

The Puzzled Gentleman from Japan.

A distinguished Japanese official visited New York recently, and a member of the municipal government who had been in Japan, and can speak the language of the country, undertook to show him around.

"Is that an officer making an arrest?" asked the Japanese, as he saw a man stop a milk-wagon.

"Not exactly," replied the official; "he is a milk inspector, and his duty is, under the law, to see that no impure milk is sold in the city. If the milk is all right, he will let the milkman pass on; otherwise, he will arrest him."

"What is impure milk?"

"Milk that has been mixed with chalk or water."

"Is the chalk a poison?"

"Oh, no, it impairs the vitality, that's all."

"Does water in milk make anybody sick?"

"Why, of course not. But when a person pays for milk, he wants milk, not water, which he can get for little or nothing when he desires it. It is a swindle on the public to put water in milk."

"But you say no one is hurt by it."

"Feelings are hurt, that's all."

Soon after they passed a low corner saloon, when the door opened, and a man who came staggering out, tripped, struck his head against a lamp-post, and fell heavily on the sidewalk, where he lay as one dead.

"What is the matter with that man?" asked the foreigner from Japan.

"Full of benzine," replied the municipal officer, with a glance of disgust.

"Benzine! What is that?"

"It is a name we have in this country for poor liquor—poison whiskey, you understand."

"Is there any good whiskey?"

"Oh, yes; there is good whiskey, but some saloons make more money by selling bad."

"Bad whiskey is a poison?"

"Deadly poison, sometimes."

"Has the man a license to sell whiskey same as the milkman has to sell milk?"

"Of course, or he couldn't carry on business."

"And do you inspect the whiskey as you do the milk?"

"Never."

"Yet there may be poison in it, while the milk is adulterated with chalk and water, which do no harm in particular, you say?"

"Ahem," said the city official, twisting about uneasily, "let's look at the markets."

At the markets they found officials inspecting the meat which was on sale.

"What do they do that for?" asked the Japanese.

"To see that the meat is healthful," was the reply.

"If a man should eat a piece of unhealthful meat, would he stumble on the sidewalk and split his head open against the lamp-post, as the man did coming out of the saloon? Would watered milk make him do that?"

"Why, certainly not."

"Yet you inspect meat and milk, and let men sell poisoned whiskey, which kills people, as much as they please. I can't understand your country."—*Epworth Herald.*

What we need is not a plainer, easier path to heaven, but a deeper determination to climb courageously any road that leads us nearer to God.

NO USE TO WHINE.

There isn't anything in the world more disagreeable than a whining person. He whines if it is hot. He whines if it is cold. He whines at this, he whines at that, he whines at everything. Whine, whine, whine. It is just a habit he has fallen into. There is nothing the matter with him. It is just a bad habit.

The whiner is generally an idle person or a lazy one. What he needs is to be set to work—at real hard work, mental or physical. Some work that will interest him and engage his whole attention, and he will not have time to whine. We know two women. One of them does her own housework and takes care of her horse besides. She is happy and singing all the day long. The keyboard of her life sounds no whining note. It is a pleasure to be with her, a good, wholesome tonic to watch her. The other woman is so situated that she does not have to work. Nothing to do but to amuse herself. She has no zest in life, no interest in anything. She is a bunch of selfishness, and whines at everything. Whining has become such a habit with her that her most casual remark is tinged with a whine. She is miserable herself, and makes everybody else in her presence miserable. She is a weakling, a parasite, a drag, a heavy weight on somebody all the time.

Get the whine out of your voice or it will stop the development and growth of your body. It will narrow and shrink your mind. It will drive away your friends; it will make you unpopular. Quit your whining; brace up; go to work; be something; stand for something; fill your place in the universe. Instead of whining around, exciting only pity and contempt, face about and make something of yourself. Reach up to the stature of a strong, ennobling manhood, to the beauty and strength of a superb womanhood.

There is nothing the matter with you. Just quit your whining and go to work.—*Medical Talk.*

DOES DEATH END ALL?

An old man sat on his verandah one autumn evening, with the son of a former schoolmate. The visitor was a flippant young fellow, and talked much of his doubts about religion. The old man did not argue with him.

"It isn't worth while, Robert," he said; "you are only repeating what other men have suggested to you. You have not begun to think or feel for yourself."

Robert was insistent, and finally asserted that the doctrine of a future life was all a dream. "Death is death," he said. "When the breath goes out of the body, the soul comes to an end."

