

## AMEN AND SWITCHES.

By William Harker.

During my eighteen years' service on the Grand Trunk, first as switchman, then as signalman, my hours of work were from 6.30 A. M. to 6.30 P. M., but as I was not continually occupied, I always found time at noon for a few moments of prayer.

One day, just as I was about to finish my prayer, the call boy came to the foot of the stairs leading up to the signal tower, and called up some instructions about the trains. My prayer was just ended, and, instead of saying "All right, Alex!" I shouted quite loudly "Amen!" Then there was a very much astonished call boy at the foot of the stairs, and a very much puzzled signalman at the top. What had I done? What manner of answer was this? I looked out of the window, and saw the boy looking back as he walked away, apparently wondering if an old-time camp-meeting were in progress.

Evidently he did not know the meaning of "Amen," or else he thought it was sadly out of place amid the smoke and rattle of a railway yard. But though I smiled at the time, as I came to think of it afterwards, I decided that my response, though strange, was quite proper. I had given praise and sought blessing, and my closing word was an added petition that the one might be accepted and the other given; so let it be. Then came this seemingly harsh end to my devotions—an order to lay hold of iron levers, requiring all my strength to move, to keep these black monsters each in his appointed track, in order that property and many hundreds of precious lives might be guarded and saved. To that also I say "Amen." So let it be.

To say Amen in hope of the good that we expect or desire, is far beneath the best attainment. Let us also say Amen to every call of duty. To draw aside for prayer, and then refuse to go where we are needed, is to turn away the best half of Christ's blessing.

Allandale, Ont.

## COURTESY.

"My boy," said a father to his son "treat everybody with politeness, even those who are rude to you; for remember that you show courtesy to others not because they are gentlemen, but because you are one."

No boy is more thoroughly mistaken than the one who thinks that he may be discourteous to his mother and sisters and still be manly. A blustering, independent disregard of others shows no kind of superiority. Gentle courtesy, which is but kindly thought for others, is always expected from strength, and a manly boy never fails to show it.

## KISSING MOTHER.

A father, talking to his careless daughter, said: "I want to speak to you of your mother. It may be that you have noticed a careworn look upon her face lately. Of course, it has not been brought there by any act of yours, still it is your duty to chase it away. I want you to get up tomorrow morning and get breakfast; and when your mother comes and begins to express her surprise, go right up to her and kiss her on the mouth. You can't imagine how it will brighten her dear face."

"Besides, you owe her a kiss or two. Away back, when you were a little girl, she kissed you when no one else was tempted by your fever-tainted breath and swollen face. You were not as attractive then as you are now. And through those years of childish sunshine and shadow she was always ready to cure, by the magic of a mother's kiss, the little, dirty, chubby hands whenever they were injured in these skirmishes with the rough old world. And then the midnight kisses with which she routed so many bad dreams, as she leaned above your pillow, have all been on interest these long, long years."

"Of course, she is not so pretty and kissable as you are; but if you had done your share of work during the past ten years the contrast would not be so marked. Her face has more wrinkles than yours, and yet if you were sick, that face would appear more beautiful than an angel's as it hovered over you, watching every opportunity to minister to your comfort, and every one of those wrinkles would seem to be bright wavelets of sunshine chasing each other over the dear old face."

"She will leave you one of these days. These burdens, if not lifted from her shoulders, will break her down. Those rough, hard hands, that have done so many necessary things for you, will be crossed upon her lifeless breast. Those neglected lips, that gave you your first baby kiss, will be forever closed, and those sad, tired eyes will have opened in eternity, and then you will appreciate your mother; but it will be too late!"—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

The Kaiser has decided that on and after April 1 (a decidedly appropriate date for the change) 'starboard' and 'port' shall mean exactly just the opposite of what they mean at present. We are sorry for those affected by the change as we should be if our own right hand had suddenly to become our left.—*Westminster Gazette*.

"They say that all the world loves a lover," said the rejected suitor as he ate his dinner from the mantelpiece. "But there are generally two exceptions to the rule—the girl you want to be your wife and the man you want to be your father-in-law."

## IN THE NURSERY.

Every mother should be able to treat the minor ailments of her little ones. Prompt action may prevent serious illness—perhaps save a child's life. A simple remedy in the home is therefore an absolute necessity, and for this purpose there is nothing else so good as Baby's Own Tablets. These Tablets promptly cure all stomach and bowel troubles, break up colds, allay fevers, destroy worms, aid teething, and make little ones healthy and cheerful. Guaranteed to contain no opiate or poisonous soothing stuff. Mrs. John N. Pringle, Forest Falls, Ont., says: "I think I can thank Baby's Own Tablets for my baby's life. He was badly constipated, but after giving him the Tablets he was relieved at once. I also find them good when he is at all restless, and feel I cannot say too much in their favour." Sold by all druggists or sent by mail at 25 cents a box by writing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

The traveler in India is surprised to see that men wear combs in their hair much more than women do. A Cingalese gentleman wears what we know as a circular comb and a very ornamental back comb of tortoiseshell to gather his curly locks together. He wears a full beard also, but his servant must trim his own, and is only allowed to wear the circular comb.

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