

IN THE GLAD SPRINGTIME

Like the Birds, We Should Become Gods Singing Disciples.

(Entered according to Act of the Parliament of Canada, in the year One Thousand Nine Hundred and Four by Wm. Baily, of Toronto, at the Department of Agriculture, Ottawa.)

A despatch from Los Angeles, Cal., says: Rev. Frank De Witt Talmage preached from the following text: Solomon's Song ii., 12, "The time of the singing of the birds is come." "Do you know what makes the snow-banks disappear in the spring-time?" asked a man of poetic temperament. "Why, yes," I answered. "It is due to the heat of the sun being so much stronger now than it is in January. It is due to the fact that, in contact the earth is being warmed at the sun's fireside, even as one side of a piece of bread is toasted by being exposed to the kitchen stove's heat while the other side of that piece of bread remains unscorched." "Oh, no," answered my poetic friend. "The snow disappears not on account of the sun's rays; but because the flames glowing among the feathers of the red-breasted robins have melted them. Have you not noticed, as a rule, the snowflakes never entirely disappear until those harbingers of the summer flowers have stamped them out of existence?"

LIKE THE SONG BIRD.

First, like the song bird, God bids us sing because he has given to us musical throats with which to sing. As the brown thrush or the redbird or the nightingale is able to lift his voice in treble or fantasia or lullaby or cantata or serenade, God, by anatomical construction of the throat, has made it possible for us to sound forth musical notes in his name. He has not disconnected our windpipes from the great bellows of the lungs. He has not had us born with palsied tongue, or with deaf ears. But as God has placed in the larynx of every singing bird's throat a thin membrane, so he has stretched over the end of almost every human being's windpipe a fibrous, elastic tissue which will vibrate as we attempt to sing or speak. We ought, one and all, to be grateful that God has given to us anatomically a musical throat with which we can sing his praises. Thank God to-day for the power of the speaking throat. We are all ready to acknowledge our indebtedness to him for the blessings of the eye. If you are not, then read that wonderful story written by the most famous of living English authors. The book opens with a description of a noted war artist who is growing blind. Frenziedly he works at his last canvas, then the dark cloud of total obscurity falls upon him. His friends leave him one by one for the Egyptian war. He sits in his room alone, an object of pity, until at last, crazed by horror, he starts for the front and is there mercifully shot by an Arab's bullet. Sight! Oh, yes, with every glorious sunrise, with every architecture of frost upon window pane, with every masterpiece of autumn foliage, with every walk over country hill or through city street, we are all ready to say: "Thank God for two eyes! Thank God for the windows of the soul!"

POWER OF THE HUMAN VOICE.

Not only for visual, but for auditory organs are we also thankful. If the sounding board of one of our ears is in any way deadened we guard the other ear more carefully than we do our jewel boxes or our securities, which we place in the safety vaults. We never let our well ear become overheated by stove or register. We never in a railroad train let the draft blow upon it through open-

ed windows. At the least sign of disturbance then away we rush to the specialist to have it treated and cared for by the best of aurists. Ah, yes, we all appreciate the blessings of the ear. But how many of us appreciate the blessings of the voice? How many of us have in the past thanked God that we can sing his praises as the birds can change every tree branch into a choir loft in the temple of the woods? How many of us are ready to thank God for this wonderful instrument of human voice, which can laugh out our joys and sob out our sorrows and make men know the thoughts that are lodging for awhile under the domes of our foreheads and the loves that are billing and cooing in the silent retreats of our hearts?

GOD BIDS US SING.

Like the song birds, God bids us sing because he has given to us an open heaven in which to sing. It is one thing to have a voice with which to sing, but it is just as essential to have a suitable place in which you can sing. It is one thing to have a musical throat like the song thrush, in which all the siren spirits of the hills and valleys can find melodious expression, but it is another thing to have the beautiful voice of the yellow tipped canary hushed into perpetual silence by being domiciled in a dark room or in a dungeon. If a singing bird were compelled to live in a ground mole's tunnel, or to work like the moths with their mouths wrapped up with woolen garments, he would be as dumb as they.

Thank God, then, for your musical throat and for your opportunities for using it. David Glasgow Farragut, one of the most resplendent characters in naval history, was born July 5, 1801. With the exception of an engagement in which he participated as a mere boy of thirteen, Farragut never smelled gunpowder in actual battle until he was sixty-one years of age. For nearly fifty long years he walked the ship's deck in times of peace. Had he been retired at sixty years of age from the service, American history would have had one of its brightest lights snuffed out before it had any opportunity to shine. John Milton, in some respects, is the greatest name in English literature. Yet old, blind and neglected by his people, he had to write for prosperity because the men of his own times and generation would not listen to his poetic song. Edmund Burke, one of the greatest of the English statesmen of his time, most of his life was practically a statesman without an office, or, in office, one who held a very subordinate place. So little was he honored by his parliamentary colleagues that it was once said, "No man could empty the house of commons so quickly as when Edmund Burke arose to speak."

