

Sunday Reading
The First Cruise.

About the middle of June the fishing-fleet on George's Banks noticed a small schooner-yacht approaching their grounds. To the southward, on the outskirts of the bank was a Portuguese schooner from Provincetown. As the swarthy men upon its decks bent over the rail attending to their fishing-lines, they began to peer at the approaching craft—it looked so small, so trim and so unseaworthy!

When about two cable-lengths away, the little stranger came into the wind, dropped her jibs, and at once a manned boat left her side. The fisherman began to make comments upon the flag that flew at her main. It had been a blue background, in which there was an arch of thirteen white stars. Under this arch, in the middle of the flag, was a white Maltese cross, in whose centre was a plain red cross. That was not a common yachtman's signal! What did it mean? It was therefore with more than ordinary curiosity that the man at the stern of the tender was greeted when he approached the gurrised sides of the big fisherman.

He was a tall, athletic, brawny man who lightly stepped aboard. His eyes expressed good nature and kindness. In his left hand he held two parcels. With the right he gave each fisherman as he greeted him a grasp that he could feel at least ten minutes after.

"What do you want?" was the natural question, asked by the skipper of the fisherman. He could not imagine that a little craft like the one before him could be out on George's unless it had lost its course.

"I want to give, not to get," was the hearty answer. "What do you want? Are any of your men sick? I have medicines and some knowledge of their use. If you want books to read, I have a library on board my yacht that I shall be glad to send to you. Here are two comfort bags. Who wants them? I hope you are having good luck, boys."

Two men only spoke for the comfort-bags. They immediately began to examine them with great curiosity. In them they found needles and thread and worsted, mittens and warm socks, court-plaster and scissors, and a little book. The book was hastily opened. It was a Portuguese Testament—the first one they had ever seen.

As one of the men eagerly turned the pages and read his native language, tears ran down his wind-scoured face. Leaving the lines, his mates crowded around, and each man talked more excitedly than the other. At last the men in a body approached the stranger, and asked eagerly for comfort bags; but above all, each man wanted a copy of the book.

"If the skipper will come aboard my schooner when you're through for the day I will see what I can do for you," said the stranger; "but I must go now. There are several other vessels I want to visit before night, and the glass is dropping."

With another hearty hand shake, and to the sound of a hoarse, foreign cheer he swung himself over the side and was pulled to his little vessel.

This was the first visit to a fisherman on our coast that the captain and chaplain of the Deep-Sea Mission schooner Pastime ever made. It was the first trip of the kind ever undertaken in American waters. On the same day, in leaving some old Gloucester friends of his on another vessel, after the chaplain had supplied them with comfort bags, reading matter, and had given the crew a suitable homely talk, the whole crowd came aft, fired the only gun they possessed, giving him a royal salute, and then added rousing American cheers. The next day a gale arose and beat the frail mission boat back hundreds of miles, to its own harbor of refuge.

Undramatic as this beginning is of what we hope will eventually prove to be an enlarged Christian enterprise, we may look forward in the future to a fleet of two or three large mission schooners, whose duty will be to patrol all the fishing-ground, as well as our own coast, affording rescue in storm, help in distress, cure in sickness, and above all, spiritual food and stimulus to men who for weeks and months are tossed on treacherous seas, and live narrow, stunted lives, into which the uncertain influence of companionship with men of undisciplined moral natures is more likely to sow the seeds of evil than of good.

Such an enterprise as this, born in poverty and fostered in devotion, is only another proof of the inherent energy of the religion of the Great Teacher. Everywhere it leads sincere men to give themselves to unselfish deeds; by its divine philosophy stimulating and purifying the moral forces that are slowly but surely re-

Thin in flesh? Perhaps it's natural.

If perfectly well, this is probably the case.

But many are suffering from frequent colds, nervous debility, pallor, and a hundred aches and pains, simply because they are not fleshy enough.

Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil with Hypophosphites strengthens the digestion, gives new force to the nerves, and makes rich, red blood. It is a food in itself.

See and get, all druggists.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.

generating the world. YOUTHS COMPANION.

The Saving Salt.

By the terms of the protocol agreed to by the United States and Spain, as a basis for a treaty of peace, the former is to come into possession not only of Porto Rico, but of all the other West Indian Islands except Cuba. Most of these islands are very small, some being hardly more than specks on the ocean's surface, while others are large enough to be habitable, with fresh water for those who choose to inhabit them. The largest of them is the Cayo Romano, with an estimated area of 180 square miles and its surface broken by three Lillocks. The chief industry there and, indeed, the only one that will thrive, is that of gathering salt. The island is filled with depressions of from one to two feet deep. During the storms the waves dash over the keys and leave the depressions filled with water. When summer comes with its burning sun the heat dries the water and a deposit of salt is left.

