

## A GREAT SURPRISE.

It was just too queer for anything! Tommy was walking slowly down behind the barn with his usually merry face all scowls; and Teddy was peeping through the latticed fence into Tommy's garden, with a whole great family of wrinkles in his little forehead. Now what do you suppose it was all about? Out in Teddy's yard grew a great, tall horse-chestnut tree; and one crisp October morning a shower of pretty brown nuts came tumbling out of their thick green shells—down, down, down, until at last they reached the broad gravel walk and smooth green lawn. Tommy spied them as he came home from school that noon, and then the scowls came to make him a visit.

"That new boy has everything!" he exclaimed, crossly. "He has tops an' balls an' a bicycle an'—an' now he's got the horse-chestnuts? Tain't fair, so it isn't!" Then poor little discontented Tommy looked crosser than ever. Tommy didn't realize that down in his garden grew something that the new boy Teddy had always wished for and longed to have—a bouncing yellow pumpkin. How Teddy did wish that his papa had bought Tommy's house and Tommy's garden and Tommy's pumpkin—all three! Teddy sighed, as he thought of the Jack-o'-lantern that he could make if he only had one of those wonderful yellow treasures for his own. It was a very loud and sorrowful sigh. Tommy heart it; and then he discovered the new boy peeping through the fence.

"Hello!" called Tommy, quickly.

Teddy jumped. He didn't know that anybody was near.

"Don't you like living here?" inquired Tommy. "You look as if you were homesick. Won't you come over and look at my pumpkins? I've got such a lot of them; and they are all my own, every one."

Teddy sighed again. "I've been a-wishin' for a pumpkin for years an' years," he said, sadly. "But they don't have gardens with pumpkins in the city, an' so I never had any."

Tommy looked surprised. "Would you like one?" he asked, quickly. "Cause I'd be delighted to give you one of mine if you would. Come over, an' I'll give you one now."

Teddy climbed over the fence in a hurry; and he smiled as Tommy took his jackknife out of his trousers' pocket and cut off one of his biggest pumpkins with a snap.

"You have everything, don't you?" said Teddy, regretfully. "You have pumpkins—whole garden full of them—an' apples an' grapes an'—"

This information was a great surprise to Tommy. "I have everything!" he said in astonishment. "Why, I thought you were the one that had everything a few minutes ago. You have tops an' balls an' a bicycle an' horse-chestnuts," he said.

"Why, so I have," answered Teddy, thoughtfully. "I wanted a pumpkin so much that I 'most forgot all about everything else. I didn't remember the horse-chestnuts. Maybe you would like some? Would you?"

Tommy's eyes danced with delight. "You can have a big bagful," declared Teddy. "An', if you'll get some tooth-picks, I'll show you how to make a Brownie man."

"An' I'll help you to make your lantern after school," said Tommy. "We'll help each other, an' divide our things, won't we? An' then we can both have everything, really, and truly."

"Why, so we can!" said Teddy.

Then those bad scowls and wrinkles had to run away in a hurry.

Lake Superior has an area of 31,200 square miles, and is thus the largest body of fresh water in the world. In size it equals Ireland.

There are sixty-one trains on British railways scheduled to run at more than fifty-six miles an hour from start to finish.

## RESOLUTION BREAKING.

To break a right resolution is to break a will; and a broken will has not the strength that it had when it was whole. To keep a resolution, even though it be in a comparatively unimportant matter, is to strengthen a will, no matter how strong that will was before. Therefore we have before us the choice of adding strength or weakness unto ourselves every time we face the keeping or the breaking of any of the many resolutions with which our lives are likely to be filled. And always the temptation comes to us to feel that the mere keeping of the resolution in this particular case is unimportant, provided we accomplish the general result we are after. That is where the Master Will Breaker lies to us. If he can persuade us that it is just as well to be seated at the breakfast table at twenty minutes of eight when we had ordered breakfast at half past seven, even though we leave the table at the proper time, he has succeeded in getting us to cripple ourselves, a little, for that day,—not by loss of food or loss of time, but by loss of will-power. And he is well content with little failures, for he knows that they are less suspected, and that it only takes enough of them to insure complete failure. No price is too great for the keeping of every resolution save these which God himself calls us to break. The cost of the breaking—except at God's command—is always greater than the cost of the keeping.

