

Was There Ever a Greater Victory?

Paine's Celery Compound, the World's Famous Disease Banisher, Saves the Life of Mr. Church.

All Other Medicines Had Failed and Death Was Fully Expected.

As a Spring Medicine for New Blood, New Strength and Sound Health, Paine's Celery Compound is Recommended by Thousands.

The complete cure of Mr. John A. Church, of Coldbrook, N. S., and the production of his strong letter of testimony in favor of Paine's Celery Compound are of themselves sufficient to convince every sick person that Paine's Celery Compound is a medicine honestly prepared and recommended for the curing of all sick people. No other medicine known to medical science can so well and so promptly restore lost strength and vitality in the spring months.

It is not the common medicines of the day that physicians prescribe and the best class of people recommend. It is only a wonderful and marvelous life restorer like Paine's Celery Compound that can command attention and respect. Mr. Church writes as follows:

"Gentlemen,—It is with pleasure that I give testimony in favor of your marvelous medicine, Paine's Celery Compound. I had an attack of a gripe which put me into such a condition that I could not sleep or eat. I was completely run down, had extreme nervous prostration, and lay for days in a half-stupor state. After spending all my money for medicines, which did little good, I gave up to die, when one day a paper on Paine's Celery Compound was brought to me. I at once procured the medicine and procured great relief from the first bottle. I slept better, ate better, and digestion improved. After using nine bottles I feel like a new man. I can truly say that Paine's Celery Compound saved my life. I earnestly urge all sufferers to use it. It will cure them. Do not spend your money for medicines that cannot cure you. Yours truly, JOHN A. CHURCH.

Boys and Girls.

A True Story.

Mrs. N. has a nice little daughter named Nancy. On one occasion Nancy came to her mother and said: "Mamma, do you like stories?" "Yes," said her mamma, "if they're true stories."

"This is one. Do you get mad when people tell you nice, true stories?" "Why, never. It isn't good manners to get mad when a person tells you a nice story."

"All right," said Nancy. "Once upon a time there was a little girl, and she got into the pantry and ate almost all the jelly in a glass. That's a true story, mamma, and me was the little girl."

"Buffalo Bill" and the Children.

In the Boston Children's Hospital, two summers ago, on one of the hot June days, when all the little patients who were able always crowded about the open windows, it chanced that a horseback band of Buffalo Bill's warriors passed by on their way to the show grounds.

The wildest excitement immediately took possession of the small invalids. Those who could see eagerly ran and gazed at the procession to those who could not leave their beds.

A little later one wee lad, bed-ridden by spinal trouble, was discovered crying bitterly on account of the loss of a treat. A kindly nurse endeavored to soothe him; and trying to plan some little occupation that would divert him from his grief, she told him that he might write to Colonel Cody, the great Buffalo Bill himself, and ask him for a real Indian's picture.

No sooner said than begun. A simple little letter was sent, telling how he could not see the Indians when they went by the hospital, and how he wished he had a photograph of one of the band, but the long day passed and brought no answer to the weary waiting little fellow in his cot.

"Colonel Cody must be a very busy man," said the sympathetic nurse, for the twentieth time, on the second morning. "We will all be Indians when he comes back, and in the meantime, the ward door opened, and in came a six-foot Indian, painted and wrapped in a blanket, wearing a cap of tall waving feathers and leather trousers, and carrying his bow in his hand.

The little invalids fairly gasped; then they shrieked out with delight, as by one, silent and noiseless, but smiling, six splendid warriors followed the first.

That made seven in all, and, like a well-trained regiment, they drew up in a line and gravely saluted the nurse. The poor woman was too much scared to speak. But the children continued to scream their pleasure.

The strange visitors had evidently received explicit orders, for now they ranged themselves as best they could in the narrow space between the two rows of little beds, laid their blankets and bows on the floor, waved their

arms to and fro, and proceeded to give a quiet war dance. Then they sang! And then they fought a sham battle, smiling all the while! When at last they went away a heartfelt cheer followed them down the broad corridor, and the happy children in the hospital talked about shows and Buffalo Bill for weeks after.—Women's Journal.

With the Poets.

