

Family Financiering.

"They tell me you work for a dollar a day. How is it you clothe your six boys on such pay?"

"I know you will think it conceited and queer. But I do it because I'm a good financier."

"There's Pete, John, Jim, and Joe, and William, and Ned."

A half dozen boys to be clothed up and fed to eat;

But clothing—I only buy clothing for Pete

"When Pete's clothes are too small for him to get on

My wife makes 'em over and gives 'em to John.

"When for John, who is ten, they have grown out of date,

She just makes 'em over for Jim, who is eight.

"When for Jim they become too ragged to fix,

She just makes 'em over for Joe, who is six

"And when little Joseph can wear 'em no more,

She just makes 'em over for Bill, who is four.

"And when for young Bill they no longer will do,

She just makes 'em over for Ned, who is two.

"So you see, if I get enough clothing for Pete

The family is furnished with clothing complete.

"But when Ned has got through with the clothing, and when

He has thrown it aside—what do you do with it then?"

"Why, once more we go round the circle complete,

And begin to use it for patches for Pete."

Boys and Mothers.

School out! Shout, scream, jump, race, wrestle—everything by which boys let out their joy at being no longer quiet!

'Let's go up the hill for nuts,' was the cry.

'Yes—let's.'

'You come too, Cliff,' as one boy worked himself out of the small crowd just let loose from the country school-house and went out of the yard.

'No, I can't.'

'I'd like to,' Cliff cast a longing look up the hill shining with the scarlet and gold of autumn. Very well he knew the fun of hearing the brown nuts rattle down an accompaniment to the shouts of merry boys.

'Come on, then.'

For a moment Cliff wavered, then braced up.

'No,' he said. 'My mother will be looking out for me. She always feels a little afraid about the bridge, and if I'm not at home just at the time she gets frightened.'

'Pshaw!' cried Tom Barnes, with a sniff. 'As if I'd be tied to my mother's apron. I can't go up the hill cause my foot hasn't got over the sprain and it hurts. But if I could, I'd go, mother or no mother.'

Cliff was angry, and cast about for something sharp enough to say.

'Perhaps I would if I had such a mother as yours.'

'What's that?' cried Tom, flaming up.

'I say,' answered Cliff, delighted at the effect of his words, 'that if I had such a mother as yours I suppose I'd do just as you do. But I wouldn't have such a one. I wouldn't have a mother that wasn't worth minding.'

Cliff had multiplied his words, flinging them out with more and more relish at Tom's anger. He now turned and ran away with a laugh.

With a shriek of rage Tom started to follow him, but was soon forced by the pain in his foot to stop. As he continued to shout his anger after the enemy, the teacher came from the school-house and went toward him. The other boys were by this time beyond hearing.

'Did you hear him, Miss Morse? Did you hear what he said? I'll thrash him tomorrow,' doubling up his fists, 'till he takes every word of it back. And won't you punish him too?'

'Well, I don't know,' said Miss Morse, drawing the boy to a step and sitting down beside him. 'What did he say?'

'He said—why, he said,' said Tom, in his excitement not really remembering exactly what had been said, 'he said that my mother wasn't a good woman.'

'I didn't hear that, and I could hear it all through the open window.'

'Well, he said he wouldn't—wouldn't—like to have a mother like mine.'

'Not exactly that, either. I heard him say he wouldn't have a mother that was not worth minding. And I don't know, Tom, but I agree with him. I shouldn't like that kind myself.'

'And who says my mother isn't worth minding?' said Tom, bristling again.

'Well, don't you?'

'No. I never said such a thing in my life.'

'See here, Tom'—Miss Morse smoothed the boy's hair and fanned his hot face with his hat—'don't you ever stop to think that there are different ways of saying things—that our actions speak as loudly as our words? More loudly, I should say, for we can say what is not true, but we do show really what we are and what we think.'

Now, how does anybody know your mother is worth obeying? Do they learn it from you?

Tom started for a moment at his teacher, then gave a low whistle. She sat in silence while one new thought after another crowded upon his mind.

How did anybody know it, anyhow? Tom had never really intended to be undutiful to his gentle little mother, who indulged him far more than was good for him. Now he recalled the morning chores she asked of him. If he felt like doing them they were done but more often they were left for some one else. If there was nothing 'up' among the boys after he school, headed her mildly-expressed wish that he should come home promptly; otherwise he stayed out as long as he pleased.

No, certainly, nobody would know from him that his mother was worth obeying.

'I don't know Cliff's mother,' went on Miss Morse, 'because I haven't been here very long, and it is quite a walk to their house. But I want to know her, for I feel sure from what I have seen of Cliff that she must be a good woman. When you see a boy ready to think of his mother, anxious to keep her from anxiety, willing to give up a pleasure rather than run the risk of distressing her, I can give a pretty good guess what she must be.'

Tom colored deeply. 'My mother's good,' he growled, under his breath.

'I haven't a doubt of it, my boy. But how are people to know it through you, unless you are? People will judge her by you. If you do not honor her by obedience, how can you wonder at their thinking that, as Cliff expressed it, she is not worth minding?'

'But she is!' exclaimed Tom, firing up again.

