LUMBERMAN'S LIFE.

(CON)STANTLY EXPOSED TO INCLEMENT WEATHER.

(F)alls An Easy Victim to Rheumatism and Kindred Troubles—A Twenty Years' Sufferer Tells How He Found Release.

From the Richibucto, N.B., Review.

Wm. Murray of Cormiersville, is an old and respected farmer, a pioneer settler of the thriving village he now makes his home. Mr. Murray was yet a young man, together with his father and brother, founded one of the best mill properties to be seen in those early days. The mills consisted of a sawmill, gristmill, and were operated and owned by the two brothers. Labor saving appliances being then comparatively unknown, the young men were exposed to dangers and difficulties almost unknown to the present generation. One of the greatest evils in connection with the business was exposure to wet and cold, which, though he did not know it at the time, have crippled its victim with rheumatism. In a late conversation regarding his disease, Mr. Murray told the following story of his disease and final cure by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills: "For twenty years I have been a sufferer from rheumatism. I attribute the cause of the disease to the time when as a young man I worked at our mill. In the winter we would haul logs ... the alternate thaws and frosts of early spring would ... ice and slush. ... the time came for starting up ... I would go out on the pond ... water up to my knees ... work away from morning till ... hopping logs out of the slush. I was generally wet from ... foot, and every second night of ... I would without changing ... stay up and run the mill ... So you see, I was for ... at a time in a state of partial ... and this would last ... in the pond. ... A few years rheumatism fastened ... onward for this in... in its ... so bad that ... I could only go ... crutches. At ... I was able to hobble about ... of two canes, and ... would ease off ... a little ... stand it for ... hours at a time. ... in damp weather ... and I remember ... I tried to ... my home, ... I had to ... times to ... had seized ... years of ... the patent ... a host of, but ... I consulted ... remained ... fall of 1895 I ... to see if ... by which I ... suffering ... "Mr. ... nothing ... satisfied and ... Dr. Williams' ... a dozen ... at once. ... better and ... finished I ... and con... direc... was all I ... I am alive ... any kind of ... this spring ... for days ... pains. ... me a ... recommend ... rheumatism." ... new ... and thus ... In hun... cured after ... failed, thus ... they are a ... of modern ... The genuine Pink ... William's ... Pale People." Protect ... by refusing ... bear the registered trade mark around the box.

Some Oriental Saws.

... may be known in three ways: ... his voice and his anger.

... figures three persons, he who ... who hears, he of whom it is ...

... a great noise ... is that no ... when he speaks the ...

... a well, ... the empty one ...

... of the wise is the life of ...

... have studied and ... believe him not. If ... have learned ... never ... But if still ... I have studied and learned ...

... I have learned much ... more from my comrades ... my pupils ...

... He who can learn from ... He who can ... Who is ...

Liniment for sale everywhere.

... all night and dis... occasion for ... Cor... and lungs ...

... consc... sleep? ... why doesn't she ...

... by washing in ... until the gas ... evaporated.

A Prisoner's Reply.

... take the following ... in a police court: ... It appears from your ... times previous ...

... —Man is ... Choice.

There Is Strength.

... the philosopher, ... never come singly?" ... the other man. ... on account of the re... are afraid to travel ... New York Journal.

Wise Proprietor.

... restaurant—Here, ... is simply vile. I ... it. Where's the proprietor?

... is out at lunch, sir.— Record.

Slipping Him Up.

It is the unexpected that ...

... with a sigh of relief)—Ah ... really are going to treat!

ADVICE TO MINISTERS.

Given by a Minister.

Preachers who practise it will preach better.

No class of people is so liable to throat trouble as the great class who make up the Gospel ministry. The strain put upon the vocal organs by constant exercise; the sudden change from a heated building to the cool air when the vocal organs are in a state of complete relaxation; the fact that a minister feels impelled to use his voice when actors and lecturers would take the needed rest; these are among the reasons why "Clergymen's sore throat" is known as a special disease. The Rev. E. M. Brawley, D. D., District Secretary of the American Baptist Publication Society, writes from Petersburg, Va., the account of an experience of his own which is profitable reading to those afflicted with Bronchial or other throat troubles. The substance of the letter is as follows:

PETERSBURG, VA.

J. C. AYER CO.,

DEAR SIRS: Three months ago I took a violent cold which resulted in an attack of acute bronchitis. I put myself under medical treatment, and at the end of two months was no better. I found it very difficult to preach, and concluded to try Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. The first bottle gave me great relief; the second, which I am now taking, has relieved me almost entirely of all unpleasant symptoms. To ministers suffering from throat troubles, I recommend Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral as a safe and reliable remedy.

"Prevention is better than cure." A bottle of Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral kept in the house, will effectually prevent the rooting of a cold and its consequent development into some dangerous malady. This remedy has no equal in Bronchial troubles. The most stubborn cases have yielded to its use. It is equally effective for Asthma, Croup, Whooping Cough, and every disease that attacks the throat or lungs. Anyone who is sick is invited to write to the Doctor who is at the head of the staff of our newly organized Free Medical Advice department. The best medical advice, on all diseases, without reference to their curability by Dr. Ayer's medicines. Address, J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

ALLURING AS HONEY

REV. DR. TALMAGE ON TRAPS FOR THE UNWARY.

The Honeybee and Its Work—Temptation That Is Delicious and Attractive, but Damaging and Destructive Ambrosia and Nectar for the Soul.

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Washington, Jan. 23.—Dr. Talmage here starts with an oriental scene, from which he draws practical lessons as to the allurements which entrap the unwary, and the discourse will put many on their guard. The text is I. Samuel xiv, 43: "I did but taste a little honey with the end of the rod that was in my hand, and, lo, I must die."

