

The church has lain in guilty faces with the drink evil nearly as long as she can. The tipling deacon has been tolerated nearly as long as he can. The Christian man who lets his saloons to saloons has escaped the emptiness of all men as long as he can. Manhood, motherhood, wifehood, hood, aye, manhood, too, have been fed and spit upon and stung and d and wounded by the rum-seller as long as they can bear it. The saloon is going! Perhaps not by political party or mine, your ch or mine; but God reigns, and people will awake. And as it lies at the last amongst its bags of gold, and we stand over it, if it look up into our faces and whisper, "Other million of revenue for a breath of life!" you will say, as I, "No! Down, down to hell, and sent thee thither."

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IN A GOOD CAUSE.

The measure of charity is the degree of personal sacrifice. A story which probably has been told before comes from a member of the committee of arrangements for a church fair. In her shop she had employed a good natured colored boy, who had fetched and carried for her day and night. He had collected all the potted palms in the neighborhood, and taken them to the church without mishap. He had borne packages to every member of the committee. Although he had been paid for his work, his excellent service seemed to demand an additional reward. To combine two good deeds in one day, she called him after all the patrons had finished supper, and told him to eat as much as he could. He obeyed. Ice-cream freezers were scraped to the bottom. One pretty maid after another brought him the remains of chocolate. The strawberry boxes were washed to the smallest pink stains. Bob ate and smiled. Finally, when there was nothing left to eat, the lady came into the room, prepared to pay for Bob's supper. The treasurer made out the check. It amounted to two dollars and twenty-cents. Bob's patron looked surprised but said nothing, and opened her purse. Bob stood beside her, wiping his forehead, and shifting from one foot to the other. "Thank you very much, miss, he said. "I ate all day was. I done de bes' could 'foh de cause."

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GOD'S DRAWING POWER.

God does not say, "Seek ye My face," vainly. He is seeking us. The sun shining in the heavens is a token of the Creator seeking to attract the attention of his creatures to himself. The flowers blooming on the hills and in the valleys have a mission from God. Who will witness all this and not feel a gentle pulling at his heart and drawing upward toward God? He has sent us our friends to minister to us. Can we look on the face of a kind neighbor and not think of the heavenly Father? The heart of a loving mother could cause us to think of that infinite Father which is the foundation of all love and happiness. Besides all this, the Spirit of God touches every heart, directing attention to his mercy and opening desires to know him and enter into fellowship with him. He is seeking every soul that he has

WHAT MARY GAVE.

She gave an hour of patient care to her little baby sister, who was cutting teeth. She gave a string and a crooked pin and a great deal of good advice to the three-year-old brother, who wanted to play fishing. She gave Ellen, the maid, a precious hour to go and visit her sick baby at home, for Ellen was a widow and left her child at its grandmother's while she worked to get bread for both. She could not have seen them very often if Mary had not offered to attend the door while she went away.

But this was not all that Mary gave. She dressed herself so neatly, and looked so bright and kind and obliging that she gave her mother a thrill of pleasure whenever she caught a sight of the young, pleasant face. She wrote a letter to her father, who was absent on business. She gave patient attention to a long story by her grandmother, and when it was ended, made the old lady happy by a good-night kiss.

Thus she had given valuable presents to six people in one day; and yet she had not a cent in the world. She was as good as gold, and she gave something of herself to all those who were so happy as to meet her. — *Christian Observer.*

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THE HEART'S DESIRE.

A beautiful story is told of Rudyard Kipling during a serious illness a few years since. The trained nurse was sitting at his bedside on one of the anxious nights when the sick man's condition was most critical. She was watching him intently, and noticed that his lips began to move. She bent over him, thinking he wished to say something to her. She heard him whisper very softly the words of "Now I lay me down to sleep." The nurse, realizing that the patient did not require her services, and that he was praying, said, in apology for having intruded upon him, "I beg your pardon, Mr. Kipling; I thought you wanted something." "I do," faintly replied the sick man; "I want my Heavenly Father. He only can care for me now."

