WHEN THE LIONS STOPPED THE RAILROAD.

Simba station has made history for itself by the numerous attacks on the station staff by lions. It was a matter of common occurrence at one time for the railway traffic manager to receive urgent "clear-the-line" messages over the wires, such as:—

"Traffic Manager Nairobi: Lions on platform—train approaching—pointsman up water tank—lions won't let down—station master in office—cannot give line clear to oncoming train—please arrange."

"Traffic Manager Nairobi: Wire station master Makindu to instruct driver up mixed to approach station here with caution as four lions on platform in charge. Am powerless—please arrange," etc.

The traffic manager has many such messages pasted into a book in his office as a memorial of the time when lions disorganized the traffic of the Uganda Railway at Simba.

It was at Simba that Captain Stigand, F.R.G.S., made himself famous a few years ago by sitting up all one moonlight night on the water tank in order to rid the station house of several lions that were continually harassing the railway staff. He waited his chance until the early hours of the morning, when out on to the platform stalked a fine lion with two lionesses in attendance. He fired and killed the lion; the others escaped after he had mortally wounded one lioness. Later the other lioness returned to look for her mate, and as she appeared in the open Captain Stigand fired again, wounding her. As she dragged herself off into the bush he climbed down from his place of vantage in order to follow her up, but he had not gone far in the long grass before the wounded animal sprang out suddenly and brought him down, mauling terribly his left arm and shoulder. Then raged a terrific struggle for mastery between the Captain, who was a powerful man, and the lioness maddened with pain and rage in the last struggle for existence. The fight ended when Captain Stigand, with his right arm freed, hit the lioness in the jaw, breaking her jaw bone. He was found next morning by his servants in an unconscious condition, with the dead animal across his body.

Captain Stigand lived, but it was a close call. He is still shooting big game in Africa.

EVERYBODY LIKES HER.

There is a type of girl that everybody likes. Nobody can tell exactly why, but after you have met her you turn away to some other woman and say:—"Don't you like Miss Grosvenor?" Now the reason you like her is a subtle one; without knowing all about her you feel just the sort of girl she is.

She is the girl who appreciates the fact that she cannot always have the first choice of everything in the world.

She is the girl who is not aggressive and does not find joy in inciting aggressive people.

She is the girl who has tact enough not to say the very thing that will cause the skeleton in her friend's closet to rattle his bones.

She is the girl who, whether it is warm or cold, clear or stormy, finds no fault with the weather.

She is the girl who, when you invite her to any place, compliments you by looking her best.

She is the girl who makes this world a pleasant place because she is so pleasant herself.

And by-and-by, when you come to think of it, isn't she the girl who makes you feel she likes you, and therefore you like her?

A sense of duty may not be the highest motive, but the best men are moved by it.

AT WHOSE HOME?

A beautiful little canary came flying by and settled down on a branch of the honey-suckle. "I'm so tired," he said. "I haven't found a really happy home yet. I'm quite sure, though, that no one would be unkind or unhappy in such a charming place as this. I think I'll make my home here."

But just then a dog came round the corner of the porch, limping and crying, for a boy was running after him, striking him cruelly with a big stick.

"O! O!" said the bird, and away he flew. "I couldn't stay there. That boy would surely be unkind to me." And he flew to a window sill of a fine stone house in a beautiful garden.

"What a lovely home! I'm sure I can stay here." But there were sounds of crying from the room within, and, peeping in, he saw two little sisters quarrelling over a doll.

"Let go! That's my doll! No, you shan't have it! I want to play with it;" and in the struggle, the poor little doll was pulled to pieces.

"Dear! O dear!" chirped the poor little bird. "They might try to do that to me. I don't want to live here."

On he flew, from home to home, finding unkindness so often that at last he sank down, worn out, on to a porch to die, his poor little heart almost broken with sadness. Suddenly he felt a warm hand close over him, and a soft, kind little voice said: "Why, you poor little thing! O, mother, see this dear little bird! Please let me keep him. I'll take good care of him, and not let a thing hurt him!"

