

HOW TO VISIT AN INVALID.

In these days of correct guides to everything and rules of conduct applicable to every and any station of life, there still seems room for a miniature guidebook. "How to Visit an Invalid," and a bright young woman who speaks from experience thus gives her views on the subject:

"Most of us," she says, "at some time or other are bound to be ill, and to suffer visitors gladly or, at least, patiently, or, on the other hand, to be ourselves the visitor, so a few words from one who belongs to that dreary army of chronic invalids may not be amiss. 'Chronic invalid!' Are there any two words that so compress into themselves the essence of a lifetime of dreariness varied by pain, an illness that has lost its novelty for all, a stranding from the active tide of life, to which all but the invalid have become quite reconciled, a life that has no outlook or hope of activity. The limitations of her existence are always pressing on the invalid, especially if previously she belonged to the army of workers.

"So first word of wisdom to visitors: Never take for granted that the patient is 'So used to it now, dear, that I expect you don't mind the life at all.' Oh! the murderous thoughts that rise at such well-meant remarks. Again, it is very trying to be told, 'Really, though, you look so well no one would ever think you were ill at all.' A stupid little thought keeps tormenting the brain of the hearer. 'Do they think me a fraud?' It must be remembered human weakness is very great, and one does not like to be deprived of the privilege of at least looking interesting. The visitor is tactless, to put it mildly, who, when being told the features of her friend's illness, immediately relates a counter tale of some other distant being whose sufferings utterly eclipse those of the present patient. Poor thing, her woes are her own special possession, and it is cruel to make her lose all pride in them.

"Members of a family circle often show weird ideas of entertaining the imprisoned one. Reports are brought to her room of family jars, domestic difficulties of all kinds, from 'cock's rank extravagance over butter' and anticipated trouble with the nursery maid to 'Archie's growing more careless every day, and really dear Charlie is causing great anxiety.' Your father looks so worried and troubled, and Meta and Annie are so snappy to the boys at dinner. You are not down stairs, dear, but safely out of it, so it can't worry you to know.' But, oh! it does; and another grey cloud comes over the already dreary outlook on life. Home seems to be a place of bickering and petty troubles, and there seems no object in trying to get well.

"Now, the ideal visitor is bright, but not unfeeling, cheerful, but not flippant, sympathetic, and still hopeful. She comes prettily dressed and seldom empty-handed—no small attraction for the visited, for no one knows but they who have experienced the dreariness of a bed-ridden life how keenly welcomed is anything absolutely unexpected. A few flowers, a new paper, the loan of a book, some home-made dainty, all seem doubly delightful because unlooked for.

"Then the ideal does not fidget; she does not bump against the bed; she sits facing the invalid, so causing no strain of eyes or position. She does not leave the burden of conversation to the patient; she has something to say, and says it brightly and interestingly. She can gratify the poor derelict with gracious little speeches, say how her old friends miss her, how glad everyone is of news of her; tells her who of the 'old set' have been inquiring, and if a little bit of flattery perhaps creeps in, such as 'I don't know how you keep so patient and cheerful, and look so dainty always,' will not the flattery be forgiven her when balanced against the warm glow of pleasure that fills the heart of the chronic invalid?"

A CHANCE FOR BOYS.

By Mildred Welch.

It is a good thing to be a hero and we all wish we had the chance. What dreams we have of how we would carry the enemy's breastworks, the dead and dying all around us, and fall at last ourselves, our faces to the front, our country's victorious banner waving over our dead bodies!

Or we wish we could win the Carnegie medal for heroism, or belong to the Immortal Legion of Honor. If a fellow only had a chance!

You have a chance boys; a chance to serve the world and your fellow-men as none of your friends who will be lawyers, engineers, merchants or teachers, will ever serve it. Have you guessed it—the ministry? But it does not sound attractive, does it? The ministers you know don't look like heroes. They look like they had a hard time and you know they never can make money and they always have to be looking out for other people instead of themselves, so that if that is being a hero, just please excuse me.

It is all true, and yet, boys, here is your chance; the glorious chance to be a hero which you have all been wanting. I think it is like that beautiful old story someone has told us of Gaston de Foix.

In the year 1512 the Spanish and the French were fighting each other on the sunny plains of Italy. The Spanish army had won famous victories on almost every battle field of Europe; the French army was only the broken half of the great force Louis XII. had sent to Italy. But it had at its head Gaston de Foix, the nephew of the king. He was hardly more than a boy, but so brave, so bright and dauntless that his scarred and battered soldiers worshipped him.

