

If you drink Japan tea
try a packet of **Blue Ribbon**
Ceylon Green which is fast
displacing it.

GOLDEN THOUGHTS.

Art so discouraged by life's dole
Thou canst not try again.
Nay, never any human soul
Reached forth for good in vain.

Thou growest by the stretch and strain—
The intervals of rest,
Believe thou must at last attain
That which thou lovest best.

Yet take the tiny stones which I have
Wrought just by one, as they were given by
Three.
Not knowing what came next in Thy wise
thought,
Set each stone by Thy master hand of
Grace.
Form the mosaic as Thou wilt for me,
And in Thy temple pavement give it
place.
—Frances Ridley Havergal.

The world is sweet, the world is fair,
To earnest workers all;
Its morning dawn in beauty rare,
Its evening grandeur fall.
Or high or low in its degree,
The task our souls must share;
If but its nobles we
The world is sweet and fair.

The world is fresh, the world is new,
To those that work therein;
It seems but to the idle few
All stale and old with sin.
The blessed ones of labor's clan
Working with purpose true,
They find the world, in God's good plan,
Forever fresh and new.
—Ripley D. Saunders.

"One sorrow more? I thought the tale
complete."
He bore amidst who grudges what he
bore.
Stretch out thy hands and urge thy feet
to meet
One sorrow more.

Yea, make thy count for two or three
or four.
The kind Physician will not slack to
treat
His patient, while there's rankling in the
sore.
Bear up in anguish, ease will yet be
sweet;
Bear up all day, for night has rest in
store.
Christ bears thy burdens with thee, rise
and greet
One sorrow more.
—C. Rossetti.

THE ORIGIN OF QUOTATIONS.

Writing in the New Liberal Review, Mr. Churton Collins shows by what curious channels of error and misconception many so-called "quotations" have become popular. The saying, "Curses, like young chickens, always come home to roost," fell from the lips of a half-witted Cumberland rustic. Coleridge liked it and turned it into Greek, fattering it on an obscure writer. Southey prefixed this Greek version to his "Curse of Kehama," and so it came into vogue. Fifty guineas were once offered for the discovery of the origin of the phrase, "Vox populi, vox Dei." It has been run to earth in an epistle of Alcibiades to Charlemagne, where, however, it appears already as a saying, "Alcibiades pouring ridicule on the origin of many familiar quotations is by no means familiar. Thus, while most people know that 'tis not for mortals to hatch success, Addison's tragedy 'Cato,' few people are aware that the same tragedy gives us 'The woman who deliberates is lost.'

OBLIGATIONS OF A SECRET.

A keeper of secrets is a bearer of troubles. When you promised one friend secrecy, you did not foresee that your duty to another friend might require the utterance of that very secret. Secrets are like a nest full of complications and conflicts of duty—no ready-made success. A man is entrusted with money and finds that its administration clouds his honor or threatens other duties. He can usually return it, but he cannot return the trust information and be free of it. There may be occasions when it is a sacred duty to receive a secret, and then to guard it, but it is not a duty to be lightly assumed, or even supposed for curiosity's sake. Be as conscientious about trust information as you are about trust money, and at least as slow to receive it.

FOUR PITIABLE THINGS.

"Otherness," which Dr. Watson preaches to "altruism," is a subject of sermon by him, which appears in The Christian World Pulpit of last week. Dr. Watson believes that men and women must attend diligently to their own business if they are to do any good to others. There are four pitiable things he dislikes: A minister who runs up and down the country conducting evangelistic missions for the quickening of people's lives and the revival of his own brethren, and whose own church is unaffected; a woman who harangues masses of working people from the platform on domestic economy and the reform of the household, and whose household is so miserable.

Doctors Like It.

For over twenty years Vapo-Cresoline has received the unqualified support of the medical profession; we feel very proud of this. Physicians everywhere realize the importance of this direct way of treating all throat affections. Put some Cresoline in the vaporizer, light lamp underneath, and then breathe in the healing and germ destroying vapor. It is the doctor's prescription now for whooping cough, frequently curing it in a few days.

Vapo-Cresoline is sold by druggists everywhere. Vapo-Cresoline outfit, including the Vaporizer and lamp, which should last a lifetime, and a bottle of Cresoline, complete, \$1.50; extra supplies of Cresoline and ointment, 50c. Illustrated booklet containing physicians' testimonials, free upon request. Vapo-Cresoline Co., 120 Fulton St., New York, U.S.A.

