

the purple  
hates the sea, "my  
aimed not to go with them."  
She suggests that she should come to us  
instead. "We're to wire it we can do with  
her. Of course we can—ah dear!"  
"Oh yes," said Eva, a far-away look in  
her blue eyes. "To-morrow did you say,  
Paul?"  
"Yes; but here's her letter. Read it for  
yourself; it's short and sweet as usual."  
Caroline was Paul Martin's sister.  
She was twelve or fourteen years young-  
er than he; and, as she was an orphan, her  
home hither had been made with her mar-  
ried sister, Mrs. Foster, the wife of Major  
Foster.  
She was, however, a young lady of  
rather unsteady temperament, and every  
few months her brother was informed—  
usually by telegram—that she intended to  
come and make her temporary abode with  
him.  
Eva read the letter and went on dressing.  
The vicar, who had got an idea, and was  
anxious to be delivered of it, looked at her  
with a beaming countenance.  
"Eva, wouldn't it be rather nice if Caro-  
line and Montague were to fall in love and  
make a match of it?"  
A faint pink flush for all the world like  
the lining of a sea shell, overspread Eva's  
face.  
With a sudden movement she let her  
hair fall about her in a soft shower, and so  
concealed the flush.  
"I hadn't thought of that, Paul," she  
answered, softly.  
"Well, to tell you the truth, I don't  
know how I came to think of it," said the  
vicar, with a frank, hearty laugh. "You  
always tell me I'm slow in these matters;  
but as I came up the garden, it flashed on  
me all at once. Caroline is so beautiful  
and graceful, anyone might love her,  
mightn't they my dear?"  
"And as for Monty, well, you see he is  
the best and dearest fellow. There's hard-  
ly a man in the world I like so well as I  
do Basil Montague. It would be a splen-  
did arrangement, wouldn't it?"  
"Perhaps it would," said Eva.  
But she spoke listlessly, without hearti-  
ness.  
"You like Montague, don't you dear?"  
asked the good, simple-hearted vicar, a  
little anxiously.  
It would have hurt him to think his wife  
did not like the friend he himself had loved  
and esteemed so many years.  
"Oh yes; I like him well enough."  
"He is such a thoroughly manly fellow,"  
went on the vicar. "That is what I  
so admire in him. Now, I myself am so  
much of a dreamer. I go about with my  
eyes shut half the time. Oh, I know  
that well enough; but Montague is so  
refreshingly strong and vigorous, amaz-  
ingly clever too, and the very soul of  
honour. He and Caroline would har-  
monize beautifully, I should imagine. She  
has lofty ideas of what men should be, but  
I verily believe he would come up to them;  
and he would be proud of such a wife."  
"I never gave a thought to match-  
making before, but I'm going in for it now  
with a vengeance, ain't I?" said the vicar  
me, dear. I know it sounds a bit ridi-  
culous from a "dreaming old fogey like me-  
but I should like Montague for my brother-  
in-law. We'll help it along between us if  
we can."  
Eva did not answer.  
"Have you a headache dear?" asked her  
husband anxiously.  
"Yes—no, I mean that I'm a little tired  
nothing to signify, but I didn't sleep very  
well; I shall feel better after breakfast.  
We'll go down, shall we? I'm quite ready."  
When they entered the breakfast room,  
they found Montague there. Martin had  
meant to assist him downstairs, but he had  
managed to hobble down alone, and was  
lying at full length on the couch, his face  
set and pale.  
"Of course he was told of the expected  
arrival."  
"You will like Caroline, old fellow," said  
the vicar. "What a lucky thing it is she's  
coming to us just at this time. She'll keep  
you from feeling dull!"  
Montague did not answer in words, but  
a smile that was haggard and strangely  
grim, passed over his face.

CAROLINE.

It was a lovely summer evening when  
Caroline Martin arrived at her brother's  
home.

He himself drove her from the railway  
station in the old-fashioned phaeton,  
drawn by the stout brown cob.

