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Poetry.

WHY PEOPLE DRINK

Why men tak' liquor, that's a quistion
That thoughtfu' people aye are askin',
For sober folks wha never use it
Ne'er ken why ithers should abuse it.

A man p' an anquirin' mind
Alone set himsel' the task tae find,
Why men should hae sae little sense,
And this was his experience:

Ane said that in the early morn
He liked to tak' a decent 'horn,'
It braced him up for a' the day
And work tae him seemed mair like play.

Before ae man could eat a bite
He had tae spur his appetite;
A drink after a meal, said ane,
Digestion aids a' else abune.

Anither ne'er drank through the day,
He'd found that Habit didna pay.
But after leaving work behind,
A dram or twa cleared up his mind.

Ae man had won in speculat'n
And joyously was celebratin';
Ane mourning o'er a busted bubble,
Was trying hard tae droon his trouble.

A christenin' aince got a' the blame,
Ae man jist frae a weddin' came;
On ane's best freen death made a ca',
He drank to drive the thought awa',

When days were cauld it did ane guid
Tae tak' a dram tae warm his blud,
Anither said when days were hot,
A drink aye soothed his rusty throat.

Some folks had on a journey gone;
Their freens maun drink tae speed them on;
Others returned — drink they maun tak',
And ken that they were welcomed back.

And then ae last he met a chiel
Wha'd drank not wisely but fu' weel;
"How is't? Ye s' unsteady gait,
That I should find ye in this state?"

"I've ta'en some drink, I'll no deny;
And since ye've asked the reason why,
I'll tell ye. I've a constant drought
And like my dram. Noo, there's the truth."

So the man o' the anquirin' mind
Kens something mair o' frail mankind;
While simply for the truth he sought,
Ae honest answer's a' he got.

Select Family Reading

The Country Postman

By David Lyall

HIS name was Andrew Howden, familiarly "Andra," in Leeslaw, where he had carried the bag for over thirty years.

"What Andra doesna ken about folk," Lisbeth Gow, of Craw's Inn, would say, "that same's no worth kennin'."

He was a small, weary-faced person, with a slight hitch of the left shoulder and an impediment in his speech, which, when he was excited, was apt to render him almost unintelligible.

But usually he was of a placid temperament; and the neighbors, to do them justice, knowing his weakness, refrained from working upon it.

He had so many good qualities, and was so faithful a servant of the public, that he was highly respected. He stood much upon his official dignity, with which he permitted no liberties to be taken.

The bag and its contents were sacred to him, and he would not deliver letters out of their due course, or to any "orra" person, no matter who the applicant might be.

"Na, na, Laird," he observed pawkily one day, meeting that important personage driving towards the station; "I'm due to leave Drumclough letters at Drumclough this side o' eleven o'clock an' they sall be there then. My orders frae the Department are explicit. I canna misregard them, even for you."

The Laird, being a good-natured man and quick to grasp a point of humor, merely guffawed and drove on.

But others, less tolerant and more fiery, would fall upon Andrew with unparliamentary language, and threaten him with all sorts of direnounce.

Andrew, however, secure in the knowledge that he was backed by the "Department," pursued the even tenor of his way, as if his persecutors were so many insects to be swept from his path. He was inordinately curious himself, and made no secret of the fact that he perused all the postcards before he passed them on to their rightful owners. This he doubtless regarded as one of the perquisites or privileges of his position. He would forestall family happenings in this wise.

"You'll ha'e Junnet on Setterday by the fower o'clock train, Mrs. Anton. I daursay she comes toddling hame frae the toon gey an' often." Or, "Your guid sister's laid by wi' the jaundice, Alec. It's your brither Tam that has written himsel'. He has a better hand o' write than you, Alec, but a guid smith should never be a penman."

Leeslaw took all this in good part, because they knew right well that Andrew would never betray any of their innocent secrets or family tit-bits to the general public. He was not given to clashes, but was as secret as the grave. Postcards Andrew despised and abhorred. He thought them hardly decent, and openly declared that they cheated the "Department" of its just dues. They had added considerably to his labors, of course, which partly explained his abhorrence—sometimes he would have to walk an extra mile to deliver one that had but a few words upon it, or even no message at all, but merely an address on the back of a "silly picter," which nobody could be the better of seeing. For letters Andrew had the deepest respect. He handled them reverently, and was as careful of the poorest and most obscure as of the crested envelopes addressed to the Laird. That Andrew could ever tamper with a letter was unthinkable; nevertheless, great men have their unguarded moments, and there was one episode in Andrew's otherwise irreproachable career as a servant of the public which would not have borne strict investigation. Also, once committed, it sorely troubled his conscience until he laid it on the shoulders of someone else.

