

faces, you know. I believe they were all sticky-to-day when the callers came. They'd been eating bread and molasses, and I hadn't any time to wash them. They were very sweet, anyway!"

Both women laughed.

"It's the way—I wish you'd tell me, if you had a good many babies, and couldn't find time to dust and polish, and cuddle all their little bumps, too, and mother them all day, you know, which would you do?"

"Cuddle their bumps," said Aunt Sarah promptly.

"But if people criticised? if they didn't understand and call you slack, you know?"

Aunt Sarah shivered involuntarily.

"What would you do then? 'Slack'—Oh, it is such a terrible word! It cuts like a two-edged sword. Would you let the blessed babies shift for themselves, and go to polishing and rubbing things up? One person cannot do everything if the Lord only gave her one pair of hands."

"My dear, (Aunt Sarah leaned across and laid the sleeping baby very, very gently into its mother's lap)—my dear, the Lord gave you the blessed babies an' the pair o' hands to take care of 'em with. I don't believe He ever thought of the polishin' up. If there's any time, polish, but don't neglect the babies an' don't worry when there isn't time. There, now I'm goin' home. I've had a beautiful call; an', if you'll let me, I'm goin' to run in again. I want to get that baby to sleep again."

Aunt Sarah never knew how cheered and blessed she left the new minister's little wife. But her own heart was cheered and blessed, she knew that. For many a day she felt the little warm pressure of the baby in her arms, and felt its sweet, moist breath on her face.

She went home and made a little speech to Palmyra. "Palmyra," she said, "she ain't a mite slack. I want you to take it back. She dusts the mantelpiece when the Lord gives her a minute's time. He made her a mother, and that's her first duty. Palmyra, I do hope you ain't goin' to call her slack to other people. It'll cut her like a two-edged sword, an' it won't be real Christian. She ain't slack. If you an'me'd had little babies to take care of, we'd understand just how 'twas, Palmyra."

"Palmyra?"

"Well, what say?"

"You won't call her slack to folks?"

"No, I won't."

"Thank the Lord!" murmured Aunt Sarah under her breath.—*Christian Endeavor World.*

The Capture of a Monkey.

Ring tail monkeys, one of the most valuable and expensive of the smaller animals, says a writer on the traffic in wild beasts, in Leslie's Monthly for July, are caught in an interesting way. A cocoanut is split in two and a banana with a piece of wood running through it placed lengthwise through the nut, the two halves of which are drawn together by wires. Then a hole is cut just large enough for the monkey's paw to enter. The monkey spies the tempting nut from his tree. He hops down, looks it over, sees the hole and smells the banana inside. He is fond of bananas. Putting his paw in, he grasps it, but the wood prevents it from coming out. Then the catchers appear and the monkey runs for a tree. But he cannot climb because of the cocoanut on his paw, and he will not let go of that, so he is captured, pawing wildly at the tree trunk.—*Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly.*

Japanese Table Customs.

Even the high class Japanese women, and no matter how rich their family may be, are brought up to be able to sew, cook, and attend to their homes.

In Japan, the highest class of women never go to the market. The market comes to them—that is, the dealers call and offer their wares for sale at their customers' doors. The fish merchant brings his stock, and, if any is sold, prepares it for cooking.

The green grocer, the cake dealer, and nowadays, the meat man, all go to the patrons' houses.

Nearly all Japanese women make their own clothes; at all events even the very richest embroider their garments themselves. Dinner is served at a little before dusk the year round. A small table about one foot square and eight inches high is set before each person. On this is a lacquer tray, with space for four or five dishes, each four or five inches in diameter.

There are definite places for each little bowl and dish. One's appetite is measured according to the number of bowls of rice one eats. A maid is at hand with a large box of rice to replenish the bowls. If a few grains are left in the bottom of the bowl she is aware that those eating have had sufficient; but should one empty his bowl she will once more fill it.—*Table Talk.*

One Woman's Way.

"She takes as much pains with her dinner every night and sets her table as prettily as she would if expecting guests."

The speaker was the mother of a little woman, who, a year or two ago, married a young man with a small income, and who chose to rent a cottage and to be her maid-of-all-work rather than to follow the example of many of her girl friends by going, after marriage, to a boarding-house or family hotel. And the mother, in her justifiable pride in the daughter's good sense, told of the cheerful welcome always awaiting the husband in the evening. The young wife, though her afternoon is spent at reception, luncheon, or club, goes home to prepare a warm dinner and to preside, with grace and gladness, at a table whose dainty adorning she has not allowed herself to neglect. In her estimation her husband is the most honored guest she can entertain and as worthy of careful attention as any other can be. And her conscious reward is in the comfort she gives to him, the devotion with which he repays her efforts, the peaceful happiness of their little home, and the knowledge that her life is one of usefulness; while she is winning without being aware of it, the admiration of sensible women, many of whom have large houses and large means, who, after a call upon her, are full of praise for her economy, industry, and independence.—*Christian Advocate.*

Golf.

"Golf," says a physician, in commenting on the subject of sport and women to a contributor to Fashion, "affords more than health giving physical exercise; it serves also to distract the mind and thus act as an antidote to one of the worst yet commonest of modern mental ailments, namely, the habit of introspection or self-analysis." It was tennis, he continues, which marked the birth of the new era—which he has very aptly termed "the era of health reform," and when tennis died a natural death it did so merely in order to make way for the still

Merry, Happy Babies.

There is no greater treasure on earth than a healthy, happy, merry baby. Anything therefore that will keep the little one in this condition is a priceless boon to mothers. Mrs. Wm. Bull, Maple Creek, N.W.T., tells how she accomplished this end: she says:—"I am happy to say that Baby's Own Tablets have done my baby girl a world of good. She was badly troubled with constipation and very cross and peevish, but since using the Tablets she is all right. I give her the Tablets once or twice a week and she is now such a merry, happy little thing that there can be no doubt Baby's Own Tablets are just the thing for little ones."

Here is a lesson for other mothers who want a safe and certain medicine for the ailments from which their little ones suffer from time to time. These Tablets are sold under a guarantee to contain no opiate or harmful drug, and they are good for all children from the new born babe to the well grown child. Sold at 25 cents a box or sent by mail by writing direct to Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

more invigorating, yet less violent form of exercise known as golf. At many of the clubs women are eligible for membership, while at nearly all those open only to men women are allowed to play on the club links on certain days. The result is that thousands upon thousands of girls and young women—and old, too, for that matter—who a couple of decades ago would have been compelled to spend the greater part of their lives in comparative dullness and inaction, now indulge regularly in outdoor exercise of a sort most beneficial to their constitution physically, and being thus brought into contact with plenty of their fellow-beings, their thoughts unconsciously drift into fresh channels, and thus drive away, at any rate for a time, unpleasant recollection of domestic troubles and minor worries with which all women are at times more or less afflicted.

When the Tide Is In.

The boats lay stranded on the beach,
Tangled with seaweed, dark and green;
A desolate and dreary scene,
As far as the eye could reach;
The tide was out.

How changed the view when day is done;
The boats rode gaily in the deep.
Their white sails nodding as in sleep,
Kissed by the setting sun;
The tide was in.

Thus many a life, in want or woe,
Lies stranded on the barren shore;
But God is God forever more;
Take courage, for we know
The tide is coming in.

And lifted from the rocks and shoals
We sail upon the sunlit sea;
Night opens on eternity—
Sweet rest for weary souls—
The tide is in.

