exeter days of Dr. Temple he was suspected of heterodoxy. A young curate came to him one day, and said 'My lord, it is rumored that you are not able to believe in special interpositions of providence on behalf of certain persons.' 'Well?' grunted the bishop. 'Well, my lord, here is the case of my aunt. My aunt journeys to Exeter every Wednesday by the same train and in the same compartment of the same carriage invariably. Last Wednesday she felt a disinclination to go, and that very day an accident occurred by which the carriage of the train in which my aunt would have traveled was smashed to pieces. Now, was not that a direct interposition of Providence on behalf of my aunt?' 'Can't say,' growled the Bishop, 'don't know your aunt.'

The Reward of Obedience.

An English exchange revives the following pretty little "story with a moral." It is really the amplified version of a Persian proverb:

A Persian mother gave her son 40 pieces of silver and made him swear never to tell a lie. "Go, my son," she said. "I commit thee to God's care: and we shall not meet again." The youth left the house and the party with whom he travelled were assailed by robbers. One of them asked the boy what he had, and he said. "Forty florins are sewn in my clothes." The robber laughed, feeling certain that the boy jested. Another, asked him the same question and received the same answer. At last the chief called him and asked him what he had. The boy replied, "I have told two of your men already that I have 40 pieces of silver sewn in my clothes." The chief ordered the garments to be ripped open, and the discovery of the money proved the boy to be more truthful than most men. "How came you to tell this?" asked the chief. "Because," said the boy, "I would not be false to my mother, whom I promised never to tell a lie." "Child," said the robber, "are you so mindful of your duty to your mother, and am I so forgetful at my age of the duty I owe to God? Give me your hand that I may swear repentance on it." He did so, and his followers, impressed by his example, said: "You have been our leader in guilt; be the same in the path of virtue." And taking the boy's hand, they all took an oath to repent.

A Fearless German Preacher.

One of Germany's great men has lately passed away, Emil Frommel, perhaps her most beloved minister of the Gospel. The old man had a singular fascination over men. He was as fearless as a lion, and the most exalted rank of the sinner never deterred him from rebuking the sin. An exchange tells this story in point:

'Having learned that a set of officers had begun regular gambling at the house of one of their number, he made a call there late one night. The servant who waited at the door was at a loss what to do with the pastor. Brushing past the frightened man, Dr. Frommel, strode toward the room from which there came the sounds of revelry. Throwing suddenly the door wide open, there he saw a table surrounded by a brilliant company of officers engaged with wine and their cards. Without other greeting he stepped to the table and said: 'Gentlemen, I have heard of the gambling here. I have not come to preach to you of its sin and the misery it brings. If your eyes do not behold the wrong, and your hearts have not been softened by the ruin it has caused, my words will not avail.' He laid his hand upon the pile of gold. 'Here, I take this with me;

When I was Well.



While I was Sick. And Now I am Well Again.



MR. MAXWELL JOHNSTON

One of the Best Known Printers in Canada,

Tells the story of his terrible sufferings, and gives an account of his rescue from the Jaws of Death.

Probably no one is better known to the printing trade of Canada than Maxwell Johnston, of Maxwell Johnston & Co., 72 Bay street, Toronto. His many years of experience have acquainted him with almost every person in the entire trade. To many of his friends it has been known that he has suffered during very severe illness the past year, and in regard to the same Mr. Johnston writes the following letter:—

TORONTO, Dec. 3, 1896.

MESSRS. T. MILBURN & CO.:

DEAR SIRS,—For over ten months I suffered from dropsy, caused by kidney trouble which followed an attack of la grippe. The symptoms rapidly became serious and medical aid was called in. Among others who were consulted were Dr. Wallace, Dr. Norman Allen, Dr. Weir and Dr. Glass, all of this city, and I can truly state that they made every effort that medical skill could provide. Seven operations were performed within six months, during which time I visited at different periods for the purpose of these operations the following hospitals, viz: The Toronto General Hospital, St. Michael's Hospital and Grace Hospital. Although all that could be done for me was faithfully and skillfully performed, I received only temporary relief, the operations only serving to remove the enormous quantities of water which constantly accumulated. As a matter of fact, 17 gallons of water were removed during the last two operations. After the last operation I was given up to die and was given only six to twelve days to live.

