

## Away.

I can't say, and I will not say.  
That he is dead—he is just away!

With a cheery smile and a wave of the hand  
He has wandered 'into an unknown land.

And left us dreaming how very fair  
It needs must be since he lingers there.

And you—O you, who the wildest yearn  
For the old-time step and the glad return—

Think of him faring on, as dear  
In the love of There as the love of Here;

And loyal still, as he gave the blows  
Of his warrior strength to his country's foes—

Mild and gentle, as he was brave—  
When the sweetest love of his life he gave

To simple things; where the violets grow  
Blue as the eyes they were likened to.

The touches of his hands have strayed  
As reverently as his lips have prayed;

When the little brown thrush that harshly  
Chirred

Was dear to him as the mooring bird;

And he pitied as much as a man in pain  
A writhing honey bee wet with rain.

Think of him still as the same, I say;  
He is not dead—he is just away!

—James Whitcomb Riley.

## The Man-Eating Tree of Canada.

Not long ago a friend of mine told me he had been reading of a singular production of nature (so-called at least) named the "Man-Eating Tree of Madagascar." My informant said that it was customary for the natives, on certain occasions, to select one of their own number, whom they would unite in compelling to climb to the centre of the great sensitive plant, when its enormous cactus-like leaves would begin gradually to close upon him, in pressing closer and closer with an irresistible force, till the blood ran from every pore of his body and mingled with a kind of liquid which exuded from the plant, and, trickling down, was caught and drank with a kind of infernal glee for its intoxicating properties.

Now, I have searched the Encyclopædia, from the "Britannica" down, for anything answering to this description, but in vain. After searching among the books till weary, I had a dream; and in my dream I saw right here, in our beautiful, Christian Ontario, what I had sought in vain as a product of a foreign clime and heathen practice. It was so large that its long, sinuous arms covered the whole of our fair province, and was in danger of covering the Dominion. They don't call it by the harsh name of the "Man-eating Tree." It would be too frightful to call it by a name that would describe it. So they call it the "Liquor Traffic" or "Licensed Victuallers' Association." This tree puts forth limbs far reaching and powerful, but they call them Distilleries, Breweries, Saloons, Taverns. And I saw in my dream, and behold men climbed its sinuous branches by the hundreds, and put themselves in its deadly grasp. I saw men, apparently sensible men in other matters, take property and life and all, and cast themselves into the capacious maw of this vegetable devil-fish, for it seemed to live and grow strong on whatever robbed poor humanity of home and happiness. Worse than all, I saw men drag helpless women and children—and with hellish shriek, mingled with blasphemy, fling them in, and their blood ran down a livid stream.

Wondering what was the power of this tree which seemed to have such fatal influence in drawing men with irresistible force to their ruin, I thought that Shakespeare appeared to me, and I asked him what was the secret of this fatal power. "The 'invisible spirit of wine,'" which I call 'devil,'" was his reply.

Around this tree I saw many of its worshippers, who were loud in its praises. I saw statesmen there, and as they held up the loathsome mixture, they said, it is worth \$5,000,000, and the county could not do without it. Political parties dance around it in high glee, for its casts its protecting shadow over the throne of the Sublime Chief. And so I saw once in four years—sometimes oftener—the supporters of her Majesty's Government, or the supporters of her Majesty's Opposition, as the case may be, gathered to water it carefully with a funny kind of pail they called a ballot-box. And I saw in my dream that, however they differed on other things of minor importance, they seemed mostly to agree in shouting, Great are the benefits of the mighty Man-eater, for he brings much gain to our party, and our Chief sits under its shadow and eats its fruit with much delight. And they appointed sedate men, men of broad views, to fence it and care for it. And behold, I saw it surrounded by a fence, great and high, built of

beautiful picket that they call lies (license). Beyond this fence they said it must not grow; but it did grow. And men were drawn by its long arm, and they were crushed, and they cursed the day they were born; and others drank of their blood and cried, Great is the Man-eater.

And I saw doctors there who said it must live, for great were its healing virtues, and our patients grow vigorous under its shadow. And yet I saw a thousand die by its torture for one that was benefited by its virtues.

Stranger than all, I heard learned divines wax eloquent in its praises, because they say Jesus planted a root of it by his first miracle in Cana of Galilee, and presented it to a young couple as a wedding gift! This so shocked me that I woke out of my dream; and, lo! it was not a dream.

Who is so stupid as to need an interpretation of this? Who is so blind as not to see, in his readings of the daily press, a reality of which this is only a very faint picture? It is to-day a stabbing affair in the streets of Kingston, and to-morrow a shooting affair in Toronto, and the next day a mother burns herself and children to death because she is drunk, and the next day a noble young man felled like an ox; and then it's a suicide, and then for a change it's all of these and more in a day, and the one cause is—Drink! soul and body destroying drink! But what of that! There are a lot of harpies who say they must live; though no one but themselves can see any good reason why they should live on the blood of other men. And the Government says that the country will go to ruin if it does not grant license to spend \$50,000,000, and murder hundreds of its citizens, to get a paltry \$5,000,000 of a revenue.

