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sat at an uncomfortable angle in order to lose no word of the Jehu's story. When it stopped, she waited impatiently.

"Go on, please," she prompted from time to time.

"Jest's you say. It's unmateri!"

"I suppose in the end her heart trouble carried her off, poor woman?"

"Well, she went off, and after she'd enjoyed the heart disease a good twenty years an' got all the comfort she could out of it,—advertisin' Dr. Quackem's Heart Toner fur an' wide an' dosin' it up stiddy,—I don't suppose, now, you can guess how many empty Toner bottles they found after she'd went?"

"On," breathed the Passenger, enjoyingly. "Oh, I don't know, Mr. Dresser,—thirty."

"Eighty-nine. Git up there, Jerry! I don't set down till somebody offers ye a cheer!"

"Eighty—nine!"

"Yes, kind of a pity, warn't it, she couldn't of held on through another bottle, jest to even things up? But eighty-nine Toners is something of a chore. Get up there Jerry! don't ye see we've got to Somewheres?"

The stage was entering a shady street and went creaking down between rows of pleasant houses. One of them was the Passenger's destination. The Jehu and Jerry drew up before it with an ambitious flourish.

"This is there," the Jehu said concisely. He loaded himself with dainty budgets, and led the way between poppy rows to the house. Midway in the trim path, he halted, with a backward glance at the little Passenger trudging in his wake. There was an odd expression on his weathered face,—a smile might have been struggling to break through the crust.

"I didn't tell you the end o' that there story," he said. "They had an examination of Aunt Moses Curley's remains an' the doctors found out that her heart was the only perfectly sound organ inside of her—yes, sir, sound's a nut."

Cream of Celery Soup.

Pound a head of celery and boil it in one pint of rich chicken broth for twenty minutes (if boiled too long it loses the flavor of the celery.) Mix two tablespoonsfuls of flour with two tablespoonsfuls of butter, add this to the boiling chicken broth and celery; also half a pint of cream and half a pint of milk. Season with salt and pepper to taste. If too thick, add a little more cream or broth to suit the taste. Strain and serve immediately.—By a French Chef.

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World of Missions.

Queer Chinese Customs.

The queer customs, with the pig-tails, slanting eyes, and unintelligible speech of the Chinese, often weigh too much as grounds of doubting their profession of the Christian faith. Here are three recent incidents opposed to such distrust since they show that the souls of some Chinese know a language which we can understand, and have quantities to which we can aspire.

1. A Chinese Baptist living in a village near Hsuehwan (Sui-tu) in the province of Szechwan, is sixty years old, but every Sunday morning he appears at the village ten miles from his home, sends out the town crier with a gong to call the people together and preaches Christ to them. He is untaught except in the Bible, which he knows from Genesis to Revelation. His sincerity and a vivid imagination, which brings homely Chinese illustrations to his help, capture his audience. Afterwards he trudges ten miles back to his home and there also sends out the cry with his booming gong. There he preaches again. In the evening he holds another service. This he has done every Sunday for two years, a pure labor of love.

2. A pottery manufacturer at Yuenchau in Kiangsi, China, was converted. What shall one do as a first-fruits of his decision to follow Jesus Christ. The first outward token of conversion which the pottery-maker gave was that he altered the weights with which he bought materials. He had arranged them so that he bought eighteen ounces to the pound. The voice that spoke in his heart when he was converted made him convert his weights also—to sixteen ounces to the pound.

3. At Lanchau in Kansu, China, is a farmer who has long been convinced of the truth, and none the less because it urged him to stop raising poppies whose opium brought him much money. This year, after he had planted his fields as usual, some strange power showed him what manner of man he is that will not surrender to Jesus because it costs to do so. Then one morning he took a grim determination that materialized in the form of a narrow, and ripped up his opium fields. There is now one more happy Chinese church member at Lanchau.

One of the world's truest heroes is Khama, the native chief of Bechuanaland, South Africa, in his life-long fight against the white man's rum and whisky for his people.

Vegetable tea—For convalescents is recommended as more nutritious and less stimulating than beef tea. Put half a pound of dry beans in an earthen dish with a quart of hot water; add half a very small onion, and simmer three or four hours. The beans should not boil soft enough to break. Put a scant tablespoonful of butter in a saucepan, and slice and fry brown the remainder of the onion. Strain the water in which the beans were cooked, add the onion, cook five minutes; strain and season with salt and white pepper.

Beef Broth.—Cut into small pieces a pound of fresh, lean, juicy steak, put over the fire in two quarts of cold water; cover and cook slowly an hour and a half. Strain add two tablespoonsfuls of rice which has been soaking in cold water half an hour; cook fifteen minutes, and serve with tiny crackers, crisp and hot from the oven.

Keep the Blood Pure.

NEARLY ALL THE COMMON ILLS OF LIFE ARE CAUSED BY WEAK WATERY AND IMPURE BLOOD.

Bad blood means bad health. That is why Dr. Williams' Pink Pills mean good health—they actually make new, rich blood. Bad blood poisons the whole system. The nerves break down, the liver goes wrong, the kidneys get clogged and inflamed, the heart flutters and jumps at the least excitement, the stomach loses its power to digest food, the lungs are unable to throw off the lingering colds, in fact the whole body gets out of order. Then you have headaches and backaches, can't sleep, and can't eat and feel utterly miserable. And it all comes from bad blood and can be cured by the rich, red blood Dr. Williams' Pink Pills sends coursing to every part of the body. Mr. Daniel McKinnon, of North Pelham, Ont., suffered from bad blood, but has been made well and strong by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills after all other treatment had failed. Mr. McKinnon says: "Until last spring I had been afflicted with a weak stomach, headaches and kidney troubles. At times I was completely prostrated and my sufferings were of a most severe nature. At different times I was treated by no less than seven doctors, but from none of them did I get more than temporary relief. As time went on I became hopeless of ever being well again. Last spring a friend drew my attention to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and I decided to try this medicine. I had only taken four boxes when I found a decided improvement in my condition, and I continued using the pills until I had taken a dozen boxes when I was a cured man and the sufferings I had formerly endured were but a disagreeable memory. I admit being an enthusiastic admirer of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, but I think I have just cause for my enthusiasm and will always recommend them to my ailing friends."

Just as surely as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cured Mr. McKinnon they can cure anaemia, indigestion, headaches, backaches, kidney trouble, rheumatism, lumbago, sciatica, neuralgia, nervousness, general weakness and the special ailments of growing girls and women. All these ailments come from bad blood, and Dr. Williams' Pink Pills can cure them by filling the veins with new, rich, red blood. But you must be sure to have the genuine pills with the full name Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People on the wrapper around every box. Sold by medicine dealers everywhere or by mail at 50c a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by writing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

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