

the parents who are willing to sacrifice their sons and daughters on the shrine of intemperance to gratify the desire of a few commercial travellers. You say, further, that something must be done by the temperance people to supply this lack; but, sir, I say no. It seems to me that those who complain so much about local-option accommodations, and advocate the open bar so strongly, must relish something the bar contains. Let us get a different class of commercial travellers—men who, for accommodation, will accept a good, well-cooked meal (I do not see why they should not find it as well cooked in a local-option hotel as one with the open bar), a clean bed, and nice quiet rooms for conversation or reading, the tables of which contain the latest news of the day, and on whose shelves are books which, to read, will stir up the man to greater deeds of usefulness, cleaner lives and manly principles—and this bill of fare without the taint or smell of this great curse, alcohol, or bar-room language. If the towns and cities cannot supply this class of commercial travellers, the rural sections of this great Canada of ours can. In our village of Ripley, here, we have had local option for close on two years, and every resident will tell you it is the greatest blessing that ever came to this section of country. Moreover, we have a local-option hotel, whose accommodations ought to satisfy any respectable person, and the proprietor is making it pay. The time is very near when local option will cover the whole land, and when business men everywhere, and commercial men, will be ashamed to be seen patronizing the open bar.

R. H. REID.
Bruce Co., Ont.

With the Flowers.

Lily of the Valley, Violets, and Tuberose.

I have received so much benefit from your Flower Corner, and now would like you to give me some hints regarding the culture of lilies of the valley; also English violets. I am already planning for our next summer's garden, and would like very much to have these two flowers, but I know very little about either of them.

I will procure the plants of the violet and the lily of the valley pips at the florist's. Will you please give me a few hints about their culture?

What should I do with a tuberose when it has finished blossoming? Will the bulb, if kept in the pot and well watered, etc., bloom again?

A FLOWER LOVER.

Carleton Co., Ont.

The lily of the valley is absolutely hardy and needs but little care. It requires a partially shaded place, and a deep, rich, well-drained soil. If the soil where you purpose planting it is not rich enough, use plenty of good leaf mould, with a little old, well-rotted cow manure to bring it to the right condition, adding enough sand to make the consistency loose. Some florists always put a little sand next lily bulbs of any kind to prevent possible burning from the manure. Lily of the valley pips are usually planted in October, but you might try placing some early in spring, although you cannot expect them to bloom this year. The little odoriferous violets, to which we suppose you refer, will do well under the same treatment given the lily of the valley. In fact, in a moist, rich soil, they will, in time, spread everywhere through the grass without any care whatever.

The double pearl tuberose, to which you probably refer, blooms but once. If small bulbets have appeared, they may be carefully cultivated and cared for for two or three years, and so brought to maturity, but very few care to take this trouble, preferring to purchase new, fully-developed "bulbs" (really tubers) as required.

You are very wise to begin planning your garden so soon. By so doing you are much less likely to make mistakes than if you left everything until the last minute.

The Quiet Hour.

The Secret of Riches.

The blessing of the Lord, it maketh rich, and He addeth no sorrow with it.—Prov. X., 22.

Who shuts his hand hath lost his gold,
Who opens it hath it twice told.

—George Herbert.

We all want to be "rich," though we may not all agree about the meaning of the word. George MacDonald says: "To have what we want is riches; but to be able to do without is power," but of course we don't all want the same things. Some may want to become millionaires, others think that fame is the great object of ambition. Some long for a quiet, peaceful country home, while others are only happy in the stir and rush of a city. Some like ease and luxury, while others much prefer "roughing it." Some are eager to gain, while others earnestly desire to give. Some want to be loved, others want to pour out their lives in self-devoted loving service to God and man. If we don't get what we want, then we are not rich, no matter how much money we hold. One whose chief desire is to be accepted in the best society, is poor and miserable if the lavish use of millions fail to secure that desire. One who hungers and thirsts after righteousness could never be satisfied with anything else, and would not consider himself rich just because the riches and fame of Solomon were given to him.

