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THE ADVANCE.

FLESHERTON, ONT.

Nutrition In Fruits.

Pears are not as nutritious as many other fruits.

In the chapter on fruit the apple is accorded first place.

The cherry is tough and is considered a bad fruit.

Plums are delicious and wholesome, but the skin must not be swallowed.

Strawberries are excellent as a laxative, but care must be taken that they are not tainted.

Peaches are a source of disease unless eaten a few hours after being plucked, for they soon become tainted.

Raspberries, blackberries, dewberries, elderberries and blue berries differ from other fruit in that they are astringent.

Grapes are of great value in some diseases, but the statement that they contain the same element as the blood is nonsense.

The gooseberry has nothing to recommend it. On the other hand, the mulberry is exceedingly wholesome, because of the potash it contains.

They Drove Pimples Away.—A face covered with pimples is unsightly. It is a sign of internal irregularities, which should long since have been corrected. The liver and the kidneys are not performing their functions in the healthy way they should, and these pimples are to let you know that the blood protests. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will drive them all away, and will leave the skin clear and clean. Try them, and there will be another witness to their excellence.

Brass Band Killed a Horse.

Music caused the death of a beautiful three-year-old filly at Florence, Ala., the other day. A farmer drove the valuable young mare into town, and as he was driving up the principal street a brass band suddenly struck up its blatant music. The mare had never hear any sound like that before, and so startled was she that she dropped dead in the shafts of the trap. A veterinary surgeon who examined the carcass declared that the mare had died of heart failure, due to excitement caused by the sound of the unaccustomed music of a brass band.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

Names Known of Old.

The instruments now known as the telephone and microphone are of comparatively recent invention, but the origin of the names dates back many years. In 1827 Wheatstone gave the name of microphone to an apparatus invented by him to render weak sounds audible, and in 1845 a steam whistle or trumpet giving roaring signals in foggy weather was called telephone by Capt. John Taylor, while Sudre used the same name in 1854 for a system of musical telephony.

Are you not well? Are you pale, weakly, depressed in spirits, melancholy, tired, nervous and irritable? Then try Miller's Compound Iron Pills. They will build you up, tone up your nervous system, give you energy.

An Idea in Upholstery.

A white-enameled chair with seat upholstered in forest green creton, put on without braid and with tiny brass tacks placed very close together, is so attractive that it forms the keynote for a whole set of delightful furniture evolved from a much bescratched and shabby bedroom suite. If forest green is used to paint old furniture it shows its best effects when oak is the wood, the handsome grain showing to perfection under the green color, and giving to the piece a richness and beauty that are most satisfactory.

For Inflammation of the Eyes.—Among the many good qualities which Parmelee's Vegetable Pills possess, besides regulating the digestive organs, is their efficacy in reducing inflammation of the eyes. It has called forth many letters of recommendation from those who were afflicted with this complaint and found a cure in the pills. They affect the nerve centres and the blood in a surprising(ly active way, and the result is almost immediately seen.

Forty-two Tons Pressure.

An experiment was recently made in Vienna to test the resistance under pressure of steel and the hardest stone. Small tubes of corundum and of the finest steel were tested. The corundum broke under six tons, but the steel resisted up to 42 tons, when the steel split with a noise like the report of a gun, breaking into powder, and sending sparks in every direction, which bored their way into the machine like shot.

Salt rheum and all eczematous conditions of the skin are cured by the use of Miller's Compound Iron Pills.

A Wet Out.

Irate Customer—See here, young man, I bought this hair tonic from you and it is absolutely worthless.

Clerk—We can't help that, sir.

Irate Customer—But you guaranteed each bottle?

Clerk—Exactly, sir, but we didn't guarantee the tonic.—Chicago Daily.

Not Always.

"No," said the married lady to her mother, "I have no idea where or how he spends his evenings. In fact, he is like the lamp; his goings out leave me in the dark."

His Ardor Explained.

Jack—Why did you kiss Mamie so fervently? Are you engaged to her?

Charlie—No; but I was, and she has consented to break off the engagement.

A Young Man's Word.

Friend—What became of that young man you were engaged to last summer?

Miss Catchem (innocently)—Which one?

THE WOES OF LOVERS

BEATRICE FAIRFAX KEEPS RIGHT ON ALLEVIATING THEM.

And With Unctuous Words of Wisdom Tries to Soothe the Troubled Spirits of Unhappy Human Targets For Little Cupid's Shaft.

Here are a few samples of letters gleaned from the hundreds which that love doctor, Miss Beatrice Fairfax, receives in her professional capacity on the New York Journal:

Miss Beatrice Fairfax—I am a young man keeping company with a girl, and I call to see her. She calls at my house. She is my sister's friend, and I know that she cares for me. But her parents don't like my trade, so she told me. I have

"HER PARENTS DO NOT LIKE MY TRADE."

no money to start business. Is it proper for me to ask her parents or to stop going with her? I am in this trade for the last 12 years. Is it proper for me to kiss her? POSNER, R. M.

