

ILLS OF CHILDHOOD, HOW TO CURE THEM.

In thousands of homes Baby's Own Tablets is the only medicine used when children are ailing, and the mother who keeps this medicine on hand may feel as safe as though there was a doctor constantly in the home. Baby's Own Tablets cure all stomach and bowel troubles, break up colds, expel worms, and make teething easy. The mother has the guarantee of a government analyst that this medicine contains no opiate or poisonous soothing stuff. Mrs. H. H. Bonnyman, Mattall, N.S., says:—"I have used Baby's Own Tablets for my little girl while teething and for constipation, and think there is no medicine can equal them." Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

LEST YOU FORGET.

"No, I've not had a letter from him for a long time." "He writes me about twice a year." "I am always so glad to get a letter from my boys and girls, but they seldom write to me." "Tom ain't wrote home in nigh onto two year now." "Pears like he's almos' forgot us." "I enjoy nothing more than Mary's dear letters. She wrote just once last year. But I must not expect too much of her. She is a very busy mother." "I don't know what he is doing now. He was clerking in a hardware store six months ago when I had the last letter from him."

Have you not often heard such remarks from fathers and mothers, when you have asked about their absent children? Often the quivering lips, the tear-filled eye, the sad hunger in the tones shows how hard it is to say them. Contrast them with these: "Yes, he has written me every week during the five years he has been gone. No mother ever had a better son." "She has a large family of her own, but she is never too busy to write to me at least a short note every week."

Of course they have not lost their love for home folks, but they do not seem to realize what their letters mean. Old, maybe alone and lonely, the parents think much about their absent children, and enjoy keenly letters from them.

Son, daughter, don't forget the old folks at home. I know you are full of business, your own house cares, working hard in college. But don't forget those who have loved you so long. Write often, write regularly. Even a short note, or a postal card, will be better than no word. Keep it up just as long as they live. It is a duty. It should be counted a privilege. Now, you won't forget, will you?—A Passing Preacher in Cumberland Presbyterian.

RULES FOR DIETY.

1. Eat when you are hungry.
2. Drink when you are thirsty.
3. Eat enough and then stop.
4. Eat what your appetite calls for.
5. Train your appetite and stomach by eating the greatest possible variety. You are not a shirk, why should you let your stomach become one? Many foods are not liked the first time they are tasted, such as oysters; hence you do not know whether you like a thing till you have eaten of it three times.
6. Regulate the comparison of your food by the work you do, using strong food when you are doing hard work, lighter food when sedentary.
7. Don't let your doctor attempt to regulate your diet by his own stomach.
8. Beware of the diet crank. All beyond this is foolishness and vexation of the stomach.

The man who insists upon seeing with perfect clearness before he decides, never decides.—Amiel.

A WHOLE CENT.

"Halloa!" said Mr. Gray, as he turned the corner by his gate and ran plump into a little girl who was coming out. "Oh! don't stop me, please. I've got a whole cent, and I'm going to the store."

And the little figure trotted away, with one hand shut so tight that the cent couldn't have got out if it had been alive.

"John Baker, Candies and Pies," that was the place she wanted, and in a minute she was standing on tiptoe trying to make believe she was big enough to look over the counter.

Mr. Baker was busy, and so Jo (her whole name was Josephine) had a chance to look about. "Candies and pies," I should say so! So thick everywhere that you couldn't see the paper on the walls. Jo never had a cent all for her own before, and how to spend it just right required a good deal of thought and a good deal of looking around beforehand.

"Well, my little miss, what is it?" "A great large cake," said Jo, and Mr. Baker took down one of those tremendous big ones with scollops all around them.

"Any little mites of pies for dollies?" "Oh, yes!" and one was put on top of the big cookies; and so Jo went through the whole list,—candies, cakes, and pies,—and Mr. Baker did them all in nice white paper and tied the bundle with a pretty speckled string. Jo picked up her big package, put down her cent, said "Thank you sir," and started to go home.

"What is this cent for?" asked Mr. Baker.

"Don't you know?" said Jo. "It's for the candy and things."

"But they come to forty-five cents," said Mr. Baker.

"That's funny!" said Jo. "Mamma gave me the cent and told me to buy just what I wanted. Forty-five cents is more, isn't it?"

