

### When Your Joints Are Stiff

and muscles sore from cold or rheumatism, when you slip and sprain a joint, strain your side or bruise yourself, Perry Davis' Painkiller will take out the soreness and fix you right in a jiffy. Always have it with you, and use it freely. **USE**

## Painkiller

### Health and Home Hints

Grapes are almost as good as quinine for malarial troubles, and pineapples are a sure cure for a sore throat.

**A Cure for a Cold in the Head.**—Take thirty drops of sal volatile (comphorated preferred) in a small wineglassful of warm water five or six times a day.

Before washing red table linen, add a little borax to the water.

To sweeten sour cream, add a few drops of lemon.

**To Soften a Beefsteak.**—Smear a couple of teaspoonfuls of salad oil over a beefsteak, place it between two plates and leave it for a few hours. This works wonders in softening the fibre.

**How to keep Cake Moist.**—An apple kept in the cake-box will keep moderately rich cake moist for a great length of time, if the apple is renewed when withered.

### World of Missions.

#### The Hero as a Missionary.

JUNIUS M.

If Carlyle had ever been in Manitoba he would have added one more to his list of heroes. The very marrow of today's history is in its religious movements. A mixture of races are before us. Varied as the flowers that grow in luxuriant beauty so differ religions from one another on the broad prairie. There is a curious weed, which is known to the natives of this country as, "white man's footstep," wherever civilization and marks of habitation by the white man, there grows on every path the weed known by his name. It is also worthy of note that where the weed sign is you are not far from school and church, and a missionary.

One Sabbath morning during the meeting of the General Assembly in Vancouver, I found myself trudging along side of the missionary of North Vancouver, as he hurried to his morning appointment on the outskirts of the city. A little house. A key from the bag of the missionary, a swinging door, a

short climb up a little, narrow staircase and we were in the S. S. room. Soon we had our audience assembling. It was but a handful of boys and girls, reverently they bowed in prayer, joyfully they joined in the melody of a familiar hymn, earnestly they studied the lesson, and with well regulated precision the collection plate was handed around. At first no collection was taken but the material of which young Presbyterian givers are made was not lacking here and on request of the boys collections were taken every Sabbath. Imagine a college graduate giving himself to teaching for half-an-hour a dozen little children and you see my hero and begin to understand Carlyle when he says: "A man's religion is the chief fact about him." Religion does not arise from Quackery, for "Quackery gives birth to nothing." Follow our hero as he goes to the camps, how he receives a welcome, warm and hearty again he is not desired and men turn the cold shoulder to him, disdain his Master and reject his message and still my hero perseveres. Once more he stands at the mouth of the mine and tells to grimy faces the law of God. Now he stands by the sea shore and sees the tide begin to flow out, and to the sailor tells the story and sings the words of a prayer: "Jesus, Saviour, pilot me." Or is it in Faith he ministers to those who still work on, still the little manse with its open door is ready to welcome the wanderer and the sinner. So earnestly does the hero strive to enter into the darkness of sorrow and abysses of doubt that when the assembly met, the poor miners of desolated Frank, paid the way of their hero and his admirable wife to the Coast. Take the Yukon with its vice and its nameless sins and when men's passions were not with their virtues and see the same thing happen there. The hero stands at the smelter and at the coke-ovens in the residential town of Nelson on the beautiful Okanagan—down the Columbia and up the Kootenay, in the famous thriving farming district of Chilliwack (the mingling of many waters) at the summit of the mountains, or at their base, in the Banff Resort or on the Crow's Nest, the hero is found.

Even when we reach the plain we find the prairie dotted with evidence of our hero. The building of the little kirk is evidence often of his acceptable ministrations, particularly in some districts where money is scarce and labor is high, it means that the missionary goes hammer in hand to help his people build their place of worship. The hero does not fear the long cold winter drive, wrapped in fur, when he is able to invest, or very often owing to the generosity of his friends, he is proof against the frost and cold. A member of his congregation is ill. It means 20 miles to drive, carrying messages of condolence back and forward goes the missionary. And when death has laid his cold hand upon some member of his flock, it is the missionary breaks the news to other members of the home. He comes to the house when the body is brought home. He preaches the sermon, gives the last messages, and speaks words of comfort to those who are left.

The missionary consecrates his life to this, to him, delightful labor. Hardships are to be endured, difficulties are to be overcome, discouragements are to be conquered, defeats to be turned into victories, debts are to be paid, churches need building, young people need organizing. On these prairies, is a land of mighty potentialities, rapidly developing agricultural prospects with increasing facilities. Here are growing cities, centres of commerce and education. Let us

### Life on the Farm

#### Particularly Trying to the Wives and Daughters.

#### A Place Where Woman's Work is Never Done—The Reason Why

#### There are so Many Prematurely Aged and Worn Out Women.

It has been very truly said that "woman's work is never done," and this is, perhaps, especially true when applied to the wives of Canadian farmers, who are kept busy with their manifold duties from daylight till dark, and who find, even under the most favorable circumstances, but little time for relaxation and social enjoyment. They are a class of women whose pluck and endurance everyone must admire; they are helpmates in the broadest sense of the word, and unfortunately too often pay the penalty either in a complete breakdown of health, or in prematurely aged appearance. A case in point is that of Mrs. J. Marais, the wife of a well known and well-to-do farmer, living near Riviere du Loup, Que. Mrs. Marais is the mother of a large family, and like her husband, was ambitious for their welfare. As a consequence she overtaxed her strength, and after the birth of her last child failed to regain her former health. Several months passed and still Mrs. Marais was confined to her bed. Her strength had completely passed away. She was troubled with headaches, was extremely nervous, subject to pains in the back, and unable to take food with relish. She was under the care of more than one doctor, but did not regain her strength, and her family and friends believed that there was but little hope for her recovery. Then a neighbor strongly advised her to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and she began doing so. Soon, under the use of the pills, she began to recover her strength, was able to be up and go about. Day by day further beneficial results followed the continued use of the pills until after the use of eight boxes Mrs. Marais was fully restored to her old-time health and vigor. She speaks of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in very warm terms, and loses no opportunity to praise them.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a boon to overworked, weary and despondent women everywhere. Every pill helps increase the flow of rich, red blood through the veins, stimulates the nerves, and in this way restores health strength and vitality. Only the genuine pills can do this, however, and the purchaser should see that the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," is printed on the wrapper around every box. If in doubt send direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and the pills will be mailed post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50.

not be mere fortune hunters when we move westward. Come Great East with your minds, rich with religious home training to teach us of the West how to live Christian lives and to assist the missionary to overcome the evil!

The Life of the west is like our harvest weather. Smiles and tears mingle with our happiness and sorrows. Spring with its daisies and bird song mingles with winters rugged storms and summers dancing sunshine and the missionary is in it all.

## AFTER SHAVING

## POND'S EXTRACT



COOLS, COMFORTS AND HEALS THE SKIN, ENABLING THE MOST TENDER FACE TO ENJOY A GLOSE SHAVE WITHOUT UNPLEASANT RESULTS.

Avoid dangerous, irritant and witch hazel preparations and be assured to be "the same as" Pond's Extract, which really soothes and generally contains "wood alcohol," a deadly poison.