

THE PURPOSE OF A HOME.

There is, or should be, a purpose in a home. Home is not synonymous with a meaningless pile of brick and mortar, or a framework of wood and plaster, however finely garnished within and without, and filled with gathered treasures. There is something to be done with it—an idea and an ideal.

It will help to stop and think, weary, discouraged, fretting house-mother—resolutely and sanely to define your ideal of a home. What do you want for it? To outshine your neighbors, to make Mrs. Jones admiring, and poor Mrs. Smith discouraged and envious? Or to make it a centre of comfort, of inspiration and courage, of hope and joy and happiness for yourselves and all beholders? If no man liveth to himself, much more is it true of the household. A home—any home—seeds out radiating influences, healthful or otherwise, for every one it touches.

"I found I couldn't do anything in the church or neighborhood when we moved into our new home," said a young mother whose hands were tied with house cares and the charge of children; "so I made up my mind for a few years to try just being." She meant that her living should be so real and genuine, her home so sweet and healthful, her ideals and ambitions so true and simple, that all but going influences should of necessity be sane and healthful. It is a beautiful ideal of helpfulness. A home can help by simply being. The mere dropping of all pretence is a wonderful help to happy influence. The ideal home should be truthful, free of sham and deceit, in small things and great.

Another idea to be embodied in the home is comfort. Many things go to make up neatness, and a tender consideration of this composite idea—order, punctuality, that puts first things first, and does not set the house above the household. "Comfort is the key-note," said one delightful housekeeper. "That shuts out a great deal of finery from my sunny parlor—I can't have things the sun will fade for me." One may make merriment—laughter and good times—the key-note. There is religion in it. Children brought up in such an atmosphere go out into the world with a fund of stored-up sunshine. "You always seem to have such good times at your house!" said a rich woman wistfully, speaking to a poor busy one. "I wish I knew how to have such good times!" It was not at all a question of worldly goods and possessions—simply of getting the key-note. There must be the idea and the ideal; the living up to it is easy.—*Zion's Herald*.

AN ANGLER'S ELYSIUM.

According to advertisements all summer resorts are alike. They are the best ever—but if fishing is better anywhere else than it is in "Georgian Bay" we do not know where it is. There is a greater variety of fish in this water than anywhere else, and they are always hungry. No one ever counted the fish in the Georgian Bay, but those that have been caught there have been counted and eaten, and if you read the Government reports on fisheries, you know that Georgian Bay supplies more fish than any other equal body of water in the world. The only place you can afford to fish is where the fish are numerous, big and delicious in flavor, and that place is Georgian Bay—so the fishermen say. Suppose you send for booklet, issued by Grand Trunk Railway System, free, telling about the home of the bass, pickerel, pike and the noble trout family. Address J. Quinlan, Bonaventure Station, Montreal, Que.

HOW THE MOUSE GOT THE COOKY.

Ponto, the spotted dog, came trotting into the field behind the barn. He held in his mouth a fine bit of cooky, which the baby had given him. As he ran he growled to himself: "I do wish babies ate bones instead of cake. I am tired of cookies. I will hide this till to-morrow."

The wise old mouse was in the field just then, seeing the grass grow. He heard the dog, and he thought the cooky would be nice. So he squeaked: "Do you want a bone, Ponto?" "Yes; have you got one?" barked he. "I think the dog fairy has one for you."

This pleased Ponto. He had never heard of the dog fairy. He thought a fairy bone must be sweet indeed, so he said he should be thankful for one.

The mouse squeaked to him to run around three times in a circle; then he was to lie down in the grass, and shut his eyes for three minutes; then he could open them and look for the bone.

Ponto at once dropped the cooky. He ran around and around after his tail ever so many times. Then he lay down and shut his eyes. After a while he jumped up again; but there was no bone, and the cooky was gone. The wise old mouse had carried it off to his children.

Let us learn a lesson from this. Let us be content with what we have, rather than grasping at what is beyond our reach.

THE BEST TIME OF THE YEAR.

O, which do you think, my dear, my dear,

Is the very best time of all the year? Is it when north winds fiercely blow, Heaping the whirling, drifting snow O'er hillside and valley, far and near?

Which do you think, my dear?

