

touch the themes of some of the great masters of music.

"Now, this is the last," said Helen at length, "and I want you to tell me what it says to you."

It was Chopin's marvellous nocturne in G, and when it was finished there were tears in Mildred's eyes.

"It is the conflict of a soul that finds peace at last," she said.

"So it appears to me," said Helen. "Sometimes I play it for hours together. But now I must hurry home, for there are many things that I ought to do to help mother."

For the first time an expression of discontent came over Mildred's face.

"Yes," she sighed, "you will be helpful, but I must always be a burden. That is the hardest thing I have to bear. It is all receiving and no giving with me. When father died, when Malcolm was struggling for his education and winning his place in the world, I could only lie here and be a care instead of a help. If I could only give a little, just a little, instead of receiving all the time, I think I should be perfectly happy."

Helen was kneeling by the bed, and her arms were around Mildred's neck. "Then be happy," she whispered, "perfectly happy, for you have given much to me this morning. I came here discontented and unhappy over my poor little troubles, and I am going away hopeful and happy. I am ashamed to tell you just what—"

Mildred put her fingers on Helen's lips, and her face was radiant with joy.

"Do you mean it? Have I helped you? I can't realize it."

"But you must believe me," said Helen, "and I shall keep on repeating it until you do believe me. You must. Good-by, now."

"Come again, soon Helen, please." "I will, with a big basket to fetch away the good cheer that I cannot take to-day."

It was a new world that greeted Helen as she hastened toward home. The first redbreast of the season flew toward her against the sun, displaying his exquisite color, and sang his mel-low note.

Suddenly Helen stopped a moment. "I believe," she said, "that he sent me there on purpose."—*Wellspring.*

POETIC JUSTICE ON A STREET CAR.

A conductor on a Broadway car had refused to take a transfer the other day on the ground that it was long after the hour punched. The passenger was politely told that, under the rules, he could not accept the transfer, and that he would have to pay his fare or leave the car.

"I'll not pay, and I'll not leave the car," said the passenger, savagely.

"I'll pay for you, then," said the conductor, ringing up the fare. "I'd rather lose five cents than wrangle with a passenger."

This would doubtless have closed the incident had not the irate passenger seen "Abe" Hummel, a well-known lawyer, sitting opposite him. To him the irate one appealed to know if he was right or wrong in refusing to pay his fare.

"Do you wish my legal advice?" asked Mr. Hummel, with a show of gravity. "I do."

"I never give legal advice without a fee."

"Well, here's a five dollar bill," said the passenger, peeling off a bill from a big roll and handing it to Mr. Hummel, who promptly accepted it.

"My advice is, pay your fare or get off the car."

"Is that all?"

"No," replied Mr. Hummel. Then calling the conductor and handing him the bill, he remarked, "It is certainly worth that much money to find and reward a gentlemanly conductor."—*Michigan Christian Advocate.*

The Secret of the Young Old Man.

If a man wishes to retain his youth during declining years, he must work. That's the best tonic. When I hired men I always picked out the fellow who didn't care what he was to do so long as it was honorable work. When a young man asked me: "What will I be expected to do?" I said: "Any work that comes to hand." That's the way I was brought up. I began working in a store. A young man came to me once and said he wanted a good, easy place, where there wasn't much work. I told him I didn't want him. There's no method about me. I get enough sleep, get enough good, wholesome food, and work gives me all the exercise I need. To this day I get my bath at 6.30 every morning. It tones me for the day. A man never gets too old to work, and I expect to keep on working until I die.

I take no stock in all these systems of exercise or training. If a man works as he ought to, he will get plenty of exercise. I've worked all my life, and I never lacked exercise.

I'm in bed every night by ten, and if they only let me I'm there by nine. I've had no method, but I have always made it a point to get to my meals regularly, and to get plenty of sleep. A man must have plenty of sleep.

The chances were never better for young men than now. They are as good as they were when I was a boy, seventy years ago. If a young man will work, economize, act right, take care of his health, get plenty of sleep, and eat good, wholesome food, he will succeed. If a young man would succeed, he should be diligent, and give his closest attention to his business, whatever it may be. He should watch what goes on about him, and drink in all the information that will tend to advance him. In all situations and under all circumstances, he must be scrupulously honest—never leave the straight path. Cheerfulness, diligence and honesty should be his guiding lights, and unless something very adverse occurs, success will be his reward.—*Samuel Sloan, ex-President Delaware and Lackawanna Railway, in "A True Republic."*

RESERVE.

Pretty speeches are not so characteristic of the Briton as of some of his southern neighbors. During the siege of Ladysmith a certain young Englishman, the heir to a dukedom was among the victorious soldiers who entered the city.