Eva had begged, with curious earnest-  
ness, to be allowed to go with him, but  
this he would not hear of.

"My dear, think how rude it would be to  
Montague, to leave him alone," he said.  
"It must be very dull to be tied to a so's  
all day—such an active fellow, as he is,  
Continued on Fifteenth Page.

## With Years WISDOM.

The answer to that old query, "What's in a  
name?" was not hard to define the case of  
one justly celebrated Family Remedy that  
had its origin away down in Maine, which  
proves that with age comes wisdom about

## JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT

An old lady called at a store and asked for  
a bottle of Johnson's Anodyne Liniment;  
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engaging smile that accompanied this in-  
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Young Man, there is only one  
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Originated in 1810 by an old Family Physician.  
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## Sunday Reading

The Christian II's.

Blindfolded and alone I wait;  
Lost to the world, to pain, to fate;  
Too heavy burden on the load  
And too few helpers on the road  
And joy is weak, and grief is strong,  
And years and days, so long;  
Yet this one thing I have to know  
Each day more surely as I go,  
That I am glad the good and ill  
By changeless laws are ordered still,  
Not as I will.

### Enthusiasm Not Enough.

There came one running to Jesus, and  
from St. Matthew we learn that this one  
who sought Jesus with so much haste was  
a young man. It would be interesting to  
recall the numberless instances in which  
young men have hastened to ally them-  
selves with enterprises from which others  
shrank. Young men rallied around the  
German and Swiss reformers. Young men  
led the way in modern mis-  
sions. The students of the German univer-  
sities are constantly antagonizing imperi-  
alist restrictions. Young men have aroused a  
too lethargic Church by the Volunteer  
Missionary Movement.

A leader in reforms must be gratified to  
see the readiness of such young supporters.  
All regard as most helpful and most hope-  
ful the immense impetus given the modern  
Church by the Y. M. C. A. and by the  
numberless Christian Endeavor societies.  
The young people may be said to come  
running, as the young man came to Jesus;  
and we read that Jesus was especially  
moved by the unusual spectacle of an en-  
thusiastic young man appealing to his side.

The young man "kneeling down" to him  
also. In this he acknowledged devotion  
to Christ. As we recall the worshippers  
young men, we think of the modern En-  
deavor pledge which so many have taken,  
which begins with the words, "Trusting in  
the Lord Jesus." That is to say, the En-  
deavorers also come kneeling to Christ,  
calling him "Master."

But further the young man may be re-  
garded as speaking the succeeding words of  
the pledge, which read, "I promise that I  
will try to do whatever he would like to  
have me do." The kneeling young man  
says to Jesus, evidently pledging obedi-  
ence, "What shall I do?" He believes  
himself ready for any allotted service.

Here, then, is an enthusiastic (he comes  
running) young man, kneeling at the feet  
of Jesus and pledging service.

The rest of this story we remember too  
well. When Jesus looked straight at the  
young man's heart, and required of him the  
one thing from which he shrank, alas! this  
enthusiastic young man drew back. "He  
went away sorrowful."

Here is the warning. Enthusiasm and  
pledge taking are well, may even attract  
kindly notice from Jesus; but the next step  
must also be taken, that of hearty obedi-  
ence. Do not disobey. Do not shrink  
from known duty. Are there not some  
who go away from the Church, from prayer,  
from holiness of life, from active ser-  
vice, of whom cannot be said even that  
which was said of the young man of Gospel  
history, and which, because attesting the  
existence of conscience, to a degree seemed  
to extenuate his guilt, viz., "he went away  
sorrowful?" Unlike this young man, there  
are those who have come to Christ with  
apparent enthusiasm, but who disobey in  
seeming disregard of their Master.

Enthusiasm, consecration (in words  
only), are not sufficient. There remains  
farther the absolute requirement—obedi-  
ence.

