

penance he viewed his own mad, wicked obstinacy, but he never did.

It was the month of March ere the fever-fiend began to falter in this deadly work. Every day brought news of fewer cases, until at last they were reduced to ten. Then Ralph Hume, coming home one night, heard news which seemed to crush all life and hope out of him.

Olive Mayrick was ill—terribly ill, they said. Her mother had been sent for, and Dr. Whyte had looked grave and shaken his head, speaking of spent forces, and exhausted vital energy, and no reserve strength to fight with the disease.

But it was not typhoid, after all; it was simply collapse. For weeks Olive was unconscious, and no one thought she would live.

Never had anxiety run so great in Leyenbridge. There was not a man, woman, or child who would not have given the strength of their right arm to raise Olive Mayrick from her bed of sickness. And among the most constant and anxious visitors at Ivy Cottage was Ralph Hume.

At last came the "turn" for which Dr. Whyte had been anxiously waiting. Youth and sweet, healthy blood, and the devoted nursing of a mother, had done wonders. Olive would live.

It was a day in early May when Ralph Hume, having pleaded earnestly with Mrs. Mayrick, was allowed to see Olive. He stood before her, looking white and shaken, unable to utter a word. The fragility, the frailty of her appearance struck a chill to his heart. She looked as if a breath of wind would blow her away.

She turned, holding out her hand with a smile.

"How are you, Mr. Hume? It is very kind of you to call, and my mother has told me how good you have been to me all the time I have been ill."

"Good!" he repeated, as if the word choked him. He came nearer and stood like a culprit before her, not daring to take her hand. "Miss Mayrick, I have lived through an eternity of remorse and shame these last six months. I would have given the best years of my life to undo all the evil I have done—and all your suffering."

He felt the small, thin hand slip into his.

"Mr. Hume, we all make mistakes. Do you know what I consider the most comforting text in the whole Bible? 'Surely he maketh the wrath of men to praise him.' We make mistakes, but he can make victories out of them. What if even disease and death are his messengers, and not sent in vain? And you must not reproach yourself too much; you could not have brought about the evil without his will."

"You forgive me?" he said, a little hoarsely; and she nodded brightly.

"Anything I have to forgive; but don't let us speak of it again."

But he did so—once again, some months later.

"You forgive me, Olive—you even said you would be my friend; but I can't be satisfied with your friendship. I wish—your love. Can you give it—to one who, so unjustly and causelessly acted as your opponent and enemy?"

"Yes," Olive whispered. And presently she added, with a little smile: "Are you surprised at my weakness? After all, a lady-doctor is at heart 'only a woman.'"—*British Monthly*.

There is no more beautiful characteristic of human nature than tenderness.

NEURALGIC PAINS

ARE THE CRY OF THE NERVES FOR BETTER BLOOD.

Enrich the Blood and Neuralgia will Disappear—It is Only Those Whose Blood is Poor and Watery That Suffer.

No part of the human system is more sensitive than the nerves. Many of the most excruciating pains that afflict mankind come from weak, shaky, shattered nerves, and among the nerve pains there is perhaps none causes more intense suffering than neuralgia, which generally attacks the nerves of the face and head, sometimes causing swift, darting, agonizing pains—at other times a dull, heavy aching feeling which makes life miserable. There is only one way to get rid of neuralgia and other nervous troubles, and that is through the blood. Poor, watery blood makes the nerves shaky and invite disease. Rich, red blood makes the nerves strong and banishes all nerve troubles. No medicine in the world can equal Dr. Williams' Pink Pills as a blood builder and nerve tonic; every dose helps to make rich, red blood, and every drop of this new blood feeds and strengthens the nerves and banishes all nerve aches and pains. Among those who offer strong proof of this is Mr. John McDermott, Bond Head, Ont., who says: "A few days ago while working as a carpenter in Buffalo, I got wet. I neglected to change my clothes and next morning I awoke with cramps and pains throughout my entire body. I was unable to go to work, so called in a doctor. I followed his treatment, but it did not help me. As I was unable to work I returned to my home at Bond Head. Here I consulted a doctor, who said I was suffering from neuralgia, but though he treated me for some time, he also failed to help me. I had often read of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, so decided to try them. I had not used more than three boxes before I felt they were helping me. From that on I gained day by day, and after I had used some ten boxes I had fully recovered my old-time strength, and have since been able to work at my trade without any trouble. The pains and aches no longer torture me and I have gained in weight. I think Dr. Williams' Pink Pills an invaluable medicine, and shall always have a good word to say for them."

