

## THE MIGRATION OF BIRDS.

The birds which travel by night include by far the greatest number of migrants. Among them will be found the thrushes, with the exception of the robin and the bluebird, which migrate by day; the nuthatches and titmice, creepers, thrashers and finches, orioles, meadow-larks, flycatchers, with the exception of the kingbird, the cuckoos and the woodpeckers. You will observe that most of these birds have neither very strong nor very rapid flight, and consequently require the shelter of darkness to protect them from their enemies. Moreover, most of them take their food in small quantities and require some time to make a full meal. If they attempted to divide up the day between eating and migrating, they would travel but slowly. So they journey by night and spend the day in feeding and resting.

The day migrants, on the other hand, are for the most part birds strong enough to resist attack or swift enough to avoid it. They include the horned larks, titlarks, robins, bluebirds, cedarbirds, swallows, blackbirds, grackles, jays, crows, night-hawks, chimney-swifts, hummingbirds, hawks and doves. Some of these—the nighthawks and chimney-swifts, for example—do not require to stop for food, but feed on the wing as they travel; the rest, although they may have to stop for refreshments now and then, are so swift of wing that they can easily make up for lost time. Of course, there are times when some of these migrants are obliged to cross considerable bodies of water, and in such cases it sometimes happens that they have to travel during a part or the whole of a night.—Woman's Home Companion.

## THEN WHAT DID HE SAY.

"Now, you're sure you have everything in the portmanteau, my dear?" asked Mr. Younglove before beginning the back-breaking process of roping his wife's portmanteau when they started their visit to the country.

"Yes, dear," she said, "everything."

"Well, be sure, now; I wouldn't unrobe and rerobe this thing for a five-dollar note."

And an hour later, when he was lying on the floor panting and gasping from his efforts, Mrs. Younglove said, sweetly:

"There, dear, I've forgotten something after all. How careless of me! Would you mind opening the portmanteau, dear, and putting in my dressing gown? I entirely forgot it, and I really can't get along without it. And here's my box of handkerchiefs, and my slippers are on the chair—and, oh! here are my cuffs and collars and my little shawl. I believe I left my box of ribbons in the drawer—yes, here it is, and my fan, too, and one of your shirts. Here are my goloshes and waterproof, and my watered silk sash, and my little work box that I'll be sure to need before we get home. How careless I am! Hurry, dear; we've no time to lose!"

Diogenes, lantern in hand, entered the village drug store.

"Say, have you anything that will cure a cold?" he asked.

"No, sir, I have not," answered the pill compiler.

"Give me your hand," exclaimed Diogenes, dropping his lantern. "I have at last found an honest man."

## TOBACCO AND LIQUOR HABIT.

Mr. McTaggart's tobacco remedy removes all desires for the weed in a few days. A vegetable medicine, and only requires touching the tongue with it occasionally. Price 2.

Truly marvellous are the results from taking his remedy for the liquor habit. It is a safe and inexpensive home treatment, no hypodermic injections, no publicity, no loss of time from business, and a certainty of cure. Address or consult Dr. McTaggart, 75 Yonge street, Toronto.

## THE SIMPLE ART OF LISTENING.

"She is charming," observed the man, mentally, as he closed the door of her home behind him.

"Yes, she's an unusually interesting woman," he repeated, as he turned the corner.

And why? Simply because she had sat for two solid hours and listened. Because, by a tactful question or two she had drawn him on to talk of what he liked, while she listened interestedly. Because, when he told her of marvelous achievements, she had seemed awed; when he spoke of a sorrow, her eyes had been all sympathy; when he related an amusing incident, she had laughed merrily. Always she had listened, intelligently, understandingly. And in his eyes she was—charming, an unusually interesting woman.

Since the days of the humorist woman has been laughed at and joked with because of her talking propensities. She has been likened unto a magpie and she has been called a talking machine. She has been accused of never letting a man get a word in, in the proverbial manner, edge-wise. Now, the clever woman lets him round out his every word, and occasionally she asks a question—a tactful, well-timed question, and—listens.

Listening is not merely making use of the two ears with which nature endowed human beings. The woman who has truly learned the art listens with her eyes, her mouth, her hands—her whole attitude is that of listening, of being interested in every word of the conversation.

Even a little child is attracted to the woman who listens to what it has to say. The woman who asks a small girl what she is doing in school, what sort of game she likes to play, where she goes and what she does, and listens to her childish way of telling it, always seeming to understand, is the woman whom the child loves.—Selected.

