

By what? He did not attempt to determine, but a fierce rebellion seized him, he would get away from it, he would go on that visit to the city he had been thinking of. Nevertheless he went to the church that night where, in his old place by the door he tried to maintain his accustomed air of sarcastic amusement. But the Word, sharper than a two edged sword had pierced his soul and his defiant head sank lower and lower as the services went on. And at last he came to see himself and his need fully and clearly, and as he listened to the joyful testimonies of the converts his whole being merged into a deep longing for that pardon and peace of which they spoke. Oh could there be forgiveness for such as he? Listen, that was Robert's voice repeating invitation and promise, and with sudden entire surrender Anson bowed himself crying, "Lord, take me, I come, I come!"

Then in the flood of joy that swept over him he rushed down the aisle tearing the deed to bits as he went; not caring who heard or who saw he stretched out his hands appealingly, crying, "Robert, my brother! my brother! God for Christ's sake has forgiven me my sins, will you, too, forgive me?"

"Gladly, gladly—thank God—as I ask it of you," Robert replied while they embraced, with tears, as children.

"But I said truly," Anson found voice to say, "I will not forgive you Robert, for I feel that I have nothing to forgive. I have only joy and thankfulness that you were held back, waiting to be reconciled to your brother, else I fear I should never have come."

An hour later the bed-ridden old mother who had not seen them together before for years, with a hand on each bowed head lifted up her trembling voice, crying, "Now, Lord let thy servant depart in peace, since Thou hast answered my prayers and I have seen thy salvation come to my dear sons."—*Western Recorder*.

A SECOND-HAND LIFE.

"A little while ago," said Mrs. Dening, "I was in Norwich. I went into a shop to buy a dress. When I had selected one and was paying the young person for it, I said, 'Now, you'll be sure and send me this dress?' 'Oh, yes, ma'am.' 'You'll send it to me now, at once, today?' 'Certainly, ma'am.' 'You won't take it and wear it out first, and then send it to me when it is worn out, will you?' The young woman seemed quite hurt and offended. 'Why, you surely don't know our house, ma'am; this is one of the first houses in Norwich; of course, we should not dream of such disgraceful conduct! I never heard of such a thing!' 'My dear young friend,' said I, 'are you not serving the Lord Jesus Christ so? Are you not wearing out your precious life, which he bought and paid for, with his own priceless, precious blood, in the service of the world and self and sin and Satan? Have you given him what is his own right of purchase? You are not your own; you are bought with a price! Have you given yourself, body, soul, and spirit to God?' The young woman burst into tears, and said, 'O ma'am, no one ever spoke to me about my soul since my mother died.'—*The Christian*.

A COMMON MISTAKE.

Many People weaken their system by taking Purgative Medicines.

People who use a purgative medicine in the spring make a serious mistake. Most people do need a medicine at this season, but it is a tonic that is required to give health, vigor and vim. Purgatives irritate and weaken—a tonic medicine invigorates and strengthens. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are absolutely the best tonic medicine in the world. These pills do not gallop through the bowels—they are gently absorbed into the system, filling the veins with the pure, rich, red blood that carries healing, health and strength to every part of the body. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure skin eruptions, indigestion, headaches, nervousness, neuralgia, backache, rheumatism, continued weariness and all other blood troubles. They are just the tonic you need for this spring. Mr. A. Campeau, Alexandria, Ont., says: "I received great benefit from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and take pleasure in recommending them to all who suffer from troubles arising out of a poor condition of the blood. I think there is no better tonic medicine."

If you need a medicine this spring give these pills a trial—they will not disappoint you. Do not be persuaded to take a substitute or any of the "just as good" medicines which some dealers, who care only for profit, offer their customers. See that the full name, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, is on the wrapper around every box. If in doubt send direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and the pills will be sent by mail, post paid, at 50c. per box, or six boxes for \$2.50.

"WHAT IS A BABY?"

Tid-Bits asks the above question, and answers it as follows:

The prince of wails, a dweller in Lapland the morning caller, noontime crawler, midnight brawler, only possession that never excites envy, a key that opens the hearts of all classes, the rich and the poor alike, in all countries; a stranger with unspeakable cheek, that enters the house without a stitch to his back and is received with open arms by all.

WHAT BECAME OF THEM.

Fifty years ago a gentleman of Ohio noted down ten drinkers, six young men and four boys. "I saw the boys," he says, "drink beer and buy cigars in what was then called a 'grocery' or 'dogger.' I expressed my disapprobation, and the seller gave a coarse reply. He continued the business, and in fifteen years he died of delirium tremens, not leaving five dollars.

I never lost sight of those ten, only as the clods of the valley hid their bodies from human vision. Of the six young men, one died of delirium tremens, and one in a drunken fit; two died of diseases produced by their excesses before they reached the meridian of life; two them left families not provided for, and two sons are drunkards. Of the two remaining, one is a miserable wreck, and the other a drinker in some better condition. Of the four boys, one, who had a good mother, grew up to be a sober man; one was killed by a club

in a drunken brawl; one has served two years in the penitentiary; and one has drunken himself into an offensive dolt whose family have to provide for him.—*Selected*.

WHERE MAIDENS WOO.

