

## BOBBY'S BROKEN ARM.

It was done in a moment. Bobby had gone out to play, full of health and spirits, and as he ran, laughing and jumping about, with two other boys, he never thought of danger or accident.

"Bobby, let us jump over this heap of stones," said one of his playmates, and Bobby jumped, readily enough. But in doing so he stumbled and fell heavily. In falling, one arm was doubled under him; and when a passer-by, hearing a cry of pain, picked the child up, it was found that his arm was broken.

Who was so sad now as poor Bobby? The doctor could not help hurting him when setting the broken bone; and when his arm was tightly bound between two splints of wood, and he was told that these would have to be worn for six long weeks, he thought the weary time would never pass.

At first he cried and fretted a good deal, but after a while better thoughts came to him.

"Perhaps I ought to try to put up with this," he said to himself. "Perhaps it would be better not to cry. Mother looked so sorry when I was crying about my arm this morning, that I don't think I will do it any more."

Strange to say, as soon as Bobby began to make an effort to be more cheerful, he really felt better. His mother and sister were very pleased when they saw the change.

"Now that you are trying to be patient, Bobby, half the trouble has gone, you see," his mother said, with a smile.

"Yes," answered Bobby, "but it was a pity that I broke my arm, wasn't it, mother? I wonder why there are so many troubles?"

His mother smiled again, rather sadly. "Many people, much older and wiser than you are, have asked that question," she said. "We cannot always tell why, Bobby, but of this we may be quite sure—that if we bear our troubles in the right way, they will be less hard to bear, and we shall get real good out of them."

Forgive and forget! Why, the world would be lonely.

The garden a wilderness left to deform.

If the flowers but remembered the killing breeze only.

And the fields gave no verdure for fear of the storm. —Browning.

## STUBBORN TENACITY.

It is remarkable with what stubborn tenacity Christian Scientists cling to their theories. No matter how often and how plainly every day facts contradict them they shut their eyes and refuse to surrender. One of their first rules is that the evidence of the senses are not to be accepted. To people who have adopted such principles it is needless to present an argument. They sicken and die just as other people. With regard to a particular case of illness there is nearly always room for some difference of opinion. There are people who think themselves sick when they are not, while others pronounce themselves cured when they are not cured. But when it comes to dying there is no room for dispute. Death is the acknowledged result of disease and bodily weakness. If there is death there is such a thing as bodily derangement and physical disorder. Christian Scientists may in the face of doubtful evidence affirm that sickness is all imaginary, but when death comes, as it comes to all, specious arguments are swept away. As long as these scientists conform to the custom of dying, we must express some doubt as to the correctness of their logic.—Central Baptist.

Speak the word that speaks good cheer; But hold the word that holds a sneer.

## BURCHELL'S ZEBRA.

One of the larger South African mammals now verging on extinction, if, indeed, it has not already ceased to exist, is the typical race of Burchell's zebra, the *boutegasaga* of the Boers, and the *Equus burchelli* typicus of zoologists, writes Mr. Lydekker in knowledge. This race apparently inhabited the plains to the north of the Vaal River, now forming British Bechuanaland. It is characterized by the complete absence of barring on the legs and of stripes on the lower part of the hindquarters; while between the dark brown body-stripes were faint "shadow-stripes" on the still paler ground-color. The original specimen in the British Museum, brought home by the great African traveller, Dr. Burchell, was, unfortunately, destroyed at a time when but little attention was paid to the priceless value of "types," and there is now no example of this race of the species in the national collection. According, however, to a paper published by Mr. R. I. Pocock in the *Annals and Magazine of Natural History* for 1897, there is, however, one specimen in the museum at Tring, and a second in the Bristol Museum, both of which come very close to the typical form, although neither is exactly similar, and each differs slightly from the other.

## A BOY'S FIRST ROOM.

I've got a room, now, by myself,

A room my very own,

It has a door that I can shut,

And be there all alone;

It has a shelf, a closet, too,

A window just for me,

And hooks where I can keep my clothes

As neat as neat can be.

