

HOW TO BE A HERO.

"I should like to be a hero,"
Said a little lad one day,
As he gazed upon the picture
Of a soldier, tall and gray.

"You can be a hero, darling,"
Was his grandma's soft reply,
"If at play you're fair and honest,
And you scorn to tell a lie.

"If you stifle angry feelings,
Sinful thoughts crush firmly down,
Ever praying, always trying—
Yours shall be a hero's crown.

"For, remember this, my darling,
Hero hearts of men grow old
Beat at first in breasts of children
Who were tender, true, and bold."

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THE DANGER OF SELFISHNESS

We cannot be too often, or too strongly warned against this fatal—this soul destroying sin. The whole example of our Lord, the entire spirit and teaching of the Gospel, are in utter condemnation of it. And well they may be,—for if allowed to have its way, every human virtue would in the end be sacrificed by it, and life would become a cold, desolate, and barren waste. Hope would expire, for there could be no happiness here and no Heaven hereafter.

In battling against this spirit we are in constant danger of being led far astray for it is exceedingly insidious, as well as terribly deceitful. It leads many a one to think and believe that he is acting from pure motives and seeking good ends, while all the time he is inspired by a thorough selfishness, and laboring to accomplish his own purposes. Such a spirit will persuade us to believe that if we wish to do any thing—or to do it at a particular time and in a particular way,—or to go anywhere, it must be right; and not only so—but the means to attain the object must be right also. In a word, self finally becomes supreme, and the will of God—the word of God—and the highest good, as well as the wishes of others, have to give place to our wishes. It is astonishing to what lengths this will lead us—and how inconsistent it will make us. But the trouble is it makes us first spiritually blind to our own delusions. A selfish person is apt to think he is very wise, generous and kind.

THE NEED OF SYMPATHY.

Child-life has many needs, but there is none stronger than that of outspoken sympathy. Some children are well fed, well dressed and well taught, while yet they go hungry for demonstrations of love. They may be adored, admired, and trusted, while yet they feel themselves watched, criticised and distrusted. Let the home-training be ever so severe, if sympathy keeps pace with it, the burden will seldom be greater than the child can bear.

Parents fear that speaking their compassion will counteract the discipline or lessen their authority. If it be necessary to preserve sternness during the time of discipline, in order to gain the end in view, let sympathy follow close upon submission. Introduce a remark like, "It's pretty hard work to remember everything,

isn't it?" or, "Baby feels like crying this morning, but he's going to be a brave boy and will not cry."

Can any experience be more dreary than that of a child when it feels its mother's heart turned away from it? The world looks like a great barren expanse with no place to rest.

THE MILK.

Ferdinand, a rich boy from the town, walked one spring day to a neighbouring farm-house, where he bought himself a basin of milk, and, sitting down on the grass under a shady tree, broke his bread into the milk, and feasted to his hearts content.

Frederic, a poor boy from the next village, who looked thin and pale from want and starvation, was standing not far off, looking sadly on, and would gladly have had a little of it; but he was too modest to ask for any.

It occurred, indeed, to rich Ferdinand, that he should leave a little over for the poor boy; but he gave no heed to this good suggestion of his heart, and greedily feasted on. When he had quite devoured the milk, he spied at the bottom of the basin a rhyme. He read it with a blush, got the basin filled again, and added to it a large slice of bread. Then calling the poor boy Frederic to him in a friendly way, he broke up the bread for him with his own hands, and kindly bade him eat with a good appetite.

"The saying," observed Ferdinand, "which is in the basin ought to be written in all the dishes of the rich." The saying ran thus:—

"Forgetful of the poor distress,
Can thy abundance e'er be blest?"

WINTER.

Who is it knocks at the door,
With fingers wrinkled and blue?
Who taps at the window-pane,
And cries in the chimney flue?
Who moans that the sun is pale,
And all the flowers are dead,
And the birds are silent grown,
And even the crows are fled?

Ah, winter, we know you well,
For we've met you oft before,
And we'll tell you the reason why
We keep you outside the door—
Because you storm and rave so
You'll stay out yet awhile;
If you would have folks like you,
You'll have to learn to smile.

CORALLING WILD ELEPHANTS.

The herd having been found, without its being alarmed, the next thing is to surround it at a distance by a light cordon of men, and to guide its unconscious steps toward the kheddah in which it is to be inclosed and captured. The general idea of a kheddah may be taken from an open pair of compasses, of which the round head or hinge represents the inclosure into which the elephants are to be driven; while the outspread arms of the compass represent the long lines of obstacles or scares by which the elephants are prevented from straying to one side or the other, so that they advance through the purposely undisturbed jungle in the center, between the gradually converging lines of obstacles, toward the kheddah or inclosure already mentioned.

