Board Works Jan 1 01

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BINK'S SISTER

It was a stormy night in midwinter when the boy came, bringing into her dreary life the glory and the anguish of love.

She was sitting alone in the shop parlor, and her hard, angular face was softened almost into beauty by the glow from the dancing flames.

The cheap clock on the mantlepiece struck ten. She rose and began to make preparations for going to bed. It was almost certain that her father would not return that night.

She had been accustomed for many years now to Matthew Grainger's somewhat mysterious comings and goings. He would desert the shop at a moment's notice and remain away for days, sometimes for weeks, when he would return just as suddenly as he had gone away, and take his place behind the counter as coolly as if he had just stepped to the door to look at the weather.

She took her candle and ascended the narrow stairs; but before she had reached the first landing she was startled by a knock at the door—a hasty, furried knock, not at all like Matthew Grainger's ponderous thud.

She hastened to the door. A gust of wind and sleet swept in, extinguishing the candle in her hand, and a man with a large bundle in his arms, whom she knew to be her father, brushed past her without a word.

Sue secured the door and hastened after him. He had laid his burden down and was standing in the middle of the room with his head sunk upon his breast.

The bundle on the couch stirred; a large rug fell to the floor, and Sue gasped with astonishment.

A boy, about seven years old, with dusky curls and a lovely dimpled face, sat up and blinked at her out of a pair of bright brown eyes.

"O, you darling!" she cried, dropping on her knees by his side. "What is your name?"

"My name is Binks," said the child, "and don't stroke my face, please; your hands are rough and ugly, not like my mamma s.'

Poor Sue. In all her five-and-twenty years she had never regretted her lack of beauty as she did at that moment.

"His name is Matthew," interrupted the harsh voice of Mr. Grainger, "and he is to be called by that name and no other."

The boy's face hardened curiously.

"Mamma always called me Binks," he said. "I don't like that other ugly name, and I don't think that I want to stay here at all; this is not a nice place, and it smells very funny."

Matthew Grainger frowned.

"He means the shop," murmured Sue. And indeed, the mingled odors of soap and bacon and coffee were rather overpowering to a stranger.

"The shop!" exclaimed the boy. "Do you keep a shop, father? Don t you go to the theatre, like mamma?"

A dull, red flush dyed the man's face. He caught the child by the arm and set him before him.

"You are not to talk about the theatre here," he said; "you have done with that place for ever. I have brought you here to make an honest tradesman of you, and don't let me hear you say again that you don't like your home."

"Are you an honest tradesman, father?" said the boy.

"Yes, Thank Heaven, I am."

"Then, I would rather not be one, thank you," said the child, politely "I am going to be a gentleman, and sing like Signor Macrano."

"Leave that scoundrel's name alone."

"He is a very nice man; he taught me to sing. I love Signor Macrano, and so does mamma."

In a sudden access of passion he lifted his hand and struck the child a sharp blow on the face.

Sue caught the boy in her arms, and turned with flashing eyes upon her father.

"How dare you?" she panted. "I don't know what all this means; but you have no right to hurt the child."

"No right!" he cried in a voice thick with passion. "The boy is my own son, and the child of a mother who has blighted my life."

"He can't help what his mother has done. You ought to be ashamed to punish a child for a woman's sin."

If a lamb had turned and bit him Matthew Grainger could hardly have been more astonished. He looked at Sue as if she had suddenly gone mad. She carried the child up to her own bed, and watched him until he fell asleep, with a passion of tenderness in her heart which it was certain that his pretty, feather-headed mother had never felt for the boy.

Binks pined in his new home like a transplanted flower. Sue thought that he was fretting for his mother, and stole up to his bedside one night to comfort him. She smoothed his curls with her work-worn hands, and whispered loving words into his ears.

The child turned upon his pillow and looked at her with strange, unchildlike look in his beautiful eyes.

"I am not crying about mamma," he said, with a touch of scorn in his voice.

"No? What is wrong, then, darling?"

"I am crying because father broke my violin and because I shall never grow to be a gentleman here."

"But what difference would a violin make? You could not play one if you had it."

"Me not play!" flashed the boy. "I can play, and sing too. Signor Macrano taught me."

"I will get you a violin if you think that it will make you any happier, dear," said Sue.

Binks glowed with delight. He threw his arms round her neck and kissed her for the first time.

