

watched him in silent admiration of his dexterity and skill. A severe sprain of the fetlock was evidently the most serious feature of the case; soothing oils were applied, appropriate bandages were employed, and at last the mare gave another whinny of relief and thanks, rubbing her nose against Reuben's cheek to emphasize her gratitude.

'There, squire,' said he, 'I think you'll find that the mare is neither injured for life nor robbed of any of her beauty. I'll just give the groom one or two directions, and in a few days you will find she'll be as right as a trivet.'

'That's all right, then,' said the squire heartily. 'I'm uncommon glad it's no worse, and in token of his keen satisfaction, his ivory-handled cane was lowered to its normal position, and he turned to go to the hall.'

Reuben Stanford, having hunted the groom up, for he, like a sensible fellow, had thought it best to keep out of the squire's way as much as possible, gave him full instructions as to the treatment the mare required, and then made as though he would have mounted his horse and straightway made off home.

'What, man,' said the squire, 'you're not going to rush off in that fashion, are you? Come in with me and have a glass of sherry and a biscuit; I should like to hear of the grand doings you had at Netherborough yesterday—come along.'

Reuben Stanford held back. 'No, thanks, Squire,' said he in a half-hearted fashion, for he felt that he had had quite as much sherry as was good for him for some time to come, and yet his exertions had told on him a bit, and perhaps the proffered sherry would act as a pick-me-up and pull him together again. 'I'm not altogether up to the mark to-day—'

'Nay, nay; hang it man! We'll bring you up to the mark all right. Besides, we must drink success to the new railway—come along.'

Of course he came along, for alcohol saps the moral stamina of its votaries, and robs them of that noblest attribute to manhood, self-control.

The Squire was genial and in his happiest mood, Mrs. Langley was as hospitable as could possibly be, and the sherry was excellent.

'It has been so long in my cellar,' said the Squire, 'that it may well be called venerable. Help yourself, Stanford, let it die, as is fitting of a good old age,' and laughing merrily at his own wit, he pushed the decanter to his 'friend.'

The sun was already painting the western sky with evening splendors, when the 'handsome vet.' remounted his black mare and commenced his homeward journey. This time, however, the fresh air and the pleasant motion of riding did not refresh the hapless rider. Once again he was strongly under the influence of liquor, and had he not been a skilled rider whose horsemanship had become almost automatic, Dark Lady would have been dangerously startled by his unsteadiness. As it was, she was nervous and ill at ease. For some miles, however, the home journey was safely prosecuted; the square squat tower of Netherborough Church was well in view, and Dark Lady's comfortable visions of stable rest drew forth her fine going powers to the full. Reuben Stanford was drowsy, and sat swaying in his saddle; he was bending forward as he rode, and the mare on rounding the last familiar curve threw up her head in wanton wilfulness of pleasure, and drove her rider's hat upon his brow. Reuben Stanford was hot tempered. When he was in his cups he was readily aroused to passion. On the impulse of the moment he brought his short riding whip smartly down on the offending head. Like an arrow from a bow the startled animal shot ahead, and literally bolted from under her unwary rider. Reuben Stanford fell like a log, and the next instant the staring upturned eyes of a dead man were gazing stonily into the evening sky.

(To be Continued.)

A Wonderful Bridge.

The most wonderful bridge in the world is one of solid agate in Arizona. It is a petrified tree, from three to four feet in diameter, spanning a chasm forty feet wide. More than one hundred feet of its length are in sight, both ends being imbedded in the sandstone of the canyon.—The 'Children's Friend.'

Start Right.

The pistol shot rang out, and the race was on. But at the very beginning the man whom many had picked to win stumbled and lost a yard. It was only a yard, but it cost him the race. He didn't start right!

College had opened, the work had begun, but the autumn days wooed the student out of doors. 'I can leave this history till later,' he said; 'I can easily make it up.' And while his fellows worked his days slipped by in idleness.

The time of testing came apace and the student began to see the wasted past. In earnest now, he gave himself to the work, but somehow dates and facts will not stay fixed with a few hour's study, and he failed. He hadn't started right!

