SUNLIGHT SOAP

One washing with Sunlight Soap will produce purer linen than two washings with impure soap.

REDUCES EXPENSE

$5,000 Reward will be paid by LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, Toronto, to any person who can prove that this soap contains any form of adulteration, or any injurious chemicals.

ASK FOR THE OCTAGON BAR

Tommy (impatiently)—"I wish I was Bobby Yates." Mamma—"But Bobby hasn't any dear little brothers and sisters." Tommy—"That's just where he's so lucky; he's not obliged to be a good example."

"No one ever got possession of anything worth having without working hard for it," said Mr. Bickers, somewhat pompously. "Quite true," remarked Mrs. B. "I remember I obtained you without any trouble."

In a cubic yard of air in a London suburb 20,000 dust particles have been measured. Near Charing Cross there are usually 500,000; but there is only one microbe in 38 million of such dust atoms.

THEY CANNOT UNDERSTAND.

MANY PEOPLE STILL INQUIRING ABOUT JOSEPH BROWN'S CASE.

Dodd's Kidney Pills Are Acknowledged to be a Wonder Working Medicine.—Many Other Miraculous Cures Brought to Light.

Oshawa, Ont., Feb. 24.—(Special)—One effect of the publication far and wide through the press of the miraculous cure of a case of paralysis here in Oshawa has been to bring to the surface a great many similarly wonderful and well authenticated cures by the same remedy—Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Mr. Brown, whose case has caused all the sensation, is a modest unassuming mechanic employed in the Oshawa Malleable Iron Works. Since the publication of the facts of his case he has been overwhelmed with letters of inquiry from all over the country, and to each of these he answers simply:

"Yes, Dodd's Kidney Pills cured me after all the doctors and hospital specialists had given me up. I couldn't walk and had to be fed like a baby for four months, but the pills soon fixed me up and I have been all right ever since."

He has also been in receipt of not a few letters from others who too have found Dodd's Kidney Pills a life-saving remedy when all else had failed.

Several of these, encouraged by Mr. Brown's example, have written to the papers reporting their cases and all are very enthusiastic in their praises of the medicine.

But our explanation of all these cases has been offered and it seems to make them easily understandable. —The Kidney's are Nature's blood filters. If the Kidneys are healthy all diseases will be extracted and expelled—Dodd's Kidney Pills cure the Kidneys and thus enable them to throw off sickness and to protect the body from any and every assault of disease.

Husband—"I am surprised, Emily, that you should have such bad taste as to wear the hair of another man on your head." Wife—"And I am surprised that you should wear the wool of another sheep on your back."

MANY ADVANTAGES OVER OTHER LINES.

That the New York Central possesses great advantages over other lines cannot be gainsaid, and they are too numerous to enumerate, but a few of the principal features are: the great train service (twelve express trains each way between Buffalo and New York), four tracks and the Grand Central Station the only station in the city of New York.

This is the route of the famous Empire State Express.

One farm laborer in the United States is able by the aid of machinery to do the work of three in Europe. Europe's estimated waste of labor equals that of 48 million hands.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper

Mr. Spinks—"Willie, has your sister made up her mind to go to the concert with me?" Willie—"Yes. She's made up her mind, and she's makin' up her face now. She'll be down in a minute."

PAGE WIRE FENCE

This is the Page Standard 11 Bar Fence, made of "Page" wire which is twice as strong as common wire. The continuous coil, note wavy appearance, allows for expansion and contraction which is important owing to Canadian climate. Our upright wires are in one piece and have strength of about 800 pounds. If made of pieces spliced at each horizontal, they would have a strength of only about 300 pounds. We also make gates, ornamental fences, poultry netting, nails and staples. The Page Wire Fence Co., Limited, Walkerville, Ont. 6

THE CORONATION BIBLE.

The King has already ordered the Coronation Bible from the British and Foreign Bible Society to be used in Westminster Abbey next June. It will be a large quarto volume, bound in red morocco, with gold clasps, and stamped with the Royal arms. It will become the property of the bishop who administers the oaths.

CHAINED-UP SOAP.