TO "TURN YOUR HAND"

Reminiscences for The Advertiser by Rev. W. W. Smith.

In the old land it was the fashion for boys to serve a five or seven years' apprenticeship to any trade or handicraft, and the longer term was the one most generally followed. Seven years to learn the plastering, or to be a carpenter, or upholsterer, or blacksmith. And even yet much of this survives.

With us in Canada, we go on the principle that if a lad has "anything in him" it can be developed in the useful direction of some "trade" in much less than seven years. There are thousands of young men in Canada at this moment who, after a couple of years' training, are doing good service in running machines, and doing skilful work, who, if they had a seven years' apprenticeship before them, would never have turned their thoughts in that direction.

I often say to young lads, "Now, just try and think what direction your likes and your abilities take; and in the line of your natural abilities, strike out a path for yourself—always provided it is right and proper in itself—and determine you are going to know more about that particular thing than anybody else."

A man said to me a few weeks ago, "Mr. S., you told me, when I was a boy—forty years ago now—to learn everything that was useful, that came in my way. And, before I learned the trade of a printer, I spent a year with a plasterer, and got to be skilful at fathoming. And now, when the state of my health won't allow me to bear the confinement of the printing office, I have been lathing all this season. A 'tick and a blow' for each nail. But I had to learn that when I was young!"

And I knew a man in Dumfries township who could frame and finish his own house; whom I once saw making a set of harness for his own horses; who could make his own farm implements—even to doing the iron-

work on them. And who, when his two eldest boys were old enough to be a good help to him, set up a blacksmith shop, and did just as good work as any of the rest of them.

Some of the best and most skilful farmers I knew when in youth and "on the farm," had been mechanics. They soon learned the ways of the "bush" and the new settlements, and proved what I have always asserted, and am prepared to defend anywhere, that the average Canadian is quite able to master at least two trades or occupations. And how often does it come in "handy" to be able to do so? And I could point, in the village life of today in Ontario, to a teacher, living on a small salary, who is also an evenings and Saturdays—a skilful barber. And—since the young men have taken to shaving, and wearing the mustache—another man, a village watchmaker and jeweler, has also taken to barbering. I could point to a tailor also, who (when village "calls" come) attends to the local library, as well as the village weigh-scales. Another—a village shoemaker—has turned his attention also to bee-keeping, and when the bees are all safely housed for the winter, takes charge of the skating rink. Another—a baker—manages a sawmill.

It is safe to say that one-half the mechanics and artisans—and a goodly proportion of the members of the various professions and arts—"took up," as it is called, their present occupations and professions. And so it should always be free for them to do.

We are democratic enough to give every boy and every man a chance to "take hold" of, and to encourage him to learn anything that is right in itself to which he desires to aspire. We say again, "Turn your hand to anything you feel you have an appetite for, and go ahead, with all our best wishes!"

AT THE BACK O' BENOCHIE.

[For The Advertiser, by Rev. Wm. Wye Smith.]

MY head rins round and round about,
My heart blows like the sea,
As one by one my thoughts rush back
To schoolboy days and thee!
O mornin' light! O mornin' love!
O lightsome days and lang!
When hinned hopes about our hearts
Like simmer blossoms sprang.
—Motherwell.

SCOTCH shipbuilders launched 27 vessels in October; in all, 48,129 tons.

SIFTON PARK, Liverpool, has a palm-house with a beautiful statue of "Highland Mary."

A BRANCH of the Colonial Nursing Association has been inaugurated in Edinburgh. Lady Balfour of Burleigh is president.

WATSON'S COLLEGE, Edinburgh.—The new science rooms in connection with George Watson's College were opened on Nov. 1.

CREIFF, Perthshire.—Capt. Colquhoun offers £5 periodically to the cabmen for kindness to horses. John Jack has just won the prize this time.

A GHOST has again made its appearance in one of the wards at Hamilton in Lanarkshire, much frequented by amorous couples in the evening.

Gin "ifs" and "ans" were pots and pans,
There were nae need for tinkers.
—Scotts Proverb.