The honeybee is a most ingenious architect, a Christopher Wren among insects, geometer drawing hexagons and pentagons, a freebooter robbing the fields of pollen and aroma, wondrous creature of God whose biography, written by Huber and Swammerdam, is an enchantment for any lover of nature. Virgil celebrated the bee in his fable of Aristaeus, and Moses and Samuel and David and Solomon and Jeremiah and Ezekiel and St. John used the delicacies of bee manufacture as a Bible symbol. A miracle of formation is the bee. Five eyes, two tongues, the outer having a sheath of protection, hairs on all sides of its tiny body to brush up the particles of flowers, its flight so straight that all the world knows of the bee line. The honeycomb is a palace such as no one but God could plan and the honeybee construct; its cells sometimes a dormitory and sometimes a ... These winged toilers first make ... of wax and by their ... are to them hammer and ... square and plumb line, fashion ... Two and two these workers ... wall. If an accident happens, they put buttresses of extra beams to remedy the damage.

When about the year 1776 an insect before unknown in the nighttime attacked the bees all over Europe and the men who owned them were in vain trying to plan something to keep out the invader that was the terror of the beehives of the continent, it was found that everywhere the bees had arranged for their own protection and built before their honeycombs an especial wall of wax, with portholes through which the bees might go to and fro, but not large enough to admit the winged combatant, called the Sphinx atropos.

Do you know that the swarming of the bees is divinely directed? The mother bee starts for a new home, and because of that the other bees of the hive get into an excitement which raises the heat of the hive some four degrees, and they must die unless they leave their heated apartments, and they follow the mother bee and alight on the branch of a tree, and cling fast to her and hold on until a committee of two or three bees has explored the region and found the hollow of a tree or rock not far from a stream of water, and they there set up a new colony and ply their aromatic industries and give themselves to the manufacture of the saccharine edible. But who can tell the chemistry of that mixture of sweetness, part of it the very life of the rose and part of it the life of the fields?

Plenty of this luscious product was hanging in the woods of Bethaven during the time of Saul and Jonathan. Their army was in pursuit ... God's ... The soldiery ... stop to eat anything until the work was done. If they disobeyed, they were to be cursed. Coming through the woods they found a place where the bees had been busy—a great honey manufactory. Honey gathered in the hollow of the trees until it had overflowed upon the ground in great profusion of sweetness. All the army obeyed orders and touched it not save Jonathan, and he, not knowing the military orders about abstinence, dipped the end of a stick he had in his hand into the candied liquid, and as yellow and tempting it glowed on the end of the stick he put it to his mouth and ate the honey. Judgment fell upon him and but for special intervention he would have been slain. In my text Jonathan announces his awful mistake, "I did but taste a little honey with the end of the rod that was in my hand, and, lo, I must die." Alas, what multitudes of people in all ages have been damaged, by forbidden honey, by which I mean temptation, delicious and attractive, but damaging and destructive!

Corrupt literature, fascinating but deathful, comes in this category. Where one good, honest, healthful book is read now there is a hundred made up of rhetorical trash consumed with avidity. When the boys on the cars come through with a pile of publications, look over the titles and notice that nine out of ten of the books are injurious. All the way from here to Chicago or New Orleans notice that objectionable books dominate. Taste for pure literature is poisoned by this scum of the publishing house. Every book in which sin triumphs over virtue, or in which a glamour is thrown over dissipation, or which leaves you at its last line with less respect for the marriage institution and less abhorrence for the paramour is a depression of your own moral character. The bookbindery may be attractive, and the plot dramatic and startling, and the style of writing sweet as the honey that Jonathan took up with his rod, but your best interests forbid it, your moral safety forbids it, your God forbids it, and one taste of it may lead to such bad results that you may have to say at the close of the experiment or at the close of a misimproved lifetime, "I did but taste a little honey with the rod that was in my hand, and, lo, I must die."

Corrupt literature is doing more to-day for the disruption of domestic life than any other cause. Elopements, marital intrigues, sly correspondence, fictitious names given at postoffice windows, clandestine meetings in parks, and at ferry gates, and in hotel parlors, and conjugal perjuries are among the ruinous results. When a woman young or old gets her head thoroughly stuffed with the modern novel, she is in appalling peril. But some one will say, "The heroes are so adroitly knavish, and the heroines so bewitchingly untrue, and the turn of the story so exquisite, and all the characters so enrapturing I cannot quit them." My brother, my sister, you can find styles of literature just as charming that will elevate and purify and ennoble and Christianize while they please. The devil does not own all the honey. There is a wealth of good books coming forth from our publishing houses that leave no excuse for the choice of that which is debauching to body, mind and soul. Go to some intelligent man or woman and ask for a list of books that will be strengthening to your mental and moral condition.

Life is so short and your time for improvement so abbreviated that you cannot afford to fill up with husks and cinders and debris. In the interstices of business that young man is reading that which will prepare him to be a merchant prince. That young woman is filling ... with an intelligence that will ... make her the chief attraction of a good man's home or give her an independence of character that will qualify her to build her own home and maintain it in a happiness that requires no augmentation from any of our rougher sex. That young man or young woman can, by the right literary and moral improvement of the spare ten minutes here or there every day, ... head and shoulders in prosperity and character and influence above the loungers who read nothing, or read that which dwarfs. See, all the forests of good American literature dripping with honey. Why pick up the honeycombs that have in them the fiery bees which will sting you with an eternal poison while you taste? One book may for you or me decide everything for this world and the next. It was a turning point with me when in a bookstore in Syracuse one day I picked up a book called "The Beauties of Ruskin." It was only a book of extracts, but it was all pure honey, and I was not satisfied until I purchased all his works, at that time expensive beyond an easy capacity to own them, and with what delight I went through reading his "Seven Lamps of Architecture" and his "Stones of Venice." It is impossible for me to describe except by saying that it gave me the rapture for good books and an everlasting disgust for decrepit or immoral books, that will last me while my life lasts. All around the church and the world to-day there are busy hives of intelligence occupied by authors and authoresses whose pens drip a distillation which is the very nectar of heaven, and why will you thrust your rod in the quistivities of perdition into the deathful saccharine ...