If your trade is a good one, we should not advise you to give it up, because some people do not like it. Remember the fable of the man and the ass, and how, in trying to please everybody, he pleased nobody. If the young lady is willing and you are engaged, it is proper to kiss her.

Miss Beatrice Fairfax:

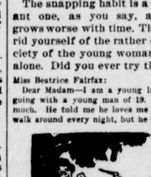
Dear Madam—I am engaged to a young lady, whom I dearly love, but she has a very quick temper. Sunday evening we were to meet at a birthday party at 8 o'clock, and as I had quite a distance to go I was about five minutes late. When I saw her, I said, "Good evening, Kitty," to her, but she gave me no answer. I repeated it the

"SHE SNAPPED AT ME."

second time, and she snapped at me, saying, "Do you suppose I am going to get on my hands and knees for you?" She said this in front of all the company, and I just felt like a dog. She had said similar things like that more than 50 times, but always before a lot of friends. By advising me how to get rid of her you will oblige

JOHN G. H.

The snapping habit is a very unpleasant one, as you say, and generally grows worse with time. The best way to rid yourself of the rather dangerous society of the young woman is to let her alone. Did you ever try that way?



"IS IT ME OR HIS WHEEL?"

and he only comes once a week. I am not bad looking, and he is a nice gentleman, and now I would like to know who does he care for, the wheel or me? Please give me some advice how to find out. G. G.

Perhaps he thinks that the best illustration of the proverb "Love me, love my dog," is for him to love his wheel first and then you will love it too. It is not that he cares less for you, but more for the wheel. Why do you not ride too?

An Ill Wind That Blows, Etc.

"How does that fellow Smith make a living? I never heard of him working."

"Has a scheme of his own. He makes a business of renting quarters in flats. The landlords invariably pay him a good round sum to get out."

"Disreputable character?"

"Not at all; cornet player."—Detroit Free Press.

A Conscientious Employee.

"I understand your pretty typewriter goes to a summer resort at your expense every summer."

"Yes," replied the lawyer. "Just a little business arrangement, you know. It's a poor season that she does not manage to throw a few breach of promise suits my way."—Chicago Post.

And Now Pa Is Reading It.

"I'm afraid Willie will disgrace the family, John."

"What has he been up to now?"

"Why, I gave him a quarter to buy a scrapbook."

"Well, what did he do?"

"Brought home a book called 'Points on Pugilism.'"—Brooklyn Life.

The First Thought.

"That Italian author travels with 14 trunks."

"Fourteen trunks? Well, I'd be ashamed to make such an expose of my unaccepted manuscripts."—Chicago Tribune.

Red Glasses for Seasickness.

A new remedy for sea-sickness comes from Germany. The discoverer says that sea-sickness is due to lack of blood in the brain, and wearing red glasses will send the blood to the brain with a rush, and so relieve the condition. He ascribes such benefit as may follow the use of champagne and other stimulants, as well as the relief given when drunk down, to the congestion of the brain produced, and asserts that red glasses act more quickly and efficiently.

There is not a more dangerous class of disorders than those which affect the breathing organs. Nullify this danger with Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil—a pulmonic of acknowledged efficacy. It cures lameness and soreness when applied externally, as well as swelled neck and crick in the back; and, as an internal specific, possesses most substantial claims to public confidence.

A Loud Interruption.

"I declare, Maria, this is too irritating to be endured. I told you I didn't want to be disturbed, and here somebody has suddenly sprung a most infernal clatter on me. What does it mean?"

"There wasn't any clatter, my dear."

"What was it, then?"

"Why I just happened to pass through the room in my new red and yellow shirt waist, that's all."

"Well, don't do it again."

New life for a quarter. Miller's Compound Iron Pills.

Mean Man.

"Our old neighbor Jenkins is the meanest man I know."

"What has he done?"

"Why, you know, when we broke up housekeeping and undertook to sell all our household good at auction he got into the house on the plea that he wanted to buy and then produced a writ of replevin and took away everything we had borrowed from him in the three years we have been neighbors."

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

The Last Straw.

It's bad enough to have the little
German band break loose,
And pile the misery on you,
Without the least excuse,
But what is infinitely worse
Than all the tunes they play
Is to have them come round with the hat,
Suggesting that you pay.

The Great Mystery of Sleep.

The little that is definitely known as to the cause of sleep is decidedly curious, says the Medical Record. Sleep—perhaps the most marvelous phenomenon in the world—may be rightly termed a mystery.

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever. Nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Why Not Add Sugar Cane?

