

## GOOD STORIES BY CLEVER WRITERS.

A Young Protector

During the Franco-Prussian War Sir Edward Malet was one of the secretaries of the British Embassy at Paris. Many persons, during the dreadful days of the Commune, came to him for help. One day a little boy appeared. He seemed to be about eight years old, and had large black eyes and rather a wistful, worn, expression. He used careful and deliberate phrases, such as might come from a man rather than from a child.

"If you please, sir," said he, "my mother and I are in great trouble. The shells have struck many of the houses in our neighborhood and I am very anxious to move my mother farther in town, but we have no money, and we cannot leave without paying our rent."

I mentally began to button my trousers pocket.

"Has your mother no friends in Paris?" I asked.

"No sir. We live by ourselves. I do not think she has any friends she could ask to help her."

"How much do you want?"

"Five hundred francs, if you please, sir. I fastened another button but he continued quietly:

"Of course sir, I feel that I am asking a very great kindness of you, but I will pay you back as soon as the post comes."

It was true that numberless persons were stranded because remittances could not be sent. Banks were closed and those who had no ready money by them when the trouble began were in great straits. Still I had no mind to risk five hundred francs on the word of a child.

"Why didn't your mother come herself?" I asked, helplessly.

"I don't think she thought of it, sir," he said. "She doesn't know that I have come." The buttons all unfastened themselves. I gave him the money.

"Thank you, sir," said he, quietly, and left the room. I knew I had seen the last of those five hundred francs.

About a week after the Commune was over my little boy suddenly appeared before me.

"I am glad to see you," said I. "How is your mother?"

"It has been a most anxious time for us," he answered. "I brought my mother down to an apartment in the Champs Elysees, but when the fighting began it was worse than where we were before."

"Well," said I, "it's all over now."

"Yes, sir; but my mother's nerves have been greatly shattered. We start for Wiesbaden I have made all the necessary arrangements, and we shall go tomorrow evening. I should have come to you directly, but our first letters only reached us yesterday, and then I had to go to the bank to get change."

With that he pulled out a little pocket-book, and took from it five hundred franc notes.

"My mother and I are very much obliged to you," he said. "Good by, sir! Thank you very much!"

And he was gone.

Mind, Matter and Weather.

The effect that mind has over matter was shown one day this week when a man and his wife sat together on a shady veranda reading. The man read an African story which dwelt much upon the suffering entailed upon the inhabitants of this land by the heat. Hot sands and the blazing sun were often mentioned, and the scant costume of the natives was given due mention.

The woman by a strange chance was reading of an Arctic expedition. She had not picked out this literature purposely because of the contrast to present conditions it offered. She had just come across it in the bookcase at the summer resort, and opening it at random was soon among icebergs and almost lost in snow.

"Isn't it warm?" asked the explorer in Africa presently, tugging at his collar.

"Why, no," replied the lady from an ice floe: "it seems to me very pleasant—even cool."

The man granted disbelief and then he took off his coat. Later he retired to his own room and removed his collar and necktie and panted still for breath, and finally flung away his tale of the tropics and was soon in the leafy Adirondacks with "The Aristocrats."

And the feminine member of this duo insists still that Monday was a cool day and not at all oppressive.

How Joe Lost \$50.

Mrs. Blanks' favourite bellboy (this bellboy is innocuous; he is colored and married) attended her orders with a long face

yesterday. Presently he confessed that he had lost \$50 on the races.

"Joe you ought to be ashamed of yourself; the idea of wasting your money that way."

"Yes, Mis' Blank, I shore oughter be ashamed, and I is, too."

"And you with a wife and family to support! I shouldn't have thought it of you, Joe."

"Yes, Mis' Blank, I reckon I hadn't oughter play the races."

"Well, I was going to give you a quarter, but I'll make it half a dollar since you are in such hard luck."

