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No House for a Boy.

the House of Too Much Trouble Lived a lonely little boy; He was eager for a playmate, He was hungry for a toy; ut 'twas always too much bother, Too much dirt and too much noise, or the House of Too Much Trouble Wasn't meant for little boys.

And son.etimes the little fellow Left a book upon the floor, or forgot and laughed too loudly, Or he failed to close the doora House of Too Much Trouble Things must be precise and trimthe House of Too Much Trouble There was little room for him.

He must never scatter playthings, He must never romp and play; Every room must be in order And kept qu'et all the day. He had never had companions, He had never owned a petn the House of Too Mnch Trouble It is trim and quiet yet.

Ev'ry room is set in order, Ev'ry book is in its place, And the lonely little fellow Wears a smile upon his face. the House of Too Much Trouble He is silent and at restn the House of Too Much Frouble. With a lily on his breast.

-Unidentified.

Conquering Difficultles.

Nearly a hundred years ago, a stout, reckle-faced, awkward boy of eightteen years, dressed in a ragged waistcoat and short breeches, without stockings or shoes, rapped one evening at the door of an humble cottage in northern England, and asked to see the village schoolmaster. When that per-ALL son appeared, the boy said, very mod

'I would like to attend your evening school, sir.'

'And what do you wish to study asked the teacher, roughly.

'I want to learn to read and write, sir,' answered the lad.

The schoolmaster glanced over the boy's homely face and rough clothes scornfully, and said, 'Very well, you can attend, but a bare-legged laddie like you would better be doing something else than learning his letters.'

If that 'bare-legged laddie' had said the schoolmaster, 'I mean to become great inventor, to be the friend of ch and powerful men, to hold conversation with kings, and to write my name among the great ones of the a service earth,' it is likely he would have called the boy a fool to cherish such wild dreams. Yet this poor, ignorant lad, who did not know the alphabet at eighteen, accomplished all these things before he died.

> He did it by hard work and because he made up his mind to do the best he ould. He kept pegging away. His gnorance was a misfortune, and not a ault. His parents were too poor to send him to school. He was the son of the fireman of a pumping engine in Northumberland colliery. His birthplace was a hovel with a clay floor, mud walls and bare rafters. When he was five years old he began to work for his living by herding cows in the daylime and barring up the gates at night. As he grew older he was set to pickng stones from the coal, and after that o driving a horse which drew coal from he pit. He went half-fed and halflothed; but for 'a that' he had a man's brave soul in his sturdy little body.

> For several years he was assistant reman to his father; then he was nade fireman himself. Subsequently, t the age of seventeen, he was plugnan of a pumping engine, a post aperior to his father's.

But all this time, though ignorant books, he had been studying his ngine. Gradually he acquired so comlete a knowledge of his machine that e was able to take it apart and make ny ordinary repairs. The 'bare-legged ddie' was smarter than he seemed, nd this fact the teacher was not long finding out after he began to teach

At the end of two years, by attendg evening school, he had learned all hat the village schoolmaster could each him. This brought his school fe to an end, but he still kept on udying. He bought books on engieering and mechanics, and spent his isure in learning what they taught id in experimenting. At last he bein to think about making better gines than those around him.

Meanwhile he had secured the apbintment of enginewright at one of e great collieries of northern Engthe was not discouraged. He saw mistakes and corrected them. Bere he was thirty-five years old he had ergetic engineer, and was called up- there.

or to build long and difficult lines of railway.

But his locomotives were too slow; he wanted them to run faster. He proposed to build one that would run at the rate of twelve miles an hour. Everybody laughed at him. Some thought that he was going crazy. One gentleman, who considered himself very wise, said to him:

'Suppose you invent an engine capable of running nine or ten miles an hour, and suppose while it was running a cow should stray upon the track, would not that be a very awkward circumstance?

'I should think it might be awkward indeed for the cow,' he answered.

Well, he succeeded in making his locomotive, and at a trial which took place near Liverpool it attained to the unprecedented speed of fourteen miles an hour. By making certain improvements, this same engine, the Rocket, was made to attain the speed of thirty miles an hour. People laughed no longer, but admired.

He was invited as a consulting engineer to foreign countries, and wealth flowed upon him. Philosophers sought his friendship. His king offered him knighthood, but he refused a title, preferring to remain plain George Stephenson. - The Presbyterian.

Nunkie's Dog Story

BY S. JENNIE SMITH,

' Halloa, Nunkie!'

Nunkie looked up from the piece of carpenter work that he was doing, and smiled at the boy who, entering the shop, had greeted him in this way.

Nunkie was Uncle John, but the boy in his babyhood had said Nunkie, and had kept on using the name ever

'Well, Charlie?' 'I saw Mr. Brown to-day.' 'What about him?'

