

## Heads Up.

Don't kick and whine,  
Just get in line  
With the fellows who've grit and pluck;  
Don't frown and scowl,  
Look glum and growl,  
Stop prating about ill luck.

Lift up your head,  
Don't seem half dead,  
Stop wearing a wrinkled face;  
Give smiling hope  
Sufficient scope,  
And joys will come apace.

Out on the man  
Whose little span  
Is full of grief and gloom,  
Always dreary,  
Never cheery,  
From trundle-bed to tomb.

Give me the chap  
Who, what'er may hap,  
Looks up and is cheerful still,  
Who meets a brunt  
With a smiling front,  
And nerve, and vim and will.  
—Jay Bee, in April Success.

## Too Great a Risk.

MARION HARLAND.

Some one—Mrs. Blount, I think—was speaking of the story current when Lady Jane Franklin was appealing to kings and councilors for assistance in prosecuting the search for her husband. According to this rumor, she was exceedingly averse to this last voyage of Sir John's. So it renounced was she in her opposition, and he so inflexible in his purpose, that they parted in coldness, if not anger.

We were wives—all six of us gathered about the tea table—and we discussed the piteous tale quietly each heart supplying its own comments and making its own application, unspoken until Mrs. Dana said, in a tone which sounded strained to my ears, tranquil though she looked:

Yet who of us has not known the secret bitterness of such useless repentance as poor Lady Franklin is said to have suffered? I think not a day passes in which I do not say to myself: If I had only known! If I had only known! I was not twenty-one when I had the lesson which will last me all my days. The dearest friend I ever had, or ever shall have, a girl about my age, dropped in unexpectedly one evening when I was entertaining half a dozen fashionable visitors, men and women. Mary Allen's little finger was more to me than all of them put together, but I was mean enough to be mortified when she appeared. She was a very pretty girl, usually. On that night she was positively plain, without color and with haggard lines in her face which made her look at least thirty years old.

She had been to town on a shopping expedition and got caught in a shower. I can see her now—passing her hand nervously over her closed eyes, then opening them with an effort. Her skirts were dragged and limp, all the curl was out of her hair, and the stray locks streaked her forehead untidily; her bonnet was not straight upon her head; her boots were muddy and her hands ungloved. As she stopped short in the drawing-room door, blinking in the glare of the chandelier and confused at sight of the gay party, I had but one thought—to get her out of the way as quickly as possible. I said to myself afterwards that it was for her sake as much as for my own. I lied in saving it, and I knew it.

I was seated near the door, chatting with a dashing young fellow, a so-called wit with an unsparing tongue.

Ah, Mary! I said, without moving and in a civil, patronizing way. Please step into the library and wait for me there.

She went with never a word. I heard her cross the hall and enter the library.

Don't let us detain you, begged one of my visitors, supposing, as I meant she should, that the newcomer was a dress-maker, or maybe a servant come with a message.

Oh, she can wait as well as not, I answered and rattled on with our talk, the more gaily for a twinge in my conscience. We had some music and a great deal of badinage and much laughter. I rang for cake and coffee at 9 o'clock and the visitors stayed half an hour longer.

I had a good time in spite of conscience. I could easily make it all right with Mary, who was no doubt, amusing herself with our talk, the more gaily for a twinge in my conscience. We had some music and a great deal of badinage and much laughter. I rang for cake and coffee at 9 o'clock and the visitors stayed half an hour longer.

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Well, my fashionables took leave at last, and in the hall one of the ladies said to me: I am afraid we have been inconsiderate in keeping you all this time from your—I caught the motion to say friend

under her lips, then she changed the form and said, your visitor.

I answered more loudly than I knew:

That is all right! My motto is, Pleasure before business.

Mary met me in the library door when they had gone. She had had commissions to do for me, and she held my memorandum in one hand with some money. She was very pale and spoke fast, breathing short and irregularly.

I got everything you ordered, Carrie, and here is your change. Everything will be sent by express except this, giving me a small box. As you wanted that in time for your mother's birthday, day after tomorrow, I thought it better to bring it to you myself. No, I can't sit down. I wish you could have seen me when I came in. I have waited a long time. I ought to have been at home an hour ago. I came by purposely to give you the box. Then, with the strangest look I had ever seen on her face, she said: But, you see, with me business came before rest and bed.

I felt the color flash to my forehead. It is always exasperating to have your own words flung into your teeth.

I am sorry you put yourself to so much trouble, I said, stiffly. There was no necessity for it. I could have sent for the box in the morning just as well.

Then something pushed me on to add: Of course, I am greatly obliged to you. But while we are speaking frankly, let me repeat a clever thing you said the other day: He who reminds me of favor cancels it.

She laughed as queerly as she had smiled.

