

cares in drink; but now that the reality of life had surpassed his wildest dreams he had no longer any cares to drown. Glorious indeed were the castles that Frank raised in the air with his newly acquired wealth. What beautiful clothes he would buy for Alice, and what wonderful toys for the children; and how happy they would once more be all together! Surely the hateful past was indeed past now—past, never to return; for in a new life, spent in a fresh place, under altered conditions, the old temptation would lose its former power and be forever robbed of its victory. But the thought which brought the greatest joy to Frank Marsden's heart in connection with the fortune he had inherited from his uncle, was the thought that now he could make Tommy "a real gentleman," for Tommy should go to a school whereto the real gentry sent their sons, and should hold up his head with the best.

"Hullo, Marsden! come and stand us a drink," cried George Grierson, one evening as it was growing dusk.

"No, no, not I," replied Frank. "I'll never taste another drop of that accursed stuff while I live. This money has made a new man of me, and a new man I mean to remain."

"Well, you are a stingy cove, and no mistake!" sneered Grierson. "I could not have believed that you would turn out so mean as soon as you had a little ready cash to hand."

"It isn't meanness, Grierson."

"Isn't it; well, it looks uncommonly like it, doesn't it, lads?" cried Grierson, appealing to a group of men who were hanging around the doors of the "Blue Boar." I noticed that you were ready enough to drink when you were poor, and other chaps had to stand treat; but now that the boot is on the other leg, you've become mighty teetotal all of a sudden. Such temperance is beautiful to see, isn't it, boys?"

The men roared with laughter at this sally, and Marsden—who never could bear to be laughed at—after a little more similar chaff went into the "Blue Boar," followed by his former evil associates—"just for the last time," as he said to himself in excuse.

And it was for the last time.

Long and late did Frank Marsden sit drinking in the public-house with his boon companions—sat until he was be-sooted and inflamed with the devil's poison, and was no better than a brute beast. Poor Alice, guessing what had happened, came and waited for him outside; she brought the two children with her, hoping that the sight of his darlings would bring Frank to a better state of mind, and induce him to come home with her and them. But her heart sank as she waited for him in vain, and looked at the reeling figures reflected against the window-blind of the "Blue Boar," which made a ghastly magic-lantern to the further discomfiture of the unhappy woman. Marsden knew that his wife was outside waiting for him, for he was too far gone by this time to have any ear for her tender pleadings. At last one of the men made some rough joke about Frank's being tied to his wife's apron-strings, which filled the tipsy fellow with unreasoning rage against the patient figure waiting so pitifully in the village street. Completely carried away by his drunken fury, he rushed out of the inn and down the steps to where his wife was standing, and struck the poor woman to the ground with an iron tool he had seized in his intoxicated frenzy.

A piercing shriek rent the still night

air, followed by the pitiful wailing of little children; and then Frank Marsden came to himself, to find that he was a murderer and his babes were motherless.

So Frank was hanged at the next Assizes, and his handsome fortune was forfeited to the Crown. The baby-girl did not long survive her poor mother; and Tommy, who was to have become a "real gentleman," was condemned to the hard lot of a pauper-child, and the sins of his father were visited upon his innocent head.

The Demon of Drink was filled with unholy triumph, for the struggle was ended and he had prevailed.

"Strong is a man's promise to his mother," he said; "and strong are also worldly ambitions, and the love of woman, and the hand of a little child. These truly are mighty; but I am mightier than them all." And he laughed aloud in his evil glee.

The good Angel answered him never a word, but returned vanquished to his own place; and as he went he bowed his head in sorrow, crying, "Lord, how long?"—*Friendly Visitor.*



CONSUMPTION CURABLE.

Good Blood Makes the Lungs Strong and Expels Disease.

The time to cure consumption is not after the lungs are hopelessly involved and the doctor has given you up. Consumption preys upon weakness. Strength is the only measure of safety. Do not let the blood become thin and watery. That is an open invitation to disease to take possession of your system. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the best tonic and strength-builder known to medical science. The record of this medicine proves conclusively that taken when the symptoms of consumption develop it builds up, strengthens and invigorates the patient to a point where the disease disappears. Here is a bit of positive proof. Miss Blanche Durand, St. Edmond, Que., says: "While out boating in September, 1901, I got my feet wet and took cold. I treated the cold in the usual way, but the cough seemed to cling to me. As several months passed by and I was not getting better, I went to a doctor in January, 1902, and he told me that my lungs were affected and I was in consumption. Returning home, a friend in whom I had much confidence strongly urged me to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I began taking the pills and soon found they were helping me. The cough grew less severe; my appetite improved and my strength began to return. I continued taking the pills for about two months, when I found my health fully restored, and I have not since experienced any weakness. I am sure Dr. Williams' Pink Pills saved my life."

Such cases as these prove the power of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They make new rich, red blood, and in this way cure all diseases due to bad blood and weak nerves. You can get these pills from any medicine dealer or by mail at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.



The chief obstacle to the accomplishment of the church's great mission is that we have not yet come under Christ's law of disinterested love and unselfish service.

Christ did not come to cramp anyone's manhood. He came to broaden it. He came to fulfil it,

THE GREAT LIGHTENER OF LABOR.

