

Thy Brother.

When thy heart, with joy overflowing,
Sings a thankful prayer,
In thy joy O let thy brother
With thee share.

When the harvest sheaves ingathered
Fill thy barns with store,
To thy God and to thy brother
Give the more.

If thy soul, with power uplifted,
Yearns for glorious deed,

Give thy strength to serve thy brother
In his need.

Hast thou borne a secret sorrow
In thy lonely breast?
Take to thee a sorrowing brother
For a guest.

Share with him thy bread of blessing—
Sorrow's burden share.
When thy heart enfolds a brother,
God is there.

JERRY'S CHOICE.

'Now, see here, Jerry,' exclaimed Farmer Johnson to his man of all work, 'ye needn't git uneasy jist because old Podgers hez offered ye a dollar a month more'n I'm payin' ye. I reckon I've got about ez much money an' kin afford to pay ye about ez much ez Podgers kin or mebbe a little more.

'Ye'r a first-class worker, Jerry, I'll admit that, an' I don't want ye to be gettin' dissatisfied or thinkin' of diggin' out, so I'll make a bargain with ye right now before we go any further. If ye stick to me an' work ez well ez ye've bin workin' right along fer the next two years, I'll pay ye the same as Podgers offered ye, an' at the end of the two years I'll give ye the best critter on the place. Yes, sice, Jerry, ye kin take yer pick of any critter on the hull place, from a sheep up to a horse, or even a gi raffe or elephant, if I happen to have one of 'em on hand when it comes time to take yer choice.

'What d'ye say to that Jerry? Is it a bargain?'

'I'll do it,' answered Jerry Brant, quietly, 'and there's my hand to bind the bargain.'

'That's the way to talk; that's jist what I wanted to hear,' exclaimed Farmer Johnson, grasping Jerry's extended palm and giving it a hearty shake. 'Now that biz'ness is settled satisfactory to all hands an' we kin pitch into the work with clear consciences.'

No further mention was made of the bargain between Jerry and his employer until they were seated at the dinner table, later in the day, and then Mr. Johnson with a merry twinkle in his eyes, glanced across the table at his better fraction and said:

'Well, mother, I had to discharge Jerry an' hire him over agin today.'

'You seem to be in very good humor about it, so I judge the difference couldn't have been very serious,' commented Mrs. Johnson, who used to be a schoolma'am before she married, and therefore did not handle the United States dialect with the off-hand familiarity of her husband.

'Serious? Ye kin bet it is!' ejaculated Mr. Johnson. 'Why, I've got to pay him \$1 a month more'n I did before an' at the end of two years, if he stays right along, he's to have his pick out of the critters on the place to take along with him and keep for his own. I expect he'll take a horse, but I can't help it. I wasn't goin' ter let old Podgers hire him away from me, an' then goin' round chucklin' over it behind my back for the next six months.'

'Mr. Podgers made an attempt to hire him, did he?'

'Yes, an' a purty nerry attempt at that. Offered him \$1 more a month, but I settled the matter in a hurry by pilin' the best critter on the place on top of that. But if he stays the hull two years I reckon he'll earn it—eh, Jerry?'

Jerry blushed, and answered that he would do his best.

'Didn't you exempt my ponie papa? I really can't think of allowing Mr. Brant to run off with that, even if he does earn it!' exclaimed Farmer Johnson's pretty 18-year-old daughter, May, with a sidelong glance of admiration at Jerry's broad shoulders and manly features.

'Oh, Jerry wouldn't be mean enough to take the ponie, I guess,' interposed her father.

'No,' said Jerry, 'I don't want the ponie—unless the rider goes with it,' he added, sotto voce.

'Eh, what's that?' demanded Mr. Johnson. 'Unless what? I didn't ketch the tail end of that remark, exactly.'

Jerry's face turned crimson, and he was about to repeat his remark, when the quick-witted young lady came to the rescue.

'Mr. Brant—she always called him by that title, because she considered it more becoming and dignified than Jerry—'Mr. Brant says he doesn't want the ponie unless the bridle goes with it, I believe,' she explained ingeniously.

'Huh! I reckon a halter is all he'll get with her if he takes that ponie. There wasn't anything in the wri'n's about throwin' in a bridle,' said Farmer Johnson.

'You needn't worry, father. I think Mr. Brant will be generous enough to spare me my ponie,' said May, reassuringly.

'Yes, you may keep your ponie,' agreed Jerry, with an undisguised glance of admiration at the pretty face opposite him.

May's eyes fell before his, but not until they had flashed back a look that caused his heart to beat high with hope.

The fact of the matter was that stalwart, good-looking Jerry had long admired his employer's handsome and accomplished daughter, but today was the first time he had dared to let her know it, either by look or speech.