A Michigan huckster is trying the experiment of creating a new vegetable by by grafting tomato and potato vines; but a Kansas man discounts this, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, by grafting the milkweed and strawberry plant, in the expectation of producing strawberries and cream.

A Things Are Now.

"Which is Mrs. Maramduke Smith's youngest daughter?"

"That blonde girl in the pink frock."

"How do you know she's the youngest?"

"Her mother and sisters all seem to look up to her."

I was CURED of a severe cold by MINARD'S LINIMENT.
Oxford, N.S. R. F. HEWSON.

I was CURED of a terrible sprain by MINARD'S LINIMENT.
Yarmouth, N.S. FRED COULSON, Y.A.A.C.

I was CURED of black erysipelas by MINARD'S LINIMENT.
Inglesville. J. W. RUGGLES.

Walks When Others Sleep.

"Does your husband walk much during the day?"

"No, I think not; he does most of his walking at night."

"Is he a policeman?"

"Oh, no; but we've got a year-old baby at the house, you know."

Betrayed.

She—Why haven't you told me that you had been married?

He—Who said I was married?

She—I can tell by the way you take all the umbrella for yourself.

Only those who have had experience can tell the torture corns cause. Pain with your boots on, pain with them off—pain night and day; but relief is sure to those who use Holloway's Corn Cure.

Natural Query.

Frank—Hello, old man, how's business with you these days?

Tom—Oh, I'm so busy I don't have a minute to myself, night or day.

Frank—What's her name?

Miller's Worm Powders cure fits in children.

No Tip There.

Waiter—Haven't you forgotten something, sir?

Guest—That's so. My wife gave me a letter to post. Thanks!

FOR City Streets or Country Roads the GENDRON is without a peer.

Light, Easy Running, Always Reliable.

THE GENDRON M'F'G CO. LIMITED Toronto, Ont.

WIVES MOTHERS SISTERS BROTHERS

IF ANY MEMBER OF YOUR FAMILY DRINKS, the taste for liquor can be removed permanently by giving 'Samaria Prescription' (tasteless) secretly in food or drink. Failure impossible. Pamphlet, testimonials, advice and correspondence confidential. Write The SAMARIA REMEDY CO., Toronto, Ont.

J. J. Vipond & Co.,

FRUIT AND PRODUCE COMMISSION MERCHANTS, MONTREAL.

Correspondence Solicited. Advances Made on Consignments.

A Lancashire (England) undertaker lately fell dead at a funeral he was conducting.

Health for the children. Miller's Worm Powders.

Lions Are Left-Handed.

A lion hunter who has made a study of that animal's peculiarities, says that all lions are left-handed. When one strikes a forcible blow it always uses its left paw.

Only an Imitation.

"Isabel, your new hat is absurd; it just looks like a huge flower bed."

"Well, you needn't get so excited, Edgar; you don't have to get up before daylight and pull the weeds out of it."

One of the greatest blessings to parents is Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator. It effectually expels worms and gives health in a marvellous manner to the little one.

Shanghai's Rapid Growth.

Since the war of 1894 the Chinese population of Shanghai has grown from 400,000 to 700,000. The attraction lies in the many new industrial establishments.

WANTED.—Men and women everywhere to distribute samples and advertise California Orange Syrup; 2 per day and expenses paid; cash every week. Particulars for 2 cent stamp. CALIFORNIA ORANGE SYRUP CO., San Francisco, Cal.

PLOWS, ROLLERS & HARROWS
The Best Made. Send for Catalogue.
COCKSHUTT PLOW CO., BRANTFORD.

LUCAS, STEELE & BRISTOL, Wholesale Grocers, Winnipeg. Write us. HAMILTON.

Circle Teas L.S. & B. Coffees L.S. & B. Extracts L.S. & B. Spices

BINDER TWINE AND MANILA ROPE
ONTARIO BINDER TWINE CO., 113 Union Station Arcade, Toronto.

MECHANICS Wanted. Boiler Makers, Fitters, Lathe Hands. We can give good mechanics steady work. Good wages. Good, well-lighted, well-heated shop; best modern conveniences. Brantford is a healthy, progressive city—living cheap.
Waterous, Brantford, Canada.

Brantford STEEL TOWERS AND WINDMILLS
We also make Steel Flag Staffs, Grain Grinders, Iron and Wood Pumps, Bee Supplies.
Send for New Catalogue.

MONEY BACK Test the sincerity of this offer—a standing offer and guarantee! We cheerfully refund the money for any goods returned unimpaired. This is the liberal policy on which we are building up the mail order business. We must please you; failing to please we fail to keep you as a customer and we have wasted our money in advertising. Our Catalogue tells of Dry Goods of all kinds, Clothing for Men and Women, Gloves and Hosiery, Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Drugs, Books, Hardware, China and Glassware, Groceries and Provisions, Carpets and House Furnishings, Furniture, Wall Papers and Pictures. Catalogue and Samples free if you write.
THE ROBERT SIMPSON COMPANY LIMITED TORONTO, ONT.