Stimulating liquids also come into the category of temptation delicious, but deathful. You say, "I cannot bear the taste of intoxicating liquor, and how any man can like it is to me an amazement." Well, that is no credit to you that you do not take it. Do not brag about your total abstinence, because it is not from any principle that you reject alcoholism, the reason that you can reject certain styles of food—you simply don't like the taste of them. But multitudes of people have a natural fondness for all kinds of intoxicants. They like it so much that it makes them smack their lips to look at it. They are dyspeptic, and they like to aid digestion; or they are annoyed by insomnia and they take it to produce sleep; or they are troubled, and they take it to make them oblivious; or they feel happy, and they must celebrate their hilarity. They begin with mint julep sucked through a straw on the Long Branch piazza and end in the ditch, taking from a jug a mixture half kerosene and half whisky. They not only like it, but it is an all consuming passion of body, mind and soul, and after awhile have it they will though it cost them the ... eternal destruction of themselves and all their families and the whole human race. They would say, "I am sorry it is going to cost me and my family all the world's population so very ... but here it goes to my lips, and now let it roll over my parched tongue and down my heated throat, the sweetest, the most inspiring, the most delicious draft that ever thrilled a human frame." The habit before it comes to its height ... various plans were tried in older times ... recommended ... books: When a man wanted to reform, he put shot or bullets into the cup or glass of strong drink—one additional shot or bullet each day that displaced so much liquor. Bullet after bullet, day by day, of course the liquor became less and less until the bullets would entirely fill up the glass, and there was no room for the liquid, and by that time it was said the inebriate would be cured. Whether any one ever was cured in that way I know not, but by long experiment it is found that the only way is to stop suddenly, and when a man does that he needs God to help him, and there have been more cases than you can count when God has so helped the man that he left off the drink forever, and I could count a score of them, some of them pillars in the house of God.

One would suppose that men would take warning from some of the ominous names given to the intoxicants and stand off from the devastating influence. You have noticed, for instance, that some of the restaurants are called The Shades, typical of the fact that it puts a man's reputation in the shade, and his morals in the shade, and his prosperity in the shade, and his wife and children in the shade, and his immortal destiny in the shade. Now, I find on some of the liquor signs in all our cities the words "Old Crow," mightily suggestive of the carcass and the filthy raven that swoops upon it. "Old Crow!" Men and women without number slain of rum, but unburied, and this evil is picking at their glazed eyes, and pecking at their bloated cheek, and pecking at their destroyed manhood and womanhood, thrusting beak and claw into the mortal remains of what was once gloriously alive, but now morally dead. "Old Crow!" But, alas, how many take no warning. They make me think of Caesar on his way to assassination, fearing nothing, though his statue in the hall crashed into fragments at his feet and a scroll containing the names of the conspirators was thrust into his hands, yet walking right on to meet the dagger that was to end his life. This infatuation of strong drink is so mighty in many a man that, though his fortunes are crashing, and his health is crashing, and his domestic interests are crashing, and we hand him a long scroll containing the names of perils that await him, he goes straight on to physical and mental and moral assassination. In proportion as any style of alcoholism is pleasant to your taste and stimulating to your nerves and for a time delightful to all your physical and mental constitution is the peril awful. Remember Jonathan and the forbidden honey in the woods at Bethaven.

Furthermore, the gamester's indulgence must be put in the list of temptations, delicious but destructive. You who have crossed the ocean many times have noticed that always one of the best rooms has, from morning until late at night, been given up to gambling practices. I heard of men who went on board with enough for a European excursion who landed without money to get their baggage up to the hotel or railroad. To many there is a complete fascination in games of hazard or the risking of money on possibilities. It seems as natural for them to bet as to eat. Indeed the hunger for food is often overpowered by the hunger for wagers. It is absurd for those of us who have never felt the fascination of the wager to speak slightingly of the temptation. It has slain a multitude of intellectual and moral giants, men and women stronger than you or I. Down under its power went glorious Oliver Goldsmith, and Gibbon, the famous historian, and Charles Fox, the renowned statesman, and in olden times senators of the United States, who used to be as regularly at the gambling house all night as they were in the halls of legislation by day. Oh, the tragedies of the faro table! I know persons who began with a slight stake in a ladies' parlor and ended with the suicide's pistol at Monte Carlo. They played with the square pieces of bone with black marks on them, not knowing that satan was playing for their bones at the same time, and was sure to sweep all the stakes off on his side of the table. State legislatures have again and again sanctioned the mighty evil by passing laws in defense of race tracks, and many young men have lost all their wages at such socalled "meetings." Every man who voted for such infamous bills has on his hands and forehead the blood of these souls.

But in this connection some young converts say to me: "Is it right to play cards? Is there any harm in a game of whist or euchre?" Well, I know good men who play whist and euchre and other styles of games without any wagers. I had a friend who played cards with his wife and children and then at the close said, "Come, now, let us have prayers." I will not judge other men's consciences, but I tell you that cards are in my mind so associated with the temporal and spiritual ruin of splendid young men that I would as soon say to my family, "Come, let us have a game of cards," as I would go into a menagerie and say, "Come, let us have a game of rattlesnakes," or into a cemetery and sitting down by a marble slab say to the gravediggers, "Come, let us have a game at skulls." Conscientious young ladies are silently saying, "Do you think card playing will do us any harm?" Perhaps not, but how will you feel if in the great day of eternity, when we are asked to give an account of our influence, some man should say: "I was introduced to games of chance in the year 1898 at your house, and I went on from that sport to something more exciting, and went on down until I lost my business, and lost my morals, and lost my soul, and those chains that you see on my wrists and feet are the chains of a gamester's doom, and I am on my way to a gambler's hell." Honey at the start, eternal catastrophe at the last.

