

## \* This and That \*

### "I'LL BE A MAN."

"I remember," said John B. Gough, "riding once in Scotland to a place—I cannot pronounce it; I pronounced it once and they laughed at me. I can spell it—A-n-c-h-t-e-r-m-u-c-h-t-y. A man met me at Ladybank Junction and took me six miles in a fly—a one-horse cab. As we sat together, I noticed the man was leaning forward very strangely; I saw him take a handkerchief—that was the beginning of it—and tie it 'round his face. Then he would sit a little, and shake it out, and then tie it another way, still leaning his head forward.

"Said I, 'Have you the toothache?'"

"No."

"Then you will be good enough to tell me why you lean forward with the handkerchief?"

"Well," he said, "the window of the cab is broken, and the wind is pretty cold this morning, and I am trying to keep it from you."

"Why," said I, "you don't mean to tell me you are sticking your head in that hole to keep the wind off me?"

"Yes, I am."

"I said: 'Well, I thank you, my dear fellow. I never saw you before.'

"No, but I saw you; I was a ballad singer, and used to go around with a half-starved wife and a baby in her arms, my wife oftentimes with a black eye. Somehow or other, I got to hear you in Edinburgh, in 1853, and you told me I was a man; and I went out of the place and said: 'By the help of God, whatever it costs, I'll be a man!' And now I have a happy home, and wife and children gathered around. God bless you, sir! I would stick my head in any hole under heaven if I could do you any good. God bless you, sir!"

### THE DAISY.

A certain prince went out into his vineyard to examine it, and he came to the peace-tree, and said, "What are you doing for me?"

And the tree said, "In the spring I give my bosoms and fill the air with fragrance and on my boughs hang the fruit which presently men will gather and carry into the palace for you."

And the prince said, "Well done, good and faithful servant."

And he came to the maple, and the maple said, "I am making nests for the birds, and shelter the cattle with my leaves and spreading branches."

And the prince said, "Well done good and faithful servant."

And he went down into the meadow, and said to the waving grass, "What are you doing?"

And the grass said, "We are giving up our lives for others—for your sheep and cattle, that they may be nourished."

And the prince said, "Well done good and faithful servants, that give up your lives for others."

And then he came to a little daisy that was growing in the hedgerow, and said, "What are you doing?"

And the daisy said, "Nothing! nothing! I cannot make a nesting-place for the birds, and I cannot give shelter to the cattle, and I cannot send fruit into the palace, and I cannot even furnish food for the sheep and cows—they do not want me in the meadow—all I can do is to be the best little daisy I can be."

And the prince bent down and kissed the daisy, and said, "There is none better than thou."—Dr. Lyman Abbott.

### THE SERMON STEVE PREACHED.

On Monday, Steve, who had been at church the day before, thought he would have a church of his own. He got his four sisters to be the congregation. He stood on a stool and spoke very loud. This is a part of the sermon that he preached.

"This is to be a 'mind mother' sermon. There are two ways in which you ought to mind everything she says. Mind her the very first time she speaks. When mother says, 'Mary, please bring me some coal or water,' or 'Run to the store,' don't answer, 'In just a minute, mother.' Little

folks' minutes are a great deal longer than the ones the clocks ticks off. When you say 'yes' with your lips, say 'yes' with your hands and feet; don't say 'yes' and act 'no.' Saying, 'Yes, in a minute,' is not obeying, but doing 'yes' is. Mind cheerfully. 'Don't scowl when you have to drop a book, or whine because you can't go and play. You wouldn't own a dog that minded you with his ears laid back, growling and snapping. A girl ought to mind a great deal better than a dog.'

That was Steve's sermon. Don't you think it was a good one?—Olive Plants.

### ARMOR-PLATED BOYS.

It is important in these days that there should be armor-plated boys. A boy needs to be iron-clad on

His lips—against the first taste of liquor.

His ears—against impure words.

His hands—against wrong doing.

His heart—against irreverence and doubt.

His feet—against going with bad company.

His eyes—against dangerous books and pictures.

