

entrance into the heavenly kingdom. Before morning he had entered in, and I gathered from his daughter that the trumpets had sounded as her father crossed the river.—S. S. Times.

SOMEWHAT MIXED.

A lady walked into a grocer's shop one day with her sleeves turned up to her elbows and a fighting light in her eyes. "This here," she observed with a sniff, as she banged a piece of yellow substance on the counter, "is the soap that does the washin' of itself; the soap what makes ev'ry washin' day a kind of a glorified bean feast; the soap that gits all the linen as white as snow and as sweet as a hazel nut by dinner time, and lets the happy housewife spend the rest of the day playin' with the children, and here am I been scrubbin' three mortal hours with that lump, and ain't got so much lather out of it as I could git from a brickbat."

"I beg your pardon," remarked the grocer, courteously, "but it isn't the soap. Your little boy come in here yesterday for half a pound of both soap and cheese. That's the cheese!"

"The cheese!" gasped the lady. "That accounts for the other thing, then."

"The other thing?" queried the grocer.

"Yes, the other thing," came the reply. "I was layin' awake half the night wonderin' what it was made the Welsh rabbit we had for supper taste so funny."—Exchange.

NOT AFRAID BUT NOT READY.

It was in a city within the bounds of Northwest Iowa Conference. The pastor of the First Methodist church was called to visit a dying man. On entering the room he found a young man on whose brow he saw the stamp of death.

Are you ready for the change? first asked the man of God.

"I am not afraid to die, but I am not ready."

"How is this?" said the pastor; "not afraid, yet not ready? I do not understand."

"I will tell you," said the dying man. "Six months ago I was converted, when sick in a hospital. The young people of the church visited and prayed with me, and I gave myself to Christ. I know I belong to Christ now, but I do not feel ready to die—I have not won one soul for him who saved me, and if I die now I shall go into his presence with empty hands. Oh, if I could live another six months, or only six weeks, I would try to win at least one soul."

Just then an aged man entered the room. He was the young man's father, who had been away from home, and had just returned. On coming up to the bed he saw his son was slipping away to the unknown. He knelt beside his bed. The young man threw his arms around his neck, and cried, "Oh, father, will you promise me, now I am dying, to meet me in heaven?" He commenced to pray for his father's conversion. His prayer was a prayer of soul agony. God heard. The father's heart was broken. He for the first time commenced to pray for himself. The minister prayed. Light came, peace came, joy came into the father's heart. He arose a saved man.

In a few minutes the young man entered the presence of his Lord, not "with empty hands." He had won a soul for Jesus, and was now ready to go with the King's messenger.—Rev. T. Wilkinson.

A WEAK HEART.

THE INTERESTING EXPERIENCE OF A ST. CATHARINES MAN.

Had Suffered for Twelve Years and was Ultimately Cured Through the Advice of a Friend.

"Twelve years ago," says Mr. Wm. Emery, of Welland Avenue, St. Catharines, "I was living in the town of Gananoque, and the physicians there told me I had heart disease. From that time and up to four years ago I often had severe spells of the trouble. The least exertion would bring on violent palpitation, and at other times I would become dizzy, nervous and frightened, and my heart would almost cease to beat. I became reduced in flesh and insomnia followed. I was hopeless of finding a cure, for I had been treated by an experienced doctor, and had taken many advertised remedies without getting any benefit. One day a neighbor strongly advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and acting on his advice I got a half dozen boxes. I soon found much relief through the use of the pills, and after continuing the treatment for a couple of months I was again enjoying perfect health. I have not since had any return of the trouble, and I feel safe in saying that the cure is a permanent one, and I can strongly advise the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to all who suffer from similar trouble." The reporter can only add that Mr. Emery is well known in St. Catharines, is a prominent worker in Methodist circles, and has the highest respect of all who know him.

If you have any symptoms of heart trouble, neuralgia, indigestion, rheumatism, anaemia, or any of the numerous troubles caused by poor or watery blood, you will find new health and strength in a fair use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Do not waste money or further endanger your health by the use of substitutes—get the genuine pills with the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," on the wrapper around every box. Sold by all medicine dealers, or sent by mail at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

THE LABORER AND HIS HIRE.

