

FAMILY READING.

Moral Heroes.

BY REV. JORL SWARTZ, D.D.

The patriot and soldier whose heart does not quail
In the fierce battle-line where thousands must bleed,
But rushes to meet the thick, murderous hail
Is honored and crowned as a hero indeed.

But is he not braver who follows the light,
And follows it singly wherever 'tis shown?
Who combats the Wrong with courage and might,
Whether joined by the crowd, or fighting alone?

Aye, bravest are they, who, loyal of soul,
Advance to the fray as conscience commands,
And press with their might right on to the goal,
Whatever the light and its banner withstands.

Misjudged are they oft, derided and slain;
But gentle as bold, and fearless as meek,
They calmly endure all scorning and pain;
Most joyful in tears, most mighty when weak.

The warrior in battle with daring is fired,
By the numbers who rush 'mid the noise to the fray;
The hero of conscience by Duty inspired,
Will fight, though alone, till his life's latest day.

No trumpet, no cannon, no death-laden air
Is needed to fire the languishing soul
Of the martyr for truth, and his spirit to stir
For the conflicts which lie in his path to the goal.

Ah, few are the fields where Righteousness pleads
With weapons of steel for conscience and right;
And few are the heroes on fierce neighing steeds,
Who, emboldened by love, rush on to the fight.

The weapons of truth are burnished with light,
And tempered with grace in the armory above;
The heroes who wield them are heralds of peace,
And the conquests they win are triumphs of love.

—The Temperance Cause.

Making Amends.

MAUD RITTENHOUSE.

Olive Bruce ran down the stairs, away from the bright group of girls in the sunny hall, her heart hot with grief and indignation, her eyes brimming with angry tears. Breathlessly she ran, trying in the struggle against the March wind, to cool the heat that raged within her.

"What under the sun is the matter with Olive Bruce?" asked another wind-ruffled maiden, just coming up the stairs, and joining the group Olive had left.

There was a momentary silence during which the girls looked in some confusion from one to another; then one, with a flush on her honest face, announced: "Well, Ethel, we've all treated Olive Bruce in a way that ought to make us ashamed to look into each other's faces, and Nellie there—oh! I haven't forgiven you for it, Nell, and mean to scold you for yer own savin' as Aunt Daphne puts it—Nellie said the meanest thing of all, meaner than I dreamed she could. We were discussing next Saturday's election, and the possible result of it. Kitty Rector expects to be president, as a matter of course; all the boys want her, and nearly all the girls; and then she has been it so long, and was so lovely about making the Legion a present of their Loyal Temperance Legion pins and all that, and, of course, we want to give her the office again. While we were discussing it with enthusiasm, Olive Bruce remarked eagerly, 'How I should love to be in Kitty Rector's place!' Now Olive on doubt meant that on general principles, because Kitty has such happy times, and so many friends; but the very picture of poor little homely Olive in the chair, seemed so funny that we all burst out laughing. Olive blushed fiery red, and as if that were not bad enough, Nell made it a hundred times worse by saying in a whisper loud enough to be heard 'round the corner,' 'What an idea! She's as ugly as sin, and as poor

as a church mouse.' That's about the whole story, and I think there is quite enough of it. For my part, I feel like sneaking off some place, and hiding my littleness from sight."

"Well," laughed the new-comer, "it must have been pretty bad to make a girl of your size feel little, but I don't wonder at it. It was a horrid thing all round; for if Olive is a little and freckled and poor, she is a sweet hearted, lovable girl, and I'm downright sorry for her, and ashamed of the whole crowd."

"What can we do to make amends?" asked a thin, pale-faced girl behind the others. "Olive Bruce came and read to me while I was sick, and helped me make up my lessons as soon as I began to get well, and I feel like going down on my knees to her."

