

Explained. Spaleigh—Why do you dislike cigars?
Miss Knox—Because they are dangerous.
Spaleigh—But I have smoked them for ten years and they haven't killed me yet.
Miss Knox—Yes, I know—and that's one reason why I object to them.

DISFIGURING SKIN HUMOR.

Impossible to Get Employment, as Face and Body Were Covered with Sores—Cured by Cuticura.
"Since the year 1894 I have been troubled with a very bad case of eczema which I have spent hundreds of dollars trying to cure, and I went to the hospital, but they failed to cure me, and it was getting worse all the time. Five weeks ago my wife bought a box of Cuticura Ointment and one cake of Cuticura Soap, and I am pleased to say that I am now completely cured and well. It was impossible for me to get employment, as my face, head and body were covered with it. The eczema first appeared on the top of my head, and it had worked all the way around the back of my neck and around to my throat, down my body and around the hips. It itched so I would be obliged to scratch it, and the flesh was raw. I am now all well, and I will be pleased to recommend the Cuticura Remedies to all persons who wish a speedy and permanent cure of skin diseases. Thomas M. Rossiter, 250 Prospect Street, East Orange, N. J. Mar. 30, 1905."

What Papa Said.
Him—What did your father say when you told him I had asked you to marry me?
Her—Shall I leave out the swear words?
Him—Of course.
Her—Then I don't believe he said anything.

In the Opera Box.
Miss Penelope—What funny stories you are telling!
Miss Capetum—Yes, I have been laughing in them at that gown of yours.

Webster's Dictionary.
It is the conservatism backed by the scholarship of the editor-in-chief, William F. Harris, Ph. D., LL. D., late United States Commissioner of Education, and hundreds of others of the greatest educators of this and other nations which has made the Webster International Dictionary the standard in the United States Supreme Court and all the State Supreme Courts, and the standard of the Government Printing Office, and the basis of nearly all the schoolbooks in the country.
Our readers should write for "The Story of a Book," Department C, G. & C. Merriam, Springfield, Mass.

Side Light on Shakespeare.
Othello had another Demetrius.
"I wanted to see," he explained to the corner, "if the audience would insist on looking at me before the curtain falls such a scene as that."
It appearing on investigation that the audience had insisted, the disgraced corner let his wig go—Chicago Tribune.

Hopeless Case.
"Here's a letter from a woman," said the answers-to-correspondents editor, "who wants to know how to make a lemon tart."
"That's just like a woman!" rejoined the snake editor. "Tell her if the lemon isn't tart to begin with she'd better consider it to the dump and let it go at that."

FILLING UP THE CANADIAN WEST

The American Settler Is Welcomed to Canada.
A number of the leading newspapers on this side of the line have been noticing the growth of the Canadian West in recent years, and draw attention to the fact that there seems to be no abatement of the influx of settlers to that great grain-growing country. The Buffalo Express thus refers to the subject:

"Canada West continues to grow. There were 4,174 homestead entries there in July of this year, as against 3,871 in July, 1905. Canada plumes herself over this fact with becoming pride. But what appears to make our neighbors happiest is the statement that of these 4,174 homesteaders, 1,212 were from this side of the line. Little is said about the 2,962 Canadians who recrossed the border to take up homes in Canada West, out of the 898 from Great Britain, or of the 1,296 from non-British countries. It appears that the item in this July report that makes Canada rejoice most is this of the 1,212 American farmers who decided to try their fortunes in Canada West.
"The compliment is deserved. The 1,212 were mostly from Dakota and other farming States, and go into Canada fitted better than any other class of immigrants for developing the new country. They take capital with them, too, say Canadian papers proudly. In every way they are welcome over there."
As the Express well says, the American is welcomed to Canada, and the reasons given are sufficient to invite the welcome. The American farmer knows thoroughly the farming conditions that prevail in the Canadian prairie provinces, and is aware of every phase of agricultural development in recent years. In practical knowledge of what is wanted to get the largest return for labor and investment he is by long odds superior to any European settler. He knows what is required to bring success, and he is able and willing to do it, and his future causes no apprehension to the successful Canadian farmer.
The agent of the Canadian Government, whose address appears elsewhere, says that the difference between the farmers from Dakota, Oregon or Minnesota and the farmer from Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta is not nearly so marked as that between the farmer of the prairie provinces and the settler of the soil. Hence the welcome to the free homesteaders of the Canadian West (and there are hundreds of thousands of them left) that is extended to the settler from the Western States.

