

**Sunday Reading.**

**THE SALOON KEEPER'S STORY.**

Men who Legalized the Traffic Would not own him.

Many in the church unite, it is true, in demanding a prohibitory law, but they do not agree in support of men to enact it. They readily declare in favor of total abstinence for the individual and legal prohibition for the state, but after so declaring, a large portion of them go to the polls and vote the ticket that insists the saloon shall be licensed. They petition earnestly for prohibitory legislation, and in most cases perhaps vote local option and constitutional prohibitory amendments, but when urged to support a man who declares for prohibition and its strict enforcement, large numbers of them find some reason for declining.

For illustration, here is Dr. Williamson's church of eight hundred members of which Judge Grant and the Hon. Chas. Smith are leading officials. The board meeting is in session, The Hon. Mr. Smith, member of the legislature, has the floor, and is saying in reply to those who advocate prohibition. 'I for one do not understand what more they want. Our church as a church has declared that the liquor traffic cannot be legalized without sin, and nothing stronger than that could be uttered. The man who sells liquor for a living is worse than a—'

Just then there was a sharp knock on the door.

'Come in,' responded the double bass voice of Mr. Williamson.

The door opened and the portly form of the saloon-keeper across the street appeared in the doorway. He was the first to break the oppressive silence:

'Gentleman, knowing this to be your regular meeting night, I decided to come over and inform you that I and my family have made up our minds to join your church and help along the good work you are doing.'

This speech was greeted with dumb astonishment by the members of the board. Dr. Williamson was the first to speak.

'Have you given up the saloon-business?'

'No, sir,' replied the saloon-keeper.

'Are you going to?'

'No, sir; I am conducting a respectable place and I see no reason why I should.'

'Well,' slowly replied the Doctor, 'our church rules prohibit us from taking in dealers in liquors, and for that reason we must refuse you.'

'Oh,' said the saloon-keeper, a flush of anger coming into his already florid face, 'I was not aware of that. On what grounds does your church refuse to admit saloon-keepers?'

'On the ground that they are engaged in a business that sends souls to hell,' replied Dr. Williamson. 'The bible says that no drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God, and therefore no drunkard-maker can. More than that, our board of bishops has declared that the liquor-traffic cannot be legalized without sin.'

The saloon-keeper was thoroughly aroused by this time, and in a suppressed, angry tone, he asked, 'Do you know that a great many of your church members are regular customers of mine?'

'I have heard that some were,' said Dr. Williamson.

'Do you know that two of this official board now in this room are among my regular customers?'

'No reply, but two very red faces showed who had been hit.'

'Do you know that I got my license from Judge Grant, who sits right here for which I paid the regular license fee?'

'Hold on,' said Judge Grant, 'you are going too fast, my friend; I do not make the laws, and I am compelled by the license law to grant licenses; therefore I am not responsible.'

'Well,' the law was enacted by Mr. Smith, there and others like him.'

'You can't place the responsibility on me,' said Mr. Smith. 'I carried out the wishes of those who elected me.'

'I understand that fully,' said the saloon keeper, 'but I voted for you; so did Judge Grant; so did Dr. Williamson, the rest of this board, and the great majority of the voters in this church. I took it for granted that all who voted for you believed in license. Now I am politely told that I cannot join this heaven-bound band, and that I shall go to hell. Dr. Williamson here voted for you, Smith, to pass a license law which compels Judge Grant here to give me forth a license—to go to hell! I am the fourth party to the agreement, and without the consent of you three I could not engage in the whiskey business. You three are bound for heaven, where you will wear crowns and play on golden harps

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while I am to suffer the damned; Gentlemen, if your bible is true, and I go to hell for selling whiskey, you will go with me to hell for voting to give to me the legal right of doing so. Good-night.'

With that he vanished, closing the door behind him with a vigorous slam.

The members of the official board looked steadfastly on the floor, each one seemingly afraid of breaking the silence. They were Christian men; believed they were doing their duty. But the saloon-keeper, in his fierce arraignment of those present, had placed a tremendous responsibility on their shoulders. Each one was doing some pretty serious thinking when Dr. Williamson ended the silence by saying slowly:

'Brethren, that saloon-keeper told us some terrible truths. Brethren, our hands are not clean, nor skirts unspotted. Let us go home and pray for light.'

**THE MOTHERS OF PRESIDENTS**  
 Some of Them Perhaps Unlettered But all Religious Women.

Doctor Talcott Williams of Philadelphia has made an interesting summary of the lives of the mothers of Presidents.

Eleven of them, or nearly half of the number, were in easy circumstances, belonging to families of education and gentle breeding; the other half of the number struggled with poverty and hardships more or less severe. The lives bereft of comfort or softness were probably those of Jackson's and Lincoln's mothers, who were pioneers in the West, and literally struggled for the necessities of life.

