

Sunday Reading.

HER GOOD LIFE.

London, as every reader knows, has recently witnessed one of the greatest aggregations of human beings that the world has ever seen. Millions made pilgrimages to the huge capital to do homage to her, who, for sixty years, has sat upon the throne of England, and who is one of the most beloved women who ever lived.

When, along the line of the vast procession, her subjects saw her, very many of them wept tears of joy. The salves of artillery at Spithead, when the greatest naval review in all history was being held, did not reverberate by a thousand times as far as the murmured prayer, 'God bless our queen' which, as it by a sacred contagion, seemed to burst from myriads of lips during the stirring week. Nay, more; the prayer crossed the Atlantic; passed from Halifax to Vancouver; found utterance in Hong Kong; was re-echoed from Tasmania to Australia, and from thence to Cape Town. It was heard in India and Egypt; and, strengthened by its colossal march, it reinforced British patriotism at home. Nor was this all. It was not mere form. It came from hearts throbbing with reverence for one woman. It was deeply meant and we Americans were not ashamed to add our warm respect.

Now, what's the reason of this? A mere sixty years' reign is not enough in itself to arouse the whole world's eager recognition. The fact that many empires have changed or tended to decay, while one has grown in power and influence, does not answer the question. To rule over one-fifth of the globe, and to be a sovereign of three hundred million people, does not necessarily command affection, or engender homage.

When a mere girl, this eminent woman was informed of her accessions to the British throne. The first remark she then made has been the key-note of a long life that has brought the world to her feet.

'My lord archbishop, she said with a deep feeling, 'pray for me.'

To refuse audience to a titled subject because he had led a questionable life; to surround herself with the purest court in Christendom; to be high-minded in all public concerns; to be judicious and wise in the affairs of state—these have indicated her character as ruler and empress. The world for many years has seen and warmly acknowledged them. But the great Jubilee represented more than this. It was the spontaneous tribute of a great empire to true womanhood; the deference of civilization to the regal embodiment of Christian principle.

The virtues and graces that Christ declares show obedience to Divine authority are far more compelling to the hearts and minds of men than rank or genius, and the glory of this queen rests upon the fact that she herself is subject to a higher sovereignty than her own. The royalty of her character lies first and most in this—that she recognizes the grandeur of obedience to the King of Kings.

A HOME AT LAST.

Little Deeds of Heroism That Brighten Many Lives.

The New Century Journal, a little paper published as the organ of a guild of workingwomen in Philadelphia, which numbers over a thousand members, gives a column to the record of little deeds of heroism or kindness which have actually occurred.

Among these was the story of a poor boy, an incurable invalid, whose name many years ago was entered for admission to an institution in which invalids of all classes, both rich and poor, are taken, and where he would have a comfortable home for life. So large, however, was the number of applicants, that the boy grew to manhood before his turn came.

Last winter he received notice that at length a place in the institution was ready and waiting for him. He was friendless and penniless. He started alone at night on a railway journey of many miles, and was set down at dawn at the gate of the great establishment, cold and tired, his heart sick with apprehension. He had never had a real home. This was to be his refuge for the rest of his life. In the dim light it looked perhaps more like a jail than a home.

The gate rolled back at his feeble ring, and the night porter appeared. He looked at the forlorn figure standing there with his shabby bundle, and by a question learned at once that he was an expected applicant. The poverty of the weary, homeless cripple was too apparent to be over-looked. Seizing him by both hands the sympathetic porter exclaimed:

'Glad to see you, sir! You've come to stay with us? You're heartily welcome home!'

The matron was summoned, who gave the newcomer as cordial a welcome.

While he was being warmed and fed, the pleasant room which was to be his for life was made ready for him. The matron was busy in the storeroom and presently filled his drawers with suits of underclothing, linen and other necessities. Some of these were in a day or two marked with his own name! She knew how important to his future happiness was the respect of his companions, and when she led him the next morning comfortably dressed, down to breakfast and introduced him to them, there were no further questionings or apprehensions in his mind. Happy and confident and hopeful the lonely wait felt at last that he was at home.

BILLY'S PROTEST.

A Goat Resisted Temptation and Upheld his Principles.

An English paper cites an incident wherein a goat not only resisted his human tempter, but emphatically vindicated his own principles. 'Billy' belonged to a regiment, and never was a goat more attentive to public duty than was he. In the mess-room he was a welcome guest, and received many a dainty morsel there from the friendly hands of the men. One night, however, it happened that Colonel Price, in a spirit of mischief, proposed that he should be offered a glass of liquor. Accordingly, he coaxingly held out his cup, and Billy, after a suspicious preliminary sniff, quaffed off the contents. Another and yet another of the men offered Billy a drink, an invitation he could not think of declining.

