

Sunday Reading.

TOTHER AND WHICH.

Tother and Which were two little kittens, but which was Tother and which was Which no one knew but Mollie Johnson. Tother and Which and Mollie were all three as black as could be. Tother and Which were blacker than Mollie, but that was not her fault, for she was just as black as she could be. But then little girls cannot be as black as kittens can be.

Tother and Which and Mollie were a good deal alike besides being black. They were all three round and fat and jolly, and full of play. They would run races by the hour, and they would all cuddle down in some warm spot and all three go to sleep with a funny little black jumble. As I said, Mollie alone knew Tother from Which; but if you met her with one kitten tucked under her arm, and the other tagging along at her feet, and asked her which kitten she was carrying, her eyes would grow round with surprise at a question which showed such lack of appreciation, and she always answered gravely, with a closer squeeze at the kitten under her arm, 'Tother, course.'

Everybody used to laugh at the virtues Mollie discovered in Tother above those belonging to Which. Tother's eyes were prettier, she lapped her saucer of milk more neatly, and she had a gentler purr—not that Which was not a nice kitten, 'Cept Tother, she's the nicest kitten there is,' was Mollie's opinion.

One day Mollie woke up from one of her cozy naps to hear voices from the window near her, and as she stroked Tother she heard above the lazy, contented purr of the kitten the voice of Dr. Ryder, a returned missionary who was staying at the home of her mistress, and even little Mollie's heart was stirred as he told of the sorrows of the children in the land he came from. When Mollie understood that the children he was talking about were like her, little children with black skin, two tears were blinked out of her eyes, and wiped away with Tother for a handkerchief.

Then Mollie heard a great deal about helping them by self-denial. What was self-denial, Mollie wondered? She knew she did not have any, but she wished she had, for the loving little heart wanted to help. How could she ever get that? She had only two pennies, which young master Tom had given her the day before to buy candy. Mollie knew just what kind she meant to buy, just as soon as she would be allowed to go to the store—one stick of mint and one of winter green. How Mollie's shining teeth did love to bite into a stick of candy! But she would do without the candy, she really would, even the mint stick, to buy some self-denial to send to the poor little children—it two pennies would buy it!

Just then Miss Lucy came around the house, and to her Mollie put the puzzling question: 'What's self-denial?'

'Oh! what Mollie said when told, that self-denial meant giving up for the sake of some one else what you wanted yourself. Mollie's woolly head did more thinking in the next half hour than it had ever done before, and the precious pennies were looked at over and over again. At the end of the long thinking spell Mollie squeezed Tother so hard she mewed as the little girl whispered, 'I'll do it, Tother! Think of the poor little children.'

Mollie had understood that the next day, at church, Dr. Ryder would preach, and a collection would be taken up for his missionary work in Africa. She had often been at the colored church with 'Mammy,' so she knew all about collections.

There was a smile passing over the big church when, after the sermon had commenced, a funny little figure wearing a red hood and wrapped up in Mammy's big shawl, one end of which trailed behind, walked the entire length of the church, and sat down alone in a pew at the very front. But Mollie's solemn eyes saw nothing funny in it. A great deal that was said she did not understand; but when the preacher spoke of self-denial Mollie nodded brightly. She knew, and she had some; she was going to put it into the collection basket. But when the basket was passed at the close of the sermon it was not carried to Mollie's pew. For a moment she sat still as she saw it set down in front of the pulpit. Sliding down from her seat the little girl, in her trailing shawl, trudged up to the basket, and reaching up, dropped into it, one at a time, two pennies. Then unwrapping a corner of her shawl, reached up again and put into it a little black kitten, and gravely walking back, climbed up into her seat.

Every one smiled—who could help it? The kitten stretched up its head, gave one little mew, and then curled down in the basket. In the midst of the smiles, Dr. Ryder rose, and, though he smiled too, there were tears in his eyes.

Now a most unheard of thing happened. He stepped to the edge of the platform and said, 'Which kitten is it, Mollie?' and when Mollie answered, 'Tother,' such a speech he made about what self-denial might mean, and what it had meant to one little girl! Mollie did not understand what he

was talking about, but she saw the baskets taken up and carried around again. After church more than one hand was laid on her head, and Master Tom said she had preached the best missionary sermon he had ever heard.

