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"I have done better this season than ever. My customers are all my friends, you know, and I really think they all want me to succeed."

"And success will be yours, if honest industry can win it," said Mrs. Holcombe, kindly.

John smiled happily, saying as he turned away toward the next house. "If trade keeps improving, I shall have to get someone to help me."

This was the third summer he had sold vegetables, and already his little bank account was assuming dignified proportions. His aim was to earn enough to educate himself, and he realized that that meant hard work.

Every morning he was up at four o'clock. Half an hour later he was down at the river bank where his old flat-bottomed boat was kept. It took him only a few minutes to drag it out of the boat-house, and start on his three-mile trip down the river, where he bought his vegetables of the farmers. Then home to breakfast, after which his hand-cart was filled with his wares, and he started on his rounds. Usually ten o'clock found him off for his second boat-load. He was a great favourite with all his customers, and no boy was ever more deserving of their regard and respect. He was always cheerful and accommodating, his vegetables were just as he represented them, and as Mrs. Holcombe said, he always gave "Scripture measure."

As he was hurrying on his rounds, he met Ned Biglow walking aimlessly along the street. "What is your hurry, John?" "Oh, just the usual thing," answered John. "I want to get these," pointing to his vegetables, "off my hands quickly, so that I may start for the second load by ten o'clock."

"Do you sell two loads every day?" "Yes, every day. The first load to the people who have dinner at noon, and the second to those who dine later."

"Is it hard work?" asked Ned. "Yes, in some ways; but that is true of every kind of work, I suppose. You know the only way I can get the money I want, is to earn it, and this happens to be the best way open now. I must leave you here," and John turned in at an open gate, whistling gaily.

Mrs. Holcombe stood watching the two boys. "What a contrast they offer!" she was thinking. "John so strong and self-reliant, and industrious, while Ned, I am afraid, is weak and idle. Yet much might be done for him if the right sort of help were offered. It seems as though this might be an opportunity for John. I'll have a talk

with him to-morrow." And the good woman turned back into the house. The next day John came as usual, and Mrs. Holcombe at once spoke of what she had in mind. "I saw you talking with Ned Biglow yesterday, and the thought came to me that possibly you might help him if you would, John."

"Help him?" What is the matter with him?" asked John.

"I am afraid he is falling into careless ways that later will develop into something worse. I notice he passes here frequently with boys who will do him no good. He is bright and capable, and just now a little help will do him more good than a great deal later on. I heard you say yesterday, you might have to get someone to help you. If you find you need someone, will you give Ned a trial? Do not answer at once, but think it over." And Mrs. Holcombe went on to give her order.

John did not give the matter much thought during the day, he was too busy. As he was walking towards home, after his day's work was done, he met his particular friend, Sam Crandall. "How is business to-day, John?" asked Sam.

"Better than ever," answered John. "So many new people want to buy of me that I am thinking of getting someone to help me. Mrs. Holcombe suggested Ned Biglow. He has a boat, too," added John, slowly, as though turning the thought over in his mind.

"Yes, he has a boat, but I shouldn't think he was just a sort of person you would care to have around," said Sam.

"Why?" "Well, you see," said Sam, somewhat puzzled how to answer "he—he's lazy."

"How do you know he is?" asked John, laughing. "Because everybody says so," answered Sam.

"Oh, well, people say a great many things they cannot prove. Maybe he has never been called upon to do any work. Mrs. Holcombe speaks well of him," said John.

"None of the boys like him, though—that is, none of our friends—and there is no need to take up with an unpopular fellow," said Sam, as if that settled the matter.

For a minute John hesitated, then said decidedly, "You're simply prejudiced, Sam. Now it's like this: Mrs. Holcombe, who is my very best friend, has asked me to engage Ned if I need help; and really, as I can see no good reason against taking her advice, I think I shall see him this evening and make arrangements for him to begin work to-morrow."

"Oh, do as you like. But you will be sorry, I can tell you," said Sam, as the boys parted.

In spite of his determination, John felt a trifle anxious about Sam's words, so he went back to Mrs. Holcombe. They had a long

talk, and from her house John went over to Ned's to find him sitting alone, whistling idly.

John unfolded his plan, offering Ned fair pay for his work, and ended by saying, "If we find we can work well together, we will make some other arrangement."

Ned's eyes shone with pleasure, although he asked in some astonishment: "Why do you want me, instead of any of the others?"

"Because you have a boat, and Mrs. Holcombe suggested you."

