

## Telling "Nice" Things.

I know a girl,—in fact, she's a very dear friend of mine,—a young, timid, struggling artist, who is trying to support herself by her brush. This is not a small thing to accomplish, as perhaps many of you know by experience, so my little friend has begun housekeeping in a modest way. She lives in two rooms at the top of a very tall house, and she does her own cooking on a small kerosene stove, but she's a brave girl, and paints away for dear life.

I went to call upon her the other day, and took with me a friend of mine who is also an artist, but one who is far along that hill of success which Nan is now so patiently climbing. I had hoped much for Nan from this call, so introduced them with a beating heart.

She shook hands cordially enough with Nan, who was trembling with nervousness, and seemed graciously interested in her work, for she turned over sketches, looked at paintings, and then, with the picture of an old woman's head in her hand, sat down and talked art all the rest of the afternoon to her heart's content. I did wish it had been to Nan's "heart's content," but one glance at the child's face told me it was not, for it was art that was away over her head.

Meanwhile there was no word of praise from her lips, neither any criticism, even of the kindest, and her comments were of the mildly polite style that is exasperating like the faint praise that condemns. Do you wonder that I felt like shaking her when I looked at the repressed hope and longing on the face of the poor little striving Nan? I was almost ready to cry with disappointment when we got into the street again.

"Why didn't you say something nice to that child, you miserable woman?" I burst out at last. She looked at me in unmitigated astonishment.

"Say something 'nice to her?' she echoed, her face one whole exclamation point of surprise. "Why, it never entered my head to do so. Do you suppose she expected me to say anything?"

"But," I artfully inquired, with an eye to the future, "don't you think she has talent?" "Most certainly I do. The head of that old woman is a gem in itself, and, what is more, I know a man who will buy it at her own price. I wonder who her model was?"

"I don't know," I said, abstractedly, for I was planning a call upon Nan the very next day; "but I will ask her." And I wish you could have seen Nan's face when I carefully repeated the "nice" thing I had saved for her. It was the impersonation of joy itself.

"And to think what a perfect goose I was yesterday," she said with a happy laugh.

"I actually cried myself to sleep after you had gone, and forgot my supper. But there, I do believe I'll never be discouraged again," and shook the frying-pan so joyously that the chop she was frying over the kerosene stove danced a merry jig as though out of pure sympathy with her.

Oh, it is a wonderful tonic, is this "telling nice things to people." I have seen it work the most surprising results at the most surprising times. I have seen jaded men lift their tired heads and square their shoulders after a hard day's work at desk or counter or bench, and the bright light of hope leap into their eyes again, from the magical influence of a timely, sincere word of praise, or that "nice" thing one has heard, or thought about them, and remembered to tell them. I have seen wives and mothers whose faces were faded and worn with the weary round of planning, baking, stewing and boiling, and the drudgery of counting the pennies, look up into the faces of their husbands at some unaccustomed word of praise or tenderness, with the light of youth in their eyes and a tremulous feeling in their hearts that glorified every duty to them. I have seen servants take their brooms and sweep more carefully in the corners, dust the picture rails and the pictures, take up the rugs and give them an honest shaking, and then brush away the cobwebs that they had noticed hanging for a week at least, but had not thought it necessary to remove until that happy word had made it a pleasure to do so.

And I myself,—why I feel to this day the glow of strength and hopeful possibilities that filled my heart at a word of affectionate appreciation from my pastor. He is dead now, but often, when tempted to see the dark side of life, I recall the tender words of encouragement he uttered that day so long ago, and hope refuses to be thrust away.

The really selfish element in telling the nice things to people (if one can call it a selfish element) is the exquisite happiness it brings to one's self. I can liken it to nothing that is earthly, but to everything that is heavenly. Try it and see for yourselves.

## A Little Artist.

Sir John Millais, the great painter, began when quite a child to show signs of the great talents which were later on to produce "Bubbles," "Cherry Ripe," and other pictures which are well known even to children.