But Mollie did not know what he meant. —Sunday School Times.

NEITHER WAS THE SON.

A Father was not Interested in Good Work and he was Punished.

Some years ago I approached a man of means, asking him to help the Young Men's Christian Association in the town where I lived. It was a modest effort—to be one of a hundred men to give ten dollars a year. With a haughty curl of his lip, seemingly disgusted with such work, he said: 'No, I have nothing to give; I do not see that I am interested in such work.' I didn't see that he was either, so I hastened from his office. About a year after, I was invited to speak to the boys in the State Reform School. Some four hundred filed into the room—four hundred incorrigibles, some of them decidedly bad, vicious, a brute hereditary—bound to spend their lives in prison, perhaps some to reach the gallows. I was singularly attracted to one boy, about sixteen, whose appearance indicated something better and stronger—out of all proportion to the multitude of boys about him. He was taller than the rest, and looked as though he was out of place. The superintendent, seeing my interest, said quietly, 'You appear to be drawn towards that boy; you would be surprised to know whose lad he is.' After some hesitation he said, 'He is the son of one of your rich men in—; his father is not able to do anything with him. He has been here several times, and is now likely to stay here for a long season.' And his father wasn't interested in such work as the Young Men's Christian Association was doing!—Rev. W. H. Geistweid.

IT IS WHAT WE DO.

Not What We Say That Will Help to Shape the Lives of Others.

It is not what we say as much as what we do, that will bring others to Christ. 'We must preach as we walk.' Many of the best sermons are sermons without words. Francis Assisi one day stepped down into the cloisters of his monastery, and said to a young monk, 'Brother, let us go down into the town to-day and preach.' So they went forth, the venerable father and the young man, conversing as they went. Along the principal streets, around the lowly alleys, to the outskirts of the town, and to the village beyond, they wound their way, returning at last to the monastery gate. Then spoke the young Monk, 'Father, when shall we begin to preach?' 'My child,' said Francis, looking down kindly upon the young man, 'we have been preaching; we were preaching while we were walking. We have been seen, looked at; our behaviour has been remarked, and so we have delivered a morning sermon. Ah, my son,' continued the saintly man, 'it is of no use that we walk anywhere to preach, unless we preach as we walk.' In this way we may all be preachers; in this way we must all walk if we would win souls. Paul said, 'For me to live is Christ.' Wherever he went men saw Christ mirrored in his character, his disposition, his conduct, his temper. We must be Christ to those whom we would win for Christ.—Mrs. G. A. Panll.

Believe Also in Me.

There is no journey of life but has its cloudy days; and there are some days in which our eyes are so blinded with tears that we find it hard to see our way, or even read God's promises. Those days that have a bright sunrise followed by sudden thunder-claps and bursts of unlooked-for sorrows are the ones that test certain of our graces the most severely. Yet the law of spiritual eyesight very closely resembles the law of physical optics. When we come suddenly out of the sunlight into a room even moderately darkened, we can discern nothing; but the pupils of our eyes gradually enlarge until unseen objects become visible. Even so the pupil of the eye of faith has the blessed faculty of enlarging in dark hours of bereavement, so that we discover that our loving Father's hand is holding the cup of trial, and by and by the cup becomes luminous with glory. The fourth chapter of John never falls with such sweet music on our ears as when we catch its sweet strains amid the pauses of a storm: 'Let not your hearts be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me. I will not leave you comfortless.'—T. L. Cuyler.

The Art of Silence.

We must check the angry word before it rises to our lips. St. Alphonsus Liguori says that the infallible rule for preventing angry speech is to keep absolutely silent until our anger has quite subsided. Talking, tattling talk does even more mischief than the speech of hasty temper, and we must especially guard ourselves from this ugly foolish habit of thoughtless chatter. All the wiseheads seem to have given some

time and thought to the correction of the tongue. Here is another old maxim: If wisdom's ways you'd truly seek, Five things observe with care... Of whom you speak, to whom you speak, And how, and when, and where.

But there are many who will tell us how and when and where to speak; but we learn for ourselves the art of silence—the most inoffensive of all arts. Silence induces thought, speech scatters it. Gay preserved a wise motto in easily remembered rhyme:

My tongue within my lips I rein, For who talks much must talk in vain.

