

**VALUABLE FRIENDS.**

There are some folks in this world who will have nothing to do with people, newspapers and journals, which do not agree with them. Neighbors, friends, ministers, and editors must see and say things as they do or lose their acquaintance, subscription or support. I said to two men recently, "Do you take our denominational journal?" "No," was the reply in both instances, "I used to take it, but the editorials made me mad, and I discontinued: Do you think that was wise, don't you want the opinion of men who do not agree with you, do you not want the other side of a question presented, that you may have a broad and comprehensive view?" Finally both men admitted that I was right and expressed intention of renewing their subscription.

A man who was known to have warm discussions with his wife, was approached by an intimate friend who said:

"I frequently hear disputes, John, which seem to occur in your house, do you have trouble with the landlord?"

"No, no," said John, "wife and I see things differently, and we try to adjust our views, that's all."

"But I thought you told me you were the most fortunate man in town in having such a woman for a wife."

"I did, and I say so now, I learn a lot from her, she has mind and tongue of her own, and thinks and speaks for herself. If she always agreed with me I might as well have married a fool."

Our most valuable friends are those who, possessed with the right spirit, have different view-points from us, and observe relations, and conditions, which we do not see. There is no help or hope for us so long as we think we know it all. Bound up in our narrow selves, bigoted and prejudiced, refusing light and knowledge which does not confirm our pre-conceived opinions we must become vain, conceited, dwarfed and contemptible in the eyes of the just and fair-minded, the true, and high-thinking.—*Baptist Commonwealth.*

**"AM I ALL RIGHT."**

Near me lived a fine old Scotchman. Time had shortened his steps. His hair was silvery white. His shoulders were bent, and he was sorely drawn out of shape by rheumatism. But when I hailed him with "How are you today, grandfather?" there came back the cheery words:

"Oh, I'm all right. My old body's g' in 'oot; but I'm all right."

The earthly tabernacle was trembling to decay, but the house not made with hands, the heart and soul and the better part, were all brighter and brighter the nearer the journey came to the other side.

What a fine thing it is to keep one's heart pure and sweet, through all the changes of this life! Sometimes we see men, and women too, who seem to become more and more unhappy—more and more downhearted and unhappy—the farther they get along the road of this earthly pilgrimage. We hardly know what to say to these low-spirited travellers on life's way, lest we may start them off on a disheartening plaint of all the troubles which they are meeting. They are full of aches and pains. Their lot is a most gloomy one. They are not like my good old friend, the Scotchman, "all right" within, no matter what may come to the house given us for the day.

Did you ever think how the ring of some men's voices lifts us out of the

shadow and gives us help and comfort? There may not be anything out of the ordinary in what they say—just 'he little things which come from the everyday meetings and partings of life—and yet we go away helped and comforted, stronger for the hard things which lie so thickly about us.

Don't you think it is worth while to do all in one's power to keep the heart all right, in spite of the annoyance that may beset us? Suppose by our cheerful manner we encourage some friend who is not so quite able to bear the burdens of life alone—is it not a thing to be desired? Aches and pains vanish when the mind is lifted out of itself for a little while. And then, there are many aches and pains of the inner man if we but give way to them. We are easily hurt sometimes by the word spoken by those who are really dearest of all on earth to us. On other days we would not be touched at all by the same words. Blessed be the man or woman who comes to us at such times and by his cheery way helps us to rise away above the poor grievances of this, our earthly body! Keep yourself "all right!"

**LIBERAL-MINDED.**

Another observant farmer has given a striking lesson suggested by a certain dog. This is the conversation recorded in *Forward*:

"This dog is of no use at all; he's just worthless," said the young student, coming back from his chase across the fields, and looking with contempt at his canine companion. "I was trying to trail that fox that's been carrying off the chickens, but this fellow wouldn't follow it at all; he'd strike off at every rabbit track or cow patch he came across."

"Yes," agreed the farmer, placidly, "he ain't useful, but he's a real liberal-minded dog."

"Liberal-minded?"

"Yes"—there was a little twinkle in the farmer's eye—"yes, he ain't ready to say no path ain't the right one till he's investigated it. He don't want to take one track and stick to it just 'cause it's been pointed out to him as the one he's to follow; he wants to examine and find out where other critters have gone to that took other paths."

"He 'pears to think there may be good in all of 'em, and 'twouldn't be fair to judge 'em without noisn' along 'em a spell to find out. Far as he can tell, cow paths and rabbit tracks may be as near right as fox trails. I'll own it's exasperatin' when you expect him to show the way, for he never settles anything nor gits anywhere, but he's real liberal-minded."

