

THE BEAUTY OF FUN.

It is One of God's Best Gifts and is Capable of Blessed Use.

'Fun' is, so to speak, a funny word. It is derived from itself. To be sure, the dictionaries pretend to derive it from the Anglo-Saxon 'fean', joys, or something of the kind, but what is the use? It amounts to this, but there is something in human nature that bubbles from it as the spring from the hillside. It has bubbled or fizzed itself into a word, and we all love the word and what it signifies. Why not? Fun is one of the best gifts of God to his children. It is our plaything, and one that amuses us to the last year of ripe old age.

Like everything else that is very good, fun is capable of wise and blessed use, and degrading and terrible abuse. Well used, it brightens the heart, blesses the body, drives away care, sweetens sorrow, quenches temptation, relieves embarrassment, dissipates misunderstandings and enmities, promotes social life, in a word fosters the best sentiments and affections of the human heart. Abused, it stings and wounds and enervates and corrupts and curses.

It is of the utmost consequence, therefore, that we should learn to use fun in the right way. Like everything else, fun can be at its best only as it is brought under the influence of Christian principle and sentiment. Then it blossoms into the fairest, if not the gayest, flower.

A good joke is one of the best products of the human heart and brain. Only it must be a good joke in the real sense of the word. There is many a 'capital' joke that is really not a good joke at all but a bad one, for it produces a bad effect. A good joke is one that is spicy, or as Ian Maclaren would say, that 'tastes' well, and at the same time does not wound or injure, but, on the contrary, pleases and benefits. I have read somewhere a story of a boy and girl, Dutch children they were, who were playing in a wood when they spied a pair of wooden shoes belonging to a chopper who was at work at a little distance. They made up their minds that this was a good chance to have a joke. At first they resolved to put pebbles into the shoes, and then hide and watch the effect when the man put them on. But the little girl thought that this would be unkind, and suggested that instead of the pebbles they put in the coins which they had in their pockets. Doing this they were amused both at the surprise and pleasure of the amazed chopper. The change from pebbles to coins transformed that joke from a bad one a very good one.

To be able to see the humorous side of a situation often turns, in an instant, a most forlorn and unfortunate occurrence into merriment and pleasure. Spilt milk, or spilt anything else, usually has a ludicrous attachment of some kind that is as capable of producing laughter as tears. Only the laughter must start from the person on whom the catastrophe falls, and not from the witnesses. How much we respect one who has the grace to laugh after a tumble, or to turn off with a pleasantry the mishap due to another's awkwardness.

One might go on almost indefinitely describing the blessed uses of fun in all its forms, from the playfulness of a child to the humor of a Lincoln or a Sidney Smith. One might tell how it has decided the issue of battles, determined the policy of nations, healed the deepest antagonisms, saved human lives, brought happiness to thousands.

The abuse of the love of fun is as baneful as its rightful use is blissful. When carried to excess, for example, fun becomes buffoonery and laughter giggling. If there is a kind of laughter that is like the music of a mountain brook, there is another kind that is like the 'crackling of thorns under a pot.' There is a time to laugh, the preacher tell us, and also a time to weep, and the person who knows no better than to laugh when all the higher instincts of the soul forbid it, insults God, himself, and others.

Again, there is a kind of fun, sometimes called wit, in distinction from humor, which is as cruel and withering as real fun is sweet and wholesome. Veiled under the mask of fun, this kind of attack strikes more deeply and cuts more keenly than any other. The malicious joke is an arrow that leaves a poisoned wound. The

Much in Little

Is especially true of Hood's Pills, for no medicine ever contained so great curative power in so small space. They are a whole medicine

Hood's Pills

chest, always ready, always efficient, always satisfactory; prevent a cold or fever, cure all liver ills, sick headache, jaundice, constipation, etc. &c. The only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

ambush warfare and heartless torture of malicious fun is a survival of the worst of Indian habits. One who has the gift of humor should be careful not to use it for slashing others with it, or employing it to any selfish or unworthy end.

