

## A LESSON IN ELOCUTION.

"The queer thing about the people who boast of always speaking their minds," said the merry girl, "is that they nearly always have such very disagreeable minds to speak. Did you ever hear any one preface a compliment, a commendation, or anything gracious or pleasant, by saying, 'I always must speak my mind'?"

"When any one begins that way, I wonder whether it is my conduct, my friends, or my last new gown that is coming up for adverse criticism. Of course, if it is some of your relatives or acquaintances who have the habit, you can only be as resigned and respectful as possible, but I had a schoolfellow, a girl no older than myself, who had exactly the same kind of mind. She had confronted me with it on several occasions, and so, one day she began, 'You know I must speak'—I interrupted her.

"Must you? Well, then, I've just come from the elocution class, and I'll tell you what the professor said, 'Never speak anything until you have studied it, and feel sure that it is worth speaking, that you are the person to do it properly, and that it will suit your audience.'"

"She looked at me full a minute without a word, but the professor's rule worked so like a charm that I've often wished since that all persons with minds they must speak could take lessons in elocution."—The Young Woman.

## TRANSFORMATION.

A few years ago a man died in Concord, Mass., who had given a lifetime to sweetening our grape. Many years ago he found a wild vine growing over a rail fence. It was large and had juices abundant, but very sour. Carrying the vine home, he gave twenty years to feeding its roots. Then he asked a small sweet grape to empty its sugary flow into the sour tides of its fellow. But because the united color was pale, he took a third grape with a purple hue and asked it to lend richness of color to what we call the Concord grape.

Man casts a rough, unsightly bulb into the ground and covers it with dirt and mire. Buried under the refuse, the bulb is brought out by God's sunshine and flowers. Soon out of the ooze and slime comes the lily's chalice cup, perfect as is no Savoy vase. The mire and soil have been wrought up into perfect beauty.

The scientist tells us to-day's harvest is the decay and death of last year, worked up into fruits and flowers. As a chemist finds in the refuse of coal oil rare perfumes and healing balms and medicines, so nature receives old ruins and wrecks into her laboratory and out of the remnants leads forth new forms of loveliness. —Newell Dwight Hillis.

## UNCONSCIOUS SIGNS.

Men carry unconscious signs of their life about them. Those that come from the forge, and those from the lime and mortar, and those from the humid soil, and those from dusty travel, bear signs of being workmen and of their work. One need not ask a merry face or a sad one whether it hath come forth from joy or from grief. Tears and laughter tell their own story. Should one come home with fruit, we say: "Thou art come from the orchard," if with hands full of wild flowers: "Thou art from the fields," if one's garment smell of mingled odors, we say: "Thou hast walked in a garden." But how much more, if one hath seen God, hath held converse of hope and love, and hath walked in heaven, should he carry, in his eye, his words, and his perfumed raiment the sacred tokens of Divine intercourse!—Sel.

## WHAT WILLIAM CAN DO.

(St. James Gazette.)

Emperor William can talk fluently in six languages. He has written a play and conducted a rehearsal. He has written a public prayer and conducted a choir. He can cook his own dinner, can play chess, paint pictures, or draw caricatures. He has learned engineering and studied electricity. Though he can only use one arm, he can shoot game for four hours at the rate of two a minute. He has over a hundred titles and is an admiral in three of the biggest navies. In 25 years he has shot 23,000 head of game. He changes his dress a dozen times a day, has a dozen valets and his wardrobe is worth \$500,000.

# The Great White Plague Largely on the Increase How to Decrease Canada's Deathrate

"What's the use of locking the stable door after the horse is stolen?" A wise man is forehanded and locks the door first. Apply this to Consumption. What's the good of treating an incurable disease? Be forehanded, lock the Gateway—Catarrh, and thus prevent Consumption from taking hold of your system. Every sensible person knows that Catarrh is the forerunner or starting point of Consumption, and every Catarrh sufferer is very liable—not perhaps right away—but perhaps next year or afterwards, to be in the deadly grip of that dread disease.

The way Catarrh develops into Consumption is very simple. During the day or waking part of one's life, the Catarrhal mucus which forms in the nose and throat is hawked up and spit out. During sleep this is beyond one's control and very frequently small particles are inhaled into the Bronchial Tubes and Lungs, thus affecting these organs—RESULT—Consumption.

Reader, if you have Catarrh, even in its mildest form, don't wait until it gets too late, take it in time, remember "A stitch in time saves nine." Remember that Consumption—The Great White Plague of Canada—is largely on the increase in the Dominion. Take every precaution not to be numbered among its victims.

Should you be one of the lucky and escape Consumption, then what a trial and annoyance you are to your friends. How they loathe and abhor you when you are forced to hawk and clear your throat of the Catarrhal mucus; and how much greater object of disgust you are to your friends on account of that bad breath which you undoubtedly have to a greater or lesser degree. Perhaps you don't know it, because your friends are kindly people and don't want to hurt your sensitive feelings, by telling you of

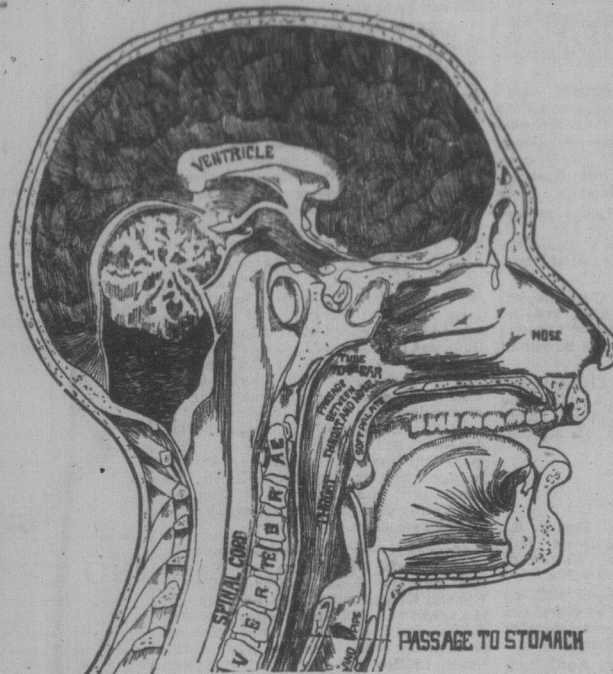
the sickening, disgusting bad smell which comes from your nose and throat.

