

**Sunday Reading**

**An Answered Prayer.**

"O Mamma, come and see my kite!" screamed a babyish voice at the kitchen window. It was Saturday and the mother was busy with all the work that crowds in at the end of the week.

Fred was her only child and a sunbeam in the house; it he had been sick she would have left everything to wait on him, but a kite—no indeed—and quick came the hasty reply, "The idea! I've no time to waste on kites, don't you come bothering me with your foolishness."

With a crestfallen look Fred turned away, saying sorrowfully, "I've got it up so high, I wish you'd look," but she didn't, and a few such lessons taught the boy that he could not be sure of mamma's sympathy or interest in his pleasures.

A year or two went by, and Fred had grown from kites to baseball.

Rushing into the house one day, he said eagerly, "Say, mamma, come with me this afternoon and see the ball game, will you? I want you to awfully. You see you can't care much for things you don't know about, and if you see a game you'll care more about it when I play; come now, say yes." "Indeed I'll not go a step, sir. I've more important work than going to ball games," was the mother's reply. Fred went off muttering to himself, "When I ask her again she'll know it."

Is it any wonder that as the boy grew into young manhood regard and politeness were the substitutes for tender love and whole hearted confidence.

And the mother said not long ago, "It is thankless work to bring up a boy; as soon as he gets old enough to be a comfort, he'll care more for everybody else than he does for his mother."

Where was the fault? Did it not begin away back in kite days or before?

But perhaps you say, do you think mothers ought to stop work and run at every call? Oh, no; but what if mamma had said, as her fingers flew over her work, "How nice of you to come and tell me. I can't come to see just now, for I really must finish my work, dear, but I dearly love to have you want me to see it." Or suppose she had said, "I mustn't take but a second, dear, for I've much to do, but I'll have a peep," and then had run to the door and glanced up at the kite with cherry words of appreciation? Would it not have been an added bond between the two?

There were once two boys in a home I know, and after a few happy years one was taken into the Shepherd's arms. The two boys and their mother had always knelt together for the bedtime prayer, and each had offered a simple petition. The first night there were only two to kneel the sobbing voice of the lonely brother uttered but one sentence, "Dear Lord, keep mother and me intimate."

Said the mother, years after, "I consecrated my life to answer that prayer."

Did she have to give up anything? Yes; receptions and calls were secondary matters when the boys friends needed entertaining.

Embroidered doilies and hand painted screens were of no account whatever beside the cultivation of intimacy with her boy, and the answering of his prayer. "Always give me the first chance to help you dear," she would say, and he did. Whatever was dear to his boyish heart found glad sympathy in her.

Perhaps mothers do not always realize how soon a boy begins to think toward manhood, and so they treat him like a child to be watched and scolded instead of helped and trusted.

This mother's boy was just as impulsive and self-willed as you often find. But she had a few rules that helped wonderfully. Shall I copy them for you?

1. I will pray and work to be patient.
2. I will strive to 'grow in grace and in the knowledge of God.'
3. No matter what happens, I will try to hold my temper and my tongue.
4. I will try never to scold and never to reprove or punish in anger.
5. I will listen patiently and tenderly to my boy's side of a grievance.

You will notice that these rules are to govern the mother instead of the boy, and is not that the secret of success? Mother, do you want to keep your boy? Then control yourself. Not the fashionable attempt at stoicism that says it is not 'good for...' to display emotion, but the real holding of one's self in hand.

Fashion would tie the mettlesome steed fast. Control harnesses him to life and lets Christ hold the reins.

This mother's boy made many a blunder. He had his days of waywardness and times of unreasonableness, but never a time when

**PNEUMONIA**

leaves the lungs weak and opens the door for the germs of Consumption. Don't wait until they get in, and you begin to cough. Close the door at once by healing the inflammation.

**Scott's Emulsion** makes the lungs germ-proof; it heals the inflammation and closes the doors. It builds up and strengthens the entire system with wonderful rapidity.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.

he was not sure that his mother was ready to listen, advise and help. There were times when his impulsiveness made him sore 'trouble, but the first place he turned for help was to the tender, loyal 'mother-friend,' and he was sure of comfort. Do you think it paid? When she reads in the papers the theories on 'how to get hold of the boys,' she thanks God she has never lost her hold on hers. And in the answering of the boyish prayer the mother has not only grown more and more intimate with him, but both have grown intimate with Christ.

Mother, you have no 'charge to keep' half so sacred as the heart of your boy. Are you true to your trust?

