

*The handwriting has changed
but the quality of Blue Ribbon
is just as good as ever.
Was there ever such a tea!*

GOLDEN THOUGHTS.

Already the cricket is busy
With hints of soberer days,
And the golden red haze slowly
Its torch for the autumn blaze.
—Celia Thaxter.

There are souls in this world that
Have the gift of finding joy every-
where.—Faber.

It is the twilight of the year,
And through her wondrous wide above
The autumn goes, and the road,
To light her lamps along the road.
—Annie's Magazine.

It is almost as presumptuous to think
You can do nothing as to think you
can do everything.—Phillips Brooks.

The love of praise, however concealed by
art,
Reigns more or less, and glows in every
heart.
The proud to gain it toils on toils endure,
The modest shun it but to make it sure.
—Young.

When you find yourself overpowered,
as it were, by melancholy, the best
way is to go out and do something
kind to somebody.—Katie.

For, we know, not every morning
So, forgetting all the sorrow
We have had,
Let us fold away our fears,
And put by our foolish tears,
And through all the coming years,
Just be glad.
—James Whitcomb Riley.

Make sure that, however good you
may be, you have faults; that how-
ever dull you may be, you would bet-
ter make some patient effort to get
quit of them.—Ruskin.

A million little diamonds
Twinkled on the trees,
And all the little maidens said,
"A jewel, if you please."
But while they held their hands out-
stretched
To catch the diamond gay,
A million little sunbeams came
And stole them all away.
—Marquis F. de Lorne.

The death change comes.
Death is another life. We bow our heads
At going out, we think, and enter straight
Another golden chamber of the King's
Larger than this we leave, and lovelier,
And then in shadowy glimpses, disconnect
The story flower-like, closes their eyes
leaves.
The will of God is all in all. He makes
Destroys, remakes, for His own pleasure
all.
—Philip Bailey.

The Joy of Life.

The real joy of life has little to do
with comfort; it comes from the con-
sciousness of strength to suffer, and
bear, and achieve; it comes from the
consciousness that one is doing a
man's work, and earning a man's
wages in the world. The thrill of
a mountain climber as he comes sud-
denly upon the vision of half a cen-
tury spread out before him contains
more real joy, more true life, than a
year brings to the sluggish comfort
seeker in the valley below. The
scholar, as he surveys fields of knowl-
edge opening in broader vistas before
him, forgets the days and nights of
unbroken study behind him. The great
statesman, as he notes the steady
movement of opinion towards him,
feels a joyous sense of mastery which
the memory of years of defeat and
misconception does not efface.

The Use of Opposition.

There is one form of evil which,
while peculiarly annoying and aggra-
vating at the time, may always be
made the source of increased power
and benefit. It is the opposition and
antagonism which men personally re-
ceive. Usually they suffer the sting
which this brings with it to rankle
in their breasts, and to foster an in-
creased antagonism on their part. Yet,
could they view it in another and
truer light, they would rather wel-
come it as a means of advancement.
Under all such contradiction there is
a measure of truth, often a large
measure, the discovery of which would
be most advantageous. Emerson puts
this well when he says: "The wise
man throws himself on the side of his
assailants. It is more in his interest
than it is to find his weak point.
The wound cicatrizes and falls
off him like a dead skin, and when
they would triumph, lo! he has passed
on invulnerable! Blame is safer than
praise."

Everyday Life and Character.

One's everyday life is a surer
reveler of character than one's public
acts. There are men who are mag-
nificent when they appear on great oc-
casions—wise, eloquent, masterly—but
who are almost unendurable in their
familiarity, unreasonableness, irresol-
ution and all manner of selfish disrepa-
rability in the privacy of their own
homes to those to who they ought to

tion's lords." They have clothed us
with all the power that they them-
selves possess, have in the highest
ranges, ecclesiastical and governmen-
tal. No magnanimity analogous to
that has ever been witnessed since history
began. But there are two considera-
tions which, on their own testimony,
have moved men to this bestowment
of power upon the gentle comrade at
their side. First, men are conscious
of being abundantly able to take care
of themselves and their interests, and
secondly, they have learned by centuries
of observation and experience, that, as
a class, women (being the mothers of
men) are, if possible, more concerned
to do them justice than they are to do

justice to themselves. Every woman is
the daughter of a man, and every man
is the son of a woman. In this organic
law is grounded the unalterable faith
that cheers me on my way while I seek
to multiply the tones of interest and
thought between men and women, that
home-life may be enriched and home-
happiness rendered more stable. There
are three strands in the stout cable
that binds together the members of an
ideal home—religion, affection and in-
tellectual sympathy. The first and sec-
ond have held their own throughout
the ages past; the third this age is
forming, and no truer or more enduring
tie has ever yet been forged.—The late
Frances E. Willard.