Now, all this and a thousandfold worse can be proven against this monster of crime and blood, and yet the license will be issued, the fence will be built, the tree will be watered instead of uprooted. But if only one should perish, and that one out of your home, would you say, Issue the license? Remember, then, when you are giving your vote for license, that you are giving your vote for that which will slay somebody's loved one.

Here is a case in point which happened in this land not many years ago, and with most of the parties the writer was acquainted. A noble young man; son of respectable Christian parents, goes out on business a few miles from home, and passes the licensed corner tavern. The landlord, either in pretence or reality (the judgment day will reveal), wants to attend a neighbour's funeral, borrows the young man's horse and cutter, and tell him to stay till he returns. The young man thoughtlessly consents. A quarrel in some way arose in the bar between him and a butcher. The butcher struck the young man one blow, and he was laid a lifeless corpse on the floor. The poor father and mother are at home wondering where is my boy to-night? The wretch who kept the place drove past that home once and again, but never let the lonely watchers know until he brought the coroner, held the inquest, and secured the verdict he wanted. The first they knew was a request to bring a coffin for the lifeless remains of that much-loved son. Who will wonder when I tell them that the poor, heart-broken mother and two daughters were shortly after laid on beds of death, from which they were carried after a lingering illness—one on one Sabbath and two on the next—to the silent resting-place of the dead, and the father and remaining son left the lonely survivors in the home of the once happy family. This is the fruit of the Man-eating Tree of Canada. How long, O Lord! how long shall this monster of iniquity be permitted to crush and destroy human hopes and human hearts!—J. A. McClung in Onward.

## A Handshake.

I wish, said the hard-working pastor of a city church—one of those institutional churches of which we hear so much nowadays—I wish, along with our classes and schools, we could have a department of Christian culture. It should embrace the training of the mind and heart in the many little Christian virtues in which so many otherwise good people are deficient. One very good subject to treat, for instance, would be the matter of leaving an audience-room before the completion of the service; another might be, with profit, the cultivation of that spirit which aids one to gracefully move along in the pew to make room for others without having to be asked half a dozen times by the usher. A little courtesy to the ushers themselves might be inculcated into most minds; there are few more discourteous acts than asking an usher to show you a seat, and then, if he goes farther front than you wish to go, drop in into

a pew half-way down the aisle and leaving him to go on alone.

But above all other courtesies I would have in the department in question in handshaking. So few people know how to shake hands that I have sometimes thought it should be included among the special gifts of the Spirit. But it can be cultivated; one can learn to put warmth and Christian friendliness into a grasp of the hand. And, on the other hand, I have met people who I know by the fruit of their lives were afire with Christian zeal; but their hand, when they gave it to me, felt like a dead fish!

If we could only remember that a handshake sometimes has more to do with helping a sin-weary soul than a dozen sermons, we would more gladly cultivate the grace. A young man who was in a desperate condition of both mind and soul wandered into a church one Sabbath evening, and crept into a pew near the door. It was warm and light in the house; there were other human beings there, and the stranger had been oppressed by an awful loneliness.

There was nothing in the service that particularly interested him; in fact, his troubled brain took notice of little that went on, unless it was the singing. But at the end of the service, as he was going out, a man touched him on the shoulder, and, giving him a hearty handshake, bade him welcome and asked him to come again. The shake of the hand was so warm and the welcome so cordial that they proved to be the turning-point in the young man's career. He went out of the church with a new impulse in life. He was no longer alone. The memory of that handshake was with him through the week, and its companionship was a blessed thing to the man who knew not the companionship of the Spirit of Christ. It brought him back to that church on the next Sabbath, and on Sabbath after Sabbath thereafter until he entered into the possession of a greater blessing and clasped hands with God.—Forward.

## One Glass a Day, and no More.

I knew a young man who was in the Liverpool Customs, and who had for many years been a total abstainer. On one occasion he said to a friend of mine, I think it's a stupid thing to be a total abstainer, and tie one's self down so much. I don't see why a man can't make himself a definite allowance from day to day. It would do no harm. Now I am going to alter my system, and take just one glass a day and no more.

Well, said my friend, you are perfectly well without it. Oh, yes, I'm very well in health. Then, why not let it alone? Oh, one glass a day won't hurt. But you are a great deal better without it.

