

say something in the Bible somewhere about giving without hope of receiving again?"

"Yes, I'm sure it does," said the bright-eyed young man, "and last Christmas grandfather read something about a feast, and going out into the highways and compelling people to come in."

And the dark-browed boy who had talked so bitterly about Christmas time spoke last, "I am sure that man is a Christian."—*The Watchword*.

We are hoping for a great rush of 1904 renewals between now and the New Year.

CURE FOR ROUND SHOULDERS.

Round shoulders are almost unavoidably accompanied by weak lungs, but may be cured by the simple and easily performed exercise of raising one's self upon the toes leisurely, in a perpendicular position, several times daily. Take a perfectly upright position, with the heels together and the toes at an angle of forty-five degrees. Drop the arms lifelessly by the sides, animating and raising the chest to its fullest capacity muscularly, the chin well drawn in. Slowly rise up on the balls of the feet to the greatest possible height, thereby exercising all the muscles of the legs and the body; come again into standing position without swaying the body backward out of the perfect line. Repeat this exercise first on one foot, then on the other.—*Healthy Home*.

A NEST IN A GUN.

Birds often choose very strange places for their nests. A couple are said to have tried to build in the funnel of a railway engine, and it is not uncommon to find some bold enough to make a nest in the very scare-crow which is meant to frighten them away.

But perhaps the most unlikely place of all is the muzzle of a cannon. When Cromwell seized and held Windsor Castle, he planted a big gun in the Curfew Tower to overawe the town of Windsor and to command the bridge over the river Thames. But Cromwell's gun has been out of date for many a year, and to fire it now would have a very unusual effect, for right in the mouth of the cannon a pair of starlings have year after year built their nest. The keepers of the Tower do not allow the birds to be disturbed and in the very room from which in the old days the gun used to roar at the Royalists the parent starlings teach their little ones to fly.—*Chatterbox for 1903*.

Told a Lie With His Fingers.

A little boy, for a trick, pointed his finger to the wrong road when a man asked him which way the doctor went. As a result the man missed the doctor and his little boy died because the doctor came too late to take a fish-bone from his throat.

At the funeral the minister said that the little boy was killed by a lie which another boy told with his finger. I suppose the boy did not know the mischief he did. Of course, nobody thinks he meant to kill a little boy when he pointed the wrong way.

He only wanted to have a little fun. But it was fun that cost somebody a great deal, and if he ever heard the result of it he must have felt guilty of doing a mean and wicked thing. We ought never to trifle with the truth.—*Children's Friend*.

How He Cured Convulsions.

Mr. Whitaker was an Easterner. The morning after he first landed in Liberty he went out to take a little stroll. On a tree near the country court-house he saw sticking an advertisement for a school-teacher in a near-by country district. There was nothing he wanted so much as a job, and he immediately set out for the house of the nearest director and got this one before breakfast. When the school opened, the father of one of his pupils came to him and asked him not to whip his boy if he was disobedient, as it would throw him into convulsions. Whitaker made no reply, but he had his own notion as to what he would do in a case of such a contingency. The very next day the boy "busted" one of Whitaker's rules. Instead of heeding the paternal warning, Whitaker seized the obstreperous youth and applied the gad. The boy fell on the floor, rolling his eyes and frothing at the mouth. Whitaker continued, nevertheless, to "lay on Macduff." At last the boy, tiring of being beaten, quit frothing and began bellowing for mercy, and promising to obey. Whitaker was not through yet, however. "My dear boy," he said, solemnly, "it hurts me to punish you, but I have always had a reputation for curing convulsions, and it is to your interest that the cure be complete; hence I will give you the finishing touch." Then he began again to lay on the lash. When he got through the cure was complete. The boy never had any more convulsions. He is now a prosperous farmer.—*Kansas City Journal*.

Two dollars and fifty cents (\$2.50) will pay your subscription and a new subscriber one year each.

Why Country Boys as a Rule Win in the Life Struggle.

That they do win is an admitted fact. That they are, in the race for great achievements in business and professional life, quite superior to their city-bred cousins is equally true.

Now, why is this superiority? First, they are not pampered and prematurely developed. Having plain food, a coarse, comfortable bed, and plenty of outdoor exercise, they develop gradually, their physical being keeping pace with their minds. They have ordinary school privileges, but are not crowded and crammed through the eight lower grades and on to graduation in the high school by inordinate and unwise pressure and flattering, as are the children of our towns and cities.

