

**TOMMY'S DREAM.**

Tommy had a curious dream one night. He had been kept in from play to help his father. But, instead of being proud to think that his father wanted his help, he was cross about losing his play—so cross that his father quietly remarked he would not ask him to stay in again.

When he lay down to sleep that night he dreamed that two angels were sent down to earth to make a record of all the nice, loving things the boys and girls were doing. One angel was to take note of the big things that were done, and the other was to write down all the little, unnoticed deeds of life. They parted as they reached the earth, and when they met again, on their way back to heaven, they compared notes. One had scarcely filled two pages of his book.

"There are not many conspicuous things done, after all," he said, in explanation.

"I have scarcely found time to write down all that I have seen," said the other angel, and he showed a little book filled from cover to cover with the record of loving little deeds.

Tommy's heart stood still, and he thought, "My name must be there, too, for it was a nice thing to stay in and help father."

Then he heard the angel explaining why there were some boys and girls he did not take any notice of at all. "They did nice things," he said, "but they were so cross about it and so unwilling, that I could not write them down. For, you know, I was told only to record the loving deeds of life."

Then Tommy woke up, and as he lay still and thought about it, he knew that he could not possibly have been in the angel's book that day.—*Ram's Horn.*



**OVERTAKEN BY CALAMITY.**

During a period of agricultural depression in the West almost all the farms in a northern county of Michigan were under mortgage. At one farm, says the *Chicago Journal*, a man who was in the neighborhood on business found the owner looking particularly troubled.

"What's the matter?" he asked, sympathetically. "Can't you raise your mortgage interest?"

"It's worse than that, mister," replied the other, wearily.

"Crops a failure?"

"Nope."

"Sickness or death in the family?"

"Worse than that."

"Then it must be a calamity, indeed. You didn't lose family and home by a forest fire?"

"Nope; but you are right about its being a calamity. I've been trying to think of the word for two hours past. Yes, sir, you can put it down as an awful calamity."

"Well, but what is it? Can't you tell?"

"Yes. There was a mortgage on my farm, and I was feeling as big as any one of my neighbors and taking things easy when my wife got a legacy of six hundred dollars. Stranger, can you guess what she did with that money?"

"She didn't lose it?"

"No, sir. She just paid that mortgage, bought two horses and a plow, and this morning I was bounced out of my own cabin because I wouldn't peel off my coat and go to work! Yes, sir, you are right. It's a calamity—a calamity that's landed me on the outside, and between my pride and her spunk somebody'll be eating grass afore Saturday night!"

**A Not Unprecedented Phenomenon.**

All over the world it was telegraphed that the Sea of Azov is drying up. This body of water is an outlet for millions of bushels of Russia's export wheat. Its chief water receipts are derived from the Don, which for many ages has been spreading "millions of tons of sediment a year from the shallow flow of the sea," narrowing the basin and raising the bed. The ruins of the town Tanais, founded by the Greeks at the very mouth of the Don, are now six miles inland. Even Aristotle made remarks about this sea, and said that all the inhabitants "will perhaps have disappeared before the change is completed." The main depth of the whole sea is thirty-two feet. The amount of sediment emitted into it annually is about 230,000,000 cubic feet. At this rate it will take 56,000 years to fill it up.

The report has sprung up because the waters at Taganrog, the chief wheat port, receded so that for several days the bottom of the gulf was visible for two or three miles. The geographer who contributes these facts to *The Sun* says this is not at all unprecedented. The mean depth of the gulf is only from ten to twelve feet. It has diminished by nearly two feet since the first charts were made, those of Peter the Great. It is the influence of strong and persistent winds that has brought about this phenomenon. By them the level of the water is sometimes raised or lowered as much as ten, or even fifteen or sixteen feet, and it is these changes which have brought about this strange fact of vessels lying high and dry. "But," says the author from whom we quote, "in spite of this occasional phenomenon Taganrog will continue to be one of the chief southern ports of the empire for a long time."

