

## A Picture of Home Life.

WRITTEN FOR PROGRESS BY J. K. FLEMING.

If you are sitting before your fire worn out by your hard days' toil, too tired to read, and, as you for the moment believe, discouraged with life, you throw yourself back, with your feet on the fender, your elbow resting upon the arm of your chair, your cheek on your palm, your eyes fixed upon the glowing coals, and, from your heart wells up a—"Why?"—A "why?" so deep, so full, so broad, so long, that it is being echoed to day from castle and hall, mansion and cottage, prison and almshouse cot; wherever man is found.

What have I to live for? comes the next question, and for a moment your eyes are turned away from the glowing coals. You glance about the family sitting room, at the soft carpet, the paintings upon the walls the book case with its small, though choice selection of volumes, the heavy curtains partly drawn across the windowed recess filled with rare plants covered with choice blooms; hanging in the midst of which is a handsome bird-cage, the occupant of which is softly whistling a good night song, an accompaniment to the piano or organ upon which your eldest daughter, a girl of sixteen, is playing softly.

But your face does not brighten nor lose its hard look of trouble and melancholy. You allow your eyes to rest for a moment upon the form of your twelve year old son, who is sitting by the table his head bent over his books, preparing his lessons for the morrow. Your eyes then wander to the form of your youngest, a little girl, who is sitting upon an ottoman at her mother's feet, prattling away to herself as she plays with her dolls. You allow them to linger there a moment, and it is with a more tender look that you at length raise them to the face of your wife, as she sits bending over a piece of work which she is embroidering for the little one at her feet. You gaze upon her as she plys her needle, looking down ever and anon with a look of love upon the child. You note the sweet look upon her face, and mentally say; "just as handsome, if not handsomer, than when I led her to the altar—alter—very appropriate word that—everything has altered since that day. She has altered—she is as beautiful as ever. But! 'Tis a different kind of beauty. The face wears a sweet tender look, the eyes are filled with gentle love, yet, the temple and cheeks have a transparent look and over it all there seems to spread a mixture of sadness. You note the faint lines across her brow. The hair, drawn across her temples in soft brown waves, has a few glistening silver-threads. The hardness is gradually melting from your heart, and, when, as if drawn by the magnetism of your gaze, she suddenly raises her eyes to your face, you turn quickly, and once more fix your gaze upon the coals, for fear she will see the tear glistening upon your lashes.

But, in her quick sympathy and kindred love she has caught the look and is now taking her turn at gazing.

You can feel her tender eyes upon you, she seems to divine your thoughts, and after a few moments she rises from her chair, as if on an errand from the room, pauses as she passes your chair, laying her hand caressingly upon your head, passing her fingers through your hair, draws her palms across your brow and temples, and then passes on. You feel your heart swell, and a lump rises in your throat beneath the touch of those fingers. Not a word was spoken, not a glance exchanged, but volumes could not express the true, perfect understanding, sympathetic love expressed through those caresses, as the electrical touch of those fingers rests upon your brow, message after message is flashed from heart to heart.

Your eyes follow her as she is passing from the room, then allowing them to wander once more over the comfortably, though not luxuriously, furnished room, with a deep sigh you resume your original position, your eyes fixed upon the glowing coals. As you gaze upon them they resolve themselves into the picture of the sweet face of your young wife. You look upon these lines of sadness, those silver hairs, and once again from your heart arises, "Why?" Picture after picture rises before you, as the darting, ever-changing, tiny flames dance before your eyes. Scenes of the many struggles against hardships, disappointments, sorrows and afflictions you have passed through together during your eighteen years of married life. Your heart burns with love toward her, as you think of the depth of true love and sympathy with which she has stood by you through it all,

with Christ-like meekness, never a complaint, only words of encouragement and hope, comfort and love. As you view these pictures, you feel the warm tear drop from your eye upon your hand.

Pictures of many happy moments, when the black shadows had rolled away and hope seemed to shine clear and bright, rise before you. But again comes the question; were they worth the price paid for them? and immediately there arises, the picture of yourself in your youth, of the happy, innocent, handsome, girlish face of her you wooed, of the dreams, the hopes, the ambitions you had for your future, and which you had confided in her trusting ear. The plans you had laid out for your children. Here you turn your eyes upon them with a sigh.

But a voice whispers; "But they are happy, they are innocent. They know nothing of the cares of life, of the struggles you have endured." But they soon will, you answer. I have shielded them thus far, and it was my dream, my one desire to be able to place them so that they should never know, nor feel, as I have done.

