

of an amateur usually makes him a dangerous man. More shrubs have probably been ruined by butchery than were ever ruined by neglect.

When planting be sure to firm the soil down well. Cultivate the surface of the ground frequently to keep up a dust mulch and prevent the moisture from escaping. During a long spell of drouth give water down to the lowest tip of the lowest root. In late fall dress the surface of the ground with fine manure which, after the mellowing influence of the winter, can be dug carefully into the soil in spring.

Order your shrubs at once if you have not already done so; you may have to allow for some days' delay.

### Your Health.

#### Chronic Appendicitis.

"MEDICUS."

I B. S., Middlesex Co., Ont.:—"I have a pain over the appendix which hurts when I press on it. At times it is only sore, at other times the pain is sharp like a knife. I have a dull aching pain in my back and hip. Lifting or standing or walking much will cause a return of the pain, although at times it will come back without any provocation."

Answer.—One would suspect chronic appendicitis. There are likely some adhesions between the appendix and other organs which will explain why you are worse at times. Your backache and pain in the hip is "rheumatism." The aches and pains have no relationship at all with true rheumatism. There is likely pus in your appendix, and the poison is being absorbed every day and causes you backache and pain in the hip ("rheumatism").

Patients with chronic appendicitis usually have heartburn and gas on the stomach and naturally start to diet themselves. They will eat something out of the usual and they are worse. That article is tabooed. Then another and another till finally they actually starve themselves. A thin person is invariably nervous, and, once nervous, rather introspective. The ache becomes a pain, a pain an excruciating torture. The moral is:—"Don't diet yourself too much." It is better for such patients to put on flesh rather than get thin.

The treatment is operative. If the appendix contains pus it cannot be removed by drugs or any other treatment. It would be advisable to put on flesh, say 5 or 10 pounds above your normal weight, eating liberally of sugar and starches. Do not delay too long before you have your operation. Your "rheumatism" will only get worse and you will have to come to it eventually.

#### Alcohol.

ALCOHOL is a heart depressant, and in large doses is dangerous in a serious illness like influenzal pneumonia. It may have a slight, transitory, stimulating effect, but this is soon followed by depression. When anything hot, like mustard, pepper, alcohol is taken into the mouth or stomach, it acts reflexly on the heart, but it is only a matter of a few minutes before the sensation of warmth passes off.

Alcohol does not break up a cold, nor does it prevent you from getting cold. Alcohol warms the skin and makes you feel warm. In reality you are losing heat. The "lumber-jacks" have learned this lesson from bitter experience. On one occasion a man took a cask of whiskey into a lumber camp, and the first thing the men did was to take an axe and knock a hole in the cask so that the whole of the whiskey ran out. They did not dare to have the whiskey there, for if it was there they felt sure they would drink it, and if they drank it they would likely freeze to death.

A party of engineers were surveying in the Sierra Nevada. They camped at a great height above the sea level, where the air was very cold, and they were miserable. Some of them drank a little whiskey and felt less uncomfortable; some of them drank a lot of whiskey and went to bed feeling very jolly and comfortable indeed. But in the morning the men who had not taken any whiskey got up all right; the men who had taken a little whiskey got up feeling very unhappy; the men who had taken a lot of whiskey did not get up at all; they were simply frozen to death. They had warmed up the surface of their bodies at the expense of their internal organs.

So whiskey is not advisable to take before going out in the cold, nor is it of service in treating colds, and may actually be dangerous to use in a serious illness like influenza.

(To be continued.)

### The Children's Story.

#### Gypsy.

N. J. SNELL.

OF just what breed she was, I do not know, although I think her mother was an Indian pony, but of this I am not sure. She was given to the children when quite young, and was then about the size of a Newfoundland dog. In color she was iron gray, with the most beautiful and intelligent brown eyes that I ever saw in a horse.

Of course, the children made a great pet of her, as did also their father and mother and even the hired man. She learned to come at a whistle, and would follow one all over the place, like a dog. Gypsy especially loved to go into the house, which privilege, owing to her small size she was sometimes allowed.

