

"HONEY" AT THE 'PHONE.

By Mrs. A. E. C. Maskell.

"Honey's" mama had gone to market, leaving her home with nurse. Nurse was upstairs making beds, while little Honey, with hands behind her, was trudging about the sitting-room looking for something to do.

There was a 'phone in the house which was a great mystery to Honey when it first came. She could hear voices talking back to mama, yet could not see a person. Was some one hidden away in the horn her mother put to her ear, or was it in the machine itself?

Honey never failed to be on hand when the bell rang, and found that her mother generally talked to her best and dearest friends, ladies that were such frequent callers that Honey knew them all by name.

Her mama wrote down the names of her friends with the number of their 'phones, and, because the child was so inquisitive about it, she very carefully explained to her just how the whole thing worked, never thinking that Honey would sometime try it for herself; and, indeed, for a while she satisfied herself by playing 'phone.

She would roll up a piece of paper and call out through it: "Hullo!" asking and answering all the questions herself.

One day, on finding herself alone, she took down the receiver and tried to talk to one of her mama's friends, but it was all a failure.

She watched mama still more closely after that, and, on this particular morning, while mama was at market, she tried again, commencing with the first number on her mama's list.

Taking down the receiver, she called out, "Hullo!" Then soon came the answer back, "Hullo!"

"I wants A-215," says Honey, holding the receiver to her ear.

"Yes," came the reply.

"Are you Miss Samor?" asked Honey.

"Yes," was the reply.

"We wants you to come to our house tonight to supper, mama and me."

"Who's mama and me?" asked the voice.

"Honey," was the reply.

"Honey, through the 'phone, eh?" laughed the voice. "Tell mama I will come with pleasure."

Honey was not only delighted, but greatly excited.

She used every number on her mother's list, inviting them all to supper.

About four o'clock p.m. the guests began to arrive, much to "Honey's" mama's amazement and consternation, especially when they divested themselves of their wraps, and proceeded to make themselves comfortable.

What could it mean? She would think she was having a surprise party if every one had not come empty-handed. Perhaps it was a joke on her. If so, they would find she was as game as they.

There wasn't enough in the house to feed half that crowd, but she had the 'phone, and she fairly made the orders fly for a while.

When her husband came home from his office, he was surprised to find the parlors filled with company.

While helping the guests to the second plate of chicken, turning to his wife, he said: "Why, this is a sort of surprise, isn't it?"

Honey's mama's face flamed, and she looked right down to her nose without saying a word.

"Why didn't you tell me you were going to invite them, and I would have brought home some flowers?" said Honey's papa.

Honey, who sat right next to her papa, resplendent in a white dress and

flowing curls, clutched his sleeve, and said: "It's my party, papa. I 'wited 'em frew the 'phone. Honey likes to have cean coas on, and 'ave comp'ny."

It was the visitors' turn now to blush, but Honey's papa and mama laughed so uproariously that it made them feel that it was all right even if Honey had sent out the invitations.

Not one went home without extending an invitation to her host and hostess to another dinner or supper, and in every one Honey was included. "Just what she wanted, the little monkey," said her papa, as he tossed her up in his arms and kissed her. Then turning to his wife, he said: "Never mind, mother, she will learn better as she grows older."

AFTER ALL.

(By Margaret E. Sangster.)

We take our share of fretting,
Of grieving and forgetting;
The paths are often rough and steep,
and heedless feet may fall;
But yet the days are cheery,
And night brings rest when weary,
And somehow this old planet is a good world, after all.

Though sharp may be our trouble,
The joys are more than double,
The brave surpass the cowards, and the
leal are like a wall
To guard their dearest ever;
To fail the feeblest never;
And somehow this old earth remains a
bright world, after all.

There's always love that's caring,
And shielding and forbearing,
Dear woman's love to hold us close and
keep our hearts in thrall;
There's home to share together
In calm or stormy weather,
And while the hearth-flame burns it is
a good world, after all.

