

GOOD CHARACTER.

His Value Considered by one Who has Made the Subject a Study.

We think it is quite safe to assert that very few of the young men of to-day will admit that there is any such thing as a money value to character, and yet we feel equally safe in asserting that it not only has such a value, but that it would be very difficult to express its worth in dollars and cents.

Another assertion that we feel justified in making is that the employers very often neglect to take the value into consideration, or encourage those in his service to a more realistic sense of its importance, and the necessity of its more careful cultivation.

Character is to the workman what wealth is to the employer; it is his capital, his stock in trade, and upon its marketable value depends his success or failure.

There is, although we feel sorry to be obliged to admit it, a sad lack of that real sense of character that marks the truly successful life cultivated by the young men of to-day. Some of the very best workmen in any and every trade that is furnishing them with a means of support have so far neglected to look upon their character as a thing of any value, that they have given it away, and are often, not satisfied with this having happened in their own case, they pretend to assist in ruining that of others.

A man is never so well able to realize the fact that there is a value in a good character, as when, out of a job, he applies here and there only to meet with the same answer at every place, and he is very often made painfully aware of the reason for the refusal, for no man can well hide his character, even from a stranger, and especially from employers who from necessity become accustomed to judge a man from his personal appearance.

An illustration of this was called by us not long since, as happening in the office of a certain establishment, and while talking with the proprietor, a young man fell in his time, came into the office, and stepping up to the gentleman with whom we were conversing, asked for employment.

After making some enquiries of the young man as to his ability and his former place of employment, meanwhile appearing to be studying the general appearance of the gentleman, he told him that he could not give him a situation.

Being rather curious to know the reason for the refusal, knowing that more help was needed, we ventured to ask the question.

"Well," said the gentleman, "we make it a rule not to employ any but those of good character, so far as we are able to judge. We have many young men in our employ, and we take a great deal of interest in their welfare, and endeavor to aid them, not only to become good workmen, but good citizens and good men. I am sure that that young man is addicted to habits that I would not knowingly introduce him among the others in my employ and subject them to the influence and the natural consequences of social intercourse with one whose character I could not endorse."

Such employers are indeed scarce and yet one could not help but be impressed with the remarkable soundness of such logic and reasoning. We only wish that there were more such employers who show a slight degree of interest in the welfare of those they employ, than we only showing their own interests, but aiding in raising the standard of character and elevating humanity.

Then, again, the man who has a good character is generally the last one to be turned out when work is dull. Boston Budget.

May Reminds her There.



Old Lady (to Conscience)—"I'm very anxious to get to Chatham Station, Conductor, where I've got a married darter down with an allergy. D'ye think the train'll be late?" Conductor (measuringly)—"It won't be much late, ma'am. It's down grade from here, and I heard the engine say he is going to take the change."

Woman (to Conscience)—"The great Russian novelist, Tolstoy, writes in a study as bare, bleak, cold and unadorned as the wastes of a winter climate. There are no flowers, no ferns, nor paintings, nor any such things. There are merely some furniture—an old table, pushed against one wall, an immense table in a hopeless litter of papers, portfolios, manuscripts and books of reference, near it a chair, and in an opposite corner a second table, also covered with papers, and these assorted and arranged in piles. The room is divided into two compartments by an unpainted wooden partition which rises half way up to the ceiling and from which depend two wooden racks, one by Tolstoy in his garden, and in the corner stands a wooden spade—where it, hanging from some wooden pegs, Tolstoy's great, caped overcoat. Evidently the famous writer plunges so deeply into the subject of his writing as to be oblivious of his surroundings."



Col. Whipsaw (to the Rattlesnake Ranch, on his horse in dining-room of Bad Lands House)—Here, you nigger, 'tend to business!

Waiter—Mo' hay for the animals, Colonel, or jist for yo'self? "Now! Don't you see the hoss ain't got no napkin!"