"Thank you, ma'am; thank you. Yes, ma'am I lost \$50. You see of I'd laid \$5 on Terminus I was bound to win \$50. He was posted at 10 to 1. I had \$3.60 and Peter he'd have loaned me the \$1.40. And then I got scared of losing and I let it go. Yes, ma'am I could have made \$50 as easy as turning over my hand and I let it slip. I lost my chance, and I am \$50 worse off today than I oughter be. Yes, ma'am. Joe went off shaking his melancholy head with 50 cts. in his pocket that came there under a false impression.

What It Meant.

"I have lately," said Winkleton to his friend Plodderly, "become very much interested in the subject of the education of children. I am a parent, as you are, and I think it is the duty of parents to provide suitable paths of knowledge for children's minds to travel in."

Plodderly made no reply.

"My boy," continued Winkleton, "is just six years old. I started him at the kindergarten at three, wishing to give him the full advantage of all the educational blessings that this country affords at as early an age as possible. He has now finished this three years' course, and while he looks pained, he has already shown promise of a wonderful mind."

"I have no doubt of it," said Plodderly. "I have been looking up the matter," went on Winkleton, "and I shall push him right ahead through the primary with all possible speed. The spare time he is home he is occupied with some of the latest educational games, so that he is practically not losing a moment except for his meals. When he is a little older, and gotten through the elements, I shall begin to ground him in history, physics, Latin and Greek, higher mathematics, hydrostatics, biology, psychology, modern languages, Biblical lore, geology, statistics and dynamics, astronomy, conic sections, metaphysics, sociology, political economy and any other branch that in the meantime may have been discovered. What are you doing with your boy?"

"Nothing," said Plodderly. "He has never been to school. He just fools around."

At present he is building a dog-house. "And do you intend," said Winkleton, "with a sneer, "always to keep him in such dense ignorance?"

"I hope to," replied Plodderly. "You see, I am in hopes that some day that boy may do something really worth while."

THE EXILED BOERS.

The British Have Scattered Them Widely in Different Parts of the World.

A small sketch map, occupying a corner of the Geographischer Anzeiger, shows the places in Portugal and India where hundreds of the Boers captured in South Africa are now kept in confinement. Having distributed the prisoners from India to Bermuda it will certainly not be easy for them to plot against the British Government.

Cronje's soldiers, the first large party to fall into the hands of the British, were landed on the island of St. Helena in April last year, and have been living ever since on Deadwood Plain, as the islanders call the plateau that rises about six hundred feet above the sea on one side the port of Jamestown.

Another part of the Boer Army, 700 in number, marched eastward over the Transvaal frontier into Portuguese territory. They were captured near Komati Poort, the gateway through the mountains by which the railroad from Lorenzo Marques ascends to the Transvaal plateau. They were sent to Portugal at the expense of the British Government which is now paying the cost of their maintenance. Four hundred of them are confined to the citadel at Pembe, a small fortress on a peninsula jutting out into the sea a little north of Lisbon. It is a very secluded place, the few thousand inhabitants around the citadel being devoted almost exclusively to lace making. Four hundred men are all that the storage capacity of the citadel would accommodate and so the other 300, excepting the officers, were sent to Alcabaco, a few miles inland. Commandant Pienaar who was in charge of the party when it surrendered, is kept a prisoner at Thomar, about fifty miles northeast of Lisbon, where still stands the famous monastery of the

Knights of Christ to whom was conceded 'conquering the New World,' whose deeds of prowess and rapacity both in Brazil and in the East Indies gave them an enduring and not very desirable reputation. The other officers are confined at Caldas da Rainha. Another transport from South Africa carried 600 Boers to Bombay, whence they were taken inland about one hundred miles to Ahmednagar. Their present situation does not appear to be particularly inviting if it is proper to call Ahmednagar 'a hot, waterless, pestilential hole,' in which terms a correspondent of the Manchester Guardian has given his opinion of it.

Another batch of prisoners has been sent to the Bermudas. It seldom happens in any war that defeated prisoners are so widely scattered.

