A TEACHER'S STORY.

THE HEALTH OF THOSE IN THE PROFESSION FREQUENTLY UNDERMINED.

Thos. W. Crofer, Late Principal of the Alberton High School, Gives Some Valuable Advice to His Former Co-laborers in the Sedentary Teaching Profession.

Mr. Thos. Crofer, late principal of the Alberton, P. E. I., high school, has passed through an experience that will prove interesting to thousands of others engaged in the teaching profession throughout the country, more especially those whose health has been impaired by overwork in crowded and often badly ventilated schools. "Three years ago," says Mr. Crofer, "I assumed charge of the high school at Alberton, and found the pupils in my department in a rather backward condition, as their former teacher had to resign on account of ill-health. When I began work, however, I was in excellent health, and although I was never very fleshy, I was quite muscular and athletic. I was a great lover of out door exercise and sports, and was an enthusiast over the game of football. Anyone who has ever beheld a genuine game of 'old Rugby' will know that it is not at all a game for weaklings. I merely state these facts to show that at the time I took charge of the high school I was capable of undergoing almost any amount of hard labor. During the two years of my service I labored very hard in bringing my pupils to a high state of proficiency, for I wished to have the school in as prosperous a condition as possible under my management. Besides the close confinement in the school room during the day, I generally studied until twelve at night, in order to be well prepared for entering on a college course when my teaching days would be over. The people at the hotel where I boarded used to warn me against over-taxing my strength, but I disregarded their kind advice. Towards the end of my second year, however, I began to feel the effects of my double work I had imposed upon myself. My eyesight began to fail rapidly, and it was not long until I had to consult an eminent oculist who ordered for me a pair of specially ground glasses. He attributed the failure of my eyesight to excessive night reading, and forbade me reading any more by lamplight. But the weakness of my eyes was not all. Insomnia attacked me and I was unable to sleep at night and used to toss about on my bed until morning without getting the slightest degree of rest. When I rose in the morning it may be readily imagined I was in no fit condition to begin my daily work. My appetite was so poor that often I was unable to partake of any breakfast, and this of course rendered my condition all the worse. I became so thin and emaciated that my friends thought I was doomed to death. At the end of the school year I had become so weak that I resigned my position, and at that time it did look as if my days on earth were numbered. I went to the country to give myself some chance to recruit, and at the urgent advice of a friend I began using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I remained on my brother's farm for a whole year, during which time I used the Pink Pills towards the end, however, only taking them at intervals. I had not been taking the Pink Pills long before I began to experience benefit from their use, and from the day I first felt benefit I steadily progressed towards recovery. I was able to take sound, refreshing sleep, my appetite became excellent and my weight increased so much that friends whom I had not seen for some time scarcely recognized me at first sight. I am completely restored physically, and I can take heavy lifts or engage in any kind of hard work without feeling the least weariness, and this improved condition of affairs, I owe to the excellence of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. My eyesight is also gradually returning and I hope ere long to be able to discard my glasses. My story, which I fear has been somewhat tedious, shows how many young men and many young women also have their health shattered by sticking too closely to the teaching profession. However there is an effective remedy within the reach of all. This remedy which I have such pleasure in recommending is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

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Duty of Church Membership.

The duty of church membership is plain and is an obligation of gratitude and love and life service. The joy of it is the joy of pardon and peace and hope of glory, the joy of salvation and loving devotion. To confess Christ before men in His church should be the very first desire of a new disciple. The church is His spiritual home and Christians are its brethren, and its work is Christ service.

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He Had Used One.

Potts: They say the German students are not fighting duels any more with rapiers. They are not bloody enough.

Motts: What are they using, dynamite?

Potts: Worse; safety razors.

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A Dark Night's Work.

By Paul Ingelow.

(CONTINUED.)

Lastly, the impression on the plate revived all the past regarding his strange adventures at Hawthorne villa with a rush that overpowered him.

First wonder, then speculation, then a dawning, thrilling triumph illumined his eyes.

His companion, startled to silence and curiosity by his strange pose, studied the varying expression of Le Britta's intelligent face with a questioning look.

But Dr. Richard Milton's companion was too engrossed in his penetrating survey of the little glass plate to note extraneous occurrences or distracting influences.

"Wonderful!" he gasped at last, and his quick eyes sought out every line and shadow on the negative.

"Providential!" he whispered to himself, almost reverently, a moment later.

Yes, truly wonderful, truly providential was the manifestation of the moment.

For the plate bore a representation of half the table where he had placed his camera the day of his interview with Gideon Vernon, the dead master of Hawthorne villa.

It did something more—it revealed a pile of books, the medicine case of the recluse, and, propped up across it carelessly, the last valid will and testament of the uncle of missing Gladys Vernon.

"Yes, there it was, line for line, word for word, signatures of witnesses, seals, all! Plain as day, accurate as the original instrument itself, the glass plate bore the chronicle of the precious document that baffled all the evil schemes and pretences of wicked Ralph Durand, that had been written with tincture of iodine, and, fading out as the schemer had planned, had later presented only a blank, worthless sheet of paper, leaving the plotter master of the situation, and censor of innocent, imperiled Gladys Vernon's life.

What did it mean, how came that picture in the camera? Of a surety, Jera Le Britta had not touched slide, button or shutter since the hour that he took the picture of pretty Gladys in the rain sparkling arbor, where the evil, sinister face of Ralph Durand had appeared, except to prepare that same picture in a dark room with his ruby lamp at the Vernon mansion.

His keen memory, however, careful of details, stored well with mental history of the near past, supplied the missing link of augury and conjecture.

He had placed his camera on the table in the sick room, after showing the invalid, Gideon Vernon, the picture that had revealed to the latter the identity of a dreaded enemy. There it had remained during their long interview. He recalled the signing of the will, he remembered how Gideon Vernon had spread it out for the ink to dry ere he folded it up and delivered it into the keeping of Gladys Vernon, and he remembered, too, how Gladys, anxious and agitated over all her uncle's excitement, had nervously handled the camera, clicking it unconsciously, until he had laughingly warned her that "it was loaded!"

