

"Thomas Yang, in the registry department?"

"Yes."

"He is good. We have just promoted him to entire charge there."

"He is another," said the assistant.

"What do you think of Tsang?"

"You mean John Tsang, that big fellow in the registry department?"

"Yes."

"He is a first-rate fellow, very trustworthy."

"He is another Christian."

"Oh!" said the postmaster.

"What about Joseph Tsai, at Han Yang?"

"Well, we have given him entire charge of that office," said the postmaster.

"He is another Christian."

"Indeed!" said the postmaster.

"How about Tsen?"

"You mean the man we have just sent to Hunan, to take charge of the new office at Hsiang-t'an? There is nothing the matter with him."

"Well, he is a Christian."

"Oh, keep still!" said the postmaster.

"That will do!"

The facts are even better than this incident. Of eight Chinese employees in the Hankow office, four are Christians, and these four are the ones who have steadily earned promotion, and now occupy the highest positions. They are the best men in the office.—*Lookout.*



HE SUSPENDED THE RULE.

The young man admitted that he had children, and the real estate man frowned and shook his head.

"We are very particular in regard to that building," he said at last, "and I am afraid I cannot let you have the flat."

"I am very sorry," returned the young man meekly, "and it seems rather hard that a man should be made to suffer for what is no fault of his own, but I suppose it can't be helped."

The real estate man looked surprised. "You see," explained the young man, "I wasn't given a fair chance, for I never was told in my younger days that it was wrong to have children, or that there was any penalty attached. I supposed it was all perfectly natural and proper, but I presume the enormity of the offence is fully explained in all the schools now."

"Really, I—"

"Then I had a very bad example set me right in the family," interrupted the young man, "for my parents had children. It seems remarkable, doesn't it? But it's a fact, and they were held to be very estimable people, too. I was taught to revere them, and naturally I fell into the error of supposing that there was nothing unlawful or opposed to public policy about it, and so I married, and now I find myself in such disrepute that I can't get the kind of a flat I want. I suppose it's all right, but you must admit that it seems rather hard on a man who has always aimed to be a good citizen."

"My dear sir, you—"

"Now I think of it," broke in the young man again, "I suppose your parents were guilty of the same offence. I do not see how you can successfully deny it. Now, sir, I would like to ask you if you think it is fair for a man to expect his tenants to be more acceptable than his parents?"

"I was about to say when you interrupted me," returned the agent, "that under the circumstances, I am prepared to suspend the rule regarding children, and let you have the flat."—*New York Times.*

BEAVER WAYS.

A good many stories are told about beavers by people who are not well informed. For instance, it is claimed that they use their broad, scaly tails as trowels to plaster their houses or dams. As a matter of fact, they simply keep lugging up mud and tramping over it, and that is all the plastering that is done. Then again, it is stated that they only work at night. I have often seen them working in the day time, especially in the spring of the year, when it freezes too hard at night for them to cut their wood. I have known them to come out of their houses at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, but it is usual for them to appear at three o'clock and work till dark.

The Indians, and some white men, take advantage of this and lie in wait to shoot them when they show up. On warm nights in the early autumn they are not apt to be seen in the daytime. For shooting a beaver in the water the hostgun is preferable to the rifle. Only about half of the animal's head shows above the surface, and as he is nearly always under full head of steam, it is hard to stop him with the rifle. If you miss your beaver he up-ends and dives like a shot, his broad tail striking the water like a side of sole of leather. I believe his object in spanking the water is to put the other beavers on their guard.

In some respects the cleverness of the beaver is overrated. He is certainly a very good, clean workman in the mason and carpenter line, but is far easier to trap than a fox or a fisher. When you are "laying" for him with a gun, all you have to do is to keep perfectly still, and he will swim right up to you, but the slightest whiff of human scent will send him to the bottom.

"Beaver dams are not always built of sticks and mud. I have seen four of them built entirely of stone. At Beaver Brook Lake there is an old stone dam about forty rods long. When this dam was first made, it probably was cemented with leaves and mud; but this soft material washed out after awhile without materially lowering the dam, and when a new family of beavers fall heir to it, they had water enough there without having to raise the dam. The beaver is a great worker, but he likes to loaf, the same as anyone else, when he has a chance. For instance, when he can find an old lumberman's dam, it is a regular windfall for him. He goes right to work and plugs up the old gateway, and soon has a splendid dam all complete.

"The beaver is really a sort of automatic pulp-mill, grinding up almost any kind of bark that comes his way. I once measured a white birch tree, twenty-two inches through, cut down by a beaver. A single beaver generally, if not always, cuts the tree, and when it comes down the whole family fall to and have a regular frolic with the bark and branches. A big beaver will bring down a fair-sized sapling, say three inches through, in about two minutes, and a large tree in about an hour.