We are so tired, my heart and I, Of all things here beneath the sky. One thing only would please us best—Endless, unfathomable rest.

Rest.

We are so tired, my heart and I, Of all things here beneath the sky. One thing only would please us best—Endless, unfathomable rest.

Once it seemed well to run on, too, With her importunate fevered crew, And snatch amid the frantic strife Some morsel from the board of life.

But we are tired. At life's crude hands We ask no gift she understands; But kneel to him she knows to crave The absolution of the grave.

—Mathilde Blind.

Fauldin' the Sheep.

The daylight's disappearin' w' its mornin' beauties fair, The win' is sabbin' a babbie like a bairn frae its mair.

Upo' the war' is fa'in God's ain peace baith calm an' deep.

But there's one that canna slumber, he's fauldin' o' his sheep.

An' oh! the witless creatures, they hae wannert far, wannert far.

They've been 'mang thorns an' briars, an' 'mang things a hantle wair.

Noo they're harkin' for his flitfa' 'mang mounthin passes steep.

An' w'ihin' aye, an' w'ihin' he wad come an' fauld his sheep.

An' some are sair forfocht en noo, their hearts are wae w' sorrow lest the mirk sud hap them roon'.

An' his ain sun mids them in the misty dales that gleep.

Amang the mounthin shadows, whaur he's fauldin' o' his sheep.

Puir stillie sheep an' lammies, he hears ilka feeble wail.

He'll ca' them in his clatters, his is love that disna fail.

His airmes w' tender's pity, when yer over tired tad creep.

Wull ca' ye in safety tae the place he fauld's his sheep.

Sae up an' doon the war' gae the Shepherd 'till the night.

Proclaims his wark a' feenished, syne tae yonner realms o' hie.

Gae up a shout o' triumph that gars even the heavens leap.

An' a' everlastin' fauldin' tak's place amang his sheep.

—W. M. Willis.

The Plodder's Position.

Lord, let me not be too content With life in trifling service spent—Make me aspire!

When days with petty cares are filled, Let me with fleeting thoughts be thrilled Of something higher.

Help me to long for mental grace To struggle with the commonplace I daily find.

May little deeds not bring to fruit A crop of little thoughts to suit A shrivelled mind.

I do not ask for place among Great thinkers who have taught and sung.

And scorn to bend Under the trifles of the hour, I only would not lose the power To comprehend.

—Helen Gilbert in the Independent.

WISE NATURE.

"Every one tells me that he is long-headed."

"Of course he is. Nature knows her business. A narrow mind requires a long head."

Warman and the Conuck

London's Latest Fellow-Townsmen Makes a Sight-Seeing Tour of the Dominion.

Canadian Oddities—We Have Ways Far Removed From Those of Yankee Land—Some Customs Which Are Good and Others Which Give Untold Annoyance to Strangers.

Trembling, I take my pen in hand to write of Canada and the Canadians. Not long ago a great French critic breakfasted in New York, lunched at Philadelphia, dined in Baltimore, and wrote his impressions of Washington. Having cut a crescent from the corner of Canada, beginning at Windsor, and ending at Niagara, and vice versa, and having had the additional experience of a summer in Ontario, I ought to have the same ability, to be as competent to say what they do, and how they do it in the Dominion of the Great Lakes, as the writer of the people and things of the United States.

It seems to me that if the "impression" of a traveler is of interest to the average reader, it must be his first impression, for, in a little while, he becomes accustomed to strange tribes and their ways are not impressed at all.

I hasten, said the eminent journalist above referred to, "to write down my impressions, for in a fortnight—in a month—they will be gone."

I recall now the first thing that attracted my attention upon entering Canada for the first time was that the station employes in Detroit were singing "After the Ball," and that the Canadian car hand, who was tapping trucks for the Grand Trunk, was humming:

"From Greenland's icy mountains, From India's coral strands,"

Coming back from New York I heard them whistling the same tune in Buffalo that I had heard in Detroit, and at St. Thomas a man was singing softly, as he wrecked my trunk:

"Would not detain them as they fly— These hours of toil and danger. My days are gliding swiftly by— And I, a pilgrim stranger."

He could not have had reference to his job, for he was taking no more chances than I was. He simply sang what was in his mind, and I could not help thinking that these songs were the result of environment.

