A GOOD SAMARITAN.

HAVING FOUND HEALTH HE POINTS THE WAY TO OTHERS.

His Advice Was Acted Upon by Mr. Miles Pettit, of Wellington, Who, as a Result, Now Rejoices in Renewed Health and Strength.

From the Picton Times.

Mr. Miles Pettit, of Wellington, was a recent caller at the Times office. He is an old subscriber to the paper, and has for years been one of the most respected business men of Wellington. He is also possessed of considerable inventive genius, and is the holder of several patents for his own inventions. The Times was aware of Mr. Pettit's serious and long continued illness, and was delighted to see that he had been restored. In answer to enquiries as to how this had been brought about, Mr. Pettit promptly and emphatically replied "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills did it." Being further interrogated as to whether he was willing that the facts should be made public, he cheerfully consented to give a statement for that purpose, which in substance is

as follows: He was first attacked in that ... assisting in digging a cellar ... first symptom was lameness in the right hip which continued for nearly two years. It then gradually extended to the other leg and to both feet. The sensations were a numbness and pricking, which continued to get worse and worse until he practically lost control of his feet. He could walk but a short distance before his limbs would give out and he would be obliged to rest. He felt that if he could walk forty rods without resting he was accomplishing a great deal. He had the best medical attendance and tried many medicines without any beneficial results. He remained in this condition for about two years, when he unexpectedly got relief. One day he was in Picton and was returning to Wellington by train. Mr. John Soby, of Picton, was also a passenger on the train. Mr. Soby it will be remembered, was one of the many who found benefit from Pink Pills, and had given a testimonial that was published extensively. Having been benefited by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills he is ever since been a staunch friend of the medicine, and noticing Mr. Pettit's condition made enquiry as to who he was. Having been informed, Mr. Soby tapped him on the shoulder and said, "Friend, you look a sick man." Mr. Pettit described his case, and Mr. Soby replied, "Take Dr Williams' Pink Pills. I know from experience what virtue there is in them and I am satisfied they will cure you." Mr. Pettit had tried so many things and failed to get relief that he was somewhat skeptical, but the advice was so disinterested, and given so ... that he decided to give Pink Pills a trial. The rest is shortly summed up. He bought the Pink Pills, used them according to the directions which accompany each box, and was cured. His cure he believes to be permanent, for it is now nearly a year since he discontinued the use of the pills. Mr. Pettit says he believes he would have become utterly helpless had it not been for this wonderful health restoring medicine.

The experience of years has proved that there is absolutely no disease due to a vitiated condition of the blood or shattered nerves that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will not promptly cure, and those who are suffering from such troubles would avoid much misery and save money by promptly resorting to this treatment. Get the genuine Pink Pills every time, and do not be persuaded to take an imitation or some other remedy from a dealer, who, for the sake of extra profit to himself, may say is "just as good." Dr. Williams' Pink Pills make rich, red blood, and cure when other remedies fail.

Night Signaling at Sea.

There is a great diversity of opinion in the British navy as to the merits and demerits of colored lights for signaling. Most of the navy officers are strongly in their favor. As they point out, a signal on this system can be kept showing as long as required, while any amount of repetition of flash-signaling may not, under some conditions, render it intelligible with any degree of certainty. The British naval authorities who have been indefatigable in testing new systems of signaling, both for day and night purposes, have recently made a trial at Portsmouth of the Sellner system, invented by an officer in the Austrian navy. This system consists of two lanterns, each capable of producing five classes of light, namely, white and red, white occulting, red occulting, and red and white occulting. Thirty different combinations are placed on the code. Electric lights are used for the lanterns, and though, for the present, separate batteries are used for the lights, and for the signaling apparatus by which the lights are changed and obscured at will, it is intended that eventually one dynamo shall supply all of the current required. A record of signals sent by the apparatus is obtained by an attachment which prints the message sent automatically. No difficulty was experienced in reading the signals at a distance of six miles or more. The objection raised to the system is that the mechanism is far too delicate and complicated, though the results obtained with it far exceed those possible with the present Morse flash signaling.

An Outspoken Politician.

"Perhaps you can guess my mission," said the reporter, after the statesman had read the proffered card.

"I have called to ascertain what sort of money you are in favor of."

The statesman opened the door, looked out, closed the door again, locked it, pulled down the windows and whispered in the ear of the waiting newspaper man, "campaign funds."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Bright Sayings of Advertisers.

Many level-headed men carry their heads in one of our hats.—The Golden Rule, St. Paul, Minn.

The goodness of goods is more important than the poorness of prices in our establishments.—Robert I. Cohen, Galveston, Tex.

Your good-will is kept by keeping up the quality and keeping down the prices. — Massachusetts Clothing Company, Boston, Mass.

The St. Louis Star does not publish part of the news all of the time nor all of the news part of the time, but all of the news all of the time.—St. Louis Star.

It's not our "ads" that make our business successful. It's ... high ... diamonds, watches, jewelry and ... silver that stand here ... Here style is married to ... price performs the ceremony ... invited.—J. C. Sipe.

Swollen Eyes.

If the eyes look swollen and bloodshot, sponge them several times during the day with hot water.

A heavy cold, or using them too much, will produce this appearance of the eyes, and perfect rest is the best cure. Lie down in a darkened room, with a cloth dipped in hot water laid over the eyes.

A SOCIAL CALL.

There goes the bell! A visitor, I guess,
And I'm a fright and haven't time to dress.
H'm! Mrs. Gossip from across the way.
What put it in her head to call today?
To see what she can see—that's all, no doubt.
That woman's nothing but a gadabout.
I hate her, with her supercilious airs—

That horrid girl is bringing her upstairs.
'Tis Mrs. Gossip. I declare! Why, this
Is quite a pleasure, I am sure. (A kiss.)
So kind of you to call—'tis quite a treat.
Let me remove your shawl. Pray, take a seat.
We're all upset this morning, it is true,
But we can always find a seat for you.
Pray don't apologize—there is no need.
I'm very glad you've called—I am indeed.
—Boston Courier.

