

Sunday Reading.

REJECTING CHRIST.

John G. Wooley is a vigorous writer and he has a weekly page in the New Voice taking his topic from the parables. That for last Sunday was as follows:

"A certain man planted a vineyard.....and let it out to husbandmen.....And at the season, he sent a servant that he might receive.....of the fruit.....And they.....beat him and sent him away empty."

The chieftains of the middle ages warred their way from land to land, and parceled out the subjugated territory to their followers who undertook to hold it as their tenants and pay rent in fighting for them in their wars. These followers in turn sublet their fiefs in humbler tenure to the tillers of the soil for certain labor, grain or gold.

A tenant was not bound to love the landlord, nor to believe that he was practical or wise or sure to win in war or peace, but:

- First. He must not waste the estate.
Second. He must not deny the landlord's title.
Third. He must use good husbandry.
Fourth. He must pay the rent.

These were the least things of the tenancy. Above them and beyond them stretched all the splendors of personal loyalty and gallantry and sacrifice. But under nothing less than these "bare poles" of duty a title could be kept alive.

If the tenant, for spite or profit, or ignorance or mischief, felled the fruit trees or dug up the vines, or fouled the well or stripped the buildings he wronged the owner and the heir, and every other tenant also by the distrust engendered, and forfeited the aid of court or king to keep him in possession as against the landlord, no matter how long yet the lease might have to run.

Permissive waste works identical consequences; as where the tenant negligently or corruptly suffered the property to be injured, by any act of man or beast. He could not be accountable of course for act of God or of the public enemy.

Enough, at least, of royalty was indispensable to forbid the tenant setting up in himself or any body else a better title than the one he held under. For a denial of the owner's right was not only waste, potentially, but treachery or imbecility from first to last, tending to confusion, weakness and disorder.

Even in the exercise of his own rights in the premises good husbandry was required of the husbandman. He must keep up the fences, work the roads, preserve the timber, keep the house wind tight and water tight, and in short stand by the spirit of his contract, at its lowest terms.

Finally, he must pay the rent. That times were hard would not excuse him; nor that he owed for seed or machinery or food or clothes or medicine or any luxury; nor that his fellow tenants were all in arrears; or that payments might start a panic; nor that the landlord was sure to be robbed, or was better able than some others to wait, nor that he could invest the money to the tenfold advantage of the landlord. He must keep his covenant.

Christian citizens are husbandmen who have surrendered their aboriginal holdings by an ancient but precarious squatter sovereignty and taken over the whole world under a 'feudum nobile' in the 'new name' of Jesus as liege lord.

The covenant calls for love, and honor and obedience. Three hundred thousand cairns attest the signatures in wide America—'Gal Eed' as Jacob called them, or as Laban, 'Jegar sahadutha'; 'Churches,' as we say; and year by year we celebrate the contract, in speech and song and resolution. But let us pass these as too high for politics. Tried by four bones of a farm lease, how is it?

I say and weigh my words, the Christian electorate at general elections wastes the 'vineyard' by turning in the swine of party politics to snout the schools and homes and honest trades—the vines that bear the yield of Christian institutions.

I say the Christian electorate takes money stately, in the name of law, for letting the bloodhounds of the distilleries and breweries chase boys and girls to

CHILDREN

Are they troubled with headaches? Are the lessons hard for them to learn? Are they pale, listless and indifferent? Do they get thin and all run down toward spring? If so,

Scott's Emulsion

will do grand things for them. It keeps up the vitality, enriches the blood, strengthens mind and body. The buoyancy and activity of youth return.

sec. and \$1.00, all druggists. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.

death or jail or brothel or uncaught criminality or vagrancy.

I say the Christian electorate habitually and doggedly denies the right of Jesus Christ even to have a voice in naming the issue at a general election.

I say the Christian electorate farms its glorious freehold with such husbandry as nullifies the laws that made for strength and fruitfulness of labor, breaks up homes, breaks down character, belies the Declaration of Independence and undermines the Constitution, by giving aid and comfort to the liquor traffic—the autocrat of man-killers, home wreckers, soul destroyers.

I say the Christian electorate defaults at every general election and beats the servant of the Lord who comes to have "of the fruit" of Christian training and sends him away empty, and saying: Your master is not our lord! This country does not belong to Jesus! Mammon is our master! Eternal prosperity is the object of liberty.

