

## THE MISSION OF TIDDY WINKS.

"I think I hear a mewling at the door," said Mr. West to his pretty young wife.

"Oh, not a cat, I hope, for I would not have one in the house."

It was a cold, snowy night, and humanity prompted that at least the door be opened to see what the cry came from.

A tiny black kitten was there, looking up in its helpless way, as though saying, "I have no place to sleep and have lost my home. You have a beautiful house, and can you not give me a small place in it?"

Mr. West brought in the little stranger to show to his wife. It was jet black, with very bright eyes, and evidently had been somebody's pet but, kitten-like, had followed some passer-by probably, or possibly had been "dropped" by somebody moving away.

Mrs. West thought she had a natural antipathy to cats. She was neat in her housekeeping, and like many another wife did not wish to add to her cares.

"It is a pretty thing," said Mrs. West, "and we will not turn it out tonight in the snow. In the morning we will put it out, and let it find its home."

It was fed, and a comfortable place made for it by the kitchen range. In the morning it was delighted to see Mr. West, and followed him about like a dog. After breakfast it was fed and put out to "find its home." At night Mr. West asked about the black kitten.

"Oh, it's here," said the wife, "and it won't go away."

"Well, never mind," said the husband. "They say it's good luck to have a black cat come to you."

Day by day the kitten grew more interesting. He "graduated" from the kitchen range to the parlor and dining room. He was never satisfied till he sat near Mr. West, who now and then gave him pieces of food. He grew big and blacker than ever, so that he soon filled a cushioned chair, and was the handsomest creature in the neighborhood.

Once he was lost for a short time, and some boys a few doors away, who had most unfortunately, and wrongfully, been given a gun by their parents, were about to shoot a black cat on their porch.

A gentleman across the street called to them in vigorous tones that the cat was his, and on no account to shoot it. He soon found that it was not his, as he had supposed, but belonged to Mrs. West. He took it to her home, whereat there was great rejoicing and petting and gratitude.

Visitors always admired him, and Tiddy Winks, as they called him, became a necessity to the home. He made himself by his varied notes and purrs and winning ways almost as companionable as a person and much more agreeable than some. And aside from all this he had opened the heart of Mrs. West to animals.

"One touch of nature makes the whole world kin." Tiddy Winks had made the whole animal world dear to the heart of his mistress. He had fulfilled his mission.

If a man be gracious to strangers, it shows that he is a citizen of the world, and his heart is no island, cut off from other islands, but a continent that joins them.—Bacon.

"What! when the sun rises do you not see a round disk of fire like a guinea?" "Oh, no, no! I see an innumerable company of the heavenly host crying, 'Holy, holy, holy is the Lord God Almighty!'"

It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion; it is easy in solitude to live after our own; but the great man is he who in the midst of a crowd keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude.—Emerson.

## THE FATE OF SOME PINS.

"It's an odd question what becomes of all the pins, and I wouldn't undertake to tell what becomes of all of them, but," said a young woman who had just had her new spring coat fitted. "I can tell you what becomes of some of them."

"The fitter uses many pins in pinning up seams. She may carry about with her a big cushion stuck full of pins, handy to get at, or she may have a paper of pins hanging down from her belt; and when she fits she finds use for many pins."

"She pins and pins, and sometimes in reaching for a pin or in pinning or in taking pins out she drops one of them. She doesn't stop to pick that pin up, for that would be a waste of time and effort; she simply lets that pin lie where it fell and reaches to her cushion or the paper of pins that she carries for another; and so in the course of a day the floor of a fitting room gets littered with pins."

"Then does somebody at the end of the day, when they straighten things out, pick up these pins and save them? No. It wouldn't pay. It would take time to pick them up, and time, labor, costs money. It is cheaper to buy new pins than it would be to pick and save these pins that have been dropped."

"So these dropped pins are not picked up; they are simply swept out with the rest of the litter, and that is the last of them. There must be hundreds of fitting rooms in New York, and they would account for the disappearance of at least a few thousands of pins daily."

## THE DREAM ANGEL.

The days when I've been good  
I'm glad to go to bed,  
Because I know an angel stands  
Above my head.

