

Sunday Reading

Only a Working Girl.
 She's only a working girl, busy each day
 In gaining her portion of bread;
 Her mother is old and infirm, so they say,
 Her father, they tell me, is dead.
 And there, at her window, I see her employed,
 I glance at her morning and night,
 And I think that without her the earth would be void
 Of much of its duty and light.
 She's only a working girl, seeking to send
 A brother through college, I hear—
 May the angels her deeds of devotion befriend,
 And crown her endeavor with cheer.
 More strength in her hands and more warmth to
 her heart!
 May the clouds never darken her sun,
 And duty and beauty, in Love's magic art,
 Forever be wedded as one.
 She's only a working girl, it is decreed
 She must dwell with the lowly of earth;
 And yet she's as rare in thought and in deed
 As the queenliest princess of earth.
 And I would she might know that her beautiful life,
 Though shadowed with want and with care,
 Has been, in the midst of my toil and my strife,
 A hope and a song and a prayer.

Hetty's Self-Denial Dollar.

It was Missionary Day in Sweetbrier Church. The Sunday schools in the district to which Sweetbrier belonged had under taken to support a home missionary of their own out among the wilds of the far West, and Sweetbrier's quota having fallen short, the scholars were invited to make a special offering on that day—a self-denial offering—large enough to redeem the good name of the school, and at the same time add to the comfort of the missionary's family by paying in full the amount promised. Little eight-year old Hetty Deaver belonged to Miss Allen's class, and the day that the teacher told the little girls about the suffering of the missionary's children because people did not send their father the money they promised him, there were tears of pity in her brown eyes, and she eagerly consented to practice self-denial during the next two weeks, to help make up the amount of salary overdue. She meant to keep this promise, too, when she gave it, but she was a little selfish as well as forgetful, and long before the fortnight had expired, her futile attempts to do without candy had not only ceased but she had forgotten all about the promise so readily given.

Last Saturday evening Nannie Welsh told her that Susie Hill had earned a quarter by staying at home from the children's concert, and that she, herself had denied herself to the amount of fifty cents by doing without sugar in her coffee. 'But you could not use fifty cents' worth of sugar in two weeks,' said Hetty, a little envious of Nannie's success.

'I didn't say I could,' snapped Nannie, hurrying home to ask her own mamma if there was anything to be done by which she might earn a half dollar. But there wasn't, the time was too short, so Hetty told her father about the money that was to be raised, and without asking her any questions he gave her a half dollar, and Uncle John who had come to spend the night, added another half dollar to her father's gift, and Hetty went to bed, pleased that her offering would be larger than either Susie's or Nannie's on the morrow.

The teacher gave her an approving look when she handed in her dollar, and thought Hetty was a good little girl and thought she loved the Saviour, she felt very important when it was announced that one little girl had actually earned a whole dollar by her self-denial efforts.

Then the pastor spoke a few encouraging words, and very tenderly reminded the donors that Christ was sitting over against the treasury and knew all about the little sacrifices they had made for his sake; every act of self-denial has been seen by him, and the motives which prompted such acts were well understood by him as though each boy and girl had told him all their thoughts.

'Oh, dear! Then he knows that I did not deny myself to earn that dollar,' said Hetty, under her breath. 'I feel just like as if I had told a lie, and his eyes were looking right down into my heart. I wish I'd told Miss Allen how I got it.'

Just then the bell rang and Hetty went to her father's seat, for she had been taught to stay for the church service. But she did not hear much of the sermon that day; for no matter where she looked, she felt that Jesus' reproving eyes were upon her, and that he would not accept that dollar which she had dropped into the treasury.

Snap For the BUSINESS MAN
 DR. WARD'S BLOOD & NERVE PILLS

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Three things, if taken together, will cure nearly every case in the first stages; the majority of cases more advanced; and a few of those far advanced.

The first is, fresh air; the second, proper food; the third, Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil with hypophosphites.

To be cured, you must not lose in weight, and, if thin, you must gain. Nothing equals Scott's Emulsion to keep you in good flesh.

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'I can never, never be happy again until I can tell Miss Allen, and maybe she will take the dollar out,' she soliloquized. With this thought still uppermost in her mind, she sought her teacher as soon as the service closed and with a heavy heart said, 'Miss Allen, can't you get that dollar back?'

'Back!' echoed Miss Allen in surprise. 'Why, Hetty dear, you are not sorry you gave it to Jesus, are you?'

'Oh, no! not that,' sobbed Hetty, but I did not do without something I wanted, to earn it. Papa and Uncle John just gave it to me, and I made believe I earned it.'