The Bank Director's Sins.

In A Brother's Helper, another by Bolton Hall and published by Messrs. Small, Maynard & Co., the following vivid description appears:

'Ha! Help, hel—!' The bank director threw up his arms, and the water choked his cry. He came to the surface again, and saw for a second the broken dock, the huge confusion—a stout lady held aloft by the air under her skirts, her feet kicking 'judiciously' beneath the silk—the new-launched ship. He gasped for breath, and took the water in; it was like a strangling hand upon his throat. He felt that he had been a good man; surely he would be saved! . . . It seemed as if he floated gently through the air. He had a buzzing in his ears. Then quiet and dreams; they come and go.—

A strong man wanders wearily, foul-smelling and unkempt. He looks in vain for work, for every one refuses him. He fumbles in the offal for a scrap of food, and drains the beer kegs out. At last he finds a ragged plot of land, and breaks the soil. He borrows a little seed and tools. His plants begin to sprout. A policeman takes him roughly by the arm; scuffling, he strikes him with his club, and throws him into a cell; and, as he locks the door, the policeman's face comes into the light; it is the director's face. He screams: 'It was not I did that. The land was mine by law. It was the court that dispossessed—'

The director feels the people lift his arms . . .

A handsome boy is kneeling down the street, shouting a maudlin song. An old man leads him on—they look alike. A door opens in a low street, and both go in. There are lights and wine bottles and dice. The lad drinks; he is getting stupid now; the old man turns the lad's pockets out, and throws him into the street. The blood spouts from the boy's ears, and the old man looks around. God! It is the Director's face! He shrieks: 'I never have done that! It is my only son. I gave him everything he asked. What more was there that I could do? I had no time—'

The Director is conscious that men are putting warm things to his feet . . .

On a cot lies a little child; its eyes are burred with fever, and its pinched lips crack. Its mother totters home, she is so tired; but light is in her eyes; for in her pail is the food, and in a tiny packet the costly medicine that the doctor has prescribed. Behind her glides a thief; in the packet he pricks a hole, and into the pail he drops a deadly adulterant. The mother looks about—the medicine has been lost, she thinks. Tears are in her eyes, but she gives the baby what she has. A quiver shakes the little creature's frame. The

mother shrieks; the thief looks proudly round. His face is the Director's own! 'I did not do that! I got my profits by the laws the same as other men. It was the tax, that took—'

The Director knows that men are rubbing his limbs . . .

A bare mean room, and across the bed a girl, partly undressed. Beside the bed a man in his underclothes. The girl's cheek and neck down to her little breasts, are crimson with shame; and she is crying timidly. She sobs, "Mamma!" then stops. The man turns angrily. God pity him! His face is the Director's face! "I never did such things as that! I paid the market price for labor in the store. It was want that drove her to that life. I could not help—Ha! These are no dreams!"

"It is no use," said the doctor. "He is dead, quite dead—probably from shock. What a loss he will be to society!"

A Deep Natural Well.

Mr. E. A. Martel, the French explorer of caverns, whose discoveries underground have attracted much attention within the past few years, reports that he has found in the Department of Hautes Alpes a cavity in the form of a 'natural well,' whose depth exceeds that of any other known. He has sounded it to the depth of about 1,017 feet, but he believes that the actual bottom has not yet been reached.

Nourish the Nerves and Cleanse the Blood.

When This is Done You Secure Perfect Digestion Good Appetite, Restful Sleep and Full Health.

Paine's Celery Compound. Nature's Spring Medicine Makes People Well and Strong.

True, vigorous health is the portion of men and women who have pure, rich blood and well nourished nerves. Poor health and disease means diseased nerves and impoverished blood.

Paine's Celery Compound fully supplies the needs of the ailing and rundown in springtime. It drives all clogging matters and impurities from the life stream, making it course with freedom and vitality to every part of the body.

Paine's Celery Compound braces the unstrung and weak nerves and furnishes a nutriment that builds up the entire nervous organization. The tired, thin and worn-out body takes on flesh, pain in the back is banished, the skin becomes clear, the kidneys and liver are free from disease, the digestive organs do their work with unflinching regularity, and a feeling of new energy and well-being take the place of nervousness, despondency, irritation and melancholia.

