

## The Mob of Blots.

"I wish you'd be more careful, dear,"  
Euphemia heard her mother say;  
"I put a nice clean blotter here  
Day before yesterday."

Euphemia was a naughty child;  
She saw the blots, she tossed her head;  
And then she actually smiled,  
And this is what she said:

"The blotter's there for folks to blot;  
I haven't stained the desk at all!  
And each one's such a little spot—  
You see they're very small!"

That night Euphemia dreamed a dream;  
She wandered through secluded spots,  
And then (her mother heard her scream),  
She met a mob of blots.

They grinned, they leered, they winked, they  
smiled,  
The fattest of them wagged his ears,  
And said: "Just look at that small child!  
She made you all, my dears!"

This was too much, and with a scream  
She woke. For days she never smiled,  
And since the dreaming of that dream,  
She is the neatest child.

—MARGARET VANDEGRIFT, in *May St. Nicholas*.

## A Natural Aquarium.

The Grafton quarry, on the east coast of Scotland, admits the tide, so that at high water the inlet has a surface area of about ten acres and a depth of sixty feet in some parts. The mouth of this inlet is to be so closed that fishes and other marine animals may be unable to pass through it, while the circulation of the sea water will remain unobstructed. The inclosure will form a natural aquarium, which is to be stocked with marine life of all kinds. A laboratory for students is to be placed on a barge anchored in the quarry, additional quarters being provided in a cottage on shore. This curious scientific aquarium is being established under the auspices of the Scottish Meteorological Society. It would seem that in such an aquarium the "submarine balloon" of M. Toselli might be used to advantage. This is a device which will be used at the forthcoming International Exhibition at Nice, and is made of steel and bronze to enable it to resist the pressure of water at a depth of 120 meters, nearly 160 pounds to the square inch. The vessel is divided into three compartments—the upper for the commander, to enable him to direct the observatory and give explanations to the passengers, who, to the number of eight, occupy the middle compartment. They have under their feet a glass plate, enabling them to see the bottom of the ocean, with its corals, fishes, grass, etc. The third compartment contains the buoyant chamber, whose power of flotation can be regulated at will. As the sea is dark at the depth of 70 meters, the observatory is to be lighted by electricity, and a telephone communicates with the surface.

## "Thou God Seest Me!"

If some one great and good is near  
It makes us careful what we do;  
How much more then ought we to fear  
The Lord who sees us through and through.

So when inclined to do amiss,  
However pleasant it may be,  
I'll always try to think of this:  
I'm not too young for God to see.

## Destroyed Libraries.

The great Alexandrian library, the largest collection of books in the ancient world, which was destroyed by fire by order or permission of Theodore the Great, because it contained so much heathen literature, was not the only one to suffer such a fate for a like cause. The *Two Republics* prints an extract from Adolfo Duclos Salina's work on "The Riches of Mexico and its institutions," which says: "The establishment of libraries in Mexico dates from a period long before the conquest by the Spaniards in 1521. It is a well-known fact in history that King Itscoatl caused

the disappearance of all the written records of his time, in which were set down all the old precedents and customs. This he did in order that the people might not know what they were and might despise them on that account. History tells us, too, that the allied Tlaxcaltecas destroyed the library of the city of Texcoco on this being occupied by the conquerors. The remainder of the traditional records which survived these disastrous fates were almost entirely done away with by the spirit of fanaticism displayed by the first Bishop Zumarraga and others, who saw in all symbolical writings evidences of superstitious idolatry."

Indigestion is stubborn, but K.D.C. overcomes it

## The Dewdrops.

"The least flower with a brimming cup may stand,  
And share its dewdrop with another near."

*Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

It was a beautiful summer's morning: myriads of bright, sparkling dewdrops lay quivering on the grass, reflecting the brilliant rays of the rising sun: and the grateful flowers were all murmuring their thanks for the cool, refreshing dew which had fallen on them, all except one,—a little pimpernel, and she, poor little thing, grew so low, that she was quite hidden by the others, and not one dewdrop had fallen to her share. In a low, beseeching voice, she entreated one of her neighbours, a tall, flaunting red poppy, to spare her one little drop from her full cup; but the poppy scornfully tossed her head, and replied, "That she had not too much for herself;" she next asked the blue cornflower, but she answered, "She had so many buds to feed, that she could not possibly give anything away." All the other flowers had some equally good reason for refusing, and the pimpernel was in despair—where should she look for help? She felt that she must die if no one would relieve her; and she laid her pretty head down on the ground, and tried to sleep, and forget the burning thirst that dried up her very roots. All at once, she heard a sweet voice close to her, and raising her head, she saw a little plant of chickweed, whom she had despised and looked down upon in happier days. Now the chickweed had only a very little dew left, for she had already given some away that morning; but she was a good, kind-hearted little thing, and though the pimpernel had been unkind to her, she forgot and forgave all, and offered to share her dewdrops with her neighbour. Gratefully did the fainting flower accept her kind offer, and the chickweed felt herself well repaid when her friend again held up her head, revived and refreshed by the cooling draught, and murmured, "Can you forgive me?" "Willingly," was the smiling reply—and from that hour the chickweed and the pimpernel were firm friends. But a just punishment was in store for the selfish flowers. The sun had not risen very high in the heavens, when a little child came into the field, with a basket in her hand, to gather flowers: the bright, conspicuous colours of the poppy and the cornflower soon attracted her notice—and they, together with many others, the wild geranium, the large yellow dandelion, the dog-daisy, and in short, all those who had refused the pimpernel's request—were gathered and taken home. At first they rejoiced, thinking that some bright fate was in store for them, and when they were placed in an earthen mug on the table in the child's cottage home, they fancied they should be much happier than they had been out in the beautiful field in the open air. But they did not think so long: as the child was standing by admiring them, the door opened, and her mother came in. "What have you there?" she asked; but e'er the child could answer, she saw what they were, and exclaiming, "Poppies! why I wouldn't have such things in the house for anything!" she opened the window, and threw them all out. Ah! it was then that they remembered their selfishness in the morning, and now that they were scorched and dried up by the hot sun, they felt what it was to wish vainly for even one drop of water: but it was too late then, for they were fading fast, and in a few hours no one could have recognized the once brilliant flowers in the little heap of dry, withered sticks, without

colour or beauty. Meanwhile the pimpernel and the chickweed were very happy, the flowers which had screened them from the dew were gone, the fresh wind blew around them; and that evening they rejoiced and were glad when the dewdrops fell upon them unchecked by the interference of their selfish neighbours.

K.D.C. the household remedy for stomach troubles.

Some people laugh to show their pretty teeth. The use of Ivory White Tooth Powder makes people laugh more than ever. It's so nice. Price 25c. Sold by druggists.

—Compassion is an emotion of which we ought never to be ashamed. Graceful, particularly in youth, are the tears of sympathy, and the heart that melts at the tale of woe. We should not permit ease and indulgence to contract our affections, and to warp us up in selfish enjoyment, but we should accustom ourselves to think of distresses of human life, of the solitary cottage, the dying parent, the weeping orphan. Nor ought we ever to sport with pain and distress in any of our amusements, or to treat even the meanest insect with wanton cruelty.

—One of the most comfortable summer resorts within easy reach of the city is Peninsular Park Hotel, situated on Lake Simcoe, nine miles from Barrie. It was opened for the season last Monday. The house has all modern improvements, including electric lighting. It has large and beautiful play-grounds for children, lawn tennis courts, and excellent facilities for bathing, boating, and fishing. It will be under most careful management, and reasonable rates are promised. Mr. M. McConnell, 46 Colborne street, will be pleased to furnish information as to terms, etc.

—Our piety should never fail in kind words, in cheerful civilities, in wholesome encouragements; we must cherish all the sweet fidelities of friendship, the gentle tones of affection. Goodness and truth are of more weight than brilliant talents, and good temper goes farther than a great gift. We cannot expect people to believe either in our principles or our sincerity, when they see them failing to amend our faults and strengthen our virtues.

—It was the celebrated Dr. Abernethy who said that "one-half of the diseases in the world were caused by stuffing, the other half by fretting." Doubtless the eccentric doctor was somewhat too sweeping in his classification. Still, the truth is, we see a good deal of fretting done constantly, and that it is as hurtful as it is useless. Fretting is first a habit, then a disease; and unfortunately the chief sufferers from this disease are not the people who do the fretting, but the people who have to listen to them. One persistently fretful man or woman can make so many victims miserable that contemplation becomes appalling.

—As is the fresh breeze to a ship becalmed at sea, filling her sails, and driving her onward in spite of herself, so is the Spirit of God and of Christ to the torpid, languid human soul, which will not be roused except by a power greater and higher than itself. As is the fresh air to a close infected room, so is the keen, invigorating breeze from the throne of God, which pours into the narrow chamber of the heart, stuffed with the prejudices and passions and fancies of our own little circle, of our own little thoughts, whose doors have never been opened to new ideas or bright feelings, whose windows have been closed against all wider and higher views.—Dean Stanley.

To halls of heavenly truth admission would'st thou win.  
Oft knowledge stands without, while love may enter in.

—Trench.