

Coughing

In every cough there lurks, like a crouching tiger, the probabilities of consumption. The throat and lungs become rough and inflamed from coughing and the germs of consumption find an easy entrance. Take no chances with the dangerous foe.

For 60 years there has been a perfect cure. What a record! Sixty years of cures.

Wiley's Cherry Pectoral

It soothes and heals the wounded throat and lungs. You escape an attack of consumption with all its terrible suffering and uncertain results.

There is nothing so bad for the throat and lungs as coughing.

A 25c. bottle will cure an ordinary cough; harder coughs will need a 50c. size; the dollar bottle is cheapest in the long run.

"One of my sons was spitting blood with a high fever and was very ill. We could hardly see any signs of life in him. The doctors said he was no good. But one bottle of your Cherry Pectoral cured him and saved his life." C. G. ANDERSON, Nov. 10, 1898. Fukawa, S. Dak.

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ANTHOL D&L MASTER

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WHLER

st Office, N.

Business

Stephen Wescott, Freeport,

gives the following experience:

"I was very much run down in

and employed our local physi-

who attended me three months;

my leg broke out in running

with fearful burning. I had

been running sores at one time

my knee to the top of my foot.

the medicine I took did me no

so I threw it aside and tried

When one-half the bottle

gone I noticed

change for the

and by the

I had finished

bottles my leg

perfectly heal-

my health

improved.

BBB FOR THE BLOOD

CHURCH BELLS CHIMES

The Sabbath School.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON.

Quarter First Lesson 9, Feb. 24, 1901

JESUS IN GETHSEMANE—Matthew 26: 36-46.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Not my will but thine be done.—LUKE 22: 42.

HISTORICAL SETTING.

Time.—Between midnight and one o'clock Friday morning, April 7. The morning of the day of crucifixion.

Place.—The garden of Gethsemane, on the lower slope of the Mount of Olives, opposite Jerusalem.

IN THE GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE, Vs. 36, 37. Then cometh Jesus with them, from the upper room in Jerusalem. The journey was probably between half-past eleven and midnight. Unto a place called Gethsemane. "The word 'Gethsemane' signifies an oil press, of which there were certain to be several in a locality covered with olive trees. Our Lord and his disciples went out of Jerusalem, passing through the gate at the north of the temple area, known then as the Sheep Gate. They then descended into the valley of the Kedron, which, though dry in summer, would at that time of the year be a winter torrent. A little to the south, on the further side, was the enclosure of the garden. Sit ye here, at the entrance of the garden, while I go and pray yonder, deeper into the garden shades. Eight of the disciples remained here, as a guard against surprise. He took with him Peter and the two sons of Zebedee, James and John. These were the three who had seen his glory on the Mount of Transfiguration. These were the inner guard. Both guards were to watch and pray. He must have this hour alone with God to prepare for what was coming.

Practical Thoughts. In this hour Jesus needed human sympathy, even while he must tread the wine press alone. Three times he went to them during this season of prayer.

THE BITTER CUP OF SORROW.—Vs. 37, 38. And began to be sorrowful and very heavy. Exceedingly sorrowful. It was something "deader than death" that weighed on his soul, something more than ever came to mortal man.

1. The more highly organized any being is, and the more capable he is of the highest joy, so much the more is he sensitive to pain. All pain, whether physical or spiritual, was more intense to Jesus than to others. But He never hesitated, never turned back from the way of the cross.

2. He felt with the greatest intensity the sin of the world. The wickedness of Judas, the weakness of even his chosen ones, the crimes of the Jewish leaders, their measureless folly in rejecting their Messiah, the terrible evils soon to come upon the whole nation, brought before his soul the most awful results of sin upon the human race.

3. He saw in death much more than brief physical suffering. It was the penalty of sin, it was a symbol of spiritual death, of all the agonies which flow from sin.

4. He was "bearing the sin of the world." "The Lord had laid on him the iniquity of us all." Thus he was being "wounded for our transgressions, bruised for our iniquities."

THE PRAYER OF FAITH FOR DELIVERANCE.—Vs. 39, 42, 44. And he went a little farther. Beyond the three, into a still more retired spot. And fell on his face. If it be possible. If it be possible to save men, and carry out the divine work of redeeming them in some other way than by his suffering and death. Then let this cup pass from me. This cup was filled with the agony described, which he was to drink as a bitter draught. Nevertheless not as I will. Not as I am asking now. But as thou wilt. What in your loving wisdom you see to be wise and best. Underneath that awful agony there lay the intense desire that his Father's wish and will should be done. This prayer, "Thy will be done," contains the essence of faith: a faith that expects an answer, and calmly trusts God as to the kind of answer.

