

Sunday Reading.

The Songs My Mother Sung.

As one who stands at evening by the ocean's lonely shore
May hear the voice of Memory above the breakers' roar,
So, calm and clear and beautiful as bells for curfew rung,
I hear above life's surge and flow the songs my mother sung.

I've sought the light of Fortune's smile in many a distant bourn,
Found many a fount of gladness and learned what it means to mourn;
And many are the voices, mild with love, or harsh with strife,
Whose tones for me have mingled in the symphony of life.

A moment's retrospection, and all these to calm subside,
And from the land of Childhood, far across Time's restless tide,
The veil of mist is lifted which the years between have hung,
And looking back, I hear again the songs my mother sung.

I'm a child again—the twilight steals across the upland farm,
And homeward from my play I come through evening's mellow charm;
The crickets and the katydids are singing through the dew,
And one pure star buds into light in heaven's liquid blue;

I toss my cap upon the floor, and mother's hand, so fair;
Draws to her heart the little lad and smooths his tangled hair;
She smiles to feel the chubby arms so loving round her flung,
And hark!—I hear them rising now, the songs my mother sung.

And when the simple prayers were said, and down to sleep I lay,
She bent and kissed me, and that kiss is on my brow today;
I fancied round her fair white face the very darkness smiled
(She ever wore an angel-look when she was with her child),

And softly from the distant woods I heard the whippoorwill,
But in that dear and hallowed hour her voice was softer still:
Sweet breezes stirred the window where the honey suckle clung,
But dreamland caught its music from the songs my mother sung.

There was no voice more wonderful, for love was all its tone,
And love hath never heard a tongue more beautiful than its own;
And where the proud world fails to win our homage with its art,
Love's simple song unchallenged takes the fortress of the heart.

What wonder that when life is hard I smile back through my tears
As I hear those holy echoes haunt the hushes of the years?
What wonder when Care's stormy bells against my calm are swung
The Past speaks comfort to my heart in the songs my mother sung!

Oh sacred bond that through all time in blessedness remains!
A voice hath bound me to the Past by Music's viewless chains;
For where Love links its golden words between the heart and home
There is a charm that holds the thought however the feet may roam;

So, fondly from my toil and care my heart will heart will backward turn,
And I shall be a child again, and for God's altars yearn,
Whenever that sweet angelus across life's sea is rung,
That music out of Childhood's heav'n—the songs my mother sung.

—Earnest Warburton Shurtleff.

WHY HE BECAME A TEETOTALLER.

Bishop Potter Understood the Force of a Good Example.

'Doctor,' said a lady at a fashionable dinner party, a few years ago, to Bishop Potter, 'I observe that you take no wine.'

'No,' said Dr. Potter, 'I have not done so for twenty-five years. A man with an unconquerable passion for drink used to come constantly to see me, and told me how this miserable passion was bringing him to utter ruin; how his employers, every time he obtained a situation, dismissed him, on account of this terrible habit. One day I said, 'Why will you not say, here and now, before God, and in his help, I will never taste liquor again?' The man said, 'Doctor, if you were in my place, you would not say that.' I answered, 'Temperate man that I am, I will say so at this moment.' And I spoke the solemn vow that I had called on him to make. My poor friend looked at me with consternation; then an expression of hope overspread his face. With steady voice he pronounced the vow. A moment after he left me, but returned often to see me. The vow has been kept, and he that was fast losing soul and body found a position, kept it, and became not only a sober, but a godly man.'

A Consecrated Shut-In.

What one woman, feeble in health, can do to save souls is exemplified in the career of Sarah Robinson, of Portsmouth, England. Twenty-five years ago the verdict of her London doctor was couch for the greater part of her life. Hearing this she went to the Lord with it and made one definite request; That my complaint might never hinder my working, whether my life

was long or short. I promised him [that, by his grace, I would not repine at pain or ugliness, if only I might work without interruption. From that day to this, notwithstanding her spinal weakness, she has by personal energy and influence carried out her plans in successful temperance work among soldiers. Her motto was "Ready," adhered to through many misgivings as to her power for effectual service. Large mission buildings, soldiers' homes, and coffee houses in three seaports stand as one phase of the results.—Golden Rule.

GOD'S THREE AGENCIES.

He Employs Three for Bringing Conviction to Our Souls.

God employs three agencies in bringing conviction to a human soul: conscience, the Holy Spirit and the Scriptures. Their work is usually so united that it is impossible to say that one power has been used to the exclusion of another. The Holy Spirit is always present when there is conviction, working with man's conscience or through Scripture, or with both.

The woman who was brought to Christ for condemnation had few accusers when He said: 'He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone.' The Gospel writer relates that they, 'being convicted by their own conscience, went out, one by one, beginning at the eldest, even unto the last.'

