

A FULL CUP.

When the saintly Payson was dying he exclaimed "I long to hand a full cup of happiness to every human being." This was the language of a heart thoroughly purged of all selfish affection, and filled with the spirit of that love which led our adorable Jesus to give his life for human redemption. If every Christian would go daily out among men filled with such longing for human happiness, what marvellous changes would soon be wrought in human society! The selfish element would be eliminated from the dealings of the Christian business man. Not justice merely, but benevolence would enter into his everyday trade. The same spirit would rule his home and church life. He would become an incarnation of good will toward all and would so preach the gospel by his good deeds that man would see his good works and glorify his Heavenly Father. The spirit of Payson is worthy of every man's imitation. Happy he who can truthfully say "I long to hand a cup of happiness to every human being."
—*Zion's Herald.*

A CANADIAN SPEAKS.

When anything worth saying is spoken in that terse and pointed way that bears the impress of honest conviction, we like to have people know the nature of the communication. Of such a nature is the following from Mr. W. F. Haist, Campden P. O., Lincoln Co., Ontario. Mr. Haist says: With great joy over my restored health, I would write a few lines concerning that wonderful remedy, St. Jacobs Oil. For the last six years I have been using various medicines internally and externally, but nothing would help me. Finally I procured a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil, which cured me after a few applications. My mother-in-law, who has also been a great sufferer from rheumatism, was also instantly relieved by the use of the Great German Remedy. St. Jacobs Oil is a great blessing to suffering humanity, and I shall do everything in my power to make known its merits.

THE QUESTION SETTLED.

There's no use in arguing the question of the potency of some substances for especial service in emergencies. They will do all they promise, and more, if judiciously used. The following from Mr. P. Murphy, of No. 1 Fire Station, Ottawa, bears upon the point stated above. Mr. Murphy says: I had occasion to use St. Jacobs Oil recently, and must say that it is the best Liniment I ever saw used. I caught cold from getting wet at a fire, and it settled in my shoulder and down my back to my hip. I suffered a great deal from the pain. I was advised to try St. Jacobs Oil. I did so, and after the fourth application I was entirely free from pain. I cannot speak too highly of it, and advise others to use it.

MAGIC'S WONDERS.

"While in London, England, a short time ago," said the professor, "our Oxford-street water was made the victim of a practical joke. One morning, as this tonsorial artist sat reading his newspaper, he was startled by seeing a young man enter in a very excited manner, who throwing rather than seating himself in the chair, demanded a shave *instantly*. The barber, who was a ready fellow, at once set about obeying the commands of this excited and hurried guest. With a rapidity that surprised himself, he shaved the right side of his customer's face, and then immediately turned to the left. That side he also shaved with cleanliness and despatch, but, judge of his surprise, when his customer demanded to know in tones anything but pleased why he did not shave the right side. The poor bewildered barber was almost certain that he had done so, but perceived to his