When the new reading-room of the Imperial Public Library, St. Petersburg, was opened recently all the pieces of soap soon disappeared from the lavatory. Henceforth the soap will be secured by a chain. This is done by passing a rod of wire through an egg-shaped piece of soap which is then hung near the basin.

The Publisher of the Best Farmer's paper in the Maritime Provinces in writing to us states:

I would say that I do not know of a medicine that has stood the test of time like MINARD'S LINIMENT. It has been an unfailing remedy in our household ever since I can remember, and has outlived dozens of would be competitors and imitations.

The average age of English people is 26, of Irish 27¼, and of French 32¼.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

Of 1,000 unvaccinated children, 360 were found to be pitted with smallpox. Out of 1,000 vaccinated two found so marked.

In washing woollens and flannels, the soft soap made from Lever's Dry Soap (a powder), will be found very satisfactory.

If the Nicaragua Canal is finished Melbourne will be 1,350 miles nearer to New York than to Liverpool by all-sea route.

Stop the Cough and Work off the Cold.

Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets cure a cold in one day. No Cure, No Pay. Price 25 cents.

Gibraltar has four huge rock cisterns, holding five million gallons of water, and made mosquito-proof by gauze wire.

For Over Sixty Years

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays pain, cures wind colic, regulates the bowels and bowels, and is the best remedy for Diarrhœa. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup."

There are about seven million cats in the United Kingdom.

$33.00 TO PACIFIC COAST.

Chicago & North-Western R'y; during the months of March and April $30.00 from Chicago to Helena, Butte, Anaconda, Ogden and Salt Lake City; $30.50 Spokane; $33.00 Los Angeles, San Francisco, Portland, Seattle, Tacoma, Vancouver, Victoria and a large number of other points. Tourist Sleeping Cars daily to the Pacific Coast. For maps and particulars apply to nearest ticket agent or address D. H. Bennett, 2 East King street, Toronto, Ont.

On an average 205,000 emigrants leave the United Kingdom in a year.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

Last year out of 28 death-sentences imposed in Britain only 11 were carried out.

$33 TO CALIFORNIA, OREGON AND WASHINGTON.

Chicago & North-Western Ry. from Chicago daily, March and April, only $6.00 for berth in tourist car. Personally conducted excursions Tuesdays and Thursdays from Chicago and Wednesdays from New England. Illustrated pamphlet sent on receipt of two cent stamp by S. A. Hutchison, Manager, 212 Clark street, Chicago.

THE POPE'S INCOME.

The Pope's income is $1,400,000, one-seventh of which is guaranteed by the Emperor of Austria; another seventh comes from vested interests, and the remainder is derived from Peter's Pence.

RUSSIA'S ARMIES.

Russia has three different armies. In Europe her men are five years in the active army, thirteen in the reserve, and five years in the second reserve. In Asia they are three years in active service and six in the reserve. In Caucasia they are only three in the active army and fifteen in the reserve.

Schreechley—"Did my singing make a hit?" Wigwag—"My dear fellow, it was just a howling success."

SALADA

Ceylon Tea is the finest Tea the world produces, and is sold only in lead packets.

Black, Mixed and Green.

Japan tea drinkers try "Salada" Green tea.

Ninety-five per cent of British soldiers can read and write against 68 per cent in 1860.

A MIGHTY HEALER

Cures the Sick By Mystic Power

You Can Know His Secret Free.

Marvelous New Treatment Which Conquers All Diseases.

You Can Be Cured at Home—Generous Offer of Prof. Adkin.

PROF. THOS. F. ADKIN.

"I consider it a crime to experiment with the health of the people," says Professor Thos. F. Adkin, president of the Institute of Physicians and Surgeons. "If I did not know positively and absolutely that my new home treatment will cure every known disease, even when all other methods of treatment fail, I would consider I was committing a crime to make such a statement to the public. Nothing is so precious to a man as his health—nothing so horrible as an untimely grave. Little like, if not promptly cured, often result in obstinate chronic diseases. I believe that my new discovery, 'Vitapathy,' is the most marvelous treatment ever known, and I intend to give its secret to the world. I intend that every man, woman and child shall know its tremendous. I propose to tell the sick, absolutely free of charge, how they may be restored to perfect health. I would rather be a benefactor to the sick man than to have the wealth of Croesus. The above are remarkable words, but those who know Professor Adkin, and have tried his treatment, can vouch for their absolute truthfulness.

