

Sunday Reading

"NAN'S WAY."

"Nan," said Mrs. Hodges, as a tall slender girl came hurriedly into the sitting-room, "wait a minute, dear. I have a letter here from your Aunt Fannie, and she says—"

"Oh, well, mamma," interrupted Nan, "I haven't time to hear what she says now. I'm in a dreadful hurry. I've got my room all torn up and I want to put it in order before school time. You can read it to me to-night just as well."

"I think, dear, you'd better wait and hear it now," her mother insisted, gently; "for she says she is coming to spend some weeks with us, and I am sorry, Nannie, but that means—"

"Oh, horrors, mamma! I know what that means. It means I've got to give up my pretty room to her and go in with Katie. I do wish we could have a house with a spare room in it and not make me move all over the house whenever anybody comes! It's perfectly dreadful!"

"I know it, dear; and I'm sorry it is necessary. But you must remember that you took the spare room on condition that you would willingly vacate it whenever it was needed for guests. Surely you can get along nicely with Katie for a few weeks."

"Oh, but, mamma, you don't know how I hate to! She takes a half-dozen dolls to bed and tumbles around nights and pulls the covers every way! It's just horrid! And with a shrug and a frown Nan flounced angrily out of the room."

"Mamma," said little Katie, who had been a silent listener to the conversation, "will Aunt Fannie stay long?"

"I don't know. Why, dear?" asked her mother, smiling at the sober little face lifted to her.

"Because—why, mamma, it isn't nice at all when Nannie rooms with me. She throws my dollies out of bed and scolds me so."

"Yes, dear, I understand; but you mustn't mind it, Katie. Nannie does not mean to scold you; it is only her way."

That noon Aunt Fannie came to the table with a clouded brow, ate her dinner in silence, and, after the meal was ended, went up to her room, where they could hear her closet door angrily opened and closed and bureau drawers drawn noisily out and pushed in again with a bang. Her mother sighed, but, knowing that her fit of ill humor would be over all the sooner if no one interfered, let her work it off alone.

The next day Aunt Fannie came, and from the moment of her arrival Nan was the devoted admirer of this sweet faced woman with her gentle voice and quiet manner. It was certainly lovely to be sweet and gentle, and for several days Nan's abrupt movements were held decidedly in check, while the quick words and fretful tone, usually so ready in response to annoyance, were seldom heard.

But one day all went wrong. It was rainy and cold for one thing, which always made Nan cross. Then she was late to breakfast; and, finding the coffee and cakes cold, she first scolded the girl, then spoke angrily to Katie, was impertinent to her mother, and ended by rushing off to school in the worst possible humor. After that nothing seemed to go smoothly and matters fell back into the old way, until certainly Jennie Clark was right and nobody in her senses would have thought of calling her "sweet." Yet under all the fretfulness was a loving heart, which expressed itself often in many hidden ways. She was so truly kind and thoughtful that they had come to

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overlook the crossness and excuse it as "Nan's way."

But Aunt Fannie saw, with much surprise and anxiety, how the habit of ill-temper had grown upon the young girl, until it bade fair to make herself and every one about her uncomfortable. One noon Mrs. Hodges came into the sitting-room, saying in a troubled voice:—

"Nannie, I wish you would go down and speak with Nora, for she is feeling very much hurt. She took such pains to do up your cambric dress just as you wanted it, and when you passed through the kitchen yesterday and saw it on the bars you said never could wear it in the world: it was entirely too stiff."

"Oh, nonsense, mamma! She ought not to mind a little thing like that. I know she's dreadfully touchy, but she ought to know me well enough by this time. It is just my quick way of speaking; and the dress was all right after all. The old goose! I didn't mean to hurt her feelings; but I'll go down and make it all right with her."

Mrs. Hodges sighed as Nannie left the room, saying to her sister:—

"I do wish, Fannie, that Nannie was not so impulsive. She makes a great deal of trouble for herself and others. Still, she does not mean anything by it, for she has really a very warm heart: it is only her way."

That evening Nan came in the early twilight to her aunt's room, saying:—

"Aunt Fannie, it is too dark to study and just right for a chat."

"I was just wishing for you, dear," was the reply. "Your mother and I were out driving this afternoon, down by the Long Pond, and I brought home some plants for you to analyze."

"O Aunt Fannie! How kind! Where are they?" Nan exclaimed, eagerly; for just now she was very much interested in botany.

"Over there on the table, dear; and I think that they should be put at once into water, as they must be somewhat wilted."

Nan went quickly to the table, where in the dim light she could discern the heap of leaves and branches. Grasping them impulsively with both hands, to carry them from the room, she suddenly threw them from her, and, rubbing her hands together exclaimed, angrily:—

"For mercy's sake! Why, what are they? My hands burn like fire!"

"Oh, I'm sorry, dear," said Aunt Fannie, gently; "but never mind. They are nettles, and that is just 'a way they have.' They are a very useful plant in many ways and you must not mind it they do sting you a little. They don't mean to hurt you, Nannie; it is 'only their way.'"