CENTRAL PRISON BINDER TWINE All this Season's Make
PURE MANILLA 11C. LB.
CASH WITH ORDER.
CENTRAL PRISON, TORONTO.

Ode to a Cannon Cracker.

There's many a patriot in this land
Who cuts, like you, a caper,
With very little powder and
A monstrous lot of paper.

"Our old book-keeper says he is making 200 a month at his new place."

"Yes—200 mistakes."

Miller's Worm Powders cure all ailments of children like magic.

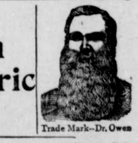
"The only newspaper man in England who is a peer is Lord Glenesk, proprietor of the London Morning Post.

Miller's Worm Powders are a wonderful medicine for the ailments of children.

The finest, purest and most nutritious animal jelly known is that made from elephants' tusks.

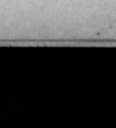
PAINT
Fights off the hot sun, preserves the house, beautifies it as well, and gives satisfaction if you use
Ramsay's
HOUSE PAINT
BARN PAINT
ROOF PAINT
All dealers have it. Ask for card or send to us and we will tell you where to get it.
A. RAMSAY & SON, PAINT MAKERS, Montreal.

The Owen Electric Belt



Trade Mark—Dr. Owen

The only scientific and practical Electric Belt made, for general use, having batteries that generate a strong current of Electricity that is under perfect control and can be applied to any part of the body, for the cure of
Nervous Diseases
Thousands of people suffer from a variety of Nervous Diseases, such as Seminal Weakness, Impotency, Lost Manhood, etc., that the old modes of treatment fail to cure. There is a loss of nerve force or power that cannot be restored by any medical treatment, and any doctor who would try to accomplish this by any kind of drugs is pursuing a dangerous practice. Properly treated, these diseases can be
Positively Cured
Electricity, as applied by the Owen Electric Belt and Suspensory, will most assuredly do so. It is the only known power that will supply what is lacking, namely nerve force or power, impart tone and vigor to the organs and arouse to healthy action the whole nervous system. It will most assuredly cure,
Without Medicine,
Varicocele, Nervous Prostration, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Kidney Disease, Lumbago, Lame Back and Dyspepsia.
OUR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE
Contains fullest information regarding the cure of acute, chronic and nervous diseases, prices, how to order, etc., mailed (sealed)—FREE—to any address.



The Owen Electric Belt And Appliance Co. TORONTO ONT.

T. N. U. 229

TRICKERY IN TRADE

Rev. Dr. Talmage Draws a Contrast Between It and Fair Dealing.

He Condemns Business Processes by Which Values Are Misrepresented--Many of Our Merchants Are Models of Integrity.

Washington, July 23.—Integrity and trickery in business life form the subject of Dr. Talmage's sermon to-day, and the contrast he establishes between the two is a striking one. The text is Proverbs xx, 14, "It is naught, it is naught, said the buyer, but when he is gone his way, then he boasteth."

Palaces are not such prisons as the world imagines. If you think that the only time kings and queens come forth from the royal gates is in procession and gorgeous attended, you are mistaken. Incognito, by day or by night, and clothed in citizen's apparel or the dress of a working woman, they come out and see the world as it is. In no other way could King Solomon, the author of my text, have known everything that was going on. From my text I am sure he must in disguise some day have walked into a store of merchant clothing in Jerusalem and stood near the counter and heard a conversation between a buyer and a seller. The merchant put a price on a coat, and the customer began to dicker and said, "This coat is not worth what you ask for it. Why, just look at the coarseness of the fabric! See what spot on the collar! Besides that, it does not fit. Twenty dollars for that! Why, it is not worth more than $10. They have a better article than that and for lower price down at Clothem, Fitem & Bros. Besides that, I don't want it at any price. Good morning." "Hold," says the merchant, "do not go off in that way. I want to sell you that coat. I have some payments to make and I want the money. Come, now, how much will you give for that coat?" "Well," says the customer, "I will split the difference. You asked $20 and I said $10. Now, I will give you $15." "Well," said the merchant, "it is a great sacrifice, but take it at that price."

Then the customer with a roll under his arm started to go out and enter his own place of business, and Solomon in disguise followed him. He heard the customer as he unrolled the coat say: "Boys, I have made a great bargain. How much do you guess I gave for that coat?" "Well," says one, wishing to compliment his enterprise, "you gave $20 for it." Another says, "I should think you got it cheap if you gave $25." "No," says the buyer in triumph; "I got it for $15. I beat him down and pointed out the imperfections until I really made him believe it was not worth hardly anything. It takes me to make a bargain. Ha! Ha!" O man, you got the goods for less than they were worth by positive falsehood, and no wonder, when Solomon went back to his palace and had put off his disguise, that he sat down at his writing desk and made for an agate a crayon sketch of you, "It is naught, it is naught, saith the buyer, but when he is gone his way, then he boasteth."

