

The Sabbath day, or seventh day, has been observed for many centuries beyond the beginning of our era, and among people quite uninfluenced by the sons of Israel.

Institutions of so slow a growth are sometimes estimated without regard to the causes for their establishment without considering the reason for their origin.

And it was not alone repose which gave the day its warrant. It was not all a matter of physical exhaustion, though that was a potent consideration.

The mission of Sunday has never changed from those distant eras when the one day in seven was slowly set apart and recognized.

ABOUT WORRYING.

Mr. Stoggleton Tries His Hand at a Recipe for the Cure of It.

"Everybody tells us," says Mr. Stoggleton, "not to worry. They tell us that worry never did anybody any good, and that on the other hand it absolutely impairs one's capacity for work, and so helps to aggravate the very situation that we are worrying over."

"A prime necessity of our permanent freedom from worrying is the possession of the personal quality commonly known as sand.

"Most of the things we worry over are only bugbears that fade and disappear upon the first attack. Herein lies the first secret of success—in attack, and the great secret lies in persistence, in keeping always at work.

MORE COMING.

Ab. James, you've broken all the good resolutions you made. "Yes, sir; but I shall make others quite as good."

THE PAINTER OF PARMA; OR, THE MAGIC OF A MASTERPIECE.

"Did you hear?" Stefano shouted, turning to the painter, when he had put his would-be mentor away.

"Marquis!" Zanoni still held his temper, though it tried him sore—when you are willing to give me way I will pass on. I should prefer to bear no more."

"Zounds! Haven't you got a spark of manhood inside that lady-like skin of yours? If you will have no more words will you take that?"

"Gentlemen," he said to the others who stood near, but dared not interfere. "I call you to witness that I have been literally forced to this."

"Marquis, you call me coward. What shall men say of you, who draw your sword upon one who were he even to kill you in self-defense, must suffer the penalty of death at the hands of the public executioner; for you know that such is the law in Parma? What shall men say of you?"

"Per Bacco! If I leave thee to the public executioner, make of my head a football. Aha! let us see if thou canst wield a sword as nimbly as thou dost a maul-stick! There at thee! Take that!"

We have said that our painter's thews and sinews had been toned and strengthened and his muscles tempered by long and continuous manly athletic exercises, and the sword had been with him a favorite companion from his earliest youth.

And on the present occasion he had a marked advantage in that he was cool and collected while the other was mad with passion. The conflict, if such it could be called, was quickly over. The marquis attacked furiously, exposing himself in the outset to a fatal thrust, had his opponent desired to give it, but such was not the artist's purpose.

At this point the companions, seeing that a mob was beginning to gather, took him forcibly in hand and led him away. Then Zanoni, with his head bowed and his arms folded on his bosom, slowly and thoughtfully pursued his wonted course.

CHAPTER III.

When the four patriots had gained a point beyond the mob, and were free from particular observation, the marquis fancied he could detect on the part of his companions a desire, if not an intent, to leave him.

"Hold, my friends! he exclaimed, as the two younger members of the party were evidently on the eve of parting with the count. "I feel that I owe you a word of apology. I have made a fool of myself; I acknowledge it, and I have given you cause for disapproval—I have given you pain and chagrin. I humbly ask your pardon. If you will overlook it, the like shall not happen again. Can I do more? And now, if I have your forgiveness, you will make it manifest by joining me in a grand dinner at Rubelli's. I think you know the quality of his larder."

"Detecting a shadow of hesitation, and divining its cause, he quickly added: "And I will give you my word that I will be moderate in the use of the cup. Come, don't let our joy be clouded longer."

With that he took the count's arm, then turned and extended his free hand to the other two. Denaro, naturally kindly and sympathetic, surrendered at once, and the others did not hold back.

They repaired to Rubelli's luxurious cafe, where an elaborate dinner was served and charged to Stefano Farnese, after which they went to the theater, where they sat through an interesting play and a short operetta. But through it all there was something lacking. The marquis could not fail to see that the respect and esteem of his companions were not with him, though he did not suspect how utterly they disliked him.