Sue made many a scanty meal and toiled at many a secret piece of needlework before she had the joy of laying the coveted instrument in the boy's hands; but she was amply repaid by one of his rare caresses and the confidences that he poured into her willing ears.

As she listened to the boy's ambitious dreams, and looked at his beautiful glowing face, she began to dream herself.

Binks should be a gentleman. She began to work and to save in grim earnest, with a definite purpose before her. When she had some money laid by she would brave her father's anger and demand of him that the boy should have his chance in life, and if he would not pay, then she would.

The day came when Binks was solemnly invested with a white apron and installed in what Mr. Grainger rather grandly called "the business." The boy's thwarted ambition seethed within him, but he ceased to rebel openly. He brought down his violin without any attempt at concealment, and twisting its neck from its body as if it had been a living thing thrust it into the fire. And his father was never vexed now by hearing the beautiful voice burst into snatches of irrepressible song.

There was no pathway out or the detested shop into the enchanted land of his dreams, and he despaired with the exaggerated hopelessness of the young. But Sue never faltered; she worked on steadily, and in time had quite a respectable pile of sovereigns laid away in her corner drawer. Sue was sitting in the parlor one morning busy with her eternal needlework, when the shop-door was thrown open with such force that the noisy bell seemed as if it would never leave off ringing. She rose and went to attend to the customer; for she always relieved Binks of the hateful duty of serving when she could.

A tall, handsome man, who looked many sizes too large for the little shop, was hammering vigorously upon the counter with his stick.

When Sue appeared he flung a sovereign towards her.

"Change me that, please," he said, in a slightly foreign accent. "These English cabmen, they say always, 'I have not the change.' "

There was a sudden cey from Binks who had shrunk away behind a pile of soap. He darted out and grasped the stranger's hands in his.

"Signor Macrano!" he gasped, with a sob of joy.

The man stared at him for a moment, then his face paled and his full lip quivered slightly.

"I will be hanged if it is not my little friend Binks," he burst out at last. "How come you here? You with the angel's voice. Have you forgotten all I taught you? Have you forgotten how to sing?"

He sang a few notes himself in a sweet, full-throated voice like a thrush. The boy's beautiful eyes glowed with excitement. He threw back his head, and in a moment the common little shop was flooded with divinest melody, such as surely had never been heard in such a place before.

"Good!" cried the stranger. "And so the English fool makes a grocer of the boy with God's song-bird in his throat. Jove! It is a sin as big as putting a skylark in a pie."

"Save me, signor," cried the boy, with all the fervency of prayer. "Take me away from this hateful place and teach me to sing."

"Binks, my dear," cried Sue, "you cannot go with this man. Father would jill you if he knew that you had ever spoken to him."

Binks shook her off impatiently.

"What does it matter about father?" he said. Signor Macrano can teach me to sing."

The man scribbled down an address and handed it to the boy.

"Come see me there," he said; "we talk things over."

He turned away, and Binks, without a word to Sue, rushed upstairs. Ten minutes later the little bell clanged again. Sue hastened to the door, and saw the boy flying down the street.

Through the long hours of the night Sue sat by the dead fire, and it was only when the grey light of the new day came stealing in that she crept away to her own room. The little corner drawer stood open, and the money, the savings of so many painful years, was gone.

Sur broke into wild weeping, for she knew now without a shadow of doubt, that Binks, her boy, her idol, had gone from her, never to return.

* * * * * *

Two years had passed away, and Matthew Grainger had been laid in his grave a week before. Sue was sitting over her solitary tea when the door opened softly and a gentleman stepped in.

She started up with a great cry of gladness. It was Binks, her boy come back to her once more.

She clung about his neck, sobbing and laughing for joy.

"I suppose you are a great singer now, dear?" she said, looking up at him with fond eyes.

"Pretty well," he said. "But I want a year in Paris before I can take my place at the top of the tree."

"Are you going to Paris, Binks?"

"I am, if I can get the money. How did the old man leave things, Sue?"

Sue shook her head sadly.

"He left everything to me, Binks. He would do it in spite of everything that I could say."

"What a jolly shame, when I was his only son!"

"But it need not make any difference, Binks," she said, earnestly. "It is all yours, just the same as if father had left it to you."

His face lighted up instantly. He stooped and kissed her.

