

come angry too, and we would both be most unhappy. Instead, I hear him whistling down the road, and I am glad because with God's help I gained one more victory."

A PERILOUS CLIMB.

I was sketching in Yorkshire last summer and it was on a very windy day that I set out for Falcon Crag. But then it generally is windy in Yorkshire, and I had grown an adept in the art of finding sheltered nooks from which to sketch.

The morning I speak of was as windy as usual, but as I was determined to sketch Falcon Crag, and as I had waited three days for something approaching calmness, I decided to wait no longer, and so I collected my drawing-materials and started.

It was when I was established behind a convenient boulder, small enough for me to see over, that the two children who interested me so much, appeared. A sturdy little protecting chap was the boy, and a careful young lady the girl; for she trotted up to me and said: "Please will you take care of my hat? Nurse is waiting on a seat, and she told me to be sure not to let it fly off."

I took a big straw hat, with a smile, and slung it on my easel.

"Come on, Nan!" shouted the boy; "look at those sea-gulls! Do you see how the little ones are bowing? And don't they screech, too?"

"They want to be fed," I observed; "that's their mother they are bowing to—the father is away in search of food."

"I never knew how big they were before," said Nan, looking up at the mother sea-gull with wide eyes; "and they're quite close to us—aren't they, Ned?"

The boy laughed, and flung his strong young arm round her prophetic cliff is," he said, in awestruck tectingly, "Just look how high tones—and so jagged!"

"Fancy trying to climb it!" cried Nan, in her shrill little voice.

"No one could," said Ned, decidedly.

"Someone did once," I remarked.

"Oh, who? Was he killed?" Two eager faces gazed round at me.

"It was long ago—centuries and centuries; there was no terrace here then, nor railing, nor seats. Haven't you heard the story? No? Well, it was before the Norman Conquest—ah! you know the date of that?—there was a handsome young Saxon, named Oswald the Brave; he was very big and broad and strong, and he was a Christian. One day, when he was out hunting alone, a little band of men—enemies—set upon him. He defended himself bravely, but he was one amongst many, and at last he was down, and was left for dead. And old woman found him, and took him to her hut, and tended him till he was well. He had been wounded severely, and he was very

grateful to her. She was a clever little old woman, and lived alone. But she would take nothing from him, no present of skins, nor anything at all. He left her at last, declaring that if ever it were in his power to repay her he would.

Three years passed, and one day Oswald heard that an old witch was going to be burned to death for practising the black arts. He did not heed the news much, for in those days it was no uncommon occurrence, and he was full of thought on his own account. For he was in love with a fair lady of high degree, the beautiful Ethelberta, and he was far beneath her in position. But suddenly he heard the name of the old witch—"Mercia"—and he forgot all about himself altogether, for it was the name of the old woman who had tended him in his danger, and saved his life. 'Perhaps the time to repay her has come,' he said, and he set about to see what he could do.

"It appeared that she had cured a raging fever by some means of her own, and that now a great and good man was stricken with the same fever, and she could not cure him. So the ignorant people cried out that she was a witch, and only healed bad people, for he whom she had cured of the fever was a bad man indeed.

"To Oswald the old woman told the same story she had told the others. She cured the fever by a concoction made of herbs that she gathered at the foot of the great Falcon Crag, and now all the herbs were gone, except some growing half-way up the rugged side, far beyond anyone's reach. Her practised eye could see them against the sky, but who could scale those cruel rocks? Who could dare venture his life for her? And so she moaned and wept and wrung her hands, and Oswald looked down on her and smiled. For he did not know what fear was, and he was a Christian.

"He went straight from the hut and began the awful ascent. In a little while men had gathered from everywhere, and were watching him in terror. Up and up he went, and their hearts were in their throats. For one false step, one little slip, and he would be a dead man. He reached the plant and gathered a handful, and stuck it in his hunting-belt. Then he began to descend, and the men and women and little children watching below told each other that the descent was worse than the ascent, and the women wept, and the men's fair faces grew pale under their sunburn, for Oswald the Brave was beloved by them all. At last, bruised and battered, with hands torn and bleeding, he stood before them. They crowded round him, almost ready to worship him, but he pushed his way through the crowd to the hut where the old woman still sat and wept and wrung her hands.

"I repay you at last," he said; and he did, indeed, for she cured the fever of the great and good man with the herbs, and the peo-

Outside of Rheumatism

The American People are the Happiest on Earth.

Its Causes, Effect and Cure

A distinguished English traveller, when asked his impressions of the Americans as a nation, answered that "outside of rheumatism they were the happiest people on earth."

Rheumatism, the dread alike of physician and patient, is "essentially an inflammation of the fibrous tissue—sometimes, however, involving, as the disease extends, other tissues—and most commonly seizes the fibrous parts which lie around the joints—the larger joints particularly—although the inflammation frequently commences in the head, neck, chest or arms, and extends to other parts of the body. So long as it is confined to the extremities, though the pain may be intense and deformity ensue, but little danger to life is apprehended, but its constant liability to change from one part of the system to another, and even to attack some vital organ, has heretofore rendered it an alarming affection under any known treatment.

To rheumatism belongs two specific forms, classed under the heads acute and chronic. As unlike as are these two forms of rheumatism, their causes are the same and various. Sometimes it is transmitted—an unhappy legacy from parent to child—and then it appears in its most formidable aspect; it may also rise from the suppression of some eruptive disease, or discharge resulting from disease; but more frequently exposure to wet, cold, damp or perspiration, are the prominent causes.

