

# SUNDAY AT HOME

The Hills.  
"I will lift up mine eyes into the hills."  
Above the murky plains of life,  
Above the moanings and the strife,  
I glorify in my life,  
I glorify in my life,  
I glorify in my life.

Below, our vision is not so clear,  
Our hearts are filled with fear,  
But up where God in grandeur dwells  
He every lowering cloud dispels.

For there we breathe a purer air,  
An ampler ether, sweet and rare,  
Surrounds the trusting, sheltered soul,  
And all the sterns His hands control.

From harm of sun or moon preserved,  
And for life's grandest services reared,  
The heart on the eternal hills,  
Abides secure from earthly ills.

Henry Alexander Lavelly.

## Firey Thunderbolts.

Scattered throughout the depths of illimitable space, all hurrying through the ether at inconceivable velocity, owning perhaps no allegiance to any one of the myriad stars which hold sway over their attendant planets, but wandering like the lost stars in the chasm of the infinite, are innumerable small metallic bodies, varying from a few tons in weight down to a few ounces or less, which are conjectured to take their rise in the revolving nebulae, others to be small fragments of suns or of planets which, either by collision, or by some terrific disruption, have been shattered and wrecked; the larger sections forming new minor planets and assuming the orbit of their overthrown parent, the smaller, not so amenable to the laws of gravity, hurled out into space, where they continue their heading course until, perhaps some years after their formation, they rush into some sun or planet and end their career as suddenly as it was originated.

And when one of these "thunderbolts" comes within the range of the earth's atmosphere it is a spectacle to be remembered for a lifetime. Suddenly everything is lighted up by a most brilliant, flashing glare, so bright that for a few seconds the stars disappear from view, while overhead a great ball of vivid fire, of a phosphorescent, metallic blue tint, followed by a train of scintillant glowing sparks is seen to be hissing along towards the horizon. And now for a few moments the spectacle is terrible and sublime, as the flaming pseudo-luminous sweeps across the canopy of the sky until at length, with a tremendous crashing detonation, the aerolite disappears, probably falling into water fragments, and either breaking up the sea or burying itself in the earth.

To give some idea of the violence of these explosions it is related that some time ago a meteoric stone, observed by Sir Hans Sloane, the great naturalist, traversed the whole of England exploding over Devon or Cornwall, the explosion being heard not only through those counties but on the opposite coast of France.

And when the immensity of space is considered, with the unaccountably stupendous infinity of heavenly bodies suspended therein, from mighty flaming suns of incredible magnitude, to these minute wanderers of the ether, the mind is struck with awe and stupor and amazement, at the august and majestic power and solemn omnipotence of Him who created them all. And yet that Mighty Being deigned to resign for a time His Majesty in the heavens and to come down to this, our little planet and peep into our lives, to share our joys and pains for all who will but lay their sins upon Him. And yet how many faintly reject that atonement, and callously incur the wrath of that great Creator—By A Banker.

## Men Who Are Waxen.

There is a little hymn which I sometimes hear people singing. It has this refrain: "Oh, to be nothing, nothing." Now it must surely be more honoring and pleasing to Him who made us to strive to be something, something, it is not to be passive, empty, idle mind and heart, the inspiration of God comes; it is not to the passive, empty, idle mind and heart, but to the fully exercised mind and heart, the inspiration of God comes. It is a strong, sweet will, and not a weak and to broken will, in requiescence for His purposes. It is our disciplined faculties we must bring to Him if we are to be His fellow-workers. We were not meant to be nonentities, and the way to be "nothing, nothing," must be traced in the crucible of our own souls, it is His own image and sent us forth to his work in the world. \* \* \* The everlasting God the Lord fainteth not, neither groweth weary, and in this continuous and never-ending work of creation men can help or hinder, develop or retard the creative purpose and process, clearly that he is made in the image of the Creator, show that he is a fellow-worker with God, and thus does the world point us and testify to the cooperation of God and man in bringing nature and all the products of nature to perfection.

