

Sunday Reading

Turn it Down, Boys! If urged to lift the glass that tempts, In city grand or humble town, Be he that tempts the King or Cz ar, Quick, turn your glass and set it down!

Pippa's Lesson.

There comes to us from across the ocean, a beautiful story of an Italian spinning girl, told by one of England's greatest poets. This little Italian weaver had only one holiday in all the long year, only one day to call her own in all the three hundred and sixty-five.

"Forth one wavelet, then another curled, Till the whole sunnies . . . . . Grew gold, then overflowed the world." Anxious to have the longest and best of days, she did not want to waste a second, 'not a mite of my twelve hours' treasure.'

"Sunshine, minutes; coming, going, Thou art my single day, God lends," she said, and she thought of those she knew, and of those who were happy, and she asked herself why could she not be such an one, just for this day.

"Tomorrow I must be Pippa, who winds silk The whole year round to earn just bread and milk."

In her thoughts Pippa pictures herself first, some one who is loved, and seems happy in simply loving, and being loved. Then she thinks, there must still be a better love than that, a higher life. There is a mother's love, if only that might be hers.

"Even I already seem to share in God's love." And she ponders her New Year's hymn: "All service ranks the same with God."

"Belag just as great, no doubt, Useful to man, and dear to God as they." Contented in mind Pippa joyously starts out to spend her holiday.

God's in his heaven All's right with the world." And Pippa passes. But her words have touched the heart of one who heard her. All day long Pippa goes singing on her way, and many sad hearts are made brighter, and many wicked hearts are made better.

"God bless me, I can pray no more No doubt some way or other hymns say right, All service ranks the same with God." and Pippa sleeps.

Very little, perhaps you think, that Pippa did that day. But her song is true. All service ranks the same with God if rendered in his name. Great or small, he accepts it all. Pippa's one holiday was not lived in vain, for she had sung of God's goodness, she had sung his truth into the

Advertisement for Snap Blood & Nerve Pills, featuring the Snap logo and text 'For the BUSINESS MAN'.

hearts of those who heard her voice. Who can measure the wealth of that single holiday? Who can limit it to one day? Did not that day spread out over the whole year to come? 'As we have therefore opportunity let us do good to all men.'

Proportionate Giving.

The call to systematic and proportionate giving is a Divine call. God is the author of system. As Creator he has made everything according to definite, well-fixed laws. Man's success in nature is marked by his mastery of these laws. The argument for generous, spontaneous giving as opposed to the well-defined laws of systematic beneficence gushes and overflows not when it feels like it, but only when it is led definitely and regularly by exact pressure.

A Discenter.

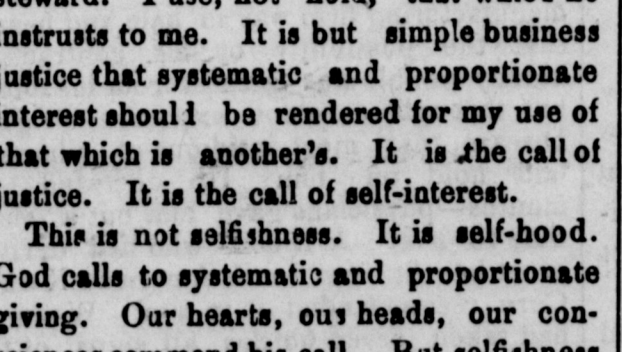
The Speaker—Wealth is not to be attained by short cuts. The Butcher—O, I don't know.

Bill—The under dog in a fight gets all the sympathy. Jill—Yes; but unfortunately, that isn't all he gets.

PUT YOUR FINGER ON YOUR PULSE.

If it is Weak or Irregular don't Hesitate to Start the Use of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills at once.

With a strong, steady, regular pulse we may expect vigorous health.



With a weak, irregular, intermittent pulse we can tell at once the vitality is low—that Dizziness and Faint Spells, Smothering and Sinking Sensations and similar conditions are bound to ensue.

By their action in strengthening the heart, toning the nerves and enriching the blood, Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills relieve and cure all those distressing conditions just enumerated.

Mrs. B. Croft, residing on Waterloo Street, St. John, N.B., says: "For some time past I have suffered from pallor, weakness and nervous prostration, I had palpitation and irregular beating of the heart so severe as to cause me great alarm. I was treated by physicians, but got no permanent relief."

"I am glad to say that from Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills I derived the first real benefit that I ever got from any medicine. My appetite is improved, my entire system toned up, and I can do no less than cheerfully recommend these pills to all requiring a reliable heart and nerve tonic."