GLASGOW UNIVERSITY.—A public meeting was held in Glasgow to further the better equipment of the university. £60,000 were subscribed. In all, £100,000 are wanted.

A LONDON war correspondent Lord Rosebery "the King of Scotland." He says the country adores him; the services trust him; every political party and group in the nation is at his feet!

"JEANIE" said a staunch old Cameronian to his daughter, "it's a very solemn thing to be married." "I ken that weel, father," replied the sensible lassie; "but it's a great deal solemnier to be."

MY wound is deep: I fain would sleep;
Take thou the vanguard of the
three.
And hide me by the bracken bush,
That grows on yonder lily lee.
—Old Song.

A LEARNED, but rather long-winded minister, being asked if he did not feel tired after preaching such long sermons, answered: "Na, na, I'm no tired; to which he added, however, with much native pawkiness, 'but, eh me! hoo tired the folk are, whiles!'"

IN Lewis some do not like the recent union of the Free Church and the "U. P.'s"; and by way (so the papers say) of vindicating their claims as members of the "only true Christian Church," they have been smashing a postcard and burning the haystacks of the Unionists.

TWO officers saw a pretty girl in a milliner's shop. One, an Irishman, proposed to go in and buy a watch-ribbon, so as to get a nearer view of her. "Hoot, mon," said his Scottish companion, "why should ye waste the miller that way? Just gang in and see

ald says: "Can he be ignorant that for the last three hundred years Scots-

men have been accustomed to hear and read the Bible exclusively in English versions? * * * Shm and vulgar Scots." The appeal, of course, is to the reader.

"MAN, Tam," said a Lanarkshire farmer to a newly-hired serving-man, as they sat at breakfast in the field one morning, "ye're an unco slow eater." "That's true enough, maister," replied Tam, "but I'm a rare sure ane, and I dinna leave muckle on my plate, as ye'll see if ye sit for anither half hour!"

LADY SCOTT, one day speaking of a person who had been very fortunate in life, seemed to impute a good deal of his success to luck.

"Ah, mamma," said Sir Walter the often addressed his wife familiarly by the term "mamma," "you may say as you like, but take my word for it, 'tis skill leads on to fortune."

IN 1756, when the 42nd Regiment (killed) was sent out to America, and landed at New York, they were carried by all sorts of men, particularly the Indians. On their march to Albany the Indians flocked from all quarters to see the strangers, whom they believed to be of the same extraction as themselves, and therefore they received them as brothers.

O' a' the airts the wind can blaw
I dearly lo'e the west,
For there the bonnie lassie lives,
The lassie I lo'e best!
Though wild woods grow, and rivers
row,
And mony a hill between—
Yet day and night my fancy's flight
Is ever wi' my Jean!
—Burns.

"DID you hear, Mrs. Jackson, that James Lowther had committed suicide on himself?" said a Glasgow gossip to a neighbor.

"It's surely no possible! I heard that he had done something," said Mrs. Jackson, "but I dinna hear what it was. 'What'll be done to him, do ye think?"

"I havena heard," said the newsmon-
ger, "but I'm jalousin if he dinna flee
the country, he'll be banished for 't."

DURING the trial of a disputed ministerial settlement at Leith, one of the witnesses was asked, "Do you think that he delivered and not read edify you the most?"

He excited the risibilities of the court by replying, "I consider that if ministers cannot remember their own sermons, it is perfectly unreasonable to expect their hearers to do it."

PAISLEY ballies have often had jokes played on them; and sometimes give the jokers their own back again. One of them was asked, after a visit to London, if he had seen the King, and if he was invited to dine with him. His reply was, "Of course, I saw the King; and while he was 'very happy to see me,' he said he was sorry he could not ask me to dinner that day, for the Queen was thrang wi' her washing."

"MANY men of many minds." The Aberdeen Herald says, of "The New Testament in Braik Scots": "It is marked by the utmost reverence and earnestness. * * * The sense is surprisingly to note how in many cases the meaning of passages is emphasized and made clearer by the quaint Scottish phraseology." The Glasgow Har-

BABY'S OWN TABLETS



Babies never cry unless there is some very good reason for it. The cry of a baby is Nature's warning signal that there is something wrong. Every mother ought to set to work immediately to find what that something wrong may be.

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THE DR. WILLIAMS MEDICINE CO.,
BROCKVILLE, ONT.

