

This and That

WHO HOLDS THE REINS?

It is related that Mr. Henry Drummond was on one occasion asked to use his influence with a man who had become addicted to the use of strong drink. The habit had gained a firm hold. Mr. Drummond began the interview by asking him:

"Suppose your horses ran away, and you lost control of them, and they turned a steep hill, what would you do?"

The man replied that he could do nothing in such a case.

"But, suppose," added Mr. Drummond, "some one sat by your side who was stronger than you, what would you do?"

The man at once said: "I would give him the reins."

This gave Mr. Drummond the opportunity he sought. He was quick to seize it. He pointed out to the man the peril in which his life stood because appetite and passion had gained the mastery, and, reminding him of the nearness and helpful power of Christ, urged him to put the reins in Christ's hand.

There is no surer way in which a man who is being borne away to destruction by ungoverned passion can recover the mastery of himself than by entrusting the rulership of his life to Christ. Give Christ the reins.—Commonwealth.

THE REWARD OF GIVING.

No good deed is ever forgotten. An incident is related of a little girl whose mother was a sick widow and who stopped a young man on the street and begged him to buy her chestnuts. He was poor, but could not withstand her pitiful look. He handed her a coin, and said, "I cannot use your chestnuts, but you are welcome to this." She thanked him and then hurried away. Twenty years passed. The little girl grew to womanhood and became the wife of a banker. Passing the library one day she saw a man with her husband whom she recognized as the man who years before had been kind to her.

When he had gone she inquired his errand.

"He came to see if I would give him a vacant position in the bank."

"Will you?"

"I don't know."

"I wish you would," she said, and then told him the story of her poverty and the man's generosity.

The man sat that night beside his sick wife's bed, when a liveried servant brought him a note.

"We shall not starve," he exclaimed; "I have the position! He opened the note and found enclosed a two-hundred and fifty dollar check, with the words, "In grateful remembrance of the little silver piece a kind stranger gave the little chestnut girl twenty years ago."—The Christian Herald.

be sixteen. It is from a recent novel by Florence Wilkinson:

"Dear Me—I don't mean that I feel badly, but it's because I'm writing to me when I'm sixteen. Oh, how I do wish that I could see you and know where you are and how big you will be. I was twelve years old last November, but it is now January. Fractions is something dreadful. Dear myself, are you doing fractions now when you read this? I s'pose you understand all about them and the queer problems at the end of the book. Do you have to study? Of course not, for you are a young lady, and have dresses with long hems that make a lovely sound when you come down stairs, and little girls behind you have to walk very slow for fear they will step on the trail of your ruffles.

"You can't answer this, I know, for by the time you get it, there will be no I. Your loving self, ALLISON."

Write yourself a letter tonight picturing yourself a year from now, or write a letter to yourself as a boy or young man, or when you become a Christian. Stand yourself up in the corner and look at yourself.

"If thou could'st in vision see Thyself, the man God meant, Thou never more could'st be The man thou art—content." —Standard.

DO IT.

Peter Cooper, who founded the Cooper Institute in New York City, had a hard struggle. As a boy his health was of the frailest. He went to school but one year in his life, and during that year he could go only every other day. But when he was eight years old, he was earning his living by pulling hair from the skins of rabbits his father shot, to make hair pulp. He had not "half a chance." It seemed almost literally true that he had no chance at all.

He went to New York when he was 17 years old. He walked the streets for days before he got a place, and then apprenticed himself to a carriage-maker for his board and two dollars a month. He had neither time nor money for what the world called pleasure, but he had the pleasure of hope.

While he was working for fifty cents a week he said to himself: "If I get rich I will build a place where the poor boys and girls of New York may have an education free." And so he did.

William Hunt, the painter, used to say, "Don't talk of what you want to do; do it."—Commonwealth.

WHO WAS RICH?

"If I were only as rich as he is!" muttered a boy who had just found a crust of stale bread in a garbage barrel, as he eyed a poorly-dressed boy leaving a baker shop with a basket of whole, fresh loaves.

"If I were only as rich as he is!" said the boy with the fresh loaves, as he saw another boy on a bicycle, munching candy.

