

## HEALTH IN THE HOME.

Baby's Own Tablets are equally good for little babies or big children. If a child is suffering from any of the minor ills of childhood a few doses of the Tablets will cure it. And an occasional dose to the well child will prevent sickness. Mrs. A. Mercier, Riviere Ouelle, Que., says:—"My baby was cross, irritable, did not sleep at night and did not seem to thrive, but since giving her Baby's Own Tablets all this is changed. She now eats well, sleeps well and is growing fat. The Tablets have proved a blessing to both myself and the child." So say all mothers who have used this medicine. Baby's Own Tablets are sold by all druggists, or you can get them from The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., at 25 cents a box.

## THE SIMPLE ART OF LISTENING.

"She is charming," observed the man, mentally, as he closed the door of her home behind him.

"Yes, she's an unusually interesting woman," he repeated, as he turned the corner.

And why? Simply because she had sat for two solid hours and listened. Because, by a tactful question or two she had drawn him on to talk of what he liked, while she listened interestedly. Because, when he told her of marvelous achievements, she had seemed awed; when he spoke of a sorrow, her eyes had been all sympathy; when he related an amusing incident, she had laughed merrily. Always she had listened, intelligently, understandingly. And in his eyes she was—charming, an unusually interesting woman.

Since the days of the humorist woman has been laughed at and joked with because of her talking propensities. She has been likened unto a magpie and she has been called a talking machine. She has been accused of never letting a man get a word in, in the proverbial manner, ergo, Now, the clever woman lets him round out his every word, and occasionally she asks a question—a tactful, well-timed question, and—listens.

Listening is not merely making use of the two ears with which nature endowed human beings. The woman who has truly learned the art listens with her eyes, her mouth, her hands—her whole attitude is that of listening, of being interested in every word of the conversation.

Even a little child is attracted to the woman who listens to what it has to say. The woman who asks a small girl what she is doing in school, what sort of a game she likes to play, where she goes and what she does, and listens to her childish way of telling it, always seeming to understand, is the woman whom the child loves.—Selected.

## SECRETS OF OLD ROMAN BATH.

Women used to lose their hairpins a thousand years ago much in the same way as they do today. That, at least, is the impression one gets from the antiquities found during the last year at the Sichestor excavations.

The most interesting discovery was the building which formed apparently the principal baths of the Roman town. The exploration of the baths yielded a number of architectural fragments, including a small altar, portions of capitals and bases, part of a large basin of Purbeck marble, and some singular pieces of metal.

In a filled up hypocaust were found at least one hundred bone pins, which had evidently been used to adjust the back hair of Roman women who used the baths. Probably they had been dropped in the way women throughout the ages have shed pins, and were collected by the keeper of the baths. Some of them are quite three inches long, and would make passable hairpins for the present fashion.

A pair of gold ear-rings, with uncut, green gems, are so bright that they look as if they might have just come out of a jeweler's shop in Bond street.—London Chronicle.

## A NOVEL IDEA.

A travelling exhibition illustrating the charms of Canada as a holiday, hunting, fishing and camping resort, is to be put into commission by the Grand Trunk Railway System.

It will consist of a coach fitted up inside as an art gallery with bromide enlargements made from direct negatives of delightful scenes in "The Highlands of Ontario," including choice bits from the Algonquin National Park of Ontario, Georgian Bay, the Muskoka Lakes, Lake of Bays, Maganetawan River, Lake Nipissing and the French River, the famous Temagami Region, Kawartha Lakes, Rideau Lakes, and the principal Cities of Eastern Canada. The car will also contain mounted fish, from Canadian waters, mounted game heads, stuffed birds, moving pictures, etc., making a unique collection of attractive features that will appeal to the tourist and sportsman. A representative familiar with all the various districts will be in charge of the car, and will have a plentiful supply of descriptive matter, maps, etc.

The car will start in at Mobile, Alabama, about March 19, and will go through the States of Mississippi, Alabama, Kentucky, Indiana, Ohio, Pennsylvania, West Virginia, and New York. Towards the end of June, or in July, the car will reach Canada, and some of the principal towns and cities in the Dominion will be visited. The tour in the United States will occupy about three months, and in that time seventy-two towns will be visited.

## THE TONE OF THE VOICE.

It is not so much what you say,

As the manner in which you say it;

It is not so much the language you use,

As the tones in which you convey it.

The words may be mild and fair,

And the tones may pierce like a dart;

The words may be soft as the summer air,

And the tones may break the heart.

For words but come from the mind,

And grow by study and art;

But the tones leap forth from the inner

self,

And reveal the state of the heart.

