

AT TERROR of MOTHERS."

Now it was overcome by a
Nova Scotian mother

Who is well known as an author.

All the evils that attack children are chiefly in the night. The danger is so great. The climax is so sudden. It is no wonder that Mrs. W. J. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is so well known under her pen name of "Stanford Eveleth," calls it "the terror of mothers." Nor is it any wonder that she writes in terms of praise and gratitude for the relief which she has found both from her own anxieties, and for her children's ailments, in Dr. J. C. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

"Memory does not recall the time when Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral was not used in our family for throat and lung troubles. That terror of mothers—the startling, croupy cough—never alarmed me, so long as I had a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in the house to supplement the hot-water bath. When suffering with whooping cough, in its worst form, and articulation was impossible on account of the choking, my children would point and gesticulate toward the bottle; for experience had taught them that relief was in its contents."—Mrs. W. J. Dickson ("Stanford Eveleth"), author of "Romance of the Provinces," Truro, N. S.

C. J. Woodbridge, Wortham, Tex., writes: "One of my children had croup. One night I was startled by the child's hard breathing, and on going to it found it strangling. It had nearly ceased to breathe. Having a part of a bottle of Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in the house, I gave the child three doses, at short intervals, and anxiously waited results. From the moment the Pectoral was given the child's breathing grew easier, and in a short time it was sleeping quietly and breathing naturally. The child is alive and well to-day, and I do not hesitate to say that Ayer's Cherry Pectoral saved its life."—C. J. Woodbridge, Wortham, Tex.

These statements make argument in favor of this remedy unnecessary. It is a family medicine that no home should be without. It is just as efficacious in bronchitis, asthma, whooping cough, and all other varieties of coughs, as it is in croup. Anyone who is sick is invited to write to the Doctor who is at the head of the staff of our newly organized Free Medical Advice department. The best medical advice, on all diseases, without reference to their curability by Dr. Ayer's medicines. Address, J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

IN TIME OF LEISURE.

REV. DR. TALMAGE ON THE INFLUENCE OF THE CLUB.

He Shows the Effect of Bad Clubs—The Test of Merit of a Club—The Struggle Against Evil Habits and How to Conquer.

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Washington, Jan. 9.—This discourse of Dr. Talmage will be helpful to those who want to find places with healthful and improving surroundings and to avoid places deleterious. His text is II. Samuel 11, 14, "Let the young men now arise and play before us."

There are two armies encamped by the pool of Gibeon. The time hangs heavily on their hands. One army proposes a game of sword fencing. Nothing could be more healthful and innocent. The other army accepts the challenge. Twelve men against 12 men, the sport opens. But something went awry. Perhaps one of the swordsmen got an unlucky clip or in some way had his arm aroused, and that which opened in sportfulness ended in violence, each one taking his contestant by the hair and then with the sword thrusting him in the side, so that that which opened in innocent fun ended in the massacre of all the 24 sportsmen. Was there ever a better illustration of what was true then and is true now, that that which is innocent may be made destructive?

At this season of the year the club-houses of our towns and cities are in full play. I have found out that there is a legitimate and an illegitimate use of the clubhouse. In the one case it may become a healthful recreation, like the contest of the 24 men in the text; when they began their play; in the other case it becomes the massacre of body, mind and soul, as in the case of these contestants of the text when they had gone too far with their sport. All intelligent ages have had their gatherings for political, social, artistic, literary purposes—gatherings characterized by the blunt old Anglo-Saxon designation of "club."

Famous Clubs.

If you have read history, you know that there was a King's Head club, a Ben Jonson club, a Brothers' club, to which Swift and Bolingbroke belonged; a Literary club, which Burke and Goldsmith and Johnson and Boswell made immortal; a Jacobin club, a Benjamin Franklin Junto club—some of these to indicate justice, some to favor the arts, some to promote good manners, some to despoil the habits, some to destroy the soul. If one will write an honest history of the clubs of England, Ireland, Scotland, France and the United States for the last 100 years, he will write the history of the world. The club was an institution born on English soil, but it has thrived well in American atmosphere. Who shall tell how many belong to that kind of club where men put purses together and open house, apportioning the expense of caterer and servants and room, and having a sort of domestic establishment—a style of clubhouse, which in my opinion is far better than the ordinary hotel or boarding house? But my object now is to speak of clubhouses of a different sort, such as the Cosmos or Chevy Chase or Lincoln club of this capital, or the Union League of many cities, the United Service club of London, the Lotus of New York, where journalists, dramatists, sculptors, painters and artists from all branches gather together to discuss newspapers, theaters and elaborate art, like the American, which camps out in summer time, dimpling the pool with its hook and arousing the forest with its stag hunt; like the Century club, which has its large group of venerable lawyers and poets; like the Army and Navy club, where those who engaged in warlike service once on the land or the sea now come together to talk over the days of carnage; like the New York Yacht club, with its floating palace of beauty upholstered with velvet and paneled with ebony, having all the advantages of electric bell, and of gaslight, and of king's pantry, one pleasure boat costing \$3,000, another \$15,000, another \$30,000, another \$65,000, the fleet of pleasure boats belonging to the club having cost over \$2,000,000; like the American Jockey club, to which belong men who have a passionate fondness for horses, fine horses, as had Job when, in the Scriptures, he gives us a sketch of that king of beasts, the arch of its neck, the nervousness of its foot, the majesty of its gait, the whirlwind of its power, crying out "Hast thou clothed his neck with thunder? The glory of his