surprise that the side in question was covered with jet black hair. Again he shaved it, but while he did so, to his surprise and horror, the hair was growing on the other side. Thus it continued for an hour. While he shaved one side, he could actually see the hair growing on the other side. Terrified beyond expression, he stood motionless; hereupon the young man leaped from the chair, and, snatching the razor, drew it across his throat, and fell to the floor covered with blood. The barber flew into the street hallooing "Murder!" at the top of his voice. A crowd soon gathered, and, with the affrighted barber, beheld the supposed corpse quietly arranging his tie before the mirror—turning very pleasantly, he paid the barber and departed. A theatrical gentleman among the lookers-on soon gave it out that it was Professor Hermann the great American Magician. I went to my hotel and awoke next day to find myself the talk of London," concluded the Professor, for it was I who did it. I gave the poor barber fits. "Did you ever hear how I gave a friend of mine the snakes?" asked the professor. On receiving an answer in the negative, he said: "A friend of mine, who was as great a drunkard as an actor, and that is saying a great deal, was one morning seen by me to enter a drinking-saloon when he was almost on the verge of delirium-tremens, and knowing his horror of 'snakes,' as *mania-a-potu* is vulgarly called, I resolved to save him. I entered just as he raised a glass of whiskey to his lips, and rushing forward I snatched the glass from his hand, crying, at the same time: "Hold, S., until I take this fly out." Pretending to take the fly out, I held up a serpent. C. cried out: "My God! that is a snake!" "Not at all," said I; "it is a simple house-fly. See? you are covered with them," saying which I approached, and from his sleeves, and hair, etc., I proceeded to pull snakes, protesting all the time that they were flies. "They are snakes!" cried C. again. "My God! that is a snake; I tell you, Hermann, they are snakes!" "Nonsense," said I, "they are but flies." "Then," said he, "I have the snakes myself!" and he rushed from the saloon. He was not seen for more than a week after; but when next seen he was sober, and has been so since." "Professor," asked the interviewer, "were you, who are so fond of surprising others, ever surprised yourself?" "Once," was the answer: "then the surprise was a very great and agreeable one, I assure you. It came about in this way: I was for a number of years a sufferer from cramps in my left side, immediately under the heart. I suffered regularly at the close of each performance, and very often was compelled to cancel engagements which I had made, owing to my inability to fill them, being prostrated with cramps, and being in a very weak condition, I entertained very serious thoughts of giving up my profession and spending some years in travel, and would have done so but for an attendant of mine, whose head I had cut off occasionally while performing my wonderful decapitation act. The individual to whom I complained of the pains and the cramps in my side on one occasion said it was curious—that I, who could decapitate another and replace the head at will, ought certainly be able to cure myself. I told him how some of the best doctors in Europe and America had failed. He laughed at me, and said he could cure me in a week. That night he presented me with a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil, the Great German Remedy; saying that its use would produce an effect more magical than I could readily believe. I laughed at the idea of St. Jacobs Oil doing what had baffled the greatest doctors, but said that I would try it, simply to convince him that trying it would do no good. That night, on retiring, I rubbed my side with the Oil, and, sure enough, its good effect

was instantaneous—magical, in fact: I felt relief at once. I slept better that night than I had done for a long time before. Again in the morning I rubbed with the Oil, and at the close of the afternoon performance I noticed a great diminution of the painful cramps. Was I surprised? Well, I was very much surprised, and I told my attendant so. In less than a week, and before I had finished using my third bottle, I was entirely and permanently cured. The effect of St. Jacobs Oil was indeed magical, so much so that I could scarcely believe my senses. I have never felt a cramp since—nor is there prophet, seer, soothsayer or magician who can perform such wonders as St. Jacobs Oil. —*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

AT A LOSS FOR WORDS.

The pleasure which I hereby attempt to express cannot be half conveyed by words. Physicians of very high character and notoriety have heretofore declared my rheumatism to be incurable. Specifics, almost numberless, have failed to cure or even alleviate the intensity of the pain, which has frequently confined me to my room for three months at a time. One week ago I was seized with an attack of acute rheumatism of the knee. In a few hours the entire knee-joint became swollen to enormous proportions, and walking rendered impossible. Nothing remained for me, and I intended to resign myself as best I might to another month's confinement to my room and bed, whilst suffering untold agonies. By chance I learned of the wonderful curative properties of St. Jacobs Oil. I clutched it as a straw, and in a few hours was entirely free from pain in knee, arm and shoulder. As before stated, I cannot find words to convey my praise and gratitude to the discoverer of this king of rheumatism.

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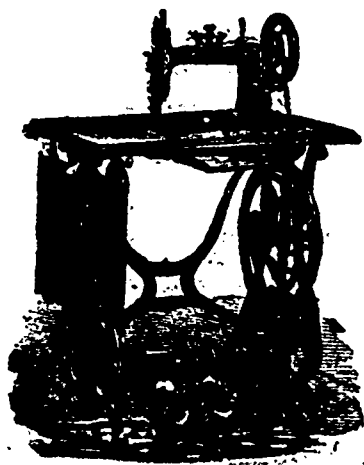
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