Finally the large earthen vessel which held the beer at the head of the table was placed upon the floor, and Billy was directed to help himself, which he proceeded to do with nearly good-will that he become helplessly, unmistakably intoxicated.

The next morning he was absent from roll call, and no one could tempt him to leave his stable during the entire day. When the second evening's mess began without him, the Colonel was requested to bring the deserter before a court martial of those who had witnessed his tipping.

It was with difficulty that Billy dragged into the room, which he evidently remembered as the scene of his disgrace. His appearance was greeted with a cheer, but sadly changed were his looks. His once glossy coat had an unkempt appearance, while the once proud and erect head was lowered in shame.

'Come, Billy, take a drink!' said the sergeant, at the head of the table.

The words seemed to rouse the animal. He lifted his head, his eyes lit up, his fore hoof beat the floor. With the snort and rush and bound, Billy butted full against the large earthen vessel containing the men's evening allowance of ale, breaking it into a thousand pieces. Then, with his head once more erect, he stalked proudly out of the room.

'And, really,' said the corporal who told the incident, 'Billy's was the best blue-ribbon lecture I ever listened to!'

ALL FROM RUM.

The Victim Tried to Resist but Failed Right Through.

One beautiful afternoon in August, said Wendell Phillips, there came to me the heartbroken wife of a State prison convict. We tried to plan for his pardon and restoration to home and the world. It was a very sad case. He was the only surviving son of a very noble man, one who lived only to serve criminals. All he had all he was, he gave unreservedly to help thieves and drunkards. His house was their home, his name their bail to save them from prison; his reward their information.

Bred under such a roof, the son started in life with a generous heart, noble dreams and high purpose. Ten years of prosperity, fairly earned by energy, industry, and character, ended in bankruptcy, as is so often the case in our risky and changing trade; then came a struggle for business, for bread—temptation, despair, intemperance. He could not safely pass the open doors that tempted him to indulgence, and then to shield him from exposure! How long wife, sister and friends labored to avert conviction and the State prison! 'I would spare him gladly,' wrote the prosecuting attorney, 'if he would stop drinking. He shall never go to prison if he will be a sober man. But all this wretchedness and crime comes from rum.'

Manfully did the young man struggle to resist the appetite. Again and again did he promise, and kept his promise a month, then fall. He could not walk the streets and earn his bread soberly while so many open doors—opened by men who sought to coin gold out of their neighbors' vices—lured him to indulgence. So, rightfully, the State pressed on, and he went to prison. An honored name disgraced, a loving home broken up, a wide circle of kindred sorely pained, a worthy, well-meaning man wrecked. Sorrow and crime—all come of rum,' says the keen-sighted lawyer.

Sure It Was Right.

'If I only was sure that is right!' whispered Sam to himself, after he had finished his sum and was about to take it up to the teacher.

'Pooh!' whispered Dick over his shoulder; 'take it up. She's too busy to look at it closely, and won't know whether it is right or not.'

'What did you tell me that for?' Sam demanded of Dick when they went out to recess.

'That's the way to get along easy,' answered Dick.

'But it isn't getting along easy that I'm after; it's being and doing right. If my work isn't done right, it won't do me any good to have it passed by the teacher. I want to be sure I'm right.'

A great man once said 'I would rather be right than president.' A small man—I mean in spirit—would have said, 'I would rather get along easy than be right.' The boy who looks at getting through more closely than he does at being exactly right, is apt to make a small mean man in character, however much money or success he may gain.

Refusing Good Gifts.

There is an old eastern legend of a powerful genii, who promised a beautiful maiden a gift of rare value if she would pass through a field of corn, and without pausing, going forward, or wandering thither, select the ripest and largest ear—the value of the gift to be in proportion of the size and perfection of the ear she should choose. She passed through the field seeing a great many well worth gathering but always hoping to find a larger and more perfect she passed them all by, when coming to a part of the field where the stalks grew more stunted, she distained to take from these, and so came to the other side, where the genii was awaiting her arrival, with nothing in her hand. How true a picture this fable is of some of some of our lives; always seeking something better, we refuse the gifts that are in our reach, and afterwards look back, sorrowing, we think of the blessing that passed over our heads.

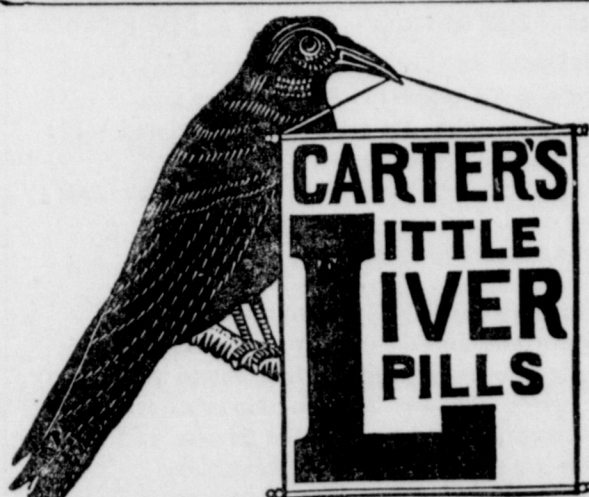
THE ANGEL FISH.