Customer (in Kansas hardware store)—I'm going to take a claim, and— Clerk—Ah, I see! Of course, you will want a breaking-plow and other implements fence-wire, etc. A Kansas claim— Customer—But I am going to take one in Oklahoma, and— Clerk—Step right this way and let me show you our repeating rifles. We also carry the finest line of revolvers and bowie-knives in the city. They keep Gatling guns across the street, where my brother works.

Here Timidorous He Thought. An old man was arrested on Champlain street the other day for kicking up a disturbance, and on the way to the station he said to the officer: "I don't want to be locked up, and I'll give you ten cents to let me go."

"No, sir—no, sir!" "I'll make it twenty." "No, sir!" "Say twenty-five." "No, sir—not for fifty!" "What! Fifty cents! Say, this must be a mighty serious matter, old fellow. Do you think to one you think you've got the fellow who stole Charlie Ross?"

An Inexplicable Conflict. Wife—"Henry, I want some money." Husband—"I haven't got any to spare." "But I must have it. I work all the time to make you comfortable, and I've got a right to some pay." "That's right, my dear. There must be an inexplicable conflict between labor and capital, and I observe you have chosen, as many ill-advised persons do, to place yourself in antagonism to capital. It's altogether wrong, my dear. You should study some valuable work on political economy. Good-morning, love."

Only Half a Philosopher. Jones—Yes, should not feel so terribly concerning the loss of your dog. It will do no good to mourn over it. Learn to take things just as they come. Smith—I can take things as they come all right, but it breaks me all up to let go of them just as they go.

Paternalist. Mrs. A.—Now that I have told you all about the skeleton in Mrs. Schmid's family, I hope you will not give me away. Mrs. B.—O, no, I'll not give you away. When I speak about it to my friend's I'll not say where I got the news. I will merely say that "malicious persons whisper it," etc., etc.

Mrs. A.—Don't say that, or people will know right soon and get it from me.

At the Fancy Dress Ball. Miss Britely—Why, Mr. Flatted, what possessed you to come in a fancy dress ball in ordinary evening dress? Are you supposed to represent any character? Gus (who has a suspicious she is "gazing" him)—I represent nothing, allow me to inform you, Miss Britely.

Miss Britely—Why, of course! How stupid I was not to know it!

Business Change. "A year ago," he said, "I sold out my drug business and went to Wall street, and in less than a week's time I doubled my capital. That's making money, eh?" "Yes, indeed. You must be very rich now?" "Well, no; not very. At the expiration of the second week I left Wall-street, and am now clerking for the man I sold out to."

What's the Matter? "What's the trouble with you?" asked the doctor. "Insomnia," replied the patient. "Can't sleep, eh?" "Not four hours a night." "How long has it lasted?" "Tried everything; all no good." "Ever trying to keep awake?" "Tried that, but I haven't been able to get any sleep since."

Fast Forward Ambulance. Fat Woman (to the nurse)—I have written you has received your notice of marriage, the manager tells me. That makes three proposals she's had to be taken back.

Cheerful Lady—All stop that sort of thing, I don't care. I'll operate a repair that she plays the piano with her toes.

Six Months After. Mrs. Rives—Rivvy, dear, promise me that you will be home by 5 o'clock! Riverside Rives—Bless my soul, Rivvy, how unreasonable you are getting! Before we were married you never expected me to be!

Violet Ink for Authors.

Violet ink is becoming distinctly the authors' ink. It is curious how general the use is spreading among authors. The poet Whittier rarely uses ink of any other color, and manuscripts or notes from his pen in black ink are only occasional. Mr. Howells is entirely given to employing violet ink in all his work, and Julian Hawthorne only uses black when his favorite ink is unobtainable. Business and social letters written by the Century editor, Richard Watson Gilder, are invariably in violet ink. Charles Dudley Warner's passion for the color extends to the violet flower. It is extremely seldom that any "copy" by him is seen in black ink. Bayard Taylor always dipped his pen in a stand of violet ink when in his study. Among women writers, strange enough, the practice does not seem so marked. Mrs. Custer is given to it and likewise is Augusta Evans Wilson and Grace Greenwood. One explanation of the practice is undoubtedly that the violet is softer to the eye, and this is an important consideration with people who constantly use the pen.