nostrils is terrible; he paweth in the valley and rejoiceth in his strength, he saith among the trumpets ha! ha! and he smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains, and the shouting," like the Travelers' club, the Blossom club, the Palette club, the Commercial club, the Liberal club, the Stable Gang club, the Amateur Boat club, the gambling clubs, the wine clubs, the clubs of all sizes, the clubs of all morals, clubs as good as good can be and clubs as bad as bad can be, clubs innumerable. During the day they are comparatively lazy places. Here and there an aged man reading a newspaper, or an employee dusting a sofa, or a clerk writing up the accounts, but when the curtain of the night falls on the natural day then the curtain of the clubhouse hoists for the entertainment. Let us hasten up now the marble stairs. What an imperial hallway! See, here are parlors on the side, with the upholstery of the Kremlin and the Tuilleries, and here are dining halls that challenge you to mention any luxury that they cannot afford, and here are galleries with sculpture and paintings and lithographs and drawings, from the best of artists, Cropley and Bierstadt and Church and Hart and Gifford—pictures for every mood, whether you are impassioned or placid; shipwreck or sunlight over the sea, Sheridan's ride, or the noonday party of the farmers under the trees, foaming deer pursued by the hounds in the Adirondacks or the sheep on the lawn. On this side there are reading rooms where you find all newspapers and magazines. On that side there is a library, where you find all books, from hermeneutics to the fairy tale. Coming in and out there are gentlemen, some of whom stay ten minutes, others stay many hours. Some of these are from luxurious homes, and they have excused themselves for awhile from the domestic circle that they may enjoy the larger sociability of the clubhouse. These are from dismembered households, and they have a plain lodging somewhere, but they come to this club room to have their chief enjoyment. One blackball amid ten votes will defeat a man's becoming a member. For rowdiness, for drunkenness, for gambling, for any kind of misdemeanor, a member is dropped out. Brilliant clubhouses from top to bottom. The chandeliers, the plate, the furniture, the companionship, the literature, the social prestige, a complete enchantment.

But the evening is passing on, and so we hasten through the hall and down the steps and into the street and from block to block until we come to another style of clubhouse. Opening the door, we find the fumes of strong drink and tobacco something almost intolerable. These young men at this table, it is easy to understand what they are at from the flushed cheek, the intent look, the almost angry way of tossing the dice or of moving the "chips." They are gambling. At another table are men who are telling live stories. They are three-fourths intoxicated, and between 12 and 1 o'clock they will go staggering, hooting, swearing, shouting on their way home. That is an honest club. On him all kindness, all care, all culture has been bestowed. He is paying his parents in this way for their kindness. That is a young married man who only a few months ago at the altar made promises of kindness and fidelity, every one of which he has broken. Walk through and see for yourself. Here are all the implements of dissipation and of quick death. As the hours of the night go away the conversation becomes imbecile and more debasing. Now it is time to shut up. Those who are able to stand will get out on the pavement and balance themselves against the lamppost or against the railings of the fence. The young man who is not able to stand will have a bed improvised for him in the clubhouse, or two not quite so overcome with liquor will conduct him to his father's house, and they will ring the doorbell, and the door will open, and the two imbecile escorts will introduce into the hallway the ghastliest and most hellish spectacle that ever enters a front door—a drunken son. If the dissipating clubhouses of this country would make a contract with the inferno to provide it 10,000 men a year, and for 20 years, on the condition that no more should be asked of them, the clubhouses could afford to make that contract, for they would save homesteads, save fortunes, save bodies, minds and souls. The 10,000 men who would be sacrificed by that contract would be but a small part of the multitude sacrificed without the contract. But I make a vast difference between clubs. I have belonged to four clubs—a theological club, a ball club and two literary clubs. I got from them physical rejuvenation and moral health. What shall be the principle? If God will help

me, I will lay down three principles by which you may judge whether the club where you are a member or the club to which you have been invited is a legitimate or an illegitimate clubhouse.