**The Poppy-Rose.**

'Mamma, the storm has torn the ruffles of my gown, my pretty red poppy-dress has been spoiled by the rain and the wind.'

'Never mind, Sunshine—I have always called you Sunshine because you opened in a sunbeam one day. Our poppy attire cannot last very long at the best. My dress will be a faded poppy dress in a day or two and I must whither down to the ground even before the bleak autumn and chill winter come to the earth.'

'But, mamma, must I wait until next summer for a new poppy-skirt?'

'Certainly, my child, the weavers of poppy silk only spin once a year. In fact, the flower spinners have all that they can do any way. There are rose-garments, not only in June, but the season through. There are lily-fabrics, and yards and yards of pansy purple for them to weave. There are many pinks to clothe, and the larkspur and bleeding heart, bachelor-buttons and lady slippers must have their share of flower goods.'

'Golden rod and aster cloth, dahlia-velvet, must be provided too, late in the season. In fact, the flower-spinners and weavers would have no leisure to prepare an extra poppy robe in its flower-yellow.'

'There are plenty of fine flower robes laid away under the snow of winter, rain-bow-tissues bid in the seed-germs, which the flower folk do not forget, but with the aid of the dew, sun and rain fairies bring in their season out of the bosom of mother earth to adorn the world again.'

'So, child, take care of your next poppy-robe, be coy of the breeze, do not sport with it, the south wind kiss you if it will, and do not be vain of your flower robe, for a vain flower is sure to lose its brightness and come to an untimely end, even for a flower.'

'Enjoy the smile of the sunshine and the blue sky, the love of our poppy-family and the friendship of the pansy or rose or lily growing near, but let vanity have no place in your flower-heart, for flower-beauty is not for itself, but for the world.'

**Words of Comfort.**

Bless God for the wilderness; thank God for the long nights; be thankful that you have been in the school of poverty and have undergone the searching and testing of much discipline. Take the right view of your trials. You are nearer heaven for the grave you have dug, if you have accepted bereavements in the right spirit; you are wiser for the losses you have bravely borne you are nobler for all the sacrifices you have willingly completed. Sanctified affliction is an angel that never misses the gate of heaven.—Rev. Joseph Parker.

**Short Rules for Long Comforts.**

- Put self last.
- Be prompt at every meal.
- Take little annoyances out of the way.
- When good comes to any one, rejoice.
- When any one suffers, speak a word of sympathy.
- Tell neither of your own faults nor those of others.
- Have a place for everything, and everything in its place.
- Hide your own troubles, but watch to help others out of theirs.

Never interrupt any conversation, but wait patiently your turn to speak. Look for beauty in everything, and take a cheerful view of every event.

Carefully clean the snow and mud from your feet on entering the house.

Always speak politely and kindly to servants.

When inclined to give an angry answer, press your lips together and say the alphabet.

When pained by an unkind word or deed, ask yourself, 'Have I never done an ill and desired forgiveness?'—Soldier and Servant.

**RUSSIA'S SACRED SHRINE.**

The Wonder-Working Picture of the "Mother of God."

It is 7 o'clock in the afternoon in Moscow, June 14, Russian time (June 26 everywhere else,) but Russia's sun is more than two hours high and will peep over the horizon to morrow morning before 3 o'clock. We are standing in the broadest street of the city near the incomparable Kremlin and opposite a gigantic gateway, under which nestles a little chapel of colored marbles with blue pyramidal roof flecked with golden stars. Every passer-by faces the chapel, uncovers himself, and solemnly makes the sign of the cross several times. Even the passengers on the crowded double-decked horse cars go through this strange ceremony. Here comes a gang of dusty laborers. Every one of them stops, and bowing low toward the chapel crosses himself again and again. There are some long haired long gowned priests of the Russian church, very intelligent, good-looking men too, with clear complexions and kindly eyes, kneeling on the marble steps with their faces pressed against the hard pavement. Every cab driver in his padded robe, which makes him fill the front seat entirely, finds time to remove his squatty hat and touches his forehead, chest and right and left shoulders. Just over there a splendid carriage with prancing black stallions is halting, and a wealthy lady with a maid steps out to kneel before the sacred shrine. Here close to us are merchants, coming from their pretty shops in the matchless glass arcade near by. They, too, without exception, pay homage and make the sacred sign, and the poor peasants from afar, with black bread and onions in a cloth, with course clothing and straw shoes and stout walking stick which has helped them over a hundred versts—they, of course, are filled with rapture and prostrate themselves flat upon the pavement, kissing everything in reach in passionate adoration.

