

My Psalm.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

I mourn no more my vanished years; Beneath a tender rain, An April rain of smiles and tears, My heart is young again.

The west winds blow, and singing loud, I hear the glad streams run; The windows of my soul I throw Wide open to the sun.

No longer forward or behind I look in hope or fear; But grateful, take the good I find, The best of now and here.

I plow no more a desert land To harvest weed and tare; The manna dropping from God's hand Rebukes my painful care.

I break my pilgrim staff—I lay Aside the toiling oar; The angel sought so far away I welcome at my door.

The aires of spring may never play Among the ripening corn, Nor freshness of the flowers of May Blow through the autumn morn;

Yet shall the blue-eyed gentian look Through fringed lids to Heaven, And the pale aster in the brook Shall see its image given.

The woods shall wear their robes of praise, The south wind softly sigh, And sweet, calm days in golden haze Melt down the amber sky.

Not less shall manly deed and word Rebuke an age of wrong; The crooked flowers of my breathe the sword Make not the blade less strong.

But smiting hands shall learn to heal, To build as to destroy, Nor less my heart for others feel That I the more enjoy.

All as God wills, who wisely heeds To give or to withhold, And knoweth more of all my needs That all my prayers have told.

Enough that blessings undeserved I have marked my erring track; That whoso'er my feet have swerved, His chastening turned me back;

That more and more a Providence Of love is understood, Making the wings of time and sense Sweet with eternal good;

That death seems but a covered way Which opens into light, Wherein no blinded child can stray Beyond the Father's sight;

That all the jarring notes of life Seem blending in a psalm, And all the angels of its strife Slow rounding into calm.

And so the shadows fall apart, And so the west winds part, And all the windows of my heart I open to the day.

CAUGHT IN A MOOSE TRAP.

Singular Adventure of a Nova Scotia M. P.

The Hon. W. H. Ray of Annapolis, N. S., while out judging the damages by right of way on the line of the Nova Scotia Central Railway became separated from his companions, and as he was passing through a piece of thick woods he had both feet caught in a moss trap. In an instant he was dangling in the air, strung up by the feet, with his head just reaching the ground. Despite all his efforts he was unable to reach the snare with his hands. His gun had slipped out of his reach and he was unable to fire the two signal shots agreed upon with his companions at starting. He yelled for a quarter of an hour, when he was heard by his companions and rescued.

Proper Place for the Linen.

The world, or this part of it at least, is full of housekeepers who think that there is no material for sheets and pillow cases comparable to linen. They don't always have it, to be sure, because it is expensive, but they always covet it and finger the shining breadths lovingly and wonder if the time will ever come when all these things shall be added unto them. But the truth about linen is that it is isn't the ideal dressing for beds at all. It is cold and slippery and insures sensitive persons the dream of sleeping on an iceberg which does well enough for an occasional experience, like seasickness, but which falls on too frequent repetition. Besides that, it wrinkles and tumbles in spite of its heavier body, much more than cotton does, giving a bed after one night's use, a most slovenly and uninviting appearance. Nobody recommends linen for bed wear. Its firm texture and hard surface makes it wholly non-absorbent; it allows the body to become chilled by refusing the perspiration and so has been known to bring on serious illness. For outside wear in summer, linen may be tolerated as clothing, but nowhere else.

Where, however, it is at its most useful and best is in household uses. For table service, for the toilet and for minor ornamental details, it is simply invaluable—its smoothness of texture, its brilliancy, which laundering ever increases, its exquisite freshness makes it the one fabric fit to drape the dining table, and to use in the toilet, while its suitability for needle work decoration makes it admirable for all kinds of fancy work. And here it is rightly useful, but to wear next the skin and sleep in—no.

The devil never needs a man any meaner than the one who is a tyrant to his wife.

The annual mortality of the entire human race amounts, roughly speaking, according to a French medical journal, to thirty-three millions of persons. This makes the average deaths per day over ninety-one thousand, being at the rate of 3,730 an hour, or sixty-two people every minute of the day and night the year round. A fourth of the race die before completing their eighth year, and one-half before the end of the seventeenth year; but the average duration of life is about 38 years. Not more than one person in a hundred thousand lives to be a hundred.