"I was nearly dead with liver and kidney trouble," writes Prof. John C. Nelson, a well known geologist and mining engineer, living in Dayton, Tenn. "The doctor had given me up to die. You can imagine what a state of mind I was in. I could not attend to business, and began to think my days were numbered. I read of the wonderful cures Professor Adkin had effected by his great discovery, Vitapathy, and as a forlorn hope wrote to him just the condition I was in, mentally and physically. He gave me a clear diagnosis of my case and didn't charge me a cent for it. He prescribed a treatment which I began with little or no faith, but I am happy to state that I am now completely cured and am a firm believer in Vitapathy. From my own personal experience I believe Professor Adkin can almost raise the dead."

Mrs. A. J. Seffred, Stowe Creek, O., writes this grateful letter: "I was affected with a severe case of Eczema and Nettle Rash, which spread over my whole body. The itching and stinging at times was almost unendurable. I wrote Professor Adkin, and in four days after I began following the free advice he gave me the itching began to subside and the eruptions dried up rapidly. In ten days I was permanently cured. I feel better now than I have for the past ten years. The free advice Professor Adkin gives is a blessing to those who cannot afford to pay big doctors' bills."

Professor Adkin says: "I sympathize with the sick. I want to make every chronic invalid well. I want to prove what my treatment will do. I want every sick person in this country to write me personally. Tell me the leading symptoms of your disease and I will at once make a thorough diagnosis of your case and outline a method of treatment which will positively cure you. This will cost you absolutely nothing. I will also send you a copy of my new book on 'How to Get Well and Keep Well,' postage prepaid. You are not out a single cent. Write me in confidence fully and freely about yourself." Address PROF. THOS. F. ADKIN, Office 567 N., Rochester, N. Y.

THE OBJECT OF THIS ADVERTISEMENT IS TO INDUCE YOU TO TRY

MONSOON

Get a package; it really merits a trial. Lead packets. All grocers.

IF YOU WANT GOOD PRICES FOR YOUR

Butter, Eggs, Poultry, Apples or Other Produce

CONSIGN THEM TO THE

DAWSON COMMISSION CO., Limited, TORONTO

Correspondence Solicited.

Briggs (indignantly)—"I understand you said I never opened my mouth without putting my foot in it." Diggs (apologetically)—"Yes, I believe I did say that; but—" Briggs—"But what, sir?" Diggs—"But I acknowledge my mistake. When I made that remark I had overlooked the size of your feet."

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, etc

Miss Beckwith was only 14 years old when, in 1875, she swam from London to Greenwich.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria

It was in 1853 that Japan was forced by an American squadron to first open ports to foreign trade.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that contain Mercury

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

Sold by Druggists, price 75c per bottle.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

He—"They say, dear, that people who live together get to look alike." She—"Then you must consider my refusal as final."

W P. C. 1119

THE MOST POPULAR DENTIFRICE.

CALVERT'S CARBOLIC TOOTH POWDER.

Preserves the teeth. Sweetens the breath. Strengthens the gums

THE MOST NUTRITIOUS.

EPPS'S GRATEFUL—COMFORTING. COCOA BREAKFAST—SUPPER.

SALESMEN WANTED FOR "AUTOSPRAY"

Best compressed air sprayer made. Sample machine free.—CAVERS BROS., Galt, Ont.

YOUR OVERCOATS

and faded Suits would look better dyed. If no agent of ours in your town, write direct Montreal, Box 158.

BRITISH AMERICAN DYEING CO. Montreal.

"RIGHT HERE, DOCTOR"

That's the place, right in the small of the back. It's a dull ache, sometimes a stinging "catch," a "tired feeling," a burning pain. It exposes the fact that you are in bad shape, your strength has been overtaxed, your kidneys are breaking down, your nerves are shaky, your bowels are constipated. You need the help of

Dr. McLaughlin's Electric Belt

AND YOU CAN

Pay When Cured

if you can offer reasonable security. Failure to cure costs you nothing, as I take all the chances.

