

DICK'S PRACTISE TIME.

(By Hilda Richmond.)

"Mama, is it fifteen minutes yet?" called Dick from the piano stool.

"No, dear. Don't talk, but practice," answered mama from the other room.

"But mama, my shoe hurts my foot and I can't think what I'm doing," said Dick, appearing at the door with a very forlorn look on his face. "I guess I'll have to take the shoe off."

"Richard you have lost five minutes now. Go right back to the piano and play your exercise. You will have plenty of time to look after the shoe after a while." Mama's tone was firm, so Dick gave a sigh and went back to his task.

One! two! three! bang! bang! bang! Dick was getting down to work at last. Just outside the window a boy shouted and he had to run to see who it was. "Hello, Charley," he called cheerfully. "I'm pretty near done with my playing. Wait a few minutes and I'll be out."

"Got to go to the grocery for my mama," said the boy. "Won't take me very long."

"Richard!" said the warning voice from the next room and Dick sat heavily down to hunt up the place in the exercise book once more.

When the clock struck three, a very smiling little boy appeared at the door to say, "Now my time's gone. You promised to read to me, mama, from Robinson Crusoe for half an hour after I finished my playing."

"All right," said mama, taking up the book. "Where was I? Oh, yes, where Crusoe finds his man Friday! I believe I want a drink," and she put down the book to go to the dining-room. Dick sat patiently waiting for her and when she came it took a long time to find the place once more.

After she had read a few lines she saw a lady passing and said, "I must speak to Mrs. Page a minute. Don't lose the place." But when she got up the book flew shut and it took Dick a long time to find the picture of Friday as he did not know the page.

"Let me see," said mama when she had read almost a page. "Isn't this the afternoon for the boy to call for the laundry?"

"No, he comes on Tuesday and this is Monday," said Dick. "Please do read very fast, mama, for I am so anxious to hear about Crusoe."

"I'll begin just as soon as I look after that shoe that hurt your foot," said mama. "Which one—?"

"It doesn't hurt a bit now, mama. Honest it doesn't. Please read."

"Time is up," said mama as the clock struck the half hour. "I was only to read twice as long as you practiced."

"But you haven't read two pages," said the disappointed little boy. "You lost ever so many minutes of the half hour. I wonder—Are you doing this mama, to show me that I lose time too?"

"What do you think about it?" asked his mother with a smile.

"I'm going right back to play fifteen minutes and see what happens, said Dick. "I think I know what it will be."

When the honest fifteen minutes were gone, mama was waiting with a slice of bread and jam for Dick and the open book in her hand. Dick thinks the time goes ever so much faster since he doesn't whine and ask questions and waste the moments, and I really believe he is right about the matter.

The rails of the Mexican Gulf railway are laid on mahogany sleepers, and the bridges built of white marble. In West Mexico is a line with ebony sleepers, and ballast of silver ore drawn from old mines beside the track. The engineers constructing these railways had no material on the route, and found it cheaper to use these seeming extravagant materials than to import the ordinary kind.

Some men waste all their energy impressing us with the fact that something ought to be done.

THROUGH THE RAPIDS TO MONTREAL.

A visit to the St. Lawrence region is not complete without a trip down the river to Montreal by the splendidly equipped steamers of the Richelieu & Ontario Navigation Co., which run daily from Toronto across Lake Ontario to the Thousand Islands and down the St. Lawrence to Montreal, Quebec and the Saguenay River.

The ride from the Islands to Montreal, the great commercial metropolis of Canada, consumes a day's time, and the trip is exceedingly interesting. Leaving Alexandria Bay at 8 a.m., the tourist arrives in Montreal in time for the evening meal, feeling refreshed and invigorated after a wonderful day's ride on this majestic river. The steamers "Kingston" and "Toronto" make the run as far as Prescott, Ont., where passengers are transferred to a smaller boat in order to ride the rapids in safety. "The Rapids" begin a few miles below Ogdensburg on the American side of the channel, and the first passage is through the Galops.

We next enter the Du Plat Rapids and the Long Sault, which extend for nine miles until the town of Cornwall is reached. These rapids give but a foretaste of the exciting features of the trip farther down the stream.

The "shooting of the rapids" is a pleasure which is both novel and venturesome. The peculiar sensation which one making the trip experiences when the steamer, with steam almost shut off, glides from shelf to shelf of rock through these foaming waters which dash on all sides, is one never to be forgotten. Hidden but a few feet under the surface lie the most treacherous boulders, which only the best of skilled pilots can avoid. The steamer is carried along at a speed of twenty miles an hour by sheer force of current, and each onward plunge conveys to the passenger high on the observation deck a sensation like that experienced on a sinking ship.