One day the family drove to a neighboring town, leaving Gypsy in the fenced-in door-yard. When they returned, late in the afternoon, the pony was nowhere to be seen. The gate was fastened securely and there was no means of her getting away unless—horrible thought!—some one had taken her! Frightened at the very idea, the children hurried into the house, and there, stretched comfortably upon the sitting-room rug was Gypsy! She had opened the kitchen door, which had been closed but evidently not latched, with her mischievous little nose, and walking in, had made herself at home, and had taken a nap upon the soft carpet.

seeing in our corner that I had acknowledged gifts from readers "for the rich and needy." I don't write as plainly as I might do, and the printer evidently mistook "sick" for "rich." But the printer's error has been ringing in my head ever since, and I want to talk to-day about the danger of being desperately needy when we think we are rich.

There is the earnest appeal of faithful love in our Lord's message to the lukewarm members of the church in Laodicea. In His sight they are blind and starving, naked and utterly wretched. Yet they are quite satisfied with their condition, and think they are rich. Their eyes are fixed in outward things, but the Lord is looking at the heart. He pleads with them to come to Him for "gold tried in the fire", that they may be really rich.

Of course we know, as a matter of theory, that a man may be a millionaire and yet pitifully poor—even from an earthly point of view. There is very little satisfaction in having a grand dinner on the table if a man is sick in body or troubled in mind. A man who loves his wife, and sees her smiling welcome when he comes in, is far richer than the man who has a freezing reception from an iceberg decked out in velvet, lace and jewels. A palace, which has cost millions, may be far less of a home than a two-roomed shanty on a wide prairie, where loyal love keeps the home-fire burning. Those who spend their whole lives in the pursuit of riches may attain their objective, and find that they have thrown away their chance of happiness. Agur said he had not the knowledge of the holy, and yet—even from a worldly point of view—his prayer was a wise one: "Give me neither poverty nor riches." Plain food and a reasonable amount of work help to keep the body healthy and the heart happy. I saw

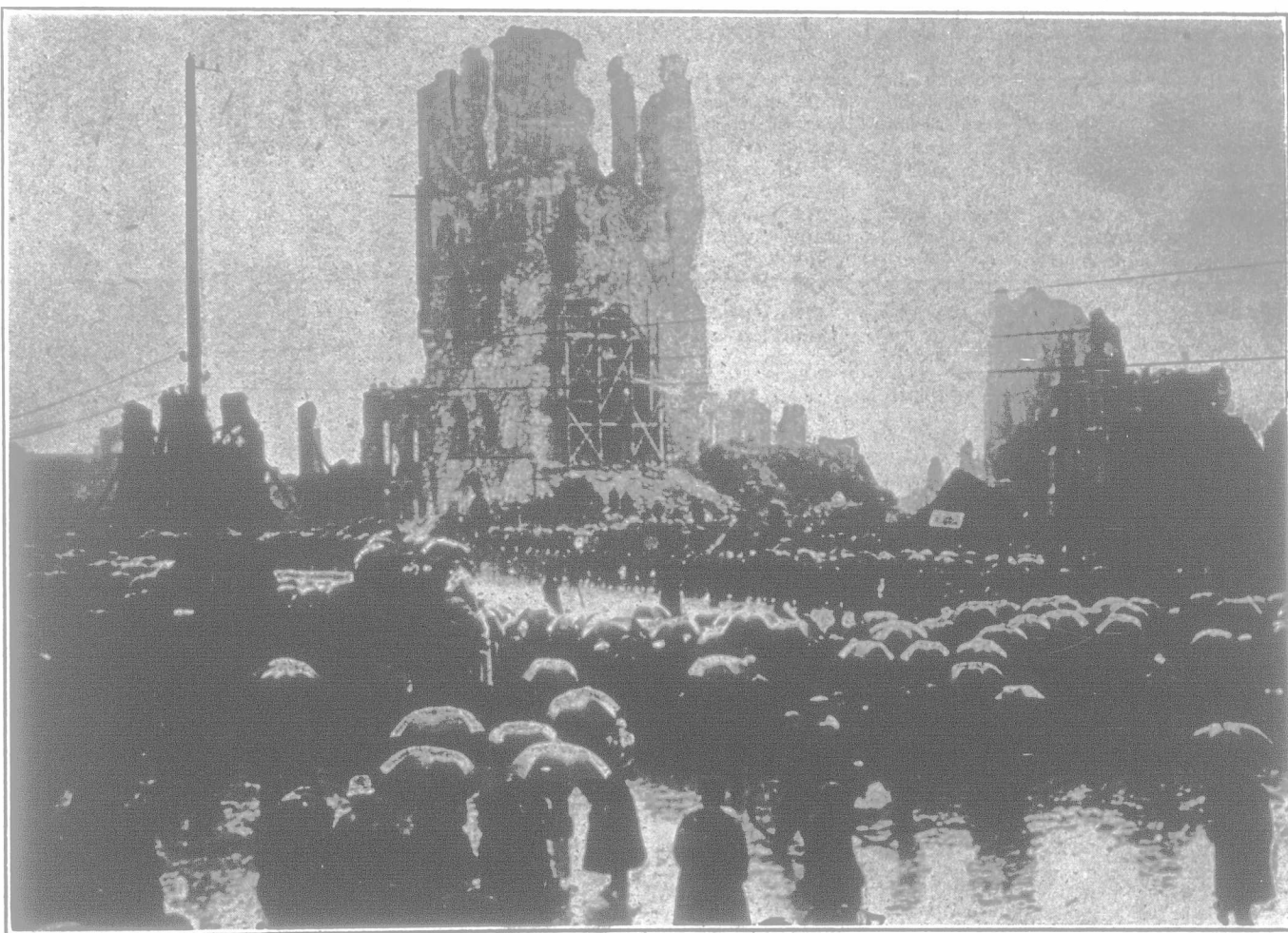
Such a bargain is only too common, and gold is very light when weighed in the balance against love and happiness—or even against health.