A Sub-Tropical Fish of Beautiful Color and with Wing-Shaped Fins.

The angel fish is so called on account of its beautiful colors and long, wing-shaped fins. Its body is thin and deep. In shape the angel fish resembles the well-known three-tailed porgy, called also spadefish and triple-tail, of these waters, though it is not quite so thick.

The angel fish has a small mouth. Its tail is moderately long. The dorsal and anal fins are both long, their ends extending beyond the tail. The eye is not very large, but beautifully colored. The greater part of the fish's body is on a brownish color, with a shade of olive green. Each scale is tipped with a lighter tint of its own color. The top and bottom edges of the thin head, and of the body in front of the dorsal and anal fins, the tips of the gill covers, and the bases of the pectoral fins are of a bright cobalt blue. The tail fin is of a bright yellow, with a narrow edge of greenish blue, and all the others fins are tipped with yellow.

While these are the usual colors of the angel fish, its colors vary more or less, according to its condition and the circumstances under which the fish is seen. Sometimes its body appears to be purple, sometimes yellow, or the upper half may be purple and the lower half yellow. Some-



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times it appears to be of a pale yellow on the sides at the centre, shading darker towards the edges, and sometimes in its prevailing color the fish is of a bluish, occasionally a greenish tint. Sometimes the head and the parts of the fish immediately contiguous are of a very dark bronze color. The brilliant blue markings on the body and head always remain. The base of the pectoral fins, usually blue, sometimes appears green. The general color effect of the angel fish is light, and most of its colors are clear and transparent. There are various fishes that are more gaudily colored, but there is perhaps none that is colored more beautifully.

When the angel fish is young its body color is brown, and it then, like many other fishes of its kind, is branded. In the case of the angel fish these bands are of a mingled blue and yellow. The bands disappear entirely with the fish's growth.

The angel fish is found in the waters of Bermuda and of the West Indies, and in the Gulf of Mexico. It attains a weight of about four pounds, and reaches fifteen inches in length. It is a market fish in the countries in whose waters it abounds, and it is so plentiful that it is sold at a low price. It is a delicious food fish.

It is everywhere admired for its beauty. It has a habit of turning on its side and swimming like a flounder, and it comes often to the top, and it may become very tame. In Bermuda the angel fish is a favorite to keep in the private ponds which are numerous on that island. It is there fed on bread. In nature the angel fish feeds around rocks that are covered with algae, nibbling at the plants, and eating small barnacles and other small crustaceans that are found in rocky places. The scales of the angel fish are very rough, and it has upon it gill covers and along the dorsal fin very sharp spines, so that care is necessary in handling it, but it does not struggle much, and with proper precaution it can be easily handled.

The angel fish stands transportation well, and with suitable care it can easily be kept in aquariums. The picture here is of an angel fish at the New York Aquarium, one of a considerable number now there brought from Bermuda. They are very beautiful here, though they cannot of course be seen to the same advantage under cover as in open water with the sun shining on them. To show the angel fish to the best possible advantage a number of them at the Aquarium have been placed in one of the large pools on the floor, where they can be viewed from above as they swim about, turning on their sides often and often coming up near the surface, and where they are under the strongest light through the day. A number of them, however, are still kept in the wall tank in which they were originally placed. Into this tank, due to some chance arrangement of the structure above, for a short time late each afternoon a sunbeam falls; and when the angel fish swim through the sunbeam they are beautiful indeed.

A BROKEN DOWN LUMBERMAN.

Not a Financial, But Worse, a Physical Wreck—Past Doctors' Skill, But Cured by South American Nerve.

Prostrated by nervous debility Mr. E. Errett, lumber merchant and mill owner of Merrickville, Ont., was forced to withdraw from the activities of business. He says: 'I tried everything in the way of doctors' skill and proprietary medicines, but nothing helped me. I was influenced to use South American Nerve, and I can truthfully say that I had not taken half a bottle before I found beneficial effects. As a result of several bottles I find myself to-day strong and healthy, and ready for any amount of business, where before my nervous system was so undermined that I could scarcely sign my own name with a pen or pencil. I say, feelingly and knowingly, get a bottle of this wonderful medicine.'

AT SEA IN A COFFIN.