"But" the whisper comes, "What you desire, your dreams, are not in accordance with the will of God. He who has never suffered, will never know true happiness." You answer, you mean eternal happiness. But is there no real, lasting, earthly happiness?

"Yes, even in suffering there is happiness."

Then, your answer, I deserve to be happy, for I have suffered! I have lived a true, honest life. Yet I have seen all my ambitions come to naught; and you surely will not tell me that those ambitions were unholy or wrong.

"Man proposes but God disposes; you may have lived a true honest life toward man, but, have you done so toward God? What about your wife? Has she not been a companion, a sharer, with you in all your disappointments, and suffering and affliction, yet, is she not happy?" I do not know, you reply. She certainly never complains. Yet I feel that she suffers even more

than I, because she suffers in silence, and 'tis just this that makes my sufferings harder to bear. I expected when I married her to shield her from any suffering—that she should never know sorrow. "And yet, you are the cause—the only cause—of all her suffering. And, instead of relieving them, honest, deep, and sincere as are your desires to do so, you are daily adding to her sorrow, and making your own suffering greater. 'Tis for you, and you alone, that she grieves. She knows of your ambitions, of your great longing to succeed in life. She knows that those longings do not arise from personal desires. She knows you would not suffer if you had only your own interests at stake. She knows of your wishes, your disappointments, toward her and her children. And in her true love and sympathy grieves for you, and you alone. You are putting those lines of care upon her brow, those silver threads in her hair, that look of sadness in her eyes. She sees you growing old before your time. She sees you losing hope and growing melancholy, sees you breaking down beneath the strain, knows that you will die and leave them to face the world alone, and she knows it is for her and her children. She has not a thought for herself. She is perfectly content and happy in the love of her husband, her children, her home, and above all, which is the reason of her content and happiness in the love of God and submission to His will.

In her trust in Him, she has no fear for the future of her children. She has taught them to love and trust Him as her parents taught her. Did not your parents teach you the same? Were you and your sisters not happy in your childhood? And yet you had not the comforts of home, your children possess. Do you remember how your parents had to work and deny themselves to give you an education? Did you ever hear them complain? Did they not have their dreams, their disappointments, and sufferings greater than yours? Yet they were happy, for they trusted in God and submitted to His will. They done their best by their children, and were blessed. You have done your best and He will bless you. If you put your trust in Him and commit your children to His care He will bless them. Your children are happy. God is giving you everything that he sees is for your good, and you are rebelling against His will. Be just, confess your error, submit yourself to His mercy, and you will be happy, and you will see the face of your wife, now traced with sadness, shine as with a Holy light.

J. F. FLEMING.

## FLASHES OF FUN.

Before you wed on ten a week  
Consult your lucky star;  
'Tis well to look before you leap,  
And then stay where you are.

'Have your poems a good circulation, Rimer?' 'Oh yes. They've been round to pretty well every editor in the United Kingdom.'

'I was just wondering—'  
'Wondering what?'  
'How much money Kentucky raises every year for foreign missions.'

Confused Metaphor.—A contemporary quotes from a Yorkshire paper the following: 'Looking back along the trackless pathways of the future, he described the footsteps of an invisible hand.'

New Patient.—'Do you think you can help me, doctor?' 'Doctor—Well, I ought to. I have had experience enough. I have been attending a man with the same disease for the last twenty years.'

Mrs. Strongmind.—'Why don't you go to work?' 'Tramp—Please, mum, I made a solemn vow twenty years ago that I'd never do another stroke of work till women was paid the same wages as men.'

He looked where constellations trace  
Strange forms. His head in grief he bent,  
And thought of all that vacant space  
Which isn't bringing any rent.

Mrs. Hux.—'I don't take any stock in these faith cures brought about by the laying on of hands.'

Mrs. Dix.—'Well, I do. I cured my little boy of the cigarette habit in that way.'

Hix.—'Well, how did you come out at the races today?'  
Dix.—'Lost—and it served me right, too.'

Hix.—'How so?'  
Dix.—'I backed Messenger Boy to win in a running race.'

'Now,' said the client, taking out his pocket book, 'how much are your services worth?'  
'That has nothing to do with the case,' answered the professional man of fine distinctions. 'What you ought to have asked is merely how much I am going to charge you.'

'I am a new woman,' she announced.  
'Rats!' he cried.  
Whereat there was a flurry, and when the dust settled she was holding her skirts in her place of refuge on a chair.

