

This and That

UPLIFTINGS.

Blindfolded and alone I stand
With unknown thresholds on each hand;
The darkness deepens as I grope,
Afraid to fear, afraid to hope;
Yet this one thing I learn to know
Each day more surely as I go
That doors are opened, ways are made,
Burdens are lifted or are laid,
By some great law unseen and still,
Unfathomed purpose to fulfil,
"Not as I will."

Blindfolded and alone I wait;
Loss seems too bitter, gain too late;
Too heavy burdens in the load
And too few helpers on the road;
And joy is weak, and grief is strong,
And years and days so long, so long;
Yet this one thing I learn to know
Each day more surely as I go,
That I am glad the good and ill
By changeless laws are ordered still,
"Not as I will."

"Not as I will," the sound grows sweet
Each time my lips the words repeat.
"Not as I will," the darkness feels
More safe than light, when this thought
steals
Like whispered voice to calm and bless
All unrest and all loneliness.
"Not as I will," because the One
Who loved us first and best has gone
Before us on the road, and still
For us must all His love fulfil,
"Not as I will."

—Helen Hunt Jackson.

THE ART OF FORGETTING.

Plutarch records that when Simonides offered to teach Themistocles the art of memory the latter said: "Teach me rather the art of forgetting." How much the world needs to learn that art. Paul spoke of forgetting the things that are behind. We should forget our mistakes and failures, so far as these cause discouragement. We should forget our successes if they cause pride or pre-occupy the mind. We should forget the slights that have been put upon us or the insults that have been given us. To remember these is to be weak and miserable, if not worse. He who says he can forgive but he cannot forget is deceived by the sound of words. Forgiveness that is genuine involves forgetfulness of the injury. True forgiveness means a putting away of the wrong behind the back and remembering it no more. That is what God does when he forgives, and that is what we all must do if we truly forgive.—Northwestern.

WHAT THE PLODDERS ACCOMPLISH.

If we were to examine a list of the men who have left their mark on the world, we should find that, as a rule, it is not composed of those who were brilliant in youth or who gave great promise at the outset of their careers, but rather of the plodding young men who, if they have not dazzled by their brilliancy, have had the power of a day's work in them, who could stay by a task until it was done and well done; who

AN OLD WAR.

Pretty Near Time to Stop.

Wouldn't it make your friend mad to tell her she was in reality a drunkard, but many women are drunkards unconsciously from the use of coffee, which wrecks their nervous system, and they seem unable to reform.
A lady in Philadelphia, Pa., was very badly affected by coffee, causing her to have nervous prostration, and she finally woke up to the fact that she was in reality a coffee drunkard. Her doctor had told her that she must give up coffee, but she seemed unable to do it.
One day she read an advertisement about Postum Food Coffee and thought she would give it a trial. She says:—"Coffee had such a strong hold on me, that at first I did not make it all Postum, but added a tablespoonful of coffee. After a while I quit putting coffee in at all, and soon found I felt much better. Continued use stopped my headaches and biliousness, and I soon noticed that my nervousness had evidently left me for good. Now I would not use anything else, and the smell of coffee makes me sick.
I am using your Grape-Nuts also, and think it a wonderful food. I lately cured an attack of indigestion by eating nothing but Grape-Nuts and drinking Postum for two weeks and now I can eat solid food and feel no distress." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

have had grit, common sense and honesty. It is the steady exercise of these ordinary homely virtues, united with average ability, rather than a deceptive display of more showy qualities in youth, that enables a man to achieve greatly and honorably. So, if we were to attempt to make a forecast of the successful men of the future, we should not look for them among the ranks of the "smart" boys, those who think they "know it all" and are anxious to win by a short route.—Success.

A BRAVER'S WORK.

At the Crown Land Department are several specimens of beaver cuttings. It is generally known that beavers cut down trees of considerable size to secure timber in constructing their dams, but the latest specimen of this work received at the Department is a surprise to most people. It is a poplar tree twenty-one inches in diameter which has been cut completely in two by the industrious animals. Both ends of the trees so cut have been secured and were contributed to the specimens at the Crown Land Department by Kiljour Shives, of Campbellton.—Frederickton Gleaner.

