HEALTH IN MARCH, APRIL, MAY!

Use the Only Spring Remedy in the World That Has Stood Every Test of Time.

PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND MAKES ONE WELL.

In March, April and May use Paine's Celery Compound.

And only Paine's Celery Compound! For it is nature's remedy.

It is the only spring medicine that the best physicians recommend.

Clergymen of all denominations speak of the wonderful medicine with enthusiasm.

Paine's Celery Compound has a record of life saving work that has never been equalled.

Paine's Celery Compound cures disease. It makes people well. It has saved the lives of thousands of sufferers. It makes the weak strong.

It purifies the blood and enriches the nerves.

Every condition of winter life has been detrimental to health. There has been a steady decline in nervous vigor. Now that spring comes the body is ready to cast off unhealthy tissues if it is only given a chance. This opportunity comes when the excretory organs, kidneys, liver and bowels are made to work actively and the nerves are able to furnish sufficient energy to the digestive organs.

No remedy in the world accomplishes these results like Paine's Celery Compound. It nourishes, regulates and invigorates the entire nervous system from the brain to the minutest nerve filament. It causes an increased appetite and tones up the stomach to deal with the increased food. Its nourishing action is immediately manifest in a clearing up of the muddy unhealthy skin, an increase in weight and more refreshing sleep.

First discovered after laborious scientific research by the ablest physician America has produced, Prof. Edward E. Phelps M.D., LL.D., of Dartmouth College, it is prescribed and publicly endorsed by the best practitioners in every city of America. It has been so enthusiastically recommended by grateful men and women in every walk of life that it is to-day in every sense the most popular remedy the world ever knew.

It has proven itself the greatest of all spring medicines.

In Montreal, Toronto, Hamilton, London, Quebec, Halifax, St. John, Winnipeg and other cities, the leading druggists have found that the demand for Paine's Celery Compound surpasses that of all other remedies together.

Paine's Celery Compound, taken during the early spring days, has even more than its usual remarkable efficacy in making people well. It makes short work of disease. It drives out neuralgia, sleeplessness, dyspepsia and rheumatism from the system. It removes that lassitude, or "tired feeling," which betokens weakened nerves and poor blood.

Women working in close offices, saleswomen tired out and nervous from long hours standing on their feet and waiting on impatient, irritating customers; overworked, worried and disheartened men and women everywhere will be astonished to find how much happier life becomes when their nerves have been strengthened and their blood purified by means of this great remedy.

No other remedy has the hearty approval of a like body of educated men and women and professional men, nor has there ever been a remedy that so many intelligent people have taken intelligently. When a remedy is taken in such a manner Paine's Celery Compound has just naturally to cure people and make them well.

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Paine's Celery Compound is the one medicine that has the unqualified endorsement of the leading physicians of America and it is universally prescribed by them wherever there is a demand for a safe and prompt restorative of strength to the worn and weary.

Paine's Celery Compound is the great spring remedy because it makes people healthy, because it makes the healthy appetite, because it makes the regular action of the bowels.

DURHAM IS IN LINE

And Testifies to the Wonderful Efficacy of Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Hotel Clerk Bauman Tells of His Cure—The First Dose Gave Him Relief—Two Boxes Cured Him Entirely of His Kidney Disease.

Durham, Ont.—Everyone in Durham and hundreds of people who visit the town periodically, know C. H. Bauman, the genial clerk at the Knapp House. All will be surprised to hear that he has had a narrow escape from a relentless enemy. Thanks to the assistance rendered by a good friend, however, he escaped safely. He tells the story this way:

"I suffered for a long time with terribly severe backache, caused by Kidney Disease. It was with the most agonizing pain that I could sit down, and the pain I endured in getting up again was equally as severe. My life was being made miserable, for these pains were present during the greater portion of the time.

"Other medicines having failed to help me I tried Dodd's Kidney Pills and got relief from the first dose. Two boxes cured me completely, and I haven't been troubled since. There is no medicine like Dodd's Kidney Pills for any and all Kidney Diseases."

"Good fortune knocks once at every man's door," says an old saw.