First of all I want you to test the club by its influences on home, if you have a home. I have been told by a prominent gentleman in club life that three-fourths of the members of the great clubs of these cities are married men. That wife soon loses her influence over her husband who nervously and foolishly looks upon all evening absence as an assault on domesticity. How are the great enterprises of art and literature and beneficence and public work to be carried on if every man is to have his world bounded on one side by his front doorstep and on the other side by his back window, knowing nothing higher than his own attic or nothing lower than his own cellar? That wife who becomes jealous of her husband's attention to art or literature or religion or charity is breaking her own scepter of conjugal power. I know an instance where a wife thought that her husband was giving too many nights to Christian service, to charitable service, to prayer meetings and to religious convocation. She systematically deceived him away until now he attends no church and is on a rapid way to destruction, his morals gone, his money gone and, I fear, his soul gone. Let any Christian wife rejoice when her husband consecrates evenings to the service of God, or to charity, or to art, or to anything elevated, but let not men sacrifice home life to club life. I can point out to you a great many names of men who are guilty of this sacrifice. They are as genial as angels at the clubhouse and as ugly as sin at home. They are generous on all subjects of wine suppers, yachts and fast horses, but they are stingy about the wife's dress and the children's shoes. That man has made that which might be a healthful recreation a usurper of his affections, and he has married it, and he is guilty of moral bigamy. Under this process the wife, whatever her features, becomes uninteresting and homely. He becomes critical of her, does not like the dress, does not like the way she arranges her hair, is amazed that he ever was so unromantic as to offer her hand and heart. She is always wanting money, money when she ought to be discussing Eclipses and Dexter and Derby day and English drags with six horses, all answering the pull of one "ribbon."

Clubbed to Death.

I tell you there are thousands of houses in the cities being clubbed to death. There are clubhouses where membership always involves domestic shipwreck. Tell me that a man has joined a certain club, tell me nothing more about him for ten years, and I will write his history if he be still alive. The man is a wine guzzler, his wife broken hearted or prematurely old, his fortune gone or reduced and his home a mere name in a directory. Here are six secular nights in the week. "What shall I do with them?" I will give four of those nights to the improvement and entertainment of my family, either at home or in good neighborhood. I will devote one to charitable institutions. I will devote one to the club. I congratulate you. Here is a man who says: "I will make a different division of the six nights. I will take three for the club and three for other purposes." I tremble. Here is a man who says, "Out of the six secular nights of the week I will devote five to the clubhouse and one to the home, which night I will spend in sorrowing like a March squall, wishing I was out spending it as I had spent the other five." That man's obituary is written. Not one out of 10,000 that ever gets so far on the wrong road ever stops. Gradually his health will fall through late hours and through too much stimulus. He will be first prey for erysipelas and rheumatism of the heart. The doctor, coming in, will at a glance see it is not only present disease he must fight, but years of fast living. The clergyman, for the sake of the feelings of the family, on the funeral day will only talk in religious generalities. Then men who got his yacht in the eternal rapids will not be at the obsequies. They will have pressing engagements that day. They will send flowers to the coffin lid and send their wives to utter words of sympathy, but they will have engagements elsewhere. They never come. Bring me mallet and chisel and I will cut on the tombstone that man's epitaph, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord." "No," you say, "that would not be appropriate." "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his." "No," you say, "that would not be appropriate." Then give me the mallet and the chisel and I will cut an honest epitaph, "Here lies the victim of a dissipating clubhouse."

I think that damage is often done by the scions of some aristocratic family who belong to one of these dissipating clubhouses. People coming up from humbler classes feel it an honor to belong to the same club, forgetting the fact that many of the sons and grandsons of the last generation are now, as to mind, imbecile; as to body, diseased; as to morals, rotten. They would have got through their property long ago if they had had full possession of it, but the wily ancestors, who earned the money by hard knocks, foresaw how it was to be, and they tied up everything in the will. Now there is nothing of that unworthy descendant but his grandfather's name and roast beef rotundity. And yet how many steamers there are which feel honored to lash that fast worm eaten tug, though it drags them straight into the breakers.

