

The Holy Name of Jesus

Fair Flowery Name! in none but Thee
 And Thy nectareal fragrant
 Hourly there meets
 A universal synod of all sweets;
 By whom it is defined thus,
 That no perfume
 Forever shall perfume
 To pass for odoriferous,
 But such along whose sacred
 pedigree
 Can prove itself some kin, sweet
 Name, to Thee.
 Sweet name! in Thy each
 syllable,
 A thousand blest Arabians
 dwell.
 Oh, that it were as it was wont
 to be!
 When Thy old friends, of fire
 all full of Thee,
 Fought against frowns with smiles;
 To glorious chaises
 To persecutions, and against
 the face
 Of death and fiercest dangers,
 durst, with brave
 And sober face, march on to meet
 a grave.
 On their bold breasts above the
 world they bore Thee,
 And to the teeth of hell stood up
 to teach Thee;
 In center of their inmost souls
 they wore Thee.
 Each word of theirs was Thy
 new morning,
 And reinterined Thee in Thy
 rosy nest.
 With blush of Thine own blood
 Thy day adorning;
 It was the wit of love o'erflowed
 the bounds
 Of wrath, and made the way
 through all these wounds.
 "Well, dear, all-adored Name!
 For sure there is no knee
 That knows not Thee;
 "Or, if there be such sons of shame,
 Alas! what will they do
 When stubborn rocks shall bow,
 And hills hang down their heaven-
 saluting heads,
 To seek for Lull's beds
 Of dust, where, in the bashful
 shades of night,
 Next to their own law nothing
 they may lie,
 And crouch before the dazzling
 light of Thy dread Majesty?
 They that by love's mild dictate
 now
 Will not adore Thee,
 Shall then with just confusion
 bow
 And break before Thee."
 —RICHARD CRASHAW.

The Story of An Orphan

Lucy was not one of the Read family. (She was just a poor little orphan whom Mrs. Read had taken from an orphanage because she wanted some one to look after the children and help with the housework. And a great help Mrs. Read found her to be, for she worked from morning till night patiently, and never complained. Because she was so good-natured and willing, the family all imposed upon Lucy, and showed her very little consideration. Mildred Read would leave her dress on the floor when she changed for school, because she knew Lucy would pick her things up. And in like manner, Bert would leave his belongings tossed all about, making extra work for Lucy's patient hands. Mrs. Read, too, showed scant kindness towards the little orphan to whom, she often declared, she had given a good home. Mildred was allowed to read and play as much as she liked, while Lucy helped with the meals, washed the dishes and did an almost endless variety of things about the house. Sometimes Mr. Read would reprimand her with his wife regarding the question of sending Lucy to school, which she had entirely given up since Mrs. Read took her from the asylum. But she would not hear of such a thing as Lucy's going to school. "Didn't I get her to help me with the work?" she objected when her husband said it was a shame that Lucy was deprived of an education. "Don't imagine I would have gone after the child if it wasn't that I wanted to make things a little easier. Now since she's been here, I can go to my club afternoons and do lots of things I had to give up formerly. No, indeed, she can't go to school. I won't hear of such a thing." So Mrs. Read spent a great deal of time making calls and attending her whist club, well satisfied with the knowledge that Lucy was taking care of the baby and would do the work assigned her. Lucy herself often wished that she had a good mother to do. She

Get the Most Out of Your Food

You don't eat and can't if your stomach is weak. A weak stomach does not digest all that is ordinarily taken into it. It gets tired easily, and what it fails to digest is wasted.
 Among the signs of a weak stomach are: uneasiness after eating, fits of nervous headache, and disagreeable belching.
 "I have been troubled with dyspepsia for years, and tried every remedy I heard of, but never got anything that gave me relief until I took Hood's Sarsaparilla. I cannot raise this medicine too highly for the good it has done me. I always take it in the spring and fall and would not be without it." W. A. Nuzzell, Belleville, Ont.
Hood's Sarsaparilla
 Strengthens and tones the stomach and the whole digestive system.

