

of Sindbad appears and calls him. Sindbad relates to the porter the story of his adventures in seven nights. Each night a purse containing a hundred sequins is given to Hindbad. Sindbad tells how at the end of each voyage he distributes much money to the poor. "To evince my gratitude to heaven for the mercies shown me I spend a great deal in charity, some for the support of mosques, and some for the subsistence of the poor. I bestowed the tenth part of my profit in charity, as I have done on my return from every other voyage." In the end, when Sindbad concluded the recital of his seventh and last voyage, he addresses himself to Hindbad. "Well, my friend," said he, "have you ever heard of one who has suffered more than I have, or been in so many trying situations? Is it not just that after so many troubles I should enjoy an agreeable and quiet life?" As he finished these words Hindbad, approaching him, kissed his hand, and said: "I must confess, sir that you have encountered frightful perils: my afflictions are not to be compared to yours. If I feel them heavily during the period of suffering, I console myself with the small profit they produce. You not only deserve a quiet life, but are worthy of all the riches you possess; since you make so good a use of them and are so generous. May you therefore continue to live happily till the hour of your death!" Sindbad ordered him to have another hundred sequins, admitted him to his friendship, told him to quit the profession of a porter, and continue to eat at his table, for that he should all his life have reason to remember Sindbad the Sailor.

WHO WAS TO BLAME?

A baker, living in a village not far from Quebec, bought the butter he used from a neighboring farmer.

One day he became suspicious that the butter was not of the right weight, and, therefore, decided to satisfy himself as to whether the farmer was honest or not. For several days he weighed the butter, and then found that the rolls of butter which the farmer brought were gradually diminishing in weight. This angered him so that he had the farmer arrested for fraudulent dealing.

"I presume you have the scales?" the judge said, inquiringly.

"Yes, of course, your honor."

"And weights, too, I presume."

"No, sir."

"How then, do you manage to weigh the butter which you sell?"

"That's easily explained, your honor," said the farmer. "When the baker commenced buying his butter of me, I thought I'd get my bread of him, and it's the one-pound loaf I've been using as a weight for the butter I sell. If the weight of the butter is wrong he has himself to blame."

SHARKS.

"The shark," says "Beney," when his teacher told him to write a composition on "that fish," "is a large muscular fish that lives in the sea and has teeth like two rows of icicles. Its mouth is toward the front end and on the under side of the body. If I had been making the world, I never would have made a shark; but we know not what's before us, what trials are to come, and it is our duty to be resigned.

"The shark lives on sailors, of which there are many in various parts of the world. Once there was a shark that made a mistake and bit a man's wooden leg off. The man said that the shark wanted it for a toothpick, but I think it is wrong to deceive anybody. We should always tell the truth and be kind to those about us. When you see a shark coming after you, the best way is to climb up the side of the ship with much haste."—Sailor's Magazine.

WHAT HAPPENS IN A SOLAR ECLIPSE.

In these days of popular astronomy for the million it seems scarcely necessary to describe at length what a solar eclipse means. Suffice it to say that it is a temporary blanketing of the sun by the moon coming between it and the earth. Both the sun and the moon are and the former is known scientifically of the same apparent size, but at times the moon, in her orbit, seems to be decidedly the larger, and if then the moon passes exactly between the earth and the sun a total eclipse ensues and is visible as such at those portions of the earth within the shadow-track, and as a partial eclipse along a broad strip on either side of this.

The shadow thrown on a blank wall by any globular body held between a lighted lamp and the wall is a simple and homely illustration of an eclipse. The shadow will be seen to be much darker in the middle than at the edges, and the sun a total solar eclipse ensues and as the umbra, while the lesser haze is termed the penumbra. If the observer now so stations himself that his eye views the globular body from the center of the umbra, the lamp is seen to be entirely hidden, but when viewed from the penumbra part of the lamp is visible. Such is precisely what happens in a solar eclipse. For two or three minutes the moon is shut off from the observers on this earth; but because of the distance the three planets are from one another, the shadow of the moon is cast on only a small portion of the earth's surface. Where the eclipse is total, or almost so, the light enjoyed at the greatest phase, or middle of the eclipse, will be similar to that of a bright moonlight night. — American Monthly Review of Reviews.