THE TWO PEACHES.

Though the son and grandson of government employees, I had no more than fairly got started in the same career than I resigned my position on account of two peaches.

I was a regular chip of the old block, and my father thought nothing could equal a government career. So, after I had graduated, no one urged me to do anything but take a subordinate place in my father's department. I did not feel strongly drawn toward another vocation and submissively started on the uninteresting highway of bureaucracy. I was a diligent fellow and well disciplined, for I had been taught from my cradle to respect superior officials and to defer to those in authority; so I was noticed by my chiefs and rapidly passed the first grades of clerkship. When I was 25, my director, who was fond of me, gave me a place in his office, and I became the envy of my comrades. They already spoke of me as a prospective superior clerk and predicted a bright future. It was then that I married. My wife was a beautiful girl, and, what is better, very good and affectionate, but she had no fortune. That was a grave fault in the eyes of the little world of clerks in which I lived. They were very positive. They regarded marriage only as a business transaction, and they invariably took for a rule that if the husband provides the breakfast, the wife must provide the dinner. But my wife and I between us had hardly enough to sup meagerly. Everybody said I had done a very silly thing, and more than one blunt colleague in my department declared briefly that I was a fool and had willfully put my foot in it. Nevertheless my wife was very sweet and lovely, and by living modestly and with great economy we succeeded in making both ends meet. Though my lack of foresight was still condemned, the society people of the place deigned to continue inviting us.

My chief was rich and delighted in being conspicuous, priding himself on making a fine appearance in the social world. He frequently received, gave elegant dinners, and from time to time issued invitations for a dancing party to the families of his employees and to the prominent people of the town. My wife was not well, some months after our marriage, and though I would have much preferred to remain at home with her I was obliged to go alone to these entertainments, for my chief would not allow any one to decline his invitations—his subordinates must even amuse themselves according to his orders.

One night there was a grand ball at the directory, and of course, whether I would or no, I had to don my evening clothes and go.

While I put the finishing touches to my white cravat, my wife gave me numerous suggestions: "It will be perfectly lovely. Do not fail to see everything so as to tell me afterward. The names of the ladies who are there, the toilets, and the supper menu—for there is to be a supper. It seems that they have ordered a great many delicacies from Chevet—some rare fruits; I heard of peaches that cost 3 francs apiece—oh, what peaches they must be! Do you know, if you were good, you would bring me one."

I remonstrated. I showed her that the thing was impracticable, and how difficult it would be for a man in a dress suit to put such fruit as a peach in his pocket without the risk of being seen and pointed out. The more I objected the more bent upon her whim did she become:

"On the contrary, nothing could be easier. In the midst of the crowd coming and going to supper, no one would see you. Take one as if for yourself, and then hide it adroitly. Don't shrug your shoulders. Perhaps it is only a bit of childishness, but I long for one; ever since I heard of those peaches I have had a wild desire to taste them. Promise to bring me one at least."

How could a man give a downright refusal to the woman he adored? I ended by murmuring a vague promise and then hastened away, but just as I turned the handle of the door she called me back. I saw her big blue eyes, bright with longing, turned upon me, and she cried once more, "Do you promise?"

The ball was very fine; flowers everywhere, elegant toilets and excellent music. The prefect, the president of the tribunal, the officers of the garrison, and all of the department clerks were there. Our chief had spared nothing to give brilliancy to this entertainment, of which his wife and daughter did the honors most graciously. At midnight, supper was served, and the dancers filed into the dining room in couples. I followed, trembling, and scarcely had I entered before I saw the famous peaches sent by Chevet occupying a conspicuous place in the center of the table.

They were indeed magnificent! There was a pyramid of them in a china basket, carefully arranged with grape leaves, which brought out the appetizing color of their velvety skins where deep red shaded into greenish white. From seeing them one could easily imagine the fragrance and delicate flavor of the luscious rosy pulp. My eyes caressed them from afar, and I thought of the joyous cries that would greet me on my return if I succeeded in carrying home a sample of this perfect fruit. They were exciting general admiration, and the more I gazed at them the more did my desire take the shape of a fixed purpose. I determined to have one or two. But how? The waiters kept a watchful guard over this rare and costly delicacy, our host having reserved for himself the pleasure of offering his peaches to certain guests. From time to time, at a sign from my chief, the butler would daintily take one, cut it with a silver knife, and present the two halves on a Sevres plate to the designated person.

I watched this performance greedily, and with fear saw the pyramid fall in. However, the contents of the basket were not exhausted. Perhaps the order had been strictly executed; perhaps the peaches had been arranged with forethought. At any rate, when the banqueters, recalled by the orchestra's playing a prelude, hurried back to the dancing hall, there were still half a dozen beautiful peaches nestling among the green leaves.

I followed the crowd, but it was only a false sortie. I had left my hat in a corner—a tall hat, which had bothered me considerably during the entire evening. I went back with the pretense of getting it, and as I was, in a way, one of the household, the servants did not mistrust me. Besides, they were busy carrying out the dishes and glasses used by the guests, and at a certain moment I found myself alone near the sideboard.

There was not an instant to lose. After a furtive glance to the right and left, I approached the basket and made two of the peaches quickly roll into my hat, where I covered them with my handkerchief; then, very calm and dignified in appearance, though my heart was beating frightfully, I left the dining room, carefully pressing the opening of my hat to my breast, and holding it there by means of my right hand, which, thrust inside of my vest, gave me a very majestic, almost Napoleonic, bearing.

My scheme was to cross the ballroom cautiously, to steal away, and once outside to carry home victoriously the two peaches wrapped in my handkerchief.

It was not so easy as I had fancied. They were about to commence the cotillon. All around the large hall there was a double line of men and elderly ladies, hemming in the circle formed by the chairs of the dancers, while in the center there was a wide, empty space, where a few couples were waltzing.

