

not kept scrupulously swept, dusted, oiled and burnished. So, too, with the Japanese inns. Those that are maintained in native style are sweet and clean, those that have become Europeanized are usually littered with cigarette stumps, fruit peelings and cores, and other debris.

An American car, with its crowded and unavoidable intimacies, is a decent and polite hermitage compared with a packed coach in Japan. All sorts of unexpected things happen. Daring ablutions are performed and complete change of raiment is frequently effected, the constantly recurring tunnels serving to screen the astonishing character of these programmes.

The floor of third class coaches is an unswept riot of the flotsam and jetsam that usually follows in the wake of certain kinds of human craft the world over. A Bowery picnic crowd, abandoned to peanuts, popcorn and bananas, never marked a more conspicuous trail than a lot of Japanese peasants en route. Only, with the Japanese, it is a very solemn affair. Travel seems to afford fitting opportunity to discard all kinds of personal wreckage. All forms of abandoned odds and ends of things begin to identify the itinerary from the very start. Of course, the foreign traveller who wades through this car-strewn waste does so to gain experience. It is not a pursuit of happiness.—*Book-lovers' Magazine.*

GRANDMOTHERS.

Where are the grandmothers? Once they were plentiful, and wholly delightful. One had no difficulty in finding them, for they wore white caps, or pats of lace, with lavender ribbons. They wore gold-rimmed spectacles, and white lawn aprons in the morning, and black silk ones in the afternoons, and had pockets in their gowns. They knew how to knit—fancy stitches and patterns, perhaps, but always the baby's socks, the boy's long stockings, and mittens for every one.

They were people of leisure and had time to listen, tender patience to answer the unending questions of the little ones, to croon a lullaby to the weary baby; and had always a word of sympathy and comfort for the ones who were busy and harassed with the stress of the day and its cares.

They could tell such fascinating stories—these grandmothers; stories of their own childhood, and Bible stories, and fairy lore; and they could sing. To the critical ear the wavering, untrained voices might not have made melody, but the ballads of romance and hymns of the faith which they sang have sweet, unending echoes. Their rooms came to seem like no other rooms; they were peaceful havens where bustle and fret and strife and envy had no place, for their owners were tender of heart and pitiful, and of large charity.

They were familiar with the Bible, and always knew on the instant where to find the books of James and Corinthians, and Hosea and Esther; but the book they loved the best and read the most was Revelation, because they were drawing so near to its wonderful mysteries and blisses. Years have passed since they went out in the glory of its revelation—these sweet, saintly grandmothers, whom we remember with such love and longing—and rarely do we see their like; but when we do, we grave to touch even the hem of their garments and ask of them a benediction.—*The Interior.*

SOME MISFITS.

You must not think that turkeys first came from Turkey, for they are natives of America. And the Turkish bath originated in Russia. Nor must you think camel's-hair brushes are made from the hair of the humped-backed quadruped. They are mostly of the bushy hair from squirrel's tails. German silver is not only not silver at all, but it was invented in China centuries ago, and it is an alloy of some of the inferior metals. Porpoise hide is not made from porpoises at all. People get it from the white whale. Jerusalem artichokes are not natives of Jerusalem, but are a kind of sunflower. The French call them "girasole" ("the flower turned to the sun"), and girasole became corrupted into Jerusalem.

Cork legs are not made of cork, and they didn't come from Cork. The willow-tree usually furnishes material for them. Cleopatra's needle, that wonderful obelisk of Egypt, was made one thousand years before Cleopatra was born, and really had nothing to do with her. Irish stew is an English dish, and turtle soup seldom has any real turtle in it. Prussian blue, the beautiful color, is not a special product of Prussia, but of England. And so you see we frequently find that our language has names for things that are "misfits."

SINNERS ALL.

