

World of Missions.

Giving Presents in Japan.

The custom of giving presents is very prevalent in Japan, and some of the occasions as well as some of the presents are truly extraordinary. For instance, if one moves into a new house one must take presents to the house on either side and to the three houses opposite—in this case it sometimes takes the form of soap and towels. Also in the case of a fire one must take a present (as a rule a can of sugar,) or at any rate leave one's card, at the house in which one has friends, and which are anywhere in the neighborhood of the fire.

The trouble is by no means over when a suitable gift is obtained. The next thing is to wrap it up in the right kind of paper. Any piece of paper that one may pick up will not do, but it must be white and of a certain texture, size, and shape; the parcel must then be fastened either by tying with red and white string, also prepared for the purpose, or stuck down with rice, and with the ends of the parcel left open. The names of the giver and receiver must now be written on; special places are allotted for each, and finally a "noshi" must be fastened on. A "noshi" is a square piece of colored paper from one and a half to three inches in length, and folded into the shape of the kites children at home fly. If a "noshi" is not put on to a present it is a sign of ill-luck.

This much accomplished, the present is practically ready to be taken, but as it is considered indecent to carry anything about without being wrapped up in a "furoshiki," into a "furoshiki" it must go. A "furoshiki" is one of the indispensables of Japan, and consists of a square piece of material. They are made many sizes and of many different materials, and range from big cotton ones about four feet square, used by shop-keepers, etc., to small daintily covered ones of silk crepe for the use of ladies. Shopkeepers rarely offer to wrap purchases in paper, as one is supposed to produce a furoshiki. Once a missionary who would not conform to the custom, was asked why he always carried his books about naked. The present now tied up in a "furoshiki," one may set forth. Arriving at the house of the person he intends to favor, generally a latticework, sliding door, which is pushed back, and the visitor steps into a small, square, unfloored place which corresponds to our porch, and calls out in as respectful a tone as possible somewhere about sharp C. or D., "gomennasai!" Patter, patter,

come unslipped feet, and the lady of the house kneels down inside and pushes back the paper door. Surprised and delighted, ejaculations are uttered by her, followed by greetings, thanks and apologies, accomplished by many low bows. The caller does and says the same things, and then placing the present, still in its "furoshiki," on the floor, gently pushes it towards her, saying at the same time, "Truly this is a very rough, rude present to offer you, but will you be so gracious as to accept it." Then from the little lady sitting on the floor comes, Ma! ma! truly it is a great pity for you to trouble to bring me a present—*ohi ni arangoto* (which literally means big thanks)—but how rude of me not to have asked you to come in. I do beg of you to enter." After much pressing the visitor proceeds to remove his shoes, steps up into the house, and immediately kneels down as near to the door as possible, make low bows, each time touching the floor with the head, and say polite things. The hostess begs the friend to go into the wine room, which is done, but again one must kneel down close to the door, and only after a great deal of pressing venture to take a seat on one of the "zabuton" (flat cushion) placed futher into the room. Then small handless tea-cups, metal saucers and a tea-pot more fit for a doll's tea service, are produced, and a cup of pale green tea and several marvelous-looking cakes on a piece of paper are presented. Fortunately it is the custom in Japan to take the cakes away to eat at home, but after waiting until the tea is in a lukewarm condition, and after several urgent invitations to partake, one has to drink it. The hostess now takes the present, still wrapped up in its "furoshiki," into another room, takes off the "furoshiki," and into it puts another "noshi" or a clean piece of folded white paper, and brings it back. "Ma! Ma!" she says; *Kirenia Roto* (what a beautiful thing;) it is good of you, and many, many thanks; and more bows take place. By this time if you are not accustomed to sitting on the floor, the lower limbs are in a deep slumber and the first opportunity is taken to say, "Surely I have been a great nuisance and must now return," at the same time getting off the "zabuton," folding it into, and placing it behind you. The hostess implores you to stay, but as she insists she folds up the cakes and accompanies one to the door, where now bows and thanks takes place on the floor. Finally the visitor gets into the shoes, and with parting bows and polite remarks comes away triumphant.

The most difficult thing in receiving a present is to remember to thank the various members of the family from whom the gift is received, individually, and to rethink the actual giver, so that if a daughter of a household has given a present the father, mother, grandparents, sisters and brothers have all to be thanked. It is brain-rending, if one has received several presents, to remember who has, and who has not been thanked. The Missionary.

The manager of a big publishing house in Yokohama Japan, is an elder in the Presbyterian Church. Every Monday morning he assembles 220 workers for the establishment for a religious service as a preparation for the work of the week.

Bishop Johnson tells the English and American residents of India that whether they like it or not they are really representing Christianity to the people. "In fact," he says, "they are like the pictures in the lesson book which illustrate the letter press.

Neuralgic Pains.

Are the Cry of the Nerves for Better Blood.

ENRICH THE BLOOD AND NEURALGIA WILL DISAPPEAR—IT IS ONLY THOSE WHOSE BLOOD IS POOR AND WATERY THAT SUFFER.

No part of the human system is more sensitive than the nerves. Many of the most excruciating pains that afflict mankind come from weak, shaky, shattered nerves, and among the nerve pains there is perhaps none causes more intense suffering than neuralgia, which generally attacks the nerves of the face and head, sometimes causing swift, darting, agonizing pains—at other times a dull, heavy aching feeling which makes life miserable. There is only one way to get rid of neuralgia and other nervous troubles, and that is through the blood. Poor, watery blood makes the nerves shaky and invites disease. Rich, red blood makes the nerves strong and banishes all nerve troubles. No medicine in the world can equal Dr. Williams' Pink Pills as a blood builder and nerve tonic; every dose seems to make rich, red blood, and every drop of this new blood feeds and strengthens the nerves and banishes all nerve aches and pains. Among those who offer strong proof of this is Mr. John McDermott, Bond Head, Ont., who says: "A few years ago while working as a carpenter in Buffalo I got wet. I neglected to change my clothes and next morning I awoke with cramps and pains throughout my entire body. I was unable to go to work so called in a doctor. I followed his treatment, but it did not help me. As I was unable to work I returned to my home in Bond Head. Here I consulted a doctor who said I was suffering from neuralgia, but though he treated me for some time, he also failed to help me. I had often read of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, so decided to try them. I had not used more than three boxes before I felt they were helping me. From that on I gained day by day, and after I had used some ten boxes I had fully recovered my old-time strength and have since been able to work at my trade without any trouble. The pains and aches no longer torture me and I have gained in weight. I think Dr. Williams' Pink Pills an invaluable medicine and shall always have a good word to say for them."

Neuralgia, sciatica, rheumatism, St. Vitus' dance, and many other blood and nerve troubles all vanish when Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are used—but you must get the genuine bearing the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," on the wrapper around every box. Sold by druggists or direct by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

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