

wraps. "Now if you will excuse me for a few moments—I'm alone today," and Ethel hurried to the kitchen.

An exclamation of delight escaped Miss Thurston as she entered the dainty dining room—everything was so tastefully arranged. And the cooking—'twas Ethel's best!

"You were expecting some one to dinner, I—"

"Yes; my father's cousin," replied Ethel, glad that she had prepared such a dainty dinner for the lonely woman who had not come.

"And you cooked—and did it all—alone!"

"But I'm used to it," smiling, and Ethel served Miss Thurston with the fruit salad a second time.

Shortly after they left the dining room a carriage drove up to the door.

"I'm greatly delighted with the prospective head of our domestic science department—the capable young woman I shall recommend to the board of trustees tomorrow," said Miss Thurston, taking Ethel's hand. "I'm to be congratulated that my train was late!"

"And she didn't ask me a question—about what I could do," confided Ethel, on her sister's return, "not one!"

"She didn't have to," replied Mary, meaningly.

"I don't see—"

"Why? Because you did your best for Cousin Sarah!"—*The Advocate.*

THE BAR.

A poet has said of the saloon, or public house, that it is appropriately called a bar:—

A bar to heaven, a door to hell;  
Whoever named it named it well;  
A bar to manliness and wealth,  
A door to want and broken health;  
A bar to honor, pride and fame,  
A door to sin and grief and shame;  
A bar to hope, a bar to prayer,  
A door to darkness and despair;  
A bar to honored, useful life,  
A door to brawling, senseless strife;  
A bar to all that's true and brave,  
A door to every drunkard's grave;  
A bar to joy that home imparts,  
A door to tears and aching hearts.  
A bar to heaven, a door to hell,  
Whoever named it named it well.

TURNED THE TABLES.

Perhaps the Irishman in this anecdote was really guilty of contempt of court, but he was certainly very quick-witted, and it is not strange that the onlookers enjoyed the joke on the judge.

An Irish witness was being examined as to his knowledge of a shooting affair.

"Did you see the shot fired?" the magistrate asked.

"No, sorr, I only heard it," was the evasive reply.

"That evidence is not satisfactory," replied the magistrate, sternly, "Stand down."

The witness proceeded to leave the box, and directly his back was turned he laughed derisively.

The magistrate, indignant at this contempt of court, called him back, and asked him how he dared to laugh in court.

"Did you see me laugh, your honor?" queried the offender.

"No, sir, but I heard you," was the irate reply.

"That evidence is not satisfactory," said Pat, quietly, but with a twinkle in his eye.

And this time everybody laughed except the magistrate.—*Selected.*

There is no misery like that of a divided heart and a spotted Christian robe.—*Professor Hodge.*

THE 'SCRIPTION PAPER.

BY MRS. SUSAN M. GRIFFITH.

"It's just as horrid as it can be!" said Mary Bell.

"I never heard of anything so shameful in all my borned days!" exclaimed Dorothy.

"It's a perfect outrage!" cried Mildred.

"I think folks ought to be too 'shamed to know where to put their heads!" said Winny.

"A great, big town full of peoples with nice homes and everything, to 'low Miss Besey to go to the poorhouse 'cause she's old and poor and can't get no work to do to pay her rent and buy things. I just can't hardly bear it." And little Mary Bell stamped her slipped foot and pounded her knee with her small fat fist.

"I wish we could do something," said Mildred, softly.

"S'posin' we get up a 'scription paper and go 'round," suggested Dorothy. "Let's go ever'where and get 'em to 'scribe everything—money and groceries and canned fruit, and things to make clothes—little Miss Besey needs clothes—and," Dorothy paused for want of breath.

"And work, Dorothy," said Winny. "You know little Miss Betsey'd rather have work than anything."

"Yes, we'll get her piles of mending," said Mary Bell. "Let's get the 'scription paper ready right off this very minutes."

No sooner said than done. A sheet of paper was procured, upon which was printed in startling letters the announcement:

"TWO KIP LITEL MIS BETTSEE FROM GOIN' TWO THE POORHOUSE."

Armed with this formidable document, the four little girls set forth upon their benevolent mission.

Shortly afterwards, Chamberlain's store on the corner was invaded by these four little girls, looking very sweet and fresh in their dainty summer dresses and floating ribbons. There were a great many loungers in at Chamberlain's, and the little girl's hearts beat very fast. Mary Bell laid the "'Scription Paper" on the counter timidly.

"What's this? What's all this?" asked Mr. Chamberlain, looking curiously over the tops of his spectacles.

"It's a 'Scription paper, and we want everybody to sign something on it," said Mary Bell faintly.

"'ror little Miss Betsey," said Dorothy, to help out.

"Cause we don't want her to go to the poorhouse," added Mildred.

"It would be awful, awful, awful to 'low her to do that," said Winny.

"Perfectly dreadful," said Mary Bell.

"Specially when we've got such nice homes and everything," said Dorothy, wisely.

"We hope you'll sign things—and work!" observed Mildred. "Little Miss Betsey likes work best. She does mending beautiful, and bakes such nice bread and sugar cakes. If you'd buy 'em—"

"Buy them!" exclaimed big Mr. Chamberlain, with a very big voice; "sure we'll buy them. Look here, fellows! These little ladies have gone to work and got up a subscription paper for Miss Betsey Price—to keep her from going to the poorhouse, it says. Good little woman as ever lived. Let's do something for her."

"Sure!" said the loungers, one and all.

