

welcome, here are these boisterous ones, at hand once more to make a new sort of companionship.

Sometimes it is the happy work of remembrance to keep the fire bright with unforgetten love kindled on the home hearth—sometimes to resist and struggle against wrongs, not conquered before love's fight was done. Our treasured "past lies before us, not behind us." What it gave us of joy and mirth and good cheer is for our maintenance now; what it taught us of the value of goodness and vigor and self control is for our ensample to-day. Whatever was gracious and happy, and charming "in the dim past" is for our helpful refreshment when shadows fall, and we are stronger, and better, and worthier because of everything we recall with loving gratitude.—New York Evening Post.

### When You Go to College.

I hope you have been judicious in your selection of clothing. You are wise if you have spent your extra shakels on the dresses that are to have the most wear. The light, befrilled creations to be worn only on festive occasions may far more wisely be made of cheaper material. The best material that can be afforded should be used in the making of the week-day dresses. The girl whose school dresses are made of cheap material works under a real disadvantage, since an unexpected exposure to rain or other accident literally wiles the garment, and its days of respectability are ended, while a really good cloth is not in the least injured in such a happening.

I hope that you will turn resolutely away from the contemplation of a wrapper of the fussy, tight-lining variety. It affords less actual comfort than a regulation tailor-made costume. A wrapper you must have of course, but let it be what the name implies. The thing is a possibility—a beautiful Oriental garment, with long, graceful lines, which can be donned in an instant, and fastened with a few loops and frogs. Such a garment is a blessing at times, when in the privacy of your own apartment you feel special need of relaxation, but remember that only the chronic invalid is excusable for appearing in public in such a state of dishabille.

I hope your mother has been very sensible and taught you the invaluable art of mending and "fixing" in general. The woman who is not mistress of the situation in this respect is an object calculated to make men and angels weep, and certain it is that the victim herself will often indulge in that lugubrious emotion. There is an assurance of ease, in the bearing of the girl who knows how to make and mend that is utterly lacking in her who must depend upon another.

Wage eternal war against spots and spills. Let the little tray in the new trunk where the toilet accessories are placed carry the simple but effective means of dealing with such accidents. Two or three small "silk" sponges, a bottle of ammonia, another of benzene, and another of alcohol; a box of French chalk and a clothes-brush of the best quality. See to it that your toilet always suggests dainty freshness rather than constant charge of apparel.—The Pilgrim.

### Two Kinds of Reading.

A young boy found he could read with interest nothing but sensational stories. The best books were placed in his hands, but they were not interesting. One afternoon, as he was reading a foolish story, he

heard some one say "That boy is a great reader; does he read anything that is worth reading?"

"No," was the reply; "his mind will run out if he keeps on reading after his present fashion. He used to be a sensible boy until he took to reading nonsense and nothings else."

The boy sat still for a time, then rose, threw the book into the ditch, went up to the man who said his mind would run out, and asked him whether he would let him have a good book to read.

"Will you read a good book if I will let you have one?"

"Yes, sir?"

"It will be hard work for you."

"I will do it."

"Well, come home with me and I will lend you a good book."

He went with him, and received the volume the man selected.

"There," said the man, "read that, and come and tell me what you have read."

The lad kept his promise. He found it hard work to read simple and wise sentences, but he persevered. The more he read, the more he talked with his friend about what he had read, the more interested he became. Ere long he felt no desire to read the feeble and foolish books and he derived more pleasure from reading the good books than he ever derived from reading poor ones. Besides his mind began to grow. He became to be spoken of as an intelligent, promising young man, and his prospects are bright for a successful career. He owes everything to the reading of good books, and to the gentleman who influenced him to read them.—Christian Guardian.

### Napoleon's Handwriting:

Napoleon, according to Alexander Dumas, lost such battles as he did lose because he wrote such a fiendish hand. His generals could not read his notes and letters, and the trembling marshals, afraid of disobeying, and striving to interpret the indecipherable commands, loitered, wandered and did not come up to the scratch, or not to the right scratch. Thus Waterloo was lost.

