

"Peace on Earth—Good Will to Men."

"It came upon the midnight clear
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth,
To touch their harps of gold;
'Peace on earth, good will to men
From Heaven's all gracious King'
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

"Still through the cloven skies they come
With peaceful wings unfurled
And still the heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world;
Above its sad and lowly plains,
They bend a hovering wing,
And even o'er its Babel-sounds
The blessed angels sing.

"Oh, ye beneath life's crushing load
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way,
With painful steps and slow;
Look now for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing,
O rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing.

"For lo the days are hastening on
By prophets seen of old
When with the ever circling years
Shall come the time foretold,
When the new Heaven and earth shall own
The Prince of Peace their King,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing."

R. A. PERSONALS.

Mayor Herald of Kingston is a member of the Royal Arcanum.

The Grand Regent, Bro. J.W. Hickson, attended the last meeting of Gananogue Council and was entertained at a banquet. He has also lately visited Madoc, Brockville and a number of other Councils.

Bro. Shaneman, Secretary of Gananogue Council, R.A., is a member of the firm of McClellan, Reid and Shaneman of the Gananogue Roller Mills.

The Happy Dying Man.

Happy, indeed, must be the last moments of the man who, with his dying breath can say: "Wife, dear, in my desk yonder you will find my benefit certificate." And after a little while, when he, the bread-winner is no more, and the first paroxysm of grief is over, lightened indeed will be the burden of the wife to whom he left that certificate, and a grateful remembrance of him who was always so thoughtful, kind and true, will ever be with her.

C. C. C. F.

The total membership of the Canadian Order of Chosen Friends as shown by the Grand Councilor's report, at the close of the year 1892 was 5,932 in good standing, and 157 members temporarily suspended (most of whom were reinstated) or in all 6,089, and at the end of the year 1893 the council had 7,807 in good standing and 99 temporarily suspended a total of 7,906, making the net gain 1817.

A Legal Notice.

In the A.O.U.W. it has been decided many times that an official notice of assessments issued by the Grand Lodge when printed in a paper devoted to the interests of the lodges of the Order and the same duly mailed and a proper record of each mailing made, is a legal and sufficient notice to the member of such assessment or assessments.

St. Thomas Council, R. A., 856.

The officers of this Council for current year are as follows:—P. R., Jas. Brooks; R., Jas. A. Sherman; V. R., W.O. Foster; Chap., G. Rowley; O., A.S. Smith; G., T. Revell; C., J.G. Bennet; T. E. Rowland W., T.W. Crothers; S., W. White.

St. Thomas, April 27th, 1894.

St. Thomas Council, No. 856, cannot boast of increasing very rapidly in its membership, but it is enjoying a fair degree of prosperity. Some of the best men of the city are among our membership. All seem to be of the opinion that the R.A. plan of insurance is fair and safe.

Yours in V.M.C.

E.C. SANDERS, Secy.

The British Premier.

Lord Rosebery has been a widower since the month of November, 1890. His wife Miss Hannah de Rothschild, had a fortune of two millions, which Lord Rosebery enjoys for life, but is settled on his children. If Lady Rosebery had been free to settle her money as she pleased she would have given her husband greater freedom in the use of her fortune, but the Rothschilds are all arbitrary in the disposal of their wealth, and those who reside in England make settlements in accordance with English law. Lady Rosebery by a will made in 1878, left her husband everything in her power, about £700,000 in money, and the reversion of several annuities to relatives, several of which have fallen in, amounting to about £3,000 a year. A further sum of £10,000 in consols falls also to Lord Rosebery at the death of an annuitant. Lord Rosebery's eldest daughter is nearly 15 years of age; his second, Lady Margaret, familiarly Lady Peggy Primrose, is 13. Lord Dalmeny and Lord Neil James Archibald, the two sons, are respectively and 11 years old.

When Duty Calls.

Hard is his lot indeed, and sad his life,
Who needs must leave his happy home, his wife,
His babes, his friends—all that the heart en-
thralls—
And go to banishment in foreign lands,
Or go to war and stain with blood his hands,
When duty calls.

And he of different mould is wretched too,
Who has ambitions, longs for something new,
Who craves adventures, whom no hap ap-
palls:
Yet whom each day brings but the wretched
chore,
The weary task at office, bank or store,
Where duty calls.

Unhappy both! But wretched more—poor
wight!
Is he whom fashion and the world polite
Drag out to nightly dinners, routs and balls,
There, be his moods and tenors what they
may,
There he must smirk and smile, be perk and
gay,
Tattle and talk, and dance the night away.
Nor then is done, for he has still to pay
His duty calls.