Or is it when south winds softly creep To beds where starry-eyed violets sleep, Calling to buds on flower and tree, Bringing the news to bird and bee That spring is coming—will soon be here—

The best time of the year?

Is it when west winds, laughing in glee, Shake down the brown nuts from some dreaming tree?

Ah, well, dear heart, this do we know: Whichever way the winds may blow—From north or south, from east or west—Each season, in its time, is best.

God's wisdom makes each one, my dear, The best time of the year!

MAKING A PRACTICE OF LOVE.

Because we love our dear ones is not a good reason for wounding them freely. Yet we actually seem to make it so in much of our daily life. Some one has said keenly, "Any one can be courteous to a stranger." It is easy to be careful for the feelings of those about whom we care little. Should we not do as much for those who are dearest to us? There is no greater cruelty than to count upon our love's "tiding over" the effect of impatience, discourtesy, harsh criticism, and all the unloving, stinging darts that most of us reserve for home use. There is no better way of loving and proving our love than by using at home all the courtesies, attentions, cheeriness, sunshine, and "better side" of our natures that most of us reserve for company use. For love that takes these things for granted is either counterfeit or perilously near death.—*S.S. Times*.

Children are allowed to travel free on the local tramway-cars in some German towns if they are below a certain height, which is marked on the doors of the vehicles.

The earrings worn by Italian women generally indicate the part of Italy the wearers come from. The longer the earrings the farther south the original homes of the women. In the far north the ornaments are quite short.

MOTHERS FEEL SAFE.

Mothers who have used Baby's Own Tablets for their little ones say they feel safe with the Tablets at hand, for they are a never failing cure for all the minor ills of babyhood and childhood. Mrs. Urias Cressman, New Hamburg, Ont., says: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets for stomach trouble and constipation with marked success. I always feel that my little one is safe when I have a box of the Tablets in the house." Baby's Own Tablets are sold under the guarantee of a Government analyst to contain neither opiates nor other poisonous drugs. They always do good—they can't possibly do harm. For sale at druggists or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

A FUNNY DENTIST.

Gracie had a loose tooth. "That tooth must come out," said her mother.

"O no!" cried Gracie; "it'll hurt."

"Because pretty soon another little tooth will come pushing along behind it," went on mother, "and I want it to come straight and even. Let mother pull this one for you, dear."

"O no!" cried the little girl again; and she put her right hand tightly over her mouth and ran out to play in the yard.

Pretty soon Uncle Ed swung the gate open. He always had something in his pocket for Gracie. This time it was a big sweet apple. "But you must ask your mother if you can eat it," said he.

Mother said, "Yes," and the little girl sat down by the window to eat her apple. It was a very sweet apple, and Gracie enjoyed it very much. All at once she gave a little cry: "Why—why—there's a bone in my apple, mamma, sure's you live!"

"O, I guess not," said her mother; "I guess it's a seed."

"No," persisted Gracie; "it's just as white and hard, mother."

A twinkle came into mother's eyes at that. "Let me see it," said she. Gracie showed it to her.

"Go look in your mouth, dear," mother then said.

"O mother!" cried Gracie, "there's a hole come where my tooth was. Why—did the apple pull it, mother?"

But mother only laughed, and then Gracie laughed, too.—*Our Little Ones*.

OUT OF THE WAY NOTES.

The raccoon plunges all its food into water before eating it.

A ton of oil has been obtained from the tongue of a single whale.

London is better off for trees than any other European city.

Upwards of a thousand guineas has been reached at Christie's for a single specimen of a snuff-box.

The household of the Sultan, which costs £3,000,000 a year to maintain, is the most expensive in the world.

A single firefly, in some parts of Central and South Africa, gives sufficient light to illuminate a whole room.

Less tobacco is consumed in Great Britain, in proportion to the inhabitants, than in any other civilized country.

The signal code books carried in warships have leaden backs, so that they will sink should the vessel be wrecked.

On a hot summer day, fill the hot water bag with cold water and put it under your cheek during the afternoon nap.

Water freezes every night throughout the year at Alto Crucero, in Bolivia; while at noonday the sun is hot enough to cause actual suffering.

Toads have been found so useful that they are sold in France by the dozen for stocking gardens to free the ground from many injurious insects.