

"HE THAT LOSETH HIS LIFE."

The captain of the shipwrecked steamer ship Norge did not lose his presence of mind nor his rare and heroic unselfishness in the midst of the engulfing waves, even when a dishonorable safety offered. He was going down with the steamer, pinned between two rails of the bridge, with as calm an air as if sailing into a smooth harbor, when the play of the rushing water, far below the surface, released him.

He rose to the surface and swimming slowly about, came into close proximity to a life-boat.

"Better take me on board, boys," he quietly argued, when the men warned him off with threatening oars and harsh words that the boat was already filled. "You'll need me. Not a man among you knows how or where to go."

"It's the captain!" cried a member of the crew, and it was finally agreed for the sake of his navigating knowledge the all but exhausted man should be taken on board. Then came the touch which proved the captain a true hero as well as a true man.

When he had risen to the surface a sinking woman clutched him. He caught her and supported her. Now he prepared to assist her to climb into the boat.

"Not the woman! We're too low in the water already. We'll take you, but you only!" cried the fear-maddened occupants of the life-boat.

"Very well," came the quiet answer, "then I stay out also. If the woman is to perish, so must I."

"He that loseth his life shall save it," came true in this instance. Because the captain's assistance was now so eagerly desired by the crew of the life-boat both he and the woman were drawn on board and saved.—Youtie's Companion.

SUPPOSE.

Suppose that the Christian life, in its daily manifestation, should come to be marked and known by simplicity and happiness. Suppose that the followers of Jesus should really escape from bondage to the evil spirits of avarice and luxury which infect and torment so much of our complicated, tangled, artificial modern life. Suppose that, instead of increasing their wants and their desires, instead of loading themselves down on life's journey with so many bags and parcels and boxes of superfluous luggage and bric-a-brac that they are forced to sit down by the roadside and gasp for breath, instead of wearing themselves out in the dusty ways of competition and vain show, or embittering their hearts because they cannot succeed in getting into the weary race of wealth and fashion—suppose, instead of all this, they should turn to quiet ways, lowly pleasures, pure and simple joys, "plain living and high thinking." Suppose they should truly find and clearly show their happiness in the knowledge that God loves them, and Christ died for them, and heaven is sure, and so set their hearts free to rejoice in life's common mercies, the light of the sun, the blue of the sky, the splendor of the sea, the peace of the everlasting hills, the songs of the birds, the sweetness of flowers, the wholesome savor of good food, the delight of action and motion, the refreshment of sleep, the charm of music, the blessings of human love and friendship—rejoice in all these without fear or misgiving, because they come from God, and because Christ has sanctified them all by his presence and touch.—Henry Van Dyke, D.D.

Like flakes of snow that fall unperceived, unimportant events of life succeed one another. As the snow gathers together, so are our habits formed. No single flake that is added to the pile produces a sensible change; no single action creates, however it may exhibit, a man's character.

THE POOR MAN'S FRUIT.

All things considered, the banana is remarkably cheap, and sold, as they are, for two or even three a penny on the streets, they have come to be known as the poor man's fruit. Jamaica has in recent years become the great banana growing country. On that island over 29,000 acres are given over to the growing of the fruit, and every year something like 14,000,000 bunches of bananas are exported to all parts of the world, principally, though, to Great Britain and America. Growers of the fruit receive on an average £8 per "bunch," and when it is remembered that bananas are sold at two and three a penny one can easily imagine the size of one bunch, for the cost of carriage and the retailers' profits have to be added to the eight pounds.

Jamaica is not the only place where bananas are grown, however. The fruit grown in the Canaries is plentiful, and said to be far superior to any other bananas, and Costa Rica supplies the trade with about a million bunches a year.

