

An Accident and What Come of It.

Those who have seen the late Dr. G. M. Grant, principal of Queen's College, Kingston, Ontario, will remember that he always wore a black mitten upon his right hand. In his early life he met with an accident in which his hand was so severely injured that only a stump of it remained. But though he suffered this disability he made such progress that he rose to be one of the foremost men in Canada. As an educationalist, as an administrator, and as an ecclesiastical statesman, he had few equals in the Dominion. He was naturally of a kindly nature, but it is probable that his own early sufferings and struggles made him more alert to discover, and more prompt to assist, cases of distress.

Some years ago, Dr. Grant revisited the little village in Nova Scotia where he began his ministry. On the night before the day he had set for his departure, he heard that a little lad that day had lost his hand. Though it was about ten o'clock at night when Dr. Grant heard the sad news, he at once asked his host if it would not be possible for them to go out to see the little fellow. The host hesitated at first, because the wounded lad lived some little distance out of the village, the night was dark and rainy, and there were neither street lamp nor sidewalks; but when he saw how determined the principal was to go, and when he remembered that would be the only opportunity his guest would have of seeing the boy, he procured a lantern, and together they set off. Along the muddy and deserted street they went, and in due time reached the place. Very tenderly did the good doctor talk to the boy; indeed, no mother could have spoken more sympathetically. Taking off his black mitten, and showing him his maimed hand, he said: "The accident to that hand made a man of me. It was after I met with it that I resolved to be a preacher of the Gospel. God has been very gracious to me, and He will be to you. You are not so badly off as I was, because you have only lost your left hand, whereas I lost my right. So you see you have the advantage of me." In this strain he spoke to the lad, not long, but long enough to inspire the sufferer with fresh faith and hope. It was a high price which Dr. Grant paid for the lesson which enabled him to speak in that helpful, hopeful, encouraging fashion to a boy; but who will say that it was too costly? Certainly he himself would not have said so.—*Rev. W. S. McTavish, in Forward.*

Its Power Grows with Age.—How many medicines loudly blazoned as panaceas for all human ills have come and gone since Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil was first put upon the market? Yet it remains, doing more good to humanity than many a preparation more highly vaunted, and extended its virtues wider and wider and in a larger circle every year.

There was somebody who borrowed a book and kept it for months. Was it you?

There was somebody who said unkind words which hurt somebody else. Was it you?

There was somebody who was selfish and thoughtless in he home. Was it you?

TIED AND DEPRESSED.

The Condition of Many Young Women in Shops and Offices.

Thousands of young women have to depend upon their own efforts to gain a livelihood, and to these, whether behind the counter, in the office, the factory or the home, work means close confinement—often in badly ventilated rooms. There is a strain on the nerves; the blood becomes impoverished; the cheeks pale; there are frequent headaches; palpitation of the heart and a constant tiredness. If the first symptoms are neglected it may lead to a complete breakdown—perhaps consumption. What is needed to restore vim and energy and vitality is a tonic, and absolutely the best tonic in the world is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They actually make new blood, and bring health and cheerful energy to tired and depressed girls and women. Miss Viola Millett, Robinson's Corner, N. S., says: "I was a great sufferer from headaches, heart palpitation and troubles that afflict my sex. My blood seemed almost to have turned to water, and the least exertion left me weak and depressed. I used seven boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and they have made a remarkable change in my condition. I can truly say that I feel like a new person, and I strongly recommend these pills to all weak, ailing girls."

These pills cure all form of blood and nerve troubles, but you must get the genuine, with the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," on the wrapper around each box. Ask your druggist for them, or you can get them by mail at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Ten Commandments for the Mother.

1. Be healthy.
2. Be joyful.
3. Be beautiful.
4. Be gentle and placid.
5. Be firm without severity.
6. Do not stint with your mother love. Tenderness is not effeminacy. And just because life often is cold and hard and cruel, a sunny, bright, glad childhood is a blessing for the whole life.
7. Discipline as life disciplines. It does not scold, it does not plead, it does not fly into a passion. It simply teaches that every deep has its adequate effect.
8. Do not laugh at the little sorrows and pains of child life. Nothing wounds a child more than to find ridicule where it looked for sympathy.
9. In illness and danger protect, nurse, cherish and cheer as much as in your power. And do not weaken your vitality by giving way to anguish and sorrowing. What can be done must be done as well as possible.
10. Do not forget the happiness of having a child include the duty of smoothing his way in the world—of endowing him with health, gladness, courage, vigor; of finally letting him live his own life freely and in his own way. Your pay you have had in advance for your sorrowing was happiness and your sacrifice joy.—*Harpur's Bazaar.*

There was somebody who found nothing but fault with everything in the belongings of her friend. Was it you?