A lovely paper's on the wall,

A rug is on the floor—

If I had known how fine it was

I'd had a room before.

I like to go there after school,

Way off from everyone;

I felt, well, sort of scared at first,

But now I think it's fun.

The voices of the folks downstairs

Seem faint and far away.

I hear the rain upon the roof,

I watch the birds at play;

O, yes, it's often very still.

At night there's not a sound—

But I let mother in, of course,

When bedtime comes around.

—Youth's Companion.

## "SCUSE A LITTLE."

"Please say, 'I guess you didn't mean to!'" sobbed a child pitifully when it was discovered in some childish misdemeanor; and the comforting words not only eased the sore heart's trouble, but plainly helped toward a better life for the rest of that day, and perhaps for other days. A little boy in one of the kindergarten primaries in a country town a few years ago begged wistfully for a "gold star" when he saw the other boys and girls all getting them. "But," said the teacher, "you do spell so dreadfully, you know, and you don't half make your letters yet so I can read them!" "Don't you s'pose that maybe you could 'scuse a little'?" he pleaded. "Cause I'm doing just the very bestest that I can!" It is the cry our human hearts are always making. Often the world seems hard and cold, and does not heed it. But we might heed it. We might turn every cloudy action round and find the silver lining. Wrongdoing is wrongdoing, in ourselves or in another, but we might at least set the worst deeds in the best light, and see what comes of it. That is the rule of fairness for a picture—why not for people's failings? It was a sweet eulogy pronounced on a sweet woman by her grieving friends: "She was such an excusing sort of person—always so good at finding excuses for everybody."

## DELICATE CHILDREN.

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## JAPANESE ECONOMY.

It is estimated that a professional man in Japan can live, with his wife, in comfort on the sum of \$250. This means one large divisible apartment, a small kitchen, a bath-room, a study and a store-room; a charming garden, one servant, and surroundings of great refinement. Mats are the covering of the floor, of course; pillows the seats; table linen is superfluous where lacquered trays and paper napkins are used; personal laundry is at its minimum where two hot baths a day are the custom. The faggots used in cooking are not much larger than a man's finger, and fuel for ironing is unnecessary where clothes are stretched properly upon a frame. Perfect privacy is one of the luxuries of this minute menage, for a high bamboo fence shuts off the view of strangers. Each article of the house is carefully selected, and some of them are of rare beauty and of a durability that permits them to be handed on from one generation to another. No waste takes place, for every crumb of the food prepared is eaten. Flowers are the chief decoration, and the science of flowers is a part of the accomplishment of the lady of the house. The large room, with its several mats and its adjustable partitions, becomes at night time the sleeping place of the several members of the house, but during the day quickly is converted into a spacious, peaceful, flower-decorated apartment, the bed clothes being laid away neatly on the shelf of the store-room. Simplicity, delicacy and refinement characterize homes of these qualities—the homes of the poor who feel no poverty—the abodes of those who having little, would not complain had they even less.—The Reader.

Rabbits have white tails so that the young may easily follow their mother in case of pursuit. The natural color of the rabbit so much resembles the earth that this would otherwise be impossible.

The natives of the interior of Ceylon finish the walls and roofs of their houses with a paste of slaked lime, gluten, and alum, which glazes and becomes so durable that specimens three centuries old still exist. Sumatra the native women make a coarse cloth of palm leaves for the edge and top of the roof. Many old Buddhist temples in India, and Ceylon had roofs made out of cut stone blocks, hewed timber, and split bamboo poles.

Among the many strange points of bird-migration is the fact that journeys across the sea are generally undertaken in the darkness, and invariably against a head wind. It is wonderful that tiny birds should make head against a storm, yet this is what the vast migratory flocks often have to encounter. Speaking generally, it would seem that thick and hazy weather marks the time of the heaviest migrations, the autumnal one generally being performed in one or more great "rushes."