She must, then, have touched the button at that moment of careless tumbling with the apparatus. By a strange caprice of circumstances, the will lay just within focus of the instrument. Click! snap! the faithful little monitor of photography had done its duty, swiftly and completely. The will had been photographed!

The camera had been undisturbed until Le Britta's arrival home. The energetic Maud had lost no time in carrying out his instructions to develop the pictures it contained. This one had been among them, and here he had come home with a heavy heart for the complications surrounding poor, fugitive Gladys Vernon, while in his possession he unwittingly carried a formidable weapon against the man who had scored a mighty triumph as the king of knaves and prince of plotters.

Well might a thrilling gladness succeed to marveling wonder! As Jera Le Britta realized all that his discovery meant, he forgot that he had come home to attend to business duties, to rest and work ere he again saw the friends of Gladys Vernon. He was no longer the photographer, the friend, the father, the husband, the employer—every chivalrous and generous instinct in his nature aroused, he was the champion of lovely distress, the rival of plotting cruelty, the shrewd, energetic detective deeply interested in a complicated case, and eager and anxious to wield the new-found power that flashed over his mind like a vivid light, gleaming amid the darkness and gloom of a cheerless, hopeless night.

"I have found the clue!"

He sprang to his feet waving the glass plate dramatically.

Dr. Richard Milton arose simultaneously. He stared in wonder at his friend.

"I don't know whether bromide is strong enough," he remarked.

"Eh!" exclaimed Le Britta, with a start, aroused to the reality of his surroundings. "What are you talking about?"

"I say that bromide may not be strong enough."

"For what?" queried Le Bria, blankly.

"For your nerves. You are either bidding good-by to your senses, or preparing for your debut on the dramatic stage. I say, Jera, old friend! what's the matter with you, anyway? For fully ten minutes you have sat staring at that bit of glass, and rolling your eyes, and muttering, and frowning, and smiling. Allow me to feel your pulse."

"Oh, I see!" smiled Le Britta. "Pardon, doctor, but I have been shocked, stunned, amazed. If you were in my place"—

"Put me there, then," interrupted the doctor, keenly.

"Eh! how?"

"By telling me what is on your mind."

"Good! I should have done so soon, anyway. Yes, your advice will help me. Sit down. I want to tell you a story."

Rapidly succinctly, Jera Le Britta detailed every event of his experience since that mysterious day when he had first met the Vernons.

Wonder-eyed, interested, excited, the sympathetic, impressionable doctor listened. Such a narrative had never greeted his ears before. Unconsciously an orator and an actor the accompanying gestures of Le Britta, the dramatic intonation of a man deeply concerned in the case under discussion, rendered the recital as emotional and effective as a thrilling scene in a drama acted out upon the mimic stage.

When his friend came to the discovery of the hour, the doctor could scarcely contain himself for excitement.

"Jera!" he cried. "It seems incredible. And you call yourself a photographer? Why, man you'd make your fortune as a detective!"

"If my efforts can baffle that scoundrel, Ralph Durand, and restore to poor Gladys Vernon her wronged lover, Sydney Vance, I shall be content to be considered what you like," responded Le Britta, seriously. "Now then, you have heard the story."

"And I have listened to every word of it with the deepest interest and wonder."

"Then weigh them carefully."

"I have done so."

"And your advice?"

Doctor Milton shook his head slowly but resolutely.

"I advise you!" he murmured, deprecatingly. "No, no, old friend! A man who can do what you have done in this case, needs no adviser, your duty is plain."

"You mean?"

"To go straight back to Hawthorne villa."

"With the plate!"

"With the plate, that proves all you can swear to about the will. Why! with such formidable evidence, what court in Christendom would doubt that Gideon Vernon intended to dispossess that Durand of his power as guardian?"

"But is the photograph of a will valid—is its evidence irrefutable?"

"I hardly know. Suffice it, that it would baffle fraud. Produced in court, with your statement, it would place Durand under such suspicion, as the person who juggled with the original document, that would either be divested of his fraudulently-obtained authority, or placed under the strict surveillance of justice. Le Britta, we need you here. The town needs you. A man like you, with your genial, encouraging ways, brisk, business facilities, and rapid, turning over of capital, is no unimportant element in its commercial economy. Your friends miss you, you belong to us, and to your family, but that poor girl, Gladys, needs a champion. At one stroke, you may be able to frighten Durand away. Go back to Hawthorne villa, I say, complete your chivalrous record by a last good deed. I needn't tell you that. A man of your kind heart and noble impulses could not rest if you thought any sacrifice would benefit the persecuted and orphaned. Go! I feel sanguine you have solved the problem of that innocent young girl's life, in the discovery of the photograph of the last will and testament of Gideon Vernon."

Jera Le Britta assumed a serious, determined expression. He was wearied. He longed for the rest, the comfort, the contentment of home, but duty seemed to point the way back the via dolorosa he had come.

He regarded the pile of orders and unfinished pictures on a table near by with a sigh, he thought of the discomforts of a journey with no pleasing anticipations.

"I will go," he said, simply. "I will see what power lies in this precious little glass negative to pave the way to justice, and right a great wrong.

CHAPTER XIII.—GOOD-BY!

Jera Le Britta went to a cabinet as he expressed his new determination, and proceeded to secure the glass negative safely. That little article of furniture had every requisite ready at hand to pack photographs and their concomitants for preservation or transmission through the mails, and he soon had the precious plate provided with safe coverings, secure from risk of mar or breakage, and encased in a neat envelope.

The operation, methodical and neat, was characteristic of the man. He was careful in small things. That was the key-note of his success. "A time and a place for everything," was his motto, and, excited and anxious as he was, he made sure of the safety of the negative, transferred it to his pocket, and closed the cabinet.

It contained an elegant line of stationery, cards, envelopes and the like, all bearing his name in script, a bold, striking signature, formed in a soft shade of red embossed letters. The material of the stationery, too, was of the finest grade. The cards were bought to wear and look well—no ragged edges, no split filaments. The outer envelopes for holding photographs were of rice or linen paper, giving a tone and finish to everything that left his establishment.

He announced to Miss Maud his intention of leaving home at once again to be gone for several days.