Christ's character was made up by what he gave. God is God because of his relationship to others. Should he cease to give, he would cease to be God to us. Hence, in our new life we come into touch with all life about us, and we become God-like in character as we give—systematically and in due proportion. Life is not in the abundance possessed, but in the number of correspondences outside of us dependent on us. The art of giving is therefore the art of living.

There are certain habits and exercises which hold a close relation to spiritual growth and fervor in us, growing out of our constitution as social and spiritual beings.

We are affected by associating and mingling with each other. There is an influence exerted one upon another when we are together in an assembly which we cannot explain, but often feel, and we are different by the force of this sympathetic power from what we would be if we remained in retirement. The same thing is true in the expression of our feelings and views to each other, either publicly or privately.

Another sentence is written to enforce this duty, 'So much the more as ye see the day approaching.' Every Christian believed the day of the Lord near. They waited for it as 'at hand.' They waited for it, as the husbandman waits for his crops, and as they waited for the rain from heaven.

What we need in a diversity is an idea as part of our being, intertwined with our feelings, that God is just as much revealed in trials as in blessings, that his goodness is shown in putting our moral fibre to hard tasks that will make it athletic, and so make us permanently noble, as the teacher's friendship is shown in putting the scholar to a tough lesson that makes his mind sinewy and wise.—Starr King.

Advertisement for Enameline Polish, stating it is the Modern Stove Polish; it is put up in paste, cake or liquid form. There is no dust and no odor, and the result is a brilliant polish without labor.

YOUTHFUL HEIRS TO MILLIONS.

Ten Young People who will Succeed to Colossal Fortunes. It is no exaggeration to say that there are ten young people living to-day who in the course of years will succeed to £100,000,000 sterling, or roughly as many sovereigns as each could count in twenty years, counting at the rate of a sovereign a minute night and day; or an aggregate weight of gold more than 500 horses could draw with comfort.

These fortunate children (for the majority of them are barely out of the nursery) range in age from the baby Marquis of Blandford to the nineteen-year-old son of Mr. William Waldorf Astor, who has still not outgrown his Eton jacket.

Young Mr. Astor, the son and heir of the millionaire 'Lord of Cliveley,' is heir to more millions than the mind can grasp. His father's wealth, which is largely invested in New York real estate, which grows enormously in value every year, is estimated at £10,000,000 to-day. The imagination reels at the prospect of what it may be when he lays it down for the benefit of his heir.

Even to-day his income cannot be less than £5000 a day, or the equivalent of 88lb of sovereigns, a weight which the Etonian would find quite sufficient to carry away every twenty-four hours.

A boy whose future income would allow him to throw away £200 every hour, and still retain a revenue of £73,000 a year, ought to regard his future with a measure of satisfaction.

One of the luckiest girls in the world is Miss May Goelet, the daughter of the late millionaire, Mr. Ogden Goelet. As a school-girl this fortunate miss was mistress of £200,000, a fortune which would admit of an allowance of £2,000 a week for pocket-money. Since her father's death Miss Goelet's fortune has been materially increased, and some day she will dower her husband not only with her beauty, but with something like £1,000,000 sterling.

No English youth has prospects approaching in brilliancy those of Lord Balgrave, grandson and heir of our wealthiest peer, the Duke of Westminster. Like Mr. W. W. Astor, jun., Lord Balgrave is only nineteen, and not even the Duke himself can assess his future inheritance.

If the Duke lives a few years longer, Lord Balgrave must succeed to a fortune of from £15,000,000 to £20,000,000 sterling, a sum which will be vastly increased when the thousands of London leases fall in. In addition to this colossal fortune the young Viscount will succeed to every rank in the British Peerage from Baron to Duke as well as to three of the finest seats in the United Kingdom.

Almost equally fortunate is the infant Marquis of Blandford, who is still in the throes of teething and knows nothing of his golden future. The reasonable aspirations of most children would be satisfied with the succession to the Marlborough estates of 23,400 acres, the glories of Blenheim Palace, and six titles of the Peerage, to say nothing of two titles of Prince. But to all this must be added the millions with which Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt dowered his beautiful daughter on her marriage, and the untold millions which in the future he will bequeath to her.

Perhaps the most fortunate infants in the world are the baby-daughters of the czar of Russia, whose future wealth will be counted in tens of millions. As the Czar's private fortune is not less than £50,000,000 sterling, and as the infant grand Duchess Olga was made a millionairess at her birth, the future of these babies is more than assured.