I timidly made my way through groups of people; I squeezed between chairs with the suppleness of a snake; I trembled each moment for fear that a rough jog of my elbow would change the position of my hat and the peaches fall. I could feel them rolling around inside, and I grew hot to my ears and the roots of my hair. At last, after much care and maneuvering, I reached the inner space just as a new figure was being organized. A lady is placed in the center and the gentlemen circle about her with their backs turned; she holds a hat and places it upon the head of the man with whom she wishes to waltz.

I had hardly taken two steps when the director's daughter, who was leading the cotillon with a young counselor of the prefecture, cried:

"A hat! We need a hat!"

At the same moment she caught sight of me with my stovepipe against my breast. I met her glance, and my blood froze.

"Ah!" she said to me, "you have come just in time, M. Herbelot. Quick, your hat."

Before I could even stammer out one word, she had taken my hat, so hastily that the peaches forthwith rolled upon the floor, carrying my handkerchief and two or three grape leaves with them.

You can imagine the tableau. The dancers laughed in their sleeves at my theft and discomfiture; my chief frowned, and grave men whispered and pointed their fingers at me, while I felt my knees grow weak. I longed to sink through the floor and disappear.

The young lady pressed her lips together to keep back her laughter, and while returning my hat said, in an ironical voice:

"Pick up your peaches, M. Herbelot." Shouts of mirth then resounded from all parts of the room—even the servants held their sides. Pale, haggard and tottering, I fled, overwhelmed with my disgrace and so confused that I could hardly find the door. With a dead weight on my heart, I hurried away to tell my wife of my disaster.

The next day the story was all over town. When I entered my department, my comrades received me with, "Herbelot, pick up your peaches." I could not venture into the street without hearing mocking voices murmur behind me, "Peaches."

The place was unbearable, and in a week I handed in my resignation.

An uncle of my wife had a farm near my native village, and I begged him to take me for an assistant. He consented, and we moved to Chanterine. I went to work resolutely, rising with the dawn and never pitying myself. It would seem that I was more fitted for agriculture than for pen pushing, for in a short time I became an enthusiastic farmer. The property did so well that our uncle, at his death, willed it to us.

I worship peaches, for to them I owe my happiness. Without them I should have remained a weak subordinate, trembling at the slightest frown from a prefect, and being but one of the already too numerous throng of clerks who find it difficult to make both ends meet.—San Francisco Argonaut.

White Fur Rugs.

One of the pretty conceits of the day is a boudoir carpet made entirely of white fur. Very large white fur rugs are also greatly in vogue and are not expensive, three good sized goatskins sewed together making a reasonably large rug. White fur rugs can be easily cleaned and should not be allowed to remain soiled, their beauty consisting in their freshness.—Decorator.

FEEDING FRUIT TREES.

Money the Final Object in Fruit Growing—Why Old Orchards Are Failing.

In a recent address a Northern Ohio fruit-grower said that the vital point is the final result in any line of fruit growing. This subject is very broad, covering the whole field of horticulture, inasmuch as it relates to the selection of varieties, planting, pruning, care, culture, and, in fact, every step from the start in growth to the finish, in marketing. In this locality the season of paying strawberry shipment is but 10 days, and the grower is the loser unless he raises the earliest and best. Again, losses come when the grower allows freezing starvation or weed choking to dwarf his vines. This applies to all fruits. A few observations will serve to illustrate. Orchards, except in new apple-growing sections, are on the wane. I believe that at least 95 per cent. of them are in sod. The trees were "turned out to grass," as it were, at the start, and have always been kept there. If they yielded any fruit, it was in the nature of a "gift crop," for their care has not cost much, if anything. We cropped the land they occupied and carried away the plant food they craved and needed, in the pasture, hay and grain we took from it. We robbed and starved the trees, yet feel like grumbling because they do not return us heavy annual fruit crops.

Old, solid turf makes excellent natural breeding grounds for insects, and weak, unthrifty trees are less able to withstand the attacks of scab and droves of other tramps that infest or may drift along. If not too far gone, there is no longer any doubt that the way to make an orchard profitable is first to go at it and prune off the useless wood. Then, as soon as it will do, early in the spring, turn the sod shallow and keep it cultivated till into July. Sow a "catch crop," say of rye or crimson clover, to turn over again the next spring. This will furnish most of the plant food needed, especially nitrogen. By experiment, it has been found that the fruit and foliage of a manure apple tree annually absorbs about two pounds of potash and one quarter pound of phosphoric acid. A substitute for these would be a good dressing of wood ashes. Since these fertilizer dressings are for the benefit of the roots, they are best applied during the winter, to be turned under by spring plowing. In speaking of the more recent and improved methods in handling our orchards, spraying for rot, scab, insects and fungus troubles must not be overlooked. I would not emphasize the importance of spraying any less, but of feeding and cultivating the trees more. The cultivation of all orchards should begin very early in the spring and end by August, to give the wood a chance to make the largest growth and mature well.

THE GARDEN

GRAFTING MADE EASY.

How Wild Trees Are Changed Into Producers of Fine Fruit.

Scattered over rocky, sidehill pastures, along fences, fields and frequently in orchard rows, are to be found on almost every farm thrifty wild apple trees, whose fruit is seldom fit for anything but the cider press. Yet these very trees, with but very little outlay of time and money, can be changed into producers of fruit of the best varieties by cleft grafting. As soon as spring has really set in

FIG. 1.—GRAFTING KNIFE.

is the proper season to do this work, and almost anyone, by the exercise of intelligence, care and perseverance, can do his own grafting very successfully.

The Tools.—A full kit of grafter's tools consists of a keen, fine-toothed, stiff-backed saw, a thin, sharp knife for whittling, a light wooden mallet, a wax kettle and a grafting knife like the one shown in Fig. 1. The entire length of it is 13½ inches. Any blacksmith can make this knife from an old file. Have him taper the handle end down to a sharp point.

