

JUST THINK OF THIS

There isn't a pound of Japan Tea entering this country but what is artificially colored and doctored.

"SALADA"

CEYLON TEA

Is sold to the public in its native purity and is delicious.

Sold in Lead Pockets Only. Never in Bulk. All Grocers.

'Twixt Love and Duty.

"Just chesses, dearie," "Oh, I am glad! Joanna is coming, too; only she had first some flax to unspool. Wait for her I could not. Let me tell some of these pretty little patty-pans."

"I'll do nothing of the kind, Katherine. You'd be spoiling the Joannee silk dress you had put on. Go to the house and sit by Mistress Gordon. She was asking for you not an hour ago. And, Katherine, my bonnie lassie, dinna give a thought to one word that back-sid and nephew o' hers may say to you. He's here the day and gane the morrow, and the lasses that heed him will get sair hearts to themselves."

The bright young face shadowed, and a sudden fear came into Madam Semple's heart as she watched the girl turn away so thoughtfully and slowly. The blinds of the house were closed against the afternoon sun, but the door stood open, and the wide, dim airway was before her. All was as silent as if she had entered an enchanted castle. And in the upper hall the closed doors and the soft lights falling through stained glass upon the dark, rich carpets made an element of mystery, vague and charming, to which Katherine's sensitive, childlike nature was fully responsive.

Slowly she pushed back a heavy mahogany door, and entered a large room whose richly wainscoted walls, heavy friezes, and beautifully painted ceiling were but the most obvious points in its general magnificence. On a lounge, covered with a design done in red and blue and white, a well-dressed woman was sitting, reading a novel, "The Girl of Spirit," "The Maid of the Inn," "The Curious Impertinent," and other favorite fables of the day were lying upon an oval table at her side.

"Lan, child," she cried, "come here and give me a kiss. So you wear that sweet-faced suit again? You are the most agreeable creature in it! Though Dick vows upon his sword-hilt that you look a hundred times more bewitching in the dress you wore this morning."

"How? This morning, madam? This morning Captain Hyde did not see me at all."

"Pray don't blush so, child; though, indeed, it is vastly becoming. I do assure you he saw you this morning. He had gone out early to take the air, and he had a most transporting piece of fortune, for he bethought himself to walk under the great trees nearly opposite your house, and when you came to the door with your excellent father he noted all, from the ribbon on your head to the buckle on your shoes. His talk now is of nothing but your short quilted petticoat, and your tight bodice, and beautiful bare arms. Is that the Dutch style, then, child? It must be extremely charming."

"If my mother you could see in it! She is beautiful, and she has a picture of my grandmother in the true Zealand dress. Like a princess, she looks, my father says; but, indeed, I have never seen a princess."

"My dear, you must allow me to laugh a little. Will you believe it, princesses are sometimes very vulgar creatures? I am sure, however, that your grandmother was very genteel and agreeable. I must tell you that I have just received my new scarf from London. You shall see it, and give me your opinion."

"Oh, madam, you are very kind. What is it like?"

"It is all extravagance in mode and fancy. I believe, my dear, there are two hundred yards of edging on it, and it has the most charming slope to the shoulders. I am wonderfully pleased with it, and hope it will prove becoming."

"Indeed, I think all your suits are becoming."

"Faith, child, I think they are! I have always dressed with the most perfect intelligence. I follow all the fashions, and they must be French. Let her come Richard. He is going to ask you to take a sail on the river, and I shall lend you my new green parasol; I do believe it is the only one in the country."

"I came to sit with you—and work with my worsteds. Perhaps my mother—might not like me to go on the river with—anyone."

"Pray, child, don't be affected. My

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Power of Kindness.

its Merit as a Weapon of Defense, And Its Virtue as a Means of Usefulness

—Dr. Talmage on "The Soft Tongue."

Washington, D. C., Aug. 30.—In these days, when satire and retort and bitterness fill the air, the Gospel carol of this sermon will do good to all who read and practice it. The text is, Proverbs, xxv, 15—"A soft tongue breaketh the bone."

If I had time, I would show you kindness as a means of defense, as a means of usefulness, kindness as a means of domestic harmony, kindness as best employed by governments for the taming and curing of criminals, and kindness as best adapted for the settling and adjusting of international quarrels; but I shall call your attention only to two of these thoughts.

