

✻ This and That ✻

WHERE KITTY CATS HANG IN A ROW.

There are trees where the kitty cats grow,
They hang by their tails in a row,
If they happen to fall
They don't mind it at all,
For they land on their feet, as you know.

The fish swim around in the sky
With pollywogs wiggling by.
While frogs hop around
On the clouds to the sound
Of the lobsters devouring mince-pie.

The birdies all swim in the sea
And the wasp and the bumblebee,
If you dangle a worm
With a wiggly squirm
You might catch a chickadee-dee.

It's strange, but the apples and pears
Live in houses with carpets and chairs,
They go rolling around
With a rollicking sound
And come bumping and thumping down-
stairs.

—Albert W. Smith, in Ladies' Home Journal.

THE GREATEST BLUNDER OF MY LIFE.

In the Crerar Library, Chicago, is a book in which five hundred men, out of work, have written of "the greatest blunder of their life." It is a collection made by Dr. Earl Pratt. Here are some of them:

1. "Didn't save what I learned."
2. "Did not as a boy realize the value of an education."

3. "If I had taken better care of my money, I would be better in health and morals."

4. "Did not realize the importance of sticking to one kind of employment."

5. "The greatest blunder of my life was when I took my first drink."

6. One of the greatest blunders of my life was not to perfect myself in one of the lines of business I started out to learn."

7. "My greatest blunder was when I left school in the fifth grade."

8. "The turning point in my life was when at fifteen I ran away from home."

9. "Spent my money foolishly when I was earning good wages."

10. "When I let myself be misled in thinking that I need not stick to one thing."

11. "Self-conceit and not listening to my parents."

12. "Was to fool away my time when at school."—Ex.

STINGY JIM.

Jimmy was the stingiest boy you ever knew. He couldn't bear to give away a penny, nor a bit of an apple, nor a crumb of candy. He couldn't bear to lend his sled, or his hoop, or his skates. All his

SWEET BREATH

When Coffee is Left Off.

A test was made to find if just the leaving off of coffee alone would produce an equal condition of health as when coffee is left off and Postum Food Coffee used in its place.

A man from Clinton, Wis., made the experiment. He says: "About a year ago I left off drinking coffee and tea and began to use Postum. For several years previous my system had been in wretched condition. I always had a thickly furred, bilious tongue and foul breath, often accompanied with severe headaches. I was troubled all the time with chronic constipation, so that I was morose in disposition and almost discouraged."

At the end of the first week after making the change from coffee to Postum I witnessed a marvellous change in myself. My once coated tongue cleared off, my appetite increased, breath became sweet and the headaches ceased entirely. One thing I wish to state emphatically, you have in Postum a virgin remedy for constipation, for I certainly had about the worst case ever known among mortals and I am completely cured of it. I feel in every way like a new person."

During the last summer I concluded that I would experiment to see if the Postum kept me in good shape or whether I had gotten well from just leaving off coffee. So I quit Postum for quite a time and drank cocoa and water. I found out before two weeks were past that something was wrong and I began to get costive as of old. It was evident the liver was not working properly, so I became convinced it was not the avoidance of coffee alone that cured me, but the great value came from the regular use of Postum."

friends were very sorry he was so stingy, and talked to him about it; but he couldn't see any reason why he should give away what he wanted himself.

"If I didn't want it," he said, "p'raps I would give it away; but why should I give it away when I want it myself?"

"Because it is nice to be generous," said his mother, "and think about the happiness of other people. It makes you feel happier and better yourself. If you give your hoop to little ragged Johnny, who never had one in all his life, you will feel a thousand times better watching his enjoyment of it than if you had kept it yourself."

"Well," said Jimmy, "I'll try it." The hoop was sent off. "How soon shall I feel better?" he asked by-and-by. "I don't feel as well as I did when I had the hoop. Are you sure I shall feel better?"

"Certainly," answered his mother, "but if you should keep on giving something away you would feel better all the sooner."

Then he gave away his kite, and thought he did not feel quite as well as before. He gave away his sixpence that he meant to spend for taffy. Then he said:

"I don't like this giving away things, it doesn't agree with me. I don't feel any better. I like being stingy better."

Just then ragged Johnny ran up the street bowling the hoop, looking proud as a prince, and asking all the boys to take a turn. Jimmy began to smile as he watched him and said:

"You might give Johnny my old overcoat; he's littler than I am, and he doesn't seem to have one. I think—I guess—I know I'm beginning to feel so much better. I'm glad I gave Johnny my hoop. I'll give away something else." And Jimmy has been feeling better ever since.—Selected.

MOTHER'S PRAYER ANSWERED.

A company of young men who had escaped a terrific charge from the enemy in one of the fiercest battles of the Civil War were picking their way across the blood-drenched and death-strewn field to rejoin their company. All about lay the dead, and from every side came the heartrending cries and groans from the wounded and dying.

One noble-faced young fellow whose life was fast ebbing away from a great wound in his side, particularly attracted the attention of the party. The dying boy, too weak to call out, had lifted himself upon one arm, and was feebly beckoning the passers-by to come to him.

Thinking possibly the poor fellow wanted water, or desired to send some message home, one went over to him. Bending down and putting his ear close to the parched lips, he heard these words: "Pray for me, oh, pray for me; I am dying."