The dainty artiste made a wry grimace of mock despair. Her deft, delicate fingers never shirked work, but she knew how weighty were the responsibilities of the business, how harmonious and smooth were its operations with the firm, self-reliant, guiding hand of her employer to rule and navigate.

"I am sorry, but I imagine you can get through with the orders while I am gone," spoke Le Britta, kindly.

"I will try," murmured Maud, "and do my best."

"You always do that, Maud. We must deliver all orders on time."

"But which first? There are some photographs for that man who brought his whole family here. You remember—the laborer with eleven children, a mother-in-law and four nephews. His can wait, can they not? I can have them ready on time, only he is anxious to have them before time."

"Try and accommodate him, Maud."

"But he ordered a cheaper grade of pictures."

"Never mind; they may be 'cheaper' in price, and he may not be able to pay as well as a millionaire. All the more reason for doing him a good piece of work. We will make him happy by giving him a group that will speak with life. We do no 'cheap' work here. I make the honest fellow a present of half the pictures. No picture, for rich or poor, must be slighted. All must be of even artistic grade. He complimented our skill and reputation by coming to us. Even if he is not a profitable customer, let us delight in doing a little charity work, and yet make him feel that he is not receiving such. He is anxious for his pictures; finish them first of all."

Le Britta had touched upon a point that was almost a hobby with him—cheap pictures. He never made such. He had seen too many photographs of an inferior quality, to wish to emulate his mediocre competitors. Cheap work, he well knew, meant hurried work; hurried for the deluded sitter, hurried for the artist, thereby disturbing his delicate equilibrium of touch, and degrading high artistic possibilities. Proper care was always a necessary adjunct to proper adjustment of focus. There must be no neglect in posing and lighting, no inferior chemicals employed, no rude retouching, no careless printing. Art educates, refines, cultivates and develops the mind, and careful adherence to its dictates infuses capacity, ability, faithfulness. Those who desire the best results in art must expect to offer reasonable compensation for its exercise, Le Britta realized on this. He formulated his ideas on this basis. He refused as an artist of capability, intelligence and skill, with large capital invested, and with a proud reputation to sustain, to meet the competition of the obscure itinerant with nothing of these, and make "cheap" pictures. In the photographic art, invention and discovery had reduced the cost of production until all could enjoy the best results at a moderate price, and when he did make happy some honest wage-earner with small charges, it was a voluntary charity of his generous heart.

There were mournful faces at the pretty home when Le Britta announced the urgency of an immediate departure, but the soft, gentle glance of his true and loving wife to whom he told all his eventful story, satisfied him more than ever that he was on the straight path of duty.

"Go, dear Jera," she urged earnestly. "Always doing good, ever forgetting self! Poor girl! Do not lose any time in trying to restore her to her friends, in bringing to time that horrible Durand! and, Jera, if you should find her, tell the poor child that she shall have a welcome here always. How my heart pities her in her orphaned loneliness and peril! Oh, Jera! when I think of how happy we are, safe, comfortable, surrounded by friends, I long to give the poor innocent dove a home among us."

"Papa s'ant do!" announced the baby of the family, doughtily striving to lock a door against his father's departure.

"Oh, dear! more waiting and watching," pouted the eldest, a bright-faced girl of eight. "Papa, it's real mean of you."

But a royal "trot horse to market" for number one, and the promise of a present for domineering number two, enabled Le Britta to escape with hair uncrumpled, followed by the serious, loving "Heaven speed you!" from the lips of the most beautiful of all the beautiful women he had ever met.

His little hand-bag packed with a few necessaries for a two day's journey, Le Britta stopped on his way at the office of his friend, Doctor Milton.

"Well, all ready?" queried the disciple of Esculapius.

"Yes. I shall take the train in half an hour."

"And return?"

"To-morrow, I hope."

"What is your plan?"

"I hardly know yet. I shall see Mr. Vernon's lawyer and present my evidence, and be guided by his advice. There's a knock at the door, doctor."

Doctor Milton opened the door at the summons. A bare-footed, excited urchin stood there, his great goggle-eyes rolling—breathless incoherent. "Doc-tor! Come at once!"

"Come where?" demanded Doctor Milton.

"To the grug store. Man run away and wagon got hurt—no, I mean wagon ran away and man got hurt. Sent for you right off!"

"I'll be there in a minute. I must bid you good-day, Jera."

Doctor Milton caught up his surgical case and put on his hat. Le Britta accompanied him to the street.

"Some case of trifling injury—man stunned or ankle sprained, I suppose," spoke the doctor.

Le Britta went his way. If he had only known! but we never know in this busy, changing, fateful world of ours.

If he had only known, the barefooted urchin was a messenger of fate.

For, had Jera Le Britta accompanied Dr. Richard Milton to his now patient, the course of many lives would have been affected then and there.

Destiny plays strange caprices in the plot and counterplot of our lives, and the man just injured by a runaway, was fated to be an important element in the mystery and mysteries surrounding the fugitive Gladys Vernon.

All unconscious of this, however, thinking only of the clue he possessed and the duty imperative of the hour, Jera Le Britta went his way.

CHAPTER XIV.—ONLY A TRAMP.

Dr. Richard Milton, when he left his friend Le Britta, proceeded rapidly in the direction of the "grug" store.

His kind, sympathetic face grew more serious as he realized that his services might soon be enlisted in a matter of life or death.

Clean-shaven, the contour of his face resembling some of those profiles one sees on old Roman coins, a physiognomist would have ascribed a remarkably even temperament to this young man.

Not that he lacked fire, only the profession he had undertaken was one the deep seriousness of which he fully realized. Long companionship with Le Britta had fostered the naturally noble sentiments of his mind, and he had developed into a kind, just and honorable man.

There was a crowd around the door of the drug store, excited men, women and children were jostling one another and striving to peer in through the windows, while the proprietor of the establishment held the door shut and ordered the people away.

"Here comes the doctor!" was the simultaneous announcement of half-a-dozen voices, and room was made for Doctor Milton to reach the door.

Inside, lying upon the marble-tiled floor, his head supported by a cushion, lay a man, motionless and bleeding.

A glance told Doctor Milton that he belonged to that genus known as tramp. His frowsy head of hair, unkempt beard, worn out shoes, dusty, travel stained and tattered attire evidenced the fact that Doctor Milton would have to add another charity-patient to the long list.