First, I speak to you of kindness as a means of defense. Almost every man, in the course of his life, is set upon and assaulted. Your motives are misinterpreted, or your religious or political principles are bombarded. What to do under such circumstances is the question. The first impulse of the nature is to say: "Strike back. Shot for shot. Sarcasm for sarcasm. An eye for an eye. A tooth for a tooth." But the better spirit is to act under these difficult circumstances? And Christ answers: "Bless them that curse you, and pray for them which despitefully use you."

Have you ever in your life known acerbity and acrimonious dispute to settle a quarrel? Did they not always make matters worse and worse and worse? About 55 years ago there was a great quarrel in the Presbyterian family. Ministers of Christ were thought orthodox in proportion as they measured the lance with other clergymen of the same denomination. The most outrageous personalities were abroad. The division became war, the animosity greater, until after a while some good men resolved upon another tack. They began to explain away the difficulties; they began to forgive each other's faults; and lo! the great Church quarrel was settled; and the new school Presbyterian Church and the old school Presbyterian Church became one.

"But," you say, "what are we to do when slanders assault us, and there come acrimonious sayings and abuse about us, and we are abused and spit upon?" My reply is: Do not go and attempt to chase down the slanders. Lies are prolific, and while you are killing one little serpent, a hundred more are being born. All your demonstrations of indignation only exhaust yourself. You might as well on summer night burn the swarms of mosquitoes coming up from the meadows and disturbing you and disturbing your family, bring up some great swamp angel, and kill which which he killed over Charleston, and try to shoot them down. The game is too small for the gun. But what, then, are you to do when the slanders come upon you in life? You are to love them down! I saw a farmer go out to get back a swarm of bees that had wandered off from their hive. As he moved amid them they buzzed around his head, and buzzed around his hands, and buzzed around his feet. If he had killed one of them, they would have stung him to death. But he moved in their midst in perfect placidity until he had captured the swarm. And so I have seen men moving amid the annoyances, and the vexations, and the assaults of life in such calm, Christian deliberation, that all the buzzing around about their soul amounted to nothing. They conquered them, and above all, they conquered themselves. "Oh," you say, "that's a very good thing to do, but on a hot day, but it won't work." It will work. It has worked. I believe it is the last Christian grace we win. You know there are fruits of the Spirit in June, and others in July, and others in August, and others in September, and still others in October; and I have to make a list of the fruits of the Christian forgiveness is about the last fruit of the Christian soul.

We hear a great deal about the bitter tongue, and the sarcastic tongue, and the quick tongue, and the stinging tongue; but we know very little about "the soft tongue that breaketh the bone."

I pass now to the other thought, and that is, kindness as a means of usefulness. In all communities you find for the occasional address of some trivial remark to him, as if to prevent Neil losing sight of the advantages he had over him.

Then he said in his blandest tones, "Joanna, my dearie, you'll have to tell Neil the rest of your tale this morn; and Katherine put away now that bit o' busy idleness, and don your hoods and mantles, balth o' you. I'm going to tak' you home, and I dinna want to get my death w' the river mist."

"Pray, sir," said Hyde, "consider me at your service. I have occasion to go into town at once, and will do your duty to the young ladies with infinite pleasure."

To be Continued.

ENDED AT LAST.

After Two Years of Misery Endured Backache Succumbs to Dodd's Kidney Pills

Madoc, Aug. 31.—In a place like this, people suffer and sympathize, hope and mourn with each other. But her many friends here, as elsewhere, who have long been aware of the precarious health and long-suffering of Mrs. J. Ferguson will be pleased to learn that her painful sufferings have ended at last, and that instead of being unable, as she says, "to turn herself in bed," she is herself once more as the result of using a few boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills. She further says that from the third day after commencing to use these pills, she was free from all pain; and, that now she feels as well as ever before in her life.

When making purchases of merchants who advertise with you will confer a favor on this paper by mentioning that you saw the advertisement in the "London Advertiser."

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all, he became the concentrated dis-

ple of a Christ. Kind words are so cheap, it is a wonder we do not use them often. There are tens of thousands of people in these cities who are dying for the lack of one kind word. You can never drive men, women, or children into the kingdom of God. A March northeaster will bring out more honesties than all the truthfulness and scolding will ever bring of Christian grace. I wish that in all our religious work we might be saturated with the spirit of kindness. Missing that, we miss a great deal of usefulness. There is no need of coming out before men and thundering to them the law unless at the same time you preach to them the Gospel. The world is dying for lack of kindness.