Persian hatred of Europeans, just now creating some stir in Teheran, is always latent in that fanatical community. A gentleman who spent a winter in Teheran says that this feeling was displayed by natives on the slightest provocation. He met ill looks and threatening faces at every turn, and found that when he handled fruit in the market no native would buy it, and the merchant had to make at least a pretence of destroying it. Whatever a Christian touches is polluted. The same thing is met with in British India, where even servants are known to destroy cups and glasses from which Christians have drunk. Agle-Saxon race precedes as nothing compared with the gentiles loathing for the Christian European.

SEASONABLE FUN.

Girls who wear feathers around their necks nowadays are not all chickens.

So dark and yet so light, as the man said when he looked at his new ton of coal.

No man can lift himself by his boot tops, but he can easily pull himself down by his chin.

It is the height of misery for a man afflicted with insomnia to marry a girl who snores.

Why is X the most unfortunate of letters? Because it is always in a fix and never out of perplexity.

A poet says that a baby is "a new wave on the ocean of life." "A fresh squall" would express the idea better.

Mr. Hamm—"How did the audiences strike you out West this time, Fatter?" Mr. Fatter—"Same old way—with eggs."

Inquiring child—"Papa, why do people cry at weddings?" Papa (abstractedly)—"Most of 'em have been married themselves."

Life is made of compensations. By the time a man is old enough to realize what a lot he does not know he is too old to worry over it.

Maid Marian—"And is it true that Mrs. Vantageur was married in haste?" Maud Muller—"No; she had on a gray serge suit."

Why do you go to a concert if you don't care for music? "To amuse myself. You have no idea how happy I feel when it's over."

Box—"How is your uncle? Is he out of danger yet?" Cox—"No, indeed. Oh, haven't you heard the news?" He died day before yesterday.

Bartender—"I speak seven different languages. What'll you have as a starter?" Rounder—"Well you might give us a little hot Scotch."

Barkeeper—"Why didn't you blow the foam off your beer?" Customer—"I'm too modest." "Too modest?" "Yes. I don't like to blow my own horn."

What do you think of a man who will, at the table, tell the Lord he is thankful for the things before him, but as soon as he says "Amen" will begin storming about the cooking?"

Johnny, Johnny," said the minister, as he met an urchin one Sunday afternoon carrying a string of fish. "Do these belong to you?" "Ye-es, sir; you see that's what they got for chasing worms Sunday."

The Doctor—"My dear Miss Olddear, in your condition it won't do to go the ball to-night with a thin dress on. You will be almost certain to catch something." Miss O.—"That's what I'm going for."

I had to be away from school yesterday," said Tommy. "You must bring an excuse" said the teacher. "Who from?" "Your father." "He ain't no good at making excuses; ma catches him every time."

"It seems to me that the government ought to pension all sons of veterans who were born since the war." "Why?" "Think of the risks the poor boys ran! If their fathers had been killed they might never have been born."

They were making lemonade and the prettiest girl of the party asked: "Where is Jack L.—? I want him to help us." "Why do you want him?" asked her friend. "Because," was the artless answer, "he's such a good squeezer."

"Have you heard of the scheme of employing for money men to act as escorts?" said a young woman. "Yes," replied Miss Bobleigh, who holds males in contempt. "I have even seen advertisements in newspapers that read: 'Wanted—a flat.'"

NOTHING MUCH IN IT.

But He Had Lots of Fun with the Customs Officer.