His pocket—against dishonest money.

His tongue—against evil speaking.

The Christian armor on her citizens gives more security to the nation than all the armor plate can on her ships.—Christian Guardian.

### SUGGESTIVE THOUGHTS.

The Spirit does not drive; he leads.

The manna had to be gathered.

Neglect is a sure symptom of sinfulness.

Satan is the pirate that sails the lukewarm sea.

Ask God for what you want, and use what you get.

The Jordan was not divided until Israel reached its banks.

The widow's meal increased only as she used it.

God does not use men's hearts for savings banks in which to deposit his grace just for safekeeping.

Don't worry about to-morrow—you may die before sundown.

Don't condemn the well because the pump is not primed.

Good apples can be told by the number of clubs in the trees.

Repentance is the only path that leads to the cross.

As long as there is life there is action.

If you can't swing the mail, hold the wedge.

Pray for your pastor. Remember, it is the men behind the guns that win the battles.

Pray to God, and pay no attention to the devil listening at the keyhole of your closet.

The lowest foundation-stone performs a higher function than the loftiest key-stone in the tower.

Don't take a child and throw him out into the middle of theological mystery.

Agnosticism here means ostracism hereafter.

Should God need your help to repair the highway to heaven, he'll call upon you. Until then don't worry about your road tax.—Barna McDaniel, in Religious Telescope.

### A SMALL BOY'S PROBLEM.

I wonder how I'd like it,

And I wonder who I'd be,

Supposing I was somebody else,

And somebody else was me!

I wonder, I just wonder,

What boy I'd like to be—

And suppose I didn't like him

When I found that I was he!

—St. Nicholas.

The time came at last when Mr. Oldboy could no longer make a pretense of covering the top of his head by combing a wisp of hair up over it from one side.

"This is a case," he said, looking at himself in the glass and sorrowfully surveying the wide expanse of bald crown, "in which the 'part' appears to be greater than the whole."—Chicago Tribune.

## What Goes Up

### MUST COME DOWN.

Nothing is more certain than that the use of so called tonics, stimulants and medicines, which depend upon alcohol for their effect, is injurious to health in the long run.

What goes up must come down and the elevation of spirits, the temporary exhilaration resulting from a dose of medicine containing alcohol, will certainly be followed in a few hours by a corresponding depression to relieve which another dose must be taken.

In other words, many liquid patent medicines derive their effect entirely from the alcohol they contain.

Alcohol, and medicines containing it, are temporary stimulants and not in any sense a true tonic. In fact it is doubtful if any medicine or drug is a real tonic.

A true tonic is something which will renew, replenish, build up the exhausted nervous system and wasted tissues of the body, something that will enrich the blood and endow it with the proper proportions of red and white corpuscles which prevent or destroy disease germs. This is what a real tonic should do and no drug or alcoholic stimulant will do it.

The only true tonic in nature is wholesome food, thoroughly digested. Every particle of nervous energy, every minute muscle, fibre and drop of blood is created daily from the food we digest.

The mere eating of food has little to do with the repair of waste tissues but the perfect digestion of the food eaten has everything to do with it.

The reason so few people have perfect digestion is because from wrong habits of living the stomach has gradually lost the power to secrete the gastric juice, pepsines and acids in sufficient quantity.

To cure indigestion and stomach troubles it is necessary to take after meals some harmless preparation which will supply the natural pepsine and diastase which every weak stomach lacks, and probably the best preparation of this character is Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets which may be found in every drug store and which contain in pleasant palatable form the wholesome pepsine and diastase which nature requires for prompt digestion.

One or two of these excellent tablets taken after meals will prevent souring, fermentation and acidity and insure complete digestion and assimilation.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are equally valuable for little children as for adults, as they contain nothing harmful or stimulating but only the natural digestives.

One of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets will digest 1,300 grains of meat, eggs or other wholesome food, and they are in every sense a genuine tonic because they bring about in the only natural way a restorative of nerve power, a building up of lost tissue and appetite, in the only way it can be done by the digestion and assimilation of wholesome food.

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