WITH THE POETS.

SAY WELL AND DO WELL.

The following lines were once quoted
by Dean Stanley as the peroration of a
sermon in Scotland:

Say well is good, but do well is better,
Do well seems spirit, say well the letter,
Say well is godly, and helpeth to please;
Do well lives godly, and gives the world
ease.

Say well to silence sometimes is bound,
But do well is free on every ground.
Say well has friends, some here, some
there,
But do well is welcome everywhere.

By say well to man's God's word cleaves,
But for lack of do well it often leaves.
If say well and do well were bound in one
frame,
Then all were done, all were won, and
gotten were gain.

A LOVER'S WISH.

Would I might borrow from the mines
of morn
A little of their brimming store of
gold;
Would I might flit from out the sun-
set's hold

Some of the rubies that its breast adorns;
Would I might heap lip-high a pteous
horn
With emerald of the springtime's magic
mould,
And gather diamonds flawless as unfold
Along the meadows when the day was
born!—

Then through some alchemy of cold or
fire
Transmute these riches into dazzling
stone!
My sweet, this wish I wish for you
alone,
That whatsoever is your heart's desire
From world's end unto world's end,
zone by zone,
May lie before your feet, your very
own!
—Clinton Scollard, in Cosmopolitan.

DUSK.

Beyond the burning rhapsody of noon,
The wind's elusive harp note in the
trees,
Between the sunset and the primrose
moon

There is a rapture all unknown of
these—
The harmony of twilight, Nature's note,
Prolonged, pellucid, subtler far than
songs.

Rearing the lifted soul till it doth float
Upon the heart of night and find it
strong;
Against this bar the waves of tumult
fall,

And tides slip back into a silent deep;
The world, beneath a white and windless
sail,
Drifts outward to the vaster sea of
sleep.

And thought, starlike, doth rise above
Time's shoal
To find these still—thou twilight of my
soul!
—Virginia Woodward Cloud, in Book-
man.

TRUE GAITY.

Whom call we gay? That honor has
been long
The boast of mere pretenders to the
name.
The innocent are gay—the lark is gay
That dries his feathers, saturate with
dew,
Beneath the rosy cloud, while yet the
beams

Of day's overshoot his humble nest;
The peasant, too, a witness of his song,
Himself a songster, is as gay as he,
But save me from the gaiety of those
Whose headsache nall them to a noontide
bed,
And save me, too, from theirs, whose
haggard eyes
Flash desperation, and betray their pangs
From property stripped off by cruel chance;
From gaiety that fills the bones with
pain,
The mouth with blasphemy, the heart
with woe.
—Cowper.

SOME OF OUR OLD PREACHERS

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

The Value of Measure.

The person who screams, or uses the
superlative degree, or converses with
heat, puts the whole drawing-rooms
to flight. If you wish to be loved,
love measure. You must have genius
or a prodigious self-reliance if you
would hide the want of measure. This
perception comes in to polish and per-
fect the part of the social instrument.
Society will pardon much of a genius
and special gifts; but being in its na-
ture a convention, it loves what is
conventional, or what belongs to com-
ing together. That makes the good
and bad of manners; namely, what
helps or hinders fellowship. For fas-
hion is not good sense private, but
good sense, entertaining company. It
hates corners and sharp points of
character; hates quarrelsomeness, egotism,
solitary and gloomy people; hates
whatever can interfere with social
blending of parties; whilst it values
all particularities as in the highest de-
gree refreshing which can consist with
fellowship. And besides the general
infusion of wit to lighten civility,
the direct splendor of intellectual
power is ever welcome in fine society,
as the coolest addition to its rule and
credit.—Emerson.

The Woman's Cause Is Man's.

There is no other proof so great of
the good understanding that subsists
between men and women as the volun-
tary relinquishment by men of powers
hitherto unshared. It is the highest
tribute that has ever been paid to wo-
man, and yet one of the most unob-
served, that not a school has ever been
opened to her except by the vote of
men, nor has she been admitted to any
learned profession, or to an enlarged
sphere in the line of honorable occu-
pation except by men; nor has any wo-
man been made a voter, in greater or
less degree, either in church or state,
save by the free permission of "crea-

where!" flourishing his well-worn pocket Bible.

