

as a wife, an unbecoming wrapper for her housework, and the hair which was once "fluffy" too frequently merits the adjective "frowsy." The lover had his gifts greeted by an enthusiastic "How perfectly lovely!" but not infrequently a husband's gifts are received with "I really didn't need that, John."

"But my wife knows that I love her," says the husband. "My husband knows that I love him, so what is the use of being formal?" is sometimes asked. No need at all for formality, but courtesy is a different thing entirely, and above all, those who love each other should not be neglectful of courtesy. The lack of it is too often "The little rift within the lute, that by-and-by will make the music mute." It is well for husband and wife to resolve that they will be careful of the courtesies of life, for human happiness often hinges upon seeming trifles.

Children should early be instructed, not in "Company manners" which are obviously artificial, but in true politeness coming from the heart.

"Company is coming," the children are told, "and you must behave like ladies and gentlemen. You must eat nicely at the table, and not talk much or interrupt any one," and other wise counsels are given. But you cannot condense several years' instruction in politeness into a few minutes' cramming. Teach the children to be courteous in the home both to parents and to one another. Let the table be a place not merely for eating, but also for social enjoyment. Train the children to eat daintily, to be thoughtful in passing the food which is near them, and to take part in the conversation, not monopolizing or interrupting it, but modestly and politely. Teach them to say "Please," "Thank you," "Excuse me." In short, strive to make your "home manners" "company manners," so that when guests are present there will be no anxious "coaching," but the children, and the whole family in fact, will be self-possessed, perfectly at ease, and able to entertain hospitably.

A great deal can be accomplished if parents are careful to be courteous to their children. A mother once having occasion to reach across her little daughter, said "Excuse me, dear." A guest who was present smiled quizzically, and asked "Are you always as particular as that?"

"Certainly," replied the mother, "I want Ruth to be polite to me, and so I must be polite to her." There is everything in the force of a good example.

The power and influence of a Christian home cannot be overestimated, and that home where thoughtful, loving courtesy prevails is the one to which they will joyfully return—for after all, what is nearer Heaven than a true home?—*The Observer.*

HE GOT EVEN.

Mark Twain tells this story of how he got even with a canny lassie, who was telegraph operator at the Glasgow end of a London line:

"I had run up to Glasgow on my way to the Highlands," said Fr. Clemens, "and stepped into a telegraph and postal station to send a despatch to a friend in London. I asked several questions as to how long it would take, when the message would be delivered, etc. The girl at the desk was inclined to be snubish, and at the third or fourth question she cut me dead.

"I got even with her. I just sent my friend this message: 'Arrived safely. Girl's ugly and bad-tempered.' And she had to send it, too!"

BANISH THE WRINKLES.

In many cases they are merely Signs of the Ailments of Women.

A woman's face plainly indicates the state of her health. Wrinkles, which every woman dreads, are not necessarily a sign of age. Palor of face, wrinkles and a prematurely aged appearance are the outward indication of those ailments that afflict womankind alone, and from which she too often suffers in uncomplaining silence, rather than consult a doctor. In this condition Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are women's best friend. They actually make new, rich, red blood acting upon the nerves and all the organs of the body, brings new health and happiness to weak, weary and despondent women. Mrs. John McKerr, Chickney, N. W. T., tells for the benefit of other suffering women how she found new health through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. "For some years," says Mrs. McKerr, "I was greatly afflicted with the ailment that made the lives of so many of my sex miserable. The suffering I endured can only be understood by those who are similarly afflicted. I tried many medicines but found none that helped me until I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These have actually made me feel like a new person, and the suffering I had endured almost continuously has passed away, and life is no longer the burden it once seemed. I think these pills worth their weight in gold to all who suffer from female complaints or general prostration."

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"DID GOD SEND YOU, SIR."

A gentleman saw two little children before him in the cars, a boy and a girl. Both looked tired. They were poorly dressed, but neatly, and were travelling alone. Toward noon the little girl got up from her seat, and presently he found her kneeling on the floor, with her head bowed in the cushion. Was she sick? Did she find this an easy way to sleep? No, she was praying.

"What are you doing, my little girl?" he asked, when she got up.