Cutting the Cions.—Many farmers have the notion that cions must be cut in February, but experience has taught me that the best time to cut grafts, if one does not need any great quantity, is at the time they are to be inserted, always provided that the buds are not too far advanced, in which case they should be cut in April and preserved in damp sand or sawdust. For cions, cut only the last year's growth from the end of a bearing branch.

Sawing.—In sawing off a branch, the grafter should bear in mind the future shape of the tree, and not saw too close to the trunk, not saw off branches more than three inches in diameter, and not saw one limb above another, so that the growth will interfere. In case of a heavy branch, which is liable to split down, saw under a few inches above where you wish to leave your stub, until the saw begins to pinch, then saw from the top at the place selected, and there will be no splitting. Make a smooth, clean cut.

Whittling.—Cions should not exceed a lead pencil in size. Take the twig in your left hand, and placing the knife at the side of the bud, draw it toward the end, the cut terminating at the pith, the bevel being perfect. Serve the opposite side in exactly the same way, taking care that the wedge is a little the thickest in front. There should be about an inch of shank below the lower bud. Count off three buds and detach, when your cion will appear as shown on the right of Fig. 2.

Setting the Cion.—Place the curved edge of your knife over the end of the stub, splitting at right angles to the

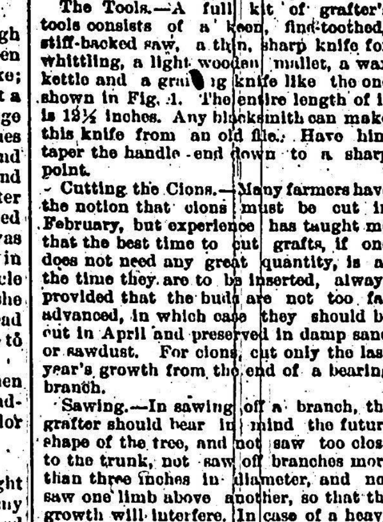


FIG. 2. CLEFT AND CION.

body of the tree. Split with one elbow of the mallet if possible, the curved edge of the knife being calculated to make a clean cut before the bark begins to tear. Drive out the knife, and, reversing, drive the wedge lightly into the cleft. Now bear down on the handle enough to hold the cleft open, insert your cions so that their inner bark will either match with or cross that of the stub, leaving the lower bud a little above or on a level with the sawed surface, and drive—not pull—out your knife. The cleft ready for insertion of the cions is seen in Fig. 2.

Waxing.—Have your wax about the consistency of soft putty and your hands well oiled with fresh lard, so that it will not stick. Roll up sufficient wax to cover the stub, draw the wax with one motion over the cleft, shutting in the lower bud. Now cover the other cleft, and if you have used wax enough to exclude air and moisture success will be sure.

Grafting Wax.—To make a wax that will not crack in winter nor melt in summer, melt one part beeswax and one part tallow together, and five parts white resin separately; pour together while hot, stir briskly and dump into a tub of lukewarm water whose sides and bottom have been previously well greased with lard. Grease your hands with the same material and work your wax until it is a golden yellow and will float.—Orange Judd Farmer.

Stains on the Hands.

Ink stains, dye stains, etc., can be immediately removed by dipping the fingers in water (warm water is best), and then rubbing on the stain a small portion of oxalic acid powder and cream of tartar mixed together in equal quantities, and kept in a box. When the stain disappears wash the hands with fine soap or almond cream. A small box of this stain powder should be kept always in the wash stand drawer, unless there are small children in the family, in which case it should be put out of their reach, as it is a poison.

To Keep Flowers.

As soon as flowers are gathered, cut their stems a half inch or so before arranging them in a vase. At night put them in a cool place where there are no draughts. In the morning cut the stems and place in fresh water. Some flowers will keep better if wrapped in damp tissue paper over night, but carnations must be kept dry, or their petals will curl up.

Here's True Wisdom.

Don't ape the silly busy bee—
His rashness can't be beat;
He stores up honey, as you see,
Which other people eat.

Horticultural Notes.

"Bordeaux mixture," "Kerosene emulsion," "White hellebore," and kindred remedies are sometimes necessary, and the successful grower should know when and how to use them. All are quickly prepared and easily applied.

There are this summer a great many trees that because of the drought last fall or of some injury to the buds during winter have set no fruit this year. It will be very unsafe to manure these trees heavily or to give them high cultivation, lest their condition of unfruitfulness should be continued. Only the very old trees and those which are unfruitful from lack of vigor, can be benefited by heavy manuring, and these will generally be helped more by mineral fertilizers than by those of nitrogenous character.

A Dead Give Away.

The bicycle girl was almost in tears.

"I thought my disguise was perfect," she said. "I had this suit made just exactly like my brother's, and the hat is like his, too—and—everything else is like his, so I don't see how you could tell my sex so easily."

The young man laughed.

"Loosen your belt," he said. "A man does not pride himself on his small waist."—Chicago Evening Post.

GUILTY OR NOT?

SHALL HIS SOUL BE SAVED OR LOST?

Conscience, the World, the Angel and the Holy Ghost Give Testimony Against Him. But Jesus Christ, the Great Advocate, Intervenes in His Behalf.

Washington, D.C., Aug. 23.—The illustrations of this sermon are drawn from the scenes in a courtroom, with which Dr. Talmage became familiar when he was studying law, before he studied for the ministry. The text is: I. John 2, 1: "We have an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous."

Standing in a court room, you say to yourself: "At this bar crime has often been arraigned; at this witness stand the oath has often been taken; at this jurors' bench the verdict has been rendered; at this judges' desk sentence has been pronounced." But I have to tell you to-day of a trial higher than any oyer and terminer or circuit or supreme or chancery. It is the trial of every Christian man for the life of his soul. This trial is different from any other in the fact that it is both civil and criminal.

The issues at stake are tremendous, and I shall, in my sermon show you, first, what are the grounds of complaint; then, who are the witnesses in the case, and lastly, who are the advocates.