'Oh, you did not say how you got it, returned Miss Allen soothingly.

'No, but I acted like as if I had denied myself to save it, and when Mr. Bay told about it and looked at me, I was pleased and wanted everybody to know who that little girl was. Won't you tell Mr. Bay and ask him to credit the money to papa and Uncle John? You know Jesus is sitting over against the treasury, and he knows I tried to deceive you and him, too.'

'I'll tell him,' said Miss Allen, quietly. 'And then Jesus will forgive me?' questioned Hetty, looking keenly into her teacher's face.

'Yes, dear, if you ask him, I am sure he will,' responded the teacher, deeply moved.

'I have asked him over and over again,' said Hetty, as Miss Allen crossed the aisle to the superintendent.

'I must be more careful about the requirements I make in the future,' said Mr. Bay, after listening to Hetty's confession through her teacher. 'Perhaps she is not the only little one offended in the days offering. Self-denial gifts are always acceptable to the Master, but there is no safer way of teaching children to give than the one laid down in the Bible—that of systematic tithing, and it is as safe as it is sure.'

By Faith—Not by Sight.

In his description of the antediluvian patriarchs in the eleventh chapter of Hebrews, Paul writes—'These all died in faith, not having received the promises, but having seen them afar off.' This experience is the common lot. Certainly it is a grievous disappointment not to receive a good for which we have toiled long and arduously; to see it in the distance, hoping it will come, perhaps tracing its approach in events near at hand, yet not enjoying the fruition of its accomplishment. When, at the close of the battle on the Heights of Abraham, General Wolfe's life was ebbing away through the gaping wound, he heard the cry, 'They fly!' He inquired, 'Who fly?' and when told 'The enemy,' he said, 'Then I die content.' Yet he died without himself entering into possession of that for which he fought.

We are now as it appears at the end of the ebb tide of business, and the inflow has set in;—at least business men of all pursuits tell us it is so, and we are bound to believe them, especially in view of the proofs supporting their statements which are seen on every hand. And yet there is always room for unfulfilled desire, for unsatisfied expectation. Succeed as we may in one direction, there is always loss to be encountered in another. The merchant makes his profit on one line of goods; he as surely counts loss in another. So it is, we accumulate money, it may be, but we lose the beloved relative or friend whose value nothing can supply. Perhaps we are ambitious: our sons shall occupy positions of honor, our daughters shall be settled in happy homes; but years roll by and on, and these things so greatly desired are not realized.

It is perhaps not occasion for great surprise that these unrealized ideals should discourage us. But they really ought not to. Rather they should serve to warn us not to be so confident in ourselves as to lose sight of Him with whom lies the ordering of our way. Let us not be self-

coffined in despair. We are often apt to regard life a failure because we have not wrought out our ideal pattern. But this may involve the failure of our plan, not God's. Assuredly, it is true of all the faithful servants of the Lord, that they build better than they know. One of the wonderful revelations of the future will undoubtedly be the discipline of denial. From childhood to old age we are constantly passing through this disciplinary process; yet it destroys our fancies, dethrones our idols, and blasts our expectations. Albert Barnes once remarked that his life had been wholly different from that which he had marked out for himself, and a mother who passed through hardships severe and long continued in the rearing of a large family who occupied useful positions; but in her old age, recounting those hardships she exclaimed, 'I'd do it again.' One of the most important lessons of life, and one that carries a test of character, is this—not to permit your disappointments to affect your attitude to God, to yourself, to others; above all, you will not conclude the failure of this or that procedure in life because in it you have not made the success you hoped for yourself; you have little ideas what may remain for you beyond!

And so we fall back upon faith—a humble, reasoning faith in ourselves, a genuine faith in others, a firm faith in God. Especially should this triple faith be the possession of those of us who have passed the meridian of life. The lovely Quaker poet has expressed the perfect confidence which is the fruit of such a spirit in his poem 'My Psalm,' which was written upon the occasion of his fiftieth birthday and in reference to a question which was put to him, if he did not regret that some of the hopes of his earlier life was not realized. The poem is too long to quote in full, but these lines are suggestive:

No longer forward nor behind
 I look in hope or fear,
 But grateful take the good I find,
 The best of now and here.

All as God wills, who wisely leads
 To give or to withhold,
 And knoweth more of all my needs
 Than all my prayers have told.

Enough that blessings undeserved
 Have marked my erring track;
 That whoso'er my feet have swerved,
 His chastening turned me back.

