

Wrong Side Out.

Jack was cross; nothing pleased him. His mother gave him the choicest morsels for his breakfast and the nicest toys. But he did nothing but fret and complain. At last his mother said:

"Jack, I want you now to go right up to your room and put on all your clothes wrong side out."

Jack stared. He thought his mother must be out of her wits.

"I mean it, Jack," she repeated. Jack had to mind. He had to turn his stockings wrong side out, and put on his coat and his pants and his collar wrong side out.

When his mother came up to him, there he stood—a forlorn and funny looking boy, all linings and seams and ravelings—before the glass, wondering what his mother meant.

But he was not quite clear in his conscience.

Then his mother, turning him around, said, "This is what you have been doing all day—making the worst of everything. You have been turning everything wrong side out. Do you really like your things this way so much, Jack?"

"No, mamma," answered Jack, shame-faced. "Can't I turn them right?"

"Yes, you may, if you will try to speak what is pleasant. You must do with your temper and manners as you prefer to do with your clothes—wear them right side out. Do not be so foolish any more, little man, as to persist in turning things wrong side out."

A Pleasing Theme.

Rev. Henry Helzinger, Neustadt, Ont.: "It is a pleasure for me to write a few lines about your dyspepsia medicine—K.D.C., and if the English language were as easy to write as the German, I would like to say a good deal more. I used your medicine and can say it is just what I wanted and needed. My sour stomach and heartburn after eating, and that gas which comes from the stomach, is gone, and I am able to take cold water again; before I had to take the water hot on account of stomach trouble. I recommend K.D.C. to our people where I can, and to everyone who knows what a weak stomach is."

A Dentist and the Cats.

I think you will laugh at reading the following anecdote about cats that I met with the other day. A famous German dentist had a very valuable tortoiseshell cat, that for days did nothing but moan. Guessing the cause, he looked into his mouth, and seeing a decayed tooth, soon relieved it of its pain. The following day there at least ten cats at his door, the day after twenty, and they went on increasing at such a rate that he was obliged to keep a bull-dog to drive them away. But nothing would stop them. A cat that had the toothache would come any number of miles to him. It would come down the chimney even, and not leave the room till he had taken its tooth out. It grew such a nuisance at last that he was never free from one of these feline patients. However, being one morning very nervous, he accidentally broke the jaw of an old tabby. The news of this spread like wildfire. Not a single cat ever came to him afterwards.

Receiving Kindnesses.

I want to tell the little boys and girls who read this paper of something very sweet I heard the other day about two little boys of my acquaintance, who, I think, may teach wisdom—not only to other little children, but to many, oh! very many grown up people too. I was told that these two little fellows, out of their own heads and hearts, had formed a plan of recording at the close of each day all the kindnesses they had received during that day. I don't mean that they wrote them down themselves, because maybe they couldn't write, but they reported them to their mother, and she wrote them down for them, told in their own words, and no matter how funny some of them might sound to her. Don't you think, children, that the sleep of these little boys, thinking as St. Paul advises, on things lovely and of good report, would be much more calm and sweet than if they reported to their mother all the unkind things—perhaps after all, only fancied—they had endured all the day? Somebody, I think, had taught those little ones one way of finding the peace of God which passeth all understanding. Let us all learn a lesson, and "casting all our care upon God who careth for us," let us each night count over only His blessings, and we may expect our hearts to be filled with His peace, and our voices will be raised in gratitude to Him, "who is the Author and Giver of all good things." "So He giveth His beloved sleep."

A good appetite and refreshing sleep are essential to health of mind and body, and these are given by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Danger of Over-Praise.

It is easy to get into the habit of expecting some one to show his appreciation of whatever we are trying to do, and to look for it. This is very often a great hindrance to a Christian worker's best work; for when we are looking for and expecting applause, it is sure to take away the spirit and the purpose of what we are trying to do, and we change our motive, unconsciously, perhaps, into one of looking for praise from men rather than doing what work God has laid in our path, conscientiously, and entirely for Him, without thinking of what people will say. It is as much of a hindrance to young Christians to have too much attention given to what they do as too little, and perhaps even more. There is great need of watchfulness and care on the part of each one of us as Christian workers, that we do not fall into this habit of expecting applause for the work that God is trying to do through us.

A Pleasant Game.

Progressive spelling is a fine amusement. Arrange your spellers in a row, and let the first begin with the first letter of a word, which we will suppose to be "f." The next person, thinking possibly of the word "friend," may add "r;" the third, thinking of "frisky," adds "i;" "g," says the next, thinking of "frigate;" "h" adds the fifth, thinking of "fright;" "t" is supplied by the sixth, who starts to go down foot, when the one below continues the word by adding "f." The next in order, of course, can add the "u-l," and go down foot as having finished a word. Proper names, con-

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tractions and slang are ruled out. If a word is not considered rightfully spelled, or if it is one not in use, any person may "challenge" the one who added the last letter. If the person challenged has made a mistake, and the word is not found in the dictionary, he goes to the foot, and the challenger takes his place. Anyone who occupies more than half a minute in thinking goes to the foot as does the one who finishes a word. The struggle, of course, is to keep from finishing it. It is a very bright and instructive amusement, and one that will bear repetition by the same company.

A Brave Mouse.

I met a little mouse on my travels the other day that interested me. He was on his travels also, and we met in the middle of a mountain lake. I was casting my fly there, when I saw just sketched or etched upon the glassy surface a delicate V-shaped figure, the point of which reached above the middle of the lake, while the two sides as they diverged faded out toward the shore. I saw the point of this V was being slowly pushed toward the opposite shore. I drew near in my boat, and beheld a little mouse swimming vigorously for the opposite shore. His little legs appeared like swiftly revolving wheels beneath him. As I came near he dived under the water to escape me, but came up like a cork and just as quickly. It was laughable to see him repeatedly duck beneath the sur-

After the Grip

I was in a dreadful state, weak and miserable. Doctor said I had Bright's disease. My kidneys were in dreadful condition. I read about Hood's Sarsaparilla and decided to give it a trial, thinking at the time it was not much use as nothing helped me before. But, thank God, I got relief after the first bottle. I kept on taking it and used five bottles; am now a cured man; never felt better. I owe my life to Hood's Sarsaparilla. JOSHUA SMITH, 201 Market Street, Brantford, Ontario.



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FRANK WOOTTEN. TORONTO, CANADA.

face and pop back again in a twinkling. He could not keep under water more than a second or two. Presently I reached him with my car when he ran up it into the palm of my hand, where he sat for some time and arranged his fur and warmed himself. He did not show the slightest fear. It was probably the first time he had ever shaken hands with a human being. He was what we call a meadow mouse, but he had doubtless lived all his life in the woods, and was strangely unsophisticated. How his little round eyes did shine and how he sniffed me to find out if I was more dangerous than I appeared to his sight.

After a while I put him down in the bottom of the boat and resumed my fishing. But it was not long before he became very restless, and evidently wanted to go about his business. He would climb up on the edge of the boat and peer down into the water. Finally he could brook the delay no longer and plunged boldly overboard, but he had either changed his mind or lost his reckoning, for he started back in the direction he had come, and the last I saw of him he was a mere speck vanishing in the shadows near the other shore.

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