When a trial is called on the first thing is to have the indictment read. Stand up then, O, Christian man, and hear the indictment of the court of high heaven against thy soul. It is an indictment of ten counts, for thou hast directly or indirectly broken all the ten commandments. You know how it thundered on Sinai and when God came down how the mountain rocked and the smoke ascended as from a smoldering furnace, and the darkness gathered thick, and the loud, deep trumpet uttered the words: "The soul that sinneth, it shall die!" Are you guilty, or not guilty? Do not put in a negative plea too quick, for I have to announce that "all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God. There is none that doeth good; no, not one. Whosoever shall keep the whole law, yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all." Do not, therefore, be too hasty in pronouncing yourself not guilty.

This lawsuit before us also charges you with the breaking of a solemn contract. Many a time did we promise to be the Lord's. We got down on our knees and said: "O, Lord, I am thine now and forever." Did you keep the promise? I go back to your first communion. You remember it as well as if it were yesterday. You know how the vision of the cross rose before you. You remember how from the head and the hands and the side and the feet there came bleeding forth these two words: "Remember Me." You recall how the cup of communion trembled in your hand when you first took it; and as in a seashell you may hear, or think you hear, the roaring of the surf even after the shell has been taken from the beach, so you lifted the cup of communion and you heard in it the surging of the great ocean of a Savior's agony; and you came forth from that communion service with face shining as though you had been on the Mount of Transfiguration; and the very air seemed tremulous with the love of Jesus, and the woods and the leaves and the grass and the birds were brighter and sweeter-voiced than ever before, and you said down in the very depths of your soul: "Lord, thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I love thee." Have you kept the bargain, O, Christian man? Have you not sometimes faltered when you ought to have been true? Have you not been proud when you ought to have been humble? Have you not played the coward when you ought to have been the hero? I charge it upon you and I charge it upon myself—we have broken the contract.

Still further: this lawsuit claims damages at your hands. The greatest slander on the Christian religion is an inconsistent professor. The Bible says that religion is one thing; we, by our inconsistency, say religion is some other thing, and what is more deplorable about it is that people can see faults in others while they cannot see any in themselves. If you shall at any time find some miserable old gossip, with imperfections from the crown of her head to the sole of her foot, a perfect blotch of sin herself, she will go tattling, tattling, tattling all the years of her life about the inconsistencies of others, having no idea that she is inconsistent herself. And save the world from the gossip, female and male! I think the males are the worst. Now the chariot of Christ's salvation goes on through the world; but it is our inconsistency, my brethren, that blocks up the wheels, while all along the line there ought to have been cast nothing but palm branches, and the shout should have been lifted: "Hosanna to the Son of David!"

Now, you have heard the indictment read. Are you ready to plead guilty or not guilty? Perhaps you are not ready yet to plead. Then the trial will go on. The witnesses will be called, and we shall have the matter decided. In the name of God I now make proclamation: Oyez! Oyez! Oyez! whosoever hath anything to offer in this trial in which God is the plaintiff and the Christian soul the defendant, let him now step forth and give testimony in this solemn trial.

The first witness I call upon the stand in behalf of the prosecution is the World—all critical and observant of Christian character. You know that there are people around you who perpetually banquet on the frailties of God's children. You may know, if you have lived in the country, that a crow cares for nothing so much as carrion. There are those who imagine that out of the faults of Christians they can make a bridge of boats across the stream of death, and they are going to try it; but, alas for the mistake! When they get mid-stream away will go the bridge and down will go their souls to perdition. O World of the greedy eye and the hard heart; come on the stand now and testify in behalf of the prosecution against this Christian soul on trial. What do you know about this Christian man? "Oh," says the World, "I know a great deal about him. He talks about putting his treasures in heaven, but he is the sharpest man in a trade I ever knew. He seems to want us to believe that he is a child of God, but he is just full of imperfections. I do not know but I am a great deal better than he is now. Oftentimes he is very earthly, and he talks so little about Christ and so much about himself. I am very glad to testify that this is a bad man."

Stop, O World, with the greedy eye and hard heart! I fear you are too much interested in this trial to give impartial evidence. Let all those who hear the testimony of this witness know that there is an old family quarrel between these two parties. There always has been a variance between the world and the Church, and while the World on the witness stand to-day has told a great deal of truth about this Christian man, you must take it all with much allowance, remembering that they still keep the old grudge good. O World of the greedy eye and the hard heart, that will do; you may sit down.

The second witness I call in this case is Conscience. Who art thou, O Conscience? What is your business? Where were you born? What are you doing here? "Oh," says Conscience, "I was born in heaven; I came down to befriend this man. I have lived with him. I have instructed him the right and the wrong, advising him to take the one and eschew the other. I have kindled a great light in his soul. With a whip of scorpions I have scourged his wickedness, and I have tried to cheer him when doing right; and yet am compelled to testify on the stand to-day that he has sometimes rejected my mission. Oh, how many cups of life have I pressed to his lips that he dashed down, and how often has he stood with his hard heel on the bleeding heart of the Son of God! It pains me very much that I have to testify against this Christian man, and yet I must, in behalf of Him who will in no wise clear the guilty, say that this Christian man has done wrong. He has been worldly. He has been neglectful. He has done a thousand things he ought not to have done, and left undone a thousand things he ought to have done." That will do, Conscience. You can sit down.

The third witness I call in the case is an angel of God. Bright and shining one, what dost thou here? What hast thou to say against this man on trial? "Oh," says the angel, "I have been a messenger to him. I have guarded him. I have watched him. With this wing I have defended him, and oftentimes, when he knew it not, I led him into green pastures and beside the still waters. I snatched from him the poisoned chalices. When bad spirits came upon him to destroy him, I fought them back with infinite fierceness, and yet I have to testify to-day that he has rejected my mission. He has not done as he ought to have done. Though I came from the sky, he drove me back. Though with this wing I defended him, and though with this voice I wooed him, I have to announce his multiplied imperfections. I dare not keep back the testimony, for then I should not dare to appear again amongst the sinless ones before the great white throne."