'What is the meaning of all this?' we ask, and as we search eagerly, but in vain in the throng for someone who looks as though he could speak a word of some other language than Russian, our eyes rest on a royal carriage which we had overlooked. It was drawn by beautiful black horses, with liveried, bareheaded attendants, who are taking from the carriage a blackened picture of the Blessed Virgin. This, then, must be the wonder-working 'Mother of God, the most sacred picture in all Russia, before which the Czar prostrates himself before entering the Kremlin. We open our German Baedeker and read that picture is 25 years old, was brought from Mount Athos, and is covered with pearls and precious stones. It is taken in a royal carriage every day to the homes of the sick, where it works miracles and receives great sums of money. It has a garb in one cheek, made long ago by a Tartar sword; but millions would now gladly give their lives to save the idol from such indignity.

We enter the chapel when the picture has been set in place again, and buy a tiny candle, which we place alongside a hundred others, filling the room with a stifling odor. This, however, is real perfume compared to the orthodox forty-seven distinct smells of Moscow. We will not kneel, and we stand with a score kneeling behind us endeavoring to see the sacred ikon, so we back out into the air, feeling the scorn reflected from a half hundred faces.



**How to be Healthy In Winter.**

Winter is a trying time for most people—especially so for delicate ones. Colds, la grippe and pneumonia find them easy victims.

Do you catch cold easily? It shows that your system is not in a condition to resist disease. You will be fortunate if you escape pneumonia.

Nature is always fighting against disease. The right kind of medicine is the kind that helps Nature by toning up the system and enabling it to resist disease. Such a tonic is only found in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. By building up the blood and strengthening the nerves these pills reach the root of disease, restore health, and make people bright, active and strong.

Mrs. R. Duxsee, Gravenhurst, Ont., writes:—"I believe that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills saved my life. When I began their use I was so weak that I was scarcely able to be out of bed, and showed every symptom of going into a decline. I was pale, emaciated, sufficed from headaches and nerve exhaustion. I used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for a couple of months, and they have completely restored me."

Sold by all dealers or post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville.

dred others, filling the room with a stifling odor. This, however, is real perfume compared to the orthodox forty-seven distinct smells of Moscow. We will not kneel, and we stand with a score kneeling behind us endeavoring to see the sacred ikon, so we back out into the air, feeling the scorn reflected from a half hundred faces.

**DIFFERENT KINDS OF COCKTAILS.**

The Bartender Says There is no Limit to the Varieties That Can Be Made.

'How many kinds of cocktails are there, do you suppose?' said the bartender. One man said six, another ten, while an Englishman hazard a thousand, but no one paid any attention to him. Finally they all gave it up, and the bartender had the chance he had been waiting for.

'How many, then?' they asked.

'I don't know,' said the bartender. 'I have only been in the business ten years, but there are very many. Some years ago when I was in 'Frisco, a man told me I couldn't make one dozen different cocktails. I told him I could make four times as many. Finally we make a bet. He used to come in every morning, and I guaranteed that I would make him a different cocktail every morning for forty days. If I failed I was to foot the bill, otherwise he was to pay. I got through all right. For forty days I made a different cocktail for him every morning, and finally I threw in eight more just as a flourish.'

'There was not, of course, much difference between them, but quite enough for an experienced man to be able to distinguish them, and so I won. The truth is, there is no limit to the varieties of cocktail, and I should not be surprised to see an experienced man reach the hundred mark.'

**HEART STARTS.**

Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart—One Dose Helped in 30 Minutes—Two Bottles Cured.

Mrs. M. K. Calhaver, 29 Pacific Ave., Toronto, was troubled with heart disease for years, could not stand on a chair with out growing dizzy; going up stairs, or being suddenly startled brought on palpitation, suffocation and intense pains under the shoulder blades. She tried many remedies—was treated by heart specialists without permanent relief. She procured and used Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart. She got relief within 30 minutes after the first dose, and before she had taken two bottles every symptom of heart trouble had left her. Sold by E. C. Brown.

**She Bought him Off.**

'It's one pair for 3 cents or two pairs for 5, you know,' said the shoestring fakir, 'and the profits are so small that but for an occasional bit of luck I'd be hard put for three meals a day. Just now, however, I'm not worrying over the next two weeks. The other day a motherly looking old lady bought two pairs of strings from me, and then asked about my sales and profits. When I gave her straight goods she said: 'Young man, are you ever tempted to crime?'

'Yes'm, I am,' said I.