Between Two Fires

By ANTHONY HOPE

"A wise man will make more opportunities than he finds." —Francis Bacon.

CHAPTER XVII.—(Continued.)

There was in the room, as perhaps might be expected, a washing stand. This article was of the description one often sees above the level of the stand itself: there was a wooden screen in the height of two feet and half, covered with pretty tiles, the presumable object being to protect the wall paper. I never saw a more innocent looking bit of furniture: it might have stood in a lady's dressing room. The Signorina stepped up to it and she lit a cigarette on one side; it moved in a groove! Then she pressed a spot in the wall behind, and a small piece of it rolled aside, disclosing a keyhole.
"He's taken the key, of course," she said. "We must break it open. Who's got a hammer?"

"Tools were procured, and working under the Signorina's directions, after a good deal of trouble, we had hewn a neat little safe embedded in the wall. This safe was legibly inscribed on the outside, "Burglar's Puzzle." We, however, were not afraid of making a noise, and it only puzzled us for ten minutes.
There was a note pinned to a Gaiola's! There were in securities and cash no less than \$500,000!
We smiled at one another.
"O no revolution," I remarked.
"Heavy old fox!" said the Colonel.
No wonder the hands were so unrepresentative in their early stages. The President must have kept them at a very early stage.
"What are you people up to?" cried Cary.
"Bank burglary, my dear boy," I replied, and we retreated with our spoils.
"Now," said I to the Colonel, "what are you going to do?"
"Why, what do you think, Mr. Martin?" replied the Signorina. "He's going to give you your money, and divide the rest with his sincere friend, Christian Nugent."
"Well, I suppose so," said the Colonel. "But I don't see you are making a good thing of this, Martin."
"My dear Colonel," said I, "a bargain is a bargain, and where would you have been without my money?"
The Colonel made no reply, but handed me a check for \$500,000 and said:
"Now I can face the world, an honest man."
The Signorina laughed.
"I am glad," she said, "wisely for poor old Jones' sake. I'll take a load off his mind."
The Colonel proceeded to divide the remainder into two little heaps, one of which he pushed over to the Signorina. She took it gaily, saying:
"I shall send out papers of half my bonds, and I shall rely on the—what do you call it?—the Provisional Government to pay the rest. You remember about the house?"
"I'll see about that soon," said the Colonel impatiently. "You two seem to like the money, but I don't like the money. You forget we've got to make our positions safe."
"Exactly," the Colonel's government must be carried on," said I.
The Signorina did not catch the allusion. She yawned, and said:
"Oh, then I shall go. Rely on my loyalty, your excellency."
She made him a courtesy and went to the door. As I opened it for her she whispered, "Horrid old bear! Come and see me, Jack, and so vanished, carrying off her dollars.
I returned and sat down opposite the Colonel.

"I wonder how she knew about the washing stand?" I remarked.
"Because Whittingham was fool enough to tell her," said the Colonel testily.
Then we settled to business. This unambiguous tale does not profess to be a complete history of Australia, and I will spare my readers the recital of our discussion. We decided at last that matters were still so critical, owing to the President's escape, that the ordinary forms of government must be temporarily suspended. The chamber was not in session, which made this course easier. The Colonel was to be proclaimed President and to assume supreme power under martial law for some weeks, which we looked about as it was thought better that my name should not appear officially, but I agreed to take in hand, under his supervision, all matters relating to finance.
"I'll pay the interest on the real debt," he said.
"No," I replied; "you must issue a notice, setting forth that, owing to General Whittingham's misadventures, payments must be temporarily suspended. From now on I will be all right later on."
"Very good," said he; "and now I shall go and look up those officers. I must keep them in good temper, and the men, too. I shall give 'em another ten thousand."
"Generous hero!" said I, "and I shall go and restore this cash to my employers."
CHAPTER XVIII.

