

Stories for Children.

In selecting stories for little children we should be careful to keep a just proportion between the several types into which they naturally divide themselves. The child needs stories reflecting accurately his own experience, and thus acting as a looking-glass for his mind. He needs those narratives of animal and plant life, and those narrative descriptions of inorganic phenomena, which open for him the doorway of natural science. He needs stories in, terpreting human nature as he begins to know it—stories which depict in strong and simple outline the elemental emotions, the primary motives, and the original moral conflicts of the soul. Above all, he needs those mythic tales which sport with the fixed conditions of the actual world, and present to him a picture of free power over nature and circumstances. For tales such as these liberate the soul, because they celebrate its ideal freedom, and prophecy its triumphant career of conquest over itself and the world.

HOW TO BE WELL.

Paine's Celery Compound Will Overcome all Your Troubles and Dangers.

Well people have pure, clean blood, strong nerves, active liver and healthy kidneys.

If you are a sufferer from headache, or show signs of any skin disease, your blood is surely charged with impurities, and needs cleansing by that wonder of all blood purifiers—Paine's Celery Compound.

If you are nervous, suffer from prostration, sleeplessness, mental depression or despondency, be assured your nervous organism needs repair and toning. Your best and trusty medicines for this work is Paine's Celery Compound.

If the liver is inactive, if you suffer from constipation and defective digestion, your only effective healer is Paine's Celery Compound.

If you have headache, if the urine is thick or brick in color, your kidneys need immediate attention, or Bright's Disease may end, your life in Paine's Celery Compound—there will be no fear of kidney disease—and will give health and vigor to all other important organs.

The ablest physicians in America are constantly prescribing and recommending Paine's Celery Compound for the troubles and dangers that have been referred to, and thousands of thankful letters from Canada's best people prove fully all that is claimed for the marvelous medicine.

A Uniform Apple Barrel.

The Country Gentleman presents remarks made before the eastern New York Horticultural Society by Mr. Charles Foster, in which occurs the following: Let me say that the time has come when our growers recognize the necessity of coming together on this question. Our barrel manufacturers are ready for the change, and there is to-day no wide-spread opposition to legislation that will place us in fair competition in the markets of this country and Europe with the larger barrel now in general use in the western states, Virginia, New England, and Canada. What we desire is a package of the capacity of the four barrel, which is 17½ inches diameter of head, 23½ inches staves and 64 inches bulge. There is nothing in our bill which precludes the use of new or secondhand flour barrels—the former so largely used in Virginia and the latter in New England.

How Do You Laugh?

A German professor has been investigating the vowels used by boys when they laugh and is sure that they correspond very closely with the different kinds of character. Boys that are open and frank in their laughs laugh a great deal with the "u". Boys that are moody and gloomy use the letter "o". Those that are irascible and undisciplined laugh in "l". The generous and strong use the "e". The wry-laugh of all is the "u", and the boy that laughs with the use of that vowel is a boy to be avoided. Watch your laugh, and see whether it is a "He, he, he!" or a "Hi, hi, hi!" or "Ho, ho, ho!" or a "Hu, hu, hu!"

Some True Sayings.

Society is founded on hero worship—Carlyle.

The world can go on without us—Longfellow.

The mind that is unified is also un-stored.—E. P. Whipple.

Christianity is the highest perfection of humanity.—Johnson.

Labor is the greatest producer of wealth; it moves all other causes.—David Webster.

To be ignorant of one's ignorance is the malady of the ignorant.—A. Bronson Alcott.

The most notable thing about the ceremonies attending the launching of Queen Victoria's new yacht was the custom of the breaking of a bottle of champagne or other liquor into the bow. Instead of which there were prayers and simple cutting of the cord that held the craft, which then glided gracefully into the water, under the Dutchess of York's auspices. The new royal yacht will be, when completed, not only the largest, but also the handsomest and most expensively equipped yacht in the world. This is the third royal yacht to be christened the Victoria and Albert. There are no other names under heaven so dear to the Queen.

The following from an exchange is worth preserving: If a splinter has been driven into a child's hand it can be extracted with soap. Nearly fill a wide mouth bottle with very hot water, place the injured part over the mouth and press it slightly. The suction thus produced will draw the flesh down, and in a minute or two the steam will extract the splinter and inflammation together.

THE WHITE RIBBON.

"For God and Home and Native Land."

Conducted by the Ladies of the W. C. T. U.

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...Next meeting in Temperance Hall, Thursday, Jan. 8th, at 8.30 p.m. The meetings are always open to any who wish to become members. Visiting members of other W. C. T. U. Unions are cordially welcomed.

What Would Jesus Do?

What would He do with the tears that are falling?

Wipe them away.

What would He do with the dark nations calling?

Bring them the day.

What would He do with those piping in sadness?

Whisper the thoughts in folly's wild madness?

Call them to pray.

What would He do with the Peters that fall him?

Gently restore.

What with poor Thomas when dark doubts assail him?

Come as before.

What would He do with the hungry, but feed them?

What with the blind, but enlighten and lead them?

Even the wretched—His love makes Him need them?

Wounded or sore.

They life and mine, Lord, I've just been compounding.

This covers me.

Filled with shame that still thou art sparing.

This barre tree.

Let in my house a good wish is heavy—

Everything willing to lose in such giving,

O, to be doing and being and living.

Always like Thea.

—Mensis Payne Ferguson in *Prinid Herald*.

Alcohol in Disease.

