

and destroyed all chance of escape. Mrs. Vernon mused on the story, and felt it gave her a great lesson. When she told me about it, the other night, in a comfortable, luxurious English drawing-room, she added:

"This is the only time I saw life actually lost through money. But, in my many travels, I have seen many souls apparently lost through the love of it. Many people will do things for a dirty little piece of copper or silver or gold, which, if persisted in, will sink them for all eternity."

"Yes! like Judas," I thought to myself. "And like Ahab, in our lesson some months ago. Like Gehazi, too, of whom we read in the second book of Kings."

PATIENTS A THOUSAND MILES APART.

In *Harper's Magazine* Norman Duncan tells the true story of the wonderful work carried on by Dr. Wilfred Grenfell among the poor fishermen of the Labrador Coast. He is the only doctor who visits certain parts of the coast:

"When Dr. Grenfell first appeared on the coast, I am told, the folk thought him a madman of some benign description. He knew nothing of the reefs, the tides, the currents, cared nothing, apparently, for the winds; he sailed with the confidence and reckless courage of a Labrador skipper. Fearing at times to trust his schooner in unknown waters, he went about in a whale-boat, and so hard did he drive her that he wore her out in a single season. She was capsized with all hands, once driven out to sea, many times nearly swamped, once blown on the rocks; never before was a boat put to such tasks on that coast, and at the end of it she was wrecked beyond repair. Next season he appeared with a little steam-launch, the 'Princess May'—her beam was eight feet!—in which he not only journeyed from St. John's to Labrador, to the astonishment of the whole colony, but sailed the length of that bitter coast, passing into the gulf and safely out again, and pushing to the very farthest settlements in the north. Late in the fall, upon the return journey to St. John's in stormy weather, she was reported lost, and many a skipper, I suppose, wondered that she had lived so long, but she weathered a gale that bothered the mail-boat, and triumphantly made St. John's, after as adventurous a voyage, no doubt, as ever a boat of her measure survived."

"'Sure,' said the skipper, 'I don't know how she done it. The Lord,' he added, piously, 'must kape an eye on that man.'"

HONOR.

The schoolgirl who borrows is likely to develop into the woman who is careless about financial obligations. "I am not surprised at her running up bills she cannot pay," said one woman of another, "because I sat next her at school, and she borrowed and used about everything I had in my desk, and forgot to return them half the time."

There is no worse habit than the petty dishonesty of such borrowing. The girl with a fine sense of honor will never borrow even her schoolmate's pencil, except from absolute necessity, and will always return it at the first possible moment.

DANGEROUS COLDS.

Influenza, Bronchitis, Pneumonia or Consumption Often Follow a Neglected Cold—Avert the Danger by Keeping the Blood Pure and Warm.

Heavy colds strains the lungs, weaken the chest, banish the appetite, cause melancholy. Pale, weak people, whose hands and feet are chilled for want of rich, red blood, always catch cold. Their lungs are soft—the heart cannot send out blood enough to make them sound and strong. Then comes the cold and cough, racking the frame and tearing the tender lungs. The cold may turn to pneumonia, influenza, consumption or bronchitis—a lingering illness or a swifter death. All weak people should use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The rich, red blood they make strengthens the heart, and it sends this warm, healing blood to the lungs, and once again the patient is a strong-lunged, warm-blooded man or woman. Mrs. Jane A. Kennedy, Douglastown, Que., bears the strongest testimony to the value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in cases of this kind. She says: "My sister, a delicate girl, took a severe cold when about seventeen years old. We tried many medicines for her, but she appeared to be constantly growing worse, and we feared she was going into consumption. Often after she had a bad night with a racking cough, I would get up to see if she had spit any blood. At this stage, a friend strongly urged me to give her Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Within a month from the time she began to take the pills she had almost recovered her usual health. Under a further use of the pills she is now well and strong, and I can recommend the pills with confidence to every weak person."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a certain cure for all blood and nerve troubles, such as anemia, debility, lung complaints, rheumatism, neuralgia, St. Vitus' dance, partial paralysis, and the troubles that make the lives of so many women miserable. Be sure you get the genuine pills, with the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," on the wrapper around each box. Sold by all medicine dealers, or sent by mail at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

HAD TO SAY SOMETHING.