"You always were a brick, Sue," he said. "It is a tidy little business and ought to fetch a decent sum."

"You mean to sell it?" she gasped.

"Of course," he said. "A shop is no good to me, and I want the money badly. But you shall not suffer Sue. When I return from Paris you shall come up to town and keep house for me. Ah! I thought you would like that."

Sue lived upon that hope through many dreary months while Binks was in Paris, and she eked out a scanty living with her needle. Then came a day when hope died out of her life for ever. A letter reached her addressed in a strange hand, and it told her that Binks was dead. He had died of fever, among strangers in a strange land.

She had taken home some work one morning, and was shown into a sitting-room to wait for the lady of the house. It was a pretty room, with books and work scattered about it. Sue glanced carelessly at an open magazine. The next moment she snatched it up and rushed with it to the window.

Yes; she had made no mistake. It was the face of Binks that smiled at her from the page.

There was another face beside his—a girlish face, pretty and happy—and they were both entwined with a wreath of true-lover's knots.

She began to read eagerly; then she laid the paper down with a sob of disappointment. Although the man was a great singer, he was not her Binks. He was Otto Torricelli, the son of a great Italian noble, whose family had disowned him because of his devotion to music. The magazine article was an account of the marriage of the great singer and Miss Veronica Horton, the only daughter of a wealthy M.P. It also gave a brief sketch of the bridegroom's biography. His adventures had been numerous and romantic and thrilling in the extreme; but there was nothing at all about a general shop in an ugly little town or of a sister who had sacrificed her all to help him on the road to fortune.

She would go to London and see this great man who looked at her with the eyes of her lost boy.

It was a lovely afternoon in June when Sue stood on the steps of the mansion where the great singer lived. Every window was bright with flowers and a strain of music floated out upon the summer air. She rang the bell timidly, and the door was thrown open by a magnificent personage in gorgeous apparel, who stared serenely over her head.

"I want to see Mr. Torricelli," said Sue, in a low voice.

"Ho! why couldn't you send a letter? He's hout."

The great door was shut in her face; but the next moment it was thrown open again and a lady stepped out. Sue know her at once. She was the pretty girl whose portrait was beside that other face in the magazine.

"Did you wish to see me?" she asked, sweetly.

"I wished to see Mr. Torricelli, madam, though I know that it is a great liberty," said Sue.

"Not at all," said the lady. "Come in. I am expecting my husband every moment. Ah! here he is."

A carriage drew up before the door, and a man jumped out and ran lightly up the steps.

Sue's heart gave a great leap; for it was Binks, and no other. She ran forward with outstretched hands and his name upon her lips; but she was frozen into silence by the frown upon his face.

He recovered himself in a moment and came forward smiling.

"Why, Susan," he said, "it is indeed a surprise to see you in London." Then he turned to his wife.

"This is an old servant of our family," he explained. "She was always most absurdly attached to me. Don't let me keep you from your walk my love Susan, I am sure. would like to have a chat with me about old times"

Sue followed him into a luxuriously furnished room, and the moment they were alone he locked the door and turned upon her fiercely.

"How dared you do this?" he cried. "How dared you come here and bring disgrace upon me?"

"Oh, Binks!" she wailed "Are you not glad to see me?"

"Glad to see you! Why, good heavens! you could ruin me. What did you say to that man?"

"What man, Binks?"

"Why, Charles, the footman of course. Did you dare to tell him that I was your brother?"

"I didn't tell him anything," said Sue, meekly. "I had no chance of speaking; he shut the door in my face."

"Thank heaven for that!" exclaimed Binks, fervently "Why it would have been all over the place to-night Those newspaper men would give any money for a tale like that."

Sue, weeping bitterly began to groupe her way to the door.

"For goodness' sake don't go out crying," he said; "the servants would be sure to suspect something. If you could keep it up about the old servant, and not mind taking your meals in the housekeeper's room, you might stay for a few days; but you would have to give up calling me that ridiculous name. You might call me Master Otto; that is the kind of thing old servants always do."

But Sue tearfully declined this hospitable invitation and passed out alone into the blinding sunshine.

One thought beat upon her brain with pitiless persistency:—

"Binks was ashamed of her; he had never loved her. It would be better for Binks if she were dead."