Stock gambling comes into the same catalogue. It must be very exhilarating to go into the stock market and depositing a small sum of money run the chance of taking out a fortune. Many men are doing an honest and safe business in the stock market and you are an ignoramus if you do not know that it is just as legitimate to deal in stocks as it is to deal in coffee or sugar or flour. But nearly all the outsiders who go there on a financial excursion lose all. The old spiders eat up the unsuspecting flies. I had a friend who put his hand on his hip pocket and said in substance, "I have here the value of $250,000." His home is to-day penniless. What was the matter? Stock gambling. Of the vast majority who are victimized you hear not one word. One great stock firm goes down and whole columns of newspapers discuss their fraud or their disaster, and we are presented with their features and their biography. But where one such famous firm sinks 500 unknown men sink with them. The great steamer goes down and all the little boats are swallowed in the same engulfment.

Gambling is gambling, whether in stocks or breadstuffs or dice or race horse betting. Exhilaration at the start, but a raving brain and a shattered nervous system and a sacrificed property and a destroyed soul at the last. Young men, buy no lottery tickets, purchase no prize packages, bet on no baseball games or yacht racing, have no faith in luck, answer no mysterious circulars proposing great income for small investment, drive away the buzzards that hover around our hotels trying to entrap strangers. Go out and make an honest living. Have God on your side and be a candidate for heaven. Remember all the paths of sin are banked with flowers at the start, and there are plenty of helpful hands to fetch the gay charger to your door and hold the stirrup while you mount. But farther on the horse plunges to the bit in a slough inextricable.

The best honey is not like that which Jonathan took on the end of the road and brought to his lips, but that which God puts on the banqueting table of mercy, at which we are invited to sit. I was reading of a boy among the mountains of Switzerland ascending a dangerous place with his father and the guides. The boy stopped on the edge of the cliff and said, "There is a flower I mean to get." "Come away from there," said the father. "You will fall off." "No," said he. "I must get that beautiful flower." And the guides rushed toward him to pull him back with, just as they heard him say, "I almost have it," he fell 2,000 feet. Birds of prey were seen a few days after circling through the air and lowering gradually to the place where the corpse lay. Why seek flowers off the edge of a precipice when you can walk knee deep amid the full blooms of the very paradise of God? When a man may sit at the king's banquet, why will he go down the steps and contend for the refuse and bones of a hound's kennel? "Sweeter than honey and the honeycomb," says David, is the truth of God. "With honey out of the rock would I have satisfied thee," says God to the recreant. Here is honey gathered from the blossoms of trees of life, and with a rod made out of the wood of the cross I dip it up for all your souls.

The poet Hesiod tells of an ambrosia and a nectar the drinking of which would make men live forever, and one sip of the honey from the eternal rock will give you eternal life with God. Come off the malarial levels of a sinful life. Come and live on the uplands of grace, where the vineyards sun themselves. "Oh, taste and see that the Lord is gracious!" Be happy now and happy forever. For those who take a different course the honey will turn to gall. For many things I have admired Percy Shelley, the great English poet, but I deplore the fact that it seemed a great sweetness to him to dishonor God. The poem "Queen Mab" has in it the maligning of the deity. Shelley was impious enough to ask for Rowland Hill's Surrey chapel that he might denounce the Christian religion. He was in great glee against God and the truth. But he visited Italy, and one day on the Mediterranean with two friends in a boat which was 24 feet long he was coming toward shore when an hour's squall struck the water. A gentleman standing on shore through a glass saw many boats tossed in this squall, but all outrode the storm except one, in which Shelley and his two friends were sailing. That never came ashore, but the bodies of two of the occupants were washed up on the beach, one of them the poet. A funeral pyre was built on the seashore by some classic friends, and the two bodies were consumed. Poor Shelley! He would have no God while he lived, and I fear had no God when he died. "The Lord knoweth the way of the righteous, but the way of the ungodly shall perish." Beware of the forbidden honey!

CURIOSITY OF MONKEYS.

One Who Was Inquisitive In Regard to Home-Brewed Ale.

Curiosity seems to be the great failure, or virtue, of monkeys. A story is told of an Englishman who had a South African monkey which had traveled with him around the world. When his bachelor days were over, he took his young wife to a lovely old manor house in the south of England, and, Englishmanlike, kept several barrels of good "home-brewed" ale in the cellar. On returning from church on Sunday morning he noticed that the cellar door was open, and started on a tour of investigation. As he went down the steps Jenny, the monkey, rushed up, and he found that she had set all the spigots running. The door had been inadvertently left open; and Jenny, doubtless, went prying into the semi-lighted place. Turning one spigot on produced such a rushing stream that she tried the others also, much to the waste of the liquor. It may be added that when the Englishman's first born appeared and monopolized attention Jenny got such a fit of jealousy that she was at once sent to the secluded but more congenial society to be found in the monkey house of the London Zoological Gardens.

Something About Sails.

Gustav Kobbe, writing about Some Queer Craft, says in the St. Nicholas:

A piece of wood whittled to a point for the hull, a slender chip "stepped" in a slit for the mast, a bit of paper for the sail, and we have the small boy's typical boat. Simple as it is, it is interesting because, by himself, the boy has adopted the square sail of the Northern races—a sail so typical of these that it was doubtless part of the rig of the Viking ship. Sometimes a boy will jab his mast through two pieces of paper—a larger one, with a smaller one above it for a topsail—unconsciously adopting the characteristic rig of the Norwegian Coaster. The first sign of disaster to the small boy's boat is the wetting of the sail as the miniature waves break over the deck. When the lower part of the sail becomes water-soaked and limp, there is danger of foundering in mud-pond or puddle. To avoid this very danger on the real ocean, that portion of the Norwegian coaster's sail most exposed to a wetting is fastened to the rest by bands or "bonnets," and can be entirely removed when the necessity to reef arises.