Nan's cheeks flushed hotly, but she bit her lip, and silently slipping the nettles on a paper, carried them to her room. After putting them in water, she stood a few by the window, half-vexed with the pain in her hands, but feeling a still sharper pain in her heart. Suddenly she felt herself folded closely in two loving arms, while a tender voice said:

"Was the lesson too severe, dear?"

With quick-filling eyes, Nannie turned to her saying:—

"O Aunt Fannie! Do you think I am like the nettle? Do you mean that?"

In the gathering twilight they sat down together for a long and earnest talk, in the course of which "Nan's" way looked more hateful to herself than it could have ever seemed to anyone else. Just before they separated, Nan said, earnestly:—

"Somebody once said of somebody that 'her ways were ways of pleasantness and all her paths were peace.' I think that was lovely."

"Yes, dear," replied her aunt, stroking the fair head as it lay on her shoulder. "Solomon said it of Wisdom, and many have found it true."

"I know," said Nan, catching the caressing hand and playfully kissing it; "but since then somebody said it of you, Aunt Fannie, and 'many have found it true.' If I

thought that, by trying ever so hard, years from now people would say that of me Aunt Fannie, you must help me, for it will be ever so hard; but I will try, for I mean to begin a new way from this very night."

ALWAYS DISAPPOINTED.

Our Brightest Hopes are Those Which are Never Realized.

Did you ever see, far, far away from you, the beautiful purple mountains, and set forth to seek them, with a vague feeling that upon them the word must seem more beautiful, more romantic than it does upon the plain?

But as you go on, though the roads are hilly and there is some climbing to be done, you discover that you never seem to reach those mountains—those wonderfully beautiful mysteries that smile upon you from afar.

You tread common earth, and clamber over common rocks.

The trees and bushes grow even less beautiful; they are stunted and rough; there is much that is troublesome in the path, and you cannot realize that you are higher above the earth than you were.

Far away still lies the beauty and the mystery—far away, far away; and about you only mire and dust, and stones, and common herbage.

Even should you mount to some highest peak and look back, you would find the beauty in the valley you had left, not on the rugged mountain where you stood.

And so in life.

Climb where you may, to whatever pinnacle, you never reach your beautiful mountain.

Where you stand, another's eyes may be fixed now.

To him it has the beauty, the mystery, the charm it once had to you.

You have only proven to yourself that the beautiful mountains are yet farther away. And, alas! living feet never reach them, but must forever press common earth.

Oh, the golden mountain of wealth!

Oh, the glorious mountain of fame, purple as an emperor's robe.

What say those who stand upon them?

Only this—

"They are hard to climb."

And the most beautiful and roseate mountain which two ascend, hand in hand, after the wedding ring is on.

Ah! well there is rest and peace, there often, when both hearts are true, but it is not what seems to the boy and girl who yearn for it as they stand together in the sweet valley of the first love.

We never reach our beautiful mountains.

We never may.

Yet they make the valley beautiful—and we would be worse than we are if we did not see them as we do; unhappier, if they did not arise in all their splendor above these stony, common paths of ours, to tell us what might be, if not what it is.

SOME GUIDES FOR LIFE.

Things That We Should Daily Strive to Practice.

BELIEVE—

Believe that it is all going to come out right, even when it seems to be coming out all wrong.

Believe that the will is only strong when on the right side.

Believe that the strongest will is the will that first knows how to give in and obey.

Believe that you can make your life all over again and that it is worth your while to try it.

Believe that the grandest thing in the universe is doing what you do not want to do just because it is right.

Believe that the next grandest thing in the universe is not doing what you want to do, because what you want to do would be wrong.

