...VANGELIST.

...Man Whose Good
...y Known.

...of General Interest—For
...t Trouble and Frequently
...on Five Doctors Were in
...d from His Old Enemy,
...d Health.

A PERFECT TEA

MONSOON TEA

...OM THE TEA PLANT TO THE TEA CUP
...ITS NATIVE PURITY.

...onsoon" Tea is put up by the Indian Tea ...s a sample of the best qualities of Indian ...herefore they use the greatest care in the ...of the Tea and its blend, that is why they ...temselves and sell it only in the original ...s, thereby securing its purity and excellence. ...½ lb., 1 lb. and 5 lb. packages, and never ...ulk.

ALL GOOD GROCERS KEEP IT.

...rocer does not keep it, tell him to write to
STEEL, HAYTER & CO.,
...and 13 Front Street East, Toronto.

A FRIEND'S ADVICE.

And what it led to.

It is not a common occurence that a friendly word should be the means of giving nearly forty years of happiness and health to the person heeding the advice it carried. This was the case with Mary Lingard. At twenty-five she was dragging out her days in misery. At sixty-one she finds herself so active and strong she can do work that would shame many a younger woman, and looks back on thirty-six happy, healthful years of industry. But let her tell her story:

"Thirty-six years ago I had great trouble with my liver. The doctors allowed that there were tumors growing on it, and they blistered my side in an effort to give me relief. I was at that time earning my living as a tailoress, but for five years, between the pain in my side and the blisters I was in constant misery, and work was a drag to me, with no prospect of relief; fortunately for me, however, a friend advised me to take Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and finally persuaded me to take a regular course of it. When I first commenced taking the Sarsaparilla my side was so painful that I could not fasten my dress, and for a time I did not get any relief, but my friend advised me to persevere and relief was sure to come, and come it did. This happened, as I say, thirty six years ago. My liver has never troubled me since, and during these years I have passed through the most critical period of a woman's life without any particular trouble, and to-day, at sixty-one years of age, I am active and strong, and able to do a day's work that would upset many a younger woman. Ever since my recovery I have taken a couple of bottles of Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla each spring, and am quite satisfied that I owe my good health to this treatment. I give this testimonial purely in the hope that it may meet the eye of some poor sufferer."—MARY LINGARD, Woodstock, Ont.

Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla has won its way to every corner of the world by the praise of its friends; those who have tried it and who know they were cured by the use of the remedy. There is nothing so strong as this personal testimony. It throws all theories and fancies to the winds and stands solidly upon the rock of experience, challenging every skeptic with a positive, "*I know.*" Ayer's Sarsaparilla with its purifying and vitalizing action on the blood is a radical remedy for every form of disease that begins in tainted or impure blood. Hence tumors, sores, ulcers, boils, eruptions and similar diseases yield promptly to this medicine. Some cases are more stubborn than others, but persistence with Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla finally results in a complete cure. Mary Lingard began with a bottle, and went on to a course of Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla. When she was cured she realized that the medicine that could cure disease could prevent it. So she took a couple of bottles each spring and kept in perfect health. There are thousands of similar cases on record. Some of these are gathered into Dr. Ayer's Curebook, a little book of 100 pages which is sent free by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass. Write for it.

"THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD."

APPRECIATIVE SERMON ON THE BEAUTIFUL ASSERTION.

PICTURES OF GREEN PASTURES.

"The Quiet Waters By," Too, Are Not Forgotten by the Distinguished Divine, Rev. Dr. Talmage, in His Sermon on the Poetical Occupation The Badges of the Craft Eloquently Described.

Washington, Feb. 27.—Rev. Dr. Talmage chose as his text this morning the words of Psalms xxiii, 1, "The Lord is my shepherd," and therefrom he preached a most reviving sermon. He said:

What with post and rail fences and our pride in Southdown, Astrakhan and Flemish varieties of sheep, there is no use now of the old time shepherd. Such a one had abundance of opportunity of becoming a poet, being out of doors 12 hours the day, and ofttimes waking up in the night on the hills. If the stars or the torrents or the sun or the flowers had anything to say, he was very apt to hear it. The Ettrick Shepherd of Scotland, who afterward took his seat in the brilliant circle of Wilson and Lockhart, got his wonderful poetic inspiration in the ten years in which he was watching the flocks of Mr. Laidlaw. There is often a sweet poetry in the rugged prose of the Scotch shepherd. One of these Scotch shepherds lost his only son, and he knelt down in prayer and was overheard to say, "O Lord, it has seemed good in thy providence to take from me the staff of my right hand at the time when to us sand blind mortals I seemed to be most in need of it, and how I shall climb up the hill of sorrow and auld age without it thou mayst ken, but I dinna."

David, the shepherd boy, is watching his father's sheep. They are pasturing on the very hills where afterward a Lamb was born of which you have heard much, "the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." David, the shepherd boy, was beautiful, brave, musical and poetic. I think he often forgot the sheep in his reveries. There in the solitude he struck the harp string that is thrilling through all ages. David the boy was gathering the material for David the poet and David the man. Like other boys, David was fond of using his knife among the saplings, and he had noticed the exuding of the juice of the tree, and when he became a man he said, "The trees of the Lord are full of sap." David the boy, like other boys, had been fond of hunting the birds' nests, and he had driven the old stork off the nest to find how many eggs were under her, and when he became a man he said, "As for the stork, the fir trees are her house." In boyhood he had heard two terrific thunderstorms, that frightened the red deer into premature sickness, and when he became a man he said, "The voice of the Lord maketh the hinds to calve." David the boy had lain upon his back looking up at the stars and examining the sky, and to his boyish imagination the sky seemed like a piece of divine embroidery, the divine fingers working in the threads of light and the beads of stars, and he became a man and wrote, "When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers." When he became an old man, thinking of the goodness of God, he seemed to hear the bleating of his father's sheep across many years, and to think of the time when he guarded them on the Bethlehem hills, and he cries out in the text, "The Lord is my shepherd."