So be it! We will consider all favors done and received canceled up to date—and forever! Good night!

I was too angry to stop her as she went away at that. I stayed angry all night and the next day, and on the evening of the second day my father asked me at supper time if I knew that Mary Allen was dangerously ill. He had met her father on the street. She had had a chill on the train coming home, after getting soaked in a shower, had kept on her wet clothes for hours and arrived at home after 10 o'clock, delirious. Pneumonia of the gravest type had set in that night.

I rushed around to Mrs. Allen's like a mad creature. Mary was too ill to be seen by anybody. Mrs. Allen was very kind, but would not let me go upstairs.

We have heard from a friend who was on the train with her on Tuesday evening that she had a chill on the way out. She made light of it and said she would be all right next day. She reached the station at 8 o'clock. Delirium must have come on at once, for she did not get home until 10.

The narrator's face worked convulsively and I put a deprecating hand upon hers.

Don't go on! I pleaded. But we thank you for the solemn lesson.

She rallied voice and composure. There is little else to tell. She died four days from the evening of her call upon me. She never recovered consciousness. That was thirty years ago.

Mrs. Sargeant's voice never breaks up a silence. It stole out of it presently into gentlest speech:

I am literally afraid to part in anger from anybody. The risk is too great.

And Mrs. Blount—in something betwixt a sob and a laugh.

I needn't be ashamed, then, to tell that I have, again and again, called my husband back from the front door—and even from the corner of the street—to ask forgiveness for a hasty word. I always say to myself, by the time his back is turned: What if he should never come home alive! As Mrs. Sargeant says, I can't take the risk.

Is it coincidental—or providential—that I should have clipped this from a paper today and put it into my pocket-book for future reference? said Mrs. Sterling, in grave tenderness.

I wish I could convey to the reader's ears, with the lines, the cadences of the voice which rendered them for us:

"I might have said a word of cheer before I let him go:

His haggard visage haunts me yet,  
But how could I foreknow  
That slighted chance would be the last  
To me in mercy given?

My utmost yearning cannot send  
That word from earth to heaven.

"I might have looked the love I felt;  
My brother had sore need  
Of that for which too shy and proud  
He had no words to plead.

But self is near, and self is strong,  
And I was blind that day;  
He sought within my careless eyes,  
And thirsting, turned away.

"I might have held in closer clasp  
The hand he laid in mine;  
My full, rich life to his sad soul  
Had been like generous wine,  
Warming a heart whose strains e'en  
then

Were ebbing faint and low;  
Mine might have been (God knows)  
The art  
To stem the fatal flow.

"Ah, word and look and touch withheld!  
Ah, brother heart now stilled!  
Dear life, forever out of reach,  
I might have cheered and filled!  
Talents misused and chances lost,  
O'er which I mourn in vain,  
A waste as barren to my tears  
As desert sands to rain!

"Ah, friends, whose eyes to-day may look  
Love in living eyes,  
Whose word and look perchance may thrill  
Sad hearts with sweet surprise,  
Be instant, like your Lord in love,  
And constant as His grace,  
With light and dew and manna fall—  
The night comes on apace!

—The Housewife.

Do You Know I Am a Gambler?

A pastor of one of our city churches told us of an incident in which the question at the head of this editorial was asked. He had in his congregation a bright, popular young woman. Her home was an attractive place for the leading young men of her acquaintance. She made it exceedingly delightful for them and their visits were frequent and pleasant. One of the leading features in her methods of entertaining them was card playing. But one day she said to the pastor: I am done with card-playing in our home. I never intend to have another game of that sort under our roof.

She was asked the reason, and she proceeded: The other night one of my young gentlemen friends called as usual, and in the course of our pleasant entertainment at the card table, he said to me, Do you know that I am a gambler? The remark horrified me, and I asked him what he meant. He replied, I mean exactly what I say, I am a gambler. I visit the leading places of this sort in the city and play as a matter of business, and make and lose money at it, too. It has become a mania with me, and I learned it here in your house and in the homes of the leading society people in this city. That was enough for me, and from henceforth card-playing will have no place in our home.

This was an eye opener to that young woman, and she was startled to learn that she had helped to train a young man in the art of gambling. But her experience is not exceptional. Card-playing is one of the most fascinating entertainments in which the average man can engage.

When you once teach him the tricks of the game, he is liable to try his skill and expert knowledge where it will have some opportunity to remunerate him. He will betake himself to the gilded resort with other young men of his acquaintance and play for something more than amusement. And when he once gets his hand in, he develops a mania for it as all absorbing as the appetite of the toper for liquor.