**THE TABLES TURNED.**

A member of a photographic society in a suburb of London was to give an illustrated lecture on some of his travels.

Another member, thinking to have a joke at the expense of the lecturer, slipped in among the slides a lantern portrait of himself. The joke would come in, of course, by the portrait's appearing on the screen after the lecturer had announced the appearing of something quite different.

Fate and chance were unluckily against the humorist; for when his portrait was presented, the lecturer, without knowing what was on the screen, gravely read from the list, "The next slide, ladies and gentlemen, is the picture of a refractory donkey."—*C. E. World.*

**SIGNS OF SPRING.**

**It is a season when most people feel miserable, easily tired and fagged out.**

The spring season affects the health of almost everyone—of course in different ways. With some it is a feeling of weariness after slight exertion; others are afflicted with pimples and skin eruptions. Fickle appetite, sallow cheeks and lack-lustre eyes are other signs that the blood is clogged with impurities and must have assistance to regain its health-giving properties.

This is the season above all others when everyone—young and old—need a tonic to brace them up, and the best tonic medical science has discovered is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These pills tone the nerves and fill the veins with new, pure, rich, red blood. That's why they give you a healthy appetite and cure all blood and nerve diseases—anaemia, skin diseases, erysipelas, rheumatism, neuralgia, palpitation of the heart and a score of other troubles caused by bad blood and bad blood alone. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will give you new blood, new life, new energy—you cannot do better than start taking them today.

Mr. Jos. Poirier, M.P.P., Grand Anse, N.B., says: "Both my wife and daughter have been greatly benefited by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. My daughter was in very poor health; pale, thin and apparently bloodless, but through the use of the pills she has regained her health and is again able to enjoy life. I think Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is the best medicine when the blood is poor." Substitutes are sometimes offered, but they never cure. If you can't get the genuine pills from your dealer send direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and they will be mailed at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50.

**A FOE TO MISSIONS EVERYWHERE.**

Rev. Dr. Brown, Secretary of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church, says:

"In my travels in foreign fields I learned that not only the customs of the people hinder missionary activities, but I found the slime of the pit as represented in the American saloon, had been transferred to those fields."

"There is a brewery in Jerusalem."

"There is a distillery on Mount Lebanon."

"There are American saloons in Damascus."

The saloon is the church's greatest foe in its foreign missionary work. The missionary goes to Christianize, while the rum-shop follows in his steps to destroy his work—even to hurl the people back into a worse than heathen darkness.

**THE LOOKING-GLASS.**

The holier a soul becomes, the less it is irritated by the faults of others. One of the surest signs of saintliness is pity and love for sinners. This does not mean toleration for sin, but only a deep sympathy with sinners, born of much struggle with personal sin for those who are its slaves.

We judge others because we think ourselves better than they are—which is distinctly sinful; or because their sins conflict with our convenience and our plans—which is distinctly selfish. The only true feeling toward a sinner is sympathy, compassion, and a desire to help him out of his sin. Thus the sins



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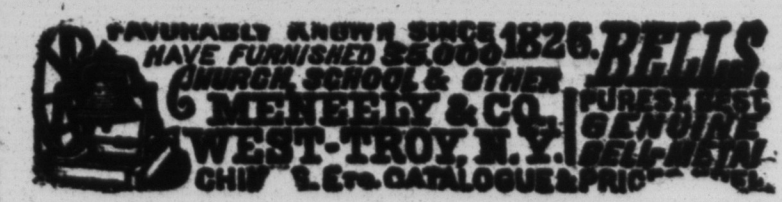
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Miss Agnes Creelman, Upper Smithfield, N.S., writes:—About 18 months ago I caught cold. It settled in my kidneys, and finally turned into Dropsy. My face, limbs, and feet were very much bloated, and if I pressed my finger on them it would make a white impression that would last fully a minute before the flesh regained its natural color. I was advised to try DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS, and before I had used half a box I could notice an improvement, and the one box completely cured me. I have never been troubled with it since, thanks to DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS.

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of others are like a mirror, in which we see only the reflection of our own.

Don't snub old persons. This is cowardly. Be doubly courteous to the aged. Don't pet animals at one time, and abuse them at another. They have long memories and sharp teeth.

Don't ignore the littlest one. You cannot answer all the questions, but you can invariably listen tenderly.

One day something went wrong with little Chester, and he was having a good cry. Diverted for a minute, he wished to finish the cry, but could not think what it was about. Starting to come into the house, he was asked, "Where are you going, Chester?" "I'm dust do-ing to ask mamma what I am crying for."