

✻ This and That ✻

BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE.

If you've a grayhaired mother In the old home far away, Sit down and write the letter You put off day by day. Don't wait until her tired steps Reach heaven's pearly gate— But show her that you think of her Before it is too late.

If you've a tender message Or a loving word to say, Don't wait till you forget it, But whisper it today. Who knows what better memories May haunt you if you wait— So make your loved ones happy Before it is too late.

The tender words unspoken, The letters never sent, The long forgotten messages, The wealth of love unspent— For these some hearts are breaking, For these some loved ones wait; So show them that you care for them Before it is too late.

Ida Goldsmith Morris, in Atlanta Constitution.

WHAT A BIRD DID.

The following is what a traveller in Brazil relates :

He was attracted by the rapidly uttered cries of a bird, and wishing to learn the cause, he made his way to a tree whence he thought the sound proceeded, and, looking up, saw that a serpent was slowing itself up toward a nest of unfledged little ones. While watching its movements the male parent bird arrived, who after circling twice or thrice over the top of the tree, swiftly darted further away into the forest, and in a few seconds returned with a maple leaf in its little mouth which it instantly placed over the nest and then flew up higher and higher. Meanwhile the serpent wound itself slowly up the tree and reaching the nest quickly turned back, descended the tree and was lost in the underwood. The traveller being interested in the singular incident, afterwards learned from some of the natives that the leaf of a certain tree is a deadly poison to a serpent. How had a bird acquired a knowledge of this? What mortal can say? What philosopher can explain?—Exchange.

GOOD SECURITY.

"Mister, do you lend money here?" asked an earnest young voice at the office door.

The lawyer turned away from his desk, confronted a clear-eyed, poorly dressed lad of twelve years, and studied him keenly for a minute. "Sometimes we do—on good security," he said, gravely.

The little fellow explained that he had a chance "to buy out a boy that's cryin' papers." He had half the money required but he needed to borrow the other fifteen cents.

"What security can you offer?" asked the lawyer.

The boy's brown hand sought his pocket and drew out a paper carefully folded in a

COOL FOOD

For Hot Days.

Better health comes with less meat and fat during the warm weather.

By proper and pleasant diet you can prepare the body for summer and feel from ten to twenty degrees cooler than your neighbor.

Grape-Nuts and cream, a little fruit and possibly a couple of soft boiled eggs, are sufficient for the breakfast. An ordinary portion of Grape-Nuts contains sufficient nourishment to fully sustain the body until the noonday meal; being a predigested food, it does not overtax the stomach and contains none of the heat supplied by the heavy carbonaceous foods.

Fully cooked at the factory by food experts, brings it to you ready to serve, and does away with the heat of cooking and the time necessary to prepare ordinary food and its crisp daintiness is pleasing to the palate of young and old.

Many delicious recipes are found in each Grape-Nuts package, so that the form of eating this wholesome food can be changed to suit the user.

These suggestions, if followed for ten days, will convince the most skeptical that a cool body, an active brain and an energy hitherto unknown will prevail and the general lassitude peculiar to warm weather will disappear.

bit of calico. It was a cheaply printed pledge against the use of intoxicating liquor and tobacco. As respectfully as if it had been the deed to a farm, the lawyer examined it, accepted it and handed over the required sum.

A friend who had watched the transaction with silent amusement laughed as the young borrower departed.

"You think I know nothing about him?" smiled the lawyer. "I know that he came manfully in what he supposed to be a business way, and tried to negotiate a loan instead of begging the money. I know that he has been under good influence or he would not have signed that pledge, and that he does not hold it lightly or he would not have cared for it so carefully. I agree with him that one who keeps himself from such things has character to offer as security."—Selected.

THE FOOLISH ROSE.

While I was walking in the garden one bright morning a breeze came through and set all the leaves aflutter. Now, that is the way flowers talk, so I pricked up my ears and listened.

Presently an elder-tree said, "Flowers, shake off your caterpillars."

"Why?" said a dozen all together, for they were like some children, who always say, "Why?" when they are told to do anything.

The elder-tree said, "If you don't they'll gobble you up."

So the flowers set themselves a-shaking till the caterpillars were shaken off.

In one of the middle beds there was a beautiful rose that shook off all but one, and she said to herself, "O! that's a beauty; I'll keep that one."

The elder-tree overheard her, and called, "One caterpillar is enough to spoil you."

"But," said the rose, "look at his brown and crimson fur, and his beautiful black eyes. I want to keep him. Surely one won't hurt me."

A few mornings afterwards I passed the rose again. There was not a whole leaf on her. Her beauty was gone; she was all but killed, and had only life enough to weep over her folly.