Farther on toward the sunset, Bonar takes a similar retrospect and sings:

Life ebbs a pace, my night is coming fast;
 My cheeks are wan, my hair is gray;
 I am not what I was, when on me blazed
 The noon of youth's bright day.
 Make haste to do for me what thus I plead,
 O Thou, the succorer, of my great need,
 O, love and comfort me!

Such sweet content and resignation may well find place in every Christian's prayer, whether enjoying the spring time of youth, or whether in later years his face is wistfully turned towards the Sunset Land.

Growing a Grandmother.

He was a wee little man, only three years old, but very brave and uncomplaining. The family had gone to a new country, in the Far West, the mamma, this little man, and the sister a little older. It was a very new country, very different from the city in the East where they had left many friends, relatives, and nearest of all a dear old grandmother. The mamma was so busy in her new home that she had little time for the babies except to see that they were clean and well fed. So they were lonesome, as mamma found out one day in a way that brought the tears to her eyes.

The little three year old had been very busy and very quiet making a big hole in the ground with such earnestness of purpose that she went to see what was being done.

The hole was completed when she reached the spot, and in it had been placed

DR. WOOD'S



NORWAY PINE SYRUP.

A positive cure for all Throat, Lung and Bronchial diseases.

Healing and soothing in its action. Pleasant to take, prompt and effectual in its results.

Mr. Chas. Johnson, Bear River, N.S., writes: 'I was troubled with hoarseness and sore throat, which the doctor pronounced Bronchitis and recommended me to try Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. I did so, and after using three bottles I was entirely cured.'

Take a LAXA-LIVER Pill before retiring. 'Twill work while you sleep without a gripe or pain, curing biliousness, constipation, sick headache and dyspepsia and make you feel better in the morning. Price 25c.'

Enameline is the Modern Stove Polish, because it has all the latest improvements. A brilliant polish is produced without labor, dust or odor. There are three styles of package—paste, cake or liquid. Get the genuine.

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something that she took out and examined with wondering curiosity. It was the strangest thing to go into a hole in the ground—an old daguerrotype, a picture of the dear grandmamma at home.

'Why, baby,' exclaimed mamma, 'what are you doing with this?'

'I fought,' said the little man, with a quivering lip and all pent up loneliness and homesickness in his voice, I fought, maybe, if I planted it annozzer grandmamma would grow.'

Why Briton Loves her Colonies.

Most people imagine that the Colonies are popular because they are full of our kith and kin, of whom absence tends to make us grow fonder. An Indian publicist thinks he has found a stronger, more cogent reason. We live and learn. Says he:— 'The ties which bind the Colonies to the Mother Country are, everyone knows, thought light as air, as strong as links of iron. Burke once said something of this sort after dinner, and there can be no doubt that gastronomic ties are, although ignored, among the most powerful.'

'The possession of India is brought home to the majority of Englishmen solely by the fact that ceutney, a mysterious compound which is obtained somehow from a mango tree, probably by tapping the trunk comes from India. Ceutney is the real tie that binds England to maintain India.'

'Recently the British public went wild over kangaroo-tail soup. Last year there was a consignment sent to London, and for some six weeks the British public raved about kangaroo soup. Then came despair; there were no more kangaroo-tails and only just now have 1,100 more kangaroo-tails been obtained. The British public is displaying genuine emotion over their arrival, and the Australian Government tried to raise a loan we believe they would get it on the security of the remaining kangaroos in the Colony. That is how imperial Federation is promoted. When the Indian Finance Minister wants money, we may remind him that there are still a few kangaroos in the Calcutta Zoological Gardens.'

Against Roots and Fruits.

Vegetarianism gets a blow straight between the eyes from Dr. Amadeo, a Porto Rican physician, who has just made a careful report on the mental and physical condition of his fellow-islanders. What he sees is the effect of insufficient nutrition, extending through the whole working class—that is, through the whole class which thanks to Spanish tariffs, was forced to live on roots and fruits. He implores his his new rulers, the Americans, to avoid the murderous policy of their predecessors, and to put within the reach of the toiling thousands in Porto Rico the very food which so horrifies and disgusts the vegetarian enthusiasts. Meat, says Dr. Amadeo in conclusion, is the remedy for wasted muscles and inactive brains.

The Longest Beard in the World.

Probably the longest beard in the world is that of a metal worker in Mar-seilles. The man is seventy four years old. When fourteen years of age he had a beard 6 in. long. It grew from year to year, and now his hairute attachment, when unrolled, reaches the respectable length of 10 ft. 10 in. When this man goes out walking he carries his beard rolled up in a big sliken under the arm. Since he is rather small in size, measuring but 5 ft. 3 in., the beard is more than twice the man's height.