It happened in the autumn of the year in which Ann Carfrae died, after a long illness, brought on through fretting about an absent and ne'er-do-weel son. Leeslaw missed Ann sorrowfully when she died; she was what they called "everybody's body," that is to say, she was at the service of all who needed her sympathy, her help, or her care. Her own sorrows, which had been many and bitter, had not soured her. Now, though Andrew Howden was elderly and ill-favored, and had never had his name coupled with any woman bodys in his life, he was not incapable of romance. The whole romance of his life had circled round Ann Carfrae. She, poor soul, never guessed it either, as maid, wife, or widow, but was kind and womanly gentle to the postman, as she was to gentle and simple alike.

Many a crack they had over the garden gate, where she would wait for him morning after morning, expecting the letter that never came.

"Better luck next time, Andra," she would say, after he had laboriously sorted out the contents of his bag for her inspection, precisely as if he had not been aware that it contained no letter for her.

After she passed away to the land where there are no more tears, Andrew seemed unlike himself. He became very grumpy in his manners, and was "off his meat," so that he became thinner and more weary-looking than ever. Many noticed the change, and even spoke of it to him; but they got very little more than a grunt out of Andrew.

One evening the minister was surprised by a visit from him, and when he entered the study, thought how ill he looked.

"Come in, Andrew. I am very glad to see you," he said kindly. "I hope there isn't anything wrong. Mrs. Fleming was only saying to me yesterday that you did not look like yourself."

"I'm weel enough in my body," replied Andrew darkly. "It's my mind that's no weel."

"Not a very uncommon occurrence, my man," observed the minister cheerfully. "The best of us have to suffer our ill days."

"Aye, ill days," repeated Andrew with dour emphasis. "Days when the deevil winna let us alone, but harasses us like a roarin' lion, seekin' whom he may devour."

Struck by the ferocity of the postman's words, the minister regarded him with a mild astonishment. Had he not been perfectly certain that Andrew was a teetotaller, he might have had his doubts.

"But I'm to get the better o' him this verra nicht," pursued Andrew grimly. "Him an' me's to come to grip, an' I'll begin by makin' a clean breist o'd, and syne daur him to dae his warst."

"Won't you sit down?" inquired the minister with a perplexed note in his pleasant voice. "You look desperately uncomfortable."

"As a man wi' a load o' guilt on his soul should look, Maister Fleemin'. I pit it to ye, has a black sinner ony richt to be comfortable?"

"What is the meaning of all this, Andrew? Have you been getting into any kind of trouble? I should never believe it unless I heard it from your own lips."

"Weel, I'm tellin' ye, if you'll only gie me a chance. I'm a rogue an' a vaigabond, an' I've laid mysel' open to the handcuffs an' the jail. I'm a forger, Maister Fleemin'."

"A forger, Andrew! Why, bless my soul!"

"Ay, a' forger," repeated Andrew firmly. "Let me tell ye, an' dinna you speak a word or I'm through. D'ye mind hoo Ann Carfrae was set on a letter frae Tam in Australy a long while afore she deed?"

"Yes, of course. The joy it gave her when it came at last was one of the most touching things I have ever had in my experience. They buried it with her, poor soul—laid against her heart. Lisbeth Gow told me that. It was a very touching thing; and when the lad hears of it, it should surely make a better man of him."

Andrew groaned as if in anguish.

"It was me that wrote that letter, Maister Fleemin'. Tam never put pen to paper on it. I wrote every word o' it mysel', an' I got a stamp off an auld Australian letter at Meggot's post office. I clipped it out, and pasted it on the letter for Ann. She never kent, an' I only did it," he added doggedly, "after the doctor telt me she couldna live mair nor two or three days."

The minister was silent a moment, regarding in wonder Andrew's unlovely visage, all working with the torrent of his emotions.

"What was the reason, Andrew?" he inquired, and his pleasant voice had a very gentle note.

"I was driven to it, I tell ye I was!" Andrew cried fiercely. "If ye had been me, and had had to pass that yett every mornin' for seevin year, an' see her face an' the hunger in her een, ye might have done it yoursel'. I'm gled I did it! I wad dae it again if I had the chance! They telt me she sleepit a' nicht for the first time for weeks, an' that she deed happy. It was worth it! But noo I canna rest. I'm wullin' to gie mysel' up. Will you write to the Department, an' I'll set my name till the story. Of course, they'll pey me aff; an' if it be the jail forby, weel, I'm ready."

The minister smiled a trifle unsteadily.