If God will help me, I will talk to you of the shepherd's plaid, the shepherd's crook, the shepherd's dogs, the shepherd's pasture grounds, and the shepherd's flocks.

And first the shepherd's plaid. It would be preposterous for a man going out to rough and besoiling work to put on splendid apparel. The potter does not work in velvet. The servant maid does not put on satin while toiling at her duties. The shepherd does not wear a splendid robe in which to go out amid the storms, and the rocks and the nettles; he puts on the rough apparel appropriate to his exposed work. The Lord our Shepherd, coming out to hunt the lost sheep, puts on no regal apparel, but the plain garment of our humanity. There was nothing pretentious about it. I know the old painters represent a halo around the babe Jesus, but I do not suppose that there was any more halo about that child than about the head of any other babe that was born that Christmas eve in Judea. Becoming a man, he wore a seamless garment. The scissors and needle had done nothing to make it graceful. I take it to have been a sack with three holes in it, one for the neck and two for the arms. Although the gamblers quarreled over it, that is no evidence of its value. I have seen two ragpickers quarrel over the refuse of an ash barrel. No; in the wardrobe of heaven he left the sandals of light, the girdles of beauty, the robes of power, and put on the besoiled and tattered raiment of our humanity. Sometimes he did not even wear the seamless robe. What is that hanging about the waist of Christ? Is it a badge of authority? Is it a royal coat of arms? No; it is a towel. The disciples' feet are filthy from the walk on the long way and are not fit to be put upon the sofas on which they are to recline at the meal, and so Jesus washes their feet and gathers them up in the towel to dry them. The work of saving this world was rough work, rugged work, hard work, and Jesus put on the raiment, the plain raiment of our flesh. The storms were to beat him, the crowds were to jostle him, the dust was to sprinkle him, the mobs were to pursue him. O Shepherd of Israel, leave at the home thy bright array! For thee, what streams to ford, what nights all unsheltered! He puts upon him the plain raiment of our humanity, wears our woes, and while earth and heaven and hell stand amazed at the abnegation wraps around him the shepherd's plaid.

Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witnessed the fervor of his prayer.

Next I mention the shepherd's crook. This was a rod with a curve at the end, which when a sheep was going astray was thrown over its neck and in that way it was pulled back. When the sheep were not going astray, the shepherd would often use it as a sort of crutch, leaning on it, but when the sheep were out of the way the crook was always busy pulling them back. All we, like sheep, have gone astray, and had it not been for the shepherd's crook we would have fallen long ago over the precipices.

Here is a man who is making too much money. He is getting very vain. He says: "After awhile I shall be independent of all the world. O my soul, eat, drink and be merry!" Business disaster comes to him. What is God going to do with him? Has God any grudge against him? Oh, no! God is throwing over him the shepherd's crook and pulling him back into better pastures. Here is a man who has always been well. He has never had any sympathy for invalids. He calls them coughing, wheezing nuisances. After awhile sickness comes to him. He does not understand what God is going to do with him. He says, "Is the Lord angry with me?" Oh, no! With the shepherd's crook he has been pulled back into better pastures. Here is a happy household circle. The parent does not realize the truth that those children are only loaned to him, and he forgets from what source came all his domestic blessings. Sickness drops upon those children and death swoops upon a little one. He says, "Is God angry with me?" No. His shepherd's crook pulls him back into better pastures. I do not know what would have become of us if it had not been for the shepherd's crook. Oh, the mercies of our troubles! You take up apples and plums from under the shade of the trees, and the very best fruits of Christian character were found in the deep shade of trouble.

When I was on the steamer coming across the ocean, I got a cinder in my eye, and several persons tried to get it out very gently, but it could not be taken out in that way. I was told that the engineer had a facility in such cases. I went to him. He put his large, sooty hand on me, took a knife and wrapped the lid of the eye around the knife. I expected to be hurt very much, but without any pain and instantly he removed the cinder. Oh, there come times in our Christian life when our spiritual vision is being spoiled, and all gentle appliances fail! Then there comes some giant trouble and a black hand lays hold of us and removes that which would have ruined our vision forever. I will gather all your joys together in one regiment of ten companies, and I will put them under Colonel Joy. Then I will gather all your sorrows together in one regiment of ten companies and put them under Colonel Breakheart. Then I will ask, Which of these regiments has gained for you the greater spiritual victories? Certainly that under Colonel Breakheart.

In the time of war, you may remember at the south and north, the question was whether the black troops would fight, but when they were put into the struggle on both sides they did heroically. In the great day of eternity it will be found that it was not the white regiment of joys that gained for you the greatest successes, but the black troops of trouble, misfortune and disaster. Where you have gained one spiritual success from your prosperity, you have gained ten spiritual successes from your adversity.