If we have the saving salt of goodness in our character and spirit, though we may seem to be greatly hindered in the good deeds we try to accomplish, yet our conversation and influence will leave a deposit of helpfulness in the hearts of all those who come to know us. Many people do a great deal of good unconsciously in that way. Their salt never loses its savor.

The Unfruitful Life.

The trouble about the barren fig tree was that it did not only bring forth no fruit itself, but it kept any other tree from bringing forth fruit on that ground. If it had never been planted, or had died, or had been taken out of the way, another tree could have had a chance to grow in that soil and bear fruit. There ought to be a fruitful message in that for a sluggish preacher or an indifferent church member. If we do not do our duty, yielding the Christian graces on the boughs of our lives, or in helpful work for humanity in the church or community where we live, it is not only that we fail to do our own work, but in occupying the position we do we keep some one else from coming in and doing faithful work in our stead. The Lord has made us understand very clearly that He has no patience with goody-goody people. In the Book of Revelations He says they are like lukewarm water in His mouth and He will spew them out.

Eyes to the Blind.

A little daughter of a railroad engineer in Fernandina, Fla., who was born blind and with cataracts over her eyes, recently saw the light for the first time after a successful operation by a great surgeon in Baltimore. After the operation was performed, the child's eyes were soothingly drest and she fell into a refreshing sleep. The next day the bandages were removed, and after moving her eye-lids quickly up and down for some seconds she exclaimed in great joy: "I can see, oh, there is light!" The mother of the child was at her side, and both of them were wild with joy at the child's recovery. We are the disciples of Him who is the Light of the

World, and the happiest privilege of our lives is to attract those who are in blindness to the great Physician who can fill them with the true light.

Who Are You Popular With?

Paul in his letter to Timothy urged that young man, who was a great favorite of his, to seek so to do his work that whatever happened he would be popular with God. I have often seen a crowd trying to get through a gate in a railroad depot to their train find a great deal of fault with the gate-keeper because he persisted in seeing and punching every ticket. I heard of one man engaged in that thankless work, one cold evening, to whom the last man through ventured the remark: 'You are a very unpopular man to night.' To which the gate-keeper responded: 'There's only one man I care to be popular with, and that is the superintendent.' After all, any one of us who so performs his work in the world that he is approved of God has accomplished a real success.

The Point of View.

A great deal depends upon how we look at life. If we look on the dark side with a carping, critical eye, most people can find trouble enough, so that it will not seem worth living. But if we try to make it better for somebody else, we will be astonished to see how much gladness there is in it.

Paul Lawrence Dunbar, the rising young colored poet, set the truth very clear in these two verses:

"A crust of bread and a corner to sleep in,
A minute to smile and an hour to weep in,
A pint of joy to a peck of trouble,
And never a laugh but the moans come double;
And that is life!"

"A crust and a corner that love makes precious,
With a smile to warm and the tears to refresh us;
And the joys seem sweeter when-care comes after,
And the moon is the finest of foils for laughter!
And that is life!"

IMPORTANT NAVAL MYSTERIES.

Warships That Have Disappeared Without Leaving any Explanation.

Curious disappearances and accidents to our warships characterized the early history of our navy, and in spite of all the efforts of the navy department to explain the cause of the disasters many of them are as absolute mysteries to day as when they happened, says a writer in Leslie's Weekly.

When the government built ten new gunboats to prosecute the war against Tripoli in 1805 they were sent out as soon as they were finished and before they were named. Each one was given a number and dispatched to the scene of the war. No. 7 sailed from New York, June 20, 1805, under the command of Lieut. Ogelvie, and after she cleared Sandy Hook light she was never heard from again. She went down with all on board before she had even been named.

A most extraordinary accident was that which happened to the corvette Monongahela at Santa Cruz in 1867. While at anchor in the harbor a tremendous tidal wave lifted her upon its crest and carried her clean over the town of Friedrichstadt and back again without injuring the town or the boat to any great extent. The receding wave landed her on the beach instead of in the deep waters of the harbor and it cost our government \$100,000 to float her again. Fully as strange was the fate of the sloop-of-war Wateree. She was anchored in the harbor of Arica, Peru, in 1868, when a huge tidal wave swept inland and flooded the whole city. The wave carried the sloop several miles inland and finally landed her in the midst of a tropical forest. It was impossible to release her from such a peculiar position, and the government sold her for a nominal sum. The purchasers turned the vessel into a hotel, and the remains of the once formidable war vessel loom up in the tropical forest to-day as a monument to the power of tidal waves.

