

"If I hear o' you repeatin' such a lie ag'in, I'll send you where you'll wish you'd never said it."

"Come and see for yourself," said Dan doggedly as he reached the door, and opening it, slipped outside.

The wagon had stopped close to the house, and two men, aided by Dan, were removing from it what looked like a rude bier. A light blanket covered it, and John could not see what was beneath; but it looked like the form of a woman. It was the woman Dan had been talking about he supposed; but why they were bringing her—it into the house? If they wanted to send off by the train, it would be better to go directly to the station—a few rods further down the road. Through the window he saw the men approaching the door, and he tried to go forward to speak to them; but he suddenly found himself unable to do it. A horrible fear had seized upon him! He could not tell what. The men came up on the steps and in at the open door—having some little trouble to get their burden through. They laid it upon the floor in front of John, where he stood with his back to the stove. Somebody it was Robinson he found out afterward—came and touched his arm and spoke some words which fell upon his ear without any meaning. Then he turned down the blanket, and John saw the familiar girlish face and form, with the baby in its arms. Only a glance he gave it, and then with a low groan fell on the floor beside it as stiff, and, to all appearances, as lifeless as the corpse itself.

It was not a "stroke," though they thought at first it was; John recovered and transacted his business in and out of the house as before—with a single exception. Of course the bar was closed until after the funeral. And until the funeral John would not leave his "little gal," as he called her still; but sat beside her constantly, day and night, often talking to her. He seemed to draw some mental comfort and healing in this way. He said, long after, to Mr. Robinson:

"It didn't seem to me that time' as though Mary Ann was really dead, I know'd she was, but I couldn't make it seem so. An' as I talked to her, I told her all how I come to be so careless like, an' selfish. I tried to blame her husband first for her gettin' that bad habit. But I seen plain enough, pretty soon, that I couldn't do that in reason. 'Cause he never drank a drop, an' never had a drop in the house. No, she just larned how to use it at home—in her old daddy's house, her daddy that would a-died for her, an' never thought it nothin'. I used to give her a drop or two myself once in awhile when she was very leetle—jest to see her laugh and say: 'More, dada.' But when I put her at the bar to see it, told her very decided: 'You musn't never tech a drop yourself, little gal, an' she promised not to. 'Twasn't right to serve her so; 'twas too hard on her. Just to larn her to like the stuff, an' then put it to give it to someone else, an' not take it herself. But I asked her pardon for it that time 'fore we put her out o' sight. An' sure as you stan' there, I heered her say—jest with her own voice: 'Forgive you, father? Why, of course, you didn't know what you were doin'.' An' I didn't then," he concluded with emphasis. "An' what's more I wouldn't believe what was told me."

The change in John's establishment was apparent to some of his customers. After his daughter's death his stock of liquors suddenly gave out. From the day his child was brought home dead and his wife suddenly closed the bar,

not another drop of liquor was sold. To the first man who asked if he could have some, John simply said:

"No, sir, you can't."

To Robinson only and to Hannah did he vouchsafe any explanation of his intentions.

"Guess I'll try to look after somebody else's chilrun a leetle, now I can't see after my own any more." The words ended in a husky voice, and John suddenly bent his head and sobbed, as only a man can sob, and then only when his heart was broken.—*New York Observer.*

Our Special Brand of Ignorance.

An ornithologist invited an ichthyologist to walk in the woods with him, and the ornithologist said: "I suppose you know that cuckoo—"

"I know nothing about birds."

"But surely you have heard that the cuckoo—"

"I do not know a hawk from a hand-saw, I am sorry to say."

"Yes, but you surely have heard so common a thing as the fact that the swallow never—"

"My friend, I know less than nothing about birds."

They finished their walk, and the ornithologist went home and said to his wife:

"The man with whom I walked to-day in the woods is woefully ignorant. How can a man go through life with so little knowledge of the things about him?"

The next day the ichthyologist invited the ornithologist to walk along the sea-cliffs with him.

So they walked together, and on the cliffs a doltish fellow was standing.

"Good morning," they said to him, but he only stared at them, open-mouthed.

"A fool!" cried both.

And the ichthyologist said to the ornithologist: "Of course you know that the blue fish of these waters—"

"I know nothing about fish."

"But surely you have heard that the swordfish—"

"I would not know a cod from a kid, I am sorry to say."

"Yes, but you surely have heard so common a thing as the fact that a porpoise never—"

"My friend, I know less than nothing about fish."

At this point the ichthyologist was so impressed by his friend's ignorance of common things that he did not mind his steps and fell off the cliffs into the sea, and not knowing how to swim, he called to his friend for help.

"Alas! I do not know how to swim," said the ornithologist.

