

The Fireside.

IN HIS NAME.

REV. E. J. REED.

Once, while travelling in a sister State, I had occasion to wait a half-hour at a railway station. While looking out of the car window, I saw a family, consisting of the father, mother and five children, the oldest not more than twelve years of age, and the youngest an infant. They had apparently just arrived in this country, and were entirely unacquainted with our language, customs, and mode of dress. They were evidently waiting for a train that would take them farther on their journey. It was a hot day, and it was particularly hot inside the station waiting-room; so they were trying to make themselves as comfortable as possible at the end of the depot, outside, where there was a bit of shade. They were travel-stained, and looked lonely, tired, and homesick. The children tried to play, but could not succeed. The mother held the youngest child in her lap, and seemed ready to drop from exhaustion. The father smoked his pipe in gloomy silence. No one around them could understand their language, and they could not understand one word that was spoken about them. They were, indeed, strangers in a strange land. They were alone, and yet were surrounded by a large number of people. A more complete picture of loneliness could not well be imagined.

I was so engaged looking at them that I scarcely noticed a party of ladies who had just entered the car, and had taken seats near me, until I heard them talking of the same people that I was looking at. Then my attention was arrested at once as I listened to the conversation with interest. One beautiful young lady, who was dressed in the height of fashion, and whose appearance and conversation showed her to be both refined and cultured, held in her hand a bouquet of rare and beautiful flowers. I heard her say, "I wish I could talk to them and cheer them up; they look so tired and lonely." After a moment she said, "I wonder if they would like these flowers? I think I will offer them to the children," and, suiting the action to the word, she left the car, crossed three lines of car-tracks, and went up on the platform where the strangers were. They seemed much surprised to see such a fine lady coming toward them, and the children crept close to their parents for protection. But when she divided the large bouquet into five smaller ones, and gave one to each child, it did one's heart good to see the expression of happiness and content that came over the faces of the entire family. They could not understand the words that were spoken, but they could understand the language of kindness and sympathy that prompted the action. The tired look vanished from the face of the mother, the father removed his pipe from his mouth, and smiled his thanks, and the children were almost wild with delight. The lady then re-crossed the tracks, came into the car again just as the train started, took her seat, and, taking a book from her hand-bag, began to read as quietly as though nothing had happened. I had never seen her before, have never seen her since, never knew

her name, and would not recognize her should I meet her; but I became very much interested in knowing what kind of a book she chose to read on the train. I was so anxious to know that at the risk of appearing rude, I managed to pass by her seat and glance over her shoulder, and saw that she was reading the New Testament. I then thought, no wonder she does such kind acts. She was reading of the blessed Master, who went about doing good, and who has said to each one of us, his followers, "Go and do thou likewise."—*Rel. Telescope.*

MISTAKES OF WOMEN.

One of the mistakes of women is not knowing how to eat. If a man is not to be fed when she is, she thinks a cup of tea and anything handy is good enough. If she needs to save money, she does it at the butcher's cost. If she is busy, she will not waste time in eating. If she is unhappy, she goes without food. A man eats if the sheriff is at the door, if his work drives, if the undertaker interrupts; and he is right. A woman will choose ice cream instead of beefsteak, and a man will not.

Another of her mistakes is in not knowing when to rest. If she is tired, she may sit down, but she will darn stockings, crochet shawls, embroider doilies. Doesn't she know that hard work tires? If she is exhausted, she will write letters or figure her accounts. She would laugh at you if you hinted that reading or writing could fail to rest her. All over the country women's hospitals flourish because women do not know how to rest.

Another mistake on the list is their constant worrying. Worry and hurry are their enemies, and yet they hug them to their bosoms. Women cross bridges before they come to them, and even build bridges to cross. They imagine misfortune, and run out to meet it.