Mrs. Adams was a very young mother, but she had no hesitation in laying down the law about her first baby. This, says the *Chicago News*, was her most thrilling announcement: "The baby is not to be rocked, not under any circumstances. I know, mama. Of course you will say you rocked me; but I have attended ten lectures on the way to bring up a baby, and this child is not to be rocked. The lecturer said rocking a child joggles its brains. I'm sure you don't want your child to grow up an imbecile, do you, Harry?"

"Certainly not," said Harry, firmly. He had an idea it would be fun to rock the baby, but of course Marie must know.

Mrs. Adams had every rocking chair removed from her room. When it was time for the baby's nap he was simply laid on the bed and left to himself. If he cried, he had his cry out uncomfited. At such times the baby's grandmother would retire from the scene in wrath.

"What's a baby for if not to take a little comfort with?" she asked the nurse; but the nurse, smiling, said nothing.

When the baby was four weeks old, grandma carried him up into a vacant room in the third floor. Her daughter was taking a nap. Her son-in-law was down in the library. There was a glitter in her eyes and a red spot on each cheek. She drew a rocking-chair into the middle of the floor, adjusted the wondering baby, and rocked fiercely, triumphantly. After about ten minutes of this indulgence she was brought to an abrupt pause by a voice from the doorway.

"He seems to like it, doesn't he?" asked her son-in-law.

When she saw the covetous glint in his eyes, the erring grandmother took heart. Without a word she got up, laid the baby in the young father's arms, and motioned to the chair, "You try it," said she.

For the next two weeks their guilty secret drew the two very near together. As often as possible they slipped away and rocked the baby. They marvelled at the young mother who had the courage to carry out her Spartan theories.

One day Mr. Adams came home early. There was a low melodious hum from his wife's room, and he crept to the door. There she was in a low chair, rocking back and forth, her baby in her arms. It was a charming picture. A movement startled her and she turned. She blushed builtily, and then took on a look of bravado. "I—I couldn't help it," she faltered.

FAITHFULNESS REWARDED.

It is said that Josiah Quincy was at one time conversing with Daniel Webster upon the importance of doing even the smallest thing thoroughly and well, when the great man related an incident concerning a petty insurance case which was brought to him while a young lawyer. The fee promised was only twenty dollars. Yet, to do his client full justice, Webster found he must journey to Boston and consult the law library. involved the expense of about the amount of his fee, but, after hesitating a little, he decided to go to Boston and consult the authorities, let the cost be what it might. He gained the case. Years after this Webster was passing through the city of New York. An important insurance case was to be tried that day, and one of the counsel had been suddenly prostrated by illness. Money was no object, and Webster was asked to name his terms and conduct the case.

"It is preposterous," he said, "to expect me to prepare a legal argument at a few hours' notice."

But when they insisted that he should look at the papers he consented. It was his old twenty dollar case over again, and, having a remarkable memory, he had all the authorities in his mind, and he took the case and won it. The court knew he had had no time for preparation and was astonished at the skill with which he handled the case.

"So you see," said Webster, as he concluded, "I was handsomely paid, both in fame and money, for that journey to Boston."

Faithfulness in spiritual things corresponds to thoroughness in material things, and has its own rewards.

Faithfulness in little things brings rule over great things. Faithfulness in the least leads to faithfulness in the most. Faithfulness on earth gives us a place "with Him" over the earth. Faithfulness unto death wins the crown of life.—*Word and Work.*

DEATH'S MASTER.