A report on some special hospital and training school work done by a Society of Red Cross Sisters constitutes a strong argument in favor of the abuse of alcohol in the treatment of disease. President of the Society, in referring to the objection which has been held in his hospital from its foundation, to the administration of alcohol in either surgical cases or cases of disease. He states positively, that the medical and surgical staff have confined themselves to an absolutely non-alcoholic treatment.

The results have been most gratifying, and have amply confirmed the wisdom of the restriction. It is admitted that alcohol in quantities, by exciting the energies of the body, may increase its vitality during the convalescence, in which it is sometimes required in disease, but this point is always gained at the expense of vitality and a later relaxation.

Even in cases when inflammations are relieved the advantage is offset by the fact that while producing this effect, it has a deleterious influence on the other tissues.

"No wonder!" exclaimed the Chinese emperor, with considerable pertulence. "Just think of all the open doors!"

A London surgeon the other day received an astonishing answer to an enquiry after a parisheson's health.

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Alcohol is one of the worse things to imbibe when it is necessary for the body to withstand great cold or fatigue.

An eminent physician in giving advice to a party of young men who were setting out for the Arctic, said, "If you get into the ice, never get out in the land of the Yukon, let me advise severely alone!" The Arctic explorer, Nansen, showed that those that drink alcohol could not bear the northern cold, and no one of his staff was allowed to partake of it. Another illustration of the un-desirability of using alcohol in trying to sustain the health of a patient.

Vixens Who? (who has just finished dressing)—You bet it is, and I am going with it. You take care of that baby until I get back.

"Helle, Wilkins! How do you like your new house?"

"Fine! It is lovely and large and roomy; but, if you'll believe me, we've got a cellar there small even than my little boy can't get into it."

"Well, sir! What sort of a cellar is it?"

"A cellarular."

Little George—When I git to be a man, I wish I'd look just like you, Uncle Bob.

Uncle Bob—Ah, that's nice! I'm glad to hear you say it.

Little George—Yes, mamma told me you would be. She's says you've got money to will away and it won't hurt a skull for a man to go to a fair wid."

In Ireland recently a quarrel had taken place at a "feis," and a culprit was being sentenced to corporal punishment. The doctor, however, gave evidence to show that the犯's skull was abnormally thin.

The prisoner, on being asked if he had anything to say for himself replied: "No, sir, I'm honor, but I would ask if he could bear the strain of long marches for better and wear better preserved than those to whom spirits were given.

Dr. Lesser also remarks that he has seen those that drink alcohol injurious to digestion and deleterious in aspetic conditions. The results of the investigations and observations at the Red Cross Hospitals are striking and suggestive, and are receiving the careful consideration of the medical profession.—*The Woman's Journal*.

Home Life.

One of the best services that most of us can render is to contribute all that in us lies to make our homes realize the ideal of what a home should be. And if everyone did, discord and jarred families would speedily become little sections transplanted from paradise.

It is not downright wickedness alone which does the most to make home life unhappy, but negligence, carelessness, want of consideration and sympathy. We assume too much as ourselves, instead of fortaging our claims and being eager to give others more than they can claim. We live in the closest relations with members of our family year after year, and we do not see their admirable service from them to our due without appreciation.

There are few of an entire grave that which is buried there slowly lowered to a great revealment of life.—*Bacon*.

A young Sunday-school teacher, a poor street girl, one Sunday gave to a rough street girl a shilling to induce him to go to a Sunday-school; that boy, Amos Sutton, was converted, went to work as a missionary among the Telegus, and after twenty-five years ten thousand converts were won in a single year.—*E. B. Meyer*.

The Congo Free State has prohibited the transport by railway of liquors to be sold to natives. The Congo railway into the interior has lately been opened. The liquor business is now practically limited to the coast towns.

A native paper published at Cairo states that the Government has decided to prohibit the sale of alcoholic liquors in the Soudan.

Scraps for Odd Moments.

A convention of noisy crows is more like a caw than a croak.

"Why is Edith crying so bitterly?"

"She went to a tea party this afternoon and nobody noticed her engagement ring."

A printer enjoys nothing more than to get an invoice from a local merchant for a bill of goods on a statement printed out of town.

Self-control is that desirable quality which enables a man to kick himself without at the same time attracting general attention.

Minards Liniment Cures Dandruff.

"Have you discovered any clue to this case?" asked the detective's friend.

"Not yet," was the answer. "I haven't had time to read the papers."

Bill—Do you remember your college days?

Jill—Can't say that I do, but I remember my college nights all right.

"Did the minister say anything concerning the robbery?"

"Indeed, he didn't," was the quick reply.

"He said my husband was better off."

"The dog," said the peroxi scientific boarder, "steamed himself with his tail to a considerable degree."

"Does it guide his wandering bark, does it?"

The spring sailing season in Behring Sea has just closed, and it is reported to have been the best ever recorded. The catch of the famous Victoria schooners amounted to 11,300 skins.

Pat (telling his troubles)—Well, thin, your riverine, we got behind wid t'rin'.

Cleric—And what was that owing to?

Pat (confidently)—Well, I believe it was all owing to the landlord.

Minards Liniment cures Burns, etc.

Smart Housemaid—So you are the new gardener, are you? Well, you look pretty dirty, I must say!

Gardener—Ah, but O! looks a lot prettier than I!

Bridge, what is that child crying so wildly for?

"Sure, mum, he's just drunk all his poornie syrup and ate the cork, and I don't know what sills him unless the bottle he wants to swallow."

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Minards Liniment for sale every where.