

## Sunday Reading.

### ELBERT'S DISOBEDIENCE.

Elbert Horton was a bright, energetic boy of twelve, a leader in his classes, and an all round good fellow on the playground. He was pleasant and courteous at home, too, and polite to strangers; but he possessed one trait of character, or rather one bad habit, which gave himself as well as others a great deal of unnecessary trouble. The truth is that, with all his good qualities he could not be relied upon. I do not mean by this that he was untruthful, in the common acceptance of that term, nor do I know that he was accustomed to exaggerating when relating a story, as so many young boys are; but, as one little boy said: he had a very good 'forgettery,' particularly when the thing to be remembered was of no special interest to himself. If his mother sent him to the store for butter and eggs, he would be almost certain to bring coffee and starch; or when he went to the meat shop for steak, nobody thought of being surprised it, after an hour's waiting, he came back with sausage or soup bone. Sometimes when he took the baby out for an airing he would stop to have a game of marbles with the boys; and once, after running little Rolla's carriage under a tree to protect him from the sun while engaged in a game of ball, he forgot him altogether, and had to walk back half a mile after going home for his dinner.

One morning—it was on the first day of April ('fool's day')—his father gave him a letter to mail on his way to school, cautioning him, as usual, not to forget it. 'It is very important,' he explained, 'and if it does not go into the morning mail it will cause me, as well as another person, a great disappointment.'

Elbert said he would be sure to drop it into the post-office as he passed, but before he reached that point he was joined by several of his schoolboy friends, all intent upon having a jolly time in playing April fool tricks. He joined them and forgot all about the letter in his breast pocket until the school bell rang.

'I'll put it in at recess,' he said to himself, but he did not think of it again until the study bell rang again. 'I'll mind it at noon; it would be of no use to mail it now, as the train has been gone for an hour,' was the way he tried to quiet his conscience.

At noon, however, he was so full of the pranks to be played that night that he never thought of the letter once, and if his conscience reminded him of the neglected duty again he quieted it in some way, and went home in the evening with the letter still in his pocket, instead of in his uncle John's possession, as it should have been. When the evening train came in, who should come off but this same uncle John, and the first thing his father said, after the greetings were over, was, 'Well, John, how did you succeed in that little deal? I hope you got my letter in good time.'

'Your letter! Why no, I got no letter,' exclaimed uncle John. 'No indeed, and you missed the chance of a lifetime by not notifying me. I never hated to see anything go into the hands of another man so badly in all my life as I did when that beauty was knocked down to Mr. English, and at half price too.'

'There must have been some trickery about the matter then; somebody must have been meddling with the mail, for I wrote you early this morning, advising you to buy the pony on the terms specified in your letter received last night,' replied Mr. Horton.

'It did not reach me,' returned his brother. 'Fearing there might be some carelessness in the delivery, I went to the office myself, after the noon mail came in, but there was nothing there. The oversight must have been in the office here.'

'Did you mail that letter, Elbert?' demanded Mr. Horton, turning to the culprit who stood by the window, trembling. 'I forgot,' stammered the boy, looking confused.

'And after all my charges!' said his father sternly. 'Why did you put the letter out of your hand at all until it was safe in the office?'

'I met the boys and they would have me go down to the tank to play a fool's day trick on Joe Kelly, and I forgot all about the letter until the school-bell rang,' explained Elbert, ruefully.

'April-fooling, eh,' said his father with a peculiar look that Elbert did not understand. 'Well, we shall see who the April-fool was in this instance. Have you the letter still in your pocket?'

'Yes sir,' replied Elbert, producing the letter, somewhat crumpled from its contact with a real boy's pocket.

When he offered it to his uncle, he

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shook his head, saying, 'Open it and read it; then you will understand what your father means.'

Elbert obeyed, and this is what he read: 'Dear John: I have your letter giving terms and descriptions of the Shetland pony which you say Mr. Barnes will hold until noon, awaiting my decision. Elbert has long wanted such a pony, and as I am sure he will take good care of it, I would not miss the bargain for anything. Secure it by all means, and bring it with you when you come this evening. I wish to give him a genuine surprise, and as this is fool's day I have taken it into my head to do a little April-fooling myself.'

Hoping to see you and the pony this evening, I remain as ever, your brother—JOHN.

'Now you know the secret of this important letter, and understand why I said another person as well as myself would be disappointed if it missed the morning mail,' said Mr. Horton.

'If I had known what it was I would have remembered better,' replied Elbert.