He had unmasked her. She was merely the same old woman in disguise.  
A young girl, not remarkably proficient on the piano, had been playing to a small company of friends. 'You do beautifully' remarked an old lady, evidently intending to be complimentary. 'Why, most per-

sons who couldn't play better'n you wouldn't play at all.'

'I haven't lived with you for twenty five years without finding out you're a brat!' wrathfully exclaimed Mrs. Rangle. 'I know a million reasons why I'd hate to be you, and only one why I'd like to be you.' 'What is your one reason, madam?' fiercely demanded Mr. Rangle. 'Because you've got a good wife,' she screamed.

## A Clergyman's Advice.

THE ALMOST MIRACULOUS CURE OF JOHN McDONALD, CAPE NORTH, N. S.

For Years He Was Afflicted With Spinal Trouble and Paralysis of the Legs—Was Treated by the Best Specialists in Victoria General Hospital, at Halifax, Without Benefit—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Have Restored Him.

Mr. John McDonald, a well known merchant at Cape North, N. S., was for many years a sufferer from spinal trouble, which eventually resulted in partial paralysis. Treatment of many kinds was resorted to, but without avail, until finally Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were used, with the result that Mr. McDonald is again enjoying almost perfect health. Mr. McDonald's story is given as follows in his own words: "Almost thirty years ago I caught a bad cold which lodged in my back, producing a terrible pain. Liniments were at first resorted to, but they had no effect, and the trouble became so bad that I could hardly walk, and could not go out of doors after dark, as I would be almost certain to fall if I attempted to walk. Medical treatment did me no good. I tried six different doctors, but the result was always the same. I spent \$30 for an electric belt, but it was simply money wasted. Years went on and I was continually growing worse, until in the spring of 1895 my lower limbs would scarcely support me. In June of that year I went to the Victoria General Hospital, Halifax, where I remained for two months under the treatment of the best specialists, but when I returned home I was actually worse than when I entered the hospital. This thoroughly discouraged me, and I gave up all hope of ever getting better. I continued to grow worse until about the first of January, 1896, when I had become so bad that I could not stand alone, as my legs were like sticks under me. My only means of locomotion was crutches, and my legs dragged after me like useless pieces of timber; I could not raise them one inch from the floor. About the first of the following April, Rev. Mr. McLeod strongly urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I had tried so many things without benefit, that I did not think the pills could help me, but nevertheless decided to give them a trial. After using six boxes I could see that there was a slight improvement, and I continued using the pills until I had taken thirty boxes, and by that time new life and vigor had returned to my legs, and I have since been able to attend to my business behind the counter without the aid of crutches, or even a stick. Under God's blessing Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have restored me to a new measure of health and energy. I never expected to again enjoy in this world.

My restoration has caused a great wonderment in this section, and as a result I have sold many gross of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in my store, and many of those who have bought them from me tell me they have cured them of their troubles. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills act directly on the blood and nerves. They do not purge, and therefore do not weaken like other medicines. They give strength from the first to the last used. There are many dealers who offer pink colored substitutes, because the substitute gives them a greater profit, but these should always be refused, as substitutes are either dangerous or absolutely worthless.

Convincing Evidence for Madame Ruegger.

Mlle Elsa Ruegger, the Swiss cellist who is touring America, was born in Lucerne. Her father is a government official. Before she was twelve years old her parents decided to send her to the Royal Academy at Brussels for a musical education. She first played in public at a charity concert when she was eleven years old. Two years later she left the academy having received many medals and prizes. She first made a tour through Switzerland and from her native land she went to Germany. In the latter country she met with great enthusiasm. After one of her performances in Berlin she was presented with a necklace and bracelet from the emperor and empress. Mlle Ruegger in appearance somewhat resembles Eleanor Duse, the Italian actress. Like Madame Duse, she has a penchant for the mystical and occult. Her mother who travels with her, is very much exercised over these fads.

'Does she believe in them?' a caller asked.

'Oh, I don't know. I think she does.'

'Do you believe in them?'

'Now you ask me a hard question. The palmists, astrologers and phrenologists my daughter and I have met are certainly wonderful people. Do you know every one of them says my daughter Elsa is a genius?'

Your Doctor's Advice—Has not always been according to his conscience because for years he's been schooled in prejudices which dub every proprietary remedy as "quackery"—today he knows better and practices better, and such worthy remedies as Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets are among the constant prescriptions in his daily practice because he has proved them so potent in stomach troubles—60 in a box, 35 cents.



FRESH FLOWERS.