Whether you know it or not,

Whether you mean or care,

Gentleness, kindness, love and hate,

Envy and anger, are there.

Then, would you quarrels avoid,

And in peace and love rejoice,

Keep anger not only out of your words,

But keep it out of your voice.

—The Youth's Companion.

## ABOLISHED USE OF BIBLE IN COURT.

Justice Tierney, of a municipal court in the Bronx, N. Y., has abolished the use of the Bible in his court. Explaining his action he said: "I have removed the Bible from use in my court. It was a desecration to use it there. The lying words from the mouths of witnesses made its use a mockery, a travesty. I was brought up to regard it with veneration and reverence as the word of God. It is shocking to find men calling upon the Deity to witness the truth of what they say—"So help me God"—with a lie in their hearts and upon the lips by which they profaned the Good Book. I now swear, or affirm, a witness with uplifted hand, but it really has no significance to my mind. I would prefer to let every person tell his or her story without either oath or affirmation, and then do the best I can toward ascertaining the truth."

## MOTOR LUNATICS.

A doctor recently applied for a bed at a lunatic asylum for a patient. The resident doctor regretted his hospital was full—"Not a bed to spare"—and explained that this was caused by the great number of motor lunatics under his control.

"Why half the beds are empty!" exclaimed the visitor.

"Of course they are," replied the resident doctor. "I say they are motor lunatics. See, half of them are under their beds tinkering them up!"—Strand.

## A CHINATOWN IN CHINA.

A journey was recently made to the interior of Kiangsi by Mr. Walter Glennell, the British consul at Kiu Kiang, an interesting report of which has been published by the government. In the course of this expedition the consul visited the Chinese manufacturing town of Ching-te Chen, the staple industry of which is pottery. According to the consul everything in Ching-te Chen either belongs, or is subordinate, to the porcelain and earthenware industry. The houses are for the most part built of fragments of fire-clay known as lo'ing-t'u that were at one time part either of old kilns or of the fire-clay covers in which the porcelain is stacked during firing. The river bank is for miles covered with a deep stratum of broken chinaware and chips of fire-clay, and as far as could be judged, the greater part of the town and several square miles of the surrounding country are built over, or composed of, a similar deposit. A great industry employing hundreds of thousands of hands does not remain localized in a single spot for 900 years without giving to that spot a character of its own.

The consul states that this town is unlike anything else in China. The forms, the color, the materials used in the buildings, the atmosphere, are somewhat reminiscent of the poorer parts of a civilized industrial center. At present there are 104 large pottery kilns in town. The greater part only work for a short season in the summer. During this busy season, when every kiln is employing on the average from 100 to 200 men, the population of Ching-te Chen rises to about 400,000 souls, but of this total nearly, if not quite, half are laborers drawn from a wide area of country—who only come for the season, live in rows of barrack-like sheds, and do not bring their families with them.

But apart from the kilns one passes along street after street where every shop is occupied by men, women, and children all engaged in the designing, molding, painting, or distributing of pottery. Potters' sheds, where the clay is mixed and molded on the wheel, are innumerable. The river bank is crowded for three miles by junks either landing material and fuel, or shipping the finished product. Shops for the retail of the ware, though numerous, are less in evidence than might be expected, and the wholesale trade, which is in the hands of the guilds, makes very little display. Apart from the meeting halls of these guilds there are scarcely any buildings with any architectural pretensions, but the guild halls are elaborate structures.

## THE BABIES GOT MIXED.

At a party I attended two young mothers were present, each with a baby boy. The babies were very similar in age and appearance, and the mothers gushed about them till everybody was tired. They spoiled the night for two dozen people by their senselessness. As the night wore on they made ready to depart together—the one baby in a pram; the other, as it had a four-miles' journey, was in arms.

Ere the mothers quitted the house a sudden diversion occurred in one of the rooms. They stepped in to see the fun, leaving one baby in the pram, and the other sitting on a low chair. Instantly one joker changed the hats and cloaks of the children, then transferred the latter from pram to chair and vice versa. The mothers set off hurriedly, and were at home ere the horrible truth was revealed. It was nearly midnight, and six miles lay between the respective homes.

The parents had to put up with it for the night, and it was subsequently learned that both babies, alarmed by the strange surroundings, were quite outrageous. They kicked and howled the whole night long, and between maternal anxiety about the genuine baby and the contrivances of the substituted one not a blessed wink of sleep was obtained in either home. By daybreak next morning the babies were restored to their proper places, but there was no end of feeling over the "joke."—I. C.