"I was saying, 'Our Father who art in heaven,'" she said.

"And what are you saying it for now?" he asked again.

"I'm so hungry," she said.

"We've been travelling two days," said the boy, "and our luncheon is all gone."

The gentleman wished he had something in his pocket, but it was empty. At the next stopping-place he went out himself and bought something for the children to eat.

When he handed it to the child, "I knew it would come," she said, looking up with a blush of joy upon her face. "Did God send you, sir?"

Yes, God sent the gentleman. The child did not see how the cars were to furnish the "daily bread," going so fast, and no pantry. But the Son of God taught her to pray, "Give us this day our daily bread;" and the little girl believed it. She asked him, and God well knows ever so many ways to answer our

prayers. You see, he let a kind gentleman bring her some.

There is a small word in the Bible of which some people ask, "What does it mean?" The word is faith. What is faith?

It is asking God, believing and trusting him. That is what the little girl did; and it is the kind of asking which God loves, and loves to answer.—*Ex.*

WHY HE WANTED A CHRISTIAN WIFE.

A well-known judge in one of the Southern States, speaking of his younger days, says that some fifty years ago he had become skeptical; and that Mr. H. —, a noble, whole-souled man, whom he revered almost as a father, but who was confirmed deist, though he had a Christian wife, soon found him out and endeavored to instill in his mind his own deistical notions. "But he charged me," said the judge, "not to let his wife know that he was a deist or that I was skeptical." I asked him why. To which he replied that if he were to marry a hundred times he would marry only a pious woman.

"Because," he said, "if she is a Christian it makes her a better wife, a better mother, a better mistress, and a better neighbor. If she is poor, it enables her to bear adversity with patience and fortitude. If she is rich and prosperous, it lessens her desire for mere show. And when she comes to die, if she is in error, she is as well off as you and I; and if we are in error, she is a thousand times better off than we can be." I asked him if he knew of any other error, or system of errors, attended with so many advantages. His reply was evasive. But what he had said led me to examine the subject for myself, and I often look back to that conversation as one of the most important incidents of my life, and to it I trace my determination to study the Bible carefully and to examine the subject for myself, the result of which has led me to a full and living faith in Jesus Christ, my Saviour.

TAKING OUT CHRISTIANITY.

Norah had a model village, and she never tired of setting it up. "What kind of a town is that Norah?" asked her father. "Is it a Christian town or a heathen town?"

"Oh, a Christian town," Norah answered quickly.

"Suppose we make a heathen town," her father suggested, "what must we take out?"

"The church," said Norah, setting it to one side.

"Is that all?"

"I suppose so."

"No, indeed," her father said, "the public schools must go. There are no public schools in heathen lands. Take the public library, too," her father directed.

"Anything else?" Norah asked, sadly.

"Isn't there a hospital over there?"

"But, father, don't they have hospitals?"

"Not in heathen countries. It was Christ who taught us to care for the sick and the old."

"Then I must take out the Old Ladies' Home," said Norah, very soberly.

"Yes, and that Orphans' Home at the other end of the town."

"Why, father," Norah exclaimed, "there is not a good thing left! I wouldn't live in such a town for anything! Does knowing about Jesus make all that difference?"



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A Hint to Long-Winded Preachers.

A minister in Edinburgh has many stories to tell. On one occasion recently he was preaching for a brother minister in a country parish, and as he was anxious to know what impression he had made upon the congregation, he interrogated the beadle on the subject after service. "Was my discourse pitched in too high a key?" he asked. "I hope I did not shoot over the heads of the people." "No, you did not do that, sir." "Was it a suitable theme?" pursued the clergyman. "Yes," was the reply, "it was about right." "And was it too long?" was the next question. "No, sir, but it was just long enough." "I am glad of that," said the clergyman, "for to tell the truth, the other day, as I was getting the sermon ready, my dog destroyed a few pages, and that has made it much shorter than it would have been." "Eh, sir," said the beadle, seriously, "I just wish you'd let our minister ha'e a pup o' that dog."

When a knife has been used to cut onions, wipe it with a damp cloth and rub it briskly with coarse salt. The objectionable smell will then entirely disappear.

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