CHOOSE A MIGHTY THEME.

What is true of painting and sculpture is also true of music. Beethoven and Wagner and Mendelssohn and Handel did not employ their genius in a street ditty. They trained their ears to catch the voices of the winds which can only be heard upon the heights of Mount Olympus. They called their oratories by the mighty names of "The Messiah," "The Deluge," "The Prodigal Son," "The Light of the World," "Samson," "Saul," "Esther," "Joshua," "Elijah" and "Paul," "Jephthah," "Israel in Egypt," "The Creation," "The Woman of Samaria." So our singing birds in their oratories have glorious themes to sing about. Their song is the resurrection. They sing

of the bursting seeds and the incense of swinging flowers. They sing of the winter which is gone and the harvests which are to come. They sing of the sheep which are growing the wool that the little children may have warm clothing to defy the December blasts and of the sap giving life to the trees that the great logs may be rolled into the old fashioned fireplaces around which the families can gather about its glow and learn the lessons of love. They sing of the open harbors and the king's ships going to Tarshish to come back laden with gold and silver and ivories and the wealth of foreign climes. They sing of our earth's resurrection, which is emblematic of a heavenly glory. Oh, my friends, like the song birds in the springtime, will you not choose a mighty theme to inspire and uplift your life's music?

CHORUS OF THE WOODS.

Again, God bids us, like the song birds, sing because he does not expect us to be soloists, but to take an essential part in a great life's chorus. The true beauty of the song bird's singing is that he carries a part and not a whole day's solitary musical recitation. Like the piccolo, or the clarinet, his voice may be shrill, or like the flute, soft and sweet, or like the bass viol, loud and deep; but whether soft or loud, his voice has a part, an essential part, in the chorus of the woods. If you would know how essential the bird's voices are for the musical sweetness of the woods just go with me some day up among the forest covered hills. As we tramp on and the twigs snap under our feet and our voices are tossed in echo from tree to tree the birds scurry away or silently hide behind their curtain of leaves. They act a good deal as do the village children when city people are riding through the country. They run into the house or barn and keep very quiet. But if you pay no attention to those children they will begin to peek out of the windows or behind the wood house, and then they will gradually come out and watch you as you disappear down the road. Such is the way the feathered musicians of the forest act. When you first enter the woods and call to them to sing they will keep as silent as the grave, but if you lie down at the foot of some giant oak and pretend you are asleep the many voices of the birds will then begin their seemingly endless chorus. First there will be a twitter, then an answering call, then a duet, then a third voice will break in and make the trio. Then off in the distance a woodpecker will beat time, like the drumstick tapping upon the sheepskin. Then a great wave of harmony, like Handel's "Halleluia Chorus," will roll over you. Then sudden silence. Again the music will start, and a new concert will be masterfully rendered, each bird's voice not much in itself, but each an essential part of the great wood's chorus.

AN INSPIRATION.

It is wonderful to realize how quickly a musical conductor knows when any of his musicians are not doing as they ought to do. I once read of a great orchestra of hundreds of pieces being gathered together. When every musician was doing his part, and the sounds rose and fell like voices of many waters, the piccolo player thought he would stop and see if the leader would miss him. No sooner did he stop than the leader pointed his baton toward the silent man and said, "Play! Play! You are an essential part of the piece. Do you hear me? Play." So, in the great musical chorus for the salvation of the world, God bids us each to sing and take our part, as each bird of the woods has his singing part. Sing! Sing! To-day in Christ's name sing, as the song birds in the springtime. Sing your part in the "Song of Moses and the Lamb."

Like the singing birds, we should not only sing because we have an essential part in God's great chorus, but because each song bird inspires other song birds to sing. A little canary in a room alone may not care to warble. But it is different when two or three birdcages are hanging in windows through which the sun is shining. Then one bird's note will inspire the other birds. One bird's song will make the other birds sing. So men and women, singing Christ's songs, will inspire other men and women to sing them. Men and women pray better and oftener if they pray together. They love God more and are more willing to make sacrifices for the Master, if they love and serve him in groups, as the little company gathered in the upper chamber, to await the coming of the Holy Ghost. They are more willing to go into the byways and hedges and carry the gospel to the blind, the deaf, the dumb, the crippled and the poor, if they go forth as Christ sent his disciples, two by two, and not alone. Oh, my brother and sister, in God's great chorus of redemption, will you not sing and inspire your neighbors and loved ones to sing also? Sing in Christ's name. Sing as the song birds sing. Sing as the psalmist bids us sing. "Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord." Sing! Sing! Triumphant and everlastingly sing. Sing, for the time of the singing of all Christians as well as of birds has come.