RUSSIAN SIBERIA.

From time to time for much more than a century the world has been shocked by revelations of the barbarity of the Russian government toward its Siberian exiles. Just recently the Arctic explorer Dr. Windt, has given renewed voice to the fact that atrocities exist there in connection with the so-called administration of justice, that are found nowhere else. The Russian Grand Duke Boris has taken occasion to deny these reports and to assert that on the whole the Russian treatment of its convicts in Siberia will compare favorably with that of other nations. It is, of course, to be expected of a representative of the Russian government to make its case appear as favorably as possible, but there is no question but that in the main the reports of undue severity are true. The whole system is a system of absolutism. For the most part its convicts are political offenders. Oftentimes they are apprehended and convicted and transported to a condition of life and severity of treatment to which they are utterly unused, with scarce a moment's warning. That this is so, the revelations of Count Tolstoy in his "Resurrection" and other works, those of the traveler Kennan, and other authorities equally reliable abundantly inform us. Despite the assertions of the Russian Prince unquestionably the convict system of his country is severe beyond any requirements of justice. It is something that would not be tolerated in a land where the meaning of freedom was known. The light ought to be let in more and more on the reprehensible measures the absolute monarchy of the North is wont to resort to, so that there may be an increasing possibility of their cessation.—Commonwealth.

COLERIDGE AND HIS WIFE.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge, the poet, had many weaknesses; one of them was quarrelling with his wife and then taking his friends into his confidence. In a volume of his letters, published a few years ago, he thus describes his wife in a letter to Southey (who, however, it must be said in extenuation of the poet's action, was her brother-in-law, and therefore a member of the family):—"Mrs. Coleridge's mind has very little that is bad in it; it is an innocent mind, but light and unimpressible—warm in anger, cold in sympathy, and in all disputes uniformly projects itself forth to recriminate. She is stung with the very first thought of being in the wrong, because she never endures to look at her own mind in all its faulty parts, but shelters herself from painful self-injury by angry incrimination. . . . She promises to set about an alteration in her external manners and looks and language, and to fight against her inveterate habits of pny thwarting and unintermitting dyspeathy." Dyspeathy, it may be mentioned for the benefit of readers who do not carry about with them an unabridged dictionary, is defined as "lack of passion, lack of sympathy, antipathy."—Ex.

BOOKS THAT HAVE HELPED MARK TWAIN.

The Critic says that Mark Twain has reached the terrible frankness of maturity and fame, and 'tells tales like Bismarck, regardless whom he hits, so long as the blow is deserved.' The example given is this "Pudd'nhead Wilson" sentence at the beginning of a chapter in his latest book: "She was not what you would call refined; she was not what you would call unrefined. She was the kind of woman who keeps a parrot."

That is indeed an illuminating instance of the working of Mark's mind. A private letter from Mr. Clements to a friend in New York who is interested in statistics affords an analogous example of candor in this passage:

"The books which have most influenced my life? With pleasure. This is the list: 'Innocents Abroad,' 'Roughing it,' 'Tramp Abroad,' 'Prince and Pauper,' 'Huckleberry Finn,' 'Tom Sawyer,' 'Yankee at the Court of King Arthur,' 'Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc,' 'Pudd'nhead Wilson,' 'Following the Equator,' and the publication of the late firm of Charles L. Webster & Co.

Yes, and that veracious story-book, "The Jumping Frog," the predecessor of all the works named, and possibly the most influential of the lot.—Harper's Weekly.

"You may be thankful for your excellent constitution. It has pulled you through many a spell of sickness." "But, doctor, if I have such a blamed strong constitution, why am I always getting sick?"—Chicago Tribune.

Sharpe: "I wonder if beef will ever be reduced?"
Wheaton: "It is reduced now in some places."

Sharpe: "What places?"
Wheaton: "Boarding houses. I only get half as much as formerly."—Philadelphia Record.