There is only one more witness to be called on behalf of the prosecution, and that is the great, the holy, the august, the omnipotent Spirit of God. We bow down before Him. Holy Spirit, knowest thou this man? "Oh, yes," says the Holy One, "I know him. I have striven with him ten thousand times, and though sometimes he did seem to repent, he fell back again as often from his first estate. Ten thousand times ten thousand has he grieved me, although the Bible warned him, saying: 'Grieve not the Holy Ghost. Quench not the Spirit.' Yes, he has driven me back. Though I am the Third Person of the Trinity, he has trampled on My mission, and the blood of the atonement that I brought with which to cleanse his soul, he sometimes despised, I came from the throne of God to convert, and comfort and sanctify, and yet look at that man and see what he is compared with what, unresisted, I would have made him."

The evidence on the part of the prosecution has closed. Now let the defense bring on the rebuttal testimony. What have you, O Christian soul, to bring in reply to this evidence of the world, of the conscience, of the angel and of the Holy Ghost? No evidence? Are all these things true? "Yes. Unclean, unclean," says every Christian soul. What? Do you not begin to tremble at the thought of condemnation?

We have come now to the most interesting part of this great trial. The evidence all in. The advocates speak. The profession of an advocate is full of responsibility. In England and the United States there have arisen men who in this calling have been honored by their race and thrown contempt upon those who in the profession have been guilty of a great many meannesses. That profession will be honorable so long as it has attached to it such names as Mansfield, and Marshall, and Story, and Kent, and Southard, and William Wirt. The courtroom has sometimes been the scene of very marvelous and thrilling things. Some of you remember the famous Girard will case, where one of our advocates pleaded the cause of the Bible and Christianity in masterly Anglo-Saxon, every paragraph a thunderbolt.

Some of you have read of the famous trial in Westminster hall of Warren Hastings, the despoiler of India. That great man had conquered India by splendid talents, by courage, by bribes, by gigantic dishonesty. The whole world had rung with applause or condemnation. Gathered in Westminster hall, a place in which 30 kings had been inaugurated, was one of the most famous audiences ever gathered. Foreign ministers and princes sat there. Peers marched in, clad in ermine and gold. Mighty men and women from all lands looked down upon the scene. Amid all that pomp and splendor, and amid an excitement such as has seldom been seen in any courtroom, Edmund Burke advanced in a speech which will last as long as the English language, concluding with this burning charge, which made Warren Hastings cringe and cower "I impeach him in the name of the commons house of parliament, whose trust he has betrayed. I impeach him in the name of the English nation, whose ancient honor he has sullied. I impeach him in the name of the people of India, whose rights he has trampled on and whose country he has turned into a desert. And, lastly, in the name of human nature, in the name of both sexes, in the name of every age and rank, I impeach him as the common enemy and oppressor of all."

But I turn from the recital of these memorable occasions to a grander trial, and I have to tell you that in this trial of the Christian, for the life of his soul, the advocates are mightier, wiser and more eloquent. The evidence of all being in, severe and stern justice rises on behalf of the prosecution to make his plea. With the Bible open in his hand, he reads the law, stern and inflexible, and the penalty: "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." Then he says: "O, thou Judge and Lawgiver, this is thine own statute, and all the evidence in earth and heaven agrees that the man has sinned against these enactments. Now let the sword leap from its scabbard. Shall a man go through the very flames of Sinai unsinged? Let the law be executed. Let judgment be pronounced. Let him die. I demand that he die!"

O, Christian, does it not look very dark for thee? Who will plead on thy side in so forlorn a cause? Sometimes a man will be brought into a court of law, and he will have no friends and no money, and the judge will look over the bar and say: 'Is there anyone who will volunteer to take this man's case and defend him?' And some young man rises up and says: "I will be his counsel;" perhaps starting from that very point to a great and brilliant career. Now, in this matter of the soul, as you have nothing to pay for counsel, do you think that anyone will volunteer? Yes, yes; I see One rising. He is a young man, only 33 years of age. I see His countenance suffused with tears and covered with blood, and all the galleries of heaven are thrilled with the spectacle. Thanks be unto God, "we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous."

Oh, Christian soul, your case begins to look better. I think, perhaps, after all, you may not have to die. The best advocate in the universe has taken your side. No one was ever so qualified to defend you. He knows all the law, all its demands, all its penalties. He is always ready. No new turn of the case can surprise Him, and He will plead for you for nothing as earnestly as though you brought a world of treasure to His feet. Besides that, He has undertaken the case of thousands who were as forlorn as you, and He has never lost a case. Courage, O Christian soul! I think that, after all, there may be some chance for you, for the great Advocate rises to make His plea. He says: "I admit all that has been proved against my client. I admit all these sins, ay, more; but look at that wounded hand of mine and look at that other wounded hand, and at my right foot and at my left foot. By all these wounds I plead for his clearance. Count all the drops of my tears. Count all the drops of my blood. By the humiliation of Bethlehem, by the sweat of Gethsemane, by the sufferings of the cross, I demand that he go free. On this arm he hath leaned; to this heart he hath flown; in my tears he hath washed; on my righteousness he hath depended. Let him go free. I am the ransom. Let him escape the lash; I took the scourgings. Let the cup pass from him; I drank it to the dregs. Put on him the crown of life, for I have worn the crown of thorns. Over against my throne of shame set his throne of triumph!"

Well, the counsel on both sides have spoken, and there is only one more thing now remaining, and that is the awarding of the judgment. If you have ever been in a court room you know the silence and solemnity when the verdict is about to be rendered or the judgment about to be given. About this soul on trial—shall it be saved or shall it be lost? Attention! above, around, beneath. All the universe cries, "Hear! hear!"

The Judge rises and gives this decision, never to be changed, never to be revoked: "There is, therefore, now no condemnation to them who are in Christ Jesus."

The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not, desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no never, no, never forsake.