'I wish more boys would remember, said Miss Morse, gently, after another little pause, 'what joy and comfort they can be to their mothers if they will. And oh, that they would remember it while they have time! There must come a time, you know, when their voices will be hushed. Our words can never reach them when the sod is between them and us no matter how we ache and ache to tell them how we did love them, in spite of all our careless ways.'

Tom set his lips hard together as he choked down a lump in his throat.

'And I think those of us whose mothers are mild and quiet, not sharp and loud, but low-voiced in their way of letting us know what they want of us—we ought to feel special tenderness for them, don't you?'

'Yes'm, I do,' said Tom, getting up. Good-bye.'

'Why, Tommy, you're home so early,' said his mother, looking up with a pleased smile as he entered the room at home. Tom liked the smile; it was so different from the troubled look with which she usually met his home-comings.

'Yes—cause,' he began, in the embarrassment of the new feeling which he did not like to show, 'my foot hurt—and—say, mother,' with a burst, 'I'm coming home when you want me to. Every time.'

'Are you, dear? Well, that will be great comfort to mother.'

She looked after him as he went about some small duties neglected for days, and there was a mist in her eyes along with the smile as she thought:—

'The dear boy will forget it all before long. But its good to have him think it.'

Cliff arriving home, found the house quiet and his mother away. It was disappointing, and he growled a little.

'There, now! I might have stayed with the boys just as well as not.'

And the feeling stayed with him as the lonely evening dragged on and she did not come until late. But the last of it went out of his heart when she said:—

'My good boy! I had to go to your aunt, who is ill. But I should not have had an easy moment if I had not felt sure you would be at home just when I expected you.'

Tom did not offer Cliff the threatened thrashing. Indeed, it seemed from that day on to take so much of his time and energy to show that his mother was as well worthy minding a Cliff's mother, as to leave little opportunity for quarreling with anybody.

And Cliff never knew the effect his brave stand for duty to his mother had had upon one of his mother's friends. For some of us is ordered the joy of doing the blessing following one good word or work; but for most is simple faith, not to be changed to sight until we reach the great hereafter, that our good must surely reach into the lives of those about us.—*Advance.*

faith, not to be changed to sight until we reach the great hereafter, that our good must surely reach into the lives of those about us.—*Advance.*

A Tobacco Sermonette.

The Gallipolis, Ohio, *Journal* has been gathering the opinions of its readers on the tobacco question, and the following is what an honest plowman has to say about it:

'My hand fits the plow handle much better than the pen, and my intellect has been trained to raise fat pigs and big pumpkins; consequently my path of literature has been sadly neglected; but I will try.'

I notice that your board of trade has been solicited to issue a pamphlet on tobacco. Now I would like to make a few suggestions as to what it should contain.

'I should like to have it contain the name of the man who can truthfully say that the first tobacco he placed between his molars tasted good.

'Also, the mother that advises her sons to chew tobacco, and the father who is proud of his daughter because she can smoke a pipe and dip snuff.

'I want to hear of the physician in good standing that recommends his children to use tobacco.

'I should like it to contain, also, the names of your men that would prefer a bride with a pipe in her mouth.

'Also, the name of the man that has good, sound sense, and has used tobacco ten years, that has not wished himself clear of the habit scores of time.

'I should like to have the address of the man who can live on tobacco alone, and nothing else.

'Please have the name of the man inserted whose breath is improved by the use of tobacco.

'I would like to have the name of the young man that offers his best girl his plug of natural leaf and a stogie.

Young man, she has just as much right to use it as you have.

'I want you to inform me where I can procure a suit of clothes that could be improved by blotches of filth from a tobacco chewer's mouth.

'Also, have it contain (in large type) the advantages the tobacco consumer has over one who does not indulge.

'If tobacco is good to chew, why is it not good to swallow? Please publish the reason.

'It is my opinion, Mr. Editor, that tobacco is a curse to the American people, socially, physically, and financially, and that the raising, manufacturing, selling, and consuming should be everlastingly set down upon by all good citizens; and if your board of trade has nothing better to do than to enhance the popularity of tobacco, they better trade themselves off for a yaller dog, and then get some friend to shoot the dog; for the man that raises one good potato does mankind more good than he who raises tons of tobacco.

Fireworks in the Ocean.

The ocean, too, has its lanterns, or phosphorescent animals, and among these the jelly-fish and sea anemones are very numerous. Sometimes they look like pillars of fire, sometimes like stars, and sometimes like fiery serpents, flashing out red, green yellow, and lilac rays.

Many luminous sea creatures are very small, not larger than a spark, but these gather in such masses that in the Indian Ocean the water often looks like a sea of molten metal; and a naturalist who bathed among them in the Pacific said that he found himself illuminated for hours afterwards, while the sands on which the insects were stranded at low tide, gleamed like grains of gold.

The bottom of the ocean is magnificent with its star fish and sea pods, some in rich purple, shedding a soft golden, green light, while others send out silver flashes, and the lamp-fish carries on its head at night a golden light. Another fish seems to be decorated with pearls, and it is evidently the fashion there to be brilliant in some way. Even crabs in hot climates seem to set themselves on fire, and when captured and teased, they blaze all over with indignation.