Husband—"Are you aware, my dear that it takes three-fourths of my salary to meet your dressmaker's bills?"
Wife—"Goodness gracious, what do you do with the rest of your money?"

PLAYFUL CHILDREN.

What treasure on earth is more to be prized than a bright, active, healthy, playful child? In homes where Baby's Own Tablets are used you never find sickly, cross, sleepless children; if the little one is ill the Tablets will promptly make it well. Ask any mother who has used the Tablets and she will tell you that this is absolutely true—she will tell you the Tablets always do good, and never do harm. You can give them to a child just born with perfect safety, and they are equally as good for well grown children. Mrs. Mary J. Moore, Hepworth, Que., says:—"My baby has never been sick since I began giving her Baby's Own Tablets. They are a real blessing to both mother and child, and I would not be without them." Don't let your child suffer, and don't dose it with strong drugs or medicine containing opiates. Give Baby's Own Tablets which you can get from any druggist or by mail at 25 cents a box by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

COWS IN SPRINGTIME.

A good many times farmers keep their cows in the barn until the grass in the pasture is rank, and then turn them right out to get their living, dropping at that time all hay and ground feed. This is a bad practice. The cows, shut up so long away from green feed, gorge themselves with the fresh grass, which tastes wonderfully good to them, with the result that their bowels are suddenly relaxed and a consequent weakening of the entire system follows. The cows suffer a marked loss of strength and vitality. The best way to get the cows accustomed to the change of diet in springtime is to let them out a little while each day for a week, say, allowing them to get enough grass to partly satisfy their appetites, and then get them back to the yard. Every day during the time this process is going on lots of nice bright hay should be given, together with a good ration of ground feed preferably wheat bran and cornmeal. In this way the strength of the cow will be kept up, and her condition gradually made ready for the time when she will be sent to graze all day in the pasture.

Almost every farmer has noticed that for a few days after the cows are turned to pasture, especially if treated according to the plan mentioned above of turning the cows suddenly out to grass, the cows will drop off in the amount of milk they give. This is undoubtedly due to the sharp turn in the method of feeding, and the tendency with most cows to roam all over the fields for a while when first released from their long imprisonment.

SHE WOULD NOT RISK IT.

"Lillian is not sure that she loves Walter. Sometimes she thinks she does, and at other times she's convinced she doesn't."
"And yet she is going to marry him?"
"Oh, yes—that's all settled."
"But if she is not sure she loves him, why doesn't she break the engagement?"
"Because she is twenty-seven."

EXCHANGE.

Baxter—"You have heard of a man cutting off his nose to spite his face?"
Yardley—"Yes; but I have never seen it done. I have known a man to kick one of his hands out of doors however."

EMPTY NOW.

How One Woman Quit Medicine.

"While a coffee user my stomach troubled me for years" says a lady of Columbus, O., "and I had to take medicine all the time. I had what I thought was the best stomach medicine I could get, had to keep getting it filled all the time at 40 cents a bottle. I did not know what the cause of my trouble was, but just dragged along from day to day suffering and taking medicine all the time."

"About six months ago I quit tea and coffee and began drinking Postum and I have not had my prescription filled since, which is a great surprise to me for it proves that coffee was the cause of all my trouble although I never suspected it."

"When my friends ask me how I feel since I have been taking Postum I say, 'To tell the truth I don't feel at all only that I get hungry and eat everything I want and lots of it and it never hurts me and I am happy and well and contented all the time.'"

"I could not get my family to drink Postum for a while until I mixed it in a little coffee and kept on reducing the amount of coffee until I got it all Postum. Now they all like it and they never belch it up like coffee."

"We all know that Postum is a sunshine maker. I find it helps one greatly for we do not have to think of aches and pains all the time and can use our minds for other things." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

The one who has to bother with coffee aches and pains is badly handicapped in the race for fame and fortune. Postum is a wonderful re-builder. There's a reason.

Look in each package for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

A SPRING NEED.

Indoor Confinement in Winter Hard on the Health.

