

WORLD OF MISSIONS.

The Church Missionary Society is about to build and equip at Khartoum in the Soudan a girls' school, which will be a worthy memorial of General Gordon.

Poor people in Japan frequently use a piece of oiled paper instead of an umbrella spreading it over their heads when it rains. A large piece of this paper only costs a shilling.

At Chefoo, China, Mrs. Hunter C. Robertson, formerly Miss Sutherland, of Toronto, and others, have been making garments and badges for disabled soldiers, of either army, in the struggle going on within cannon sound to the north.

The Empress Dowager of China has given \$14,000 towards establishing a medical college in Peking, which represents three missions, those of the Presbyterian Board, (North) of the American Board, and the London Society.

The word "Japan" comes from the Portuguese pronunciation of the Japanese characters, "ni-pon," meaning the land of the rising sun. Japan has in school one in every nine of her children of school age, while Russia has but one in forty.

A Japanese child is always considered one year older than it really is, the year in which it is born being counted. A baby whose birthday is Dec. 31st, on the next day will be counted two years old, because it has lived in two different years of the calendar.

A man in Ts'in-ai, Che-kiang, China, recently reached his fiftieth birthday. The occasion calls for idolatrous festivities. But the man was a Christian, and after some study of his duty in the emergency he contributed to church building the money which the pagan festivity would have cost. That man's conversion has reached every fibre of his being.

A bit of missionary life in Ts'u-hiara, Japan: "Imagine me," says the missionary, "sitting on the floor with a little table three feet square and a foot high, and a little charcoal fire with an oven on it, on one side. I was giving a cooking lesson to six Japanese ladies." The lesson was on stuffing and baking mackerel and on making sponge cake. After the lesson in cooking came a Bible lesson.

One thousand Chinese Bibles and Testaments have been distributed this year among the post office clerks in China. Each volume was separately addressed, with a personal letter from the members of the International Christian Association of Postal, Telephone and Telegraph Clerks. The books were distributed through the British and Foreign Bible Society, which paid one-half of the cost of the gift.

The Alake, or highest king, of Lagos, West Africa, has visited England and paid his respects to the Church Missions House, London, thanking the society for

benefits conferred upon his people. On returning home, though not credited as personally a Christian, the Alake attended a thanksgiving service which he had requested should be held in church before he entered his own residence. The church was filled by Christians, Mohammedans and Heathen.

A missionary, writing from Kokua, Japan, describes a service with the wounded in hospital there. When permission was given the condition was laid down that there must be neither a long sermon nor loud singing. The Japanese ladies of the four Christian churches—Methodist, Baptist and Episcopal—sang to the soldiers, and a Southern Baptist Convention missionary did the preaching. The officer who gave the qualified permission listened throughout, and then declared it so good that such a service might be held every day. One does not know whether to be most pleased at the softening of the Japanese through need in a great crisis, or at the union of the Christian denominations in a purpose to use for the Master the opportunities of the crisis.

SPARKLES.

A capital letter—one containing a remittance.

She—"But, father, he is the only man I love." Father—"That's right, my child. I am glad that a daughter of mine does not love more than one man at a time."

Harold ran back from the lion in the museum. "Don't be afraid, dear," grandmother said. "That lion is stuffed." "Yes," said Harold, "but maybe he isn't stuffed so full that he couldn't find room for a little boy like me."

"It is bitter cold," remarked the shivering husband. "Why don't you button up your jacket?"

"The idea!" exclaimed the wife. "Why, if I did that no one would know it is lined with fur."—Columbus Dispatch.

The Voice of the Worldly—"Poverty is no disgrace," said the romantic young woman.

"No," answered Miss Cayenne, "and it is no great recommendation, either."—Washington Star.

A lady entered a railway station not a hundred miles from Toronto the other day, and said she wanted a ticket for Montreal. The pale-looking clerk asked—"Single?" "It ain't any of your business," she replied. "I might have been married a dozen times if I'd felt like providin' for some poor shiftless wreck of a man like you."

"It was funny how we became acquainted," said Miss Ponderous. "You see we had known each other by sight for some time, but we had never spoken until one day when we both happened to be out skating. I tripped and fell—"

"Ah!" exclaimed Miss Slim, "and that broke the ice."—Philadelphia Press.

LA GRIPPE'S RAVAGES.
The Victims Left Weak, Nervous 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 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, 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 make 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 anaemia, headaches, sideaches, indigestion, neuralgia, rheumatism, sciatica, nervousness, 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 50 cents a box or six boxes for 2.50.

Test for Butter.—Take a clean piece of white paper, smear a little of the butter on it, roll up the paper and set on fire. If the butter is pure the smell will be rather pleasant, but the odor distinctly tallowy if the butter is made up wholly or in part of animal fats.

Savory Beefsteak.—One pound of rather thin steak spread over with ordinary veal stuffing, rolled up, tied and put into a well-greased tin with a good piece of beef dripping on the top, then bake in a very hot oven. This is a very tasty dish.