

recognized Prue. A blush passed over Miss Brownlee's face, for in justice to her let it be said that she had often thought of the poor girl, and regretted the unladylike, unchristian manner in which she had treated her. No allusion was made to the former meeting, however, but Judge Brownlee's daughter was her best customer after that Christmas time, and in many ways tried to atone for her forgetfulness of Christ's injunction to entertain the stranger.—*Susan Teall Perry, in Evangelist.*

How Some Men Usually go to Church.

It is Saturday, and the old question beginning to bear upon my soul: Shall I or shall I not? Perhaps I would not be greatly benefited, but does not a man owe a certain duty to the community in which he lives, and will he not fail to perform it if he does not go? Then, again, one sometimes finds a jewel when one hardly expects it, and—yes, I will go; that is, I think I will, if I am well enough. Duty and possible benefit combine to urge me to do so.

But I have been moving along in my thoughtless way, and have neglected to mention what I am writing about. Probably that makes no difference, but I always feel better after I have called attention to the fact that I have a subject. You should have known, however, that I am writing of going to church, for there are many of you who think and act just as I do about it.

We arise on Monday morning, and we say to ourselves: "There, conswing it all! I've let another Sunday go by without going to church!" And we feel quite remorseful, and vow that we will reform and lead a better life and go to church regularly.

On Tuesday we think of our vow with pleasure, and reflect with sorrow on the great herd of those who live in darkness and do not go to church regularly, as we do—that is, as we will.

On Wednesday we contemplate our moral condition with contentment, and say to ourselves that we are mighty glad we have turned over a new leaf in our life diary.

On Thursday we think less about the matter, but still are firm in our resolve.

On Friday we say to ourselves that of course a man could not be held to a vow in the event of sickness or anything of that sort.

On Saturday we feel of our pulse and detect some symptoms of illness. Still, we say that nothing but serious indisposition shall prevent us from attending church.

On Sunday—wake at eight a. m.—raging headache—patient somewhat feverish—turn over—go to sleep—wake again at 9.15—headache and fever both worse—barely able to drag yourself out of bed—drag anyway. Wife says, "Going to church?"—respond, "Mighty mean woman would insist on over-worked and sick man going to church!"—Wife urges—heated words—wife weeps—don't go to church—go out and kick the dog for getting in the way—better in afternoon—ride twenty miles on wheel—sick again in evening—want to go to church, but too sick.

And so it goes. On Monday we start in again, and carry the programme through to the end; at any rate, some of us do. I'll leave it to you: Don't we? Honestly, now.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

Lazy old sores, painful and disfiguring, will not linger long after treatment with Weaver's Cerate has been begun. If the cerate smart, reduce it with sweet oil or lard, and cleanse the blood with Weaver's Syrup.

WOMAN'S DANGERS.

THE LIVES OF ALL WOMEN BESET BY SECRET TROUBLES.

A Simple and Certain Method by which the ills of Girlhood and Womanhood may be Overcome.

Every woman's health depends upon her blood—its richness and its regularity. Sometimes it is hard to believe that nearly all common diseases spring from the blood, no matter how different they may seem. It is hard, for instance, to realize that rheumatism and indigestion are both the cause of bad blood, and both cured by good blood. But there can be no doubt in the case of the secret troubles of a woman's life, from fifteen to fifty. The blood is plainly the cause of all her irregularities in health. Then comes the signs of secret illness, the headaches, backaches and sideaches; the pale cheeks and dull eyes; the failing appetite and irritable nerves; the hysteria and billiousness; the weakness and langour; the distress and despondency and all the weary, wretched feelings that attack women in their times of ill-health. And the blood is to blame for it all. When the blood is rich and red and regular, there is little trouble in the life of maid or mother. That is why Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are worth their weight in gold to every woman. They actually make new blood. Every dose sends galloping through the veins pure, strong, rich red blood that strikes at the cause of the secret ill-health. The new blood restores regularity and braces all the special organs for their special tasks, in this way Dr. Williams' Pink Pills banish the backaches and headaches, sharpen the appetite and the energies, soothe the nerves and bring back the rosy glow of health to faded cheeks. This is the special mission of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and there is no other medicine in the world can do it so successfully. Mrs. Geo. Danby, of Tilbury, Ont., has proved the truth of these statements and says so for the benefit her experience may bring to other suffering women. Mrs. Danby says: "I think Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a blessing to suffering women. For a long time I was a great sufferer from the ailments that afflict so many of my sex. I was extremely nervous at all times, suffered a great deal with headaches and indigestion. In fact I was in a most miserable condition when I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, but after taking them a short time I began to improve, and through their further use I am altogether like a new woman. I am sure if more women would take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills they would be convinced of the great good they can do." What Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done for Mrs. Danby they can do for every growing girl and ailing woman in Canada, if they are given a fair and reasonable use. But you must make sure you get the genuine pills with the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" on the wrapper around every box. To be had from dealers in medicine or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