It doesn't very much matter what kind of work we may do, the supreme thing is the spirit which we bring to our work. To be fellow-workers with God in our daily calling, we must have large hearts, and not merely personal aims and needs, we must see that our work, both directly and indirectly, is an influence for lifting and not an influence for evil, a helping and not a debasing and groping influence, a help and not a hindrance to the giving of a better civilization and a better society, doing something to which justice and truth and goodness in the world, and to get God's will done on earth as it is in heaven.—Rev. John Hunter, D. D.

## "We are fellow-workers with God."

Cor. iii, 9.

John Burns,  
(Chicago Chronicle.)

John Burns, England's labor cabinet minister, was asked by an American woman to contribute something to her anti-slavery cause. Mr. Burns kept the subject for a day and then returned it with the following original stanza:

"There is struggle—reared in strife—  
A fighter with health, my own wealth  
My sin guide wife."

If requires more cheek to kiss a girl on the lips than on the cheek.

## A SMART COLLIE.

Until a few months ago he was known as the Black Diamond mystery. The Black Diamond express is the fastest thing on the Lehigh Valley. It's even faster than a man about town.

Going west the Black Diamond scoots over a crossing two miles east of Burdette, a handsome Senned down for from Winkler's Glen, N. Y., at 7:30 o'clock every evening. If she's late she's late for the Black Diamond Conductor G. M. Pierce, of Buffalo, who, except for his big frame, resembles one of the late United States Senators of Massachusetts.

One fine evening about a year ago Conductor Pierce noticed on a little elevation near the Burdette crossing a splendid Scotch collie, ears erect, watching narrowly the approach of the train. As it passed the crossing the dog turned deliberately and trotted over the hills.

The next night, same dog, same place, same result. Next night, ditto, and so on for a week.

Conductor Pierce became interested. So did all the other regulars on the train. They wanted to know why the dog came down there every night to meet the train. After a week had run by Conductor Pierce said: "I'll try an experiment to-morrow night, and we'll see how a little of the many things she does."

After the train pulled out of Wilkesbarre the following night Mr. Pierce made up a bundle of papers and when the train approached the Burdette crossing he went out to the platform, the observation car and threw the bundle toward the dog. The collie gave a quick, sharp bark, wagged his tail furiously and bounded toward the bundle which he picked up in his mouth and trotted away over the hills.

Ever after that the dog got over his hands of papers. All of the regular passengers on the train and all of the crew wondered where the collie carried his bundle, to whom he belonged and what was his name.

Conductor Pierce hit on a way of finding out. Into the bundle one evening he slipped his card on which he wrote his address.

Not many days thereafter there came to Mr. Pierce's Buffalo home a letter from George M. Gardfield, a well-to-do farmer of Burdette, in which the receipt of the papers and assuming the name of the dog.

A little biographical sketch of the dog. His name was Rover; he'd been in the Canadian family since he was a puppy, was the chum of the children, drove the cows to and from pasture, headed the sheep and did pretty generally the work of a hired man about the farm. What ever gave him the notion of going down to meet the train Mr. Gardfield didn't know, but he had noticed many days before the first bundle of papers were brought home that Rover skidded down the hill and hid himself in a hole.

When he brought up the letter, "I have come to think since I have been getting the New York daily papers regularly that I'm probably the only farmer in the State living not far from 400 miles from New York who has the pleasure of reading editions of all the New York afternoon papers at his place. Somehow Rover must have gotten the old philosopher's notion that 'all things come to him that waits.'"

Why pay two to five dollars when a twenty-five cent bottle of SHILOH will cure you as quickly?

Why not do as hundreds of thousands of Canadians have done for the past thirty-four years: let SHILOH be your doctor whenever a Cough or Cold appears.

SHILOH will cure you, and all druggists back up this statement, with a positive guarantee.

The next time you have a Cough or Cold cure it with SHILOH.

## BRINGS LANDLORD TO TIME.

Tenant Puts Up a Notice That Gets Him the Desired Repairs.