After that, however, their acquaintance rapidly ripened, and a few weeks later Jerry surprised Mr. Johnson by asking for the hand of his daughter in marriage.

Mr. Johnson was engaged in the pastoral occupation of milking a cow at the moment this question was sprung upon him, and he nearly fell off the stool in astonishment.

'Want to marry my darter, May?' he gasped. 'I guess not, young man! Not if the court knows itself. I've bin educatin' her fer subtin' higher than marrin' her father's hired man.'

'Oh, if that is the only objection, it can

easily be removed,' interposed Jerry. 'I don't expect to remain anybody's hired man after my two years are up. I believe I told you when I came here that I had just graduated from college, and intended to make the pursuit of agriculture my life business, instead of going into medicine or law, or any other of the already overcrowded professions. I believe a man with brains can put them to a good use and make as much money in farming as in everything else, and I propose to prove it. I am studying the practical side of the business now, and at the end of my two years I propose to go west and buy a ranch and strike out for myself. As far as education is concerned, I don't think I shall ever give your daughter occasion to be ashamed of me, and as to supporting her comfortably and in becoming style, I believe I shall be abundantly able to do so, and—'

'Can't help that, Jerry!' broke in Mr. Johnson. 'I hain't ginter have ye luggin' May off jist because ye two young folks imagine ye'r in love. A woman is a mighty queer an' onsartin sort of critter, anyhow, as ye'll find out soon enough when ye git booked up in double harness fer life with one of 'em, an' if I was in yer place I wouldn't be in any hurry 'bout takin' a yoke of that kind on my shoulders.'

'Anyhow, if ye insist on gittin' married in spite of my warnin' he'll haffer pick out some other pardener besides the one ye've got yer eyes sot on at present. My darter is going back to college next week to finish up her edycation, an' when she gits through her schoolin' it will be plenty times enough fer her to commence thinkin' 'bout the men. She'll forget ye by that time fast enough so ye might as well give up all hope right now of ever gittin' her. I like ye well enough other ways, Jerry, but I don't care fer ye in the role of son-in-law. There, now, ye've got yer answer fair and square, and et ye want to stay an' work out the balance of yer time, we'll drop the love buzzness right here, an' I'll treat ye as well as ever; but if ye don't care to stay under the circumstance it is all right, an' I shan't blame ye any fer goin'. Now, which is it to be, Jerry, stay, or quit?'

'I'll stay,' said Jerry, quietly. And stay he did performing his duties as conscientiously and thoroughly as ever although the farm life suddenly grew sordid and dull when May went back to her college studies.

The months rolled swiftly around, however, as months have a habit of doing, until eighteen of them had been crossed off the calendar of time. Then May, as bright and winsome as of old, came home with her diploma and diploma, and though he did not even dare to look his admiration, Jerry was straightway transported to paradise.

Jerry's term of service finally expired, and he regretfully announced that the time had come for him to strike out for himself.

'That's so, Jerry,' said Farmer Johnson. 'I had clean forgot 'bout yer two years bein' up today. Waal, I'll look over accounts an' settle up with ye after dinner, an' in the meantime ye kin be lookin' round an' sorter makin' up yer mind which one of the critters on the place ye want. I believe ye was to take yer choice when ye quit.'

'Well,' said Jerry, promptly, 'it won't take me long to make up my mind.'

Here he stepped quickly across the room to where May was gazing disconsolately from the window, and whispered a question in her ear. For an instant her eyes

met his; then she rose, with a smile, placed her hand confidently in his, and together they faced her father.

'This is my first and only choice,' exclaimed Jerry, with a ring of mingled pride and triumph in his tones.

'But ye can't do that—'taint in the agreement, I said critter, not wimmen folks; an' I hain't ginter allow no such—'

'Just a moment, if you please, Mr. Johnson,' interrupted Jerry Brant, drawing himself erect, with proudly flashing eyes, and still retaining May's hand. 'Haven't I heard you allude to the women as queer critters plaguery critters and I don't know how many other kinds of critters, during the past two years and upwards that I have been with you?'

'Yes, I s'pose ye have,' acknowledged Mr. Johnson, 'but—er—'

'All right, sir,' interposed Jerry, briskly. 'You promised me the best "critter" on the place, and this is the one I want—and the only one.'

Farmer Johnson young couple before him in a half-indulgent sort of way for a moment; and then the latter feeling got the better of the struggle and he quietly remarked:

'Waal, a bargain is a bargain, an' I s'pose I'll haffer keep my word; but I say, young man, and Mr. Johnson's eyes twinkled mischievously, 'don't ye think ye sorter missed yer vocation, not bein' a lawyer instead of a farmer?—Chicago Record.

Daisy Proposals.

