

HOUSEKEEPERS' TROUBLES

"I have eaten much shame. It is a matter of great sorrow to me that your honor should think I would steal. How can I make the bread go further? If you would not eat so much it would last longer."

Butler Sahib has been returning bread bills that would frighten any housekeepers in Canada and representing the family as disposing of more than a ploughman would require. Mid remonstrance was in vain, and at last, as the leakage was becoming more serious, the charge of theft was made.

The fact is the said butler has a large family of small children that all live near the kitchen. For these milk, bread, biscuits, cake, pudding, etc., are all very helpful. He is between two fires. His heart strings tug one way and his conscience the other. Europeans have all princely means compared with him, and the loss to them is small compared with the benefit to his children. It matters not to him that it is only one of the thousand and one leaks that mean so much before the end of the month.

Milk was wanted. The jug was fairly full when put away, but when called for nearly empty. The cat gets the blame.

A friend found his sweeper, or scavenger, in some trouble, and so dismissed him. He differed from his master as to the seriousness of the crime, and felt he had been too severely punished. A few days after a fine cow that was apparently all right in the morning was dead by noon.

Another dismissed his sweeper for what he considered good and sufficient reasons, and then found he could not get another for love or money. This man took it to the Caste Panchayab, or Counsel, and they decreed none should take service there till they brought the sahib to his knees, and they did it. The sweeper or scavenger of the house is of the lowest caste, but one of the most necessary servants about the home. His character is too often in keeping with his caste. He keeps hens, and supplies these and eggs to the memsahib for a consideration. The eggs, and often the chickens, tell too distinctly the kind of refuse on which they have been feeding, and so memsahib thought she would keep her own hens. The hens were got and put in a nice house, but no eggs were laid—so the sweeper said. After some expostulation he at last induced them to lay just one egg a day, but after some more remonstrance he, after a time, induced them to increase by just another one. It was beyond his powers of coaxing to get more. All this time he was supplying what eggs were needed, and it was found they were an improvement on his former supply.

An attempt was next made to raise some chickens. Three hens were disposed before one brood was ready. One hen died and two others were carried off by what were called "cats." Then the dead chickens, one by one, were day after day solemnly and sadly brought in by the same sweeper. The food was not good, the place was too close, and generally it was an unhealthy time for the chickens. The sweeper is very sympathetic, and suggests remedies that he will try it memsahib will give him money. He will, however, soon get relief from these funeral operations, and will then be able to make more out of his own chickens that seem to have escaped the disease that so seriously affected those belonging to memsahib.—Journal of the Gwalior Presbyterian Mission.

A towel dipped in boiling water, wrung out rapidly, folded to proper size, and applied to the abdomen, with a dry flannel over the hot towel, acts like magic in infantile colic.

THE GOLDEN CALVES.

The story is told that in 1883 former President Kruger of the Transvaal found his government very much embarrassed for money. It looked as if a famine was going to overtake the land. But just then gold was found in the Barberton district. A messenger from the new gold field took a little bag of gold containing twenty ounces to the president, presenting it to him as the first yield of gold from the Transvaal. Kruger was astonished when he saw the gold. He asked where it came from, and was informed that it was from the Barberton district. "Is there any more left?" asked Kruger. He was told that the country was rich in gold ore, and that millions of pounds could be secured where that came from. "Thank God! my country is saved!" was his reply. Years after, when those very gold mines had led up to the war against the Boers, he no doubt lamented the day when the gold was discovered. The golden calf is often as fatal to the individual as to the nation.—Sunday School Times.

SAFE AT HOME.

Gently close the baby's eyes
From the light of morning skies
Dawns for him a fairer day
Where no evening shadows stray.
Cloud and storm and stress and strife,
All that darkens earthly life—
Weary toil and anxious care,
Blighted hopes or dull despair,
Pain and grief and stain of sin,
Foes that lurk without, within,
None, to him, shall even come,
Safe within that happy home.

Then, O breaking mother-heart,
Let him to thy Lord depart!
Tho the home be strange and still
God will help thee bear his will;
Tho the blinding tears must flow
Thou shalt his own comfort know.
Heaven, henceforth, will be more near,
Earthly joys and charms less dear.
Where thy treasure waits for thee,
There thy longing love will be.
So, in trust, lean on the breast,
Where thy little one's at rest.

Advanced.

DON'T YOU SEE.

The day was hotter than words can tell,
So hot the jelly-fish wouldn't jell.
The halibut went all to butter,
And the catfish had only force to utter
A faint sea-mew, ay, though some have
doubled,
The carp he carped and the horn-pout
pouted.

The sardonic sardine had his sly heart's
wish
When the angel fish fought with the
paradise fish.
'Twas a sight gave the blue fish the
blues to see,
But the seal concealed a wicked glee—

The day it went from bad to worse,
Till the pickerel picked the purse-crab's
purse.
And that crab felt crabbed yet, no
doubt,
Because the oyster wouldn't shell out.
The sculpin would sculp, but hadn't
a model,
And the cod-fish begged for something
to coddle.
But to both the dolphin refused its doll,
Till the whale was obliged to whale them
all.

Katharine Lee Bates, in The Churchman.

Cocaine poisoning is antidoted well by
for a few times.

Carbolic acid poisoning can be quickly
cured by giving cider vinegar diluted
with equal parts of water in half a tum-
blerful doses every five or ten minutes

PRUDENT MOTHERS.

The prudent mother will never give her child a sleeping draught, soothing medicine or opiate of any kind except by order of a competent doctor who has seen the child. All soothing medicines and sleeping draughts contain deadly poison, an overdose will kill a child, and they never do good, as they only stupefy and do no cure. Sleeplessness in little ones usually comes from teething troubles or derangements of the stomach or bowels, that can be speedily cured by Baby's Own Tablets. And the mother should remember that this is the only medicine for children that gives a solemn guarantee that there is not a particle of opiate or harmful drug in its composition. Mrs. A. Scott, Bradwardine, Man., says: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets for diarrhoea, teething troubles and constipation, and find them just the thing to make little ones well and keep them well." Sold by all druggists or by mail at 25 cents by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

A correspondent of the London Standard speaks of a coincidence which is vouched for by history. The postponement of the Coronation of an English King has seldom occurred, and yet it is an extraordinary coincidence that it should have occurred alike when Edward I, Edward III, Edward V, and Edward VII came to the throne. Here is another coincidence from the same quarter: King Edward VII. was crowned at the second minute of the second hour of the second day, in the second week of the second month of the second half of the second year of the twentieth century.

Convulsions may be frequently cut short like magic by turning the patient on his left side. The nausea as an after effect of chloroform or other narcosis may be generally controlled in the same manner.

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