And then my dreams are glad,  
And happily I roam  
With dear dream children in the fields  
Of their dream home.

But after naughty days,  
My kindly angel stands  
Above my head with drooping wings  
And empty hands.

And then my sleep is sad,  
And all the night time long  
I have no happy dreams, because  
My day was wrong.

## DAY BY DAY.

"I don't believe I can ever be much of a Christian," said a little girl to her mother.

"Why?" asked her mother.

"Because there's so much to be done if one wants to be good," was the reply. "One has got to overcome so much, and bear so many burdens, and all that. You know how the minister told all about it last Sunday."

"How did your brother get all that pile of wood into the shed last spring? Did he do it all at once, or little by little?"

"Little by little," answered the girl. "Well, that's just the way to live a Christian life. All the trials and burdens won't come at one time. We must overcome those of to-day, and let those of to-morrow alone till we come to them."

"Of course, there's a great deal of work to be done in a Christian's lifetime, in the performance of our obligations to God and the discharge of the duties that devolve upon us, but that work is done just as Dick moved the wood—little by little."

"Every day we should ask God for strength to take us through the day. When to-morrow comes we will ask again. He will give all we ask for, and as we need it. By doing a little to-morrow, and keeping on in that way, we can accomplish great things. Look at life in its little-by-little aspect, rather than as one great task to be done all at once, and it will be easy to face it."—Young Soldier.

I would rather be the right woman's man than a woman's rights man.

## ROSY-CHEEKED BABIES.

Nothing in the world is such a comfort and joy as a healthy, rosy-cheeked happy baby. But the price of Baby's Health is constant vigilance on the part of the mother. The ills of babyhood come suddenly, and the wise mother will always be in a position to treat them at once. No other medicine can take the place of Baby's Own Tablets in relieving and curing the ills of babyhood and childhood, and there is no other medicine as safe. Mrs. Wm. Viggers, Perretton, Ont., says:—"My baby was troubled with his stomach and was very cross while getting his teeth, and did not sleep well at night. I gave him Baby's Own Tablets with the best of results. He is now one of the best natured babies one could wish." Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

## THE OWL AS A HELPER.

A family of barn owls will number from three to seven birds. It is hard to believe what an amount of vermin a family of owls will consume. An old owl will capture as much or more food than a dozen cats in a night. The owlets are always hungry. They will eat their own weight in food every night, and more, if they can get it. A case is on record where a half-grown owl was given all the mice it could eat. It swallowed eight, one after the other. The ninth followed, all but the tail, which for some time hung out of the bird's mouth. The rapid digestion of birds of prey is shown by the fact that in three hours the little glutton was ready for a second meal, and swallowed four more mice. If this can be done by single bird, what effect must a whole family of owls have on the vermin of a community?

It would be difficult to point out a more useful bird than the barn owl in any farming country. Like many other birds, it deserves the fullest protection, but map is often its worst enemy.—American Birds.

## ORIGIN OF THE WORD LAVENDER.

The delicious whiff of fresh sweet lavender—"sixteen blooming branches for a penny"—is once again in the London streets. But who that planks down his penny in exchange for the bundle of fragrance ever thinks how the plant came by its soothing name? Back he must go in imagination to the clean old Romans and their cult of the bath. Lavender found high favor with them to perfume their baths, and it was they who called it *lavandula*, the root of the name being the Latin *lavare*—to wash. In olden days, too, lavender leaves were an important ingredient in the making of precious spikenard ointment. Although we regard lavender as so peculiarly English a plant, owing to its extensive cultivation in the home counties and its associations with our English homes and gardens, it was not, as a matter of fact, introduced into this country until the sixteenth century, when it came from France with the Huguenot settlers. The Romans did not, apparently, bring it to us when they gave us our fine roads.

Mandarlal Dhinagari, the Indian student who on the night of July 1, at a public gathering at the Imperial Institute, shot and killed Lieut.-Col. Sir William Hutt Curzon-Wyllie and Dr. Cawas Lalooa, was hanged at Hentonville prison at 9 a.m. on 26th August. He was tried at the Old Bailey Police Court on July 23. He showed no signs of fear. He declined to partake of breakfast, and walked to the scaffold calmly. Death was instantaneous.