FREE BOOK — I have just completed my beautiful illustrated book telling how it cures the weaknesses of men and women. It is worth reading. I will send it closely sealed FREE upon request. Call, if possible, and I will explain what my Belt will do. Call or write to-day. — FREE TEST

CAUTION. Beware of concerns offering a thin piece of felt as a substitute for my cushion electrodes. These cheap coverings are used only to disguise their bare metal blistering electrodes. They have to be soaked in water, which quickly dries and leaves them without current. My cushion electrodes are my exclusive invention and cannot be imitated.

If you have one of these old style, blistering belts I will take it in trade for one of mine. I do this not that the old belt is of any use, for it is not, but to establish the value of my goods with people who have been misled by the false claims of concerns selling a cheap, worthless article.

DR. M. D. McLAUGHLIN, 130 Yonge Street, Toronto.

COMBAT WITH WILD BEASTS

A Terrific Struggle is Going on in Many a Soul.

[Entered according to Act of the Parliament of Canada, in the year One Thousand Nine Hundred and Two, by William Baily, of Toronto, at the Department of Agriculture, Ottawa.]

A despatch from Washington says: —Rev. Dr. Talmage preached from the following texts:—Hebrews xii. 1, "Seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses;" I. Corinthians xv. 32, "I have fought with beasts at Ephesus."

Crossing the Alps by the Mont Cenis pass or through the Mont Cenis tunnel, you are in a few hours set down at Verona, Italy, and in a few minutes begin examining one of the grandest ruins of the world, the Amphitheatre. The whole building sweeps around you in a circle. You stand in the arena where the combat was once fought or the race run, and on all sides the seats rise, tier above tier until you count forty elevations, or galleries, as I shall see fit to call them, in which sat the senators, the kings and the 25,000 excited spectators. At the sides of the arena and under the galleries are the cages in which the lions and tigers are kept without food until frenzied with hunger and thirst, they are let out upon some poor victim, who, with his sword and alone, is condemned to meet them. I think that Paul himself once stood in such a place and that it was not only figuratively, but literally, that he had "fought with beasts at Ephesus."

The gala day has come. From all the world the people are pouring in to Verona. Men, women and children, orators and senators, great men and small, thousands upon thousands come, until the first gallery is full, and the second, the third, the fourth, the fifth—all the way up to the twentieth, all the way up to the thirtieth, all the way up to the fortieth.

EVERY PLACE IS FILLED.

Immensity of audience sweeping the great circle. Silence. The time for the contest has come. A Roman official leads forth the victim into the arena. Let him get his sword with firm grip into his right hand. The 25,000 sit breathlessly watching. I hear the door at the side of the arena creak open. Out plunges the half starved lion, his tongue athirst for blood, and with a roar that brings all the galleries to their feet, he rushes against the sword of the combatant. Do you know how strong a stroke a man will strike when his life depends upon the first thrust of his blade? The wild beast, lame and bleeding, slinks back toward the side of the arena; then rallying his wasted strength he comes up with fiercer eye and more terrible roar than ever, only to be driven back with a fatal wound, while the combatant comes in with stroke after stroke until the monster is dead at his feet, and the 25,000 clap their hands and utter a shout that makes the city tremble.

To such Roman amphitheatrical audiences of 100,000 people Paul refers when he says, "We are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses." The direct reference in the last passage is made to a race; but elsewhere having discussed that, I take now Paul's favorite idea of the Christian life as a combat.

The fact is, that every Christian man has a lion to fight. Yours is a bad temper. The gates of the arena have been opened, and this tiger has come out to destroy your soul. It has lacerated you with many a wound. You have been thrown by it time and again, but in the strength of God you have arisen to drive it back. I rejoice believing

YOU WILL CONQUER.

I think that the temptation is getting weaker and weaker. You have given it so many wounds that the prospect is that it will die, and you shall be victor, through Christ. Courage, brother! Do not let the sands of the arena drink the blood of your soul!

Your lion is the passion of strong drink. You may have contended against it for twenty years; but it is strong of body and thirsty of tongue. You have tried to fight it back with broken bottle or empty wine flask. Nay, that is not the weapon. With one horrible roar he will seize thee by the throat, and rend thee limb from limb. Take this weapon, sharp and keen—reach up and get it from God's armory—the sword of the spirit. With that thou mayest drive him back and conquer!