"Andrew, it was a Christian act! It made a poor dying woman happy. We can safely leave judgment with Him who trieth the reins and searcheth the hearts of the children of men. Make your peace with him. This thing need never be known. We'll bury it deep to-day for ever."

It was a long time before Andrew's heart could be comforted or his conscience appeased. But at last he departed, a better and a happier man. It was his first and last obsession from the pathway of righteousness, and his secret was safe with the two kind hearts that held it. For the minister told the story to his wife, and as she listened her gentle eyes filled with tears.

MARRY RIGHT

What are you going to marry for? To own the right to pet a pretty-faced, white-skinned, fluffy-haired doll, or to live in happiness, accord, peace and harmony with a woman—a healthy, vigorous, robust, clear-eyed, sweet-mouthed, intelligent, good, noble woman? Are you more anxious to marry a "good figure," a "stylish form," made up of corsets, pads, springs and dress, high heels and back-hair mattress with a coal-scuttle or bee-hive bonnet, than a real womanly woman, full of the joyousness of health, whose walk is sprightly and step buoyant, whose smile is natural and constant, whose "moods" are always cheerful and one better than another, and who dresses neatly and sensibly, attractively and wisely, neither dowdily nor in total defiance of the fashion, but inconspicuously and well? Do you prefer a fashionable talker—a flashily educated miss who can tell you all the newest French novels, and sing wretchedly in four different languages (mangled and torn) and play bridge whist or whist bridge, or some other gambling game, and come home with worthless prizes won at progressive euchre; one who mingles with the best "easaisty" and has nothing to do with vulgar poor folks; or a woman who loves her husband above everything else on earth, and who wants to make a perfect home of her own, cheerful and happy, lively and busy with healthy, strong, lusty babies, coming one after another as fast as wisdom and love desire them and can properly care for them?

My boy, the eye of a fool is caught with powder, frills, fluff, ruff and froth. The eye of a wise man is caught by reality, by health, by naturalness, by love, by maternal and wifely instincts, by goodness. What do you want to hitch up with for the drive through life; a wife or a doll, a mother to your children, or a bridge-whist fiend? Wake up, brother, don't be a fool!

But how about the girl? What has she a right to expect? You are mighty particular as to yourself; how about the other side? How do you measure up, my boy? Take stock of yourself, you cigar and pipe-smoking, card-playing, whisky-drinking, dyspeptic, drug-doping, selfish, arrogant, conceited male puppy. What right have you to "shine up" to a pure, good, honest, healthy woman, and expect her to "receive your addresses graciously." Your breath is loaded with the stench of tobacco, beer, whisky, bologna and the cloves and spices you vainly thought would "change the atmosphere." Your associates are fast young men, as vile and disgusting as yourself. Your conversation rises no higher than your habits. And as for your morals? Have you got any, further than that you do as you please? Money buys everything.

Yet you have the impudence to expect to marry a healthy, pure, good girl! You dare to aspire to the hand of a clean woman! You deserve to be taken into a bath-house where they have a pneumatic machine that would force pure and cleansing water through every particle of your frame—body, extremeties, brain and then be taken to the top of the highest peak in America and hung on the top of the highest tree and there allowed to remain to sweeten—while the fiercest tempests blow for six months to "air" you, and make you clean. Pouf! how you need it!! Only after such an airing, or a better one, ought you to be allowed to come into the same room, or walk in the same street, or live in the same town as a decent, good woman. I believe in men choosing right, but if the women have no one else to choose from than such as you, God help them and the future race.

EXPLAINED

Teacher (to new scholar) — "How does it happen that your name is Allen and your mother's name is Brown?"

Little Lad (after moment's thought) —"Well, you see, it's this way. She married again and I didn't.

There never was and never will be a universal panacea in one remedy for all ills to which flesh is heir. What would relieve one ill in turn would aggravate the others. We have, however, in Quinine Wine, when obtained in a sound, unadulterated state a remedy for many and grievous 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 restortatives. It relieves those to 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 through 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. By the opinion of scientists, the wine approaches nearest perfection of any on the market. All druggists sell it.

TWENTY YEARS AGO

Notes From Our Issue of March 19th, 1891

Rev. Bryon Laing, well known to many of our readers, has invented a new and greatly improved thumb index for Bibles. Mr. Albert Laing, Acton, has charge of the work of indexing.

Mr. Geo. P. Tolten, of Rosalia, Wash., in this vicinity, lost his left arm one day last week, having slipped and fallen under a moving train which he was attempting to board. He had stepped off the train at a point where it stopped for supper, and having run over to visit a flour mill which he noticed, stayed a little too long. He had undoubtedly fainted with the shock, but no one noticed the accident and when he recovered the station was locked, and he was compelled to make his way to a house, where the arm was found to require amputation.