But, my friends, there is coming a day of trial in which not only the saint but the sinner must appear. That day of trial will come very suddenly. The farmer will be at the plow, the merchant will be in the counting room, the woodman will be ringing his axe on the hickories, the weaver will have his foot on the treadle, the manufacturer will be walking amid the buzz of looms and the clack of flying machinery, the counsel may be at the bar, pleading the law, the minister may be in the pulpit pleading the Gospel, the drunkard may be reeling amid his cups, and the blasphemer with the oath caught between his teeth.

Lo! The sun hides. Night comes down at mid-noon. The stars appear at noon to-day. The earth shudders and throbs. There an earthquake opens and a city sinks as a crocodile would crunch a child. Mountains roll in their sockets and send down their granite cliffs in avalanche of rock. Rivers pause in their chase for the sea, and ocean, uprearing, cries to flying Alps and Himalayas. Beasts bellow and moan and snuff up the darkness. Clouds fly like flocks of swift eagles. Great thunders beat and boom and burst. Stars shoot and fall. The Almighty, rising on his throne, declares that time shall be no longer, and the archangel's trump repeats it till all the living hear, and the continents of dead spring to their feet, crying: "Time shall be no longer!" Oh, on that day will you be ready?

I have shown you how well the Christian will get off in his trial. Will you get off as well in your trial? Will Christ plead on your side or against you? Oh, what will you do in the last great assize, if your conscience is against you, and the world is against you, and the angels of heaven are against you, another Holy Spirit is against you, and the Lord God Almighty is against you? Better this day secure an Advocate.

A Young Man's Religious Life.

I recommend a young man to take good care of his body because it pays. I recommend to him to go to school or to college because it pays. I recommend to him to interest himself in religion because it pays, because it helps to make actual in him that which is possible, and puts him in the way of accomplishing here upon the earth the true purpose of his being. It seems to me well to antagonize thus at the start any such idea as that religion is one of the dispensables, or that it occupies much the same position in our personal belongings that bric-a-brac does in household furnishings, a commodity that it is well enough to be possessed of, but that stands in no immediate relation to the substantial necessities of every-day life.—Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst, D.D., in July Ladies' Home Journal.

God's Adoptions.

It is only the gazer who, seeing how things turn out for good, thinks, it is no matter what he does or whether he does anything. God adopts men's doings, but he does not adopt idle men; and the man whom this vision misleads into idleness gives God cause to do against him instead of through him. Only he enters into the glory of God's works who works with God.

Useful in His Business.

Wholesale Grocer—So you want to marry my daughter? What is your business?

Suitor—I'm a poet.

Wholesale Grocer—Good! You may have her. We need some one to write our advertisements.

There are a number of varieties of corns. Holloway's Corn Cure will remove any of them. Call on your druggist and get a bottle at once.

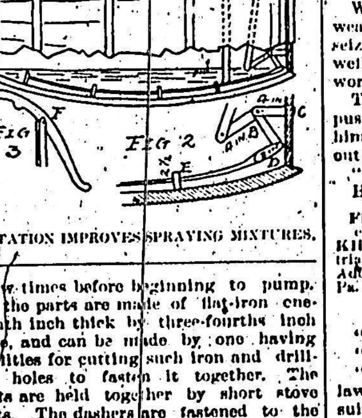
Do not delay in getting relief for the little folks. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is a pleasant and sure cure. If you love your child why do you let it suffer when a remedy is so near at hand?

SPRAYING MIXTURES.

To Make Them Effective They Must Be Thoroughly Agitated.

Users of spraying mixtures are often inconvenienced by the solid particles settling in the reservoir. One of the best methods to keep the solution in agitation is shown below. The agitator, as shown in Fig. 1, is made for use with a barrel lying in its side, which I consider the best way to carry the barrel, and consists of an arm, a, of flat iron one-eighth inch thick and three-fourths inch wide, attached to the handle of the pump and entering the barrel about six or eight inches from its head. The arm is attached to an elbow, b, with arms six inches in length, which is fastened into a socket about four inches in length, that is bolted to the head of the barrel at c. At the lower end of the elbow is attached a short arm, d, which is joined to a long arm that carries the dashers or agitators, e. This joint is necessary in order that the dashers may lie on the bottom of the barrel and not be lifted up at every stroke of the pump. With the movement of the pump handle the dashers move backward and forward over the entire bottom of the barrel, thus keeping the liquid in constant motion.

In order that the liquid that may have settled on the bottom may be stirred thoroughly before starting the pump, the arm, a, is fitted to the pump handle by a slot, f, so that it may be quickly slipped off and worked upward and downward



AGITATION IMPROVES SPRAYING MIXTURES.

a few times before beginning to pump. All the parts are made of flat-iron one-eighth inch thick by three-fourths inch wide, and can be made by one having facilities for cutting such iron and drilling holes to fasten it together. The parts are held together by short stove bolts. The dashers are fastened to the rod by a screw passing through it. In the adjustment of this apparatus to the barrel, the pump must be brought near enough to the end of the barrel to allow of the full sweep of the pump handle, and the rod, a, fixed to the handle so as to give a full sweep to the elbow, b, that the dashers may be carried forward and backward to their fullest extent.—Prof. S. T. Maynard, Massachusetts Agricultural College, in Farm and Home.

To Keep Flowers.

As soon as flowers are gathered, cut their stems a half inch or so before arranging them in a vase. At night put them in a cool place where there are no draughts. In the morning cut the stems and place in fresh water. Some flowers will keep better if wrapped in damp tissue paper over night, but carnations must be kept dry, or their petals will curl up.

ITS RAVAGES ARE STAYED.

The Mortality From Heart Disease Decreases Wherever Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart is Known—Mrs. Margaret Smith's Miraculous Recovery by the Use of this Remedy—Leading Physicians Recommend Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder—Growing Popularity for Dr. Agnew's Ointment for Piles and Liver Pills for Liver Ills.

Just as vaccination has proven the means of reducing mortality from that dreaded disease, smallpox, and recent scientific discoveries are having a like effect on diphtheria, so the discovery of Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart is giving new life to thousands who have suffered from heart disease and have feared that death would come to them any day.