It was twelve o'clock when I left the Governor's house and strolled quietly down to Liberty Street. The larger part of the soldiers had been drawn off, but a couple of companies still kept guard in the Piazza. The usual occupations of life were going on amid a confused stir of excitement, and I saw by the interest my appearance aroused that some part at least of my share in the night's doings had leaked out. The Gazette had published a special edition, in which it hallo the advent of freedom, and while lauding McGregor to the skies, bestowed a warm commendation on the "noble Englishman who, with a native love of liberty, had taken on himself the burden of Australia's freedom, and while lauding McGregor struck me as inappropriate, but the sentiment was most healthy; and when I finally beheld two officers of police sitting on the head of a drunken man for toasting the falling regime, I could say to myself, as I turned into the bank, "Order reigns in Warawa."
General Assent had proclaimed a suspension of commerce on this suspicious day, and I found Jones sitting life and ill at ease. I explained to him the state of affairs, showing how the President's disabourable scheme had compelled me, in the interests of the bank, to take a more or less active part in the revolution. It was pathetic to hear him bewail the villainy of the map he had trusted, and when I produced the money, he blessed me fervently, and at once proposed writing to the directors a full account of the matter.
"They are bound to vote you an honorarium, sir," he said.
"I don't know, Jones," I replied. "I am afraid there is a certain prejudice

against me at headquarters. But in any case I have received to forego the personal advantage that might accrue to me from my conduct. President McGreggor has made a strong representation to me that the schemes of General Whittingham, if publicly known, would, however unjustly, prejudice the credit of Australia, and he appealed to me not to be particular to the world. In matters such as these, Jones, we cannot be guided solely by selfish considerations."
"Heaven forbid, sir!" said Jones, much moved.
"I have, therefore, consented to restrict myself to a confidential communication to the directors; they must judge how far they will pass on to the shareholders. To the world at large I shall say nothing of the second loan, and I know you will oblige me by treating the money as the product of realizations in the ordinary course of business. The names and descriptions will quite account for so large a sum being called in."
"I don't quite see how I can arrange that."
"Ah, you are overdone," said I. "Leave it all to me, Jones."
And this I persuaded him to do. In fact, he was so relieved at seeing the money back that he was easy to deal with, and if he suspected anything, he was overruled by my present exalted position. He appeared to forget what I could not, that the President, no doubt, still possessed that fatal cable!

After lunch I remembered my engagement with the Signorina, and putting on my hat, was bidding farewell to business, when Jones said:
"There's a note just come for you. A little boy brought it while you were out at lunch."
"I'll take it to me—a little dirty envelope, with an illiterate scrawl. I opened it eagerly, but as my eye fell on the President's hand, I started in amazement. The note was dated "Saturday—Following on board the Sappho, and ran as follows:
"Dear Mr. Martin—I must confess to having underrated your courage and abilities. If you care to put them at my disposal now, I must refer you to my public announcement. In any case it may be useful to you to know that McGreggor designs to marry Signorina Nugent. I fear that on my return it will be hardly consistent with my duties to spare your life (unless you accept my present offer), but I shall always look back to your acquaintance with pleasure. I have, if you will allow me to say so, seldom met a young man with such natural gifts for finance and politics. I shall anchor five miles out from Whittingham to-night (for I know you have no ships), and if you join me, well and good. If not, I shall consider your decision irrevocable. Adieu, me, dear Mr. Martin, faithfully yours,
"MARCUS W. WHITTINGHAM.
"President of the Republic of Australia."

The President's praise was grateful to me. But I did not see my way to fall in with his views. He said nothing about the money, but I knew well that its return would be a condition of any alliance between us. Again, I was sure that he also "designed to marry the Signorina," and if I must have a rival on the spot I preferred McGreggor in that capacity. Lastly, I thought that after all there is a decency in things, and I had better stick to my party. I did not, however, tell McGreggor about the letter, merely sending him a line to say I had heard that he had better look to it.
This done, I resumed my interrupted progress to the Signorina's. When I was shown in she greeted me kindly.
"I have had a letter from the President," I said.
"Yes," said she, "he told me he had written to you."
"You don't love him?"
"Not at all," she replied. "I like you very much, Jack, and I'm very sweet of you to have made a revolution for me. It was for me, Jack?"
"Of course it was, my darling," I promptly replied.
"But you know, Jack, I don't see how we're much better off. Indeed, in a way it's worse. The President wouldn't let anybody else marry me, but he wasn't so peremptory as the Colonel. The Colonel declares he will marry me this day week!"
"We'll see about that," said I, savagely.
"Another revolution, Jack?" asked the Signorina.
"You needn't laugh at me," I said sulkily.
"You don't love him?"
"Not at all," she replied. "I like you very much, Jack, and I'm very sweet of you to have made a revolution for me. It was for me, Jack?"
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Jack, you must keep him away."
She was quite agitated, and it was only with some trouble that she was able to make her way to the door. She was quite agitated, and it was only with some trouble that she was able to make her way to the door.

