DAILY VISITORS.

BY HILDA RICHMOND.

"If only Mrs. Pine would keep her children at home," sighed a discouraged mother not long ago. "I am so careful about letting my little ones play away from home that I should think people would learn why without actually having to tell them."

"People think differently about those things," said her friend. "According to my opinion you have worse visitors in your home every day than the Pine children, but you admit them without a question as to their desirability."

"Visitors less desirable than the Pine children!" exclaimed the mother. "I really can't think of children who are ruder or more ill-bred. You surely must be mistaken."

"Here is one," said the friend, picking up a paper, whose glaring head-lines told of murder and all sorts of misdeeds in the largest type. "I saw Fred and Jennie eagerly devouring this horrible account as I came in," and she pointed to a shocking tale on the first page. "Compared with this the Pine children are harmless and innocent."

"I never have time to glance at the papers, but we always try to take one daily," said the mother, picking up the sheet. "It seems to be the thing these days to try to keep up with the times, but if all women are as busy as I am, it must be impossible."

"I never found it necessary to store my mind with details of every murder and accident," said the friend. "It is a good thing to keep in touch with the things that are important and interesting in the world, and there are newspapers that do not parade crime and iniquity in type like this if one wants to know about the latest news. I have seen women who thought it horrible to rush to a place where some crime had been committed, but think it the proper thing to read every minute detail when the papers publish the account of it."

"Do you suppose the children really read and understand these things?" asked the mother uneasily as she took a careful look through the pages.

"Of course they read them, but it is doubtful if they understand the full meaning. It seems children have a peculiar longing to read and hear horrible things that no one can explain. Even if you are as careful as possible they will hear too much while they are young and innocent, but to put these vile sheets directly within their reach seems absurd to me. The clean newspapers are not upheld and patronized as much as they should be because men and women everywhere are too careless to investigate what sort of literature comes into their homes. The sensational papers are always pointing to the fact that they have immense circulations and therefore the public must want that kind of news they publish."

"I never thought of it before," said the mother slowly. "I have often said if Mrs. Pine had not so much time to read dime novels she could train her children better when I was living in a glass house. Not that I read dime novels but I put things that are worse in the hands of my little ones."

"You are the first person I have ever succeeded in converting to my way of thinking, and my friends call me a crank on that subject," said the friend. "I am going to take courage and try harder than ever after this. If my children read such stuff they read it away from home but I am praying every day that the taste for pure things I tried to give them in youth may carry them safely through the world."

"And I'm going to stop this paper at once," said the convert. "Hereafter I shall examine the papers that come in the mail as closely as I watch the deeds and words of my children's visitors."

* * *

A LUCKY WOMAN.

How Good Health came to Mrs. Desehesne after much Suffering.

Mrs. Abraham Deschesne, wife of a well-known farmer at St. Leon le Grand, Que., considers herself a lucky woman. And she has good cause, as the following interview will show: "I was badly run down and very nervous. Each day brought its share of household duties, but I was too weak to perform them. My nerves were in a terrible condition. I could not sleep and the least sound would startle me. I tried several medicines and tonic wines, but none of them helped me. In fact I was continually growing worse, and began to despair of ever being well again. One day a friend called to see me and strongly advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I decided to do so, and it was not long before they began to help me. I gained in strength from day to day; my nerves became strong and quiet, and after using about a half dozen boxes of the pills I was fully restored to my old time health and cheerfulness. I now think Dr. Williams' Pink Pills an ideal medicine for weak women."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills feed the nerves with new, rich red blood, thus strengthening and soothing them, and curing such nerve troubles as neuralgia, St. Vitus dance, partial paralysis and locomotor ataxia. These pills cure also all troubles due to poor and watery blood, including the special ailments of women. Get the genuine with the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" on the wrapper around each box. Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

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RESPECT FOR AGE IN JAPAN.