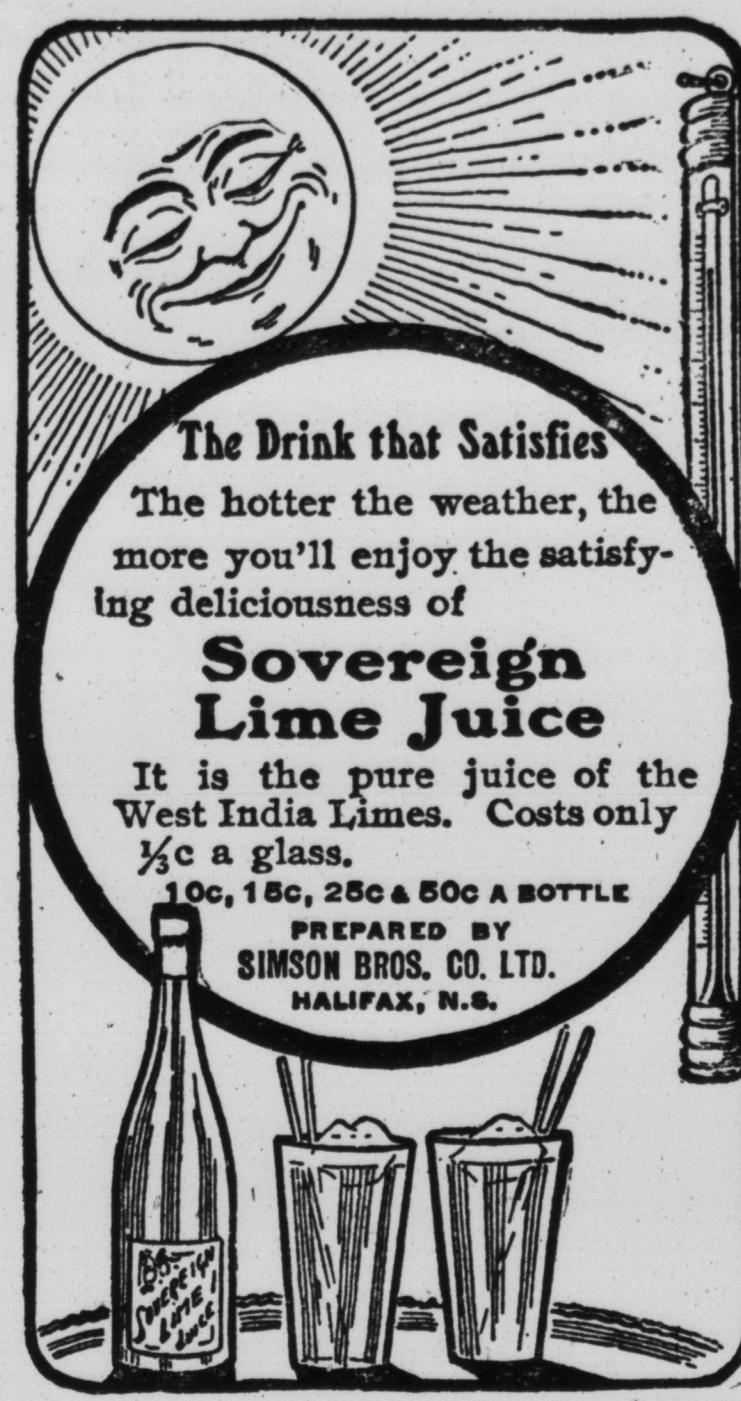
A Christian woman was once dying of internal cancer. She was attended by a Roman Catholic nurse, who was very much astonished at the calm patience and peace of the poor sufferer. A friend of mine called to see her one day. The door was opened by the nurse.

"How is Mrs. Blank today?" inquired my friend.

"She is very ill, sir," was the reply. The nurse then gave the following details: "Last night she was seized with violent pain, and I thought she was dying. I said to her:

"You are dying; shall I send for a clergyman to prepare you for death?"

"Oh, no," she said; "I want no min-



ister, for I am ready to die at any moment.

"But," I said, "are you not afraid to die?"

"No, indeed, not a bit," she replied.

"Tell me why you are not afraid to die, when you have not been prepared by your clergyman, nor received the rites of your church," I said.

"Because," she replied joyously, "I belong to Death's Master. I am a poor sinner saved by grace."—*Selected.*

Just a word of caution: Where the skin is destroyed by burns or scalds apply Weaver's Cerate, reduced with sweet oil or lard. Otherwise the Cerate in full strength should be used; the sooner the better.

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