"No, no, no, no," she said. "Think how we are as checkmates on the President's side. Jack, however, happens I got you into the money. I've done you some good. So he kind to me. I'm not very much afraid of your heart breaking. You have plenty of useful things to occupy your time. If he's here to stay, I'll accept my dismissal, and walked off, my happiness considerably dimmed by the awkward predicament in which we stood. Clearly McGreggor meant business, and at this moment, McGreggor should lose my love. If the President came back a worse fate still threatened. Supposing it were possible to carry off the Signorina, which I doubted very much, what would be the result? And would she come? On the whole, I do not think she would come."
(To be continued.)

END OF THE LUCY WALKER.

Strenuous Race on the Mississippi that Cost Many Lives.

Passing the place a few days ago where this noted Cherokee Indian used to live, we were reminded of the history of the river. The name Joe Vann was the most noted Cherokee of the time, says the Fort Gibson Post. He used to live about three miles below Fort Gibson, opposite the mouth of Bayou Manard, on the opposite side of the Arkansas River.
He owned 500 slaves, 200 of whom were men. He had thousands of acres of land, many cattle and horses, some being racing stock. He owned the first plantation that came up the Arkansas River to Fort Gibson, where the United States government had a line of boats to carry the mail. The river was used to supply the large party boat stationed there. This boat was named the Lucy Walker, and in those days was noted for her speed. She ran between Fort Gibson and lower Mississippi ports, even to New Orleans, carrying passengers and freight.
Vann was a strange Indian, unlike any known before or since, and was known as a "dead game sport," open-hearted, brave and generous to a fault. He was good to all his slaves and they loved him, and he loved them in any other way. He was a great horse-racer and gambler, but it was all the same to him, for he kept up his end of the sport at all times and seasons. This was along the 30's and 40's, not long after the Cherokees took possession of the country.
Vann had one fault, which ultimately caused his tragic death. He could not brook a boasting rival and would not take a "dare." While his steamboat had no rival for speed on the Arkansas River, from its mouth at the Mississippi to Little Rock and Fort Gibson, there were two or three on the Mississippi River, between St. Louis and New Orleans. One of these boats, said to be the fastest on the river, attempted to pass him on the way down. Vann had a crew of thirty negroes, said to have no superiors on the river. He told the boys that the Lucy Walker must be kept ahead, no matter at what cost. An allowance of grog was given to each, and all promised to stand up to the work. The rival boat was gaining on them. The usual fuel failed to give sufficient speed. Vann went around and told the hands to gather up everything that would burn. Tar and bacon were thrown into the furnace and soon the Lucy Walker was forging ahead of her rival.

Timbers of the boat creaked and groaned. The furnace was red hot, and the boiler was seething and foaming. The heat was terrific. The passengers, of whom there were about 150, became alarmed, but Vann was cool as a cucumber. He told his negro crew that they would beat the rival boat or all go to hades together, and they pronounced to stand by him.
About that time there was an awful explosion and there was nothing left of the Lucy Walker but scattered fragments. Most of the crew were blown to atoms, besides about forty passengers dead and nearly all more or less injured. Vann's body was found horribly mangled.

Know His Business.

Critic—I have only one fault to find with this rural scene.
DeAuber—What is that?
Critic—Why in the name of common sense did you paint those cows blue?
DeAuber—Oh, that's all right. The models I used were from the blue-grass section of Kentucky.

One Woman's Way.

