

**HOW HE FEELS AT SIXTY.**

Our attention is directed to the fact that the genial Robert J. Burdette, recently celebrated his sixtieth birthday. A reporter found him at his home in Sunny Crest, Pasadena, California, dressed in overalls, with a broad brim, dilapidated hat, and a well-worn hoe in his left hand. He explained how it felt to be sixty years old in the following interview, which we know his many friends in our vicinity will read with relish:

"A great many old people say they feel just as young at 60 as they did at 20. Is it that way with you?"

"Not by forty happy years, my boy. No man, and fewer women, can be as young at 60 as at 20. When I enter a room now, I instinctively select the chair I want to sit in. I pick out the one that is the easiest to get out of. For it takes me longer to get up than it did at 20. I do not love the kind-hearted, stupid people who insist on my sitting down in a cavernous easy chair, with a backward inclination, and a foot rest, which I cannot reach. For then is there a life-and-death struggle when I would emerge. I find myself agreeing with the Arab philosophy, 'It is easier to walk than to run, to stand still than to walk, to sit down than to stand, to lie down than to sit up, to sleep than to wake.'"

"But you are still very vigorous?"

"Oh, I do my daily stunt. But I don't rush at my work with a war-whoop, as I used to do. I have a stroke of paralysis every day, right after my noontime dinner. It lasts about an hour, and is incurable. I break and lose more spectacles every week than I used to break in five years, when I didn't wear any. I can hear a great deal better than ever I did in my younger days. For I can't hear a thing with my left ear, and I use that, oh, very, very often, to rest the one I can hear with. So though I don't hear so much, I hear a great deal better. Much better."

"Is there as much fun in the world as there used to be?"

"More; a great deal more. Because there are more people in it. And people are the funniest things this side of the grave. Monkeys tire me, but people amuse me. Yes, there is more fun in the world than there used to be. And more sorrow, add trouble, and care, and heartache. And more goodness, and love, and gentleness, and kindness. And the laughter and sweetness and gentleness has multiplied far more rapidly than the trouble."

"Wouldn't you like to be young again?"

"Indeed I would, my boy. And I'm going to be. When I get to be about ten or twenty years older. But I don't want to be young again in this world. Because then I would grow old again. It is a sign of weakness—intellectual, physical and moral weakness, to want to be younger in this life. A man ought to be ashamed to have such a feeling. One of our boys, Robert, once wrote to me on one of my birthdays: 'A man's years are his retainers, and the more birthdays he has the stronger and greater is his following.'—*The Commonwealth.*

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**THE PROBLEM SOLVED AT LAST.**

What problem? Why, the problem why more men do not attend church.

And what is the solution? It is simply this: The men and women who being members of the church profess to be the servants of Christ, and yet do not faithfully obey their Lord's command to go out and compel them to come in that his house may be full.

That is the chief reason. The membership of the churches do not diligently and persistently and repeatedly hunt up the non-church goers, and kindly, courteously, invite them to go with them, and keep on doing so.

The following incident, narrated in the *Christian Herald*, is proof of the correctness of the above declaration:

A business man was on his way to the prayer meeting. His work had detained him so long that his dinner had been hastily eaten, and yet he was late for service. The sound of music floated down the street and as the church came into view he quickened his steps.

On the pavement he hurriedly passed a stranger, who was gazing curiously up at the open windows. Acting on a sudden impulse, he turned back.

"This is our prayer meeting evening. Will you go in with me?"

The stranger hesitated a moment. "Why, yes," he answered.

Prayer meeting ended, and the two went out together.

"I was very glad to have your company tonight," said the business man, as he parted from his new acquaintance, after finding out his name and where he lived. "May I call for you next Wednesday?"

The man, without much enthusiasm, replied that he "didn't care" if he did.

He called, and followed it up on succeeding Wednesdays, taking care to introduce the stranger to other men of the congregation.