The Southern nations, from the Mediterranean to the tropics, with their eye for the picturesque and their love of nature, copied the wing of a bird and adopted the pinion-like lateen sail, with its great curving yard and forward raking mast—the "gibbous or trio sail-wing of the South," as it is called. You can see gaudily painted little boats rigged with lateen sails along the levee of the Mississippi, off the old French Market at New Orleans—and these we owe to the Italian truck-gardeners, who carry their produce to market in these picturesque little craft.

All sails are variations of one or another of these two great types—the square and the lateen. The use of the former in barks and brigs and other square-rigged vessels is plain. And we can readily see, too, the fact that the fore-and-aft rig (jib and mainsail), which, because it is easier to handle, is rapidly supplanting the square, is an adaptation of the lateen, the forward rake of the mast having been increased until it became a bow-sprit, while the great yard became the gaff of the mainsail. The lateen sail is remarkable for its lifting capacity, and the jib possesses this quality to an even greater degree.

Didn't Want a Fifth.

The young man with the swell suit and gold-headed cane was trying to flirt with the girl opposite, when the old man on his left nudged him with his elbow and hoarsely whispered:

"Young man, pause and reflect!"

"Are you speaking to me, sir?" demanded the young man.

"Yes, right to you, but I've got such a hard cold that I cannot say much. Let me repeat that you should pause and reflect."

"What for?"

"You are trying to flirt with that young gal, sir!"

"And is it any of your business?"

"It is, sir. Excuse my hoarseness. I kicked the bed clothes off the other night and got cold. I want to say to you, sir, that it is my business, sir! Suppose that you succeed in attractin' that gal's attention?"

"Well, what of it?"

"She might be flattered and flirt back, though I don't think she's very flirtatious. It might lead to a case of love, and love to marriage."

"You'd better attend to your own business, sir!" replied the young man.

"That's what I'm doin', sir! 'Scuse me while I blow my nose. Yes, sir, I'm attendin' right to my business."

"Then let mine alone!"

"Then you let mine alone! I'm that gal's father!"

"Oh! You are!"

"Yes, I am, and I don't want no more foolin' around! I've got four sons-in-law just about your shape, and am supportin' the hull gang of 'em, and afore you saddle me with a fifth you'd better pause and reflect. It might be the last straw, and I'd turn the hull crowd out to dig fur fodder under the snow banks!"

Evidently He Wasn't Married.

An author who was his own publisher advertised a book of his as follows:

"Send $1 for my new book with autograph."

Shortly afterwards he received this order from a rural reader:

"I inclose $1. If the autograph is one o' them talkin' machines, send it on by freight. I don't want the book."

No Cause for Congratulations.

Wilkins—Does your baby wake up often during the night?

Popleigh (with a tired look)—No! It never wakes up.

Wilkins—I congratulate you, old man!

Popleigh—You needn't! My baby never wakes up, because he never goes to sleep!—Puck.

THE FIRST TROTTER.

A Gentleman From the Home of the Horse Tells a Few Facts.

"One reason," remarked the colonel to a company of interested listeners, "that we raise better horses in Kentucky than are raised anywhere else on earth is that we not only have the water that makes bone because of the lime that is in it and the finest grass in the world, but we have all over the blue grass region, where the great horses come from, an elevation of a thousand feet and more above the sea, which gives just the right kind of air for a horse to breathe to become the right kind of a horse. Did you ever hear of a really great horse bred and born at sea level?

"And speaking of horses," continued the colonel, "how many of you know when the first trotting horses—that's the kind I take to market—made their appearance in this country, or in any country for that matter? Of course there have always been trotting horses, for that is the animal's natural gait, but I mean trained trotting horses. Well, the father of trotting horses in the United States, and generally, for the trotting horse may be said to have originated in the United States, was Messenger, a thoroughbred, imported from England in 1788 at the age of 8 years, and for 20 years thereafter at the stud in the neighborhood of Philadelphia and New York. He was a gray horse with a long pedigree, which included some of the best English strains as well as Arabian, from which he probably took his color. He had a numerous progeny by thoroughbreds and cold bloods, and almost invariably these latter produced horses which showed the trotting instinct, and strangely, too, the sons of his thoroughbred sons showed the same trotting quality. It took some time, however, for the trotter to get off of the road and divide turf attraction with the thoroughbred, but it was bound to come, and in the year 1818, ten years after Messenger's death, the first public trotting race of which there is any record in the United States took place, when the gray gelding Boston Blue was matched to trot a mile in three minutes, a feat deemed at that time to be impossible. All the same, the gelding went the mile in less than three, though what the figures were nobody knows, as records were not kept then as they are now."—Washington Star.

Widows and Widowers.

A scientist has discovered that widows are more likely to die than widowers. They are more likely to get married than widowers too. And I have noticed that a man generally dies before his widow, but shall not attempt to explain it.—Roxbury Gazette.

Gave Himself Away.

Mrs. Bloobumper—How did the detectives happen to suspect him, disguised as he was in women's clothes?

Bloobumper—He passed a milliner's store window without looking in.

A FAMOUS PICTURE.

The Almost Miraculous Escape of Raphael's "Christ Bearing the Cross."

No picture perhaps has had so romantic an adventure or so miraculous an escape as Raphael's "Christ Bearing the Cross."

It was ordered by the fraternity of Mount Olivet at Palermo, the brothers wishing to have a specimen of the celebrated Italian painter's work hanging in their monastery. The picture is remarkable for the truth with which the painter has portrayed the suffering of the Saviour as he bends beneath the heavy load.

Raphael painted it in Rome, where he carried out so much of his work, and the picture was carefully packed and dispatched by sea to Sicily. During the short voyage a storm arose, and the wind and waves became so violent that the vessel was wrecked.