ANSWERS TO CHRIST'S PRAYER. Christ's prayer was answered, and in the same way that God answers our prayers. The angel strengthening him (Luke) was a direct answer. There are two ways of answering a prayer for the removal of a burden. In one, the burden is taken away, and we remain the same; in the other, we are made so strong that the burden is no longer a burden to us. Paul kept the thorn in his flesh, but God's grace was made sufficient for him.

Jesus had most intimate communion with God. By his trouble and his prayer, he came close to his heavenly Father. His prayer was answered, for the cross was changed to a crown, Gethsemane into paradise, death into immortal glory.

THE WHIRLY WATERS.—Vs. 40, 41, 43. And he cometh to the place where he had left the three to

watch. He did this three times during this awful hour. And findeth them asleep. Their very grief made "their eyes heavy." And yet we cannot help feeling that if they had had a deeper sympathy with Christ and a fuller realization of the crisis, they would have kept awake. Christ's gentle reproof implies this. Saith unto Peter, who had been so confident. Could ye not watch with me one hour? How, then, can you endure as you think you can the terrible, long hours to come? It was a kindly warning against over-confidence. Watch, keep awake, let every faculty be on the alert. And pray. Let your hearts be open to heaven and its influences. Use every possible means of help and defense in your hour of need.

1. Watching and praying must go together. Prayer without watching is hypocrisy; and watching without prayer is presumption.

2. Prayer is one of the means which enables us to keep awake and watchful. That (in order that) ye enter not into temptation. The enemy was close at hand. Spiritual dangers and temporal dangers were secretly preparing to assail them. Assaults without cannot injure you unless you enter into the spirit of temptation, and breathe its poisonous atmosphere. The ship is safe in the ocean so long as the ocean is not in the ship. The spirit: the higher spiritual nature, with its will, conscience, affections. Indeed is willing: is ready, desirous to do what is right. But the flesh is weak: the physical nature, with all its natural tendencies and susceptibilities. He came... again. Even his warning did not prevent them from again falling asleep.

THE HOUR HAS COME. THE FINAL PASSION BEGINS.—Vs. 45, 46. Then cometh he, for the third time. Saith unto them, Sleep on and take your rest. Not a sarcasm, but a kindly permission of love. Jesus had fought the battle and won. He had simply to wait for further developments. He could now watch for himself.

After a period of rest, Jesus from the hillside hears the sound of approaching footsteps, and sees in the distance the lanterns and the robes of Judas and his accomplices issuing from the city. Then Jesus arouses the sleepers, saying, The hour is at hand, the last act of the tragedy is about to begin. Rise, let us be going: not to escape, but to confront the traitor and his band. How sublimely does the heroism of our Lord reveal itself! He is at hand that doth betray me. Instead of naming Judas, the Lord described him.

LESSONS FROM THE GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE.

To almost every one there come periods of great conflict with the powers of evil, great dread in the presence of sorrow. Like Bunyan's Christian we have sometimes to walk through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, fight with Apollyons, see the lucid flames of evil, hear the whisperings of demons, and walk cautiously the narrow path through them all, with the deep ditch of presumption on one side, and the treacherous quagmire of despair on the other.

The way of deliverance is through prayer, sustained by the watching and prayer of friends.

We learn what it is to pray in faith. It is not insisting on the one thing we desire, in the form we desire it. It is trusting in a loving Father, so that we can say, "Thy will, not mine, be done."

We learn something of the ways in which God answers prayer. He gives us the living soul of our desires, even in denying the form.

God has many angels to send down to strengthen us,—angels, friends, forces of nature, the Holy Spirit, Word, providences.

We realize the human sympathy and experience of Christ. He was tempted like as we are.

We see what true heroism is. It is not dulness as to feeling, not deadness to danger, not indifference to results. It is the most sensitive nature, and the most vivid consciousness of the appalling pain and danger, going right on in the path of duty. It is moral courage, infinitely more than physical courage.

The best people find the least fault with their brethren, and are the most ready to find excuses for the failures of others.

Some Metals Worth More Than Gold.

Some people are under the impression that the now fairly familiar whitish metal platinum is one of the few substances more expensive than that fascinating yellow material we spend so great a portion of our lives in hunting.

This, however, is not so, even allowing that, bulk for bulk, platinum is hardly less than twice as heavy as gold. At the standard rate of \$450 per troy ounce gold is worth nearly \$235 a pound, platinum only \$100.

If, though you were the fortunate possessor of a lump of platinum

equal in bulk to a pound of old silvery-looking lump would be worth not \$100, but \$175 for platinum, if not the dearest, is the heaviest, thing on earth.

Three times as costly and practically as heavy is that wonderful metal iridium, known to the users of gold nibbed pens as furnishing the intensely hard, noncorrodible silver points. Pure iridium is priced at \$300 per pound, and is so heavy relatively that this weight of it would be in bulk rather larger than half the size of a pound of gold.

