

This and That

A CITY LULLABY.

Sleep, my little one sleep!
The gong on the street-car is working its best.
The truck-peddler's lungs are never at rest;
The cry of the scissor-man brings you delight;
And the shrill-shrieking newsboy is adding his mite
To the clamor—but sleep.
Don't you peep.
Hush, my little one, hush!
The patrol waggon's coming—Zip!
(Quiet, now, sweet!)
There's a neat little riot just in the next street,
That soothing new sound that adds to the roar
Is the fire department a-coming next door.
What a rush!
Now you hush!
Rest, my little one, rest!
Hoot! That is only the toot
Of the automobile on the scoot;
Now the shauffeur's attempting to pass
Through a beautiful window made of plate glass.
There's a crash—Well, I'm blest!
But you rest!
Dream, my pretty one, dream!
Here comes the hand-organ man for a try
At "Il Trovatore" and "The Bloom's on the Rye,"
And if you are quiet perhaps he will play
Till the dinky street band comes and drives him away
With "Tannhauser"—Don't scream!
Just lie there and dream! —Puck.

THE HOME.

The birds find sources of exaltation in the building of their nests, and you can discover that they are house-furnishing by the joy of their songs. It is the natural instinct of love and life to make a place to dwell in. To the woman who can devise a fastidiously beautiful gown I would commend the arrangement and decoration of a room as the expansion and tenfold higher use of her art. To the woman who would endear herself to her husband I would offer to guarantee that if she can keep within the limit of his means, and yet make for him a lovely, comfortable, appropriate abiding place in which he has room for the development of his own tastes and opportunity to bring about him his friends in hospitable fashion, she will have endeared herself inexpressibly to him and increased his pride in her tenfold. Let the good order and beauty and contrivances for his individual comfort be sufficient to make his friends envious, and ready to say that his home tempts them to marry, and the wife becomes lovely in his eyes in a far more flattering way than because she is pretty and well dressed. To become the source of a husband's comfort and rest is to have placed yourself beyond the fear of losing your complexion or ceasing to be his ideal of a pretty girl. It is also to rise from the position of a dear pet to a useful, important partner, without whose clever brains and wise direction his life would cease to be a success.

WHAT DO YOU TALK ABOUT?
Don't talk about your troubles, above all, any ill-health or sickness. Nothing is so tiresome as to hear long tales of illness and suffering, unless it be to bear those afflictions. You deepen, strengthen, and prolong the effects of sickness by dwelling upon it in thought and speech. You can hasten your recovery by enjoying your return to health, and showing your delight in it, and that is the only way you should allow yourself to remind others of the ills you have endured. Never speak of strictly family affairs, and especially be careful not to allow yourself under any provocation, to criticize any member of your family in conversation with even your dearest friend. And avoid, too, much talk of every kind about your own nearest kin. You are naturally deeply interested in your brother's college experience or your sister's party, but it is all rather colorless to people outside of your own house. There is nothing more becoming to a girl than a womanly reserve about her personal and family affairs. Beware of going into details in conversation upon such subjects. They are tiresome to any thinking person who has to listen.—Ada C. Sweet, in The Woman's Home Companion.

HAMPERS BUSINESS.

Coffee Drinking Incapacitates Some People for Business at Times.
A gentleman from McBain, Michigan, says, "Coffee drinking has cost me much, for during my life I have been many times so thoroughly put out of condition that I have been compelled to abandon business for a day or two at a time. The attacks of headache would commence on the right side behind the ear and become so severe as to totally incapacitate me for any exercise, even mental. I have frequently had to take morphine to relieve the suffering. Sour stomach troubled me and I had a nervous heart that gave me a great deal of trouble.
Four years ago I saw an advertisement for Postum Food Coffee which recited the ill effects of coffee on the nerves. I at once decided to make the change and leave off coffee and take on Postum. The result has been all that one could expect. I am never constipated any more, the bilious attacks never come on except from some indiscretion such as drinking coffee, which I am foolish enough to indulge in now and then. I have no more headaches, no more sour stomach and no bilious spells. I have not been sick to my stomach or had a nervous vomiting spell in three years. Am now 56 years old, and have better health and do a better business and more comfortable than ever before in my life. I certainly attribute the change to leaving off coffee and using Postum for I have taken no medicine to aid in making the change.
The experiment as stated is absolutely true. I am willing, if necessary, to attach my affidavit to it." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

I do not claim that home-making is easy work, but I do say that the married woman who sets aside her kingdom for lack of courage and energy to rule it is but a disinherited princess, who has lost the greatest joy of life when she abdicates her throne.—From "Home Thoughts," by "C."

DON'T TALK HARD TIMES.

