

they will think of me fast enough as warm weather comes on, and they will write then, and no doubt they will come."

"I must go, now," said Florence, rising as she was talking, as she had been taught to do. "I hope your ankle will get better, so you can go to church next Sunday, and I hope you won't cry again for being lonesome."

"I don't believe I shall feel like it. I thank you for coming. I thought it was December before you came, now I think it is May. You are living up to your name. Seven doesn't often call upon seventy."

"Oh, are you seventy, Mrs. Weaver?"

"I shall be next Saturday."

"I could," said Florence May, in whose brain a bright thought had taken form. "Good-bye, Mrs. Weaver," and out she went; and forgetting everything but her friendly purpose, she ran like a fawn every step of the way home.

The next morning she asked: "Please, mamma, can I have a postal card to write all myself?"

"Of course," said the mother, "if you have anything worth writing." So Florence took a card from the case and wrote in a very good hand for a seven-year-old child:

"Dear Lizzy,—I went to see your Aunt Nemly bec'os I am a naber. She hurted her nancul an she was cri-in and had cri-drops on her face. She sed her burf day was next Sat-day, and I am goin' ter make a book marker. I hope your doll Rosepink is well, and can cum wif you nex' summer. Your fren, Florence May."

She addressed the card all right, because she had been at Lizzie's home and knew the street and number.

Every day during the week Florence remembered that she was a neighbor, and called on Mrs. Weaver, much to that dear lady's enjoyment, and Saturday morning she carried a little bouquet that her mother had cut from her window plants and the bookmark of perforated cardboard that she had made herself.

"Oh, thank you," cried Mrs. Weaver, coming to the door without her crutch. "I never had such a week; callers every day, and my mind has been so diverted that my lameness has gone—I don't know how nor where; and this morning, early, the expressman brought a box from Hartford—from Lizzie's folks you know—and they all sent me a birthday present; even this box of sugar-mints is marked with the baby's name. And this little package is for you."

"Oh," cried Florence, unwrapping the paper, she hardly knew how in her excitement; "it is Lizzie's doll, Rosepink, and see, Lizzie has written, 'This doll needs change of air, so I send her to Aunt Emily's good little neighbor.'"

"Well I never heard the like of that," said Mrs. Weaver; "the week began with neighbors and is ending with neighbors."—*Western Christian Advocate.*

CLING TO THE CROSS.

The late Admiral Sampson told this story to an audience of small boys in a parlor of a social settlement house. They were ragged small boys, of more than one nationality, but they proudly called themselves Americans, and they had come to see and hear an American hero.

The Admiral judged his audience correctly at once. He saw that they were at the impatient age, and he plunged straight into his story.

"I want to tell you of something that happened on my ship the morning the

American fleet took the harbor of Santiago," he said, and all the wrigglers stopped wriggling. There was a happy sigh throughout the room, then breathless stillness.

"You all remember that battle?" Vigorous noddings from every head. "And you know my ship was late getting there?" More nods. "All round us, as we sailed in, there were signs of the Spanish defeat—wreckage, dead men, disaster. Now, who can tell what day of the week that was?"

"Sunday!" shouted the audience as one boy.

"Yes, Sunday morning; and we always have prayers on the Admiral's ship Sunday morning. The little reading desk, with the cross carved on the top of it, was still standing on deck. We had gone into battle so hastily that no one had had time to put the desk away. It was a little thing, easily moved about.

"So we sailed along, and there was death and destruction on the face of the waters. And the battle was won. But among the dead things and the burning things that floated on the water we saw a man swimming. He was a Spanish sailor; one of our enemies. He was making a struggle for his life, but there was nothing near enough for him to cling to, and each stroke he made was fainter than the last. The shore was a long way off. According to the rules of war, we had no time to save his life; besides he was our enemy."

The room was very still; every eye was fixed on the Admiral.

"Some of us on that side of the ship," he continued, "watched the man curiously, wondering how long he would hold out. Then all of a sudden one of our sailors picked up a little reading desk and pitched it over the side of the ship into the sea.

"Here, friend," he cried, "Cling to that! Cling to the cross, and it'll take you safe to shore."

"Of course the Spaniard couldn't understand those English words, but the action was unmistakable; and the last he saw of the poor fellow he was clinging to the cross and moving toward the shore.

"That's the kind of American you want to be, boys—the kind that sailor was aboard my ship."

Then they all stood up in the settlement parlor and sang "America" till the ceiling trembled.—*Youth's Companion.*

DON'TS FOR MOTHERS.