Good health knocks at your door every time you see the words "Dodd's Kidney Pills." You need not miss being healthy by neglecting to respond to the first summons. Take advantage of the next if you have neglected the first.

Dodd's Kidney Pills are the one and only cure for Bright's Disease, Diabetes Rheumatism, Lumbago, Heart Failure, Blood Impurities, Urinary Troubles, Diseases of Women, and all other Kidney Complaints.

Dodd's Kidney Pills are sold by all druggists, at fifty cents a box, six boxes $2.50, or will be sent on receipt of price, by the Dodds Medicine Co. Limited, Toronto.

Hugo and Verdi.

Verdi labored long before he persuaded Victor Hugo, who was vexed that the tragic beauties of his "Le Roi S'Amuse" had been turned into operatic effects, to attend a performance of "Rigoletto." He succeeded at length, and Hugo sat in the box with the composer and listened to the opera. But not a word did he speak. Verdi's impatience got the better of him and he asked: "Well, what say you—about the quartet, for instance?"

"Show me a way in which four persons can be permitted to speak simultaneously," replied the poet, "and I will write something more beautiful than your quartet."—San Francisco Argonaut.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, etc.

Garments in Cold Storage.

An English trade journal says that furs, rugs, carpets and other valuable woolen goods are now preserved during the summer heat in refrigerated chambers. Experiments have been made to find out the proper temperature at which to keep such articles safe from clothes moths, black carpet beetles, leather beetles, the dark mealworm and a cabinet beetle. It was found that a temperature of 40 to 42 degrees F. in summer is sufficient. The cold storage companies hitherto kept them at a temperature of 12 to 20 degrees F. which is more than enough.

Here and There.

A pair of pitchers—two crabs.

Do right and shame the neighbors.

Birds of a feather may get on the same hat.

The cripple has a lame excuse for begging.

It isn't the dog's pants that make it a warm.

Should Irish whisky be ranked among the Mick's drinks.

How perfectly and smoothly doth dragon rhyme with fig on.

No, Marjorie, reefers and bloomers do not grow on clothes-trees.

Young David must have looked stupidly when he banged Mr Goliath on the head.

The organ grinder's monkey must have an ear for music, judging from appearances.

Happiness depends on the state of your mind and you should be able to control that.

"I'm said that, along with other great men, Bismarck made his mark minding his own Biz."

Oh, you're stuck up!" said the housekeeper to the window sash she could not pull down.

The tea-kettle has a most amiable disposition. Though in hot water up to its ears it keeps on singing.

Make the most you can out of your little troubles for the chances are you will never have any very great ones.

Judge not persons by appearances or environments. The dirty coal grimy wagon may possess a warm heart.

"Are you an honest man?" asked the judge. "Well, your honor," answered the prisoner, "just you try me." And the court proceeded to do so.

"And if you cannot do the best,
Then do the best you can,
For that's the best I was ever done
By any mortal man."

There never will and never will be a universal panacea for all the ills to which flesh is heir. The very nature of many ailments is such that cures and were the germs of other and entirely separate diseases roosted 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 pure, unadulterated state, a remedy for many and grievous ills. By its gradual and judicious use, the frailest systems are gently brought into vigorous and strength, by the influence which Quinine exerts on Nature's own recuperatives. It relieves the drooping spirits of those with whom a chronic state of mental nervousness and lack of interest in life is a disease, and, by tranquilizing the nerves, disposes to sounds and refreshing sleep, imparts vigor to the action of the heart, which, being stimulated, courses through out 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 exertion. The 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.

The Art and Mystery of Driving a Hog.

The difficulty of driving a single hog was well illustrated at the foot of Ninth street one afternoon. Some men were driving a herd of swine to Amherst, and as they approached the bridge one of the animals became obstreperous and bolted toward the city, thereby becoming separated from the rest of the drove. The three or four men, assisted by volunteers, placed themselves between the city and the rebellious hog in a semicircle, while one of their number advanced cautiously and began to tickle the hog's nose with a pine brush. This would make the animal turn round, and each time he did so he would move a few steps toward the bridge and the rest of the drove. The manœuvers were watched with a great deal of interest by a large crowd of spectators, and when finally the wayward one returned to the bosom of the drove a very audible murmur of admiration went up from the crowd.—Lynchburg News.

