

hound, with muzzle almost touching the ground, coming along the riverbank, even as he had come, following in his very footsteps. As irresolutely he gazed at the dog, the animal gave voice to a long, low growl.

The doomed man turned and waded into the horrible depths of the tunnel, while a great splash warned him that the dog had sprung into the sewer and was following him with swift, unerring steps. The sewer deepened as he went on, and he was soon wading waist-deep in the pestiferous liquid which rushed past him. At the same moment something soft, wet, and living leaped upon his shoulder and plunged again into the rushing water.

Behind him came the dog, silent and terrible. As he sank up to the neck the man made a last frantic effort to hold on to the slimy wall of the tunnel. He clutched at it vainly, his feet slipped, and the foul water rushed over him. He rose once more, and the next instant his throat was seized in a fearful grip. For a moment he struggled, tearing at the dog's head with his hands, then uttered a long and frightful cry, and the performance was over.

Holding the lifeless body of the man in his teeth, the dog swam out into the open air. He dragged it out into the mud, and, having given it a savage shake, just as he might have shaken a rat, turned slowly away and disappeared in the darkness. Immediately afterwards some dozens of small, wet, soft creatures, with pointed noses and glittering eyes, emerged from the black water and made their way to the body with a speed which suggested the expectation of a feast.

And still the rain fell, and still the wind blew, and still the river hurried away.

PETER AND TREE PLANTING.

Peter lived on the prairie. When he was three years old the first railway train came through. Uncle Peter carried the small boy to see it.

A boy on the train threw a peach to Peter. He ate it, and laughed with delight.

"Don't throw away the stone," said Uncle Peter; "we'll plant it."

Peter's chubby, brown, little hand patted the soft earth over it. That first season he watched the green shoot break through and send out a few leaves. The next season it was tall enough for Peter to jump over it. The next season it was so tall he couldn't.

When Peter was eight years old there were seven peaches on his tree, one for each member of the family, and not one of them had ever tasted anything so good before. He planted all the stones.

To-day Peter is a big boy. He has eight well-grown peach trees, which carry health and delight to all the neighborhood. And he has a young orchard coming on, which will some day bring more money than all his father's crop.—The Youth's Companion.

MISTAKES OF AUTHORS.

The author of "Don Quixote" makes the party at the Crescent tavern eat two suppers in the evening. Scott, in one chapter of "Ivanhoe," gives the Christian name of Malvoisin as Richard, subsequently altering it to Philip. Pope makes a weasel eat corn. Kingsley makes John Brumblecombe read the prayer, for "All sorts and conditions of men," though in the time of Elizabeth the prayer book did not contain it. Sir Archibald Allison speaks of "Sir Peregrine Pickle," when he means Sir Peregrine Maitland, and the same author translated "droit de timbre" as timber duty, "a howler," which is only equalled by Victor Hugo's translation of "Firth of Forth," "premier de quatre."—London Academy.

THE TONE OF THE VOICE.

It is not so much what you say,
As the manner in which you say it;
It is not so much the language you use,
As the tones in which you convey it.

"Come here," I sharply said,
And the baby cowered and wept;
"Come here!" I cooed, and he looked
and smiled,
And straight to my lap he crept.

The words may be mild and fair,
And the tones may pierce like a dart;
The words may be soft as the summer
air,
And the tones may break the heart.

For words but come from the mind,
And grow by study and art;
But the tones leap forth from the inner
self,
And reveal the state of the heart.

Whether you know it or not,—
Whether you mean or care,
Gentleness, kindness, love and hate,
Envy and anger are there.

Then would you quarrels avoid,
And in peace and love rejoice,
Keep anger not only out of your words,
But keep it out of your voice.
—Youth's Companion.

QUEER BIRD HOMES.

