

**This and That**

**HIS MISSION IN LIFE.**

The New York Sun tells of a muscular young man, once on the Columbia rush line, who, on leaving college, sought to do good with his abundant muscle, and hit upon the following plan of reforming his erring fellow citizens. He says:

"I take a subway or an elevated train about four times a day. I wait until the gate is opened for the hog who makes a rush, and jams his way in ahead of women, children, and weaklings.

"He is always there; sometimes three or four of him. I pick out the worst one, and follow him. Just as he reaches the gate I tap him on the shoulder.

"Pardon me sir, I say. 'You have dropped something,' and I point to a pillar in the background.

"He always turns back, feeling in his pockets. In three cases out of four he misses the train. I trust that while he waits for the next train the point dawns on him.

"If he does not catch the train, he either subsides, crushed, in which case I know he's got the point, or else he comes at me and says:

"See here, what do you mean? What did I drop?"

"I look him over, and kind of raise my shoulder at him as a warning that I'll be right there if he gets troublesome, and say: 'Your manners, sir.'

"I've reformed at least six persistent hogs who get on at my station, and I trust that I have taught manners to a number of others whom I haven't been able to observe regularly.

"Oh, yes, some day I'll probably run up against a better man and take a beating, but it will all be in the interest of the cause."—Ex.

**THE MOTHER'S STRIKE.**

Such a dream I had! So dreadful  
That I never heard the like;  
For I dreamt that on a sudden  
The mammas agreed to strike.

"We are tired," I heard them murmur;  
"Tired of working night and day,  
And not always hearing 'Thank you!'  
Such long hours and such poor pay!"

So they would not mend the jackets,  
Nor the holes in the stockings small;  
No one ran to kiss the bruises  
When poor Tommy caught a fall.

No one bound up wounded fingers  
No one glued the broken toys;  
No one answered all the questions  
Of the eager little boys.

No one tied the little bonnets,  
No one brushed the little curls;  
No one basted dolly dresses  
For the busy little girls.

And there were no bedtime stories,  
And no loving hands to tuck  
Blankets soft round little sleepers,  
For their mothers all had struck.

Oh, so lonesome and so dreadful  
And so queer it all did seem!  
Aren't you glad, dear little children,  
'T was nothing but a dream?"

—Elizabeth H. Thomas, Youth's Companion.

**JAPANESE DWARF TREES.**

I once saw in Japan some of the most remarkable trees that ever grew. They were hundreds of years old and not a hundred inches high. The most marvellous collection was in Count Okuma's garden near Tokio. Here were pine-trees that started to grow in the seventeenth century, that at the dawn of the twentieth were not too large to be carried in one hand, pot and all. Others, whose seed was planted about the time when Columbus sailed for America, were already outstripped by saplings planted the year before the last.

In another place was a grove of Liliputian palm-trees, gnarled and knotted and twisted by centuries of wind and weather, there were none of them too large to grace a dinner table, as they often did when in full bloom. Most marvellous still, there were other little trees, planted before most of my readers were born, say, in the early 'sixties, that were still thriving (it is too much to say "growing")

in a teacup, while others planted before Cleveland's first term in office had not outgrown a lady's thimble.

The Japanese are past masters of the art of dwarfing trees. They nip off the tree's roots, and pinch its limbs, and starve it with little soil, and let it go thirsty and dry, but at the same time keep the breath of life in, until it becomes the varietal travesty of a tree, a manikin vegetable with the wrinkled face of an old man on the legs of a little boy. Infinite patience and skill and time unstinted must have been given thus to stunt and dwarf those grotesque growths.—Francis E. Clark, in Christian Endeavor World.

**HIS TROUSERS MATERIAL.**

He was a proud little fellow as he strutted around in a new pair of trousers that his mother had made for him, and very important he looked as he squared himself in front of his best friend, the corner-groceryman, and said: "I bet you can't guess what my trousers are made of?"

"Of broadcloth?" asked the groceryman.

"Nope," replied the little fellow.

"Of corduroy, then?" ventured the groceryman.

"Nope."

"Of jeans?"

"Well, what are they made of, then?"

"Of papa's old ones," triumphantly replied the happy little fellow.—Epworth Herald.

**WHICH WAS IT.**

A lady who has recently returned from a Mediterranean trip says that as the ship was leaving the harbor of Athens, a well-dressed lady passenger approached the captain, who was pacing the deck, and, pointing to the distant hills, covered with snow, asked, "What is that white stuff on the hills, captain?"

"That is snow, madam," answered the captain.

