



The following article on a theme in which all readers are more or less interested is from the editorial columns of *Good Housekeeping*, a fortnightly household magazine unsurpassed of its kind:

There is probably no one word of the English language more used and worse abused, more often misquoted and misunderstood, than that of "Society." The popular acceptance and meaning of the term is that of fashionable frivolity, an indiscriminate intermingling of sets, sects, cliques and circles. The true definition and meaning of society, on the contrary, is the mechanical manipulation of social life and well-being. All else of whatever name or kind, is false and only a fleeting show. We too often hear of "good society" and "bad society," and an analysis of the elements that go to make up such imaginary departments of life and living shows that what there may be either good or bad in such formations should be charged to the individual lives of each one of the members of such society.

We hear of the society of the "upper ten;" of the "well-to-do;" and of the masses. Club life, secret societies, church sociables and neighborhood gatherings all have their uses and abuses and find shelter under the broad wing of the magic word "society." To secure a front seat in many of these charmed circles, deprivation, humiliation and even suffering is often endured.

The society of wealth has its votaries; of dress its admirers; of condition its followers; of place and power its self-seekers; of personal notoriety brazen trumpet-toned public announcement; of culture, intelligence and personal worth, a limited and slow following. Among all these grades and conditions, caste and countings, of so-called "Society," the one redeeming feature of social life is in danger of being buried from sight, as the hurrying world passes by, in its eager strife to keep up with the procession of notable persons and things—that of the Society of the Home. Here lies the foundation of all true society, and here only may the great social problem of humanity looking to the highest elevation and betterment of the human race be satisfactorily solved.

One dictionary definition of the word society is "Companionship," "Fellowship," "Company." Good company is good fellowship and good companionship. Bad company, on the other hand, is bad fellowship and bad companionship. Companionship, fellowship and company may be of good form; may be clothed in fine linen; may sit on eminent seats; may be written high up on the scroll of fame; may occupy place and power; may be of loud-mouthed professions, but if the combination hath nothing more, "there is yet one thing lacking"—the social feature that has its birth and being in the quiet circles of intellectual, moral and spiritual well-doing and being which has a prominent place in the social life of the Home. Etiquette and fashion may be of the first water; good form may be followed; position may be gained, but if without the foundation which pure Home Life alone builds, "society" is but a mockery and a sham.

### ISLAND ECHOES.

"Hear the dewy echoes calling."—*Tennyson*.

The echoes of "The ship that had gone down at sea, when heaven was all tranquillity," have scarce died away when we are aroused by the sound of rushing waters in our ear and the bubbling cry of too many a strong swimmer in his agony. Columbia weeping for her children and will not be comforted, because they are not. If in the one case our grief had its edge taken away by the compensatory thought that the race of heroes has not died out under the seemingly prosaic influence of modern civilization, and by the gallant record of rescuer and rescued as well as of those who died to save their comrades—of Strong, McVey, and, more recently, of Mate Charbonneau and Captain Mercier—let us not be hard on the fact that amid the noble

deeds of those who tried to save their fellow creatures so many instances of ghastly and ghoulish greed mar the cheering record. In times of overwhelming disaster men seem to recur to the original predatory instincts of humanity—"the good old plan, that those should take who have the power and those should keep who can."

It is said that "experience makes fools wise." We cannot be fools, for it would seem that experience would never make us wise. The wanton destruction of America's towns by water is the natural result of the previous wanton destruction of her forests by axe and fire. Brighton was said to have "a sea without ships and a country without trees." Desolate, indeed, as a silent sea into which no ships have burst is a country without trees. The joys not of the "wild woods," which are impenetrable, malarious, insect-plagued and unendurable, but of the well cleared or planted "bush" are open to all. And if we deny ourselves these pleasures Nature seems to punish us for our short-sightedness, in ways of which we could never have dreamed—wind in winter, floods in spring, shelterless heat in summer, drought in early autumn.

Woods and forests by means of the leaves and sticks and fallen trees prevent the water which falls in a sudden rainstorm from flowing off quickly enough to cause any serious inundation. Apart from these an immense amount is retained by the leaves themselves. The celebrated Boston elm is estimated by Gray to have 7,000,000 leaves, or five acres of foliage. Each of these leaves when rain falls is not only retaining a portion on its surface to be evaporated back into and cool the air, but absorbs it into that mysterious plate of cellular parenchyma, which seizes the invisible and intangible carbonic gas of the air and turns it into visible and tangible starch, sugar and woody fibre. "Sure I had drunken in my dreams, and still my body drank." So the leaves drink whether waking or sleeping, for they do sleep and in four or five different postures, according to their races, like so many different races of men. Apart from these uses of bush land, an acre of maples, with 150 second growth trees to the acre, yields \$15 worth at least of sugar, besides honey, shelter to insect-devouring birds, lumber, firewood and leaves for leaf-mould, and has been proved to be equal to the same area of ordinary pasture for feeding cattle. The sugary shorts of the maple spray in early spring receive a delicious sweetness in the butter from the kine that feed on them.

