

IF DONE
day with good
ap, that's half
n.
USE SOAP
ally for wash
es them clean
sweet, with
this and every
PRPRISE.

And when I have this little
all possess a thoroughly clear
well.
your map, John," said the
worth a hundred times that
well and happy.
ut about you before I came
id John. "I inquired with
and trembling—forty years
changes, you know. But I
the fountain-head for inter-
rupted up your husband at his
a letter of introduction from
of our road—and we were
friends. Bless you, he had
of Johnnie Robinson, but that
any difference. In fact, he
stay to dinner and promised
early."
Robinson left the house the
g—his key in the city was
pressing business—he left
in the parlor mantle a box
dainty ornament of gold and
his card:
picked out a little gift, with
ief that Johnnie would surely
friend. Please let it square
ane.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

DODD'S
ECULIARITIES OF
THIS WORD.

on Earth So Famous
Name More Widely
ed.

on earth, perhaps, is so well
peculiarly constructed or
imitated than the word DODD.
a peculiarity that makes it
eminently and fastens it in the
it contains four letters, but only
of the alphabet. Everyone
the first kidney remedy ever
sold in pill form was DODD'S.
very startled the medical pro-
fession, and revolutionized
world of kidney diseases.
ter has ever succeeded in con-
nancing the peculiarity of
though they nearly all adopt
similar as possible in sound and
a to this. Their foolishness
re realizing that attempts to
eave the fame of 'Dodd's Kid-
Why is the name 'Dodd's Kid-
mitated? As well ask why are
and gold imitated. Because
re the most precious gems, gold
reious metal. Dodd's Kidney
mitated because they are the
ble medicine the world has ever

oine was ever named kidney pills
medical research gave Dodd's
le to the world. No medicine
Bright's disease except Dodd's
illa. No other medicine has
many cases of Rheumatism
Heart disease, Lumbago, Dropsy
Weakness, and other kidney
Dodd's Kidney Pills have.
Itly known that they have never
are these diseases, hence they
ely and shamelessly imitated.

His Favorite Feature.
said the watch dog to his friend,
"which of your interesting fea-
you most charme with?"
"to wae," answered the goat as he
another mouthful from the clothes

DR. WOOD'S
NORWAY PINE
SYRUP
Is Sure
To Cure
COUGHS
AND
COLDS.
Price 25 Cents.

Sunday Reading.

A Song of Coming Christmas.
Oh, softly sweet, oh, softly sweet, an angel band on high
Held harp-strings divinely rare through the heaven
In sky;
Touching tinny harps of gold to sound most dul-
cet strains,
And mingling their pure voices o'er Judea's silent
plains.
Wonderfully, oh, wonderfully, they told of the Lily
Mid
And her Babe, the Lord of Hosts, in a lowly man-
ger laid;
And stars leaned low with ecstasy 'round the singing
throne,
Attuning sleeping earth with love's everlasting
song.
—Julia Teresa Butler.

A LIFE MADE HAPPY.

Little deeds of kindness that cost those
who do them almost nothing sometimes
carry a great deal of sunshine and hap-
piness into other lives. An instance of this
came to the attention of the writer a short
time ago. A poor woman who went
out by the day doing scrubbing, window-
cleaning and labor of that kind, was work-
ing in the home of a lady who had set the
woman the task of cleaning a large store
room.

In this room was a pile of old maga-
zines and illustrated papers, and during
the progress of the work the lady said, "I
hardly know just what to do with those old
magazines and papers. I have thought of
having some of the magazines bound, and
I didn't know but I'd make some picture
scrap-books out of the illustrated papers
and send them to some hospital. But I
don't know as I'll ever get it done. And
yet I don't want to throw them into the
ash barrel."

"Oh, no, don't do that!" said the poor
woman eagerly. "I've been looking at them
while I've been working in the room and
wondering if—if—well, it may be bold and
presuming in me to ask, but if I might have
just two or three of the picture papers to
carry home to a little girl of mine, they'd
give her a world of pleasure. You see
she's a cripple and can't go out to play.
She can't even stand, and the days are
terrible long and lonesome for her when
I'm away. When I get hold of a picture
paper to take to her she's that happy as you
wouldn't believe. She'll look at it only a
page a day so as to make it last longer, and
she'll make up little stories and imagine
things about the pictures for hours at a
time. If you'd be willing to let her have
two or three of these old papers, ma'am,
I'd work an hour extra for them and—"

"My good woman," interrupted the lady,
"you may have all of them, and you shall
not work a minute for them. Take all of
them with you when you go home."