That was the starting-point. Prayer meeting led to church services. The stranger finally, with his family, united with that congregation. He has become an active and efficient church worker.

"Do you know," he said to his first friend, recently, "do you know, I had lived in our city for seven years before I met you. I had not been in the city three days before grocers and dairymen had hunted me up; within three weeks the politicians had learned my political preferences. Yet in all those years you were the first man who ever said, 'Come, let us go into the house of the Lord.'—*Religious Telescope.*

**THE BEANS OF THE DEVIL.**

Rowland Hill began his sermon one morning by saying: "My friends, the other day I was going down the street and I saw a drove of pigs following a man. This excited my curiosity so much that I determined to follow. I did so; and to my great surprise, I saw them follow him to the slaughter house. I was anxious to know how this was brought about, and I said to the man, 'My friend, how did you manage to induce these pigs to follow you here?' 'Oh, did you not see?' said the man. 'I had a basket of beans under my arm, and I dropped a few as I came along, and so they followed me.' 'Yes," said the preach-

er, "and I thought, so it is that the devil has his basket of beans under his arm, and he drops them as he goes along; and what multitudes he induces to follow him to an everlasting slaughter house! Yes, friends, and all your broad and crowded thoroughfares are strewn with the beans of the devil."

The devil is just as busy now, with his basket of beans, as he was when Rowland Hill preached that sermon and he is just as successful in enticing silly men and women to the slaughter house of souls.—*Unknown.*



**THE ABSENT-MINDED FARMER.**

A story is going the rounds of the Missouri press regarding a farmer who is greatly troubled with absent-mindedness.

On the way home from town, so the story runs, the thought came to him that he had forgotten something. He took out his note-book, went over every item, checked it off, and saw that he had made all the purchases he had intended. As he drove on, he could not put aside the feeling that there was something missing. He took out his note-book and checked off every item again, but still found no mistake. He did this several times, but could not dismiss the idea that he must have forgotten something. When he arrived at home, and drove up to the house, his daughter came out to meet him, and with a look of surprise asked, "Why, where is maw?"



**A NEW CEREAL.**

The following story is told of a man who surely lived up to his training. His wife is an advocate of the theory that food should fit the consumer rather than the reverse. Sometimes they lived simply on milk, at other times on nuts, and again on fruits and grains.

Once, in the grain age, the wife was called away for some time. She told her husband that he would have to get his own luncheon, which he cheerfully consented to do.

"I had a fine meal on your new cereal," he said when she returned.

"What do you mean?" she inquired. "I haven't any new cereal in the house."

"Why, that nutty sort of stuff you left on the dining-room table."

The wife sat down suddenly "You've gone and eaten up my window-garden!" she wailed. "All my petunia, nasturtium, and pansy seeds."



**JAPANESE SURGERY.**

The Japanese, in the case of wounds on the field, simply apply first-aid bandages and antiseptics leaving the serious work to be done in the hospitals at home. This is always done except where the condition is precarious, or where there is danger of the wounded man's bleeding to death. In one hospital ship returning to Japan there were twenty-two hundred men, and there was not a single death on the trip. The Japanese have treated Russian prisoners similarly, and they also show many recoveries. As to the recuperative powers of the Japanese soldier, authorities agree that his plan and temperate habits account for it. The Turks also recover in a similar manner and for similar causes.

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**TOO MUCH HUMIDITY.**

To the number of those most disagreeable of human beings, the unreasonable grumblers, should be added a man of whom the *Detroit Free Press* tells.

He was suffering from inflammatory rheumatism, but was carefully nursed by his wife, who was very devoted to him in spite of his fault-finding. His suffering caused her to burst into tears sometimes as she sat at his bedside.

One day a friend of the invalid came in and asked him how he was getting on.

"Badly! badly!" he exclaimed. "And it's all my wife's fault!"

"Is it possible?" asked the friend, in surprise.

"Yes. The doctor told me that humidity was bad for me. And yet that woman sits there and cries and cries!"



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