I never knew a man to be successful who was always talking about business being bad. Never allow yourself to dwell on the dark side of anything. You should refuse to talk about depressed markets or hard times. Learn to talk up, not down. Many business men become chronic grumblers or fault finders. Times are always hard with them. Other men get into a pessimistic rut, and never see brightness or success in anything. It is impossible for such people to prosper. Success is a delicate plant, and requires encouragement and sunshine.

Regard yourself as superior to the evils which surround you. Learn to dominate your environment; to rise above depressing influences. Look for the bright side of things, not the dark and gloomy side. The world likes sunny, hopeful, buoyant characters; it shuns lugubrious prophets, who see only failure and disaster everywhere. The hopeful, cheerful men and women who see success and longevity in their callings, are the ones who are sought after. It is as natural to try to avoid disagreeable, unpleasant people as it is to try to escape from the clouds and shadows into the sunlight.—Success.

PASSING BY.

"The last time I saw her she stood out by her gate, looking up the street. I had half a mind to go over and talk with her a little while, for I knew she had had a hard, lonesome summer; but I was in a hurry, and so I went on. I thought I'd go and see her soon, but the next thing I heard she was gone." There was a minute's pause, and the added words came slowly: "I've always wished I'd stopped that day, but I was sort of busy about something—I don't remember what, now—and I didn't dream it would be the last time I'd see her."
Only a fragment of conversation in a street-car, the speaker a stranger, but it told the story enacted round us every day—some sore heart needing cheer and comfort, somebody who passes by on the other side, and a chance that never comes again. The cause of the haste which seems so important at the time vanishes from recollection in a day or two, but the picture of the lonely, waiting one at the gate, uncheered by that which might have been given, haunts the memory while life lasts. Ah! if we were never too busy to be kind!—Wellspring.

HONEST MISTAKE.

The story is told of a little New England girl the working of whose Puritan conscience involved her in difficulties on one occasion.
She was studying mental arithmetic at school, and took no pleasure in it. One day she told her mother with much depression of spirit that she had "failed again in mental arithmetic," and on being asked what problem had proved her undoing, she sorrowfully mentioned the request for the addition of "nine and four."
" And didn't you know the answer, dear?" asked her mother.
" Yes'm," said the little maid, " but you know we are to write the answers on our slates, and before I thought I made four marks and counted up, 'ten, 'leven, 'twelve, 'thirteen,' and then of course I knew that wasn't mental, so I wrote twelve for the answer, to be fair."

A SLEEPING PREMIER.

Lord North was the sleeping parliamentarian of the eighteenth century. He was forever yawning in the faces of members and their speeches. Black and White says of him that ignorant orators were constantly complaining of his refusal to listen to them, and he was never at a loss in subjecting them to the further humiliation of a sharp retort.
" Even now, in these perils, the noble lord is asleep!" burst forth an angry member of the opposition; and Lord North awoke in time to murmur, " I wish I were!"
Again he said to another grumbler, " The physician should never quarrel with his own medicine."
To a speaker who impeached him of all sorts of crimes, and called attention to his dozing through the attack, Lord North rejoined:
" It is cruel to deny me the solace enjoyed by other criminals—that of a night's rest before they meet their fate."
The best story of the sleepy premier is that connected with a peer who bered Parliament with a history of shipbuilding from Noah and his ark. North began dozing at the mention of the ark, and slept until the speaker reached the Spanish Armada. Then a colleague woke him.
" Where are we now?" asked North.
" In the reign of Queen Elizabeth."
" Dear! dear!" exclaimed the prime minister, " Why didn't you let me sleep a century or two more?"—Ex.

CLEAN SPORT.

The long vacation which is now so near at hand will be for thousands of boys only a breathing spell between school and college. Into the new life most of them will carry the same interests which have made their preparatory years pleasant and profitable. Many will turn to athletics, and to them a suggestion as to their conduct in the interim may be of service.
At the opening of the baseball season this spring one of the most valuable players on the Harvard nine was disqualified because he accepted a part of his expenses when playing with a ball-team seven years ago.
No blame attaches to him—indeed, he himself laid the facts before the athletic committee. Nevertheless he was cut off from the opportunity of advancing the athletic prestige of his college and the pleasure of participating in a wholesome sport under its most attractive conditions. It is worth noting, too, that when he committed the disqualifying act he did not place himself outside of the amateur class as then defined by college athletic rules. The rigid regulations and the strict interpretations of them to which the committee was bound are matters of more recent date; but no one who regards athletic sports in the right way questions the expediency of the rules or the justice of the committee's decision.
The root of the matter is that sport ceases to be sport when pursued for gain, and he who yields to the temptation suffers in dignity. To make a vocation of what should be only an avocation cheapens and degrades both game and player. The present rules are salutary, and the tendency is to make them stricter rather than more lenient. Boys who look forward to entering college should learn what the rules are and observe them in advance, so that a present chance to earn a little money may not close the door to opportunities for greater pleasure and a more honorable distinction in the future.—Youth's Companion.

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