It is the special work of the Holy Spirit to convict of sin. In Christ's last address to His apostles before His crucifixion He explained how the Comforter should come, and His first work would be to 'reprove the world of sin.' And when a few weeks later the Comforter came to abide with that small body of disciples, His power was manifested in Peter's sermon, which brought conviction to three thousand of his hearers.

The third agency for conviction of sin Paul brings out most clearly in his letter to the Romans, where he says: 'Therefore by the deeds of the law, there shall no flesh be justified in His sight; for by the law is the knowledge of sin. Through this agency the Holy Spirit most frequently brings conviction to us. Some one passage or even a few words of Scripture He usually employs in bringing conviction to those who have a knowledge of it.—Dwight L. Moody, in Ladies' Home Journal.

A TURNING POINT.

He Was Young but Understood About the Pledge.

Dr. Hannay's secretarial colleague, the Rev. D. Burford Hooke, says a commercial traveller from Liverpool, who was in the habit of visiting Dumfries, had a custom, after he had finished his business, to go round the town with a bell, announcing a temperance lecture. Young Hannay went to hear him, and as the result became possessed of a strong and almost passionate determination to keep clear of the snares into which so many of his fellow-townsmen were constantly falling. So 'I made up my mind as a boy that I would not be a drunkard.' He went on March 7, 1837, to a bookseller's shop, where a pledge-book was kept. The bookseller was doubtful as to the wisdom of any but full-grown men signing the pledge. He protested, but the lad's hand was on the book, and almost before the good man could recover from his surprise, the words 'Alexander Hannay' were written in a round, bold hand, and there remain to this day. He himself regarded the incident as the turning point in his life, for only recently he said, 'Most positively do I now declare my belief that my position in after life, and any service that I have rendered to the cause of temperance or the cause of truth, is due to that one act.'

A Personal Sacrifice.

The joy of dying that others might live, the glory of living without self-concern, the enthusiasm of feeding His life away to his His hungry brothers—this was the joy that was set before Christ, and is the quenchless joy before us set. To get men to love one another, and thus get the will of God done on earth as it is in heaven, is our mission as truly as it was the mission of Jesus. We can each take this mission as our life motive—the motive which abides in the heart of God—and keep this motive as the seed of life through all joy and sorrow, success and disappointment, failure and victory. Upon the altar of this infinite purpose we may each dedicate ourselves as living sacrifices, holy and acceptable unto God.—George D. Herron, D. D., in A Plea for the Gospel.

War on Cigarettes.

It is now thought that steps have been taken which will lessen the use of cigarettes by the boys in the Chicago public schools. It has been ascertained that most of the cigarettes which the boys smoke are obtained at little stores near the schoolhouses and that they contain poisonous material which renders their use very dangerous. The Common Council has now imposed a tax of \$100 on each dealer, has limited the distance from the school building at which

they may be sold, and rendered the continuance of the business so difficult as to practically abolish it altogether.

MUSIC STANDS.

Made in Great Variety for the Use of Professional and of Amateurs.

The pocket music stand is a very simple and at the same time very ingenious contrivance, formed of thin strips of wood joined together, which fold up into the bulk of a block six inches in length by about an inch square. In this form it can be carried in the pocket as easily as a folded two-foot rule. When opened out it makes a desk, as the top part of a music stand is called, supported by a brace at the back. It has no standard. It is intended to be placed upon a table or on a chair, on the shelf, or wherever it may be convenient for the player.

Folding portable music stands which are complete and adjustable as to height are made of iron and of steel in twelve or fifteen different styles and in various styles of finish, japan, nickel plate and bronze. The folding portable music stand is very light, and it folds into a space of eighteen or twenty inches in length and about an inch in diameter. It is carried in a round leather case which in dimensions is a little longer but much slenderer than a music role. Or the portable folding stand may be carried in trunk or valise or travelling bag. Music stands of this kind are sold in considerable numbers for use in homes, but they are used most commonly by professional musicians in travelling and on picnics, excursions, lawn parties, house festivities and the various occasions where music is required, but where no music stands are provided. Portable music stands are an article of large and steady sale; thousands of them are sold annually.

The orchestra music stand is familiar. It has a desk of ample proportions. Formerly it was lighted by a gas jet under a tin shade; now it is more commonly lighted by an incandescent electric light attached to the desk, the bulb being shaded by a little pear-shaped reflector which throws the light down upon the music page. The orchestra music stand is moveable; it is, of course, adjustable as to the height of the desk, and it is made with a pretty wide ledge at the foot of the desk so that it will hold a bulky score or a thick bunch of music, and hold the leaves up when turned. Orchestra music stands are usually made simple and plain, but the stand of the leader, occupying a conspicuous place in the centre, is of a more ornamental character.

