

Sunday Reading

The Mother's Prayer.

Starting forth on life's rough way,
Father, guide them;
Oh! we know not what of harm
May befall them;
'Neath the shadow of Thy wing,
Father, hide them;
Waking, sleeping, Lord, we pray,
Go beside them.

When in prayer they cry to Thee,
Do Thou hear them;
From the stains of sin and shame
Do Thou clear them;
'Mid the quicksands and the rocks
Do Thou steer them;
In temptation, trial, grief,
Be Thou near them.

Unto Thee, we give them up,
Lord, receive them;
In the world we know must be
Much to grieve them,—
Many striving oft and strong
To deceive them;
Trustful, in Thy hands of love
We must leave them.

—William Cullen Bryant.

From Unrecognized Heroes.

And what for the man who went forth for the right,
Was hit in the battle and shorn of a limb?
Why honor for him who falls in the fight,
Falls wounded of limb and crippled for life;
Give honor, give glory, give pensions for him,
Give bread and give shelter for babes and for wife.

But what of the hero who battles alone,
In battles of thought where God set him down,
Who fought all alone and who fell overthrown.

I tell you 'twere better to cherish that soul—
That soldier who battles with thought for a sword,
That climbs the steep ramparts where wrong has control,
And falls beaten back by the rude trampling horde.

Alas, better to cherish his words and his worth,
Than all the Napoleons that people the earth.

Joaquin Miller.

Rev. Dr. Cyrus Hamlin.

Thousands have the pleasure of knowing Rev. Dr. Cyrus Hamlin, formerly American missionary at Constantinople. The following is from a recent article of Dr. Hamlin, in *The Presbyterian Banner*:

When I went to the East in 1838, Commodore Porter was our minister resident at the Sublime Porte. He was residing at the time of my visit at San Stefano, about ten miles west of Constantinople, right on the shore of the beautiful sea of Marmora. It was a charming place for a war-worn veteran to enjoy the quiet evening of life. In all that region north of the sea of Marmora, extending beyond the Balkin mountains to the Danube, the stork is a favorite bird. Along the north of Marmora, there are very few tall trees, the stork builds its nest on the tops of chimneys, which in the east are always covered, the smoke issuing from side windows or openings. The nests are very rude in appearance, about as large as a two-bushel basket. Sticks as long as your finger are skillfully woven into them. They are made soft and nice, with moss and cotton and wool, or whatever the skillful bird thinks will make her parlor comfortable. The stork has two long legs, but for some reason or other generally stands upon one, the other drawn up among his feathers. I think I have seen as many as fifty in a row on a river bank, each one standing on one leg. When thus standing in repose it is about three feet high, the chief part of the height being leg and neck. It stalks over the fields with an awkward gait, its neck alert, and its lightning stroke finishes the race of any snake, lizard, toad, bug or other 'vermin' on the ground. From kitchen refuse it selects what suits its taste, and is bold in claiming it. It has no voice. The strange clatter of its broad, flat bill is undecipherable. It seems to play rough tunes to its mate.

Commodore Porter had a stork's nest on the chimney of his kitchen, a building separate from the house and connected by a covered way. The chimney was tall, round like a column, and very picturesquely covered by this rough nest. The commodore took great delight in watching the social life of his storks, especially when they came to teach the youngsters to fly. The young, awkward, long-legged thing would stand on the rim of the nest and flap its wings, but fear to launch away, while the old stork would career around and clatter their bill reprovingly and coaxingly but vainly. At length, patience exhausted, an old stork would give him a sudden push and topple him off. He would then use his wings to purpose, and the parent birds would be filled with pride and exultation. It the untried wings showed signs of failure in returning to the nest, one of the parent birds would come beneath him and lift him with powerful wing to a height that would make his return sure and easy.

Unhappily, one of the commodore's dogs, who knew better, seized one of the storks by the wing and injured it so that it dragged, and, of course, the bird could not fly. The commodore, finding that the wing was only lacerated, but not broken, bound it up in place, put the stork in a large cage in the night and had it out to feed in the day time. Its companions stayed by it in anxious sympathy all the day, and only when it was housed would they return to their nest. It seemed so much like human sympathy that Commo-

What is Scott's Emulsion?

It is the best cod-liver oil, partly digested, and combined with the hypophosphites and glycerine. What will it do? It will make the poor blood of the anæmic rich and red.

It will give nervous energy to the overworked brain and nerves. It will add flesh to the thin form of a child, wasted from fat-starvation.