After passing through Lake St. Francis we run the Coteau, Cedars, Split Rock and Cascade Rapids in quick succession.

Below the Cascade Rapids and emerging from Lake St. Louis, we pass the town of Lachine, nine miles from Montreal. The steamer now enters the famous Lachine rapids, the fiercest of all the lower St. Lawrence series. The total drop of the water here is over 45 feet. At the end of the rapids a narrow tortuous channel is entered, leading into the broader section of the stream spanned by the famous Victoria bridge. A few minutes later the passengers disembark at the R. & O. wharf at Montreal.

For Illustrated Guide, "Niagara from the Sea," send 6 cents postage to Thos. Henry, Traffic Manager, Richelieu & Ontario Navigation Co., Montreal, Can.

HEREAFTER.

Christina Rossetti.

Oh, when the times of restitution come,  
The sweet times of refreshing come at last,

My God shall fill my longings to the brim.

Therefore, I wait and look and long for Him,

Not wearied, though the work is wearisome,  
Nor fainting, though the time be almost past.

THE MAGNETIZED WATCH.

A watchmaker said that a gentleman gave him an exquisite watch to regulate. It was as perfect a piece of work as was ever made. The watchmaker took it apart and put it together again twenty times, and could not find any defect, yet the watch did not keep good time. At length it struck him that the balance wheel might have been near a magnet, and he applied a needle to it; he found his suspicions true, for there was all the mischief. The steel works in the other parts of the watch were in perpetual friction, yet with a new wheel the watch kept perfect time. If the soundest mind be magnetized by vicious associations it must act irregularly.—Tolstoi.

THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

Baby's Own Tablets is not for babies only. It is a medicine for children of all ages. It is gently laxative and comforting. It cures indigestion, all forms of stomach troubles, constipation, simple fevers, diarrhoea, and makes teething painless. There's a smile in every dose. Mrs. Henry Mater, London, Ont., says: "Having used Baby's Own Tablets, I can say with sincerity that I know nothing as good for simple fevers, stomach and bowel troubles. My baby has thrived splendidly since I began giving her the Tablets." You can get Baby's Own Tablets from any medicine dealer or by mail at 25 cents a box by writing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

STORING WOOLLENS.

This is the season for putting away woolen clothes and furs. No moth balls or other vile-smelling substance will be needed if the garments are hung on the line in the sun, whipped with a light switch, and, in the case of clothes, all the soil spots carefully cleaned. Then tie up in clean pillow cases, or, better still, fold over the hems and run along on the machine. A cham-stitch machine is best for this purpose, as it is easily ripped; but if a lock stitch is used, have the bottom thread loose.

WASHING BLANKETS.

When my little neighbor washes blankets it is a pleasure just to sit by and watch the pretty, soft, fluffy things blowing on the line. The process is so simple that I have learned to do it myself. Choose a warm, sunny, but windy day. This is important, if the best results are wished. While dry, look over them carefully, and put a safety pin in the center of the spoiled spots. For one pair of blankets prepare a suds with half a cake of any good white soap, with one tablespoonful each of borax and ammonia. The suds must be as hot as you can bear the hands in. Let the blanket stand in this for an hour, and if the water is too cold, add more hot water. Then look up the places where the pins are, remove these and rub between the hands until the spots disappear. Do not rub on the board, and do not rub soap on the blanket direct; have ready a second tub of suds, and paddle them around in this, squeezing and pressing between the hands; rinse in not less than three waters of the same temperature, running them through the wringer each time. Fasten with at least a dozen pins to the line, and shake frequently while drying.

RAT PROOF.

Not long ago a neighbor went down his cellar way with a basket of broken glass-ware. We called: "What are you doing, anyway?" and then followed after. The rats had been troublesome. The cement on the floor was worn and the rat holes, numerous and all along the cellar sides of the walls, needed a little plaster.

"First," said this handy worker, "I scatter these bits of broken glass in all these rat holes, and lay in flattened tin cans. Next with my trowel, I plaster over the places a mortar of garden clay. It is a homely, clumsy device, but it works. The rats will not work in the broken glass, and the clay hardens. If cement could be had it would be better. I have, when minus a trowel, laid on the plaster with a shingle. I am not an adept worker in plaster, but I manage to make it hold the glass in place.

"I have been saving old tin cans and broken glass the past year. The rats, after getting noses scratched, will cease working in this cellar, and will go to the next neighbor. When one thinks of it, homely remedies for minor evils are close to us. It is not always pleasant work, but I try to keep my cellar in fairly good order. I think cellars should be carefully looked after."