## THE CRY OF THE SHUT-IN.

Such little things, O Lord, I do for Thee—

They seem such little things! Such small returns to come from me, When all Thy wondrous love I see— Ah, Lord, such little things!

A smile, a tear, perchance a kindly word,

These are such little things, And yet, the tear, the word, the smile, my Lord,

Were shed, and gladly given, for Thee, Though they seem little things.

Patience and silence when the days are long,

These are not what I planned. Large things I thought to do, words that were strong,

To write, that would have fanned Some little spark into a flame Of love to Thee.

But I am waiting with uplifted eyes, For plainer word from Thee, Until the darkness shall no more disguise

Thy way, and shall see That e'en such little things May service be!

## LIFE'S HEROISM.

Living is usually harder than dying. It lasts longer and costs more. Yet merely to live on, day after day, and year after year, in the service of one's fellows, is not nearly so spectacular a thing as to die suddenly for a fellow-being; therefore the heroes whose heroism consists in living do not get so much notice as the heroes whose heroism consists in dying. The "Jim Bludso" type of man, whose big heart and grim determination to keep his steamer's nose on the bank until all are saved are the cause of his death, is worshipped with an adulation entirely lacking for another whose grim determination to stand by his fellows lasts a lifetime instead of an hour, and who dies a commonplace death in bed. Men do not always see things as God sees them. To "lay down his life for his friend" may mean to die, but it often means to live; and "greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down (in life, not merely in death) his life for his friends."

## BABY'S HEALTH.

Every mother who uses Baby's Own Tablets for her little ones has a solemn guarantee that this medicine does not contain any of the poisonous opiates found in so-called "soothing" medicines and liquid preparations. These Tablets always do good—they cannot possibly do harm. They cure indigestion, colic, constipation, diarrhoea and simple fevers, break up colds, prevent croup, expel worms and make teething easy. Baby's Own Tablets have done much to bring health, happiness and contentment to little ones than any other medicine known. You can get Baby's Own Tablets from any dealer in medicine, or by mail at 25 cents a box by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

## CHEERFUL GUESTS.

Too much concern about one's physical welfare is likely to bring about a condition of mind and body almost as much to be dreaded as the particular evil which was feared. Persons who are always thinking about themselves are seldom pleasant companions. Mr. Crouch, author of "On the Surf Bound Coast," discovered this to be the case when, during a cable-laying expedition, he and some companions visited an African village.

Mr. Crouch and his comrades had left the ship for a few days, and were established in a hut near the town. One especially hot afternoon the hours dragged slowly on. Dinner was supposed to be at six, but at a quarter of seven it had not been brought in, and all were in bad temper.

Just as patience was giving out two figures appeared, muffled in heavy clothes. They were from the German mission, and had come to call. Dinner made its appearance as they came in, and they were invited to share the meat.

"Thank you, we have dined. We always dine punctually at five thirty."

The half-finished hosts, however, sat down to eat, excusing themselves, and offering their guests a pipe.

"No, we never smoke. We find it does not do in this climate."

"Is there much illness?"

"Oh, yes! One can never tell when he will be down with the fever. You may be to all appearance in excellent health at the beginning of the week and buried at the end."

"What can you say for the water?"

"It is very bad. All rain-water is preserved in tanks, and we have had no rain for several months, what is left is pretty foul."

This was pleasant.

"Do you ever bathe in the sea?" asked Mr. Crouch, to change the subject.

"Oh, no! And I should advise you not to. It is highly enervating."

Mr. Crouch was just about to ask what they did do when the visitors rose. "We must go now," they said. "It is getting late. We are always in bed by half past eight. Later does not agree with us."

They put on ulsters and wound silk handkerchiefs about their throats, saying:

"Nights are damp. It is safer to wrap up."

"I suppose it's well to be on the safe side," remarked Mr. Crouch, surveying them as they stood muffled up to their ears. "But don't you get hot walking in all those clothes?"

"Oh, we don't walk. The night air is very injurious. Our carriage is waiting."

Nothing is gained by driving and scolding. Everything almost may be done by drawing, and melting and winning.—D. Stone's Life.