

the mere act of reducing it to writing, and then some heartaches would be spared."

He laughed, but in his heart he acknowledged the wisdom of her plan, and so agreed to it. They have been married three years now, and both are still waiting for the first letter of criticism. The quarrel on paper has never begun.

Most of us might use the bride's plan with profit. If we would wait and write the unkind speeches, I wonder how many of them would ever be delivered to wound loving hearts. Of course, some people would quarrel by telegraph, if there were no other way, but doubtless they are very few, and three-fourths of our vexing, undignified and unloving disputes might be avoided if we would wait to quarrel on paper.—*Southwestern Presbyterian.*

**THE SEVEN WONDERS OF KOREA.**

Korea, like the world of the ancients, has its "seven wonders." Briefly stated, they are as follows: First, a hot mineral spring, near Kin Shantao, the healing properties of which are said to be miraculous.

The second wonder is two springs situated at a considerable distance from each other; in fact they have the breadth of the entire peninsula between them. They have two peculiarities. When one is full the other is always empty; and, though connected by a subterranean passage, one is bitter and the other sweet.

The third wonder is Cold Wind Cave, a cavern from which a wintry wind perpetually blows. The force of the wind from the cave is such that a strong man cannot stand before it.

A forest that cannot be eradicated is the fourth wonder. No matter what injury is done the roots of the trees, which are large pines, they will sprout up again directly.

The fifth is the most wonderful of all. It is the famous "floating stone." It stands, or seems to stand, in front of the palace erected in its honor. It is an irregular cube of great bulk. It appears to be resting on the ground, free from supports on all sides, but, strange to say, two men at opposite ends of a rope, may pass it under the stone without encountering any obstacle whatever!

The sixth wonder is the "hot stone," which, from remote ages, has lain glowing with heat on the top of a high hill.

The seventh and last Korea wonder is a drop of the sweat of Buddha. For thirty paces around the large temple in which it is enshrined, we are told by the priests, not a blade of grass will grow.—*The Presbyterian.*

**A LOST LIFE.**

A young man who had been a nominal Christian lay dying. Passing his room door, his mother heard him say, "Lost! lost! lost!" The mother ran into the room, and cried: "My boy, is it possible you have lost your hope in Christ, now you are dying?"

"No, mother, it is not that. I have a hope beyond the grave, but I have lost my life. I have lived twenty-four years, and have done nothing for the Son of God, and now I am dying. My life has been spent for myself. My life is lost!"

As fire spreads in dry grass, so does an inflammation in the throat grow down into the lungs. Deal promptly with a cold as with a fire, and when you begin to cough use Allen's Lung Balsam.

**HEALTH IN SPRING.**

**Nature requires Assistance in making New, Health-Giving Blood.**

Spring is the season when your system needs toning up. In the spring you must have new blood just as trees must have new sap. Nature demands it. Without new blood you will feel weary, weak and languid. With new, rich, red blood you will be sprightly, happy and healthy. The one sure way to get new blood and fresh energy, is to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They actually make new blood. They are the greatest spring tonic in the world. Mr. J. J. Mallette, a well known grocer in Montreal, says—"I wish to thank you for the great good your Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done me. My system was very much run down and your pills have made a new man of me. As I am in business, coming in contact with many people, I am often able to recommend the pills, and they have already relieved a dozen of my friends who suffered as I did."

Many people further weaken their system in spring through taking purgative medicines. What nature needs to help her is a tonic, and Dr. Williams' Pink Pills supply this need as no other medicine can. Be sure you get the genuine with the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" printed on the wrapper around the box. Sold by all medicine dealers, or post paid at 50 cents per box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

**HE LOOKED HIS PART.**

Some apologies for a blunder are worse than the offense itself. Not long ago, says the *Brooklyn Life*, a philanthropic lady visited a Canadian almshouse and displayed great interest in the inmates. One old man particularly gained her compassion.

"How long have you been here, my man?" she inquired.

"Twelve years," was the answer.

"Do they treat you well?"

"Yes."

"Do they feed you well?"

"Yes."

After addressing a few more sympathetic home questions to the old man the lady passed on. She noticed a broad and steadily broadening smile on the face of her attendant, and on asking the cause, was horrified to learn that the old man was none other than Dr. — the superintendent.

She hurried back to apologize. "I am so very, very sorry, Doctor—!" Here her sincerity notably increased. "I will never be governed by appearances again."

**THE BLACKEST SIN OF ALL.**

A young man, being in deep distress of mind, applied to Dr. Goodwin for advice and consolation.