"If I were only as rich as he is!" sighed the boy on the bicycle, as another boy rolled past in a pony cart.

"If I were only as rich as he is!" grumbled the boy in the pony cart, as he caught sight of a lad on the deck of a beautiful private yacht.

"If I were only as rich as he is!" this lucky fellow wished, as his father's yacht cruised in foreign waters, and he spied one day a young prince, attended by a retinue of livered servants.

"If I were as free as that boy is!" impatiently growled the young prince, thinking of the boy in the yacht.

"If I could drive out alone with a pony and nobody to take care of me but myself!" thought the pampered boy on the yacht.

"If only I could have a good time like that boy on the bicycle!" longed the driver of the pony.

"How happy that boy with the basket looks!" said the boy on the bike.

"If I could relish my dinner as that boy does his crust!" said the baker's boy.

"I'm sick and tired of bread."

Which one was rich?—Christian Endeavor World.

INEVITABLE.

Bobby came home one day covered with dirt and bruises, and trundling a broken bicycle.

"What on earth have you been doing, my child?" exclaimed his terrified mother.

"I ran over a big dog and took a fall," explained Bobby.

"Couldn't you see him and give him the road?"

"Yes, I saw him and was turning out, but when I got within about ten feet of him I shut my eyes, and before I got 'em open again I'd run into him."

"For the land's sake, what did you shut your eyes for?"

"Couldn't help it. Had to sneeze. If you think you can hold your eyes open when the sneeze comes, you just try it some day."

If the reader thinks Bobby's excuse was not a valid one let him try it some day "when the sneeze comes."—Youth's Companion.

Hope for Consumptives.

HOW THE RAVAGES OF THIS SCOURGE MAY BE STAYED.

Statistics Prove That More Deaths Occur From Consumption Than From All Other Contagious Diseases Combined—How Best to Combat the Disease.

The ravages of consumption throughout Canada is something appalling. In the province of Ontario, where statistics of deaths from all diseases are carefully kept, it is shown that 2,286 of the deaths occurring during the year 1901 were due to consumption, or about 40 per cent. more than the number of deaths occurring from all other contagious diseases combined. These figures are startling and show the urgent necessity for taking every available means for combatting a disease that yearly claims so many victims. The time to cure consumption is not after the lungs are hopelessly involved and the doctors have given up hope. Taken in its early stages, consumption is curable. Consumption is a wasting disease of the lungs and at the earliest symptom of lung trouble steps should be taken to arrest the waste and thus stop the disease. Consumption preys upon weakness. Strength is the best measure of safety. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the best tonic and strength builder known to medical science. The record of this medicine speaks for itself and proves conclusively that taken when the symptoms of consumption develop they build up, strengthen and invigorate the patient to a point where disease disappears. In proof of this take the case of Lidge St. George, of St. Jerome, Que., who says:—

"About a year ago I became greatly run down. I lost color, suffered constantly from headaches and pains in the sides; my appetite left me, and I became very weak. Then I was attacked by a cough, and was told that I was in consumption. The doctor ordered me to the Laurentian Mountains in the hope that the change of air would benefit me. I remained there for some time, but did not improve, and returned home feeling that I had not much longer to live. I then decided to use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. After using several bottles my appetite began to return, and this seemed to mark the change which brought about my recovery, for with the improved appetite came gradual but surely increasing strength. I continued the use of the pills, and daily felt the weakness that had threatened to end my life disappear, until finally I was again enjoying good health, and now, as those who know me can see, I show no trace of the illness I passed through. I believe Dr. Williams' Pink Pills saved my life, and I hope my statement will induce similar sufferers to try them."

These pills are also a certain cure for the after effects of la grippe and pneumonia, which frequently develops into consumption. Through their blood-renewing, strengthening qualities they also cure anaemia, heart troubles, neuralgia, rheumatism, stomach troubles, kidney and liver ailments and the functional weaknesses that make the lives of so many women a source of constant misery. There are many imitations of this medicine and the health-seeker should protect himself by seeing that the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," is on every box. Sold by all dealers in medicine or sent post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.



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