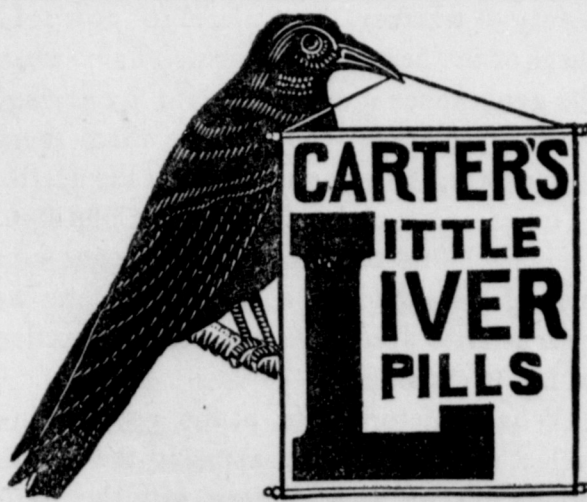
Parlor Music stands are now used more commonly than ever before, and they are made in many styles, from the simplest to the most elaborate. Formerly, and until within comparatively recent years, while ornate parlor music stands were sometimes made, the stands were usually of rather simple forms, and designed with a view to utility only; now, while the simpler forms are still made, the parlor music stand is often a highly decorated as well as useful article of furniture, and made to match the room in which it is placed. In recent years music rooms in private houses have multiplied, and these are often decorated and furnished in the style of some period Louis XV.

HER REMEDIES.

Various Remedies That are Used in Rural Districts.

Doctors in the 'backwoods' districts often find that their patients will refuse all medicine, as long as they fancy that there is any possibility of effecting a cure without its aid. Their belief in 'charms' is difficult to unsettle or combat.

A young doctor was called to attend the father of a large family, a stalwart backwoodsman, who was in the grip of a malarial fever, on which his wife, with all her



CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS
SICK HEADACHE
Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They Regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

the fraud of the day.

See you get Carter's,

Ask for Carter's,

Insist and demand

Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Where the Shoe Pinches.

Often it nips just over your favorite corn, or squeezes the ingrown toe nail. Wearing shoes, perhaps, to you is not fraught with much pleasure.

Your feet sweat in them, get tired in them, swell and ache, especially in the warm weather.

Then, too, your shoes don't smell as sweet and clean as you'd wish. All these little troubles may be obviated by the use of Foot Elm.



Elm. It gives you comfort with your feet. Makes walking easy. Cures Corns, Bunions, Ingrowing Toe Nails. Keeps your feet and shoes sweet, dry and wholesome, and renders shoe wearing a delight.

J. B. Stringer, Chatham, Ont., says:—"I cheerfully recommend Foot Elm. It relieves that hot burning sensation and has benefited my feet very much."

Price 25c. a box by all druggists and shoe dealers, or sent by mail on receipt of price by addressing Stott & Jury, Bowmanville, Ont.

supposed skill, to be unable to make any impression.

On his second visit the doctor noticed that one of the children had around her neck a string from which dangled some small bones.

'What are those intended to cure rheumatism?' he asked the mother, with a smile.

'No doctor, those are so Mirandy'll have an easy time a-getting her teeth,' was the response. 'Those are rattlesnake bones. The critter was plowed up last spring when the men folks broke up a new piece o' land. I jest took and biled him a couple o' days, and strung his bones on a string to hitch on to Mirandy's neck when 'twas time; she wasn't but six weeks old then. I mistrust they might be good for rheumatism, too, but 'tain't best to run no risks. I s'pose you know the best thing for rheumatism.'

'Perhaps I don't know your remedy,' said the shrewd doctor.

'I reckoned everybody knew,' said the woman with momentary animation. 'Why you jest take four pieces of eelskin, about three fingers wide, and bind 'em on your ankles and wrists. It drives the worst kind o' rheumatism off they say.'

'Doctor,' said this believer in charms, with a dubious glance at the tumbler of medicine prepared for her husband, 'be you sure that aint anyways p'isonous? 'Cause I aint tried binding raw tomatoes on him yet, and there'd be some by the first of o' next week!'

A CLERGYMAN'S LIFE.

Has More Worries Than the Public are Aware of—Nervous Exhaustion the Frequent Outcome.

There is more worry connected with the routine life of the average clergyman than most people imagine. His duties are multifarious, and it is little wonder that he frequently becomes the victim of nervous exhaustion, insomnia, etc. In this condition Dr. Williams' Pink Pills act more speedily upon the nervous system than any other medicine, and promptly restore the user to a normal state of health. Rev. Wm. Clarke, a rising young Methodist minister stationed at Orono Ont., says:—"I have derived great benefit from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I found that when I attempted to study I would become drowsy and could not apply myself to my work. My digestion was very bad and my nervous system seemed to be out of gear. At first I paid but little attention to the matter, but found myself growing worse. At this time I was stationed at Fort Stewart Ont., and was boarding at the home of a storekeeper, who advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I decided to do so, and thanks to this medicine, I am again restored to good health. Under these circumstances I feel it my duty to say a good word for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the disease. They renew and build up the blood, and strengthen the nerves, thus driving disease from the system. Avoid imitations by insisting that every box you purchase is enclosed in a wrapping bearing the full trade mark. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

ANSWERING A SNOB.