There is no animal that struggles more violently than a sheep when you corner it and catch hold of it. Down in the glen I see a group of men around a lost sheep. A peasant comes along and seizes the sheep and tries to pacify it, but it is more frightened than ever. A miller comes along, puts down his grist and caresses the sheep, and it seems as if it would die of fright. After awhile some one breaks through the thicket. He says, "Let me have the poor thing." He comes up and lays his arms around the sheep and it is immediately quiet. Who is the last man that comes? It is the shepherd. Ah, my friends, be not afraid of the shepherd's crook. It is never used on you save in mercy to pull you back. The hard, cold iceberg of trouble will melt in the warm gulf stream of divine sympathy.

There is one passage I think you misinterpret: "The bruised reed he will not break." You know that the shepherd in olden times played upon these reeds? They were very easily bruised, but when they were bruised they were never mended. The shepherd could so easily make another, he would snap the old one and throw it away and get another. The Bible says it is not so with our Shepherd. When the music is gone out of a man's soul, God does not snap him in twain and throw him away. He mends and restores. "The bruised reed he will not break."

When o'er the o'erhanging heavens of fate
The threatening clouds of darkness dwell,
Then let us humbly watch and wait.
It shall be well, it shall be well.

And when the storm has passed away
And sunshine smiles on flood and fell
How sweet to think, how sweet to say,
It has been well, it has been well!

Next I speak of the shepherd's dogs. They watch the straying sheep and drive them back again. Every shepherd has his dog—from the nomads of the Bible times down to the Scotch herdsman watching his flock on the Grampian hills. Our Shepherd employs the criticisms and persecutions of the world as his dogs. There are those, you know, whose work it is to watch the inconsistencies of Christians and bark at them. If one of God's sheep gets astray, the world howls. With more avidity than a shepherd's dog ever caught a stray sheep by the flanks or lugged it by the ears, worldlings seize the Christian astray. It ought to do us good to know that we are thus watched. It ought to put us on our guard. They cannot bite us, if we stay near the Shepherd. The sharp knife of worldly assault will only trim the vines until they produce better grapes. The more you pound marjoram and rosemary, the sweeter they smell. The more dogs take after you, the quicker you will get to the gate.

You have noticed that different flocks of sheep have different marks upon them; sometimes a red mark, sometimes a blue mark, sometimes a straight mark and sometimes a crooked mark. The Lord our Shepherd has a mark for his sheep. It is a red mark—the mark of the cross. "Blessed are they that are persecuted for righteousness' sake, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven."

Furthermore, consider the shepherds' pasture grounds. The old shepherds used to take the sheep upon the mountains in the summer and dwell in the valleys in the winter. The sheep being out of doors perpetually, their wool was better than if they had been kept in the hot atmosphere of the sheep cot. Wells were dug for the sheep and covered with large stones in order that the hot weather might not spoil the water. And then the shepherd led his flock wherever he would; nobody disputed his right. So the Lord our Shepherd has a large pasture ground. He takes us in the summer to the mountains and in the winter to the valleys. Warm days of prosperity come and we stand on sun gilt Sabbaths, and on hills of transfiguration, and we are so high up we can catch a glimpse of the pinnacles of the heavenly city. Then cold, wintry days of trouble come, and we go down into the valley of sickness, want and bereavement and we say, "Is there any sorrow like unto my sorrow?" But, blessed be God, the Lord's sheep can find pasture anywhere. Between two rocks of trouble a tuft of succulent promises; green pastures beside still waters; long, sweet grass between bitter graves. You have noticed the structure of the sheep's mouth? It is so sharp that it can take up a blade of grass or clover top from the very narrowest spot. And so God's sheep can pick up comfort where others can gather none. "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him." Rich pasture, fountain fed pasture, for all the flocks of the Good Shepherd.

The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets
Before we reach the heavenly fields
Or walk the golden streets.

Lastly, consider the shepherd's fold. The time of sheep shearing was a very glad time. The neighbors gathered together, and they poured wine and danced for joy. The sheep were put in a place inclosed by a wall, where it was very easy to count them and know whether any of them had been taken by the jackals or dogs. The inclosure was called the sheepfold. Good news I have to tell you, in that our Lord the Shepherd has a sheepfold, and those who are gathered in it shall never be struck by the storm, shall never be touched by the jackals of temptation and trouble. It has a high wall—so high that no troubles can get in, so high that the joys cannot get out. How glad the old sheep will be to find the lambs that left them a good many years ago! Millions of children in heaven! Oh, what a merry heaven it will make! Not many long meter psalms there! They will be in the majority and will run away with our song, carrying it up to a still higher point of ecstacy. Oh, there will be shouting! If children on earth clapped their hands and danced for joy, what will they do when to the gladness of childhood on earth is added the gladness of childhood in heaven?

It is time we got over these morbid ideas of how we shall get out of this world. You make your religion an undertaker planning coffins and driving hearses. Your religion smells of the varnish of a funeral casket. Rather let your religion to-day come out and show you the sheepfold that God has provided for you. Ah, you say, there is a river between this and that! I know it, but that Jordan is only for the sheep washing, and they shall go up for the sheep washing, and they shall go up on the other banks snow white. They follow the great Shepherd. They heard his voice long ago. They are safe now—one fold and one Shepherd.

Alas for those who are finally found outside the inclosure! The night of their sin howls with jackals. They are thirsting for their blood. The very moment that a lamb may be frisking upon the hills a bear may be looking at it from the thicket.