In his great weakness, there was nothing that human help could do, and he turned to God and crept into his bosom, seeking the blessing and the care which none but God can give. That is what we need to do in every time of danger, of trial, or sorrow—when the gentlest human love can do nothing—creep into our Heavenly Father's bosom, saying, "Now I lay me down to sleep." That is the way to peace. Earth has no shelter in which it can be found, but in God the feeblest may find it. — *J. R. Miller.*

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HIS DILEMMA.

"We-ell, some ways I'd like to an' some ways I wouldn't," said Farmer Bentover, when the saue dispenser of encyclopedias had paused in his siren song.

"Ye see, if I was to sign for that 'ere cyclopedee in forty-seven parts, including the index and appendicitis, I'm sorter afraid I'd hev to work so hard to pay fer it thet I'd be too tired to enjoy readin' it; while if I read it at my leisure, as I'd ort to, in order to get the good of it, I wouldn't have time to earn the price. So, all things considered, I'll have to deny myself the privilege, as it were. Looks sorter like rain off to the sou'east, don't it?" — *Youth's Companion.*

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LA GRIPPE'S RAVAGES.

The Victims Left Weak, Nerveless and a Prey to Deadly Diseases.

La grippe, or influenza, which sweeps over Canada every winter, is probably the most treacherous disease known to medical science. The attack may last only a few days, but the deadly poison in the blood remains. You are left with hardly strength enough to walk. Your lungs, your chest, your heart and nerves are permanently weakened, and you fall a victim to deadly pneumonia, bronchitis, consumption, rheumatism, or racking kidney troubles. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills never fail to cure the disastrous after effects of la grippe, because they purify the blood and sweep away its poisonous germs. Every dose makes new, warm, rich blood, which brings health and healing to every part of the body. This is proved in the case of Miss Dorsina Langlois, of St. Jerome, Que., who says: "I had a severe attack of la grippe, the after effects of which left me racked with pains in every part of my body. My appetite completely failed me; I had severe headaches, was subject to colds with the least exposure, and grew so weak that I was unable to work at my trade as dressmaker. I tried several medicines without the slightest success, until a drug clerk advised me to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I acted upon his excellent advice and the pills rapidly and completely cured me. My strength returned, and the headaches and cough disappeared, and I am again enjoying my old-time health. I am satisfied that if sufferers from la grippe will use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills they will speedily recover from those after effects which makes the lives of so many people a burden."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure all the common ailments due to weak and watery blood, such as anæmia, headaches, sideaches, indigestion, neuralgia, general weakness and the special ailments that growing girls and women do not like to talk about even to their doctors. But only the genuine pills can do this, and you should see that the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," is printed on the

wrapper around each box. If you cannot get the genuine pills from your druggist, send direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and they will be mailed at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50.

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WHY NOT TRY IT.

Place an apple in the bread and cake boxes to keep bread and cake moist. Add one or two tablespoons of sugar to strong turnips when cooking. Try rubbing tough meat with a cut lemon to make it tender. Sprinkle clothes with a whisk broom and hot water. Mix stove blacking with a little ammonia to prevent its burning off. Add a few drops of ammonia to the blue water to whiten the clothes. A small flannel bag, with one end left open, is a good receptacle for ends of toilet soap. When a few have been accumulated sew up the opening, and an excellent bag is evolved. The color in a carpet or rug may be brightened by sweeping with a broom dipped in salt water, shaking well before using, as it only needs to be dampened.

If the white of a woollen shawl has become soiled dip it in a bath of corn-meal and rub it very thoroughly. All traces of mud may be removed from black clothes by rubbing the spots with a piece of raw potato. Kerosene will clean dirty windows or mirrors, giving them a high luster. It will make dull brass shine, if not as well as some of the acid and brickdust pastes used, still so well that the little rub frequently given will keep them in good condition, and one's hands do not suffer by the process as they do when the acids are used. After polishing brass it should be rubbed with sweet oil and wiped dry.

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The total assessment of Toronto as finally revised upon which taxes will be collected next year is \$148,813,071. An increase upon the present year of \$7,144,917. At 19 mills on the dollar the taxes will be increased by \$135,753.