Some of these women were unlettered, and perhaps narrow and bigoted. Some were of the fairest fruit of American civilization. But Doctor Williams calls attention to the momentous fact that all, without exception, were godly and devout women. "No American," he says, "has become President without the memory of the prayers he lisped at his mother's knee. Not a President but has left somewhere on record his testimony to the training and religious influence of a Christian mother."

He notes also the significant fact that all the Presidents of the United States have avowedly owed more to the influence of their mothers upon their lives than to that of their fathers. More than half, indeed, were left fatherless in boy-hood.

The conclusion to be drawn from these significant resemblances in the lives of the Presidents is that the qualities given to a man by the love and daily training of a sincere, God-fearing mother are those which command the trust of other men. The nation has not, perhaps, chosen its most brilliant or possibly its most able men to be its chief rulers. But it has never chosen a man, from Washington to McKinley, whom the majority of the people did not believe to be honest in character.

The 'higher education' which the mothers of our future Presidents are receiving to-day will enable them to give to their children a broad culture along lines of mental acquirements of which Mary Washington and Nancy Lincoln never heard heard or dreamed. But let them not ignore the honesty and simple religious

faith which these women gave to their sons and by which they were made steadfast in principle, and held the confidence of the country in its hours of direst need.

**The Message of the Hymns.**

Many famous men and women have recently told an English journalist about their favorite hymns. The inquiry was aimed to determine the 'hymns that have helped.' Each that was mentioned had given to some one peace in bereavement, strength in temptation, or courage in a day of despair. The result reminds us anew of the wealth of our possessions. Not every person named a different hymn, but the total number was large enough to make a substantial volume. No one would have appreciated all that were named, but in every instance it was possible for the sympathetic reader to perceive why the hymn was chosen.

One quality these favorites had in common: that they avoided special formulae and set forth essential truths—the views which are held by believers everywhere. No single church could span the creeds of Bernard of Cluny, Martin Luther, Bishop Ken and Doctor Holmes, but on the high ground of devotion and aspiration such minds may meet, and methodist and unitarian alike are glad to echo their noblest utterances.

We read such hymns with the eyes of the heart, Precious memories cluster about them and freight them with significance. Of some of them it might almost be said that they embody the spiritual history of the race.

As if we sang them 'with the spirit and with the understanding,' church union might seem less distant. They were written not for jarring sects, but for the church universal. Their mission is to overthrow needless barriers, in the temper of John Wesley's noble saying, 'If thy heart is as my heart, give me thy hand.'

**FROM EVIL TO GOOD.**

What Sometimes Looks Like an Evil Becomes a Good.

There is a story that, during the siege of Sebastopol, a Russian shell, fired at the enemy, ploughed his way into the hillside and opened up a spring. A little fountain bubbled out where the ball had entered, and for the rest of the siege the troops stationed in that vicinity had an abundant supply of cool water. Many of us can look back to events in our lives which seemed only evil as they approached us, threatening destruction to hope and happiness, but which in the end opened up some stream of comfort that has blessed us ever since.

Today is ours. Tomorrow is not ours. We need, and we can have, strength and support for our duties of day. These are promised to every child of God who asks and trusts. There is no promise for the needs and responsibilities of tomorrow. To that day we may never come. That day may never come to us. If we do our duty to-day, that is all that God requires of us. If we neglect to-day's duties our life is so far a failure, and we must answer to God for this neglect. Faithfulness in our to-day is a high attainment. Being anxious for tomorrow displeases God and unfits us for his service. Only by fidelity in to-day's duties can we make wise preparation for to-morrow. When the children of Israel in the wilderness attempted to lay up of to-day's manna for to-morrow's food, their plan was a failure. When they were willing to trust God for each day by itself, God's daily provision for them was ample. Thus with all of us. There is daily strength for daily needs; such strength is sufficient for us each and all.—'S. S. Times.'

**A Statesman's Tonic.**

On May 12, 1848, the Hon Robert C. Winthrop, one of the most gifted men the United States has ever produced—then Speaker of the House of Representatives,—wrote in his diary:

'Thirty-nine years old to-day! I have rarely entered on a new year with less spirit or in worse health. Spring brings with it for me a certain degree of debility and depression, and this spring has brought twice its usual load. The old elasticity and the old ambition seem to be gone out of me, and this at an age when some men

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**Bad Blood Will Out.**

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**B. B. B.**

Jessie Johnston Rockwood, Ont., writes:

'I had boils very bad and a friend advised me to try Burdock Blood Bitters, so I got a bottle. The effect was wonderful—the boils began to disappear, and before the bottle was done I was totally cured. As an effectual and rapid cure for Impure Blood B. B. B. cannot be equalled.'

are just entering public life. My doctor, as usual, is trying tonics, but there is a verse in the Psalms which does me more good than a hundred nostrums:

'Wait on the Lord; be of good courage, and He shall strengthen thine heart: wait, I say, on the Lord.'