In June, 1815, there was a very noble party gathered in a house in St. James' square, London. The prince regent was present, and the occasion was made fascinating by music and banqueting and by jewels. While a quadrille was being formed, suddenly all the people rushed to the windows. What is the matter? Henry Percy had arrived with the news that Waterloo had been fought and that England had won the day. The dance was abandoned, the party dispersed, lords, ladies and musicians rushed into the street, and in 15 minutes from the first announcement of the good news the house was emptied of all its guests. Oh, ye who are seated at the banquet of this world or whirling in its gayeties and frivolities, if you could hear the sweet strains of the gospel trumpet announcing Christ's victory over sin and death and hell, you would rush forth, glad in the eternal deliverance! The Waterloo against sin has been fought, and our Commander-in-Chief hath won the day. Oh, the joys of this salvation! I do not care what metaphor, what comparison, you have. Bring it to me, that I may use it. Amos shall bring one simile, Isaiah another, John another. Beautiful with pardon. Beautiful with peace. Beautiful with anticipations. Or, to return to the pastoral figure of my text, come out of the poor pasturage of this world into the rich fortunes of the Good Shepherd.

The shepherd of old used to play beautiful music, and sometimes the sheep would gather around him and listen. To-day my heavenly Shepherd calls to you with the very music of heaven, bidding you to leave your sin and accept his pardon. Oh, that all this flock would hear the piping of the Good Shepherd.

A PLAGUE OF THE NIGHT.

Itching Piles and Other Rectal Troubles Easily Cured by a Safe Method—A Remarkable Number of Cures Made by Trask's Magnetic Ointment.

About one person in every four suffers from some form of rectal disease. The most common and annoying is itching piles, indicated by warmth, slight moisture and intense uncontrollable itching in the parts affected.

The usual treatment has been some simple ointment or salve, which sometimes gives temporary relief, but nothing like a permanent cure can be expected from such superficial treatment.

The only permanent cure for itching piles yet discovered is Trask's Magnetic Ointment, not only for itching piles, but for every other form of piles, blind, bleeding or protruding. The first application gives instant relief and the continued use for a short time causes a permanent removal of the tumors or the small parasites which cause the intense itching and discomfort of itching piles.

Many physicians for a long time supposed that the remarkable relief afforded by Trask's Magnetic Ointment was because it was supposed to contain cocaine, opium or similar drugs, but such is not the case. A recent careful analysis of the remedy showed it to be absolutely free from any cocaine, opium or in fact any poisonous, injurious drugs whatever.

For this reason Trask's Magnetic Ointment is probably the only pile cure extensively recommended by physicians, because it is so safe, so prompt in the relief afforded as so far as known the only positive cure for piles except a surgical operation.

If suffering from any form of piles ask your druggist for a 25c. or 40c. package of Trask's Magnetic Ointment and try it to-night.

FRANCIS KAHLE, 127 Bay Street, Toronto.

How to Ensure Sleep.

The sleeping room should be airy and cool, never for adult persons reaching a higher temperature than 60 degrees, though young children need greater warmth. The head should never be under the sheets, but exposed and cool. The feet should be kept warm by a little extra clothing at the foot. With a heavy sleeper there should be no thick curtains, but with a light sleeper curtains are essential, as sunlight plays upon the optic nerve and rouses that attention which it is the one object of the sleeper to keep in suspended animation. The bed should never be between the fireplace and the door, as it catches the drafts and it is more dangerous and more easy to contract a chill in bed than in the day time, the especially chilly period being about 3 a.m.

Queer Fish That Walks.

The Zoological Gardens in London have acquired no less than seven walking fish, or mud skippers.

The mud skipper is a large fish, which walks on land frequently. It also climbs trees and does other things equally curious. A well grown specimen weighs from forty to fifty pounds. It has a head something like that of a mastiff, the resemblance being very striking about the lower jaw. The scientific name of the mud skipper is Periopthalmus.

The mud skipper walks principally by means of its pectoral fins and its tail. It gets along exceedingly well. It is fairly common along the shores of the Indo-Pacific Ocean—that is to-say, in South-eastern Asia. In Siam plenty of mud skippers are to be found.

The most remarkable accomplishment of the mud skipper is to climb trees. With its pectoral fins it catches hold of a tree trunk as firmly as if it had hands. It goes up into the tree in search of insects, sunshine and fresh air.

The mud skipper has a loud, hoarse voice.

TOLD IN THE LOBBY.

Some Humorous Stories From St. Stephen's—How the Orange-Catholic Trouble Was Squared.

Old parliamentary hands realize the truth of the charge that the House of Commons is, as a rule, so dull that the weakest witticism is likely to move it to unsubdued merriment.

It is nevertheless the fact that a number of members who can scarcely get an audience in the House itself are wont to delight groups of their fellow-legislators in the smoking room or in the lobby, and the stories that float about St. Stephen's prove that if in the mass our M.P.'s are rather dull folk, individually they are not devoid of a saving sense of humor.

Naturally the best stories are told at the expense of fellow-members. A slip made by a worthy Scot when addressing an audience in his own constituency proved a cause of endless trouble to the unfortunate M.P., who was what is usually termed a self-educated man. In the course of a fervid harangue the hon. member brought down the House by referring to "our kinsmen at the 'Antipods.'"

The cheers and laughter disconcerted him in no small degree, and still greater was his annoyance when a friend gently explained to him after the meeting that "Antipods" was not the usual pronunciation of the word. For years after this incident the M.P. brought into every speech—whether it was at the opening of a flower show or an attack on his political opponents—a reference in some shape or other to "our kinsmen at the An-tip-o-des"—pronouncing the word in a slow and deliberate manner in order to demonstrate to the world that if he had once made a mistake it must not be attributed to want of knowledge.