There is not a more dangerous class of disorders than those which affect the breathing organs. Nullify this danger with Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil—a pulmonic of acknowledged efficacy. It cures lameness and soreness when applied externally, as well as swelled neck and crick in the back; and, as an inward specific, possesses most substantial claims to public confidence.

War by Anæsthesia.

A Russian chemist is reported by the British and Colonial Druggist to have discovered a substance with most powerful anæsthetic properties which exerts its influence over a wide area even when diluted with air. It is proposed to determine whether it will not be possible to inclose the anæsthetic in bombs, which could be thrown into an enemy's ranks and there exploded, thus anæsthetizing large bodies of troops and rendering them an easy prey. This would "put one's adversary to sleep."—Popular Science News.

Why Tanners Are Healthy.

It has been noticed that in times of epidemics tanners are surprisingly free from attacks of the illness. This is due to disinfectant action of tannic acid. The cholera periods of 1850 and 1880 and, later still, the Hamburg epidemic in 1892 have clearly shown the comparative security of tanners. They are, however, attacked by two diseases peculiar to their trade and caused by the manipulation of the skins. One particularly occurs frequently, attacking the finger tips and making the person afflicted unfit for the work.—La Science en Famille.

IT'S EASY TO DYE.

Home Dyeing With Diamond Dyes Is Easy and Profitable.

Beautifull and Brilliant Colors That Will Not Fade Diamond Dyes Have Special Colors for Cotton and Mixed Goods—How Wise Women Economize in Hard Times—A Ten-Cent Package of Diamond Dyes Often saves Ten Dollars.

In these days of enforced economy it should be a pleasure to any woman to learn how she can save the cost of a new gown for herself and suit for the little one or can make her last year's faded volunteer look like new. Diamond Dyes which are prepared especially for home use, will do all this. They are so simple and easy to use that even a child can get bright and beautiful colors by following the directions on each package.

There is no need of soiling the hands with Diamond Dyes; just lift and stir the goods with two sticks while in the dye bath, and one will not get any stains or spots.

In coloring dresses, coats and all large articles, to get a full and even color it is absolutely necessary to have special dye for cotton goods and a different dye for woollen goods. This is done in Diamond Dyes, and before buying dyes one should know whether the article to be colored is cotton or wool, and use the proper dye. Dodge Dyes that claim to do everything, for their use will result in failure.

Mrs. Homer [illegible] heard of your success [illegible] day. What was it, Gertie?

Mrs. Clinchly [illegible] first lying [illegible] his bible [illegible] "And after [illegible]

"Is that [illegible]
"No [illegible] the cook.

Where A [illegible]

The universe is [illegible] last century we [illegible] are those of the present day. In winter a century ago, Mrs. Barton Harrison writes in the Ladies' Home Journal, "when not assembled for skating upon the Collech, the favorite amusement of Hans and Katrina seems to have been a sleighing frolic in Jan Dreickson's four-horse sledge to Harlem, where they had a dance and a supper at the hostelry of Mynheer Borsum. Ten couples crowded close, as it suited young men and maidens to ride, said the old chronicler, was the sleigh-load; and after a repast of bread and hot chocolate concluding some hours spent in capering to the faint strains, the party returned to town. Spending by moonlight lover lined frozen roads, past manor houses and cottages wrapped in deep repose, the chief adventure of the return was apt to be a stop on the Kissing Bridge (at Second avenue and Fiftieth street, across the rivulet flowing from Tea Water Springs) at which point custom allowed the cavalier to demand of the lady he escorted the privilege of a special salutation. Unless this toll were yielded the cortege came to a halt, or else it turned in another direction."

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

An English Sleeping Car.