In a certain London suburb, which need not be named there is a row of typical modern twentieth century, jerry-built semi-detached villas. The houses, although quite new, are jerry-built structures of the most perfect stamp, with damp, cracked walls and plaster and windows and doors which rattle at the slightest breath of wind.

The tenant of one of them had repeatedly petitioned the landlord to make the necessary repairs, but each time he was put off with unfulfilled promises to attend to the matter as soon as possible.

At last, rendered desperate and reckless, the tenant painted the following notice on a big board and stuck it in his front garden:

"Caution! Pedestrians are earnestly requested to walk softly past this house. Drivers of vehicles of all kinds are implored to slow down when passing, or, preferably, to go around by the other road, as the slightest disturbance may bring the building down, the cobwebs which the spiders have woven in the corners of the rooms being not yet quite strong enough to hold the walls together."

The landlord has capitulated—London Tit-Bits.

## ULCERS AND BAD LEG

A powerful cure of the healing virtue of Zam-Buk is provided by the case of Mrs. Lizzie Gilmour, Princess Street, Kingston (Ont.). She says:—"Five years ago I brushed my leg, and it was put off with unfulfilled promises to attend to the matter as soon as possible."

"All druggists sell it at 50c. a box, or post free from the Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, upon receipt of price (6 boxes for \$2.50)."

**Zam-Buk**  
"RUB IT IN."

A Feathered Quadruped.

Professor W. S. Campbell, the Superintendent of the Indian school at Pine-stone Mtn., was talking about the examinations which, at this season, rack and harass the breasts of the young of America.

"The stoical young Indian, no less than the emotional young paleface, is scared," said Professor Campbell, "at the June examinations coming. And in examination time, make a great many old mistakes."

"At Pipestone, at a recent examination in etymology, a teacher said to a lad: 'Black Eagle, what is a quadruped?'"

"A thing with four legs," the boy answered promptly.

"Good," said the teacher. "And are there any feathered quadrupeds?" "Yes," was the reply.

## MRS. HUNTER'S STORY

Says Results are "Truly Marvelous."

Mrs. I. Hunter, of 111 Baglan Road, Kingston, Ont., says:—"I have suffered with kidney and liver trouble and chronic constipation for some time. I was subject to dizziness, bilious headache, nervousness, drowsiness, pains in the back and side, and a tired, weary feeling nearly all the time."

"I tried almost every medicine, was treated by doctors and druggists, with little or no benefit."

"I tried Dr. Leonard's Anti-Pill, and the results have been truly wonderful. I am so much better. Anti-Pill is a most wonderful remedy."

All dealers, or the Wilson-Fyle Co., Limited, Niagara Falls, Ont. 603

Capital Idea.

"I have come to ask your advice and assistance, old man," said young Johnston, as he dropped into Watson's smoking room the other night. "You know I've been courting Miss Meredith for about a year now, and I'm not sure if she really cares for me, you see. How to do," replied his friend. "Send a telegram to yourself—'Situation in India waiting for you. Will you come?'"

"What a capital idea," said Johnston, "I will try it." He was back next night looking rather excited. "Well," said Watson, "how did the scheme work?" "Work!" groaned Johnston; "it worked only too well. I showed her the telegram and said, 'Would you mind if I went away?' and she laid her head on my shoulder and said, 'Not a bit—I'll go with you.'"

The Power of the Prune.

Weatherwise prophets are predicting a hard winter, but there need be no hunger. The glad-tiding news comes from California that the harvest there will include 100,000,000 pounds of prunes. Joy will reign in every boarding house in the country. Breakfast foods may pall and evaporated fruit pies and puddings grow dull upon the palates of second-floor front and hall-roomers alike. But the prune, plum, purple and palatable, is the perennial pet in the hand of the landlady.—New York Mail.

I was cured of terrible lumbago by MINARD'S LINTMENT.

I was cured of a bad case of earache by MINARD'S LINTMENT.

I was cured of sensitive lungs by MINARD'S LINTMENT.