A species of shark, too, is intensely brilliant at night, and one that was drawn up shone like a splendid lamp for some hours after it was dead.

Naturalists have long been at work on this "luminous" power, and the source of the illuminating power is supposed to be contained in the little sacs or cells in the body of the animal.—*Chris. Observer.*

Home Hints.

FOR STEWED APPLES peel some large cooking apples, peel them, and remove the core. Lay them in a stewpan with sufficient water to cover them and fill the centre of each with white sugar. Let them stew very gently or they will break. Serve in a glass dish with a spoonful of red currant jelly in the centre of each, and stick them with quarters of blanched almonds.

IN COLD WEATHER people require more substantial food than they do in summer. Warm soups, meat or its substitutes—such as beans, lentils and peas—should be taken in order to increase the heat of the body. Haricot beans are, weight for weight, more nourishing than butcher's meat; they are by some people more easily digested than meat is, and they are certainly much cheaper. They need soaking over night, and should simmer two hours to cook thoroughly.

BEEFSTEAK PUDDING is a very good winter dish. Cut two pounds of tender steak into pieces and dip each in flour, season highly with pepper and salt. Line a pudding basin with light suet crust, place the steak in it, and add a gill of good stock. Cover the basin with crust, wetting the edges so as to prevent the gravy escaping, tie over with a cloth, and boil the pudding gently for two hours. If allowed to boil fast the meat will be hard, however tender it was to start with. Send the pudding to the table in the basin, which must be covered with a neatly folded napkin.

THE FOLLOWING METHOD is a simple, inexpensive and efficient mode of ventilating a room, without a draught, by means of the windows:—(1) Raise the lower window sash two or three inches from the bottom. (2) Insert a bar of wood below the window so as to exactly fill up the opening left at the bottom of the window. The air will now flow in through the narrow opening between the sashes at the middle of the window, taking an upward direction before it begins to mix up with the general air of the room, thus refreshing the air of the room without producing a draught.

All Sorts.

Bertha—Sometimes you appear really manly and sometimes you are absolutely effeminate. How do you account for it?

Harold—I suppose it is hereditary. Half my ancestors were males and the other half females.

In Germany at a recent school examination the pupils were asked the value of the widow's mite mentioned in the New Testament. One boy answered: 'Twelve marks and forty-two pennings,' and on being asked for his authority showed in his book the reference, 'Widow's mite, Mark 12: 42.'

Rheumatism is primarily caused by acidity of the blood. Hood's Sarsaparilla purifies the blood, and thus cures the disease.

An English traveller at Tripoli had hard work getting his grip-sack through the custom house, the officials having their suspicions aroused by his copy of Moody and Sankey hymns, especially the hymn: 'Ho, my comrades, see the signal waving in the sky? What new revolt could that portend?'

Tried and Recommended.

I have used with beneficial results K. D. C. and have recommended it to a great many of my friends, all of whom speak very highly of it. To all who suffer from indigestion I can heartily recommend it as the best.

J. H. TIMMIS.

Secretary-Treasurer, City Printing and Publishing Co., Montreal, P. Q.

Voting by machinery is among the inevitables. The Boston Globe says: 'The county of Niagara in New York has adopted a ballot machine for use in all general elections in the entire county. By the use of this machine voters can enter the booths and register their votes by pressing a few buttons, instead of being compelled to sort and fold a number of ballots. It has been demonstrated that men can vote at the rate of four a minute with one machine. Altogether this seems to be a new version of the machine of politics.'

THE PLAIN TRUTH TELLS. Constipation, Headache, Biliousness, and Bad Blood, are promptly cured by Burdock Blood Bitters, which acts upon the stomach, liver, bowels, and blood, curing all their diseases.

NO EQUAL TO IT.

As a cure for Frost Bites, Chills, Burns and Scalds, Chafing, Chapped hands, Inflamed Breasts, Sprains, Wounds, Bruises, Hagry's Yellow Oil is the most reliable remedy on the market.

So rapidly does lung irritation spread and deepen, that often in a few weeks a simple cough culminates in tubercular consumption. Give heed to a cough, there is always danger in delay, get a bottle of Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, and cure yourself. It is a medicine unsurpassed for all throat and lung troubles. It is compounded from several herbs, each one of which stands at the head of the list as exerting a wonderful influence in curing consumption and all lung diseases.

Know Thyself.

Look within. Keep the internal fires burning. Build the home altars. Add to the time in the closet. Heat and efficiency do not much depend upon externals and internals. It is well to have combined effort; it is well to have bands and straps cut; but it is of vast importance to have the inward life aglow with personal contact with the unseen and the eternal. Perhaps there is over-much looking at outside measures, and to little attention to the internal fires that feed the outward movement. Build up the home altar. Drill in patient Bible study. Study not only the external movements of holiness, but the life of it in thy soul. Learn, if possible, all that hurts thy soul. Learn, so far as possible, the kind of climate that best suits its life. Seek continually the richer spiritual pastures which best feeds the souls' wants. If thou wouldst be of the highest service to eternal conquest of holiness, look within.

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