The Great London and Northwestern Railroad Company has lately introduced, with much satisfaction to the travelling public on that important route, a new description of sleeping-car. These cars were built at Wolverhampton from designs by A. C. Park, the well known expert in this branch, each car being 70 feet long and having six wheel trucks, and the end platforms are described as being completely inclosed, so as to prevent the draughts of side doors—in other words, presumably the usual American vestibules. Through corridors the whole length of the car on one side and 11 "cabins" or compartments, six containing double berths and five single. Only two of these cabins have upper berths, while in all of them except one the beds are placed so that the occupant lies crosswise of the car. The smoking compartment is in the middle of the car and the lavatories are arranged at each end. The interior woodwork finish is in great variety of style and material, rosewood, maple, Italian walnut and other rarer sorts making up the combination. Each occupant can light or extinguish his gas jet at any time by means of a hinged globe.—New York Sun.

A Pretty Foot Goes a Long Way

I want to see "Granby" on the bottom then I know what I am getting.

But what is the use of a pretty foot, in this country if [illegible] time, if you do not have [illegible] fitting Rubber or [illegible] Now, this may be news to you but you will find it true there is only one make of Rubbers and Overshoes, in this country, that are right up to date in fit, finish, quality and durability and they are the

Granby Rubbers

and OVERSHOES

Extra thick at ball and heel, light, comfortable.

"GRANBY RUBBERS WEAR LIKE IRON."

STORY OF A MARTYR.

DR. TALMAGE DISCOURSES ON THE STONING OF STEPHEN.

Glories Displayed—Stephen Gazing Into Heaven, Stephen Looking at Christ, Stephen Stoned, Stephen in His Dying Prayer and Stephen Asleep.

[illegible] by American Press Association.

[illegible] March 13.—The discourse [illegible] which we send out is a [illegible] of martyrdom and a rapture [illegible] the world to come; text, [illegible] "Behold I see the heavens [illegible]

[illegible] had been preaching a rousing [illegible] and the people could not stand [illegible] resolved to do as men sometimes [illegible] do in this day, if they [illegible] come plain preacher of right [illegible] tell him. The only way to [illegible] man was to knock the breath [illegible] so they rushed Stephen out [illegible] of the city, and with curse [illegible] and bellow they brought him [illegible] as was the custom when they [illegible] take away life by stoning. [illegible] him to the edge of the [illegible] and hurled him off. After he had [illegible] came and looked down, and, [illegible] he was not yet dead, they be[illegible] stones upon him, stone after [illegible] this horrible rain of missiles [illegible] on his knees and [illegible] what the blood drips [illegible] to his cheeks, from his gar[illegible] his garments, from his gar[illegible] the ground, and then, looking [illegible] two prayers—one for him[illegible] for his murderers. "Lord [illegible] my spirit!" That was for [illegible] Lord, lay not this sin to their [illegible] That was for his assailants. [illegible] pain and loss of blood, he [illegible] away and fell asleep.

[illegible] show you to-day five pictures [illegible] gazing into heaven. Stephen [illegible] Christ, Stephen stoned, Ste[illegible] his dying prayer and Stephen [illegible]

Stephen's Glimpse of Heaven.

[illegible] look at Stephen gazing into [illegible] Before you take a leap you want [illegible] where you are going to land. [illegible] a ladder you want to [illegible] what is the ladder reaches. [illegible] that Stephen, within a [illegible] of heaven, should be gazing [illegible] world all do well to be found [illegible] posture. There is enough in [illegible] to gazing. A man of [illegible] may have statuary in the [illegible] paintings in the sitting room, [illegible] of art in all parts of the house. [illegible] the chief pictures in the art [illegible] and there hour after hour you [illegible] gaze and glass and ever [illegible] admiration." Well, heaven is [illegible] God has gathered the [illegible] of his realm. The whole [illegible] palace. In this lower room [illegible] there are many adorned [illegible] door of amethyst, and [illegible] cloud stairs are stretched [illegible] on which commingle azure [illegible] vermilion and gold. But [illegible] the gallery in which the chief [illegible] gathered. There are the bright[illegible]

[illegible] there are the richest crowns, [illegible] the highest exhilarations. John [illegible] the kings of the earth shall [illegible] honor and glory into it." [illegible] the procession forming, and in [illegible] all empires, and the stars [illegible] in array for the hosts to [illegible] The hosts keep step to the [illegible] of the mountains, and the [illegible] is the flame of a consum[illegible] and [illegible] turns out with [illegible] tempests and a myriad voiced [illegible] an echo common to wol[illegible] and [illegible] kings of the [illegible] their honor and glory into it. [illegible] wonder that good people often [illegible] Stephen, looking into heaven? [illegible] friends there.

