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COLIC, CRAMPS,
PAIN IN THE STOMACH,
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Soothes tired muscles, removes soreness and stiffness and gives the body a feeling of comfort and strength.

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Over \$12,000 offered in prizes, also a number of interesting specials.

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INDIGESTION
CONQUERED BY K.D.C.
 IT RESTORES THE STOMACH TO HEALTHY ACTION AND TONES WHOLE SYSTEM.

THE SUPREME TEACHER.

We have been impressed afresh of late with the position of Jesus Christ as the supreme teacher in the world. Whatever may be the attitude of men toward this and that feature of Christianity, they are at one with respect to him. Conservative and liberal and skeptic alike bow before him and confess his supremacy. In an address listened to by us the other night before a Christian school, the speaker said in substance that all educational institutions to be of the highest type must be Christian. The loftiest ideals were founded therein, and in the teaching of Christ the instruction of the world had reached high-water mark.

There is no question as to the accuracy of this position. The most perfect teaching found elsewhere is full of defect beside his. Plato's Republic cannot sustain a comparison with his kingdom, and the ethics of Socrates fell into a vastly inferior position when compared with those of the Sermon on the Mount. We have reason to be grateful that through our land there are preparatory schools and academies, and colleges and universities in which this fact is recognized, and Jesus Christ as a teacher is enthroned as supreme. Moreover, though we may not make our public schools Christian in a sense of imparting through them any instruction as to particular sect or creed, we can make them Christian, and to a very large extent do, as to the pervasive influence of Jesus Christ in them. These facts are full of encouragement and of inspiration for the future as we look forward to the widening influence and power of our land.—Baptist Commonwealth.

DO IT NOW.

Do what? Why, say the kindly word, write the friendly note, make the visit of sympathy, send the flowers, or whatever be the thoughtful act which your heart prompts. You know well how often shyness or laziness or forgetfulness or the habit of postponement, whatever you like to call it, hinders you from doing things like those just mentioned. If you are not conscious of such hindrance, your experience is very different from mine. But let us see.

Did you ever stand at a counter in a store, and while you were being served, have it forced upon your notice that the girl who was serving you was very tired or sick or sad? And have you not had the impulse to say just a word kindness or sympathy to her, and then checked that impulse by the thought: "I am too much of a stranger to her; it is really none of my business; perhaps she would think it an intrusion; I think I would better let it alone."

Whereas, if the secrets of the heart were revealed, it might easily be seen that the word which you thus turned back from its kindly mission would have sent that poor soul singing instead of sighing through the rest of the day. Or, if not quite that, it might at least have made her burden far easier to bear. So that is one of the places where I would say to you and to myself, do it.

Have you never, in passing a florist's, been reminded of a sick friend, and stayed your steps with the thought of sending her a few flowers to let her know that you did not forget her? Then you have said to yourself: "Oh, she probably has her room full of flowers; perhaps she does not like their fragrance about her; besides she may be so much better that she will not care for them; I will wait until I hear again from her." Meantime, your friend may just then have wondered if you have quite forgotten her; it is so long since she has been able to see you; and it has so happened that she has not had any fresh flowers for a day or two; and altogether things are looking a wee bit dark to her. If you had sent those flowers, they would have brightened her room and her heart that day. So again, at the florist's door, I say, do it.

I wonder if you have ever thought, on hearing of the coming to a friend of a sore sorrow or a combination of trying circumstances: "I believe I'll write her a note to let her how sorry I am for her." Then

came the second thought: "She will probably have lots of letters of sympathy; I do not know that I am intimate-enough with her to intrude upon her at such a time; I could not really say anything to comfort her; I will wait awhile at all events." The note is not written; the opportunity is lost; the Father's message of love is not carried. And at that very time, in that sorrowing or burdened heart, there may be a need which you, better than another, could meet with the gentle hand of your sympathy: Sorrow has many sides; and all loving friends do not touch the same side or aspect of it. Perhaps not a single one has given just the comfort or strength which your note, if written, would have brought. Will you not the next time do it?

I verily believe that where one person will resent the kind word or the friendly note as intrusive, teg will welcome it and find it helpful in the bearing of trial or disappointment. Curiosity merely to find out about another's suffering or sorrow is easily distinguished from sympathy which goes out of itself to help the suffering one.