"Hurt pretty badly, doctor, I guess," whispered the druggist.

"How did it occur?" queried the doctor, mechanically, kneeling by the side of his patient.

"Runaway horse and wagon. Caught him on the dead run, and knocked him—twenty feet, I should think."

Doctor Milton felt the pulse of the insensible man; he lifted one eyelid with his thumb and forefinger; he pressed the tips of his fingers until the blood showed under the nails. Then he shook his head slowly.

"No temporary treatment here," he murmured, convincedly. "The man's insensibility is not the result of a nervous shock. Something more serious, I fear. Let us see as to his injuries."

There was a slight scalp-wound, but beside it was an immense protuberance. As the doctor lifted the man's arm, however, he started despite himself.

From elbow to wrist, the arm had the flesh scraped off as clean as if a knife had shaved it. For all the world it resembled a spring sapling, with a section of the fresh green bark peeled clear to the white wooden core.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ICELAND HAS HER POETS.

Literary Men Found in the Northern Wonderland.

Miss Jessie Ackerman, writing of her recent visit to Iceland, in the Ladies Home Companion, says of the poets of that region:—

"Of the leading poets of to-day, representing both the old and new schools, a number are living in Reykjavik. The first upon whom we called was Grundal, by name, not only a poet, but one of the chief scholars of Iceland. We were received by him in his home at one end of the town, and given a very warm welcome. Mr. Grundal is the son of one of the finest Greek and Latin scholars in Iceland. For some years his father was a director of the Latin College, and brought out the only translation of Homer they have ever had. The son, at the Copenhagen University carried off high honors, and, returning to his native land, took the place his father had filled in the Latin College. As a poet he is most romantic, and his lines are full of sentiment. Besides a volume of poetry, he has written on many branches of natural history and is an authority on botany.

"My card, and a note asking the favor of an interview with St. Thorsteinsson, another leading poet, brought a reply that 'he should be honored by our presence.' We were ushered into the poet's sanctum, just the kind of a place one would expect a poet to steal away to, where, shut in from the world, he could woo the muses. Presently the door opened, and a most distinguished-looking man entered and bid us welcome. He seated himself opposite me, where I had a full view of his somewhat classical features and could watch his dreamy blue eyes as he entered into conversation. When questioned as to his favorite English poet, he expressed himself as a great admirer of both Shakespeare and Byron. Of the American poets, he waxed most enthusiastic over Longfellow. I ventured to ask him his favorite poem.

"'Nothing Longfellow has written can compare with his "Excelsior" and his "Psalm of Life." I have translated them into our language, that our people may also read what to me is a second gospel.'

"In response to our request to read them in his own tongue, he opened his book of translations, and in deep, rich tones gave the lines in the soft, musical language of the country. Of course, it is impossible to literally translate poetry. To learn how nearly the thought had been preserved, I asked that a few verses be translated back into English. The first verse of the 'Psalm of Life' read:—

"'Sing not a song that wakes sorrow,
Or that life is anything of a dream;
Know that the soul is dead if she sleeps,
Try to see things as they are.'

From 'Excelsior' he read:—

"'The wings of twilight were covering
the earth,
When through a village of the Alps
A youth over the snowy earth bore a
banner,
And thereon was written
Excelsior!'"

In all the cities of Arabia, even at the present day, dried locusts, strung on threads as dried apples used formerly to be treated in this country, are exposed for sale as an article of food.

RELIGION OF WORKS.

DR. TALMAGE DESCRIBES IT IN HIS SUNDAY SERMON.

Practical Religion the Kind That is Worth Something—The Rectifier of All Mechanism and All Toil—Faith Without Works Is Dead.

Washington, Dec. 24.—This subject of Dr. Talmage cuts through the conventionalities and spares nothing of that make believe religion which is all talk and no practice. The text chosen was James ii, 20, "Faith without works is dead."

The Roman Catholic church has been charged with putting too much stress upon good works and not enough upon faith. I charge Protestantism with putting not enough stress upon good works as connected with salvation. Good works will never save a man, but if a man has not good works he has no real faith and no genuine religion. There are those who depend upon the fact they are all right inside, while their conduct is wrong outside. Their religion for the most part is made up of talk—vigorous talk, fluent talk, boastful talk, perpetual talk. They will entertain you by the hour in telling you how good they are. They come up to such a higher life that they have no patience with ordinary Christians in the plain discharge of their duty. As near as I can tell, this ocean craft is mostly sail and very little tonnage. Foretopmast staysail, foretop mast studding sail, main topsail, mizzen topsail—everything from flying jib to mizzen spanker, but making no useful voyage. Now, the world has got tired of this, and it wants a religion that will work into all the circumstances of life. We do not want a new religion, but the old religion applied in all possible directions.

Yonder is a river with steep and rocky banks, and it roars like a young Niagara as it rolls on over its rough bed. It does nothing but talk about itself all the way from its source in the mountain to the place where it empties into the sea. The banks are so steep that the cattle cannot come down to drink. It does not run one fertilizing rill into the adjoining field. It has not one gristmill or factory on either side. It sulks in wet weather with chilling fogs. No one cares when that river is born among the rocks, and no one cares when it dies into the sea. But yonder is another river, and it mosses its bank with the warm tides, and it rocks with floral lullaby the water lilies asleep on its bosom. It invites herds of cattle and flocks of sheep and coveys of birds to come there and drink. It has three gristmills on one side and six cotton factories on the other. It is the wealth of 200 miles of luxuriant farm. The birds of heaven chanted when it was born in the mountains, and the ocean shipping will press in from the sea to hail it as it comes down from the Atlantic coast. The one river is a man who lives for himself. The other river is a man who lives for others.

