

**YOU CAN'T RUB IT OUT.**

"Oh, Ned, be careful," cried the father, to a boy who was cutting with a diamond on a pane; "what you place there must remain, you can't rub it out."

These words set me to thinking how many of our acts there are which leave an indelible tracery upon the life and character. It may be a careless word, spoken without thought of intentional wrong, but an anguished heart, well-nigh broken, has been quickened and bowed anew beneath the weight of the load. Oh, if we had only thought of the misery our words would have power to cause, how careful we would have been to have spoken only loving and gentle ones. But they have passed beyond recall, and we can't rub them out.

There was an act of kindness we meant to perform to a soul in sore need of it. We were only putting it off a little longer, until we could find a fitting occasion, or it better suited our convenience to do it. Suddenly we are awoken to the awful reality that it is forever too late; it hurts us to think of it, it was caused by lack of proper thought, we tell ourselves, but the sin remains, and we "can't rub it out."

Two school girls, who have long been friends, have a difference of opinion about some slight matter; hastily spoken words lead on to a quarrel, which is so bitter in its enmity that they keep it miserably up until the end of the term. Then they suddenly see how foolish they have been, and come together with tears and tender words of forgiveness. "Oh, if it had not happened," says one; "it is an ugly blur upon our lives, and we can't rub it out."

One of the rank weeds which grow up and blight character is jealousy. We need to guard carefully against it, if we would not have it choke out Christian graces. "Her influence for good is limited," said one friend speaking of another. "She has many good and generous qualities, but in her youth she never curbed the tide of jealousy, and it is sometimes now unbearable and drives her friends from her." The past we cannot help, but the present is still ours, and God-given, let us improve the hours as he wills!—*Chris. Intelligencer.*

**A WIVES' PARADISE.**

The treatment given the married women of the Island of Sumatra would suggest a wives' paradise. As soon as the marriage ceremony is performed, the husband makes his worldly possessions over to his wife, and thenceforth devotes his energies to accumulating a greater fortune. Divorce is practically unknown, and one cynical writer has suggested that this may be because husband and wife do not live in the same house, each having their separate home. Then there is the period of widowhood, which is particularly hard to endure, because of the very happy lot of the wife. Consequently the widow's veil, called there the "oriflamme," is specially manufactured of the lightest possible material, its texture being as fine as muslin, with the result that the most gentle of breezes soon tear it to pieces. Thus, within a very short space does the widow find herself free to marry, and but few months elapse before she has found someone to console her, and has again bound herself with the golden bonds of matrimony.

There was somebody who was often late at school. Was it you?

**Joy Succeeds Despair**

**IN THE HOME OF MR. JOSEPH HILTON, THOROLD, ONT.**

**His Daughter, Florence, Was All But Dead From Dropsy — Her Doctor Had Given Her Up — Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Were Then Used and To-day She Is Well and Strong.**

From the *Post*, Thorold, Ont.:

Everybody believes in a dreamy sort of way that the efficacy of a well and wisely advertised medicine, when the recorded cases of restored health are at a distance, but when a case comes up in the home town, when the patient is known to everyone, and when the cure is not only positive, but marvellous, the efficacy of the medicine becomes a fact—a decided thing. For many years the *Post* has advertised Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People; large quantities of them have been sold by the local drug stores, and many remarkable cures have been effected. One of these attracted the attention of our reporter, and he investigated. Miss Florence Hilton, the eighteen-year-old daughter of Joseph and Mrs. Hilton, living in the west part of the town, was taken ill early last summer with dropsy, coupled with heart trouble. She was compelled to give up one duty after another, and finally became unable to walk or to lie down. Her suffering was intense, and medical skill did all that could be done. Florence, however, grew worse, sitting in her chair day and night for five long months to get her breath, and the parents despaired. At last the doctors gave her up, and said further visits were futile. The poor girl's limbs were pitifully swollen, and finally burst below the knees. She sat helpless and weak, gasping for breath—and at times could not breathe at all, only with the greatest difficulty. One night the neighbors came in and said she could not live till morning. But to-day she is alive and well, moving about among her young companions a remarkable and miraculous contrast to what she then was. The reporter called one evening at the Hilton home, but Miss Florence was out visiting. The father and mother were in, however, and freely told him of the cure, which they attribute entirely to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The first box was brought to her by her grandmother, who urged their use. Then Mrs. Hilton herself remembered that she had the previous winter been cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills of a slight attack of dropsy, and also remembered the many cures advertised in the *Post*. She bought two boxes and Florence took them, three pills at a dose. In two weeks she felt a slight decrease in the pain in her limbs, and more pills were procured. For five months—five long pain-laden months—the weary girl had sat day and night in her chair, but now she began to feel the pain leaving her and to see her limbs resume their natural size. Fourteen boxes of the pills were taken, and at last her perseverance was rewarded. She rose from her chair; her former strength gradually came back; one by one her household duties were taken up again, and when the *Post* representative called he was met by beaming faces and thankful hearts, and a grateful readiness to give to the world the facts that had saved a bright young life and had brought joy instead of grief to a Thorold home.

