

A CLEVER MOTHER BIRD

Let me tell you how a clever humming-bird shielded her little ones from the rain, says a writer in the *Lutheran*. There they were, a nestful, and the rain beginning to fall. The people who had watched the nest out of their windows were concerned about the young birds, but the mother-bird was prepared for the emergency. Near the nest grew a large leaf—it was a buttercup tree—and on one side of the nest a small twig stuck out. When the drops began to fall, she came quickly, and with many tugs pulled the leaf over the little nest, for a roof, and hooked it by the twig on the other side, which held it firmly.

Thus the half-feathered babies were kept as dry under their green roof as if their house had been built by a carpenter, like the sparrow-houses all round on the trees.

When the rain was over, the mother came back and unhooked the leaf.

JOLLY GAME FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Tear a piece of paper into as many pieces as there are players, and on each paper write some number representing an hour in the day. Of course, there are only twelve hours, but if more than twelve are playing, you can make some of the figures half-hours until there are the required number.

On one piece mark a cross, and then shake all the numbers in a hat, each player drawing one out. The one who gets the slip marked with the cross, is "It," or "Wolf," while the other players are called the "sheep."

A ring is then formed by the sheep, the wolf standing in the middle. The sheep then call out: "What time will you dine tonight, old wolf?" and Mr. Wolf calls out any hour he happens to think of. The sheep who holds the slip corresponding to the number called by the wolf starts to run. If he can get around the ring three times before being caught by the wolf he is safe; if not, he must be "wolf." The game keeps up until all have had their turn at being "wolf" and this does not take long, for the wolf is not supposed to call the same number twice.

With blessings of health and multiplied wealth,

We follow the things that please us; But time hurries on and what have we done

To further the kingdom of Jesus?

"Unslaked lime," says the *Scientific American*, "is best suited for removing mold in cellars. It is blown, in the shape of fine powder, on the walls of the cellar and into the joints and crevices by means of the bellows, or else thrown on with the hand. The walls must be damp; dry walls have to be well moistened previously. The lime slakes with the adhering water and kills all organisms. On the day following the walls are washed off, and, as experienced has proved, the cellar will remain free from mold for at least two years."

Do not take it too much to heart if you cannot settle at once all disagreements with your neighbors. Not only does self-respect forbid too much of abject apology and explanation, but human nature is such that with some people the more you explain the more dissatisfied they become. There are times when nothing is left us but to keep a kind heart and a fast-closed mouth.—*Christian Advocate*.

The other day Mr. R. Cannon, Castle-Douglas, picked up a mushroom at East Logan, Butte, which measured 9 1/2 in. across and 2 1/2 inches in circumference. British and foreign

STOLEN OR STRAYED

The following is a copy of a unique notice affixed to the church door at Whitechurch, London.

"Missing, last Sunday, some families from church.

"Stolen, several hours from the Lord's day, by a number of people of different ages, dressed in their Sunday clothes.

"Strayed, half a score of lambs, believed to have gone in the direction of 'No Sunday School.'

"Mislaid, a quantity of silver and copper coins on the counter of a public house, the owner being in a state of great excitement at the time.

"Wanted, several young people. When last seen were walking in pairs in Sabbath Breaker's Lane, which leads to the City of No Good.

"Lost, a lad carefully reared, not long from home, and for a time very promising. Supposed to have gone with one or two older companions to Prodigal Town, Husk Lane.

"Any person assisting in the recovery of the above shall in no wise lose his reward."

HAVING SOME FUN

"I will tell you how we can have some fun," said Frank, one bright, moonlight night for sliding and snowballing.

"What? How?"

"Who has a wood-saw?" and Frank. "I have." "So have I," replied three of the boys.

"Get them, then, and you and Fred, and Tom each get an ax, and I will get a shovel. Let's be back in ten minutes.

The boys started to go on their errands, each wondering of what use wood-saws and axes and shovels could be in play. But Frank was liked, and they believed in what he said, and were soon together again.

"Now," he said, "Widow Brown has gone to sit up all night with a sick child.

"A man brought her some wood today, and I heard her tell him that, unless she got some one to saw it tonight she would not have anything to make a fire with in the morning.

