siness Cards

Sproule & Ego

...N, SURGEONS, MARKDALE OFFICES
...roule Turner's Drug Stor...
...o At his residence, late V...
...house, two doors above Herk...
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...ule,
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A Ego
M D M C P & S O

CAMPBELL, D D S L D S

DENTAL SURGEON
...of Ontario College of Dentis...
...niversity of Toronto. Office ...
...Although & Young's bank, ...
...e, at Walters Falls the 1st ...
...in each month. Flesherton ...
...and 4th Thursdays and Hol...
...er the 3rd Thursday.

OLIVER, V. S

ARKDALE

...te of Ont. Veterinary College

...Domestic A...
...Examined Free of ...
...Ten Years Practice.
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...OFFICE: THE POST OFFICE

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...Diseases of the Domes...
...Animals. Best of Instru...
...ent in the land. Calls promp...
...ly day or night. Horses ...
...kept for sale, and bought ...
...or exchange.
...Office for taking Affidavits ...
...Commissioner for Ontario, ...
...at Walters Falls every ...
...Thursday, Durham every ...
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...Methodist Church.

WOOLLOUGH

...Dealer in ...
...Markdale. Money ...

Wright & Batson

...Bric ...
...LAND QUEEN SOUNI ...
...ENSO ...

J. BUTTON

...ngineer, Etc
...Bagshott Street ...

F. CAMPSON

...Accounts Bank...
...Durham House, ...
...Market, every ...
...SSION, ...

MONEY TO LOAN

...at rate of ... charged ...
...Solicitor, ...

...ACKE

...MERCHANT ...
...Leading ...
...Moderate ...

...ACKELL

...Undertaking ...
...Stock & ...

...Flesherton

...Auctioneer and ...
...Valuator and ...
...Conveyancer. ...
...Charges ...
...Money ...
...Collection ...

...THEAKER

...Dealer in Photos, ...
...Mouldings and ...
...Studio -

...AT MAN

...aker

...TAILOR

...and ...
...feels ...
...them ...
...All ...
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...Dress-

...Baker

...Hill & Co's

...EY TO LOAN

...at rate of ... Charged ...
...Solicitor, ...
...Durham ...

...ACKE

...MERCHANT ...
...Leading ...
...Moderate ...

...ACKELL

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...Stock & ...

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...AT MAN

...aker

...TAILOR

...and ...
...feels ...
...them ...
...All ...
...Him ...
...Dress-

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FOR STYLISH

...Cutting, Shaving, Shampooing, Singeing, Etc., go to

J. A. CROWSTON

Special attention to Ladies' and Children's hair cutting. A call solicited. Agent Rowston Steam Laundry. Shop on main street.

R. H. Benson Co

An Old Man's Darling.

* * * * * * *

BY MRS. ALEX. McV. MILLER

Author of "The Senator's Bride," "Brunette and Blonde," "A Dreadful Temptation," Etc.

In your rage at losing Colonel ... you seem to forget that it is in ... make you almost as ... as he could do. Remember, I ... rich woman, and I can leave ... to whom I please."

... placed you in that posi... Felise. "How much ... have been worth but for my ... of your interests? A third ... husband's property, which was ... legally claim! That was ... said to his big wax-doll. The ... his money was for her, to ... a queen and win the homage ... for her. Perhaps you will ... for you?"

... is but idle recrimination. ... I would not leave Bonnibel ... to save her soul from per... and you know I have been ... all my life to get that money ... that I will certainly give ... But I do not understand ... all this. What is it that ...

"Months ago I ... to send the girl away and ... You knew I hated ... knew I spared nothing that ... my way. She has come be... and my dearest ambition ... to herself. I tell you, ... will take a terrible revenge ... upon her for what I have lost... it, and I will surely keep ...

... with a moment with upraised ... glaring fiercely at her mother, ... and went swiftly from ...

... stared after her blankly, ... and wicked woman, ... not have dared to go ... for daughter. She was ... murderer, and frightened ... intent expressed in her ...

... she murmured, with a ... rash act is she about to ...

CHAPTER XIII.

... Colvle was as deeply in... Bonnibel Vere as the ... had decided him to be; ... always deserted, he was ... and cautious in his advances, ... frightening the pretty ... wished to engage. He, there... a department of almost ... toward her, that ... to the lonely girl, ... father's protecting care ... began to per... Arnold and her daughter ... manner, which, while it ... rather than usual, ... with an indescribable shade ...

