

Tortures of Childhood

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do but cover up your head with the bedclothes so they couldn't see you, and afraid to move a toe and almost suffocated, wait in nerve-racking suspense for sleep to rescue you from the situation.

But even sleep was cruel at times. Perhaps you had eaten too large a piece of cake at supper, or only turned over on your back. Then the way bears and lions and tigers chased you was a caution. Sometimes you could make yourself raise right up in the air and float safely over their heads, but often you couldn't, no matter how hard you tried, and just as they were about to pounce upon you you succeeded in waking up with such a shriek that the Lord of Destiny would come running in to make you realise how safe and sound you really were with him around. Oh yes, he could kill any animal ever born just with his bare hands—you were dead certain of that.

Then there were other kinds of nightmares almost as horrible—such as falling off high buildings, getting drowned, and seeing a whole lot of lovely things to eat and not being able to touch them. It made one nervous to go to bed and you wouldn't have slept alone for anything.

All summer you were looking forward to winter, just as all winter you were impatient for summer. But the return of cold weather meant a serious increase of tortures.

In all my childhood days there was nothing quite so bad as putting on woollen underwear. It makes me positively shiver now when I think of it. The shirts would be new and tight, dirty grey in colour, and one mass of bristling hairs. Ye gods, what torture! Standing in a room so cold you could see your breath and forcing the thing down your squirming back inch by inch! Let us draw a veil over the picture and not talk about it—even if we can never hope to eradicate it from our memory.

Frost-bitten ears and toes were an almost daily occurrence. It was when they began to thaw out that you suffered real agony. Then you always had a horrible fear that they might drop off, as, you were told, often did happen. If you fell and cut yourself while learning to skate you were certain you were going to bleed to death, and it took a lot of reassurance to convince you to the contrary. After that you became very proud of your wound and insisted on talking about it and showing the bandages to every one you met. A snow-ball fight often meant a black eye or a bleeding nose, but that wasn't much to bother one.

At night, if you kept still as a mouse, you were allowed to come into the study, where the Lord of Destiny would be busy writing, and cuddle in the big easy chair and watch the pictures in the fire. But you mustn't say one little word or even whisper, and it was so difficult to remember. There were so many hugely important things you wanted to say and so many vital questions to ask. When it was only eight o'clock and long before you got really sleepy, you were made to leave the warmth and comfyness and go up to your cold bed.

One always rebelled at authority and discipline. You couldn't quite see why you *must* do this or that, and never did without resentment in your heart. It wouldn't have been so hard if your parents alone had the special right to order you about, but when uncles and aunts and governesses did it also life seemed nothing but oppression and slavery.

Of course, there *are* happy recollections, many of them; as many as most

grown-ups can recall, no doubt, but—well, you may rave about the glories of childhood if you wish, but for my part I'm mighty thankful I've attained to the years of long trousers and freedom.

EXCELLENT ADVICE.

From "Daily Mail" (England).

THE Bishop of London, with the impression of his recent visit to Canada still fresh in his mind, has recently uttered a warning regarding the future of the Dominion. The bishop discussed the question: "Is Canada to remain British?" and stated that the inevitable answer was "No," unless the people of Great Britain "woke up," and sent of their best to the "land of the future." Canada, as readers of the Over-Seas "Daily Mail" know well from the correspondence which is constantly appearing on the subject in "Our Parliament of the Empire," badly needs emigrants. But if those who go forth from the Motherland are unsuitable, or the number is inadequate, then most assuredly Canada will look elsewhere for population. Canada is now inhabited by six and a half million people—there is room for one hundred million.

As the bishop pointed out, every nation regards Canada as a rich prize, and one of the first countries to realise the immense future before the Dominion has been the United States. Already there are 250,000 American settlers in the great Northwest. And this is only the beginning. The bishop alluded, during his discourse, to the great difficulty of getting domestic servants in the Dominion. He strongly advised British girls who desired employment in this capacity to emigrate to what may be termed the girl's "Land of Promise."

PAPER FROM PEAT.

IN view of the impending destruction of American forests to furnish wood pulp for the making of paper for newspapers and other publications, there is much interest in the suggestion that paper be made from peat. In Sweden, a paper company capitalized at \$1,000,000 has made extensive purchases of peat bogs, and has prepared plans for the erection of mills for turning out wrapping paper and pasteboard. The process by which the peat will be made into paper is governed by an American patent. It is stated that a ton of paper, worth \$30, can be made from peat at a total cost of \$15, and that it takes only two hours to convert the peat into paper. There is a great deal of peat in the United States and Canada, as well as in all the countries of northern Europe. It is said that an article wrapped in paper made from it will not be attacked by moths, and for that reason it is peculiarly fitted for use in boxes and bags for storing furs and woollen clothing. The promoters of the new processes say that they are able to bleach peat paper to the whiteness of snow, thus making it equal to the best pulp papers for printing purposes, but this claim has not as yet been established by actual tests. A mill in Michigan has for two years been producing cardboard from peat, and is the only one as yet in successful operation. The product is said to be moisture-proof, odorless, and antiseptic.

STRANGE.

"I BROKE a record to-day. Had the last word with a woman." "Didn't think it possible. How'd it happen?" "Well, I said to a woman in the car, 'Madame, have my seat.'—Philadelphia Ledger.



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