As a matter of fact, there is but one step from the habit of card-playing in the popular home to professional gambling in the resorts of the city. And the card-playing home is the incipient school for teaching expert gambling. There is where the most of our young gamblers in the cities learn their first lessons and get their first instructions. Therefore, society young women are largely responsible for the ruin of many of the young men of the community. They open to them their first door of temptation and entangle them with the attractions and infatuations of the card table. It is our candid judgment that a game of cards has no more place in a Christian home than a den of rattlesnakes. The parents who encourage such things are actually criminal in their relation to young men and women. And in view of the widespread evil of gambling among them, all Christian people ought in every way possible to discourage the social game in the home circle.

Card-playing and wine-drinking in the home make up a pair of the most insidious sins that can invade the domestic real. They lead to gambling and drunkenness oftener than to any other result.—Texas Christian Advocate.

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No; it is a long, long journey. Mamma is going to the South, said Katy; the doctor had ordered her to. She will get well in the orange groves of Florida.

I am going to a far distant country more beautiful than even the lovely South, said the mother, faintly, and I will not come back.

You are going alone, mamma? asked Katy.

No, said the mother, in a low, sweet voice, I am not going alone. My physician goes with me. Kiss me good-bye, my dear ones, for in the morning before you are awake I shall go. You will come to me when you are made ready, but each must make the journey alone.

In the morning she was gone. When the children awoke their father told them of the beautiful country at which mother had safely arrived while she slept.

How did she go? Who came for her? they asked, amid their tears.

The chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof! their father told them solemnly.

People wonder at the peace and happiness expressed in the faces of these motherless children. When asked about their mother they say, She has gone on a journey, and every night and morning they read in her Guide-book of that land where she now lives, those inhabitants shall no more say, I am sick, and where God shall wipe all tears from their eyes.—Detroit Free Press.

The conduct of American privateers in the early wars between this country and England was often daring. Their deeds were done mainly in the cause of liberty, but were not always characterized by the spirit which makes a story found in a London newspaper of 1814 worthy of remembrance.

A trading-vessel laden with wheat from Carigan, Wales, was taken in the Channel by an American privateer. When the captain of the latter entered the cabin to look over his prize, he saw a small box, with a hole in the top, on which the words Missionary-Box were inscribed. On this the American said to the Welshman: Captain, what is this? pointing to the box with his stick.

Oh, replied the honest Cambrian, heaving a sigh, 'tis all over now!

What? said the American captain.

Why, the truth is, said the Welshman, that I and my poor fellows have been accustomed every Monday morning to drop a penny each into that box for the purpose of sending out missionaries to preach the gospel to the heathen; but it is all over now.

Indeed, answered the American captain, that is very good.

After pausing a few minutes he said: Captain, I'll not hurt a hair of your head nor touch your vessel, and he immediately departed leaving the owner to pursue his course to his destined port.

The First Twenty Years.

Live as long as you may, the first twenty years form the larger part of your life. They appear so when they are passing; they seem so when we look back on them; and they take up more room in our memory than all the years that come after them.

Take good care of the first twenty years of your life. On the use which you make of them your happiness and usefulness in after years will very largely depend. See that they are spent in learning right habits and cultivating good tastes. —Selected

Truths are the roots of duties. A rootless duty, one that has no truth below it out of which it grows, has no life, and will have no growth.—Philips Brooks.

People seldom suffer spiritually through adversity.

There are cases of consumption so far advanced that Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup will not cure, but none so bad that it will not give relief. For coughs and colds and all affections of the throat, lungs and chest, it is a specific which has never been known to fail. It promotes a free and easy expectoration, thereby removing the phlegm, and gives the diseased parts a chance to heal.

A stimulant is often needed to nourish and strengthen the roots and to keep the hair a natural color. Hall's Hair Renewer is the best tonic for the hair.

If TAKEN IN TIME The D. & L. Emulsion will surely cure the most serious affections of the lungs. That "run down" condition, and after-effects of a heavy cold is quickly counteracted. Manufactured by the Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd.

## I'm Part of the Concern.

A clergyman on his way to a missionary meeting overtook a boy and asked him about the road and where he was going, says Good Words. O, he said, I'm going to the meeting to hear about the missionaries. Missionaries! said the minister. What do you know about missionaries? Why, said the boy, I'm part of the concern. I've got a missionary box and I always go to the missionary meeting. I belong to the concern, and that his work is just as important as that of any one else. Linchpins are very little things, but if they drop out the wagon is likely to come to a standstill. Every pin and screw should be in working order, and every child should be able to say, I always go to the missionary meeting. Why, I'm part of the concern.

When your burden is heaviest, you can always lighten a little something of it. At the times when you cannot see God there is still open to you this sacred possibility—to show God. Let this thought then say with you; there may be times when you cannot find help, but there is no time when you cannot give help.—George S. Merriam.

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## Benefit Derived From Using Milburn's Pills For Nervousness

LOCUST HILL, Ont., Sept. 28.

The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.