'He had been drinking again.' Nunkie sighed. Only the week before, Mr. Brown had promised that he

would never touch another drop. 'Isn't he foolish to touch the stuff, when he knows it will make him drunk? Charlie went on. 'How can he? I should think he would hate to Then he closed the door in the lad's be like that. I'd keep away from a saloon I would.'

> Nunkie looked serious, then he said: 'Charlie, I once knew a dog that was wiser than many a person that I know to-day.'

'A real dog, Nunkie?' 'Yes; a real, live dog.'

'Then it isn't just a story?' 'No; it is all true. This dog lived out in the country, with a man who kept sheep, and one day he attacked and killed one of the sheep. He was caught doing it, and, 'Now that he has begun it, he will go on killing more, said his master; 'he must die.' So he put the dog into a bag with some heavy stones, sewed it up, and drove to a river. Into this river he threw the poor prisoner.

'Oh-h-h!' came pityingly from

But Nunkie was smiling, and went

'When the man went home again, he found, to his astonishment, that the dog was ahead of him, calmly resting on the hearth.'

'Why-why!' exclaimed the boy, with wide-open eyes and excited manner, 'how could he be, when he had been thrown into the river?'

'That's what the man wondered but there the dog was, surely enough, and he came to the conclusion that the bag must have been rotten, so that the heavy stones had burst it opon.'

'What did the man do with him then?' Charlie asked eagerly. I hope he let him live.'

'While he was wondering what to do with him,' Nunkie continued, 'he disa lesson that he would not be likely to the sheep. He seemed to understand | said : that it was the sheep that had gotten Now, we will suppose your father him into trouble, and he was determined to give them plenty of room. Do you not think that he was a very

wise dog? 'Yes, indeed; wiser than Mr. Brown.

'Yes, or-' Here Nunkie paused, waiting for

Charlie to finish.

'Or,' repeated the boy, 'or anyone who keeps on using tobacco when he knows it is hurting him.'

'Or,' began Nunkie again, but Charlie could not think just then of any more, so his uncle said :

'I'll tell you. Or a boy who again and again lets anger get such control nd, and he gradually applied his of him that he says and does many ans for an improved locomotive. things that get him into trouble, and e was not entirely successful at first, cause him to feel very sorry after-

'Oh-h-h!'

instructed several locomotive steam thoughtfully, and there was a different gines, and five years afterwards he expression on Charlie's face. Somed become known as a successful and how there was less of self-satisfaction

'We should all do well to take! pattern after the dog in some ways, shouldn't we, lad?'

'Yes, I think so.' And Charlie meant it, too.'-The Westminster.

Patty and Fido.

Grandfather was sitting in his big grandfather patted him.

little face. 'I want you to whip Fido, as athletic. If Tom realized it there grandfather,' she said. 'Here is your is no greater responsibility than this, cane. Whip him hard.'

dear ?' asked grandfather. my pansies.'

any better. Can't you forgive bim, man always considerate and gentleman-

Patty, stoutly. 'That will teach him himself be bothered, and even incom-

loved him.

to see you.'

'A long time ago,' said grandfather, 'as much as three or four years, I think, there was a wee baby girl playing about here. Fido was very fond of her, and when she took hold of his hair and toddled at his side, he walked slowly, so that her little feet would not slip. She used to play with him as he lay asleep, and he never got angry when she pulled his ears or his tail.

little run, and before her aunt could them off when they say 'How do you catch her, she fell off the bank into the water. Aunt Amy screamed, but there was no one near to help. Then Fido came with a rush and jumped into the water. He took hold of the little one's dress and brought her ashore. If it hadn't been for him, the dear baby would have been drowned 'Oh, what a dear doggie!' said Patty. Who was the baby, grandfather?

'It was a little girl we call Patty.' shaggy neck. 'You shan't be whipped, Fido. Not if you should dig up all my

'No,' said grandfather, patting both curly heads. 'God has made F.do so that he knows enough to love us and help us when he can. Now, if yeu want him whipped, you must do it yourself, for I can never forget that he saved a life very precious to me.'

'Oh,' said Patty, putting away the cane, 'I wouldn't do it for the world, grandfather.

'That is right,' said grandfather. 'After this, when he scratches up your posies, you must remember that he doesn't know when he is doing a naughty thing, as my Patty does, and that, if it had not been for Fide, grandfather would have no little curlyheaded girl.'-Sydney Dayre, in Sun-

A Poser in Arithmetic.

A Chinaman died, leaving his property by will to his three sons, as

"To Fuen-huen, the oldest, onehalf thereof; to Nu-pin, his second son, one-third thereof; and to Dingbat, his youngest, one ninth thereof." When the property was inventoried

it was found to consist of nothing more or less than seventeen elephants and it puzzled these three heirs how to divide the property according to the terms of the will without chopping up seventeen elephants and thereby seriously impairing their value. Finally covered that the dog had learned such | they applied to a wise neighbor, Suenpunk, for advice. Suen-punk had an touch the sheep again. No one could elephant of his own. He drove it induce that dog to go anywhere near into the yard with the seventeen and

left these eighteen elephants. Fuen huen, take your half and depart.'