The cheerful man carries with him a fragrance in his presence and personality—an influence that acts upon others as a summer warmth on the fields and forests. It wakes up and calls out the best that is in them. It makes them stronger braver and happier. Such a man makes a little spot of this world a lighter, brighter, and warmer place for other people to live in. To meet him in the morning is to get inspiration which makes all the day's struggles and tasks easier. His hearty handshake puts a thrill of new vigor in your veins. After talking with him for a few minutes, you feel an exhilaration of spirits, a quickening of energy, a renewal of zest and interest in living, and are ready for any duty or service.

The blessing of one such cheerful life in a home is immeasurable. It touches all the household with its calming, quieting influence. It allays the storms of perturbed feeling that is sure to sweep down from the mountains of worldly care and conflict even upon the sheltered waters of home.—J. R. Miller, D. D.

D-O-D-D-S

THE PECULIARITIES OF THIS WORD.

No Name on Earth So Famous
—No Name More Widely Imitated.

No name on earth, perhaps, is so well known, more peculiarly constructed or more widely imitated than the word DODD. It possesses a peculiarity that makes it stand out prominently and fastens it in the memory. It contains four letters, but only two letters of the alphabet. Everyone knows that the first kidney remedy ever patented or sold in pill form was DODD'S. Their discovery started the medical profession the world over, and revolutionized the treatment of kidney diseases.

No imitator has ever succeeded in constructing a name possessing the peculiarity of DODD, though they nearly all adopt names as similar as possible in sound and construction to this. Their foolishness prevents them realizing that attempts to imitate increase the fame of 'Dodd's Kidney Pills.' Why is the name 'Dodd's Kidney Pills' imitated? As well ask why are diamonds and gold imitated. Because diamonds are the most precious gems, gold the most precious metal. Dodd's Kidney Pills are imitated because they are the most valuable medicine the world has ever known.

No medicine was ever named kidney pills till years of medical research gave Dodd's Kidney Pills to the world. No medicine ever cured Bright's disease except Dodd's Kidney Pills. No other medicine has cured as many cases of Rheumatism, Diabetes, Heart disease, Lumbago, Dropsy, Female Weakness, and other kidney diseases as Dodd's Kidney Pills have. It is universally known that they have never failed to cure these diseases, hence they are so widely and shamelessly imitated.

The Retort Ready.

A bustling agent for a patent churn in vaded the office of a busy merchant one day and proceeded to deliver his lecture.

'One moment, please,' said the merchant. 'May I ask to whom I am indebted for this visit?'

'The caller produced his card. It contained the inscription: 'Barton Zebulon Day, Agent for Cosmopolitan Novelty Company.'

The man of business studied the card a moment. The he looked up.

'I am honored by your call, Mr. Barton Zebulon Day,' he said, with a genial smile, 'but this is also my B. Z. Day. Good day

Accidentally Cut and Bruised.

Until a physician arrives, it is well to know what to do in emergencies; the knowledge may prevent blood-poisoning. Dress the wound or cut with a plaster made of 'Quickcure,' which stops bleeding, removes all pain, destroys dangerous microbes, and by preventing inflammation, aids the part to heal rapidly.

The 50c. and \$1.00 sizes of 'Quickcure' hold 3 and 9 times the quantity of trial size. Only a small quantity is required.

Pertinent Question.

It was the first year that Farmer Andrews had taken boarders, and though he conscientiously tried to serve them, he found the task almost beyond his powers. They were fastidious and even 'fussy.' They seemed determined to be more than comfortable and had no hesitation in complaining when they were not so. But evidently the Andrews farm did not altogether displease them, for they not only finished the summer, but stayed on into the fall.

Then their crying grievance became, not the thickness of cream or the saltiness of butter, but the difficulty of keeping every corner of the old-fashioned rooms as warm as a tropical summer.

One day Farmer Andrews was called in from the woodpile, where he was vainly trying to do a forenoon's work. This was the third time he had relinquished axe and patience together.

'Mr. Andrews,' said his boarder, somewhat impatiently, 'something must really be done about the temperature of my chamber.'

This fireplace is not sufficient for so large a room.'

The farmer stroked his grizzled beard, and tried to speak serenely.

'Put ye up a stove, ma'am!' said he. 'But I don't want a stove! I want this open fire, just as I have it now, only I expect it to heat the room. Just look at the thermometer! It has been hanging over by the window, and I can't get it above sixty-nine.'