'But you always resist the temptation?'

'I always have, but I can't promise for the future. I'm getting tired of this shoestring business.'

'Do you think you might turn burglar?'

'I do, ma'am. That's what I shall go in to if I make a change.'

'How soon might you become a burglar?' she asked after looking me over.

'I may begin to night,' says I. 'Look here,' says she in a whisper. 'I'm mortally afraid of burglars. I'm going to California with my daughter in about two weeks, and I'll tell you what I'll do. If you will not turn burglar for a fortnight I'll give \$5.'

'It's a very small sum, ma'am, but being it's you I'll strike hands on it and keep my word.'

'And she puts with a five,' laughs the fakir, 'and hands it over, and if you hear of any burglaries within the next few days, you can be sure that I didn't have a hand in the business. I'll wait till the old lady gets on the other side of the United States.'

**A DRUGGIST'S FAITH.**

What's Most Called For Must Be the Best Remedy.

A druggist's testimony of the popularity of a remedy is the strongest kind of a proof that it will do what it promises. Paul Livingood, druggist, of Allentown, Pa., says: "Dr. Agnew's remedies have sold away beyond my expectations. You can quote me for saying that Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder is the best seller for catarrh I have in the store. Many of our customers praise it highly." It is a great remedy and has a continental reputation. Sold by E. C. Brown.

**INDIA LIKE A TIGER CROUCHING.**

Its Natives Dangerously Awake to Events Now Happening in South Africa.

Private correspondence from India describes the people of all classes as following the progress of the war in South Africa with the keenest interest. One letter graphically says that 'India is watching events like a tiger crouching for a spring.' Another from the Northwest provinces, commenting on the effect of the war on the native minds, says:

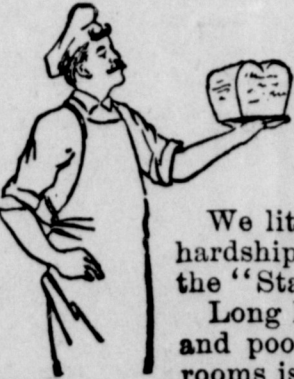
'You do not realize what this war means to us. We get by scrapings and belated wires \* \* \* The true effect of the war is to be seen around us. The educated Hindoo and Moslem—a very small percentage say 2 per cent. of our population of 287,000,000—read of the disaster at Ladysmith. They call all the Hindoos to the temples and the Moslems to the mosques, and they are led to pray for 'the British arms recently defeated in a far off land.' Now, the illiterate Hindoos, the poor 'fellahs,' the 'coolies,' the 'lowlanders,' know nothing but what they are told. They hear the prayers and say 'The Belattee Sahibs (British) are defeated. Is there a nation greater than Britain? And if some people can defeat them, cannot we also strive to regain our land? To countenance this sentiment you need only refer to the papers. Murders and raids are getting far more common. Our troops are hurried from station to station, just to demonstrate that we are still here, and nightly I sleep with 600 rounds of ammunition under my bed—the safest place I can find. You at home do not realize all these details.'

**LANGUID WOMEN.**

Take the Help that South American Nervine Offers and be Well, Strong and Happy.

Miss Lucinda Butcher, of Teeswater, Ont., had a very severe attack of malarial fever. It left her very weak, languid, and threatened with nervous prostration. South American Nervine was recommended to her and she tried it. After taking a few doses she felt great benefit. She continued taking it until six bottles were used, when to use her own words, 'I was completely restored to health. I can recommend it as a great remedy.' Sold by E. C. Brown.

**Bakers' Bad Backs.**



We little know the toll and hardship that those who make the "Staff of Life" undergo. Long hours in superheated and poorly ventilated work-rooms is hard on the system, gives the kidneys more work than they can properly do, throws poison into the system that should be carried off by these delicate filters. Then the back gets bad—

Not much use applying liniments and plasters. You must reach the kidneys to cure the back. DOAN'S Kidney Pills cure all kinds of Bad Backs by restoring the kidneys to healthy action.

Mr. Walter Buchmann, who has conducted a bakery in Sarnia, Ont., for the past 15 years, says:

"For a number of years previous to taking Doan's Kidney Pills I suffered a great deal from acute pains across the small of my back, pains in the back of my head, dizziness, weary feeling and general debility. From the first few doses of Doan's Kidney Pills I commenced to improve, and I have continued until I am to-day a well man. I have not got a pain or ache about me. My head is clear; the urinary difficulties all gone; my sleep is refreshing and my health is better now than for years."