**GOOD RESULTS.**

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The reputation held by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills not only in Canada but throughout the whole world is one that cannot be equaled by any other medicine. No other medicine in the world is so extensively used as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and this extensive use is due solely to the merit of the medicine. These pills are not a common purging medicine; they are a scientific blood builder and nerve restorer. Every dose helps create new, rich, red blood, and this new blood reaches the root of the disease and drives it from the system. That is the whole secret of the success of this remarkable medicine. Thousands and thousands testify to the value of these pills, among them being Mrs. Robert Gibbs, Petit Lameque, N.B., who says:—"I wish to thank you for the good results obtained from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I suffered from kidney trouble and the pains in the back were sometimes hard to bear. I used in all six boxes of the pills and the trouble has entirely disappeared. I would strongly advise others sufferers to use your pills without delay."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure all blood and nerve troubles such as rheumatism, neuralgia, anemia, partial paralysis, indigestion, palpitation of the heart and many others. Sold by all medicine dealers or direct from The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50.

**A PRACTICAL ILLUSTRATION.**

A most telling illustration was used by an English missionary in the course of his address. He held up a piece of paper in which he said he had put threepence, and, taking out his watch, he promised to give the packet to anyone who came and took it within two minutes.

The effect was dead silence. Then a boy laughed, and a few nudged their neighbors. One, however, started to his feet, which was the signal for others to follow; but he quickly ran to Mr. Jones and took the proffered gift. When the others had resumed their seats, Mr. Jones asked the boy why he came.

"Because you told me, sir," he answered.

"Do you believe me?"

"Oh, yes!"

"How much money have you got in your hand?"

"Threepence, sir," said the boy.

"How do you know? You have not opened it."

"You told me so, sir."

"Have you seen me before?"

"Only yesterday."

He was then told to open the packet, and he found, not threepence, as he expected, but ninepence more than his anticipations—a most beautiful way of showing how to expect the gift of eternal life, and accepting, receive more than we thought.



**A MOTHER'S VICTORY.**

A woman once said, "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord." She stood alone, the only Christian in the family, but she had faith in God. She prayed, and one was converted; they prayed, and another was saved, and they kept on until the whole household was brought to know and fear the Lord.

Says the *Christian Advocate*: "There are difficulties in many a family which others little dream of, and one of the hardest things is divided counsel, where husband and wife are not one; and yet the one who has the deep spiritual life (especially if she be the mother) will, I believe, win in the end. I read some time ago of a deeply devoted Christian mother, whose husband had become skeptical, and the mother endured untold agony as the father made sport before the children of what was to her most sacred and dear. Not one word passed her lips, however, as she would not lower him in their estimation. When they were in bed, she took the New Testament and read the *life of the Saviour to them*, making no comment on what they had heard from their father and the truth was the effectual antidote. Three of her boys she lived to hear preach Christ, and all her children followed her into the church. She had religious life in her family."

Mother, hold fast your anchor. Pray on and labor on, and you shall not pray and labor in vain.—*The Christian.*



**STRAIGHTEN UP.**

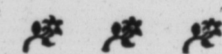
God made your backbone to be erect and not curved or hunched. He formed it of several bones, so that it would bend to fit different positions, but the natural position is erect. Sit straight so your lungs will have room to work in. Your lungs have two sets of cells, one for air, the other for blood, separated by a membrane. The blood must come in contact with the air, and take from the air the oxygen. Now when you stoop you cannot get air enough to purify the blood; these little cells are squeezed together. Give the lungs room enough

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to pump in all the pure air they need, and to do this you must sit and stand straight. And, then, think of how much better you look. You don't like to see boys and girls all stooped over, do you? Round shoulders make you look smaller and slouchy. And then it isn't as your Maker intended you to be.—*The Sabbath Visitor.*



You need not cough at night and disturb your friends; there is no occasion for you running the risk of contracting inflammation of the lungs or consumption, while you can get Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. This medicine cures coughs, colds, inflammation of the lungs, and all throat and chest troubles. It promotes a free and easy expectoration, which immediately relieves the throat and lungs from viscid phlegm.

I will not work my soul to save,  
That labor Christ has done.  
But I will work like any slave,  
For love to God's dear Son.

*A Wide Sphere of Usefulness.*—The consumption of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil has grown to great proportions. Notwithstanding the fact that it has now been on the market for over twenty-one years, its prosperity is at great as ever, and the demand for it in that period has very greatly increased. It is beneficial in all countries, and wherever introduced fresh supplies are constantly asked for.

A remarkable revival is going on in the city of Aintab, Asia Minor. It began with the Week of Prayer, and as a missionary writes to the *London Christian*, "Prayer meetings become daily food, nay, daily life."

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