The crew and passengers perished, and no trace of the ship or her cargo was seen again, save the picture, which, floating in its case on the water, was washed ashore and discovered by the expectant monks.

On the case being opened it was found that the sea water had in no way injured the divine beauty of the painting, which was hung up at Palermo amid great rejoicing and thanksgiving at its miraculous escape.

Raphael painted several portraits of his chief patron, Pope Julius II. No fewer than 12 are extant, but the majority were, at any rate partially, painted by his pupils.

The three-quarter length figure of the famous pope which hangs in our National gallery was painted on board.

The round picture of the "Holy Family," which has been so often reproduced, was also painted on wood, Raphael, it is said, having seized the bottom of a tub and sketched the figures upon it for lack of more suitable material.

Among his countrymen he was known as "Il Divino"—"The Divine Raphael." He was the son of an artist named Giovanni Sanzio, from whom his first lessons in art were received. Later he became a pupil of Perugino, who quickly recognized his genius, and under whose tuition he executed while still a mere youth works which not only equaled but surpassed those of his master.

Raphael lived only 37 years, and the amount of work he executed was indeed extraordinary. It is small wonder that such undertakings as the frescoes on the second floor of the Vatican and the cartoons for the Sixtine tapestries wore his strength away. The originals of these cartoons hang in our National gallery.

The last work upon which Raphael was employed was a painting of "The Transfiguration." He died of fever and was buried in the Pantheon.—English Exchange.

Mr. T. J. Humes, Columbus, Ohio, writes: "I have been afflicted for some time with Kidney and Liver Complaint, and find Parmelee's Pills the best medicine for these diseases. These Pills do not cause pain or griping, and should be used when a cathartic is required. They are Gelatine Coated, and rolled in the Flour of Licorice to preserve their purity, and give them a pleasant agreeable taste.

Simple Faith.

In the exercise of simple faith we shall certainly find more comfort than in any ingenious theory depending upon the construction of words about which distressing doubts will ever continue to assail us. Better than all we shall receive the end of our faith. We trust God's word for our own salvation. Why not trust him for the salvation of our loved ones, even though we do not see it here?

DEAR SIRS,—Your MINARD'S LINIMENT is our remedy for sore throat, colds, and all ordinary ailments.

It never fails to relieve and cure promptly.

CHARLES WHOOTTEN.

Port Mulgrave.

So It Was.

Miss Tenspot (as she and Mr. Gazzem ride by)—"Just look at that porch. It is full of wheels."

"Mr. Gazzem—"So it is. It is a regular bicycle stoop."

Stage Fright.

"I am told," said the amateur, "that some of the most experienced actors get nervous while they are performing."

"We do," replied Stormington Barnes, "every salary day."

Mr. Charles Pollock, a nephew of Baron Pollock of the British High Court of Justice, recently crossed the channel alone in a balloon, going from Eastbourne to a ... near Abbeville in six hours and a half. He was not the first to perform the feat, however.

Make Many Acquaintances.

It has been calculated that a gold coin passes from one person to another 2,000,000,000 times before the stamp or impression upon it becomes obliterated by friction, while a silver coin changes about 3,250,000,000 times before it becomes entirely effaced.

Dyspepsia and Indigestion.—C. W. Snow & Co., Syracuse, N. Y., writes: "Please send us ten gross of Pills. We are selling more of Parmelee's Pills than any other Pill we keep. They have a great reputation for the cure of Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint." Mr. Charles A. Smith, Lindsay, writes: "Parmelee's Pills are an excellent medicine. My sister has been troubled with severe headache, but these pills have cured her."

Hope He Put the Right Year.

Waitress—Is your order taken?

Would-be Diner—Yes; the other girl took it some little time ago; but—er—I forget whether I told her it was for this week or next.

Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia.

Giddy Bicycle Girls.

A writer in the New York Herald includes in his report of a visit to an art gallery, the following episode:

I might have completed the romance in my fancy had not my attention been attracted by three bicycle women who were directly in front of me, and out of pure curiosity I followed them. I was disappointed that they would not linger in front of Bonnington's "Normandy Coast Scene," but I made a mental note to return and continued in pursuit. I followed them through the room of the porcelain eyed Herculaneum bronzes, wondering what would interest these up to date young people. They finally paused in front of the three much battered "Graces."

"I wonder what wheels they rode," said the frivolous youngest.

"Wheels of fortune, of course," replied the eldest, and on they sped, stopping again when they reached a handsome old sedan chair.

"They couldn't have, had wheels in those days," again exclaimed the youngest.

"Whoever invented that as a mode of conveyance must have had 'em," said the second.

I could stand it no longer, they were too modern, and I wanted to return to my Bacchante.

An Artemus Ward Story.

When Artemus Ward was at the height of his fame, he received a telegram from Tom Maguire, then the leading amusement manager of the Pacific slope. It asked Artemus, who was then delivering his funny lecture in New York, what he would take for 50 nights in California. The prompt and laconic response was "Brandy and water." Maguire somehow failed to see the point, and he wired Ward for an explanation. He got it in the shape of a 80 word message costing $16.50, for rates were high in those days, and which stated that a diagram would be sent by the following mail.

CAST AWAY FOREVER.

Paine's Celery Compound Banishes Rheumatism and Sciatica.

Mr. Beechinor Was in a Terrible Condition.

Could Not Walk or Put His Hand to His Mouth.

Six Bottles of Nature's Medicine Effect a Complete Cure.

A STRONG AND CONVINCING LETTER.

WELLS & RICHARDSON CO.

DEAR SIRS:—For years I suffered from sciatica and rheumatism, at times being so bad that I could not walk or put my hand to my mouth. If I attempted to do any work I would be crippled for weeks. I took medical treatment, Turkish and mineral baths, but all failed to affect my case. Some time ago I tried Paine's Celery Compound, and after using six bottles I feel like a new man, and can do a hard day's work and feel none the worse for it. I have also gained in weight, and can say I am permanently cured.