She swept forward, with the telltale glass in her hand, and at that moment Farmer Andrews felt his patience snap and fly.

'Over by the window!' he repeated, almost weeping with the vexation of one who has been unjustly used, 'Over by the window! Why under heavens don't ye set it here in a warm place?'

Listowel, Sept. 22nd, 1896.

Edmanson, Bates & Co.,

Gentlemen,—I have pleasure in saying that Dr. Chase's Ointment, Pills and Catarrh Cure and Linseed and Turpentine are selling well, and are giving every satisfaction. Many of my customers have spoken highly in their praise.

Yours Truly
J. A. HACKING.

A Reflection.

'The deaf and dumb wonder is awfully ill tempered to day,' twittered the Albino, by way of opening the conversation.

'What for?' inquired the Dog-Faced Man.

'Some visitor,' continued the Albino 'wrote on his slate that his photograph was a speaking likeness. Mad Say!'

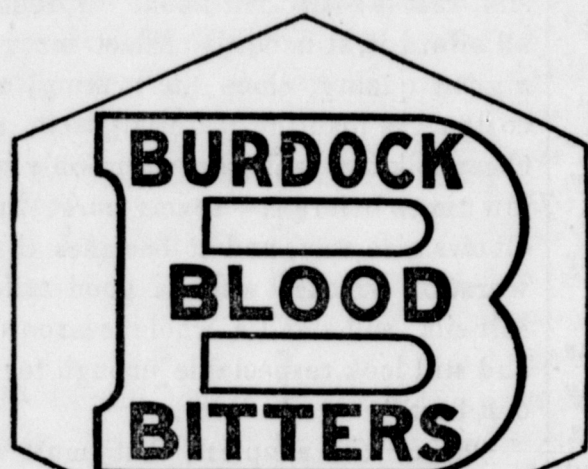
The Poet's Quandary

As I sat at my table
And scribbled in haste,
I saw through the window
An arm and a waist!
And oh, it was hard
In that moment to choose
'Twixt a snoring embrace
And embracing a muse.
—G. T. B. Gillmore.

Perhaps You're Bilious.

Tongue coated, head heavy, nasty taste in mouth, sour stuff coming up, belching of wind, nausea, no desire for food, generally miserable.

It's the easiest thing in the world to have the jaundiced eye bright, the head clear, the tongue clean, the whole train of symptoms produced by Biliousness removed by



MRS. THOS. McCANN, Mooresville, Ont., writes: "I was troubled with biliousness, headache, and lost appetite. I could not rest at night, and was very weak, but after using three bottles of B.B.B. my appetite has returned, and I am better than I have been for years. I would not be without Burdock Blood Bitters. It is such a safe and good remedy that I am giving it to my children."



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88 St. Denis St,
Montreal.

A JEALOUS HORSE.

He was Displeased Because he did not Come First.

One of the passions which the horse and the dog share with man is that 'green-eyed monster' against which Othello was warned. A certain English retriever is so fond of children that he will permit, without even growling, one of them to take a bone out of his mouth. Yet the sight of his master caressing that same child will cause him to put his paws on his master's legs and insert his nose between the father's arms and the child's body. As for horses, no one familiar with them will doubt this story, told by the New York Observer:

In a boarding stable in New York there is a horse whose name is 'Tatters.' He is the pet of Mrs. D., who owns and drives him; and it is evident to all who know them that horse and owner are very fond of each other.

She always gives him an apple or carrot before starting on a drive, and another on returning, the latter being after his bridle has been removed; and he has learned to wait patiently for the dainty until that time.

On the same floor of the stable is Mr. B.'s horse, 'Phil.' Mrs. D. used frequently to give an apple to Phil, after giving one to Tatters. The latter would manifest displeasure at this in a mild way, but his demonstrations never went beyond the shaking of his head and laying back of his ears. But one evening, while Tatters, who had just come in, was waiting for the removal of his bridle, Phil, who was ahead of him, was the recipient of an apple from Mrs. D.'s hand, as she stood talking to Mr. B. A moment later the groom had removed Tatter's bridle, and at once his mistress offered him his apple. He turned his head away, and refused to touch the fruit. Mrs. D. followed him into his stall, and tried to coax him; but he began munching his hay, and would not look at her.