Don't delude yourself with the idea that at six months baby cannot understand the difference between your "yes" and "no."

Don't try to divert when obedience is your right.

Don't allow your child to become a source of annoyance in a public vehicle.

Don't entertain all your friends with a detailed account of your children's marvellous sayings and doings.

Don't permit a fear to be implanted in your child. Deal summarily with those who would dare implant it.

Don't fail to make your children understand how important they are in the domestic economy of their home, and how surely they can add to or mar its harmony.

Don't fret your children by perpetually worrying about them. They must have some common-sense; teach them to make use of it.

Don't treat your son and your daughter at twenty as you would have treated them at twelve. Remember that they are now a man and a woman.—*Gabrielle E. Jackson.*

WHEN SICKNESS COMES.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Should be Used to bring back Health.

Sickness comes sooner or later in the life of everyone. Many who for years have enjoyed the best of health are suddenly seized with some one of the numerous ills of life. Most of the ills result from an impoverished condition of the blood; thus if the blood is enriched the trouble will disappear. That is why Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have had a greater success than any other medicine in the world in curing sick and ailing people. These pills actually make new, rich, red blood, strengthen every nerve in the body and in this way make people well and strong. Mr. Alphonse Lacoussiere, a well known young farmer of St. Leon, Que., proves the truth of these statements. He says: "About a year ago my blood gradually became impoverished. I was weak, nervous, and generally run down. Then suddenly my trouble was aggravated by pains in my kidneys and bladder, and day by day I grew so much worse that finally I was unable to rise without aid. I consulted doctors, but any relief I obtained from their medicine was only temporary, and I began to despair of ever being well again. One day I read an article in a newspaper praising Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I decided to try them. I got six boxes, and before they were all gone my condition was so greatly improved that I knew I had at last found a medicine to cure me. I continued the use of the pills for a while longer, and every symptom of my trouble was gone, and I have since enjoyed the best of health. I think so much of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills that I am never without them in the house."

It is because Dr. Williams' Pink Pills make new blood that they cure such diseases as anæmia, rheumatism, kidney and liver troubles, neuralgia, indigestion and all other ailments due to poor blood. But you must get the genuine, bearing the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," on the wrapper around every box. Sold by medicine dealers everywhere, or sent by mail at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

THAT REMINDS ME.

"I'll tell you the kind of listeners I don't like," said a young woman, vehemently. "They're the ones who hear you through without really interrupting and whose faces show a smiling animation which you flatter yourself is a tribute to what you are saying—but it isn't any such thing. The minute you get to the end, almost before the last syllable is out, they begin: 'That reminds me of an experience I had one time;' and without word of comment on what you have been saying, they launch forth into an animated personal reminiscence, and sometimes the connection is even hard to see."

"Such people are pretty numerous," said another. "They can't seem to take a healthy, impersonal interest in anything. I saw a dear little girl graduate the other day bring out a photograph of herself which her mother had asked her to show a friend. There was so much that might have been said to the sweet, shrinking original of the picture, but this woman's sole comment, made with dancing eyes, was: 'I must tell you what a funny thing happened when I had my graduating picture taken fifteen years ago.' And a rather tiresome

FOR HOT WEATHER

Sovereign Lime Juice cools the blood—counteracts the feverishness caused by excessive heat, and actually lowers the temperature of the body.

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is the drink of health. It's refreshing and delicious. Costs only one-third of a cent a glass.

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reminiscence followed, while the new photograph lay utterly ignored on the woman's lap."

The criticism surely is not undeserved. Notice for yourself how many people seem to find pleasure only in such conversation as can be turned personally back upon themselves. And it isn't a lovable or enduring habit, is it?

A Study of Old Age

Reveals the fact that the blood is usually thin and lacking the strengthening properties of the young folks' blood. If you want to fill your blood with the fire of youth, build up your strength, restore your nerves, just use Ferrozone. It's the most potent tonic known, and will renew the flickering flame of an aged life by imparting nourishment to enfeebled organs. Ferrozone fortifies weak systems, feeds the blood, brain and nerves with new life. Try Ferrozone. Price 50c. per box.

There are cases of consumption so far advanced that Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup will not cure, but none so bad that it will not give relief. For coughs, colds and all affections of the throat, lungs and chest, it is a specific which has never been known to fail. It promotes a free and easy expectoration, thereby removing the phlegm, and gives the diseased parts a chance to heal.

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