### The Touch of Jesus.

The sense of touch is the fundamental  
sense. For example:

We hear, because the auditory nerve is  
touched; we see, because the optic nerve  
is touched; we taste, because the gustatory  
nerve is touched, we feel because some  
sensitive nerve is touched. Handling,  
hearing, seeing, smelling, tasting, feeling,  
sensitivity—these are different illustrations  
of the same foundation sense—the sense of  
touch.

How vividly all this comes out in such  
familiar expressions as these: "Artist's  
master touch"; "touch of genius"; "a touch-  
ing story"; in touch with the people; "out  
of touch with the times"; "one touch of  
nature make the world work kin."

No wonder, then, that the Lord of nature  
so often used this sense of touch. For  
example; Does Peter's mother-in-law lie  
ill of a fever? Jesus touches her hand;  
the fever leaves her. Does a Galilean  
leper kneel before him, begging to be  
cleansed? Jesus is moved with compassion  
stretches forth his hand, touches him; the  
leper is cleansed. In a funeral procession  
coming from Nain? Jesus approaches the

bier, touches it; the dead youth, old man  
Are state players making lamentation even  
the dead body of Jairus' daughter? Jesus  
touches the maiden's hand; her spirit re-  
turns, she walks. Do two blind men of  
Capernaum beg him for mercy? Jesus  
touches their eyes; they see. Is Peter  
sinking in Gennesareth's waves? Jesus  
stretches forth his hand, touches him; he is  
saved. Do citizens of Decapolis beseech  
him to heal a deaf stammerer? Jesus  
puts his fingers into the unfortunate's ears,  
and touches his tongue; the deaf ears are  
opened, the tied tongue speaks plain.  
Do citizens of Bethsaida bring a  
blind man for cure? Jesus touches  
his eyes; the blind man sees. Are the  
favorite three terrified by their Master's  
transfiguration? Jesus comes and touches  
them; they are calmed. Is the demoniac  
boy convulsed in death? Jesus touches  
him; he is healed. Does a woman bowed  
with a spirit of infirmity eighteen years  
worship in a synagogue? Jesus calls her  
and touches her; immediately she is made  
straight. Are blind men begging by the  
gates of Jericho? Jesus touches their  
eyes; straightway they see. Does Peter  
strike off the right ear of Malchus? Jesus  
touches his ear; it is healed. Is the exile  
(John at Patmos) affrighted by his vision  
of the risen King. The risen King touches  
him; he is calmed.

Why did Jesus thus appeal to the sense  
of touch? Was it because he could not  
heal without touching? No; he healed  
the nobleman's son in Capernaum, while  
he himself remained in Cana. Why then  
did he touch? Because his touches, like his  
miracles, were acted parables.

Glance at some of these parable-touches.  
For example: There was the touch of en-  
couragement, as when he stretched forth  
his hand to the sinking Peter. There was  
the touch of affection, as when he laid his  
hands on the infants of Perea. There was  
the touch of instruction, as when he healed  
the deaf stammerer of Decapolis, taking  
him aside from the crowd, putting his  
fingers into the unhearing ears, touching  
the inarticulate tongue, looking heaven-  
ward. There was the touch of sympathy,  
as when he stretched forth his hand and  
touched the Galilean leper.

Here in fact was one of the great mean-  
ings of the Incarnation itself. The Son of  
God became the Son of man in order that  
he might get in touch with our leprous  
humanity, and cleanse it with his own puri-  
fying contact.

Here is the secret of Christ's great  
way. He rules our heart, not by pat-  
ronizing us from heaven's throne, but by  
associating with us in earth's vale. His  
gentleness makes us great.

And here also is the secret of our own  
healing ministry. What our leprous world  
needs is the healing touch of a practical,  
sympathetic contact. It may be that the  
Church is losing many a Paul, because no  
Ananias or Barnabas offer to give the  
right hand of fellowship to Saul of Tarsus.