Beneath "the bubbling cry" (alas!) "of so many a strong swimmer in his agony," our Island City, like every other place where there are schools of English speaking or of Chinese children, resounds with a feeble undertone of wails like those from Charles Kingsley's fields of hollow beet roots: "I cannot learn my lesson. The Examiner is coming." There is nothing so inquisitive as a child—nothing he enjoys so much as having his questions answered. It requires but a few slight, though all important changes, to make learning a pleasure and school time universally, as it is already in many cases, the most enjoyable period in life. We must teach children what we can make them wish to learn—to draw, to sing, to play at various games, to drill, to calisthenize in time with music, to examine plants, to read about different parts of the world and the glorious deeds done by their own forefathers, and to learn the real masterpieces of the poets. In their first reading primer each letter should have one power (or force) and that should be expressed by what they call the letters, the old barbarous names of the letters as given in our antiquated alphabet being, as Doctor Robins recommends, relegated to the dark ages. Thenceforward children should be taught to read by the "touch and tell" method, as advertized by Mr. E. Rexford, and a sufficiently interesting and intelligent way of teaching them will make multiplication the opposite of vexation, and division infinitely better instead of being "as bad" or worse.

I was once visiting the class of a valued friend of mine who was gazetted as the second most successful public school teacher in the whole of Ontario. On the blackboard was an exquisitely drawn blank map of China, though not with coloured chalks,

as insisted upon by Dr. Harper, or with the mountain chains marked to show that the rivers ran as they ran, because they could not possibly run any other way, as in the best German schools. After his scholars had given the names of each obscure river, cape, bay and town with a glibness of utterance and a pronunciation that would doubtless have made the Chinese themselves stare he asked me if I would like to ask them a few questions. "Do they know anything about the manners, religion and character of the inhabitants?" I asked, sotto voce. "No," said he. "Or about the productions of the country?" "No." "Or about the part China has played or is likely to play in the world's history? Why, these are the only things worth knowing," whispered I. "I know that as well as you do," said Washington; "but I am paid to teach Mumbo Jumbo, and so I teach Mumbo Jumbo. I could hardly keep my school unless I did."

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### HUMOUROUS.

WE suppose bad plumbing was the cause of the sink of iniquity.

THERE are few brass bands that can play as many airs as the drum major puts on.

JONES: "Do you tell your wife where you spend your evenings?" Smith: "Yes; when I know."

WHY is "naming the day" for the wedding like a naval battle? Because it is a marry-time engagement.

WHY are Adam and Eve an anomaly in grammar? Because they are two relatives without an antecedent.

WIFE: "The truth is, woman is a great fact in the world of to-day." Husband: Yes, yes; facts are stubborn things."

UNCLE Harry: "Well, Johnnie, and how did you like the ride on Uncle Harry's knee?" Johnnie: "Oh, it was very nice; but I had a ride on a real donkey yesterday."

AFTER a teacher in a riding-school had picked himself up from the tan he thoughtfully remarked, "I fancied I had improved in horsemanship, but I find instead that I have fallen off."

NO FALSE PROPHECY.—"We shall have shad for dinner all this week," remarked the lean boarder. "How do you know?" asked the fat boarder. "I see by the papers that shad are a glut in the market."

THE densest of all created beings is the bore; he is, also, the most irritating, and was probably only introduced into the scheme of the universe in order that there might be some of all sorts.

"THE OTHER WAY ABOUT."—Irate Passenger (as train is moving off): Why didn't you put my luggage in as I told you." Porter: "E—h, man! yer baggage is na sic a fule as yersel'. Ye're i' the wrang train!"

THE church was beautifully decorated with sweet flowers, and the air was heavy with their fragrance. As the service was about to begin, small Kitty pulled her mother's sleeve, and whispered, "Mamma, don't it smell solemn?"

It is estimated that in eight cases out of ten if a man gets \$50,000 all of a sudden he will either go cracked in the head or make a laughing stock of himself. That's doubtless the reason why Providence keeps \$50,000 away from so many of us.

WIFE (at breakfast-table): George, dear, why do all the defaulting bank cashiers from the Far West go to Canada?" Husband (who is emeritus professor of geography): "Because, my dear, though there is less longitude there, they have more latitude."

ADULT SON: "Mother, does a girl mean to encourage or discourage a man when she—" Mother: "My son, there is no need to go into details. When a girl starts out to either encourage or discourage a man the man never has any doubt about what she means."

As a rule, man's a fool;  
When it's hot he wants it cool,  
When it's cool he wants it hot;  
Always wanting what is not,  
Always hating what he's got,  
I repeat,  
As a rule, man's a fool!

"MAMMA, I know it's true about the golden streets in heaven." "Why, how do you know, Maud?" "Because, when I was on deck with nurse last night, something made a noise, and the sky split clear across, and then I saw the gold shine through."

MISS MARIE DEVOE (at the cooking-school): "Do you mean to say, *chef*, that we must put our bare hands into the dough?" Prof. Tartopommes: "Sairtainly, m'm'seile." Miss Marie Devoe: "Perhaps that is why I failed with my bread the last time. My gloves seemed rather in the way."

AN old washerwoman once would hang out clothes to dry on the railings of a church, and after repeated prohibitions from the church-wardens, she at last came out with the following burst of eloquence: "Lord bless ye, sir, ye wouldn't a go an' take the bread out of my mouth, would ye? 'Side, sir, cleanliness comes next to godliness, parson says."