Well, I don't know; I shall just try one glass a day and keep to it. For twelve months that man did keep to his one glass a day. That indicates that he was a man of very considerable natural self-control. But at the end of the twelve months he said, I think it's a foolish thing for a man to lay down any hard and fast line for himself. A man ought to be able to say, I will take as much as is good for me. I will restrict myself to what my requirements need. He aimed at that.

Six months afterwards that young man was picked up reeling drunk in the street. His employers forgave him the first offence, as he had borne an excellent character up to that time; but that first offence was followed by a second, and he was eventually dismissed from the Customs, and became an outcast from society. He then plunged into a life of intemperance, and within a few short years of that first fall delirium tremens hurried him into eternity! This is how the fatal habit of drunkenness grows, little by little.

## Wheelbarrow Folk.

There are a good many children, and some grown people, who go like a wheelbarrow—that is, they go just as far as you push them, and when you stop they stop. You tell them to do a thing and they do it, and that is all they will do. If you want a thing done again, you must tell them to do it again. If you want it done forty times, you must tell them forty times to do it.

There are other people who, when you set them going, can keep on themselves. They have some go in them. If you tell them to day that you want a thing done, to-morrow you will find the same thing done without telling them. If you complain that a thing has been neglected this week, next week they will see that it is not neglected.

There is a great deal of difference in the value of these two kinds of people, because the wheelbarrow kind of folk need somebody to run them, just as much as a machine

needs somebody to attend to it. They only go while you watch them and push them; so if you have one such person at work you must employ another one to watch him and keep him going; but if you have one of the other kind at work he will watch himself, do his work, and make you no trouble about it.

It is very important for all boys and girls to decide which class they will belong to, whether they will be wheelbarrow folks, that go as far as they are pushed and then stop, or whether they can be depended upon to keep in motion after they are once started. Boys or girls who must be told what to do, and watched while they do it, are not worth their salt; but if a person can do a thing with once telling, and continue doing it without further care, such a person is worth more than gold.—Little Christian.

## The Prayer of Agassiz.

Great scientists are usually devout, reverent, thoughtful. Men of small caliber are sometimes flippant, skeptical, and profane. In a public speech at the opening of the Anderson School of Natural History, Agassiz said tenderly and with touching frankness:

I think we have need of help. I do not feel that I can call any one here to ask a blessing for us. I know I would not have anybody pray for us at this moment. I ask you for a moment to pray for yourselves.

Upon this, the great scientist—in an age in which so many other scientists have concluded that praying is quite an unscientific and very useless proceeding—bowed his head reverently; his friends and pupils did the same; and there, in a silence that was very solemn and very beautiful, each spirit was free to crave of the Great Spirit the blessing that was needed.

This scene of Agassiz and his pupils with heads bowed in silent prayer for the blessing of the God of nature to be given to that school then opened for the study of nature, is a spectacle for some great artist to spread out worthily upon canvas, and to be kept alive in the memories of mankind. What are coronations, royal pageants, the parade of armies, to a scene like this?

## The Longest and Shortest Sermons.

The longest sermon on record was preached by the Rev. Isaac Barrow, a Puritan preacher of the seventeenth century, who once delivered a sermon in Westminster Abbey lasting three hours and a half; and the shortest sermon ever preached was perhaps the sermon which Dr. Whewell was fond of repeating from the text, Man is born unto trouble as the sparks fly upward.

The sermon occupied barely a minute in delivery, the following being a verbatim report:

I shall divide the discourse into three heads: 1. Man's ingress into the world. 2. His progress through the world. 3. His egress out of the world.

First, his ingress into the world is naked and bare.

Secondly, his progress through the world is trouble and care.

Thirdly, his egress out of the world is nobody knows where.

To conclude—

If we live well here, we shall live well there.

I can tell you no more if I preach a year.

Then he gave the benediction.—Saturday Evening Post.

There is no need of presuming that because we intend to stand up for Christ we shall be martyred in our social or business life. A gloomy, morbid and unnatural type of Christian heroism results from this spirit. We should align ourselves on Christ's side as if so doing were the common and the expected thing. The world secretly admires the Christian whose religion is as natural as it is brave, and it welcomes him as a leader and a friend.—Forward.

## Chaps and Chilblains

Come with the cold weather, but can readily be cured by the application of Hagyard's Yellow Oil, the best remedy for external and internal use made.

Thin or gray hair and bald heads, so displeasing to many people's marks of age, may be averted for a long time by using Hall's Hair Renewer.

So rapidly does lung irritation spread and deepen, that often in a few weeks a simple cough culminates in tubercular consumption. Give heed to a cough, there is always danger in delay, get a bottle of Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, and cure yourself. It is a medicine unsurpassed for all throat and lung trouble as it is compounded from several herbs each, one of which stands at the head of the list as exerting a wonderful influence in curing consumption and all lung diseases.