It is everywhere acknowledged as **The Standard of the World.**

Sole and Fr. Co., all druggists. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.

dore Porter resolved that if good feeding would save the wounded bird he should be ready for the flight southward when all the storks would leave. The stork at length began to use its wing for flying down, but it was longer in getting able to rise, even six or eight feet, and nothing would tempt it to regain its nest. It had lost courage and confidence, and was satisfied with its condition, and had evidently formed an attachment to the commodore.

But now the case assumed another aspect. A clattering and knocking and scraping was heard high up in the heavens, and behold, thousands of storks were careering about, calling out all the storks from river, brook and seashore, from tree-top and chimney-top, to prepare for the southward flight. A large body swept down low over San Stefano, and a deputation of four alighted to examine the disabled companion. After a time they rose into high air, made their report and all the storks went home. Their reappearance for their final flight was expected in about three or four days, when they would gather in full force, and following the solitary leader, their final flight was expected for tropic fields.

Day after day for two whole weeks, the commodore waited for them, when at length, they came in gathering flocks, as far as the eye could reach, probably from Roumella, Macedonia, and it may be from the banks of the Danube. A large flock hovered low over the wounded mate, with a tremendous clattering of their big red bills. A few alighted, and, after due examination and consultation, all departed but two stalwart fellows, who were commissioned to remain and share the fate of the wounded. They were the "Christian commission" of the storks. Then one stork led off in a lofty, steady flight, with outstretched neck, toward the South, two others followed, and three, and so on, until the base of the triangle thus formed was some hundreds of feet. Then flock after flock fell in and the long column at length disappeared.

Commodore Peter resolved to give the three storks the best possible winter quarters. It was not their purpose at all to stay. It was already very late for their migration. When the wounded was again able to mount to his native home, the chimney-top, it was evident that his two attendants were preparing for flight. A great clattering of bills called out the commodore, and the news ran through the village that the birds were going to take leave. Everyone turned out to view the start. Never were storks before thus honored. They put out in direct line, the wounded one second. He could not quite maintain the level of their flight. He would certainly fall into the sea of Marmora. The commodore followed them with his glass, and saw the rear guard at length come underneath the poor fellow, take him on his back and bear him high into the air for another flight. So they disappeared. 'They will have about fifty miles to fly on that line before they can find rest and fodder,' said the commodore, but those gallant fellows will do it. They will do it or all perish together.'

He Saved Two Lives.

Deeds of heroism have been enacted in Alaska which history will never chronicle. The mantle of death forever covers scenes which will be buried in oblivion until the time when all the secrets are revealed, and justice—stern, implacable justice, is meted out to all.

Upon the desolate waste of that inhospitable glacier, the Valdes, which has proved a sepulchre to so many bright hopes and earnest aspirations, last winter a party of prospectors were camped, day after day had the men worked their way, death disputing every foot with them, until it was decided that the main party remain in camp and two of their number, accompanied only by a dog, started out to find a trail which would lead away from a ver-

table death trap of the terrible Valdes Glacier. For days did these two wander, until nature succumbed and they lay down weary and exhausted, to sleep the sleep from which there is no awakening.

Their faithful companion clung to them and the warmth of his body was grateful, as they crouched low with the bitter ice laden wind howling about them.

Their scanty stock of provisions was well nigh exhausted, when one of them suggested sending the dog back to the camp. This was a forlorn hope, but it was the only chance they had. Quickly writing a few words on a leaf torn from a book, they made it fast around his neck, and encouraged him to start back on the trail.

The sagacious animal did not understand, but after repeated efforts they persuaded him to go on and he was soon allowed up in the snow, the mist and the storm.

Two days and nights during which these men suffered untold agonies. On the evening of the third day, when all hope had gone and they were resigned to their fate, from the drifting and blinding snow bounded their faithful dog, and close behind him came ready hands to minister to their wants.

The remainder of the story is simple. The whole party returned, having abandoned their useless quest, and on the last Topeka going south were two grateful men and a very ordinary looking dog. But 'that dog will never want as long as we two live,' said a grizzled and sunburnt man.

The Power of Love.

Tourgenieff, the Russian writer says: 'I returned home from the chase and wandered through an alley in my garden. My dog bounded before me. Suddenly he checked himself and moved forward cautiously, as if he scented game. I glanced down the alley, and perceived a young sparrow with a yellow beak and down upon its head. It had fallen out of the nest (the wind was shaking the beeches in the alley violently), and lay motionless and helpless on the ground, with its little unfledged wings outstretched. The dog approached it softly, when suddenly an old sparrow with a black breast quitted a neighboring tree, dropped like a stone right before the dog's nose, and with ruffled plumage and chirping desperately and pitifully, sprang at the opening, grinning mouth.

