

IS FAMILY ENJOYING A LOST ART?

In the hurry and bustle of these modern times our homes seem to be degenerating into places where we eat and sleep and nothing more. In how few families is it the custom to gather round the fire at night, with books and sewing and cheerful talk? Nine times out of ten it is the father and mother who drowsily nod in the dining-room, while the daughter entertains her beau over in the parlor, from which every other member of the family is rigidly excluded, and the sons hang around the village store.

Parents do not, as a rule, seek that intimacy with their children which should exist, and they forget that some day the young hearts will be closed against them by the reserve of older growth. It is hard, then, often impossible, to win their confidence.

There is a widespread discontent with the confinement of the domestic circle among women, and the children are quick to feel the effect of this spirit in the home. Sometimes the mother, over-anxious for the happiness of those God has given to her care, takes upon herself every unpleasant duty, instead of teaching them to consider her comfort and pleasure as of some importance. They are allowed to grow up with no idea of their obligations to the world or to their own families. A love of excitement and change is fostered, and by and by the home and father and mother play but a secondary part in their lives.

Let wise parents gather the little ones about them, enter more deeply into their feelings, implant in them early the feeling that home is the pleasantest place in the world, and then make an effort to have it so. It is positive injury to their moral characters to allow them to grow up careless and unconcerned, seeking all their joys outside the four walls which contain their nearest and dearest. Then perhaps the day may come again when the evening lamp, the work-basket, and the merry chatter of the home circle will shed its beneficent influence over the boys and girls.—*Mary M. Willard.*

THE PESSIMIST.

H. P. Danks, the composer, died recently in Philadelphia at the age of 59. He was best known, perhaps, through the song, "Silver Threads Among the Gold," that he wrote in his youth.

Mr. Danks lived quite alone. He had a pathetically odd way of passing the time when not at work before his organ. He would, for several hours each afternoon, sit in the huge railway station at Twelfth and Market streets, watching the people quietly.

Sometimes he would make cursory acquaintances at the station. Sometimes he would narrate to his friends odd remarks that he had heard in chance encounters. Thus, one morning, he told of an Englishman who, the day before, had sat down beside him and began to grumble about American newspapers.

Mr. Danks changed the subject to music, but the other grumbled again. Finally, pointing to the flood of sunlight that poured in through the great window, Mr. Danks said:

"A glorious day, isn't it?"
The other frowned and muttered:
"Yes, locally. It's probably raining somewhere, though."

Bows drawn at a venture hit in a way that astonishes ourselves when God puts his own arrows on the string.—*Frances Havergal.*

A CURE FOR INSOMNIA.

A well known St. John merchant tells how he was freed from this terrible trouble.

One of the best known men in St. John, N. B., is Mr. G. G. Kierstead, grocer and general dealer, 641 Main street. Mr. Kierstead has an interesting story to tell of failing health, insomnia, and finally renewed strength, which cannot fail to interest others. He says: "A few years ago I was all run down and failing in health, no doubt due to overwork and shattered nerves. I was unable to sleep at night and found no rest in bed. My life seemed a burden to me and I found no pleasure in anything. I sought medical aid and the physicians who attended me were unable to give me any relief. The doctors differed in their opinion as to my ailment. Finding that I was growing worse, and almost crazed through loss of sleep, I concluded to give up business and go to the country for a rest. Just when I was at my very worst and had almost no desire to live, my wife urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I had lost faith in all medicines, but to please my wife I decided to give the pills a trial. I have had reason to be thankful that I did so. Almost from the outset the pills helped me and I was able to find sleep. I continued their use until I felt perfectly well again. I could sleep as I did in my childhood; I grew healthy and strong and have never known one hour's trouble from that source since. I have no hesitation in saying that I believe Dr. Williams' Pink Pills saved my life, and will always say a good word for them to any who are troubled with sleeplessness."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills work cures like Mr. Kierstead's, after doctors and common medicines fail, because they actually make new, rich blood, and so strengthen all the organs of the body and brace up the nerves. That is the way they cure indigestion, kidney and liver troubles, nervousness, neuralgia, palpitation of the heart, rheumatism and the special ailments that fill the lives of so many women with misery. The genuine pills always have the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" on the wrapper around every box. If in doubt write direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and the pills will be sent post paid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50.

SEVEN REASONS.