... doubted! she had fallen ... She had been deceived ... protestations at first, ... a new light began to ... her. Mrs. Arnold began to ... parsimony toward ... bewildering to the girl. ... Bonnibel's allowance of ... at last the gift found her ... purse quite empty, and Rose ... so — a thing that had never ... before in the course ... her uncle had been lav... to her in respect to pin... supply of dressing was ... limited, and her fair quiet ... could have been quite in... to needs.

Arnold had wished to ... Cleary by giving it ... she failed in the ... the bond was too bright to ... adornment.

... Rose would not ... her golden hair, the ... her blue eyes. Her white ... and lustrous like the petals of ... and with remarkable health a love... to flush her cheeks.

... was a royal dower of ... or matter by could de... Could open with sack... have remained.

... the gods, divinely tall, ... majestic fair."

... knew that she was beautiful, ... remarked so often that ... to be ignorant of the fact, ... past happy days that now ... far away she had taken a ... pride in the know... ... beauty. She didn't ... in her trouble and ... had forgotten it, or cared ... So it never occurred to ... the painful change in ... and Felise to the fact that ... to others—the very ... that she had unconsciously ... with Colonel Carlyle and ... waited a proper season to ...

... none of the dawdling and ... that had marked his ... of Felise and prevented him ... the important declaration ... ...ehoned and toiled for. He ... jilted Felise, for he had ... to speak the important ... the proud girl bore his de... ... ominous silence that boded ... to the man who had thus ...

... Janet, the respective maids ... young ladies, held many a ... ...conomy over Colonel Car... Janet indeed was on ... in those days, for ... the brunt of Felise's ... was the slight thing to en... it is probable that the ... would have given ... the spat had it not been ... ear which she was ... with the footman.

... separated from this ... her fond affection Janet re... service and endured ... and ill-treatment with that ... with which women from ... immemorial have borne slight and ... have's sake.

"Will Miss Bonnibel marry him, do ... Lucy?" asked Janet at one ... ...ersation conclaves.

"I don't know." Lucy answered. "She has to me the child don't have the ... of what is going on right afore ... I don't believe she knows ... the colonel is a courtin' her! She ... is a friend, like, and because ... her father in the army and ... good deal about his bravery, she ... to him and, never dreamin' that ... has eyes but Miss Felise out right afore ... her face."

"An' serves her right, too," said Janet, gaily taking a malicious pleasure in the defeat of her over-bearing mistress. I, for one, am downright glad that she has cut my lady out of her rich beau. It would be a fine match for Miss Bonnibel since her uncle has left her without a cent."

"I hope she will marry him," said Lucy. "Things isn't going at all to my notion in this house, Janet. Sour looks and hard words is flung around altogether too free in my young lady's hearing. And she getting that shabby that she have got but one decent mourning gown to her back, and I hear nothing said of a new one! As for money, I don't believe Mrs. Arnold has given her a penny since her uncle died; I've seen her little purse and it's quite empty. I have put a few of my own savings to it, only I was afraid she might be angry."

"I think she'll marry Carlyle and queen it over them both," said Janet. "I tell you, Lucy, it was very strange that Mr. Arnold's will wasn't found. I am quite sure he made one—he wouldn't have slighted our young lady intentionally. He loves that pretty little blue-eyed girl as the apple of his eye, and there was a love between him and Father Vere, as mysterious the way things turned out at his death, Lucy."

"Ah, were," assented Lucy; "I heard Miss Bonnibel, myself, tell Mrs. Arnold as at Sea View, when she was that her uncle told her he had a will provided liberally for her. And Mrs. Arnold laughed at her and pretended that the fever hadn't turned her head yet. She didn't want to believe there was a will, Janet. Now I ask you, Janet, what's become of that there will?"

Janet laughed scornfully and significantly.

"A gone where Miss Bonnibel's blue eyes will never shine on it," said she, "I'll never see the light of day again, that she can do is to marry Colonel Carlyle and get even with them all."

"I ... she would," sighed Lucy; "but I don't believe she will. They said she was a young artist last ... and that her uncle drove him ... some young man they laid ... on, you know."