would have been very happy to go to school, for she was a naturally bright, studious child, and whenever she had the chance she would eagerly pore over Mildred's school books, although that rude young lady would snatch them from her hands if she found Lucy thus engaged.
 But there was one member of the family who loved the orphan girl, and that was the baby, three-year-old Jamie. And Lucy was very fond of the little fellow. Indeed, life at the Read home would have been doubly hard, and the coldness meted out to her more keenly felt, had it not been for this small lad's affection for "Lu," as he called her.
 He loved to have Lucy tell stories, and would sit on her lap for hours at a time when the little girl's duties for the day were ended. She had the faculty of telling a story well. Sometimes they were tales she had read, and then again she would make them up as she went along, while Jamie, wide-eyed and open-mouthed, drank in every word.
 Once Jamie was very sick. He tossed and cried, and all night long the nurse failed to quiet him. At last Lucy came stealing out, looking like a little ghost in her white nightdress.
 "Maybe he wants me," she whispered, and then the little fellow caught sight of her.
 "Lu, Lu," he called, "come, tell me a story." So Lucy sat down beside his bed, and before she had gotten very far with the story, Jamie was peacefully sleeping, his hand clasped in hers. The following morning his fever was entirely gone, and Jamie was pronounced out of danger.
 Indeed, the little boy seemed to love Lucy more than he did his own sister and brother, for Mildred and Bert often were anything but kind to him, and slapped and teased him and imposed upon him generally. Then they never told him delightful stories as Lucy did, nor played with him willingly whenever he asked them to.

Although Lucy was kindhearted herself to Mildred, that young lady failed to appreciate the many little services of the other girl. Lucy mended her stockings and tidied up her room, which, however, did not long continue in a presentable condition, owing to Mildred's careless ways. She could always depend on Lucy's unselfishness, and when it happened that she wanted to shirk any duty imposed upon her she would invariably say to herself, "Lucy will do it. She doesn't mind."
 So it happened that Lucy's work and responsibilities were well nigh endless. Small wonder indeed that the Read family found her willing, obedient services quite indispensable, although they never in any way showed their appreciation of the little orphan's unvarying devotion.
 One day a letter came from a great aunt of Mr. Read's, whom neither Mrs. Read nor the children had ever seen. The message announced that the old lady was going to pay her relatives a visit, but the news was not hailed with joy by any of the family.
 "She'll be a troublesome, rheumatic, fussy old creature, I've no doubt," declared Mrs. Read, "and she'll be in the way continually and won't know when it's time to end her visit."
 Mr. Read had not seen Aunt Phoebe for a very long time, and so retained but a faint recollection of her looks or ways.
 On the day on which she was expected to arrive, Mildred and

Lucy had gone to town together on an errand for Mrs. Read. As they were on their way, they met an old lady coming up the street. She carried an umbrella, a hat box, and an antiquated valise. Her bonnet was of an ancient design, and as the two children passed her, Mildred giggled and remarked, "Say, doesn't she look like she might have come out of Noah's ark?"
 Lucy felt amused as well, but her kindly consideration of others prompted her to suppress a smile at sight of the old lady, who scrutinized them very sharply, for she had overheard Mildred's remark.
 The children continued on their way, and the old lady proceeded up the street studying each house as she went along.
 Finally she stood and intently eyed a large two-story residence. "That's the number. I struck it this time. I reckon," she commented as she turned into the walk that led to the door.
 A violent ring of the bell brought Mrs. Read to the scene. She gazed in astonishment at the queer figure that confronted her, "Howdy," said the visitor, "Is Bill Read home? I'm his Aunt Phoebe Hanks."

"Oh," ejaculated Mrs. Read more astonished than ever, "won't you come in?"
 "Hey?" responded the old lady, "I hard o' hearin'." The truth of the matter was that Aunt Phoebe could hear as well as anybody, but she had the peculiar habit of feigning deafness for reasons of her own.
 Mrs. Read repeated her invitation to come in, and held the door wide open to admit the guest and her nondescript luggage.
 She had walked up from the station in preference to taking a car, she explained, as she sank into a chair after depositing box, umbrella and valise on the floor. She was great at looking at houses, and places as she went along, and gave her a chance to compare them, too. Her survey had proved to her that her nephew, Bill Read, had as fine a house as any on the street.
 "We're going to have a lovely time with her around," complained Mildred to her mother, after her first interview with Aunt Phoebe. "She'll keep us busy yelling ourselves hoarse to make her hear. I wish she'd take her umbrella and junk and go home where she belongs."

