

MISCELLANEOUS.

He who would be a great soul in the future must be a great soul now.—*Emerson*.

The "lady life insurance agent" is becoming one of the features of business life in London.

To be able to discern that what is true is true, and that what is false is false—that is the mark and character of intelligence.—*Emerson*.

If thou wouldst find much favour and peace with God and man, be very low in thine own eyes; forgive thyself little, and others much.—*Leighton*.

Too much idleness fills up a man's time much more completely, and leaves him less his own master than any sort of employment whatever.—*Burke*.

The city reveals the morals ends of being, and sets the awful problem of life. The country soothes us, refreshes us, lifts us up with religious suggestions.—*Chapin*.

Whenever you see want or misery or degradation in this world about you, then be sure either industry has been wanting, or industry has been in error.—*Ruskin*.

Let us shun everything that might tend to efface the primitive lineaments of our individuality. Let us reflect that each one of us is a thought of God.—*Mme. Swetchine*.

The ideal is the only absolute real; and it must become the real in the individual life as well, however impossible they may count it who never trust it.—*George MacDonald*.

No power can exterminate the seeds of liberty when it has germinated in the blood of brave men. Our religion of to-day is still that of martyrdom: to-morrow it will be the religion of victory.—*Mazzini*.

When women oppose themselves to the projects and ambitions of men, they excite their lively resentment; if in their youth they meddle with political intrigues, their modesty must suffer.—*Mme. de Staël*.

The three states of the caterpillar, larva and butterfly have, since the time of the Greek poets, been applied to typify the human being,—its terrestrial form apparent death and ultimate celestial destination.—*Sir H. Davy*.

Much may be done in those little shreds and patches of time which every day produces, and which most men throw away, but which, nevertheless, will make at the end of it no small deduction from the little life of man.—*Colton*.

Set yourself earnestly to see what you were made to do, and then set yourself earnestly to do it; and, the loftier your purpose is, the more sure you will be to make the world richer with every enrichment of yourself.—*Phillips Brooks*.

Voltaire says that Providence has given us hope and sleep as a compensation for the many cares of life. He might have added laughter, if the wit and originality of humour, necessary to excite it among rational people, were not so rare.—*Kant*.

It is the most momentous question a woman is ever called upon to decide,—whether the faults of the man she loves are beyond remedy and will drag her down, or whether she is competent to be his earthly redeemer, and lift him to her own level.—*O. W. Holmes*.

An enterprising milk dealer in Brooklyn now leaves at the doors of householders a sample bottle of milk with a note saying that if the family will take the milk regularly till Christmas the purveyor of it will leave, on Christmas morning, a handsome turkey.

The excellent quality of the Southdown mutton is said to be due to the fact that the sheep eagerly devour the snails which abound on the pastures in the early morning. These snails are the cause of the rich succulence characteristic of the mutton raised in the south of England.

Bell Telephone Company,
Walkerton Agency, May 15th, '94.

Dear Sirs,—I sold your Acid Cure for 20 years, and during that time I never heard of a case that was not relieved and cured by its use. I have recommended it in bad cases of Eczema, Ring-worm, and never knew it to fail (when properly used) to effect a cure.

Yours truly, W. A. GREEN.
COUTTS & SONS.

Two interesting souvenirs of the Paris stage have been offered the directors of the Comedie Francaise—one a fragment of Talma's heart, and the other the mummified hand of Mlle. Duchenois, an actress who shared in Talma's triumphs. A pair of slippers that Rachael wore have also been sent M. Claretie for preservation in the theatre's museum.

Toronto, 43 Charles street,
April 2nd, 1894.

Dear Sirs,—“I have much pleasure in stating that your 'Acetocura' remedy has been used for the past fifteen years by our family. We have derived so much benefit from its application that I can heartily testify to its beneficial qualities.

“I have recommended its use to many of my friends, who also speak very highly of it as a very effective and simple remedy.

“Yours truly, WM. PENDER.”
COUTTS & SONS.

