

the annuities payable to each member of the royal family, also charged on the consolidated fund. . . Princess Royal, £8,000; Prince of Wales, £40,000; Princess of Wales, £10,000; Duke of Edinburgh, £25,000; Princess Christian, £6,000; Marchioness of Lorne, £6,000; Duke of Connaught, £25,000; Duchess of Albany, £6,000; Princess Henry of Battenburg, £6,000; Duchess of Cambridge, £6,000; Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, £8,000; Duke of Cambridge, £12,000; Princess Mary of Teck, £5,000; total, £158,000. These annuities, it must be remembered, do not represent the total receipts of the members of the royal family, for not only certain revenues are specially appropriated to their benefit, such as the revenues of the Duchy of Lancaster and of the Duchy of Cornwall, but many royal princes are in the receipt of considerable annual grants in the shape of salaries for but nominal services in the army, navy, or civil government. Besides these, special supply grants have been often made on the occasion of the marriage of such royal princes or princesses, as tokens of sympathy and good-will for the sovereign.—*The Fortnightly Review*.

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RECONCILIATION.

I was struck with a story of two men who were used to give exhortations at meetings, who had fallen out with each other; and one of their brethren who, grieved to think two servants of God should be at difference with each other, went to reconcile them. He called upon the first man and said:

"John, I am very sorry to find you and James have quarrelled. It seemed a great pity, and it brings much dishonour on the Church of God."

"Ah," said John, "I am very grieved too, and what grieves me most is that I am the sole cause of it. It was only because I spoke so bitterly that James took offence."

"Ah, ah," said the good man, "we will soon settle this difficulty then," and away he went to James.

"James, I am very sorry that you and John cannot agree."

"Yes," he said, "it is a sad thing we don't; we ought to do so, for we are brethren, but what troubles me most is that it is all my fault. If I had not taken notice of a little word John said there would have been an end to it."

The matter, as you may guess, was soon rectified. You see there was at the bottom a true friendship between them, so that the little difficulty was soon got over.

THE EAST WIND.

"Such a horrid day!" said little Phoebe, pettishly, as she entered the hall flushed and tumbled after an encounter with the east wind. "Now, mother, isn't this wind dreadful? I could not get along at all; my hat blew one way and my umbrella went inside out—look!" and Phoebe displayed a most extraordinary arrangement of silk and steel before her mother's eyes.

"Gently, Phoebe," said her mother, "I do not like such ugly words from a little girl's mouth."

"Everybody dislikes the east wind," Phoebe said at length whilst watching her mother, who, with a dexterous twist, had restored the umbrella to its original shape.

"Not every one, Phoebe; Kingsley has called it the 'wind of God.'"

"O, mother, why?" asked Phoebe.

"Because it is in many ways a very useful wind. It is cold, it is true, and ruffles my Phoebe's hair—and her temper. But it blows away the foul air and acts as a scavenger in the close courts and alleys of our cities. It shakes the trees, too, and sends the sap along the branches, and it does no harm to little girls either if it makes them run fast-

er along the roads, instead of dawdling as they sometimes do."

"Well, if it does all that, I must be more polite to it next time," said Phoebe merrily; "but, all the same, I should like to live in those countries where it is never cold."

"Those countries have disagreeables as well. Should you like a sand storm, for instance, when the sand comes in such clouds that you are obliged to lie flat on your face on the ground until the storm is past?"

"Why?" asked Phoebe.

"Because the sand would get up your nose and into your mouth, so that you could not breathe. Or would you like to be half eaten up by mosquitoes or bitten by snakes or—"

"O, mother, stop! After all, the east wind is nothing when I think of those things."

"There is no bad but there might be worse," quoted mother; "and we will be contented with that state of life in which it has pleased God to place us."

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THE FORGIVING KING.

A king, famed for his greatness and graciousness, had been invited to a supper, prepared for him by one of his subjects. It was an Oriental feast, and the guests reclined on couches whilst they ate. As thus they rested and refreshed themselves, a woman who had done that which was worthy of death, knowing that the king was there, and having heard of his wonderful compassion and goodness, went to the house, and, stealing softly into the room, knelt at his feet weeping. Not a word she spoke, but kissing his feet while she wept, brake over them an alabaster flask of very precious ointment of spikenard, whose fragrance filled the house. And there she knelt, not daring to speak. She only wept, and kissed and anointed his feet, until the king, who knew full well her guilt, turned to her and said: "Go in peace; thy sins are forgiven; thy faith hath saved thee."

