

of the marriages here had been marriages of necessity. He said that although there were many good girls in the community, there were also a great many bad ones, who would be in a class by themselves as "loose characters" any where else than in Mormonism. He said that pure young men were very hard to find. He has now moved away, and his children were growing up and he felt with "Gentiles" generally that "Utah is a bad place to bring up a family."

As I have not mentioned any good traits of the Mormons in this article, perhaps it will produce an erroneous impression of the Mormon character. Personally, I have been kindly and respectfully treated, and there are doubtless individuals in Mormon communities whose lives are exemplary in many particulars.

As Mormon missionaries are going into many localities, it has been my purpose to show to the public the Mormon god, and to compare a Mormon community with Christian communities in certain moral aspects.

SHE WANTED TO KNOW.

In the lifetime of Queen Victoria there was a suite of rooms in Windsor Castle for the use of her chaplain. A private passage connected the chaplain's study with the Queen's apartments, and she frequently went to consult him on important matters. One day, we are told, as the Queen was returning to her apartments after an interview, a parrot called out some words in a cross tone of voice from its cage in the passage. Failing to understand the sounds, the Queen turned to the chaplain and asked, "What is the parrot saying?" With much embarrassment he replied, "If you please, your Majesty, I would rather not repeat it." "But what was it?" she said. "Something I fear your Majesty will not like; therefore I hope your Majesty will excuse me from telling it." The Queen's curiosity was now thoroughly aroused, and she said: "Come, I insist." The chaplain bowed low, and made answer: "Since your Majesty insists, the parrot said, 'Go long you ugly woman!'" Queen Victoria laughed heartily as she said: "Well, I am glad there is at least one voice in the kingdom which is not afraid to tell me what it thinks of me.

In applying this story, one of the popular preachers of New York says: "Many preachers of our day are making the fatal blunder of preaching to people a gospel out of which is carefully eradicated the sharp, keen swords of God's Word which would pierce the conscience of their hearers and convict them of sin. There never was a time when there was more need of Nathan's example in dealing with David, when he described the sin and aroused the sinner, and looked him straight in the eye, and said, 'Thou art the man!'"

"Odd, hain't it?" remarked Zeke, reflectively. "The government don't take no 'count of what a man thinks, but it sets a mighty sight o' store on how he votes. S'pozen' I shouts for expansion and talks for expansion and marches for expansion and then votes for an ante-expansion candidate, the government chalks me down, square agin my talk and shout and march. An' s'pozen' I talks agin whisky and prays agin whisky and then votes (with a whisky party) for a whisky candidate, the government scores me one for whisky, which is square agin what I believe. Odd, hain't it?"

A SPRING NEED.

Indoor Confinement in Winter Hard on the Health.

Ninety-nine people out of every hundred actually need a tonic during the spring months, and the hundredth person would make no mistake if he, too, infused a little extra vigor and power into his blood. The reason for this condition is quite apparent. In the desire to make Canadian houses warm during the winter months, ventilation is sacrificed, and the health is impaired. There may be nothing seriously wrong—nothing more than a variable appetite! little pimples or eruptions of the skin; a feeling of weariness and a desire to avoid exertion, perhaps an occasional headache. These may not seem serious; perhaps you may think that the trouble will pass away—but it won't unless you drive it out by putting the blood right with a health-giving tonic. And there is only one blood-renewing, health-giving, nerve-restoring tonic—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Over and over again it has been proved that these pills cure when other medicines fail, and thousands of grateful people testify that they are the best of all spring medicines. Miss D. Brown, Collina, N. B., says: "I have used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for a run-down system, and have found them better than any other medicine I have tried. In the early spring my blood was out of condition and I had such dizzy spells that if I turned quickly I would almost fall. I took Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for a few weeks and the trouble entirely disappeared. I think these pills an ideal spring medicine."

If you want to be healthy in spring, don't dose your system with harsh, griping purgatives, and don't experiment with other so-called tonics. Take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills at once and see how quickly they will banish all spring ailments. Sold by medicine dealers everywhere, or sent by mail at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for 2.50, by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

WHICH CROWD ARE YOU IN?

Two old pals met on the street. "I saw you in the liquor men's parade Tuesday," one of them said. "Oh, yes." "Now, you tell me about it. Who were those fellows in front on horses?" "Those? Why, those were the wholesalers." "Well, who were those fellows in carriages?" "Those fellows in plug hats, smoking the big, black cigars?" "Yes." "They were the distillers and brewers." "Who were those fellows walking there with the white plug hats, white coats and gold-headed canes?" "They were the retailers." "Who were those fellows that brought up the rear?" "Fellows with cauliflower noses and fringe on their pants—the crowd I was with?" "Yes." "Oh, they were the consumers."

