

Love of Ease.

I read some months ago an amusing but instructive article. It began thus: "Wanted—a place for my son. It must be eminently respectable, very lucrative, and its duties few, light, and agreeable."

I fancy this "want" is not confined to fathers and mothers, but that the above would pretty correctly express the wishes of many a youth. Situations similar to those above described fall only to the lot of one here and there; but the vast majority must needs go without them. The "easy berths," with nothing to do; the "lucrative concerns," with large profits and little exertion; "the tip-top positions," where young men are paid for ordering others to do their work—these so-called "prizes of life" have always been rare, and are now growing scarcer than ever, since merit in many quarters is taking the place of patronage. Moreover, they often fail to satisfy, and in almost every case tend to lower their possessors, both mentally and morally.

But is there not something weak and mean-spirited in trying to evade the divine and healthful law of labour? "There are," says Mr. Froude, the eminent historian, "only three ways of living—by working, by begging or by stealing. Those who do not work—disguise it in what ever pretty language we please—are doing one of the other two." A far higher authority has laid down the principle that "If any man will not work, neither should he eat." Let me urge you to check with firm hand the first longings for the bread of idleness. You have read, of course, of those "bright isles" of the poets, where the earth brings forth almost spontaneously whatever is needed, and you know that in these favoured spots—except where Christianity has interposed to teach the duty and dignity of toil—the most degrading barbarism and the deepest moral debasement holds undisputed sway. Settle it, therefore, in your minds that your lot—at least while health and strength are granted you—must be that of daily and hourly industry—work of head and hand, and accept with intelligent gratitude that patent of nobility from the hands of your King and Father above.

Who is My Hero?

"Uncle Jack, who is your hero?" asked Humphrey Dörmer, an intelligent lad of twelve, raising his eyes inquiringly from the history he was studying. "Cousin Henry says his is Garibaldi, and mine is Robert Bruce, How I wish I had lived in his time! To have fought under his banner, to have shared his lonely exile, to have followed him into danger—even to death—would have been glory indeed!"

The boy's cheeks flushed and his eyes fairly shone with his enthusiasm, which called up an answering smile to his uncle's face. But the smile quickly faded as though chased away by some sad and humbling thought.

"Humphrey, dear lad," he replied gravely, "I am right glad that you can admire a noble, heroic character, but, my boy, you and I call ourselves Christians, and profess to be loyal subjects of a Divine King who redeemed His followers at the cost of His own life. Should we not then blush with shame to own how seldom our hearts throb with loving devotion and reverence when we read of Him? How

seldom do we think of being ready to follow Him to danger and to death! He, the truly self-denying, loving Lord who ought to command our tenderest loyalty, meets at best with cold, half-hearted obedience. Oh, Humphrey, let Jesus be the object of our highest hero-worship; may we be willing to give up everything for His dear sake, counting it but loss that we may win His approval."

"I bought a box of Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure at the Drug Store of Mr. Boyle here. I am thankful to say it has proved most effective. I have also tried your Kidney-Liver Pills and found them excellent."—Henry R. Nicholls, rectory, London.

—Bless not thyself only that thou wert born in a noble city; but that thou wert born of honest parents.

Catarrh Cured for 25 Cts.

Neglect cold in the head and you will surely have catarrh. Neglect nasal catarrh and you will surely induce pulmonary diseases or catarrh of the stomach, with its disgusting attendants, foul breath, hawking, spitting, blowing, etc. Stop it by using Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure. 25 cents a box cures. A perfect blower enclosed with each box.

—Zeno quaintly remarked that we have two ears and one tongue, that we may hear much and talk little.

Cured Weak Back for 25 Cts.

For two years I was dosed, pilled, and plastered for weak back, scalding urine and constipation, without benefit. One box of Chase's Kidney Liver Pills relieved, three boxes cured. R. J. Smith, Toronto. One pill a dose, price 25 cents.

—Whenever a trial is laid upon us it means that God is doing His best to show us how to become better Christians.

Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

Chase's Pills have gained popularity because they are a specific for the uric acid condition, prevent Bright's Disease, cure Rheumatism and all Catarrhal conditions of the Kidneys and Bladder. They do this because they possess remarkable alterative, tonic and diuretic properties, exerting a wonderfully soothing influence on irritated or inflamed mucous membranes of the kidneys or bladder. One pill a dose, 25c. a box. The cheapest medicine in the world.

—So live with men as considering always that God sees thee; so pray to God as if every man heard thee. Do nothing which thou wouldst not have God see done. Desire nothing which may either wrong thy profession to ask or God's honor to grant.

No Avail.