PROUD OF THEIR GODLINESS.

A Canadian writing in the Canadian magazine not long ago said the people of Canada were more God-fearing, Sabbath-observing—in short, they were "holier than we." I wish he had left that for me to have said. It would look better here, part of it at least, than it looked over the signature of a Canadian.

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men and women, at a mother's knee, and that brings me back to the Bible. I saw four boys—young men they were—coming out of a bit of wood one Sunday afternoon and somehow the sight reminded me of the groups of negroes that I used to see poking round the Potomac, squatting now and then for a quiet game of craps," and I wondered what these young fellows had been about. The worst I had accused them of in my mind was of having been swimming in the Thames, but when they passed me I saw that one of them carried a morocco-bound Bible under his arm. Yes, the Canadians as a whole are good Christian people, and they "put a power o' store by it," and yet I would not advise the stranger to put all his chips on that point.

THE DOMESTIC NIGHT OUT.

In England the servant girl asks how much beer money you allow. Here the first question is: "How many nights out?" If you say she can't always go to early mass she crosses herself, or if she is of another faith she hangs her head and sighs, and say she can't miss Sunday school, and, above all, she must go to church Sunday evenings. And such long services! Why, sometimes they won't get home till almost midnight. But, with all their goodness, many of them do not scruple to obtain money under false pretenses. They pretend to be servants when they are not. The willing ones are often unable to boil water without burning it, and the unwilling ones won't. They are as bad as ours.

Winter is a stern reality here, but men who have lived long in this climate say they like it. In winter they have a "charity" woodpile, and free wood is delivered to those who can't buy and so they know they won't freeze, and that assurance makes people careless about providing for themselves in one town an alderman declared that the man who had the contract to furnish wood to the poor was giving them rotten birch. The contractor sued the alderman. When the case was tried the alderman proved that the wood was not only rotten, but that it was short measure as well, but after all there is but little poverty here. Even the poorest scarcely know what it is to be poor. Indeed there is little excuse for a man or a woman who can work. If you want a man to chore about your place you must pay \$1.50 a day, and good domestics are as scarce as pie in the Klondike. I know of places where "capital" is so oppressed by "labor" I ought to explain that you are a capitalist here, as in the United States, and that you hire a tent and employ one Indian. Holidays are almost as numerous here as in England, where I have seen the banks closed for four days at a stretch; and you are nobody unless you "vacate" in summer. The banker and the lawyer, the tailor and the typewriter, the preacher and the policeman, all have their two weeks' vacation. I firmly believe that there are people who would "out" in summer at the risk of burning charity wood in winter. That's my impression.

I see a great many pacing horses and barbers and bearded men in Canada. Canadians do not dress as "stylishly" as men in the same way on the other side of the Atlantic. A modest American fits in this part of America without being either conspicuous or embarrassed.

Every agricultural town has its market on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. Of course, Saturday is the big day, when all the country folk have anything to sell come into town. During the morning the market square is crowded, and when they have sold out they swarm through the streets, and the shops and carry home what they need for the house. The Canadians are sensitive. Kipling wrote a beautiful poem with a recurring reference to their beautiful snow, and since that day half the poets and photographers in the Dominion have taken a pull out of the greatest British living. Then, how shall I fare, who am not great—not even British?

After all, the people of Canada are very like the people of the United States. They are vastly more like the people of New England than the people of Louisiana, Texas, or Colorado.

LAURIER A GOOD MAN.

Look at this man Laurier! I want to know if he would suffer by comparison if stacked up with the President of the United States. You may say he's French, British, what you will, but he's full of the stuff that makes a good American. But he's off my beat. After all, premiers, lords, and other eminent personages don't make a country. It is the man in the field who brings the wheat to the mill, the farmer and his wife who stand all day in the market place in the sun and rain ("All the winds of Canada call the plowing rain") that makes a country great.

Some of these farmer people are as honest and quaint as Quakers, and as willing as children. If the farmer is poor, he seeks neither to parade nor disguise his poverty. I wish I could reproduce a sketch of the man in a shoe shop one day in a Canadian town. To make it plain, you should have a picture of the bent, gray-haired salesman, who