Another test by which you can find whether your club is legitimate or illegitimate—the effect it has on your secular occupation. I can understand how through such an institution a man can reach commercial successes. I know some men have formed their best business relations through such a channel. If the club has advantage you if an honorable calling, it is a legitimate club. But has your credit failed? Are bargain makers more cautious how they trust you with a bill of goods? Have the men whose names were down in the commercial agency A1

before they entered the club been going down ever since in commercial standing? Then look out! You and I every day know of commercial establishments going to ruin through the social excesses of one or two members, their fortunes beaten to death with ball players' bat, or cut amid ships by the front prow of the regatta, or going down under the swift hoofs of the fast horses, or drowned in large potatoes of cognac and monongahela. Their clubhouse was the "Loch Earn." Their business house was the "Ville du Havre." They struck, and the "Ville du Havre" went under.

A Terrible Struggle.

Let me say to fathers who are becoming dissipated, your sons will follow you. You think your son does not know. He knows all about it. I have heard men who say, "I am profane, but never in the presence of my children." Your children know you swear. I have heard men say, "I drink, but never in the presence of my children." Your children know you drink. I describe now what occurs in hundreds of households in this country. The tea hour has arrived. The family are seated at the tea table. Before the rest of the family arise from the table the father shoves back his chair, says he has an engagement, lights a cigar, goes out, comes back after midnight, and that is the history of 365 nights of the year. Does any man want to stultify himself by saying that that is healthy, that that is right, that that is honorable? Would your wife have married you with such prospects?

Time will pass on, and the son will be 16 or 17 years of age, and you will be at the tea table, and he will shove back and have an engagement, and he will light his cigar, and he will go out to the clubhouse, and you will hear nothing of him until your hear the night key in the door after midnight. But his physical constitution is not quite so strong as yours, and the liquor he drinks is more terrifically drugged than that which you drink, and so he will catch up with you on the road to death, though you got such a long start of him, and so you will both go to hell together.

The revolving Drummond light in front of a hotel, in front of a locomotive, may flash this way and flash that upon the mountains, upon the ravines, upon the city, but I take the lamp of God's eternal truth, and I flash it upon all the clubhouses of these cities, so that no young man shall be deceived. By these tests try them, try them! Oh, leave the dissipating! Paid your money, have you? Better sacrifice that than your soul. Good fellows, are they? Under that process they will not remain such. Mollusca may be found 300 fathoms down beneath the Norwegian seas; Siberian stag get fat on the stunted growth of Altai peaks; hedsyrium grow amid the desolation of Sahara; tufts of osier and birch grow on the hot lips of volcanic Sneechattan, but a pure heart and an honest life thrive in a dissipating clubhouse—never!

The way to conquer a wild beast is to keep your eye on him, but the way for you to conquer your temptations, my friend, is to turn your back on them, and fly for your life.

Oh, my heart ache! I see men struggling against evil habits, and they want help. I have knelt beside them, and I have heard them cry for help, and then we have risen, and he has put one hand on my right shoulder and the other hand on my left shoulder and looked into my face with an infinity of earnestness which the judgment day will have no power to make me forget, as he has cried out with his lips scorched in ruin, "God help me!" For such there is no help except in the Lord God Almighty. I am going to make a very stout rope. You know that sometimes a ropemaker will take very small threads and wind them together until after awhile they become ship cable. And I am going to take some very small, delicate threads and wind them together until they make a very stout rope. I will take all the memories of the marriage day, a thread of laughter, a thread of light, a thread of music, a thread of banqueting, a thread of congratulation, and I twist them together and I have one strand. Then I take a thread of the hour of the first advent in your house, a thread of the darkness that preceded, and a thread of the light that followed, and a thread of the beautiful scarf that little child used to wear when she bounded out at eventide to greet you, and then a thread of the beautiful dress in which you laid her away for the resurrection. And then I twist all these threads together, and I have another strand. Then I take a thread of the scarlet robe of a suffering Christ, and a thread of the white raiment of your loved ones before the throne, and a string of the harp cherubic, and a string of the harp seraphic, and I twist them all together, and I have a third strand. "Oh," you say, "either strand is strong enough to hold fast a world!" No. I will take these strands and I will twist them together, and one end of that rope I will fasten, not to the communion table, for it shall be removed, not to the pillar of the organ, for that will crumble in the ages, but I wind it round and around the cross of a sympathizing Christ, and having fastened one end of the rope to the cross I throw the other end to you. Lay hold of it! Pull for your life! Pull for heaven!

Mighty Niagara.