Yours truly,

J. BEECHINOR, Shiloh, Ont.

Wonder-Working Diamond Dyes.

Thousands of ladies in Canada know well that Diamond Dyes combine immense variety, merit and great beauty. These wonder-working dyes are prepared in forty-eight of the best standard colors for wool, silk and feathers, with special dyes for coloring cotton and all mixed goods.

Minute and full directions go with each package of the Diamond Dyes, so that the most inexperienced person can do as good work as the professional dyer.

Remember that imitators are trying to copy the style and package of Diamond Dyes. When you buy dyes for home dyeing see that your dealer gives you the "Diamond"; no other make of package dyes will do your work with profit and satisfaction.

Send to Wells & Richardson Co., Montreal, P.Q., for valuable book of directions and sample card of colors; post free to any address.

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

Paragraphic Information.

At the Queen's dinner table there is a separate servant for each person.

Among the 55,000,000 inhabitants of Germany there are only 78 who have passed their hundredth birthday.

A curiosity has been brought to light in East Friendship, Me.—a man who has kept a diary since Jan. 1, 1870, and never missed a day.

The Princess of Wales is building a large riding school in Sandringham, and around its extreme circumference is to be a cycling track.

An Ursuline nun at Bulogne, whose hundredth birthday is to be celebrated, entered her convent eighty years ago and has never set foot out of it since.

Countess Samuel Gyulay, of Buda-Pesth, who was a Baroness Alice Becsly, is to compete with the Princess de Chimay by appearing at the Paris Olympia in "poses plastiques."

M. Casimir-Perier, it is said, has had enough of retirement. He is preparing to contest again his old seat for the division of Nogent-sur-Seine, which became vacant on his election to the Presidency of the French republic.

Bismarck's name has been the subject of an elaborate investigation by a Dr. Lange, who concludes that it is a contraction of Bischofsmark, and rejects the derivation from Biese, the little river that flows near the Bradenburg town, Bismarck.

For his new book entitled "Following the equator" it is said that Mark Twain will receive $40,000, the whole of which he will turn over to his creditors, to whom he owes about $20,000 more. He has been invited by an English publishing house to write his autobiography, and is said to be considering the offer.

On Prince Bismarck's eightieth birthday a sum of 2,000,000 marks was collected for a statue of the "Founder of the German Unity," to be set up in front of the new Reichstag building. The jury on the monument was informed that the Kaiser's taste preferred Professor Begas's model and made the award in consequence. Franz von Lenbach the painter, and Paul Wallott, architect of the Reichstag building, refused to vote with the jury.

Herr Liebknecht, the Social Democratic leader in Germany, has had the sentence of four months' imprisonment for indirect lese majesty inflicted on him by a Breslau court, confirmed by the Supreme Court at Leipsig. Although he did not mention the Kaiser, the court held that some of his words might seem to the hearers aimed against him, and by the doctrine of dolus eventualis it might be held that in his thoughts he was insulting the ruler of Germany.

ECZEMA

Or other itching, burning, stinging skin diseases—as salt rheum, scald head, itch, ringworm, ulcers, blotches, piles can be quickly relieved and cured by Trask's Magnetic Ointment. Gives instant relief, has made phenomenal cures. It has been tested where other remedies have failed, has proved all that is claimed for it. A remedy of merit—recommended by eminent physicians—try Trask's—25c. "I was a great sufferer for five years. The first application of Trask's Magnetic Ointment relieved me, and one month's treatment cured me." P. J. O'Connell, Geneva. FRANCIS U. NETTLE, Toronto. At all Druggists and Medicine Dealers.

An Honest Testimony.

Waited a year to see if his Neuralgia was cured before he would testify.

A remedy that won't stand the test of time is not much good. So-called cure that won't last after the remedy has ceased being taken is of very little benefit. If you have Neuralgia as severe as Mr. Geo. F. Johnston had, you'll not only want the pain stopped temporarily, but you'll *not* want to have it back again. Here's the oath Mr. Johnston took, it's well worth your perusal:

"I, Geo. F. Johnston, farmer, residing in the Township of Blanford, Lot 13, on the 5th Concession, do solemnly declare that I am now cured of Neuralgia after 25 years of suffering, and that Ryckman's Kootenay Cure was the medicine that cured me.

"I was so bad at times that I had to quit work, and often had to get out of my bed at night and walk the floor. The pain would sometimes seize me suddenly in the back of the head, then draw the cords in the neck. My eyesight failed me, and I greatly feared I would have an attack of heart failure. I doctored with medical men, and tried many so-called cures, but nothing did me good until I took Kootenay Cure. I have now been cured for over a year, and calculated quite a while ago to give my testimonial, but wanted to see if the cure was a permanent one. I believe it is, and I consider Kootenay Cure the most wonderful remedy for Neuralgia in the head."

Send to S. S. Ryckman Medicine Co., Limited, Hamilton, for testimonials and Chart Book free.

THE DAVISON CASE.

Another Bruce County Victory for Dodd's Kidney Pills.

One More Victory for the Greatest Medicine on Earth—The Tide of Cures Sweeps Steadily On—No Case of Bright's Disease, Diabetes or Any Other Kidney Disease Can Withstand Dodd's Kidney Pills.

LUCKNOW, Jan. ...—The Bruce County residents, who have been cured of Kidney Disease by Dodd's Kidney Pills, were to organize a club, it would have the largest membership of any similar body on the continent. Day by day, hour by hour, the number of persons cured by this wonderful medicine increases.

Every form of Kidney Disease, no matter how virulent, or how stubborn, yields speedily and infallibly to Dodd's Kidney Pills.

A. T. Davison, of Lucknow, was cured of Kidney Disease recently by a few boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills. His case was an ... one and no other remedy did him the slightest good.

