

Ostashkof came up at this crisis, and, armed only with a small switch, shouted at the bear, "Where are you getting to? Where are you getting to?" At which the bear took fright and made off.

AS A SCHOOLMASTER.

All the world knows of Tolstoi's philanthropic work among the moujiks as a schoolmaster. But even in this most serious role human nature is blended with philosophy. The writer, N. V. Ouspensky, tells of a visit to Yasnaya Polyana, in 1862, during which Tolstoi asked him to glance at some of the compositions his pupils had written. Taking up one of them at random, he read: "One day, Lyof Nikolayevitch (Tolstoi) called Savoskin up to the blackboard and ordered him to solve a problem in arithmetic. 'If I give you five rolls, and you eat one of them, how many rolls will you have left?' Savoskin could not solve this problem, and the Count pulled his hair for it. . . ." The guest pointed out this masterpiece to Tolstoi, who sighed, crossed his hands before him, and observed: "Life in this world is a hard task." Certainly the works of the great novelist bear witness to the truth of this statement, but none the less there is a lighter side to Count Leo Tolstoi.—[T. P.'s Weekly.

IF.

By Rudyard Kipling.

If you can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
But make allowance for their doubting too;
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
Or being lied about don't deal in lies;
Or being hated don't give way to hating;
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wide;
If you can dream—and not make dreams your master;
If you can think—and not make thoughts your aim;
If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster
And treat those two impostors just the same;
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,
And stoop and build 'em up with worn-out tools;
If you can make one heap of all your winnings
And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,
And lose, and start again at your beginning
And never breathe a word about your loss;
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
To serve your turn long after they are gone;
And so hold on when there is nothing in you
Except the will which says to them: "Hold on!"
If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
Or walk with Kings—nor lose the common touch,
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you;
If all men count with you, but none too much;
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,
And—which is more—you'll be a Man, my son!

A man went into a store to buy a fountain pen. The young saleswoman gave him one to try, and he covered several sheets of paper with the words, "Tempus Fugit."

The obliging vendeuse offered him another pen. "Perhaps," she said, "you'd like one of these stubs better, Mr. Fugit."

The Unpleasant Habit of Belittling Others.

In Success Magazine, Orison Swett Marden attacks the man of mean and ungenerous disposition, who has acquired the habit of belittling the achievements of all around him.

The habit of belittling is a confession of weakness, of inferiority, of a small, jealous, envious nature; a confession that one's life is not well poised, well balanced. The large, magnanimous soul has no room for jealousy, for the belittling spirit. It magnifies the good and minimizes the bad.

A spirit of generosity and kindness is an indication of greatness of soul. Jealousy, envy, a disposition to keep from others the credit which belongs to them, are marks of a small nature, a pinched mentality. A kindly spirit always accompanies largeness of nature, breadth of character. The man who belittles a competitor, who maintains a mean silence when he should praise, only exhibits to the world his own narrowness and stinginess of soul. A man with a really large nature is generous, charitable, even to his enemy.

The belittler does not realize that in disparaging others, in discounting the achievements of competitors, he is exposing the limitations of his own soul, the smallness of his nature, and not only that, but all the time is making the person he is talking to, think less of him. We little imagine that when we draw a picture of others, we draw one of ourselves. A small, mean soul, sees only small, mean things in another. A really great nature sees only the good qualities of others.

Unfortunately, men of great ability who have been distinguished for brilliant intellectual gifts, often unusual courage and tenacity of purpose, men who have really done big things, have frequently been insanely jealous and envious of others, especially those in the same profession or business as themselves.

Many singers and actors—and, I am sorry to say, some clergymen—suffer from professional jealousy. They are pained by hearing others in their profession praised. This jealousy is perhaps more characteristic of professional people generally than of business people.

I know a clergyman who would be very popular and successful if he were only large enough to see the good in his brother clergymen, but he is not. He is always emphasizing their faults and weaknesses, especially those of men who are gaining in popularity. If anyone praises another clergyman, "Yes," he will say, "he is a pretty good man, but he is not always absolutely accurate, reliable, in his statements"; or, "He is very free in his use of other preachers' sermons; he is a great borrower of ideas"; or he will make some other nasty, belittling remark.

The Opportunity of Being Pleasant.

"She and her husband and children; and they are well and they are good and they are contented; and yet, she was actually unhappy because—her dressmaker disappointed her!" says some poor soul who has paid the price—a woman whose house is left unto her desolate. To such a one, the whimpering and scolding complaint about the unimportant, seems an incredible folly, and she is moved to say to her complaining rich friend: "Do stop to remember that you are rich; remember all you possess!" But instead of remembering her wealth, the foolish woman is bemoaning her poverty; she is consumed with worry over unimportant things. The dressmaker brings tears to her eyes; the domestic problem keeps her awake at night; an invitation which does not come turns the world black before her.

Shame! says the poor creature, whose sense of proportion has been born in some bitter hour of fear or bereavement or wrongdoing.

And it is a shame—a shame for people who have in their lives the consciousness of love and character and courage to fall into the wasteful folly of unhappiness about the unimportant. It would be bad enough if this shameful kind of unhappiness could be confined to the person who experiences it; but, unfortunately, its black edge spreads over on to other lives. No woman who comes down to her breakfast-table with what her son frankly calls a "grouch on," is grouchy to herself alone.

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Her husband feels it; that same candid son feels it; her servants feel it; and so the day falls a little more darkly than it need on the world.

It is curious how rarely we stop to reflect upon the duty of being conscious of our happiness, of being pleasant, in fact, for the sake of other people's happiness. And it is so simple a duty, too, always at our hand! It does not need that we shall go out and look for it, as we might look for a high deed to do—a dragon to slay, a movement to reform the world, a vocation, a martyrdom! Sometimes we have to hunt for such things; while right at hand is this great and simple and serious opportunity—the opportunity of being pleasant.—Margaret Deland, in Harper's Bazar.

She Took Notice.

An inspector one day visited a country school taught by a young lady, and in the course of the lesson said, "Now, children, I wish you to take notice of what I do, and then write an account of it."

Then he stepped to the blackboard and wrote a sentence upon it.

All the children except one wrote in effect that the inspector came into the school and wrote on the blackboard, "I love a good school."

One little girl, however, followed instructions more literally, and completed the story by adding:

"And then he went to the platform, sat down, played with his watch chain, twirled his mustache, and winked at the teacher."

The White Man.

Wherever the white man's feet have trod,
(Oh, far does the white man stray)
A bold road rifles the virginal sod,
And the forest wakes out of its dream of God,

To yield him the right of way.
For this is the law: by the power of thought
For worse, or for better, are miracles wrought.

Wherever the white man's pathway leads,
(Far, far, has that pathway gone)
The earth is littered with broken creeds,
And always the dark man's tent recedes,
And the white man pushes on.
For this is the law: be it good or ill,
All things must yield to the stronger will.

Wherever the white man's light is shed,
(Oh, far has that light been thrown)
Tho' nature has suffered, and beauty fled,
The goal of the race has been thrust ahead

And the might of the race has grown.
For this is the law: be it cruel or kind,
The universe sways to the power of mind.
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Mr. Green—"Now I'm going to tell you something, Ethel. Do you know that last night, at your party, your sister promised to marry me? I hope you'll forgive me for taking her away?"

Little Ethel—"Forgive you, Mr. Green! Of course I will. Why, that's what the party was for!"