### Go and Tell Jesus.

So did blind Bartimeus, so did the woman  
of Canaan, so did Jairus and so did the dis-  
ciples on stormy Gennesareth. So also did  
the sisters of Lazarus, and so did Mary  
Magdalene. Indeed, there was a good  
deal of "telling Jesus" when he was on the  
earth. The sons of want and need and  
sorrow and weakness, of pain and affliction  
and oppression and sin, soon discovered  
that in his bosom welled up an ocean of  
sympathy, that out of his great heart kept  
flowing a deep, broad, sweeping stream of  
compassion.

The disciples of John were sad. Cruel  
enmity had bereft them of their beloved  
Master. Whither shall they turn in their  
desolation? Jesus loved John. That they  
knew. Jesus understood and felt for sul-  
-

## Cramps and Colic

Always relieved promptly by  
Dr. Fowler's Ext. of Wild  
Strawberry.

When you are seized with an attack of  
Cramps or doubled up with Colic, you  
want a remedy you are sure will give you  
relief and give it quickly, too.

You don't want an untried something  
that may help you. You want Dr. Fowler's  
Extract of Wild Strawberry, which every  
one knows will positively cure Cramps and  
Colic quickly. Just

a dose or two and you  
have ease.

But now a word of  
proof to back up these  
assertions, and we  
have it from Mr. John  
Hawke, Goldwater,  
Ont., who writes:  
"Dr. Fowler's Extract  
of Wild Strawberry is  
a wonderful cure for  
Dyspepsia, Cramps  
and Colic in the stomach. I was a great  
sufferer until I gave it a trial, but now I  
have perfect comfort."

and pains in the stomach. I was a great  
sufferer until I gave it a trial, but now I  
have perfect comfort."

in him they knew their breaking  
waters would find consolation; and they  
were consoled.

Jesus is not on earth now, but the abor-  
tless ocean of sympathy rolls its sweet  
waters in his breast still.

Go and tell Jesus, all who are in cir-  
cumstances of pain, or sorrow, or need.  
If there is a Bartimeus still, whose life has  
been darkened and distressed by disease.  
"tell Jesus." If there is a mother whose  
child like the one of old seems under the  
power of evil, causing her soul to writhe in  
anguish over his falling into sin, choosing  
evil companions and learning evil ways,  
let her tell Jesus. Are his closet and the  
sanctuary and the Word and Christ  
and heaven as idle tales to him? Tell  
Jesus, cry "mercy" of him. Mind not  
though he answer not a word, still cry,  
"Help, Lord! Even the children's  
crumbs!"

Has trouble entered the house of any?  
Is there a vacant seat at the board? Has  
death changed to marble the little lips you  
loved to kiss? Has that voice been silenced  
that used to invoke in the family's behalf  
the morning and evening blessing? Has the  
strong arm on which you leaned been par-  
alyzed, the heart that sent out its flow of  
sympathy so often for your good cheer,  
ceased to beat? Are you often inclined to  
feel lonely and wretched? Tell Jesus. No  
one knows so much about trouble and be-  
reavement and loneliness as he. Is any one  
conscious of being a sinner, a great sinner,  
a worthless one, deserving the wrath of  
God? Is the soul all black with crime  
against God?

Go and tell Jesus.  
His heart is full of compassion, he has  
the only balm for such. "Thy sin be for-  
given thee" will be the sweet assurance that  
will give strength and hope and joy.

Bereavement forces the soul to recog-  
nize its destiny. Tears are sometimes  
telescopes with which other worlds are  
viewed. Aching hearts feel their helples-  
ness and then call on God for the comfort  
that is not within reach. They see visions,  
have revelations, and doors are opened the  
key to which is forged out of some grief.  
The ties of earth are loosened that we may  
be bound by stronger cords to heaven.

The cruelty of death imbues us with a  
longing for immortality. The surgeon  
cuts in order to save the body, and when  
it is all over we bless the knife. God  
wounds because a wounded soul needs  
sympathy and consolation, and can only  
find them in the sure faith of another life.