ETHICS OF BUSINESS.

(Continued from page 2).

the jar of the rumbling wheels of commerce shakes the telescope so that the astronomer cannot make delicate observation of the heavens; and the Christian business man, in the rush and turmoil of business life, finds that his religious duties are interfered with. It is hard to pray in the midst of so much confusion.

The difficulty arises from a too clear-cut distinction between business and religion. Let him wipe out the word "secular" from his vocabulary. He is God's steward, and now his office becomes sacred as a church; his ledger is as holy as his Bible, for both are God's books. He can now pray without ceasing, for he realizes the need of God as much in his counting-room as in his prayer meeting. The whole world has become a temple, God's house, where God is worshipped in consecrated service through the week, as in public song and prayer on the Sabbath. Every spot is holy ground, and every day a holy day, every garment a vestment, and every meal a sacrament.

The middle wall of partition between the secular and the religious has been broken down. The veil of the temple is rent in twain; and all God's house in which we live is turned into a Holy of Holies. He still delights to hear the music of organ and choir in the church, while the melody in his heart is a choir singing unto the Lord all through the week.


Queen Elizabeth asked a rich English merchant to go on a mission for the crown. The merchant remonstrated, saying that such a long absence would be fatal to his business. "You take care of my business," replied the queen, "and I will take care of your." When he returned he found that his business, through the patronage and care of the queen, had increased in volume and he was richer than when he left.

So every business man can afford to place the interests of Christ's kingdom first, for the promise is clear and unmistakable, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." Make money for Christ, and he will supply your. Keep his laws, and he will keep you. Do his will, and he will look after your welfare. If losses come, he will see that they are ultimate gains. Link your destiny in time and eternity with Jesus Christ, and bankruptcy will be impossible.

Prize the spiritual above the material. Transmute the seen and temporal into the unseen and eternal. Lay up treasures in Heaven, so that death, which impoverishes the rich worldling, will be your enrichment. Ever seek Christ's "Well done" here and you will receive it hereafter.

LOST IN THE CITY.

A man whose face showed that he was under a tremendous mental strain hurried into a police station in New York City recently, and asked if a negro woman and a year-old baby had been picked up astray in the precinct. When told none had been found, he became almost frantic with grief, and related to the sympathetic sergeant how he had come to the city accompanied by his wife and baby, attended by a nurse. They had gone out shopping and had



"Lime Juice for Me."

"Tell you what, there's nothing like Lime Juice when you're sizzling. A tall cold one of

Sovereign Lime Juice

with the ice tinkling against the glass, and a straw to make it last long, is the finest thirst- quencher I ever tasted. Just try it once, and see if you don't agree with me."

IN 10c, 15c, 25c & 50c BOTTLES
At all grocers and druggists
SIMSON BROS. CO. LTD.
HALIFAX N.S.

taken the child and nurse along. They has entered one of the large stores, leaving the nurse and the baby outside. They got turned around in the store and when they went out found themselves on another street, and they had searched for hours in vain, becoming all the time more anxious and excited. This turned out all right, and the faithful nurse waited until the store closed, and then took her little charge back to the hotel. But how suggestive it is of losses which are happening in the city every day. Many parents come to the city, and lose their children there beyond hope. Many young men lose their manhood there. The city is a great place for losing as well as gaining.

Emotion is no substitute for action. You love Africa? "God so loved that he gave" — what? Superfluities? Leavings? That which cost him nothing?—*G. L. Pilkington.*

He who loves not lives not; he who lives by the Life can not die.—*Raymond Lull.*

There was somebody who spoke unkindly of somebody else. Was it you?

Reasonable Treatment for

Eczema
Salt Rheum
Boils
Scrofula

TAKE

WEAVER'S SYRUP

which

By Purifying the Blood destroys the origin of these afflictions.

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