DELIGHTS OF LEARNING

One of the difficulties attending the acquirement of the English language by foreigners is well illustrated by the following sentence, which contains seven words of the same pronunciation, used consecutively, some of the words being repetitions, although used in different senses: One Mr. Wright, while talking with his friend Brown, makes the assertion that he can write correctly any word that Brown may give him to spell, whereupon Brown selects the word "rite," a ceremony, and, giving his friend Wright a pencil and piece of paper, says to him: "Are you ready to write, Wright?" Write "rite" right. Wright, right on this piece of paper." The following proposition might also prove somewhat confusing: Every physician in his practice should practice patience with his patients.—Ex.

THE GAME OF PRINCESS TIP-TOE.

Standing in a line, the children preserve perfect silence, while the leader says in an impressive whisper:

"Hark, here comes the Princess Tip-toe."

"Where?" asks the next player, also in a whisper.

"Here," answers the first one, and leaves the line to appoint two of the players as "guards," and then walks away on tiptoe.

The whole line, excepting the guards, follow in single file, also on tiptoe, the leader gradually increasing her speed until all are running, but still on tiptoe. Any player discovered by the guards touching the ground flatfooted is "sent to prison," which is some chosen corner of the playground, and the last one left on tiptoe is declared the new Princess, when the game begins as before.

A PRAYER.

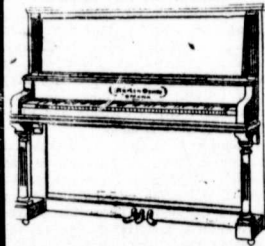
Holy Father; loving kindness is thine; mercy is thine; long suffering compassion is thine; and we dare to come to thee. Let thy love infold, and enfold us. Let thy mercy spare us though we be great sinners. Let thy compassion remember how weak we are. For thou dost know us, our Father; and we know what thy Words say of thee: "Like a father pitieth his children so, the Lord pitieth them that fear him." In that we rest, for we know how a father pities the children of his love. We take courage in that: we find cheer in that: and we dare to plead with thee for all that we need, and for all that thou art able to give. We do not come alone either. We come with our intercessor Jesus Christ: and are sure that for his sake thou wilt not deny our voice. Yea, for his sake, we pray: for thy love's sake, for thy mercy's sake, for thy compassion's sake, and for Christ's sake. Amen.

BABY'S AWAKENING.

It ought to be a pleasure to look forward to baby's awakening. He should awaken bright, smiling and full of fun, refreshed by sleep and ready for a good time. How many parents dread their child's voice, because they know when he awakes he will cry and fret and keep everyone on the move until he falls asleep again from sheer exhaustion. These crying fits make the life of the inexperienced mother a torment. And yet baby is not crying for the fun of the thing—there is something wrong, though the mother may not see anything ails the child. Try Baby's Own Tablets in cases of this kind, and we venture to say baby will wake up happy and smiling—an altogether different child. Here is proof from Mrs. John S. Sutherland, Blissfield, N.S., who says: "My baby was awake half the night before I got Baby's Own Tablets for her. Since I began giving her the Tablets, she is perfectly well, sleeps soundly all night, and wakes up bright and fresh in the morning." Baby's Own Tablets are a safe medicine for children of all ages. They cannot do anything but good. You can get them from your druggists, or by mail at 25 cents a box by writing The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

A sweet temper is the most valuable possession of a woman. Home can never be made happy without it. It is like the flowers that spring up in our pathway, reviving and cheering us. Let a man go home at night, wearied and worn by the toils of the day, and how soothing is a word dictated by a good disposition! A sweet temper has a soothing influence over minds of a whole family. Where it is found in the wife and mother, you observe kindness and love predominating over the natural feeling of a bad heart.

Religion is condition, not locality, else Judas Iscariot ought to be remembered among the saints.

A FAVORITE STYLE OF THE**Orme Piano****MADE IN OTTAWA**

Why shouldn't every Ottawian purchase from the home factory when we can give a choice of four dainty styles and definitely guarantee each instrument for five years?

The prices range from \$225 on our three-year payment plan. A liberal discount for cash. Catalogue free.

SEE WINDOW FOR
NEW STYLE 21.

J. L. Orme & Son

189 Sparks Street.

"Canada's Great Music House."