

AN ENTHUSIASTIC AUDITOR.

The late Dean Hoffman was once called upon to speak at a gathering in the interests of a cause to which he had given much of both time and money. He took the rostrum reluctantly, and began apologetically as follows:

"I am not much of a speaker, friends," "amen!" came heartily from a good Methodist not far from the speaker.

Dean Hoffman looked disconcerted, but manfully tried to proceed:

"I shall detain you but a moment, friends!"

"Hallelujah!" came from the same Methodist.

The dean proceeded to make a very few remarks with a very red face. He laughed most heartily, however, when it was afterwards explained to him that the exclamations of pious gratitude had come from a deaf brother, who, able to recognize nothing but the pause in the dean's speech, had expressed his approval on faith, rather than on hearing. —*Christian Youth.*

TWO MEN.

Like opportunity came to two men. Both were servants to prophets.

The one turned out like his master, only more so, and wrought double the number of miracles. The other turned out a leper.

Elisha and Gehazi.

The first grew hungry for God, and got him. The second grew hungry for gold and lost it.

Water on a tree will make it grow; but on a post, will help to rot it.

Two men will read this—one will go to the pit, the other to the pulpit. Two men hear a sermon—one grows bigger by it, the other grows less. For truth will do one of two things when poured out—it will expand or contract. The sun pulls an oak out of an acorn, but it dries up a pool.

I lately visited a church where one of its members had been elected to a high post of honor; trust and esteem were his in abundance.

Another who sat in the pew ahead of him is in jail.

They both heard the same sermons, read the same ritual, and said the Lord's prayer together.

I saw two bulbs in a florist's window; both looked like onions. Plant one, and it will grow a lily, beautiful and fragrant, plant the other and it will grow—an onion, for that is what it is.

We are what we are. Put Christ in a heart and he will grow out a Christian. Put sin in a heart and it will grow out like Satan.—*C. H. Yatman.*

HOPE FOR HER RECOVERY.

Two young women met in a downtown store in New York recently. After they had declared how glad they were that they had met, according to the *New York Times*, this conversation ensued:

"Oh, Mollie is down with—"

"You don't say so!"

"She was taken with—"

"The poor girl!"

"As I was going to say, Mollie is—"

"And she always was delicate."

"Yes; but I was going to say—"

"Give her my love and tell her I hope she will soon be out."

"Pardon me, but I was going to say—"

"Who is her doctor?"

"Pardon me again; I started to say that Mollie is down with her aunt in Hackensack. She was taken with a desire to get into the country, and went recently."—*Progressive Farmer.*

NERVOUS TROUBLES

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There is no torture more acute and intolerable than nervousness. A nervous person is in a state of constant irritation by day and sleeplessness by night. The sufferer starts at every noise,—is shaky, depressed, and, although in a constantly exhausted state, is unable to sit or lie still. If you are nervous or worried or suffer from a combination of languor and irritation you need a nerve tonic, and Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are absolutely the best thing in the world for you. You can only get rid of nervousness through feeding your nerves with rich, red blood, and Dr. Williams' Pink Pills actually make new blood. There is no doubt about this—thousands can testify to the blood-making, nerve-restoring qualities of these pills. St. Vitus dance is one of the most severe forms of nervousness, and Mrs. H. Hevenor, of Gravenhurst, Ont., tells how these pills cured her little boy. She says: "At the age of eight my little boy was attacked with St. Vitus dance, from which he suffered in a severe form. His nerves twitched to such an extent that he was almost helpless, and had to be constantly watched. He was under several doctors at different times, but they did not help him, so I decided to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and these have completely cured him, and now not a sign of the trouble remains."

When you buy these pills always look at the box and see that the full name, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People is printed on the wrapper, and refuse to take anything else. You can get these pills from all medicine dealers or they will be sent by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

GODDESS OF REASON.

On September 30, 1863, there died in a little town of Alsace, an idiotic beggar woman. She was an object of curiosity to those who knew her strange history, whose one crowning moment of insane excitement she was never tired of telling to her visitors. For this woman was the very one whom the godless mob, in the days of the French Revolution, had elevated to be their "Goddess of Reason." On that day she had sat on the altar of Notre Dame, clad in white robes, ornamented with a blue mantle and red cap, and holding a pike in her hand. There she had mocked at Christ, and there she had been hailed as the new deity who was to redeem France. What a pathetic commentary on the folly of sin was seen in the beggar woman—old, idiotic, blind, dying in want and misery nearly seventy years afterwards. What a spectacle of the revenge of history upon those who set themselves against the cause of Christ! It is still too true that they who fall on the stone cut out for the corner shall be broken, but they upon whom it shall fall shall be ground to powder.