Once when we were driving along to-
gether, near Acton, he pointed out to
me a certain spot in the road, be-
tween two cedar swamps, where many
years before when the country was
pretty new, he was driving in a sleigh
with two clerical friends, John Roaf,
of Toronto, and John Armour, of Kel-
vin. Just here a big wolf was seen,
straddling over the track, as if to bar
the way. Of course they did not know
how many more might be among the
bushes—this one their sentinel. The
peculiarities of the three men came
out. Denny, the old dragon, matag-
ing, with all kinds of difficulty, the
"charge" of the horse on the wolf.
Roaf, a grand old fellow, who ought to
have lived in the times of Cromwell,
standing up and waving his arms, and
shouting at his wolfship. Mr. Armour,
who would not hurt a fly unless some
greater good made it necessary, was
down in the bottom of the sleigh, cov-
ered up with the "buffalo skin."

"And how did it end?" I asked. "Oh,
there were probably no more than the
one, and when we got near he can-
tered away at his leisure into the
swamp."

The celebrated Rev. Dr. Punshon,
of London, once (being out in America)
preached before the Methodist confer-
ence in Montreal. In the crowded and
heated room he was in the middle of
his sermon overcome with faintness
and giddiness. He sat down, and
asked an accomplished and eloquent
brother beside him to "go on and fin-
ish the sermon." He rose up, and,
using Dr. Punshon's open manuscript,
delivered the remainder of the sermon
in such a way as perhaps another
man's sermon was never read before.

An old minister once said to me:
"Did you ever notice that in minis-
ter's families the eldest is always a
girl?" "No; is it so?" "It is." How
do you account for it?" "Why, this way:
Ministers are generally too poor to
keep a servant in the house, and
Providence sends a girl first, so as to
be a help to the mother."

"Well, I would like to know," I
said, "if facts bear this theory out?"
He said, "I myself never thought of
it till old Mrs. Wilkes, of Brantford
(the grandmother of the present
Wilkeses there), told me of it. But
now, run over the ministers' families
you know, and you'll find it is true."

And so we ran over the names of
more than forty ministers, whose
families we knew, and there was not
more than one exception. One, or it
might be two, who had entered the
ministry in middle life, he would not

Baby's Own TABLETS

Nothing in the world is such a comfort and joy as a healthy, hearty, rosy-
cheeked, happy baby.

Babies can be kept in perfect health only by having at hand and adminis-
tering when needed some purely vegetable harmless remedy and of all this class of
medicines Baby's Own Tablets are conceded to be the best.

FOR CONSTIPATION,

colic, diarrhoea, simple fevers, sour stomachs, teething babies, indigestion and
sleeplessness these tablets are a really wonderful cure.

You can give them to the smallest baby without the slightest fear. Dissolved
in water, they will be taken readily.

They contain absolutely not a particle of opiate or other injurious drugs.
They are small, sweet lozenges that any baby will take without objection and
their action is prompt and pleasant.

They will tone up the whole system and make the little one as hearty and free
from infantile disorders as any mother could wish.

They cost 25 cents a box. All druggists sell them or they may be secured by

sending the price direct
and the tablets will be
forwarded prepaid.

The Dr. Williams
Medicine Co.,
BROCKVILLE, ONT.



Good for all
Babies; Try
Them for
Your Baby.

let me reckon as exceptions. It was
a new theory to me.

Sometimes a minister drifts into poli-
tics. The late Rev. John Clinch was
not only a politician, but a political
editor. This is exceedingly common in
England, but less so here. He told
me once to say at the Congrega-
tional Union why he was not present,
for "he had promised Harry Munro
to help him stump the county of Dur-
ham." In his paper he spoke of "the
duty of every Reformer in the county
to pray for the success of the Liberal
candidate at the election." Sir John
A. Macdonald read the editorial in the
house, and referred to "the political
person of Bowmanville." He said,
with respect to the advice to pray for
the success of the Reform candidate
in Durham, "it was a small request,
and Providence granted it," and flung
the paper contemptuously on the floor.
I had this anecdote from a friend who
was in the gallery at the time.

ciples who had followed the Master
through three lonely years were gath-
ered together and "Jesus came and
stood in the midst and said unto them,
Peace be unto you." That incident was
perhaps the origin of this custom
which glorified All Saints' Day, for it
was we argued that if the Christ
could come to those whom he loved
then our other loved ones might come
also.

It is right that we should mourn, for
even a temporary separation wounds
the heart. A good-bye can never pass
the lips without setting free the foun-
tain of our tears. But mourning with
faith is not like mourning without it.
The sky is clouded when we part with
one dear one, even though the eyes
see beyond the clouds; but the tempest
rages fiercely when we have no hope,
and the very roots of our being are
torn up by its destructive and relent-
less power.

There is no one on the footstool who
makes such a draught on our sym-
pathy and pity as he who knows the
future. The vibrations of his grief
when he looks over the church yard
wall form a kind of crescendo which
at last breaks the heart. His despair
like the blind Sampson, puts its arms
about the pillars of the temple and
brings the whole structure of his be-
ing into ruin. We can bear disaster
if only hope is left, but disaster and
despair are too much for human na-
ture to endure.