Now Mr. Baker had a little girl just about as big as Jo, and so he couldn't help loving her. What do you think he did? He took the bundle and marked in big letters, "Price one cent."

"Now," said he, "you owe me forty-four cents, and I'll give that for a kiss, and then we'll be square." So he took his kiss, and Jo took her bundle and went home, and the feast that she and her dollies had lasted a long time.

MODERN RESTLESSNESS.

Repose and quietness seem to be things of the past unless it is among sisters in convents and women in Shaker communities.

Women are prone to do things in a rush, and a nervous breakdown often follows. "Too tired to sleep" is a common expression.

The feverish desire to do "lots" is a waste of energy. Considering all things, we believe that society women are those who are working the hardest in a vain attempt to keep in the social swim. They are manicured, massaged and manipulated, or "rubbed down," as a funny horseman says. When days and nights are filled with social engagements, is it any wonder that my lady lives an abnormal life which ends in nervous prostration? Ordinarily the working woman who plans systematically does not soon wear out. It is fretting and rushing that does harm.

Here is some good advice: Do not go ahead like a locomotive at high speed. Do not be imposed upon, but do what you are able to do. Take rest and some pleasure and avoid haste. Persons are willing to impose on the willing and save themselves. I do not like to see women stride like amazons, nor do I admire shrieking voices or shrill tones. Take your time and be calm. Chat pleasantly over your meals, and try to be strong and well, and the food will do its part to nourish your energetic body.

"REST A WHILE."

To hundreds of thousands who labor and are weary, there is today sweet music in the Master's words, "Come ye yourselves apart into a desert place, and rest a while." They must have been very welcome to the disciples to whom they were first spoken. They were very sad; they had just returned from the funeral of John the Baptist, and the trial of their faith, with the sorrow of their hearts, had made them weary and hopeless. But if they had lost heart, Christ knew how to inspire them afresh; for there are two quiet places, and the companionship of Jesus.

Most of us need these today quite as much as the disciples. Thoughts and events make us sorrowful, and to be really sorry for any length of time is to be tired. And, because we are not used to it, the heat makes us languid; so that work done often with joyous alacrity is dragged through, because the air is too laden with sunshine. Therefore, these old words, thrilling with music, come in through factory walls and workshops, into offices and schools and the people are glad because it is near holiday-time, and they may accept the invitation.

In these days, however, a holiday does not always mean rest, particularly rest in "a desert place." Many people appear to prefer a crowd to quietness. But a throng is noisy and aggressive. We must look for restfulness less in favorite, fashionable seaside resorts than in the remote place of our land—the unregarded meadows, the distant moors, and the difficult mountains. There is rest to be found here.

We may be sure that there is much suggestiveness of spiritual comforting and uplifting in the Master's invitation, "Come apart," away from the others, from the clamor and the appeal, the urgency and exaction "into a desert place," where there is no excitement, nothing to demand attention, or to interfere with meditation. And is it not good of him to say, "Come with me?" The consciousness of his nearness brings rest. There is no need even to pray. Friends who know and trust and are sure of each other do not want to be always talking when they are together. Silence is sometimes more expressive than words. It is more restful to say nothing than to speak. And when the Master gives us this experience, we do indeed find "rest to our souls."

But we are not to let our leisure lengthen into laziness "Rest a while," said Jesus; but he soon went to receive the crowd, and took his disciples that they might lead other weary people to rest, and be fed. Rest can come only to those who have striven, and it is but designed to make us ready to take up our tasks again, and diligently perform them. From the quiet of the lakeside and the silence of the field we can go back to our work among the whirr of machines, or the clanging of metals, or the clamor of voices, with a new love of our duty and a stronger desire to please the great Taskmaster.—Marianne Farnham, in Christian World.

OVERCOMING DEPRESSION.

Depression is not to be overcome by fighting it. To forget all about it, in the expression of the best gifts we have, even though they may not be remarkable, will put depression so out of mind that it will not need to be fought. A kind word to a friend will do more to life the cloud of one's own depression than hours of a mere effort of the will to overcome the gloom. Expression of one's best is the best cure for depression that gives ascendancy to one's worst.

Australia now contains more unexplored territory in proportion to its size than any other continent.