Adam Soper, of Burk's Falls, Found all Remedies for Kidney Disease of No Avail until he used South American Kidney Cure—To-day he is a Well Man and Gives the Credit where it is Due

"For a long time I have been a great sufferer from disease of the kidneys. The pains I suffered were the severest. I had tried all kinds of remedies, but all to no avail. I was persuaded to try South American Kidney Cure. Have taken half a dozen bottles, and I can confidently say that to-day I am a cured man, and can highly recommend this great medicine to all sufferers from kidney trouble."

More than He Could Afford.

"Harold, what will you do with yourself to-morrow?" said one of his companions to him, as he was brushing his shoes one Saturday evening.

Harold had been admitted, only a few days before, as a clerk in a large store; and the older clerks looked upon him as "very green," as they called it. Looking from his shining boot, he said, very modestly, "I shall go to church, Frank."

The young man burst out into a laugh, and said, "Well, I declare! Why, none of our fellows think of going to church. We are going to the fishing ground, down the bay, in a splendid steamer. You'd better go along. It won't cost much."

"It will cost more than I can afford to spend," said Harold, brushing away pretty smartly at his boot.

"You are on the poor list, then?" said another of the clerks in a sneering tone.

"Out of cash, eh?"

"I'm not rich, certainly," said Harold quietly; "still, I have some money of my own; and I expect to have a monthly allowance from home till I begin to receive wages."

"You're stingy, then," said Clement.

"Not exactly," replied Harold.

"But you said you couldn't afford to go fishing with us to-morrow," said Frank, "when the trip needn't cost you much."

"It would," said Harold very seriously. "It would cost me a guilty conscience."

Frank looked surprised at this bold speech, but Clement laughed, and said, in a sneering way, "Take care, Frank; you've caught a saint."

"No, I don't profess to be much of a saint," said Harold, "But I believe it wrong to break the Sabbath, and I won't do it."

"But, Harold," said Frank pleadingly, "it can't be very wrong to take a trip on the water on Sunday, after being shut up in an office all the week. Come, go with us to-morrow just for once."

"No, not for once," said Harold. "My father has often told me that sin is like the camel which asked the cobbler to let him put his nose into his stall. The cobbler gave him leave; and then the camel, after putting in his nose, pushed in his head, and then his whole body, and finally turned the cobbler out. I mean, if I can, to keep out the camel's nose. I won't begin to do wrong."

"Well," said Clement, "you won't do for our set."

"I suppose not," said Harold quietly, as the others left the room. It was a great victory he gained that Saturday evening.

From Agony to Joy.

Acute Suffering from Acute Rheumatic Affliction Relieved by South American Rheumatic Cure when Hope had Well-nigh Gone—Mrs W Ferris, Wife of a Well-known Manufacturer of Glencoe, Cheerfully Tells the Story of Her Cure.

"I was for years a great sufferer from rheumatic affection in my ankles, and at times was so bad that I could not walk. I tried every known remedy and treated with best physicians for years. But no permanent relief. Although my confidence in remedies was about exhausted, I was induced to try South American Rheumatic Cure. I purchased a bottle. The very first dose gave me relief, and after taking two bottles all pain had vanished and there has been no return of it. I do cheerfully recommend this great remedy."

—Happy are they whom privacy makes innocent, who deal so with men in this world that they are not afraid to meet them in the next.

GET INSTANT RELIEF FROM PILES.—

This most irritating disease relieved in ten minutes by using Dr. Agnew's Ointment, and a cure in from three to six nights. Thousands testify of its goodness. Good for Eczema, Salt Rheum, and all skin diseases. If you are without faith, one application will convince. 35 cents.

—Though a cup of cold water from some hand may not be without its reward, yet stick not thou for wine and oil for the wounds of the distressed.

A New Man.

C. G. Chapin, Jeweler, of Burk's Falls, says he is a New Man since using the Great South American Nervine—His Testimony is Endorsed by Thousands of Others.

"For years I have been greatly troubled with nervous debility and affection of the kidneys. I believe I tried every proprietary medicine under the sun, but none seemed to give me any relief until I had tried South American Nervine. To my surprise the first bottle gave me great relief. I have persevered in taking it, and can say that I have not felt so well for years. I do heartily recommend this great cure."

—The opportunity of making happy is more scarce than we imagine; the punishment of missing it, is never to meet with it again; and the use we make of it leaves us an eternal sentiment of satisfaction or repentance.

—Be able to be alone.



SURPRISE SOAP
BEST FOR WASH DAY
Washes Everything Clean



NO ONE KNOWS how easy it is to wash clothes all kinds of things on wash day with SURPRISE SOAP, until they try. It's the easiest quickest best Soap to use. See for yourself.