The Life of the Soul.

No man can measure the life of the soul in the coming eternity, nor set a limit to its growth and expansion. No man can prophesy of the celestial glories which will dawn upon it from age to age along the track of that great future. But the spirit comes to all this only by the pathway that leads through the dark valley, and 'over the river.' Death alone strikes off its fetters and opens the doors of its prison house, and brings it the freedom of new birth and larger growth. 'It cannot be quickened except it die—but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit.' The old body perishes in order to give place to the new birth; there is a natural body and there is a spiritual body; how be it that is not first spiritual, but that which is natural, and afterward that which is spiritual.

Duty in Faith.

The natural poetry of which every man is possessed, and which finds its clearest expression in his religious faith, can be suppressed for a time—but never destroyed. The endeavors of an Ingersoll may bring forth consternation and apprehension in the minds of such who understand not the innate emotional life of man. The labors and teachings of an Adler may arouse all the agents of doubt and skepticism, but for how long? So surely as seek its level, so surely will the repressed and suppressed, voices of human heart—ultimately come out anew, ringing into every ear the tidings of comfort and salvation, the messages of hope and trust, the sublime lessons of 'Duty in Faith.'

Walking With God.

'Walking with God' means to be in accord with His purposes, to be directed by His holy will. In a certain sense these words are to be taken literally, for the convenience that can be expressed in no other way. It is of the religion that thus represented the relations between God and man, of which it is sometimes said that it lacks those emotional traits that the human heart needs in its groping towards the divine. Yet, despite this intimacy in one direction, Israel's faith maintained with absolute clearness the impassable boundary between divinity and humanity.

Never Lost.

I love to believe that no heroic sacrifice is ever lost, that the characters of men are molded and inspired by what their fathers have done, that treasured up in American souls are all the unconscious influences of the great deeds of the Anglo-Saxon race, from Agincourt to Bunker Hill. It was such an influence that led a young Greek, 2,000 years ago, when he heard the news of Marathon, to exclaim: 'The trophies of Miltiades will not let me sleep.'—James A. Garfield.

Repentance.

The act of repentance is the undoing of a man's regret. Repentance comes after seeing the truth. You cannot feel rightly unless you see rightly. It is astonishing how much power is in the assertion of the gospel. The sinner's conversion comes from what the mind sees. If knowledge be wrong, emotion is useless. The difference between cultivation and knowledge is we know not when it comes.—Bishop Hurst.

Destroying Hope.

Hope is an element of man's spiritual life. It is a function of health. It has to do with the health of the body. But, as man grows on the side of his manhood, hope has its deeper roots in the moral life. It feeds on the infinite. 'Cut the infinite out of man's life, shut away then' sky, mark a border to the possibilities of the universe, and you would kill hope.

Follow Him.

Follow after Him, though it may be at an immeasurable distance. Follow Him in His long endurance and His great humility. Follow Him with a bold and cheerful spirit in the happy and glorious victory which He had won over sin and death; and in the end thou shalt find in Him the true communion and fellowship which He only can give.—Dean Stanley.

THE STRUGGLING YOUNG AUTHOR.

His First Accepted Article a Disappointment. —ment to Him in Print.

'I told you a few days ago, you may remember,' said the struggling young author, 'about how I had sold an article, my first, and I was waiting for the pleasure of seeing it in print. I had been waiting then about six weeks, buying the paper every week, and I didn't know but what the publisher was saving it for the Christmas number, or something of that sort. But he wasn't; it's been printed. I've seen it in print; but it was a disappointment after all.'

'It was a good little article, if I do say it. It contained an idea, and I had wrought it with care; and I had constructed it for a head that was in keeping with it. And I had signed a name to this article. To that name I had devoted a great deal of thought, and I hoped to make it famous.'

'Apart from the fact that the article was mine, its acceptance was a source of gratification to me for quite another reason. I had sent to the same publisher a dozen articles before, which had been uniformly returned. The acceptance of this article, which was easily the best thing I had sent, showed not only that the manuscripts submitted were read, but also that here they were read with care and discrimination by men who knew a good thing when they saw it, a qualification I am constrained by circumstances to believe not held by mankind in general. It was gratifying to see business conducted in that manner; so that from whatever point of view I looked at it, the acceptance of this article was a source of pleasure to me. But now mark the disappointments involved in the printing of it.'

