

TELEPATHY THROUGH LOVE.

Striking Experiences of Sympathetic Knowledge Recorded by Ian MacLaren.

During the course of my ministry, and especially of recent years, I have been moved to certain actions for which there seemed no reason, and which I only performed under the influence of a sudden impulse, says Ian MacLaren in the New York Independent. As often as I yielded to this inward guidance, and before the issue was determined, my mind had a sense of relief and satisfaction; and in all distinct and important cases my course was in the end most fully justified.

It was my privilege, before I came to Setton Park Church, to serve as colleague with a venerable minister to whom I was sincerely attached, and who showed me much kindness. We both felt the separation keenly, and kept up a constant correspondence, while this good and affectionate man followed my work with spiritual interest and constant prayer. When news came one day that he was dangerously ill, it was natural that his friend should be gravely concerned, and as the days of anxiety grew, that the matter should take firm hold of the mind. It was a great relief to learn, toward the end of a week that the sickness had abated; and when, on Sunday morning, a letter came with strong and final assurance of recovery, the strain was quite relaxed, and I did my duty at morning service with a light heart. During the afternoon my satisfaction began to fall, and I grew uneasy till, by evening service, the letter of the morning counted for nothing. After returning home my mind was torn with anxiety and became most miserable, fearing that this good man was still in danger and, it might be, near unto death. Gradually the conviction deepened and took hold of me that he was dying, and that I would never see him again; till at last it was laid on me that if I hoped to receive his blessing I must make haste, and by and by that I had better go at once. It did not seem as if I had now any choice, and I certainly had no longer any doubt; so having written to break two engagements for Monday, I left at midnight for Glasgow. On arrival I drove rapidly to the well-known house and was in no way astonished that the servant who opened the door should be weeping bitterly, for the fact that word had come from that very house that all was going well did not weigh one grain against my own inward knowledge.

'He had a relapse yesterday afternoon, and he is—dying now.' No one in the room seemed surprised that I should have come, although they had not sent for me, and I held my reverend father's hand till he fell asleep, in about twenty minutes. He was beyond speech when I came, but as we believed recognized me and was content. My night's journey was a pious act, for which I thanked God, and my absolute conviction is that I was guided to its performance by spiritual influence.

Some years ago I was at work one forenoon in my study, and was very busy, when my mind became distracted, and I could not think out my sermon. Some short time before a brother minister, whom I knew well and greatly respected, had suffered from dissension in his congregation and had received our sincere sympathy. He had not, however, been in my mind that day, but now I found myself unable to think of anything else. My imagination began to work in the care till I seemed in the midst of the circumstances as I were the sufferer. Very soon a suggestion arose and grew into a commandment, that I should offer to take a day's duty for my brother. Nothing remained but to submit to this mysterious dictation and compose a letter as best one could, till the question arose. There I paused and waited, when an exact day came up before my mind, and so I concluded the letter. It was, however, too absurd to send; and so, having rid myself of this irrelevancy, I threw the letter into the fire and set to work again; but all day I was hunted by the idea that my brother needed my help. In the evening a letter came from him, written that very forenoon, explaining that it would be a great service to him and his people if I could preach some Sunday soon in his church, and that, owing to certain circumstances, the service would be doubled if I could come on such and such a day; and it was my date. My course was perfectly plain, and I at once accepted his invitation under a distinct sense of a special call, and my only regret was that I had not posted my first letter.

One afternoon to take my third instance, I made up my list of sick visits and started to overtake them. After completing the first and while going along a main road, I felt a strong impulse to turn down a side street and call on a family living in it. The impulse grew so urgent that it could not be resisted, and I rang the bell, considering the doorstep what reason I should give for an unexpected call. When the door opened it turned out that strangers now occupied the house, and that my family had gone to another address, which was in the same street but could not be given. This was enough, it might appear, to turn one from aimless visiting, but still the pressure continued, as if a hand were drawing me, and I set out to discover their



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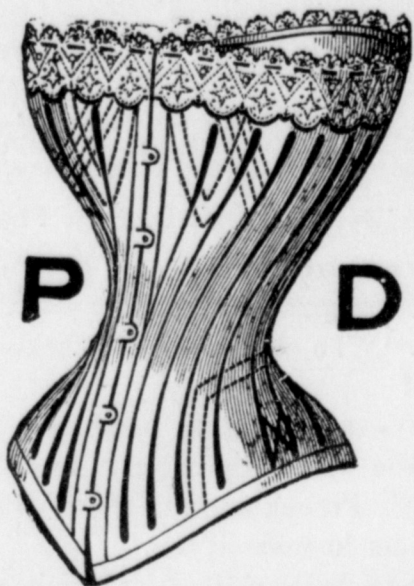
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THOMAS DEAN, City Market.

new house, till I had disturbed four families with vain inquiries. Then the remembrance of my unmade and imperative calls came upon me, and I abandoned my fruitless quest with some sense of shame. Had a busy clergyman not enough to do without such a wild goose chase? and one grudged the time he had lost.