"I believe he did it, Lucy?"

... said Lucy, with a scornful ... I sooner believe they did it ... themselves! I've seen the ... when he used to come visit... master at Sea View. A hand... young man he was, and that soft-... would not hurt a fly, I know. ... Janet and made his living ... pictures, and since Miss ... is pretty, now, I'd rather ... rich old man, for, p'or ... good could she do as a poor ...

"... for her the young fel... Janet?", inquired Janet, ... her own 'young feller' be... with a thrill of romantic sym... Miss Vere's love affair.

"... no, and never will," said ... suddenly. "She never names ... I know she's been grieved and ... over and above what natural ... Mr. Arnold could amount to, ... it's all over between them. ... in hiding, of course, some ... ever since they exposed him at ... and I doubt if Miss Bon... sets her sweet blue eyes on his ... some face again."

"... not guilty, why don't he come ... prove his innocence?" exclaimed ... Janet. "What a fine ... he could be Miss Bonnibel all in ... and tears of joy, and Father ... smiling and angry at them two ...

"... can't tell you why he doesn't ... answered Lucy, sighing; "but ... must be some good reason for't, ... could get me to believe that Mr. ... that wicked and cruel murder! ... mistress, so innocent as she is! ... would never had loved a man ... mean enough to do that deed! ... had paid of Miss Hebert's dress... ... hell to-morning through the ... take up the contrance between ... s, and Janet went away to an... muttering angrily:

"I do wish we could change ... s for awhile. I'm that tired ... ping up and down to wait on ... tered upstart that all my ... sore."

... Bonnibel's circumstances and pros... were discussed in high Eve up... and by servantdom, downstairs, ... herself, the most interested ... as ignorant of it all.

... said she, whose torn heart was ... with one single aching memory, ... as of all that went on about her? ... is still living in the past, and ... all heed of the present. She ... Colonel Carlyle was still fond ... and that his little kindnesses ... ation to her, were offered to ... father's sake. She felt grate... him, but that was all. She was ... sed when he came, not sorry ... went. So when the long, cold ... winter were away and nature ... to smile with the coming of a ... ring, and Colonel Carlyle could ... his impatient ardor no longer. ... sent of marriage, warded with ... assion of a younger lover, came ... with the suddenness of a ... bolt from a clear sky.

"... Mr. Carlyle, I have misunder... ...ur meaning," she said, looking ... him when he ceased to speak, ... ror and fright in her large eyes. ... ked me to—to—"

"... marry me," said the colonel. "You have ... misunderstood me, Bonnibel, ... I love you, my darling, as passionately as ... young man could do. I ask you to ... yourself to me for my cherished ... would be the sole aim of my ... to make you happy. Will you be ... little darling?"

"... you—you are engaged to Miss ... Hebert," said Bonnibel in surprise and ...

"... your pardon, my dear. I am not ... admire and esteem Miss Her... very much, but I have never ad... a word of love to her. It is ... you whom I love—you whom I wish to make my wife," exclaimed the ardent colonel.

"... certainly understood that you would ... Felise," answered Bonnibel, gravely.

"... a very serious error on your part, my dear little girl, for I have been trying all the winter to make you see that I loved no one but you."

"I never dreamed of such a thing," exclaimed the girl, in a tone of genuine distress.

"Then you are the only one who did not suspect it," said he, in a mortified tone. "The fact was very patent to all others."

Bonnibel looked down at the shimmering opal on her finger, and a blush of shame rose over her delicate features. She thought to herself, impulsively:

"This is dreadful for me—a wedded wife—to sit here and listen to such words without the power of protesting against them."

"Perhaps you think I am, too old for you, my angel," said the colonel, breaking the silence; "but my heart and my feelings are much younger than my years. I could not have loved you more ardently thirty years ago. But if age is a fault in your eyes, my darling, I will atone for it by every indulgence on earth, and by a deathless devotion."

"Oh, pray, do not say another word, Colonel Carlyle. It can never be, sir. I can never be your wife!" exclaimed the girl, in deep agitation.

"But, why not, my dearest girl?"

"I do not love you, sir," said the girl, casting her graceful head half-haughtily upon her slender throat.

"I will teach you to love me, darling. Come, say that you will let me take you away from this house where I can see that they hate you, and make your life more happy. I will do anything to further your happiness, Bonnibel," urged the colonel.