Husband—Why do you encourage that Mrs. Tattles to keep calling so often? Is it because you enjoy hearing the neighbors talked about?
Wife—Oh, no, but when she is here I know she isn't somewhere else talking about me.

More of Him.

Miss Mugley—The idea of his calling me homely, I may not be very pretty, but I'm certainly not as homely as he is.
Miss Pert—No, dear, but that's simply because he's bigger than you.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Another Viewpoint.

"If you love me, why don't you come with me out of this stink of inquiry?"
"Run away with you?" she asked with open scorn. "Do you think that we're the sort of people for a romantic elopement? I am very early, but early, are you, Jack, dear, very early, but early, are you, Jack."
"There was a good deal of truth in this remark. We were not an ideal pair for love in a cottage."
"I've got a little money, but not much. I've been paying my debts," she added proudly.
"I haven't been even doing that. And I'm not quite equal to purchasing that \$500,000."
"We must wait, Jack. But this I will promise: I'll never marry the Colonel. If it comes to that or running away, we'll run away."
"And Whittingham?"
"The Signorina for one!" looked grave.
"You know him," said I. "Think what he made you do and you're not a weak man, or I shouldn't be fond of you."

THE POPULAR PULPIT



QUALITY VS. EQUALITY.

By Rev. D. F. Fox, D. D.

Ours is a pre-eminently an age of discontent. We are all protestants. Men cease to grudge inequalities that originate in the Declaration of Independence to the effect that "all men are created equal, and are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, among which are, life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." From this they proceed to argue that we are drifting away from the standards which the fathers have set up. They at least believed in the equality of man, we are told.

Now surely in the temple of justice all men stand on a level floor. Before the government all men are equal. Our fathers were not, under representation, and in order to be more perfect union, established justice, insure domestic tranquillity, for the common defense, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to themselves and their posterity; they ordained and established the Constitution of the United States. "It is the greatest document that ever emanated from the brain of man," and was right.

If, however, you lift the argument of the fathers out of its connection and try to prove thereby that all men are equal, you read into that great document a significance which they never intended should be given it, and you are trying to prove what never was true. For men never were, are never, and never will be equal; and it would not be a good thing if they were. Traveling over this splendid land of ours, I note that mountains are not equal, lakes are not equal, rivers are not equal, and scientists are telling us that even microbes are not equal. Studying men, I note that they are not equal physically, mentally, morally, spiritually or financially. Here, for example, is a man who is a genius in the realm of poetry. He can take the twenty-six letters of the alphabet and the common human experiences of life, and weave them into a splendid song of hope. Would it be a good thing to take the torch of the poet, sliver it up and scatter it as glints of glittering mica, giving every man, woman and child just a little of it, so that all would be equal in the realm of poetry? What would be the result? No more Whittier's "Snow-Bound," no more Longfellow's "Swinging of the Crane," no more Shakespeare's "Hamlet." No more! Here is a man who is a genius in the realm of science. He can walk down a country road, see two peasants wearing wooden shoes, hoeing potatoes, and returning to his studio he lifts the whole scene up into the realm of the immortal, as the Angelus bells peal across the evening sky, the blue handle rests on the shoulder, the hands are folded, and the head bowed in reverent devotion. Would it be a good thing for the world of beauty to have a leveling process in the realm of art? It would mean no more "Descent from the Cross," no more "Last Supper," no more "Madonnas," no more "Holy Night."

Or here is a man who is a multi-millionaire in the realm of melody. He can take the seven notes of the musical scale, weave them into a symphony that awakens the cobwebs out of your brain, drenches and rouses your soul with purity, and helps you to climb on ladders of melody up into realms where you make resolutions that an angel couldn't keep. Would it be a good thing to have an equitable division in the realm of music? It would mean no more "Overture to William Tell," no more "Nightingale Chorus," no more those splendid devotional hymns and anthems, whereby you have been blessed and comforted. Such a leveling-up process in the world of music would leave us all hopelessly floundering in the entanglements of "rag-time" melody.

Triumphs of the Church.