THE PRICE OF CANDY.

"How much is your candy?" asked little Joe.

"Six sticks for 5 cents," replied the dealer.

"Let me see," mused Joe. "Six sticks for 5 cents, five sticks for 4 cents, four sticks for 3 cents, three sticks for 2 cents, two sticks for 1 cent, one stick for nothin'. Gimme one stick, please."

TELL YOUR WIFE.

If you are in any trouble or quandary, tell your wife—that is, if you have one—all about it at once. Ten to one her invention will solve your difficulty sooner than all your logic. The wit of woman has been praised, but her instincts are quicker and keener than her reason. Counsel with your wife, or mother, or sister, and, be assured, light will flash upon your darkness. Women are too commonly adjudged as verdant in all but purely womanish affairs. No philosophical students of the sex thus judge them. Their intuitions, or insights, are the most subtle. In counselling a man to tell his wife, we should go farther, and advise him to keep none of his affairs a secret from her. Many a home has been happily saved, and many a fortune retrieved, by a man's full confidence in his "better half." Woman is far more a seer and prophet than man, if she be given a fair chance. As a general rule, wives confide the minutest of their plans and thoughts to their husbands, having no involvements to screen from them. Why not reciprocate, if but for the pleasure of meeting confidence with confidence? We are certain that no man succeeds so well in the world as he who, taking a partner for life, makes her the partner of his purposes and hopes. What is wrong of his impulse or judgment she will check and set right with her almost universally-right instincts. "Helpmeet" was no insignificant title as applied to man's companion. She is a helpmeet to him in every darkness, difficulty and sorrow of life. And what she most craves and most deserves is confidence—without which love is never free from a shadow.—*Selected.*

HOW LONG IS A DREAM.

How long does a dream last? To the dreamer it sometimes seems to endure for hours, and the general impression is that dreams continue for minutes at least, while the fact is, the longest dreams appears to be confined within a solitary second, even though the events of it may impress the dreamer for days.

"The other afternoon," said a doctor, "I called to see a patient, and, much to my satisfaction, I found him sleeping soundly. I sat at his bed, felt his pulse without disturbing him, and waited for him to awaken. After a few minutes a dealer's cart, with discordant ringing bells, turned into the street, and as the first tones reached me my patient opened his eyes.

"'Doctor,' he said, 'I'm glad to see you, and awfully glad you woke me, for I have been tortured by the most distressing dream that must have lasted for several hours. I dreamed that I was sick, as I am, and that my boy came into the room with a string of most horribly sounding bells and rang them in my ears, while I hadn't the power to move or speak to him. I suffered tortures for what appeared to be interminable time, and I am so glad you awoke me.'

"The ringing of those bells for one second had caused all of that dream and just at the waking moment."

JUDGMENT DAY HONESTY.

Many transact business just as though there was to be no final reckoning; but the final reckoning is sure to come, whether we think so or not. "For God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil."

"I want to sell goods which I shan't

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Sovereign Lime Juice
It's good for them in hot weather. Good for the stomach. The pure fruit acids of the lime satisfy that constant "craving for something cold." Sovereign Lime Juice is at once the most healthful, most delicious and the most economical of all summer drinks.
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fear to meet at the "judgment," said a Christian merchant. The man who sells judgment-day goods, and fills his contracts with judgment-day material and labor, and keeps such accounts and writes such letters as he would not blush to have thrown on the sky with a stereopticon on judgment day, is gathering material for a "house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

Judgment-day honesty might not help you on quite so rapidly in this world's affairs, but it will insure you against the fire that burns up "hay and stubble."—*The Soul-Winner.*

A QUESTION YOU CANNOT ANSWER

A Welsh minister, a man of God, beginning his sermons, leaned over the pulpit, and said, with a solemn air, "Friends, I have a question to ask. I cannot answer it. You cannot answer it. If an angel from heaven were here he could not answer it. If a devil from hell were here he could not answer it!" Death-like silence reigned. Every eye was fixed on the speaker. He proceeded, "The question is this—'How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?'"

Unpleasant!

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