Nourish the nerves and cleanse the blood with Paine's Celery Compound, and a new happy and healthful life will be yours.

The Oldest Golf Club.

The Royal Blackheath Golf Club is the oldest golf club in England, and it also claims to be the oldest existing golf club in the world. It was founded by James I. in 1608. For two or three centuries before that time golf had been a popular game in Scotland, but there is no record of any club having been established prior to the Blackheath Club. In 1457 the Scottish Parliament passed an act enjoining that 'fute ball and golt be utterly cryit downe, and nocht usit.' A similar act was passed in May, 1491. The Royal and Ancient Golf Club at St. Andrews is one of the most famous in the kingdom. It was instituted in 1754, a silver cup having been played for in the May of that year. In 1834 William IV. became patron of the club, and approved of its being in future styled 'The Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews,' and presented a gold medal to be played for annually.

Tommy's Incentive.

'I am really delighted at the interest my boy Tommy is taking in his writing,' said Mrs. Hickleby. 'He spends two hours a day at it.'

'Really? How strange! How did you get him to do it?'

'Oh, as for that, I told him to write me out a list of everything he wanted for his birthday, and he's still at it.'

She Knew.

This story is told of a precocious little girl of ten. She is the daughter of an attractive lady of society whom the family doctor was visiting for influenza. He felt her pulse gravely and tenderly, holding her wrist after the orthodox manner of a ladies' doctor, as he sat beside her in the drawing room. As he did so he became



"Blew Monday"

spell it as you will, that's the soap-users' washday—uses them up completely. Never a "blue Monday" with the right sort of Pearline washing. No rubbing to speak of, no wear, just soaking, boiling, rinsing. Things washed are cleaner and woman who washes is able to enjoy the time saved.

Millions use Pearline

aware that the child had her great, grave eyes, full of inquiry, fixed upon him. "You don't know what I am doing," said the medical light to the young lady. "Yes—I do," was the prompt reply. "You are making love to mamma."

Judges' Eyes.

Judges, who have to keep a keen watch on what is passing in their court-rooms, sometimes make queer mistakes. Not long ago, in a certain court, a negro witness was sworn. The court did not particularly notice the man's face, but when he held up his hand to take the oath, the judge said sharply:

'The witness will take off his glove before he is permitted to be sworn!' The witness's hand, it is needless to say, was quite bare, but of a very dark brown color.

On another occasion the court was addressed by an attorney who was supposed by the judge to be seated.

'Please stand up,' said the judge. 'But may it please your honor—' the attorney began.

'Silence!' thundered the judge. 'You will rise before addressing the court!'

It was necessary for another lawyer to rise and explain that the learned counsel was already standing. It happened that the offender was extremely short.

In another court, only a little while ago, the judge perceived among the spectators what he took to be a man with a hat on.

'I see a man among the spectators who is wearing his hat,' said the judge. 'He will remove it at once.' But the offending spectator kept the hat on.

Then a bailiff was sent to seize the 'man'—who turned out to be a slender woman in dark clothes, wearing a hat of the ordinary 'Fedora' type.

Material Prayers.

There was no irreverence in the quaint saying of a certain lad, whose appearance, according to short stories, once broke up a prayer meeting. The meeting was at the house of a poorly paid pastor of the country church. The good man was in trouble. Sickiness had visited his family, and it was winter. The pastor was in financial straits. In this extremity the people of the church met at the pastor's house to offer prayers for the recovery of the sick members of the family, as well as for material blessings upon the household. One of the deacons was offering a fervent prayer, when there came a loud, imperative, long continued knocking at the door. When the door was opened, as it soon was, there stood a stout farmer's boy.

'What do you want, boy?' asked one of the elders.

'I've brought pa's prayers,' replied the lad.

'What do you mean?' asked the elder sharply. 'You've brought your pa's prayers?'

'Yep,' replied the boy, 'I've brought his prayers. They're out in the wagon. Just help me a bit, and we'll get 'em in.' Sure enough the boy was right. Investigation disclosed the fact that pa's prayers consisted of potatoes, flour, bacon, corn meal, turnips, apples, warm clothing and some jellies for the invalid. The company had been praying for material blessings for their pastor. This member had sent his prayers already materialized.