Another legislator created no small amusement during the dispute over the German Hinterland in Africa by anxiously enquiring: "What sort of people are these Hinterlanders?" adding pathetically, "I can't find anything about them in the library."

The election anecdotes which come to the fore when a new Parliament assembles are often humorous. A Home Rule candidate was engaged in canvassing, when he visited a workingman's house, in the principal room of which a pictorial representation of the Pope faced an illustration of King William, of pious and immortal memory, in the act of crossing the Boyne.

The worthy man stared from one to the other in amazement, and seeing his surprise, the voter's wife explained: "Shure, my husband's an Orangeman and I'm a Catholic."

"How do you get on together?" asked the astonished politician.

"Very well, indade," replied the lady, "barring the 12th of July, when my husband goes out with the Orange procession and comes home dhrunk."

"Well?"

"Well, he always takes the Pope down and jumps on him, and then goes straight to bed. The next morning I get up early, take down King William and pawn him, and buy a new Pope with the money. Then I give the old man the ticket to get King William out."

There are some Parliamentary stories which are probably not known to those principally concerned. For instance, there was once a meeting of delegates to select a party candidate for a safe county seat. Two gentlemen addressed the meeting, a ballot was taken, and the successful candidate was selected by a majority of one. After the delegates had dispersed the horrified secretary of the association awoke to the fact that two more votes had been recorded than there had been delegates present.

It was too late to do anything, but some time later, when the candidate had become an M.P. one of his supporters declared, in a burst of confidence, "We didn't want a beggar like ——, so I just put three beans in the ballot box." The M.P. had gained an immoral victory without knowing it.

A county candidate had a cruel joke put on him. He had driven 12 miles from home to a meeting in a village and his coachman went to sleep on the box while waiting outside. Presently the Jehu heard the door of the carriage slammed to the accompaniment of "Good-night, Mr. ——," and off he drove home to find at the end of the journey that there was no one inside.

An enemy had done this, and the poor candidate had to tramp several miles before he met the returning carriage.—London Daily Mail.

Chinese Dog Farms.

In Manchuria and along the Mongolian borders of China there are thousands of farms on which nothing is raised but dogs of a breed peculiar to his region. Each proprietor keeps several hundreds of them. They are of a large size, and when eight months old are killed, usually in midwinter, for the sake of their skins. As a result of the severe climate they are covered almost from birth with a magnificent growth of fur. Hence they are much in demand among the northern Chinese as material for winter clothing.

They constitute the only wealth of this desolate country. In each family a certain number of dogskins is laid aside as the daughter's marriage portion. Yet they command no very high price, eight skins being required for a gown about two yards long, and worth some $3 or $4. This would make the average value of each but little over 40 cents, from which must be deducted the cost of sorting and dressing, also of manufacturing the garment. The hides find their first market at several main depots, whence they are taken to Moukden, Fou Tcheou and other cities to be made up. Last year the estimated proceeds of this traffic at Newchang, a leading emporium, amounted to 1,000,000f., against 1,500,000f. the year before.—Popular Science News.

To Tell the Approach of a Rattlesnake.

The warning given by a rattlesnake is said to be similar in sound to the rattling of a number of peas in a paper bag, though of a more metallic character. The noise, however, is slight and somewhat of a tinkle, but withal so peculiar that one who hears it for the first time while rambling in fields or woods instinctively knows that this delicate but very distinct tinkle indicates that a rattlesnake is near.

He Thought So.

The Minister—You have determined to give your son a liberal education?

The Farmer—Lib'ral? Yes, indeed! I'm shellin' out all the time.

A cake of magnesia is a good friend to the economical woman in these days of many light frocks. Rub the soiled spots on both sides of the goods when the dress or waistcoat is taken off, and after airing hang away with the magnesia still there. When the dress is wanted again dust the magnesia off lightly and it will be found to have carried away part of the soil and to hide the rest. A light dress thus may be kept immaculate in appearance several days after it would otherwise have to go to the cleaner.

A Little Squirrel in Amber.

Flies are not the only thing found in amber. In a big mass of clear amber, dredged up out of the Baltic Sea recently, there was distinctly visible in its interior a small squirrel—fur, teeth and claws intact.

Politicians may bury the hatchet, but they are very likely to leave a tombstone to identify the spot where it may be dug up again.

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.

ANOTHER VICTORY

Won in Grey County by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Mrs. Thomas Hughes Tells Her Story, N. Leflar, J. P., Corroborates It—Dodd's Kidney Pills, and They Alone, Cure all Kidney Diseases.

Morley, Ont.—This little town is excited over an occurrence that would, in early days, have been looked upon as a manifestation of magic. The circumstances are clearly detailed in the following letter sent by Mrs. Thomas Hughes of this place to The Dodd's Medicine Co., Limited, Toronto:—

"I cheerfully testify to the wonderful work done by Dodd's Kidney Pills, believing that too much praise cannot be given them. I was for four years a great sufferer from pains in my back, along my spine, in my head, especially over the eyes, in my left, and occasionally in my right side.

"Five doctors treated me and I also had the care and advice of an American specialist. All failed to help me. I tried nearly all the patent medicines I could get, but none of them did me any good.

"For two and three nights at a time I could not close my eyes in sleep. I was bloated so terribly that I could neither sit nor walk. My agony was simply indescribable. For nearly three years I was bed-fast.