The young people want it just as much as the old. The old people sometimes seem to think they have a monopoly of the rheumatism, and the neuralgias, and the headaches, and the physical disorders of the world; but tell you there are no worse heartaches than are felt by some of these young people. Much of the sick is done by the young. Raphael died at 37; Wilhelmina at 31; Gustavus Adolphus died at 38; Innocent III. came to his mightiest influence at 37; Cortez conquered Mexico at 34; Don John won Lepanto at 25; Grotius was attorney-general at 24; and I have noticed amid all classes of men that some of the severest battles and the toughest work come before 30. Therefore we must have our sermons and our exhortations in prayer-meeting all sympathetic with the young. And to wish these people further on in life. What do these doctors and lawyers and merchants and mechanics care about the abstractions of religion? What they want is help to bear the whimsicalities of patients, the browbeating of legal opponents, the unfairness of customers, who have plenty of cash-finding for every imperfection of handiwork, but no praise for twenty excellencies.

We want in our sermons not more physics, nor more imagination, nor more logic, nor more profundity, nor more sympathy.

The chief characteristic of our Lord was kindness. A gentleman in England died, leaving his fortune by will to two sons. The son that stayed at home destroyed the father's will and pretended that the brother who was absent was dead and buried. The absent brother, after awhile, returned and claimed his part of the property. Judges and jurors were to be bribed to say that the returned brother and son was no son at all, but only an impostor. The trial case, Sir Matthew Hale, the pride of the English court room, and for twenty years the pride of jurisprudence, heard that that injustice was about to be practiced. He put off his official robe. He went to the village where that trial was to take place, and somehow got empaneled as one of the jurors. The briber came around, and the man gave ten pieces of gold to the other jurors, but as this was only a poor miller the briber gave to him only five pieces of gold. A verdict was brought in rejecting the right of this returned brother. He was to have share in the inheritance. "Hold! my Lord," said the miller. "Hold! we are not all agreed on this verdict. These other men have received ten pieces of gold in bribery, and I have received only five." "Who are you? Where do you come from?" said the judge on the bench. The response was: "I am from Westminister Hall; my name is Matthew Hale, Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench. Off of that place, thou villain!" And so the injustice was balked, and so the young man got his inheritance.

It was all for another that Sir Matthew Hale took off his robe and put on the garb of a miller. And so Christ took off his robe of royalty and put on the attire of our humanity, and in that disguise he won our eternal portion. Now are we the sons of God. Joint heirs! We went off from home sure enough, but we got back in time to receive our eternal portion. And if Christ was so kind to us, surely we can afford to be kind to each other.

DOAN'S

Kidney Pills first proved to the people that Kidney disease is curable. Being the original Kidney remedy in pill form, the cures they have made, and the fame they have attained have opened the way for a host of imitations and substitutes, but those who have been cured of

KIDNEY

Complaints through the use of this wonderful medicine, those whose lame back is now free from pain, those who now have no headaches, those who have escaped from the death grip of Diabetes and Bright's disease by the use of Doan's Kidney

PILLS

are the ones whose opinion is valuable. When scores of such people come forward and tell publicly that Doan's Kidney Pills cured them after other means failed, it is evident that the only

CURE

for Kidney Disease, Bladder and Urinary difficulties, Lame Back, and the numerous results of disordered Kidneys is Doan's Kidney Pills. Be sure to get Doan's. Price fifty cents per box.

PALE GIRLS

Weak, languid and listless, suffering from nervous prostration, nervousness, stomach trouble or constipation, should use Indian Woman's Balm. It cures.

WEAK WOMEN

Run down, easily tired, pain in back or limbs, troubled with dizziness, rush of blood to the head, faint feeling, nausea, try Indian Woman's Balm. It's nature's remedy for women.

W. Chapman

BUTCHER.

Fresh and Salt Meat. Beef, Mutton, Pork, etc. Goods delivered to any part of the city.

269 DUNDAS STREET

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What is CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrup, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd, cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

Castoria.

"Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children."

Dr. G. C. Osmond, Lowell, Mass.

"Castoria is the best remedy for children of which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not far distant when mothers will consider the real interest of their children, and use Castoria instead of the various quack nostrums which are destroying their loved ones, by forcing opium, morphine, soothing syrup and other hurtful agents down their throats, thereby sending them to premature graves."

Dr. J. F. Knicholson, Conway, Ark.

Allen C. Smith, Pres.,

UNITED HOSPITAL AND DISPENSARY, Boston, Mass.

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