She had come to protect her little one at the cost of her own life. Her little body trembled all over, her voice was hoarse, she was in agony—she offered herself. The dog must have seemed a gigantic monster to her. But in spite of that, she had not remained safe in her lofty bough. The dog stood still and turned away. It seemed as though he also felt this power. I hastened to call him back, and went away with a feeling of respect. Yes, smile not! I felt a respect for this heroic little bird and for the depth of her maternal love. Love, I reflected, is stronger than death and the fear of death; it is love that supports and animates all.

A White Dove in Church.

A Newton, Mass., young lady saw a peculiar feature in a church in a Maine town which she visited this summer. Hearing the cooing of a dove, she looked around and saw a white dove perched on the organ and listening to the music with great appreciation. She learned afterward that the dove had been a regular attendant at church for eight or ten years, being attracted by the music, of which it was very fond. It was twelve years old, and was the pet of a lady who lived near. After church the dove was taken to his Sunday school class by a boy, and seemed to enjoy the proceedings. Unlike many church-goers, the weather made no difference to the dove but every Sunday, summer and winter, he was at his post on the organ.

NETTING QUAILS IN EGYPT.

Traps by Which the Natives Catch the Birds by Thousands.

There has been much said lately of the capture of quails in Egypt in regard to the protest made by Frenchmen about carrying the birds across French territory for English use. The passage of bands of quails over the coast of the delta of the Nile, from Port Said to Alexandria, begins in Septem-

A Lucky Millionaire.

When Menier, the Millionaire Chocolate King, bought the island of Anticosti, it is improbable that he had any thought of advertising Chocolat Menier by his action. But an enterprising press have devoted so much attention to Menier and his supposed doings that he must have received thousands of dollars worth of indirect advertising entirely free. The sale of Chocolat Menier is already so enormous—over thirty-three million pounds per annum—that it may not appear to need much booming. However, it is always to those that have much that much is given.



"Appetite

comes with eating." And the hankering for Pearlina comes from trying it. If you're sceptical about Pearlina's washing, try it on coarse clothes, etc., first—things that you can't hurt much, and see how it saves work. Having seen Pearlina's superior work you'll be ready to use it for fine, delicate, cobwebby things. 551

ber and lasts a month and a half, the birds arriving in little groups.

Generally they are taken by means of nets five metres high, which the natives extend on cords fastened to poles, in the fashion of curtains gliding on their rods. In reality the net is double. The first near the side of the sea is of meshes very large and loose, but at the back is another net, where the bird will really come and perch itself in the folds formed by this net of small meshes.

There is another method of capture which is more picturesque. Rows of dried branches are placed on the shore. At the foot of each branch is disposed a tuft of fresh herbs in the middle of which is arranged an opening which ends in a snare. The quail, tired by its journey, takes refuge in the branch, then in the bunch of herbs, naturally, without figuring to itself that it is going to put itself into a trap where a native will surprise and kill it. With these means of destruction, it is not astonishing that each year more than a million of these birds are taken.

MERCHANT WRITES.

Mr. Charles Shaw, of Shogomoc, N. B., Gives Some new Information Regarding Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Best Medicines and Best Sellers He Has Ever Used—None More Good Than Any Other Medicine he has Sold—A New Field for Dodd's Kidney Pills.

TORONTO, Oct., 16.—Mr. Charles Shaw is well-known as the general store keeper at Shogomoc, N. B. Shogomoc is a small village in York County, and Mr. Shaw carries medicine in his stock, there being no druggist. All who know Mr. Shaw will acknowledge that he is a man whose word can be relied on, and would not misrepresent facts about goods in his store or say what was untrue for the sake of any extra profit to be derived.

Here is what Mr. Shaw voluntarily writes concerning Dodd's Kidney Pills:—"Re Dodd's Kidney Pills I take pleasure in saying that they are the best sellers we have got. We buy Dodd's Kidney Pills by the gross lot and they are better appreciated and have done more good than any medicine we have ever sold. We keep a general store and have nothing to make by saying what is untrue. We would not be without them. Two of our customers this summer used Dodd's Kidney Pills for Dysentery or Summer Complaint with a perfect cure in both cases. As they are not advertised to cure Dysentery it may be news to hear of the virtues of Dodd's Kidney Pills for that disease. They cure it promptly and are being used as a general blood tonic with good effect."

THICK-SOLED BOOTS.

Some With Three, Some With Five Soles, Worn by Marketmen and Others.

The description double-soled would doubtless convey to most minds the idea of the thickest-soled shoe or boot there is, but, as a matter of fact, there are made boots with five soles, making altogether a sole an inch or more in thickness. Such boots are worn by marketmen, as, for instance, in Fulton fish market in New York.