O wonderful words spoken by the King of kings! They were heard at the throne, and "the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy," for now another voice would sing, "Glory to God in the highest," another knee would bow before King Emmanuel, and another harp would join in the music of the heavenly choir.

These wonderful words were heard in hell, and Satan and his angels trembled with wrath and indignation, for she to whom they were spoken was one they had doomed to weep and wail and gnash her teeth with them in everlasting torment.

O wonderful words spoken by the gracious King to the penitent one. Henceforth the outcast will be a member of the royal household. Henceforth His ministers—the angels—will have the charge of her. Henceforth the homeless has a mansion awaiting her. Henceforth, when the King calls her, He will say, "Come, ye blessed of My Father." Jesus is the name of this great and compassionate King. Fellow sinner, He is waiting to be gracious to you. Will you, too, venture to Him, kneel before Him, and with penitent heart await His words? Then you will also hear Him say: "Thy sins are forgiven; thy faith hath saved thee; go in peace."

TEMPTATION.

"Ever, when tempted, make me see
Beneath the olives' moon pierced shade
My God alone, outstretched and bruised
And bleeding on the earth He made.

"And make me feel it was my sin,
As though no other sins there were,
That was to Him who bears the world
A load that He could scarcely bear."

We know what it is, many of us, to be utterly wearied of the ways and words of other men, and

we know the relief that comes, too, to the wearied mind when, after ascending some lofty height we find ourselves alone—the free airs of heaven playing around us as they will, the cool breeze soothing our aching temples, the repose of feeling that here, at all events, we are undisturbed. We know this; rest is to be found for the mind from outward things that disturb it. But the spirit is often weary too—wearied of the pressure of the world without us, weary of the assaults of sin and Satan within—there is no greater weariness than the pressure of temptation. But, my brother, my sister, this is not a foe we can flee from. Solitude is not freedom from temptation, often it, in itself, presents temptation to us. Freedom from outward care is not freedom from temptation, often it is the very weapon which Satan uses against us. Temptation is the daily portion of the child of God.

I. *Why are we tempted.* To try our faith and to strengthen our Christian life. Our God puts into our heart by His Holy Spirit certain desires to do right; we pray very earnestly, it may be, for grace to carry out these desires, these resolutions, and then He allows Satan to come near to us with the very temptations to which we are most prone. Then it is we fall because

(a) We were not prepared for his attack.

(b) Or the pleasure involved in the temptation is greater than our pleasure in doing God's will. If by God's grace the temptation only passes through our mind to be cast aside, it never becomes sin.

II. *How to conquer temptation.* We must meet it even as our Blessed Lord met His temptation in the wilderness, or as David met Goliath, conquering by his trust in the Almighty. Think of your own temptations. Do you say you don't know what they are? Do you know what your besetting sin is? Do you ever conquer it? Think over what has passed this day, this week, how many victories do you remember to have gained? In thinking of temptation it is of vital importance to think of the Tempter, to realize that his aim and object is our everlasting ruin. Bearing this in mind, it is easy to see what temptation is—the assault of a personal enemy with one definite aim, not just of making us slip in this one instance, but of getting us entirely, little by little, into his power. Watch you wary spider how it allures its victim, how, little by little, it enfolds the unhappy creature in its coils till at last it is without way of escape. And in the very same way is the enemy of our souls luring many a one to destruction, and binding them hand and foot with the chains of sin.

To conquer the tempter great humility is needed, for humility it is alone that can commit itself into God's hands and draw strength from Him only. Let us not be discouraged! Let us remember how very dear our souls are to that Lord who died for them on the Cross. Let us remember the price He paid for them, even His own blood, and then let us doubt, if we can, that He is longing for our victory, longing for it, pleading for it, as He makes intercession for us behind the veil, and able, too, to give us the strength to win it, if but by a strong effort of our will we put ourselves on His side.

It was for this He came from Heaven to die, not only to conquer sin for us, but also to conquer sin in us. We, weak in ourselves—are in Him mighty to overcome. Day by day beating down the enemy, night by night watching against his stratagems, life passes on, and the hour draws nigh for our God to welcome home the faithful ones who have won the victory. Blessed day, when the armour of the soldier shall be laid aside for the palms of victory. Blessed day even more, when the whole army of the redeemed who have trodden down Satan under the feet of their King shall enter Zion to dwell in the Holy Place for ever and ever.

Read Rev. xix. 1-17; St. Matt. iv.; 1 Sam. xvii.—*Selected.*

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Children

DO WHAT

Do what
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