At supper that night Mr. Read asked his aunt if she had overheard any remedy for her deafness, to which she made answer that she'd tried every cure known but she'd be blessed if there was anything that seemed to help her peculiar case.
 And as Mr. Read shouted, Mildred and Bert laughed and made remarks, all of which Aunt Phoebe heard just as well as anybody at the table. She observed, too, how ladylike and kind Lucy was to her, and how she refrained from laughing and talking like the other two.
 Neither Mrs. Read nor the children, Lucy excepted, refrained from talking about the old lady in her presence. Once Lucy remonstrated with Mildred for something she said about Aunt Phoebe, and Mildred exclaimed, "O, what's the difference, she's deaf as a post."
 "Yes, but she may suspect you're making fun of her, and it's a shame to hurt her feelings," went on Lucy. And not a word of the conversation, nor indeed of any conversation, was lost on the old lady.
 She observed, too, that the little orphan was imposed upon and treated with little or no consideration by the household, with the exception of Jamie, who, following Lucy's good example, was very polite and kind to his aunt.
 "Why don't you let that child go to school same as your own?" Aunt Phoebe asked Mrs. Read one day, as Mildred and Bert started off, leaving Lucy at the breakfast dishes.
 "Well, you know, aunt, I'm quite delicate and really not able to do any work unassisted," said Mrs. Read, not exactly pleased at this outspoken query. "Besides, I don't think that Lucy cares particularly about school. Anyway, she'll have plenty of opportunity for an education yet. She's still young, you know."

"Humph!" Aunt Phoebe sniffed. "You don't seem so awful weak an' sickly, Hannah. Pears to me you go about a heap, and keep runnin' to that there club you're always talkin' about. And fur's that child's concerned, she's not asked much about what she likes or wants, fur as I kin see, now." This speech made Mrs. Read mentally decide that Aunt Phoebe was a regular busy-body, and she felt greatly incensed toward the old lady.
 (Concluded next week)

The Nova Scotia "Lumber King" says:
 "I consider MINARD'S LINIMENT the best LINIMENT in use."
 I got my foot badly jammed lately. I bathed it well with MINARD'S LINIMENT and it was as well as ever next day.
 Yours very truly,
 T. G. MacMULLEN.
 "Pa what is fame?"
 "Fame my boy, is the result of loing your work a little better than any one else can do it. Try to deserve it."
 MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES COLDS, ETC.
 It is a good thing to be rich, and a good thing to be strong, but it is a better thing to be beloved of many friends.—Earlides.
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PALPITATION OF THE HEART
SHORTNESS OF BREATH
CURED BY
MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS.
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 Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills have been on the market for the past twenty-five years and have a most wonderful reputation as a remedy for all heart and nerve troubles.
 Price 50 cents per box, 3 boxes for \$1.25, at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. F. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Can.

BRONCHITIS WAS SO BAD

Coughed Every Few Minutes.
DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP CURED HER.

Bronchitis starts with a short, painful, dry cough, accompanied with a rapid wheezing, and a feeling of oppression or tightness through the chest. At first the expectation is a light color but as the trouble progresses the phlegm arising from the bronchial tubes becomes of a yellowish or greenish color, and is very often of a sticky nature.
 Bronchitis should never be neglected. If it is some serious lung trouble will undoubtedly follow.
 Get rid of it by using Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. This well-known remedy has been on the market for the past 25 years.
 It cures where others fail.
 Mrs. Geo. Lottan, Uxbridge, Ont., writes:—"I have had bronchitis so bad I could not lie down at night, and had to cough every few minutes to get my breath. I had a doctor out to see me, but his medicine seemed to do me no good. I sent to the drugist for some good cough mixture, and got Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. One bottle helped wonderfully. I stopped coughing, and could lie down and rest well at night. I cannot praise it too much."
 Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup is put up in a yellow wrapper, 3 pint tins the trade mark; price 25c. and 50c. Manufactured only by The T. F. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

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FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST

TO MAKE GOOD BREAD
 You must have Good Yeast

GOOD BREAD is, without question, the most important article of food in the catalog of man's diet; surely, it is the "staff of life." Good bread is obtainable only by using the Best Yeast, the best flour, and adopting the best method of combining the two. Compressed Yeast is in all respects the best commercial Yeast yet discovered, and Fleischmann's Yeast is indisputably the most successful and best leaven known to the world. It is uniform in quality and strength. It saves time and labor, and relieves the housewife of the vexation and worryment she necessarily suffers from the use of an inferior or unreliable leaven. It is, moreover, a fact that with the use of Fleischmann's Yeast, more loaves of bread of the same weight can be produced from a given quantity of flour than can be produced with the use of any other kind of Yeast.

This is explained by the more thorough fermentation and expansion which the minute particles of flour undergo, thereby increasing the size of the mass and at the same time adding to the nutritive properties of the bread. This fact may be clearly and easily demonstrated by any who doubt that there is economy in using Fleischmann's Yeast.

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Every bill, poster and newspaper advertisement advertising a stallion must show his enrollment number and state whether he is a pure bred, a grade or a cross bred. For further particulars apply to the

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This store is noted for the excellent quality of the goods carried in stock, and nothing but the very best in trimmings of every kind allowed to go into a suit.

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