INTO THE SUN.

Into the sun at morn I go,
Into the sun that streams
Over the woods where the maples grow,
Over the fields where the grasses blow,
Over the river whose waters flow
Bathed in the silver beams,
Over the city with spires aglow,
Radiant, a city of dreams.

Into the sun in the golden west
Sinking at eventide,
Sailor through in halcyon nest
Nebulous islands of the blest,
Kissing and flushing the mountains crest,
Flooding the valley wide,
Into the sun and peace and rest,
Into the sun I ride.

HELPING WITH A WORD.

A young girl was passing her aged great aunt one day when she suddenly stopped, laid her hand gently on the white head and said, "How pretty and curly your hair is, Aunt Mary! I wish I had such pretty hair!"

The simple words brought a quick flush of pleasure to the wrinkled face and there was a joyous quiver in the brief acknowledgement of the spontaneous little courtesy.

A young man once said to his mother: "You ought to have seen Aunt Esther today when I remarked casually, 'What a pretty gown you have on today and how nice you look in it.' She almost cried, she was so pleased. I hadn't thought before that such a little thing would be likely to please her."

"I never expect to eat any cookies as good as those you used to make, mother," said a bearded man one day, and he was shocked when he saw her evident delight in his words for he remembered that he had not thought to speak before for years of any of the thousand comforts and pleasures with which her skill and love had filled his boyhood.

BRIGHT LITTLE ONES

MAKE HOMES BRIGHT

Babies that are well sleep well, eat well and play well. A child that is not rosy-cheeked and playful needs immediate attention, and in all the world there is no medicine can equal Baby's Own Tablets for curing indigestion, constipation, diarrhoea, teething troubles and the other disorders from which children suffer. The mother who uses this medicine has the guarantee of a government analyst that it is absolutely safe. Mrs. J. L. Janelle, St. Sylvere, Que., says: "I find Baby's Own Tablets the most satisfactory medicine I have ever used for constipation, teething troubles and breaking up colic. Every mother should keep this medicine in the home." Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

WHAT CONSTITUTES CLASSIC IN MUSIC?

Is a question that every musician is called upon to answer at one time or another. People who are familiar with only the popular music of the day are prone to regard every form of serious music, or music with which they are not familiar or in sympathy, as classical. Classic music is not necessarily antique nor serious. Should one of our living composers write a piece of music sufficiently grand and noble in its mood and method of construction and pure in style, it would rightly be termed classic. The word "classic," applied to music, has the same meaning as when applied to art or literature; namely, any work accepted as a standard of excellence.

THINK OF SOMETHING ELSE.

A little girl and her mother were visiting at a friend's home, and the mother, a Christian woman, whose path had been shadowed by many minor sorrows, was constantly referring to her troubles and picturing "to herself the afflictions that she was sure the future had in store for her. The little child at last grew weary of the constant complaining, and said to her mother, "Think of something else, mamma, and don't worry." Like a flash there came to that mother a picture of herself and a message half reproof and half cheer. She had suffered, but brooding over her past misery was utterly useless. The future might have sorrow for her, but there was no reason why she should bear it twice.

The mother is living today, but she has not forgotten the child's message of long ago. It may be there are many mothers or fathers who are worrying over past and future. Their worry wears and weakens them. It burdens other lives, and clouds even the skies of childhood. Surely the children's burdens will come soon enough and prove heavy enough, without the weight of our sorrow being placed upon the young, weak shoulders. It is true in this connection, "One sinner destroyeth much good." A worrying mother makes a wearisome home. Work is a good antidote to worry. Try it, and take the child's quaint saying as a word of helpfulness—"Think of something else, and don't worry."—Zion's Herald.

Paris has a church made out of paper treated so as to resist the action of the weather.

Sugar and salt will both preserve meat, because they absorb the moisture in it, and so prevent decomposition.

At the present rate of excavation Pompeii will not be entirely uncovered before the year 1870.