"What you want is quite impossible, sir. I beg that you will dismiss the subject, my dear friend, and forget it," repeated Bonnibel, earnestly.

"I will not take no for an answer," replied the colonel, obdurately. "I have taken you by surprise, and you do not know your own mind, my dear little girl. I will give you a week to decide in. Think of all the advantages I can offer you, Bonnibel, and of my devoted love, and say yes when I come back for your answer."

So saying he abruptly took his leave.

CHAPTER XIV.

"Mother, Bonnibel has refused Colonel Carlyle."

Mrs. Arnold looked up from the sofa where she lay reading a novel by the gaslight with a start of surprise. Felise had come into the room as quickly as a spirit in her white dressing-gown.

"Mercy, Felise, how you startled me!" she exclaimed. "I had just got to such an exciting part where the heroine was just about to be murdered by her jealous rival when in you come with your long hair and trailing white wrapper, like Lady Macbeth walking in her sleep. I almost expected to hear you exclaim:

"'Here's the spot of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand.'"

"You are quite dramatic tonight, mother—your novel must be an exciting one," said Felise, with a slight sneer. She came forward and sat down in a large easy-chair opposite her mother. She looked pale, and her eyes burned with repressed excitement.

"It is," said Mrs. Arnold, "the most thrilling book I have read lately. But what were you saying when you came in and frightened me so?"

"I said that Bonnibel had refused Colonel Carlyle," repeated Felise, tersely.

Mrs. Arnold sat up with her fingers between the pages of her book, which interesting perusal she felt had to resume. She said, half stupidly:

"Oh, she has, has she? Well, it had to come to that, sooner or later, you know, my love."

"Indeed?" answered Felise, sharply.

"Well, you know we have been expecting it some time, Felise, ever since Colonel Carlyle let his heart show out. I must say he evidently has been that of a gentleman, my dear."

"I quite agree with you," said Felise, dryly.

She was very quiet, but her small hands were tightly clenched. She stopped "to hold passion in a leash" by a strong effort of will.

"But how did you find it out?" inquired her mother, thinking that Felise was taking it quite calmly after all. "As I find out most things—by keeping my eyes and ears open!" retorted her daughter, tartly.

"When did it happen?"

"This afternoon while you were out calling on the Trevertons."

"Was the old fool much cut up about it?" inquired Mrs. Arnold, indifferently.

"He would not answer," said Felise. "He wanted her to take time to think of all the advantages he offered her and he is coming in a week to hear her decision."

"The silly old dotard," ejaculated her mother. "Well, he can get by his persistance a second refusal."

Felise Herbert straightened herself in her chair, and looked at her mother with a strange smile on her face.

"I do not intend to give him a second refusal!" she said in a low voice that was very firm and incisive.

Mrs. Arnold stared at her daughter in blank surprise and incredulity.

"Why, Felise, what can you mean?" she inquired.

"I mean that Bonnibel Vere shall marry Colonel Carlyle!" her daughter answered, in the same low, determined voice.

"Why, my dear, you know it cannot be when she already has a husband! Besides, I did not feed them to marry—" said Mrs. Arnold, because surprise had overpowered her.

She looked at the white figure sitting so quietly there in the arm-chair, with some apprehension. Had Felise's disappointment impaired her reason?

"You need not look at me so strangely, mother," said Felise. "I assure you I am not mad, as you eyes imply. I am as sane as you are; but I have said that Bonnibel Vere shall marry my recreant lover, and mean to keep my word. She has stolen him from me, and now she shall marry him and get out of my way! Or perhaps you would prefer to keep her here to spoil the next eligible chance I get," said Felise, looking at her mother with burning eyes.

"I don't see how you can bring her to consent to such a thing, even if you are in earnest, my dear."

"You have got to help me, mother. You shall tell her that you will not allow her to refuse Colonel Carlyle—that she shall become his wife, and that if she does not revoke her rejection you will then her instantly into the street!"

"Felise, will you tell me why you are so determined upon their marriage? I supposed you were unwilling to have it—but you seem as anxious for it as Colonel Carlyle himself. Again, I ask you why?"

"Mother, I told you I would take terrible revenge upon my rival. This is part of my revenge. Their marriage will be the first act in the drama. I do not ask me now I am going to revenge myself. Let me work out my revenge in my own way. I owe them both a debt of hate and I will pay it off with interest."