[illegible] is not a man in this house to-[illegible] in life but there is some [illegible] with whom he once shook [illegible] hands. Let us count the number [illegible] fingers very rapidly [illegible] we have for half one glimpse [illegible] the night, we kissed them [illegible] they went away, but will [illegible] at heaven." As when [illegible] across the sea we [illegible] or on the steam tug [illegible] and after awhile the [illegible] vessel disappears, and then [illegible] a patch of sail on the sky, [illegible] that is gone, and they are all [illegible] and yet we stand looking in [illegible] direction, so when our friends [illegible] from us into the future world [illegible] through the Nar[illegible] and gazing as though [illegible] that they would come out [illegible] on some cloud and give us [illegible] of their blissful and trans[illegible]

[illegible] long to join their companions [illegible] the years and the days go [illegible] reform that they break your [illegible] The viper of pain and sorrow [illegible] gnawing at your [illegible] stand still, like Stephen, gaz[illegible] heaven. You wonder if they [illegible] since you saw them last. [illegible] they would recognize your [illegible] has it been with [illegible] You wonder if amid the myriad [illegible] they care as much for [illegible] they used to when they gave you [illegible] hand and put their shoulder [illegible] your burdens. You wonder if they [illegible] older, and sometimes in the [illegible] when the house is all [illegible] you wonder if you should call them by their first name if they would [illegible] answer, and perhaps sometimes you [illegible] make the experiment, and when no [illegible] God and yourself are there you [illegible] their gaunt and listen [illegible] gazing into heaven.

Stephen Looks Upon Christ.

[illegible] now and see Stephen looking [illegible] Christ. My text says he saw the [illegible] Man at the right hand of God. [illegible] Christ looked in this world, [illegible] looks in heaven, we cannot [illegible] A writer in the time of Christ says, [illegible] the Saviour's personal appearance [illegible] and very graceful structure, [illegible] it was all guesswork. The [illegible] of the different ages have tried [illegible] the features of Christ and put [illegible] canvas, but we will have to [illegible] with our own eyes we see him [illegible] our own ears we can hear him. [illegible] is a way of seeing and [illegible] now. I have to tell you that [illegible] we see and hear Christ on earth [illegible] never see and hear him in [illegible] heaven. There he is. Behold the [illegible] Lamb of God. Can you not see him? [illegible] pray to God to take the scales off [illegible] your eyes. Look that way—try to look [illegible] that way. His voice comes down to you this day—comes down to the blindest, to the deafest, to the dullest soul, saying, "Look unto me, all ye ends of the earth, and be ye saved, for I am God, and there is none else." Proclamation of universal emancipation for all slaves! Proclamation of universal amnesty for all rebels! Belshazzar gazed at the Babylonish nobles to his table, George I. entertained the lords of England at a banquet, Napoleon III. welcomed the Czar of Russia and the Sultan of Turkey to his feast, the Emperor of Germany was glad to have our minister, George Bancroft, sit down with him at his table, but tell me, ye who know more of the world's history, what other king ever asked the abandoned and the forlorn and the wretched and the outcast to come and sit beside him?

Oh, wonderful invitation! You can take it to-day and stand at the head of the darkest alley in any city and say: "Come! Come for your rags, salve for your sores, a throne for your eternal reigning." A Christ that talks like that and acts like that and pardons like that—do you wonder that Stephen stood looking at him? I hope to spend eternity doing the same thing. I must see him; I must look upon that face once clouded with my sin, but now radiant with my pardon. I want to touch that hand that knocked off my shackles. I want to hear that voice which pronounced my deliverance. Behold him, little children, for if you live to three score years and ten you will see no more so fair. Behold him, you aged ones, for he only can shine through the dimness of your falling eyesight. Behold him, earth. Behold him, heaven. What a moment when all the nations of the saved shall gather around Christ! All faces that way. All thrones that way gazing on Jesus.