Believe that the strongest man in the

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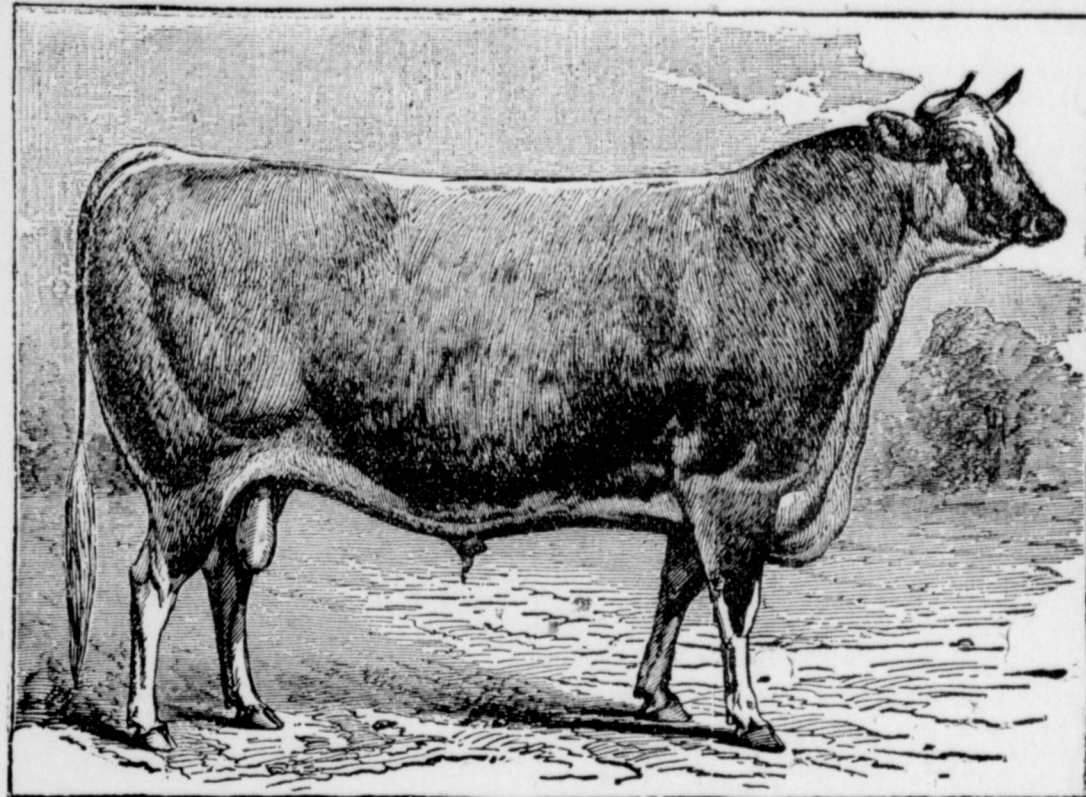
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world is the man who can keep his good resolutions.

Believe that it is worth while working for a Cause, the success of which will not be realized while you are alive.

Believe in war—not war against men, but against a bad thing.

Believe that other people have troubles as well as you—and that usually their troubles are a good deal heavier than yours.

Believe that when things are going against you is the time to apply in your conduct and feelings the principles you may have been preaching to others.

Believe in yourself—that there is something sacred in your being, a higher self, and that you can live up to the level of that higher self if you make the effort.

Believe in justice—that it must conquer, and that its triumph is of more importance than that just you should be prosperous and happy.

Believe in law—that there is something sacred about it, whether it be the law of Conscience or the law of the State.

Believe in your fellow man—that there is a man within the man which you are to respect the outer man.

Believe in mankind—in the value of those universal experiences recorded in the institution of law and government.

Believe that the law and government can always be improved, and that the Book of Human Experience has not yet been closed.

Believe in your beliefs—believe in them with all your might—but believe in the honesty of other men who may not agree with your beliefs.

Believe that your beliefs will conquer, whatever happens; because truth somehow must conquer.

Believe that your beliefs will never conquer, no matter what happens, unless you stand up for them.

Even in These Days.

The chaining of the body in a crooked position is, physically, probably the most inhuman of modern Austria's punishment. Immediately after being sentenced to this punishment the prisoner is taken to a large square cell. The cell is barren of everything except four or five big rings, which are placed in rows along the floor, with an equal number of rings placed in the walls of the cell. To these rings the unfortunate creature is chained in such a manner as to make it impossible to move. The positions in which the victim is

chained are varied. Frequently he is forced to sit on the floor of the cell with his chin resting upon his knees. His hands are then thrust through rings and drawn tightly about his heels. Four hours is the time usually given to this punishment. Then there are the spread-eagle and tip-top positions. In the spread-eagle punishment the prisoner is placed, face downward on the floor, and his arms and legs held by rings at right angles to his body. The tip-top position is even more painful, and consists in hanging the victim up by the wrists in such a manner that the toes just touch the floor.

UNABLE TO WALK.

A Distressing Malady Cured by the Use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

From the Hartland N. B., Advertiser.

Right in our own village is reported another of the remarkable cures that make Dr. Williams' Pink Pills so popular throughout the land. The case is that of Mrs. E. W. Millar. The advertiser interviewed her husband, who was glad to relate the circumstances for publication, that others might read and have a remedy put into their hands, as it were. "For five years," said Mr. Millar, my wife was unable to walk without aid. One physician diagnosed her case as coming from a spinal affection. Other doctors called the malady nervous prostration. Whatever the trouble was, she was weak and nervous. Her limbs had no strength and could not support her body. There also was a terrible weakness in her back. Three months ago she could not walk, but as a last resort, after trying many medicines, she began to use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Improvement was noted in a few days, and a few weeks has done wonders in restoring her health. Today she can walk without assistance. You can imagine her delight as well as my own. We owe her recovery to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and I recommend them for any case of nervous weakness or general debility."

Mr. Millar is part owner and manager of one of our lumber mills and is well known throughout the country.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the disease. They renew and build up the blood, and strengthen the nerves, thus driving disease from the system. Avoid imitations by insisting that every box you purchase is enclosed in a wrapper bearing the full trade mark, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

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Bobby: "Rather; been ill ever since."

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