

TEACHING BABY TO OBEY.

"I would not let baby walk about the room while he is eating, if I were you, Marcia. He drops crumbs all over the carpet, which really makes you more work than it would to feed him; and, besides, you are allowing him to break an important law." Grandmother spoke earnestly, for she was looking ahead to the possibilities and probabilities of the matter. "Order is heaven's first law," she went on. "It is this which keeps in place the heavenly bodies and causes the trees and grass to fulfil the mission for which their Creator placed them here. Is it not, then, of sufficient importance to teach a little child?"

"But, grandma, he is so little. You cannot expect him to learn much yet."

"He has learned that he must not touch my books and papers, and I never spat his dear little hands once. It seems to me that such soft little velvety cushions were made to be kissed and patted, but never spat-
ted."

"That all sounds very well in theory, grandma, but I do not see how it can be carried out with such an active child as Richard."

"It takes a great deal more time, Marcia. I will allow, and you do not seem to have it to spare, but all the same, it is a method that will save time later on. Now, there was your Cousin Amanda. She never gave her children lunch without setting them up to the table and making them stay there until they were through eating. It was 'sit still or no lunch.' It did not take them long to learn it. And see how much less work it was to clean up the crumbs than it would have been to follow the four all about the rooms. I think she gave them their lunch regularly, too, which no doubt proved quite an item in the after condition of their stomachs."

"O, grandma, I cannot fuss so with Richard. He is the dearest little fellow that ever was and perfectly healthy too, for all I can see."

"I said after condition of their stomachs," quietly remarked the old lady as she took up her knitting.

"How did you teach Richard not to touch your books, grandma? It was quite a while ago, was it not?"

"Two or three months, surely. He could not have been a year old. Why, I merely said, 'No, no, Richard,' and looked him squarely in the eye until he took his hand away. I did not raise my voice or lock cross. It was all I could do to keep from smiling, for the little rogue looked at me as squarely as I did at him, and to me it seemed a long time before he took his hand off, but he did it at last and looked up into my face and smiled. Of course I smiled back and we were immediately the best of friends. When he touched them again I did the same thing and it was not long before he learned. Now when he passes the books he casts one of his sly glances at me, but never touches them. O, he is a rogue from the top of his curly pate to the sole of his fat little foot."—Housekeeper.

A PROBLEM IN THREES.

In three little houses stood in a row,
With never a fence to divide;
And if each little cat had three little kits

At play in the garden wide;
And if each little maid had three little cats

(Three times three times three;
And if each little cat had three little kits,

How many kits would there be?

And if each little maid had three little friends

With whom she loved to play;
And if each little friend had three little dolls

In dresses and ribbons gay;
And if friends and dolls and cats and kits

Were all invited to tea,
And none of them should send regrets,
How many guests would there be?

—The United Presbyterian.

"IN A MINUTE."

Ethel was on the long plank wharf when the dinner bell rang. She was feeding the cunning little baby ducks with cracker crumbs.

"I'll go in a minute," she said to herself, as she broke another cracker into tiny pieces.

But the baby ducks were hungry; and it was such fun to feed them that Ethel forgot all about her dinner and the big, brass dinner bell, just as she had done ever so many times before. She had only one cracker left when Bruno came running down the wharf to see her. The old mother duck spied him as he came, bounding over the planks.

"Quack!" she called loudly. And what do you think? Every one of those baby ducklings scrambled and scrambled, and into the water they went with a splash.

"Quack!" said the mother duck again; and all the little duckies swam hurriedly after her, and disappeared among the rushes that grew by the edge of the pond.

"Why," exclaimed Ethel in astonishment, "they didn't wait to gobble another piece; they minded their mother the very first minute she called them."

Very still she stood for a second, thinking; and then she gave her basket to Bruno and ran quickly up the wharf, across the street, and into the house.

"Late, as usual," said brother Hal, as Ethel came in; "it's twenty minutes instead of one that you have waited this noon."

"But it's the last time I'll be late!" said Ethel, decidedly; "cause—'cause—'t is!"

And Ethel kept her word. She had learned her lesson well, and nobody but the big, white mother duck knew who taught it to her. And I'm sure that she always kept her secret. Because why? Because she can't tell it; that's all.—Selected.

MOSQUITOS ISMS.

By L. P. Bowen.

