

A DELINQUENT SUBSCRIBER.

It was the late afternoon of a sultry July day. The heat was intense, and all of the doors and windows of John Dame's little unpainted farmhouse were open wide.

Twenty years ago, come the 21st of August, since John got his stroke. Perhaps they had exhausted their sympathy upon him that fatal day so long ago.

"Bill, just step inside and hand me a letter out of box forty-three," he said to one of the loungers.

"No, her paper didn't come," the postmaster answered, coming to the front of the store and setting his pall of molasses upon the counter.

"John! he said so disappointedly," and Matildy's voice quivered. "What do you suppose has happened? It's always regular Friday night."

"Mr. John Dame, Milbune Centre, Dear Sir:—"

"You're too tired, ain't you, and it's too hot," he began hesitatingly.

"Now see here, John Dame, none of this is going to do any good. Talk's cheap, anyhow, why don't you do something to help me instead of taking on about things you can't help."

"This was innocent little fabrication of Matildy's to make him believe she was doing her a great service."

"Poor John! Matildy sighed to herself. "The paper's about the only pleasure he gets out of life."

"If I'd a thought about the paper," she said reflectively, "I might have sent Fred Thompson."

"Oh, abncks!" and Matildy gaily tied the strings of her checked sunbath under her chin, and with a decisive nod at her better half, came and drew him out on the cool porch again.

"Good gracious! Ain't I glad John Dame can't see me now! If an old woman high seventy didn't walk off like a young gal of sixteen, he'd be scoured out of his wits!"

"After several minutes rest, she pursued her way to a more leisurely pace. It was cooler which made it easier to walk."

"John," she whispered, stooping over him tenderly. "John!" There was no answer from the peaceful resting figure.

"John, dear! John!" and now she was walking hand in hand with her husband, and gazing anxiously down on his upturned, sleeping face.

"The delinquent subscriber was dead.—Interior."

BY SOPHIE HENSON TITTERTON. Edith Somers lay in her hammock under the maple trees. A soft breeze brought cooling and refreshment, while without, in the sunshine, the air waves quivered in the heat.

"What next?" Realizing that this paper within her belonged to God she looked about her for service she craved.

"The little children were her comfort and her joy. They loved her and learned to repeat Scripture texts and sing verses of hymns of Jesus and his love."

"On the missionary field lessons of trust and dependence had been learned which were to stand her in good stead in the trying days which were to follow."

"The only pleasure John had in life—and that taken away from him! What! I tell him? When he sees I haven't got it with me, he'll know something is the matter, and 'twill kill him to tell him."

"The moon was at its full, its mellow light shining across the green fields on either side making them to rival the golden streets painted in Revelation."

"A coast of Mrs. Somers had come to 'Heart's Delight,' as the beautiful farm was called, for a long visit."

In his girlish, sweet, adoring way, Mrs. Somers and Mr. Roberts had been like slaters. But the inter-

vening years had widely separated them. To the weary woman, the home of her cousin seemed like a haven of rest.

"It was almost pitiful, at first, to see the bewilderment of her mind in mistaking the daily tasks which had so long gossied her to exertion."

"The religious atmosphere at 'Heart's Delight' was a revelation. Mrs. Roberts pondered much over it. Was it altogether Edith's influence that made the entire family so happy, every-day Christians?"

"Why," thought the poor woman, "Cousin Mary strains the milk and churns the butter as if God had an eye to the matter, and made it easy and delightful."

"She didn't know I heard her, but I did. The child ran off with a bright face, as if sweeping and dusting were the most delightful things in the world."

"You look like a picture, Edith," said Cousin Hannah. "I know it is hard to lie still always, and suffer pain, but sometimes I believe I would have been glad to have been somebody like you, I was so tired."

"The dear Lord takes us to rest our burdens on him or shoulders if we will let him."

"But it doesn't seem certain burdens," it says, "Cast thy burdens, O thou household worker a burden, Cousin Hannah" persisted Edith.

"Indeed it is," she groaned. "But I think the real trouble is that when I am at home I get time to think and pray. The Bible says 'Enter into thy closet,' but I was that driven that when I did get a minute to myself, I was too tired to get down on my knees."

"But you ever try to pray as you would about your work?" asked Edith. "I have thought about so much. You know I can't kneel down to pray, and yet I need God's help every minute. Some days it seems as if every breath

For the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous System, Distress, Vertigo, Constipation, Piles, etc.