Vegetarian Rules.

T. Owen, of Oswestry, who is a vegetarian of 49, stated at the vegetarian conference in Manchester that for some time he has made it a rule to fast twenty out of the twenty-four hours of each day. He allows himself two meals a day, and these consist invariably of a little bread or biscuit, fresh dried fruits, and a few nuts. To consume these he takes from forty to forty-five minutes, and to each mouthful, he administers differences to a climax. Accurate surveys are being made with a view to a decision, the last word being with the Privy Council or arbiters chosen by the London Government.

"That's my best work," said the poet after reading the verses to Crittack. "I'm thinking of having it copyrighted."

## Gray's Syrup

of Red Spruce Gum

For Coughs and Colds.

When a Horse Gets Hurt

USE

Fellows' Essence

When a Horse Gets Hurt

USE

Fellows' Essence

When a Horse Gets Hurt

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Fellows' Essence

When a Horse Gets Hurt

USE

## RELIANCE BAKING POWDER

COSTS LESS TO USE GIVES BETTER RESULTS

Are You Interested in Picture Post Cards?

FREE PICTURE POST CARDS

International Food Company, Toronto, Canada

Justice Callahan a few days ago delivered a judgment which entitles him to be ranked with Solomon. A young man was brought before him, charged with frightening a young woman. Having gone to her home and secured an interview with her, he produced a bottle labeled "carboic acid," drank its contents, fell on the floor, and pretended to be dying. The effect on the young woman may easily be imagined. The fellow was arrested and taken before Justice Callahan, who, after hearing the story, ably at the Bridlewell cracking court. There are in every community certain practical jokers, who think it great sport to frighten people. They point firearms at them, they rock the boat, they go into the water and pretend to be drowning; they get into houses at night and act like burglars, or they go into lonely places at midnight, wrap sheets around themselves and play the role of ghosts—all to frighten somebody.—Chicago Chronicle.

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## ISSUE NO. 48, 1906.

### FARMS FOR SALE.

Choice Farm Properties For Sale or to Rent

1. The Lassart farm, 140 acres, adjoining the east side of the Town of Prescott, one of the best farms in Waterloo County; brick house and large barn. Town of Prescott, 7 miles from Hamilton, 69 acres, good buildings and orchard, 20 acres of land, brood mares and pine village, 12 acres fall wheat in ground, laid plowing done.

2. The Sharpe farm, lot 12, concession 4, West Flamborough, 1 mile from Hamilton on good gravel road; stone house, large barn; magnificent stock and dairy farm.

3. 40 acres, 14 miles from the Village of Hamilton, on the T. & N. Ry., with fair buildings, known as the old Morse farm. 5. 20 acres in the Township of Wilmour, north-west part of lot 8, in the first concession, 12 miles east of Welland, known as the Sauer property, with fair buildings and some fruit, 2 miles from railway station. 6. 60 acres in the Township of Nelson, 11 miles from Hamilton, known as the Harris farm; good barn and good house; some small fruit and timber.

7. 28 acres Township of Blainworth, 14 miles from Hamilton, on fine gravel road; no buildings, but fine soil. 8. The south 1/2 of lot 8, in the second concession of Glanville, near Hanover P.O., 28 acres, good buildings.

9. 100 acres in Grimsby Township, lot 7, concession 7, formerly known as the Hanigan farm; good buildings and orchard; about a mile south of Grimsby railway station. Good 100 acres in Blinbrook with orchard and buildings, all under cultivation; 25 miles from Hamilton, near new county stone road; price, \$2,600; a snap.

In all the above we can give immediate possession; reasonable terms for balance. For further particulars apply to T. D. J. FARMER, Barrister, Etc.

37 James street south, Hamilton, Ontario.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

FARMER'S SONS

DR. LEROY'S FEMALE PILLS

Minard's Lintment Cures Garget in Cows.

Months for Lucky Marriage.

No News of Importance.

Minard's Lintment Cures Diphtheria.