Then Mr. B., and after him the groom, tried to induce Tatters to take the apple, but to no purpose; he was hurt because his mistress had given an apple to Phil before giving one to him, and he would not forgive the affront.

His owner's feelings were much like those of the horse, and she left the stable with tears in her eyes. Before starting out the next day, she had a friend give a carrot instead of an apple to Tatters, in the hope that, if he had not forgotten the unintended affront, the carrot might break the association with the apple. He took the carrot eagerly. Then he took one from his mistress's hand, and you may be sure she has never since then given apple or carrot to another horse while Tatters was sight.

THE OPERATOR'S STORY.

One About the Yellow Fever That is Very Hard to Believe.

It was at a smoker and foamer of the telegraph operators that the dean of the key juggler told this one, says the Detroit Free Press:

'What brings it to mind is the yellow fever reports from the south. All that you read can give you no proper conception of the reign of terror prevailing down there during the epidemic. When they first ran a railroad into one of the richest mining districts of Alabama I was made operator of a little cross-roads station. It took a long time to convince the natives that I could talk to all parts of the world with

That little 'clickin' machine of mine. I finally was able to convince them. The wife of one of their number had gone to Mobile to attend a sick daughter who had been the beauty of the neighbourhood and had immortalized her memory by being taken to some other part of the world by a rich husband. Through an arrangement with the Mobile operator the old couple carried on a conversation of such a personal nature that neither could doubt the identity of the other. Then the common superstition of the people intervened and they concluded that the instrument was an invention of the devil.

'While they were in this frame of mind there came the news of the yellow fever. Force was the most natural way of resisting all kinds of evils down there and for days the depot was occupied by armed men. Never was a more efficient quarantine established. No one could get on or off of the cars at that point. Even conductors, brakemen, engineers and firemen had to stick to their posts. One day I received a telegram from New Orleans for a gentleman who was held by the quarantine. It announced that his son was better and would survive. Foolishly, I read it to the grim guard in the depot. They snatched the message from me with a howl, all the more savage because the paper was yellow. They burned it, wrecked the instrument, cut the wires and came mighty near lynching me for exposing them to yellow fever.'

No Fiction Wanted,

Little Boy—'Uncle, won't you tell us a story?'

Genial Uncle—'Certainly, my boy.

What kind of a story?'

'Oh, any kind only so it's true. Tell us about Jack and the Beanstalk.'

Every Berry Selected as carefully as the master builder chooses the most perfect stones for the completion of a famous piece of work.

So it is not to be wondered that the beverage made from

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is *par excellent*.

And it is not strange that thousands of homes delight in the joys of a drink made from such material.

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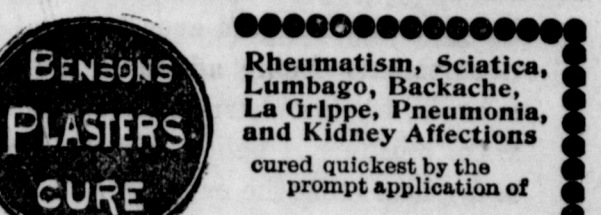
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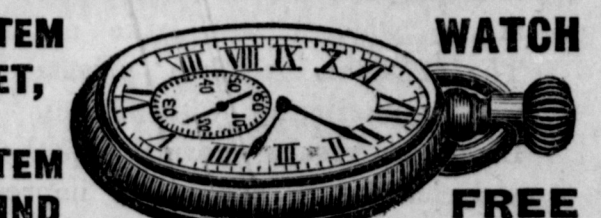
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Incomparably the best external remedy. Always have them in the house ready for an emergency as delay in treatment is dangerous. Get the genuine. All druggists. Price 25 cents. Leeming, Miles & Co., Montreal, Sole Agents for Canada.



To introduce Dr. Weston's Improved Pink Iron Tonic Pills for making blood, for pale people, female weakness, liver and kidney disease, nervousness, general debility, etc., we give a 14c. gold-plated watch, Ladies or Gents, nicely engraved, reliable time-keeper, warranted 5 years. The Pills are 50c. per box, \$3.00 for 8 boxes. Send this amount and you receive 8 boxes and the watch, or write for particulars. This is a genuine offer. THE DR. WESTON PILL CO., 250 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.