

One Never Knows.

"Shall we ask Milly West?"

Two girls were making out a list of invitations for a little gathering, and one asked this question of the other. "Dora's face clouded as she answered hastily:

"No, Rose. It would spoil our fun to have Milly, I believe. I don't like her. She's bound to have her own way and to make other people do as she pleases."

Dora's tone was really spiteful. The truth was, she had disagreed with Milly, who had not been long in the neighbourhood, and as she was clearly in wrong, Milly would not give up to her. In the beginning, Dora thought she would like the new-comer very much. Just now she was vexed with her and spoke this ill-natured word hastily.

Rose, who was younger, looked up to Dora and took her word as law.

"We'll leave her out, of course," she said. And Milly was left out.

"Why don't you like Milly West?" asked a third girl of Rose, a while later. "You seem to think she'll spoil things if she comes around when we're having a good time."

"I can't bear people who always want their own way," said Rose.

"But Milly is not that kind," protested the other.

"Yes, she is. I've seen it," Dora answered, and went away.

"No one doth know how much an evil word may empoison liking," is a very wise and true saying. It is as true now as when the great Shakespeare said it.

Rose was making up her mind about Milly, and had thought she should like her. Then Dora spoke the ill word against her. Rose began to watch Milly, not kindly, but with suspicion, and her liking was "empoisoned." Dora had not meant to bring this about. Ah! but one never knows!

Mr. George Frink Spencer has just returned from an extended trip abroad, combining business with pleasure. Mr. Spencer is manager for the well-known firm of I. P. Frink, 551 Pearl Street, New York, maker of reflectors for lighting Churches, Halls, Public Buildings, Art Galleries, etc.

Good Words for Boys.

Be gentle, boys. It is high praise to have it said of you, "He is as gentle as a woman to his mother." It is out of fashion to think if you ignore mother and make little sister cry whenever she comes near you, that people will think you belong to the upper stratum of society. Remember that, as a rule, gentle boys make gentle men (gentlemen).

Be manly, boys. A frank straightforward manner always gains friends. If you have committed a fault step forward and confess it. Concealed faults are always found out sooner or later. Never do anything which afterward may cause the blush of shame to come to your face.

Be courteous, boys. It is just as easy to acquire a genteel, courteous manner, as an ungracious, don't care style, and it will help you materially if you have to make your own way through life. Other things being equal the boy who knows the use of "I beg your pardon," and "I thank you," will be chosen for a position in preference to a boy to whom such sentences are strangers.

Be prompt, boys. It is far better to be ahead than behind time. Busi-

ness men do not like tardiness; they realize that time is valuable. Five minutes every morning amounts to half an hour at the end of the week. Many things can be done in half an hour. Besides, disastrous results often follow lack of punctuality.

Be thorough, boys. Black the heels as well as the toes of your shoes, and be sure that the toes shine. Pull out the roots of the weeds in the flowerbeds. Don't break them off and leave them to spring up again when the first shower comes. Understand your lesson. Don't think that all that is necessary is to get through a recitation and receive a good mark.

A Poor Man's Comfort.

Cold and hunger are no respecters of persons. The winter wind howls around the rich man just as searchingly as it sweeps through a poor one. And Fibre Chamois is equally a boon to both with its wonderful, healthful, warmth-giving qualities, its light weight and trifling cost. Those to whom money is no object prefer using it to being burdened down by the weight of many wraps, and those who perform outdoor duties in cold weather, find it invaluable as it keeps out all wind and cold—not for an hour or so, but for all day, and yet adds nothing which hampers them no matter what their exercise may be. With it through their outer garments everyone can enjoy winter's coldest snaps in perfect comfort.

Poor Bunny.

There were a number of children together this summer in a wild mountain place, and they all loved animals. One of them, a little boy, caught a rabbit, a tiny white rabbit, and put it in a box on the piazza of an unoccupied house. The next morning all the children were busy gathering grass for the rabbit. I was invited to see the rabbit, and found him almost smothered under the grass that had been thrown into the box. The poor little fellow could not eat, his house was so filled with food. The children were persuaded to take some of the grass out and not to talk so much to the little wanderer from the deep woods.

The next morning I found him again very uncomfortable because his food filled his house.

Finding that the dear little fellow was in danger of being killed by mistaken kindness, I tried to persuade the kind-hearted little owner to let the rabbit run back to his home in the woods. But the boy's eyes filled with tears, and he said he loved Bunny so dearly that he could not let him go away.

Whitey, for that was his name, was to become a member of the community, and so he must be made comfortable.

He must have a house with a window at the side that would permit him to see the growing grass, and he must have a yard to play in; he must have room to run about; and how was this to be accomplished? Now he was in a box high and narrow, with some loose slats laid across the top, on a piazza high from the ground, dark, and

very unsuitable for a dweller in the woods.

Each day the promise was made that Whitey's house should be built under some bushes on the ground, and that he would have a large yard fenced in with a wire netting over the top, so that no dogs could get at him, or wild beasts from the woods—for it was a wild country where this community had built its houses. The days went by, one by one, and each day the promise was made and broken, and Whitey lived in his house without windows or yard.

One morning one of the little girls met me with a startled look in her face. "Whitey is dead!" she whispered. We went to the box, and there, partly covered by the grass, into which he had evidently tried to burrow at night to keep warm, lay poor little Whitey, dead.

The little owner was very sad when he came to the ugly box into which he had put the pretty rabbit to live. "I was going to begin his new house to-day," he said, sadly.

I remember another boy who last

summer bought some rabbits. He built for each rabbit a house with a tight roof and a big yard. The houses were built high from the ground on stilts like the lake-dwellers' houses. The yards were sodded fresh about three times each week. The little houses, with their doors hung on leather hinges, and small, very small, windows near the roof, were painted red. Troughs with water fresh two or three times a day stood at the doors. On cold nights the houses were covered with pieces of old carpet.

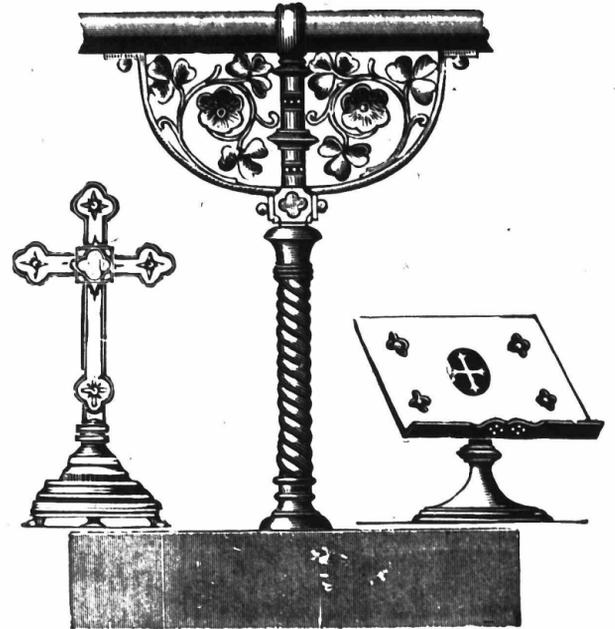
Every day the rabbits were let out into the big field, and when the garden things were used or stored in the cellar the rabbits hopped and jumped in the garden. At first when they were given their liberty each rabbit had an attendant, but after a time they learned their names and would come when called. They came back to their houses and waited to be lifted into their yards. There was no question about their happiness for they grew more lively and fat each day.

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