'Ah, yes, but it was to be a surprise,' argued his father. 'And then boys should be as trustworthy where their own interest are not at stake as where they are. There is a good deal of poetic justice in the way this thing has turned out. All your life your unfaithfulness to duty has given you, as well as other people, trouble. How often have you been told that duty should always have right-of-way when it seems to conflict with pleasure, and now more forcibly than ever before, perhaps, you have learned the lesson from experience, an experience which I trust may never have to be repeated. I know you are disappointed; but if your disappointment teaches the much needed lesson of prompt obedience it will be worth all that it costs. Remember a boy's faults, if uncorrected, will cling to him in manhood, and it would be as unreasonable to expect an unreliable boy to grow up into a trustworthy man as to count on seeing a crooked, deformed sprout grow up into a straight and beautiful tree.'

Though smarting with the sting he had inflicted upon himself, Elbert was just enough to indorse his father's words and to determine to overcome this evil habit, and if he comes off conqueror the April-fool experience will prove of more value to him than half-a-dozen Shetland ponies.

The dark cloud is little dreaded when we are sure there is no tempest in waiting beyond the tomb.

### A HOPELESS CASE.

Faith and Patience won a Bad For to Christianity.

A teacher in a Sunday mission-school at the West End of Boston had a boy in her class who seemed to be proof against every good influence. It was a wonder that she secured his attendance for any length of time; but by her tact and kindness she held her other pupils, and he came apparently for company's sake, and for the fun and mischief he could stir up among the other scholars.

He gave no signs that her teachings had touched his moral nature—or, in fact, that he had any moral nature. He grew apparently more unprincipled as he grew older, until all she had done for him seemed wasted pains; but she continued to treat him kindly, and never forgot him in her prayers.

One day she heard of his arrest for complicity in a recent burglary. She did what she could to secure him legal counsel in his trial, and through the two years' imprisonment that followed occasionally visited him. He never gave any indication of penitence. His sullen, defiant temper greatly discouraged her; but her faith and love were invincible.

He disappeared after his release. All who knew him supposed he was dead or lost under a feigned name somewhere in the criminal herd of the cities.

Nearly thirty years passed. The lady went to California. In the meantime she had married. Her children were grown, and she, with her husband, was visiting friends in the Pacific states. In one city where she stayed a question of political reform was agitating the people, pending a change in the municipal government. Her host and hostess were to entertain one of the candidates for the mayoralty. 'He is our man,' they said, 'and we hope to elect him, for he is an earnest Christian, and stands for high principle in public and in private life.'

The gentleman came, and was about to be introduced to the visitor, when, to her surprise, he spoke her name. She could not recognize him in the handsome, bearded man before her, but he was her bad boy of the Boston West End Sunday school.

'I lived a reckless life for several years after I left Boston,' he told her, but I was not able to forget your great patience and kindness, nor some of the things you said to me. Under God I owe what I have today of true manhood to you.'

Examples of apparently utter depravity are met by every lover of his kind who gives himself to the uplifting of humanity, but it is an unsolved problem whether there was ever a really 'hopeless case.' We are told that 'genius loves difficulties' and it is equally certain that supreme faith in Christ and in His teachings loves the hopeless cases—let the phrase mean what it may.

### A Pleading Incident.

A touching little incident of the Queen's Jubilee last summer was seen by a few people only. A half dozen years ago the Baroness Burdett Coutts, while driving one day near Covent Garden, where the costermongers of London buy most of their supplies, noticed the wretched condition of their donkeys that were, as a rule, half-starved and brutally beaten.

The next day she publicly offered prizes to be given yearly to the costers whose horses or donkeys were in the best condition. Since then an annual inspection of them is held in Regent Square, and the prizes are awarded.

Hundreds of costers wearing their quaint holiday costume, long-tailed coats with huge silver buttons, and accompanied by their 'donahs'—as they call their sweet-hearts or wives—in high plumed hats, lead their donkeys and carts around Regent Square before the venerable baroness, who has a kind word of advice and sympathy for each one of them.

During the jubilee, without any warning to the authorities, the same strange procession formed in the Strand and marched up Piccadilly, [singing the coster songs, which are in a dialect of their own. They surrounded the palace of the baroness in a solid mass, the donkeys and carts covered



### SEE THAT LINE

It's the wash, out early, done quickly, cleanly, white.

Pure Soap did it **SURPRISE SOAP**

with power to clean with- out too hard rubbing, with- out injury to fabrics.

**SURPRISE** is the name, don't forget it.

with ribbons, men and women joining in the chorus with pleasing melody and precision.