Men think, when they contend against an evil habit, that they have to fight it all alone. No! They stand in the centre of an immense circle of sympathy. Paul had been reciting the names of Abel, Enoch, Noah, Abraham, Sarah, Isaac, Joseph, Gideon and Barak and then says, "Being compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses."

Before I get through I will show you that I fight in an arena, around which circle in galleries above each other, all the kindling eyes and all the sympathetic hearts of the ages, and at every victory gained there comes down the thundering applause of a great multitude that no man can number. "Being compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses."

Or, the first elevation of the ancient amphitheatre on the day of a celebration, sat Tiberius or Augustus or the reigning king. So in the great arena of spectators that watch our struggles and in the first divine gallery, as I shall call it, sits our King, one Jesus. On his head are many crowns. The Roman emperor got his place by cold blooded conquests, but our King hath come to his place by the broken hearts healed and the

TEARS WIPED AWAY

and the souls redeemed. The Roman emperor sat, with folded arms, indifferent as to whether the swordsman or the lion beat, but our King's sympathies are all with us—nay, unheard of condescension! I see him come down from the gallery into the arena to help us in the fight, shouting until all up and down his voice is heard: "Fear not! I will help thee! I will strengthen thee by the right hand of my power!"

They gave to the men in the arena in the olden time food to thicken their blood, so that it would flow slowly and that for a longer time the people might gloat over the scene. But our King has no pleasure in our wounds, for we are bone of his bone, flesh of his flesh, blood of his blood.

Once in the ancient amphitheatre a lion with one paw caught the combatant's sword and with his other paw caught his shield. The man took his knife from his girdle and slew the beast. The king sitting in the gallery, said: "That was not fair. The lion must be slain by a sword." Other lions were turned out, and the poor victim fell. You cry, "Shame! shame!" at such meanness. But the King in this case is our brother, and he will see that we have fair play. He will forbid the rushing out of more lions than we can meet. He will not suffer us to be tempted above what we are able. Thank God! The King is in the gallery! His eyes are on us. His heart is with us. His hand will deliver us. "Blessed are they who put their trust in him."

I look again and I see the angelic gallery. There they are—the angel that swung the sword at the gate of Eden, the same that Ezekiel saw upholding the throne of God, and from which I look away, for the splendor is insufferable. Here are the guardian angels. That one watched a patriarch; this one protected a child; that one has been pulling a soul out of temptation! All these are messengers of light! Those drove the Spanish armada on the rocks. This turned Sennacherib's living host into a heap of 185,000 corpses. Those yonder chanted the Christmas carol over Bethlehem until the chant

AWOKE THE SHEPHERDS.

These at creation stood in the balcony of heaven and serenaded the newborn world wrapped in the swaddling clothes of light. And there, holier and mightier than all, is Michael, the archangel. To command an earthly host gives dignity, but this one is leader of the 20,000 chariots of God and of the ten thousand times ten thousand angels. I think God gives command to the archangel, and the archangel to the seraphim, and the seraphim to the cherubim, until all the lower orders of heaven hear the command and go forth on the high behest.

Now, bring on your lions! Who can fear. All the spectators in the angelic gallery are our friends. "He shall give His angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways. They shall bear thee up in their hands lest thou dash thy foot against a stone. Thou shalt tread upon the lion and adder; the young lion and the dragon shalt thou trample under foot."

I look again and see the gallery of the prophets and apostles. Who are those mighty ones up yonder? Hosea and Jeremiah and Daniel and Isaiah and Paul and Peter and John and James. There sits Noah waiting for all the world to come into the ark, and Moses, waiting till the last Red Sea shall divide, and Jeremiah, waiting for the Jews to return, and John of the apocalypse, waiting for the swearing of the angel that time shall be no longer. Glorious spirits! Ye were howled at, ye were stoned, ye were spit upon! They have been in this fight themselves and they are all with us. Daniel knows all about lions. Paul fought with beasts at Ephesus.

I look again and I see the gallery of the martyrs. Who is that? Hugh Latimer, sure enough! He would not apologize for the truth he preached, and so he died, the night before swinging from the bedpost in perfect glee at the thought of emancipation. Who is that army of 6,666. They are the Thebah legion who

DIED FOR THE FAITH.