Do you know how the site of the ancient city of Jerusalem was chosen? There were two brothers who had adjoining farms. The one brother had a large family; the other had no family. The brother with a large family said: "There is my brother with no family. He must be lonely, and I will try to cheer him up, and I will take some of the sheaves from my field in the night time and set them over on his farm and say nothing about it." The other brother said, "My brother has a large family, and it is very difficult for him to support them, and I will help him along, and I will take some of the sheaves from my farm in the nighttime and set them over on his farm and say nothing about it." So the work of transference went on night after night and night after night, but every morning things seemed to be just as they were, for, though sheaves had been subtracted from each farm, sheaves had also been added, and the brothers were perplexed and could not understand. But one night the brothers happened to meet while making this generous transference, and the spot where they met was so sacred that it was chosen as the site of the city of Jerusalem. If that tradition should prove unfounded, it will nevertheless stand as a beautiful allegory setting forth the idea that wherever a kindly and generous and loving act is performed that is the spot fit for some temple of commemoration.

I have often spoken to you about faith, but this morning I speak to you about works for "faith without works is dead." I think you will agree with me in the statement that the great want of this world is more practical religion. We want practical religion to go into all merchandise. It will supervise the labeling of goods. It will not allow a man to say that a thing was made in one factory when it was made in another. It will not allow the merchant to say, "That watch was manufactured in Geneva," when it was manufactured in Massachusetts. It will not allow the merchant to say that wine came from Madeira when it came from California. Practical religion will walk along by the store shelves and tear off all the tags that make misrepresentation. It will not allow the merchant to say, "That is pure coffee," when dandelion root and chicory and other ingredients go into it. It will not allow him to say, "That is pure sugar, when there are in it sand and ground glass.

When practical religion gets its full swing in the world, it will go down the street, and it will come to that shoe store and rip off the fictitious soles of many a fine looking pair of shoes and show that it is pasteboard sandwiched between the sound leather. And this practical religion will go right into a grocery store, and it will pull out the plug of all the adulterated sirup, and it will dump into the ash barrel in front of the store the cassia bark that is sold for cinnamon, and the brickdust that is sold for cayenne pepper, and it will shake out the prussian blue from the tea leaves, and it will sift from the flour plaster of paris and bone dust and soapstone, and it will by chemical analysis separate the one quart of water from the few honest drops of cow's milk, and it will throw out the live animalcules from the brown sugar.

There has been so much adulteration of articles of food, that it is an amazement to me that there is a healthy man or woman in America. Heaven only knows what they put into the spices, and into the sugars, and into the butter, and into the apothecary drug. But chemical analysis and the microscope have made wonderful revelations. The board of health in Massachusetts analyzed a great amount of what was called pure coffee and found in it not one particle of coffee. In England there is a law that forbids the putting of alum in bread. The public authorities examined 51 packages of bread and found them all guilty. The honest physician, writing a prescription, does not know but that it may bring death instead of health to his patient, because there may be one of the drugs weakened by a cheaper article, and another drug may be in full force, and so the prescription may have just the opposite effect intended. Oil of wormwood, warranted pure, from Boston was found to have 41 per cent. of rosin and alcohol and chloroform. Scammony is one of the most valuable medical drugs. It is very rare, very precious. It is the sap, or the gum of a tree or a bush in Syria. The root of the tree is exposed, an incision is made into the root, and then shells are placed at this incision to catch the sap or gum as it exudes. It is very precious, this scammony. But the peasant mixes it with a cheaper material; then it is taken to Aleppo, and the merchant there mixes it with a cheaper material; then it comes on to the wholesale druggist in London or New York and he mixes it with a cheaper material; then it comes to the retail druggist, and he mixes it with a cheaper material, and by the time the poor sick man gets it into his bottle it is ashes and chalk and sand, and some of what has been called pure scammony after analysis has been found to be no scammony at all.

Now, practical religion will yet rectify all this. It will go [illegible] these hypocritical professors of religion who get a "corner" in corn and wheat in Chicago and New York, sending prices up and up until they were beyond the reach of the poor, keeping these breadstuffs in their own hands, or controlling them until the prices, going up and up and up, they were, after awhile, ready to sell, and they sold out, making themselves millionaires in one or two years, trying to fix the matter up with the Lord by building a church or a university or a hospital, deluding themselves with the idea that the Lord would be so pleased with the gift he would forget the swindle. Now, as such a man may not have any liturgy in which to say his prayers, I will compose for him one which he practically is making: "Oh, Lord, we, by getting a 'corner' in breadstuffs, swindled the people of the United States out of $10,000,000 and made suffering all up and down the land, and we would like to compromise this matter with thee. Thou knowest it was a scaly job, but, then, it was smart. Now, here we compromise it. Take 1 per cent of the profits and with that 1 per cent. you can build an asylum for these poor miserable ragamuffins of the street, and I will take a yacht and go to Europe. Forever and ever. Amen."

Ah, my friend, if a man hath gotten his estate wrongfully and he build a line of hospitals and universities from here to Alaska, he cannot atone for it. After awhile this man who has been getting a "corner" in him. He goes into a great, long Black Friday. There is a "break" in the market. According to Wall street parlance, he wiped others out, and now he is himself wiped out. No collaterals on which to make a spiritual loan. Eternal defalcation.

But this practical religion will not only rectify all merchandise; it will also rectify all mechanism and all toil. A time will come when a man will work as faithfully by the job as he does by the day. You say when a thing is slightly done, "Oh, that was done by the job." You can tell by the swiftness or slowness with which a hackman drives whether he is hired by the hour or by the excursion. If he is hired by the hour, he drives very slowly, so as to make as many hours as possible. If he is hired by the excursion, he whips up the horses, so as to get around and get another customer. All styles of work have to be inspected—ships inspected, horses inspected, machinery inspected, boss to watch the journeyman, capitalist coming down unexpectedly to watch the boss, conductor of a city car sounding the punch bell to prove his honesty as a passenger hands to him a clipped nickel. All things must be watched and inspected—imperfections in the wood covered with putty, garments warranted to last until you put them on the third time, shoddy in all kinds of clothing, chromos, pinchbeck, diamonds for $1.50, bookbinding that holds on until you read the third chapter, spavined horses, by skillful dose of jockeys, for several days made to look spry, wagon tires poorly put on, horses poorly shod, plastering that cracks without any provocation and falls off, plumbing that needs to be plumbed imperfect car wheel that halts the whole train with a hot box. So little practical religion in the mechanism of the world! I tell you, my friends, the law of man will never rectify these things; it will be the all pervading influence of the practical religion of Jesus Christ that will make the change for the better.