**HOW HE WON HIS BRIDE**

A Couple who Walked Over 800 Miles of Ice and Snow to get Married.

Never before in the history of this strange old world of ours says a Seattle dispatch, have men and women walked 800 miles to be married, and when that 800 miles is over a frozen waste of ice and snow the story approaches the incredible. Yet that is just what two Western people have done, their starting point being Dawson, the capital of the Klondike, and their destination the nearest large city in civilization, Seattle. The man was one of the pioneers in the famous gold diggings, and the woman was a vaudeville star, who had delighted the hearts of the Dawson miners with her clever dancing and catchy songs.

Leonard Sedgwick of Wyoming and Miss Lou Keller of San Francisco arrived here on the last steamer from the Klondike after having made the trip out over the snow for the purpose of getting married. She is the second woman to come out over the ice. Sedgwick came out \$170,000 strong, while Miss Keller brought out \$25,000, the result of her three months' life in the mining camp. They made the trip out to get married, not that there are no ministers in Dawson, but because that was the only way Sedgwick could win his bride, who had fifteen or twenty fully as wealthy Klondikers dangling at the end of her numerous strings. Sedgwick tried to tempt her by heaping up gold before her, but she only laughed at him. He was desperate, and finally hit on the plan that secured the promise he desired. His friend Joe Brand, with his valuable team of fourteen dogs, was to start on Dec. 14, with a party of old miners who had just sold out their claims, for Dyea. Sedgwick put the matter to Miss Keller in this way:

'Will you marry me if I take you to Seattle over the ice?'

The woman was tired of the sameness and the limited variety of Klondike grub, and the idea struck her just right. She agreed to become Mrs. Sedgwick if they arrived safely in Seattle. Sedgwick then paid Brand \$2,400 for their transportation which really meant that he carry their provisions while they walked or ran alongside of the sled. They were extremely fortunate in getting up the river and across the pass without accident. They had the best dog team in the country, and took their time. They were not troubled with the cold, and the woman stood the trip fully as well as many of the men. If she was not buoyed up the thought of her approaching marriage, Sedgwick was, and his earnest eagerness to reach tide water helped the party along. They were fortunate in catching an ocean steamer at Skagway, and reached Seattle much sooner than they expected.

Miss Keller is a pretty brunette, lightly built, a little under medium height, and has extremely well-cut features. Her eyes are deep, dark brown, and the prettiest thing about her. She has a taste for proper dresses, and has a chic air about her.

Sarah Bernhardt will bring to France Marie Guerrero, the best known of Spanish actresses.

**How the Elephant Sleeps.**  
 One of the most erroneous of the many queer ideas which the layman has on the question of natural history is the one respecting the elephant's mode of sleeping. Even the old school of naturalist declared that the elephant had never been known to sleep except in a standing position. Of late however, say within the last century, it has been learned that the error came about by persons studying the habits of such beasts as had not been long in captivity. Such animals, when undergoing the process of domestication, have been known to stand for twelve, eighteen or even twenty-four months without once lying down to sleep. This is regarded as a want of confidence in their keepers, coupled with a longing desire for liberty. While elephants are at perfect ease and reconciled to their fate they will lie down on their sides and sleep as all other beasts do.

**The Tallest Obelisk.**  
 A single stone 115 feet long, 10 feet square at one end and 4 feet square at the other, has been successfully cut from the sandstone quarries at Houghton Point, Wisconsin. It is supposed to be the longest monolith ever quarried.

**False Representations**  
**An Ontario Lady Compels a Merchant to pay for Damages**

A lady writing from an Ontario town says: 'A month ago I visited one of our town stores and asked for three packages of Diamond Dye Navy Blue for dyeing all wool goods. The merchant informed me that he was out of Navy Blue in the Diamond Dyes, and talked me into buying a dye of another make, at the same time guaranteeing me to do as good work as I could get from the Diamond. A lady friend was with me at the time and heard the whole conversation. I took the strange dyes home, used them according to directions, and was sadly disappointed with the results. The color was anything but a Navy; in truth, my materials were spoiled. I at once took the goods to the merchant and told him his dyes were frauds. He offered to give me more of the same dyes or my money back. I refused both offers, and after I had threatened law proceedings he thought it best to pay for the materials spoiled. This merchant will never again have the chance to sell me any more dyes. I shall go where I can get the Diamond Dyes at any time they are wanted. I have had my last lesson with poor dyes.'

Miss Marie Thornhill, a London actress, is the wife of a late member of Parliament. Dean Farrar's book 'Darkness and Dawn' is to be dramatized with the consent of the author.

Irving will be seen in 'Cyrano de Bergerac,' a play in which Coquelin made a hit in Paris.



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