New Mown Hay

Is sweet smelling and a source of honest profit, but pneumon—ia from a cough is neither pleasant nor profitable, so insure with 25c. with a bottle of Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam. 25c. all Druggists.

In Chicago.

Excited Lady (at the telephone): 'I want my husband, please, at once.' Voice (from the Exchange) Number, please? Excited Lady (snappishly): 'Only the fourth, you impudent thing!'

WE CLAIM THAT THE D. & L. Menthol Plaster will cure lumbago, backache, sciatics, or neuralgic pains quicker than any other remedy. Made by Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd.

McSwatters—Why does the landlady always set out red cabbage just before the first of the month.

McSwatters—Well, when you get a bill with red ink on it, it means that your bill is overdue. With the landlady it infers that your board is overdue.

FLASHES OF FUN.

'Hall gentle spring!' the poet sings; And then to do it right, Spring halls and snows and rains and blows With all its main and might.

Pearl—I wonder who Kipling dedicated his 'Lest We Forget' to.

Ruby—'The Absent-Minded Beggar,' I suppose.

'Isn't there somebody Miss Vera Anteeck reminds you off?'

'Not unless it's Ladysmith after the bombardment.'

Old Doc—What are you going to do with beard? Young Fashionable Doc—I'm going to charge \$5 a visit with it.

'I had my fortune told today.' 'Well?'

'The medium said I was about to lose some money, and then asked me for a dollar.'

'I just saw Slimleigh off for Colorado.' 'What's he going out there for?'

'For his lungs.'

'Goodness! How did they get 'way out there?'

He—Will you share my lot? S.—No; I don't like the crop you will gather from it.

He—Crop of what? She—Wild oats.

'I hope I make myself plain,' said the lady, trying to explain.

'I hope not, madam,' he responded. 'I would prefer that I be stupid rather than that you be plain.'

'Well, what did your clergyman friend who tried to run a newspaper say when it was all over?'

'He said the printer's devil was the best imitation he ever saw.'

'Now honestly, Maude, didn't Jack propose last evening?'

'Why, ye-es! But how did you guess?'

'I noticed that you didn't have that worried look this morning.'

Lady—You tell me that you do not always chop wood? Sandy Pikes—No, mum! When I'm up dis way I chop wood; when I'm down in Chinatown I chop suey.

Willie Boy—We must be married right away.

The girl—Why? Willie Boy—Mamma says she does not like to have me out so late nights.

'I love not Lent,' the maiden cried; 'I do not doze upon it. But if there was no Lent,' she sighed, 'There'd be no Easter bonnet.'

Clergyman—My child, beware of picking a toadstool instead of a mushroom. They are easy to confuse.

Child—That be all right, sir. Us bain't agoin' to eat 'em ourselves—they're a-goin' to market to be sold.

Mabel—Did you see where that actress sued her leading man because he squeezed her so hard?

George—Ha! Ha! Yes, he said it was one of the eccentricities of genius.

Mabel—I heard papa say you were a genius, George.

'You have no ambition,' asserted his better half scornfully.

'Not now,' he replied.

'You never had any,' she insisted. 'Oh, yes, I did,' he answered, 'but I achieved the goal of my ambition when I acquired a rich father-in-law.'

'A southern colonel's definition of a gentleman is a man who never permits any one else to shave him, and who never blacks his own boots.'

'In Kentucky it's a man who never permits any one else to do his shooting, and who never mixes his own drinks.'

'It must be very trying on the war experts to have to change their work so suddenly.'

'Change their work?'

'Why, certainly. They've had to stop telling Buller what he ought to have done in order to hold post-mortems on the course pursued by the Boers.'

IF TAKEN IN TIME the D. & L. Emulsion will surely cure the most serious affections of the lungs. That "run down" condition, the after effects of a heavy cold is quickly counteracted. Manufactured by the Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd.

Lecturer—The camel can go for weeks without water, thus showing the greater endurance possessed by the brute creation. Col. Dimkitt—(Rising in rear of hall) I wish, sub, to contute youal statement, sub. I am in no ways allied to the brute creation, sub, but I have gone without watah fo' twenty, jyears sub!

AFTER A COLD DRIVE a teaspoonful of Pain-Killer mixed with a glass of hot water and sugar will be found a better stimulant than whiskey. Avoid substitutes, there is but one Pain-Killer, Perry Davis' 25c. and 50c.