Neuralgia, sciatica, rheumatism, St. Vitus' dance, and the many other blood and nerve troubles all vanish when Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are used—but you must get the genuine, bearing the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," on the wrapper around every box. Sold by druggists or direct by mail at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

The Cause of Piles.

Is invariably constipation, which is quickly remedied by Dr. Hamilton's Pills of Mandrake and Butternut. Sure relief, and no gripping pains. For a remedy that never fails use Dr. Hamilton's Pills. Price 25c.

He who loves not lives not; he who lives by the Life can not die.—Raymond Lull.

To be tender and sympathetic does not mean to be changeable and irresolute. Indeed, none but a brave, strong heart is capable of being tender.

CONSECRATED LOVE.

Two young artists were competing for a prize long ago. One of them was Albert Durer, whose name has come down through the story of art as one that will not die. The other was a plain German lad named Franz. When the paintings were finished, Albert's was easily awarded the prize of highest honor, and Franz's was not found worthy of mention. As the two lads sat together, talking of the triumph of the one and the failure of the other, Franz sat with folded hands and downcast face, a picture of yielding and resignation. He said to his friend, "I shall rejoice in your fame, and I shall plod along with patience in my humble part." While they were talking, Albert Durer was painting the figure opposite to him and that picture has come down through history under the title of "Folded Hands." No wonder the painter said, "I would rather be the hero of my picture than the painter." There is a sublimity in the humblest lot when accepted and fulfilled for God with patient submission and consecrated love. Perhaps you cannot preach like Paul, but you can give God the hands of Dorcas or the little loaves or fishes of the peasant boy.

SERVED HIM RIGHT.

In England, public conveyances are licensed to carry a specified number of passengers, and the law is strictly enforced. The Birmingham *Post* tells the following story hinging upon that law:

It was a raw, cold night, and the rain fell pitilessly as an omnibus drew up at the corner of Oxford Street. A thinly-clad young woman stood on the curb, and looked imploringly at the conductor. The latter, an Irishman, speaking in reply to the mute inquiry, said: "Shure, it's full I am, but"—glancing again at the little one—"come on, my honey, in wid ye: Oi'll chance it." The little woman was squeezed into a seat; but the bus had not proceeded very far when the following incident occurred: In the corner seat was a fop, who, with eyeglasses firmly fixed, had been watching the proceedings, and, as the vehicle eased up, he called out:

"Conductah!"

"Sor!"

"Are you aware that you have one over your number?"

"'Ave I, sor? Oi'll sec." Pat counts, beginning at the opposite corner, leaving the "Johnnie" until the last: "Wan, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve, thirteen—so I have, and ye're the very wan. Out ye come!" and he went.

LEAP YEAR.

Why it is that women are permitted to propose in leap year? Here is the answer as given in a contemporary: "It appears that in the year 1288 a statute was published by the Scotch parliament ordering that during the reign of 'Her Maist Blessit Majesty Margaret,' every maiden and lady of high or low estate should have liberty to speak to a man she liked. If he refused to take her to be his wife, she should have the privilege of fining him £100 or less, according to his estate, unless he should make it appear that he was betrothed to another woman, in which case he would be free to refuse. After the death of Margaret the women of Scotland became so clamorous for their privilege, and to appease them another act of parliament allowed them to propose every fourth year."



A true disciple inquires not whether a fact is agreeable to his own reason, but whether it is in the Book.—*Adoniram Judson*.

A nagging cough drives sleep and comfort away. You can conquer it with Allen's Lung Balsam, which relieves hard breathing, pain in the chest and irritation of the throat. Give it freely to the children.

Those that do most for the heathen abroad are those that do most for the heathen at home.—*John G. Eaton*.

A Tonic for the Debilitated.—Purlee's Vegetable Pills by acting mildly but thoroughly on the secretions of the body are a valuable tonic, stimulating the lagging organs to healthful action and restoring them to full vigor. They can be taken in graduated doses and so used that they can be discontinued at any time without return of the ailment which they were used to allay.

The greatest foes of missions are prejudice and indifference, and ignorance is the mother of them both.—*Anon*.

Reasonable Treatment for

**Eczema
Salt Rheum
Boils
Scrofula**

TAKE

**WEAVER'S
SYRUP**

which

By Purifying the Blood destroys the origin of these afflictions.

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