"All of them!" exclaimed the woman with
a suggestion of tears in her voice.

"All of them! Oh, ma'am, you can't
know, you can't think, what they'll be to
my little girl! They'll make her happy for
weeks and months. I can't thank you
enough! I can't begin to tell Jennie will just
go wild over them! Won't she be happy,
though?"

"I shall be happy in thinking of her plea-
sure," said the lady, and then she added, "I
have brought a couple of scrap books that
I intended filling with the pictures, and I
will give you the books and a bottle of
mucilage when you go home, and your
little girl can fill the book with the pic-
tures herself if you think that she would
enjoy it."

"Enjoy it? Why, ma'am, I ain't words
to tell you how happy she'll be, nor I ain't
words to tell you how thankful I am!"

Six months later the lady, who had been
abroad, returned, and sent for the char-
woman to do some more work. She came
wearing a bit of rusty crape on her old
black hat.

"Yes, ma'am," she said quietly but with
tears in her eyes, "Jennie's gone. I laid
her away three weeks ago today. It was
hard to give her up, but I know where
she is, and there's great comfort in that,
and in knowing that she won't suffer any
more as she suffered here. She's safe with
Him as the young lambs in his
bosom. And oh, ma'am, I want to tell you
what a pleasure and comfort them maga-
zines and papers was to my dear little
girl. She never got tired of 'em. She filled
the two scrap-books full of the pictures,
pasting them all in so neat and nice and
not musing up the pages with the glue or
anything. And every day she'd look 'em
over, and she had 'em by her
on the bed when she died. She
knew she was going, and she made me
promise that I'd give one of the books to
some other little crippled girl and the other
one I was to keep myself. And money
couldn't buy it of me. No, it couldn't.
But you can't know how much happiness
you put into the last months of our poor,
suffering, little girl's life when you sent
her them picture papers. I'll bless you for
it all my life."

"And it was such a little thing to do,"

said the lady afterwards when she told the
story. It was a little thing for her to do,
but it made true these words: "We may
scatter the seeds of courtesy and kindness
around us at so little expense! Some of
them will inevitably fall on good ground,
and grow up into benevolence in the minds
of others; and all of them will bear fruit
of happiness in the bosom whence they
spring."

GET THE DAY.

Good Opportunities Come to us but Once
in Our Lifetime.

A great help to the accomplishment of
any task or pleasure would be found in the
three words of our title. How many
beautiful things we all plan to do some-
time? And how the years go by without
their ever being attempted!

Mr. Anytime is a most deceptive friend
and counselor. You do not mean to do
deceive yourselves. You only ask Mr. Any-
thing to jog your memory. He is a good-
meaning fellow, too, and does not in the
least intend to thwart you. It is only that
he does so love to wait for a "convenient
season." Those are Bible words, and
may perhaps remind you of a certain
Governor Felix who once used them.
Just stop this minute, and hunt up his
interesting story. How strange it seems
that any one can read it, and then say of
any good deed he means to do. "By and
by, when it is convenient." The clock-
hands point to that hour about once or
twice in a life-time.

The truth is, most things worth doing
are not easy. The minute you plan to do
a thing, there are half a dozen reasons for
not doing it. "I wouldn't start for school
to-day. It looks like rain!" Did you ever
hear anybody say that? There is another
ward off self in most of us who whispers
countless silly suggestions just like that.

"Well, let it rain!" you say—at least, I hope
you do—and go on with your preparations.
"Spoil your nice hat!" says the tempter.
"Wear my old one, then!" you ding back
at him. "Your history lesson isn't half-
learned, either! Stay at home!" "No, I
won't!" you answer flatly (if you are the
right minded young person I take you for).
"I'll go and fail, if I have to, and then I'll
take care to have a gilt-edged lesson next
time. But I won't be a sham and give into
make-believe excuses!"

You see, in even a little matter like that,
liable to come up any dull-feeling morning,
the right thing isn't quite easy. You have
to brace yourself to a bit of an effort. See-
ing that this is so, it will not do to say,
"I'll do it sometime!" There are terrible
chances that you never will. The "conven-
ient season" is only a beautiful mirage. It
never comes any nearer than the painted
clouds.