Next morning the head of that household I had yesterday sought in vain came into my study with such evident sorrow on his face that I hastened to meet him with anxious inquiries. 'Yes, we are in great trouble. Yesterday our little one (a young baby) took very ill and died in the afternoon. My wife was utterly overcome by the shock, and we would have sent for you at the time, but had no messenger. I wish you had been there—if you had only known 'And the time?'

'About half past 3.'

So I had known, but had been too impatient.

Many other cases have occurred when it has been laid on me to call at a certain house where there seemed so little reason that I used to invent excuses, and where I found some one especially needing advice or comfort, or I called and had no courage to lead up to the matter, so that the call was of no avail, and afterward some one asked whether I knew, for she had waited for a word. Nor do I remember any case where, being inwardly moved to go after this fashion, it appeared in the end that I had been befuddled.

People may live in an atmosphere of sympathy which will be a communicating medium. When some one appears to read another's thoughts, as we have all seen done at public exhibitions, this was evidently by physical signs, and it served no good purpose. It was a mechanical gift, and was used for an amusement. This is knowledge of another kind, whose conditions are spiritual and whose ends are ethical. Between you and the person there must be some common feeling; it rises to a height in the hour of trouble, and its call is for help. The correspondence here is between heart and heart, and the medium through which the message passes is love.

GEORGE'S NARROW ESCAPE.

Through no Fault of His he Almost Bought Ardent Spirits at a Bar.

It was probably the first time he had ever been inside of a saloon, and from the reception he received it is more than probable it was also the last time. It never would have happened but for an evil-disposed straw hat that took advantage of a chance gust of wind to roam into a State street saloon and hide behind the bar.

The young man who owned the hat was ambling quickly past the saloon, accompanied by a young woman. They appeared to be strangers in the city, as they spent much of their time gazing up at the buildings. More than this, there was an air about the young man that plainly told he had never partaken of anything more exhilarating than cherry phosphate, while the young woman looked as if it distressed her even to walk in the same street where there were people who retailed gin. Just as the two passed in front of the willow screen doors of the saloon a gust of wind grabbed the young man's straw hat and whisked it over the doors and out of sight into the saloon. The young man gasped, the young woman turned pale.

'I don't see how I can get it unless—' said the young man.

'But I am sure it is a place where they sell intoxicating liquors,' said the young woman.

'It cost 75 cents and it's new,' said the young man.

'What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul,' softly quoted the young woman.

Finally the young man timidly opened the willow screens and looked in. The bartender had picked up the hat and seemed to think it was a gift from providence, for he had put it on his cropped head and was admiring himself in the glass. 'That's my hat, you know,' said the young man, who had edged up to the bar, while the young woman peeped through the swinging screens. The bartender looked around.

'I think not,' he said.

'But it is, and I want it,' said the young man.

The bartender looked sad. 'Ah, yer a-stringin' me.'

He deliberated for a moment, then said: 'Put der dicier on yer nut, an' it fits den I'll tink it's yours all right.'

The young man put on his hat and started swiftly out.

'Here,' yelled the barkeeper. 'Ain't yer forgot something?'

'Why, no,' said the young man. 'Really, I believe not.'

'Yes, yer have,' said the barkeeper. 'Come back here and buy.'

The young woman at the door screamed, the young man grabbed his hat rushed from the saloon, and as he and the young woman walked hurriedly away she said:

'Think of it, George. You almost bought alcohol in a saloon.'

And George was observed to hold his hat with both hands every time after that when passing swinging willow screens.

Money No Object.

The amount of money sufferers from catarrh will spend in attempting to cure that foul and disagreeable disease is most incredible. J. W. Jennings of Guilford says: 'I spent between \$200 and \$300 consulting doctors; I tried all the treatments without benefit. One box of Chase's Catarrh Cure did me more good than all the remedies. A 25c. box cured me.' Don't waste money. Chase's Cure, with improved blower, 25c. It cures.