"Oh, don't mention it!"—from another. "I—I—I don't know what I couldn't do! When I think how poor she is sure enough, how hard she has to work, what old clothes she has to wear, and how little pleasure she has, I feel like I ought to have choked to death with the first giggle that brought tears to her poor old, hard-taxed eyes. You don't know, girls, as I do, who live so near her, how she fairly slaves at home to help her busy mother; how she puts in every minute out of school, hard at work cooking, sweeping, mending, or darning the college students' hose at a nickel a pair to help fill the family purse. When I get home from school I'm utterly limp and exhausted, and expect sympathy from the whole family, while she!—my goodness! And if she has any fun I don't know where it comes in, unless it is here at our Loyal Temperance Legion meetings once a week; for that is the one treat she allows herself. A rare treat it must have been today! What if she is ugly and poor! she's a better Christian and a sweeter girl than this whole crowd in a bunch—a crowd that could turn her one pleasure into pain, and send her to her bare home with tears splashing down her poor brown face."

Kitty Rector happening out of an adjoining door, her arms full of books, overheard part of this vehement speech, and exclaimed with an emphatic toss of her curls, "That's a pretty bad crowd you are describing! What is it all about?" In a twinkling she was drawn into the group, and the whole story told her. "Well, girls," she said at its conclusion, slow reproach in every tone, "I couldn't have thought it of you." Again a shamed silence, and then Kitty said brightly, "You poor things, don't you see how to fix it up—a beautiful way, too!"

"Well, not exactly," came the mournful response from the thin girl. "We can't strike her memory-less, and it's too late to do anything else."

"Not a bit of it. The only way to wipe out an unkindness is with kindness. Just give me your ears—sixteen of them, please; now listen. However much we may always have felt like sweet, charitable girls, we have not been anything of the kind, or we would have thought long ago of giving Olive Bruce an office in the Legion. It would please her beyond expression, for I know that a girl as bright and smart as Olive Bruce can't help feeling keenly the difference we make between ourselves and her. Oh, you needn't look that way! Of course we've never downright insulted her before, but all the same, we've shown in a thousand little ways that we don't consider her exactly one of us. She's never yet been so much as nominated for any position, and yet there isn't a girl in the Legion who would feel happier over just that sort of recognition, or who would fill more conscientiously and well any office given her."

"Yes, yes, but what are you driving at?" Kitty laughed. "Straight at the presidential chair, with Olive Bruce in the chair!"

The girls looked dazed for a minute. "Olive Bruce as president?"

"Olive take your place?"

"Oh, but we couldn't elect her. The boys wouldn't vote for her."

"Trust the boys to me. Just you girls behave decently this coming week, and treat her with as much consideration as you would treat each other. Plaster up the wound somehow, and then see what can be done next Saturday toward its effectual healing."

The next Saturday came, a miserable, rainy, disagreeable day, but the hall was packed, and there seemed to be a general sunshiny atmosphere, in spite of all out-of-doors. Olive Bruce was there, too, though perhaps not feeling the general undercurrent of pleasure. The girls had been very kind to her all week, and she had tried hard to forget that humiliating affair of last Saturday, but she could not keep the hot burning from her cheek, or the persistent tears from her eyes, whenever any thought of the election crossed her mind. To think that the girls could have misjudged her so, and have been so cruel!

She had never thought of aspiring to Kitty's place. It was only an impulsive speech called up at the thought of happy-hearted Kitty and her lovely homelife, and the rebuff from the girls was perfectly uncalled for. She sat, a rather absent-minded participant, through the opening exercises, the lesson, and the program. The election of officers was to follow.

Olive couldn't help noticing a sort of suppressed excitement; she would have been more mystified had she overheard Kitty Rector whispering to the scattered groups, "Don't let it seem like a put up job, cut and dried. Let it all be natural and matter-of-fact."

When nominations for president were called for, Kitty was nominated first, and to the surprise of many, did not decline the nomination. "It will be a greater victory for Olive to win the race, if there are some really prize-worthy rivals," she had said saucily to her intimates.

Nellie Webster's name was next proposed, and then Nellie herself nominated Olive Bruce, the nomination being promptly seconded by a big, brown-clad boy on a back seat. Olive turned red and white—really white, her brown skin to the contrary—and half struggled to her feet, startled, surprised, hardly knowing what she did. Everybody else looked quiet enough, and in a sort of daze she sank back again in her seat, while Kitty calmly appointed tellers, and waited for the balloting.