The annual Bible Society meeting was held on March 11th, when Rev. J. W. Ras, agent for this district, gave a splendid address. The officers are:—Pres., H. P. Moore; Vice-Pres., D. Henderson, M. P.; Sec.-Treas., Dr. Lowry; Executive—John Cameron, Dr. Gifford, J. L. Warren, J. B. Pearson, G. Wells, Jas. Matthews, Thos. T. Moore, Samuel Worden, W. T. Smyth, John Robertson. Collectors—Misses Mattie Moore and Ina Pearson; Misses Bella Hill and Rebecca Anderson; Misses McMillan and McLean; Messrs. Thos. Elliott and Robt. Kinnaird; J. M. Warren and Alex. McDonald; C. Davidson and S. Worden; John Gordon and N. F. Lindsay. The finances of the year are reported as $33.70.

There is much interesting information in the early records of the Bible Society record book. On Feb. 27th, 1818, the branch here was organized by Rev. James Richardson, with these officers:—Pres., Alex. Brown, Sr.; Vice-Pres., Duncan Kennedy, Sr.; Rec.-Treas., John Holgate; Executive—Lachlan McDonald, Duncan Kennedy, Jr., Alex. Grant, Asa Hall, Jas. Cameron, Samuel Smith, Simeon Anderson, John Zimmerman.

The announcements for meetings were peculiar in the early fifties. For instance: "Moved by John Warren, seconded by Adam Dixon, that the annual meeting be held in the Wesleyan Chapel and that notices be put up at the following places: On the school house at Mr. Campbell's, Nassagaweya; on the school house in Dublin; on the school house at Mr. J. Gordon's; on the Congregational meeting house at Mr. Swackhamer's; on the school house at Mr. Leslie's, in Erin, and likewise on the school house in the village of Acton.—Carried."

A quaint remark found is: "The present stock in the Depository is 23 English and 12 Gaelic Bibles, 63 English and 6 Gaelic Testaments, all the Bibles having the psalms. The majority of the families in this vicinity are fully supplied, all the families but three called on by the society's visitor being possessed of one or more copies of the holy scriptures."

Messrs. Chas., James and Alfred Husband, of Nassagaweya, left on Tuesday for the Northwest.

PARISIAN SAGE WILL GROW MORE HAIR

Parisian Sage will stop falling hair in two weeks—cure dandruff in the same time, and stop scalp itch at once. It makes the hair soft, silky and luxuriant.

AS A HAIR DRESSING

Parisian Sage is without peer. It contains nothing that can harm the hair—it is not sticky, oily or greasy and prevents as well as cures diseases of the scalp.

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Druggists and stores everywhere guarantee Parisian Sage and will refund your money if it fails. Ask druggist A. T. Brown how he thinks of it. He sells it at 50c. per large bottle, or you can secure it by mail postpaid from Giroux Manufacturing Co., Fort Erie, Ont. See that the Girl with the Auburn Hair is on each package. Sold and guaranteed by A. T. Brown.

A FAIR EXCHANGE

A good story appeared recently in the American Issue. A western miner had been in the habit of buying 15 cents' worth of liver on Saturday night after he had spent most of his money for liquor. One night, while buying his customary liver, he saw the saloon-keeper stalk in, throw down an identical $5 bill spent with him by the miner and order a roast and trimmings. That set the miner thinking, so he put up a jolly with his fellow miners. They agreed not to buy any liquor for a whole week, and to buy a roast each the next Saturday night. When Saturday night came forty miners went to the butcher's shop and cleaned the butcher out by ordering forty roasts for Sunday. While the butcher was doing up the last roast, the saloon-keeper came in and said: "Well, John I'll have to take liver this time. Trade is awfully dull. I don't understand it." So the butcher sold him the liver. Then the butcher fell to thinking. "I guess after all," he said to himself, there is some sense in the prohibition argument, for it is a whole lot more profitable to sell forty roasts and one order of liver than it is to sell one roast and forty orders of liver.

A DISCREDITED REPORT

"Rossini," said a hotel magnate, "was once promised by a friend a dinner of turkey and truffles. The friend, however showed a disposition to postpone the feast and to make excuses. But Rossini, button-holing him one day, said:

"'Look here, how about that truffled turkey dinner?'

"'Truffles are no good this season,' said his friend.

"'Bah! Don't you believe it,' said Rossini. 'That report was started by the turkeys.'"