They called for their friend and would not be content until the white-haired lady came out upon the balcony, and received their greeting.

'She is the kindest woman in England!' the crowd said, and having satisfied themselves with a sight of her face, they quietly dispersed.

No other woman, perhaps, has ever had the means and the will to show such kindness as this aged lady whose wise benefactions have reached almost every country in the world. On the day when the sovereign received tribute from all nations, it was a beautiful thought in the rough costers to come with the donkeys which she had befriended to pay homage to this uncrowned queen of the poor.

### \$500.00 FOR RELEASE.

Rheumatism's Ruthless Hands Clutched Him for Five Years—Two Bottles of South American Rheumatic Cure Gave Him His Liberty.

William McAleer, Farmer, Creemore P. O. writes: For years I have been a sufferer from acute rheumatism. At times I have been completely laid up with it—could not put on my clothing without assistance. Before I had completed the second bottle of South American Rheumatic Cure I was a well man. If those two bottles had cost me \$500.00 I would have considered it cheap medicine.

### Too Classic for Them.

A resident in a small suburban town quite a long distance from Boston had a visit from a German friend who knew very little English but played the violin well. One of this resident's neighbor's gave a 'musical evening,' and of course he and his visitor were invited. The German took his violin, and when his turn came he played one of his best pieces, from one of the great masters. When he had finished there was an awkward silence, and no applause. The people were still looking expectantly at the German, who looked disappointed and flustered. The silence grew painful. Finally the hostess, quite red in the face, edged over to the side of the German's friend.

'Can't you get him to?' he whispered. 'What do you mean?' 'Why, now that he's got tuned up, isn't he going to play something?'

### DEATH'S WORK.

Dr. Ed. Morin & Co., Quebec.

Dear Sirs: Your Morin's Creso-Phates Wine has preserved me from the blows of Phthisis which were threatening me with their deadly work. After having been convalescent for some time, I am now enjoying the best of health.

Believe in my gratitude, ART. TESSIER, Montreal.

### The Quest of Fortune.

'The longer I live the more firmly I am convinced,' said Mr. Gozleton, 'that a man who wants a fortune has got to do something besides wish for it. Fortunes, large and small, are shy, very shy. In one form and another they are passing by all the time, but they won't stop for the mere asking, however polite and graceful and earnest the invitation may be. We might sit out on the veranda from now till doomsday and rise and bow and scrape at every one of 'em that came along and ask 'em all in but never any of 'em would stop. They might want to come in, but nothing short of actual collaring would bring 'em in. The fact is that if we want a fortune we've got to work for it.'

'Men have made fortunes, to be sure, without working. Oil may spout up out of the ground one owns and cover him with riches. Another man may find iron ore in his land, and so on. But such cases are so few in number that they don't count, the chances of our getting rich in that way are really not worth considering. If we would be rich we must work for it. And work early and late; all the time. Plug at it, and keep plugging at it. There is practically no other way.'

'The man who idles away his time, or

fails to make the best possible use of it, stays poor; the man that works for all he knows how and keeps forever at it is bound to get ahead.'

The child will laugh and cry; the youth will pine and sigh; the man will twist and lie, and all will groan and die.—Rum's Horn.

Cultivation that will not permit the conscience to stand erect, is unworthy of the name.

## This Time in Quyon.

Hundreds in the Town Can Vouch for the Truthfulness of the Story.

Mrs. Rass is Cured by the Great Spring Medicine, PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND.

SHE SUFFERED FOR LONG YEARS FROM FRIGHTFUL NEURALGIA.

She says:

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Paine's Celery Compound the Great Medical Prescription for Neuralgia, Sciatica and Rheumatism.

Beware of Imitations;

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The quiet little town of Quyon, situated on the Ottawa river, has furnished many a strong and convincing testimonial for earth's most popular medicine, Paine's Celery Compound. One of the latest letters received is from Mrs. David Rass, a lady well known and highly esteemed; she writes as follows: WELLS & RICHARDSON CO.,

DEAR SIR:—I have much pleasure in testifying to the worth of your life-saving medicine, Paine's Celery Compound. I was a victim of neuralgia in its worst form for many years, and no tongue can describe the agonies I suffered. A friend recommended your Compound to me, and after using two bottles I am completely cured. I cheerfully recommend Paine's Celery Compound to the world, especially to all who suffer the agonizing tortures of neuralgia.

Yours very truly, MRS. DAVID RASS, Quyon, P. Q.

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