"Finally I tried Dodd's Kidney Pills. From the first dose I began to mend. I have used fourteen boxes, and am completely cured, and as strong as I ever was, and can do a big day's work, thanks to Dodd's Kidney Pills."—MRS. THOMAS HUGHES.

"I have known Mrs. T. Hughes for a number of years, and I can truthfully state that the foregoing statements are strictly true."—N. LEFLAR, J. P.

Dodd's Kidney Pills, the only cure on earth for Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Diseases of Women, and all other Kidney Diseases, are sold by all druggists, at fifty cents a box, six boxes $2.50, or will be sent on receipt of price, by the Dodd's Medicine Co., Limited, Toronto.

There never was, and never will be, a universal panacea, in one remedy, for all ills to which flesh is heir—the very nature of many curatives being such that were the germs of other and differently seated diseases rooted in the system of the patient—what would relieve one ill in turn would aggravate the other. We have, however, in Quinine Wine, when obtainable in a sound unadulterated state, a remedy for many and grevious ills. By its gradual and judicious use, the frailest systems are led into convalescence and strength, by the influence which Quinine exerts on Nature's own restoratives. It relieves the drooping spirits of those with whom a chronic state of morbid despondency and lack of interest in life is a disease, and, by tranquilizing the nerves, disposes to sound and refreshing sleep—imparts vigor to the action of the blood, which, being stimulated, courses throughout the veins, strengthening the healthy animal functions of the system, thereby making activity a necessary result, strengthening the frame, and giving life to the digestive organs, which naturally demand increased substance—result, improved appetite. Northrop & Lyman of Toronto, have given to the public their superior Quinine Wine at the usual rate, and, gauged by the opinion of scientists, this wine approaches nearest perfection of any in the market. All druggists sell it.

Could Only Turn His Collar.

Eli Green was exceedingly bashful and resorted to all sorts of expedients to avoid the girls. On the rare occasions when his mother had company he was careful to let his work take him to some remote part of the farm.

But on his twenty-first birthday he determined to assert his manhood becomingly and he went to the house of an uncle in the next county and spent an entire week. When he returned, his mother asked him if he had enjoyed himself.

"Waal, I dunno," he answered reflectively. "I didn't s'pose Uncle Jason'd have comp'ny, but there he was, with a house chock full o' city gals, a laughin' an' racin' an' a makin' out like I was a fine beau. The wust of it was they changed their clothes five or six times a day, an' I could only turn my collar. Course there was slews of ice cream an' fixin's, but I guess, take it up one side an' down t'other, I'm willing to git back."—Detroit Free Press.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

To Prepare White Velvet Sherbert.

Use the juice of six lemons and the thinly shaved peel of two soaked in the juice half an hour. Strain the juice and add enough sugar to make a thick batter. It usually requires about a cupful to each lemon. Add three pints of milk and turn at once into a freezer packed with three parts of broken ice and one part rock salt. Turn slowly at first, and when it begins to thicken turn rapidly until stiff. Add more ice and salt and let it stand for at least two hours before serving.

Which Grows Quicker.

It is not often supposed that, as a rule, boys, in growing, keep ahead of girls, but a recent measurement of very many children of both sexes is against this conclusion. The boys, up to the 11th year, were found to run about a quarter to half an inch taller than the girls. They were then overtaken by the girls, who surpassed them in height till their 16th year, when the boys again grew faster than the girls, and came to the front.

Keen Sight of the Kestrel.

Naturalists declare that the kestrel is possessed of such wonderful powers of sight that it is able to see a mouse when it itself is at such a height in the air that it is invisible to the naked human eye.

Cannot Be Telegraphed.

Chinese cannot be telegraphed; figures have to be used corresponding to certain words. Only one eighth of the words in the language are in this code, but this has been found sufficient for practical purposes.

Largest Clock in the World.

The largest clock in the world is that in the Westminster clock tower. It was set up on May 30, 1859.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

A Four Years' Sleep.

"How long does the Vice-President hold office, pa?"

"One-fifth as long as Rip Van Winkle did."

How to Avoid Colds.

Let the body be hardened by a cold sponge bath or even a cold plunge, followed by brisk rubbing with a "scratchy" towel, every morning. Let the clothing be adapted to the season, though always as light as possible, but keep the neck uncovered—no turned up coat collar, no muffler, no boa. Never let the temperature in the house rise above 70 degrees in the winter. Air every room systematically every day, no matter what the outdoor temperature may be. Always have fresh air in the bedroom. There is nothing poisonous in "night air," popular belief to the contrary notwithstanding. In a word, don't be always afraid of catching cold, don't coddle, but meet cold and wet and changes of temperature like a man—or rather like a horse—and you will then run a better chance of being as strong as a horse.

Too Spry.

"Jinks is the meanest man on earth."
"Why?"
"I told him a good story on the way out to a dinner, and when we got there he worked it off before I had a chance."

Facts in a Few Lines.

Commerce in Persia is still carried on almost entirely by caravan.

Nearly $5,000,000 worth of patent medicines are exported from the United Kingdom each year.

Seven hundred Chinamen in San Francisco have professed conversion in the Salvation Army.

There are parts of the Ganges valley in India where the population averages 1,200 to the square mile.

Muriel Mustard is the name under which a London 8-year-old pianoforte prodigy is braving the world.

A five cent stamp must adorn every day book, ledger or other account book kept by a business house in Mexico.

Immigration at the port of Philadelphia fell off more than 50 per cent. during the year ended June 30 last.

