

army. Their ranks should be thinned out. They are a homely lot living in defiance of one of the most beneficent laws of the universe, the law that says those who would do good and be beautiful in the eyes of both God and man must be joy scatterers.—*Selected.*



THE COMPASS OF TIME.

What would be thought of the mariner who, upon an unknown and dangerous sea, should deliberately set himself to impairing the delicacy of his compass and blurring his chart till its lines became more and more indistinct? "It requires too much trouble," he says, "to take note of all these little indications and they only serve to disquiet me and divert my attention. This chart will do very well for those who have plenty of leisure to study it, but I am a practical man and only want the general features of the lands and seas. I will rub out this line signifying a sandbar and this dot signifying a hidden rock."

In a manner infinitely more foolish does he act who attempts to stifle the whisperings of his conscience. We are on a voyage in which dangers lie about us on every side and storms encompass us by night and day. One guide have we, which alone can bring us safely through to the eternal haven, and that guide is the still small voice within. Shall we undertake to slight its warnings, or to blunt its sensitiveness, because, perchance, it disquiets us and awakens uncomfortable apprehensions? If we do, the shipwreck of our eternal interests is the inevitable result.—*The Moravian.*



SHE HAD LOST HER CHILD.

A sweet old lady, of the sort that is always young, went shopping the other day with her daughter. They visited a great department store, and there, by some chance, became separated. It was "bargain day," and an immense crowd was surging back and forth. The daughter had the memoranda and the purse.

The dear old lady grew distracted. She ran this way and that, peering into strange faces and following false clues.

"What is it, madam?" asked a sympathetic floor-walker. "Can I help you?"

"Oh, I don't know," she cried; "but I do wish you'd try!"

"Have you lost something?"

"I've lost my child!"

"How old was it?"

"Fifty-two."

Then they both burst into laughter, and a minute or two later the well-grown "child" came into sight.—*Ex.*



WALKING HONESTLY.

When Abraham Lincoln was a youth, he was employed as a clerk by a store-keeper. On one occasion, after he had sold some goods to a customer, he discovered that he had received too much in payment. Late at night, when he had locked up the shop, Abraham walked several miles to restore the money to the rightful owner. At another time he found that he had given short weight of tea to a lady, and he would not be satisfied until he had discovered the customer and given her the correct quantity. Thus was Abraham Lincoln noted for his absolute honesty throughout his career, and we should do well in our daily affairs to imitate his unswerving integrity.

CAN'T KEEP UP BOTH.

A gentleman who was travelling, being delayed at a railway junction, entered into conversation with a care-worn lady who, with three small children, also was waiting for a train. This was part of what was said:

"Where are you going, madam?"

"To my father's at —. I have not been home since I was married. I did think I would never go back to my people, but I am going back to stay."

"Is your husband dead?"

"No, sir; but he spends all he makes for liquor, and I can't make a living for him, the children and myself. My father wrote me if I would come home he and my brothers would take care of me and the children. I hate to go back this way, but I can't keep up a home and the saloons both. When I married him my husband was a fine business man, and had a good position. Now he works about at anything to get money to buy whiskey. He don't seem to care anything for me now, or his children, either. I wish the men would not vote for saloons, that break up homes."

"Two things," said the gentleman who relates this story, "rang in my ears for days and weeks, and the pathetic face of that wronged woman haunts me by day and by night to this hour: 'I can't keep up a home and the saloons both.' 'I wish the men would not vote for saloons that break up homes.' That face and those two sentences have forever made me an enemy to the saloon. Till I deliberately came to this conclusion I felt that I did not want to meet a good woman face to face."

"I sometimes hear men who boast of their 'Southern chivalry' talking about their 'personal liberty' when advocating the sale of liquor and wonder whether they think anybody in this country has any rights except themselves and other men who want to drink whiskey. Chivalry lies, not in honeyed words of rhetoric, nor in rounded sentences, but in heroic deeds of protection for the defenceless. No man who advocates a business which separates families in disgrace and breaks up homes knows anything about 'Southern chivalry,' no difference what he thinks of himself. He may be a very clever man in many respects, but as long as he champions or votes for the saloon business he will never demonstrate his claims to chivalry. This is my judgment; and I have relatives on the wrong side of the saloon question."

