

For it matters very little how the lesson comes to us, or by whom we are taught; but it matters infinitely that we shall learn so to pass through things temporal that the things eternal are not finally lost to us, and so to traverse the waves of this troublesome world that through the grace of a loving God and Saviour we may go "into the midst of the sea upon the dry ground."

**A STRANGE PEOPLE.**

The Japanese people are strangest of all. They are our veritable antipodes. So opposite are their customs to our own, that one is half inclined to think himself dreaming, like Alice in Wonderland, where everything was upside down and topsyturvy. You take up a book, and find that it begins where ours ends, the word "Finis" coming where we put the title-page, while the foot-notes are printed at the top, the lines running downwards instead of crosswise, and from right to left instead of from left to right.

You go to a dinner—it is served on the floor, and the first course is desert. You go for a ride, and find that the horse will let you mount only from the right-hand side, and that he will insist on standing backwards in his stall, with his head thrust out through the door, and his tail where his head ought to be. Boats are hauled on the beach stern first. The sailors will not say "northeast, southwest," but "east-north, west-south."

Nurses carry children, not in their arms, but on their backs. Carpenters pull their planes and saws, instead of pushing them; yet when they use that awkward tool, the adze, comically true to the principle of contrariety, they cut from themselves instead of towards themselves. The first time I saw a carpenter using an adze, I had to laugh. But when I told him why, it was his turn to laugh. "Why," said he, "how perfectly absurd! To chop towards yourself would be to cut yourself!" And I saw that it all depends upon the point of view.

Building a house, these funny carpenters construct the roof first; then, having numbered the pieces, they break it up again, and keep it until the sub-structure is finished. When the house is done, you will find that the key turns in, instead of out. And when guests come to see you, politeness prompts them to remove, not their hats, but their shoes. Finally, the color of mourning is not black, but white; and the Japanese, true to life even in death, has himself buried in a sitting posture.—*Japan To-day.*

**THINGS USUALLY FORGOTTEN.**

- That man was once a boy.
- That others have any feelings.
- That woman was once a maiden.
- That a skilled workman was once an apprentice.
- That capital cannot be accumulated without labor.
- That the road to economy is paved with gold quartz.
- That one kind word will produce more joy than two kicks.
- That the devil is at work while the Christian army is sleeping.
- That the bee would never have honey if it sat down and said the world owed it a living.
- That more money can be made in one day's strict attention to one's own business, than in a week minding the affairs of a neighbor.

**THE HABIT OF NOT FEELING WELL.**

How few people realize that their ailments are largely self-induced. They get into a habit of not feeling well. If they get up in the morning with a slight headache or some other trifling indisposition, instead of trying to rise above this condition, they take a positive pleasure in expatiating upon their feelings to anyone who will listen. Instead of combating the tendency to illness by filling the lungs with pure, fresh air, they dose themselves with "headache tablets," or some other patent specific warranted to cure whatever ill they think they are suffering from. They begin to pity themselves and try to attract pity and sympathy from others. Unconsciously, by detailing and dwelling upon their symptoms, they re-enforce the first simple suggestions of illness by a whole army of thoughts and fears and images of disease, until they are unable to do a day's work in their homes or offices.

It is said that a man is a lazy animal. We are all more or less prone to indolence, and it is the easiest and most natural thing in the world for young people to accustom themselves to lying down or lounging on a sofa because they think they are tired or not well. Much so-called invalidism is simply laziness, fostered and indulged from childhood. There is a great danger that girls who are delicate while growing up, and lounge around the house and lie down whenever they feel the least bit out of sorts, will form a habit of invalidism when they reach maturity. How often do we see such girls "brace up" at once whenever anything happens which interests or excites them! An invitation to a reception or any other pleasant social function, acts like a tonic. For the time being, an instantaneous cure is effected. They are as well as anybody until after the entertainment.—*Success.*

**CURIOUS WEDDING HYMNS.**

Pastor Burton tells of an elderly spinster who was so much pleased that she was at last to be married, and so anxious that all the proprieties of the occasion should be observed, that she came herself to arrange for the ceremony.

"And, oh! Mr. Burton, I want you to have a hymn at my wedding."

"What hymn would you suggest?"

"I want you to sing: 'This is the way I long have sought, And mourned because I found it not.'"