Love is the greatest preventive of drudgery. The two cannot exist together. Not the love of being praised and toasted, which is a merely human or animal loving, but the divine love of helping our housemates and friends. "What do we live for?" asks George Eliot, "if not to make life easier for one another?" Environment has almost nothing to do with it. "We are living in a little back room," wrote Lowell, after his marriage, "but the white curtains are trimmed with evergreen, and we are as happy as two mortals can be."

Another person who is as happy as a morsel can be is a grotesquely plain old maid of my acquaintance, who had adopted half a dozen children of more than dubious parentage, and who takes in boarders to support them. The boarders respect her as a good cook and a neat housekeeper. The children almost worship her.

They are not perfect. One of the boys was arrested for theft lately—his hereditary instincts were too strong for his new ambitions. But his adopted mother gets a letter from jail every week, and if you could see the light in her eyes when she sits down on Sunday afternoon to answer his letter, you would say, "This woman is no drudge. She is an artist; she is shaping a human soul for eternity."—*Good House-keeping.*



ELOQUENCE IN FIGURES.

Those who have patience for statistics may calculate how much truth to fact there is in this piece of loyal eloquence on the part of an Australian schoolmaster:

King Edward, he told his class, is now sovereign over a continent, one hundred peninsulas, five hundred promontories, one hundred lakes, two thousand rivers and ten thousand islands.

He waves his hand, and nine hundred thousand warriors march to battle to conquer or to die. He bends his head and one thousand ships of war and a hundred thousand sailors perform his bidding on the ocean. He walks upon the earth, and three hundred million human beings feel the least pressure of his foot.

The Assyrian empire was not so populous. The Persian empire was not so powerful. The Carthaginian empire was not so much dreaded. The Spanish empire was not so widely diffused. The Roman empire was weak in comparison, and Greece was a small village.

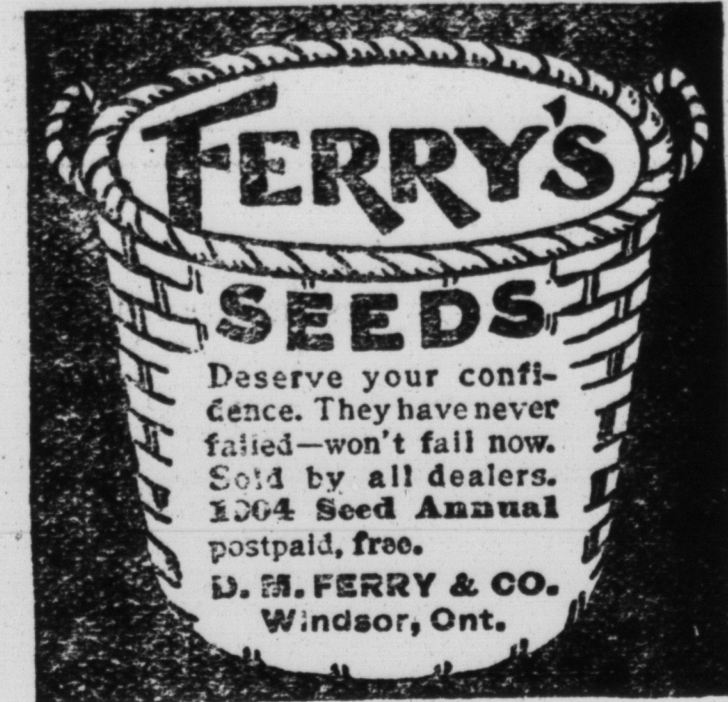


HIS PRECAUTIONS.

A German farmer was driving across a railroad track when a train struck his wagon, killed his horses, and threw him out. In the resulting suit for damages the plaintiff was on the witness-stand, making out a good case, when the defendant's lawyer said, "Did you take precaution before you drove upon the track?" The witness seemed reluctant to answer, but finally stammered out, "Yah, I took yoost a leedle—yoost a couple of swallows, dat's all." This started a new line of defence, and it turned out that the "couple of swallows" were the last in the pint flask that had been full when he started. He lost his case.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*



If I understand the teaching of the New Testament correctly, the follower of Jesus must take up his cross daily.



The Christian is to be rich in good works, not in order to be saved, but because he is saved.

There is danger in neglecting a cold. Many who have died of consumption dated their troubles from exposure, followed by a cold which settled on their lungs, and in a short time they were beyond the skill of the best physician. Had they used Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, before it was too late, their lives would have been spared. This medicine has no equal for curing coughs, colds, and all affections of the throat and lungs.

One generous act is worth a whole ton of tall talk.

It Is An Elixir of Life.—Since forgotten time, men have been seeking for the Elixir of Life, which tradition says once existed. Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil is an Elixir, before which pain cannot live. It is made up of six essential oils, carefully blended so that their curative properties are concentrated in one. It has no equal in the treatment of lumbago, rheumatism, and all bodily pains.

He is not rich who lays up much, but he only who lays out much.

That tormenting cold that made you wretched last winter will not come back if you take Allen's Lung Balsam when your throat is raw and sore. This admirable remedy is free from opium. Take it in time.

Love loves a hard task. It gives all it has and longs for more to give.

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.