

vote to close the saloons as you have to vote to saddle on me protection or free trade as the case may be. Should you own a residence on one of our principal thoroughfares, and a liveryman seek to erect a barn next to you; you would not hesitate to petition your neighbors to object to the stable as a nuisance. Well, saloons to me are more of a nuisance than a stable; the smell of stale beer more objectionable than the smell of horse manure; the noise of iron-clad horses walking over the floor less objectionable than the curses of a lot of drunken loafers in a saloon fight; a wagon in the street no more unsightly than a lot of empty beer kegs on the sidewalk.

"You talk like a man who had a grievance against some particular saloon."

"My picture is not overdrawn. But you are right, I have cause to dislike liquor. If it did not cause me to lose my father it at least caused me to lose obtaining damages from the railroad company, who was responsible for his death. My father was about to board a street car; the car started with a jerk, causing him to loosen his hold and throwing him over the railing. In falling he struck upon his head, breaking his neck. The company proved that he was a drinking man; that he had taken at least one drink before boarding the car. Therefore it wasn't the company's fault that the accident occurred—but because of one drink my father alone was responsible for his sad ending. Railroad companies in fighting claims for damages make more capital out of drink than any other one thing. So, too, with insurance companies. Straight line companies insert clauses against drinking men, but a total abstainer by insuring in an abstinence company can get the same protection for about half the cost."

"Well, saloons and drink have never done me any harm, so I am not opposed to them," said Palmenter.

Mr. Wharton, during Arlington's recital, had re-entered the room, and he immediately joined in the conversation.

"Let me answer Franklyn," said Mr. Wharton, to George, "I don't know about that, Palmenter. Who knows but what if you were not a drinking man, you couldn't sell more goods than you do? Or be getting more pay than you are getting? If you didn't spend so much time drinking with Jones, you would have more time to talk to Brown, and perhaps get his order too. Another thing: The firm seeing you throw away your money in dissipation is naturally averse to raising your salary in order to furnish you more to spend in the same way!"

"This shows me that my chance of getting the London office goes a glimmering!"

"Your judgment tells you correctly," said Mr. Wharton. "I don't want you to fly off in a huff—but you should feel that we cannot afford to place a drinking man in charge of such an important branch. But this need not cast you down. If you are the man I think you are, you will take this lesson home to yourself. Cut out your drink and I will see that you are given as good a post in Berlin, or even send you to Melbourne, Australia, which in my opinion will be a greater opportunity than London. First, however, prove your worth!"

"Your lesson is a severe one," replied Palmenter, thoughtfully. "You have shown me where I fail, and I will show you that I can surmount it. You are giving me another chance—and I will take it! I may have cause some day to

be grateful for this Thanksgiving lesson!"—Charles Morris Butler, in *The New Voice*.

Some Reasons why Some People are Poor.

Their ideas are larger than their purses.

They think "the world owes them a living."

They do not keep account of their expenditures.

They are easy dupes of schemers and promoters.

They reverse the maxim, "Duty before pleasure."

They have too many and too expensive amusements.

They do not think it worth while to save nickels and dimes.

They have risked an assured competence in trying to get rich quickly.

They allow friends to impose upon their good nature and generosity.

They try to do what others expect of them, not what they can afford.

The parents are economical, but the children have extravagant ideas.

They do not do today what they can possibly put off until tomorrow.

They do not think it worth while to put contracts or agreements in writing.

They prefer to incur debt rather than to do work which they consider beneath them.

They do not dream that little mortgages on their homes can ever turn them out of doors.

They have indorsed their friend's notes or guaranteed payment just "for accommodation."

They risk all their eggs in one basket when they are not in a position to watch or control it.—Orison Swett Marden.

THE DUTCHMAN'S BOY.

Perhaps a number of readers have heard the following story before, but it is good enough to bear retelling:

An old Dutchman had a beautiful boy of whom he was very proud, and he decided to find out the bent of his mind. He adopted a very novel method to test him. He slipped into the little fellow's room one morning and placed on his table a Bible and a bottle of whiskey and a silver dollar. "Now," said he, "ven dot boy comes in, if he dake dot one dollar he's going to be a beeznis man; ef he dake dot Bible he be preacher, and ef he dake dot whiskey he's going to be a drunkard." And he hid behind the door to see which his son would choose. In came the boy whistling. He ran up to the table and picked up the dollar and put it in his pocket; he picked up the Bible and put it under his arm; then he snatched up the bottle of whiskey and took two or three drinks and went out smacking his lips.