"Is it really?" remarked the lady. "I thought so; but a gentleman has told me that it was Greece."—Ex.

**CURIOSITY PUNISHED.**

A number of noisy young men were passing through a village late one night, on their way home. They saw that a new notice board had been nailed to a tall post just over the fence. They stopped and tried to read it, but were unable to do so on account of the darkness. One of them, however, determined to settle the matter. He climbed to the top, being pushed up by his companions. He came down faster than he went up, for the notice he was so anxious to read was this: "Wet-paint."—Ex.

**IN THE LOOKING GLASS.**

The world is a looking glass,  
Wherein ourselves are shown,  
Kindness for kindness, cheer for cheer,  
Coldness for gloom, repulse for fear.  
To every soul its own.  
We cannot change the world a whit,  
Only ourselves which look in it.  
—Susan Collidge.

**I'M PARCHED.**

An old railway guard has just told the following story about C. H. Spurgeon;

Near where Spurgeon's Tabernacle stands, half a dozen main streets all meet at one point. There is a drinking-fountain there which has stood there for many years. It was one very hot summer's evening, and the drinking fountain was in strong demand. I wanted a drink myself, and in a happy sort of way, while waiting my turn, I said to some of the people standing by. "Hurry up, I'm parched!" Somebody patted me on the back, and said, "Thank you, my man, you have given my text for to-night." It was Mr. Spurgeon.

The guard added that he was on his way to the Tabernacle at the time, and Spurgeon preached one of the finest sermons he had ever delivered, from the above words.—Christian Budget.

There is nothing more convenient or effective for relieving Hoarseness and Coughs than BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES. They are absolutely unrivalled for the alleviation of all Throat Irritations caused by cold. Sold only in boxes.

**PAINFUL PERIODS**

Suggestions How to Find Relief from Such Suffering.



While no woman is entirely free from periodical suffering, it does not seem to be the plan of nature that women should suffer so severely. Menstruation is a severe strain on a woman's vitality. If it is painful or irregular something is wrong which should be set right or it will lead to a serious derangement of the whole female organism.

More than fifty thousand women have testified in grateful letters to Mrs. Pinkham that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound overcomes painful and irregular menstruation.

It provides a safe and sure way of escape from distressing and dangerous weaknesses and diseases.

The two following letters tell so convincingly what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will do for women, they cannot fail to bring hope to thousands of sufferers.

Mrs. Matilda Richardson of 177 Wellington Street, Kingston, Ont., writes: Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—

"Some four years ago my usually good health began to fail. I had severe pains in my back, my head ached, I would have dizzy spells, and during my monthly periods I would suffer intense pain. I was advised to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I am so glad that I did, for it brought new life and health to me. My monthly periods were natural and painless, and my general health improved. I have not had an ache or a pain since, and I feel it a duty as well as a pleasure to tell you what your medicine has done for me."

Mme. Louise McKenzie of Mount Carmel, Montreal, Canada, writes:

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—

"I had heard so much good about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound before

I started to take it for painful menstruation so that when it cured me I was not surprised. I had suffered with blinding headaches and pain until it seemed that I must scream. These pains lasted from five to ten days every month, and you can understand how glad I was to get relief. I am in the best of health, and am pleased to give you this testimonial for what your medicine has done for me."

Such testimony should be accepted by all women as convincing evidence that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound stands without a peer as a remedy for all the distressing ills of women.

The success of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound rests upon the well-earned gratitude of Canadian women.

When women are troubled with irregular, suppressed or painful menstruation, leucorrhoea, displacement or ulceration of the womb, that bearing-down feeling, inflammation of the ovaries, backache, bloating, (or flatulency), general debility, indigestion and nervous prostration, or are beset with such symptoms as dizziness, faintness, lassitude, excitability, irritability, nervousness, sleeplessness, melancholy, they should remember there is one tried and true remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at once removes such troubles. Refuse to buy any other medicine, for you need the best.

Don't hesitate to write to Mrs. Pinkham if there is anything about your sickness you do not understand. She will treat you with kindness and her advice is free. No woman ever regretted writing her and she has helped thousands. Address Lynn, Mass. Ask Mrs. Pinkham's Advice—A Woman Best Understands a Woman's Ills.

Surprise is yours and pleasure, too, every time you use Surprise Soap

It makes child's play of washday—and every day a happy day. The pure soap just loosens the dirt in a natural way and cleanses easily—without injury. Remember Surprise is a pure, hard Soap

When answering advertisements please mention the Messenger and Visitor.