"What is to be done?" Why, "grit"
your teeth, square your shoulders, and—
"set the day." Arrange for success. Fix
things so that at some definite time in the
future you can write over against the thing
that should be done the canceling label
"DONE." Divide your tasks into two por-
tions, a resolution, and the living up to it.
You need the resolution, as a rower needs
some tree or rock for a land mark. Life
fixes his eye on that, and then gives his
arms to the oars. You must have a resolu-
tion to steer by. A drifting boat is one
of the saddest sights in the world to me.
It goes nowhere, is bound nowhere.

What is a man or a boat good for that
only minds the wind and weather?
Oh, how easily you might change all
that! You do not need to let your life
drift one more day. Blot that word "some-
time" out of your dictionary. Decide ex-
actly when you will do this good thing you
are promising yourself. Let it be the
earliest possible time it could be done. A
life is so short when all its days and weeks
and months are counted. Remember that
for some things God has set the day; there
is only one time—NOW!

A Definite Purpose.

Most men merely drift through life, and
the work they do is determined by a hun-
dred indifferent circumstances; they might
as well be doing nothing at all. But, from
the time when he became a Christian, Paul
knew that he had a definite work to do;
and the call he had received to it never

ceased to ring like a tocsin in his soul.
He lived with the account which he would
have to give at the judgement seat of
Christ ever in his eye, and his heart was
revived in every hour of discouragement
by the vision of the crown of life which, if
he proved faithful, the Lord, the righteous
Judge, would place upon his head.—
[James Stalker, D. D., in "The Life of
St. Paul."

IF YOU HAVE IT.

It is not Always a Misfortune to Earn our
own Living.

It is very easy for young people to envy
others whose natural abilities surpass their
own. Plodding students sigh as they tell
of some class-mate who can learn a history
lesson by reading it over once. The boy
who is awkward and reserved in company
looks with admiration and almost with awe
on that other lad, no wiser than himself,
who is perfectly at ease in any sort of
society, and able to join in the conversa-
tion of his elders without embarrassment.
Those people who learn without effort,
who please without trying, who have as a
natural gift what most of us must earn by
hard work, seem to many the most fortun-
ate of mankind.

In the same way, there are many who
envy those who inherit fortunes. It seems
to them the very height of happiness to be
born rich, to have one's desires gratified
without the need of exertion. But obser-
vation shows that those who get the most
out of money are the ones who earn it. A
rarely gifted man, who wasted his life be-
cause he happened to be born wealthy,
said sadly of himself, "I did not know the
curse which so easily lights on those who
never have to struggle for anything."

It is not a misfortune if we are obliged
to earn what we have. We need not com-
plain even if we can learn only by dint of
hard exertion. It is no reason for regret
if we must win our friends by lives of lov-
ing unselfishness, rather than through some
natural charm. Even those of us who have
quick tempers which must be mastered,
should not envy those to whom amiability
"comes easy" as we say. The man who
earns his money is the one who appreciates
it and knows how to use it to advantage,
and the same is true of other things which
may be the gift of inheritance, but are
often the reward of effort. "He has to
work for what he gets," a father said rather
disparagingly of the son he had just taken
to a new school. And the teacher who
had watched the career of many a brilliant
student answered, "Then I have hopes of
him." And you young people may have
hope for yourselves if by love and patience
and untiring effort you must earn the good
things you desire.

STEP BY STEP.

It is as Easy to be a Christian Always as for
a Short Time.

Young folks—and they are very much
like older people in this—think it is far
easier to pledge themselves for a limited
time, a month or a year, than for life.
If you should ask some of them to follow
Christ a week, they might not think that
hard; but they would hesitate to give the
m selves to him forever. We should all do
well to remember that eternity is made up
of weeks, and that it is no harder to follow
the right path the second week than it was
the first. All the time we need to care for
is to-day. To-morrow will be only an-
other to-day when we get to it. May all
who read this story be as prompt to act as
Edwin was.

Edwin was a good, thoughtful boy, free
from bad habits, very constantly at church,
and an associate member of the Endeavor
Society; but he refused to become an ac-
tive member.

