

Odds and Ends.

He (angrily)—"You've no right to be engaged to so many men at once." She (sweetly)—"You see, I believe in the greatest good to the greatest number."

The great demand for a pleasant, safe and reliable antidote for all affections of the throat and lungs is fully met with in Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. It is a purely Vegetable Compound, and acts promptly and magically in subduing all coughs, colds, bronchitis, inflammation of the lungs, etc. It is so palatable that a child will not refuse it, and is put at a price that will not exclude the poor from its benefits.

Recently a public-school teacher wrote the sentence, "Them boys are sliding down hill," and requested some one in the school to "correct and why." One bright youngster held up his hand, and, on being asked, said: "Correction: Those boys are sliding down hill. Why: Because they can't slide up."

Is there anything more annoying than having your corn stepped upon? Is there anything more delightful than getting rid of it? Holloway's Corn Cure will do it. Try it and be convinced.

"Wall, Mandy," said poor Uncle Silas, "we haven't got a soul for all our advertisin' a good summer house. What's become of all the boarders?" "It's your own fault, Silas," said his wife. "I told ye to advertise runnin' water and golf-links in every room, and ye wouldn't do it. "But we ain't got any golf-links." "Waal, massy sakes! couldn't ye buy a few?"

The healthy glow disappearing from the cheek and moaning and restlessness at night are sure symptoms of worms in children. Do not fail to get a bottle of Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator; it is an effectual medicine.

A new story of Carlyle has just been told. On one occasion Carlyle had just been reading some of the Bible with a friend, and his voice thrilled at the passage which tells how those who desecrated the temple with their buying and selling were driven with a scourge out of its precincts. Closing the book, he burst out in enthusiastic admiration: "That was gran, man, gran! He was nane o' yersaft puns o' butter."

SIX OILS.—The most conclusive testimony, repeatedly laid before

the public in the columns of the daily press, proves that DR THOMAS' ECLECTRIC OIL—an absolutely pure combination of six of the finest remedial oils in existence—remedies rheumatic pain, eradicates affections of the throat and lungs, and cures piles, wounds, sores, lameness, tumors, burns, and injuries of horses and cattle.

This new Oliver Herford story is afloat. After some of his best verses submitted to the editor of *Life* had been twice returned, he sent them in for a third time with this note: "My dear Mr. Mitchell, —During your recent absence from your office, your office-boy has been returning master-pieces, one of which I enclose. Please remit at your earliest convenience." This "fetched" the editor and the verses went through.

NOT A NAUSEATING PILL.—The excipient of a pill is the substance which enfold the ingredients and makes up the pill mass. That of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills is so compounded as to preserve their moisture, and they can be carried into any latitude without impairing their strength. Many pills, in order to keep them from adhering, are rolled in powders, which prove nauseating to the taste. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are so prepared that they are agreeable to the most delicate.

The things Hixon does during his frequent attacks of absent-mindedness are of a character that gives his friends grave fears. The other day he came out of his house, walked to the edge of the pavement, threw his right leg into the air with a vaulting movement, and fell sprawling to the ground. A friend, who came along in time to witness this singular performance, said to him, "Why, Hixon, what in time do you mean by such a performance?" Hixon got up, brushing the dirt from his garments, and rubbing his bruises; while he said, "Well, I thought I was getting on my wheel. I forgot that I didn't have the wheel with me!"

HOW TO CLEANSE THE SYSTEM.—Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are the result of scientific study of the effects of extracts of certain roots and herbs upon the digestive organs. Their use has demonstrated in many instances that they regulate the action of the Liver and the Kidneys, purify the blood, and carry off all morbid accumulations from the system. They are easy to take, and their action is mild and beneficial.

Peter Pushem's Pulpit.

"If you intend to do a mean thing, wait till to-morrow; if you are to do a noble thing, do it now."—Thomas Guthrie, D.D.

THE above sentence is brimful of the grandest meaning and is capable of doing untold good, if only it be followed up and made a life rule. Cut it in two and look at it carefully. Take the first half: "If you intend to do a mean thing, wait till to-morrow." Even this alone, if acted upon faithfully, would save much trouble and no end of ill-feeling. Mean actions, thoughtlessly committed, often lead to broken-up societies and lost friends, whereas a little thought and well-timed "putting off" would turn the arrow of discord and give the roughness a chance to smooth down until the calm of peace reigned once more supreme. Now take the last half. "If you are to do a noble thing, do it now." Surely, there is many an opportunity for doing something noble that we let pass by, just because we think—Oh, it will do later on; there can be no hurry. Haven't you found it so in your own personal experience? I have in mine. Oh, what a great amount of vexation and worry would be saved if the human race could be trained not to put off doing the noble things. Think of it, international complications, civic squabbles, family differences—all would be smoothed out and everything would be lovely. Then every right thing would be done ahead of, and not behind, time; subscriptions would be paid up, and hollow-cheeked, over-worked editors would be able to laugh and grow fat, not that any of the HERALD'S editorial staff are particularly cadaverous; they haven't time to be; but still, I grieve to say, there are a few, yes, quite a few, unpaid subscriptions which would gladden my heart to see renewed this month. What is that you ask? Is yours amongst them? Just you examine the little pink address label on your paper and it will tell if there is a noble deed awaiting your doing.

Do You Want

PLANS for Junior work?
NEWS from all parts of the Dominion?
HINTS for all departments of society work?
HELP in the preparation of the prayer meeting topics and S. S. lessons?
THE ENDEAVOR HERALD has what you want. It stands on its merits.

W. P.

These two letters stand for a number of well-known things, among them being "waste paper," "war preparations," "wet paint," and "water polo"; but it is of none of these that I want to speak. Last month I called your attention specially to the new C. E. Pin, this month I want you to give your consideration to our society Wall Pledge. Keep the pledge before your members. Send for one of our strongly-mounted Wall Pledges and have it hung in a conspicuous place in your meeting room. Extra large, mounted on rod, size, 36 x 54 inches; price, postpaid, \$2.00. Medium size, on heavy paper, clear type, mounted on rod; price, postpaid, \$1.00. Yours truly,

PETER PUSHEM.