Dodd's Kidney Pills ... a victory over Kidney Disease. ... THEY'RE ... medicine ... the only ... Bright's Disease ... These diseases yield to Dodd's ... surely ... inevitably as snow ... before the springtime sun.

The work of curing Kidney Diseases resembles that of a ... who undertakes to clean ... stables. He may try a dozen ... but all fail, till he hits on ... one that has been designed specially for the one purpose, and ... So with Kidney Diseases. ... hundreds of medicines ... will cure till you try Dodd's Kidney Pills. They are made to ... and they always will.

Dodd's Kidney Pills also cure Lumbago, Lame Back, Rheumatism, Heart Disease, Paralysis, ... Weakness, Gravel, Stone in ... Urinary troubles, Sciatica, ... Dropsy, Gout, and all impurities of the blood. They are sold ... cents a box, six boxes $2.50, or will be sent on receipt ... by The Dodd's Medicine Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

African ...

The African ... happy medium with regard to ... from fire. He lies so close ... the utmost heat and just escapes ... roasting point; his thick hide will ... of toasting—a degree of heat ... the skin of a white man. On the coldest night, provided ... of dry wood he can keep himself ... without clothes with the thermometer ... to freezing point. He builds a ... fire, which he keeps going all night ... attention apparently costing ... of his rest; during the night ... his position to adapt himself to the ... Sleeping in flannels, with ... and three blankets, I have failed to keep warm; have had a chill ... the small of my back, as if a block of ... there. My men by their fires ... were comfortable; but it ... very miserable for them marching ... the early morning, with frost on the grass, with bare feet, loin-cloth.

Where can I get some of Holloway's Corn Cure? I was entirely cured of my corns by this remedy and I wish some more of it for my friends. So writes Mr. J. W. Brown, Chicago.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury,

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

Sold by Druggists, price 75c per bottle.

The Youngster Told Him.

A school inspector was examining a class in grammar, and trying to elucidate the complex relations of adjectives and nouns by a telling example.

"Now, for instance," said he, "what am I?"

That was an easy question, and all the children shouted:

"A man!" and then looked round triumphantly.

"Yes, but what else?" said the inspector.

This was not so easy, but, after a pause, a boy ventured to suggest:

"A little man."

"Yes, but there is something more than that."

This was a poser, but at last an infant phenomenon almost leaped from his seat in his eagerness, and cried:

"Please, sir, I know, sir—an ugly little man!"

Sore Feet.—Mrs. E. J. Neill, New Armagh, P. Q., writes: "For nearly six months I was troubled with burning aches and pains in my feet to such an extent that I could not sleep at night, and as my feet were badly swollen I could not wear my boots for weeks. At last I got a bottle of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil and resolved to try it, and, to my astonishment, I got almost instant relief, and the one bottle accomplished a perfect cure.

Insisted on Accuracy.

"You are charged with being a pickpocket," said the magistrate to the prisoner.

"Then I can prove I'm not guilty, your honor," replied the latter, "for the officer says he saw me snatch the purse out of the lady's hand."

A Royal Reminiscence.

The following good story of Queen Victoria is timely:

A number of years ago Charles Knight, a photographer at Newport, Isle of Wight, secured a picture which shows Her Majesty not merely smiling but broadly laughing.

"How did it happen that such a likeness was obtained? In this way. The Queen was visiting Newport. The mayor of the city was presenting in a verbose and fulsome speech a magnificent bouquet. He had carefully committed the speech to memory, but in his anxiety to make a favorable impression, his courtly manners, his pomp and splendor of royal velvet and ... robe, medals, cocked hat and ... gold, he lost his place.

After some stammering and stuttering he suddenly shouted: "I've forgotten the test, and stood gaping at the queen like a ... visitors' day. Then Her Majesty laughed outright, and the flustered and heart-broken mayor ... the ... "While the queen was laughing Knight the photographer, took the picture.

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, etc.

One Solution.

Cora—Why do you think women like to wear their hats at the theater?

Merritt—So that when the villain goes to stab the hero we won't have to see their hairs stand on end.

Parents buy Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator because they know it is a safe medicine for their children and an effectual expeller of worms.

AGENTS WANTED TO SELL

"ARMEDA

CEYLON TEA,"

Put up in lead packages.

Also Japans and Hysons.

A. H. CANNING & CO., Wholesale Agents, 57 Front St. East, Toronto.

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR

BOECKH'S

BRUSHES and BROOMS.

For sale by all leading houses.

CHAS. BOECKH & SONS, Manufacturers, TORONTO, ONT.

BOYS AND GIRLS

Wishing to make (from) TEN TO TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS this month write us QUICK.

We have a brand new plan article that smart boys and girls from fourteen upwards can sell rapidly. It's instructive, interesting, edifying and fascinating. Send 25c for complete outfit to NICHOLS & CO., 11 Richmond W., Toronto.

If you Know what you Want it is your own fault if you don't get it.

In days gone by dealers were able to sell people just what they pleased, but the public of to-day are inclined to find out for themselves the best article in every line and they insist upon getting it.

I don't take anything that comes along. I go straight for "Granby," for I know it is good.

Granby Rubbers AND OVERSHOES

are known throughout the whole country to be the best in fit, finish, quality and durability and that is why people *will have* Granby's and no other. The extra thickness at ball and heel makes them last twice as long.

GRANBY RUBBERS WEAR LIKE IRON.

The E. B. Eddy Co's Calendar for 1898

Will not be issued till March next at the earliest. We have been too busy to find time to get up a bright and attractive calendar for our friends.

If you want a copy in March, send a post card request now to

The E. B. EDDY Co., Limited, HULL, CANADA.

Learn to Write

By attending the Northern Business College, Owen Sound, Ont. If you want to know what is taught in our Business Course besides writing, send for Annual Announcement, which is sent free. C. A. Fleming, Prin.