Cannot you fancy Grouch handing round Napoleon's notes on that sanguinary Sunday? "I say," cries the marshal to his aide-de-camp, "is that word Gembloux or Wavre? Is this Blucher or Bulow?" So probably Grouchy tossed up for it, and the real words may have been none of these which he offered his conjecture. Meanwhile, on the left and center d'Erion and Jerome and Ney were equally puzzled, and kept on sending cavalry to places where it was very uncomfortable, and did no sort of good. Napoleon may never have been apprised of these circumstances. His old writing master was not on the scene of action. Nobody dared to say, "Sire, what does this figure of a centipede mean, and how are we to construe these two thick strokes flanked by dots?" The imperial temper was peppery; the great man would have torn off his interrogator's epaulettes and danced upon them. Did he not once draw his pistol to shoot a little dog that barked at his horse? And when the pistol missed fire the great soldier threw it at the dog and did not hit him. The little dog retreated with the honors of war.

Such was the temper of Napoleon, and we know what Marlborough thought of the value of an equable temper. Nobody could ask Bonaparte to write a legible hand, so his generals lived a life of conjecture as to his meaning, and Waterloo was not a

### HEALTH FOR BABY.

Babies that are well, sleep well, eat well, and play well. A child that is not lively, rosy-cheeked and playful, needs immediate attention, or the results may be serious. Give an unwell child Baby's Own Tablets and you will be astonished how soon he will be bright and playful. For diarrhoea, constipation, simple fever, indigestion, colic, and teething irritation, these tablets have absolutely no equal. They do not stupefy the child as poisonous "soothing" medicines do—they go to the seat of the trouble and cure him. Mrs. E. Bancroft, Deerwood, Man., says:—"I have used Baby's Own Tablets for stomach and bowel troubles, for simple fevers and teething and I think them the best medicine in the world." You can get these Tablets at any drug store, or by mail at 25 cents a box by writing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. Wise mothers always keep the Tablets in the house to guard against a sudden illness of little ones.

success, and the Emperor never knew why. Of all his seven or eight theories of his failure at Waterloo, his handwriting was not one. Yet if this explanation had occurred to him, Napoleon would certainly have blamed his pens, ink and paper. Those of Nelson, at Copenhagen, were very bad. "If your guns are not better than your pens," said a Danish officer (who came in under a flag of truce before the fight, and was asked to put a message into writing), "you had better retire."—Longman's Magazine.

### Pharaoh and his Host.

Certain summer tourists visited a Highland church about five years ago, when the worthy clergyman chanced to be expounding the story of the destruction of Pharaoh and his host. His peroration was in these sublime words:—"And Moses and his people crossed over safely to the other side, but Pharaoh and his host were submerged in the water. And Pharaoh lifted up his eyes and saw Moses standing safely on the other side, and he cried and said, 'O, Moses, save me!' But Moses never let on that he was hearing him. And he cried again and said: 'Oh, Moses, save me, and I will let the children of Israel go!' And Moses turned and looked at him, and said, 'Pharaoh, I think I have seen you before.'"

### He Remained.

In a large warehouse in Glasgow a worthy official who had served his employers faithfully for over twenty years, thought he would like a change of scene and occupation in the South of England. Accordingly he sent in his resignation, which was accepted with very much regret. His fellow-employees, by whom he had always been highly respected, raised among themselves a purse of one hundred sovereigns, which the senior partner of the firm presented to him in a neat, choice speech. "Well," said the recipient, as he pocketed the purse, and rose to thank the donors, "I dinna ken how I can thank ye for this magneificent present. I'm sure I never thocht I was sae weel like't until this mornin'; an' noo, when I see ye a' kind an' sorry at the prospect o' losin' me, I—I think I'll just stop amang ye, an' no' gang awa' at a'!" And stop he did.