Bishop Mallalieu, of the Methodist Church, always advocated paying better salaries to ministers. He told once of a capital young fellow, hopeful and happy in his pastorate in spite of the small pay. He had lost sight of him for twelve or fifteen years, when suddenly he met him in Boston, looking prosperous.

"What church are in?" asked the bishop.
"Oh," he said, regretfully, "no church—the wholesale hat business."
"Why did you leave the church?"
"For seven reasons."
"What were they?" asked the bishop.
"One wife and six children."

The whale is popularly spoken of as a fish, but it does not even resemble a fish, except in form. It is free from scales; its tail lies flat upon the water; its blood is warm; it breathes by means of lungs. It brings forth its young alive, and suckles them.

CONTEMPT OF COURT.

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.*

AN HONEST MAN.

An incident, which exhibits the sterling integrity of a man who could withstand the temptations of wealth rather than do the smallest act of injustice, is told in Mr. H. M. Chittenden's "History of Steamboat Navigation on the Missouri River." The principal actor was one of the early settlers of St. Louis, a Mr. LaBarge, who had purchased a small tract of land for which he paid twenty-five dollars.

Land was then of very little value, and transfers were often made without deed and with no more formality than in exchanging cattle or horses. In this way Mr. LaBarge traded his land on what is now Cedar street, St. Louis, to Chaurin Lebeau for a horse.

Long years afterward, when these transactions were almost forgotten, and the property had become very valuable, a lawyer presented himself to the old gentleman and asked him if he had ever owned any land on Cedar street. Mr. LaBarge replied in the affirmative, and described its locality. The lawyer then asked him when and how he disposed of it. He could not at first recall, but Mrs. LaBarge remembered the circumstances and related them to the lawyer, at the same time remarking to her husband that that was the way they got their horse to set themselves up on the farm with.

The lawyer then assured Mr. LaBarge that the title to this property was still vested in him, and that he could hold it against all comers, for there was absolutely no record of the conveyance in existence.

The old gentleman, with a look of indignation, asked the lawyer if he took him for a thief.

"I traded that land," said he, "to Chaurin Lebeau for a horse, which was worth more to me than the land was. I shall stand by the bargain now. If Chaurin Lebeau's heirs have no title, tell them to come to me and I will make them a deed before I die."

THE RUBBER TREE.

When you put on a pair of overshoes, or look at a rubber-tire, do you ever think of the rubber-tree which gives its sap for these useful articles?

In Mexico the rubber-tree once grew

wild—great forests of rubber-trees. About a hundred years ago, it is said, the Spanish government sent a man to Mexico to study its vegetable productions, and he discovered how valuable is the juice, sap, or milk of the rubber-tree, whichever you wish to call it. The natives soon learned its value, and they used the trees up, as we have our forests, and did not think of the time when there would be no wild trees to furnish the rubber sap. Recently some men have bought land and planted rubber-trees. These trees are self-propagating—that is, they sow their own seed.

In the cultivated forests of rubber-trees are planted to grow in regular order, and the young shoots are cut down or transplanted. The method of gathering the sap is not unlike our method of gathering maple sap, and before the rubber sap is ready for market it must be boiled as our sap is to get rid of the water, and pressed into cakes. Then the cakes are packed in bags, and shipped, to manufacture the many things into which rubber enters. The milk or sap of the rubber-tree is white.—*Christian Register.*

A Magic Pill.—Dyspepsia is a foe with which men are constantly grappling but cannot exterminate. Subdued, and to all appearances vanquished in one, it makes its appearance in another direction. In many the digestive apparatus is as delicate as the mechanism of a watch or scientific instrument in which even a breath of air will make a variation. With such persons disorders of the stomach ensue from the most trivial causes and cause much suffering. To these Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are recommended as mild and sure.

The late Dr. Parker once said: "It is a popular error to mistake that length is the only dimension of a sermon."

A man said to a minister: "Your sermons are too short."

Said the minister: "If you will practise all I preach you will find them quite long enough."

A sentence may be a sermon. You may measure sermons as you measure stars; not by their apparent bigness or littleness, but by the light they send through space. If a sermon reaches high enough, and penetrates keenly enough, it does not much matter about its length.

WEAVER'S SYRUP

is a reliable preparation for Purifying the Blood and thus cures permanently

**Boils
Erysipelas
Scrofula
Eczema**

which arise from its derangement.

Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd.,
MONTREAL, PROPRIETORS, NEW YORK.