So Fuen huen took nine elephants and went his way. 'Now, Nu-pin,' said the wise man,

take your third and go.'

'Now, Ding-bat,' said the wise man, 'take your ninth and be gone.'

So Ding-bat took two elephants and vamoosed. Then Suen punk took his

according to the terms of the will ?--

H. Porter, Lower Ireland P. Q., writes: "My son, 18 months old, had croup so bad that nothing gave him out a bottle of it in my home."

The Big Brother.

The big brother is only a young man himself, and to the eyes of his father and mother, he does not present a very formidable appearance. But to the little fellow in knickerbockers who gazes at him with awe and profound admiration the big brother is a personchair. Fido came up to him and age. Little Karl means one of these days to do everything that brother Patty came, too, but with an angry Tom does to be just as strong, as fine, to be the model for a younger soul, to 'Why do you want Fido whipped, have your speech, your habits, your manners all taken as patterns. I 'He's been digging a great hole in cannot think that the big brother my garden. My garden's been so would smoke cigarettes if he reflected beautiful, you know, and now Fido's that he was setting a bad example to scratched and scratched, and spoiled Karl, or use doubtful expressions, or lose his temper if provoked; the 'Poor l'ido,' said grandfather, strok- thought of the adoring small boy ing his head again; 'he doesn't know would go far to making the young ly. And if he were just the sort of 'Not till he's whipped for it,' said big brother one loves, he would let moded by the little one's company, 'Fido loves you, and I thought you | would take him off on excursions, and overlook his skating, and show him 'Well, so I do,' said Patty, slowly. how to wrestle, and be interested in 'He always wags his tail and jumps his lessons and his pets. More than about when I come, and looks at me anybody else the big brother educates just as if he wanted to say, 'I'm glad | the little one, and sets on him a stamp for the days to come.

A Lesson on Politeness

Adrian is three years old, and a few days ago his father bought his first cap. It is a real soldier cap.

'Now,' said his aunt, 'if Adrian is big enough to have a cap, he is big enough to know what to do with it. She took him on her lap, and ex-'One day she was down by the river plained very carefully what gentlemen

do?' or 'Good-by,' to a lady, and she

told him that he must never wear his

cap in the house. At the conclusion of the lesson Adrian went out on the porch to practice it. When Miss Nina passed, he took off his cap and said 'How do?' 'Why, how do you do, you little

dear? said Miss Nina, smiling. When mamma came up the street, he took off his cap, and she kissed Patty put her arms round Fido's him, and called him her 'precious little

> I know some boys twice as big as lesson of politeness. It is a little family paper published in the Dominion. thing to be sure, but it is one of those boy. Does it not pay to learn all these than it costs them. trifles well?—Selected.

A Recipe for Making Sausage.

Here is a recipe for making sausage which is going the rounds: First cut the meat fine in a good cutter, one pounds of lean round steak to forty pounds meat, though it is considered better without this. To this amount of meat add one pound salt, three ounces ground black pepper, one quarter pint sage, and two heaping tablespoonfuls ginger. Mix all thoroughly together and pack in pans, or you can make the bags and fill them. Smooth down well and cover the top with hot lard. This is a very good recipe that has been used for years and has been very successful.

Some may think that the above is hardly the thing for a farmer's page, but we want to see the farmer well taken care of as well as his stock .-Weekly Witness.

Only in the sacredness of inward silence does the soul truly meet the secret-hiding God. The strength of resolve, which afterwards shapes life and mixes itself with action, is the fruit of those sacred, solitary moments when we meet God alone.-Frederick William Robertson.

A pastor has accomplished a great deal when he has awakened a spirit of earnest inquiry among his people.

Every noble life leaves the fiber of it interwoven forever in the work of the world; by so much, evermore, the So Nu-pin took six elephants and strength of the human race has gained. -Ruskin.

Mrs. Celeste Coon, Syracuse, N. Y., writes: For years I could not eat many kinds of food without producing a burning, excruciating pain in own elephant and drove him home my stomach. I took Parmelee's Pills according to directions under the Query: Was the property divided head of 'Dyspepsia or Indigestion. One box entirely cured me. I can now eat anything I choose, without distressing me in the least.' These Pills do not cause pain or grip-ALWAYS ON HAND. - Mr. Thomas ing, and should be used when a cat. artic is required.

THE EMPHATIC STATEMENT that the This time the word came slowly and relief until a neighbor brought me D. & L. Menthol Plaster is doing a some of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil, great deal to alleviate neuralgia and which I gave him, and in six hours he rheumatism is based upon facts. The was cured. It is the best medicine I D & L. Plaster never fails to soothe ever used, and I would not be with and quickly cure. Manufactured by out a bottle of it in my home."

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