

## Why Begin Early.

"It will do just as well by and by. I don't feel like beginning now."

A boy made this excuse to his teacher, who begged him to become a Christian at once. Thousands and thousands of young people have felt in the same way and have said the same thing. It saddens the hearts of older people more deeply than those younger can know.

"John," said the teacher, "when I was a boy at school a great, overgrown fellow came in one day, who scarcely knew more than his letters. He had had a hard time, early in his life, and this was his first chance, poor boy. He was very much in earnest, but you have no idea how hard it was for him to learn what seemed the simplest and easiest things to us. The reason was that he did not begin soon enough."

"When the mind is trained very early, and begins to learn lessons before it falls into bad habits, it is easy to learn, but the longer one puts off the lessons, the harder they are. A little friend of mine who was born in China learned to speak Chinese long before he was as old as this big boy who found it hard to learn English, because he began sooner."

"So it is in the school of Christ, John. Young scholars find it easy to learn, and those who begin early, and keep on for a long life-time, are surely wiser, if they use their time well, than those who begin later. It can not do as well by and by. Begin now, in Christ's school."

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## The Folded Hands.

Long ago, in quaint old Nuremberg, lived two boys, Albrecht Durer and Franz Knigstein. Both wished to be artists, and both studied and wrought with great earnestness. Albrecht had genius, but Franz had only love for art, without the power to put on canvas the beautiful visions that haunted him. Years passed, and they planned to make each an etching of the Lord's Passion. When they compared their work, that of Franz was cold and lifeless, while Albrecht's was instinct with beauty and pathos. Then Franz saw it all, and knew that he could never be an artist. His heart was almost broken. But he said in a voice choked with tears, yet full of manly courage: "Albrecht, the good Lord gave me no such gift as this of yours, but something, some homely duty, he has waiting somewhere for me to do. Yet now, be you artist of Nuremberg, and I—"

"Stay, Franz! be still one moment," cried Albrecht, seizing his pencil. Franz supposed Albrecht was adding some finishing touches to his exquisite drawing, and waited patiently in his attitude of surrender, his hands folded together. With his swift pencil Albrecht drew a few lines and showed the sketch to his friend.

"Why, those are only my hands," said Franz. "Why did you take them?"

"I took them," said Albrecht, "as you stood there making the sad surrender of your life so very bravely. I said to myself, 'Those hands that may

never paint a picture can now certainly make one. I have faith in those folded hands, my brother-friend. They will go to men's hearts in the days to come.'"

Albrecht's words were true. Into the world for love and duty has gone the story, so touching and helpful in its beautiful simplicity; and into the world of art had gone the picture—for Albrecht Durer's famous "Folded Hands" is but a picture of the hands of Franz Knigstein as they were folded that day in sweet, brave resignation, when he gave up his heart's dearest wish, yet believed that the Lord had some homely duty still worth his doing.

The story teaches us that if we cannot do the beautiful things we see others doing for Christ and which we long to do, we can at least do some lowly work for him. It teaches us, too, that self-surrender to God, though our heart's fondest hope is laid down, is, in God's sight, really the most beautiful thing we can do with our life. It teaches us, also, that the hands that can do no brilliant thing for God may yet become hands of benediction in the world. If we are truly fellow-workers with God, He can use whatever we have that we really surrender to Him. And oftentimes He can do more with our failures than with our successes.

O. S. Doan, of Clinton, says not to go on suffering as he did for years with Salt Rheum, when a few boxes of Dr. Chase's Ointment will cure you.

Dr. Chase's Ointment cured Hiram Frey, of Norwood, after suffering ten years with Eczema of the leg. Chase's Ointment also cured his little girl of Eczema on her face.

## What Shall We Give.

Have you noticed that from the beginning the law of sacrifice meant always giving something that cut close to the affections?