NOT IN HIS LINE.—Though the village of Ednam, on the Borders, is celebrated chiefly as the birthplace of Thomson, the poet, and of Dr. Lytke, the hymn-writer, still it is favorably known in certain circles as possessing a noted brewery. On one occasion a hop merchant's traveler, from Leith, called in the way of business upon the brewer, who, after dinner, and while walking in the garden, remarked: "This is classic ground—Thomson was born here."

To which the dealer in hops replied: "Thomson, Thomson, I didn't know him—was he in our line?"

THE IDEAL MAN; HIS QUALITIES

G. H. Hepworth Talks of Characteristics of True Manhood.

Absolute Rectitude—Charitable in Judgment, Not Critical—Broad Minded.

Run ye to and fro through the streets of Jerusalem, and seek in the broad places thereof, if ye can find a man.—Jeremiah, v., 1.

What are the elements of character which being united in one person make him the perfect man?

In the hurlyburly of this lower estate we lose sight of ideals and are satisfied with the commonplace. Our ambition is not directed toward the spiritual, for such is the pressure of our physical necessities that we are chained to our bodies and spend so much time in providing for them that we hardly recognize the fact that we have souls. For that matter the body, that is, our merely earthly existence—emphasizes itself in such a marked way and demands so much of our energy that when we listen seriously to a discourse on another life we are dazed, bewildered, and wonder what it all means and whether or not it is only a pleasant dream.

In very truth, however, the greatest reality to be experienced comes to us after death. This life is merely the starting point of the soul. And it follows that if life is to continue indefinitely there must be an excellence of character, a well-rounded and symmetrical perfection, which we may begin to attain here, which it is our duty to develop so far as circumstances will allow, looking to another life for its completion.

The importance of a proper beginning cannot be exaggerated, even as a bullet must begin right if it is to hit the far away target. We cannot allow ourselves to be at loose ends here, for it will be extremely difficult to change the wrong into right hereafter, whereas, if we keep the right in mind today it will be easy to pursue the right tomorrow.

I should say, then, that the first quality of the ideal character is absolute rectitude. Manliness and a high sense of honor, which includes that self-respect which always commands the respect of others, make a strong foundation on which to build. To have such an estimate of yourself that you cannot stoop to a mean act is to cut the fangs out of the serpent, mouth of temptation. To sacrifice the prospect of gain when gain is soiled or smothered by the cunning devices of Satan is to feel that God looks on you with approval, and in the long run

there is more satisfaction in being true to truth than in accusing your soul of tortuous ways at which the angels weep. There is nothing on the planet which pays in such coin as loyalty and brave integrity. The world may smile at this statement, and wear a sneer on its lips, but the universe is on my side, and cries out with a loud "Amen."

Then, again, the true man will be broad-minded enough to see that this world is a continuous opportunity to do something for others. The general policy is to make our hands larger and our arms longer that we may reach more and hold more for ourselves. We dislike to say, "These things are mine," but prefer to say, "These things are mine." There is something coarse and vulgar in trying to get simply to enjoy the sense of possession. An animal never divides with his neighbor. He gorges himself rather than part with what he has. But sons of God are not supposed to do that. The less fortunate men and women belong to our family, and we ought to feel a sure responsibility for what relief we can give and a sure remorse if we neglect to give it.

The true man will be charitable in judgment, not critical; not a Pharisee, but a Samaritan. The wounded are his wounded, and all the world's ignorance and vice and woe stir his heart. What he is and what he has are at the service of humanity. In a word, he is filled with the spirit of that religion which was embodied in the Christ, and as he hopes to meet his neighbors in the other life, he so conducts himself in this that he need not avoid them because he has shirked his duty.

That ideal life is strangely attractive when we get rid of the hypnotizing influence of selfishness. And the practice of its precepts is wonderfully satisfactory. We may not reach it in its divine completeness at once, but we can cherish the thought of it, and keep step with its motives. Life is not good for much unless some poor traveler can thank us for lending him a staff to make the way less weary. To merely live is unworthy of us, but we live nobly, with a gracious word

for all, with a warm heart for all, that alone counts in the growth of the soul. And we must look to the future if we would redeem the present. Heaven and earth, God and the soul, these are the four corner stones of the ideal man.—George H. Hepworth.

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