Alas! I didn't think one caterpillar would ruin me."

One sin indulged has ruined many a boy and girl. This is an old story, but a true lesson.—Morning Star.

HIDING THE CHILDREN.

The ticket examiner entered a compartment wherein a respectably dressed lady was comfortably seated. He did not notice a long, flat package lying on the opposite seat, covered with a travelling rug and a newspaper carelessly thrown over it, and he probably would have left the compartment oblivious of its existence had not a pair of sweet, pretty eyes peeped over the top and in a cautious tone the owner of them inquired :

"Mamma, has the man gone yet?"

The artful mother confusedly explained that her child was only three, and entitled to travel free, but curiosity impelled him to further investigation, and a robust young girl of apparently ten revealed herself.—London Tit-Bits.

A CLERICAL PUN.

On one occasion at Athy, where Canon Stavelly, the English divine, was then stationed, he was visited by the archbishop, whom he induced to visit a new coffee house which had just been opened in the interests of temperance. Naturally the distinguished guest was served with a sample cup of coffee. He tasted it, while Canon Bagot and the manager waited in complacent expectancy of commendation.

They were disappointed. The cup was hastily set aside by the bishop, who ejaculated, with prolonged and unmistakable emphasis :

"A-bom-in-able!"

Then the manager suddenly remembered. "Oh, your grace," he explained, "a box of matches fell into the coffee tank this morning, and I did not think it right to waste all the contents of it."

"If your grace will come again," promised Canon Bagot, interposing quickly, I faithfully promise you a matchless cup of coffee."

BOBBIE'S QUESTION.

The scholars were standing in two little rows; The sun through the window shone bright.

While soft little airs on the tips of their toes Came tripping with April delight.

And Bobby looked up as they gently went by;

They'd told him a tale of the spring, And talked of the clouds in the happy blue sky,

And all that the summer would bring.

He heard not the voice of the teacher at all;

His thoughts had gone out with the sun,

He stood with the others, his back to the wall, Absorbed till the lesson was done.

"Now ask me some questions," the teacher had cried,

"Just any that chance to occur."

Bobby's fingers went up, and he solemnly sighed:

"How long till the holidays, sir!"

—John Lee, in Cassell's Little Folks.

FULL OF SNAP.

Gretchen, the daughter of an old German named Kruegel, had been serving as domestic about two weeks in the household of Judge Vaughan of Richmond, when father and employer met on the village street.

"Vell, yoodge," said Kruegel, "how you like dot Gretchen by dis dime alretty?"

"Like her?" returned the judge in his blunt way. "Why, she's just great! We never had any one in the house in her line that entered into work with so much spirit. She's full of snap all the time."

Kruegel turned ponderingly away, and, meeting his frau at his home portal, he sorrowfully said: "Teresa, someding must good wrong mit dot Gretchen. I yoost dit meeted Yoodge Vorgan, and he said dot she vas full of schnapps all de dime."—Ex.

FUN AT THE CARPENTER'S.

The carpenter had put down his tools and gone for his luncheon.

"Life for me is a perfect bore," said the Auger.

"I'm a little board myself," said the Small Plank.

"There's no art in this country," observed the Screwdriver. "Everything's screwed in my eyes."

"You don't stick at anything long enough to know what you're driving at," interjected the Glue.

"That's just it!" said the Screw, "He never goes beneath the surface the way that Jack Plane and I do."

"Tut!" cried the Saw. "I go through things just as much as you do. Life's stuffed with sawdust."

"Regular grind," said the Grindstone.

"I agree with you," said the Bench.

"It doesn't make any difference how well I do my work, I'm always sat on."

"Let's strike said the Hammer.

"That's it!" cried the Auger. "You hit the nail on the head that time."

"I'll hit it again," retorted the Hammer, and he kept his word but he hit the wrong nail. That is why the carpenter now wears his thumb in a bandage. It was his thumb nail the hammer struck.—Chicago Bulletin.

THEIR ARDUOUS TASK.

First Lawyer—The lawyers had a hard struggle over the Moneybags estate.

Second Lawyer—Did they?

First Lawyer—Yes. They had all they could do to keep the heirs from coming to an agreement.—Puck.

WIRE WOUNDS.

My mare, a very valuable one, was badly bruised and cut by being caught in a wire fence. Some of the wounds would not heal, although I tried many different medicines. Dr. Bell advised me to use MINARD'S LINIMENT, diluted at first, then stronger as the sores began to look better, until, after three weeks, the sores have healed, and best of all the hair is growing well, and is NOT WHITE, as is most always the case in horse wounds.

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