Women are not jolly enough. They make too serious business of life, and laugh at its little humors too seldom. Men can stop in the midst of perplexities and have a hearty laugh. It keeps them young. Women cannot, and that is one reason why they fade so early—there are other reasons, but we will pass them now. Worry not only wrinkles the face, but it wrinkles and withers the mind. Have a hearty laugh once in a while; it is a good antiseptic, and will purify the mental atmosphere, drive away evil imaginings, bad temper and other ills.—*Buffalo Times.*

Young Ladies, Read This

If you are bothered with pimples, rashes or ugly blotches on your face, if your complexion is sallow, it's an evidence that you require Ferrozone to tone up your blood. One Ferrozone Tablet taken at meals makes the complexion like peach bloom, cheeks soon become rosy, eyes bright, you'll be the picture of health. Thousands of ladies keep up their youthful appearance with Ferrozone, why not you? Price 50c. at druggists.

A fool's voice is known by multitudes of words. Eccl. 5:3.

Rheumatism is completely driven from the system by Milburn's Rheumatic Pills. They give relief from the pain, limber up the stiff joints and cure when other methods of treatment fail.

HIS ARGUMENT ANSWERED.

The following was related to me as a true incident. Whether it has ever before been published I do not know.

In a preachers' meeting in an Eastern State the subject of temperance was under discussion. After several had expressed their views, one minister, whose position on this question was well known, arose to speak in favor of high license. He made an eloquent speech, urging his method of regulating the liquor traffic, and urging that a moderate use of intoxicants could harm no one. During the pause that followed that address an old man arose and asked permission to relate an incident. In substance, he said:

"In the community where I live was a young man, the son of poor parents. Without financial resources, but gifted with a splendid mind, he worked his way through preparatory school and entered college, where he soon took a prominent place. To all appearances a brilliant career was before him. During his first year in college he was invited to dine at the home of one of the ministers of the city. On the table was wine. The young man declined it. But the minister's daughter laughed at his scruples, and the minister reasoned with him until he was prevailed upon to drink it. It was his first taste of intoxicating liquor. But it was not the last, for an appetite, of whose very existence he had before been ignorant, was aroused. That first year in college he stood at the head of his class. The second year he dropped to the foot. And in his junior year he was expelled from the institution. Two years later he died—a drunkard. His mother soon died, from no other cause than a broken heart. The father of that young man stands before you. The minister who induced him to take his first drink is the man who has just spoken in favor of license."

A YOUNG TEACHER.

An inspector visiting a Canadian school was annoyed by the noise of the scholars in the next room. Unable to bear the noise any longer, he opened the door and burst in upon the class.

Seeing one boy rather taller than the others talking a great deal, he caught him by the collar, carried him to his own room, and banged him into a chair, saying:

"Now sit there and be quiet."

A quarter of an hour later a small head appeared round the door, and a meek little voice said:

"Please, sir, you've got our teacher."
—*Selected.*

COMPANIONS IN COURTESY.

Warm was the Irish heart of the late Lord Dufferin. Shortly before he left Canada he was walking one windy day when he came upon an old Irish laborer.

The governor stopped to have a chat, and the laborer stood bare-headed, the wind blowing his thin, white hair roughly about.

"Put on your hat," said Lord Dufferin.

"Not in your excellency's presence," replied the old man.

"Then," said his lordship, taking off his own hat, "if you will expose your gray hairs to this wind out of deference for my position, I must expose mine to it out of respect for your gray hairs."
—*The King's Own.*



Troubled with Kidney Trouble for Six Months.

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

Whoso keepeth his mouth and his tongue, keepeth his soul from trouble. Prov. 21:23.

If any one offers you a cheap imitation of or substitute for Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, refuse it. Many of these cheaply prepared Diarrhoea remedies are high'y dangerous and should be avoided.

A wholesome tongue is a tree of life. Prov. 15:4.

Rich and poor alike use Pain Killer. Taken internally for cramps, colics and diarrhoea. Applied externally cures sprains, swollen muscles, etc. Avoid substitutes. There is but one Pain Killer, Perry Davis'.

He that keepeth his mouth keepeth his life. Prov. 13:3.

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Builds up Nerve and Muscle.

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Positively cures Anæmia, General Debility, Lung Troubles, including Consumption if taken in time.

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