After he had laid before him the long black catalogue of sins that troubled his conscience, the doctor reminded him that there was one blacker still which he had not named.

"What can that be, sir?" he despondingly asked.

"The sin," the doctor replied, "I refer to is that of refusing to believe in Christ as a Saviour."

The simple word banished his guilty fears. He soon found peace of mind, and became a happy and decided Christian. Happy are they who, like him, solve their doubts and lose their burden at the cross.

**PAPER CAR-WHEELS.**

The material of the paper wheel is a calendared rye-straw board or thick paper made especially for the purpose at the company's paper-mills. This is sent to the works in various sizes suitable for the dimensions of the wheel center to be made. The first operation is for two men standing beside a pile of the boards to brush over each sheet a coating of flour paste, until a dozen are pasted into a layer. A third man transfers this layer to a hydraulic press, where a pressure of five hundred tons or more is applied. After solidifying under this pressure for two hours, the twelve-sheet layers are kept in a drying-room heated to a temperature of 120 degrees F. Several of these layers are in turn pasted together, dressed, and given another drying. This is kept up until a circular block is formed containing from 120 to 160 sheets, varying from 4 1/2 to 5 1/2 inches in thickness, and as compact as seasoned hickory.

The blocks are then turned in a lathe slightly larger than the tire, and the hole is bored for the cast-iron center. In turning the paper blocks make a shaving that resembles strips of leather. The centre and the tire are forced on under a powerful hydraulic press.

The average life of the tire of a paper wheel is about 30,000 miles. That represents about 1 1/4-inch wear. The centers do not seem to be affected by service, and they are always good for renewal of tires unless some accident happens to them.—*Railway and Locomotive Engineering.*

**THE HOME BEAUTIFUL.**

Rambling far in the country one day recently, I came to a pretty little farmhouse, sunny white as to its exterior, and to its interior—but of that presently. The inner man making crying demands, I sought the good housewife, and laid before her my needs. It was just the hour of the noon meal, and with that hospitality which one finds in its genial warmth and heartiness only on the farm I was admitted to the family circle.

And if the house was attractive without, it was more so within. The dining-room—dinner was served in the dining-room, not in the kitchen—was not only a model of neatness, but it was attractively papered, its walls bore several carefully-selected pictures, and its furnishings were of modern design, combining the artistic with comfort.

Later I was entertained in the "best" room, not the "best" room of my acquaintance in many a farmhouse—stuffy smelling, opened only for formal visitors, with rigid, uncomfortable chairs arranged primly against the walls—not this, but a bright, cheery room, with the sunshine pouring in and unmistakable evidence that it was used every day by the family at large, not by guests only.

And the furniture! But for the smiling face of Mrs. B— opposite me I should have thought myself suddenly transported to certain dainty furnished city flats in which I am on occasions a fortunate guest.

And Mrs. B—, perhaps reading my thoughts, turned the conversation to house furnishings. "We made up our minds when we were first married, my husband and I, that the pretty things in house furnishings were not made solely for you city folks," said she; "and so we fell to studying catalogues of furniture dealers, and then bought one piece at a time as we could afford it. I don't see any excuse for the uncomfortable, homely things one so often sees," she added.

Nor do I. The home is the place



wherein we spend the great part of our lives. It should be the most attractive place on earth.—*American Agriculturalist.*

**THINGS USUALLY FORGOTTEN.**

That man was once a boy.  
That others have any feelings.  
That woman was once a maiden.  
That a skilled workman was once an apprentice.

That capital cannot be accumulated without labor.  
That the road to economy is paved with gold quartz.

That one kind word will produce more joy than two kicks.

That the devil is at work while the Christian army is sleeping.

That the bee would never have honey if it sat down and said the world owed it a living.

That more money can be made in one day's strict attention to one's own business than a week minding the affairs of a neighbor.

**The Definition of Phenomenon.**

A negro preacher used the word "phenomenon" very frequently in his sermons. He was once asked to explain the word. The *Christian Register* gives his definition thus:

"Bredren, if you see a cow, dat not a phenomeno; if you see a distle, dat not a phenomeno; if you hear de bird sing, dat not a phenomeno. But if you see de cow sitting on de distle and singin' like de bird, dat would be a phenomeno."

If courage is gone, all is gone.  
If you lose heart you weaken your head.

**Poison—**

In the Blood brings Humors and Boils, Salt Rheum, Eczema and Scrofula,

**WEAVER'S SYRUP**

Will cure them permanently by purifying the **Blood.**

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