That afternoon and the next day it looked as if little Miss Betsey was holding a reception. Grocery wagons rattled up to her door, followed by coal-

carts, dry goods delivery boys, armed with parcels; and bundles of mending plain sewing were begging for admittance at the little cottage door. The four little girls jumped up and down and whisked around the corner and sat down on a big rock and made a big round O with their pretty mouths.

"I never saw such a 'Scription paper in all my borned days!" said Mary Bell.

"It's brim full," said Dorothy.

"It made Dr. Russel cry!" said Mildred.

"It makes all folks good!" said Winny softly.

"And it's saved little Miss Betsey!" said all together.—*Chris. Outlook.*

MORBUS SABBATICUS.

Morbus Sabbaticus, or Sunday sickness, a disease peculiar to church members. The attack comes on suddenly every Sunday; no symptoms are felt on Saturday night; the patient sleeps well and wakes feeling well; eats a hearty breakfast, and about church time the attack comes on and continues until services are over for the morning. Then the patient feels easy and eats a hearty dinner. In the afternoon he feels much better and is able to take a walk, talk about politics and read the Sunday papers, he eats a hearty supper, but about church time he has another attack and stays at home. He retires early, sleeps well and wakes up Monday morning refreshed and able to go to work, and does not have any symptoms of the disease until the following Sunday. The peculiar features are as follows:

1. It always attacks members of the church.
2. It never makes its appearance except on the Sabbath.
3. The symptoms vary, but it never interferes with the sleep or appetite.
4. It never lasts more than twenty-four hours.
5. It generally attacks the head of the family.
6. No physician is ever called.
7. It always proves fatal in the end—to the soul.
8. No remedy is known for it except prayer.
9. Religion is the only antidote.
10. It is becoming fearfully prevalent, and is sweeping thousands every year prematurely to destruction.—*Sel.*

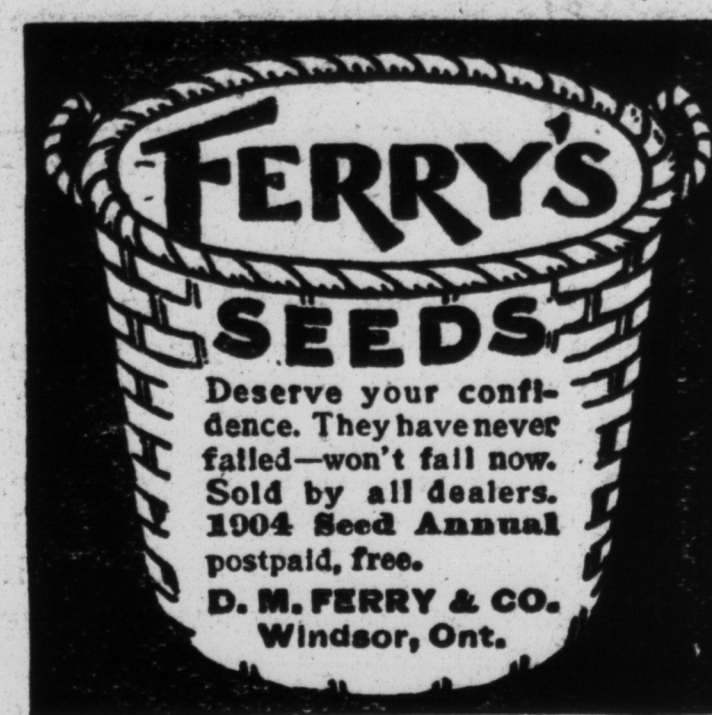
HOW EMERY IS QUARRIED.

Emery comes from the island of Naxos, in the eastern Mediterranean, whence it has been exported for the last two centuries or more. The beds are in the northeast of the island. There are about 30 men engaged in the trade; all of whom have to be married before they are admitted to the fraternity.

The material is much too hard to be dug out or even blasted. Great fires are lighted around the blocks till the natural cracks expand with the heat, and levers are then inserted to pry them apart. This system is continued until the blocks are reduced in size to masses of a cubic foot or less, and they are then shipped as if they were coal. There are said to be 20,000,000 tons yet available at Naxos. It is one of the hardest substances known.—*St. James Gazette.*

A WARNING TO DRUG USERS.

One of the saddest cases we ever saw came to our notice a few days ago. A woman of wealth who had for years moved in the world's highest circles was found on the street by one of the workers in a state of intoxication. She



brought her to the home and we befriended her, and for a time had considerable hope of her reformation, but she finally fell and came in one day a most loathful sight. Filthy, unkempt and bedraggled in her finery—beastly drunk. She was taken to the police station and from there sentenced to the insane hospital; a poor degraded disgusting wreck; lost to all sense of modesty and womanliness.

The beginning of this sad story was in the treatment of a sore throat with cocaine administered by a regular physician, until an uncontrollable drug habit was formed. This led to use of morphine, whiskey, menthol and kindred stimulants until her ruin was complete.—*Word and Work.*

No; you cannot sell "any old thing" merely by advertising. Many liniments are advertised. Only one, Perry Davis' Pain Killer, has stood the test of sixty years. To-day it is more popular than ever. 25 and 50c.

It is no use praying for bread while we are stealing butter.—*Ram's Horn.*

A treacherous wind hits you in the back and the next morning you have lumbago. Rub well and often with Perry Davis' Pain Killer, and you will be astonished to find out how quickly all soreness is banished.

The humblest occupation has in it materials of discipline for the highest heaven.—*Robertson.*

No reasonable man expects to cure a neglected cold in a day. But time and Allen's Lung Balsam will overcome the cold and stave off consumption. Cough will cease and lungs be sound as a new dollar.

**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.