

## THE USES OF A "PULL."

Perhaps nobody ever has had a chance to get a good start in life without some kind of a "pull." That pull may come in the form of a word of kindly recommendation to employment by some influential man, or it may come as the response of a generous nature to the appeal of a young man for the opportunity to show what he can do.

But cases like these are very rare. Usually a young man who has ability and a good character can make an opening for himself if he has "push." And if any young man can make the start in life with nothing but his own "push" and his own good qualities to recommend him, it is much better for him that he should not be burdened with a "pull."

"Pull" of itself alone never made much of a man out of any young fellow. "Push," if accompanied by ability and integrity, has done it in thousands of cases.

Columbus needed a pull to discover a new world; Watt, to perfect the steam engine; Stephenson, the locomotive; Fulton, the steamboat, and so on, but they all had "push" in abundance, and the "pull" that came to them was the reward of their "push."—Young Men.

## THE MAN WHO LIVES IN THE PANSY.

The Little Sister came in from the garden, her hands full of flowers, and begged her mamma for a story—"a brand new one, mamma." So mamma tried to think of a new story, while the Little Sister kept very still. At last mamma caught sight of a pansy among the flowers that Little Sister held, and this is what she told the Little Sister:

"In the middle of every pansy there lives a little old man. He must be a very cold little man, too, for he is always wrapped in a little yellow blanket and even then has to have an extra covering of velvet pansy leaves to keep him warm. And he sits in the flower with only his head uncovered, so that he can see the world.

"But the queerest thing about this little old man is that he always keeps his feet in a foot-tub. Such a funny little tub, too—so long and narrow that you wonder how he manages to get his feet in it. He does, though, for, when you pull the tub off, there you will discover his two tiny feet, just as real as can be."

The next time you pick a pansy, see if you can find the man and his little foot-tub.

## THE ANTIQUITY OF AGRICULTURE

"The origin of agriculture," says Prof. Wiegand, of the University of Bonn, "is lost in the mists of antiquity. We know that in neolithic times in Europe eight kinds of cereals were cultivated, beside flax, peas, popples, apples, pears, plums, etc. At the same time, various animals were domesticated. Among them were horses, short-horned oxen, horned sheep, goats, two breeds of pigs, dogs.

"In all likelihood agriculture arose in the south and east of Europe, and spread gradually in the centre, north and west. A hunting population is often very averse to even the slightest amount of work that agriculture requires in a tropical country. The same holds good, as a rule, for pastoral communities. In all cases a powerful constraint is necessary to force these people into congenial employment. Fate is stronger than will, and at various periods in different climes hunters and herders have been forced to till the soil."

## HOW A SPIDER USED SIXPENCE.

A correspondent sends us a remarkable instance of adaptation of instinct in a trapdoor spider. Says the writer: "A friend of mine noticed near his camp a trapdoor spider run in front of him and pop into its hole, pulling the lid down as it disappeared. The lid seemed so neat and perfect a circle that the man stooped to examine it, and found, to his astonishment, that it was a sixpence! There was nothing but silk thread covering the top of the coin, but underneath mud and silk thread were coated on and shaped convex (as usual). The coin had probably been swept out of the tent with rubbish." Commenting on this, a contributor to "Nature" says: "As is well known, the doors of trapdoor spiders' burrows are typically made of flattened pellets of earth stuck together with silk or other adhesive material. The unique behavior of the spider in question showed no little discrimination on her part touching the suitability as to size, shape and weight of the object selected to fulfil the purpose for which the sixpence was used."—Sidney Bulletin.

## ENGLAND AND HER COLONIES.

By William Watson.

She stands, a thousand-wintered tree,  
By countless morns imperiled;  
Her broad roots coil beneath the sea,  
Her branches sweep the world;  
Her seeds, by careless winds conveyed,  
Clothe the remotest strand  
With forests from her scatterings made,  
New nations fostered in her shade,  
And linking land with land.

O ye by wandering tempest sown  
"Neath every alien star,  
Forget not whence the breath was blown  
That wuffed you afar!  
For ye are still her ancient seed  
On younger soil let fall—  
Children of Britain's island-breed,  
To whom the Mother in her need  
Perchance may one day call.

## JUSTLY INDIGNANT.

T. P. O'Connor is indignant—as was sensible man would not be—over the following list in the "Index Expurgatorius" of the Education Committee of the London County Council: "Adam Bede," "Barchester Towers," "The Caxtons," "Charles O'Malley," "The Cloister and the Hearth," "Comingsby," "Don Quixote," "The Heart of Midlothian," "Jane Eyre," "John Inglesant," "Kenilworth," "Last Days of Pompeii," "Lavengro," "Pride and Prejudice," "Ruth," "Sense and Sensibility," "Vanity Fair," "The Woman in White" and "Woodstock." Every one in this catalogue is forbidden as a school prize. "What on earth," says T. P., "is the matter with Sir Walter Scott's stories from any possible standpoint of morals? And what did dear Jane Austen write to shock these L. C. C. experts? That the smallest harm could be read into 'John Inglesant' suggests an attitude of mind inexplicable in a healthy person." What is to be expected from young people who are not allowed to read "Don Quixote" or "Adam Bede"? This is the first time I ever heard of *Short-house*, Jane Austen, Charlotte Bronte or Mrs. Gaskell having a place on the "Index."

Believe me, the world is a mirror—it reflects back to you the face you present to it, and you get out of the world just what you put into it. If you do not sing out, can you get an echo?

## FOR LITTLE BABIES

## AND BIG CHILDREN

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## "A PROBLEM."

Ye theologues and scientists,  
Ye critics high who speculate  
On matters oft beyond your ken,  
To you this "prob." I dedicate.

In Eden's shady bowers there dwelt  
A happy, youthful, loving pair,  
A third appeared who broke the peace  
And drove them forth, they knew not where.

To Eve he lied, this Tempter bold;  
In evil hour, the fruit she ate,  
Had Adam then declined to taste,  
What would have been Man's future state?

—J. P. A.

## CHILDREN OF OLD EGYPT.

Children are much the same all over the world in their love of games and playthings. And what is perhaps still stranger is the fact that they loved these thousands of years ago, just as they do today.

They possessed dolls, made of wood; and, like those of the present time, they offered a good deal in their make.

Egyptian children, ages ago, amused themselves by working figures of men and animals moved by strings. One of these was a funny little figure of a man bending over a sloping table with a lump of something, probably dough, between his hands. His arms and legs were jointed, and by the pulling of a string he was made to roll the dough along the table.

Among the animals they copied in their toys were the crocodile and the cat. Very often they made the lower jaw of the animal hang loose upon hinges, and they fastened a string to its upper side. The string was then passed through a hole in the upper jaw, and by pulling this string the child could make his toy bite.

Egyptian children played with balls, as, indeed, the grown-up people did, too. The Egyptians loved painting and covered the walls of their palaces with pictures of their daily life. These are still to be seen clear and bright, as if they were painted only a little while ago. Some of these pictures show us men and women playing with balls; so we know that playing at ball was not altogether a child's game, though children did play it. The balls were made of leather, stuffed with bran, and sewed up with string, and were about the size of our cricket balls.

As the light of the tallow dip looks dark in the presence of a thousand-candle power incandescent, so does the light of self-righteousness in the presence of the righteousness of Christ.