

"What are they used for, Aunt Marcia?"

"Their principal uses are for bathing and for cleaning carriages, windows, slates, and many other things. The small, fine, cream-coloured sponges sold by druggists bring a good price, and are mostly for medical purposes."

"Thank you, Aunt Marcia, for telling me about sponges. I shall feel a great deal more interested in them now that I know where they come from and how they are gathered."

THE FIRE-BIRD.

He has been named so, because his plumage gleams like flame in the summer sunshine, as he darts from tree to tree. Indeed, he often looks like a fire-brand in feathers, and one can easily fancy that he might ignite the branches among which he glides so gracefully. There is not a more brilliantly-hued bird in our northern woods and orchards, and very few that are so handsome. He is well favoured as far as names are concerned, having fully as many as one bird can take care of. While he is usually known in the ornithologies as the Baltimore oriole, he is also called in common speech the hang-bird, the golden robin, the fire-finch, and the hang-nest, while some persons mistakenly call him the gold-finch.

Few sounds in the groves are more cheery than the oriole's loud, clear, child-like whistle. He does not pipe much of a tune, it is true; in fact, in listening to him one feels that, while he has musical talent, he ought by all means to take a thorough course in vocal drill, so unformed and unskillful is his performance; but still one's heart leaps with joy at the sound, for it is so full of the gladness of the spring. There is something human-like in his tones, as if he were half-talking, half-whistling to himself while pursuing his quest for food amid the foliage. I sometimes imagine that he says: "Spring is here! I'm glad, glad, glad! The flowers are blooming, the fields are growing green, the streams are singing, and everything is beautiful, beautiful!"

In spite of his cheerful voice and resplendent plumes, both of which would naturally attract the gunner's attention, he is a very sociable bird, coming to town, and fearlessly weaving his pendant nest in the maples along the trees. I do not know how many of these swaying hammocks I have found in the town where I live, some of them right in the most thickly populated portions outside of the business streets.

His nest is a curious structure, a sort of pouch hung on the outer branches of trees, where it swings back and forth in the summer wind, and makes a real cradle for the nestlings within. It is compactly woven of tough, fibrous grasses, made stronger with horse-hair and strings and almost anything that can be utilized.

When the mother-bird sits in her deep poke, nothing but her slender bill and a part of her head are visible, and these only when she cranes up her neck to look at you.

My farmer neighbour, who lives across the field, and who has a sharp eye for the birds, told me the other day that a few years ago he saw a nest that was fastened to one of the topmost branches of a hickory tree fully one hundred feet from the ground, and, strange to say, the nest was about two feet long. There it swung back and forth in mid-air, long after the builders and their brood had abandoned it.

—Religion is the best armour a man can have, but it is the worst cloak.—Bunyan.



THE CHARM OF HEALTH

HEALTH AND BEAUTY, health and happiness, are inseparably linked together. Life's grandest prize and beauty's greatest charm is health—robust, vigorous health. It is health that makes life worth living and gives one the ambition and energy to accomplish great things. Sad it is to think of the many who fall by the way—the nervous and physical wrecks. Overcome by mental strain, overwork or wasting disease, men and women get nervous, irritable and depressed, the duties of home or business worry them, they get weak, wrinkled and debilitated. Life has no charm, no hope when health has taken flight.

When you begin to fail is the time to take action—the time to replenish the nerve force by the use of the great nerve building medicine DR. A. W. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD. It is not like any remedy you ever tried. It does not stimulate or deaden the nerves. It simply increases the vitality of the body by creating new nerve force and forming new, red curcuscles in the blood.

DR. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD

Fills the nerve centres with health, vigor and strength. Gradually and certainly the headaches and neuralgic pains disappear, the irritability and sleeplessness become a thing of the past, and joyous robust health is felt pulsating through the nerve fibres, carrying new energy to every organ.

Mrs. D. W. Cronsberry, 168 Richmond Street West, Toronto, Ont., states:—"My daughter, who sews in a white goods manufactory, got completely run down by the steady confinement and close attention required at her work. Her nerves were so exhausted, and she was so weak and debilitated, that she had to give up work entirely, and was almost a victim of nervous prostration. "Hearing of DR. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD, she began to use it, and was benefited from the very first. It proved an excellent remedy in restoring her to health and strength. After having used four boxes she is now at work again, healthy and happy, and attributes her recovery to the use of DR. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD."

DR. A. W. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD is in condensed pill form and is sold at 50 cents a box, at all dealers or from Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

RIGHT 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 that his mother must be out of her wits.

"I mean it, Jack," she repeated. Jack had to obey; he had to turn his stockings wrong side out, and put on his coat and his trousers and his collar wrong side out.

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

but he was not quite clear in his conscience.

Then his mother, turning him round, 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 and do 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."

—Always speak the truth, but do not be offensively blunt.