

"Is't for me?" gasped Willie, deliriously.

"Subjee' to yer mither's approval. Noo get on wi' the brushin'—an' mind the buttons at the back—they're like mae'sel', requirin' the attentions of a female. Never you be a bachelor, Willie,—unless ye gie up the pentin' an' become a tailor."

As the clock pointed to six Mr. Redhorn opened his door. Then he remembered that the clock was 25 minutes fast.

#### A TROUBLESOME ERRAND.

"John," said Mrs. Bassett, as they sat at breakfast in their pretty suburban home, "we must have a new hoe. Shall I order one by mail, or will you go up to-day and get one?"

"I'll go and get it, my dear. A hoe is rather an important implement, and should be carefully selected."

At noon, therefore, Mr. Bassett went uptown to Money-maker's department store, and inquired of the affable floor-walker where he might find hoes. "Street floor, third aisle to the left," was the reply, and John Bassett marched on, thinking how much better a man shops than a woman. But when he reached the counter he saw nothing but stockings.

"I beg pardon," he said to the pompadoured saleslady, "I was mistakenly directed. I wish to see hoes."

"Right here, sir. Twenty-five cents a pair."

"Oh," said Mr. Bassett, a light breaking on him. "I don't mean that kind of hoe. I mean just common, ordinary hoes."

"These are the cheapest we have, sir. Twenty-five cents a pair."

"But I mean hoes; I don't want a pair. I only want one." The girl stared.

"We never separate a pair of hoes, sir."

"If they did, would they be half-hoes?" said Bassett, unable to quell his humorous instinct. Again the sales-girl stared haughtily, and Mr. Bassett hastened to add: "I beg pardon, I'm sure. But I don't mean this kind of hoe at all. I mean garden hoes."

"You could wear this kind in the garden," said the girl accommodately, and Bassett turned away in despair.

"Look here," he said to a floor-walker, "can't you tell me where to find hoes. Garden hoes, you know, to use in the country—in a small garden."

"Certainly, sir. You'll find what you want in the basement, at the foot of these stairs."

Downstairs Bassett marched, and, after arriving at the department indicated, found himself surrounded by a fine assortment of large reels of rubber hose. "Where can I find hoes?" he exclaimed, gazing at the clerk in exasperation.

"Right here, sir. Will you have black rubber, brown rubber, or electric hose?"

"Not that kind; I mean hoes, for a gardener, you know."

"Yes, sir. This is our best garden hoe."

John Bassett looked at the clerk. "Never mind," he said; "I've decided I don't want to look at hoes, after all. I'm going to buy a rake."—Saturday Evening Post.

The letters delivered in London last year reached the enormous total of 753,400,000, or well over 2,000,000 for each day of the 12 months. The number of letters per head of the population was approximately 160, or 92 more than the average for the whole of England, and 98 in excess of the average for the United Kingdom.

A Unitarian clergyman writing on Sabbath observance says that the great menace to the Sabbath in this country is not the tendency of the people to seek recreation on that day, but the disposition of some to turn the church itself into a place of recreation.

#### A LITTLE GIRL WITH TWO FACES.

I heard a strange thing the other day. It was of a little girl who has two faces. When she is dressed up in her best clothes, when some friends are expected to come to tea, or when she is going out with her mother to call on some neighbors, she looks so bright and sweet and good that you would like to kiss her. But do you know, when she is alone with her mother, and no company is expected, she does not look at all like the same little girl. If she can not have what she would like, or do just what she wishes, she will pout and scream and cry, and no one would ever think of kissing her then. So, you see, this little girl has two faces; one she uses in company, and puts it on just like her best dress, and the other she wears at home alone with her mother. I also know a little girl who has only one face, which is always sweet, and never sweeter than when she is at home, and her mother wants her to be as useful as she can and help her. I think I need scarcely ask you which of these little girls you like best, or which of them you would most like to resemble.—Sel.

#### A LITTLE GENTLEMAN.

I know a well-bred little boy who never says, "I can't;" He never says, "Don't want to," or "You've got to," or "You shan't;" He never says, "I'll tell mamma," or calls his playmates "mean."

A lad more careful of his speech I'm sure was never seen.