* * * * *

The first glory of the summer had departed when Sue walked the dreary London streets. Just outside a newspaper boy rushed past her shouting at the top of his voice:—

"Dangerous illness of Torricelli! Torricelli reported dying!"

It was true. The great singer had been struck down by diphtheria and lay at the point of death.

An hour later Sue had fought her way past insolent servants, past doctors and trained nurses, to the bed where the man she loved lay, fighting a hopeless battle with his grim foe. A look of anxiety shadowed his dim eyes at the sight of her Sue understood the look, and answered it.

"Master Otto," she said, "they are going to let me help to nurse you, because no one can understand you so well as your old nurse, who nursed you when you were a boy."

His look of relief sent a pang through her heart. But from that hour she never left him. Everything that science and skill could do was done; but the battle went hopelessly against poor Binks.

It was in the middle of the night. Sue and one of the nurses were sharing the night watch when he started up, struggling for breath in a paroxysm of agony.

The nurse laid her hand on Sue's arm.

"Don't touch him," she said. "It will be all over in five minutes."

But Sue bent over him, and a minute later he was lying back upon the pillow spent and exhausted, but breathing as softly and naturally as a sleeping child.

The nurse looked at her with awe-struck eyes.

"You have sucked the tube!" she gasped. "Why did you do that? Don't you know that it may cost you your life?"

Sue did not answer. She was wiping the damp dews from the face of her boy. "You are sure that he is out of danger?"

"Quite sure. You saved his life, Susan."

* * * * * *

The pretty bride's tears were falling fast. She pillowed the dying woman's head upon her breast.

"Tell me the truth," she whispered. "You are no servant; no servant would have done what you have done for us. Even I, who love him, could not have done it. Tell me, by what dear name shall I remember you in my prayers?"

Sue looked wistfully into the sweet face. The film of death was already on her eyes.

"Old servant of the family," she murmured. "But so fond, oh, so very fond of Bin—Master Otto."

And so with a lie upon her loving lips Sue floated out to the dark sea that beats upon the shores of our little life.—London Answers.

INJUSTICE TO ANIMALS.

Undeserved Criticisms Involved in Popular Adages.

"As stupid as a monkey." When one boy tells another not to make "an ass" of himself, or says that the other is as stupid as "a donkey," or as obstinate as "a mule," he does not mean the remark for a compliment, and the other boy never accepts it for one. But is the donkey really a stupid animal, is the ass anything like so great a fool as the human being who is supposed to behave like an ass, and is the mule only obstinate or has he a "firm character?" Ask any one who associates with the donkey beast. He will tell you at once that the little animal is as intelligent a creature of its class as you can find.

There are donkeys that seem to show a contempt for the human understanding by not always caring to do what a human being asks of them, but make a donkey love you and you will find him docile enough. There are stupid donkeys and intelligent donkeys, as there are stupid and intelligent horses, dogs and—persons. An ass has never been known to do anything so absolutely silly as to make it excusable to give the poor creature the bad name he has borne for ages. He is patient. He is long-suffering. Much abuse makes him appear indifferent to the treatment he receives. It is, however, a little too unjust to suppose that he is originally stupid because his inhuman master is cruel.

"As silly as a Goose." — What is there particularly silly about a goose? Does it follow its animal instincts in caring for itself and its young? Before you accept the adage about a goose's silliness watch it for yourself. The common barnyard goose need not be ashamed to be studied with the ducks and the chickens of the poultry house; they bear the comparison very well indeed. The wild geese, however, which never associate with human beings in or about a barnyard, are remarkably intelligent birds. No one is called "as silly as a wild goose," while to lead anyone "a wild goose chase" is to lead him one knows not where, so cunning is the bird in its strong, untrapped flight.

"As Wise as an Owl." — If ever the appearance of wisdom was mistaken for the quality it is in extraordinary intelligence attributed to the owl. Why is it, do you suppose, that the owl looks so much wiser than the other birds, not to particularize some other animals? Science can tell you the reason. In the frontal bones over the brain of the owl is an immense number of air cells. They give the forehead that imposing appearance which has commanded the respect of human beings from the days of the worship of Minerva down to the more prosaic present. To look wise when one makes a little fuss and noise as the owl is no mean accomplishment. Looking wise and being generally silent is one way to make yourself respected. It may make you rather tiresome in general company, but think how much more tiresome you are if too noisy! The quiet of the owl is an example some boisterous young people might do well to imitate. It has a wisdom quite its own. We have not a word to say against it.