"Archibald, dear," his wife said, arching him in the dead of night, "I wish you would walk with baby a little while. He's going to wake up." "How can I do that, Lucinda?" expostulated the sleepy husband. "You know, I've got the ping pong ankle." "Then put him in his cradle and rock him a while." "I can't do that, either. I've got the golf shoulder."—Chicago Tribune.

THE OLD WAY.

Of Treating Stomach and Indigestion, a Barbarous and Useless One.

We say the old way, but really it is the common and usual one at the present time, and many dyspeptics, and physicians as well, consider the first step in attempting to cure indigestion is to diet, either by selecting certain food and rejecting others, or to greatly diminish the quantity of food usually taken.

In other words, the starvation plan is by many supposed to be the first essential in the cure of weak digestion.

The almost certain failure of the starvation cure for stomach trouble has been proven time and again, but still the usual advice, when dyspepsia makes its appearance, is a course of dieting.

All this is radically wrong. It is foolish and unscientific to recommend dieting or starvation to a person suffering from dyspepsia, because indigestion itself starves every organ and every nerve and fibre in the body.

What is needed is abundant nutrition, not less, and this means plenty of food, wholesome, well-cooked food and some natural digestive to assist the weak stomach to digest it.

This is exactly the purpose for which Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are adapted and this is the way they cure the worst cases of stomach trouble.

The patient eats plenty of wholesome food, and Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets digest it for him.

And this is in accordance with nature and common sense, because in this way the whole system is nourished and the overworked stomach rested, because the Tablets will digest the food, whether the stomach works or not. One of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets will digest 1800 grains of meat, eggs and similar food.

Any druggist will tell you that Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets is a remedy of extraordinary value and probably is the purest and safest remedy for stomach troubles.

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Christianity brings the pure joy of worthy occupation. Worthy work gives one of life's greatest incomes of happiness. Leisure time and pleasure grows stale and insipid.—Rev. Dr. Sims.

Rejoice in the Lord. It honors religion, it proclaims to the world we serve a good Master. Cheerfulness is a friend to grace; it puts the heart in tune to praise God. Uncheerful Christians, like the spies, bring an evil report of the good land; others suspect there is something unpleasant in religion, that they who profess it hang their harps upon the willows and walk so dejectedly. Be serious, yet cheerful. Rejoice in the Lord always.—T. Watson.

The secret of a quiet heart—which is by no means equivalent to a torpid one—is to keep ever near God. Stayed on him, we shall not be shaken and our hearts shall be fixed, trusting in the Lord." We get above the fogs when we soar to God, and circumstances in their widest whirl will not suck us into the vortex if we are holding by him and know that he is at our right hand.—Alexander MacLaren.

We must be as careful to keep friends as to make them. The affections should not be mere "tents of a night." Friendship gives no privilege to make ourselves disagreeable.—Lord Avebury.

If gratitude is due from man to man, how much more from man to his Maker! The Supreme Being does not only confer upon us those bounties which proceed more immediately from his hand, but even those benefits which are conveyed to us by others. Every blessing we enjoy, by what means soever it may be derived by us, is the gift of him who is the great Author of good.—Joseph Addison.

A suit of damages was on trial in one of the divisions of the city court recently. A country lad, seventeen or eighteen years of age, was put on the stand to testify. He gave his testimony in so low a tone that the judge, pointing to the jury, said to the boy, "Speak so that these gentlemen can hear you." "Why," said the witness, with a beaming smile, "are these men interested in pop's case?"—Atlanta Journal.

Jenks: "Haven't you and that neighboring farmer settled your differences yet?"

Farmer Akers: "No, but our lawyers have settled."

Jenks: "Settled? How?"

Farmer Akers: "On our farms."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Mrs. Crimsonbeak—"You have a sponge on your desk to moisten your postage stamps; I don't see how you can go to that bother."

Mr. Crimsonbeak—"I know, dear, that you would use your tongue at every possible opportunity.—Yonkers Statesman.