Proposals of marriage have no doubt been occasionally made in the language of flowers. The practice has never been common, because, in the first place, the language in question is in a somewhat unfixed condition, its vocabulary containing much that is still in dispute among the learned; and secondly, because the recipients of the offer might very reasonably object to its uncommitting and essentially revocable character. An inventive genius has now copied nature and invented a proposal charm, 'a six-petalled marguerite in pure white enamel and gold,' ingeniously overlaid upon another daisy in such a way that by pressing upon a tiny spring concealed in the calyx the flower becomes a twelve-petalled one. Upon each of the alternate petals thus newly disclosed is inscribed a word, and read together they form a declaration of passionate and devoted love. It is thought by the inventor of this graceful little trinket that it may be 'of great assistance to a shy gentleman,' who might, it is suggested, send it to a lady by registered post, and if it after and he saw her wearing it, he could then ask her whether she had pressed the spring.'

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Dyspepsia simply can't exist when Dodd's Dyspepsia tablets are used. This has been proved by actual experience thousands of times, and new proofs are being made every day. Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets, each box containing a double treatment, can be procured of all druggists, or will be sent on receipt of the price 50 cents a box, by the Dodd's Medicine Co., Limited, Toronto.

Poor Tommy.

Even so sacred a thing as maternal affection may sometimes provoke a smile.

'Why, Mrs. Jamesby?' exclaimed a neighbor, across the back-yard fence. 'Do you beat your own carpets?'

'Yes,' replied Mrs. Jamesby. 'I don't mind it. It's good exercise.'

'I should think you'd have Tommy do it.'

'Poor Tommy!' rejoined the good woman, resuming her exercise. 'He belongs [whack!] to a gymnastic class down-town, and [whack!] he's so tired when he comes home in the afternoon [whack!] that I haven't the heart to ask him [whack!] to take hold of any work like this [whack!]'.

TORTURED AND HELPLESS.

Rheumatism has Hordes of Victims, and is no Respector of Persons—South American Rheumatic Cure Resists his Cruel Grasp and Heals the Wounds he Inflicts—Relief in Six Hours.

Geo. W. Platt, Manager "World's" Newspaper Agency, Toronto, says: "I am at a loss for words to express my feelings of sincere gratitude and thankfulness for what South American Rheumatic Cure has done for me. As a result of exposure I was taken with a severe attack of Rheumatic fever which affected both my knees. I suffered pain almost beyond human endurance. Having heard of marvellous cures by South American Rheumatic Cure, I gave it a trial. After taking three doses the pain entirely left me, and in three days I left my bed. Now every trace of rheumatism has disappeared."

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Is not much fun. They pinch the feet, make them ache, swell and burn. Next pair of new shoes you get try Foot Elm. See how comfortable your feet will be.

FOOT ELM

SOOTHES THE FEET so that walking is a delight. Prevents corns and bunions, and makes the shoe leather wear longer.

Price, 25 cents a box at all druggists and shoe dealers, or sent by mail by addressing STOTT & JURY, Bowmanville, Ont.

MEATS AND BREAD AS FOOD.

Increase in Cattle is Relatively Greater Than Wheat.

In view of the opinion that the production of cereals has outgrown the consuming power of population, and that consequently excess of supply over demand has brought about low prices, is the subject of a memorandum by Sir Robert Giffen, the great English statistician. An approximate comparison of the growth of population of the total area under cereal crops and of cattle, sheep and swine in the last twenty years, shows that while population has increased 26 per cent., the area under wheat has increased only 19 per cent., more than half of which increase was in North America. The increase of wheat area in Europe was only about 4 1/2 per cent., chiefly in Russia, while in the United Kingdom, where the production per acre was highest, there was a decrease of area under wheat of about 45 cent. In the total area under barley there was an increase of only 5 per cent., chiefly in new countries where as yet the production per acre is low. On the other hand, there was an increase of 37 per cent. in cattle and 26 per cent. in swine, but only 18 per cent. in sheep.

From these figures, thus briefly summarized, Sir Robert Giffen deduces the conclusion that the decline in wheat during the last twenty years is not due to excessive production as compared with the consuming population. On the contrary the growth cereals in general and of wheat in particular, has not kept pace with the growth of population. But as, at the same time, there has been a great increase of purchasing power in the resources of the consuming peoples, the reduction in the value of wheat must Sir Robert Giffen thinks, be ascribed to a diminution of demand. And the answer to the question, Why do people, as they grow richer, consume less wheat, etc. instead of more? he finds in the figures as to live stock, particularly cattle. People eat more meat, and therefore want less bread. Cereals have thus, in his view 'been subject to a new indirect competition of a most formidable kind. They have not been benefited by the large growth of a richer and richer population, as may have been expected beforehand. The increased wealth has gone in the purchase of meat, and a meat eating population consumes less cereals than a population eating less meat would do, although the meat eating population generally has the larger power of consumption.' It is our old friend the law of supply and demand that is at work; and when we speak of over-production all that we must be understood to mean is that supply is in excess of demand.—New York Ledger.