'The article itself was as I wrote it, and of course I was pleased with that; but my heading was gone and another was put in its place. The new heading was brief and vigorous. I concede that willingly, but I don't think it was so good a heading as mine; and the name, my pet signature, to which I had given so much thought, was gone entirely. I didn't know first but what it might be on the back or around somewhere, and I looked over on the next page for it, but it wasn't there, it wasn't anywhere: it was just clean gone.'

'Well, do you know it hadn't even occurred to me that the article might not be printed just as I wrote it; and when I first saw it, just for the moment it kind of hurt me. Here was this article which I had so hoped would be the first gem in my literary crown. Simply used as a shingle on another man's house. But I know my shingle, if the public don't, and there's some satisfaction in that.'

A CRIPPLE FROM RHEUMATISM.

Cured by a few Doses of South American Rheumatic Cure—Miserable but Fact.

Mrs. N. Ferris, wife of a well-known manufacturer of Hingham, Ont., says: 'For many years I was sorely afflicted with rheumatic pains in my ankles and at times was almost disabled. I tried everything, as I thought, and doctored for years without much benefit. I was induced to use South American Rheumatic Cure. To my delight, the first dose gave me more relief than I had had in years, and two bottles have completely cured me.'

LONGS TO BE A SLAVE.

A Southern Negro Who Wants to go Into Bondage Again.

Some of the letters that Mayor Thatcher gets are curiosities in their way. People from out of town who wish to find out anything in the city of Albany invariably write letters to the mayor. It doesn't make any difference what the information desired relates to, the mayor, they think, ought to know.

A letter was received from a negro away down South, who, Mr. Monahan says, has been dead for 30 years—not literally a corpse, but diseased as far as his grip on hustling, progressive 19th century was concerned. This man believes that slavery is still an institution in this great land, and ignorant of the glorious fact that the master's whip hasn't cracked for 30 years.

He never heard of the President's proclamation, never knew that the North had whipped the South, and that a million lives had been sacrificed to free the slave. In his letter to the mayor this colored man asked to be brought South and sold back into slavery. There is no question that he found it impossible to live in the North, and longed again for the irresponsibility from self-support of slavery days, which he thought still flourished in the South.—Albany Argus.

Itching, Burning Skin Diseases Cured For 35 Cents.

Dr. Agnew's Ointment relieves in one day and cures better, salt rheum, piles, scald head, eczema, barbers' itch, ulcers, blotches, and all eruptions of the skin. It is soothing and quickening the acts like a magic in the cure of all baby humors; 35 cents.

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AURORA ON THE YUKON.

The Unwarming Light Flashes on Frozen Rivers and Great Snow Banks.

During the winter months the aurora on the Yukon is very brilliant, and intensely beautiful. It commences early in the fall, and lasts, with more or less brilliancy, throughout the long Arctic winter. It generally commences upon the setting of the sun, although in mid-winter it has sometimes been so bright that it was visible at noon while the sun was shining brightly. The rays of the light first shot forth with a quick, quivering motion, are then gathered and form a great arch of fire spanning the heavens. It glows for an instant like a girdle of burnished gold, then, unfolding, great curtains of light drop forth. These royal mantles of bright orange, green, pink rose, yellow, and crimson are suspended and waved between heaven and earth as with an invisible hand. The rapid gyrations and scintillations of light and blending colors are intensely bewildering and superbly beautiful.

The whole phenomena of waving wreaths, flickering flames, rays, curtains, fringes, bands, and flashing colors, the strange confusion of light and motion, now high in the heavens, then dropping like curtains of gold and silver lace, sparkling with wealth and rubies, sapphires, emeralds, and diamonds, penetrating dark gulches and darting through sombre green forests, lighting the whole landscape as with a thousand electric lamps, form a picture of which words can convey but a very poor idea. This unwarming light, as it flashes along the frozen rivers, the great banks of snow, and reveals the huge mountains of glistening ice and black lines of fir, indeed is of the purest Arctic cast, and causes one to button his coat closer over his chest, and with a shiver he is glad to seek a light of less brilliancy, but one of life giving warmth.