"Now we could saw and split that pile of wood just as easily as we could make a snow man."

One or two of the boys said they did not care to go, but most of them thought it would be fun.

It was not a long job for seven strong and healthy boys to saw, split and pile up the widow's half-cord of wood, and to shovel a good path.

When they had done this, so great was their pleasure that one of them, who had at first said he would not go, proposed they should go to a carpenter shop near by, where plenty of shavings could be had, and each bring an armful.

The next morning when the tired widow returned from watching by the sick-bed and saw what was done, she was surprised, and, when a friend told her how it was done, her earnest prayer, "God bless the boys!" was enough to make them happy.—*Exchange*.

Stuffed Cucumbers.—A perplexing question to the housewife with a garden of her own is how to use up large cucumbers. They are delicious when stuffed and are a favorite dish of vegetarians. Mix together one-half pint of dry bread crumbs, one-half cup of finely chopped nuts, a good-sized onion shredded, one tablespoonful of chopped parsley and another of chutney, if handy. Season with one teaspoonful of salt and a dash of pepper. Remove the skin from four good-sized cucumbers and take out the seeds. Fill the sections with the above force and fasten together with strings. Heat six tablespoonfuls of olive oil and brown the sections of cucumbers in it on all sides. Pour over them a half cupful of water and allow them to bake slowly for an hour and a half, basting frequently.

IT IS IN THE BLOOD

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Drive Out Rheumatic Poison.

Rheumatism is rooted in the blood—any doctor will tell you that. Nothing can cure it that does not reach the blood. It is a foolish waste of time and money to try to cure rheumatism with liniments, poultices or anything else that only goes skin deep. Rubbing lotions into the skin only helps the painful poison to circulate more freely. The cure, and the only cure for rheumatism is to drive the uric acid out of your blood with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They actually make new blood, and the new blood sweeps out the poisonous acids, loosens the stiffened, aching joints, cures the rheumatism and makes the sufferer feel better in many other ways. Mrs. Jos. Perron, Les Fboulements, Que., says:—"I suffered from rheumatism in a chronic form for nearly twenty-five years. I spent much money in liniments and medicines, but without avail, until I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Some times I was so stiff I could hardly move. The trouble seemed to be growing worse, and finally seemed to effect my heart, as I used to have pains in the region of the heart, and some times a smothering sensation. I grew so weak, and suffered so much that I began to consider my case hopeless, and then one day a pamphlet, telling of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, fell into my hands, and I learned that they would cure rheumatism. I sent for a supply, and in about three weeks found they were helping me. The trouble which affected my heart soon disappeared, and gradually the pains left me and I could go about with more freedom than I had done for years. I still take the pills occasionally, as I now know it is wise to keep my blood in good condition."

It is because Dr. Williams' Pink Pills actually make new blood that they cure such troubles as rheumatism, anaemia, indigestion, kidney troubles, backaches, headaches and dizziness, neuralgia, erysipelas, and the special ailments that burden the lives of so many women and growing girls. But only the genuine pills can do this, and these always have the full name Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People on the wrapper around every box. Sold by all medicine dealers or sent by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN.

Hereafter a charge is to be levied on players using both the old and new golf courses at St. Andrews.

The famous white and serpentine marble of Iona will soon be placed in the market. A Swedish company has taken a lease of the old quarry.

The Earl of Minto, Viceroy of India, and Mr. Broderick spent the week-end (the 9th inst.) at Whittingehame as the guests of the Prime Minister.

Because of the dust raised by automobiles, it is getting to be difficult in England to rent houses on roads used by motor cars.

About seventy specimens of the extinct great auk are now preserved in museums. A specimen recently sold in London brought £400.

The greatest searchlight in the world has just been built at Berlin for the Russian government. It is said to be of 316,000,000 candle-power.

Four Chicago packers pleaded guilty to a charge of entering into a conspiracy to accept railway rebates and were fined \$25,000 on the 21st inst.

A dog has been an out-patient at the London Hospital for a week. It limped in, and, holding up a cut foot to an attendant, asked him in unmistakable canine language to dress it. This was done, and the dog came back every day for a week to have the dressing renewed.