In the November Number of "Canada West" there is a modern fairy tale, called "The Midas Touch." It describes how the son of a practical business man was considered by his father to be weak-minded. Instead of studying the financial page of a newspaper, he preferred to study poetry; instead of trying to figure out how he could obtain enormous dividends, he became absorbed in the mystery of the stars. His father thought that he had made a grand success of his own life, because he had started in life as a poor boy and now had to pay taxes on more than \$60,000 worth of personal property. "He estimated every man's worth by the size of his bank account, and to him the word success had only one meaning, which was Wealth."

It was a great sorrow to this "successful" man that his son Arthur could not be made to understand that God had put man into this world "for the sole purpose of getting rich."

Arthur was sorry that he could not rise to his father's ambition, and one day a fairy came to his aid and gave him the power of turning into money everything that he touched. He was delighted to find that leaves plucked from a tree became bank notes of large denominations. He patted a little dog on the head and it turned into a heap of silver coins; but, to his horror, when he reached out an eager hand to grasp his father's, that poor man, who had sunk the glory of his manhood's opportunity in the paltry ambition of money-getting, was instantly transformed into a "bright, new nickel and a ten-cent piece." The fairy explained to Arthur that when he turned things into money they were transformed according to the standard of measurement which men had chosen for themselves, showing their intrinsic value. "Do you mean to say," Arthur demanded, "that my father, a prominent citizen, and a man who has made millions of dollars, is of less real —"

But the fairy vanished without giving him any answer.

I have described this story in detail because it is a splendid object lesson. No one wants to feel that his real intrinsic worth is only fifteen cents, and yet many seem to turn their energies as enthusiastically in the direction of money-getting as though that were the best way of living successfully.

Our Lord describes the sad condition of a "Fool" who had heaped up so much property that he didn't know what to do with it. He thought himself rich and prosperous, and yet he was miserably poor, for that night his soul was required of him, and he had to go out into the darkness, leaving all his wealth behind. His treasure and his heart were certainly not in heaven, and he must change suddenly from a rich man to a beggar.

Those who have laid up treasure in heaven, by giving many gifts of love during their journey of life, will be surprised to find how rich they are when the great call—which must come sooner or later—forces them to give up the treasures they think they hold. God pays the highest interest, and money or time placed at his disposal is a splendid investment. Even in this life it always pays to go into partnership with God. Usually He sees to it that the man who honors Him, in word and act and thought, receives honor from men, and as much worldly prosperity as is best for his real, eternal interests. A man who is hungering after holiness will not thank God if He heaps wealth upon him at the expense of his soul's growth. It is as hard as it ever was for a rich man to keep his heart's desire always set on the highest things. Those who consecrate all that they are and all that they have to God's service can safely trust their temporal prosperity in His hands. He is pledged to see that they have everything that will make them really rich—rich in love and happiness, rich in purity, courage and patience. A true man would be disappointed if life were too easy, if he slipped luxuriously through, in a Pullman palace car, without once standing shoulder to shoulder with his comrades and doing some really hard fighting. A brave young soldier would be bitterly disappointed if he never had a chance to face danger and endure hardship, to prove his pluck in a hard march, and his courage under fire.

"The blessing of the Lord, it maketh rich," with a wealth that has no ugly sediment of bitter disappointment. A man who has, by example and precept, inspired his children with the spirit of cold-hearted worldliness will feel terribly poor, in the midst of millions, when he looks at a friend who is surrounded by loving, noble-hearted sons and daughters. And a man who sells his integrity for money will bitterly repent the foolish bargain he has made. How can money make anyone enjoy life if his conscience is continually informing him that he is a liar and a thief, or has obtained his riches through grinding down his poorer brothers and sisters?