"And then," said the writer, "as I knelt there among the dead and dying on that awful battle-field, it almost broke my heart to be compelled to refuse this last request of a dying soldier. I could give no ray of light to that soul struggling for help; for I had no light of my own, and I had not yet found him who is the Light of the world."

"Sadly and in tears I was compelled to say: 'Comrade, I can't pray; you must pray for yourself.'"

"He looked hopeless and sad for a moment. Then he closed his eyes, and began to move his lips in prayer."

"I bent closer to catch his words. As I did so, I heard this wonderful prayer, the most touching and eloquent, it seems to me, I have ever heard: 'O God, hear mother's prayer; O God, answer mother's prayer.'"

"A moment after a look of sweetest peace came over his face. He opened his eyes once more, seeming to thank me for staying by him, and then closed them for the last time."

"This was more than thirty years ago, yet it seems as only an hour since that dying boy helped me find that light by which a Christian mother helped her boy along the dark pathway of death into the light of hope."—Selected.

HIS DECISION.

Twenty-five years ago a young man was sent as a special clerk from Milford, Massachusetts, to Chicago. He was placed in a responsible position, and soon made the acquaintance of many other young men to whom Chicago was a commercial Mecca.

The new clerk was a pleasant fellow, and had a taste for social life; but situated as he was, the social life had to be such as

he could make for himself, and that was, not unnaturally, the free and easy comradeship of other clerks. Almost without realizing it, he found himself gradually drifting into dissipation. It was a social drink here, a quiet game of cards there, and always a cigar in the mouth. Every moment that was not spent in business or in bed was given to things which at the time seemed to him innocent enough, but which were really undetermining his manhood.

After he had been in Chicago a month or two, he met an old class mate of his from his home town. A few evenings later he found himself in his friend's room.

"Look here, old fellow," said the friend, "I want to have a straight talk with you."

"Go ahead," said the other, pleasantly.

"I will. Now, what have you got here in Chicago? A clerkship with a chance. What does the chance depend upon? Education and friends. What is your education? Nothing but a high-school training, and most of that forgotten. Who are your friends? Young men who flash other people's money. Now, what are you going to do? Run to seed and end worse than you began, or fit yourself for a useful future?"

"If you wish to fit yourself, join an evening school, study part of the time out of working hours, and spend your Sundays as you ought to spend them. Purify your life, broaden your understanding, and you will make something of yourself. But if you prefer to stay as you are, take another drink, pass around the cigars, and be a 'jolly good fellow with the boys.'"

The young clerk thought it over. His cigar went out and dropped from between his fingers. He saw two futures—one full of ease but ending in failure, the other fraught with hardship but leading to success. He knew the choice was his, "I thank you, old fellow," he said, at length. "I needed it."

At the end of the week the clerk was a member of an evening class, and had selected his church. He gave up drinking, smoking, cards, and clubs, and began to use the public library and to get back something of his old time interest in books. He was surprised to see that he had dropped out of his rapid life as easily as he entered it. Nobody tried to drag him back, nobody seemed to miss him. In less than six months his opportunity came, and he seized it. Ten years later he was a rich man.

To-day he is loved and respected by all who know him. His benevolences have made the grass greener and the sky bluer to hundreds of poor souls; yet few even of those for whom he has done the most know him either by sight or by name, for he is as unostentatious as he is generous.

"Who would give a thought to me to-day if I had made the wrong decision?" he said, a little while ago. That is a question which every young man can well afford to ask himself. There is only one answer to it.—Exchange.

BABIES MUST NOT BE ROCKED TO SLEEP.

Doctors are not as a general rule greatly influenced by purely sentimental considerations, and they have issued the mandate, "Babies should not be rocked to sleep." This would at first seem cruel and arbitrary, but it is not as unreasonable as would appear. It is vastly better for the baby to be undressed and laid down in the crib, with a cool, fresh pillow under the little head, to drop to quiet sleep than to be held in mother's warm arms, close against her breast, and rocked for a half an hour or more. With most babies a very little training will be sufficient to induce them to sleep when laid down if they have never become accustomed to the rocking. If you are not Spartan enough to leave the baby while he is vigorously protesting against this procedure, sit by the crib and gently pat him to sleep. After awhile even this will not be necessary. It is not only better for the child but also for the mother, as the rocking habit, if persisted in, soon becomes a tax rather than a pleasure.—Selected.


I bought a horse with a supposedly incurable ringbone for \$30.00, cured him with \$1.00 worth of MINARD'S LINIMENT, and sold him in four months for \$85.00. Profit on Liniment, \$54.00.

MOISE DEROSCE,

Hotel Keeper.

St. Phillip's, Que., Nov. 1st, 1901.

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A young teacher, instructing the class in composition, said: "Now, children, don't attempt any flights of fancy. Don't try to imitate the things you have heard, but just be yourselves and write what is really in you."

As a result of this advice one little boy turned in the following composition: "I ain't goin' to attempt no flights of fancy; I'm just goin' to write what's in me, and I've got a heart, a liver, two lungs, and other things like that; then I've got a stomach, and it's got in it a pickle, a piece of pie, two sticks of peppermint candy, and my dinner."—Chicago Journal.