

HEALTHY A man with a thin head of hair is a marked man. But the big bald spot is not the end of a mark most men like. Too many men in their twenties are bald. This is absurd and all unnecessary. Healthy hair shows man's strength. To build up the hair from the roots, to prevent it from falling out, to restore color to faded or gray hair. Notice that word, "always." And it cures dandruff.

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The Sabbath School. INTERNATIONAL LESSON. First Quarter Lesson 11. March 17-1901. JESUS AND PILATE.—Luke 23: 13-26. GOLDEN TEXT.—I find no fault in this man.—Luke 23: 4. HISTORICAL SETTING. Time.—A. D. 30, Friday morning, from dawn till 7 or 8 o'clock. Place.—The judgment hall of Pilate, probably in the tower of Antonia, just outside of the northwest corner of the temple area, in Jerusalem, or at Herod's palace on Mt. Zion. Both were very large and very noted buildings.

THE STORY OF THE ROMAN TRIAL BEFORE PILATE. SCENES IN THE PALACE OF PILATE.—It is uncertain whether the trial before Pilate took place at Herod's palace in the northwestern part of Jerusalem, or at the tower of Antonia adjoining the temple area on the north. In either case the general arrangement would be the same, with a great interior court, forum. Pretorium signifies the house of the pretor, or governor. Here, early in the morning, Jesus was brought from the council hall of the Sanhedrin after he had been condemned to death by them, on the charge of blasphemy, that is, treason against God and the Jewish commonwealth.

SCENES IN HEROD'S PALACE.—(Luke 23: 5-12). The leaders were so angry at the acquittal of Jesus by Pilate, that he hesitated in releasing Jesus. The mention of Galilee suggested to Pilate a way out of his perplexity. He could send the prisoner to Herod, the governor of Galilee, and let him decide. He would thus be able to avoid displeasing the Jews, and at the same time save his conscience from the crime of slaying one whom he knew to be innocent. Herod had never seen Jesus, but had heard of his wonders. He hoped to see some miracle done by him. Around stood the chief priests and scribes vehemently accusing him. But Jesus refused to say one word. Why? Words would have done no good. Herod was insincere. The scribes, were against truth. Herod felt that Jesus was a pretender, and was unable to do the miracles attributed to him.

NEW SCENES IN PILATE'S PALACE. Vs. 13-25. Jesus was sent back to Pilate. His attempt to escape from his responsibility was a failure. Called together the chief priests, etc. He declared that Herod agreed with his former declaration that Jesus was innocent. For I sent you to him. Better as in R. V., "He sent him back unto us," because there was no crime worthy of death found in him. Done unto him. Better "done by him." For the second time Pilate gave his verdict that Jesus was innocent. I will therefore chastise him. Instead of punishing him with death, he will chastise him to teach him better. The scourging was a cruel infliction. The scourging was made of several things with a handle; the things were made rough with bits of iron or bone, for tearing the flesh. And release him. On the ground referred to in v. 17. For of necessity he must release one unto them at the feast. It was a custom to release some special prisoner whom the people should favor. Away with this man, and release unto us Barabbas. At the instigation of the rulers (Mark 15:

11). Who for a certain sedition. Insurrection. Made in the city. Its origin was there, but the murder and robbery were probably where the insurrection was carried out. Barabbas was plainly a ringleader in one of those fierce and fanatic outbreaks against the Roman domination which succeeded one another in the latter days of the Jewish commonwealth. This would naturally make him a favorite. At this juncture, while the people were deciding whom to choose, it is probable that the messengers came from Pilate's wife declaring her dream, and entreating him to condemn Jesus (Matt. 27: 19). Thus Pilate received another influence toward right doing. Pilate, therefore, wishing, desiring, To release Jesus. Went out again to the crowds, and sought them to persuade them to call for the release of Jesus. But they cried. Shouted. Crucify him. This was a city mob, urged on by the authorities. And they were instant. Pressing, urgent. Just before Pilate gave his final decision, he washed his hands publicly before the people, thus expressing in symbol what he had uttered in words, "I am innocent of the blood of this just person; see ye to it." But this action in no degree removed the responsibility and the guilt from Pilate. He stands in history as the man who crucified the Son of God, even while confessing his innocence, Pilate blamed the people. Men now blame circumstances, temptations, companions, difficulties; but all equally in vain. The people accepted the burden, saying "his blood be on us and on our children." That blood was upon them, not as vengeance, but as a natural consequence of their conduct. Within forty years the city was destroyed amid scenes of cruelty which defy description. Judas died by his own hand. Pilate was soon recalled, degraded, banished to Gaul, where he committed suicide. Herod died in infamy and exile; Caiaphas was deposed the next year. Pilate gave sentence. At length Pilate yielded to the clamors of the Jews, and delivered Jesus to be crucified.

The soldiers then in just dressed Jesus either in "the red robe, the soldiers common mantle, representing the purple robe worn by kings." They put a rod in his hand for a scepter. They smote him, mocked him in every insulting way. A perfect man under the most difficult circumstances. Fitted to be our example, our sympathizer, our Saviour. Inspiring us with the noblest motives and the deepest love.