Hix—"I noticed your wife sitting by the window sewing this morning. I thought you told me yesterday she was ill." Dix—"So she was, but today she's on the mend."

USE OF BACILLI IN WAR

WHAT MAY BE DONE BY INFECTING THE ENEMY.

Introduction of Yellow Fever Was Considered During the Civil War.

Suppose that the germs of that Oriental pestilence, the bubonic plague, were scattered over Europe maliciously, what would be the effect? That is the startling query which is presented to many minds by a rumor which comes from Turkey. A correspondent of the London Daily News, which has a reputation for caution and accuracy, telegraphs from Sofia that the revolutionary leaders have determined upon a desperate expedient. Having obtained a quantity of plague bacilli from India, they threaten to infect Constantinople, Salonica, and possibly Berlin, if the powers do not intervene in their behalf with the Turkish Government. The recent dynamite outrages at Salonica are an indication of the recklessness of the leading spirits of the present rebellion. While there is no certainty about their purpose, it is safe to say that they are altogether capable of executing the threat here mentioned.

By nations which have any regard for decency a step of this kind would be held unworthy for a moment's consideration. A leading authority on international law, the late Theodore D. Woolsey, of Yale, says: "The use of poisoned weapons, the poisoning of springs, and the employment of hired assassins have long been condemned as opposed to the idea of war, which is an open and honorable way of seeking redress. . . . Kluber lays it down that the customs of war not only condemns attempts to spread the plague, but also the use of chain shot." From these expressions it will be seen that the very agency which the Bulgarians now talk of using has been tried, or at least suggested, before. Even in the United States, during the Civil War, an attempt to introduce the germs of yellow fever into northern cities was meditated. It does not appear that the Confederate Government sanctioned it, or even knew of it. President Davis was a fugitive at the time of Lincoln's assassination; but probably no one believes to-day that he had any sympathy with either of these fond methods of fighting. Cruel as war is, the distinction between legitimate procedure is recognized by all nations. The revolutionary leaders in Turkey, having no more sense of responsibility to the world than a maniac or an assassin, are restrained by no such scruples.

TERRIBLE HAVOC IN EAST.

The bubonic plague, like the Asiatic cholera, has done its worst work in the Far East. China, Japan, and Egypt have suffered terribly from it. When it made its appearance in Canton in 1894 the mortality was 180,000 in a single season. Several times since 1823 it has appeared for a short time in some place southeast of the Himalayas, the most formidable outbreak being that in Bombay late in 1896. It is now rooted at so many points in British India that a month or two ago the number of deaths a week in the whole Empire was 30,000. Within the last six years the deaths in India from this one cause have been scarcely less than 2,000,000. In the City of Cairo alone there were 80,000 deaths, and some 200,000 in all Egypt in a single year, 1835.

Europe has suffered repeatedly from visitations of this same disease. First one part and then another would experience an epidemic of appalling proportions. There were 46,000 deaths in Marseilles in 1720, 76,000 in Vienna in 1679, and 83,000 in Prague in 1681, from this same cause. London lost 68,596 of her 460,000 inhabitants in 1664-65, or one in eight, while the epidemic of 1770-71 in Moscow carried off 25 per cent. of the population. Constantinople has probably had more frequent experiences with the "black death" than any other large city in Europe, being one of the chief gateways of commerce from the East.

Accurate figures are not available to show how large a percentage of those who were attacked died. But within the last few years in Asia the mortality among the natives has ranged from 50 to 95 per cent. Perhaps 80 per cent. would be a fair average. Filthy surroundings and a tropical climate promote the spread of this disease, and those who have been badly nourished and know nothing of personal hygiene succumb easily. Hence among the Europeans and Americans in a place like Bombay to-day the mortality is much lower than among the other residents.

SCIENTIFIC SANITATION.