"But, Felise, you must know that Bonnibel would sooner die than marry Colonel Carlyle!"

"Bonnibel Vere knows very well that, mother. I do not intend to give her the choice. I can win her into the step, and I am determined to do it, for I cannot make her my victim as I have planned. She shall become the wife of Colonel Carlyle, or I am much mistaken in my power over her. She is as pure as Bonnibel Vere knows, and will become the wife of two husbands!"

"Felise, how you startled me!" she exclaimed. "I had just got to such an exciting part where the heroine was just about to be murdered by her jealous rival when in you come with your long hair and trailing white wrapper, like Lady Macbeth walking in her sleep. I almost expected to hear you exclaim:

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DISAPPEARED!

Kidney Pains All Gone.

What Did It?

Doan's Kidney Pills.

How Do You Know?

A Kingston Man Says So.

Mr. W. J. Pappa, 112 Barrie St., Kingston, Ont., writes as follows: "Having been troubled with kidney disease for years, and not having received any permanent relief until I used Doan's Kidney Pills, I take great pleasure in letting others similarly afflicted know of the wonderful curative properties possessed by Doan's Pills. Before taking them I was troubled at night by having to rise, but can now sleep, and do not feel weary in the morning. I hope that this may induce other sufferers from kidney or urinary troubles to give Doan's Kidney Pills a faithful trial, for I know that no other remedy could have acted so well as they did in my case."

Doan's Kidney Pills are the only sure cure for Backache, Brights Disease, Diabetes, Dropsy, and all Kidney and Urinary troubles. Price 50c., all druggists. The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont. Ask for Doan's and refuse all others.

CHAPTER XV.

The morning after the rejection of Colonel Carlyle, Bonnibel ... in a pleasant little morning ... was thrown out from the main ... ing as a wing. It was daintily ... blue plush and walnut, and had ... glass doors that looked out upon a ... ly little garden that in this pleasant ... May season was glowing with bloom ... and fragrance.

Bonnibel had been trying to read, but in the perturbed state of her mind she could not fix her attention upon the book. It had fallen from her lap upon the floor, and as she sat in the luxurious arm-chair she leaned forward with her little chin buried in one pink palm and her blue eyes gazing into vacancy, as if lost in thought.

She looked very fair and sweet sitting there in a cool, white morning dress, trimmed in lace, and dotted along with several bows of black ribbon. Her beautiful hair, which was growing long and thick again, fell upon her shoulders in loose curls, like glints of sunshine.

She had broken a sprig of white hyacinth and pinned it on her bosom, and she looked as pure and sweet as the flower itself.

"I am very sorry," she was thinking to herself, "that I was so unfortunate as to win Colonel Carlyle's affection. I certainly never dreamed of such a thing, and a year ago I should have laughed in the face of any old man who dared propose to me, and have told him I did not wish to marry my grandfather. Heigh-ho! I have grown graver now, and do not turn everything into a jest as I did then. Still, I wish it had not happened. I liked him simply as my father's friend, and I thought he liked me just as papa's daughter."

She sighed heavily.

"I think I understand some things now that have puzzled me all the winter," she mused. "He was Felise's lover when I first came, and I have unconsciously rivaled her. She hates me for it, and Aunt Arnold hates me, too. Ah! if they knew all that I know they need not be afraid. Felise is welcome to him, and I will try to induce him to return to her. I never thought that Colonel Carlyle could have acted so basely toward her, as it seems he has—"

Mrs. Arnold's sudden entrance into the room interrupted her meditations. She looked so angry and overbearing that Bonnibel rose and was about to

(To be continued)

PROOF FROM Port Hope, Ont.

Mr. W. A. Russel, the Popular District Agent for the Singer Sewing Machine Company, Proves that Doan's Kidney Pills Cure Kidney Ills.

This is his statement: "I suffered for five or six years with pains across my back, headaches, dizziness, and kindred kidney troubles. I got very bad, and when driving would often have to stop the horse, as the pains were so severe that I could not stand them. I tried a great many medicines, but they did me no good. I then got Doan's Kidney Pills at Watson's drug store, took them for one month, and am completely cured. I regard the cure as a remarkable testimony to the virtues of Doan's Pills, and am only too glad to recommend them to all sufferers from kidney trouble in any form."