Here is a larger host in magnificent array, 884,000 who perished for Christ in the persecutions of Diocletian. Yonder is a family group Felicitas of Rome and her children. While they were dying for the faith she stood encouraging them. One son was whipped to death by thorns; another was flung from a rock; another broiled. At last the mother became a martyr. They are all together, a family group in Heaven! Yonder is John Bradford who said in the fire, "We shall have a merry supper with the Lord to-night!" Yonder is Henry Voes, who exclaimed as he died, "If I had ten heads, they should all fall off for Christ!" The great throng of the martyrs! They had hot lead poured down their throats; horses were fastened to their feet, and thus they were pulled apart; they had their tongues pulled out with redhot pinchers; they were sewed up in the skins of animals and then thrown to the dogs; they were daubed with combustibles and set on fire! If all the martyrs' stakes that have been kindled could be set at proper distances, they would make the midnight all the world over bright as noonday! And now they sit yonder in the martyrs' gallery. For them the fires of persecution have gone out; the swords are sheathed and the mob hushed. Now they watch us with an observing sympathy. They know all the pain, all the hardship, all the anguish, all the injustice, all the privation. They cannot keep still. They cry: "Courage! The fire will not consume; the floods cannot drown; the lions cannot devour. Courage down there in the arena!"

I look again, and I see the gallery of our departed. Many of those in the other galleries we have heard of, but those we know. Oh, how familiar their faces!

THEY SAT AT OUR TABLES,

and we walked to the House of God in company. Have they forgotten us? Those fathers and mothers started us on the road of life. Are they careless as to what becomes of us? And those children—do they look with stolid indifference as to whether we win or lose this battle of life? They remember the day they left us. They remember the agony of the last farewell. Though years in Heaven they know our faces. They remember our sorrows. They speak our names. They watch this fight for Heaven.

My hearers, shall we die in the arena or rise to join our friends in the gallery? Through Christ we may come off more than conquerors. A soldier dying in the hospital rose up in bed the last moment and cried, "Here, here!" His attendants put him back on his pillow and asked him why he shouted "Here!" "Oh, I heard the roll call of Heaven, and I was only answering to my name!" I wonder whether after this battle of this life is over our names will be called in the muster roll of the pardoned and glorified and, with the joy of Heaven breaking upon our souls, shall cry, "Here, here!"

THE S. S. LESSON.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON MARCH 16.

Text of the Lesson, Acts viii., 26-40. Golden Text, Rom x., 10.

26. "And the angel of the Lord spake unto Philip, saying, Arise and go toward the south." The previous verse says that Peter and John preached the word of the Lord in Samaria, and then, on their way back to Jerusalem, preached the gospel in many villages of the Samaritans. They evidently left Philip busy in the midst of a great work in Samaria, and while continuing faithfully to preach Christ a messenger from heaven is sent to him commanding him to leave Samaria and go down to the desert way, which was between Jerusalem and Gaza. It may have seemed a strange and unreasonable thing to leave a great work and go to a desert road without being told why or wherefore, but the great motto of a true worker with God must be "willing and obedient."

27, 28. "And he arose and went, and, behold, a man of Ethiopia, who had come to Jerusalem for to worship, was returning and, sitting in his chariot, read Esaias, the prophet." Here, then, is the reason of the angel's visit to Philip. God saw the hungering soul of this man of great authority under the queen of Ethiopia, and He would satisfy that longing soul, and Philip, the faithful messenger in Samaria, was the chosen vessel. God knew that He had a prompt and obedient servant in Philip.