"Queer Bird Homes" is the title of an article published recently in Germany by Harry Maas, ornithologist, in which many instances are cited to show that the tastes of birds as to their habitations vary. A swallow's nest under the eaves of a railway passenger coach he speaks of as most peculiar. Not so much because it was a car, but because this particular one made daily trips between two places. Being on the move about half the time, it was hard to say when the swallows were flying homeward. The nest remained undisturbed, and a little family of three finally emerged from it. He quotes from "Kosmos," in which a nobleman relates that for twelve years a goldfinch pair came regularly to his garden and built a nest out of forget-me-nots. The habit of the birds was so well-known that a bed of the little flowers was cultivated expressly for them. In the historical museum of Soletta, a city in which watchmaking is the chief industry, there is a bird's nest made of watch springs. It was discovered in a tree, where it had been built by a wagtail pair. The little feathered architects used the metal for the outside and to hold the soft lining.

A LONELY DWELLING-PLACE.

North of Scotland there is a little island called Kilda, where there are only six families composed of seventy-three persons. They have communication with the mainland only once a year, when the agent of the owner visits the island to collect rents, and carries with him a package of letters and newspapers. The families' provisions consist of barley bread, eggs, and sea-birds. Fish abound in the waters, but the islanders do not like them as food, and catch them only to sell when the agent comes over.

To pay their rent they weave rough clothing and blankets to sell. In the summer they cultivate gardens, collect birds and eggs for winter stores, and fish for trade. But these poor people, while fighting a hard battle for life are contented with their lot. Crime and intemperance are unknown among them, and courts are never held. All the adults are members of the Church of Scotland, and know a large part of the Bible by heart. A minister resides among them, and holds regular services on Sunday and during the week. This little world is in strange contrast to the busy life of the twentieth century.—Youth's Companion.

COMFORT FOR MOTHERS; HEALTH FOR CHILDREN

Baby's Own Tablets will promptly cure indigestion, colic, constipation, diarrhoea and teething troubles, destroy worms, break up colds and thus prevent deadly croup. This medicine contains no poisonous opiates or narcotics, and may be given with absolute safety to a new-born child. Mrs. C. L. Manery, Leamington, Ont., says: "My baby suffered from colic and constipation so badly that we did not know what it was to get a good night's rest. But since giving him Baby's Own Tablets the trouble has disappeared and he now sleeps well. The action of the Tablets is gentle yet very effective." Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

DORA'S HOUSEKEEPING.

One morning Dora's mother was going away to the next town. She was going to bring grandma for a visit. The carriage was waiting before she was quite ready. "Now I shall not have time to finish my work," she said. "I will let you sweep the sitting room, Dora. You did it very nicely last week, and I know you want to help me."

Dora was pouting because she could not go in the carriage with her mother. She thought it was very cruel that she must stay at home when she wanted to go so much. So she did not answer, but sat by the window pouting till the carriage was gone. Then she said to herself: "I don't feel like sweeping, and don't care how I do it. I think it's too bad that I can't go to ride!"

So she swept the sitting room in a very heedless manner. She did not get the dustpan and take up the litter; she only brushed it together and left it under the hearthrug.

When her mother came home she praised her for making the room so neat. Grandma praised her, too. She said, "I like to see children do their work well. Then I feel sure they will do their work well when they are grown up. I am glad if our little girl is going to be a good housekeeper."

O how Dora felt! She was so ashamed of what she had done. She felt worse because they praised her. She kept thinking of the litter under the hearthrug. She was afraid some one would move the rug and see it. She was unhappy all the rest of the day. When she went to sleep at night she dreamed she could not find the dustpan.

She woke very early the next morning and went down stairs alone. She found the dustpan and brushed up the litter as carefully as she could. It seemed easy enough to do it now.

She wished that she had done it at first; then she would have deserved praise from her mother and grandmother.

Dora remembered this for a long time. I am not sure that she ever forgot it; and it taught her a good lesson. She found that wrong-doing made her very unhappy. When she grew older she learned to be a neat housekeeper.

MONTREAL AND QUEBEC.

A veritable edition de luxe among rail road pamphlets has been issued by the Grand Trunk Railway System to proclaim amongst tourists the glories of the cities of Montreal and Quebec. The brochure is beautifully printed, and generally arranged in the artistic style of earlier days, when the ornamentation of a volume was regarded as an important incident to its presentation of reading matter. It is also very well written, and gives an interesting description of the two most interesting cities in Canada, with many illustrations from photographs. Sent free to any address. Apply to J. Quinlan, Bonaventure Station, Montreal.