

This and That

ATTRACTING SUCCESS.

The truth in Christian Science, mixed up with a deal of crude philosophy and broken-backed logic, is that in this world things have a way of harmonizing with mental attitudes. If you are blue, despondent and hopeless you will be apt to find that the happenings of your life accord with that mood, and accentuate it; while, on the other hand if you are cheerful, confident and optimistic, you will find that circumstances, through some mysterious law of association, chime in with that mood. Successful men almost always have a dash of the sanguine temperament. They attract good fortune as the bright, gold-tipped rod attracts the electricity. Things come their way. Their habitual mental mood has made a channel for blessings. Instead of cursing your luck, and growling that everything is against you, go inside your own soul and readjust your mental operations to success and happiness, and you will find that your relations to things is so changed that they become the willing servitors of your fortune. The parable of Jacob's ladder is constantly verified in experience. The ladder is represented as his desire for heaven, and along it angels trooped laden with blessings. If his desire had reached toward the pit it would have been an equally facile channel for devils to reach him with their woes and curses.—The Watchman.

MAKING THEIR METAPHORS.

Few things are more joyous to an audience than the mixed metaphors of an orator. The Irish race is famous for its contributions to merriment in this particular. The Academy gives three illustrations:

"You are," said the late Lord Mayor of Dublin, standing on the edge of a precipice that will be a weight on your necks all the rest of your days."

"The young men of England," remarked an English clergyman, "are the backbone of the British Empire. What we must do is to train that backbone and bring it to the front."

And this is from a member of Parliament said: "Even if you carried these peddling little reforms, it be only like a flea-bite in the ocean."—Sel.

ENDURANCE.

A gentleman who attended a lecture delivered by the late Miss Mary Kingsley at the Imperial Institute relates a very interesting anecdote of her. It brings out strongly the spirit of endurance and sense of humor, without which this well-known traveller could not have accomplished her various and arduous undertakings.

"I daresay you noticed last evening," said Miss Kingsley, drily, "that I was jumping about like a cat on hot bricks."

She was assured that no signs of such actions had been visible, and she went on to explain that something had gone wrong with the heating apparatus under the platform, and that for more than an hour she had stood on a surface so hot that the soles of both boots were burned through. Yet she showed no sign of pain, and held the attention of the audience throughout this trying time. Afterwards she walked home, humorously lamenting the loss of her boots.—Youth's Companion.

ON FIRE.

Probably the most intense heat in the world, a heat so intense that many of the mineral substances formed in the fiery geologic ages are almost duplicated, is the heat of the electric furnaces at Niagara Falls. There are the carbon and the coils. They are nothing, however, but an opportunity. Not a scintilla of heat comes from them. But let the powerful currents of electricity generated at the Falls pass through them and the heat becomes almost immeasurable. At the best we are in ourselves but carbon and coils. But if we permit the unseen yet mighty forces of the divine Spirit to possess us we burn with marvelous power.

These are the facts which enable us in a measure to understand Paul's words to the Christians at Thessalouica, "Quench not the Spirit." There is here a figure of speech, and it is based upon fire. "To quench" means to extinguish. It is thus assumed that the Spirit of God is afire. And freely rendered Paul's appeal is this: "Do not put out the fire of the Spirit of God in your hearts. Avoid whatever stifles the sacred blaze. Give God the freedom of your lives that you may flame and enkindle."—R. M. Vaughan.

SPLENDID PLUCK.

William H. Platt, an elevator-boy of Philadelphia, has earned distinction by his bravery in the performance of duty in a time of great peril.

On May 4, 1901, at ten minutes past eleven in the forenoon, he noticed a crack in the side wall of the five-story office building at 18 South Broad Street, which had been undermined by excavations. He promptly notified the trustee of the endangered property, who at once consulted the foreman of the gang of excavating laborers.

"No danger," returned the foreman. But the trustee was not satisfied, and notified the chief of the City Bureau of Building Inspection. Then, says the Philadelphia Press, the trustee and the elevator-boy visited each of the tenants, twenty in number, and warned them that the building was unsafe. Five minutes later there came a crash! The bulk window on the first floor had fallen streetward. "Run for your lives!" shouted Platt, and in a second the elevator was full of people.

"I'll come up again for you!" he cried, reassuringly, to those who were left, and the car shot downward.

Twice more he made the ascent, and brought people down. Then, just as he again started upward, a big crash came. The building had collapsed. The boy never faltered. The elevator-shaft was independent of the main building, and he pushed the lever to the left, and the car shot toward the fourth floor.

Three women and a man were there, and Platt helped them into the elevator. Bricks and mortar were falling about them and the car in its descent at express speed swayed frightfully from side to side. As it passed the second story a big piece of timber struck it with shattering force, but glanced off. Not one of its occupants thought to reach the ground alive, but the car landed with a thump in the basement, and they made their way to the street, faint from excitement and terror, but absolutely unharmed.

At half past eleven, just twenty-minutes after Platt had seen the danger, the building collapsed. In that brief period he had saved twenty lives. A fine exploit, which needs no further comment.—Youth's Companion.

SPARKLES.

Mrs. Hilly: "Is Mrs. Swagger at home?"
Servant: "No, ma'am; she went out to call on you."

Mrs. Hilly: "How very fortunate for us both."—Boston Post.

Minister: "Is your father at home, Willie?"

William: "Yes, but he's got the rheumatism so bad he ain't safe to talk to."—Indianapolis News.

Magistrate (to prisoner): "Have you any visible means of support?"

Prisoner: "Yes, sir, your honor." (To his wife, a laundress): "Bridget, stand up so that the court kin see yez."—Tit-Bits.

"I don't like to get postal cards," said she.

"Why not?" asked he.

"Because I can't spend half an hour turning it over and over and wondering who it is from."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

BLOOD TROUBLES

MANIFEST THEMSELVES IN MANY DISAGREEABLE WAYS.

Such as Scrofula, Eczema, Boils and Pimples—The Blood Should Be Purified During the Spring Months.

The Spring season is the time for blood cleansing and blood renewing. Blood troubles are many—and dangerous—and manifest themselves in a score of painful and offensive ways, such as scrofula, eczema, boils and pimples. The impurities that get into the blood pursue their poisonous way all over the body and are responsible for a large proportion of all diseases; various in their nature but dangerous in the extreme. To have pure blood and plenty of it, you need a tonic and blood builder, and for this purpose nothing can equal Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. These pills cure all diseases due to impurities in the blood by promptly cleansing and freeing the blood from all poisonous and offensive matter. If your blood is thin or insufficient; if you suffer from exhaustion at the least exertion; if you are pale, easily get out of breath, and feel constantly languid and fagged out, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will cure you by filling your veins with new, rich, red blood. Mr. Robt. Lee, New Westminster, B. C., says:—Before I began using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, my blood was in a very impure state, and as a result, pimples, which were very itchy, broke out all over my body. My appetite was fickle and I was easily tired. I tried several medicines, but they did not help me. Then my wife urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I got a half dozen boxes and by the time I had used them I was completely restored to health, and my skin was smooth and clear. I shall always speak a good word for these pills when opportunity offers."

It is because these pills make rich, red blood that they cure such troubles as anaemia, shortness of breath, headache, palpitation of the heart, rheumatism, erysipelas, St. Vitus' dance, and the functional ailments that make the lives of so many women a source of constant misery. The genuine pills always bear the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," on the wrapper on every box. Sold by all dealers, or sent by mail at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.



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