Doan's Kidney Pills are a never-failing remedy for Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Lumbago, Backache and Weak Back, Gravel, Retention of the Urine, and all Urinary troubles of children or adults. Price 50c. a box, 3 for $1.25, all druggists. The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.

Remember the name—Doan's—and refuse all others.

Red Hot From the Gun

Was the ball that hit G B Steadman of Newark, Mich, in the Civil War. It caused horrible ulcers that no treatment helped for 20 years. Then Bucklen's Arnica Salve cured him. Cures cuts, bruises, burns, boils, felons, corns, skin eruptions. Best pile cure on earth. 25 cts a box. Cure guaranteed. Sold by all druggists.

The Purpose of Life

Dr Talmage's Sermon on the Aim and Object of Existence.

The End of Life Should be Action—Promonitons of Usefulness—The Necessity of Specializing—Paradise Shall Be the Reward of Labor.

To all those who feel they have no special mission in the world, this sermon of Dr Talmage will come as a cheering revelation; text John xviii, 37, "To this end was I born."

After Pilate had suicided, tradition says that his body was thrown into the river, and such storms ensued on and about that river that his body was taken out and thrown into the Rhone and similar disturbances swept that river and its banks. Then the body was taken out and moved to Lausanne, and put in a deeper pool, which immediately became the center of similar atmospheric and aqueous disturbances. Though these are fanciful and false traditions, they show the execration with which the world looked upon Pilate. It was before this man, when he was in full life and power, that Christ was arraigned as in a court of over and terminer. Pilate said to his prisoner, "Art thou a king, then?" and Jesus answered, "To this end was I born." Sure enough, although all earth and hell arose to keep him down, he is today enthroned, enthroned and crowned king of earth and king of heaven. That is what he came for and that is what he accomplished.

By the time a child reaches 10 years of age the parents begin to discover what child's destiny, but by the time he reaches 15 years of age the question is on the child's lips: "What shall I be? What am I going to be? What was I made for?" It is a sensible and righteous question, and the youth ought to keep asking it until it is satisfactorily answered that the young man or young woman can say with as much truth as its author, though on a less extensive scale, "To this end was I born."

The Divine Purpose

There is too much divine skill shown in the physical, mental and moral constitution of the ordinary human being to suppose that he was constructed without any divine purpose. If you take me out on some vast plain and show me a pillared temple surmounted by a dome like St Peter's and having a few precious stones and arches that must have taxed the brain of the great draftsman to design, and walls polished and niched and paneled, and frescoed and painted, and I should say to you what this building was put up for, and you answered, "For nothing at all," how could I believe you? And it seems impossible for me to believe that any human being who has been in his mother's arms and cerebral organization more wonders than Christopher Wren in St Paul's, or Phidias has chiseled on the Acropolis, and put in such a way that it shall last longer than St Paul's cathedral is as a ruin as the Parthenon—that he was constructed for no mission, and has no divine intention to accomplish any end. The object of this sermon is to help you to find out what you were made for and help you to find it. Here and there you can say with certainty and emphasis and enthusiasm and assurance, "To this end was I born."

And I discharge you from all responsibility for most of your environments. You are not responsible for the parentage or grandparentage. You are not responsible for any of the sins that may have lived in your ancestral line and who a hundred years before you were born may have lived a style of life that more or less effects you today. You are not responsible for the fact that your temperament is sanguine, or melancholic, or bilious, or nervous. Neither are you responsible for the place of your nativity, whether among the granite hills of New England, or the cotton plantations of Louisianna, or on the banks of the Clyde, or the Dneiper, or the Shannon, or the Seine. Neither are you responsible for the religious faith in your father's house, or the religion of your education. Do not bother yourself with what you cannot help or about circumstances that you did not decree. Take things as they are and decide the question so that you shall be able to say, "To this end was I born." How will you decide it? By direct application to the only Being in the universe who is competent to tell you—the Lord Almighty. Do you know the reason why he is the only one who can tell? Because he can see everything between your cradle and your grave, though the grave be 80 years off. And besides that He is the only Being who can see what has been happening in the last 500 years in your ancestral line and for thousands of years clear back to Adam, and there is not one person in all that ancestral line of 6,000 years but has somehow affected your character, and even old Adam himself will sometimes turn up in your disposition. The only Being who can take all things that pertain to you into consideration is God, and he is the one you can ask. Life is so short we have no time to experiment with occupations and fulness. The reason we have so many dead failures is that parents decide for children what they shall do, or children themselves, wrought on by some whim or fancy, decide for themselves, without any imploration of divine guidance. so we have now in pulpits men making sermons who ought to be in blacksmiths shops making plowshares, and we have in the law those who instead of ruining the cases of their clients ought to be pounding shoe lasts, and doctors who are the worst hindrances to their patients' convalescence, and artists trying to paint landscapes who ought to be whitewashing board fences, while there are others making bricks who ought to be remodeling constitutions or shoving planes who ought to be transforming literatures. Ask God about what worldly business you shall undertake until you are so positive you can in earnestness smite your hand on the plow handle or your carpenter's bench, or your Blackstone's "Commentaries," or your medical dictionary, or your Dr Dick's "Didactic Theology," saying, "For this end was I born."