29, 30. "Then the spirit said unto Philip, Go near and join thyself to this chariot." At Samaria an angel spoke to him; now the Holy Spirit tells him what to do. As to the Spirit speaking to believers see chapters x, 19; xi, 12; xvi, 6, 7, and consider the promises in John xiv, 26; xv, 26; xvi, 13. It is possible for us to hear the voice of the Spirit and be guided by Him. See also Isa. xxx, 21. God has promised that He will surely guide His people (Ps. xxxii, 8), and I believe He guides in one or other of three ways—by His Spirit through His word, if necessary by His Spirit apart from to it, and by His providences or the from His word, but never contrary events of daily life. A believer ought to be a Spirit filled and Spirit controlled person, and since God desires it what can hinder but our unwillingness? Prompt and obedient, Philip ran to the chariot, and, hearing the eunuch reading in the prophecy of Isaiah, he said "Understandest thou what thou readest?" See what pains God will take to cause one to understand His word when He sees that desire in the heart and remember how the Lord Jesus on the resurrection day took two or three hours to open the Scriptures to those two who were slow of heart to believe (Luke xxiv, 32). May His patience be ours.

31. "He desired Philip that he would come up and sit with him." The treasurer of the queen was a great man and at this time riding in his chariot, while Philip was poor and probably had the appearance of a wayworn traveller, yet see how cordially he is received by the man of authority. Many messages have been unspoken and letters unwritten which the Spirit has whispered because some timid soul has feared rebuke. It is ours to obey; results are the Lord's. See Jer. i, 7-9.

32, 33. He was reading of some one who had been cruelly ill treated, but, like a lamb or a sheep, was dumb before his persecutors—one from whom all justice was taken away and who was finally slain. The story is so familiar to us that it does not affect us. We have heard it from the prophets who foretold it and in the gospels from those who actually witnessed the fulfilment of the prophecies. We know, or profess to know, Him of whom the prophets spake, who fulfilled every prophecy concerning His humiliation but how much do we care? This man read with interest and astonishment, perhaps for the first time. There are many who have never read of Him; because those put in trust with the gospel have not been faithful to their trust. Contrast Rom. i, 14-16; I. Thess. ii, 4.

34, 35. "Then Philip opened his mouth and began at the same Scripture and preached unto him Jesus." This he did in reply to the eunuch's question, "Of whom speaketh the prophet this?" Philip did not waste any time on the style of the prophet or on the possibility of there being two Isaiah, each of whom wrote part of the book, neither did he so much as hint at the impossibility of any one writing of things 700 years before they happened, but from this and other Scriptures he made plain the truth concerning Jesus.

36, 37. "I believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God." Compare the confessions of Peter and Martha in Matt. xvi, 16; John xi, 27, and note I. John v, 1, "Whosoever believeth that Jesus is the Christ is born of God." Unless you have ever talked with and led to Christ a soul really hungry for the truth you cannot understand Philip's joy as he, by the Spirit, opened the Scriptures and saw this man drink it all in and then ask to be baptized. Truly the Lord himself was with them (Matt. xviii, 20), and the Spirit wrought gloriously. "With the heart man believeth unto righteousness and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation" (Rom. x, 10). The eunuch had believed in his heart and confessed with his mouth and was quite ready for a further public confession before all his servants, for doubtless there were many with him.

38, 39. "The spirit of the Lord caught away Philip, that the eunuch saw him no more, and he went on his way rejoicing. How strange the whole thing must have seemed to the driver of the chariot and the rest of the company—the stranger invited to ride with their master, the earnest conversation, the baptism, the sudden disappearance of the stranger and their master's new joy, which no doubt he told them all about, and the queen, too, when he arrived home! The Lord by Philip wrought a great work that day and some time we may hear the sequel to this story from the lips of the eunuch himself. I am sure that Philip was and has been many a time glad that he was so prompt and obedient. How the Spirit of the Lord caught him away I know not, but I believe that, having finished his work, he supernaturally disappeared.

40. "Philip was found at Azotus, and, passing through, he preached in all the cities till he came to Caesarea." This last place seems to have been Philip's home, and a church was gathered there (Acts xxi. 8; xviii, 22). It matters not whether we find Philip in Samaria or in the chariot or going from place to place, he is ever preaching Christ.

ROOM INSIDE?

The driver of a London prison van was one day conveying his victims to durance vile when a would-be wag hailed him with:

"Got any room inside yer carriage Robert?"

"There's room for a small one," returned the driver. "We kept it for you."

Nothing disconcerted, the wag asked:

"What's yer fare?"

"Bread and water; same as you had before," replied the driver.

WHERE WOMAN RULES.