There are women by thousands who have found it impossible to "keep up the home and the saloon both." Have you helped to make this condition? Where is your chivalry? When Pericles, the great orator statesman, was dying, he said: "The one thing of which I am proudest is that no Athenian ever put on mourning on my account." Can the man who votes for saloons say as much and tell the truth? Can you say it?—*Baptist Standard.*



PLEASANT PEOPLE.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, the poet, once related a little incident as occurring in his own life, which had no little effect on him:

"Many years ago," he says, "in walking among the graves at Mount Auburn I came upon a plain white marble slab which bore an epitaph of only four words, but to my mind they meant more than any of the labored descriptions on other monuments: 'She was so pleasant.' That one note revealed the music of a life of which I knew nothing more."

THE ROAD TO HEALTH

Lies through Rich Red Blood and Strong Nerves.

Debility is a word that fairly expresses many ailments under one name. Poor blood, weak nerves, impaired digestion, loss of flesh, no energy, no ambition, listless and indifferent. This condition is perhaps the penalty of overwork, or the result of neglected health. You must regain your health or succumb entirely. There is just one absolutely sure way to do this — take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These pills will bring you new life, fill every vein with rich, red blood, restore elasticity to the step, the glow of health to the wan cheek, they will inspire you with new energy, and supply the vital force of mind and body.

There is not a corner of the civilized world where Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have not brought health and hope and happiness to some weak, debilitated despairing person. If you have not used the pills yourself, ask your neighbors and they will tell you these statements are solemn truth. Mr. Charles Saulnier, Corberrie, N. S., says: "I was very much run down and so weak I could hardly work. It seemed as though my blood was little better than water. I tried several medicines, but I got nothing to help me until I began taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. It was simply astonishing how quickly these pills began to help me and how much new life and vigor they put into me. I am a cook by profession, and the fact that I was able to cook for fifteen men last winter is the best proof that the pills have made me as sound as ever I was."

There is no mystery about the power of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to put new life and strength into you. They actually make new blood, and that is why they cure all blood diseases, like anæmia, indigestion, liver and kidney troubles, headaches and backaches, and the special ailments of women. Through the blood Dr. Williams' Pink Pills feed and steady the nerves, strike at the root of nervousness, cure St. Vitus' dance, fits, neuralgia, sciatica, and partial paralysis. All these diseases spring from bad blood and disordered nerves, and they have all been cured positively and permanently by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Sold by all medicine dealers at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, or by mail from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.



"ANDTHIRDLY —"

The people's warden of a certain church does not get on very well with his vicar. Not long ago the latter suggested that the church needed a little cleaning and renovating, the pulpit especially being "a disgrace to the parish."

The churchwarden, as is duty bound, protested strongly against the proposed "unnecessary waste o' good money."

"What are your reasons for objecting?" demanded the vicar.

"Weel," calmly responded the churchwarden, "first, passon, the poolpit good enough for you; secondly, if the poolpit's ain't good enough we mun 'ave a noo 'un; thirdly, if we 'aves a noo poolpit we mun 'ave a noo passon!"



The candles for your entertainment will burn slowly and steadily through the evening if they are kept on the ice all day.

MITIGATING CIRCUMSTANCES.

There is a little New England village which has produced no less than seven lawyers who have achieved distinction and even fame in the outside world. A visitor to the village mentioned this fact to the host of the little inn, a rosy-cheeked person who had reached her seventieth year.

"This place has been the birthplace of a good many lawyers," said the guest, as they sat on the narrow piazza, looking down the elm-shaded road.

"Yes, sir, you may say it has," admitted the inn-keeper — "seven in all, we've had. But as six of 'em has cleared out o' town, and the one that's left never gets a mite o' practice nigher than Boston, we sort o' reckon it won't be laid up against us."



NO DIFFERENCE.

The French man did not know all about the English language.

"I would like to come to see you ver-much. In fact I would have come, only I thought you were ver' busy. I do not like to cockroach on your time."

"Not 'cockroach,' that's not right. You should say 'encroach, encroach.'"

"Aha, that is it, 'hencroach, hencroach,'" I see, I have got the gender of de verb wrong."—*C. Stratton in Lip-pincott's Magazine.*



NO EXCUSES.

The editor of *Success*, in a biographical sketch of General Kitchener, tells of his methods of discipline. One incident of his South African campaign may serve to illustrate our text:

"About six o'clock, one morning, he paid an unheralded visit to the Mount Nelson Hotel, Cape Town, scanned the register, and found there the names of officers who should have been on duty. Without a word to anyone, he went personally to the rooms of the offenders and left the following notice: 'A special train leaves for the front at 10 a. m.; the troopship leaves at 4 p. m. for England; you have your choice, sir.' He would listen to no excuses, no parleying, no apologizing; that was his ultimatum, and every officer knew what he meant."

Unpleasant!

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Humors,
Eczema,
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