His brother had been confined there, and as soon as possible the young men got together. An observer says they shook hands heartily, looking into one another's eyes, then turned their heads aside and resolutely gulped down—something.

"I say!" began the future duke, with a mighty effort, "Old Tom, the garden, is dead."

"Oh, I say!" replied the other.

Then they walked away together. Each knew that the other was glad to see him, but, being a Briton, was only too manly to be more effusive.

HEALTH FOR GIRLS.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Make Strong, Healthy Rosy-cheeked Lassies.

"I was attacked with appendicitis," says Miss Fabiola Grammont, daughter of Mr. Charles Grammont, a prosperous farmer of Champlain, Que., "and while the doctor who attended me cured me of this trouble, it left behind after effects from which it seemed almost impossible to recover. I grew weak and very pale; my appetite was poor; I suffered at times from severe headaches; and the least exertion left me completely worn out. I tried several remedies, but instead of getting better I was gradually growing worse. Any work about the house left me weak and dispirited, and I felt almost like giving up. At this time a friend who had used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills with much benefit, strongly urged me to give them a trial. I got a box, and as I did not feel any better when I had used them, I would have given them up but for the fact that my friend urged me that one box was not a fair trial. I then decided to continue the use of the pills, and by the time I had taken three boxes I found my condition was improving. I used eight boxes in all, and by the time I had taken them all my old time health had returned. My appetite had improved, I had gained in weight, and the glow of health had returned to my face. I cannot too strongly recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to all pale and weak girls."

Good blood is an absolute necessity, and the only way to have a constant supply of rich, red health-giving blood is to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Every dose helps to make new blood, and to drive from the system such troubles as anæmia, languidness, neuralgia, dyspepsia, rheumatism, etc. 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.

OIL YOURSELF A LITTLE.

An old Quaker was once visited by a garrulous neighbor who complained that he had the worst servants in the world, and everybody seemed to conspire to make him miserable.

"My dear friend," said the Quaker, "let me advise you to oil yourself a little."

"What do you mean?" said the irritated old gentleman.

"Well," said the Quaker, "I had a door in my house some time ago that was always creaking on its hinges, and I found that everybody avoided it, and although it was the nearest way to most of the rooms, yet they went round some other way. So I just got some oil, and after a few applications it opened and shut without creak or a jar, and now everybody just goes to that door and uses the old passage. Just oil yourself a little with the oil of kindness. Occasionally praise your servants for some thing they do well. Encourage your children more than you scold them, and you will be surprised to find that a little sunshine will wear out a lot of fog, and a little molasses is better than a great deal of vinegar." Be courteous.

Do the Right Thing when sore chest and tickling throat warn you that an all-winter cold threaten. Use the staunch old remedy, Perry Davis' Painkiller, and get rid of the pest in twenty-four hours. 25 and 50 cents.

MAY HIS TRIBE INCREASE.

The great evangelist, Dwight L. Moody, while living, was fond of relating the following incident:

"There was once a boy in college, and he was about to graduate. He wrote back to the farm for his mother to come. She replied that she could not do so. She said her clothes were worn out, and she had no money to buy new ones for that occasion. She had already turned her skirt twice, and it was ragged on both sides. The boy said come anyway. The poor old woman went in her best, which was not stylish.

"The commencement was in a fashionable church. The son was prouder of his mother than of his honors. He walked with her down the aisle to the centre of the church, and escorted her to one of the best seats. There were tears in her eyes, and she burst out weeping for joy when her son pronounced the validictory. The president pinned a badge on his coat. The young man left the stage and went directly to his mother. He took off the badge and pinned it on her dress. There were tears in his eyes. Then he bent over and kissed her wrinkled face. The boy animated by that kind of pride will make a man who will be an honor to his country and to his God. Such a boy is the glory of our King. May his number increase until the shadows of his loveliness cover the whole world.—*Selected.*

While in England, Henry Ward Beecher was entertained by a gentleman who believed in spiritualism, and was himself a medium. One day he asked if Beecher would like to talk with the spirit of his father, Dr. Lyman Beecher. Mr. Beecher replied that it would please him immensely. After the seance was over, he was asked how it had impressed him, at which, with a twinkle in his eye, Beecher responded: "All I have to say is that if I deteriorate as fast for the first ten years after I am dead as my father has, I shall be a stark-naked fool."

The earth is one great battlefield; and our life has been largely chiselled and shaped in the fierce conflict of human existence.

Climbing hills of difficulty is prime exercise for the Christian athlete.

Poison—

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

WEAVER'S SYRUP

Will cure them permanently by purifying the

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