The lisp of children's voices,
The chance of happy choices,
The bugle sounds of hope and faith,
through fogs and mists that call;
The heaven that stretches o'er us,
The better days before us,
They all combine to make this earth a
good world, after all.

HOW KINDNESS WON.

Dick was a very little donkey to have such a will of his own. You wouldn't have thought, unless you knew donkeys, that this small brown animal with the bright eyes and long ears could be so stubborn. He stood there in the road and refused to go one step farther; neither would he turn his head towards home.

"Oh dear! What a bad donkey!" exclaimed little Bertie in despair. "How shall we ever be able to make him move?"

Her brother Lloyd, with the confidence of eight years, ran to the side of the road and brought back a short stick with which he industriously switched the obstinate animal's sides. Alas! the donkey bore it better than he did, and he soon stopped, breathless.

After a moment's thought, Bertie as a last resort, drew an apple from a basket in the little cart, and held it up in front of Dick's nose. For a single instant he sniffed at the rosy fruit, then moved forward obediently and took it in his mouth.

"All aboard!" cried Lloyd and he and his sister clambered upon the seat.

And if you will believe it, whether he had forgotten his late ill temper, or because the kindness of his good little mistress had conquered him, Dick set off at a lively pace, still munching the apple and they had no more trouble with him during the remainder of the drive.—Sunbeam.

DOES NOT NEED A DOCTOR.
Mrs. F. Porier, Valleyfield,
Que., says: — "I always use
Baby's Own Tablets for my lit-
tle one, and therefore never
need a doctor. When my baby
is feverish or restless I give
her a Tablet and in a couple
of hours she is all right. They
have been of the greatest bene-
fit to her when teething, and
are just the thing in all emer-
gencies." These Tablets prompt-
ly cure colic, indigestion, con-
stipation, diarrhoea, destroy
worms, break up colds, and
make teething easy. Good for
children of all ages. Sold by
medicine dealers or by mail at
25 cents a box from The Dr.
Williams' Medicine Co., Brock-
ville, Ont.

THE TOTAL ABSTAINER AS A GOOD SAMARITAN.

And it came to pass as a certain man journeyed from the cradle to the grave he fell among saloonkeepers, who robbed him of his money, ruined his good name, destroyed his reason and then kicked him out worse than dead.

A moderate drinker came that way, and when he saw him he said: "He is but a dog; they served him right. Let him die; he is a curse to his family."

And also a license voter came that way, and when he saw him he said: "The brute! Put a ball and chain upon his leg and work him on the street."

And a fanatic teetotaler came that way, and when he saw him he had compassion on him, and raised him up, assisted him to his home, and ministered to his wants and the wants of his family, got him to sign the pledge and started him on his journey in comfort and happiness.

Who, think you, was the greater friend to humanity—the saloonkeeper, the moderate drinker, the license voter, or the fanatic teetotaler?—Rev. A. J. Gordon in the Watchword.

THE ALASKAN DOG.

The dog is to Alaska what the horse is to more civilized countries—the intelligent, patient, faithful beast of burden. He is of the Eskimo or "malamute" breed, having been bred with the wolf for endurance; or he is a "husky" from the Mackenzie river.

Eskimo dogs are driven with harness hitched to sleds, and teams of five or seven with a good leader can haul several hundred pounds, if blessed with a kind driver. In summer they have nothing to do but sleep, and they find their food as best they may. Along the Yukon they haunt steamer landings and are always fed by the stewards—who can thus muster a dog fight for the pleasure of heartless passengers at a moment's notice.

CONSTANT THANKFULNESS.

Have you ever tried the blessing of a constant thankfulness? Not occasionally, or when it spits you, but every day, and all day long? If not, begin at once, and the next time you feel disheartened or discontented, instead of getting irritable and complaining, just look long and gratefully on your blessings, and put all grievances behind your back. A French king once said: "If a civil word or two will make a man happy, he must be a churl, indeed, who would not give them to him. We may say of this kindly temper that it is like lighting another man's candle by one's own, which loses none of its light by what the other gains."—Selected.