His work is all the nations knew
Sure the whole earth would love him too.

Stephen's Martyrdom.

I pass on now and look at Stephen stoned. The world has always wanted to get rid of good men. Their very life is an assault upon wickedness. Out with Stephen through the gates of the city. Down with him over the precipices. Let every man come up and drop a stone upon his head. But these men did not so much kill Stephen as they killed themselves. Every stone rebounded upon them. While these murderers were transfixed by the scorn of all good men Stephen lives in the adoration of all Christendom. Stephen stoned but Stephen alive. So all good men must be pelted. All who will live godly in Christ Jesus must suffer persecution. It is no longer of a man to say that everybody likes him. Show me any one who is doing all his duty to state or church, and I will show you men who utter bitter abhor him.

If all men speak well of you, it is because you are either a lazgard or a dolt. If a steamer makes rapid progress through the waves the water will boil and foam all around it. Brave soldiers of Jesus Christ will stir the earthiness click. When I see a man with voice and money and influence on the right side and some caricature him and some sneer at him and some denounce him and men who pretend to be actuated by right motives conspire to trample him, to cast him out, to destroy him, I say, "Stephen stoned!"

When I see a man in some great moral storm battling against gross wickedness in high places, by active means trying to purify the church and purge the world's estate, and I find the men of the newspapers anathematize him and men—even good men—oppose him and denounce him because, though he does good, he does not do it in their way, I say, "Stephen stoned!" The world, with infinite spite, took after John Frederick Oberlin and Paul and Stephen of the text. But you notice, my friends, that while they assailed him they did not succeed finally in killing him. You may assail a good man, but you cannot kill him.

On the day of his death Stephen spoke before a few people in the sanhedrim. Now he addresses all Christendom. Paul the apostle stood on Mars hill addressing a handful of philosophers who knew not so much about science as a modern school-girl. To-day he talks to all the millions of Christendom about the wonders of justification and the glories of resurrection. John Wesley was howled down by the mob to whom he preached, and they threw bricks at him, and they denounced him, and they [illegible] him, and they spat upon him, and yet to-day, in all lands, he is acknowledged to be the great father of Methodism. Bishop Butler vacated the presidential chair, but from that spot he elucidated a book on the floor in the house of Fort's Creek then sprang up the new life of a nation. Stephen stoned, but Stephen alive.

Stephen's Dying Prayer.

Pass on now and see Stephen in his dying prayer. His first thought was not how the stones hurt his head, nor what would become of his body. His first thought was about his spirit. "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit!" The murderer standing on the trapdoor, the black cap being drawn over his head before the execution, may grimace about the future, but you and I have no shame in confessing some anxiety about where we are going to come out. You are not all body. There is within you a soul. I see it gleam from your eyes and I see it irradiating your countenance. Sometimes I am abashed before an audience not because I come under their physical eyesight, but because I realize the truth that I stand before so many immortal spirits. The probability is that your body will at last find a sepulcher in some of the cemeteries that surround your town or city. There is no doubt but that your obsequies will be decent and respectful, and you will be able to pillow your head under the maple or the Norway spruce, or the cypress, or the blossoming fir, but this spirit about which Stephen prayed—what direction will that take? What guide will escort it? What gate will open to receive it? What cloud will be left for its pathway? After it has got through the light of our sun will there be lighted for it the rest of the way? Will the soul have to travel through long deserts before it reaches the land? If we should go our path way will there be a caravan whose gate we may ask the way to the city? Oh, this mysterious spirit within us! It has wings, but it is in a cage now. It is locked fast to keep it, but lo! the door of this cage open the least, and the soul's eagle wing could not catch it. The lightnings are not swift enough to take up with it. When the soul leaves the body it takes 50 worlds at a bound. Are you not anxious about it? Have you no anxiety about your soul?