Among other cases of disaster which are attributed to the violence of the waves or weather there is none more interesting than that of the strange fate of the Saratoga. When she sailed from Philadelphia in October, 1780, under the command of Capt. James Young, there was no finer or handsomer war vessel afloat. The Saratoga sailed away in the very teeth

of a storm and she was never heard from again. Did she founder at sea in the gale or was she blown up by her own magazines?

ELECTRICITY AND LOVE.

How the Former was Used to Check the Course of the Latter.

Here is a variation of the old story of the true lovers and the cruel parent. A prepossessing young woman, living in the vicinity of Seventh and Tasker streets, has a 'steady,' and also a father. The latter does not approve of the former, and is at no pains to disguise his sentiments in the matter. When expostulated with for receiving the visits of the young man the heroine protested that he came merely as a casual caller. But the old man was suspicious, and he summoned to his aid an electrical worker. At either end of the parlor sofa, underneath the cushion, contact plates were fitted in such a way that the weight of the person over each one of the pairs of plates would close an electric circuit, ringing a small gong in another part of the dwelling. The peculiarity of the arrangement was that both pairs of plates had to be brought into contact in order to complete the circuit, and this could be effected only by two persons occupying the sofa. When the objectionable Romeo made his next visit everything was serene until about 10:45, when the old folks supposedly had retired. The tillable electric buzzer went off, and the old gentleman with startling alacrity presented himself at the parlor door. What he saw shocked his old-fashioned notions of propriety, for in his youth young people were not permitted to sit without a large and yawning space between them, and this particular pair of young people sat very close together, indeed. The employment of modern science in this instance to dam up the course of true love was a signal success. The poor girl, according to the neighbors, is training on plain baker's rolls and ice water, while the luckless lover declares that the 'old man chucked' such a scare into me that a mogul locomotive couldn't drag me within a mile of the house.'—Philadelphia Record.

WORLD'S DIRTIEST PEOPLE.

Residents of the Caucasus Who Rest Four Days and Never Wash.

According to Le Petit Journal of Paris, the dirtiest people in the world, dirtier even than Lieut. Peary found the Eskimo, have recently been discovered by a Russian traveler and explorer, M. Zienoviff, in the Caucasus. They dwell in an almost inaccessible mountain range in a strip of territory between the Black sea and the Caspian sea; and for the last 2,500 years, according to the scientist, they have remained in the same primeval condition. They are called Svancias, and their village although consisting of miserable stone hovels, without any attempt at adornment, even such as nature might suggest to them, is not without a certain picturesqueness when seen from a distance. Within however, the huts are desperately filthy, being filled with rags, skins, vermin and dirt of every description.

Like the Eskimo and certain Australian tribes and the Pueblos, they have no fire-places, their cooking being done by a fire kindled in a hole scooped out in the middle of the floor. In these houses many of which measure only 10x14 feet, men and women and children are huddled together as many as eight or twelve persons often occupying a single hut, and in the winter their cattle and mountain sheep share their quarters. Every aperture is closed on account of the cold. Horrible diseases from this long imprisonment, are aggravated by an abnormal consumption of arrak, a distilled drink of the Asiatics. Strange as it may seem, they have adopted the holidays decreed by almost every religious sect. Thus four days in a week no work is done. The only industries of the people are farming, bee culture and cattle breeding; and throughout their territory there is not a single manufactured article.

A Railway Incident.

The late Eugene Field, "the children's poet," as he is called, was a child-lover, through and through, with a special gift for fellowship with children. Many of his best poems were written for, and sometimes about his own children and the children of his friends; nor did he ever fail to meet the taste and satisfy the expectations of his youthful audience.

One pleasant little incident related of him in McClure's Magazine, is that while travelling by rail he was recognized by a workingman, who had heard him lecture the night before. The man was accompanied by his wife and baby. Picking up the child, he brought it over to Mr. Field, and presenting it, said with an air of quiet respect:

"Now, little one, I want you to look at this gentleman. He is Mr. Field, and when you grow up you'll be glad to know that once upon a time he spoke to you."