When we crossed the lines again at Port Huron and Sarnia, says a writer in the "Globe," things were a little more exciting. It was 12.30 at night for one thing, and it struck me as being rather a strange coincidence that we should be half-way between the two countries just as we were half-way between night and morning. Being a loyal Canadian the land of my birth was, of course, represented by morning. "Passengers open their valises for examination by customs officer." I looked up eagerly, hoping to see a more imposing-looking individual than the one whom I had encountered before; but no, I was again doomed to disappointment. It was the same sort of a sad-looking old man. Sitting opposite me or rather reclining in a position more suggestive of comfort than of grace, was a verdant-looking country youth who had for some time been making night hideous with his snores. Upon being rudely awakened by the customs officer and requested to open his valise he replied: "There's nothin' much in it," and closed his eyes again. The officer gave him no very gentle shake, saying: "Open your valise, sir!" The fellow raised himself up, leaning his head on his hands, and, blinking stupidly at the officer, replied again that "there was nothin' much in it," and prepared to close his eyes once more. "Open your valise, sir!" exclaimed the officer, out of all patience. By this time most of the passengers in the car were watching the fun. Slowly the young giant unstraped his valise, repeating all the time that "there was nothin' much in it." Slowly but surely we were crossing the ferry, where the sullen waters of the St. Clair river were gleaming darkly beneath the glare of the electric lights and slowly but surely that young man was opening his valise beneath the wrathful gleam of that officer's eyes and the amused looks of many pairs of others. At last after much fumbling in different pockets, he brought forth a bunch of keys. Very deliberately he tried first one and then another in the lock, and at length remarked that he guessed none of them would fit. "I don't care whether they fit or not; open it at once or I'll force it open. I can't stand here all night," was the angry reply. "I guess maybe it ain't locked at all, for there ain't nothin' much in it," said the expectant youth, quite coolly, as he very slowly pressed the lock between his thumb and finger. The valise flew open and disclosed—one old newspaper.

Tourists.

Whether on pleasure bent or business, should take on every trip a bottle of Syrup of Figs, as it acts most pleasantly and effectually on the kidneys, liver and bowels, preventing fevers, headaches and other forms of sickness. For sale in 75c bottles by all leading druggists.

Like a Good Conundrum

is life, because everybody must give it up! But you needn't be in a hurry about it! Life is worth the living! To prolong it, is worth your untiring effort! Don't give up without calling to your rescue that grand old family medicine, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Many a worn-out, exhausted body has it made over good as new! It strengthens, builds up, invigorates, assisting nature, and not violating it. Cures liver disease, indigestion, and all blood-taint and humors. Sure and lasting benefit guaranteed, or money refunded. All druggists. The devil will help men to do almost anything if they will consent not to lift up Christ.

With health and beauty laden, A rich and precious thing, To woman, pale and wasted; My precious gift I bring.

Such the object and such the mission of woman's valued friend, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Don't let unreasonable prejudice prevent you from sharing the health and beauty proffered, in good faith, by this most excellent Remedy! None of the almost countless weaknesses and diseases peculiar to women, but that readily yield to its magical power! Manufactured, recommended, sold through druggists, and guaranteed by the World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y., to give satisfaction, in every case, or money paid for it cheerfully refunded.

An old bachelor is always ready to tell you how you ought to bring up your children.

A boy stood on the burning deck, Unwarily, too, tis said, For with the fast approaching flame, His elders quickly fled. So, many now in peril stand, Unmindful of their fate, Till, step by step, Grim Death comes on And then, alas! too late! Far wiser, surely would it seem, When his approach we see, With "Pierce's Pellets" well in hand To vanquish old "G. D."

Pierce's Pleasant Pellets have remarkable power to correct all physical derangements, thus warding off disease that would surely follow. Purely vegetable, pleasant to take, perfectly harmless! With a little forethought, they'll be a present help in time of need—cheating the doctor and robbing the grave! As a Liver Pill, they are unequalled. Smallest, cheapest, easiest to take. One a dose as a laxative, three or four as a cathartic. Tiny, sugar-coated granules, in vials; 25 cents.

The devil never gets a chance to rest in the neighborhood of where a good man lives Pure Cod Liver Oil

and Emulsions properly made by it are undoubtedly the best remedies for pulmonary complaints. Many emulsions have been placed on the market, but none seem to have met with the success accorded to SLOCUM'S EMULSION OF PURE COD LIVER OIL. Their Laboratory is at 186 West Adelaide St., Toronto, Ont., is constantly going and every druggist in the country is supplied with the famous remedy, 35 cts. per bottle.

It is better to rejoice in a tribulation than not to have any tribulation to rejoice in.