His mother got up at 6 o'clock to get his breakfast; he slept until 7. Then he came down, and found fault because the steak was not done just to his taste. He slammed the door behind him as he left the house, and hardly spoke to his best friend as he passed him on the street. He had spoiled the day for his mother, and had hurt his friend.

But that was not all. At the office things did not go just as he would have them, and what he said and did made a young man with whom he had been talking about becoming a Christian say, 'Well, now! I wonder if he really meant it when he said, "Christ does save a man?"' He had not started the day right.

The young man rose from the altar, knowing that Christ had given him a new life, and resolved to be faithful to his new Master. But he did not think it necessary to give up the evening at the rendezvous in the barber shop, and he saw no harm in an occasional game of pool with some of his old friends at the pool-room. Before long, his prayers lost their fervor and availing power, and the struggles of the Bible heroes lost their interest for him.

One day a terrible temptation met him and

he yielded, and when he came to himself he was far from home. He got back, but the journey was hard, so hard. He hadn't started out right.

Start right! At the very beginning break with those questionable resorts. When men know you have changed your allegiance, they will honor you for it. Begin every day with a quiet talk with our Master; ask him to guide your life that you will not go where He cannot be with you. Then when temptation comes, turn your back upon it just as soon as it enters; don't argue, don't question. Give it no chance to gain a foothold. Half of the battle lies in the first few minutes of the fight. Start right!—Stanley S. Swortley, in 'Epworth Herald.'

Search it Out.

Here is an alphabet which will make you study. Get your Bibles and turn to the places. When you have found them, read and remember:—

- A was a Monarch who reigned in the East. Esther i, 1.
 B was a Chaldee who made a great feast. Daniel v, 1-4.
 C was voracious when others told lies. Num. xiii, 30-33.
 D was a woman, heroic and wise. Judges iv, 4-14.
 E was a refuge, where David spared Saul. I. Sam. xxiv, 1-7.
 F was a Roman accuser of Paul. Acts xxvi, 24.
 G was a garden, a frequent resort. John xviii, 1-2; Matt. xxvi, 36.
 H was a city where David held court. II. Sam. ii, 2.
 I was a mocker, a very bad boy. Genesis xxi, 9, and xvi, 11.
 J was a city, preferred as a joy. Psalm cxxxvii, 6.
 K was the father, whose son was quite tall. I. Sam. ix, 1-2.
 L was a proud one who had a great fall. Isaiah xiv, 12.
 M was a nephew whose uncle was good. Col. iv, 10; Acts xi, 24.
 N was a city long hid where it stood. Zeph. ii, 13.
 O was a servant, acknowledged a brother. Philemon i, 16.
 P was a Christian, greeting another. II. Tim. iv, 21.
 R was a damsel, who knew a man's voice. Acts xii, 13-24.
 S was a Sovereign who made a bad choice. I. Kings xi, 4-11.
 T was a sea-port, where preaching was long. Acts xx, 6-7.
 U was a teamster, struck dead for his wrong. II. Sam. vi, 7.
 V was a cast-off and never restored. Esther i, 19.
 Z was a ruin with sorrow deplored. Psalm cxxxvii. —'Daybreak.'

A Sudden Intruder.

The late Professor Henry Drummond, when on a visit to Africa, had a remarkable experience at a religious meeting one day. He wrote of it in a letter to his mother at the time, thus:—At Zomba on the Sabbath we had a service for the natives—the real 'Missionary Record' ('Herald') kind of thing, white men with Bibles under a spreading tree, surrounded by a thick crowd of naked natives. We sang hymns from a hymn book in the native tongue to Scotch psalm tunes, and then spoke through an interpreter. Unfortunately, the service was brought to rather an abrupt conclusion.

I had just finished speaking when a tremendous shriek rose from the crowd, and the congregation dispersed in a panic in every direction. A huge snake had fallen from the tree right into the thick of them! A bomb-shell could not have done its work faster. But no one was hurt, and the beast disappeared like magic beneath some logs.—'Daybreak.'

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