A Hugh Frozen Meat Factory.

The largest frozen meat factory in the world is at Barracas, a suburb of Buenos Ayres, and belongs to the Sansienena family. The establishment is capable of an output of 3 500 sheep per diem, or 100,000 mutton carcasses per month. The freezing-rooms have a capacity of nearly 100,000 cubic feet, and have hanging room for 6,000 cheep. The store-rooms in which the sheep are stowed after freezing to await shipment have a capacity of 120,000 cubic feet and can contain upwards of 60,000 sheep.

Magnetic Dyes have been giving satisfaction to thousands of home dyers for twenty-five years. None give better results.

'The Biggest Man in England'

The funeral took place recently at Guilden Morden, Cambridgeshire, of a young man named John Sanderson, who was probably, what was claimed to be 'the biggest man in England.' Sanderson, who was thirty nine years of age, weighed thirty stone. He was 5 ft. 11 in. in height, and of extraordinary breadth across the should-

ers and chest—nearly 3 ft. He is a familiar figure in the carrier's cart which he drove to and from Royston, and frequently attended his stall at village feasts. Some time ago he visited a show where 'the fattest man in England' was being exhibited, and to the amusement of the spectators, showed that he was bigger than the fat man.

MR. CHARLES SHAW.

Tells Shogomac People About Dodd's Kidney Pills.

There is a Constantly Increasing Demand for Them, Showing That They Cure all Kidney Diseases, and that People Know It.

Shogomac, N. B., Apr. 3.—Any person who desires to ascertain the estimation in which the people of this district hold Dodd's Kidney Pills, can easily do so by asking Mr. Charles Shaw, one of our most enterprising business men.

Mr. Shaw has been in business here for years, and his store is the largest and most up-to-date in the place. He is never without a full stock of Dodd's Kidney Pills, which are in constant and ever increasing demand.

'Dodd's Kidney Pills are the very best selling article we carry.' Mr. Shaw states: 'There is a steady and constantly increasing demand for them. I have good reason to know that there are very few households in this district, in which Dodd's Kidney Pills are not kept, and relied upon as the only cure for all forms of Kidney Complaint. It is a fact which it would be a folly to deny, that the most gratifying success has followed their use in every instance. In fact, every case of Kidney Disease in this district for which Dodd's Kidney Pills have been used, has been cured, completely and permanently.'

'As a general tonic and blood purifier, Dodd's Kidney Pills are in use throughout this entire district, and have never been known to fail in any case.'

'Hundreds of my customers and acquaintances have been made strong, hearty, vigorous, by the use of this grand medicine.'

It is a fact, proven hundreds of thousands of times, by experience, that Dodd's Kidney Pills are the one sure and untailing cure for Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Lumbago, Heart Disease, Urinary Troubles, Female Weakness, and all other Kidney Diseases.

Sentence of 189 Years' Imprisonment.

The Tribunal of Modica, in the Sicilian province of Syracuse, has just pronounced a sentence which is declared to have no parallel in the judicial annals of Italy, as it is probably few in those of any other country. A man named Lupio Salvatore, of Comiso, had passed himself off as an advocate, and had with consummate skill committed sixty-three different acts of serious fraud, in which he succeeded in using the machinery of the law. He had forged the signatures of the president and judges of the High Court, of the King's Procurator, and of the Chancellor of the Court. From this last mentioned official he had even, with splendid audacity, stolen for a short time the seal of the Chancery, which he needed to give effect to his fraudulent documents. The sentence is even more remarkable than the crimes. Salvatore was condemned to three years' imprisonment on each of the sixty-three cases, which brings the total of the sentence to 189 years, though the longest incarceration which the convict can be legally made to undergo is thirty years. The penalty inflicted is in each case the minimum for the offence. Had the Court decided upon the maximum, which is ten years, the aggregate term of imprisonment would have been 630 years.

Catching the Train.

The following anecdote is related of a celebrated earl. He had appointed to meet a friend at a small country station, as they intended to travel in the same direction. The train arrived, but not the friend. Away in the distance his carriage was seen driving along at a gallop. It would take about five minutes to get to the station. The earl entreated the station master to stop the train, but the latter refused, as the train was already late. An altercation ensued, and the earl at last passionately exclaimed, 'We will see about that!' Sitting down between the rails in front of the engine, he would not budge until his friend had got safely into the train.

Not In Their Line.

'Here is Bigg, Stocke and Company's great store. Let's go in.'
 Mother: 'No, no! No matter what we ask for, they will be sure to have it.'

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