"The favorite food of the animal is the poplar; next comes the cherry, then the balm of Gilead. They are fond of all kinds of maples, and will eat cedar, hemlock, or spruce. In some places they feed principally on alder. They also eat the roots of many kinds of water plants. When food is scarce they will consume the bark of the largest trees.—*Outing.*



Tokio is the largest university in the world, for not less than 48,000 young Japanese are studying in it. The favorite studies are law, civil and mechanical engineering.

AN ANSWERED PRAYER.

Mr. Jennings had passed his threescore and ten, and had come to a time of enforced inactivity. A long illness had kept him for months in bed, and when he recovered he had dropped out of the procession. Everyone recognized his breakdown as the unmistakable sign that his days of work were over. Mr. Jennings was not altogether happy. He almost resented the fact that the church and community could get on so well without him, and it seemed hard that his manly vigor, carried so finely into old age, should waste in unwilling idleness, with nothing to look forward to but final helplessness and death.

"I stay at home and pray," he said, but I can do nothing to answer my own prayers. I can't get out to meeting, and I have little chance to influence any one for good. The world has gone by while I have been resting by the way, and I can't catch up."

Mrs. Jennings comforted him, and the aged pair sat down together, making the most of each other's companionship and daily praying for the Lord's work, which was going on without them.

One morning the two old saints had finished their breakfast, read their chapter in the Bible, and knelted down, according to their custom, to thank God for their blessings, to ask his guidance and care for the grown-up and scattered family, and his benediction on the work others were doing and in which they no longer had a share.

While they were on their knees a ladder rose against the open window, and a man seemed to ascend. The old couple were a little deaf, and prayed on. The carpenter, who had come to repair the roof, by the bay window, ascended two rounds and stopped. He stood for a minute, undecided whether to go up or down, or to stay where he was; then he descended quietly and stole away.

A little way from the house the carpenter sat down in the shade and waited. The prayer was not a short one, and the tones still came to him. He recalled the words which he had heard on the ladder, and his eyes filled with tears; he brushed them away, but they came again; he thought of another gray-haired couple, now dead, who never failed, when they lived, to pray to God for an absent son.

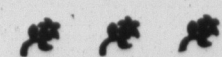
He remounted the ladder at length, but the accents of that prayer rose and fell in his ears with the tappings of his hammer; and when Mr. Jennings came out and leaned on his staff and inquired about the repairs which the roof needed, the carpenter felt as though he had received a benediction.

All this was eight months ago, in Chicago. A few days ago Mr. Jennings' door-bell rang, and a man entered and said:

"I am the carpenter who repaired your roof last spring. I had godly parents, but I entered the army, and led a hard life. I had not been to church nor heard a prayer for years. I heard your prayer when I put up the ladder. For eight months, by the help of God, I have lived a new life."

Then Mr. and Mrs. Jennings knelt down again, and thanked God for an unexpected answer to their prayer.

Sincere goodness is never "out of work." Its employer finds triumph and trophies for it in retirement and rest, as well as in strenuous activity.—*Youth's Companion.*



A Japanese author is said to have completed a work of fiction that runs to ninety volumes.

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Dora trotted into the kitchen, where her mother was busy getting dinner, and said complainingly, "Mamma, please come out in the yard and make that thing stop looking at me."

"What does it look like, dear?"

"It doesn't look like anything. It has just a face and a tail."

Dora's mother hastened out to investigate, and there she found a large, striped snake lying in the sun. Who could have given as better description of a snake? *Indian Witness.*



How to Cleanse the System.—Parnell's Vegetable Pills are the result of scientific study of the effects of extracts of certain roots and herbs upon the digestive organs. Their use has demonstrated in many instances that they regulate the action of the Liver and the Kidneys, purify the blood, and carry off all morbid accumulations from the system. They are easy to take, and their action is mild and beneficial.

Archdeacon Sinclair tells a story of Dr. Keate, as head master of Eton. He was so great a disciplinarian that he earned the sobriquet, which will ever cling to that other great schoolmaster, Bushby of Westminster, and was called the "Flogging Keate." Finding, one morning, a row of boys in his study, he began as usual to flog them. They were too terrified at the awful little man to remonstrate until he had gone half way down the row, when one plucked up courage to falter out, "Please, sir, we're not up for punishment, we're a confirmation class!" "Never mind," said Dr. Keate, "I must be fair all around, and it will do you good." So he finished them off.—*Exchange.*

Unpleasant!

**Boils,
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Eczema,
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