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THE LONGEST OF CAT JOURNEYS.

How a Cat Made Wonderful Journey Over the Prairies.

There are so many cases on record in which cats and dogs have made long home returning journeys that no one can doubt the possession by these animals of a wonderful instinct that guides them toward their goal over country that they have never traversed. But how far can an animal travel thus, and find its way? A case which is now on record shows that a cat can make such a journey for at least six hundred miles—and that in the winter and early spring, when prey upon which to subsist must be relatively scarce.

In January, 1897, a family named Nading removed from Topeka, Kansas, to Shelbyville, Indiana. The distance between these two places is about five hundred and fifty miles, as the crow flies; but to any creature without wings it would probably be nothing less than six hundred.

The Nading family brought with them to Indiana a fine Maltese cat to which they were much attached. They were evidently more attached to the cat than he was to them, for he had no sooner reached Shelbyville than he began to mope. He passed three homesick weeks there, and then disappeared. The family supposed that one of the million of fatal accidents to which cats are subjects, had happened to him, and in their minds bade him a regretful farewell.

On the 4th of May they received a letter from relatives in Topeka, which said in effect:

'Your old Thomas has arrived here! He seems to be very tired and hungry, but otherwise is extremely cheerful, and is eager to be petted. He is now taking a long nap.'

How the cat travelled the great distance—crossing the Wabash River, traversing the wide prairies and circuiting the many towns of Illinois, certainly crossing the broad Mississippi and probably also crossing the Missouri, ascending that great stream through the whole width of the state of Missouri and finally winding through the score of thriving towns in eastern Kansas before the capital was reached—will never be known, unless some one can master the language of the cat sufficiently to 'interview' this one successfully on its memorable journey.

HISTORIC BOARD.

Abraham Used it as a Footstool and it was Treasured.

Surrounding the court-house in a count-seat within a hundred miles of Springfield, Illinois, stood for many years a plain board fence. Before it finally disappeared to make way for 'park' improvements it had been rebuilt at least twice. At each rebuilding, however, particular care was taken to leave a certain 'top board' in exactly the position it had occupied before, not even a new nail-hole being made in it.

A stranger noticing one day this peculiarity in the fence, asked an old citizen who was leaning against a locust-tree and whittling a stick if there was any explanation.

'Did the county run out of money,' he inquired, 'when it had got this fence all finished except one board?'

'No, sir,' replied the old citizen, putting his Jack-knife in his pocket, walking to the fence, and laying his hand on it in a most impressive manner. 'This top board is with more'n all the rest of the fence put together, old and rotted as it is.'

'Old Abe Lincoln made a speech in this court-house yard in 1856, and when he was through talkin' he saw an old farmer in the crowd that he used to know when he was a boy, an' he came down from the stand an' took that old feller out to the fence an' talked over old times with him for ten minutes or more, without payin' any attention to the big-bugs that was waitin' to take him off to dinner. And while he talked to him, sir, he rested his right foot on this yere top board. I seen him do it, an' so did five hundred other men—an' that board haint never been disturbed since, an' haint never goin' to be!'

Saying which, the old man walked back to his position against the locust-tree, took his knife from his pocket again and resumed his whittling.

SAD FOREBODINGS OF AUTUMN WEATHER.

Thousands Who Dread an Attack of Catarrh as Winter's Cold Approaches—Yet Catarrh Can Be Banished Under the Magic Touch of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder.

This is not a dogmatic statement, strong as it may seem. Leading members of Parliament, the most prominent clergymen of the Episcopal, Presbyterian, Methodist, Baptist and Roman Catholic churches, have borne testimony to the effectiveness of this medicine. Mr. John MacEdwards, the popular purser of the Canadian Pacific steamer "Arthabasca," is one who was cured of intense suffering from catarrhal troubles by the use of this medicine. Good Samaritan-like, he has ever since recommended it to any who suffer. Head off an attack of catarrh by having this medicine at your hand.

Straining Neighborly Feeling.

'There is such a thing as neighbors getting too intimate.'

'What's the instance?'

'Why, my neighbor next door borrows my papers from the doorsteps before I am up and his wife cuts out all the poetry for her scrapbook.'—Cleveland Plain Dealer.