## What is Prayer For?

God knows our needs before we ask. Then what is prayer for? Not to inform Him, nor to move Him, unwilling, to have mercy, as if like some proud prince he required a certain amount of recognition of His greatness as the price of his favors. But to fit our own hearts by conscientious need and true desire and dependence to receive the gifts which he is ever willing to give, but which we are not always fit to receive. As St. Augustine has it, the empty vessel is by prayer carried to the full fountain.—Alexander MacLaren.

There are two freedoms—the false, where the man is free to do what he likes; the true, where a man is free to do what he ought.—[Charles Kingsley.]

It is not our failures that ruin us, but our fear and tardiness in making new beginnings after failure.—Ram's Horn.

The fondest anticipation in a woman's life is when she is looking forward to the coming of the sweet and tender little bundle of humanity that will some day call her mother. It is a pity that this joyful expectancy should ever be clouded with solicitude and dread of the physical which is the self of the health-sustaining power of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription taken early during the expectant period.

The special organs and nerve-centers pertaining to maternity are directly fortified and reinforced by this wonderful "Prescription." It gives the mother genuine, permanent strength, capacity and cheerfulness. It renders the ordeal of motherhood absolutely safe and comparatively easy; insures against subsequent relapse and prostration; promotes ample and healthful nourishment for the child and endows it with natural constitutional vigor.

For nearly thirty years Dr. Pierce has been chief consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute of Buffalo, N. Y. Any woman may consult him either personally or by letter free of charge, and with absolute assurance of receiving sound, practical advice from the highest professional authority. By enclosing thirty-one one-cent stamps to pay the cost of customs and mailing only, she will receive a paper-bound copy of Dr. Pierce's thousand-page illustrated book, "The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser," or a handsome cloth-bound copy, for fifty stamps.

Mrs. Fred Hunt, of Burnt Hills, Saratoga Co., N. Y., says: "I read about Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription being so good for a woman with child, so I got two bottles last September, and December 13th, I had a twelve-pound baby girl. When I was confined I was not sick in any way. I did not suffer any pain, and when the child was born I walked into another room and went to bed. I never had an after-pain or any other pain. This is the eighth child and the largest of them all."

SEPTEMBER 28TH.

## OUR DRESS GOODS DEPARTMENT

Is now complete with the

## Newest Novelties.

We have opened one case of

## Black and Navy Serges,

The best value we have ever shown, and our store has been noted for value in Serges in the past, ask to see them.

LADIES' FALL JACKETS  
MAIDS' FALL JACKETS

CHILDREN' FALL JACKETS  
CHILDREN'S ULSTERS.

JOHN J. WEDDALL.

## NEW CARPETS

We invite inspection of our NEW CARPETS, which are a marvel of beauty and for tasteful combination of colors, they are excellent.

Space will not allow for description but we take great pleasure in showing our carpets to customers.

All Carpets cut and matched free of charge; Orders by mail promptly attended to.

TENNANT, DAVIES & CLARKE

New Idea Patterns one price 15 cts. each.

## Coughs That Stick.

You don't seem to be able to throw them off. All the ordinary remedies you've tried don't touch them. The cough remedy for you is Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. It loosens the phlegm, allays the irritation, heals and soothes the inflamed lung tissue.

MR. WM. FERRY, Blenheim, Ont., says: "I can recommend Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup as the very best medicine for coughs and colds, sore throat and weak lungs."

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup.

Never fails to Cure.

## INTERNATIONAL S. S. CO.

3 trips a week from

## BOSTON

Commencing May 31st, the steamers of this company will leave St. John for East port, Lubec, Portland and Boston every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and FRIDAY mornings at 8.45 o'clock (standard). Returning, leave Boston every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY morning at 8 o'clock, and Portland at 6 p. m. Connection made at Eastport with steamer for St. Andrews, Calais and St. Stephen. Freight received daily up to 5 o'clock.

C. E. LAECHLER, Agent

## Notice to Blacksmiths.

2 cars Refined Iron and Steel, 10 Bellow 10 Anvils, 12 Solid Box English Vices, 1 car Horse Shoes, light pattern, 25 Kegs 700 Weights Steel Shoes, 50 Kegs Common Steel Shoes, 50 Chilled Blacksmith Coal, Rasps, Files, Drills Taps and Dies

For sale low by

JAMES S. NEILL

NEWSPAPER ADVERTISING IN THE UNITED STATES! A book of two hundred pages containing catalogue of about six thousand newspapers, being all that are credited by the American Newspaper Directory (December edition for 1897) with having regular issues of 1,000 copies or more. Also separate State maps of each and every State of the American Union naming those towns only in which there are issued newspapers having more than 1,000 circulation. This book (issued December 15, 1897) will be sent, postage paid, to any address, on receipt of one dollar. Address The George P. Rowland Advertising Co., 10 Spruce St. New York