

TOO LATE TO CHANGE.

"I hear you have a little sister at your house," said a Chicago grocer to a small boy.

"Yes, sir," said Johnny.

"Do you like that?" was queried.

"I wish it was a boy," said Johnny, "so I could play marbles with him, and baseball."

"Well," said the storekeeper, "why don't you exchange your little sister for a boy?"

Johnny reflected for a minute, then he said rather sorrowfully: "We can't now. It's too late. We've used her four days."—Selected.

DON'T CROSS YOUR KNEES.

A medical authority has recently uttered a warning against the habit of sitting with one knee crossed over the other—a pose which is nowadays almost as common among women as among men. This apparently harmless habit, it seems, is likely to cause rickets, lameness, chronic numbness, ascending paralysis, cramps, varicose veins and other evils. The reason is simple. The back of the knee, it is explained, as well as the front of the elbow and wrist, the groin and the armpit, contain nerves and blood vessels which are less adequately protected than in other parts of the body. The space behind the knee contains two large nerves, a large artery, and numerous veins and lymphatic glands. It is the pressure on these nerves and vessels which is apt to give rise to the various troubles against which we are warned.—Harper's Weekly.

HEADACHE POWDERS.

Habitual headaches often arise from habitual overeating, irregularity, or overwork. Rest and fasting will cure nine-tenths of all headaches, especially if considerable hot water (or cold for that matter, though hot is better) be sipped. Sometimes a nervous headache will be cured by a cup of strong tea without milk or sugar, also by a cup of strong coffee—especially in the case of persons who do not habitually use tea or coffee in excess. Headaches that will not cease under simple treatment should not be treated by the sufferers, as they may be symptoms of some serious disease already existing, or soon to exist if not properly treated. The drug store-abound in headache powders, many of them warranted "to stop a headache in five minutes." From time to time we see accounts of persons suddenly dying from such things. For the benefit of our young readers we direct attention to this subject. It is better to endure a headache than to make a medicine of such power as suddenly to stop it. Whoever uses such dangerous things as hypodermic injections of morphine risks all that makes life precious. In a neighboring city a young lady sixteen years of age died suddenly. The county physician and the coroner took charge of the case, and as the result of investigation they believe that her death was due to acetanilid poisoning, following the taking of headache powders to relieve an aggravated attack of grip. People who take medicine for headaches have many headaches. People who "stand" their headaches have few.—Christian Advocate.

Parents should not permit the temptations to enter business to deprive their children of an education. The secularizing of the young mind will come soon enough. The children will have a whole lifetime for business; but if youth is permitted to pass without the blessings of college life they will never come again.

The better the eye the clearer the vision. The stronger the faith the nobler the courage.

SPARKLES.

Teacher (of class in zoology)—What is the proof that a sponge is a living animal?

Young Man With the Bad Eye—A man is a living animal. Many men are sponges. Therefore, a sponge is a living animal.

Miss Angelina (to Capt. Brown, who has been cruising in Alaskan waters)—"I suppose, captain, that in those northern latitudes during a part of the year the sun doesn't set till quite a while after dark."

"I am doing my hardest for the elevation of womankind, remarked the youth with the tall collar and noisy tie.

"In what way?" queried the man with the Auburn complexion.

"I run an elevator in a department store," explained the youth.

They tell at Balliol of a dinner at Master Jovett's table, when the talk as upon the comparative gifts of two Balliol men who had been respectively made a Judge and a Bishop. Professor Henry Smith, famous in his day for his brilliancy, pronounced the Bishop to be the greater man of the two for this reason: "A Judge, at the most, can only say 'You be hanged,' whereas a Bishop can say 'You be damned.'" "Yes," said Master Jovett, "but if the Judge said 'You be hanged,' you are hanged."

A theological student was sent one Sunday to supply a vacant pulpit in a Connecticut Valley town. A few days after, he received a copy of the weekly paper of that place with the following item marked: "Rev. _____ of the Senior class of Yale Seminary supplied the pulpit at the Congregational church last Sunday, and the church will now be closed three weeks for repairs."