Corrected returns made by the labor bureau give North Carolina cotton and woolen mills 1,044,385 spindles.

A naturalist of eminence finds that land birds make their journeys in the daytime and water birds by night.

An English agriculturist has succeeded in the cross fertilization of grasses, clover, cereals and other food plants.

A New Testament jammed in a switch made a train on the London and North western railroad jump the rails recently.

It is reported that the Carnegie company expects to sell 70,000 tons of steel rails in Holland during the coming season.

The Japanese do not care much for novels. Among 27,000 new books printed last year only 462 were works of fiction.

It takes 2,000 of the Korean coins known as "cash" to equal $1. Travelers need an extra bullock to carry their funds.

The profits are said to be larger for the amount of capital employed in poultry keeping than in any other branch of live stock breeding.

London has 170 piano factories, in which 9,000 instruments are made every year. 10,000 elephant tusks being required for the ivory.

Thirteen crimes were punishable by death when Queen Victoria ascended the throne. To-day there are practically but two—treason and murder.

A geographically well posted pedestrian succeeded the other day in setting foot in the course of 5 hours and 20 minutes in seven German states.

Port Mulgrave, June 5, 1897.
C. C. RICHARDS & Co.
Dear Sirs,—MINARD'S LINIMENT is my remedy for colds, etc. It is the best liniment I have ever used.
MRS. JOSIAH HART.

T. Ainslie Young, Rector, High School, Quebec, writes: "I should like to add another testimonial to the numbers you have already received in favor of "Quickcure." I have been troubled a good deal lately with Boils, and tried Quickcure. I can only describe its effect as magical: in about half a minute after application, I felt as though I had never been troubled at all, and was completely well in two days. Wishing you every success with your valuable discovery. I remain, yours very truly.

To Make Brazilian Coffee.

Parch until black (not burned) a cup of any preferred coffee. Grind to a very fine powder. Place the coffee in a cheesecloth bag and tie so no grounds can escape. Put the bag in the coffee pot and pour over it six coffee cups of cold water. Let all come to a boil and then boil five minutes. Take from stove and add a teaspoon of cold water. Serve hot. This is delicious with whipped cream.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

Deafness Cannot be Cured

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

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

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.

How to Hang Mirrors.

Do not hang them in the sun, as it spoils the quicksilver and causes the glass to present a broken surface. Mirrors must also not be hung where heat can strike too nearly upon them, or the same trouble will occur. For this reason one must be careful not to turn a gas jet too near them.

Disturbing Thought.

In a dreamy, abstracted manner Pygmalion picked up a robe and threw it over the lovely figure in which the warm blood had scarcely more than begun to pulsate.

"What is it, my master?" asked Galatea.

"I was thinking," replied the sculptor, rousing himself from his reverie, "what a frost you would have got if I had offered to set you up in the Boston library."

Royalty's Made-Over Clothes.

Though always elegant and perfectly dressed, says London Figaro, the Princess of Wales by no means errs on the side of extravagance. Her Royal Highness has been known to wear a gown three successive seasons when it suited her, and remained fresh and handsome. For instance, at the opening of the People's Palace at Whitechapel the Princess wore a striking dress of olive green velvet, brocaded with small ripe red strawberries. There could be no mistaking so distinctive a stuff, and it was recognized by a woman who had seen the Princess in Ireland two summers before as one that had been worn at several functions in that country. The style had been altered somewhat, but there was the same splendid fabric doing its thorough economical duty.

WOMEN AND WEAK NERVES.

Lives of Misery and Affliction.

Marvellous Case in Manitoba.

Paine's Celery Compound Proves a Wondrous Blessing.

Miss Parr Says, "After the First Dose I Felt New Hope and New Life Coming."

Nervous Prostration, Mental Depression, and Excruciating Sufferings are Banished.

Paine's Celery Compound the Great Life Builder and Vitalizer.

Wells & Richardson Co.

Dear Sirs:—For several years I have had weak nerves; one was gradually running down, and last March I was prostrated with nervous debility. My sufferings were excruciating in the extreme; I really thought there never was another who suffered quite as much with mental depression and weak nerves. This lasted about three months, and I was taking doctors' medicine continually, but was getting worse instead of better.

One day, feeling quite discouraged and wondering if I would ever get out of my dreadful state, a dear friend said to me, "I wish you would try Paine's Celery Compound." As I had intended to try it I acted upon her advice and started using it the very same day, and from the first dose I felt new hope and new life coming. I continued using it, and am still taking it once in a while, always asking God's blessing on each bottle. I am very much improved, and I cannot say too much in favor of the medicine, and would recommend it to all suffering from nervous prostration and mental depression.

Yours truly,
L. E. PARR, Crystal City, Man.

Free and easy expectoration immediately relieves and frees the throat and lungs from viscid phlegm, and a medicine that promotes this is the best medicine to use for coughs, colds, inflammation of the lungs and all affections of the throat and chest. This is precisely what Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup is a specific for, and wherever used it has given unbounded satisfaction. Children like it because it is pleasant, adults like it because it relieves and cures the disease.

Perfectly Safe.

Mamma—I don't like the idea of that young Harris hanging around Jenny so much. He hasn't a cent except his little salary.

Papa—You needn't worry. They are both too busy talking about bicycles to have any time for lovemaking.

Lost Opportunities.

We cannot easily see how heaven can be a place of perfect happiness with any regrets in the memory, but surely there must be regrets for lost opportunities of loving, giving and serving when we thoughtlessly [illegible].