His Hairpins.

M. Jean Carrere of the Paris matins, who returned recently from South Africa, has published a book upon what he saw there. He is a lively Frenchman, and tells lively anecdotes of the British Commanders, which, now they are being translated into English newspapers, are stirring up a lively commotion. Some are resented as undignified, others are declared to be untruthful and there are hints that the clever gentleman of Paris was occasionally misinformed by way of jest, and failed to perceive it.

However that may be, his little tales are rapidly making the round of the press. One of those which is most widely repeated and accepted as probably true and at least characteristically invented if it is not—relates an encounter of Lord Kitchener, grim, brusque and soldierly commander that he is, with a dandy officer who has an unfortunately effeminate taste in trifles.

The young man came to him one day bringing a handkerchief upon which in accordance with a recent fashionable fancy, he desired him to inscribe his autograph. Lord Kitchener took the handkerchief, a dainty wisp of fine silk with lace at the edge, and gravely inspected it. He turned it over, and turned it around, and carefully unfolded it; finally, the examination concluded, he remarked:

"This is doubtless your sister's handkerchief?"

"No," replied the dandy, smiling amiably, "it is mine."

"Ah!" said Lord Kitchener, meditatively. "It is yours."

He handed it back without writing on it, only inquiring as he did so, with an air of serious interest, "and what sized hairpins do you wear?"

The Growth of a Name.

Chapter 1: "What is your name, little boy?" asked the teacher.

"Jonny Lemon," answered the boy. And it was so recorded on the roll.

Chapter 2: "What is your name?" the high school teacher inquired.

"John Dennis Lemon," replied the big boy. Which was duly entered.

Chapter 3: "Your name sir," said the college dignitary. "J. Dennison Lemon," responded the young man who was about to enroll himself as a student. Inscribed in accordance therewith.

Chapter 4: "May I ask you your name?" queried the society editor of The Daily Bread.

"Jean D'Ennice Lemon," replied the personage in the opera-box. And it was duly jotted down.

What is the remedy for poverty? demanded the lecturer in thundering tones. He paused for a reply and during the pause a man in the rear of the hall called out:

"You might try the gold cure."

Do you really think he is suffering from insomnia?

"Of course he is. Why he can't even go to sleep in church when the collection plate is being passed."

"Who shouted the impassioned orator, 'who among us has any cause to be happier than his neighbor on this glorious day of the nation's birth?"

A man with his head bandaged and both arms in a sling arose in the rear of the hall and exclaimed:—

"The doctors!"

Judge—You say the defendant turned and whistled to the dog. What followed? Intelligent witness—The dog.

"Rivers, do you notice that the health authorities advise the people to eat meat sparingly during this hot weather?"

"But it's sparingly? I avoid it altogether. This is nothing but a ham sandwich."

B Ginger—What is the regulation golf ball?

Snickerson—The regulation golf ball is 'Fore!'

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## Sunday Reading.

Words With and Without Meaning.

In 'Faust' Goethe makes the devil give some satirical advice to a student recently arrived at the university. Whatever else the young man was to learn, he must give heed to words. If they had no meaning so much the better. The main point was to possess plenty of words. Thomas Hobbes in the 'Leviathan,' mentions that the universities of his time needed to be amended in one particular, namely, 'the insignificant use of words.'

The world has not changed in this regard. 'Keep us from using words that have no meaning' is a form of prayer much to be desired. In religion, politics, philosophy, phrases live on when the soul has long since died of them. Most of the conflicts among men are about words; and nothing helps a popular cause so much as a happy catch word. An infelicitous epigram has too often been the undoing of a statesman as in the case of the late James G. Blaine, and the theological waters are perpetually troubled because some adventurous spirit, dares to take liberties with time honored phrases. If a word has done good service in the past, evidently it is an impertinence to look too closely into its present. It may have seen better days but that is no reason why its decayed respectability should be lightly esteemed. Let it alone; it once had a meaning, and it is a good word to use.