But the disease is so familiar that our explanation cannot make it as impressive as that which you have witnessed, or perhaps yourself endured.

The most important consideration is how, having become a victim to it, can one rid himself of its shackles. By the experience of others you know that change of climate will not cure rheumatism. Through the same medium you have learned that medicine can afford no permanent relief, and that liniments, lotions and salves are equally ineffective, and in many cases positively dangerous, driving the pains from one spot to another, too often diverting them to the heart or some other vital organ.

To sum up the whole matter, you are face to face with a disease which is practically incurable by the old methods. No wonder you give way to despondency.

Do not despair. We invite your attention to our new method, and destined through its common sense principles to become the most popular, as it is now the greatest curative agent of the age.

We speak of that wonderful instrument, the Electropoise, and ask your careful examination into the cures it has wrought.

The Electropoise supplies the needful amount of electrical force, which is in fact quite small, but none the less very important, and also by its thermal action causes the rapid absorption of oxygen. Oxygen is that part of the air which when taken into the lungs purifies the blood, stimulates the circulation, and arouses the functional organs to the proper performance of all their functions. The Electropoise places the whole body in condition to absorb oxygen directly through the lungs and also through the pores. We know that it does this by the effects produced.

SCIENTIFIC DISCUSSION

During the session of the American Dental Association, held at Saratoga, at which were present many distinguished professors, representing a number of the leading universities of the United States, among the number—Harvard, Northwestern, New York, Pennsylvania, Michigan, Ohio, Iowa and others, a discussion of electricity as a therapeutic agent was introduced by a very excellent paper read by Prof. John S. Marshall. During this discussion Dr. W. H. Morgan, formerly president of the Association, and well known and most highly esteemed by that distinguished body of scientific men, who had been accustomed to see him on his crutch or cane, after telling of the wonderful benefits derived by him from the use of the Electropoise, stepping across the hall without his crutch or cane, amid applause from his delighted friends, continuing said:—"I am free from pain; I sleep like a baby; my digestion is first-rate, and I have no interrupted pulsation of the heart from which I suffered since 1867, when my friends all thought I was going to die soon. I am in my seventy-third year, and I believe I am going to renew my youth. I do not know of any valuation that could be put on it in dollars. I do not know whether I would begin in the thousands or tens of thousands or where. It does some wonderful things under my eye, and not only for myself, but for two or three others who are very near to me."

Dr. Shepard intimated that such cures might result from faith or mind cure.

Dr. Taft replied: "Dr. Morgan is not that kind of a man. He is not a man who will believe anything and everything that everybody tells him. There must be an appeal to his judgment and reason before he will believe, and I do not think his assent has anything to do with the influence the apparatus had on him."

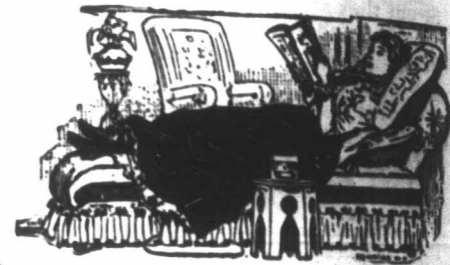
Dr. Morgan assured them: "A greater infidel on the subject of all that occurs in life than I am does not exist this side of Jordan. I simply state the facts."

(Condensed from the report of the discussion as given in *Items of Interest*, a scientific journal published in Philadelphia.)
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Electropoise as Applied.

ple, from calling her a witch, suddenly changed and called her Mercia, the Wise Woman, and came to her in all their troubles and ills. And Oswald was rewarded; for the beautiful Ethelberta heard of his deed—of his risking his life for a poor, old, friendless woman—and was so touched by his nobleness and kindness that she fell in love with him, and they were married.

"There, that is the story, and they say that for many years Falcon Crag was called 'Oswald's Cliff,' in honour of the brave young hero."—Margaret Westrup.

DOING AND NOT DOING.

"Sir," said a lad, coming down to one of the wharves in Boston, and addressing a well-known merchant, "have you any berth on your ship? I want to earn something."

"What can you do?" asked the gentleman.

"I can try my best to do whatever I am put to," answered the boy.

"What have you done?" "I have sawed and split all mother's wood for nigh on two years."

"What have you not done?" asked the gentleman, who was a queer sort of a questioner.

"Well, sir," answered the boy, after a moment's pause, "I have not whispered in school once for a whole year."

"That's enough," said the gentleman. "You may ship aboard this vessel, and I hope to see you master of it some day. A boy who can master a wood pile and bridle his tongue must be made of good stuff."

HOW WILL WAS CURED.

"I don't know what to do with my little boy," said Will's mother. "He hasn't been well, and the doctor told me to take him to the seashore and let him play all day in the sand; but how am I going to make him play when he does not feel like it."

"I know a better than your strange lady."

"What is your mother?"

"Call him, said the stranger."

"Will, O Will, minute, my mother."

Will got up bucket and said "They are just about not plain to himself."

Will would let me know.

But they did him about plain.

"Will," said if you are not you would help.

Will pricked had been a low been allowed himself.

"Do you see cottage away the lady."

"I the beach. That cottage, him an orange?"

"Yes, ma'am the small boy."

"And, Will you can do a cheer him, it thing, you know of the h he might wit.

Will was d forgot all ab things for l; strange lady ed wonders, little readers, it.

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