A Mosquito nipped my forehead, scientific, fair and square;
Only pure hallucination, Mrs. Eddy would declare;

Matter never in existence and no sort of evil creatures,

Nothing but the mortal mind and no forehead and no skeeters;

No buzzing hordes infesting with their venomous intrusion—

Ergo, all this buzz and biting but phantasmal, sheer illusion.

All your skeeter bars abolish, down with all your foolish screens;

Discard your smokes and smotherers and forswear your human means;

For all that's necessary in the good old summer time

Is to think there are no skeeters, not in all this skeeter clime;

Don't you try to brush them off, don't you fidget, don't you twitch;

Don't you use your finger nails for forsooth it doesn't itch.

Yet I make my affidavit—there's the lump and there's the bump;

Otherwise I'm an impostor or the veriest sort of rump;

But I stand on my veracity—there's that irritating patch.

And that tantalizing itching that I've got to die or scratch;

And if Mrs. Baker Eddy thinks Mosquitodomy a joke

I would love to have her test it on the classic Pocumoke

—Ex.

EMPTY LIVES.

Think of the result of existence in the man or woman who has lived chiefly to gratify the physical appetites: think of its real emptiness, its real repulsiveness, when old age comes, and the senses are dulled, and the roses have faded, and the lamps at the banquet are smoking and expiring, and desire fails, and all that remains is the fierce, insatiable, ugly craving for delights which have fled for evermore; think of the bitter, burning vacancy of such an end, and you must see that pleasure is not a good haven to seek in the voyage of life.—Henry van Dyke.

AN EXCELLENT REMEDY FOR ALL BABIES.

Baby's Own Tablets are an excellent remedy for babies of all ages. They cure all stomach and bowel troubles; make teething easy, dispel worms; and make baby fat, good-natured and healthy. They are sold under the guarantee of a government analyst to contain absolutely no opiate or narcotic, and thus they can be given to the new born baby with perfect safety. Mrs. Benoit Martin, Avignon, Que., writes: "Baby's Own Tablets are an excellent remedy for babies and should be in every home where there are young children." Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

A HAWAIIAN PICNIC.

One day, while riding, I saw a Hawaiian picnic party seated on the grounds of a private school for children, says Effie W. Merriman in an article on Honolulu in The Housekeeper. There were as many grown people as children, and, although the appearance of the group was somewhat spoiled for me by the prevalence of European attire, yet I could see that many of those present were evidently pure-blood Hawaiians. I was told that it was as near to being "the real thing" as I was likely to see in Honolulu, so I left the car and walked back for a closer view.

The "tablecloth" was woven of a coarse grass or reed and was very pilable. It was long enough to accommodate the entire party and must have been quite ancient, since nothing of the sort has been woven in many years. I should judge that this mat would sell at curio stores for four or five hundred dollars—possibly more than that, for the design was quite intricate.

Down the centre of the table was a row of wooden dishes called calabashes. At one time this was all the dish the native Hawaiian owned; but on this occasion common porcelain dishes were used in addition to the calabashes—of course, quite spoiling the effect for the prying tourist behind the high hedge of hibiscus.

These calabashes are each cut from a single block of wood, which is as hard as our black walnut and which takes on a far more beautiful polish. I think it is prettier than either rosewood or mahogany. In olden times these dishes were made with stone tools, and, knowing this, one wonders at the perfection of their workmanship. I have seen calabashes that were hundreds of years old, yet were hardly cracked or warped at all, and time had imparted to them a wonderfully fine color. There was one used for cooking a large-sized ham—for these dishes served for cooking purposes as well as for serving food. The food to be cooked is put into the dish, then red-hot stones from a nearby fire are thrown into it, and exchanged for other hot stones as they become cool. This process is kept up until the food is cooked to taste. It must have been nicely flavored with ashes, for, of course, the hot stones could not be washed; but why should one be troubled about such trifles.

Banana Snow.—Free banana pulp from skin and coarse threads and press enough through a ricer or vegetable press to fill a cup; add one cupful of granulated sugar, the juice and grated rind of a lemon and the unbeaten white of one egg. Beat with a perforated wooden spoon until solid to the bottom of the bowl. It will take about 20 minutes. Use between and above the layers. Put on a part of the mixture with a pastry bag and tube. Decorate with candied cherries. This mixture may be served in glasses or as a filling for Charlotte Russe.—Ex.

It is a great thing to begin well, but it costs more and means more to endure to the end.