A Convict's Attempt to Escape—He Paddles His Sepulchral Canoe.

Some curious details of the life of the French convicts at Cayenne, Guyane, and the Safety Islands are given by M. Paul Mimande in a volume which he has just published in Paris, entitled 'Forcats et Proscrits.' After describing all the most famous criminals at present in the penal colonies, the author deals with marvellous escapes and attempts to escape.

Perhaps the most remarkable of them all is that of the assassin Lupi, who went to sea in a coffin. He managed to get some nails, tar, and cotton, and one dark night he got into the coffin shed. He selected a fine, stanch, and seaworthy coffin, fastened the lid, in order to turn it into a deck leaving a cockpit sufficient to enable him to crawl in. He calked all the joints as well as he could, and when this work was finished he made a pair of paddles out of two planks. Then he brought out his craft

with great precaution. Without much difficulty he reached the water's edge. There he launched his bark and crawled on board. Assisted by the tide he paddled his sepulchral craft. Silently and slowly he proceeded in the hope of reaching either Venezuela or British Guiana.

Now, 150 nautical miles in a coffin did not constitute a very tempting enterprise, but Lupi was full of confidence. At the penitentiary it was soon discovered that he was missing. No boat had been taken away. The boats are always well guarded and nobody ever dreamed for a moment that any man would go to sea in a coffin. It was thought that he had either committed suicide or concealed himself somewhere near by.

Fortunately, or unfortunately, for Lupi, the steamer Abeille, returning from the Antilles, off Paramaribo, came close to him. The captain noticed an object that looked like a piece of wreckage around which a flock of seagulls were circling and screaming. Naturally that excited his attention. He steered the boat in the direction of the object. As he came close to it his curiosity was increased. The thing which at first he took to be a piece of wreckage turned out to be a coffin, and in addition to its noisy winged escort it was accompanied by two guards that travelled on either side of it like mounted escorts at the doors of an official carriage. These two guards were enormous sharks, whose great dorsal fins from time to time seemed to touch the sides of the box. The captain of the Abeille stopped the vessel and ordered a boat to be launched and manned. When the boat approached the coffin the birds continued to hover about, but the sharks went down. The men in the boat looked into the box, and what was their astonishment to find a man in it half drowned and almost in a fainting condition. They hauled him into the boat and took him on board the vessel, and a few hours later he was in irons in his cell.

Unseaworthy boats are sometimes called coffins, but Lupi is perhaps the only man who ever went to sea in a genuine coffin.

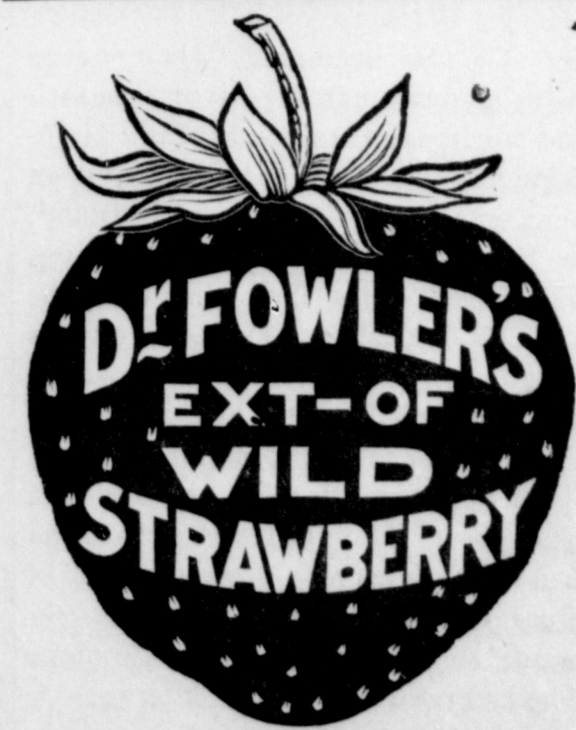
COULD NOT TURN IN BED.

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 me 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.'

Lazarus and Dives—Southern Revision.

A colored exhorter, enlarging on the impossibility of rich men getting into heaven said: 'Look at Lazarus: When he wuz on de airth he ax Diwees ter de crumbs dat fall from his table. En what did Diwees do ter him? He call his dog, Morcover. En sick him on Latherus. Latherus put up a purty good fight, but de dog licked him! Den Diwees wuz so mad dat he took a fit en died, en when he wake up he fin' himself in hell-fire, en he look too de skylight en see Latherus en Father Abraham in a hug-gin' match; en he call ter Latherus ter turn on de water en he'd pay de bill. En what did Latherus say? He des leaned over de banister en holler out; 'Go 'long, man, en shet yo' mouf. De water wuz cut off on de tenth. Milk en honey is de bes' I got!'



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