"Never allow a workman to go away without his pay when it is due," was the motto of a millionaire, one of the members of a firm of jewelers. The Philadelphia Evening Telegraph explains in the jeweler's own words how he came to adopt the rule.

"When I first lived in Philadelphia, many years ago," he said, "it was a dreadful struggle to keep myself and wife and five children. We lived in one room, the seven of us. Once in a while I got work to do at home nights, and finally we rented two rooms, on a first floor down the street. We lived in the rear room. The front room was a shop, which my wife tended in the daytime, and where I did such repair work as I could get to do nights. It was a hard struggle. There wasn't much to eat sometimes, and paying the rent was always a fearful effort.

"One time during this period a millionaire dropped into my shop and asked me to go to his house, get a certain French clock, and repair it. The rent was due in three days, with six dollars still lacking of the sum necessary to pay it. I tramped out and got the clock and spent most of the next two nights in repairing it. On the evening of the third day I tramped back to his house,

carrying the thirty-pound clock, which I delivered safely to the butler. In about a quarter of an hour he returned and handed me a twenty-dollar bill, from which I was expected to give him thirteen dollars change, my bill being seven dollars. I had to return it, as I had no money. He left the room again, and shortly returned and told me that his master would call next morning and pay the bill. I was shown out.

The millionaire didn't call for a week, but the landlord wasn't behind a minute. We gave him all the money we had, but still owed him three dollars. It was a week before any of us seven had a square meal again. I shall never forget the dreadful unhappiness I experienced during my return from the millionaire's house; and I never let a workman whom I owe go unpaid a single hour after his money is due.—Unidentified.

RIM versus TIRE.

The bicycle doctor had been truing up the hind leg of my steel horse, and when I came to take it, he said, "You will need a new rim in the fall."

"Why," I answered, "you put one on only a little while ago."

"Oh, no; I have never put a rim on your wheel."

"You certainly did," I persisted.

"No, you are mistaken;" and as I was going on to prove my assertion, he remarked: "Are you sure we are talking about the same thing?"

That brought me to my senses. "Oh, you said 'rim,' and I was thinking of the tire. I beg your pardon."

You can guess how it set me thinking. So many of the contradictions, controversies, alienations, antagonisms, feuds, come from just such misunderstandings, talking "rim" and thinking "tire." A special thing is in our head, and we listen carelessly, know we are right, and off we fly, demonstrating our own stupidity, and perhaps ending with genuine disturbance. Wasn't I glad that it was a little matter, that I did not "get hot" over it, and that the bicycle doctor was cool and courteous enough to set me right, sending me away laughing and moralizing over my own dullness, instead of vexed at his obstinacy! Wait a bit, think a bit, ask again and listen carefully, and you may save yourself "frae mony a foolish blunder," a lovers' quarrel, perhaps, or a grown-up grudge.—Wellspring.

THERE WAS ANOTHER SIDE.

If difficulties show what men are, the optimistic newsboy described by the New York Times is fairly sure to prove a conqueror in the difficulties of life.

He had only one leg, but he had been hopping about on his crutch selling afternoon "extras," and when there was a lull in the business, owing to a falling off in the crowds passing through City Hall Park, he sat down on the steps of the city hall for a brief rest.

"How did you lose your leg?" I asked.

"Cable-car," he said, with the street urchin's characteristic economy of words.

"Too bad!" I remarked.

"Oh, might have been worse," the boy replied. "The company paid the doctor and gave my mother eight hundred dollars. That paid all our debts and left us five hundred dollars in the bank; an' it's all there now, 'cept forty dollars we had to take out when mother was sick. An' I sell more papers than most of the boys, just 'cause I carry a crutch. There's one of my customers now."



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When may a man be considered to be really over head and ears in debt? When he owes for his wig.

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'.

Which is heavier, a half or full moon? The half, because the full is light again as the half.

Many sinners are not troubled about the act of sin, but all their distress is on account of the fear of being found out. Sin is just as bad when it is secret as when men know it. The evil of sin is so deep that in the sight of God it is exceeding sinful even though it may find no opportunity to express itself in outward act. The sin of the heart is the thing we should hate and seek to overcome.

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