The adoption of scientific sanitation in Western and Northern Europe is a great safeguard against further trouble. A cool climate also discourages the rapid spread of the disease. Nevertheless, quarantine officers at such places as London, Hamburg, and New York, feel that the utmost vigilance is necessary when there is a danger from this source. They believe it vastly preferable to prevent the introduction of germs than to try to suppress an outbreak after the disease gets in. There is less occasion for worry over Berlin than Constantinople, because it is clean and situated in a high latitude. As for the Turkish capital, that is so filthy that it would afford an inviting soil. Without any special activity on the part of the revolutionists the plague would spread to the rest of European Turkey in a short time after it had become epidemic in Constantinople. These provinces have a population of 6,000,000 or more, and might easily lose 5 per cent. inside of a single year. This would not be the worst of it, either. It would be practically impossible to confine the disease to Turkey. Slowly, and with diminishing effect, it would undoubtedly find its way westward and northward over the whole continent of Europe. Beyond the Sultan's dominions the mortality might not be great, but the possibility would cause much anxiety, and, by provoking a rigid quarantine, paralyze commerce to a vexatious degree.

EASY IDENTIFICATIONS.

It Isn't Always Hard to Get Along With Supposedly Exacting Officials.

A story is going the rounds of German newspapers about the curious experience of a professor in a German town who wanted to cash a postal order. The post office attendant to whom he applied told him that he would have to be identified. The professor was unknown in the community. He was much troubled for he needed the money. The post office man presently became sympathetic and expressed a desire to be helpful.

"Have you not perhaps a photograph of yourself with you?" he asked, after some moments of pondering.

"Why, yes, indeed, I happen to have one in my pocket," said the man of learning, and he drew it forth and handed it to the Government employee.

"Indeed, yes, that is you indeed!" said the helpful Teuton; "here is your money."

An American business man had an experience which matches this in London last summer.

He discovered on the Channel boat on his way back from Paris that his Paris hotel bill contained a charge of 15 francs which was obviously an error. Not being a pessimist, he refused to believe that the Paris landlord was a thief, and from Dover he wrote to him, calling attention to the erroneous charge and asked that the 15 francs be remitted to him at his London address. Experienced travelers may smile at his confidence, but he avers that in a considerable experience of his own he has learned that most business men are square in their dealings when they are squarely met.

In London he received a money order for the 15 francs, and when he presented it at the general post office he was asked to write his name as a receipt. When he handed the paper back the man at the desk said that he could not pay out money

ON THAT SIGNATURE.

The American was in a quandary until it occurred to him that he signed his name as often with his first name and middle initial as he did using only the two initials. He couldn't recall how he had signed the letter to Paris, but as he had just signed his first two initials only to the postal receipt and had been turned down, he concluded he must have put his first name and middle initial to the Paris letter.

He explained matters to the clerk and offered to write the other form of his signature, which the clerk bade him do. After looking at the second signature the clerk told him to write between the two signatures the words "described as," so that the paper read: "W. W. Blank, described as William W. Blank."

Then the critical British clerk paid him his money.

When the story was told to a scientist, he said, falling into the vernacular:

"I turned a trick similar to that once myself. I was traveling from France to Italy in the days before passports had gone so much out of fashion. I had my passport in my trunk instead of my pocket on this occasion. It was night when we reached the Italian border and an Italian official politely asked me for my passport. With something of an unpleasant feeling of imminent annoyance, such as these men can cause if they want to, I explained that I had packed my passport in my trunk.

"To my relief the man, still most politely, asked if I had my visiting card with me. I said that I had and produced one. He looked at it. 'That is quite sufficient,' he said, and I continued my journey."

Mistress—"That was a very nice letter of Patrick's offering you marriage, Mary. What shall I say in reply for you?" Mary—"Tell him, mum, if you plaze, that when I get my wages raised next month, mum, I'll begin to save for the wedding things."

"Who lives in that big house on the corner, Dennis?" "The widdy O'Malley, sor, who is dead." "Indeed! When did she die?" "If she had lived till next Sunday she would have been dead a year."

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WHEN YOU MAY TELL A LIE

HAND BOOK PUBLISHED BY A THEOLOGIAN.

Some Rules Laid Down by a French Professor for Your Guidance.

A pamphlet recently published in Paris has the title, "Lying, Properly So-Called." It is signed by a professor of theology and published with the permission of the Vicar-General.

This professor of theology declares that the ordinary definitions of lying require that those of the present day be retouched, or rather completed. After reading the professor's retouching, or completing, method, one might well be tempted to ask, with Pilate: "Jesting apart, what is truth?" Pilate, upon the occasion of his famous question, did not wait for an answer. This is now provided by the French professor of theology, with all the authority implied by the imprimatur of the Vicar-General.