One hundred million tons of water pour over Niagara Falls every hour. This is said to represent 16,000,000 horse power. Some idea of this enormous amount of water may be had by understanding that the coal produced in the world would not make enough steam to pump a stream of equal size.

True Progress.

What is true progress? Every step that leads to a true aim. What is a true aim? Every landmark that is mapped out in our ideal deeds of humanity's trust. What is humanity's trust? "Have ye not known? Have ye not heard? Has it not been told you from the beginning? Have ye not understood the foundations of the earth?"—Jewish Messenger.

PAIN PAST ENDURANCE

W. COON HOPELESSLY CRIPPLED WITH RHEUMATISM.

Could Not Raise Either Hand or Foot and Had to be Fed and Dressed—The Doctors Told Him a Cure Was Impossible, Yet He Attends to His Business To-Day.

From the Millbrook Reporter.

Rheumatism has claimed many victims and has probably caused more pain than any other ill affecting mankind. Among those who have been its victims few have suffered more than Mr. G. W. Coon, now proprietor of a flourishing bakery in Hampton, but for a number of years a resident of Pontypool, when his severe illness occurred. To a reporter who interviewed him Mr. Coon gave the following particulars of his great suffering and ultimate cure:—"Some seven or eight years ago," said Mr. Coon, "I felt a touch of rheumatism. At first I did not pay much attention to it, but as it was steadily growing worse I began to doctor for it, but to no effect. The trouble went from bad to worse, until three years after the first symptoms had manifested themselves I became utterly helpless, and could do no more for myself than a young child. I could not lift my hands from my side, and my wife was obliged to cut my food and feed me when I felt like eating, which was not often considering the torture I was undergoing. My hands were swollen out of shape, and for weeks were tightly bandaged. My legs and feet were also swollen and I could not lift my foot two inches from the floor. I could not change my clothes and my wife had to dress and wash me. I grew so thin that I looked more like a skeleton than anything else. The pain I suffered was almost past endurance and I got no rest either day or night. I doctored with many doctors, but they did me no good, and some of them told me it was not possible for me to get better. I believe I took besides almost everything that was recommended for rheumatism, but instead of getting better I was constantly getting worse, and I wished many a time that death would end my sufferings. One day Mr. Perrin, storekeeper at Pontypool, gave me a box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and urged me to try them. I did so somewhat reluctantly as I did not think any medicine could help me. However, I used the pills, then I got another box and before they were gone I felt a trifling relief. Before a third box was finished there was no longer any doubt of the improvement they were making in my condition, and by the time I had used three boxes more I began to feel, in view of my former condition, that I was growing quite strong, and the pain was rapidly subsiding. From that out there was a steady improvement, and for the first time in long weary years I was free from pain and once more able to take my place among the world's workers. I have not now the slightest pain, and I feel better than I felt for seven years previous to taking the pills. I thank God that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills came in my way as I believe they saved my life, and there is no doubt whatever that they rescued me from years of torture."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills strike at the root of the disease, driving it from the system and restoring the patient to health and strength. In cases of paralysis, spinal troubles, locomotor ataxia, sciatica, rheumatism, erysipelas, scrofulous troubles, etc., these pills are superior to all other treatment. They are also a specific for the troubles which make the lives of so many women a burden, and speedily restore the rich glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. Men broken down by overwork, worry or excesses, will find in Pink Pills a certain cure. Sold by all dealers or sent by mail, postpaid, 50c a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y. Beware of imitations and substitutes alleged to be "just as good."

A Blessed Experience.

Christians might avoid much trouble and inconvenience if they would only believe what they profess—that God is able to make them happy without anything else. They imagine that if such a dear friend were to die, or such and such blessings were to be removed, they would be miserable; whereas, God can make them a thousand times happier without them. To mention my own case: God has been depriving me of one blessing after another; but as every one was removed, he has come in and filled up its place; and now, when I am a cripple and not able to move, I am happier than ever I was in my life before, or ever expected to be; and if I had believed this twenty years ago, I might have been spared much anxiety.—Rev. Dr. Payson.

Good Land for Lawyers.

The people of India are the most prone to litigation of any on the globe. There are 1,500,000 lawsuits every year.

The day breaks but doesn't fall, while the night falls but doesn't break.

A girl never begins to think much of a man until after he has made her mad.

Necessity is the mother of some inventions, but the majority of them are orphans.

It is easier to cut an acquaintance than it is to carve a steak with a restaurant knife.

Perhaps it is the rapid revolution of the wheels that makes the locomotive's head black.