In several villages of Finland the woman has authority, for a religious sect exists there whose disciples are forbidden to marry and to take a wife, to submit to the wife in all things. The women choose one of their number for governing head, whose duty it is to see that the men behave themselves, and to punish them if they transgress. Similar are the "Purificants" of Liberia, who also recognize the supremacy of women.

CHANGE COLOR.

In the Gulf of Mexico there is an island where the beaches change color twice daily with the tides. When uncovered the sands are purple, but the inflowing tide speedily transforms them to gold.

FOR FARMERS

Seasonable and Profitable Hints for the Busy Tillers of the Soil.

PURE AIR.

Among the principal organs of the animal body are the lungs, in which changes go on unceasingly during the healthy life of the animal. The changes are: 1st, the taking of oxygen (the life-giving gas) into the blood; 2nd, the throwing off of the poisonous material (carbon dioxide gas) of breathing air; 3rd, the formation of heat, the result of the oxchange.

The lungs consist of a large number of small air cells, over which are distributed a large number of very fine blood vessels. Some of these little blood-carrying tubes bring impure blood to the lungs, where is exchanged carbon dioxide, ammonia and water for oxygen, as a result of which the heat is generated, thus warming the blood, which also becomes a brighter red in color. The purified blood is then taken to the heart, from where it is pumped to all parts of the body, where it assists in nourishing and building up the various tissues. Oxygen is only to be got from pure fresh air, hence it is at once evident that the purification of the blood, the growth and warmth depends on its being able to get an ample supply of oxygen. It is impossible to get the best results from live stock which are starving for fresh air. Pure air with its great complement—light—means economy of feed and the absence of germ diseases, notably tuberculosis. As that essential, pure air, cannot be freely supplied in poorly ventilated stables, we shall endeavor to show, in a series of articles on ventilation, how live stock may be measured a supply of pure air, which ranks as a nutrient equally high with food and water.

FARM NOTES.

Stable blankets save oats and keep the horses' coats smooth. They can also be used on the cows. Bran sacks may be doubled and used for this purpose.

Always water hogs before feeding and never afterwards. If this is practiced 14 lbs. of corn will produce two pounds of gain. In other words, every bushel of corn ought to produce ten pounds of pork.

The hogs intended for slaughter should have a very light amount of food the day previous and no breakfast the morning they are to be killed, as with empty entrails and stomach they will bleed better and handle easier.

The person who keeps hens and does not give them the care needed to induce them to produce eggs, hatch out and raise chickens, and do it without scratching up plants in the garden, or tangling up the grass that he intends to cut for hay, or befouling the hay in the barn, has not a right to call the hen foolish. The fault is his own.

If the hen goes into the garden and scratches up choice plants in search of the worms that may be around the roots, she is governed by a natural instinct which may have been brought down from and through previous generations, when the farmer put a shovelful of manure in each hill for such plants, that was well adapted to produce a crop of worms and grubs that would have been about as sure to destroy the plant if she had not scratched them out, as she was to in the scratching. She is not as foolish as the man who does not put up a fence to separate the hens from the garden.

It is true that we sometimes raise a good crop of apples on trees that are standing in old sod. It is true that frequently the trees that have had the highest cultivation along fail to bear the crops that we expect them. Neglected orchards this year are in bad shape everywhere. In isolated spots in this country may be found orchards bearing from moderate to heavy crops of apples, and plums. These orchards are invariably the ones that had high cultivation. It pays to give the orchard the most thorough cultivation. It is not necessary to plow around the trees two or three times every year. It may be well to plow once in early spring. After that the work can be done much better and more quickly by means of a heavy harrow drawn by horses.

BREED TO GOOD BULLS.

Farmers that keep cows largely for the milk and butter fat they get from them should encourage the breed in their neighborhoods. A first class dairy bulls, says Coleman's Rural World. That more animals of this kind are not available is largely due to the fact that the cheap bulls drive out the good ones. We have known cases where the farmers really felt aggrieved because the owner of a really good animal charged more for his services than did the owner of some scrub.

He—"I wonder what the meaning of that picture is. The youth and the maiden are in a tender attitude." She—"Oh, don't you see? He has just asked her to marry him and she is accepting him." "Ah! How appropriate the title!" "I don't see it." "Why, that card at the bottom, says 'Sold.'"