"Very well, dear, you may. Now go and feed him."

And the little canary found happiness and kindness at last, and sang and made the little child happy for being so good to him.

Do you suppose any little birds would have to fly away sorrowfully from your home?—Selected.

A MISSIONARY PIE.

Little Jack Horner sat in a corner
Eating a very queer pie;
He saw in a trice it held everything nice
From lands where the mission fields lie.

From Ceylon came spice, and from China the rice,
And bananas from Africa's highlands;
There were nutmegs and cloves from Borneo's groves,
And yams from the South Sea Islands.

There were nuts from Brazil all the corners to fill,
And sugar and sago from Siam,
And from Turkey a fig that was really so big
Jack's mouth thought, "It's larger than I am."

There were pomegranites fair grown in Persia's soft air,
And toctillas from Mexico found there,
And there did appear grapes and grains from Korea,
And the various fruits that abound there.

A Syrian date did not turn up too late,
Nor did he for tea to Japan go;
Tamarinds were not few, there were oranges, too,
And from India many a mango.

"Now," thought little Jack, "What shall I send back
To these lands, for their presents to me?
The Bible, indeed, is what they all need,
So that shall go over the sea."

Do not draw interest on the successes of the past; do something today.

KEEPING CHILDREN WELL.

Every mother should be able to recognize and cure the minor ills that attack her little ones. Prompt action may prevent serious illness—perhaps save a little life. A simple, safe remedy in the home is therefore a necessity, and for this purpose there is nothing else so good as Baby's Own Tablets. They promptly cure all stomach and bowel troubles, destroy worms, break up colds, make teething easy and keep children healthy and cheerful. Mrs. Jos. Levesque, Casselman, Ont., says:—"I have used Baby's Own Tablets and have always found them satisfactory. My child has grown splendidly and is always good natured since I began using this medicine." Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

GOOD-BYE.

We say it for an hour or for years,
We say it smiling, say it choked with tears;
We say it coldly, say it with a kiss,
And yet we have no other word than this: Good-by.

We have no dearer word for our heart's friend,
For him who journeys to the world's far end
And scars our soul with going; thus we say,
As unto him who steps but o'er the way: Good-by.

Alike to those we love and those we hate,
We say no more at parting. At life's gate
To him who passes out beyond earth's sight,
We cry as to the wanderer for a night: Good-by.

JUST EVEN.

"Well, Hans," I said to the big, cherubic-faced German, who sometimes does odd jobs for me, "I hear you have been on the warpath,"

"Vat vas heem?" inquired Hans, with a puzzled frown.

"The mayor told me he had to fine you and your brother for fighting," I explained.

"Oh, yah; dat vos so," assented Hans, with a pleased laugh. "I vas verocious, undt Yacob he was verocious, und so ve had a leedle paddle."

"Which licked?" I asked.

"Oh, neider von; ve vas bod yust efen," answered Hans, earnestly.

"How's that?"

"Vell, Yacob he called me a fool, undt si I called heem a fool, und so ve vas efen dere," exclaimed Hans.

"Undt den Yacob he called me a big fool, undt I called heem a big fool, undt dere ve vas efen again,

"Undt Yacob he called me a liar, undt so I called heem a liar, undt dere ve vas efen some more times.

"Undt den Yacob he called me a liar, liar, undt den I heet heem, undt so I vas a leedle aheadt, ain't it?

"But den Yacob he hit me, undt so dere ve vas efen again all ridt.

"Und den der policeman run us bod in, undt dere ve vas efen dere.

"Undt der mayor he vined me five shillings, un vined Yacob only half a crown, undt so Yacob he vas aheadt, ain't it?

"Budt then I borrowed half a crown from Yacob to help pay mine vine, undt so dere ve vas efen again all ridt, all ridt.

"Undt ve vas going to stay efen now. It don't pay to paddle, so Yacob says, and I guess he knows vat vas vich," concluded Hans, nodding his head, sagely.