

AN ENGINEER'S STORY.

"Yes, indeed, we have some queer little incidents happen to us," said the engineer, as he pried his oil-can about and under his machine. "Queer thing happened to me about a year ago. You'd think it queer for a rough man like me to cry for ten minutes, and nobody hurt, either, would you? Well, I did, and I can almost cry every time I think of it. I was running along one afternoon pretty lively, when I approached a little village where the track cuts through the streets. I slackened up a little, but was still making good speed, when suddenly, about twenty rods ahead of me, a little girl, not more than three years old, toddled on to the track. You can't even imagine my feelings. There was no way to save her. It was impossible to stop, or even slack much, at that distance, as the train was heavy and the grade descending. In ten seconds it would have been all over; and after reversing and applying the brake, I shut my eyes. I didn't want to see any more. As we slowed down, my fireman stuck his head out of the cab window to see what I'd stopped for, when he laughed and shouted to me, 'Jim, look here!' I looked, and there was a big, black Newfoundland dog holding the little girl in his mouth, leisurely walking towards the house where she evidently belonged. She was kicking and crying, so that I knew she wasn't hurt, and the dog had saved her. My fireman thought it funny, and kept on laughing, but I cried like a woman. I just couldn't help it. I had a little girl of my own at home.—*Chicago Herald.*



OUT OR IN.

"Trouble is with Maria," said Cousin Jane, "that all her doors open in. Anything that's brought to her she's willin' enough to have. If her friends'll come in, and make a fuss over her, Maria's glad to see them. Her door turns on the hinges easy enough to let in the things and the people she likes. When she was young and good-looking, and well off, Maria enjoyed life pretty well. What she wanted came to her, and she was contented enough. But now that she's older, and hasn't as much to live on as she used to, she frets, and complains that life isn't worth living, and thinks people slight her, and that she has a hard and bitter lot. So far as I can see, the bitterness is mostly in Maria, more'n in her lot, for it's just an average lot—that's all. But Maria thinks no one has as much to bear in life as she has.

"If she once knew hat some folks had to bear, she wouldn't feel so—she'd be thankful instead. But her doors don't open out. She doesn't get out into other people's lives. She has never gone out of herself to help a friend, even. She's never set out to do any work for others. Things must come to her; she doesn't go to them. Everything leads in, and nothing out, in Maria's life. It's no wonder folks have got tired of bringing love and sympathy and cheerfulness and brightness to her, when she never comes out of herself to bring anything to anybody.

"If I was Maria, I'd take my doors off, and re-hang them, all opening out instead of in. 'Twould be something of a job in the way of repairs, but it would pay—yes, it would."—*Forward.*



A rich dress is not worth a straw to one who has a poor mind.

THE ORIGINAL SPOTLESS TOWN.

Broeck, in the north of Holland, is said to be the original "Spotless Town." A writer in *Public Opinion* thus describes it:—

"The palings of the fences of Broeck are sky-blue. The streets are paved with shining bricks of many colors. The houses are rose-colored, black, gray, purple, light blue, or pale green. The doors are painted and gilded. For hours you may not see a soul in the streets and houses, bridges, windows and barns show a neatness and a brilliancy that are absolutely painful.

"At every step a new effect is disclosed, a new scene is beheld, as if painted upon the drop-curtain of a stage. Everything is minute, compact, painted, spotless and clean. In the houses of Broeck for cleaning purposes you will find big brooms, little brooms, tooth-brushes, aqua fortis, whiting for the window panes, rouge for the forks and spoons, cold dust for the copper, emery for the iron utensils, brick powder for the floors, and even small splinters of wood with which to pick out the tiny bits of straw in the cracks between the bricks. Here are some of the rules of this wonderful town:—

"Citizens must leave their shoes at the door when entering a house.

"Before or after sunset no one is allowed to smoke excepting with a pipe having a cover, so that the ashes will not be scattered upon the street.

"Any one crossing the village on horseback must get out of the saddle and lead the horse.

"A cuspidor shall be kept by the front door of each house.

"It is forbidden to cross the village in a carriage, or to drive animals through the streets."



Wat the Plodders Can Accomplish.

If we were to examine a list of the men who have left their mark on the world, we should find that, as a rule, it is not composed of those who were brilliant in youth, or who gave great promise at the outset of their careers, but rather of the plodding young men who, if they have not dazzled by their brilliancy, have had the power of a day's work in them, who could stay by a task until it was done, and well done; who have had grit, persistence, common sense, and honesty.

It is the steady exercise of these ordinary, homely virtues, united with average ability, rather than a deceptive display of more showy qualities in youth, that enables a man to achieve greatly and honorably. So, if we were to attempt to make a forecast of the successful men of the future, we should not look for them among the ranks of the *smart* boys, those who think they *know it all* and are anxious to win by a short route.



DO NOT HOARD FURNITURE.