In addition to the best medical skill which money could procure, I used all kinds of patent medicines which promised relief, but without effect. All the family remedies suggested, such as Milk-wood Tea, Pumpkin Seed Tea, Mullein Leaf Tea, Spanish Onion Tea, Sweet Nitre and Buchu, etc., were faithfully tried but gave not the slightest relief, so that I had lost all hope, when I was persuaded to try Doan's Kidney Pills, together with Laxa Liver Pills. To my surprise I received almost immediate relief. At this time I was unable to lie down and for three and a half months previously was forced to sleep in a chair. My waist measure was then 49 inches; it is now 33 inches since the wonderful cure made by these pills.

I consider myself perfectly cured and feel strong and well. My weight when I was attacked was 198 pounds. After the operations I was reduced to 130. I weigh now 160. By carefully watching the action of Doan's Pills and Laxa Liver Pills I am positive that to them alone is due the wonderful cure which has taken place in my case.

I am a printer by trade and have held positions in the offices of *The Globe*, *Mail*, *Methodist Book Room*, etc., as well as in Ohio and Detroit, Mich., and have been an employing printer since 1877.

Although it may seem incredible, every word I have stated is the truth, and I am prepared to back it by the evidence of hundreds of citizens and friends who knew me before I was sick and afterwards, while I was near death's door, and who, now, to their surprise, see me restored to complete health by the use of Doan's Kidney Pills, assisted by Laxa Liver Pills. I shall be glad to answer inquiries from sufferers from kidney or liver troubles at any time, and refer to the following gentlemen who have knowledge of the facts, and can verify every word I say. Many of these gentlemen knew me before my sickness, during my terrible sufferings, and since I was restored to health. My testimony is given voluntarily and without any consideration of any kind, either directly or indirectly. I give it solely for the benefit of my fellow beings who may be afflicted with Dropsy or Kidney troubles of any kind, viz:—

R. J. Fleming, Esq., Mayor of Toronto.
E. F. Clarke, Esq., M.P., ex-Mayor.
Rev. H. C. Dixon, of Gillespie, Anseley & Dixon.
J. W. St. John, Esq., M.P.P.
Patrick Boyle, Esq., of the Catholic Register.
Dr. Phillips.
J. B. Cook, Esq., photographer.
W. G. Murdock, Esq., barrister.
T. C. Robinette, Esq., barrister.
John McGregor, Esq., barrister.
Chas. McDonald, Esq., barrister.
M. J. Quinn, Esq., barrister, etc.
John Kent, Esq., of Gowans, Kent & Company.
Geo. Gwatkin, Esq., of Gwatkin & Son.
J. Gordon Mowat, Esq.
J. J. McCaffery, Esq.
R. G. McLean, Esq.
Chas. B. Doherty, Esq.
Wm. Verner, Esq.

John Stormont, Esq.
J. G. Ramsey, Esq.
Geo. Vernal, Esq.
Ex-Ald. W. T. Stewart.
G. T. Pendrith, Esq.
John Imrie, Esq., of Imrie & Graham.
Wm. Hovenden, Esq.
Wm. Threlkeld, Esq.
W. S. Johnston, Esq.
J. J. Ryan, Esq.
Jas. E. Henderson, Esq., of Stockwell & Henderson.

Frederick Diver, Esq., Central Press Agency, Toronto.
Harry Brown, Esq., of Brown Bros. & Co., Toronto.

Nicholas Murphy, Esq., Q.C.
Thos. Parkinson, Esq., of Messrs. Powell & Parkinson.
John Brown, Esq., corner Simcoe and Adelaide streets.

S. T. Britten, Esq., of Britten & Bradshaw.
Chas. Field, Esq., Queen street east.
Wm. Hirst, Esq., corner Church and Shuter streets.

And hundreds of others.

Yours truly,

MAXWELL JOHNSTON.

Mr. Johnston appeared before Mr. C. Henderson, Commissioner in the High Court of Justice, and gave the following declaration as regards the absolute truth of the statements made in his letter:—

DOMINION OF CANADA,
Province of Ontario,
County of York.

To Wit:—In the matter of a letter to Messrs. T. Milburn & Co., dated 3rd December, 1896, I, Maxwell Johnston, of the City of Toronto, in the County of York, do solemnly declare that the statements contained in the above letter are true, and I make this solemn declaration conscientiously believing it to be true, and knowing that it is of the same force and effect as if made under oath and by virtue of the Canada evidence act, 1893, declared before me at Toronto, in the County of York, this 3rd day of December, 1896, by Chas. Henderson, a Commissioner in H. C. J. Courts.