Yes, this practical religion will also go into agriculture, which is proverbially honest, but needs to be rectified, and it will keep the farmer from sending to the city market veal that is too young to kill, and when the farmer farms on shares it will keep the man who does the work from making his half three-fourths and it will keep the farmer from building his post and rail fence on his neighbors premises, and it will make him shelter his cattle in the winter storm, and it will keep the old elder from working on Sunday afternoon in the new ground where nobody sees him. And this practical religion will hover over the house, and over the barn, and over the field, and over the orchard.

Yes, this practical religion of which I speak will come into the learned professions. The lawyer will feel his responsibility in defending innocence and arraigning evil and expounding the law, and it will keep him from charging for briefs he never wrote, and for pleas he never made, and for percentages he never earned, and from robbing widow and orphans because they are defenseless. Yes, this practical religion will come into the physicians life, and he will feel his responsibility as the conservator of the public health, a profession honored by the fact that Christ himself was a physician. And it will make him honest, and when he does not understand a case he will say so, not trying to cover up lack of diagnosis with ponderous technicalities, or send the patient to a reckless drug store because the apothecary happens to pay a percentage on the prescriptions sent. And this practical religion will come to the school teacher, making her feel her responsibility in preparing our youth for usefulness and for happiness and for honor, and will keep her from giving a sly box to a dull head, chastising him for what he cannot help and sending discouragement all through the after years of a lifetime. This practical religion will also come to the newspaper men, and it will help them in the gathering of the news, and it will help them in setting forth the best interests of society, and it will keep them from putting the sins of the world in larger type than its virtues, and its mistakes than its achievements, and it will keep them from misrepresenting interviews with public men and from starting suspicions that never can be allayed and will make them staunch friends of the oppressed instead of the oppressor.

Yes, this religion, this practical religion, will come and put its hand on what is called good society, elevated society, successful society, so that people will have their expenditures within their income, and they will exchange the hypocritical "not at home" for the honest explanation "too tired" or "too busy to see you" and will keep innocent reception from becoming intoxicated convivality.

Yea, there is great opportunity for missionary work in what are called the successful classes of society. In some of the cities it is no rare thing now to see a fashionable woman intoxicated in the street or the rail car or the restaurant. The number of the ladies who drink too much is increasing. Perhaps you may find her at the reception in most exalted company, but she has made too many visits to the wineroom, and now her eye is glassy, and after awhile her cheek is unnaturally flushed, and then she falls into fits of excruciating laughter about nothing, and then she offers sickening flatteries, telling some homely man how well he looks, and then she is helped into the carriage, and by the time the carriage gets to her home it takes the husband and the coachman to get her upstairs. The report is she was taken suddenly ill at a german. Ah, no! She took too much champagne and mixed liquors and got drunk. That was all.

Yea, this practical religion will have to come in and fix up the marriage relation in America. There are members of churches who have too many wives and too many husbands. Society needs to be expurgated and washed and fumigated and Christianized. We want this practical religion not only to take hold of what are called the lower classes, but to take hold of what are called the higher classes. The trouble is that people have an idea they can do all their religion on Sunday with hymnbook and prayer book and liturgy, and some of them sit in church rolling up their eyes as though they were ready for translation when their Sabbath is bounded on all sides by an inconsistent life, and while you are expecting to some out from under their arms the wings of an angel there comes out from their forehead the horns of a beast.

Merchants who took their religion into everyday life: Arthur Tappan, derided in his day because he established that system by which we come to find out the commercial standing of business men, starting that entire system, derided for it then, himself, as I knew him well, in moral character A1. Monday mornings inviting to a room in the top of his storehouse the clerks of his establishment, asking them about their worldly interests and their spiritual interests, then giving out a hymn, leading in prayer, giving them a few words of good advice, asking them what church they attended on the Sabbath, what the text was, whether they had any especial troubles of their own. Arthur Tappan. I never heard his eulogy pronounced. I pronounce it now. And other merchants just as good. William E. Dodge in the iron business, Moses H. Grinnell in the shipping business, Peter Cooper in the glue business. Scores of men just as good as they are.

Farmers who take their religion into their occupation: Why, this minute their horses and wagons stand around all the meeting houses in America. They began this day by a prayer to God and when they get home at noon, after they have put their horses up, will offer a prayer to God at the table, seeking a blessing, and next summer there will be in their fields not one dishonest head of rye, not one dishonest ear of corn, not one dishonest apple. Worshipping God to-day away up among the Berkshire hills, or away down amid the lagoons of Florida or away out amid the mines of Colorado, or along the banks of the Potomac and the Raritan, where knew them better because I went to school with them.

Mechanics who took their religion into their occupations: James Brindley, the famous millwright; Nathaniel Bowditch, the famous ship chandler; Elihu Burritt, the famous blacksmith, and hundreds and thousands of strong arms which have made the hammer, and the saw, and the adze, and the drill, and the ax sound in the grand march of our national industries.

Give your heart to God, and then fill your life with good works. Consecrate to him your store, your shop, your banking house, your factory and your home. They say no one will hear it. God will hear it. That is enough. You hardly know of any one else than Wellington as connected with the victory at Waterloo, but he did not do the hard fighting. The hard fighting was done by the Somerset cavalry, and the Ryland regiments, and Kemp's infantry, and the Scotch grays, and the Life guards. Who cares, if only the day was won? In the latter part of the last century a girl in England became a kitchen maid in a farmhouse. She had many styles of work and much hard work. Time rolled on, and she married the son of a weaver of Halifax. They were industrious; they saved money enough after awhile to build them a home. On the morning of the day when they were to enter that home the young wife arose at 4 o'clock, entered the front dooryard knelt down, consecrated the place to God, and there made this solemn vow, "Oh, Lord, if thou will bless me in this place, the poor shall have a share of it." Children grew up around them, and they all became affluent. One, a member of parliament, in a public place declared that his success came from that prayer of his mother in the dooryard. All of them were affluent. Four thousand hands in the factories. They built dwelling houses for laborers at cheap rates, and where they were invalid and could not pay they had the houses for nothing. One of these sons came to this country, admired our parks, went back, bought land, opened a great public park and made it a present to the city of Halifax, England. They endowed an orphanage; they endowed two almshouses. All England has heard of the generosity and the good work of the Crossleys. Moral: Consecrate to God your small means and your humble surroundings, and you will have larger means and grander surroundings. "Godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is and of that which is to come." "Have faith in God by all means, but remember that faith without works is dead."