By Rev. Augustus K. De Biola.
The problem of progress considers the ownership of this world. Shall God have it or the devil? Shall the lower man or the higher man win the struggle? Shall the flesh or the spirit be supreme? The old question takes on now a new meaning. Means of world empire and international leadership are on everyone's lips. Combination and co-operation are the keywords of the industrial, social and political life of our age, but these words are primarily God's words. Christ has forestalled the open doors and broken barriers of our modern life in His startling dictum: "The field is the world."
The field is the world for the tourist. The field is the world for the scientist. The field is the world for the financier. The field is the world for the idealist and ambitious of the Christian church? Shall the church which has been the pioneer be the laggard now? For Christ, our leader, the field was the world, and for Paul, the first missionary, the field was the world. The Gospel is world-embracing or it is no Gospel.

Short Meter Sermons.

Revenge gives birth to remorse.
Little frets call for large virtues.
The best work of all is work for all.
No man keeps up his reputation by talking about it.
His strength is but weakness who forgets the weak.
Idle words are by no means idle when they are uttered.
Fear more the foe in your heart than those in the open.
No man is ordained of God until he is ready to serve men.
It is easy to sneer at the good; it is hard to be good.

on the road is different. David is usually king. But it was a hard climb to the top of the crown he wore. He tells us it left a red rim and made his forehead and made his nose ache.
John of Arc did much for France. She is forever enshrined in the hearts of her countrymen. But a blaze of glory that goes out at the stake is not meant to be desired. There are penalities for being conspicuous. Abraham Lincoln is perhaps our foremost American. Is there any favoritism in the five-year term and the assassin's bullet? (One would like the face of Columbus, not the streets of London, faith and chains. Many a boy would like to be Joseph, wearing the coat of many colors, and many a man would like to be Joseph, the prime minister and the pit, slavery, slander, and imprisonment are the consequences.)
We know only half the story of those whom we esteem fortunate. Discontent comes from seeing only the surface. When we climb up to where we have full vision we find no occasion for envy anywhere. Remember, nothing sweeter our lot in life as the effort to sweeten the lot of some one else, and nothing so reconciles a man to his own burden as when he helps to carry the burden of another.

Acquaintance in Church.

By Rev. Russell H. Conwell, D. D.
"Follow me and I will make you fishers of men. And straightway they left their nets and followed him."
—Matthew 4: 19.
"Christ set up a kingdom in which the right persons should ultimately be brought together. The evils that now exist in the commercial world, and which make America so often assumed of its wealthy men, have arisen because of the lack of this spirit of Christianity, which brings men together in a common cause and leads them to open their hearts as fully to each other as in America we are getting rapidly to that point where the law of man shall agree with the law of God, and shall provide that no man shall do anything in private that may not be a matter of public notice when it is necessary for the public good. There are many things about which we need not here speak; but when men get secret rebates from the railroad company, or make secret monopolistic deals, leaving deceived competitors to go on blindly to ruin, he is doing something that is criminal in essence. But Christ came to teach mankind that we should do nothing that we would be ashamed to let God or our fellow-men see."
In the original church Christ himself, instead of preaching "sermons," as we understand the term to-day, visited the church; they asked him him and with each other, asked him questions, and he gave them suggestions; the church was merely a circle of happy hearts who came together to be encouraged and assist each other, to counsel with each other concerning God, and until the modern church becomes less formal, and more really and sincerely social, we cannot expect to develop in spiritual power as we should. The ideal church will not be attained by mere church organization. Each member of the church will be responsible for its success or failure; to each one there will come the call of God to be a minister of God, and to be such the advocate of the cause of the true church of Jesus Christ.

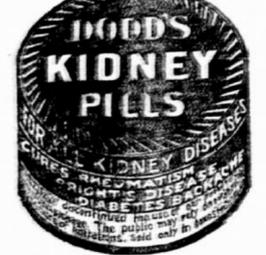
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By Rev. Augustus K. De Biola.
The problem of progress considers the ownership of this world. Shall God have it or the devil? Shall the lower man or the higher man win the struggle? Shall the flesh or the spirit be supreme? The old question takes on now a new meaning. Means of world empire and international leadership are on everyone's lips. Combination and co-operation are the keywords of the industrial, social and political life of our age, but these words are primarily God's words. Christ has forestalled the open doors and broken barriers of our modern life in His startling dictum: "The field is the world."
The field is the world for the tourist. The field is the world for the scientist. The field is the world for the financier. The field is the world for the idealist and ambitious of the Christian church? Shall the church which has been the pioneer be the laggard now? For Christ, our leader, the field was the world, and for Paul, the first missionary, the field was the world. The Gospel is world-embracing or it is no Gospel.