During the evening, while the play was in progress, the two younger men of the party left their box to call upon some ladies whom they had discovered in another part of the house, and who had plainly beckoned for them to come. In the spacious lobby finding themselves alone, they stopped for a brief consultation, both having the same subject in mind.

Henri Vallia we know. His companion was Paulo Alavado, son of a popular baron and statesman, and a great favorite with the younger members of society. His age was one and twenty. They were close companions and devoted friends, and generally to be found together. They were a handsome pair, and noted for their

purity and uprightness of life. Count Denaro had been to them a friend, and in some respects a mentor and guide. In him they had reposed entire confidence, as one who could never betray any trust reposed in him.

"Henri," said Paulo, when he had assured himself that they were beyond the hearing of others. "I wish you would not go back to that box. I can not endure that fellow."

"I am not going back. The count does not expect us. Did you not see him speak to me inside?"

"Yes, I saw; but I knew not what he said."

"He bade me good-night, and sent the same to you; and then he said to me plainly that if I preferred not to return he would cheerfully excuse us both."

"Bless him for a true friend. Tell me, Henri, how can he bear to associate with such a man? Can you imagine?"

"Yes, I can imagine it very easily. I may say I know. If I tell you the secret, you will keep it?"

"Certainly." "Well, there are two influences which attach the count to the brutal fellow, for that he is brutal I do not hesitate to affirm. First, you must remember that Giuseppe Denaro is deeply in love with the Princess di Varona. He loves her passionately, and I do not doubt, would almost give his life for her love in return. He fancies, I have thought, that Stefano wields a considerable influence over her, and that whatever he can do to help him will please her. At all events the marquis is related to her, and she would naturally desire that he should prosper; so the count feels it to be policy to promote that prosperity if he can."

"There is another influence. Our good duke feels deeply the effect of his brother's behavior upon the public mind. It is becoming a scandal that gives him much trouble and unrest. So do you see, by helping to win Stefano away from even a few of his evil courses Giuseppe is earning the duke's gratitude, and he hopes will receive the benefit of his influence with the princess. Personally—at heart—the count despises the fellow, and only as a matter of policy does he put up with him. He certainly would not wish that we should associate with him."

"Henri," said the other, after a brief pause, during which he had been profoundly thoughtful "of course it is not for me to judge; yet I can not help thinking that with regard to the princess the count makes a mistake. If I have read the beautiful girl aright, she is the very soul of truth and honor, and she can not witness Denaro's course toward the marquis without seeing its duplicity."

"That is a hard word, Paulo." "I know it but it is not true? I know the count's good qualities. He has been a true and loyal friend to you and me. Yet I can see his weakness, and this seeking to win the favor of such a woman by the sacrifice of his own peace and comfort is one of them. Do you think the princess loves him?"

"No. She does not. She respects him, and is kindly disposed toward him, but as yet she has not given him her love."

"Then she never will." "Why do you think so?" "Perhaps I ought not to say."

"Surely you may say it to me." "You will think me lacking in gratitude to the count for all his goodness to us."

"No, no, Paulo. Have no fear of that kind. Mercy! do I not know how true and loyal you are? Tell me, why you are so sure that he can not win the love of the Princess Isabel?"

Alavado bent his head for a little time in thought; then he looked up and said: "Henri, we are speaking now as brother to brother. As you said to me a few minutes since, so I now say to you. If I tell you my thought you will

WOMAN. THE HEALTH OF A NATION DEPENDS ON THE HEALTH OF ITS WOMEN. 22 POUNDS GAINED. I had been a sufferer like a great many other women with a disease peculiar to my sex. I tried every thing I could read or think about to help me, but was getting worse instead of better. My condition was terrible—I was losing flesh and color, and my friends were alarmed. I consulted a doctor of this town and he said I would never get better; that I would always be sickly and delicate, and that medicines were of little use to me. Hearing what Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills had done for others I determined to try them myself, and to-day I weigh one hundred and forty pounds, while before I weighed only one hundred and eighteen pounds, and I now have a constitution that is hard to beat. I have not suffered any pain in months and earnestly hope that Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills will reach every woman suffering as I did. Sincerely yours, MAY COLE, SMOCK, ONT.

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