

TELLING HER SO.

"There's nothing wrong with Arthur, I hope," said Mr. Lobdell to his daughter, in whose hands were a number of closely written sheets of foreign note paper. Although Mr. Lobdell sat on the other side of the hearth, he noticed that several tears had fallen on the letter Mrs. Benton was reading. "I've never been quite sure, Ellen, that you did the right thing when you let the boy go to Paris to study. It's easy for a young fellow like him to get weaned from home. We ought to have kept him near us. Now, if he's in any trouble—"

"He isn't, father. He's very well, and busy with his work, and he has written me such a dear letter for my birthday that well, it made his foolish mother cry a little. Read it, father." Mrs. Benton gave him the letter, and then took from the mantel a photograph of a bright, boyish face, whose fearless, honest eyes seemed to answer her tender gaze.

Mr. Lobdell glanced at the first page hastily. The pleasures of correspondence had never especially appealed to him, and he was rather scornful of long letters. In a moment he adjusted his glasses more securely, and began to read slowly. When at last he came to the end, he folded the sheets carefully and replaced them in the envelope, sighing as he did so.

"It's a beautiful letter, Ellen, beautiful; strong and manly, too," he said, in reply to his daughter's expectant look, "but it makes me sad."

"Why, father? I thought it would make you glad, not sad."

"It does make me glad for you and for him, but it takes me back to my own boyhood. Arthur says that the thought of you is his inspiration, his safeguard; that he carries your image in his heart, and with your picture in his pocket he cannot go to any place where he couldn't take you. It was just so with my mother. The thought of her goodness kept me out of many a scrape, and I loved her just as Arthur loves you, but I never told her so. What wouldn't I give, Ellen, to have written her a letter like this one!"

Mrs. Benton knelt by her father's side and took his hand.

"Grandmother always understood," she said. "She knew how you loved her."

"Yes, perhaps, but what a comfort and a pleasure it would be to me to have told her as your boy, God bless him! has told you."—Youth's Companion.

WHO?

Who makes our Tommy's nose so red?
Nips his hand if he draws his sled?
Bites his toes when he goes to bed?
Jack Frost.

Who paints his cheeks and nips his ear?
Who from his eyes draws big, round tears?
Who comes to see us every year?
Jack Frost.

Who covers window panes at night,
With picture castles all in white?
But always keeps quite out of sight?
Jack Frost.

Who spreads the walks with ice like glass,
O'er which our Tommy has to pass?
Who chains the pond so hard and fast?
Jack Frost.

Whom do the boys all love to greet,
As he comes creeping down the street?
They know his coming means a treat,
Jack Frost.

And who skips up the chimney wide,
To find a place in which to hide,
When we sit round the fireside?
Jack Frost.

Crude petroleum poured upon a burned surface and covered loosely with cotton will subdue the pain almost at once.

Regrets grow rank in the field of the indolent.

THE BEST LESSON.

"O, there's that Ruth Knolls and her brother again! Do you know, Miss Merton, she is just awfully dull in school, and we girls laugh at her so much. She hasn't a particle of brilliancy."

Viva chattered this speech out as she walked along the street beside Miss Merton.

"She has something far better than brilliancy," said Miss Merton.

"What?" said Viva, her cheeks flushing uncomfortably; for she felt that she had made a mistake, and she was very anxious to stand well in Miss Merton's opinion.

"She has a courteous manner. That is a grace that is very great, but far too rare. I know Ruth quite well, and her kindness and courtesy are unfailing in company or at home. She is going to grow into a lovely womanhood."

"I am sorry I spoke so," said Viva. "I really don't know anything about her except that she stumbles so dreadfully in her lessons."

"No doubt she is very sorry about it, and I am sure she works faithfully," replied Miss Merton. "It is a fine gift to be quick and bright in understanding things. But you know, my dear, that it is far more important to be kind-hearted and gentle. When you girls go out in the world, no one will ever ask or know whether you got good grades in algebra and Latin. If you have done your best, it is wrought into you whether your best is very good or only mediocre. But be sure of this: everyone who meets you will know without putting you through an examination whether you are a gentlewoman or not. It isn't practical to quote Greek or discuss psychology or read Shakespeare with every one you meet; but you can always speak kindly and listen courteously, and quietly look on for the opportunity to do the little deeds of kindness that make our lives so much more worth living."

SHOES FROM IRON AND BRASS.

God knows what steep places lie before us. He has provided the "shoes of iron and brass" for us to put on. They are truth and honesty and faith, and courage and prayer. A clear conscience will keep the head cool. And up along the hard road there is a sign-board, on which is written in large, bright letters, "He that walketh uprightly, walketh surely."—Dr. T. L. Cuyler.

THE JAPANESE AND OPIUM

The American Commission, which has just reported its conclusions on the sale of opium in the Philippines, says that in Japan the opium user would be socially a leper. A Japanese may get drunk every night in the week on saki without losing caste, but woe betide him if he resort to the seductions of opium. The Japanese to a man fear opium as we fear the cobra or the rattlesnake. They look upon it as a menace to the national life. They refuse absolutely to deal with the opium question in its commercial phases; they look only at its moral and social aspects. No Puritan of New England, no prohibitionist of the most uncompromising type, can surpass the Japanese in their animosity towards this evil. The Chinese regard opium as an evil, but, according to the Commission, they find in it a form of meditative relaxation. Games and other active amusements have no place in the life of the common people in China.—British Weekly.

Strong spirit of ammonia applied to the wounds of snake bites or rabid animals is better than any caustic. It neutralizes the virus.

The purest form of religion is a piece of bread broken in two.

HELP FOR LITTLE ONES.

It is a recognized fact that babies—and indeed all children—need a medicine of their own. Medical men know, too, that most baby medicines do more harm than good—that most of them contain poisonous opiates, that drug children into quietness without curing their little ills. Baby's Own Tablets is a modern medicine for babies and young children, and is sold under a guarantee to contain no opiate or harmful drug. It cures stomach, bowel and teething troubles, and by its natural, healthy action promotes sleep and repose. It makes little ones well and keeps them well. Mrs. W. E. Ansell, Ayer's Flat, Que., says: "I would advise every mother with sick or fretful children to use Baby's Own Tablets. They are the most satisfactory medicine I have ever tried, and almost magical in their effects." You can get the Tablets from any medicine dealer or by mail at 25 cents a box by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

CATCHING FOR FAULTS.

"When I was a boy," said an old man. "I was often very idle, and used to play during the lessons with other boys as idle as myself. One day we were fairly caught by the master. 'Boys,' he said, 'you must not be idle; you must attend closely to your books. The first one of you who sees another boy idle will please come and tell me.'"

"Ah," I thought to myself, 'there is Joe Simmons, that I don't like. I'll watch him and if I see him look off his book I'll tell the teacher.'"

"It was not long until I saw Joe look off his book, and I went up at once to tell the teacher."

"Indeed!" said he, 'how did you know he was idle?'

"I saw him," said I.

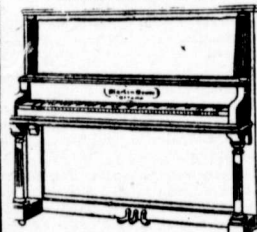
"You did? And were your eyes on your book when you saw him?"

I was caught, and the other boys laughed, and I never watched for idle boys again."—Our Young Folks.

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