"Timid, simple souls," says the professor, "often find a moral stumbling block in the fact that truth is not always possible or desirable."

RULES FOR LYING.

For the support of such persons, the professor lays down rules for the regulation of lying, giving illustrations of cases in which truth may legitimately be sacrificed. According to his definition, a lie consists of an endeavor to deceive someone who has a right to know the truth. Permissible lies may be brought under two heads, those told to guard a secret and those told in self-defence. These include lies told to avoid revealing confidence, lies to the enemies of one's country, and even lies whose only purpose is to save the teller's own skin, as, for instance, a witness in a law court may legitimately lie if he has grave reason to fear resentment of the criminal, or if the evidence required of him would damage his own character. A wife may deceive her husband on the subject of infidelity, regarding her crime as a secret which ought to be kept. Even the confessor has not in all circumstances, the "right to the truth," as, for instance, if he asks questions concerning a sin which has already been absolved, or questions concerning the temporal affairs of his penitent.

RIGHT TO KEEP SECRET.

Illustrations are given of circumstances wherein children may lie to parents, pupils to teachers and servants to masters. A servant, if he or she fears from frankness some notable detriment to himself or herself, has sufficient reason for not speaking the truth. The professor, in order to forestall criticism, assures his readers that many "Puritans" will object to this point of view, "there being still," he says, "many hypocrites in the world."

Desirous of basing his theories on religion, the professor seeks for a precedent in the New Testament, disregarding the extremely definite and stringent teaching on the subject of lying that runs through the Gospels and Epistles. The professor, who is presumably supported by the Vicar-General, deduces a single instance:

"Our Lord," he says, "certainly knew everything about the last day, and when He declared of that day that the hour knoweth no man, no, not the angels which are in Heaven, neither the Son, He merely exercised the right of every man to keep a secret."

IT WAS RAISED.

In a certain large business house the chief is a very busy man indeed, and at the same time a very peppery individual. So large is his concern that it is quite impossible for him to keep in touch with the many details of his business, and one of the departments he leaves to his manager is the payment of his clerks. But about a month ago one of his young men bearded him in his den and broached the subject of an increase in salary His wages had stood at $750 a year too long to please him.

"All my clerks are paid what they are worth to me," snapped the old man, "and I look upon your application as a piece of impertinence! What salary are you getting now?"

A happy thought struck the clerk.

"Twelve hundred and fifty a year sir," he said.

"Um!" replied the old man. "Well that is all I have to say to you. Send in the manager!"

The manager entered shortly afterwards.

"Make Brown's salary $1,000 a year," said the "governor." The manager was about to offer an explanation. "Do as I tell you!" thundered the old man. "I'll teach the young upstart to dictate to me what salary to pay my people!"

LITTLE THOUGHTS.

Love quotes poetry while acting prose.

Contented labor digs the grave of worry.

A man may talk all day, and yet say nothing.

Even an empty cupboard contains much food for thought.

Prejudice roosts on a perch from which facts are barred.

It is both fashionable and safe to kick a man when he is down.

Never get between a dog and his bone, or between a man and his hobby.

It is easy to acquire knowledge if you are not ashamed to confess your ignorance.

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So many extreme cases have been cured, so much intense and continued agony has been relieved, and such a host of people have volunteered their evidence in this regard that we challenge anyone to produce like endorsement for any ointment or any preparation which is recommended for such diseases.

Dr. Chase's Ointment certainly stands alone, unapproached and unrivalled as a healer of the skin and positive cure for itching skin diseases. From pimples to eczema, from chilblains to ulcers, each and every form of itching skin disease has been cured by this great ointment.

Mr. G. H. McConnell engineer in Fleury's Foundry, Aurora, Ont., states: "I believe that Dr. Chase's Ointment is worth its weight in gold. For about thirty years I was troubled with eczema, and could not obtain any cure. I was so unfortunate as to have blood poison, and this developed into eczema, the most dreadful of skin diseases.

"I was so bad that I would get up at night and scratch myself until the flesh was raw and flaming. The torture I endured is almost beyond description, and now I cannot say anything too good for Dr. Chase's Ointment. It has cured me and I recommend it because I know there is nothing so good for itching skin."

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