Still, we who mourn are not wholly
in the right. We robe ourselves in the
gloomiest black, which is a wall
through which the angels of grief can-
not enter. Black is a kind of infidelity
which, though we are unconscious of
it, is very harmful, a sort of barrier
to the sweet influences of another
world. The extreme of mourning is
too much a display, and it shows that
we have not the courage of our con-
fession. It is a symbol of our state of
mind it is not in accordance with the
precepts of our religion. It is the garb
of despair, and it is a confession of our
belief in immortality. God has
not made anything black, then why
should we? His sunshine covers the
earth, and his life is in the flowers;
His universe is bright and cheery from
dawn to dawn. Why then should we
imagine by our garments that He has
neglected to reveal our proper atti-
tude in one of the supreme moments
of life? The purpose of religion is
to make us serene, quiet, resigned,
because death is not what it seems to
be, but, on the other hand, a birth of
some freed soul from the limitations
and pains of a warlike body.

Moreover, a great deal of our grief
is selfish. We have suffered an afflic-
tion and we think of ourselves. If our
faith is worth having we know that
those who have gone are better off than
those who remain. That fact we do
not dwell upon. Instead of being
grateful that there is a heaven, and
that our loved ones are there, that
they are beyond the vicissitudes of
time, we mourn simply for our own
loss, forgetful of their gain. This is
all wrong.

We want a more triumphant faith.
Our eyes are dull, and we do not see
the truth. One glimpse of heaven and
we should lay aside the mere trappings
of woe, for they are dismal and
heartbreaking. We may weep, for
tears are a lens through which the
invisible world sometimes become visi-
ble; but this despair, this feeling that
everything has suddenly been plunged
in darkness, is all wrong.

God still lives, the loved ones still
live, having entered a sphere of larger
usefulness, and there is a royal high-
way from the throne of God's infinite
love to our little earth along which
they will visit us in our sorrow, that
religion may bow its head, but beneath
all other thoughts is the radiant be-
lief that they and we will meet again.
Sorrow can wear a diadem of hope,
and even the breaking heart may smile
because the Eternal Father and the
house not made with hands are in the
near distance.—George H. Hepworth.

Killing Time.

I am sure our house party must be
a success. The royalty, it is true,
is an obscure scion of a German
family, and his name looks more im-
posing in print than the owner does
at breakfast. However, that is a de-
tail. The fact remains that we are
a typical modern house party,
sumptuously lodged and fed by a
typical modern millionaire. Every-
thing in the house is luxurious. The
morning tea is served up on priceless
Sèvres; we awake to the strains of
the bagpipes; the breakfast table is
laden with every delicacy; at lunch,
when we join the shooters, a hot meal
appears miraculously on the heather,
the finest grouse moor, the best deer
forest, and a magnificent salmon river
all appear to be at hand. Carlton
has brought down seven stags to his
own rifle in four days, and landed,
according to the gillie's account, the
biggest fish of the century, and I am
the proudest of wives.

In the evening, between tea and din-
ner, our host touches a bell, and an
organist appears, who plays in the
twilight on the beautiful organ in the
hall; and after dinner a violinist (also
kept on the premises) makes the most
divine music in the drawing-room.
For our host is a patron of the arts,
and to what more delightful use can
money be put than that of encourag-
ing talent and being able to gratify
one's taste for it in one's own house?
The grand duke moves throughout the
performance; the cabinet minister
keeps time with his foot, and at the
close of the "Kreutzer Sonata," asks
for Scotch pipes. The celebrated
beauties make heroic onslaughts on
the eligible parties, who show distinct
signs of following the grand duke's
example. Mr. Veynor announces that
the music is "too clear," and the gen-
erality of us escape upstairs to each
other's sitting-room for a final game
of bridge. Such is life—London Out-
look.

CHOKY "HEART"

Do you have that dreaded sen-
sation of suffocation—flut-
tering and palpitation—over-
feel as though every heart
beat would be the last one?
If you do, your heart is strug-
gling under too heavy a load
—and needs help.

Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart will bring it's
"strong arm" to your rescue—it quiets, soothes,
stops pain in an incredibly short while, and will
cure the most obstinate Heart Disease—no mat-
ter how deep-seated. One dose gives relief in thirty
minutes.

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Only vegetable oils—
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fats—are used in
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"Baby's
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Pure, Fragrant, Cleansing
Doctors recommend it for Nur-
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It is a pure neutral soap—no alkali—nothing
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skin of the youngest child. Cools and
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Sold at all good grocers at 5
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