Word as Good as Bond.

There are no higher styles of man in all the world than those now at the head of mercantile enterprises in the great cities of this continent. Their casual promise is as good as a bond with piles of collaterals. Their good reputation for integrity is as well established as that of Petrarch residing in the family of Colonna. It is related that when there was great disturbance in the family the cardinal called all his people together and put them under oath to tell the truth, except Petrarch. When he came up to swear, the cardinal put away his book and said, "As for you, Petrarch, your word is sufficient." Never since the world stood have there been so many merchants whose transactions can stand the test of the Ten Commandments. Such bargain makers are all the more to be honored because they have withstood year after year temptations which have flung so many flat and flung them so hard they can never, never recover themselves. While all positions in life have powerful besetments to evil, there are specific forms of allurement which are peculiar to each occupation and profession, and it will be useful to speak of the peculiar temptations of business men.

First, as in the scene of the text, business men are often tempted to sacrifice plain truth, the seller by exaggerating the value of goods and the buyer by depreciating them. We cannot but admire an expert salesman. See how he first induces the customer into a mood favorable to the proper consideration of the value of the goods. He shows himself to be an honest and frank salesman. How carefully the lights are arranged till they fall just right upon the fabric! Beginning with goods of medium quality, he gradually advances toward those of more thorough make and of more attractive pattern. How he watches the moods and whims of his customer! With what perfect calmness he takes the order and bows the purchaser from his presence, who goes away having made up his mind that he has bought the goods at a price which will allow him a living margin when he again sells them! The goods were worth what the salesman said they were and were sold at a price which will not make it necessary for the house to fail every ten years in order to fix up the books.

Practices Condemned.

But with what burning indignation we think of the iniquitous stratagems by which goods are sometimes disposed of! A glance at the morning papers shows the arrival at one of our hotels of a young merchant from one of the inland cities. He is a comparative stranger in the great city, and of course he must be shown around, and it will be the duty of some of our enterprising houses to escort him. He is a large purchaser and has plenty of time and money, and it will pay to be very attentive. The evening is spent at a place of doubtful amusement. Then they go back to the hotel. Having just come to town, they must, of course, drink.

A friend from the same mercantile establishment drops in, and usage and generosity suggest that they must drink. Business prospects are talked over, and the stranger is warned against certain dilapidated mercantile establishments that are about to fail and for such kindness and magnanimity of caution against the dishonesty of other business houses, of course it is expected they will—and so they do—take a drink. Other merchants lodging in adjoining rooms find it hard to sleep for the clatter of decanters, and the coarse carousal of these "hail fellows well met" waxes louder. But they sit not all night at the wine cup. They must see the sights. They stagger forth with cheeks flushed and eyes bloodshot. The outer gates of hell open to let in the victims. The wings of lost souls fly among the lights, and the steps of the carousers sound with the rumbling thunders of the lost. Farewell to all the sanctities of home! Could mother, sister, father, slumbering in the inland home, in some vision of the night catch a glimpse of the ruin wrought they would rend their hair by the roots and bite the tongue till the blood spurted, shrieking out, "God save him!"

Dishonesty's Reward.

What, suppose you, will come upon such business establishments? and there are hundreds of them in the cities. They may boast of fabulous sales, and they may have an unprecedented run of buyers, and the name of the house may be a terror to all rivals, and from this thrifty root there may spring up branch houses in other cities, and all the partners of the firm may move into their mansions and drive around in their chariots, and the families may sweep the street with the most elegant apparel that human hears ever wove or earthly magnificence ever achieved.

But a curse is gathering surely for those men, and if it does not seize hold of the pillars and in one wild ruin bring down the temple of commercial glory it will break up their peace, and they will tremble with sickness and bloat with dissipations, and, pushed to the precipice of this life, they will try to hold back and cry for help, but no help will come, and they will clutch their gold to take it along with them, but it will be snatched from their grasp and a voice will sound through their souls, "Thou fearfulness, thou begotten spirit!" And the judgment will come, and they will stand aghast before it, and all the business iniquities of a lifetime will gather around them, saying, "Do you remember this?" and "Do you remember that?" And clerks that they compelled to dishonesty and runners and draymen and bookkeepers who saw behind the scenes will bear testimony to their nefarious deeds, and some virtuous soul that once stood aghast at the splendor and power of these business men will say, "Alas, this is all that is left of that great firm that occupied a block with their merchandise and overshadowed the city with their influence and made righteousness and truth and purity fall under the galling fire of avarice and crime."