If you are wise, and show good judgment enough to decide to have your Catarrh attended to right away, then the next question to determine is what treatment is best to use. Avoid the numerous, inferior and worthless nostrums so freely advertised in many papers. Seek out a man of well-known reputation, whose integrity, straightforwardness and honesty of purpose can't be questioned—whose aim and object in the

world is to do as much good as lies in his power to his fellow-men—whose greatest happiness is derived from benefiting his fellow human beings. Such a man Catarrh Specialist Sproule has tried to prove himself to be. His sixteen years' work in the United States and four in Canada have made his worth known to a vast number; and some of his cured patients can be found in almost every village and hamlet all over the North American Continent.

The erroneous idea that Catarrh can't be cured is believed by many Canadians. This belief is fostered by the statements of ignorant physicians, also due to the fact of people trying worthless and inferior patent medicines, with no lasting benefit. If you are one of this unfortunate class, don't get discouraged. Keep up hope, just write Catarrh Specialist Sproule for proof that he can cure, after several treatments have been tried to no avail. He will only be too glad to send you absolute proof, free of all charge; how different his course of treatment from any other

how vastly superior, how lasting and effectual are his cures. Some people have Catarrh and don't know it. Many others don't know its symptoms which are given below.



The passage to the Head in which Catarrh starts, which so often goes down on the lungs, and develops into the Great White Plague—Consumption.

## SYMPTOMS OF CATARRH OF BRONCHIAL TUBES.

These symptoms if neglected will invariably run into consumption

- "Have you a cough?"
- "Are you losing flesh?"
- "Do you cough at night?"
- "Have you pain in side?"
- "Do you take cold easily?"
- "Is your appetite variable?"
- "Have you stitches in side?"
- "Do you cough until you gag?"
- "Do you raise frothy material?"
- "Do you cough on going to bed?"
- "Do you cough in the morning?"
- "Are you low spirited at times?"
- "Do you spit up yellow matter?"
- "Is your cough short and hacking?"
- "Do you spit up little cheesy lumps?"
- "Is there a tickling behind the palate?"
- "Do you feel you are growing weaker?"
- "Is there a burning pain in the throat?"
- "Have you pain behind the breastbone?"
- "Do you cough worse night or morning?"
- "Do you sit up at night to get breath?"

## A FAVORITE.

"I can't understand why Mrs Day is such a general favorite," the stranger remarked, looking with puzzled eyes after the plain, poorly dressed little woman who had just left them. "She isn't a particularly bright talker. There's nothing noticeable about her anyway, yet everyone I've met seems to love her."

"If you saw her a half-dozen times you would understand," was the prompt reply. "She has two of the greatest charms in the world—a beautiful and sincere humility and an utter freedom from envy. I never saw anyone who was happier over other people's happiness. It seems as if she has cleared herself out of the way and is utterly free to rejoice with others. She has made me understand, as no one ever did before, how the meek may inherit the earth. She inherits all the joys of all the lives in our village."

It was a beautiful picture of one of earth's conquerors. There are many ways of joy—courage, patience, perseverance, high ambition—these all have their re-

wards. But in all the world there is no road where joy so often passes as that of the "heart at leisure from itself." The time that we might have for people, the time that we might have for God, if only self were shut from the heart!—Selected.

## WAS NOT FIRST ON THE MOUNTAIN TOP.

Some years ago, when the Northwestern State of Washington was not so thickly populated as it is now, a young lieutenant on the revenue cutter Rush, then stationed in Puget Sound, had an experience which he sometimes relates now, although it is at his own expense.

"I was told," he said, "that the neighboring snow capped mountain, Mount Rainier, had never been climbed by any white man, or, at least, that none had ever reached its top. I was younger then than I am now, so I determined to gain the honor of planting the first American flag on Rainier's top. Several seamen volunteered to accompany me, and after spending some days in making our preparations we set out. Three days of weary marching and climbing brought us

to the top. With a hurrah we rushed up on a large cliff, the highest point, and then prepared to put up our pole. Suddenly my attention was attracted to an old staff stuck into a crack. Near its top was nailed a small card, on which, in plain type, was printed: 'James Ruggles, agent for Thompson's Blixir for that Tired Feeling.'—N. Y. Tribune.

## MESSRS C. C. RICHARDS &amp; Co.

Gentlemen,—After suffering for seven years with inflammatory rheumatism, so bad that I was eleven months confined to my room, and for two years could not dress myself without help. Your agent gave me a bottle of MINARD'S LINIMENT in May '97, and asked me to try it, which I did, and was so well pleased with the results I procured more. Five bottles completely cured me and I have had no return of the pain for eighteen months.

The above facts are well known to everybody in this village and neighborhood. Yours gratefully, A. DAIRT. St. Timothee, Que., May 16th, 1899.