The next morning when only the birds were astir, two sturdy boys might have been seen plying their oars with energy along the surface of the winding river. Early morning work was a new experience for Ned, and he was surprised to find himself actually enjoying it.

This was but the beginning. As the days went on Ned proved the truth of Mrs. Holcombe's words. He only needed an incentive to work.

John's boy-friends looked on the new arrangement at first with curiosity, that later became more cordial. Weeks went on, and John's popularity, instead of decreasing, widened, until Ned was included in it, and the boys, one and all, greatly wondered among themselves why they had never found out before that Ned Biglow amounted to so much.

It had not always been easy for John to have Ned working with him. Notwithstanding Ned's desire to do his best, and the fact that, as a rule, he was thoroughly reliable, there were times when his old habits of carelessness and idleness reasserted themselves, bringing trouble to both boys in their train. John was hardly more than a boy, in spite of his manly ways, and his temper was naturally quick. But over and over he restrained the hasty words that came to his lips when Ned was especially heedless; and Mrs. Holcombe's words, "You can help him, if you will, John," rang constantly in his ears.

It had been a new thought that he, John Marsh, had it in his power to help someone else into a higher, better life. So Ned brought out the best there was in his new friend, and assuredly John's friendship and generous spirit were the means of bringing into the listless boy's life a new hope and inspiration which brightened all his after years. And with all his grateful heart did Ned Biglow appreciate the friend who helped him in his hour of need.

"Charity doth not behave itself unseemly." A Christian never grows so important in this world that he can afford to lay aside courtesy. Yet we have all seen Christian workers who were as unapproachable as porcupines—too busy in the Lord's work to show common politeness to the Lord's children.

Nature has given to men one tongue but two ears, that we may hear from others twice as much as we speak.

### An Investigation of a Remedy Advertised in our paper,

"The Commonwealth."

We try to use discrimination in reference to advertisements. There are lines of business we would not accept at any price.

Consequently when we were recently offered a contract by The Electropoise Co., of New York, who advertise an instrument widely recommended for the cure of disease without medicine, our first inclination was to decline it. They were in other publications of high standing, however, and claimed so many merits for the Electropoise and gave testimonials from so many well-known people that we decided to accept the contract, provided they would allow us the privilege of communication with the best known men in their book of testimonials. They readily consented and we wrote to a number of the writers of testimonials, asking them to confirm their letters if true and advise us if the article was all that was claimed for it by the manufacturers.

Here are some of the responses received:

From Rev. GEORGE C. NEEDHAM, the well-known evangelist.

"I find the Electropoise of great value to me. It has done all that I have testified in my letter to the company. I am glad that you are using discrimination in the character of the advertisements in your paper. The business of The Electropoise Company is clean and good."

From Rev. E. S. ANNABLE, Groton, N.Y.

"In reply to your letter would say that the testimonial concerning the merits of the Electropoise which you saw over my signature is genuine and all contained therein is true as far as my case is concerned."

From Rev. LEONARD SMITH, pastor of the Baptist Church, Spring Hill, Conn.

"In reply to your letter would say I have found, covering a period of five years, the Electropoise to be all the company claim and you need not fear to accept their advertisement."

From Rev. M. B. WHARTON, Norfolk, Va.

"I used the Electropoise for pharyngitis some years ago with excellent results. I think it a useful remedy in many diseases."

From Rev. F. SIEVERS, 1601 S. Eighth St., Waco, Texas.

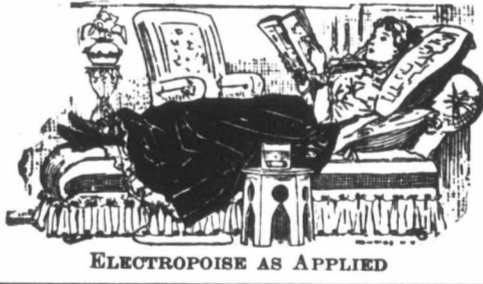
"I gladly testify to the truth of the Electropoise. It is all the manufacturers claim it to be. Have used one for over six years."

It will be seen from the above letters which we have quoted that the Electropoise is all that is claimed for it. We can add our endorsement to the character of the men who recommend and manufacture it.

The above article is taken from *The Commonwealth*, of Philadelphia, issue of Aug. 18th, 1898, one of America's leading Baptist publications.

The Electropoise cures without medicine, lasts a lifetime, can be used on every member of the family, and for any disease.

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