The shepherd had among his sheep certain that were stronger and more beautiful than the rest. It was only natural that he should dote upon them and take special pride in caring for them. But it was from these, and these alone, that he could make an acceptable offering to his God. So it is to-day; giving up for Christ's sake means giving that which it costs us a pang to relinquish. It is a very cheap, and a very disrespectful, mode of service for us to offer our brother nothing that is of value to us. There are some men who love to work, but there are not a few who are excessively fond of ease and luxury. To these the Master says, "Give up the life that you love, and buckle on the armour of service." The young man who had great possessions was asked to give them up, because he loved them. It was not that Abraham was wrong in loving his son; it is not that it is wrong for us to love.

The man who doesn't love can never bring a fit sacrifice to his God. But that which He requires of us must rise above the highest earthly passions.

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—Things which never could have made a man happy develop a power to make him strong. Strength and not happiness, or rather only that happiness which comes by strength, is the end of human living.

## Nip at the Seaside.

Who does Nip belong to, you wonder? Well, I will tell you. He belongs to a little girl called Ida. Nip was given to Ida when he was quite a tiny puppy. He could hardly walk. Indeed, his walk was a very awkward proceeding, more a sort of sprawling scramble than an orderly dog-walk, and he had no more idea of barking than you have, or indeed half as much, for I daresay you have some idea of imitating a dog's bark. In spite, however, of his backwardness in dog accomplishments, Ida was more delighted than I can tell you when little Nip was given to her. He was such a dear, fluffy little ball of a creature. Then how attached he became to his little mistress, and when he did find out the way to bark, how he used to give vent to his joy at being taken out for a walk, in short sharp yelps of delight. He was always beside his mistress. He could not bear Ida to stir out of his sight, and when she went to the seaside, and taking off her shoes and stockings waded in the great pool of sea-water left by the tide as it went down, Nip would run beside the little girl, now keeping as good a footing as he could on the slippery green rocks, or even floundering along in the sea-water—although a bath of any sort was a thing Master Nip greatly objected to at any time, I am sorry to say.

Ida would fill her little pail with all sorts of curious creatures—little hermit crabs, shrimps, a pawn or two, and sometimes some beautiful sea-anemones. These things Nip did not think much of, and, indeed, sometimes felt pity for his little mistress, finding it a foolish fancy to set store upon what he considered useless and not very attractive objects. Still the good doggie

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would beg to carry Ida's pail for her, and if she trusted it to him, would take great care not to let it fall.

Mrs. S. James, Seaforth, suffered for years with what is called old people's rash. She was treated by many physicians without any result. Mr. Fear, the local druggist, recommended Dr. Chase's Ointment, which relieved the irritation at once and speedily effected a permanent cure of the skin eruption. Mrs. James also says Dr. Chase's Ointment cured her of Itching Piles which she had been troubled with for years.

## Girls Should be Girls.

Is there anywhere a lovelier sight than that of a bevy of girls—real girls, who have not forgotten how to be natural; whose smiles are the reflections of honest joy; whose laughter rings out such music as can only come from a heart in which vanity and affectation have no resting place? There are still a great many of them left, although I fear cheap materials and ready-made garments have been anything but a blessing to the rising generation.

The "rose-bud garden of girls," Tennyson sang sweetly of may yet be found in obscure corners, but if the average groups we see at receptions, socials and entertainments furnished by "home talent" are to be likened to any particular flower, it must be the poppy, full blown, and already drooping from the effects of bad air and forcing process.

Occasionally, however, one sees a bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked girl who has no ambition to be called a young lady; whose healthy interest in those about her keeps temptation far away. She is her mother's companion, her father's comfort; comrade to sister and brothers and frequently the admiration of her more fashionable friends, who cannot understand why she is so cheerful. They try in vain to fathom the mystery of her peculiar charm. She isn't always stylish and her dressmaking is often done by an unpretending seamstress who lives on a side street where fashionable women never come. What a fate!

And the young ladies who look pityingly on the natural girl go on in their blindness, failing to realize that honesty, sincerity and love of one's kind are more truly admirable than any beauty that can be borrowed from fashionably made clothing.

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