Life is a priceless opportunity. We can't afford to make wealth our objective—it is too trivial.

Some years ago there was a sad, though "grand", funeral in Paris. A rich man had died; but even in death he tried to make his money minister to his love of display. He planned his own funeral, and his instructions were carried out. The coffin cost \$100,000. The shroud was cloth of gold, and the pearl buttons on the waistcoat were valued at thousands of dollars. But the magnificent funeral was a terrible mockery. The poor were angry with the man who had thrown away sums in senseless extravagance. They interrupted the ceremony by cat-calls, tin whistles and hisses. The man, who tried so hard to prove that he was rich was really so poor that even the thousands of people who had been working for him showed neither regret for his death, nor respect for his body. Money cannot buy respect from anybody; while true worth of character—real wealth—wins appreciation even from enemies.

And it is utter folly to seek riches by wrong means, by cheating or oppression. Dishonesty and cruelty are attempting to fight against God. Though He may let injustice go on for a time, it is madness for a weak man to expect to win against Eternal Righteousness. It is useless to gain riches by ungodly means, and then try to bribe the Judge of all the earth by giving large sums away in so-called "charity."

"They shall cast their silver in the streets, and their gold shall be removed: their silver and their gold shall not be able to deliver them in the day of the wrath of the LORD."—Ezek. 7:19.



France Honors Belgium's Heroic Towns.

M. Poincare, the late French President, presented the Croix de Guerre to the heroic Belgian towns of Ypres, Dixmude, Neuport and Furnes. Photo shows general view of the town of Ypres during the presentation of the Croix de Guerre.

### Hope's Quiet Hour.

#### Rich and Needy.

Because thou sayest, I am rich, and increased with goods, and have need of nothing; and knowest not that thou art wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked: I counsel thee to buy of me gold tried in the fire, that thou mayest be rich; and white raiment, that thou mayest be clothed, and that the shame of thy nakedness do not appear. Rev 3:17,18.

A few weeks ago I was startled by

in the paper a few days ago that a "rich" woman had worn a million dollar's worth of jewels at one time. I can't see how she could get any real or lasting pleasure out of that foolish display, when her jewels might have saved the lives of thousands of God's little children who are starving in Europe.

A "rich" lady, in her grand drawing room, who has sold herself for gold and thrown away her crown of beautiful love for a cold niche in society, may well feel herself a beggar as compared with many a happy wife and mother. There is at least as much happiness to be found in a small house as in a large one. Happiness is the companion of love, and those who sell love for wealth will find that happiness refuses to stay in their hearts.

If there is sadness as well as kind pity in our Lord's appeal to lukewarm Christians, who are unaware of their spiritual poverty; there is glad tenderness in His message to the church in Smyrna: "I know thy works, and tribulation, and poverty, (but thou art rich). . . . fear none of those things which thou shalt suffer. . . . be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."

I read in this morning's paper of a young missionary who had poured out his life in eager service in the far North. He died of pneumonia at the age of 30, and went forward to meet the Lord he loved and served so faithfully. He was not afraid to spend his precious youth in trying to teach the Eskimo the Gospel of Christ. His life on earth was a short