Give away what you don't really need in your house. Don't let such things accumulate. They will soon fill attic and cellar, and overflow into other rooms where they do no one any good. You are not likely to want them again, and it is a nuisance to have them around. Long ago we should have been obliged to get a bigger house for our growing family, if I had followed my husband's thrifty plan of "saving things." At first he thought I was extravagant, but now he acknowledges that if other families would likewise rid themselves of "truck" they are not likely to use

again in a thousand years, house-cleaning would be robbed of half its terrors. Thrift is a homely virtue which easily degenerates into miserliness. Some of us hoard old clothes, unused furniture, discarded bric-a-brac, and the like, simply because that habit has become so fixed we are too stingy to give such things away to worry folks who need them. Yet we don't mean to be stingy, and are ashamed to discover that we are so.



A WALKING FERN

Most ferns are confirmed travellers. New ferns grow out from the underground roots some distance away from the old plant. The average observer scarcely notices this, but there is a native fern that steps off at so lively a pace that its odd habit has long furnished one of the unceasing entertainments of the woods. The walking fern often carpets ledges and tops of shaded rocks. The slender, tufted fronds are singularly unfernlike in appearance. They squirm about and "walk" by declining their taper tips to the soil, and taking root there and growing. In time clusters of new leaf fronds spring from such rooted tips. By and by some of these, too, bite the earth, and, taking root, start still other colonies, which, in turn, will continue the progress again and again. Naturally, with the lapse of time, the connection between the older tufts and the younger becomes broken, yet one sometimes finds series of three or four linked together, representing as many steps in the pretty ramble.—*Country Life in America.*



TELLING TRUTH TO CHILDREN.

The ordinary child loves truth as he does flowers and sunlight. He trusts others and is himself to be trusted till he learns fraud and deception from his elders. This is a principle which should be recognized by young parents who are welcoming the first little ones into their homes. They should make up their minds not only never to deceive their children by word or deed, but also to insist upon the same rule being carried out by nurse girls and other domestics. How many times one overhears threats made to children which makes one's heart ache for the poor little creatures.

One day this summer a mother and grandmother entered a railroad train with a baby girl of less than two years. It was very warm in the car and the child was sleepy and fretful. The two wofien joined forces in thinking every horrible threat possible with which to frighten the child into quiet. They told her the policeman was coming; the conductor would throw her out of the window; the ragman was almost there with his black bag, and that they would go away and leave her alone unless she was still. When it was time for the train to start the mother had to leave the baby with the grandmother, who was evidently taking her to her home in the country. As she went she told the child she was going to get her a banana and some candy—and such promises, with no thought of fulfilling them, seem as bad as the threats.—*The Household.*



In choosing one's friends, we must choose those whose qualities are inborn and their virtue of temperament. To lay the foundations of friendship on borrowed or added virtues is to build on artificial soil; we run too many risks.

THE LIFE GIVING VIRTUES OF PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND

Rescued a Lady Who was Drawing Near the Grave.

The Life Building Medicine that Wives and Mothers Need in May.

Paine's Celery Compound does a wondrous work for sick and half dead women in May. The conditions of winter have been detrimental to the health of women and girls everywhere; they have declined in nervous vigor, the blood is reeking with impurities, the excretory organs do not perform their work, and the digestive machinery is sadly out of gear. The human machine must be cleansed, repaired and strengthened in May. Paine's Celery Compound does the work surprisingly fast, and gives a guarantee of permanent health and long life. It is the one spring medicine that truly nourishes, regulates and invigorates the entire nervous system from the brain to the minutest nerve filament. It gives a full, rich supply of energizing blood, it clears the muddy, unhealthy skin, it gives an increase in weight, and more refreshing sleep. Whatever be your condition, unhappy sufferer, we give you a blessed assurance of a new and happy health through the use of Paine's Celery Compound. Mrs. Flora S. Brantley, Levis, P. Q., writes thus:—

"Eighteen months ago I was terribly afflicted with daily headaches and was despondent, nervous and weak. Medical assistance and patent medicines failed to bring me relief. My sufferings increased, and I was told I would not get better again. I was suffering so much that I was satisfied to die if it was God's will. A neighbor kindly suggested the use of Paine's Celery Compound, and to please her I consented to try it. The first few doses seemed to send a feeling of new life into my blood, and I went on using the compound. I have taken five bottles and can honestly say I am fully cured. I am sleeping well, appetite in good condition, getting back lost flesh, and feel as active as a girl of fifteen. I think my cure is a permanent one. I thank God for Paine's Celery Compound; it saved my life to my husband and children."

If you are in need of free medical advice write to Consulting Physician's Department, The Wells & Richardson Co., Limited, Montreal, Que. All correspondence is sacredly confidential.



ONE BOTTLE.

An American editor says: "A present in the shape of a bottle of fine old Scotch whiskey was kindly sent to this office at 2 p. m. on Thursday; ten minutes past that hour not a drain of liquor remained; ten seconds later the office boy had sold the bottle at the rig and bone shop next door. At 2.30 three men were charged at the police court with being drunk and disorderly. The editor of this paper returns thanks for this handsome gift, and would feel obliged if the donor of the whiskey would send along seventy-two shillings a policeman's helmet, a new office boy, four panes of glass, a new street-door knocker, and—no more whiskey.



An investment in knowledge always pays the best interest.—*Ben. Franklin.*