Just the Same.

Howson: Are you going to see the foot ball game to-morrow?

Comsoe: [illegible] It looks like rain, and a friend is g[illegible] to show me through a slaughter-house instead.

BALLOONS TO SAVE LIFE.

They Will Soon Be Provided on the Great Liners.

The l[illegible] boat [illegible] become a marine life saving ap[illegible]. The big ocean greyhounds w[illegible], it is thought, be equipped, w[illegible] boats harnessed to balloons so as [illegible] practically unsinkable. This [illegible] device has been patented by a [illegible]ewd Connecticut Yankee.

While the con[illegible]ion boat will doubtless pr[illegible] of [illegible] greatest service in saving pe[illegible] far [illegible] at sea, it will not be availa[illegible] at life-saving stations. The wind i[illegible] usually b[illegible]ing shoreward when [illegible]sels are in [illegible]ger, and for this reas[illegible] it would be almost impossible to f[illegible] the boat, hampered by the balloon, [illegible] the assistance of a craft.

In a rece[illegible] test made in the Connecticut River, near Middletown, it was shown that, [illegible] with the boat filled with water [illegible] the gunwales, the lifting power of t[illegible] balloon prevented the craft from ei[illegible]er sinking or upsetting.

The boat [illegible] constructed under Mr. Riley's dire[illegible]on, and is 16 feet in length. Cy[illegible]nders filled with compressed gas were placed in compartments, and from these the balloon, which was harnessed with cords to a hollow mast connected with the cylinders, was inflated. The mast, which is of gas pipe, is adjustable and, when turned forward, the big balloon acted as a sail, oars proving quite unnecessary.

The most interesting and convincing portion of the exhibition was when the passengers and crew were landed and the boat filled with water. Even with the extra submersion, the boat floated along with scarcely a perceptible decrease in speed.

By the simple process of reversing the pumps, the inventor showed how he could pump the gas from the balloon back into the cylinders. Some of the gas was then burned as a beacon light, which could be seen for many miles around. With this and a reflector signal, flashes can be made which would be certain to attract the attention of passing vessels.

Another claim of the inventor is that it can, by being launched from a sinking vessel, secure aid from shore before a life-saving crew, even though ready, could shoot a line aboard. Often, owing to a strong wind directly off shore, the life-savers are unable to place a life line so that it can be of assistance.

This difficulty is met by Mr. Riley, who has supplied his boat with a line. The boat, he claims, when supported by the balloon, could, even without a crew, be headed for the shore, and, owing to its remarkable buoyancy, would have little difficulty in riding breakers and getting within reach of the life-savers.—N. Y. Herald.

It is calculated that the average weight of a shooting star does not exceed from one and a half to two grains.

According to the official reports of the Japanese Government, the island empire contains 65,520 teachers.

Jupiter is five times as far from the sun as we are, and the years on that planet are each as long as twelve of ours.

Anxiety Hurtful.

And what does your anxiety do? It does not empty to-morrow, brother, of its sorrow, but, ah! it empties to-day of its strength. It does not make you escape the evil, it makes you unfit to cope with it when it comes. It does not bless to-morrow, and it robs to-day. For every day has its own burden. God gives us power to bear all the sorrows of His making; but He does not give us the power to bear the sorrows of our own making, which the anticipation of sorrow most assuredly is.—Ian Maclaren.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

Two Instances of Many Where They Effected Cures.

Men and Women Made Well

Gratitude Compels Them to Testify to the Curative Value of Dodd's Kidney Pills—The Greatest Discovery of the 19th Century.

Smith's Falls, Ont., Dec. 21.—This village can produce evidence indisputable that the diseases most feared by men and women are curable. Two well-known citizens gratefully testify to the efficacy of Dodd's Kidney Pills. They have been cured.

No kidney disease is so far advanced or so severe that these Pills will not effect a cure. Bright's disease disappears, diabetes is conquered, gout subsides, calculi are dissolved, weak backs are made strong, rheumatism vanishes, through the agency of Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Thousands of Canadians who have suffered from some form or other of kidney complaint, today enjoy perfect health—thanks to Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Dodd's Kidney Pills are the cure. They cure backache, weak back, bearing-down sensations of women, rheumatic pains wherever located. They cure Bright's disease. They cure diabetes. They cure them for all time. They have cured others. They will cure you.

Don't take our word for it, if you don't wish to. Inquire of those who have been cured. Let those who have tried Dodd's Kidney Pills speak in their behalf.

For example, read this statement from a well known citizen of a town in Eastern Ontario:—

ALMONTE, Ont., Dec. 2—Harry Grace, of this town, has been troubled with Lumbago for over a year. Doctors could give him no relief. He is now cured. He says:—"I heard of the wonderful cures effected by Dodd's Kidney Pills. I thought I would try them. I have tried one box, and I must say they have cured me. I have no objection to allowing you to publish this, as you see fit, so it may help others.

"HARRY GRACE, Ottawa St."

A Slippery Spot.

A short time ago an old lady went on board Nelson's flagship, the Victory. The different objects of interest were duly shown to her, and, on reaching the spot where the great naval hero was wounded (which was marked by a raised brass plate) the officer remarked to her:

"Here Nelson fell!"

"And no wonder!" exclaimed the old lady, "I nearly fell there myself!"—London Answers.

It Stands to Reason.

That a man who gives his whole and undivided attention to one particular subject should acquire a greater proficiency in it, than one whose energies are expended in different directions. This is true of the medical superintendent, and his staff of assistants, at Lakehurst Institute, in their treatment of alcoholism and kindred diseases. Every fresh case adds to the experience of years, and to the number of those successfully treated. "There is no sudden and dangerous deprivation of liquor; there are no bolts and bars; the patient gives up the drink habit almost unconsciously, and, from that moment takes the first step on his upward career, commencing life afresh under brighter auspices. For pamphlet and terms address The Manager, Lakehurst Institute, Oakville, Ont.