Women suffering from the ailments peculiar to their sex, and pale and sallow girls may be speedily cured and be restored to a fresh blooming complexion by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. W. J. Witter, Franklin, Man., writes:—"My sister had been ill for seven or eight years and looked as though she were going to the grave. Your Dr. Williams' Pink Pills completely restored her. Sold by all druggists. Beware of imitations.

Somebody says experience is a comb that you find after you have lost all your hair.

Banish coughs and colds by using Adams' Tutti Frutti Wild Cherry and Licorice Gum. Sold by all druggists and confectioners. 5 cents.

Dr. T. A. Slocum's OXYGENIZED EMULSION OF PURE COD LIVER OIL. If you had Difficulty of Breathing—Use it. For sale by all druggists. 35 cents per bottle.

"Be not afraid of their faces, for I am with thee to deliver thee, saith the Lord." Grip and Fine Vigorous Health.

Grip, misery, woe, pain, etc. Anybody can escape these galling chains for a trifling sum. I had such dreadful attacks, could not shake off its deadly fangs. Got a supply of nature's mysterious life-giving St. Leon. Took large capsules. My, my! the change seemed miraculous. Was soon filled with the grip of fine vigorous health, and am 67 years of age. T. Rivard, Joliette, Que.

It is not God's intention that the children of light should ever live in dark.

A young lady who had been married a little over a year wrote to her matter-of-fact old father, saying: "We have the dearest little cottage in the world, ornamented with the most charming little creepers you ever saw." The old man read the letter and exclaimed: "Just as I expected! Twins, by thunder!"

The man who breaks one of God's laws strikes at the throne of the universe. A. P. 591.

NASAL BALM SOOTHING, CLEANSING, NEVER FAILS Instant Relief, Permanent Cure, Failure Impossible. CURES GOLD IN HEAD AND CATARRH

ASTHMA We Want Name and Address of Every ASTHMATIC P. Harold Hayes, M.D. BUFFALO, N. Y. CURED TO STAY CURED.

My Toothache!

Is an exclamation heard every hour in the day. Toothache is the most common ailment of young and old, and in the aggregate inflicts more suffering than perhaps any other single complaint. A one minute cure is just what every person desires to possess. Nervine—nerve pain cure—acts almost instantly in relieving the agony, and a sample bottle affords a quantity sufficient for 100 applications. 10 cents fills the bill. Polson's Nervine is the only positive remedy for toothache and all nerve pains. Sold by all dealers in medicine.

Baron Hirsch colonies have been established in New Mexico.

Chinese is said to be the ideal language for the telephone on account of its regular rising and falling of inflections.

GIBBON'S TOOTHACHE GUM. For sale by Druggists, Price 15c.

OUR NEW BOOK "House and Home," a complete housewife's guide by Marion Harlow, the greatest living writer on household matters, a recognized authority in all domestic affairs. Send for illustrated circular and terms. W. M. BRIGGS, PUBLISHER, Toronto.

YOUNG MEN. Learn to cut—No better trade. Thorough instruction given at TORONTO CUTTING SCHOOL, 123 Yonge St. Terms moderate. Write for particulars. Also agents for the McDowell Garment Drafting Machine.

HAVE YOU Consumption, Cough, Bronchitis, Lung Troubles, No Appetite, Wastings, Debility. For wonderful sure new remedy, Address, BONNER 179 St. Lawrence St, Montreal

WATSON'S COUGH DROPS Are the best in the world for the Throat and Chest, for the voice unequalled. R. & T. W. Stamped on each drop.

W. McDOWALL DIRECT IMPORTER OF FINE GUNS, RIFLES SHOOTING SUITS, HUNTING BOOTS, ETC. LOADED CARTRIDGES, ARTIFICIAL BIRDS AND TRAPS A SPECIALTY. 81 YONGE STREET, TORONTO.

I GURE FITS! When I say I cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give EXPRESS AND POST-OFFICE. H. G. ROOT, M. C., 186 ADELAIDE ST. WEST, TORONTO, ONT.