In Japan there is no such thing as disrespect from youth to age. No Japanese boy or girl could ever think in a light or disrespectful manner of his or her superiors or teachers, and this may account for the earnestness so unusual among young children. When a student enters a master's presence in Japan, he bows to the floor, and when the lesson is finished he bows again, with expressions of the deepest gratitude as he takes his departure. The teacher, sitting, in most cases, upon his feet on the floor, gravely returns each salutation, then lights his little pipe at the inevitable bit of a smoking-box, and waits for his next class. There is no hurrying of masters from room to room, as in some of the schools in our own enlightened land. Great imitators as they are, the Japanese are remarkable for knowing instinctively those " foreign customs which would not coincide with their national characteristics.—*Eleanor Franklin's Yokohama Letter, in Leslie's Weekly.*

* * *

Sins of commission are the usual punishment for the sins of omission. He that leaves a duty may well fear that he will be left to commit a crime. —*Gurnall.*

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

It is a rule, to which good lawyers usually adhere, never to tell more than one knows. A newspaper tells a funny story of a lawyer who carried the rule to the extreme.

One of the agents in a Midland Re-Vision Court in England objected to a person whose name was on the register, on the ground that he was dead. The revising barrister declined to accept the assurance, however, and demanded conclusive testimony on the point.

The agent on the other side rose and gave corroborative evidence as to the decease of the gentleman in question.

"But, sir, how do you know the man's dead?" demanded the barrister.

"Well," was the repdy, "I don't know. It's very difficult to prove."

"As I suspected," returned the barrister. "You don't know whether he's dead or not."

The barrister glanced triumphantly round the court, but his expression gradually underwent a change as the witness coolly continued:

"I was saying, sir, that I don't know whether he is dead or not, but I do know this: they buried him about a month ago on suspicion."

* * *

TWO PAINTERS.

Two painters each painted a picture to illustrate his conception of rest. The first chose for his scene a still, lone lake among the far-off mountains. The second threw on his canvas a thundering waterfall, with a fragile birch tree bending over the foam. At the fork of the branch almost wet with the cataract's spray, a robin sat on its nest.

The first was only "stagnation;" the last was "rest." Christ's life was outwardly one of the most troubled lives that was ever lived; tempest and tumult, tumult and tempest, the waves breaking over it all the time, till the worn body was laid in the grave. But the inner life was a sea of glass. The great calm was always there. At any moment you might have gone to him and found rest. And even when his enemies were dogging him in the streets of Jerusalem, he turned to his disciples and offered them, as a last legacy, "My peace."—*Henry Drummond.*

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RED HAIR.

Now-a-days people with red hair are somewhat envied. It was not always so. In Egypt, for instance, the auburn headed were regarded with aversion. The ancient Egyptians were so violently opposed to hair of this tone that once a year they burned a maiden who possessed bright locks in the hope of exterminating or lessening what they considered a curse.

Sentiment aside, people of the auburn head type have a vast advantage. They are less liable to baldness than those who own brown or black hair. The reason thereof is that one red hair is as thick as three dark hairs. With 70,000 red hairs the scalp is well thatched. With the same number of dark hairs a person is almost bald. The average number of filaments that the brunette belle has to comb and brush is 102,000.

* * *

I want the wings of an angel and the voice of a trumpet, that I may preach the gospel in the East and in the West, in the North and in the South.—*Coke.*



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For being patient towards everybody.
For stopping the ears of a tale-bearer.
For disbelieving most of the ill-reports.

* * *

HE KNEW.

A certain cornchandler of London had just engaged an assistant who hailed from a little village near Leeds. This youth was remarkably "green" and appearantly it had been impressed upon him by his friends in the village that the sharp London people would try and take a rise out of him. A customer entered the shop, and when the youth appeared, said, "I want some bird seed, please." "It's noa use, lad tha kno's," answered the verdant one knowingly, "that cannot hev me. Birds groas from eggs, not seed!"

Unpleasant!

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