Short Meter Sermons.

Revenge gives birth to remorse.
Little frets call for large virtues.
The best work of all is work for all.
No man keeps up his reputation by talking about it.
His strength is but weakness who forgets the weak.
Idle words are by no means idle when they are uttered.
Fear more the foe in your heart than those in the open.
No man is ordained of God until he is ready to serve men.
It is easy to sneer at the good; it is hard to be good.

Didn't Know the Game.
Chauncey Olcott tells a funny story, which happened some years ago when he was living at home with his parents. He became imbued with the idea that he was quite a sport, so early one morning, as he softly turned the latchkey and stole into the paternal hall, he was surprised to find his father awaiting him. "What is this I hear?" asked the father, sternly. "I am told you are playing poker."
"Why, father, I haven't the least idea of how to play the game."
"I know that," replied the reverend gentleman, grimly. "At least, so I am told by one of the fellows who was playing with you."



Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. The Canadian West is the Best West.

Some of the Advantages

The NINETEEN MILLION DOLLAR WHEAT CROP of the year means economic to the farmers of Western Canada, apart from the results of other crops. For advice and information address the Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada. For advice and information address the Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada. For advice and information address the Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada.

Catarrh Cannot Be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it, the blood must be treated. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People is a blood purifier, and acts directly on the blood and makes it pure. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in the world, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonic known, containing the most valuable ingredients, acting directly on the nervous system. The perfect condition of the blood is the key to the cure of Catarrh. Send for testimonials free. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, 250 Central Bldg., Boston, U.S.A. Sold by Druggists, price 75c.

Had the Symptoms.

McGinnis was a man of somewhat hasty temper. A long spell of sickness had made him exceedingly irritable, and taking care of and waiting on him under which she had borne up with commendable patience and fortitude, never complaining, no matter in what form her husband's crankiness manifested itself.
One day, when the doctor called as usual, he cheerfully remarked:
"Well, Mrs. McGinnis, how is our patient getting along this morning?"
"Sure, doctor, you're too kind," she moaned, disconsolately. "It's after her dead he is, I'm sorry."
"Why?" said it. "Possibly your husband has dropped off like that?"
"He was worst a dozen dead men when I saw him last. You certainly must have made a mistake, Mrs. McGinnis. Are you positive that he is really dead?"
"Well, doctor," said Mrs. McG., choking back her sob, "if the poor man isn't dead he has all the symptoms of it. I went into the room just now, and he didn't stir a foot, nor say anything at me."—Harper's Magazine.

Protected.

Miss Wellon—The impudent thing told me to my face that I was getting old and wrinkled!
Miss Tartan—I wouldn't mind it. She didn't say it to your real face, you know. She couldn't see that.

NEW YEAR'S CALLS.

A New Drink to Replace the Old Time "Apple-Jack."

Twenty-five years ago the custom of making New Year's calls was a delightful one for all concerned, until some of the boys got more "veng'no" or "apple-jack" than they could successfully carry.
Then the ladies tried to be charitable and the gentlemen tried to be as chivalrous as ever and stand up at the same time.
If anyone thinks there has not been considerable improvement made in the last quarter of a century in the use of alcoholic beverages, let him stop to consider, among other things, the fact that the old custom of New Year's calls and the genteel tipping is nearly obsolete.

The custom of calling on one's friends, however, at the beginning of the new year, is a good habit, and another good habit to start at that time is the use of well-made Postum instead of coffee or spirits.
A Staten Island doctor has a sensible daughter who has set Postum before her guests as a good thing to drink at Yule Tide, and a good way to begin the New Year. Her father writes:
"My daughter and I have used Postum for some time past and we feel sure it contains wholesome food material."
"I shall not only recommend it to my patients, but my daughter will be most pleased to give a demonstration of Postum to our Christmas and New Year's callers." Read "The Road to Wellville," in pgs. "There's a reason."