MEN WHO MAKE NESTS.

The Lower Tribes of Africa Live in Regularly Built Nests.

It seems funny to read of men who actually make nests like the birds. Yet such men actually exist both in Africa and Australia. The bushmen of the latter country, who are among the lowest orders of men, do not know enough to build even the simplest huts, so they gather grass and twigs, exactly as a big bird would do, and carry them to a thicket in the jungle and make for themselves comfortable nest homes. Here whole families curl up together like so many little puppies and sleep very snugly. As the bushes grow up around the nest they often come together overhead and form a kind of natural shelter but further than this the bushman has no protection from the rain. There are hundreds of these nests in the 'bush' as they are called in Australia, but the bushman, although very ignorant, never fails to find his own home again, nor mistakes some other nest for it. And if he is taken away blindfolded for miles and allowed to go he will start straight for home as unerringly as a cat that has been carried from her old home in a bag. Indeed the bushmen possess this homing instinct to a remarkable degree and in this respect they are far ahead of civilized man with all his intellect and reasoning power.

"To Tie Sand."

It is easy for an ingenious person, who is unwilling to do a thing, to find some excuse for the omission.

An oriental story tells us of a man who was asked to lend a rope to a neighbour.

His reply was that he was in need of the rope just then.

'Shall you need it a long time?' asked the neighbour.

'I think I shall,' replied the owner, 'as I am going to tie up some sand with it.'

'To tie up sand!' exclaimed the would be borrower. 'I do not see how you can tie up sand with a rope.'

'Oh you can do almost anything with a rope when you don't want to lend it,' was the reply.

HAND-IN-HAND.

Health and Happiness go Hand-in-Hand—With Stomach and Nerves all out of Sorts, Health and Happiness are Unknown.

Frank A. Gadbois, Cornwall, Ont.: "I was for several years a great sufferer from indigestion, dyspepsia and nervousness. I took many remedies without any relief. I saw South American Nerve advertised. I procured a bottle, and I can truthfully say it is the best medicine I ever used, and I strongly recommend it to anyone suffering as I did. A few doses wonderfully helped me, and two bottles have made a new man of me." It cures by direct action on the nerve centres.

Trying.

Mrs. Grady—"It's an aisy loife yez are living now Mrs. O'Style, jin yer fine new house on de avenoo. 'Twas a lucky thing fur yez thot yer Mike wint to the Klondike."

Mrs. O'Style (haughtily)—"Yis, Mrs. Grady, it's a foine life, but so tryin' on me nerves; me Mary Ann is alwuz aplayin' on de payaner, an' me Katie is larnin' to sing, and me ole mon is forever yellin' with the jimjams, and Bridget makes such a noise in the kitchen wid de silver, and—oh, dear, Mrs. Grady, thank hiven thot yez are not wan of de aristocracy!"—Life.

A Night of Pain.

After you have spent a night of pain, unable to sleep on account of toothache, one should think you would be sure to keep some "Quickcure" on hand in case it happens again. "Quickcure" is the quickest, surest and safest cure for toothache or any pain. All pain proceeds from irritation or inflammation; "Quickcure" soothes and reduces inflammation at once.

Female Desperado.

Cora Hubbard, the Pin-ville (Ark) bank robber, is 25, and was born in Ohio. She inherits from her father a slight admixture of Indian blood. She is fairly well educated, and her favorite book in childhood was the 'Life of the James Boys.' Cora doesn't drink, but is an inveterate smoker and swears like a trooper. Her chief complaint against her captors is that they didn't allow her to put on her best togs, but carried her off in a Mother Hubbard.

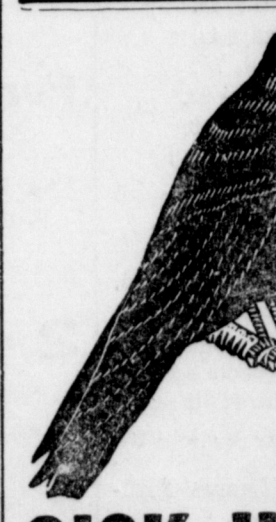
"I Have Had

Rheumatism for years, and Nerviline is the only remedy that has done me any good." So writes Thomas McGlashan, North Pelham, and his testimony is supported by thousands of others who have experienced the wonderfully penetrating and pain subduing power of Nerviline—the great pain cure.

Ancient Oaks.

Some of the oldest trees in the world are to be found in Great Britain. The tree called William the Conqueror's Oak, in Windsor Park, is supposed to be 1200 years of age. The famous Bentley and Winfarthing oaks are at least two centuries older.

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Syrup of
LINSEED
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All Throat and Lung Troubles
Teaspoonful Doses.
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They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Croaked Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They Regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

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Insist and demand
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