Instead of merely bestowing the conventional kind word or compliment to the father's pleased astonishment Mr. Field held out his arms, took the baby from its bearer, and played with it and talked to it in his most charming manner for an hour

or more, evidently enjoying the new acquaintanceship thoroughly himself, winning the cooing confidence of the baby, and of course delighting the proud parents to the uttermost.

Still more characteristic is an anecdote of Mr. Field's wedding-day. Never was a man more devoted to his wife; nevertheless, on the day that made her his, he was guilty of keeping her waiting for him at the church. The bridal party had assembled and were rapidly becoming uneasy at length, after an anxious delay, someone went out in search of the missing bridegroom.

He was found on the street a short distance away, down on his knees in the mud, absorbed in settling a dispute between two small street arabs which had arisen over a game of marbles; listening with eager interest to the testimony vociferated at either ear by the belligerent parties and their friends, and trying to evolve a peaceful compromise out of a very lively quarrel. He was abruptly reminded that just then he had something more important to attend to, and hastened penitently away to make his anxious bride Mrs. Field.

Nigh Unto Death.

Paine's Celery Compound Saves a Life after Failures with Other Medicines.

Mr. McMullin says: "Paine's Celery Compound Worked Miracles for Me."

The Only Safe Medicine for Sick and Diseased People.

WELLS & RICHARDSON CO.

Gentlemen:—For over four years I have been in poor health, and received treatment from two doctors beside using seven kinds of patent medicines. I also sent to New York and got a month's treatment of a special medicine, but no good results came from it. I was run down, suffering terribly, could not rest at night, and every morning had a severe pain in my back, dizziness in my head, and vomited bitter green matter, and had no appetite. I heard of Paine's Celery Compound and decided to give it a trial, and am happy to report that it worked wonders. The pains are all gone, I rest well at night, my appetite is good, and my health is now splendid. Paine's Celery Compound has worked miracles for me. I recommend it to all sick people as the best medicine.

ROBT. McMULLIN,
Camden, N. S.

What Alled Her.

Effective speech is not confined to great orators and poets.

Old Nancy Doane was talking about another old woman in the neighborhood and she said:

"I never see her beat! She'll lop in a cheer, and there she'll set an set an set, doin' absolutely nothin' for hours an hours day after day! 'Pon my soul, I sh'd think she'd mildew!'—Harper's Bazar.

It is easy enough to say bright things; the difficult part is to think of them.

A YOUNG GIRL'S ESCAPE.

Saved from being a Nervous Wreck BY MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS.

For the benefit of Canadian mothers, who have daughters who are weak, pale, run down or nervous, Mrs. Belanger, 128 Rideau Street, Ottawa, Ontario, made the following statement, so that no one need suffer through ignorance of the right remedy to use: "My daughter suffered very much from heart troubles at times. Often she was so bad that she could not speak, but had to sit and gasp for breath. She was so extremely nervous that her limbs would fairly shake and tremble. Frequently she would have to leave school; and finally she grew so weak that we were much alarmed about her health. I gave her many remedies, but they did not seem to do her any good.

Then I heard of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and got a box of them, and they have indeed worked wonders with her. I can recommend them very highly as the best remedy I ever heard of for complaints similar to those from which my daughter suffered."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills never fail to do good. They cure palpitation, faintness, dizziness, smothering sensation, weakness, nervousness, sleeplessness, anemia, female troubles and general debility. Sold by all druggists at 50c. a box of three boxes for \$1.25. T. Milburn & Co., Toronto, Ontario.

LAXA-LIVER PILLS act on the system in an easy and natural manner, removing all poisons and impurities. They cure Constipation, Sick Headache, Bilio-ness, Dyspepsia, Sour Stomach, Jaundice and Liver Complaint. Price 25c.

Established 1780.

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Dorchester, Mass., U. S. A.
The Oldest and Largest Manufacturers of

PURE, HIGH GRADE
Cocoas and Chocolates



on this Continent. No Chemicals are used in their manufactures. Their Breakfast Cocoa is absolutely pure, delicious, nutritious, and costs less than one cent a cup. Their Premium No. 1 Chocolate is the best plain chocolate in the market for family use. Their German Sweet Chocolate is good to eat and good to drink. It is palatable, nutritious and healthful; a great favorite with children. Consumers should ask for and be sure that they get the genuine Walter Baker & Co.'s goods, made at Dorchester, Mass., U. S. A.
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