You go by a little notion store in a side street, and you see a sign or figure or something put out at the door, blown down by the wind. The one woman inside is busy at her work, and knows nothing of the catastrophe. Will you just step in and tell her? There goes a woman in front of you on the street, with something conspicuously out of order in her dress, of which she is quite unconscious. Will you tell her of it? Or in both these and many similar cases will you check your first impulse with the thought, "It is really not my concern; they will find out for themselves what is wrong; I cannot go about setting people to rights."

Would it not be well to do it whenever these small opportunities of service come to us? Great opportunities may be slow in showing themselves—the little ones are daily, almost hourly at hand. Let us make the most of them, and we shall be more ready for the larger ones; or if these never come, it will be a blessed thing to have our lives filled with the "little kindnesses," which, after all, mean so much in this weary world.—Dorcas Hicks, in "Through my Spectacles."

GOD CONSTANTLY SPEAKS TO US.

The longer I live, the more sure I am that to the devout soul God is constantly speaking by the little incidents of daily life. Such a man will have that experience corroborated by the word of God on the one hand and sympathetic circumstances on the other. And though everybody says the man's acting in a suicidal manner, the man himself is convinced by ways he cannot define that he has learned the will of God.

It may be that this relates to the giving up of a habit, taking a certain course, or stepping out in some untrodden path, but the man knows that he knows the will of God. If, however, you do not know, do not act. If I had a little child who could not tell what I wanted, but who at the same time needed to know my will, I would explain even to the adoption of the simplest speech and the shortest words. So we must trust God to make known His will to us.

God also works in a man "to do." When you know what God wills, you know that you have sufficient power to do what he purposes. You must not wait to feel it. Believe it is there.—The Rev. F. B. Meyer.

THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

BY AUGUSTA W. COOKE.

The blackbirds call in the lindens
 That shade the fallen rafter,
 And close beside the ruined mill
 Is heard the brook's soft laughter.

From a tangle by the crumbling wall
 A gush of music swelling
 Shows where, deep in the lilac's shade,
 The wood-thrush hides his dwelling

Joint owners they—the brook, the trees,
 The birds on airy pinion,
 The flowers which breathe their fragrant lives,
 In this most fair dominion.

—From the Outlook

Allaire, N. J.

He that is afraid of solemn things is probably solemn reason to be afraid of them.—Spurgeon.

A wise man has well reminded us that, in any controversy, the instant we feel anger, we have already ceased striving for truth and we have begun striving for ourselves.—Thomas Carlyle.

The man who has begun to live more seriously within begins to live more simply without.—Phillips Brooks.

THE LEGEND OF THE CHRIST BALSAM.

It sprang of old for healing,
 Where Christ had touched the soil
 But failed of all its virtues
 When grown by heathen toll,
 For only selfless Christ, like hands
 May touch and never spoil.

Think ye that wondrous Balsam,
 No more of soul's is seen,
 To heal from long sin sickness,
 And heart wounds deep and keen?
 It groweth yet in all life
 Wherein the Christ hath been.

—Jessie Anne Anderson, author of "The Life of Lewis Harrison Grant," "Songs in Season," &c.

THE WORLD.

Great, wide, beautiful, wonderful world
 With the wonderful water around you curled,
 And the wonderful grass upon you breast
 World, you are beautifully dressed!

The wonderful air is over me,
 And the wonderful wind is shaking the tree;
 It walks on the water, and whirls the mill,
 And talks to itself on the top of the hill.

—John Greenleaf Whittier.

QUEER CORONATION CUSTOM.

One of the most extraordinary gifts made on the coronation day of Edward I. was that of 500 horses, which had been used by the royal princes and other personages in the procession to Westminster Abbey. These horses, all richly caparisoned and harnessed just as they were, were let loose into the very midst of the mob after the banquet in Westminster hall that always succeeded a coronation in those days. The people in the streets were permitted to catch the animals, and to him who caught a horse it and its appointments belonged.—London Chronicle.

God is ever drawing like toward like, and making them acquainted.—Lyrics from Homer.

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MUST BE CHECKED.

If you have this disease or any symptoms of it, use PUL-MO.

A FREE SAMPLE BY MAIL to every sufferer.

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HAVE you been smoking a good deal lately and feel an occasional twinge of pain round your heart? Are you short of breath, nerves unbinged, sensation of pins and needles going through your arms and fingers? Better take a box or two of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills and get cured before things become too serious.

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