## STOP AND THINK.

"Our days would all be brighter  
Our deeds would all be whiter,  
If we'd only stop and think."

"We would cease unrest to borrow,  
We would banish worlds of sorrow,  
If we'd only stop and think."

## SPARKLES.

Domestic (who has been interrogating prospective mistress): "Well, Mrs. Sharply, you have rather a bad name among the girls in the town, but I think I'll give you a try."—Pick-Me-Up.

"My dear," said the wife of the eminent professor, "the hens have scratched up all that eggplant seed you sowed."

"Ah, jealousy!" mused the professor. And he sat down and wrote a twenty-page article on the "Development of Envy in the Minds of the Lower Grade of Biped."

Downtown—How did Binkers, the architect, become so poor?

Uptown—He built a house for himself. They say her wedding beggared description.

"Oh, more than that!"

"Indeed?"

"Yes. It beggared her father."

"Why, Harry, how much you look like your father!" remarked a visitor to a four-year-old.

"Yes'm," answered Harry, with an air of resignation. "That's what everybody says, but I can't help it."

Stranger—I would like to have a tooth pulled.

Dentist—A man who would like to have a tooth pulled must be a lunatic. Guess you'd better go to the nearest asylum.

Mike—Oi hear yez wor' foined foive dollars for assaultin' McDooley.

Pat—Oi wor; an' it wor' a proud moment when Oi hur-rd th' sintince b'gorry!

Mike—Pfwat's th' rayson av thot?

Pat—Faith, and it show'd which av us had th' best av th' contist.

## BIBLE PREACHERS.

Strong preachers have ever been Bible preachers. The old reformers drew their weapons from the heavenly armor. The sermons of Bunyan and Baxter, Flavel and men of this stamp were full of God, instinct with living doctrines. Their very garb was after the scripture pattern. Whitefield as a custom read the Bible with Henry's Commentary, day by day, on his knees, praying over every sentence, line and word. Edwards and Davies were mighty in the Scriptures. Of Chalmers it has been said that his sermons "held the Bible in solution." Preachers who saturate their sermons with the Word of God never wear out. The manna which they bring is pure and sweet and freshly gathered.

It never cloy. God's Word is deep, and he who studies it will ever have something new. He will never be dull, for the words of the Bible are strong, living words, and its images and descriptions are flowers of elegance. Apt citations clinch the passages of the preacher's discourse, and give sanction, dignity, positiveness, authority to it. And they shed light into his subject, like windows in houses.—Christian Guardian.

## SPARKS FROM OTHER ANVILS.

Herald and Presbyter: The farmer will soon know how many bushels of wheat and how many tons of hay he has raised. It is the lawful satisfaction of harvest to know what success one has secured. So in the spiritual harvest it is a lawful joy to know and to tell some of the results of consecrated Christian labor. The pastor may not know exactly what he has accomplished, but he must certainly labor for and expect results.

The Missionary Herald calls attention to the fact that the forces of Islam are active in Central Africa, and that they are winning vast numbers of the population. But it quotes to opposite effect the British commissioner to Uganda, Colonel Sadler, who, speaking from an intimate acquaintance with the field, says that such conversions of the natives to Mohammedanism as he has witnessed have been of men who wished to be free from the moral restraints of Christianity as preached by Christian missionaries. He says that Islam permits the native to practice the vices which are particularly pleasing to him, yet it makes no headway except among the Sudanese. In Uganda, the finest province in Africa, its day is long past.

Lutheran Observer: The desire of the Greeks who came up to the feast was to "see Jesus." And the vision of Jesus still answers to the desires of the great world of burdened and sinful men. They may not always be able to interpret their desire. They may not know the import of the yearnings of their restless and unsatisfied hearts. But in the vision of Jesus they find rest and peace to their souls. To hold him up before the eyes of perishing men that he may draw them to himself, and to a new life in and through him, is the great mission of the Christian Church. When she is intent on this, when she is moved by a passion of love and pity for men and women going down to death unavenged, when nothing seems to important as to reach them with divine help, then her appeals become mighty and constraining. Sinners are converted and there are added to her ranks multitudes of those who are being saved.

Nearly every cook or recipe book says: "Pour boiling water over ripe tomatoes, then skin them;" but this is a very vague direction. The correct way to peel tomatoes is to cover them with boiling water for half a minute, then lay them in cold water, until perfectly cold, and the skin can be peeled off without difficulty, leaving the tomatoes unbroken and as firm as they were before being scalded.