From genius as well as revelation, we  
learn that our actions can alone become  
harmonious with the universality and  
naturalness which we see in the outward  
world when they are made to accord with  
the will of our Father. From both we  
learn that of ourselves we can do no pos-  
itive act; but have only the power given  
us to render of no avail that which is so—  
that we cannot make one hair white or  
black; that our seeming strength is weak-  
ness—nay, worse than weakness—unless it  
co-operates with God's.—Jones Verty.

### THE WICKEDNESS OF THIS WORLD.

The Rev. Mr. Milburn Tells What He saw  
on a Train Going out of Chicago.

The nearest J. A. Milburn ever came  
to indulging in a skill game was on a train  
coming out of Chicago some time ago.  
Dr. Milburn tells the story himself to illus-  
trate the shrewdness of some of the sharks  
around Chicago who prey upon the un-  
wary.

"The train was crowded," said Dr. Mil-  
burn "and I just settled myself to enjoy my  
paper. The train was slowly moving out  
of the depot and I was touched upon the  
shoulder. I looked into the face of a fine-  
appearing man who rather impressed me  
by his manner. He asked me very courte-  
tously if I would like to join in a game of  
cards to while away the time on the train.  
"No, sir. I do not care to join in a  
game of cards," I replied.

"The man apologized for the intrusion,  
and I followed him with my eyes. He  
stopped by an elderly gentleman, two seats  
from mine, and I supposed asked the same  
question and received an affirmative answer,  
for the old gentleman arose and to loved  
him down the car a few seats, where two  
seats had been turned facing each other, and  
were occupied by two gentlemen, one  
of them a young man of fine appearance,  
resembling a professional man.

"I saw introductions made and the four  
settled themselves for their game and  
thought no more of the circumstances till  
the train was pulling up for Grand avenue  
station, when I noticed two men pass hur-  
riedly by my seat out on to the platform  
and disappear in the crowd. As they left  
the car I noticed one of them was the same  
man who had asked me to join in the game  
of cards.

"I was somewhat surprised at this, as I  
had inferred that the gentleman was begin-  
ning a long journey, and we had been on

## HOME FRIENDS AND MONEY-SAVERS.

Mrs. H. Birtz, of Winnipeg, Man., Says:  
"Diamond Dyes are First and Best."



"Diamond Dyes have been our friends  
for many years. I have dyed dresses and  
suits for the children and myself, and have  
in this way saved considerable money  
which we have used for other purposes. I  
find that Diamond Dyes give perfect colors;  
they are easy to use, and when the direc-  
tions are observed there is no such thing as  
failure or poor work. I have tried other  
dyes, but the Diamond are first and best."  
For over twenty years Diamond Dyes  
have been the standard dyes in every part  
of the civilized world. Their widespread

popularity has brought imitations and  
crude package dyes on the market. These  
common dyes are composed of ingredients  
dangerous to the materials and the hands  
of the dyer.

The Diamond Dyes are the only chemi-  
cally pure and perfect dyes in the world and  
the only dyes fully guaranteed to the  
public.

As success in home dyeing is only as-  
sured when the Diamond Dyes are used,  
ladies should see that their dealers supply  
them with the "Diamond." Refuse all  
imitations.

the train but twenty minutes, Grand ave-  
nue station being only about eight or nine  
miles out. In fact, we were still in Chicago.

"I looked back to the seats where I had  
seen the four settle themselves for their  
game of cards and saw the young man sit-  
ting there alone. He seemed to be in dis-  
tress. Indeed, it was very apparent that  
he was in deep trouble. So pronounced  
was it in fact that I arose and walked back  
to him.

"You are in trouble, my friend," said I,  
"what is it?"

"I have just been robbed of \$182," said  
he, "by those two men who left the car. I  
am sure I was robbed."