At the breaking up of winter the hours of sunshine are rapidly increasing, and continue so until midsummer, when the sun beams forth twenty-two hours out of the twenty-four. But at this period the aurora is very intense, and helps very materially in driving darkness from that dreary land. The thermometer goes down to 70° below zero in winter, but the atmosphere is very dry, and consequently the cold is not so perceptible as one would imagine.—Alaska News.

TAKEN WITH SPASMS.

A Collingwood Resident Tells How South American Nervine Cured His Daughter of Distressing Nervous Disease.

The father of Jessie Marchant of Collingwood tells this story of his eleven-year-old daughter: 'I doctored with the most skilled physicians in Collingwood without any relief coming to my daughter, spending nearly a hundred dollars in this way. A friend influenced me to try South American Nervine, though I took it with little hope of it being any good. When she began its use she was hardly able to move about, and suffered terribly from nervous spasms, but after taking a few bottles she can now run around as other children.' For stomach troubles and nervousness there is nothing so good as South American Nervine.

A Knotty Problem.

Fond Wife—'What are you worrying about this evening?'

Husband (a young lawyer)—'An important case I have on hand. My client is charged with murder and I can't make up my mind whether to try to prove that the deceased was killed by some other man, or is still alive.'

WHY THEY DO NOT PASS.

Kidney Disease Prevents Hundreds of Apparently Healthy Men From Passing a Medical Examination for Life Insurance.

If you have inquired into the matter you will be surprised at the number of your friends who find themselves rejected as applicants for life insurance, because of kidney trouble. They think themselves healthy until they undergo the medical test, and they fail in this one point. South American kidney Cure will remove not alone the early symptoms, but all forms of kidney disease, by dissolving the uric acid and hardening substances that find place in the system. J. D. Locke of Sherbrooke, Que., suffered for three years from a complicated case of kidney disease and spent over \$100 for treatment. He got no relief until he used South American kidney Cure, and he says over his own signature that four bottles cured him.

NOT KNOWING WHAT ELSE TO DO.

To save ourselves trouble and suffering by learning from the experience of others—that is the wisdom of history. Otherwise every generation and every man and woman therein, would have to begin back where their ancestors did. Every soul of us has to learn the alphabet for himself; but after that he can read and benefit by what others have written. Is that idea plain as plain as a split pod? Yes. Well, then, let us see whether it has anything to say to the facts set forth in the following letter:—

'After my confinement,' writes a woman, 'in August of last year (1895), I could not get up my strength. My food did not seem to be of any use to me. In some way I was ill, but I could not give a name to the ailment. My tongue was swollen and thickly coated, and I was constantly spitting out the thick phlegm which gathered in my throat and mouth. No matter how little food I took—even a morsel—it gave me great pain at the chest and sides; and sometimes it would dart through to my back between the shoulders.'

'Often I would be sick, and heave and strain until I was quite sore. Then, again, a pain would take me in the stomach and cut through me like a knife. I had a dry, hacking cough which never left me, and I sweat terribly at night. The cough was so bad that I often had to hold my sides when I had spells of it.'

'Nearly every bit of flesh went off my bones, and I got so weak I couldn't put my foot to the ground. People said I was in a consumption, and I had little hope of getting better. I was so nervous that the least noise would startle and upset me. Those who called said it was pitiable to see the condition I was in.'

'I saw two doctors who gave me medicines, but I only got worse. At the end of October (1895) I came by a small book telling about Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, and, not knowing what else to do, I sent to Mr. Baxter, the druggist, Brookhouse, and got a bottle. After I had taken it but a few days I was better. I could eat something, and it stayed on my stomach, and the pain was less severe. As I took dose after dose of the Syrup the improvement went on, all the bad feelings abated, and I gained strength. It wasn't long before the cough was quite gone, and I was well and strong as ever.'

'After my recovery, a neighbour said to me, "Redhead, you have made my heart sad many times when I saw you so bad." "Thank you," I replied, "and I was as enough myself, but Mother Seigel's Syrup has made me glad again, for it has given me back my good health."