I do not care what you do with my body when my soul is [illegible] or whether you believe in cremation or in inhumation. I shall sleep just as well in a wrapping of sackcloth as in satin with eagles' down. But I care before this day passes I will find out where it will land. Thank God for the information of my text, that when [illegible] Jesus takes us. That answers all questions for me. What though there were massive bars between here and the city of light, Jesus could remove them. What though there were great Saharas of darkness, Jesus could illume them. What though I get weary on the way, Christ could lift me on his omnipotent shoulder. What though there were chasms to cross, his hand could transport me. Then let Stephen's prayer be my dying litany. "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." It may be in that hour we will be too feeble to say a long prayer. It may be in that hour we will not be able to say the "Lord's Prayer," for it has seven petitions. Perhaps we may be too feeble even to say the infant prayer our mothers taught us, which John Quincy Adams, 80 years of age, said every night when he put his head upon his pillow:

Now I lay me down to sleep.
I pray the Lord my soul to keep.

We may be too feeble to employ either of these familiar forms, but this prayer of Stephen is so short, is so concise, is so earnest, is so comprehensive, we surely will be able to say that, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." Oh, if that prayer is answered, how sweet it will be to die! This world is clever enough for us. Perhaps it has treated us a great deal better than we deserve to be treated, but if on the dying pillow there should break the light of that better world we shall have no more regret about leaving a small, dark, damp house for one large, beautiful and capacious. That dying missionary in Philadelphia some years ago beautifully depicted it when in the last moment he threw up his hands and cried out, "I move into the light!"

Stephen Asleep.

Pass on now, and I will show you one more picture, and that is Stephen asleep. With a pathos and simplicity peculiar to the Scriptures the text says of Stephen, "He fell asleep." "Oh," you say, "what a place that was to sleep! A hard rock under him, stones falling down upon him, the blood streaming, the mob howling. What a place it was to sleep!" And yet my text takes that symbol of slumber to describe his departure, so sweet was it, so contented was it, so peaceful was it. Stephen had lived a very laborious life. His chief work had been to care for the poor. How many loaves of bread he distributed, how many bare feet he had sandaled, how many cots of sickness and distress he blessed with ministries of kindness and love I do not know but from the way he lived and the way he died I know he was a laborious Christian. But that is all over now. He has pressed the cup to the last fainting lip. He has taken the last result from his enemies. The last stone to which crushing weight he is susceptible has been hurled. Stephen is dead! The disciples come. They take him up. They wash away the blood from the wounds. They straighten out the bruised limbs. They brush back the tangled hair from the brow, and then they pass around to look upon the calm countenance of him who had lived for the poor and died for the truth. Stephen asleep!

I have seen the sea driven with the hurricane until the tangled foam caught in the rigging, and wave rising above wave seemed as if about to storm the heavens, and then I have seen the tempest drop and the waves crouch and everything become smooth and burnished as though a camping place for the glories of heaven. So I have seen a man whose life has been tossed and driven coming down at last to an infinite calm, in which there was the hush of heaven's lullaby.

Stephen asleep! I saw such a one. He fought all his days against poverty and against abuse. They traduced his name. They rattled at the door knob while he was dying with duns for debts he could not pay, yet the peace of God brooded over his pillow, and while the world faded between day and night, and the deepening twilight of earth's hills was only the opening twilight of heaven's morn. Not a sigh; not a tear; not a struggle. Hush! Stephen asleep!

I have not the faculty to tell the weather. I can never tell by the setting sun whether there will be a drought or not. I cannot tell by the blowing of the wind whether it will be fair weather or foul on the morrow, but I can prophesy, and I will prophesy, what weather it will be when you, the Christian, come to die. You may have it very rough now. It may be this week one annoyance, the next another annoyance. It may be this year one bereavement, the next another bereavement. Before this year has passed you may have to beg for bread or ask for a scuttle of coal or a pair of shoes, but at the last Christ will come in, and darkness will go out, and though there may be no hand to close your eyes and no breast on which to rest your dying head and no candle to lit the night, the odors of God's hanging garden will regale your soul, and at your bedside will halt the chariots of the king. No more rents to pay, no more penny because flour has gone up, no more struggle with the world, the flesh and the devil," but peace—long, deep, everlasting peace. Stephen asleep!