This story is matched by that of the two Christian Endeavorers who requested the organist to play something appropriate at their wedding. Greatly to their mortification, but to the amusement of the audience, they found themselves walking down the aisle to the strains of "Onward, Christian Soldiers, Marching as to War."

**WISE FAITH.**

At a dinner party given by a rich banker, at which Alexander Dumas was present, the company discussed the existence of God, and a certain general was very scornful on the subject, wondering how people could trouble to discuss such trifles. "For my part," he added, "I can't conceive of the existence of this mysterious being whom they call 'the good God.'" "General," replied Dumas, "I have two hunting dogs, two monkeys and a parrot at home, which are of your opinion exactly."

**ST. VITUS DANCE.**

**MUST BE TREATED THROUGH THE BLOOD AND NERVES.**

One of the worst cases on record cured through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

St. Vitus' dance is a nervous disease chiefly afflicting children. There are a number of signs by which it may be detected, such as a twitching of the muscles of the face, shaky hands, or a jerky motion of the arms, a trembling or a dragging of the legs, irritability and restlessness. St. Vitus' dance is caused by disordered nerves and blood—that is why it is always cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The pills fill the veins with pure, rich red blood, which in turn soothes and braces the nerves, making the sufferer well. Mrs. Luffman, Roucher's Mills, Ont., tells how Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cured her daughter, Louise. "I do not think it possible," says Mrs. Luffman, "that anyone could be afflicted with a more severe form of St. Vitus' dance than that which attacked by daughter. Her arms and legs would twitch and jerk, her face was drawn, and finally her left side became numb, as though paralyzed. Her speech became thick and indistinct, and she could neither stand still nor sit down. Two doctors attended her, but gave her no benefit. The last doctor who attended her told me she would never get better. It was at this discouraging time we decided to give her Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. After taking two boxes we could see an improvement; she could sleep better, and the spasms were less severe. From that on she steadily grew better, and after using eight or ten boxes she was as strong and healthy a girl as you will find anywhere, and she has not had the least symptom of the trouble since."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the surest cure for St. Vitus' dance, hysteria, neuralgia, nervous exhaustion, paralysis, and all the nervous troubles of men, women and children. But you must get the genuine with the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," on the wrapper around every box. Sold by all medicine dealers, or sent post-paid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

**Power Over Tigers Lost through Drink.**

A really remarkable story of animal perception has been told by Mr. Frank Bostock, who may be considered an authority on wild animals in captivity. "I once had a trainer," says Mr. Bostock, "an old Irishman, who had served in a British regiment in India, and who knew the ways of tigers in every detail. He taught three of them to do more work in the arena than I have ever seen done by any other tigers. I have seen him sitting down between two of them at rest-time during rehearsals, and examining their claws to see if any of them were sore or split. Anyone who has ever tried that with even a house cat, knows that it strikes the feline nature as an unwarrantable familiarity; but they never did more than show their teeth and whine, and that half in playfulness. One day the old fellow got very drunk—the first time in his life, to my knowledge. Before he was noticed, he had got into the cage with the tigers and fallen in a heap on the floor. The other keepers made several attempts to take him out of the cage, but it was at once apparent that to do so meant a bitter and serious fight with the tigers.



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Three delicious summer drinks for one cent. Two teaspoonfuls of

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to a glass of ice water, sweetened to the taste, makes the most healthful, the most satisfying, and the most refreshing, of all hot weather beverages. And 3 glasses cost only 1c.

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They guarded him all night in his drunken slumber. But the next time he put the tigers to work they balked, and he could neither drive nor persuade them. They had ceased to trust him, and his power over them was at an end for ever."

**SEVEN MINDS.**

1. Mind your tongue! Don't let it speak hasty, cruel, unkind or wicked words.
2. Mind your eyes! Don't permit them to look on wicked books, pictures or objects.
3. Mind your ears! Don't suffer them to listen to wicked speeches, songs or words.
4. Mind your lips! Don't let tobacco foul them. Don't let strong drink pass them. Don't let the food of the glutton enter between them.
5. Mind your hands! Don't let them steal or fight, or write any evil words.
6. Mind your feet! Don't let them walk in the steps of the wicked.
7. Mind your heart! Don't let the love of sin dwell in it. Don't give it to Satan, but ask Jesus to make it his throne.

**Poison—**

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

**WEAVER'S SYRUP**

Will cure them permanently by purifying the

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