Dyspepsia or Indigestion is occasioned by the want of action in the biliary ducts, loss of vitality in the stomach to secrete the gastric juices, without which digestion cannot go on; also being the principal cause of Headache. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills taken before going to bed, for a while, never fail to give relief and effect a cure. Mr. F. W. Ashdown, Ashdown, Ont., writes: Parmelee's Pills are taking the lead against ten other makes which I have in stock."

Sufficient Memory.

Mrs. Bowers—I do wish you would go to church with me occasionally. How are people to know that I am married if they never see you with me?

Mr. Bowers—Easy. Take the children with you.

Properly.

She—[illegible], do you love me?
He—I reckon.
She—What on—my money?

FALSE REPRESENTATIONS.

An Ontario Lady Compels a Merchant to Pay for Damages.

A lady writing from an Ontario town says: "A month ago I visited one of our town stores and asked for three packages of Diamond Dye Navy Blue for dyeing all wool goods. The merchant informed me that he was out of Navy Blue in the Diamond Dyes, and he [illegible] me into buying a dye of another make, at the same time guaranteeing them to do as good work as I could get from the Diamond. A lady friend was [illegible] me at the time and heard the whole conversation. I took the strange dyes home, used them according to directions, and was sadly disappointed with the results. The color was anything but a Navy, in truth my materials were spoiled. I at once took the goods to the merchant and told him his dyes were frauds. He offered to give me more of the same dyes, or my money back. I refused both offers, and after I had threatened law proceedings he thought it best to pay for the material spoiled. This merchant will never again have the chance to sell me any more dyes. I shall go where I can get the Diamond Dyes at any time they are wanted. I have had my last lesson with poor dyes."

Distressing Dyspepsia.

The Miserable Lives of Dyspeptics made glad by KOOTENAY CURE.

Everything looks "blue" to the man who suffers from stomach disorders.

When to this is added Kidney Complaint, then indeed, does life become a burden.

To be able to eat three meals a day, to go about without being punished by pains in the back and stomach, is a "consummation devoutly to be wished for."

Mr. James Boyd, of Hamilton, employed by the Electric Light and Power Co., was one of those whom Kootenay Cure released from suffering and made a new man of. *Under oath* he says that for over five years he was a victim of Dyspepsia, and suffered greatly from severe pains in his back, due to disordered kidneys.

He only took a moderate amount of Ryckman's Kootenay Cure, which has given him relief from his troubles. Now his wife has taken it for Nervous Prostration. She is completely cured, and says she never felt as well in ten years as she does at present. This man and wife were emancipated from the slavery of disease by Ryckman's Kootenay Cure. Could any proof of the worth of this remedy be more conclusive?

Chart book sent free on application to the S. S. Ryckman Medicine Co. (Limited), Hamilton, Ont.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

SETTLERS' TRAINS

Will leave Toronto 9.00 p.m. every TUESDAY during MARCH and APRIL [illegible]

MANITOBA [illegible]

CANADIAN NORTHWEST.

[illegible]

KLONDIKE AND YUKON GOLD FIELDS.

Via Canadian Pacific Railway.
LOWEST RATES. FASTEST TIME.
ONLY THROUGH SERVICE.

3 TOURIST CARS EACH WEEK TO THE PACIFIC COAST 3

[illegible]

Unequalled [illegible] Eclectric Oil [illegible]

To Make a Delicious Mash. [illegible]

Minard's Liniment Cures [illegible]

Sometimes She Doesn't Know Herself. [illegible]

AGENTS WANTED TO SELL

"ARMEDA"

CEYLON TEA.

Also Japans and Hysons.

A. H. CANNING & Co. [illegible]

PATENT BARRISTERS [illegible]

CHARLES [illegible]

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR

BOECKH'S

BRUSHES and BROOMS.

CHAS. BOECKH & SONS, [illegible]

The QUEEN CITY OIL CO. [illegible]

"WE WANT YOU QUICK."

[illegible]

Reliability

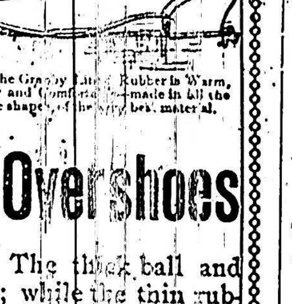
Makes the words in Eddy's Matches during our name on the box to gets confidence. Lots of other makes where you get more wood for your money—many imitations too, put up "like Eddy's" but they are very different in use.

THIS NAME GUARANTEES THE QUALITY.

The E. B. Eddy Co. Limited
Hull, Canada

Solid Comfort.

It is not enough to have rubbers keep out the wet. If the fit be not perfect they will draw the feet. It costs money to employ skilled pattern makers, in order to turn out rubbers in all the latest shoe shapes, but the Granby Rubber Co. do it and the result is that



The Granby Laced Rubber is Warm, Dry and Comfortable—made in all the shoe shapes, of the very best material.

Granby Rubbers and Overshoes

are known to be right up-to-date. The thick ball and heel make them last twice as long; while the thin rubber used in the other parts makes the whole very light. Insist on seeing the Granby Trade Mark on the sole.

GRANBY RUBBERS WEAR LIKE IRON.

Get Ready TO TAKE YOUR PLACE AS a useful, progressive, prosperous and successful citizen, by taking a thorough Business or Shorthand Course at THE NORTHERN BUSINESS COLLEGE, OWEN SOUND, ONT.
Write for Announcement to C. A. FLEMING, Princ.