Ninety-nine people out of every hundred actually need a tonic during the spring months, and the hundredth person would make no mistake if he too infused a little extra vigor and power into his blood. The reason for this condition is quite apparent. In the desire to make Canadian houses warm during the winter months, ventilation is sacrificed, and the health is impaired. There may be nothing seriously wrong—nothing more than a variable appetite; little pimples or eruptions of the skin; a feeling of weariness and a desire to avoid exertion; perhaps an occasional headache. These may not seem serious; perhaps you may think that the trouble will pass away—but it won't unless you drive it out by putting the blood right with a health-giving tonic. And there is only one blood-renewing, health-giving, nerve-restoring tonic—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Over and over again it has been proved that these pills cure when other medicines fail, and thousands of grateful people testify that they are the best of all spring medicines. Miss D. Brown, Collina, N. B., says:—"I have used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for a run down system, and have found them better than any other medicine I have tried. In the early spring my blood was out of condition and I had such dizzy spells that if I turned quickly I would almost fall. I took Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for a few weeks and the trouble entirely disappeared. I think these pills an ideal spring medicine."

If you want to be healthy in the spring don't dose your system with harsh, griping purgatives, and don't experiment with other so-called tonics. Take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills at once and see how quickly they will banish all spring ailments. Sold by medicine dealers everywhere, or sent by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

CHOICE OF A HOME SITE.

A drive through any part of the country will usually cause the observer, if he has discernment for the fitness of things, to wonder at the building sites that have been selected, or at least are now occupied with farmers' home buildings. On the one hand may be seen a dwelling situated at the foot of a slope, where it receives the drainage from the higher ground, upon which there are perhaps stables, sties, and stock yards, while the house grounds and cellar are quite likely to be impossible of good drainage. On the other hand may be seen a house perched upon the topmost point of a bluff or set into a hillside, where the tired house wife and weary workers must climb by stairs or a steep path to and from their work thousands of times yearly.

Some of these sites were no doubt chosen at an early date, when the face of the country was covered with timber and undergrowth, and before permanent roadways were determined upon; but it is true, likewise that the same mistake are being repeated with recent locations, where ideal or much superior sites were accessible within a stone's throw on the same property. The reasons for such obvious errors in judgment are frequently not difficult to explain. The important main essentials have been lost sight or eclipsed by something quite trivial in comparison, such as a convenient location for a bank-cellar, nearness to a brook, or a favorite nook for a garden.

The importance of a right choice in the matter of selecting a site is almost beyond estimate, often having direct bearing upon the lives of a number of generations. The hygienic and sanitary conditions should, of course, have first thought and count for most. The convenience of approach and general accessibility, with a view to ease of labor, is another weighty consideration, unless the builder has ample means to provide help and labor savers sufficient to overcome such an objection. Another consideration of scarcely less importance is that of beauty of location and the outlook of landscape and pleasant views to be obtained. It is not often necessary to choose a site on a cliff, ridge or some other inaccessible place to secure a pretty and picturesque location for a farm home. It is more in studying the matter carefully on the ground, with the aid of experienced observers who should have a touch of the artist in their make-up.

The selection of the outward style of buildings and material to be used are also matters if the home to be made will be but humble. These matters of detail are quite like posing and costuming for a portrait or picture in the influence they will exert or inflict upon owners or passers-by.

Felicia—Do you buy many books, Patricia? Patricia—Dear me, no; it takes every cent of my pin-money for cab hire and beauty culture.

Piles To prove to you that Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain and absolute cure for each and every form of itching, bleeding and protruding piles, the manufacturer has guaranteed it. See testimonials in the daily press and ask your neighbor what they think of it. You can use it and get your money back if not cured. Write to all dealers or EDWARD H. BATES & Co., Toronto.
Dr. Chase's Ointment

Wet Feet Bring Coughs and Colds

Children Especially are Exposed to Great Danger From the Cause.

DR. CHASE'S SYRUP OF LINSEED AND TURPENTINE.

Where is there a boy who does not delight to test the thinnest ice and to splash in the water which results from the spring thaws!

There will be more coughs and colds among children during the next few weeks than at any other season of the year as a result of wet feet and exposure to cold and dampness.

It seems scarcely necessary to suggest the advisability of keeping Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine at hand for use in case of emergency.

You never know what night your child may awake a victim of croup frantically gasping for breath and by having this great medicine ready for immediate use you can afford quick relief and cure.

Bronchitis, whooping cough, asthma, bad coughs and severe chest colds, sore throat, throat irritation and all forms of throat, bronchial and lung troubles are readily cured by this treatment, which has become so popular throughout Canada.

Mrs. J. Provost, Renfrew, Ont., states:—"My fourteen-year-old boy had a very severe cold in the chest last winter and I really thought he was going to die. He coughed nearly all the time and sometimes would spit up blood. We had about given up all hopes of his recovery when I heard of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine. After using one bottle there was a great change in his condition, and I can positively say that he was completely cured by two bottles and he has not been troubled since. I never saw medicine take such quick effect and can sincerely recommend it."

Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine, 25 cents a bottle, family size (three times as much) 60 cents, at all dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

To protect you against imitations the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on every bottle.