Second, they are exempt from the constant nervous strain incident to the never-ceasing train of novelties, shows, theatrical billboards, daily newspaper "blood-and-thunder" current news and stories, and instead of spending late hours at entertainments and on the streets, they are "early to bed," giving brain and body all the benefits of "nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep."

Third, they are early taught that invaluable lesson, namely, that honest, hard work is the only sure road to the possession of enduring wealth, fame, and honorable position, and that work means actual labor wisely directed through a day of at least ten hours' length.

Fourth, by the example of sturdy, foiling parents, they have ground into the very fibre of their being a vivid consciousness of the value of stick-to-it-iveness. Hence they stick to the job

they have until they are reasonably sure that something better for them is in sight. They do not flit about from one thing to another, nor do they get too many irons in the fire at one time. They are patient, hopeful, persistent, and keep cool.

Fifth, by their country life they have avoided those associations which lead so many of the boys reared in our cities, while between the years of eight and sixteen, to fall into and contract vile and dissipating habits which sap the strength of early manhood, disease the body, entail upon their victims the bleared eye, and the blotched face, and at an early age terminate in an emaciated body and a flabby brain. Yes, happy are the boys of America who are reared in good country homes.—*The Telescope*.

Those whose subscriptions have been delayed should pay now. Send the 1904 subscription at the same time.

Thankful for What?

Have you ever been tempted to feel that you had no reason to keep Thanksgiving? Ernest Gilmore comments upon such an ungrateful spirit as follows:

Someone tells the story of an English preacher who takes a hungry man into a hall with plates laid for 1,460 persons. Here are supplies of all kinds in bountiful profusion. The man would like to sit down at one of these plates.

"Ah!" said the guide, "you would be thankful? Then you shall have your breakfast, something quite as good as anything here; only just wait until I tell you something. You can't have these, for they are the ghosts of what you have already had. They are the 365 breakfasts, the 365 dinners, the 365 teas and the 365 suppers you had last year. They make 1,460 in all."

"You don't mean to say I had all these?"

"Yes; and many basketfuls of odds and ends besides."

Buck, in commenting on the above story, said: "And now, we will dismiss our friend to eat his meal, we trust with some new feelings dawning upon him of what heaps of mercies he has had even in this matter of food." Our mercies are continuous. If we should attempt to make a computation of them, we would find that we could never pay the debt we owe our Lord. We may live to be old, but we can never outlive eternal love—it is a shoreless ocean.

Spurgeon calls providential goodness "an endless chain, a stream which follows the pilgrim, a wheel perpetually revolving, a star forever shining and leading us to the place where He is who was once a baby in Bethlehem."

Thanksgiving is only a just tribute for all the blessings a loving Father has showered upon us.—*Selected*.

Send a new name with your renewal, if possible. \$2.50 pays both one year.

WOMEN'S CALLINGS.

Women workers are invading every line of employment. The census of 1900 makes returns for 303 separate occupations, and in only eight of these do women workers fail to appear.

None will be surprised that there are no women among the soldiers, sailors, and marines of the United States Government, yet there are 153 women employed as "boatmen" and sailors.

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Women have not yet invaded the ranks of the city fire department, still not less than 879 women are returned in the same general class of "watchmen, policemen and detectives."

There are no women street-car drivers, though there are two women "motermen" and thirteen women conductors.

They have not as yet taken up the employment of telegraph "linemen," yet 22,556 of them are operators for these companies.

There are no women apprentices and helpers among the roofers and slaters, yet two women are returned as engaged in these employments.

There are 126 women plumbers, 45 plasterers, 167 bricklayers, and stonemasons, 241 paper-hangers, 1,759 carpenters and joiners.

No women are returned as helpers to steam boiler makers, but 8 women work at this industry as full mechanics. There are 193 women blacksmiths, 571 machinists, 3,370 women workers in iron and steel, 890 in brass, and 1,775 women workers in tin.

Among our unusual employments for women are 100 workers as "lumbermen and raftsmen," 113 wood-choppers, 373 sawmill employees, 440 bartenders, 2,086 saloon keepers, 904 "draymen" and teamsters, 323 undertakers, 143 stonecutters, 63 "quarrymen," 65 white-washers, 11 well-borers, 177 stationary engineers and firemen.—*Machin's*.

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