The old Dutchman poked his head out from behind the door and exclaimed, "Mine goodness! he goin' to be a politician!"

Every Housekeeper must often act as a family physician. Painkiller for all the little ills, cuts and sprains, as well as for all bowel complaints is indispensable. There is but one Painkiller, Perry Davis'.

If we have really felt the religion of Christ in our hearts, let us talk it, and talk it with illuminated countenance, remembering that when two Christian people talk, God gives especial attention, and writes down what they say.

CELLAR LIFE IN ST. PETERSBURG.

The heavy floods in St. Petersburg recently drove to the surface 250,000 people who prey upon the tolerance of householders by living in their cellars. The return to underground lodgings of the army of ill-nourished persons has added enormously to a death rate which was already much larger than that of any other Christian capital. It is part of an unwritten code that a lady or gentleman should not know where cellars, garrets, laundry rooms, or servants' quarters are, and a genuine St. Petersburg householder never does know from one year's end to another.

Mrs. McCormic, the wife of the American ambassador, after she and Mr. McCormic had moved into the palace they now occupy in St. Petersburg became conscious of singular smells. The fragrance of stale herrings, onions, soapy water, boiling cabbage, penetrated to her drawing room. As a competent housekeeper, she made inquiry. No one would tell her at first, but finally the cutler admitted the odors came from those who lived in the cellars. Lived in the cellars! How could that be? To the horror of the servants, she insisted on going to the cellars, where she actually found sixty-eight permanent dwellers. She called in a policeman and had them all turned out.

Mrs. McCormic mentioned her singular discovery to the Countess de Montebello, the wife of the French ambassador, "that is nothing," said the countess. "My sister and her children were coming to see me. My maid said:

"Madame, I would earnestly advise you not to have the children come."

"What do you mean? why not?" I said.

"I don't mean anything, only I think the children should not come. They might get ill."

I asked her what she meant by such nonsense and questioned her sharply. She was distressed, and only after a long time would she say, mysteriously:

"There are fifteen cases of diphtheria in the house."

I found that more than one hundred people lived in the cellars and that, as the maid had said, fifteen children had diphtheria.

Some thousands actually live under the winter palace. Not only that, but recently a dairy with several cows was found in full operation in the Imperial cellar. The cows had to go, but the people were not disturbed, that would have been out of keeping with Russian carelessness and noblesse oblige.—*Collier's Weekly*.

LAST RESORT.

We learn things sometimes even from people who do not know them, but there is not much hope for the pupils of a possible teacher who, perhaps, never existed outside the columns of the *Atlanta Constitution*, which tells the story:

Chad, an old negro farmer, has a son who lately tried the civil service examination.

"Well, Chad," said a friendly gentleman after the trial, "did your boy pass the examination?"

"No, suh," replied Chad; "dey turned him down."

"What was the trouble?"

"Short on 'rithmetic, suh."

"Anything else?"

"An' g'ography."

"Yes?"

"An' spellin'."

"Nothing more?"

"Nothin' mo', suh, 'ceptin' grammar an' histry an' some other things."

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"Well, Chad, what will he do now?"
"Well, suh, he does 'bout decided ter teach school."

WOULDN'T DO FOR A MINISTER.

A carping old Scotchwoman said to her pastor one day:

"Deer me, meenisters mak' muckle adae about their hand work. But what's twa bits o' sermons in the week tae mak' up? I cud dae it masel."

"Weel, Janet," said the minister, "let's hear ye."

"Come awa' wi' a text then," quoth she.

He repeated with emphasis:
"It is better to dwell in the corner of the housetop than with a brawling woman and in a wide house."

Janet fired up instantly.

"What's that ye say, sir? Dae ye intend onything personal?"

"Stop, stop!" broke in her pastor.

"You wud never dae for a meenister."

"An' what for no?" asked she sharply.

"Because, Janet, you come ower soon tae the application.—*Congregationalist*.

Be punctual and methodical in business, and never procrastinate.

Unpleasant!

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Humors,
Eczema,
Salt Rheum

Weaver's Syrup

cures them permanently by purifying the

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