At six years of age Johnny Millais lived with his parents at Dinan, in Brittany. The great delight of the little fellow and his elder brother was to watch the French soldiers who were constantly marching through the town.

The roll call generally took place in a square, and on being disbanded each soldier was presented with a loaf of black bread, which he stuck on the top of his bayonet and then shouldered his rifle.

On one occasion the two boys gazed with amazement and delight at a great drum major who was covered with gold trappings and wore a huge bearskin while he flourished a gold headed cane.

Johnny Millais at once got out his sketch-book and proceeded to jot down the giant into his book. Meanwhile, unknown to the little artist, two officers came up behind him and were greatly surprised to find such a baby sketching so well. They patted the boy on the back, gave him some money and asked where he lived, and the boy took them to his father and mother.

Then the officers took the sketch back to the barracks with them and showed it around as the work of a boy of six. But their brother officers would not believe this to be possible, so bets were taken, and one of them went to fetch little Millais and prove their words.

In fear and trembling he came, but soon showed he really had done the drawing by making then and there a still better sketch of the colonel smoking a cigar.

## A TRYING TIME

IS THE PERIOD WHEN YOUNG GIRLS ARE MERGING INTO WOMANHOOD.

Marked by Pale Faces, Heart Palpitation, Loss of Appetite and General Lassitude --How to Overcome This Condition.

After babyhood, the most perilous time in a young girl's life is when she is just entering womanhood. It is then that she is subject to headaches, dizziness, heart palpitation feeble appetite, and bloodless cheeks and lips. This condition may easily develop into consumption, and to prevent this—to keep the young girl in good health and strength, mothers should insist upon their taking a blood making tonic, such as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Mrs. Henry McIntyre, Port Dalhousie, Ont., gives sound advice to other mothers in cases of this kind. She says:—"About three years ago the health of my daughter, Bertha, began to fail. She grew weak and seemed unable to stand the least exertion. She suffered from distressing headaches, and fainting fits; her appetite left her and she lost flesh. I spent much money on medicines, but they did not help her. Then I took her to a doctor, and although his treatment was persisted in for a long time, she seemed to be growing worse, and I began to fear she was going into consumption. Then I took her to a specialist, but his treatment was likewise unsuccessful. Finally upon the advice of a lady friend, a doctor practising in Chicago, Bertha began using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and before long there was a decided improvement in her condition, and by the time she had taken nine boxes she was once more enjoying the best of health and had gained fifteen pounds in weight. I would strongly advise all similar sufferers to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a fair trial, as her case seemed as hopeless as could be."

All weak and ailing girls and women, sufferers from backache, headaches, indisposition to work or exercise, who show by their pale and sallow cheeks that they are in ill health, will find prompt relief, bright eyes, rosy cheeks and active health in a fair use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. You can obtain these pills from any medicine dealer or by mail, postpaid, at 50c. a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by writing direct to the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. Never accept anything else which a dealer may say is "just as good."

A fare was being rattled through Dublin on a rickety jaunting-car drawn by a no less rickety horse. Having proceeded some distance, the horse, owing to apparent old age and sheer exhaustion, fell, never to rise again. The fare was very profuse in his sympathies towards the driver, who, however, appeared to take the whole thing very coolly, and explained:—

"It's just like this with me, your honour. I don't regret the old brute a bit. He was bad from the start. But, somehow or other, I can't help thinking of the beautiful feed of oats I gave him this morning."

A Magazine Thirty Years Old:—The Christmas (December) number of THE DELINEATOR is also the Thirtieth Anniversary Number.

To do justice to this number, which for beauty and utility touches the highest mark, it would be necessary to print the entire list of contents. It is sufficient to state that in it the best modern writers and artists are generously represented. The book contains over 230 pages, with 34 fullpage illustrations, of which 20 are in two or more colors. The magnitude of this December number, for which 728 tons of paper and six tons of ink have been used, may be understood from the fact that 91 presses running 14 hours a day, have been required to print it; the binding alone of the edition of 915,000 copies representing over 20,000,000 sections which had to be gathered individually by human hands.