The Andalusian peasant girl sends a pumpkin pie to the swain whom she admires. If he eats it, they are engaged. If not, she tries elsewhere, pie following pie until success is reached.

Swiss maidens go a-wooing not always and anyhow, but at stated intervals—the eves of the weddings of their friends. Then is held what is known as the "feast of the love garlands." All the unmarried girls who claim acquaintance with either bride or groom assemble at sunset at the latter's house, dance, sing, and make merry. When they take their departure, each girl bears away with her a posy gayly decked with ribbon. This she hangs on the way home, upon the door-knob of the house where resides the youth of her heart's desire; or flings it through the open window of his room. She may select whom she will, provided she does not stray beyond the limits of her own canton. For this latter, according to Swiss ideas, is unpardonable. Should she be suspected of it, a straw puppet is left dangling—presumably as a hint of the fate that may befall herself—outside her chamber window; while the young men of the village whom she has slighted conspire together to waylay and beat the unlucky stranger who has been the object of her wayward choice.—*Tid-Bits*.

FEAR OF BEING "QUEER."

The fear of being thought peculiar prevents a great many people from reaching the limits of their possibilities. These people can endure unmerited blame, and even calumny, with fortitude. They are patient under great trials, and are not afraid to face difficulties, noble in many ways and weak, perhaps, only in this one point. Fear of ridicule, of being thought different from other people, appears to be the one vulnerable spot in their armour. They seem unable to rid themselves of the idea that they excite comment everywhere because of their supposed peculiarities.

Nine times out of ten this "queerness" is a disease of the imagination, and has no real existence. The victim of such a morbid condition of mind must be his own physician. The veriest tryo in the world's ways must know that men and women are too busy with their own affairs, too much occupied with selfish cares to think much about him, whether he is like or unlike other people of his acquaintance. Rest assured they are not watching you or analyzing your words and movements. Be your natural self as far as you can, and do not trouble yourself about what others think to be right, and give yourself no concern as to what others think of your words or actions, and you will find that your "queerness" will soon fall away from you.—*Success*.

Permanent Cure for Neuralgia.

Experienced sufferers state that no remedy relieves neuralgia so quickly as a hot application of Polson's Nerviline, the strongest liniment made. Nerviline is certainly very penetrating and has a powerful influence over neuralgic pains, which it destroys almost at once. Nerviline is highly recommended for Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, and Toothache. Better buy a 50c. bottle, it's all right.

No Pills like Dr. Hamilton's.

Allen's Lung Balsam
The best Cough Medicine.
ABSOLUTE SAFETY
should be the first thought and must be rigorously insisted upon when buying medicine, for upon its safety depends one's life. ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM contains no opium in any form and is safe, sure, and prompt in cases of Croup, Colds, deep-seated Coughs.
Try it now, and be convinced.

WOULD HAVE TO STOP HER WORK AND SIT DOWN.

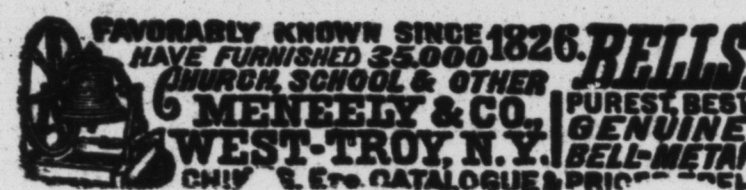


HOW MANY WOMEN HAVE TO DO THIS FROM DAY TO DAY?

MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS are a blessing to women in this condition. They cure Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Palpitation of the Heart, Faint and Dizzy Spells, Weakness, Listlessness, and all troubles peculiar to the female sex.

Mrs. James Taylor, Salisbury, N.B., in recommending them says: "About eight months ago I was very badly run-down, was troubled greatly with palpitation of the heart and would get so dizzy I would have to leave my work and sit down. I seemed to be getting worse all the time until a friend advised me to try MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS. I can truthfully say that they do all you claim for them, and I can recommend them to all run-down women."

Price 50c. per box, or 3 boxes for \$1.25; all dealers, or The Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.



There is no form of kidney trouble—from a backache down to Bright's disease—that Doan's Kidney Pills will not relieve or cure.

If you are troubled with any kind of kidney complaint, give Doan's Kidney Pills a trial.

No Alcohol in It.—Alcohol or any other volatile matter which would impair strength by evaporation, does not in any shape enter into the manufacture of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. Nor do climatic changes affect it. It is as serviceable in the Arctic Circle as in the Torrid Zone, perhaps more useful in the higher latitudes, where man is more subject to colds from exposure to the elements.

It's not the weather that's at fault. It's your system, clogged with poisonous materials, that makes you feel dull, drowsy weak and miserable. Let Burdock Blood Bitters clear away all the poisons, purify and enrich your blood, make you feel bright and vigorous.

Perry Davis Painkiller.—Its effects are almost instantaneous. Cures cuts, burns and bruises. Taken internally, cramps, diarrhoea and dysentery. Avoid substitutes. There is but one Pain-Killer, Perry Davis'.

For cholera morbus, cholera infantum, cramps, colic, diarrhoea, dysentery and summer complaint, Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is a prompt, safe and sure cure that has been a popular favorite for nearly sixty years.