His aged host led him into the library and showed him a portrait on the wall—a noble, saintly face. "Do you see her?" he said. "Can you guess what she was like? Her face—how high her intellect, how tender her nature, how near to God? I was her only son. She was—and as I have never married, she always will be—the only woman in the world to me. Well, she is dead. And you say there is nothing for her left in the world—nothing? Why, look here, Bob, do you see that bush in the yard? A common weed with coarse leaves and colorless flowers, of no special use or beauty. But that weed grows in every country. It grew centuries ago; it grew before the flood. It is the same now it was then. It has come down through countless ages, seed after seed, the same growth, the

same flower, the same thorns, unaltered. And if God," he said, rising in his earnestness, "if God has kept that little weed unaltered since the beginning of time, shall he extinguish the soul of my mother—the souls of all mothers—full of his truth and love, made in his likeness, who have done his work in the world? Shall the poor matter in its meanest type last, and the soul, which represents his intelligence and his spirit, come to an end?"—*Youth's Companion.*

PAINFUL RHEUMATISM.

This Trouble is caused by an Acid in the blood, and can only be cured through the blood.

Rheumatism is caused by an acid in the blood. That is a medical truth every sufferer from this trouble should bear in mind. Liniments and outward applications cannot cure what is rooted in the blood. That is the reason rheumatism yields like magic to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. This new blood conquers the painful poison, sweeps out the aching acid, soothes the nerves, loosens the muscles and banishes rheumatism. Mr. Robert Morrison, one of the best known and most esteemed residents of Guelph, Ont., gives striking testimony to the truth of the statements made above. He says: "My trouble came gradually, and was pronounced muscular rheumatism, and was located chiefly in my neck and shoulders. I can hardly tell you how much I suffered. I was confined to my bed for fifteen months. A great many friends came to see me during that time, and I think I am safe in saying that most of them had very little hopes that I would get better. I tried a great many remedies without any lasting benefit. Then I tried Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I am thankful to say that through the use of these pills and the indefatigable nursing of my wife, I am again on my feet. My neck is still somewhat stiff, but the pain is gone. I am now in my 79th year, and I feel that I owe much to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

These pills have cured thousands of the very worst cases of neuralgia, rheumatism, sciatica, lumbago and back-aches, and they can do the same for you. 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.

IN CHURCH.

I don't want to make you uncomfortable, girls; but is it possible it was one of you who had a bird's wing in your hat?

Just in front of my pew sits a maiden—
A little brown wing in her hat,
With its touches of tropical azure,
And sheen of the sun upon that.
Through the bloom-colored pane shines
a glory

By which the vast shadows are stirred,
But I pine for the spirit and splendor
That painted the wing of the bird.

The organ rolls down its great anthem;
With the soul of a song it is blent;
But for me, I am sick for the singing
Of one little song that is spent.
The voice of the curate is gentle:
"No sparrow shall fall to the ground,"
But the poor broken wing on the bonnet
Is mocking the merciful sound.

—*Our Sunday Afternoon.*

DON'T MARRY THE GIRL.

- Who is lazy.
- Who is a flirt.
- Who cannot control her temper.
- Who dislikes children and animals.
- Who is not neat and tidy in her dress.
- Who is deceitful and is not true to her friends.
- Who fusses, fumes and fidgets about everything.
- Whose highest aspiration has never soared above self.
- Who is amiable to suitors and "horrid" to her family.
- Whose chief interests in life are dress and amusements.
- Who lacks thrift, and has no idea of the value of money.
- Who cannot bear to hear any one but herself praised or admired.
- Who thinks more of making a fine appearance than a fine character.

BOYS WANTED.

A lady who has kept a record of the wife murders perpetuated by drunken husbands, which have been reported in the daily papers for a year, says that 3,004 cases have occurred during that time. Now let some one tell us how many sons, daughters, brothers, sisters, fathers and neighbors have been slain by drunken men. Then let us find out how many broken limbs, heads, fortunes, and hearts have resulted from the use of strong drink. When we begin to estimate the aggregate of crime wrought out by rum, we are puzzled to comprehend the indifference of the people to such a mighty engine of destruction in our midst, and I regret to say it runs seven days in the week, in some places the Lord's day not excepted.

Customs, habits, rules and fashions are stronger with the majority of the people than absolute right. Such people would rather wear a shoe that pinches the toes, or one that is not paid for, than to be mortified by one that is not in the fashion.

Henry Ward Beecher said that when he was a young minister at Indianapolis, he knew a man who spent many a cold night in stealing wood. The man underwent privation and risk, and worked far harder than would have been necessary to earn the wood honestly. So sinners defeat their own ends, cheat themselves more than they do others, and find Satan a bad paymaster.

Unpleasant!

**Bolls,
Humors,
Eczema,
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cures them permanently
by purifying the

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