There are children who early develop natural affinities for certain styles of work. When the father of the astronomer Forbes was going to London, he asked his children what present he should bring each one of them. The boy who was to be an astronomer cried out, "Bring me a telescope!"

Signs of the Future

And there are children whom you find all by themselves drawing on their slates or on paper ships or houses or birds, and you know they are to be draftsmen or architects of some kind. And you find others ciphering out difficult problems with rare interest and success, and you know they are to be mathematicians. And others making wheels and strange contrivances, and you know they are going to be machinists. And others are found experimenting with hoe and plow and sickle, and you know they will be farmers. And others are always swapping jackknives or balls or hats and making something by the bargain, and they are going to be merchants. When Ambrose Rappe had so advanced in studying Greek that he could translate Anacreon at 12 years of age, they was no doubt left that he was intended for a scholar. But in almost every lad there comes a time when he does not know what he was made for, and his parents do not know, and it is a crisis that God only can decide. Then there are those born for some especial work and their fitness does not develope until quite late. When Philip Doddridge, whose sermons and books have harvested uncounted souls for glory, began to study for the ministry, Dr Calamy, one of the wisest and best men, advised him to turn his thoughts to some other work. Isaac Barrow, the eminent clergyman and Christian scientist his books standard now, though he has been dead over 260 years, was the disheartment of his father, who used to say that if it pleased God to take any of his children away he hoped it might be his son Isaac. So some of those who have been characterized for the stupidity in boyhood or girlhood turned out the most distinguished benefactresses of the human race. Those things being true, I may be safe in saying that to no others can only knows what is the one appropriate thing for you to do. And let all parents and all schools and all universities and all colleges recognize the fact that a large number of those children of 10 or 12 years in stumbling about for their business and occupations, are not idiots, and now trying to find out what they would be able to go at with alacrity, decided and triumphant, and be saying, "To this end was I born."

What shall I be?

But my subject now and in the next ... moments. Let me help you to find ... made for myself and ... judge this from the ... You go into a shop ... one wheel turning, ... man's tool on a ... ing done, yet on a small ... But if you go into a factory ... acres and you find the ... pulling on thousands of ... shuttles flying and the ... bewildering with activities, driven by water or steam or electric power, you conclude that the factory was put up to do great work and of a vast scale. Now, I look at you, and I should find that you had only one faculty, or two, or one talent, only one gift, or ... could see but not hear, or hear and not see, if you had the use only one foot or one hand, and as to one higher nature, if you had only one mental faculty and you had no ... but no judgement, or ... no will, and if you had a ... will only one capacity, I would say not much is expected of you. ... stand up, oh, man, and let me look you squarely in the face ... see the fact of seeing everything ... grasping everything. ... wheels than any factory ever turned, more power than any ... ever moved. A soul that will outlive all the universe except heaven, and would outlive all heaven if the life of the other immortals were a moment short of the eternal. Now, what has the world a right to expect of you? What has God a right to demand of you? God is the creator ... in the universe, and he has no ... unsuccessfully, and for what purpose ... build your body mind and ... are built? There are only ... in the universe who can answer that question. The angels do not know. The schools do not know. Your kindred cannot certainly know, God knows, and you ought to know. A factory running at an expense of ... 00,000 a year and turning out goods worth 20 cents a year would not be such an incongruity as you, O man, with such semi-infinite equipment doing nothing or next to nothing, in the way of usefulness. "What shall I do?" you ask. My brethren, my sisters, do not ask me. Ask God. There's some path of Christian usefulness open. it may be a rough path or it may be a smooth path, a long path or a short path. It may be on a mount of conspicuity or in a valley unobserved, but it is a path on which you can start with such faith and such satisfaction and such certainty that you can cry out in the face of earth and hell and heaven, "To this end was I born."