Observe the following symptoms, resulting from disease of the digestive organs: Constipation, inward pain, fullness of blood in the face, distention of the abdomen, heartburn, disgust of food, indigestion, weight, stomach, sour eructations, belching or vomiting of the food, or of a substance resembling it when in a lying posture, dizziness of vision, yellowness of the skin and eyes, pain in the head, dizziness, vertigo, and all the symptoms of the best medicine, but none curing in the face.

Send to DR. RADWAY & CO., No 78, Zeehan St., Montreal, Canada, for book of Advice.

was a prayer. I was so comforted one day by reading what St. Augustine said about the matter. I believe God put it in my way for a message. I learned it for his precious comfort. Shall I repeat it for you?"

"Cousin Hannah nodded, and the sweet voice rendered the quotation from the quaint old recluse wonderfully impressive."

"Longed desire prayeth always, though the tongue be silent. If thou canst ever longing, thou art ever praying. When starest prayer? When desire groweth cold."

"Edith paused, she noted a strange expression on Cousin Hannah's face. The ice of years was being broken; a spring-like thrill of emotion betokened the coming of a glad summer of rest and peace in life."

"I read the other day," said Edith, "that the great missionary, Adoniram Judson, did his most earnest prayers walking the floor."

"I've had a good time, Cousin Mary, and a thorough rest. But the best of all is, I've learned the secret of staying rested, and of praying when I'm busy on my feet. I'm going to try and let him carry my business."

"Looking forward, strains the eyesight, Looking forward, opens heaven."

It is Highly Important That Every Family Keep a Supply of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

Always in the house. It is well proved beneficial on all conditions of pain or distress. There is nothing in the world that will stop pain or arrest the progress of disease as quick as this.

For headache (whether sick or nervous), toothache, neuralgia, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and weakness in the back, spine or limbs, sprains, strains, rheumatism, swelling of the joints and points of all kinds, the application of Radway's Ready Relief will afford immediate relief, and is continued use for a few days effect a permanent cure.

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Week and Nervous Describes the condition of thousands of people at this season. They have no appetite, cannot sleep, and complain of the prostrating effect of warmer weather. This condition may be removed by Hood's Sarsaparilla which creates an appetite and tones up all the organs. It gives good health by making the blood pure.

Hood's Pills are the best after-dinner pills, assist digestion, cure headache.

Father—"Now, see here! If you marry that young painter, how on earth are you going to live?" Street girl—"Oh, we have figured that all out. You remember that old hen my aunt gave me?" "Yes," "Well, I've been reading a poultry circular, and I find that a good hen will raise twenty chicks in a season. Well, the next season that will be twenty-one hens, and as each will raise twenty more chicks, that will be 420. The next year the number will be 8,400, the following year, 168,000, and the next 1,360,000. Just think! An only five cents apiece we will then have \$680,000. Then, you dear old papa, we'll lend you some money to pay off the mortgage on this house."

Cousin Hannah was weeping. Not hot, bitter tears, that scorch the eyelids and leave a raw, red, raw, raw, raw, raw, raw, that heralded better things.

"Well," she said at length, "I've learned something. I always supposed that one had to kneel down and pray aloud to be acceptable to God, and that if he's listening and waiting, as you say, to help us, so that even our desire for good count as prayers, why our life will be a new thing, hereafter."

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THE CAREER OF A MAN. Too few people are taking care of their eyes. They require the proper care to enable them to see all the things that are before them. If they are neglected, they will become weak and finally blind. It is a sad sight to see a man who has once been a man of letters, and who has spent his life in the study of books, and who has become blind. It is a sad sight to see a man who has once been a man of letters, and who has spent his life in the study of books, and who has become blind.

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Mr. F. F. Wormald Toronto, Ontario. A Narrow Escape Took Poison by Mistake Had Effects Entirely Eliminated by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

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Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures and fresh every day, and an now as healthy as I was before taking the medicine. F. F. Wormald, representing the Society, 201 Melbourne Avenue, Toronto, Ontario.

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Express for Campbellton, Pictou, Pictou and Halifax. Express for Halifax. Express for Quebec and Montreal. Express for Sussex.

Express from Sussex. Express from Montreal and Quebec. Express from Halifax. Accommodation from Montreal.

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