—Ladies' Home Journal.

Riches Not Essential to Character Building.

Whatever charges may be brought against us by succeeding generations, it cannot be said in justice that we have failed to provide for the proper education of the youth of our day. Our public school system is made to meet the requirements of all classes. None are so poor as not to be able to avail themselves of copious facilities in this direction. And not alone this, but our schools are being continually improved and new opportunities are opening on every side for the development of mental faculties. And not only is the mind formed and disciplined, but the powers of observation are strengthened, the hand is trained and skill is acquired in many useful arts and sciences. While, however, so much liberality and care are being exercised in this direction that none can claim poverty as an excuse for neglect, there is some justifiable apprehension that the children of the wealthier classes may suffer from quite an opposite condition. In the first place they are denied the most valuable of all kinds of discipline, which is that of necessity. While others are forced to exertion they are injuriously debarred from it. While those who are not encumbered with earthly possessions are obliged to practice self-denial, the children of the rich are deprived of this great essential in building up a responsible manhood.

Thoughts on Beauty.

The great personal quality of beauty has been decried and belittled by generations of sages, and its possessors have solemnly been warned not to yield to the natural satisfaction of its possession, and as solemnly besought to remember that it is only skin deep, and by its nature too fleeting for the enjoyment of a rational creature. Its influence is held to be of a trifling and transitory nature, and its inability to hold affection is insisted on, while even its power to capture a passing fancy is admitted but regretfully. In spite of all this, beauty since the beginning of the world has been admired and coveted, and will be to the end of time. Its influence has been potent for both good and ill, and the destinies of nations have been swayed by it. There are few human influences more potent over men than the loveliness of a beautiful woman. No moral influence can be successfully exercised, or be lasting in its effects, unless it is based on truth. Indeed, a moral influence without truth is a contradiction in terms. Now, beauty is a truth, for it is a self-evident fact, and if it were all that it is too often painted, it would have no excuse for being, unless it were to be ranked among the powers that the spirit of evil is allowed to exert for the eternal destruction of mankind; and this view is too absurd to entertain for a moment.

Sammy's Essay on the Tode.

Todes is like frogs, but with more dignity, and when you come to think of it frogs is wetter. The warts which to leas is noted for can't be cured, for they is cronick, but if I couldn't git well I'd stay in the house, Billy he says the todes stools isent wat the todes sits down on, but is jus call that. Wen my uncle Ned herd him say that, he said, Billy, wat does they set down on? And wen Billy he couldnt tell, my uncle Ned he fround, and he said, said he, Billy, folkes like you, that goes about sayin' tain't so, and yet not explain how it is, is atheists, and atheists is a theef. Then I said, uncle Ned, may be the todes don't set down at all, and he turned on me and said you pessilent communist, and was a lookin' for something to thro, wen I run. My grandfather knew a tode which somebody had tamed till it was folks. Wen its master wizzled it would come for flies. They catches 'em with their tung, which is very like along red worm, but more like littenin', only littenin' haint got no gum onto it. The fly will be a standin' a rubbin' its hind legs to gather and a thinkin' wat a fine fly it is, and the tode a settin' some dissnance away like it was asleep. Wile you are seein' the fly as plane as you ever see anything, all to once it ain't there. Then the tode he looks up at you sollem, out of his eyes, like he said wat's become of that fly? but you kno he et it. Some todes live in the water and there is a spotted feller which lives in a tree, like birds. This 'un hollers like a red Injun and then chuckles to think there wasent nothin' the matter.

Past Grand Regent Spry Honored

The Daily Globe of the 4th inst. says:— "Mr. Daniel Spry, after fifteen years' service as postoffice inspector in the Barrie division, has been transferred to London. During those years Mr. Spry has so thoroughly identified himself with Barrie and its concerns that its citizens felt that the town would suffer a distinct loss when he ceased to be a citizen. In consequence with this feeling a committee was formed to give it expression, and on Wednesday a meeting took place in the Music Hall, at which about six hundred citizens assembled. Mr. and Mrs. Spry and all the members of their family were present. The Mayor presided, and stated the object of the meeting, namely, to express regret at the necessity for the removal of Mr. Spry and his family from the town, and to wish them Godspeed and success in their new home. Reeve Bothwell read an address couched in the sincerest language, recounting Mr. Spry's services as a citizen of Barrie. The Reeve also presented Mr. Spry with a handsome cabinet of silverware and cutlery. Mr. Spry was plainly affected by the kindness of his fellow-townsmen, and made a feeling reply.

