

## SOME CALLERS OF MINE.

"Now don't be in a hurry. When I go to your house I stay two or three hours."

I looked at my pleasant little friend made some trifling excuse for leaving. I could not tell her that I was trying to set her an example in the matter of calls; that my pleasure in seeing her at my home was always tempered by the thought that she was good for a two hours' sit.

She is a dear little woman, possessed of many lovable qualities. She is kind-hearted, sweet-natured, unselfish and generous. I like her immensely,—for an hour at a time. How well I remember the summer day when I had spent the morning and the first hour of the afternoon over the ironing board. I had just gone upstairs for a much-needed rest when the door bell rang and Mrs. Butler was announced. There was nothing to do but dress quickly and go down to the parlor to be entertained until tea-time, with a detailed account of Mr. Butler's new business venture, Rob's college triumphs and Jennie's headaches, followed by a lengthy discussion of ways and means whereby the Ladies' Aid Society could raise money to buy a new carpet for the church. All of which interests me ordinarily, but that day my head buzzed and my back ached, so that instead of polite responses to the steady flow of Mrs. Butler's conversation, it is a wonder I did not cry out, "Why did you come so early? I could have enjoyed this if I had had a rest first." Well, well, I must not scold any more about my good friend. She is a much better woman than I am, only I have more sense about making calls. I know that a breezy little chat of twenty minutes or half an hour is refreshing to both caller and hostess, but a long-drawn-out effort at "making talk" is exhausting to both.

Another point in making calls is time-liness. Just when my potatoes are ready to be mashed, it is not an unmixcd pleasure to hear the cheery voice of Mrs. Vance in the hall, "Tell your mother I want to see her just a minute." And of course I leave everything to see my dear missionary co-worker and hear a letter from our presbyterian secretary. One-minute lengthens into ten, as we talk it over. I hear my husband come in, and a faint odor of scorched potatoes disturbs by equanimity. It requires an effort not to appear ready to have Mrs. Vance depart. I hasten to the kitchen to find my meat dry and potatoes hopelessly burned. Mrs. Vance has a cook at home, her husband is not in business, and she does not realize how much ten minutes, just at dinner time, means to me. But she might. I sometimes think a little consideration would teach her to keep away at meal time. I could tell about the gossipy caller, the doleful caller, the stupid caller, but forbear, lest your attention should be diverted from the worst offenders—the caller who stays

too long and the caller who comes at dinner time.—Presbyterian Banner.

## THE QUEEN CHAMELEON.

The wonderful changes of color which chameleons are able to display have always made these creatures famous. The way in which it is brought about is interesting. The outer layer of the skin is colourless, but beneath this, at varying distances from the surface, are certain iridescent cells, then some containing drops of oil, others with crystal granules, and still others with brownish and reddish pigment. When the crystal-filled cells are brought near the surface, they refract the light and make the creature very pale—almost white; the oil-drop cells, in turn, cause a yellow colour; when all the pigment is forced upward a dark hue is imparted to the skin, and, when the light is diffracted through the yellow oil and iridescent cells a green tint results. These pigment cells are under the control of the chameleon and thus he can copy his surroundings so perfectly and immediately that when one portion of his body is in shadow and the other in sunshine he is bi-coloured, the dividing line corresponding to the edge of light and shade. There are many more strange things about a chameleon, but the tongue and the eye seem beyond belief in a living creature. The former is club-shaped at the tip and covered with a sticky substance. Ordinarily when a chameleon opens its mouth the tongue is not especially conspicuous, but when six or seven inches from a fly this organ will be shot forth so quickly that the eye can scarcely follow it, and with unerring aim strikes and snatches the fly down the chameleon's throat. The secret of this little bit of magic is the elastic stem or base of the tongue, which telescopes upon itself when not in use. Remarkable, indeed, is a creature with a tongue which can be thrust out a distance equal to the length of the entire body of the animal. Mythology itself can offer little that is more extraordinary.

## THE "ST. CATHARINE'S WELL."

The devotee of the strenuous life in either business or society can find rest and recuperation by bathing in the healing waters of the "St. Catharine's Well." A modest outlay will enable you to rejuvenate without traveling abroad in search of health. A temperate climate, pleasant surroundings, skilled attendants and homelike environment will be found by visiting the Welland, St. Catharines,—a happy combination of sanatorium and family hotel conducted on the most approved therapeutic lines. Physicians and nurses, sun rooms, roof promenade, golf links, library, music room, etc. among the features. Long distance telephone in each room. Apply to G. T. Bell, G. P. and T. A., Grand Trunk Railway System, Montreal, for full particulars.

## A Little Life Saver.

Baby's Own Tablets have saved many a precious little life. They are the best medicine in the world for all stomach and bowel troubles, simple fevers and teething troubles, and they contain not one particle of opiate or harmful drug. Mrs. Elbridge Lowe, Sheet Harbor, N. S., says: "My baby was always sickly until I began giving him Baby's Own Tablets, but they have changed him into a fine, big healthy child. I am never without the Tablets in the house." The Tablets can be given with perfect safety to a new born babe, and are good through every stage of childhood. If you do not find the Tablets at your medicine dealers send 25 cents to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and get a box by mail post paid.

## YOUR LIGHT.

The headlight on an engine is a small lamp, backed and set forth by a burnished reflector. Then it casts forth its brightness, pointing out and illuminating the way for the speeding travellers. Your lamp may not be large, but if you will put behind and about it the burnished reflector of a consistent, consecrated life it may shine forth into the darkness, guiding hurrying pilgrims through the night.—Bishop Fowler.

When baby pulls at his ear or cries sharply and presses his head against his mother let her beware of earache, a common but dangerous complaint in very young children.



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