While we admire and approve of all acuteness and tact in the sale of goods, we must condemn any process by which a fabric or product is represented as possessing a value which it really does not have. Nothing but sheer falsehood can represent as perfection boots that rip, silks that speedily lose their luster, calicoes that immediately wash out, stoves that crack under the first hot fire, books insecurely bound, carpets that unravel, old furniture rejuvenated with putty and glue and sold as having been recently manufactured, gold watches made of brass, barrels of fruit, the biggest apples on the top, wine adulterated with strychnine, hosiery poorly woven, cloths of domestic manufacture shining with foreign labels, imported goods represented as rare and hard to get, because foreign exchange is so high, rolled out on the counter with matchless display. Imported, indeed, but from the factory in the next street. A pattern already unfashionable and unsalable palmed off as a new print upon some country merchant who has come to town to make his first purchase of dry goods and going home with a large stock of goods warranted to keep.

Young business man, avoid the first business dishonor, and you will avoid all the rest. The captain of a vessel was walking near the mouth of a river when the tide was low, and there was a long, stout anchor chain, into one of the great links of which his foot slipped, and it began to swell, and he could not withdraw it. The tide began so rise. The chain could not be loosened nor filed off in time, and a surgeon was called to amputate the limb, but before the work could be done the tide rolled over the victim, and his life was gone. I have to tell you, young man, that just one wrong into which you slip may be a link of a long chain of circumstances from which you cannot be extricated by any ingenuity of your own or any help from others, and the times will roll over you as they have over many. When Pompey, the warrior, wanted to take possession of a city and they would not open the gates, he persuaded them to admit a sick soldier. But the sick soldier after awhile got well and strong, and he threw open the gates and let the devastating army come in. One wrong admitted into the soul may gain in strength until after awhile it flings open all the gates to the attack of sin, and the ruin is complete.

Individual Responsibility.

Again, business men are sometimes tempted to throw off personal responsibility, shifting it to the institution to which they belong. Directors in banks and railroad and insurance companies sometimes shirk personal responsibility underneath the action of the corporation, and how often, when some banking house or financial institution explodes through fraud, respectable men in the board of directors say, "Why, I thought all was going on in an honest way, and I am utterly confounded with this demeanor!" The banks and the fire and life and marine insurance companies and the railroad companies will not stand up for judgment in the last day, but those who in them acted righteously will receive, each for himself, reward, and those who acted the part of neglect or trickery will, each for himself, receive condemnation.

Unlawful dividends are not clean before God because there are those associated with you who grab just as big a pie as you do. He who countenances the dishonesty of the firm or of the corporation or association takes upon himself all the moral liabilities. If the financial institution steals, he steals. If they go into wild speculations, he himself is a gambler. If they needlessly embarrass a creditor, he himself is guilty of cruelty. If they swindle the uninitiated, he himself is a defaulter. No financial institution ever had a money vault strong enough, or credit staunch enough, or dividends large enough, or policy tune enough to hide the individual sins of its members. The old adage that corporations have no souls is misleading. Every corporation has as many souls as it has members.

Again, many business men have been tempted to postpone their enjoyments and duties to a future season of entire leisure. What a sedative the Christian religion would be to all our business men if instead of postponing its uses to old age or death they would take it into the store or factory or worldly engagements now! It is folly to go amid the uncertainties of business life with no God to help. A merchant in a New England village was standing by a horse, and the horse lifted its foot to stamp it in a pool of water, and the merchant to escape the splash, ducked into the door of an insurance agent, and the agent said, "I suppose you have come to renew your fire insurance." "Oh!" said the merchant, "I had forgotten that." The insurance was renewed, and the next day the house that had been insured was burned. Was it all accidental that the merchant, to escape a splash from a horse's foot, stepped into the insurance office? No, it was providential. And what a mighty solace for a business man to feel that things are providential! What peace and equilibrium in such a consideration, and what a grand thing if all business men could realize it!

Awakened From Lethargy.

Again, business men are often tempted to let their calling interfere with the interests of the soul. God sends men into the business world to get educated, just as boys are sent to school and college. Purchase and sale, loss and gain, disappointment, prosperity, the dishonesty of others, panic and bank suspension are but different lessons in the school. The more business the more means of grace. Many have gone through wildest panic unhurt. "Are you not afraid you will break?" said some one to a merchant in time of great commercial excitement. He replied, "Aye, I shall break when the fifteenth psalm breaks, in the fifteenth verse, 'Call upon me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver thee.'"