Act at Once

Do not wait for extraordinary qualifications. Philip, the companion of his greatest victories served on a mule, and if you wait for some equipment Bucephalus to ride into the conflict you will never get into the world-wide fight at all. Samson slew the Lord's enemies with the jawbone of the stupidest beast created. Shamgar slew 600 of the Lord's enemies with an ox goad. Under God spittle cured the blind man's eyes in the New Testament story.

Take all the faculty you have and say: "O Lord, here is what I have for Show me the field and back me up by omnipotent power. Anywhere, anyhow, any time for God." Two men riding on horseback came to a trough to water the horses. While the horses were drinking one of the men said to the other a few words about the value of the soul, then they rode away and in opposite directions. But the words uttered were the salvation of the one to whom they were addressed, and he became the Rev Mr Chamberlain, one of the most distinguished heathen lands, for whom the thing he did for him that kindness, and not finding until a bundle of books sent him found the biography of Taylor and a picture of the missionary recognized in the face in that book as the man who at the watering trough for horses had saved his soul. What opportunities you have had in life! What opportunities you have now! What opportunities you will have in the days to come! Put on your working clothes this afternoon and go at the work of some poor woman, or some poor man, or some sick babe last summer. Put on your best clothes and go over and see the servant who was compelled yesterday to take an assignment and tell him or her of the everlasting riches for those who serve the Lord. Can you not get up early in the morning and sing for that hour when you cannot work well, and you will be more than repaid even. Let it be your business to look into the eyes, your ears, your heart, your lungs, your hands, your feet, your body, your mind, your soul, your time, your strength, your money, your influence, your life, your all for God, feeling in your right hand was I born."

If you be helped ... me my own experience in the ... for the law without ... any divine direction. ... tastes, ... filled lawyers ... judges and ... in heaven. ... boys of the New ... at the head of ... of age, I see ... foreigners, ... the crookedest ... witnesses ... but after awhile ... red ministry and ... some satisfaction ... summer, when ... grapes and ... of that village ... our grave we cannot accomplish much but who would want to dwell in this world for all eternity. Some think this earth will finally be turned into a heaven. Perhaps it may, but it would have to undergo radical repairs and thorough eliminations and evolutions and revolutions and transformations infinite to make it desirable for eternal residence. All the east winds would have to become west winds, and all the winters changed to springtides and all the volcanoes extinguished and the oceans drained to their beds and the epidemics forbidden entrance and the world so fixed up that I think it would take more to repair this old world than to make an entirely new one. But I must say I do not know where heaven is, if we can only get there; whether a gardened America or an empanadised Europe or a world central to the whole universe. To this end was I born. Teach one of us could say that we will be with faces shining, and hopes radiant amid earth's woes and trials. Only ... the rapture. Only ... then the reunion ... and then the translation.

In the ... was three great ... barbarism, and ... besieged. He ... ded, and ... from being ... king of Poland, ... whom they had ... with his ... bel, and ... the Israelites ... wanted and ... ing of Saul ... unanswered and ... was three ... swords and ... John Sobieski ... down over the ... that day ... we saved, ... souls, ... and light ... the nobles ... rescue ... vently ... else go ...

Raw From Ear To ...

"There ... subject ... Side of ... and ... Tetter, ... Sores ... of Skin ... Eruptions, ... smallest ... the ...

Seemed So to Him.

He ... whistling ... and he ... whistled ... "Well, ... "Yes, ... "What ... cried ... "It's ... this is the very ... lock last Saturday."—Tit-Bits Up.

She Meant Him.

They were ... at a ... He ... wonderful ... and he said ... "How ... at the trees getting ... every day."

"Oh, I don't know! I ... anything so wonderful about ..." she replied, giving him a look full of significance.—New York World.