The opportunity to become really rich lies in our own hands, the opportunity of living successful lives. The most successful life the world has ever known was that of a young carpenter in a little country village. He had no capital, no influential friends (from a worldly point of view). He died a shameful death in the very prime of life, and, under God, only the charity of a comparative stranger saved His body from a shameful burial. He devoted the best years of His vigorous young life to healing those sick in body and soul, without charge. And even common gratitude seemed to fail Him at the last when His people—the people He had loved and helped with untiring enthusiasm—cried "Crucify Him!" and cut His agonized soul to the quick with taunts of derision. What a wonderful example of a man's powers of triumphing over a mountainous array of obstacles and achieving success with all the circumstances against him! That undaunted man sacrificed all He had to give, and the riches of millions have been poured out at His feet. He has won not only gold—little He cares for that, unless it is the outward expression of love and loyalty—but the hearts of earth's noblest men and women, and the hearts of dear, innocent children, multitudes which no man can number are His treasured possession. Rich! what man in all the world's history was ever as rich as He who sacrificed heavenly riches willingly, gladly, joyously, for the sake of His brethren?

He is rich to-day—rich in love and joy—and so may we be if we choose His method. A farmer knows the truth of the saying: "There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty." If it is true in regard to grain, it is no less true in other respects, though the harvest may be slower in appearing. "The liberal soul shall be made fat and he that watereth shall be watered also himself." This applies to everything. A miser, who clings to his wealth and will not spend it, might just as well have gilded stones to hold; he is not master of his money, it is master of him. Everything we have is lent by God; we are only stewards and should lay out our time, money and opportunities to the best advantage not

for our own profit, but for the highest service of God and men. Then God, who holds all kinds of riches in His hand, is pledged to look carefully after our interests.

"We lose what on ourselves we spend,
We have, as treasure without end,
Whatever, Lord, to Thee we lend
Who givest all."

HOPE.

The Beaver Circle.

An Interesting Letter from Australia.

I have been very long in writing to you again, but I hope you will excuse me. It is our spring here, and the bush is glorious in the colors and scents of the many different kinds of flowers, shrubs and trees. The gardens are not less beautiful, as all kinds of roses are out now. The gullies are white with ti-tree, or tea-tree, and supple-jack. The ti-tree has a yellowish-white blossom the shape of a brush, with a strong, sickly sweet odor, while the supple-jack, which is a creeper, and covers all kinds of scrubs and trees, making them look as if they were in blossom, has a pure white star-shaped flower, with a dainty perfume.

All kinds of orchards are now in bloom, and very strange some of them are. These pieces of poetry describing spring I copied from the "School Paper."

"Lightly the breath of the spring wind blows,
Though laden with faint perfume,
'Tis the fragrance rare that the bush-man knows,
The scent of the wattle bloom."

"The magpie 'midst the wattle blooms,
Is singing loud and long,
What fragrance in the scattered scent,
What magic in the song!"

"On yonder gum, a laughing jack,
Out-gurgles, laughter grim,
And, far within the fern-tree scrub,
A lyre-bird sings his hymn."

"Amidst the stringy-barks, a crowd
Of dazzling parrakeets—
But, high o'er all, the magpie loud
His joyous song repeats."

"For us the roving breezes bring,
From many a blossom-tufted tree,
Where wild bees murmur dreamily,
The honey-laden breath of spring."

Nearly every day for a month now, the school children have gone down to the creek—Middle Creek, which is about a quarter of a mile from the school, for a swim. There are two good places to go in, and we take it in turns going to them. A Sunday school has been started here now.

The inspector was at the school a little time ago and examined us. I passed in everything except written arithmetic, and I am to try again at the arithmetic in three months. If I pass then, I get my merit certificate. Last Thursday night was the 5th of November, Guy Fawks night, and we had a big bonfire by the school, and some crackers, and a guy. He did look funny when he was set up on the heap with a pipe in his mouth and a straw hat on his head. When all the crackers were done, we had some supper. Someone mixed the tea and coffee and gave some to the boys. They reckoned it was "shandy" they had got.

We have two pet lambs now, and there are 180 others. All big, strong ones, too.

Father and the boys are planting potatoes to-day.

Well, I must close, hoping you will think this fit to publish.

Your Australian friend,

DAPHNE BREWSTER.

Yinnar, Sth. Gippsland, Victoria, Australia, Nov. 11th, 1908.

Would not some of the girls and boys like to tell Daphne some things about Canada, and about the especial part of it in which they live? I am sure descriptive letters, say from Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, P. E. I., and British Columbia, would be very interesting to our Australian "Beaver," as well as to many other Beavers. Why not tell Daphne something about our