

Like the muskrat, the beaver can swim a long distance under the ice by breathing upward and inhaling again as he swims across. This breath is seen to collect in bubbles under the ice. An occasional "air-hole" also serves him, so that I have known him to cross under ice a lake a mile and a half wide.—Forest and Stream.

What is Economy?

There is an idea prevalent that economy and saving are allied terms, but the idea is false. Economy and saving may be, but are not necessarily one. Sometimes economy is spending and spending with a liberal hand. Economy is the wise use of the material one has. To save a dollar and waste one's nervous energy to the point of exhaustion is the grossest extravagance. This is one of the lessons which is hardest for a woman to learn. She can gauge the comparative values, however, in this way if she will. The essential things are those which abide and which one has in himself, beyond all changes of fortune and of time. Whatever weakens it or lessens it is false economy. It matters little in the course of a life whether one has a ruffle more or less or not; it matters much whether in seeking for that adornment one has grown so weary that cross words have come. Every strain of that kind, if it comes as the result of trying to save, has cost more than it saved. It is a wise economy, whatever it costs, which saves one's nature whole and sweet, one's brain clear and keen, one's body responsive to one's will and one's entire being in perfect tune with the Infinite.

A Garden With an Open Gate.

"It was rather a tiresome walk, wasn't it?" and Margaret looked up pleasantly as Jean came in. "But, really you have rather a beatified look," she added. "Has any one given you a flower or anything?"

"Not a really, truly one," laughed Jean, "but I have just passed Mrs. Gordon's, and she was on the veranda. She got up and came down to the gate to meet me with just her very own smile, and some hearty questions about myself and the rest of us in that genuine way she has. It rested me all over. I fancy she did give me a flower—a little sprig of happiness in bloom. How kind she is and how loving! The best of it is she is always the same, and everybody knows exactly how to find her. She has such a real interest in people. I've heard her say so, but I would know it without telling."

"Her garden gate is always open" and that makes a difference," said Margaret. "Expound your riddle, or your metaphor," said Jean.

"I was only thinking of a sentence from Dr. Van Dyke," Margaret answered. "It is fresh in my mind, as it happens. He puts the question: 'Are you ready to make a garden for your kindly feelings with the gate open?' Now you know, sister mine, that there are folks a-plenty who have kindly feelings, but we are not much the better for them. They keep the garden gate tight shut. Mrs. Gordon's is always open. She not only has, but she gives flowers, and any passer-by may come into her garden and welcome."

"True enough," said Jean, cordially. Then she added, thoughtfully: "I'm sorry for those shut-tight people who really mean well and have kind feelings, but are afraid, or don't know how, to let them out. Those whose garden gates are always open are surely much happier themselves."

"Of course they are. But we have our

own gardens and gates to look after. There is our little sewing-woman going by. I'll step down and speak to her." and Margaret vanished with a significant smile.—Wellspring.

Psalm for the New Year.

O New Year teach us faith!
The road of life is hard;
When our feet bleed and scouraging winds us
scathe,
Point thou to him whose visage was more
marred
Than any man's; who saith,
"Make straight paths for your feet" and to the
oppress,
"Come ye to me, and I will give you rest."

Yet hang some lamp-like hope
Above this unknown way,
Kind year, to give our spirits freer scope
And our hands strength to work while it is
day.
But if that way must slope
Tombward, O bring before our fading eyes,
The lamp of life, the hope that never dies.

Comfort our souls with love—
Love of all human kind;
Love, special, close, in which, like sheltered
dove,

Each weary heart its own safe nest may find;
And love that turns above
Adoringly; contented to resign
All loves, if need be, for the love divine.

Friend, come thou like a friend,
And whether bright thy face
Or dim with clouds we cannot comprehend,
We'll hold our patient hands, each in his
place,
And trust thee to the end,
Knowing thou ledest onward to those spheres
Where there are neither days, nor months, nor
years.

—Dinah Muloch-Craig

If you earn but three shillings a week, give a penny out of it, and you will never want. But I do not say this to you who have ten or fifteen shillings a week, and give only a penny. I have been ashamed for you, if you have not been ashamed for yourself. Give in proportion to your substance. Open your eyes, your heart, your hand.

The Lost Tribes.

Before the Jewish Historical Society Mr. A. M. Hyamson read a paper on the "The Lost Ten Tribes and the influence of the search for them on the return of the Jews to England," which is reported in the "Jewish World." He said that although many theories had been propounded as to the fate which had overtaken the Ten Tribes in earlier ages, it was not till the commencement of the seventeenth century that Englishmen began to interest themselves in the question. Giles Fletcher was the pioneer in England in the quest for the lost Tribes. In his book, published in 1677, he identifies them with the Tartars. A conclusive proof of the certitude of his position was the fact that the Tartars were divided into ten tribes. It had been suggested by Continental scholars that the North Americans were descended from the Tartars. Breewood combined both theories and insisted on tracing the Ten Tribes to North America. The North American descent of the Israelitish tribes obtained wide credence in England, and a great controversy, resulting in a huge literature, raged round the question, which drew Manasseh ben Israel into the arena. Lord Kingsborough, born 1795, died 1837, published nine and a half ponderous tomes at a cost to himself of \$30,000 to establish the proof of England's identification with Israel.

An Open Letter to Mothers.

"I cannot praise Baby's Own Tablets too highly," writes Mrs. James S. Beach, Campbell's Bay, Que. "From the time my baby was born he was troubled with pains in the stomach and bowels and a rash on his skin which made him restless day and night. I got nothing to help him until I gave him Baby's Own Tablets, and under their use the trouble soon disappeared, and all my friends are now praising my baby he looks so healthy and well. I give him an occasional Tablet, and they keep him well. I can heartily recommend the Tablets to any mother who has a young baby."

Thousands of other mothers praise this medicine just as warmly, and keep it on hand in case of emergency. The Tablets cure all the minor ills of little ones; they act gently and speedily, and are absolutely safe. Sold by all druggists or sent post paid at 25 cents a box by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

The Birthplace of the Moon.

Theoretical observations led Professor G. H. Darwin to conclude several years ago that far back in the past the earth rotated on its axis in about three hours, and that the friction of tides upon its surface, acting as a brake, has reduced this rate to the period of twenty four hours, which is the length of our day at present. When the day was only three hours long, the earth was in a plastic condition, and the attraction of gravity was barely sufficient to counteract the tendency for parts to fly off, due to the great velocity with which our globe was spinning. This gave grounds for the conjecture that the moon is composed of fragments of our primitive planet, which detached themselves when the earth spun up very swiftly, and afterwards became consolidated. At that time the earth was pear-shaped, and Mr. J. H. Jeans has recently shown in a paper to the Royal Society that it roughly contains the configuration even now. The deep seas in the Southern Hemisphere—the Pacific, Atlantic, and Indian Oceans—are believed to lie in the depression or vacancy from which the material of the moon was once torn off and thrown into space. England is almost at the centre of a hemisphere which is practically all land; this would be the blunt end of the pear-shaped earth, while almost at the antipodes of England is the Australian continent which marks the remains of the stalk end of the pear—Leisure Hour.

Squash Pie—One cup heaping full of squash, one pint milk, two eggs, sugar to taste, probably one cup, nutmeg for flavor.

Saving Money By Mail

Is the title of an interesting Booklet which explains our system by which deposits may be made and withdrawn by mail as conveniently as if your own post-office were our office.

Send for it. You will find it interesting.

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