He then told me that he had been ap-  
proached by the two men the same as I  
had been by one of them and had agreed  
to join in a game of cards to pass away the  
time. The old gentlemen had evidently  
been called in just to fill up the time. It  
was suggested that the four play euchre  
and have the opposites for partners. The  
young man was the partner of the man  
who had approached me. They had  
played two or three hands when one of the  
two men, who were evidently together, re-  
marked as he picked up his hand that he  
wished they were playing poker, as he had  
a splendid poker hand. The other re-  
marked that he also had a good poker  
hand, and the young man, who knew the  
national game, remarked that he, too, had  
a good poker hand.

"I would be willing to bet \$5 just for  
fun that my hand is the best," said one of  
the two with a laugh.

"I believe my hand is better than yours'  
remarked the other in a careless, laughing  
way, and I will bet you a ten-dollar note  
that I have you beaten. Maybe my part-  
ner has a poker hand too," looking across  
at the young man.

"The young man said he did have a re-  
markable good hand—four aces or some-  
thing like that, I believe he told me—and  
as he wanted to be sociable and at the same  
time show his friends that he was a man of  
the world he said he would take a hand in  
the betting and would be willing to stake  
\$20 that he had both the others beaten.

"Well, that is a coincidence," remarked  
one of the two. "Three good poker hands  
out all in one euchre hand. Maybe our  
other friend here has a poker hand, too."  
The old gentleman replied with a shake  
of his head that his hand was not even a  
good euchre hand.

"Well," said the first speaker with a  
laugh, "this getting interesting. We are  
all friends here together, and I will just bet  
\$30 I have you both beaten.

"By this time each of the three was more  
or less excited with the fever of gambling.  
The second stranger said he would bet \$50  
and the young man with the four aces see-  
ing, as he thought, a chance to earn his  
expenses off of two plunging brokers or  
rascals, said he would be willing to stake  
\$75.

"The money was called out as he said  
this, and the others hesitated. They said  
they didn't think their hands were worth  
that much, but what was a hundred \$100  
anyway? So the first speaker said he  
would just bet the even hundred. The  
second stranger said he was not to be  
bluffed out in any gentleman's game, and  
he would bet \$125. The young man, who  
now that he was with two more plungers,

said he would just go broke on his hand,  
and, as he had just \$132 with him, he  
would bet that.

"Well, I guess you have me beaten this  
time," remarked the first speaker, "but I  
am going to throw you a little more money  
and just call you."

"The other man did the same, remarking  
that he was going to see the thing through  
if he spent all his pocket money. There  
was \$396 on the grip they were using for  
a table.

"I have a king full," said the first speak-  
er. "Is that good?"  
"No good," said the young man excited-  
ly. "I have four aces."

"King, queen, jack, ten and nine of  
diamonds—straight flush," said the second  
stranger. The train was slowing up for  
Grand avenue station. The man, as he  
called his hand, threw the cards down,  
grabbed up the money, pushed the young  
man's grip over his lap and in five seconds  
the two men were gone.

"Of course, I was skinned," said the  
young man brokenly, "and I don't know  
how I will get home."

"And to think," said Mr. Milburn,  
"those two chaps approached that young  
man, got him into a game of cards, brought  
the subject up to betting, made him think  
he had the best of a bargain and succeeded  
in robbing him of \$132, all in less than  
twenty minutes. The two were certainly  
adepts with a wonderful knowledge of  
physiognomy. I have marvelled over it  
ever since."

"But," added Dr. Milburn reflectively,  
"the young man was trying to get their  
money, wasn't he? He just got hold of  
somebody smarter than he."

Mr. Milburn won't say whether he gave  
the young man money to get home on, but  
the chances are he did.

Don't experiment—buy Magnecite Dyes  
which have been successfully used in Can-  
ada for twenty five years. Price ten cents  
for any color.

President of the Company—"I guess  
you'd better discharge that boy."

Manager—"Why? He seems to be a  
nice, quiet kind of a boy and I haven't not-  
iced that he has neglected his work."

President—"That's all very true, but I  
don't think he has the making of a financial  
genius in him. He's been around here for  
more than three weeks now and hasn't  
given either you or me to understand that  
he knows more about the business than we  
do."



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