How the Great English Tailor Got Even With One.

When Poole, the famous English tailor, was an old man he was at Brighton on a vacation, and one afternoon went out to walk upon the pier. There he was publicly insulted, with what result to himself and the second man, is told by the Weekly Telegraph:

A young man, who did not know, perhaps, that he was a snob—a snob being one kind of a fool—was also on the pier with a couple of ladies, to whom he said, as he saw Poole coming:

'Now, you wouldn't take that good-looking man for a tailor, but he is. He's an imposter. Just listen while I take him down a notch or two. I'll tell him my coat, which I have just had from him, doesn't fit.'

As he spoke Poole approached and politely acknowledged the salutation of his customer, who, walking up to him said: 'Here, Poole, now do take a look at me. Does this coat fit?'

Poole took in the situation, for he was a good physiognomist, and the countenances of the ladies betrayed the plot to him.

'It certainly does not fit,' said he and pulling out a bit of French chalk, he proceeded liberally to mark and cross the coat of his would-be queller all over, and then observed, with the utmost sangfroid

and urbanity: 'Now, if you will kindly send that coat to my shop, the alterations shall be attended to.'

A CITY MAN'S WAIL.

There Are Thousands Like Him in Canada.

'To be candid and truthful, I am miserable, used up, nervous, and can't sleep these days; I feel as if life was not worth living. I have tried country air, and have strictly followed my doctor's advice, yet here I am, fast wearing away.'

This confession, made by a resident of one of our largest Canadian cities, truly represents the condition of thousands of men and women, old and young, at this time of the year.

It is almost certain that such weakly and broken down men and women have not yet heard the joyful news that Paine's Celery Compound is the great life renewer and builder, the medicine that makes the weak strong, that gives vim and true activity to the languid and despondent, that makes the blood pure and red, that gives digestive vigor and sweet refreshing sleep.

Are you, dear reader, among the afflicted ones? Are you pining in misery and suffering and full of dread and fears? It so, let us point you to the only medicine that can meet your case without failure. It is Paine's Celery Compound, nature's medicine for the tired and worn out body and unstrung nerves. The virtues of this medicine strikes right at the seat of the trouble, quickly bringing health and happiness. It has a marvellous record of cures, a fast and enduring fame won by rescues and life saving. Will you test its efficacy? You must if you desire health and robustness as well as extended years.

Good Boat.

An old darky who runs the little ferry across a New England river affords much entertainment to passengers by his quaint remarks.

Not long ago a farmer, who had driven on to the ferry with a heavy load of summer boarders, said, 'Uncle Rufe, s'posin' your pulley contrivance should give out, where do you callate we'd go?'

'Stay right in de boat,' returned the ferryman.

'Yes, but the boat might be in heaven before you knew it,' said the farmer.

'Huh! When'd you ever hear ob a boat gwine to heaben?' inquired Uncle Rufe.

'How about the ship of Zion?' asked the farmer.

For a moment the old darky looked perplexed. Then he rallied, and smiled broadly on his persistent fare.

'Why, anybody'd take you for an ignorant pusion if you talk like dat,' he said; 'dat boat wa'n't made ob wood, it war made ob faith, and it ain't got anything to do wid de question, no sah!'

Dormant talent often comes to the surface unexpectedly. Some men never realize what expert sod cutters they are until they try to play golf.—Philadelphia Record.



DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

IF YOU HAVE WEAK BACK, LAME BACK, BACKACHE, LUMBAGO OR RHEUMATISM, DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS WILL CURE YOU.
DO YOUR HANDS OR FEET SWELL? IF SO YOU HAVE WEAK KIDNEYS. DOAN'S PILLS WILL STRENGTHEN THEM.
HAVE YOU DROPSY, KIDNEY OR URINARY TROUBLES OF ANY KIND? IF SO, DOAN'S PILLS WILL CURE YOU.

SOMETHING WORTH KNOWING.
HEADACHES, DIZZINESS, FRIGHTFUL DREAMS, DISTURBED SLEEP, DROWSINESS, FORGETFULNESS, COLD CHILLS, NERVOUSNESS, ETC., ARE OFTEN CAUSED BY DISORDERED KIDNEYS.

EVEN IF YOUR MEMORY IS DEFECTIVE YOU SHOULD ALWAYS REMEMBER THAT DOAN'S PILLS CURE ALL KIDNEY TROUBLES, AND EVERY DOSE HELPS THE CURE.
SOLD AT ALL DRUG STORES.