The case of Mrs. Margaret Smith, of Brussels, Ont., is only one of hundreds in Canada. She says: "I was troubled with an affection of the heart for over two years, and at times the distress was such as to confine me to my bed for days, during which times my suffering was very severe, and I would have welcomed death with joy. No physician's help did me any good, and not until I procured a bottle of Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart had I hope of recovery. I have now taken four bottles and I must confess I have never felt better in my life and am my old self again."

Not only has Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder received the warm personal recommendation of the leading clergymen of all denominations, prominent members of parliament, and well-known citizens in all parts of the Dominion, but the medical profession have been quick to speak of its excellent qualities. Dr. Godbout, of Beauce, Que., is one of many physicians who is found recommending this remedy. Taken in the incipient stages of the disease it quickly banishes catarrh, but it has proven just as efficacious where the disease has assumed a chronic state, and given rise to loss of hearing and other troubles. It is an exceedingly pleasant medicine to use, as well as being a sure cure.

There is no doubt whatever of the immediate relief that Dr. Agnew's Ointment gives in cases of piles. One application brings comfort, and this disease is cured in from three to six nights. It is an excellent remedy for all skin diseases.

His Notes.

It was said of Vice Chancellor Bacon that he never troubled to take a note of the proceedings before him, for his memory was so wonderful that without assistance it could retain all the material facts of a case.

Sometimes he might be seen putting pen to paper and then it was supposed that he was making rough sketches of counsel or the witnesses. One amusing story about him was to the effect that on the hearing of an appeal from one of his judgments the Lord Justices sent for his notes.

They proved to consist of a single sheet of paper on which was drawn a caricature portrait of the appellant, with the words "This man is a liar!" written under it.

Assessment System—Mutual Principle.

The important announcement is made this morning of the amalgamation of the business of the Provincial Provident Institution of St. Thomas with the Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association, whose manager for Ontario is Mr W. J. McMurtry, of Toronto. These are the two largest natural premium life institutions in Canada. Their aggregate business in the Dominion amounts to $36,000,000. The Mutual Reserve Fund Life, which is the largest natural premium company in the world, has for years done a large business in Canada, and has paid here in death claims over $1,250,000. It is duly registered under the Dominion Act, and has a deposit in Government bonds with the Insurance Department amounting to $108,000. By this change the members of the Provincial Provident become members of an institution with one hundred and ten thousand members and over $310,000,000 of insurance; an institution that has nearly $6,000,000 assets and an equal annual income, and which has paid out nearly $27,000,000 in death claims. It is hardly possible that they will fail to appreciate the advantages of this change in the increased security which is thus placed behind their insurance.

Gas Economizers.

"Courtship is a good thing to save gas bills," asserts a gas collector. "Young women engaged or about to be engaged usually mean a reduction in gas bills of $2 a month. Cross children, on the other hand, generally raise gas bills a dollar a month. Bicycling has injured the gas trade terribly. First the husband goes out upon a wheel; then the wife follows his example. The gas is turned down, and when they come back they are usually so tired from the long spin that they have no desire to sit up and burn the midnight oil."—New York Mail and Express.

A Poor Man's Comfort.

Cold and hunger are no respecters of persons. The winter wind howls around the rich man just as searchingly as it sweeps through a poor one. And Fibre Chamois is equally a boon to both with its wonderful, healthful, warmth-giving qualities, its light weight and trifling cost. Those to whom money is no object prefer using it to being burdened down by the weight of many wraps, and those who perform outdoors duties in cold weather find it invaluable as it keeps out all wind and cold—not for an hour or so, but for all day, and yet adds nothing which hampers them no matter what their exercise may be. With it through their outer garments everyone can enjoy winter's coldest snaps in perfect comfort.

Mrs. Celeste Coon, Syracuse, N.Y., writes: "For years I could not eat many kinds of food without producing a burning, excruciating pain in my stomach. I took Parmelee's Pills according to directions under the head of 'Dyspepsia or Indigestion.' One box entirely cured me. I can now eat anything I choose, without distressing me in the least." These Pills do not cause pain or griping, and should be used when a cathartic is required.

Barbarous.

Wiping the gore from his glittering weapon the desperate looking young man seized a piece of cloth and removed as well as he could all traces of his horrible work from the face of his victim.

Then he straightened himself up, pushed the unhappy wretch away from him, and in a voice of thunder called out:—

"Next!"

He was the apprentice.

FITS.—All fits stopped free and permanently cured. No fits after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Free $2 trial bottle sent through Canadian Agency. Address Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Alarming Indications.

"I'm afraid Nora is a humorist."

"What makes you think so?"

"She asked me if she should use the lawn-mower to launder my grass-linen suit."

Wood in Sports.

Wood is essential in the greatest number of sports and games. Indeed, there is scarcely a game or sport into which it does not materially enter. For example, in baseball and cricket it is essential in the bat; in tennis, at least, in the rackets and almost invariably in the uprights for the net; in billiards and bagatelle for the tables and the cues; in golf for the handles of the "T," the "driver," "put," and other implements; in shooting, for the gun-stocks; in fishing, for the rod; in rowing for the boats and oars; yachting, either in the hull, the deck, or masts, or spars; hunting and steeplechases would be nowhere without the fences; archery depends upon its bows and arrows; while hockey, polo, and a number of other popular games among the poorer classes would be impossible without wood.

A Rounded Period Not Always True.

It is not true that "all is well that ends well." That is simply one of those catch phrases that delude people into sowing wild oats; with the intention of some day burning up the wild harvest of such a sowing, and sowing in the same field the good seed of truth and virtue. Character is often impaired beyond reparation, even though repentance comes late and is sincere, and attempted atonement is made by the utmost self sacrifice. "Whoso breaketh a hedge, a serpent shall bite him." The poison may be extracted, but the scar will ever remain.

Pleasant Route.

"So Harold Wiseman is engaged to Maud Stimson. How did he ever get around that girl?"

"Oh, by the belt line."

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