The store and the counting house have developed some of the most stalwart characters. Perhaps originally they had but little sprightliness and force, but two or three hard business thumps woke them up from their lethargy, and there came a thorough development in their hearts of all that was good and holy and energetic and tremendous, and they have become the front men in Christ's army as well as lighthouses in the great world of traffic. But business has been perpetual depletion to many a man. It first pulled out of him all benevolence, next all amiability, next all religious aspirations, next all conscience, and, though he entered his vocation with large hearts and noble character, he goes out of it a skeleton, enough to scare a ghost.

Bad Partners.

Men appreciate the importance of having a good business stand, a store on the right side of the street or in the right block, yet every place of business is a good stand for spiritual culture. God's angels hover over the world of traffic to sustain and build up those who are trying to do their duty. To-morrow, if in your place of worldly engagement you will listen for it, you may hear a sound louder than the rattle of drays and the shuffle of feet and the clink of dollars stealing into your soul, saying, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all other things shall be added unto you."

Yet some of those sharpest at a bargain are cheated out of their immortal blessedness by stratagems more palpable than any "drop game" of the street. They make investments in things everlastingly below par. They put their valuables in a safe not fireproof. They give full credit to influences that will not be able to pay one cent on the dollar. They plunge into a lobyrinth from which no bankrupt law or "two-thirds enactment" will ever extricate them. They take into their partnership the world, the flesh and the devil, and the enemy of all righteousness will boast through eternal ages that the man who in all his business life could not be outwitted at last tumbled into spiritual defalcation and was swindled out of heaven.

Perhaps some of you saw the fire in New York in 1835. Aged men tell us that it beggared all description. Some stood on the house tops of Brooklyn and looked at the red ruin that swept down the streets and threatened to obliterate the metropolis. But the commercial world will yet be startled by a greater conflagration, even the last one. Bills of exchange, policies of insurance, mortgages and bonds and government securities will be consumed in one lick of the flame. The bourse and the United States mint will turn to ashes. Gold will run molten into the dust of the street. Exchanges and granite blocks of merchandise will fall with a crash that will make the earth tremble. The flashing up of the great light will show the righteous the way to their thrones. Their best treasures in heaven, they will go up and take possession of them. The tolls of business life, which racked their brains and rasped their nerves for so many years, will have forever ceased. "There the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest."

THE BACHELOR'S BEDROOM.

In the Country Home One May Be Attractively Furnished at Small Cost.

"If a new house is to be furnished, or an old one refurnished, and the housemother is thinking of buying an ingrain carpet or making a carpet for the sleeping-room, here is a bit of advice—don't," writes Mrs. John B. Sima, in an article on "The Sleeping-Room on the Farm," in The Ladies' Home Journal. "A handsome carpet is a thing of beauty in its place, but its place is not in the farmhouse we are furnishing. The sleeping-room should be cool in summer, airy always and easy to keep so, as free from dust as possible and restful to look at. It can be all of these if a little thought be judiciously mixed with the planning of it. One very pleasant room I have in mind is in the home of a 'bachelor man.' The floor is bare of covering with the exception of two home-made rugs; the hard pine narrow-board floor has been oiled until it has acquired a rich brown tint; the bed, dresser and washstand are of walnut; a divan covered with cretonne drapery of a harmonizing color, an armchair and an old-fashioned rocker complete the furnishing. A few good pictures are on the walls. It is always the picture of neatness, and is easily kept so, probably because of the simple arrangement of its furniture. The large wardrobe opening from it will bear constant inspection, and it will give a lesson in neatness to anyone."

Surprised.

The young reformer was a superlative-ly feminine creature whose soul abhorred sounds harsher than those which come from the harp, but her sympathies had been aroused and she had entered her name on the roll of Friendly Visitors. She felt that she could no longer face her dear country friends without being able to tell of her experiences in reforming somebody.

Arming herself with disinfectants she started on her errand. Climbing a stairway in the poorest district, she traversed a dark hall, feeling an imaginary dampness creep through her shoes and thinking of cough drops for the morrow.

Entering one of the rooms, she found herself unexpectedly in the presence of a pale, poorly-dressed woman, and concluded she would begin her work of reform by reminding her that cleanliness is akin to godliness, and an inspection of the premises was in order.

Turning cautiously toward the unmade bed, suspicious of seeing "the terror that creepeth by night," her eye rested upon a woman with a newborn babe at her side.

"I did not know that you had others living with you," remarked the visitor.

"She does not live here. She is my neighbor."

"Why is she in this room and in your bed?"

"Well, lady, you see I have a window and a bit of carpet, and I invited her to come because I thought it would be a decenter place to be born in than her house is, and it was for the sake of the baby I did it."

The reformer apologized for her call and hurried out of the presence of a greatness of soul which was a revelation she is not likely to forget.

The Manly Boy.

