

NEW ZEALAND BIRDS.

It is curious how extraordinarily tame are the parrots, pigeons, and nightingale birds as soon as you penetrate into one of these dense bushes; they have no fear whatever of man, and they regard him simply as a curiosity. The small birds—the New Zealand robins and tairanis, for instance—will actually perch on you if you keep perfectly still; and it is very comical to see the robin—which, by the way, is almost exactly like our British robin, except that he wears a white waistcoat instead of a red one—put out a wax match.

The trick invariably comes off. Just light a match and put it down near you and stand still, and the robin, which is almost certain to be near you, will invariably fly down to it and put it out with his beak, or fly away with it. He is a delightful little bird, and his little, bold black eyes twinkle every bit as brightly as those of his British compatriot. If you chirp with your mouth in the same way that you persuade a weasel to look out of a stone wall into which you have seen him run, the little fantail gets desperately excited, and, after flying close around you a minute or so, will just light on your head or shoulder for a moment, and then dart off, to return directly and repeat the process.—"Sport in New Zealand," by Col. Montagu Cragock.

Since trifles make the sum of human things,
And half our misery from our foibles springs;
Since life's best joys consist in peace and ease,
and though but few can serve, yet all may please,
Then let the ungentle spirit learn from thence,
A small unkindness is a great offense.

DOWN THE MOTHER'S THROAT.

In an intimate study of the pelican, Frank M. Chapman gives, in The Century Magazine, a description of how the nestlings are fed:

"Menhaden form a large proportion of the fish captured, and, large or small, they are carried in the crop, not in the pouch. No time is lost in administering food to the expectant and clamorous young, and this operation of feeding is the most remarkable performance which the watcher on Pelican Island will observe.

"Long had I wondered how the naked, apparently helpless pelican a day or two old, was fed by its great billed parent. But with the utmost ease the crouching, wabbling little creature helped itself to the predigested fish which, regurgitated by the parent into the front end of its pouch, was brought within reach of its offspring.

"This method is followed until the young are covered with down, when, evidently requiring a larger supply of food than their parents can prepare for them, and no longer needing partly digested nonishment, they extend their feeding excursions into the throat of the patient parent, finding there entire fish, which they swallow before withdrawing their head. Two and even three well-grown chicks will thus actively pursue their search for food at the same time, and only their extended and fluttering wings seem to keep them from disappearing in the depths of the cavernous pouch.

"Not for a moment do they stop a high-voiced squealing, and the rise and fall of their partly muffled screams indicate the nature of their success in getting food.

"Occasionally the poor judgment of the parent, allied to the greed of the young, leads the latter to attempt to swallow too large a fish, when the old bird saves its offspring from choking to death by forcibly pulling the fish from the throat it refuses to go down."

SPARKLES.

Mrs. Crabshaw—"You seem pleased that my doctor recommended a five-mile walk every day. Crabshaw—"Yes, my dear; I was afraid he would recommend an automobile."

"Oh for the wings of a dove!" sighed the poet with the unbarbered hair. "Order what you like," rejoined the prosaic person, "but as for me, give me the breast of a chicken."

Agreed—Husband (on his wedding tour)—"I want rooms for myself and wife." Hotel Clerk—"Suite?" Husband—"Of course, she is—perfectly lovely; the sweetest girl in the world."

"I think," remarked the fond mother, "that our little Willie will make a noise in the world some day." "I have no objection," retorted little Willie's father, "if it will help to keep him from howling at night."

"Mary, I saw the baker kiss you today. I think I shall go down and take the bread in future." " 'Twouldn't be no use ma'am; he wouldn't kiss you, 'cos he promised he'd never kiss anybody else but me."

"Did you ever see such long gloves as that woman is wearing? Why, she buttons them from her wrist to her elbow." "Ho, that's not much. Why my wife buttons her gloves from the front door to the theatre."

Merchant—I thought you told me he was a man of very good character. Quibble—You must have misunderstood me. I said he was a man of good reputation.

"Marie, if James asks you to marry him tonight, tell him to speak to me." "And, if he doesn't, mamma?" "Tell him I want to speak to him."

Have you seen Professor Gableston, the scientist, lately?" "Yes, I listened to him for more than an hour at the club last night." "Indeed! What was he talking about?" "He didn't say."

"Thomas, spell weather," said the lady teacher. Thomas—"W-i-e-t-h-e-r." Teacher—"You may sit down Thomas. You've given us the worst spell of weather we've had this year."

Young Mother—"Harry, dear, you musn't go near the baby." Young Father—"Mayn't I just look at him a minute?" Young Mother—"No, dear; he's asleep. I'll let you take him when he wakes up in the night."

CHRISTIANITY AND LITERATURE.

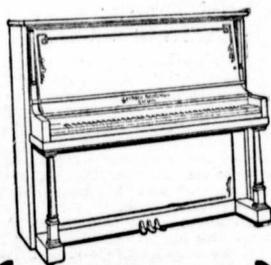
Christianity needs not only a sacred Scripture for guidance, warning, inspiration, but also a continuous literature to express its life from age to age, to embody the ever new experiences of religion in forms of beauty and power, to illuminate and interpret the problems of existence in the light of faith and hope and love. Close this outlet of expression, cut off this source of communication, and you bring Christianity into a state of stagnation and congestion. Its processes of thought became hard, formal, mechanical; its feelings morbid, spasmodic, hysterical; its temper at once oversensitive and dictatorial. It grows suspicious of science, contemptuous of art, and alienated from all those broader human sympathies through which alone it can reach the outer world. Insulated, opinionated, petrified by self-complacency, it sits in a closed room, putting together its puzzle map of doctrine and talking to itself in a theological dialect instead of speaking to the world in a universal language.—Henry Van Dyke.

HOW TO MAKE BABY SLEEP.

The baby that cries half the night does not cry for nothing. It cries because it is not well, and the chances are the trouble is due to some derangement of the stomach or bowels, which would be speedily removed if a dose of Baby's Own Tablets were given the little one. These Tablets make children sleep soundly and naturally, because they remove the cause of crossness and wakefulness. They are a blessing to the little one, and bring relief to the tired, worried mother. Mrs. A. C. Abbott, Hudson's Heights, Que., says: "I have found Baby's Own Tablets a splendid medicine for stomach and bowel troubles, from which my little one was troubled. Thanks to the relief the Tablets have given my baby now sleeps quietly and naturally, and is in the best of health." And the Tablets are absolutely safe—they always do good—they cannot possibly do harm. They will cure the ailments of a new-born baby or a well-grown child. Sold by druggists or sent by mail at 25 cents a box by writing The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

WHAT LEMONS ARE GOOD FOR.

1. Give hot lemonade at bedtime to cure a cold.
2. Bake a lemon, take out the inside and mix with sugar to make a thick syrup. Keep it warm, and take a teaspoonful frequently to drive away a cough.
3. Lemon juice is good to rub on the hands and face at bedtime to remove tan and clear the complexion, but dilute it with water, else it will darken the skin.
4. Lemon juice will quickly remove stains from the hands.
5. A glass of lemonade taken every morning will sometimes prevent bilious attacks.
6. Lemon juice is more wholesome than vinegar when used in salads, sauces, etc.
7. A slice of lemon bound on a corn at night will remove the soreness.
8. Don't waste the lemon rind. A little of it grated when fresh, and added to apple pie or apple sauce is an improvement. The rind of a fresh lemon grated and added to bread pudding will make a different dish of it.
9. Lemons may be kept nice and fresh for a long time if placed in a jar of water; but the water should be changed every day.



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