(Signed),

MAXWELL JOHNSTON,
of Maxwell Johnston & Co.,
72 Bay street, Toronto, Ont.

I will spend it for the poor'; and he vanished as he came. But his brave faithfulness aroused admiration in this circle. They gave up gambling, and sought his friendship.

For Dead Heads Only.

The following biblical reminders for those who try to 'work' railroads for free rides are posted in the office of the assistant superintendent of the D. L. & W. Railroad in Hoboken, N. J.

"IN THOSE DAYS THERE WERE NO PASSES—SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES."
'Thou shalt not pass.—Num. xx. 18.
'Suffer not a man to pass.—Judah.
'The wicked shall no more pass.—Nahum i. 13.
'None shall ever pass.—Jeremiah.
'So he paid the fare and went.—Micah.
'Verbum Sap.'

NO USE OF HIS LEGS.

Doctors Could Not Help Him, But Two Bottles of South American Kidney Cure Removed the Disease—The Story of a Wingham Farmer.

Kidney disease can be cured. Mr. John Snell, a retired farmer of Wingham, Ont., says: "For two years I suffered untold misery, and at times could not walk, and any standing position gave intense pain, the result of kidney disease. Local physicians could not help me, and I was continually growing worse, which alarmed family and friends. Seeing South American Kidney Cure advertised, I grasped at it as a dying man will grasp at anything. Result—before half a bottle had been taken I was totally relieved of pain, and two bottles entirely cured me." To cure kidney disease a liquid medicine must be taken, and one that is a solvent, and can thus dissolve the sand-like particles in the blood.

SPOILS OF A WOMAN WHO TRAPS.

A Fur Cape and Decorations of Her Room the Fruits of her Skill.

There is a young woman living in Harlem who is popular wherever she goes, but more especially in the Adirondacks, where she spends her summers and autumns. She is a good shot with a rifle, and has killed a number of deer. She got two last fall; but hunting is not her favorite amusement, for she prefers to trap her game.

There are not many women who know how to set a trap, but this one can give almost any man points on the subject. She wears a black fur cape, trimmed with reddish fur. It is very swell, and as the fur is fine and rich it makes a very handsome garment. The cape is new, and the black fur is otter skin, the trimming of fox. The fur was all captured in traps set by the wearer, and, what is more, the beasts were skinned and the skins stretched and then tanned with her own hands.

In her room are many trophies of her skill as a trap or snare setter. On the floor is a small rug, the pelt of a yearling bear cub that ventured into a trap she had set for bears. Hanging on the walls are many handsome bits of fur. White weasel skins serve as background for wood mice of one sort or other, mounted in the most approved fashion by skilled taxidermists. Two deer skins from small does hang side by side, and on them are model canoes—one the kayak of an Eskimo, the other of the Yaghan Indian's canoe.

Half a dozen or so mounted birds are on

the mantel. A pigeon hawk serves as a centre piece, and there are a blue jay, a shrike, a yellow hammer and a killdeer plover among others. All were shot or snared by the young woman herself. In one corner on a little shelf is a miscellaneous assortment of articles. Bones of small animals—birds, mice and fishes, not to mention reptiles—are scattered about with bric-a-brac. She likes to take her friends to this room and point out various articles and tell how she got them.

COULD NOT TURN IN BED.

Terrible Suffering of an Elora Lady From Rheumatism—Fifteen Years a Sufferer, But Cured By Two Bottles of South American Rheumatic Cure.

No pen can describe the intensity of suffering that may come from an attack of rheumatism. "For fifteen years," says Mrs. John Beaumont of Elora, Ont., "I have been more or less troubled with rheumatism, which took the form of pains in my back, often confining me to my bed, and rendering my part of the time wholly unfit for my duties. At times I suffered so intensely that I could not turn in my bed, and the disease was fast reaching a point where both myself and my husband had become thoroughly discouraged of recovery. A friend recommended South American Rheumatic Cure, and after the first bottle I was able to sit up, and before four bottles were taken I was able to go about as usual, and have been in excellent health since."

"What is an apple-core?" asked Miss Brown. Roy's little hand shook. "What is it Roy?" "A core is what a fellow gives away, Miss Brown."