THE DOLLAR! KNITTING MACHINE MANUFACTURED BY GREELMAN BROS. GEORGETOWN, ONT. THIS ADVERTISEMENT IS FOR YOU! IT IS GOOD FOR \$298 SEND IT AND RECEIVE THE MACHINE PARTICULARS AND PRICE LIST FREE!

ROBUST AND HEALTHY BEAUTY ENJOYED Enhanced ADAMS' TUTTI FRUTTI GUM

RECOMMENDED BY THE HIGHEST MEDICAL AUTHORITIES. AIDS DIGESTION, INVIGORATES THE SYSTEM, STRENGTHENS THE VOICE, IMPROVES THE APPETITE. Sold by all Druggists and Confectioners, or Address—The Tutti Frutti A. V. Co., 60 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont., for box of assorted samples, which will be sent by mail to any address on receipt of 25 Cents.

OAT MEAL SKIN SOAP Containing a large percent age of the flour of Oatmeal. It makes and keeps Lady's hands soft and smooth. It cures eczema and all diseases of the skin. Be Sure You Get the Genuine THE ALBERT TOILET SOAP COMPANY.

BRICK MACHINERY SIMPSON DRY PRESS MARTIN MACHINES—STEAM AND HAND POWER REPRESS MACHINES FOR BRICK AND SHICLES DRY PANS, PUG MILLS, DISINTEGRATORS, SANDERS, MOULDS, ETC. Send for Prices Stating Wants. DRY PRESS BRICKS MADE FROM SHALE OR CLAY BRING \$10 TO \$20 PER 1,000 Extra cost to produce chiefly in plant. Finest Catalogue in the Trade. WATEROUS, BRANTFORD, CANADA. TORONTO OFFICE: 71 ADELAIDE STREET EAST. TELEPHONE 181.

MEN WANTED NO EXPERIENCE NECESSARY. Permanent Positions guaranteed. Salary and Expenses Paid. Peculiar advantages to beginners. \$10 1/2 complete, with fast-selling specialties. OUTFIT FREE. We guarantee you will succeed. Write BROS. CO., Nurserymen, Toronto, Ont. (This source is reliable)

Children always Enjoy It. SCOTT'S EMULSION of pure Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda is almost as palatable as milk. A MARVELLOUS FLESH PRODUCER It is indeed, and the little lads and lassies who take cold easily, may be fortified against a cough that might prove serious, by taking Scott's Emulsion after their meals during the winter season. Beware of substitutions and imitations. SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville.

GARFIELD TEA cures Constipation, Sick Headache, restores the Complexion. Get Free Sample at GARFIELD TEA AGENCY, 317 Church St., Toronto.

ASTHMACURED FREE DR. TAFT'S ASTHMA CURE your address and we will mail free trial bottle. DR. TAFT BROS. ROCHESTER, N. Y. Canadian Dept. 186 Adelaide St. W. TORONTO CANADA.

ARTIFICIAL LIMBS J. DOAN & SON. For Circular Address, 77 Northcote Ave., Toronto

HARTSHORN'S SHAVE-A-LICE! Beware of Imitations. NOTICE AUTOGRAF OF THE GENUINE HARTSHORN'S

MONEY! MONEY! MONEY! LONDON AND CANADIAN LOAN AND AGENCY CO LTD 103 Bay Street, Toronto.

Capital \$5,000,000 Money to Loan on improved farms, city and town property on liberal terms of repayment and AT LOWEST CURRENT RATES. MUNICIPAL DEBENTURES PURCHASED. Apply to local appraisers or to J. P. KIRK, Manager. Choice farms for sale in Ont. & Manitoba

CONSUMPTION. I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer who will send me their EXPRESS and P.O. address. T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 186 ADELAIDE ST., WEST, TORONTO, ONT.

CANADA PERMANENT Loan and Savings Company. Invested Capital, \$12,000,000.

HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO ST., TORONTO The ample and increasing resources of this Company enable its Directors to make advances on Real Estate securities to any amount without delay, at the lowest current rate of interest, and on the most favorable terms. Loans granted on improved farms and on productive town and city properties. Mortgages and Debentures purchased. Application may be made through the local Appraisers of the Company or to J. Herbert Mason, Managing Director, Toronto