From a recent novel:—

"Her eyes fell."  
"Her hands dropped by her side."  
"He lost his tongue."  
"His jaw dropped."  
"Her voice fell."  
"She crushed him with a look."  
"His heart sank like lead."

Then one would suppose the housemaid came with a broom and swept up the debris.

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## Hinted.

A Railway porter at an Aberdeenshire station was transferring the luggage of a tourist from the train to the local omnibus.

"What do they usually give you as a tip here, my man?" asked the tourist.

For reply the porter pointed to a large house some distance away, and said, "Dae ye see that building up by yonder?"

"Yes; but what has that to do with it?" inquired the stranger.

"Oh, naething, but that's the poorhouse, an' it's choke-fu' o' railway porters!" was the significant reply.

## Loneliness.

Not even the tenderest heart, and next our own, knows half the reasons why we smile and sigh.

JOHN KEBLE.

## MARRIED.

PELKEY-CAMPBELL.—At the parsonage Andover, Nov. 12th, by Rev. R. W. Demmings, George Z. Pelkey and Mrs. Frances E. Campbell, both of Port Fairfield, Me.

## DIED.

MCADAM.—At Hartland, Oct. 7th, Willie, son of Gordon and Ella McAdam, aged three months and seven days.

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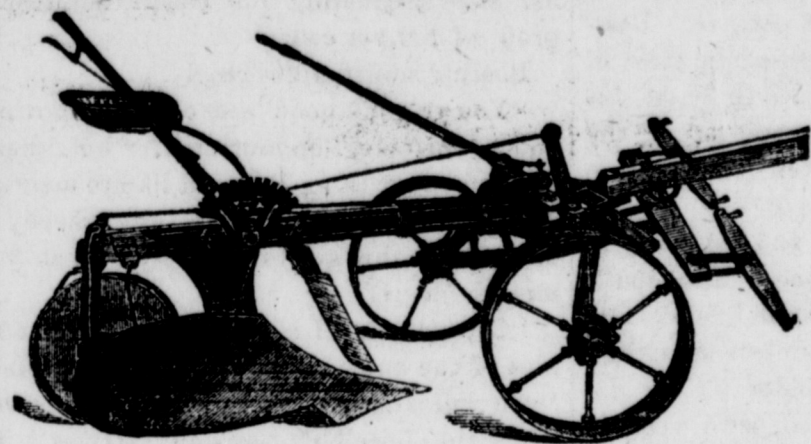
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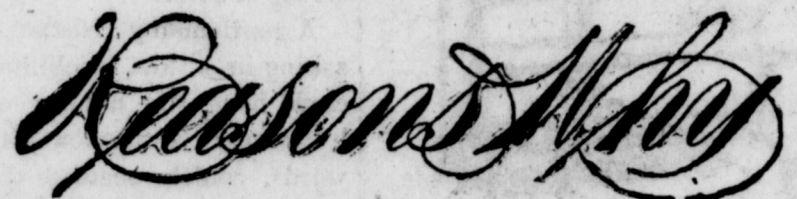
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## FARM FOR SALE.

150 acres in Middle Simonds, Carleton County; 75 acres cleared, the rest is heavily wooded; can peel 100 cords of bark and out 100,000 of hardwood logs; new house one and a half stories with finished barn and out buildings. Part of purchase money can go on mortgage. MARVIN W. SHAW, Middle Simonds, Union Telephone in house. Sept. 1st, 11.

## CONTRACTOR'S NOTICE.

Tenders will be received until the 25th inst. for the erection and completion of all outside work of a new Catholic church near Lakeville, Carleton County. Plans and specifications can be seen and other information given at the residence of Mr. John Callahan, Farmerston, Carleton County, lately occupied by Mr. Richard Gallivan. The committee do not bind themselves to accept the lowest or any tender. Nov. 12-21.

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