Asleep in Jesus! Blessed sleep,
From which none ever wake to weep!
A calm and undisturbed repose
Unhurt by the last of foes.

Asleep in Jesus! Far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be,
But there is still a blessed sleep
From which none ever wake to weep.

You have seen enough for one morning. No one can successfully examine more than five pictures in a day. Therefore we stop having seen this cluster of divine Raphaels—Stephen gazing into heaven, Stephen looking at Christ, Stephen stoned, Stephen in his dying prayer, Stephen asleep.

The Standard Changed.

"Do you mean to tell me that the noncombustible post-office roof is constructed on the same principle as was employed in the late lamented powder-house?" inquired the stranger.

"Certainly," replied the bland architect. "But that 'slow burning' building went like tinder."

"My dear sir, I am afraid you are a back number. We are living in an age of steam, electricity and bicycles. What might have been regarded as a quick burning building years ago would furnish a positively tedious conflagration nowadays?"—Washington Star.

A School for Disinfection.

The Prussian Minister of Education has ordered the establishment of a special high school for the teaching of disinfection in all its branches. The school is to be connected with the Hygienic Institute of the University of Breslau and will be under the direction of Professor Fluegge of that university.—Popular Science News.

The X Ray Eye.

The news comes from France that we are eventually to have X ray eyes. An exceptionally learned French scientist says that in time we will be enabled to see almost any number of vibrations of light.

Not all of us may be so gifted, however. The faculty will be confined to a few, and they will be called xylopes, if the French professor has his way about it. To these xylopes the French scientist says that lovely women will appear as skeletons covered with a gelatinous sort of mantle.

What value, then, will the human form have? There will be no rosos, no dimples, no pretty curves. Grace will be typified by bones—ugly, horrid bones. Laughter will be ossified, tears will be invisible, weeping a mere rattling of the teeth. The streets would be filled with the horror of lipless, lidless, hairless crowns. The terror of persons in clothes would vanish. Modesty would assume new forms and phases. Or perhaps we would go back to mediæval days—to the suits of armor—and go about the streets clanking and unhappy.—New York Journal.

Misplaced Information.

"This paper says dogs are worth $250 apiece on the Klondike."

"Jimminy! I wish some of my neighbors knew that."—Detroit News.

HE BROUGHT IT FROM THE WORLD'S FAIR.

And kept it two years.

The great World's Fair, at Chicago, in '93, while it gave pleasure to many, gave pain to not a few as an indirect result of their visit to the White City. People returned along the miles of wonderful exhibits by the new marvels that met the gaze at every step, and did not realize their extinction until they dropped into a chair in some breezy corner by the lake, and "cooled off." That's what began the trouble, in many cases. Of one such case, Mrs. L. W. Stevens, Fort Fairfield, Me., writes:

"My husband took a severe cold and cough two years ago last October—time of the World's Fair, which we attended. This cough lasted over two years, was accompanied by spitting of blood, and nothing could be found to help him, although various remedies were tried. Several doctors were consulted, but their prescriptions afforded no relief. Finally, I saw an advertisement of Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in my paper and prevailed upon my husband to get a bottle and try it. The very first dose helped him and he was completely cured in a short time. We feel very grateful for what Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral has done for us, and shall keep it constantly on hand in the house."—Mrs. L. W. Stevens, Feb. 7, 1894, Fairfield, Me.

Two years of suffering for a cough, two years of "remedies" that gave no help, of prescriptions that profited only the men who wrote them, and then a trial of Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, which helped from the very first dose and effected a complete cure in a short time. The difference between Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral and all other cough medicines could not be better stated than in this comparison of results. It has cured the most stubborn and obstinate cases of chronic bronchitis and asthma. It is a specific for croup and whooping cough. It cures all coughs and colds and all affections of the throat and lungs promptly and effectively. 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.