The elephant is a timid and cautious animal. If it meets with any chopped branches of trees or indications of the presence of man, or anything to which its eyes are unaccustomed, it will not advance in that direction. The real difficulty of the hunters lies in making their lateral lines of obstacles sufficiently obvious to the elephants without alarming them too much. At this early stage of the proceedings not a man should show himself, lest the wild elephants should be frightened and make a stampede.

The animal should be left to pride himself on his own cleverness at having detected signs of danger, in consequence of which he advances in what seems a safe direction. But as the devoted herd gets further and further into the funnel of the converging lines, much stronger measures have to be adopted. Considerable pressure is put on them from behind to urge them on in the right direction; and simultaneously the visible obstacles along the sides have to be much strengthened and effectively guarded to prevent the herd from breaking through them.

As the elephants actually approach the kheddah itself there is no longer any concealment on the part of the hunters. The firing of guns and the beating of drums and loud shouts and noises, with long lines of fires made out of the dried grass and brushwood, which have been collected for this purpose, compel the affrighted animals to push onward until they finally enter the kheddah itself, where at first all seems comparatively silent and safe.—*Sel.*

OTHER PEOPLE'S AFFAIRS.

"What makes every one love to be with you?" the sweet, simple, unaffected and very lovely Princess Alice once asked her grandmother, the Duchess of Kent. "I am always so sorry to have to leave, and so are all others who come here. Won't you please tell me, grandma?"

The old lady smiled, and for a moment that was all she did.

The Duchess of Kent knew the secret of her influence over her friends, but how to explain it without vanity or egotism to this most natural and truthful little girl was not altogether an easy task. Alice's sweet directness could never be put off with a pooh-pooh or a disclaimer, as the dear old lady knew from intimate acquaintance with her character.

"I think my child, that this is the reason," the Duchess replied at last. "I was early instructed that the way to make people happy was to appear interested in the things which interested them, namely, their own affairs; and this could only be accomplished by burying one's grief, annoyance, satisfaction, or joy completely out of sight.

"Forgetfulness of one's own concerns, my dear, a word of sympathy and unselfish help, where it is possible to give it, will always make others happy, and the giver equally so."

Such counsel as this took deep root in the heart and mind of the beautiful Princess, and her brief but exceptional life proves the wonderful power of unselfish regard for others.

Where could a better lesson for all our girls be found than this one, given so many years ago by the aged Duchess?

Other people's affairs? Why, our own affairs are of infinitely more importance to us, and yet, if we take the trouble to look about us, we are sure to find that the most agreeable and helpful persons are those who lend a ready ear to the sorrows of others, and keep a closed mouth concerning their own.

A BOY SHOULD LEARN

To build a fire scientifically;
To fill the wood box every night;
To shut doors in summer to keep the flies out;

To shut doors without slamming;
To shut them in winter to keep the cold out;

To do errands promptly and cheerfully;

To get ready to go away without the united efforts of his mother and sister;

To be gentle to his little sisters;
To wash dishes and make his bed when necessary;

To sew on a button and darn a stocking;

To be kind to all animals;

To have a dog if possible, and make a companion of him;

To ride, row, shoot and swim;

To be manly and courageous;

To let cigarettes alone.—*Thokla Kilman.*

In proportion as we love truth more and victory less, we shall become anxious to know what it is which leads our opponents to think as they do. We shall begin to suspect that the pertinacity of belief exhibited by them, must result from a perception of something we have not perceived. And we shall aim to supplement the portion of truth we have found with the portion found by them.—*Herbert Spencer, "First Principles."*

GREATLY EXCITED.—People are apt to get greatly excited in case of sudden accident and injury. It is well to be prepared for such emergencies. Haggard's Yellow Oil is the handiest remedy known for burns, scalds, bruises, lameness, pain and all wounds of the flesh. It is used internally and externally.

A YOUNG man was recently found in the Mersey, drowned. On a paper found in his pocket was written: "A wasted life. Do not ask anything about me; drink was the cause. Let me die—let me rot." Within a week the coroner of Liverpool received over two hundred letters from fathers and mothers, all over England, asking for a description of that young man. What a story it tells of homes desolated by strong drink!

B. B. B. STOOD THE TEST.—"I tried every known remedy I could think of for rheumatism, without giving me any relief, until I tried Burdock Blood Bitters, which I can highly recommend to all afflicted as I was." Henry Smith, Milvelton, Ont.

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