A New Novel.

—Herbert D. Ward, the novelist and husband of Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward, has written a new novel, which will be the fiction feature of The Ladies' Home Journal during 1897. It is a humorous story and has the unique title of "The Burglar Who Moved Paradise." It is a sequel to Mrs. Ward's "An Old Maid's Paradise," the husband taking up the pen where Miss Phelps had naturally to put it down when she became Mrs. Ward.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., TOLEDO, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

An Interval of Safety.

"Mrs. Tugby, you mustn't speak so rudely to Nora; you will hurt her feelings."

"Nonsense. You wouldn't hurt her feelings between now and Christmas if you pounded them with a base ball club.—Chicago Record.

Chapped Hands.

The daintiest preparation for curing and preventing chapped hands is Peach Bloom. This admirable skin tonic may be relied upon as a specific for all kinds of skin troubles as well as for improving and beautifying the complexion.

No one need fear cholera or any summer complaint if they have a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial ready for use. It corrects all looseness of the bowels promptly and causes a healthy and natural action. This is a medicine adapted for the young and old, rich and poor, and is rapidly becoming the most popular medicine for cholera, dysentery, etc., in the market.

Not in His Department.

"Have you looked into the case?" asked the great lawyer of his managing clerk.

"Yes, sir. The man is innocent, beyond a doubt."

"Is he? Then one of the junior members can attend to the matter."

Fagged Out.—None but those who have become fagged out, know what a depressed, miserable feeling it is. All strength is gone, and despondency has taken hold of the sufferers. They feel as though there is nothing to live for. There, however, is a cure—one box of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will do wonders in restoring health and strength. Mandrake and Dandelion are two of the articles entering into the composition of Parmelee's Pills.

Value Given to Wire by Skilled Labor.

In an address before an association of iron and steel managers in England, some new statistics were brought up on the remarkable achievements that have been noted in the manufacture of fine wire. The speaker said that he had been presented by a wire manufacturer with specimens of wire for which $4.32, or more than $8,600 per ton was paid. This wire was largely used in the construction of pianos and other musical and mechanical instruments. Accompanying these was a sample of pinion wire, which had a market value of $21.60 per pound, or $43,200 per ton. A still more remarkable illustration of how a piece of steel can be treated so as to become more costly than gold, is seen in the manufacture of hair-springs. Of these it takes 754 to weigh an ounce of 437½ grains, and 27,000,000 of them to go to the ton, which would cost $400,000. Probably the limit of the value that can be given to steel by skilled labor is reached in the case of the barbed instruments used by dentists for extracting nerves from teeth, which is sold at the rate of some $2,150,000 per ton.

Correct.

Young Man—Which one of your sisters is the oldest, Freddie?

Freddie—The one that gets married first.

The Food of Whales.

The food of whales has long been known to consist of minute sea crustacea. Mr. Gray was familiar not only with the whale's food, but observed its manner of feeding and the way in which it took its nap "after meals." "No doubt," he wrote, "whales are very particular in the quality of their food, for they are never to be found feeding where the water is dirty, but almost invariably in clean, clear, dark-blue or light olive-green water. The usual way in which a whale feeds is to choose a spot where the food is plentiful and swim backward and forward for 200 or 300 yards, with the nose just under water. They invariably swim from one side of the boat back again to where they started from with their mouths open. They then close their jaws and swallow the food caught.

"They will go on in this way feeding for an hour or more; after this they will disappear under the nearest ice and sleep there until they come out for exercise or for another meal. Unlike other warm-blooded animals, they do not require to breathe through the nostrils while asleep and they do not do so. Whales can sleep as well under water as they do upon the surface, as I have often seen them disappear under solid ice and remain there for many hours at a time. Sometimes they fall asleep with their heads down and only their tails standing out of the water."—The Spectator.

An Infrequent Manifestation.

"Young Mr. Gurley displayed rare presence of mind last night."

"If he displayed any mind at all it must have been rare."

"IT PAYS TO DRINK"

"SALADA"

CEYLON TEA

Because it is incomparably the best and purest. Try a sample packet. NEVER SOLD IN BULK. BLACK AND MIXED. ALL GROCERS.

You'll be Delighted

With the snug, lasting warmth given to your clothing by a layer of

FIBRE CHAMOIS

The whole secret of its wind proof and warmth-giving quality is the fact that it is a complete non-conductor, keeping out every breath of cold raw air and keeping in all the natural warmth of your body. Don't be without it.

ONLY 25C. A YARD.

Be sure that all ready to wear garments you buy have this interlining. Look for the Fibre Chamois label.

Wrinkles Can be Removed and the Skin made Soft and Youthful in appearance by using Peach Bloom Skin Food.

To Purify the Blood, Tone up the System and give new Life and Vigor nothing equals

Perfect Health-pills.

LODGE Souvenirs

Emblematic of any Society [illegible] Order Dept. will secure an [illegible] Relief Gold Button with screw and spur fastening. These Buttons are beautifully made with colored enameled centres, making a suitable present to a friend.

Dominion Regalia Co.
TORONTO
Manufacturers of all Lodge Requisites and Uniforms, Badges, etc.

PROF. CHAMBERLAIN,
EYE SPECIALIST.

Announces to the public that he will not travel any more, but can be found at all times at his place of business, 7 King street east, Toronto. Gold spectacles, $4.00 and $5. Steel spectacles, 75c to $1.

154—YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN—154

Now in attendance at the

CENTRAL Business College

Yonge and Gerrard Streets, Toronto. [illegible] for Shorthand and Typewriting are found in this College. Particulars free. Write at once. W. H. SHAW, Principal.

"Eagle Parlor" Matches

Smokers and housekeepers alike find them faultless.

Their odorless qualities make them luxuries to use.

THE E. B. EDDY Co
LIMITED
HULL, MONTREAL, TORONTO.

Shorthand Thoroughly Taught, at The Northern Business College, Owen Sound, Ont., by expert teachers. Complete Business Course, Shorthand, Typewriting, Penmanship and Letter-writing—just the subjects required by Shorthand writers in office work. College Announcement free. C. A. FLEMING, Principal.