All Arcanumites will be pleased to hear of the honor thus conferred upon Bro. Spry. While the fraternities in Barrie will regret the transfer of Bro. Spry, the Societies in London are to be congratulated upon this addition to their citizenship and membership.

Gifts at Baptisms.

Gifts to infants on their baptism are of ancient origin. Formerly the sponsors generally offered gilt spoons to the child. These spoons were called apostle spoons, because the figures of the twelve apostles were carved at the top of the handles. Rich sponsors gave the complete set of twelve, while for those who were not so opulent four was considered the proper number, and poor sponsors would content themselves with offering one; in the latter case the handle of the spoon generally exhibited the figure of any saint in honor of whom the child received its name. It is in allusion to this custom that, when Cranmer professes himself to be unworthy of being sponsor to the young Princess, Shakespeare makes the King reply:

Come, come, my lord, you'd spare your spoons.

The mug, or spoon and fork offering of the present day, appears as a very debased survival of a really beautiful christening offering.

Baby's Compliment.

His father and mother were both away,
And baby and I had been friends all day;
Many and gay were the games we played,
Baby ordered and I obeyed—
We cared not at all for the rainy sky,
We built us a block-house three feet high;
We threw pine knots on the nursery fire,
And watched the flames mount high and higher.
We hid in the most improbable nooks,
We looked at the pictures in all his books;
We ran in "tag" till his cheeks were red,
And his curls were tangled about his head,
So when the twilight was closing down
Over the fields and the woodlands brown,
And nurse declared we must say good-night,
He clung to me still in the soft firelight,
He trumpeted my gown with his rough little feet,
He climbed on my lap and kissed me sweet,
And as he scrambled from off my knee,
"You'd make a good mother," said baby to me.

I have had compliments, now and then,
From grown-up women and grown-up men.
Some were commonplaces, some were new,
Never was one of them rung so true,
Never was one seemed half so real;
Baby compared me to his ideal!

S. St. G. Lawrence.

Romance and Realism.

"I don't quite understand the new boarder," said the landlady, in a burst of confidence to the star boarder.

"What's up?" asked the star, suspiciously. "Isn't he disposed to pay?"

"Oh, not that," she remonstrated. "He's perfectly good, I'm sure. It's the way he looks at me."

"How's that? As if you were going to give him notice?"

"Don't, Mr. Star," she simpered. "Really, you are unjust to him. I mean the sweet, shy way he has of turning his eyes on me."

"He's robbed somebody, likely, and is afraid you'll get on to him."

"You shan't talk so," she said indignantly.

"Only this morning, at breakfast, he was cutting his steak, and I happened to look down his way, when he gave me such an earnest pleading look, that I felt the blood rush into my face. Oh—I—I wonder, Mr. Star," she twittered. "I wonder if he can be in love with me?"

"Love, nothing," he snorted; "that isn't love. That's tough beefsteak," and the sentimental landlady burst into tears.

Nearly Right.

Little Boy (writing a composition)—"I want to use that saying that's in our copy-book, but I can't remember it all: 'Man glories in his strength. Woman glories n—' What's the rest, I wonder?"

Little Girl—"Let me see. Woman glories in her—her hat."

Secarety of Silver.

Guest (facetiously)—"There are two spoons in my teacup. What is that a sign of?"

Hostess' Little Son—"That's a sign that somebody else hasn't got any spoon."



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Game to the Last.

The pluck for which English people are noted is an admirable quality. It has carried them through a good many tough matches at home and abroad. A sketch of the late Lord Drayton shows us an amusing exhibition of this national characteristic. The author of the sketch was accompanying the earl, then eighty-five years of age, down the stairs to see him safely into his cab. On descending the stairs they were met by a cheery old gentleman, little of stature, Mr. John Levien, who was slowly ascending, hat in hand, mopping the dew off his bald head with his pocket-handkerchief.

The writer, knowing that both his friends, strangers to each other, were proud of their ages, said to them as they met on the stairs:

"Let me introduce a gentleman of eighty-five to a gentleman of eighty-two."

"Eighty-two, sir!" echoed the earl, slightly lifting his hat to Mr. Levien.

"I'll run you round the square for a fiver." Some days afterward Mr. Levien called on the writer again, and remarked slowly and with much solemnity, "I've been thinking a great deal about that challenge. I wish I had taken it."

Paying the Penalty.

Mr. Workhard—"My dear, I have lost my situation, and it just happens that I haven't a dollar ahead. We must go to the poorhouse for dinner."

Mrs. W.—"Surely some of the grocers with whom we have dealt for so many years will trust us?"

Mr. W. (s sadly)—"No, I have no credit anywhere. I always paid cash."