When Your Joints Are Stiff

and muscles sore from cold or rheumatism, when you slip and sprain a joint, strain your side or bruise yourself, Perry Davis' Painkiller will take out the soreness and fix you right in a jiffy. Always have it with you, and use it freely. USE

World of Missions.

The New Hebrides.

We take this extract out of the interesting book entitled, "Loami of Lenakel," by Frank H. L. Paton, B.D., son of the well known Dr. Paton.

"As the "Dayspring" steamed out, H M S. Royalist dropped anchor in the bay. Captain Rason at once came ashore, and we were delighted to welcome Her Majesty's representative in these seas as our first visitor in our new home. His visit had a great effect upon the natives, who looked on from a respectful distance, quite prepared to take to their heels should the captain show any signs of becom-

ing dangerous.

As soon as the captain left, we set to work in real earnest to get our ground cleared. We went over it carefully and decided upon a site for the house. A gang of Tanna men helped us to clear it, while another gang carried up the timber from the beach. When the site was cleared, Mr. Hume and some natives cut down huge trees and sawed them into lengths for foundation stumps, while Mr. M'Kenzie and I sank them ground.

While we worked at the building, Mrs. Paton took charge at the camp. From early morning till late afternoon, men and women came to her with yams, bananas, oranges, shells, cats, sugar cane and all kinds of articles for sale. One day a band of armed men came to the camp, and the leader deposited a large yam, for which he demanded five shillings. As the yam was only worth sixpence, my wife offered him that amount. The man looked very indignant and said-

"No, very good, you give me five shillings!"
My wife replied, 'No, suppose you want

sixpence, you take yam belong you, I keep sixpence."

But it was a very long way to take the yam back, and the sixpence looked very bright, so the savage gave in. This gentle firmness in the beginning saved endless trouble; and the native soon got to know that when we said a thing we meant it.

A man called Tom was the leader of our



gang of Tanna workers. He could speak the usual South Sea "pigeon" English and he acted as our foreman. The men worked as a rule when we were watching them, but we had some difficulty at first in getting them to keep long enough at it. They would saunter down about nine o'clock in the morning and decamp about three in the afternoon. But by insisting upon it we got them to work from 8 a. m. to 4 p. m., with an hour's interval for dinner. They also showed some disposition at first to strike for higher wages, but kindness and firmness overcame all obstacles, and the work went on happily.

There were plenty of natives about all day until 4 p. m., but after that not a native was to be seen. The villages were all a mile or more inland, and at sundown the men met in the public square to drink kava. This is the name of a shrub, and from it they prepare what they call their "grog belong Tanna." They dig up the root of the kava, and the boys chew it and spit the juice into a small wooden vessel shaped like a canoe. This is mixed with water, and the drug is ready for use. It is drunk only at sundown, and no women are allowed to enter the square while this rite is being indulged in. Nor is anyone allowed to talk, else the spell is broken and the kava spirits take wing. In every village square there is a small hut, in which the kava bowls are kept. It is the lounging place of the men during the day, while in the evening it is sacred to the kava ceremony. Many a fiendish plot is hatched in these wretched kava houses. The effect of the kava upon the men is to make them dull and stupid. Hence the favourite time for attacking a village is just after sundown, while the men are still heavy with the drug.

Our foreman, Tom, was a most interesting character. He had been in Queensland, and there he had learned something about Jesus. Then he came back to his people and tried to teach them all he knew. But the darkness of Heathenism was too much for him, and his own light flickered and died. Still he longed for better things, and one day he sent a scrap of paper to Mr. Gray at Weasisi, asking him for a Missionary. The paper reached its destination, though it was long before Mr. Gray could make out where it came from. At last he found out who Tom was, and visited him, to his no small delight. Tom built him a house, and made a new start with his teaching. But after Mr. Gray lett Tanna, Tom sank back again into heathen darkness. But Mr. Gray's visit had convinced him that Leneakel was a good opening for a Mission Station, and in due time Tom's earnest longing became an accomplished fact. Tom was a pathetic figure, and for a time he was our chief helper. He taught his people that beautiful little hymn, "Jesus loves me"; and sometimes we would hear a wild, painted savage singing as he worked, absolutely unconscious of the meaning of a single word of it.

I shall never forget Tom's sad look, the first Sabbath, when he brought his villagers almost to the Mission camp, and they suddenly deserted and fled. He sat on a stump and said-

"Me take piccaninnie by hand and come close up, but they fright and run away. Me plenty sorry they no come."

It is a good plan when crocheting wool to place the ball of wool in a china basin; the basin being smooth inside it does not pull out, and unwinds quite easily, and so saves much trouble of getting entangled and soiled by rolling on the floor.

COULD NOT SLEEP

ON ACCOUNT OF HEADACHES AND PAINS IN THE SIDE.

THE SAD CONDITION OF A BRIGHT LITTLE GIRL UNTIL DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILL CAME

TO HER RESCUE.

Many young girls, seemingly in the best of health, suddenly grow listless and lose strength. The color leaves their cheeks; they become thin, have little or no appetite, and suffer from headaches and other bodily pain. Such was the case of Bessie, youngest daughter of Mr. Chas. Cobleigh, Eaton Corner, Que. Speaking of his daughter's illness and subsequent cure, Mr. Cobleigh says :- "Up to the age of eleven, Bessie had always enjoyed the best of health and took great pleasure in out-of-door play. Suddenly, however, she seemed to lose her energy; her appetite failed her; she grew thin and pale; slept badly at night, and complained of distressing headaches in the morning thought the rest would be beneficial to her, and so kept her from school, but instead of regaining her strength, she grew weaker and weaker. To make matters worse, she began to suffer from pains in the side, which were almost past endurance. At this stage we decided to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. After a couple of weeks the good effects of this medicine was decidedly apparent. Bessie became more cheerful, her step quicker, her eyes were brighter and she seemed more like her former self. We continued giving her the pills for several weeks longer, until we felt that she had fully recovered her health and strength. I honestly believe had it not been for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, our daughter would not have recovered her health and strength, and I shall always have a good word to say for this medicine."
"Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will cure all

troubles that arise from poverty of the blood or weak nerves. Among such troubles may be classed anaemia, headache, neuralgia, erysipelas, rheumatism, heart ailments, dyspepsia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus dance, and the ailments that render miserable the lives of so many women. Be sure you get the genuine with the full name "Dr. Wil liams' Pink Pills for Pale People," on the wrapper around every box. Sold by all medicine dealers, or sent by mail, post paid, at 50c. per box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by writing direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine

Company, Brockville, Ont.

Strawberry Jam—For each pound of uit allow a pound of sugar. Mash the fruit allow a pound of sugar. Mash the fruit in the kettle, boil hard for fifteen minutes, then add the sugar and boil for five minutes.