A few of the current popular phrases make an interesting study. Take, for example, that slogan of the new time, 'The Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man.' Possibly no phrase has served its generation more faithfully. It is a good word. There is about it a flavor of philanthropy and religiousness combined that cannot be ignored by the pious. It is easy to pronounce, and in moments of exaltation it repays the orator many fold. Then it makes an admirable platform for either attack or defence. It is like the disappearing gun carriage of the modern fort, now present with large discharge, and anon absent, silent and intangible. It may mean much or little or nothing, according to the occasion of its use—a telescopic word, capable of infinite adjustments, and very valuable for instructing the masses.

'The Fatherhood of God.' What does this mean? It is a new revelation of the nature of Deity? Does it throw new light upon His relations with men? If God is Father does he cease to be God? Does this new definition change or diminish His moral rulership? Because He is Father will He look upon sin with the least degree of allowance? There is great truth here. This is the contribution of Jesus, who taught us when we pray to say 'Our Father But His idea is far removed from the haze of sentimentality which surrounds the phrase in popular usage. Jesus never lost His vision of truth under the influence of feeling. If we accept the Fatherhood of God in Jesus' sense we must face the whole fact. 'I have always the Father with me because I do always the things which are pleasing unto Him. I and the Father are one'—one in moral, ideal and action, as well as in nature. This is not a phrase to roll glibly from the tongue of ignorant of the language of moral integrity. It has law in it; it implies a soul-experience that is far other than sentimental beat. No man can call God 'Father' who lacks the spirit of filial love and obedience. This is not a phrase for others, but for the man who uses it. God is indeed 'Father,' but He rules His family according to law; He rewards righteousness and punishes sin. The hand of His love bears the sceptre of Kingship, and so far from softening the authority of moral law, the fact of His Fatherhood adds an eternal sanction to that law.

'The Brotherhood of Man.' What does this mean? Are we now in the region of speculation? Are men brothers in the abstract or in the concrete? Does the phrase add or lessen obligation to one's fellows? Can this brotherhood be expressed in warm phrase-making, or does it demand daily action? Brotherhood is another Christian contribution. The good Samaritan is the Christian exemplification of the idea. Jesus is the First-born among many brethren, but not in the abstract. He bore our sins in his body on the tree. He suffered with and for men. This also is a phrase for the user of it and not for the general invariable multitude. It involves law, and duties rather than rights. We need to take our words

down from the clouds. Brotherhood is individual living and serving, not oratory.

That these phrases are combined is not without meaning. They go together as cause and effect. Since God is Father, men are brothers. The first is religion, the second morals. They cannot be separated. Sonship towards God gives energy for brotherhood towards men. To be born again is to become a son of God, a citizen of His Kingdom. Then as Jesus, for love of men, became the suffering First-born, so the younger sons of the Kingdom, under the same divine impulse of love, become servants and brothers of all. It is encouraging to hear such phrases on the lips of all sorts of men. The heaven of the Kingdom is working, and slowly we shall get back of the term to the substance, until once more we shall understand that "the Word became flesh and dwelt among us."

Corticelli Home Needlework.

Very unique, very dainty and most useful is the Corticelli Home Needlework for the third quarter of 1901, which is now being delivered to subscribers. It contains seven full page handsome colored plates, in addition to an almost unlimited number of letter press illustrations, showing new and attractive designs in embroidery, Mexican and Virgillian drawn work, centre pieces, doilies and sofa pillows. Besides this a length of protusely illustrated chapter is devoted to domestic lace making, an accomplishment which society ladies in England and the United States are devoting much attention to just now. The instructions are so clear that any lady can acquire the art. The Corticelli Home Needlework should find a place in every lady's boudoir. It is only 10 cents per copy, or 35 cents a year. Liberal premiums offered. Corticelli Silk Co., Ltd., St. Johns, P. Q., publishers.

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