"More of his ignorance," said the ichthyologist as he went down for the second time.

But the dolt had been watching, open-eyed, and he plunged into the sea, and swimming out to the ichthyologist, he saved him.

Each one of us has his special brand of ignorance.—*Saturday Evening Post.*

A Good Receipt for Those who are Sensitive.

Morbid sensitiveness requires heroic treatment. A sufferer who wishes to overcome it must take himself in hand as determinedly as he would if he wished to get control of a quick temper, or to rid himself of a habit of lying, or stealing, or drinking, or any other defect which prevented his being a whole man.

"What shall I do to get rid of it?" asks a victim. Think less of yourself and more of others. Mingle freely with people. Become interested in things out-

side of yourself. Do not brood over what is said to you, or analyze every simple remark until you magnify it into something of the greatest importance. Do not have such a low and unjust estimate of people as to think they are bent on nothing but hurting the feelings of others, and depreciating and making light of them on every possible occasion. A man who appreciates himself at his true value and who gives his neighbors credit for being at least as good as he it, cannot be a victim of over-sensitiveness.

When a prominent Congressman was told that a member of the House of Representatives had insulted him, he replied, "No gentleman would insult me, and no one else could." "But I am not derided," calmly replied Diogenes to one who told him that he was derided. The philosopher knew that only those are ridiculed who feel the ridicule and are hurt by it.—*O. S. Marden, in Success.*

NERVOUS TROUBLES.

Promptly and Permanently Cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

There is no torture more acute and intolerable than nervousness. A nervous person is in a state of constant irritation by day and sleeplessness by night. The sufferer starts at every noise, is shaky, depressed, and, although in a constantly exhausted state, is unable to sit or lie still. If you are nervous or worried or suffer from a combination of languor and irritation, you need a nerve tonic, and Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are absolutely the best thing in the world for you. You can only get rid of nervousness through feeding your nerves with rich, red blood, and Dr. Williams' Pink Pills actually make new blood. There is no doubt about this—thousands can testify to the blood-making, nerve-restoring qualities of these pills. St. Vitus' dance is one of the most severe forms of nervousness, and Mrs. H. Hevenor, of Gravenhurst, Ont., tells how these pills cured her little boy. She says: "At the age of 8 my little boy was attacked with St. Vitus' dance, from which he suffered in a severe form. His nerves twitched to such an extent that he was almost helpless, and had to be constantly watched. He was under several doctors at different times, but they did not help him, so I decided to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and these have completely cured him, and now not a sign of the trouble remains."

When you buy these pills, always look at the box and see that the full name, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, is printed on the wrapper, and refuse to take anything else. You can get these pills from all medicine dealers or they will be sent by mail at 50 cents a box, or six boxes at \$2.50, by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

A NEW GAME BY AN OLD GAMBLER.

A gentleman residing in Ireland, an architect by profession, and a man of worldly tastes, had lived long without God and without hope.

His house had been the rendezvous for a number of young men who gathered there to spend the hours in drinking and carousing. At length it pleased God to call him by his grace, and to teach him the path of a better and holier life.

Having yielded his heart's allegiance to God, the next question was what course he should take with regard to

FOR HOT WEATHER

Sovereign Lime Juice cools the blood—counteracts the feverishness caused by excessive heat, and actually lowers the temperature of the body.

Sovereign Lime Juice

is the drink of health. It's refreshing and delicious. Costs only one-third of a cent a glass. Get the genuine—Sovereign—at your grocer's.

SIMSON BROS. CO., LTD. HALIFAX, N.S.

his boon companions when they should come to his house, as they had been accustomed to in the past. He could not allow the revelry to go on, and he was not disposed to hide his light or keep back the knowledge of the blessing he had received.

The night of the revel came, and his friends gathered as usual. When they were gathered he said to them:

"You have been welcomed to my house in times past, and we have enjoyed ourselves here in time past in drinking ourselves drunk and indulging in riot. And now," he said, "I propose that we try a new game of reading the Bible and praying."

And Bible in hand he sat down and commenced. They listened in silence. By and by one picked up his hat and quietly retired. Another followed, and another, till all were gone, and he had the house to himself. He had shown his colors, and his companions had no doubts from that time which side of the house he was on. A little decision at the beginning sometimes saves much trouble at the end.—*H. L. Hastings.*

Everyone can see why the prodigal should repent. His way is so clearly wrong that there is no hope for him unless he shall turn.

Poison—

In the Blood brings Humors and Boils, Salt Rheum, Eczema and Scrofula,

WEAVER'S SYRUP

Will cure them permanently by purifying the

Blood.

Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd., MONTREAL Proprietors, NEW YORK.