Yet the so-called iridium points of a gold nib are not of pure iridium, but of a natural blend of iridium and another rare metal, osmium. This blend is found in the form of scales—some flattened, some of a pin-head shape—in localities where placer gold is found, placer gold being the sort that is obtained by washing loose dirt and not by crushing. Of these iridosmine scales the pin-head type alone are suitable for pen points and do not exceed a fifth of the entire yearly find, which may average three and a half to four ounces per ton of gold obtained. Of the pin-head scales 10,000 do not weigh more than an ounce, and are worth about \$250. Pure iridium is alloyed with platinum to make the closing faces of breech blocks for modern artillery, this compound being the only thing that will stand the corrosion of the gases and the enormous heat—about 4,000 degrees centigrade. Over 1,000 rounds have been fired from a trial gun without the vent showing the slightest sign of wear.

For pure osmium there is not a great deal of use, except in chemistry, yet the rarity of it drives up the price to \$50 an ounce, \$600 a troy pound. At a temperature of 100 degrees centigrade this singular metal vaporizes and gives off a gas which stains the experimenter's skin a permanent black, and which may blind him by depositing a film of the metal on the eyeball.

Rhodium is another of the precious metals belonging to what is known as the platinum group. It is one of the hardest metals to melt, and will only yield to the electric arc or the oxyhydrogen furnace. It can be used like iridium, for pointing gold pens. Its cost figures out to \$425 a pound, but at that it is a trifle lighter than gold when taken bulk for bulk.

The curiously named metal palladium stands at \$375 per pound, and in appearance is a silvery white to steel-gray. One per cent. of it makes gold brittle and yellowish-white, 20 per cent. turns the compound quite white. The air has no influence whatever upon palladium, nor does it tarnish in sulphuric gases. For these reasons it is used, in alloy with gold, for the finely graduated scales of valuable astronomical instruments. If, instead of a silver currency, we employed any of these almost incredibly costly metals—supposing we could get enough of them, which would be difficult—our ideas of value would undergo a sudden change.

Keeping Hold of the

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 bed-time 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 boy's 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 active 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 your self. Not the fashionable attempt at stoicism that says it is not good form 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 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?—Emma Graves Dietrick, in Christian Work.

Harry's Missionary Potato.

I can't afford it," said John Hale, the rich farmer, when asked to give to the cause of missions. Harry, his wide-awake grandson, was grieved and indignant.

But the poor heathen, he replied; is it not too bad they cannot have churches and school-houses and books?

What do you know about the heathen? exclaimed the old man, testily. Do you wish me to give away my hard earnings? I tell you I cannot afford it.

But Harry was well posted in missionary intelligence, and day after day puzzled his curly head with plans for extracting money for the noble cause from his unwilling relative. At last, seizing an opportunity when his grandfather was in good humor over the election news, he said:

Grandfather, if you do not feel able to give money to the Missionary Board, will you give a potato?

A potato? ejaculated Mr. Hale, looking up from his paper.

Yes, sir; and land enough to plant it in, and what it produces for four years?

Oh, yes! replied the unsuspecting grandparent, setting his glasses on his calculating nose in a way that showed he was glad to escape from the lad's persecution on such cheap terms.

Harry planted the potato, and it rewarded him the first year by producing nine; these, the following season, became a peck; the next, seven and a half bushels; and when the fourth harvest came, lo! the potato had increased to seventy bushels; and, when sold, the amount realized was put with a glad heart into the treasury of the Lord. Even the aged farmer exclaimed—

Why, I did not feel that donation in the least? And, Harry, I've been thinking that, if there were a little missionary like you in every house, and each one got a potato, or some thing else as productive, for the cause, there would be quite a large sum gathered.—Selected.

What You Are.

A little boy was on the scales, and being very anxious to outweigh his playmate, he puffed out his cheeks, and swelled up like a little frog. But the playmate was the wiser boy. Oh! he cried in scorn, that doesn't do any good; you can only weigh what you are!

How true that is of us bigger children, who try to impress ourselves upon our neighbors and friends, and even upon ourselves, and, yes—sometimes upon God Almighty, by the virtues we would like to have! It doesn't do any good. You may impose upon your neighbor's judgment, and let him say you are a fine fellow—noble, generous, brave, faithful, loving; but if it is not deeply true, if you are not generous, brave, and loving, these fancied qualities are not moving him to be generous, brave and loving. You can only weigh what you are.—Christian Endeavor World.

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LA GRIPPEE

My head pained excruciatingly. So terrible was the pain that when my wife wrung cloths from hot water and held them on my head I could not feel the heat. I obtained a bottle of your

ACADIAN LINIMENT,

used it on my head, and took some in hot water internally, according to directions. As soon as I drank it I felt better, and it made a complete cure in a few days. I afterwards advised a neighbour to use it and it cured him also. Mr. Joshua McDonald of Easy Corner, spent \$25.00 before I saw him and persuaded him to try your Liniment. He too was cured and says that he will never be without

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