By His grace the most commonplace life can be transfigured with the brightness of a heavenly beauty, as the infinite love of the Divine nature shines out through our frail humanity.

The Most Expensive Saw in the World.

What are probably the most expensive saws anywhere in the world, says a writer in *The Philadelphia Ledger*, are those in use in the factories of Pennsylvania where various articles are manufactured from slate. In one of these factories there are three hundred horizontal saws, twelve feet in length, each of which is furnished with seventy-five cutting diamonds, each saw being worth five thousand two hundred dollars. The slate used for roofing is split and turned by special machinery; but when the slate is cut up for use in other ways the procedure differs. The huge horizontal saw, with its scores of diamonds, in the factory is called into play; it is lowered upon one of the blocks of slate by a ratchet at the rate of a quarter of an inch per minute. The saw would cut through iron or steel at the same rate. The workmen play a stream of water upon the slate to keep it cool and wash the dust from the cut. After the sawing the block is planed by being moved back and forth by machinery under a firmly fixed chisel. It is afterward polished much as blocks of marble and granite are.

MARK TWAIN'S REMEDY.

It may be that the charming young miss and Mark Twain were not thinking of the same part of the human anatomy. It was at an evening party and the gushing girl had been introduced to the humorist.

"Oh, Mr. Clemens," she said. "Now, please, do tell me! I've been thinking of taking up writing, but I'm so afraid of that dreadful writer's cramp one hears so much about—did you ever have it?"

"I did, madam."
"And what did you take for it?"
"Beefsteak."

"Just fancy! But how and where did you apply it?"

"Broiled and internally," said Mark Twain. "I can't answer for its being a panacea, but it cured the kind of cramp I had all right."

WHAT'S IN A NAME.

He wanted to teach school. He was just out of college. He had called on a member of the school board, and had been hospitably received.

As they sat on the porch after dinner the trustee causally called attention to a familiar little orange-colored bug, with black spots on its back, that was crawling on the floor.

"I s'pose you know what that is?" he said.

"Yes," replied the applicant, eager to show his technical knowledge. "That is a *Coccinella septempunctata*."

"Young man," was the rejoinder, "a fellow that don't know a ladybug when he sees it can't get my vote fur teacher in this district."

WITHOUT A DOUBT.

A young minister had gone to the home of his boyhood to preach, and, of course, the villagers were full of curiosity to hear him.

At the close of the service one of the deacons engaged the young preacher's wife in conversation.

"It was a strange coincidence, said he, 'that your husband's text was the one from which his father preached his last sermon in this pulpit.'"

"Indeed!" said the lady. "Well, that was strange. I hope," she continued, "it wasn't the same sermon."

"Oh, no," said the deacon, in a de-

precatory manner, "his father was a dreadful smart man, and a powerful preacher!"

There are cases of consumption so far advanced that Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup will not cure, but none so bad that it will not give relief. For coughs, colds and all affections of the throat, lungs and chest, it is a specific which has never been known to fail. It promotes a free and easy expectoration—thereby removing the phlegm, and gives the diseased parts a chance to heal.

I do not know when or how it may please God to give you the quiet of mind that you need; but I tell you that I believe it is to be had; and in the meantime you must go on doing your share, trusting in God even for this.—*George Macdonald.*

Sister St. Cecilia is a well known and respected lady of St. Joseph's Orphan Home, Ottawa, and she unhesitatingly says that "The D & L" Emulsion is a splendid medicine for thin, delicate and growing children.

Let your temper be under the rule of the love of Jesus; He can not alone curb it—He can make us gentle and patient.

Do the right thing when sore chest and tickling throat warn you that an all-winter cold threaten. Use the staunch old remedy, Perry Davis' Pain Killer, and get rid of the pest in twenty-four hours. 25 and 50 cents.

Let our life be one of self-sacrifice, always studying the welfare of others finding our highest joy in blessing others.

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