A burn or scald must have the air kept from it for a quarter of an hour or so. The best way to do this is to at once cover the injured place with sweet oil, then make a paste with some whiting, and smear on all over the parts inflamed.

HARD TO PRONOUNCE.

In this land of many languages, it is not unusual for a minister to find himself in a position of no little difficulty with regard to the pronunciation of some of the names placed before him. Such a story as the following should be appreciated under such circumstances.

A Polish couple came before a justice of the peace in New York to be married. The justice looked at the document, which authorized him to unite in matrimony Zacharewicz Perezynski and Leokowarda Jeulinseika.

"Ahem!" he said, "Zach—h'm—h'm—ski, do you take this woman?" and so forth.

"Yes, sir," responded the young man. "Leo—h'm—h'm—ska, do you take this man to be?" and so forth.

"Yes, sir." "Then I pronounce you man and wife," said the justice, glad to find something that he could pronounce; "and heartily congratulate you both on having reduced these two names to one." — *Selected.*

WHATED 2,000,000 BOYS.

Have you a boy to spare? The drink shop must have boys, or it must shut up its shop. Can you find one? It is a great factory, and unless it can have 2,000,000 from each generation, for raw material, some of these factories must close up, and the operatives thrown out upon a cold world, and the public revenue dwindle!

One family out of every five must contribute a boy in order to keep up the supply. Will you help? Which of your boys shall it be?

Are you a father? Have you given your share to keep up the supply for this great public institution that is helping pay your taxes and kindly electing public officers for you? Have you contributed a boy?

If not, some other family has had to give more than its share. Are you selfish? Voting to keep the tavern open to grind up boys and then doing nothing to keep up the supply?

Ponder these questions, ye voters, and answer them to God, to whom you will one day give an account for votes as well as prayers.

And ye mothers, wives, and daughters, are you by precept, example and influence in every possible direction doing all you can to save the boys from the enticements of the horrible liquor saloon and to hasten the day when it shall be outlawed, and curse our fair land no more? If not, why not?—*Good Templar's Watchword.*

THE POWER OF KEEPING SILENCE.

John Bright went into an agricultural district one day, and had to walk from the station a long way into the village. A clergyman who was driving in a dog-cart overtook him, and, learning his destination, offered to drive him there.

"Have you seen the papers to-day?" asked the clergyman when the famous tribune had taken his seat.

"No; what is in them?"

"That rascal John Bright has been making another speech."

"And what was it about?"

The clergyman explained the subject.

"Well," said the stranger, "after all Mr. Bright may be right, you know."

"Oh, no!" said the irate clergyman.

"If I had him here I would feel like shooting him!"

Before they separated Mr. Bright had promised to attend his acquaintance's church the next day. The theme of the

sermon was Mr. Bright's speech, and at the conclusion Mr. Bright thanked him for his sermon. As the rector was going home a friend stopped him and said:

"You have been preaching under distinguished patronage this morning."

"How is that?"

"You had John Bright among the congregation. Didn't you notice him in the front pew?"

"What!" exclaimed the rector, "that man! Why, I drove him to the village yesterday in my dogcart, and called him a rascal, and excoriated him in all the moods and tenses, and he never said a word. I must go and apologise at once."

PROMISE AND FULFILMENT.

The use of the word "obey" in the marriage service reminds a contributor to the *New York Times* of the following story of a couple who were married when quite young. The bride was over the average height and rather stout; the groom was very slim, and not up to the average height.

Ten years passed, and the couple got on comfortably. With the flight of time madam increased in bulk, while her theoretical lord and master added not an inch to his height nor an ounce to his weight. One day he wanted her to do something and she refused, at first quietly, then vehemently, and finally explosively.

"I'll not do it," she declared, "and I'd like to see you make me!"

"But, Maria," expostulated the husband, "when you married me, didn't you promise to obey me?"

"I did," she replied; then, sizing up his diminutive proportions, she added, "but I expected you'd grow."

CORRECT SPEECH.

To be grammatically correct is one thing, to be slovenly in speech is another. Beware of slurring your words, of dropping your final g's, of running your sentences along an inclined plane so that the last word is lost in mystery. Cultivate the rising inflection at the end of every sentence. Do not use baby talk when your little tots begin to speak. Small children appreciate parental love-making in good English, quite as much as they do idiocy in broken Choctaw.

Unpleasant!

**Boils,
Humors,
Eczema,
Salt Rheum**

**Weaver's
Syrup**

cures them permanently
by purifying the

Blood.

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