The young Earl of Dumfries, who is still only seventeen years old, is blessed among boys, and has a future of great wealth and distinction. His father, the Marquis of Bute is among the very wealthiest of our peers. He is lord of 117,000 acres, of an income estimated at £1,000 a day, and he boasts sixteen titles.

The ten-year-old Marquis of Stafford, son and heir of the Duke of Sutherland, will, in time, be one of the largest land-owners in the world. He will be lord of an estate nearly two and a half times as large as Middlesex, or the equivalent of a slice of the United Kingdom three miles and a half wide and stretching from Southampton to John o' Groat's.

Time is money, and a fashionable London doctor, whose mornings are fully occupied in paying visits to his many patients has succeeded in affecting a decided economy. He may be seen driving through

West End squares eating his breakfast in his brogram. His morning meal is nicely packed in a hamper. A wooden flap is in front of his carriage. This is propped up and the table spread. The doctor thus eats comfortably and at leisure his maternal roll and boiled egg, which he would have been forced to swallow in hot haste had he partaken of it within his home.

NEVER RETURNED.

Kidney Disease Permanently Cured by Dodds's Kidney Pills.

Mr. Samuel Locke, of Jordan Bay, N. S., Tells the Story—He Suffered for Years, Without Relief—Then he Used Dodds's Kidney Pills and was Cured.

JORDAN BAY, N. S., Feb. 6—If ever there was a clear case of Kidney Disease being utterly and absolutely wiped out of the human system, that case was Mr. Samuel Locke's. Mr. Locke lives at Jordan Bay, and the citizens of that place all know him well and favorably. They all know that he endured the greatest agony from diseased kidneys.

The newspapers published accounts of his case; different physicians undertook to cure him, but they all failed.

Day by day his condition grew worse, and his sufferings increased. He used various remedies, each of which was said by its manufacturers, to be a sure cure. Yet these failed as the doctors had failed.

Finally, when it seemed as if every effort had been exhausted in vain, Mr. Locke was induced to try Dodds's Kidney Pills.

Soon after he had taken his first dose of this medicine he felt a slight change for the better. Every day this change grew more noticeable to both himself and his family, and at length, Mr. Locke was well again—in sound health, and robust strength, able to work, to eat, to sleep, to enjoy life, as well as as heartily as he ever did.

There cannot be a particle of doubt that Dodds's Kidney Pills are the only effective Kidney Medicine known today. It has been proved thousands of times Bright's disease, Diabetes, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Diseases of Women, and all other Kidney Complaints yield to them.

Dodds's Kidney Pills are sold by all druggists; fifty cents a box, six boxes \$2.50; or sent, on receipt of price by The Dodds's Medicine Co. Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Superior Experience.

The imaginary invalid, who fancies he has had all the diseases in the books, or at least all the interesting ones, is not often an amusing person to a physician; but now and then a valetudinarian of this sort affords the faculty a good deal of diversion. A man of sixty, who had been a grumbler all his life, and had long made a practice of changing his doctors on the slightest provocation, not long ago called in a young physician who had gained a considerable reputation.

He was telling this doctor what he thought was the trouble with him, when the doctor ventured to disagree with his diagnosis. 'I beg your pardon!' said the patient in a haughty way: 'it isn't for a young physician like you to disagree with an old and experienced invalid like me!' And he went out to seek another physician.

NATURE'S DIMPLES

Disappear, and Beauty Fades Under the Shadow of Tormenting Skin Troubles, But Dr. Agnew's Ointment is a Quick and Safe Healer.

The unceasing torment of an itching skin, which is the natural consequence and outcome of such skin diseases as tetter, salt rheum, ring worm, eczema, ulcers, blotches and other skin eruptions is allayed in an instant with one application of Dr. Agnew's Ointment, and in a very few days the most stubborn cases give way to its magic healing power and leave the skin whole, perfect, clear and as soft as a baby's. It will cure piles in from three to five nights.

Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills are the cheapest made. 20 cents for forty doses.

Knee Breaches Puzzle a Lad.

It is told of a certain bishop that while dining at the house of one of his friends he was pleased to observe that he was the object of marked attention from the son of his host whose eyes were firmly riveted upon him. After dinner the Bishop approached the boy and asked: 'Well, my young friend, you seem to be interested in me. Do you find that I am all right?' 'Yes, sir,' said the boy, with a glance at the Bishop's knee breaches. 'You're all right, only—hesitatingly—'won't your mother let you wear trousers yet?'—Tid Bits.

'Katherine, you will always find me an indulgent husband.' 'Do you mean indulgent to me or indulgent to yourself?'