Writing about boys in The Canadian Magazine, the editor says: "Above all things a boy must be taught to be manly. In England this is taught mainly through the sports in which the youth are trained either by intelligent masters at the great boarding schools, or under the immediate supervision of sympathetic parents. It is also taught at home. In America it is not taught to so great an extent in our public schools, because the children's play is under much looser supervision, hence it must be taught more at home. The best way to teach it is by example. The next best method is to deal with specific cases—not too many of them—as they arise.

"What does manliness mean? It means a dignity which makes the young man respect his own rights and those of others. It includes a moderation in speech, a temperance in action, a magnanimity in conduct towards others; and an earnest loyalty to duty. It has no limits, no defined bounds. It is a garment which envelops and surrounds the man, so that he may always be distinguished from the cad, the sneak, the drone, the criminal. It is the first and most necessary equipment of the man who would write his name in silver letters on the golden page of history. It is the concentrated essence of all virtues without a trace of impurity. It is the halo which makes the man a god."

More Diplomacy.

"I tell you my wife knows a thing or two. The people who inhabit the neighborhood into which we have just moved look at us with awe."

"How did she manage it?"

"Engaged two of the biggest vans in town to move us, when all our goods might have been transported in an express wagon without overloading it."—Chicago News.

THE FUNNY MAN.

Why the Poet Did It.

Cloud canopied, clad in the curtain of crimson,
As at spring's ruddy sunshine sulkiness at daybreak,
The top of the pine covered mountain arises,
eternal, unbending, rock helmeted, lone,
The dark purple pall of the cloud hovers over it,
silent, deep throbbing, that soon Aiply may break,
With echoes full resonant, rich and harmonious,
tuned to the music of ocean's soft moan.

Yet not from the mountain, nor lightning forks
vivid, nor deep throated thunder in full diapason,
Nor pine tree, with scent like the incense charged fate, giving semblance of altar and chancel and nave,
Awoke on the lyre the wild chord of devotion
(the instrument rapturous solitude plays on),
Nor yearnings and strivings perplexing, bewildering, the form and the key and the harmony gave.

Nor was it the sea, with its rumble and ripple,
its breakers and shingle advancing and falling,
Its fickle, flecked foam and its deep purple hue
(that reminded the Greek of his resinous wine),
That this lyric inspired, ah, not therefore I chanted in fury and frenzy these verses appalling,
But solely and simply to make the experiment how many words I could get in a line!

—Punch.

Reason Enough.

An inspector, explaining to a class that the land of the world was not continuous, said to the boy who happened to be standing nearest to him:

"Now, could your father walk around the world?"

"No, sir," was the prompt reply.

"Why not?"

"Because he's broken his leg," was the altogether unlooked for response.—Tit-Bits.

Miss Gotham Amazed.

"What is that old proverb about the moss and the rolling stone?" queried the New York girl.

"A revolving fragment of the paleozoic age collects no cryptogamous vegetation," replied the cousin from Boston.

"Land's sake!" ejaculated the New York girl, and let it go at that.—Chicago News.

The Sweet Graduate.

Sweet vision of ruffles and laces—
Compliction of roses and cream—
The essence of all the three graces,
The idol of art's fondest dream.
I'll take all your learning for granted;
Just toss all your books on the shelf;
Come down from the clouds, maid enchanted,
Sweet graduate be but yourself.

I know it is much I am asking:
You'd rather your mind would still soar—
While you're at the Sage's feet basking
To heights of philosophy's lore.
But here at your feet I am kneeling,
Beseeching you to be, in short, an art.
Has knowledge deprived you of feeling?
Cut the Sage—he hasn't a heart.

Nay, maiden, I honor your learning;
Use really before that I pull;
Sit down and gifted the grinning
Sage knowing nothing at all?
And learning does not ill become your;
Well, him—well I will brush it aside
And have you, sweet grad, push it from you
And be, not an owl, but my bride.

—Philadelphia North American.

Embarrassing.

Mrs. Parvenu—It's very annoying, very! How did they discover that the spoons I gave them weren't solid? They certainly were not mean enough to have them examined?

Mr. Parvenu—Of course not. They're genuine blue bloods. But a burglar carried off all the rest of the silver and left those spoons.—Detroit Free Press.

In France.

"What a turbulent people the French are, to be sure!"

"They are expecting the man on horseback."

"Well, one would think they were expecting carriage company from the fuss they make."—Detroit Journal.

An Exciting Prospect.

In the year of 1900, if you go to gay Paree,
There won't be any limit to the sights that you can see.
You may watch the mob in motion—it is docile, though it's queer.
The police will let you feed it if you care to go so near.

If you visit the legations at a very trifling cost,
You may see the big waste baskets where the pen, per scraps are tossed.
And for a slight gratuity they will politely show
The interesting relic which they call a "bordereau."

You may patronize the graphophone and hear the thing exclaim
"A bas!" of anybody whom you chance