There the floor in business hours is always wet. Great quantities of fish are constantly being handled. Excepting those frozen in winter, the fishes that come in boxes are packed in ice. They are always packing fishes here for shipment to the great number of interior points, away from the coast, that draw their supplies of salt-water fishes, and fresh-water fishes, too, for that matter, from New York, and the fishes shipped are packed in ice. They seemed to be forever chopping ice here, and there are fragments of ice scattered around and melting; and there's a constant dripping, more or less, from the many ice-packed boxes handled; and they're always washing down somewhere to keep the market clean. So that in business hours the floor is always wet.

The marketman moves about for hours on the wet floor, and to keep his feet dry he wears, it may be rubber boots or the five soled marketman's boot, whose sole is thick enough to raise his feet clear off the floor sufficiently to keep them dry. Into the bootleg, a convenient place to carry it, he tucks, when it is not in use, the handle of the hatchet which he uses in opening or nailing up boxes of fish.

There is a three-soled boot that is sometimes worn by bookkeepers in the market, who might have occasion to leave the office and go out on the market floor to

look after receipts or shipments. Five-soled and three-soled boots are worn also more or less by smokemen and by men on shore in various occupations beside market men. They are worn by men working in big refrigerators and in cold storage warehouses, and in abattoirs. Truckmen wear three-soled boots in winter, putting them on in November and wearing them till spring.

As compared with shoes and boots of the ordinary kind, the number of three-soled and five soled boots sold is small; but such boots are, nevertheless, articles of regular and steady sale.

A PITIABLE CRIPPLE.

From Rheumatism—Blistered by Doctors Till He Didn't Know Himself—South American Rheumatic Cure Performs a Wonderful Cure.

D. Desanetels, Peterboro, writes: "For months I was unable to work, had rheumatism in every part of my body. I was blistered by doctors at ten different times. My hands were drawn out of shape, my fingers were distorted, and my wrists and forearm were double their natural size. My leg was encased in a plaster case for four months. I tried South American Rheumatic Cure; I took two bottles. Twenty-four hours after first dose I felt like a new man. One week after I was able to go to work. Now I am as hearty and as strong as ever. Sold by E. C. Brown.

FOOD IN THE ARMY.

Times When a Dinner of Roast Meat was Counted as a Regal Repast.

'Of course it has been said innumerable times,' said the old soldier, 'that war is not all fighting; we all know that the greater part of the time is spent in getting ready to fight; but it makes me laugh to think of how, even in the heroic times, the very commonplace subject of what we had to eat loomed up.

'In looking over a lot of old army letters written in the civil war, and returned to me now out of the family archives, I find plenty of reference to the food, especially in the earlier part of our service before we'd got settled down and used to things. I find myself here, for instance, after we had been out only six months or so writing that I had gone off my feed, and couldn't eat, and wasn't feeling well at all simply because for a week we had had no meat but fat salt pork. Later I find myself quite restored to health and a glorious appetite by a square meal of roast beef about which I write as was perhaps natural enough in those younger days and under the circumstance, rapturously.

'I don't remember now about that roast beef, but I suppose we must have had an oven at that time to bake bread in, as we sometimes did have when we stayed long enough in a place to pay for building one, and were where we could get bricks and where we could draw flour; and happening to draw fresh beef as a ration we baked it in that oven and so had roast beef.

'The fact is that anything good to eat was a delight, it not a blessing; it certainly helped immensely the soldier's effectiveness. Ammunition may be the thing of first importance to an army, but next to that undoubtedly is the food. The more I think of it the more I think that if I had anything to do with fighting an army, I should at any cost feed the men well.'

KIDNEY POISONS.

Sap the Life Spring and Make Putrid the Health Fountain—South American Kidney Cure Cleanses and Purifies.

If the kidneys fail to do their work other organs become involved; poisons generate—circulate through, and violate the whole system. Disease and disaster are as sure as sunrise if neglected. South American Kidney Cure acts on the kidneys like magic. It's a liquid and attacks the ailing parts, quickly stops the spreading of disease, drives out the foreign substances, and brings this important organ back to a healthy normal state. It's a kidney specific. Sold by E. C. Brown.

'I notice, my dear that our standing army on the island of Luzon has been largely reduced.'

'Oh! I didn't see that. What's the reason?'

'So many of the regulars are sitting down waiting for the rain to stop.'

A CEASELESS TORMENT.

Eczematous Gnawing and Irritation Have a Short Stay After One Application of Dr. Agnew's Ointment—It Helps Immediately and Cures Quickly.

C. W. Howard, Peak's Island, Me., writes: "Enclosed find 35 cents, for which kindly send me a box of Dr. Agnew's Ointment. I have been afflicted for a long time with eczema, and it has done me so much good I want to try another box. The first application gave me more relief than anything I ever tried. It's going to cure me outright." Sold by E. C. Brown.