

"God put it into my young heart to do that kindness, and see how great a reward it has brought."

SEEING THE POINT.

A boy returned from school one day with a report that his scholarship had fallen below the usual average.

"Son," said his father, "you've fallen behind this month, haven't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"How did that happen?"

"Don't know, sir."

The father knew, if the son did not. He had observed a number of dime novels scattered about the house; but had not thought it worth while to say anything until a fitting opportunity should offer itself. A basket of apples stood upon the floor, and he said:

"Empty out those apples and take the basket and bring it to me half full of chips."

Suspecting nothing, the son obeyed.

"And now," he continued, "put those apples back into the basket."

When half the apples were replaced, the boy said:

"Father, they roll off. I can't put any more in."

"Put them in, I tell you."

"But, father, I can't put them in."

"Put them in? No, of course you can't put them in. You said you didn't know why you fell behind at school, and I will tell you why. Your mind is like that basket. It will not hold more than so much. And here you've been the past month filling it up with chip dirt—dime novels."

The boy turned on his heel, whistled, and said: "Whew! I see the point."

Not a dime novel has been seen in the house from that day to this.

THE WISH AND THE WAY.

"Teacher," said little Mary Hill, "you keep telling us that if we love Jesus we must show it, but I don't know how. There isn't much that I can do, you know."

There was very little time to talk just then, but Miss Felton put her hand on Mary's shoulder and said, looking into her face, "Do you love Jesus, Mary, and do you wish to show it?"

"Indeed I do, Miss Felton," was the earnest answer.

"Then if you honestly wish it, He will show you the way," said the teacher; and that was all she could say at this time.

But it comforted Mary and she said to herself, and wisely too, "I will ask Jesus to show me the way."

Every day she asked Him, but she was not quite certain about the answer. While she was waiting to know, she thought she would watch, too, for little things to do for Him. So she tried to amuse baby when he was cross, she played with her younger sister instead of going across the way to have a good time with some girls of her own age, she jumped up and got things for mamma when she was busy at work, and remembered when she came home from school to ask, "Is there anything I can do to help you, mamma?" She got a little neighbour to go to Sunday-school with her, and gave some picture books to a sick child.

And one day mamma said, "I am sure, by the way you act, that you are growing to love Jesus more."

Mary thought it was to be by some one special thing or some kind of talk

that she was to show it; but after all, it was by the way she lived every day.

A BANKER'S EXPERIENCE.

"I tried a bottle of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine for a troublesome affection of the throat," writes Manager Thomas Dewson of the Standard Bank, now of 14 Melbourne Avenue, Toronto. "It proved effective. I regard the remedy as simple, cheap and exceedingly good. It has hitherto been my habit to consult a physician in troubles of this nature. Hereafter, however, I intend to be my own family doctor."

—God always furnishes revelations of duty in instalments, according to the necessities of the hour and the measure of our faith.

Hand-in-Hand.

Health and Happiness go Hand-in-Hand—With Stomach and Nerves all out of Sorts, Health and Happiness are unknown.

Frank A. Gadbois, Cornwall, Ont.: "I was for several years a great sufferer from indigestion, dyspepsia and nervousness. I took many remedies without any relief. I saw South American Nervine advertised. I procured a bottle, and I can truthfully say it is the best medicine I ever used and I strongly recommend it to anyone suffering as I did. A few doses wonderfully helped me, and two bottles have made a new man of me." It cures by direct action on the nerve centres.

—"Christ came all the way from heaven to help us, and every Christian ought to be willing to go to the ends of the earth to help Him."

Tortured and Helpless.

Rheumatism has Hordes of Victims, and is no Respector of Persons—South American Rheumatic Cure Resists his Cruel Grasp, and Heals the Wounds he Inflicts—Relief in Six Hours.

Geo. W. Platt, Manager "World's" Newspaper Agency, Toronto, says: "I am at a loss for words to express my feelings of sincere gratitude and thankfulness for what South American Rheumatic Cure has done for me. As a result of exposure I was taken with a severe attack of rheumatic fever which affected both my knees. I suffered pain almost beyond human endurance. Having heard of marvellous cures by South American Rheumatic Cure, I gave it a trial. After taking three doses the pain entirely left me, and in three days I left my bed. Now every trace of my rheumatism has disappeared."

—To rejoice in the happiness of others is to make it our own; to produce it is to make it more than our own.

Piles Cured in 3 to 6 Nights—Itching, Burning Skin Diseases Relieved in One Day.

Dr. Agnew's Ointment will cure all cases of itching piles in from three to six nights. One application brings comfort. For blind and bleeding piles it is peerless. Also cures tetter, salt rheum, eczema, barber's itch and all eruptions of the skin. Relieves in a day. 35 cents.

KEEP SWEET AND GO ON SHINING.

"Now, girls, what are you going to tell me?" asked a loving Sunday-school teacher as she took her seat with her class of little girls.

"Teacher," replied a bright-faced little maiden, "don't you remember at the close of the lesson last Sunday, you said, 'Now this week I want each one of you to keep sweet and go on shining.' I went home and told mam-

ma, and she thought with me it was the very loveliest thing she had ever heard, and then we all talked it over, and we said this week we would try to live up to that motto.

"Monday morning I went to school and the little girl who sits next to me did something the teacher reproved her for, and then her face grew so dark. Oh, teacher, I think she had the pouts! I whispered to her, 'Keep sweet and go on shining!' and right off the sunshine came into her face again. The teacher saw the change and called me to her desk and said, 'What did you say to Mamie to make her brighten so?'" I said, 'I only told her to keep sweet and go on shining.'

"Where did you hear that?" she asked, and I said my Sunday-school teacher told it to us yesterday. Then she smiled and spoke to the school. 'Oh, children, I do want to tell you what this little girl's Sunday-school teacher told her; it is this, "Keep sweet and go on shining," and do let us all try to see if we cannot do it all this week.'

"Teacher, I'm sure I'll never forget it, and I'm going to try and keep sweet and go on shining all my life."

Another very modest little girl said, "I went home too, and I told everybody in our house what you wanted us to do, and every day at home and at school I've been talking about it, and trying to live up to it, and I too am going to remember it all my life."

After she had finished speaking, one more little voice said:

"Oh, I think it is so nice, and I've told ever so many people, and they think so too, and at our house all of us keep saying, "Keep sweet and go on shining!" and we have been trying to do it, every one of us; and I am going to keep on telling it to everybody, because if we keep sweet and go on shining we shall all be so much happier."

"Don't you suppose a new joy entered into that teacher's heart as those little ones told how the beautiful thought had led them into sweeter living, and how they had helped others as they had been helped?"—[Sel.]

—After serious illness Hood's Sarsaparilla has wonderful building up power. It purifies the blood and restores perfect health.

—Action is the word of God; thought alone is but His shadow. They who disjoin thought and action seek to divide duty, and deny the eternal unity.

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Now at 740-742 Yonge Street. Few doors
south of Bloor street.

—"The path of the just is as the shining light," and every step a good man takes he finds the light increasing. This creates a desire for more and quickens his steps in the heavenward path that ends in "perfect day."

—"It is well to read the Bible, but only the student of it will know much about it."

BIRTH.

FATT—At the Rectory, Burlington, Ont., on Wednesday, June 30th, 1897, the wife of Rev. Fred. Helling Fatt, of a son.

TIRED?

OH, NO.

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It's pure soap, lathers freely,
rubbing easy does the work.

The clothes come out sweet
and white without injury to the fabrics

SURPRISE is economical, it wears well.

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