About Card-Playing And Other Doubtfuls. Yes, my correspondents are right. Certain questions involving Ought I! in some of its forms seem to be of continual interest. You may have answered this question a hundred times already, writes one friend, but please won't you answer it a hundred and one times? Because, you know, there are many times that number of new Edeavorers all over the country for whom the old answer will not suffice. About the logic that these questioners use. I think there is a flaw in it. We cannot say that a thing is always either right or wrong, without regard to conditions or circumstances. Undoubtedly some things are, while others undoubtedly come under the famous Pauline principle, as lawful, but not expedient. Take, for instance, the matter of games over which you are questioning. The entire family of cards—whist, euchre, and other familiar names by which they are known—have a reputation of their own. They belong unmistakably, as Bishop Vincent once tersely put it, to the world's flag. The harm that they have done and are doing is so well understood that no one of intelligence disputes it. No one insists that all who play these games for amusement are injured thereby, but that their trend is understood and generally accepted by the thinking world. In themselves, it is true, they are mere bits of cardboard, as their friends say; but this statement proves nothing, for the forged check is merely a bit of paper; it is the use to which the paper is put that determines its power. Now, as to whether a certain game played with pieces of cardboard is quite as bad as the cards to which those who play this game object. I am not prepared to be a witness, not being familiar with the game. If I needed to investigate the matter, I would begin by asking certain questions. For instance, What is its reputation? Has it been used to any extent to injure the prospects or the morals of others? What are its associations? Does it belong chiefly to an environment that is recognized as dangerous to the best interests of society? Has it been known to lead any considerable number of people into excesses of any sort?

You see what I mean; and, if you have carefully studied the subject, you know such questions applied to the occupation known as card playing must be answered by all intelligent and honest people. How would you answer them in reference to the game that you have in mind? LOGIC!

Do you know, I can imagine just how you have been tried? I have heard, and quite recently, too, an attempt at argument over that old-fashioned game, croquet, which I am glad to learn is coming to the front again. That would-be logician talked after this fashion. "You can gamble with croquet just as well as you can with cards. I knew two fellows who staked the biggest pile of money they had ventured that season on the turn of a game of croquet. And yet you people who won't touch a pack of cards with the tips of your fingers will go out and knock the croquet-balls about with the most innocent faces imaginable!"

And this, he thought was logic! Were it worth while to argue with such, how easily they could be overwhelmed! O yes, my friend, undoubtedly people who have caught the gambling disease can gamble with croquet-balls, or jackstraws, or jack-knives. But we are not talking of such. The question is, What is the history of the croquet ground? What class of people frequent it? How many lives has it been known to ruin? How many people have spent whole nights, and night after night, knocking croquet-balls around? What are its environments? How many liquor-saloons locate close to croquet grounds? With what degree of unanimity do croquet players rush from the grounds to the saloon for refreshment?

I wonder whether I have hinted at the way, or at least at one helpful way, of studying such questions as are puzzling you. I hope I have. I should like to warn you against being censorious in your judgment, or wholesale in your condemnations. Do not begin by imagining that, because this thing is undoubtedly wrong, one which on the surface seems to look like it is therefore wrong also. There may be a radical difference between the two. And one word more. Remember it is your privilege as a Christian quietly to give up some things and some ways, plainly right enough in themselves, but for reasons local or otherwise, "not expedient"—"Tans," in C. E. World.

The Queen as Sunday School Teacher. Nearly a quarter of a century ago, Queen Victoria conducted a Bible class at Buckingham Palace. Her Majesty was nearly sixty years of age; but those who had the privilege to receive the instruction from her testify to the fact that no Sunday School teacher of half her years could have been more painstaking to make her pupils fully grasp what she had to impart to them than our late beloved sovereign. When the Court stayed in London there used always to be a great many servants at the Palace, and as a considerable number of these were married and had children, her Majesty decided to form a Bible class for the especial benefit of the little ones. This novel Sunday-school was held in one of the Queen's private rooms, and sometimes quite a large number of children were present. Her Majesty conducted the Bible class herself, and many of the children, who have since grown up to be men and women, look back with intense pleasure and justifiable pride to the time when they had for their Sunday-school teacher none other than the Queen of England. Those lessons have now passed into history—the history of the private life of England's most beloved ruler. A chapter in the Bible would be selected by Her Majesty. This the scholars read in turn, verse by verse. The Queen would then explain the more difficult passages in simple language, and set forth the lesson which was to be learned from the chapter. Favorite children's hymns were also sung.—Christian Budget.

No one can write, or print, or give, or read a bad book without having reason to regret it through eternity.—J. D. Kilburn. A DINNER PILL.—Many persons suffer excruciating agony after partaking of a hearty dinner. The food partaken of is like a ball of lead upon the stomach, and instead of being a healthy nutriment it becomes a poison to the system. Dr. Parmele's Vegetable Pills are wonderful correctives of such troubles. They correct acidity, open secretions and convert the food partaken of into healthy nutriment. They are just the medicine to take if troubled with Indigestion or Dyspepsia.

Anatomy in Rhyme. A recent writer in an Australian paper teaches anatomy in verse. The rhymes are not all perfect, but they will serve!

How many bones in the human face? Fourteen when they are all in place. How many bones in the human head? Eight, my child, as I've often said. How many bones in the human spine? Twenty four, like a clustering vine. How many bones in the human chest? Twenty four ribs and two of the rest. How many bones in the shoulder bind? Two in each; one before, one behind. How many bones in the human arm? In each arm, one; two in each forearm. How many bones in the human wrist? Five in each, if none is miswed. How many bones in the palm of the hand? Five in each, of many a hand. How many bones in the fingers ten? Twenty-eight, and by joints they bend. How many bones in the human hip? One in each—like a dish they dip. How many bones in the human thigh? One in each, and deep they lie. How many bones in the human knees? One in each; the kneecap, please. How many bones in the human knees? Two in each we can plainly see. How many bones in the ankle strong? Seven in each, but none are long. How many bones in the ball of the foot? Five in each, as the palms are put. How many bones, in toes half a score? Twenty eight, and there are no more. And now, if you reckon the bones on a slate, They count in a body, two hundred and eight. Then we have in the human mouth, too, Teeth, upper and under, thirty and two. And now and then, there's a bone, I think, That forms on a joint or to fill up a chink. A Sesamoid bone, or Wormain, we call; And now we may rest, for we've told them all.

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