MARY'S COSTLY CLOTHES

Mary had a little lamb—
'Twas Persian—on her coat;
She also had a mink or two
About her dainty throat;
A bird of paradise, a tern,
And ermine made the hat
That perched at jaunty angle
On her coiffure, largely rat;
Her tiny boots were sable topped,
Her gloves were muskrat too;
Her muff had heads and tails of half
The "critters" in the zoo;
And when she walked abroad I ween
She feared no wintry wind;
At keeping warm 'twas plain to see
She had all nature "skinned."

PATIENT FAITHFULNESS MAY WIN THE CROWN

When Gideon and his three hundred men came to the Jordan in their chase of Zebah and Zalmunna, the Midianite kings who had long ravaged Israel, they did not stop to rest but passed over, "faint, yet pursuing." Their mission was to overtake those kings, not to keep themselves from weariness or from getting out of breath, and their patient fidelity which held fast to duty until it was done enabled them to overtake the enemy and stamp out Midianitish oppression. When we have a task to do, we need to stick to it until it is done.

And when we have a cause to defend, when we are not pursuing but guarding, patient faithfulness is the supreme thing. Edward Thring, the great schoolmaster of Uppingham, got his nickname as a schoolboy by his spirit of indomitable fidelity. The rule of the school was that the boys who came first were to have the use of the fives courts, and Thring was sent ahead to hold one. The school bully came and tried to drive him off. When he could not defend what he was holding in trust, in any other way, Thring, who was a little boy, dug his fingers into the edges of the stones of the court and declared, "I will not give it up. I'll Die First." It was not selfishness on his part. It was the resolute defense of the right.

Those workers do most who don't stop tire out and lay their work down. There are a great many who start and soon stop. The quality most needed in work is patient faithfulness. Indeed, patience is simply faithfulness drawn out forever. "No, sir," said an old Sunday School superintendent, "I never missed and I was never late. I have been superintendent for twenty-seven years and I moved away once and came back again, but I never was late a minute, and I never missed a day. Once I had to run to get in on time, but I ran." Such men achieve something. They are themselves an incarnate bit of heavenly character.

When the struggle to overcome or achieve is long drawn out, the man who has the will to stay and not surrender will prevail. We are speaking on the conflicts which it is right for us to wage, the moral titles, not the physical, but an illustration from the physical will give us the true principle. An Irishman and a negro had a combat. It was to settle a long feud, and they agreed to fight until one of them called "sufficient." For hours they struggled without a word until both men were almost exhausted, and then at last the negro called "sufficient." "Begorra," said the Irishman, as he dropped his hands and was proclaimed victor, "I've been trying to think of that word for the last forty-five minutes." It was well he couldn't remember it. The men who forget it are the men who prevail in their conflict with that moral foe whom we can always defeat if we patiently wait and are not faithless.

Robert Morrison waited for seven years in China for his first convert.

God has waited nineteen centuries for the Church to obey the Great Commission to evangelize the world.

Paul, as he looked back over his life declared, "I have kept the faith." He had kept it against many odds.

By patient continuance in well-doing, all who seek for true glory and honor shall have a gift. What is it? (Rom. 2: 7.)

Whether earth shall be like heaven depends on whether heaven is in our hearts.

CANADA'S CHAMPION DANCER

Cured of Piles by Zam-Buk

Mr. Thomas J. Hogan, Champion Clog and Pedestal Dancer of Canada, who resides at 30 Chambord St., Montreal, writes: "It gives me much pleasure to let you know my opinion of your wonderful Zam-Buk. For some time past I have been troubled with piles, but this year I suffered so much that I was obliged to cancel a number of engagements. I tried all the so-called remedies that were recommended, but they seemed to do me no good. Having been advised to try Zam-Buk I purchased a box, and after applying it a few times I felt marked relief. I continued with the Zam-Buk treatment, and the relief was extended into a permanent cure. I gladly permit you to use my experience as an illustration of the great value of Zam-Buk for piles."

Another illustration of how Zam-Buk cures long-standing cases of piles is provided by Mr. William Kenty, of Upper Mills River, Hants Co., N. S. He says: "I suffered terribly from piles, the pain at times being almost unbearable. Zam-Buk was recommended to me so I procured a supply and commenced with the treatment. After a very short time Zam-Buk effected a complete cure."

Zam-Buk is also a cure for ulcers, abscesses, eczema, cold sores, chapped hands, varicose ulcers, rashes, blood-poison, ringworm, cuts, burns, bruises, children's abrasions, tetter, salt rheum, etc. All druggists and stores sell at 50c a box, or post-free from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, for price. Zam-Buk Soap, which may be had from any druggist at 25c. per tablet, should be used instead of ordinary soap in all cases of eruptions and skin diseases.