"That means, to become a Christian, to
act like a Christian always, and I am afraid
that I could not hold out."
The pastor was very much concerned for
Edwin. He felt that if the boy remained
in such a state of mind he would lose all
care for Christ and, by and by, drop all
interest in the church also. So he called
at the boy's home to have an earnest talk
with him. Edwin had just come from
school, bringing a new history with which
he was greatly pleased. He liked the



study and showed his new book to the pas-
tor.

"There are more than four hundred
pages in this book, Edwin," said the pastor
soberly; "you can never learn so long a
history."

"I have already learned tomorrow's les-
son; we have only seven pages, and they
are very interesting," said the boy.

"But there are at least sixty such lessons
in this book. How in the world are you
going to learn all those?"

"Why," said Edwin, surprised at his
pastor's manner and words, "I shall have
sixty days to do it in, and I can learn as
long a lesson in one day as I can in an-
other."

"Oh, you have only to think of a day at
a time," said the pastor again; "then you
would about as soon promise to learn the
whole book, as to promise to learn one
lesson. would you not?"

"I have made up my mind to know all
that my history tells about before school
ends," said Edwin confidently.

"Step by step, lesson by lesson. I have
no doubt, Edwin, but that you will do
what you have made up your mind to do.
Now, can you not learn Jesus' lessons,
one at a time, and follow him step by step,
day by day, just as hopefully as you begin
your beautiful book? Won't you promise
me, with his help, to begin to learn of him
now?"

The pastor took Edwin's hand affection-
ately, and the boy returned the clasp
promptly and with shining eyes. He
pledged himself as an active member of
the Endeavor society at the next meeting.

THE OFFICE OF SORROW.

The Growth of Secret Faults eats out our
Spiritual Strength.

All sorrow has a purifying purpose with
it; but bereavement is meant to produce
results which perhaps no grief can bring
about in the same way. When, with the
spirit of the departed, we have, so to speak,
mounted up in the higher heavens and
looked on the earth, as men might look at
it from the stars, we see it at its best and
worst, both in its comprehensions and its
disappointments—not despising fit utterly,
since it is the place God has chosen for us,
yet coloring it no longer with the old false
hues. Then we see ourselves as we never
saw ourselves before. Just as pain, and
fatigue, and sickness bring out the features
of the body in a kind of ghastly sharpness,
so in the hour when God is searching us as
with candles we seem able to look in at
ourselves as persons outside look through
an open window into a house.

The growth of secret faults, such as cov-
etousness or envy, or pride—a multitude of
little failings separately but trifling, yet to-
gether eating out our strength with the
voracity of parasites, the heart settling
quietly down into hasty prayers, easy self-
love, scanty self denial—these things all
suddenly stare at us as the lightning flashes
into the darkness of a closed room. And
some have felt at such times that there is
something more woeful, more intolerable
even, than the death which has changed the
current of our life; that sin is the worst kind
of sorrow; that to have grown cold to wards
Jesus Christ can move the stirred heart in-
to a more bitter relenting than the thought
of the dead face shut up in its long home,
never to smile on us again.—Bishop Thor-
old.

It Reached Its Destination.

The following incident, related by an
English minister and published in the
"Christian Herald," carries a helpful lesson
to those who have watched in vain for re-
sults to their efforts to widen Christ's king-
dom.

I was asked to go to a public-house in
Nottingham to see the landlord's wife who
was dying. I found her rejoicing in Christ
as her Savior. I asked her how she found
the Lord.

"Read that," she replied, handing me a
torn piece of paper.

I looked at it, and found that it was part
of an American newspaper containing an
extract from one of Spurgeon's sermons,
which extract had been the means of her
conversion.

"Where did you find this newspaper?" I
asked.

She answered: "It was wrapped around
a parcel sent to me from Australia."

A sermon preached in London, conveyed
to America, then to Australia, part of it
torn off for the parcel despatched to Eng-
land.

and, and after all its wanderings, giving
the message of salvation to that woman's
soul! God's Word shall not return to him
void.

The Tramp's Good Nap.

In the articles I have spoken often about
the importance of rest, of sleep, of doing
what you can to provide for a full in the
rattling, banging battle of living. I know
we cannot all of us go off on a holiday
whenever we would like, but what is to
prevent us getting a good sleep once every
twenty-four hours? To this end it is not
needful to have a fine house or even a
house at all.