'And in thankfulness for it I am very willing you should publish what I have told you (Signed) Mrs. Mary Jane Redhead, 73, Street Street, Blackburn, April 4th, 1894.'

We congratulate Mrs. Redhead, and tender our regards to the kind-hearted neighbour who was so sorry for her. But what a pity that Mrs. R. didn't know in August what she learned in October—namely, that her disease was indigestion and dyspepsia, and that Mother Seigel's Syrup is a cure for it, some folks say the only cure. Well, we suppose she had to wait her turn to find that out. There's a deal of mystery about these things.

Anyway, she knows now, and the printing of her story will enable lots of other sufferers to begin where she left off. They won't take the Syrup as she did, not knowing what else to do, but they will take it the very day they fall ill, knowing that to be exactly the right thing to do.

Royalty Out Hunting.

The Prince of Wales is a great hunter of partridges, the hand raised birds that have to be clubbed up and stoned to make them fly from men. The way the Prince bange over the soft birds is a caution. He has several guns and a couple of men in a blind with him to load the weapons. Shooting in this fashion the Prince kills several hundred birds before noon. Recently he and a party of friends succeeded in bagging in a single morning 2,000 of the partridges, and in the afternoon they got a thousand more.

Like the Prince, the German Emperor does nothing in a half way. William II. has better opportunities than the Prince of Wales. Instead of shooting a thousand or so of little birds the Emperor goes on a grand hunt after big game, and shoots birds between the rushes of the deer and hke beasts. The Emperor has the game laid out in lines between which he may walk and inspect the carcasses, and the lines are numerous. Three hundred or so of roe deer, dozens of wild boars and stags, and hundreds of birds make a respectable bag.

Horse Dealer—I warrant this horse sound and kind. Possible Buyer—How about speed? Speed? Well, I'll tell you. Old man Grimes died the other day—died rich, you know—and it was understood that his will was to be read at the house after the funeral was over. Well, sir, I was out on the road with this horse that day, and bang me if I didn't beat the Grimes family back from the cemetery. N. Y. Weekly.

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est best Soap to
use. See for yourself.

Ulysses, however, was a plump boy and a good runner. He made no attempt at the kangaroo, but was deeply interested in the trick pony, which had been trained to throw off any boy who attempted to ride him. He was a very fat boy pony with no mane, and nothing at all to hang on. Ulysses looked on for awhile, saw several of the other boys try and fail, and at last said, 'I believe I can ride that pony.' He anticipated the pony's attempts to throw him off, by leaning down and putting his arms around the pony's neck. He poney reared, kicked, and did everything he knew to unhorse Ulysses, but failed; and at last the clown acknowledged the pony's defeat and paid the five dollars which he had promised to the boy who could ride the pony. As Ulysses turned away with the five dollars in his hand, he said to the boys standing, 'Why, that pony is as slick as an apple.'

Of this following incident there are two versions. The father's story runs thus: 'Then Ulysses was about twelve years old, a first phenologist who ever made his appearance in that part of the country, came to our neighbourhood. . . . In order to test the accuracy of the phenologist, asked him if he would be blindfolded and examine a head. The phenologist replied that he would. So they undid him, and then brought Ulysses forward and had his head examined.

He felt it all over for some time, saying himself, 'It is no very uncommon head! It is an extraordinary head! At length the phenologist broke in with the inquiry that the boy would be likely to distinguish himself in mathematics. Yes said the phenologist, 'In mathematics or anything else. It would not be strange if we should see him president of the United States.'

The village version of the incident is different. With all his shrewdness and energy, the neighbors say, there was a in of singular guilelessness in Jesse. He was credulous and simple-minded meaning of the word simple.

According to their report, Doctor Buckner was only putting up a practical joke in his neighbor Grant. As the timid and thing Ulysses was pushed forward to platform the crowd began to titter, and quickwitted lecturer seized upon the remark and colds relieved in 10 to 60 minutes.

the short puff of the breath through the ever supplied with each bottle of Dr. Cassell's Catarrhal Powder diffuses this over the surface of the nasal passages. Painless and delightful to use, it cures instantly and permanently cures rhin, Hay Fever, Colds, headache, Throat, Tonsillitis and Deafness. Druggists.

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