He's never ungrammatical—he never mentions "ain't;"

A single word of slang from him would make his mother faint.

And now I'll tell you why it is destitute of this should seem absurd;

He's now exactly six months old, and cannot speak a word!

—St. Nicholas.

#### BACK YARDS.

By Edwin L. Watts.

"You musn't play hop-sotch to-day, Sally, it's Sunday." "Well, then, we'll go behind the house; it's not Sunday in the back yard."

So said a visitor at Sally's home, and so answered Sally, raised in a Sunday atmosphere that could not have been very intense.

Examine people's back yards, and you'll get a good idea of what they are; investigate the back yards of their characters, and you will know what they are.

The old-fashioned back yard with its rubbish and weeds is going; the elimination of back yards from the characters of citizens proceeds more slowly—it's so convenient to have a place where you can hide soul furniture that you are ashamed of.

In the back yards of our characters are the motives, sentiments, passions, we want no eye to see, and it is the same with our children, our scholars. How can we teach them that God sees back-yards through and through?

What a relief since houses are no longer built as like as peas! Neither are children. Most of all they differ in their motives, longings, hopes, aspirations away from the public eye.

Ah, the rare teacher that can get into the back yard of a boy's character, and feel at home there, pulling up a weed here, filling up a bad spot there, sowing, planting, fostering and waiting.

You fail to make an impression on Jim, because you are always knocking on his front door where everybody sees you, and will see him if he opens to you. Go around to the back door—you will find it behind those tall weeds; knock, if you know how. If he doesn't open come again to-morrow.

Ah, Jim has opened, and if you keep on using the same tact, you'll secure

#### BABY'S SMILE.

Baby's smile indicates that he is well and happy. It is only the sick child who is cross and restless. And the mother can depend upon it that when her baby cries he is not crying simply to be ugly—that is not his nature—he is crying because he is in pain—most probably his little stomach is out of order. The mother will find Baby's Own Tablets a never failing cure for all the minor ailments of little ones. In the homes where the Tablets are used there are no cross, crying babies—nothing but bright, happy and playful babies—the kind that are a joy to the home. Mrs. Jos. Legree, Caranquet, N. B., says: "At the time I sent for Baby's Own Tablets my little one was weak and failing. He would cry night and day, and I did not seem able to get anything to help him. After giving him the Tablets there was a great change and he has since thrived finely." The Tablets are sold by drug-gists or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

entire control of his character, back yard and all, and he'll be proud to let you in at his front door in plain sight of everybody. Then you can easily crowd the weeds out of his character, by planting the seeds of love and truth, and teaching him to nurse and cultivate them.

But alas! some Sunday-school teachers have back yards in their own characters. They have the front yard, the facade, the name-plate for Sundays, for church and Sunday-school, and the back yard for week-days. There's a front yard smile and hand-shake in the Sunday-school, but as they pass out the door back they go behind the board fence of weekday coldness and indifference. A few thousand teachers with out back yards in their characters would save the rising generation for God.

For our boys know when they are in the back yard of our hearts among the rubbish, and it's the back yards of our characters that they are watching. They note the cigar, the doubtful companion, the Sunday ride, the sharp deal, on our part.

Devoutly we ought to pray: "And chiefly thou, O Spirit, that dost prefer

Before all temples the upright heart and pure,

Instruct me, for thou know'st .... What in me is dark

Illuminate, what is low raise and support."

Some one has said that the Bible begins in a garden, and ends in a city. Heaven is a city without back yards, literal or metaphorical.

The place to eliminate them from character is here.

#### THE CRUEL CHECK-REIN.

A vote of thanks is due to the Toronto Humane Society for its protest against the check-rein. It is strange that this instrument of torture should still be used when its uselessness, as well as its cruelty, has been completely proved. Anyone can see what suffering it inflicts on the horse by the relief which the poor animal shows when it is let down. It is absolutely useless; it teaches a horse to bore; instead of preventing him from stumbling it prevents him from seeing his way; it frets him and spoils his temper. It no more prevents him from stumbling than we should be prevented from stumbling by having our mouths braced to the back of our necks. By all the best horse masters it has been condemned. Those who persist in using it for the sake of appearance do not mean to be inhuman, but they are.—Goldwin Smith in The Star.