One night last winter—and it was cold
and frosty—I chanced to see a man asleep
in the hallway of an apartment building.
He was sheltered on two sides of him
and that seemed ample. He was
not drunk, but breathing as regu-
larly and gently as one should when en-
joying Heaven's best gift. His face was
contented and serene, and he had forgotten
"the curse of the wandering foot." He had
been waited out of sight and sound of his
loneliness and poverty.

A little later I met the servant of one of
the richest and foremost men of our town
on his way to rouse the night clerk of the
chemist's shop to get some bromide for his
sleepless and tormented master.

So it goes; the point for us to remember
being that it is not our worldly circum-
stances, but our personal condition that
cheats us out of our share of God's benison
of quiet and repose. Better be a tramp
asleep than a king calling for a narcotic.

In lying awake most of the night, hear-
ing the clock chime up the time into small
pieces—in doing this, I say, Mrs. Richard
Brooke was scarcely acting in harmony
with her own wishes. Far otherwise, as
a matter of fact. The trouble of the day
was continued into the night in her case.
There was no shaking it off or having a
good riddance of it merely because the sun
was gone down and the lamps lighted.
And it dated back, too.

"In April, 1894," she tells us in her let-
ter, "after my confinement, I was not able
to get up my strength. My appetite was
poor and fitful, and after eating I suffered
great pain at the chest. I also came to be
much swollen around the body."

"And as my complaint increased upon
me, I got to be dreadfully nervous. You
will understand this better when I say that
so common an occurrence as anybody
knocking at the door would startle me.
I had but little sleep at night, and finally
grew so weak that I could scarcely get
about."

"In this low and feeble state I continued
for fully a year, during which time I spent
pounds in doctoring, but got no better for
it all."

"At about this time it was that I read in
a book what Mother Seigels Syrup had
done for people afflicted as I was; and I
bought a bottle from Mr. Prudenoe, the
grocer, &c., Aberford."

"After taking this medicine a short time,
I began to improve. I could eat better,
and the food I took gave me no pain or
distress. As you may suppose, this good
effect induced me to continue the use of it,
and I gradually recovered my health and
strength. Since then by taking an occa-
sional dose I keep in good health. For
the sake of the benefit the knowledge of
my cure may be to others, you are at
liberty to publish this statement and refer
any inquirers to me. (Signed) (Mrs.)
Richard Brooke, Aberford, near Leeds,
March 19th, 1897."

This woman rests and sleeps now with-
out a break from bedtime till morning.
Not because her bed is softer than it was
not because a worthy relative has left her
a fortune, but because Mother Seigels'
Syrup delivered her from her malady—in-
digestion, or dyspepsia—that vile destroy-
er of strength and comfort, that ugly
slaughterer of sleep.

I hope plenty of other pained and sleep-
less men and women may see this little
story and learn its valuable lesson. No
matter what your ailments seem to be, or
how much it bothers the medical men, try
Mother Seigels' Syrup for it. For—I give
you my word—out of a dozen diseases, ten
are dyspepsia with a different sort of clothes
on.

There is a vast difference between pray-
ing in faith and praying in prayer. Having faith
in prayer is believing that because certain
prayers are offered certain results will
follow, that the praying will secure the
thing prayed for. Praying in faith comes
of an abiding confidence in the person
prayed to; the confidence is in him; it is
based on a knowledge of what he is and on
a conviction that he is every way worthy to
be trusted. Praying in faith is the act of
a simple-hearted child of God.—[H. Clay
Trumbull.

"Is it fair to forget all the good, or kind-
ness, shown to us, by those with whom we
live, for the sake of one little pain they
may have caused us, and which, most like-
ly, was quite unintentional on their part?"

"Like the sunlight which fills the air all
around us, and enters wherever there is an
opening, so does the presence of God fill
the whole universe, and enters every heart
that opens to receive him."

Walter Baker & Co., Limited.

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Cocoas and Chocolates



on this Continent. No Chemicals are used in their manufacture.
Their Breakfast Cocoa is absolutely pure, delicious, nutritious, and
costs less than one cent a cup. Their Premium No. 1 Chocolate
is the best plain chocolate in the market for family use. Their
German Sweet Chocolate is good to eat and good to drink.
It is palatable, nutritious and healthful; a great favorite with
children. Consumers should ask for and be sure that they get the genuine
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