A city missionary whose work keeps her most of the time in the tenement house districts is often called upon to harmonize discordant elements and adjust the petty differences common among residents of the slums. One day the frowzy-headed and bedraggled mistress of a "suite" of two woefully dirty rooms on the "fourth floor back" of a tenement called "The Rookery" complained as follows of a neighbor:

"She's terrible hard to git 'long with, ma'am, an' she ain't got the first instink o' a lady, ma'am."

"I hope you have never told her so," said the missionary, gently.

"Indeed, I ain't, ma'am—at least, not in so many words. Because she ain't no lady ain't no sign I shouldn't be one. I never said nothing to her 'cept in' to tell her two or three times that o' all the long-tongued, sneakin', meddlin', bad-mannered, low-down trash I ever bumped up ag'in, she beat 'em all! I ain't ever said nothing but that to her. O' course, there's times when a body has to say something, ma'am!"—*July Woman's Home Companion.*

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CHARACTER IN THE MAKING.

An incident noted in *The Chicago Journal* deserves a place here as showing how the decisions of everyday life go to build or undermine character:

"A passenger on a street car recently had a fine opportunity to study, unobserved, the struggle between conscience and cupidity in a little ten-year-old girl. The conductor failed to collect her fare immediately after she entered the car. She had the required nickel in her hand, and she watched him furtively for a time to note whether he would overlook her entirely."

"She was apparently in a quandary what to do, and then conscience commenced to perform its subtle functions. Several times she held out her hand in a hesitating manner. Meanwhile the nickel was carefully concealed between her fingers from the view of the conductor. After making this abortive pretense of paying several times conscience was triumphant, and the next time the conductor passed she held out the fare boldly and there was no mistaking her intention."

"There was a satisfied look on her chubby face when the fare was registered, but it is doubtful if she realized how great a victory she had won and what an influence that simple incident might have in shaping her character."

TWO WAYS OF WISHING.

"As far as I can make out," remarked old Mrs. Talbot, looking thoughtfully after the neighbor who had been making her a morning call, "there's jest about three kinds of people in the world—the people that set round wishing for things, and the people that go to work to make their wishes come true, and the people that don't even wish, but jest slump!"

The classification may not be strictly scientific, but probably there are few of us to whose experience it does not make appeal. Of the people who "slump," there is little to be said; they are not likely to trouble us unless, driven by an inflexible sense of duty, we trouble them. But the people who "set round wishing for things" are of a different complexion. So far from waiting for us to trouble them, they

are much more apt to take the initiative and "set round" in our chairs or upon our pizzas.

"Mrs. Henderson was in the other day," a little woman said to a friend, "and she said so much about my being able to have all the new books that she made me feel positively guilty. She said it was the great trial of her life that she could not afford books, but she felt that her duty to her family demanded her to sacrifice her own desires. Yet the cloak that she wore must have cost every cent of fifty dollars, and I know her hat cost twenty, I never paid more than eight dollars for a new hat in my life; the difference in cost between her winter suit and mine would pay for all my new books for two years. But it wouldn't have done any good to tell her so."

"You are so clever!" one girl said to another. "Everybody says so. But I tell people it isn't to your credit. You naturally have a good memory, and remember funny stories and quotations and things. If you were like me you'd find a difference."

"Yet," the clever girl said, repeating the incident, "Olive has as good a memory as I, and five times as much time to use it. I have simply made it a habit, when I come across anything good, to learn it that very day—while I am sweeping or dusting or dressing, if there is no other time. If I put it off I know that I never shall get a moment to go back to it."

Yes, we all know the people who sit round and wish for things; but also we know the people—may their tribe increase—who "go to work to make their wishes come true." And when we think of these, of their courage, their cheer, their steadfast perseverance, we know that the inspiration they give us far outweighs the complaints and criticisms of all our Mrs. Hendersons.

Have you ever known what it is to be encouraged to do right, not by being told to do so, but by being near a man stronger than yourself, whose mere presence helped you so that you were the stronger man because he was there? There are men living to-day on the strength of other men.—*R. J. Campbell.*