In thousands of other homes, scattered over the length and breadth of Canada, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have brought health and joy and gladness, and in every home in the land where sickness and suffering enters, new health and strength can be had through a fair use of this medicine. Remember that substitutes can't cure—they make the patient worse, and when you ask for this medicine, see that the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," is printed on the wrapper around the box—then you are sure you have the genuine pills. Sold by all medicine dealers, or sent by mail, post paid, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by writing The Dr. Williams, Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

**LESSONS FROM CHEMISTRY.**

"How beautiful!" I exclaimed, entering the laboratory, as a brilliant green light shone out and snowy flakes of something fluttered from the vivid blaze. "And what is it?"

"A bit of zinc-leaf burning," the chemist answered; "seizing oxygen from the air, it makes with it these white flakes of zinc oxide. Here the same zinc is cultivating the lead-tree."

In a jar of clear liquid hung a strap of zinc on which was clustered a brilliant, moss-like mass of crystalline spangles.

"Zinc in a solution of acetate of lead," the chemist continued, "dissolves, and the lead gathers up its silvery crystals; then I weigh the liquids and the solids. I shall find that for every atom of lead crystallized an atom of zinc has been dissolved."

"Here is the same truth proving itself in another way. In this beaker are sulphuric acid and zinc; when they have obeyed their law of union, instead of the liquid and the shining solid I shall have their precise equivalent, but in the very different form of hydrogen gas and the white mass of zinc sulphate."

"Nothing is lost; chemistry can change, but cannot create nor destroy, what the one Creator of all things in heaven and earth has made. But chemistry can, in some cases, change substances into the form from which it can never change them back to the old form."

"That is a solemn thought when we come to soul chemistry, that our work will, or our influence over our own souls or those of others may, distort them from the symmetry which God gave them, and that no after efforts of ours can restore the former beauty; that thought must make us watchful and prayerful in all our ways."

"But there is great comfort in knowing that God, who can create and destroy, can also restore the distorted life which is fully given into his hands of grace and power, and can make it again beautiful and fit for his service, purifying it in the precious blood of the Lamb."—*Wellspring.*

Most unhappy people have become so by gradually forming a habit of unhappiness, complaining about the weather, finding fault with their food, with crowded cars, and with disagreeable companions or work.

A habit of complaining, of criticising, of fault-finding, or grumbling over trifles, a habit of looking for shadows, is a most unfortunate habit to contract, especially in early life, for, after a while, the victim becomes a slave. All of the impulses become perverted, until the tendency to pessimism, to cynicism, is chronic.—*Success.*

**When you are Hot and Tired**  
 how good Sovereign Lime Juice does taste! It does more than cool—it satisfies. As invigorating as a cold plunge and much more lasting in its effects.

**Sovereign Lime Juice**  
 is the pure fresh juice of ripe limes—retaining all the natural flavor of the fruit.  
 10c, 15c, 25c & 50c A BOTTLE.  
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Here is the excuse made by Mrs. Mary Tomson, of the Australian bush, because her son went to school without having done his home lessons: "Dere mister I want u to scews mi bil for not haven his lessons dun our gote licced bil's slayte it bein greesie en so pore bil doan no his sumes wich is to hard mi old man says he wunt do eny moar like the last him en bil bein dun up wen they dun the wun u wanted to no how far aman cud walk in for ours if he walked wun myl in aytean minits he says cud u give bil nex time sumes about howses mi old man says he wunt do bil's sumes agen in wauken for noboddy en I am respectfooly Mary Tomson."

There are no finer compliments that can come to men than temptations. They are God's way of telling men how much he thinks of them, how much he is willing to trust them, how much he believes they can do in his world in that great struggle against evil and vileness, lust and sin. Men have only begun to learn the secret of Jesus Christ when they have entered into a life of active, sweet, heart-tearing struggle.—*Robert E. Speer.*

**Poison—**

In the Blood brings Humors and Boils, Salt Rheum, Eczema and Scrofula,

**WEAVER'S SYRUP**

Will cure them permanently by purifying the

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