The vote was counted, and presently there was a hush to hear the result. "Nellie Webster, nine; Kitty Rector, eighteen; Olive Bruce, twenty-five."

"I move we make it unanimous," some one shouted, and Olive Bruce thought she must be dreaming when she heard fifty clear young voices ring out their hearty "Ayes!"

Then Kitty made a pretty, graceful speech as retiring president finishing with, "I am not sorry to be vanquished by Olive Bruce. She will prove the right girl in the right place. I congratulate you on your choice, and though I couldn't vote with you, I am glad now of the chance to declare myself her most loyal friend and subject."

"Speech! speech!" the boys began to call, looking at Olive. She stood and tried to express what she felt, but it was beyond expression, and with a tremulous, "You are so good! I hope I shan't be a stick, and—and—I thank you," she sat down again, the Loyal Temperance Legion applauding as though they appreciated her eloquence if it was only in her eyes, and not on her tongue.

The meeting over, Olive was whisked off to Kitty Rector's pleasant home, to take tea with half-a-dozen of the girls. "But mother!" she said, "I have so much to do at home."

"Well I think not," from Sue Dayton, who had just come in, shaking the rain from her wraps. "I sent our Martha Jane over to do your Saturday work for you. She can do your mother's, too, the big, strong girl! and your mother says you may stay, and she'll be glad to have you."

And so it happened that Olive Bruce spent the happiest evening of her life, and went home a new girl, brightened her whole family with her own sunshine and her happy story, and anticipated for long afterward, the beloved president of that Loyal Temperance Legion.—Union Signal.

KITCHEN CLIPPINGS.

Coffee Cream

Ingredients—One large cupful of made coffee, four ounces of sugar, three-quarters of a pint of milk, yolk of eight eggs, two ounces of gelatine. Put three-quarters of a pint of boiled milk into a steamer, with a large cupful of made coffee, and add the yolks of eight well-beaten eggs and four ounces of pounded loaf sugar. Stir the whole briskly over a clear fire until it begins to thicken, then take it off the fire, stir it for a minute or two longer, and strain it through a sieve on the two ounces of gelatine. Mix it thoroughly together, and when the gelatine is dissolved, pour the cream into a mould, previously dipped into cold water, and set the mould on rough ice to set.—The Temperance Caterer.

To Broil Mackerel.

Cleanse it well, and cut with a sharp knife a gash from head to tail, just sufficient on one side to clear the backbone; pass into the incision a little pepper (cayenne) and salt, moistened with clarified butter, broil it over a clear fire, but be particular that the bars of the gridiron are well rubbed over with suet, to prevent the skin of the mackerel adhering in turning; the sides being the thinnest part, they will be first done, therefore, when they are done, take the fish off the gridiron, and hold it in front of the fire for five minutes, and the fish will be thoroughly done, this is the easiest and most effective mode. The

sauce may be the same as for boiled mackerel, or sauce a la maitre d'hotel.

Barley Soup.

Boil half a pint of pearl barley in a quart of white stock till it is reduced to a pulp, pass it through a hair sieve, and add to it as much well-flavored white stock as will give you a purée of the consistency of cream. Put the soup on the fire, when it boils stir into it, off the fire, the yolk of an egg beaten up with a gill of cream, and half a pat of fresh butter, and serve with small dice of bread fried in butter. Instead of bread dice put in some young peas boiled in salted water, and well drained.

Pork Sausages.

There are many recipes for the making of pork sausages. Several countries have their own peculiar recipes. Epping, in Essex, famed for its butter, is also famed for its sausages. Lewes, in Sussex, and Cambridge, also have a name for the manufacture of the same article, the peculiarity in each being the quantity and variety of herbs which they introduce, the prevalence of some particular one giving the flavor, as well as the peculiarity, to each. The presence of so many herbs, however, not always considered an agreeable feature, and many palates are offended at that which forms to others the great merit. The following is a very simple recipe:—Take from the loin of a large richly-fed pig, or the inward fat of a small one, one pound of fat. Chop it finely with half a pound of lean pork, add to it four or five sage leaves finely chopped, some lemon thyme in a small quantity, and three dessert-spoonfuls of crum of bread powdered; be careful not to put too much of the latter, as it tends to turn the sausages sour if kept. Amalgamate these ingredients well, dust them with grated nutmeg, mace, and cloves, and finish them with black pepper and salt, being sure to season well; the meat may then be put into the skins, or may be put in jars, covered down from the air, to be used for rolls or stuffing or any required purpose. All skin must be pared from the fat before chopping, and every snow removed from the lean pork, as well as any bone or anything which may impair the taste when eaten.—The Temperance Caterer.