The French-Canadians boast that they are the most prolific race on the earth. A few days ago a farmer named Lavoie, in the parish of Lavaltrie, near Montreal, carried his twenty-sixth child by the same wife to be christened. Twenty-two of the children are living. Fourteen of them are in the United States. Mr. Ouimet, Superintendent of Education for the province, was the twenty-sixth child of the same father and mother. At a golden wedding near Sorel last month seventeen children belonging to the old folks constituted the piece de resistance. It is common enough to see a French-Canadian girl of fourteen married, and to find her a buxom grandmother at thirty-two. The usual explanation of the amazing fecundity of these people is that the clergy encourage early marriages for moral reasons.

WALTER BAKER & CO., of Dorchester, Mass., the largest manufacturers of pure, high grade, non-chemically treated Cocoas and Chocolates on this continent, have just carried off the highest honors at the Midwinter Fair in San Francisco. The printed rules governing the Judges at the Fair, states that “One hundred points entitles the exhibit to a special award, or Diploma of Honor.” The scale, however, is placed so high, they say “that it will be attained only in most exceptional cases.” All of Walter Baker & Co.'s goods received one hundred points, entitling them to the special award stated in the rules.

A GRATEFUL GIRL.

The Experience of a Young Lady in Montreal who Expected to Die—How Her Life Was Saved.
From La Patrie, Montreal.

The full duty of a newspaper is not simply to convey news to its readers, but to give such information as will be of value to them in all walks of life, and this, we take it, includes the publication of such evidence as will warrant those who may unfortunately be in poor health giving a fair trial to the remedy that has proved of lasting benefit to others. La Patrie having heard of the cure of a young lady living at 147 St. Charles Borrome Street, of more than ordinary interest, determined to make an investigation of the case with a view to giving its readers the particulars. The reporter's knock at the door was answered by a young person neatly dressed, and showing all the appearance of good health. “I came to enquire,” said the reporter, “concerning the young lady cured by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.”

“In that case it must be myself,” said the young girl smiling, “for I have been sick and laid up with heart disease, and some months ago thought I would soon sleep in Cote des Neiges cemetery. Won't you come in and sit down and I will tell you all about it?”

The young girl, whose name is Adrienne Sauve, is about 19 years of age. She stated that some years ago she became ill, and gradually the disease took an alarming character. She was pale and listless, her blood was thin and watery, she could not walk fast, could not climb a stair, or do in fact any work requiring exertion. Her heart troubled her so much and the palpitations were so violent as to frequently prevent her from sleeping at night, her lips were blue and bloodless, and she was subject to extremely severe headaches. Her condition made her very unhappy for, being an orphan, she wanted to be of help to the relations with whom she lived, but instead was becoming an incubus. Having read of the wonders worked by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, Miss Sauve determined to give them a trial. After using one or two boxes she began to revive somewhat and felt stronger than before. She slept better, the color began to return to her cheeks, and a new light shone in her eyes. This encouraged her so much that she determined to continue the treatment, and soon the heart palpitations and spasms which had made her life miserable passed away, and she was able to assist once more in the household labor. To-day she feels as young and as cheerful as any other young and healthy girl of her age. She is very thankful for what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done for her, and feels that she cannot too highly praise that marvellous remedy. Indeed her case points a means of rescue to all other young girls who find that health's roses have flown from their cheeks, or who are tired on slight exertion, subject to fits of nervousness, headaches and palpitation of the heart. In all such cases Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are an unfailing cure. Sold by all dealers or sent by mail postpaid, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y. Beware of imitations and substitutes alleged to be “just as good.”

The London Standard's Rome correspondent says: “The pope has taken a week's repose from audiences owing to the heat. He will resume them this week in limited number. He walks daily in the Vatican gardens.” The Tribuna says he is indisposed, although not seriously ill. The correspondent of the London Times says: “The pope unquestionably is in a very feeble state of health. He is anxious about himself and assures his attendants that they will find him dead some morning.” The correspondent adds that he is subject to fainting fits, and suffers much from there opening of the ulcer in his leg.