A temperance lecturer, wishing to impress upon his audience the superiority of water over alcohol, reminded me of the story of Dives and Lazarus. When Dives was in Hades, he did not ask for beer or wine or spirits, but for one drop of water.

"Now, my friends," said the lecturer, "what does that show us?"

A voice from the back of the hall replied, "It shows us where you blooming temperance people go to!"

PLEASANT WEATHER.

When the wintry nights are cold,
And the angry north winds blow
'Gainst the rattling window casement
Drifts of snow.

Then around the hearthstone gather
Loving hearts that will not roam;
For there's always pleasant weather
In our home.

THE FROST KING.

The Frost King is here and his net-work is spread,
O'er moorland and mountain we follow his tread;
By jewels all glist'ning his footsteps we trace,
He has flung round the brown earth a mantle of lace;
The eaves of the houses with crystals are hung
That flash back in beauty the glint of the sun.
The maple is shining with clear diamonds bright,
The hills and the valleys are glimmering and white;
The true-hearted snow-birds are perched by the way,
But scatter at times from the swift rushing sleigh;
The sounds from the village, how clearly they ring.
Oh! Grey-beard is monarch, old Frost is our King!

BLOODLESS GIRLS

Find New Health Through the Use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

When you see a young girl pale and ailing and wasting away, you know that the budding womanhood is making new demands upon her blood supply which she cannot meet. Month after month her health, her strength, her very life, is being drained away. No food and no care can do her any good. Common medicine cannot save her from broken health and a hopeless decline. New blood is the one thing that can make her a healthy, cheerful, rosy-cheeked girl. And Dr. Williams' Pink Pills actually make new blood with every dose. That is the whole secret of how they have saved thousands of pale, anaemic girls from an early grave. Miss Alice Chaput, aged 17 years, living at 475 St. Timothee street, Montreal, gives strong proof of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to cure. "A couple of years ago," says Miss Chaput, "I was an almost continuous sufferer, and became so weak I could hardly go about. I suffered from frequent and prolonged spells of dizziness, I had frightened headaches, and my stomach was completely out of order. The least exertion would leave me worn out and breathless, and I did not appear to have a drop of good blood in my body. I consulted a doctor who told me the trouble was general debility, but his treatment did not help me a particle. To add to the trouble my nerves gave way, and I often passed sleepless nights. At this stage a friend advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I got a few boxes. The first benefit I noticed from the use of the pills, was an improved appetite, and this seemed to bring much relief. I continued taking the Pills until I had used six boxes, when I was fully restored to health, and I have not had a day's illness since. I cannot praise Dr. Williams' Pink Pills enough for the great good they have done me."

A pale anaemic person needs only one thing—new blood. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills do one thing only—they make new blood. That is all they do, but they do it well. They don't act on the bowels. They don't bother with mere symptoms. They won't cure and disperse that isn't caused originally from bad blood. But when Dr. Williams' Pink Pills replace bad blood they strike straight at the root and cause of all common diseases like headaches, sideaches, backaches, kidney trouble, liver complaint, biliousness, indigestion, anæmia, neuralgia, sciatica, locomotor ataxia and the special secret troubles that every woman knows but thing—new blood. Dr. Williams' Pink to their doctors. But you must have the genuine pills or you can't be cured, and the genuine always have the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," on the wrapper around the box. Sold by all medicine dealers or sent direct by mail at 50-cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

THE SPINSTER'S PARROT.

An elderly single lady owned a parrot which had been brought in the usual way by ship to this country. It distressed her very much by always exclaiming when she entered the room where it lived, "You foolish old woman I wish you were dead." One day the clergyman called to see her, and she confided her woes about the parrot to him, upon which he suggested that it should be sent over to the rectory, as he had a parrot, but a highly moral bird, and he thought if the two were placed in the same room for a week or so the lady's parrot might learn better manners. Accordingly the plan was carried out. A week later the lady went to the rectory to see her parrot, and was much horrified on going into the room where both birds were to hear it say as before, "You foolish old woman, I wish you were dead." Upon which the rector's parrot responded, "We beseech Thee to hear us, good Lord."