A Most Singular Birthmark. A singular freak of nature has presented itself in El Paso. On Saturday Mrs. T. Howard, of that place, witnessed a balloon ascension, and on the succeeding Tuesday presented Mr. Howard with a nice little boy, which bears a singular birthmark, which is nothing more or less than a perfect representation of the balloon. The photograph, as it might be called, is located just above the eyes on the forehead, and every outline of the balloon is boldly portrayed in purple lines in the skin of the infant. Even the patch on the air ship can be seen, being reproduced by a patch of white skin. The photograph is perfect. Mr. Howard and wife want to El Paso with the Mexican theatrical company, and are well known in the profession.

Obliged to Have It. A worthy priest in a suburban neighborhood met one of his parishioners early the other morning walking toward the church. "I'm glad to see you're going to church this morning, Michael," said the good man.

"Sorra a bit, yer reverence," replied Michael, honestly, "I'm goin' a fishin'."

"Don't you know what day it is, Michael?" "That's it, yer reverence, and me old woman says we must have fish for dinner or we'll never get to the good place."

The Result of Higher Education. Brown—Where's that fiver I laid on the table a moment ago? Mrs. Brown—You never expected to see that again, did you? Brown—And why not? Mrs. Brown—I suppose you understod enough of parliamentary practice to know that when a bill was laid on the table it was seldom heard of again.

How He Got the Grog. Here is our old salt's story of how he got a glass of grog: When at the wheel Captain South says: "How shall she head?" "Southeast by south half south, a little southerly, Captain South."

"Put another 's' to that, my man, and you shall have a glass of grog," says the Captain.

"Southeast by south half south, a little southerly, Captain South, sir."

The grog came.

Restaurant Coffee. Diner—"Have, waiter, you've charged me for that coffee. I told you before that you put salt instead of sugar in it, and then you've got the assurance to expect me to pay for it."

Waiter—"And why not? It doesn't make any difference with you. You couldn't have drunk it anyhow, salt or sugar."

Funny Business in Washington. One Man—"Harrison loves baseball." Other fellow—"Yes. He loves to see an office-seeker make a home run."

First Man—"But the office-seeker never makes a run. He holds his base until he is struck out."

Chimes! Speaking at the Club. Friend—"Chim, I see that the front gate is down this morning." Clerk (sniffing)—"Yes, papa; you know how breaks all things."

Omaha Wife—"Did you ever hear of anything so impossible?" Husband—"What is it you refer to, my dear?"

Omaha Wife—"Why is says here in the evening paper that some of Nebraska people are now in Dakota watching the Chicago Indians strip."

A Pleasant Reconciliation. Range—"In the divorce case of Morris versus Morris, you remember how bitter the war was?" "Yes, indeed, it was a most happy reconciliation was effected."

Range—"You don't say so. Were the charges approved?" Range—"Approved nothing! Morris' father died two days ago and left him \$100,000 a year."

Sound and Sense. Teacher—Tommy Tucker may tell the class what a plagiarist is. Tommy—A man who writes plays.

WHERE SHOULD THE CONSUMER BUY?

In the ordinary course of trade the consumer buys his tea from the retailer, the retailer from the jobber, the jobber from the importer, the importer from the producer: This is commonly known as the regular channel of trade. This is necessary in most cases as many merchants, both wholesale and retail, have not sufficient trade to purchase from the place of growth.

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A motion in favor of the disestablishment of the Church in Wales was rejected in the British House of Commons on the 14th ult. by a vote of 284 to 231.

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