DON'T FAIL to Read our Great Announcement on Pages 7 and 8.

Literary Record.

The Anti-Slavery Journal is the monthly organ of the Anti-Slavery League to which were forwarded editorially last week. It is a neat four-page sheet, published by Frank C. Smith, at No. 10, East 11th Street, New York. Yearly subscription price, 25 cents.

Number 74 of volume IV. of the NOVELIST contains two stories, "Robinson Brown" by J. A. T. Mackay, and "Intellectual and Peculiar" by Mary Dyer. This sixty-two page magazine is published weekly by John B. Alden, 350 Pearl Street, New York, at the low rate of \$1.00 per year.

Mrs. Josephine E. Butler a very earnest, impressive appeal to the women of America, addressed to the late International Council of Women, held in Washington, has been placed in a twenty-four page pamphlet, handsomely printed and bound by the Philanthropist. It is a timely, moving appeal in behalf of the cruelly wronged, enslaved victims of government regulated immorality in European countries, and of the shocking traffic in girls for immoral purposes, national and international including also our own country. It is an important message from a rarely gifted, Christian philanthropist, which merits thoughtful, conscientious consideration on the part of American women, as well as well and should have the widest possible circulation. Price, by mail, post paid 10 cents. Address, The Philanthropist, post office box, 2354, New York.

THE CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE FOR MAY 1906, has three admirably written articles. The first of these describes the oldest and most picturesque village in America—the "H. K. O. route over the Alleghenies." The engravings are of singular excellence. The second article brings us nearer home. It gives an account of the old town of Niagara, with its stirring history and associations. The engravings of the Port of St. Mark's Church, the oldest in Canada, save one—of the view from Brock's Monument, and of the mode of constructing the new "Antler Bridge," are full of interest. The Editor continues his description of the Province of Nova Scotia, recounting the pathetic associations of Grand Pre, and the martial memories of Annapolis and Fort Lawrence. The Rev. S. P. Ross contributes a charming study of one of the noblest in his France ever produced—Jacqueline Pascal "Sister and Saint." The persecutions and heroism of the sisters of Port Royal constitutes one of the most touching episodes in religious history. The Rev. Hugh Johnston outlines his tender and beautiful tribute to the memory of his beloved and honored friend, William Morley Puncheon. Mrs. Mary's story of Southern Methodism increases in absorbing interest as it proceeds.

A Book on Poultry

Containing 100 pages, a beautiful lithographic plate of a group of different fowls in natural colors, engravings of all kinds of land and water poultry, descriptions of the breeds, plans for poultry houses, how to manage an incubator, all about rearing, and the value of the different breeds and where to buy eggs from the best stock at \$1.50 per 15, will be mailed to any of our readers for 15 cents, by addressing the Associated Poultry, 227 South Eighth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Liquor Transportation

The National Temperance Society has just published the latest decision of the United States Supreme Court in the Iowa case, denying the constitutionality of the Iowa law which prohibits the transportation of liquor from one State into another. This makes a pamphlet of over sixty pages, and is filled with important citations from former decisions of the Court, and containing much matter important for every temperance worker. It also contains the following important Chief Justice Waite, and Justices Harlan and Gray giving weighty reasons and arguments against the decision of the majority. In view of the fact of the importance of this question and the certainty that it will be a prominent factor in National and State convocations, every friend of the cause should read this document. 12mo, 64 pages. Price ten cents. Address the Associated Poultry, 227 South Eighth Street, New York.

Everyone should study carefully—everyone should act immediately in re our Great Announcement on pages 7 and 8.

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