

A LESSON IN GEOGRAPHY

An Island is a piece of land surrounded by the sea. But if it is just one place, a peninsula 'twould be.

A narrow neck of land joining two of larger size is a isthmus, it can't be otherwise.

A Strait is like an isthmus, but of water it must be. And the places which it joins are larger ones, of sea.

An opening wide made in the land by sea then forms a Bay. Though the opening is narrow, 'tis a Gulf, I hear you say.

Each river has its Tributaries, whether fast or slow. These count as smaller rivers, which into it flow.

If one should spread out far, and a sheet of water make. That's like a great shining pond, then this is called a Lake.

Each river has a Bed, with Banks on either side. And in the joins the sea, forms an Estuary.

All learn this little verse, and you will surely find. In Geography at school, you won't be far behind.

Erna Jackson.

THE MONGREL DOG

If you are really fond of dogs, you will be fond of every kind of dog, big and little, good and bad—the mongrel and the cur, as well as the high-bred animal.

They all have the same affectionate nature and it may be added, the same capacity for suffering.

Anyone who professes an affectionate interest in one dog only, for one kind of dog only, or in well-bred dogs only, may be sure that his feeling is not genuine and disinterested.

It is qualified by vanity or selfishness, or the ignoble desire to be in fashion.

Stranger is it not, that even in selecting a pet, mankind should be governed by fashion? And yet that is largely the case with dogs.

They buy dogs, then, fox-terriers and later Boston terriers, not in most cases because they preferred that kind of dog, but because it was the correct thing to own that kind.

A mongrel is simply a dog whose father and mother were of different breeds; and as the mongrel has little or no pecuniary value, he is liable to be knocked about from pillar to post; to have no home, or a home that is not to be treated with scorn and with cruelty.

Often, indeed, he is set adrift and abandoned by a heartless or thoughtless owner, to be different to give him even the boon of a name.

Not only is the mongrel quite the peer of the well-bred dog in affection, loyalty, in his own way, he is often superior to the well-bred dog in intelligence. But, alas! his outward appearance is against him.

Like many human beings, the mongrel is a victim of fate. It is among boys that the mongrel finds his worst enemies.

More natural and therefore more democratic than men. If a dog is good-natured, intelligent and affectionate, they care little what his pedigree is.

They love him for himself, and he returns their devotion a thousandfold. Mark the sorrowful, the eyes of the homeless mongrel, and you will be slow indeed to add to his misery.

Mark the sorrowful, the eyes of the homeless mongrel, and you will be slow indeed to add to his misery. We may be sure that we shall receive credit for the fine dogs or horses that we feed and pamper.

There was, mainly pride, of ownership. But whoever has bestowed love and affection on an animal that has been neglected, or who has procured an intercessor that he never dreamed of. It is a Russian legend that they have a mark of a friendly animal will find that animal waiting to help him across the deep, dark river that separates this world from the next.

Dr. Beattie, of Vernon Park Farm, Speydale, should have no difficulty in getting across, then.

NAGGING

To correct the bad habits of others is often to form a bad habit yourself. A nagging disposition is natural to few; it comes from tired nerves, or from super-sensitiveness, or from too great indulgence in sharp criticism.

It is likely to lead a person into a minute and harassing scrutiny of the life and conduct of those around him. He does not react unfavorably either on the critic or on the criticized, but he is resentful; and when it is accompanied by a sense of injustice in the one and of resentment in the other, it becomes nagging, and should be stopped—even if the fault that it objects to continues to flourish.

The naggers and the nagged are, as a rule, extremely fond of each other. You are not likely to meet any one who is not a nagger.

It is interesting to note that nagging is primarily a family and domestic habit. It is a mark of affection between husbands and wives, parents and children, and brothers and sisters.

A certain affectionate regard is required for it. Few people nag their servants, even if the corners are seldom dusted and the brasses polished only under protest.

The mistress endures such a state of things as she can, and when she can endure it no longer she makes a change. Yet long-suffering mistresses change—no doubt they do.

Some of the nagging wives and mothers are so busy with their own affairs that they are always striving to raise the standard of style and taste in their homes. In the same way, a man may nag his wife, but he either tolerates or discharges his duties.

For each of us there are certain persons whom it seems worth while to take pains with; we should take pains with them in the right time and in the right tone of voice—in short, when the feeling of affection has sufficiently overcome that of annoyance. If we observe this rule, those who have hitherto been the victims of our nagging may soon cease to complain.

THE DUTY OF THE HOME

Some would have it that dishonesty is growing more common of late. We think that this is a very accurate change of importance seems to be that with the increased wealth of our country opportunities for making money multiply, and the temptations to dishonesty are much more intense.

All the greater reason this way our standards of personal honor. And the only foundation for this is the fear of God. Never was there a time when religious homes and religious schools were more essential to the welfare of our country.

INCLOSIVE

A certain small boy has already learned the saving of time that may be achieved by calling with things in the mass instead of in detail.

"Well," he said to his mother, "I've written a letter to Santa Claus and I think it covers everything I want."

"That's good," said his mother, "but why didn't you tell me that you were writing to Santa?"

"Well, I thought you'd be busy with your letter to Santa."

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