One day there came a crisis in the battle. Two battalions of Spanish infantry that had conquered in every fight were about to break through the French lines and Gaston de Foix determined to lead a charge against them. His men pressed close about him begging and pleading with him not to throw his life away. But while they still urged he suddenly broke away crying: "Let him who loves me, follow me!" and spurred his horse towards the enemy's lines.

They hesitated a moment, then every nobleman of France, every rude hired soldier, every peasant with a lance, followed with that cry, "Let him who loves me, follow me!" ringing in his ears.

The Spanish are not used to giving way, but they gave way before that onslaught. The lilies of France waved above the lions of Aragon and a great shout of triumph went up from the victorious French.

But the gallant boy-general lay dead on the field, and above him, nobleman, peasant and soldier, lay those who had answered that brave call with their lives. You would have followed him, too, wouldn't you, boys? Then listen—for still that cry rings out, and in the forefront of the battle stands the Christ, that Christ who understands all a boy's thoughts and longings, and He calls, "Let him who loves Me, follow Me!"

So clear, so sweet rings out that call, and as in that other battle fought so many hundred years ago, the brave, the strong, the loving will answer it. Will you be among them, boys?—Selected.

The N. Y. Observer remarks: "The king is dead! Long live the king" is a phrase which is more than a phrase, since, in the case of England, it connotes the automatic action by which, on the decease of one monarch, his son and heir at once becomes in consequence the reigning sovereign. The British nation can not be without a head—some one is always king. The English people are wont with pride to look upon the Victorian era, and now, perhaps, after the passage of some years, they will in like manner view with pride the Edwardian epoch."

DON'T DRUG CHILDREN.

When you give your child a so-called "soothing" medicine you are not curing its sickness. You are merely drugging it into temporary insensibility. The so-called soothing medicines contain opiates, and an overdose may kill the child. When you give little ones Baby's Own Tablets you have the guarantee of a government analyst that this medicine is safe. And you have the word of thousands of grateful mothers that this medicine will promptly cure all minor ailments of childhood. Mrs. Alphonse Roy, Scott Junction, Que., says:—"My little one was weak and sickly and used to cry day and night, but since giving him Baby's Own Tablets he has thrived splendidly, and is as good-natured and happy as I could wish." Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

WHY THE TEA KETTLE BOILED OVER.

"Just hear the tea-kettle," said a little lion frying-pan to its friend, the stove: "did you ever hear such a noise?"

"No," answered the stove, angrily, "I never did. What is the matter with you, you noisy tea-kettle?"

"Why," bubbled the tea-kettle, "I am trying to let the cook know that I ought to be taken off. I am boiling as hard as I can; and if she doesn't come quickly and take me off, I am afraid I shall boil all over you; and then cook will have to black you again."

"I don't know why you need to boil over on me," answered the stove; "you do that almost every day, and I don't like it. I'd have you know."

"Well," replied the tea-kettle, "I don't want to boil over, but I can't help it. The cook fills me too full. She doesn't seem to know that hot water needs more room than cold water. So, as she fills me full of cold water, of course, when the water begins to boil, it comes out, and I can't help it. You should blame the cook, not me."

"Well, rattle away, then, as loudly as you please," said the stove. "Perhaps the cook will hear you if you make noise enough."

And sure enough she did hear, and came running in to take off the tea-kettle, saying, "There! I wish I knew what makes that tea-kettle always boil over." But the tea-kettle didn't say a single word more.—Selected.

LONG LIVE THE KING.

Geo. W. Armstrong, London, Ont. Death in this century's decad Hath harvest of our monarchs made; And Queen and King by Time's keen scythe,

Translated to immortal life. Both models in the Kingly line, Whose records shall through ages shine More brilliant as the years roll by,

For noble lives can never die. Royal in conduct as in name, Righteous and just, unblemished fame! They ruled a world-wide Empire vast, Founded on truth, in virtue cast. A sceptre, crown and throne secure, Established firm and shall endure. (Despots have fought with sword and flame,

Fought for ambition, power and name, Whose weapons crumbled into rust—Heroes whose strength is turned to dust.)

Victoria—Queen, and Edward—King, Are names that through all time shall ring.

"Peace upon earth" their strong desire, Toiling to gain; they never tire.

The King is dead, long live the King! Are words of paradox that bring

Comfort to soothe the troubled breast And give our wounded spirits rest.

The King is dead! (his duty done) Shall live again in worthy son.

Victoria, Edward, George shall be In royal generations three

Who sought to elevate our race In wisdom, learning, justice, grace;

And whilst we mourn we still can sing Long live the King—God save the King.

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