1926
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A "Painted Ship."

It reminded me of the homesteads of the Huguenots on Staten Island, off the coast of New Jersey. The hills in the interior of this island, though comparatively low, are penetrated in various directions by similar sloping valleys on a humble scale, gradually narrowing and rising to the centre, and at the head of these the Huguenots, who were the first settlers, placed their houses, quite within the land, in rural and sheltered places, in leafy recesses where the breeze played with the poplar and the gum tree, from which, with equal security in calm and storm, they looked out through a widening vista, over miles of forest and stretching salt marsh, to the Huguenots' Tree, an old elm on the shore at whose root they had landed, and across the spacious outer bay of New York to Sandy Hook and the Highlands of Neversink, and thence over leagues of the Atlantic, perchance to some faint vessel in the horizon, almost a day's sail on her voyage to that Europe whence they had come. When walking in the interior there, in the midst of rural scenery, where there is as little to remind me of the ocean as amid the New Hampshire hills, I have suddenly, through a gap, a cleft or "clove road," as the Dutch settlers called it, caught sight of a ship under full sail, over a field of corn, twenty or thirty miles at sea. The effect was similar, since I had no means of measuring distances to seeing a painted ship passed backwards through a magic lantern.—Thoreau's "Week."

Giving.

Give, though thy gifts be small,
Still be a giver,
Out of the little founts
Proceeds the river,
Out of the river's gifts
Gulfs soon will be
Pouring their waters out,
Making a sea.

Out of the sea again,
Heaven draws its showers,
And to the fount imparts
All its new powers.
Thus in a cycle borne,
Gifts roll around,
... in the blessing given
Blessing is found.

...ent.

...n in this Sabbath

...s a cloistered nun,
... desire, waiting on God.
...cape is a colored photograph
...hout one flying bird to give it life,
...nd smoke from innumerable chimneys hangs
In a blue haze above the black-etched trees.
Intolerable peace, that mocks the heart
With unfair images of all it lacks,
And sets the discords of the mind at war,
Till there be nothing good or beautiful.
I had far rather that the elements
Should match my spirit's unrest with their own,
That in the fury of conflicting force,
I might escape my mind's more bitter strife.
I would invite the winds to buffet me,
And seek exposure to the whipping rain,
Plunge in the sea and hurl each leaping wave
Back in the arms of his advancing ranks,
Until, exhaustion mastering all else.
I should be reconciled with myself.

—Winifred Goodall.

Long-Life Records.

Members of the vegetable kingdom easily beat those of the animal kingdom where length of life is concerned.

The life of the great forest trees may vary from 100 to 4,000 or 5,000 years. The cypress, it is said, may live for 350 years the ivy 450, the chestnut 600, the cedar 800, the oak 1,000 to 1,500, the yew 2,500, and the baobab tree 5,000 years.

A hundred years are attained by some of the longest-lived animals, such as the elephant, the crocodile, and the tortoise. Pike and carp have been known to live from 60 to 150 years; eagles, crows, and parrots from 50 to 100 years.

A Shropshire farm laborer, Thomas Parr, is credited with one of the longest lives on record. He is said to have been 152 years old at the time of his death. At 120 years he married a second time, and for many years continued to work on the farm.

Hooked Again.

Payne—"Is it true that poor old Bill has married again?"

Pound—"Yes, he's under entirely new management."

"One woman is worth five men," said a well-known clergyman recently, in praising women for their church work.

BACK TO BONNIE SCOTLAND

This fine looking group are the children of Scottish parents born in Canada, who are on their way to visit for the first time the homeland of their parents. The picture was taken on board the Anchor Donaldson liner Letitia on her last trip from Montreal.

The Grumblers.

I hear the grumblers fitfully complain,
It seems in life there is too much of rain.

One mutters that his trade is very slow,
Business is worse than 'twas a year ago.

A woman whimpers that the day is long,
The milk has soured and everything is wrong.

Yet those with deepest hurts and heaviest hearts
Smile back at life and bravely play their parts.

The years give laughter, love and friendships true,
Days of delight and skies of summer blue.

Uncounted pleasures strew the humblest way,
Yet few remember joys of yesterday.

I hear the grumblers, fretted by a task
And wonder what it is from life they'd ask.

What more of splendor could the years bestow
Than God has given for all mankind to know?

Some things are wrong, and here on earth is care,
But how much joy should be a grumbler's share?

—Edgar A. Guest.

Prizes Offered for Essays on "Saving & Spending."

Prizes aggregating $1,500.00 are being offered by Mr. Alvan T. Simonds, of Fitchburg, Mass., for the best essays on "Saving & Spending" as factors of prosperity.

$1,000.00 will go to the writer of the best essay—and $250.00 eac hto the best essay—and $250.00 each to the December 31, 1926, and is open to everybody—everywhere.

This is the fifth yearly competition on political economy subjects which Mr. Simonds has offered prizes for, in an endeavor to arouse a more general interest in the subject of economics as related to individual and general welfare.

The competition is open to Canadians and intending competitors are invited to address for information, "The Contest Editor," Simonds Saw & Steel Co., 470 Main Street, Fitchburg, Mass.

No entrance fee or other expense is involved.

Smallest Town in World.

Reports have just reached Paris that Ani, an old Armenian city near Mount Ararat, has a population of one. Data gathered there shows that an aged Armenian monk is the sole inhabitant of what was once a flourishing community numbering 10,000 people. His only companions are an Angora cat and a few owls, which live in a ruined church near the monk's hut. Ani was once the residence of the Bagratide kings of Armenia and has some biblical associations.

Curious Tramp.

"Will you beat some rugs for your dinner?"

"What's going to be served, mum?"

There are about 9,000 cells in a square foot of honeycomb.

The Lighthouse Sunset.

The ship is sailing out of Singapore bound for Pontianak on the Island of Borneo. It is sunset time. I am sitting on the upper deck under the awning of a clean white Dutch steamer. We have passed customs and have our "clearance" for Borneo and are sailing out through the straits lined with innumerable little islands. Nothing but a glorious sunset back of us could take my eyes away from this beautiful "Inland Sea," with its cocoanut-palm-lined shores. But the sunset to-night is impelling.

I have frequently sailed directly to a sunset, but seldom directly away from one. Fortunately, the first deck is "aft" on this ship and I have a superb viewpoint. The sunset is a gold mass just merging into a russet-gold, a mere suggestion of russet which fails to mature. . . . That is the background. The whole sky seems gold. But, suddenly, a bank of blank clouds, above the gold, begins to drip into the gold in strange formations. It is as if old, worn-out drop-curtains were being lowered from the ceiling of the sky over that gold stage, and the curtains are seemingly painted in strange devices.

For instance, directly in the path of the dropping golden sun is a formation of curtain-clouds whose beautiful curves startle one with their exact likeness to an hourglass. To the right of this hourglass formation there drops a curtain on which are the ruins of an old temple with Doric columns plainly showing. . . .

As we sail eastward, along the very line of the equator itself, a lighthouse back of us at the entrance to the "Straits" begins to flash its white light out against the sunset. It flashes in the direct path of the hourglass against the background of gold. It is a striking thing.

Flash, flash, flash, flash, flash, flash, flash—seven times and darkness.—William L. Stidger, in "A Book of Sunsets."

Why is "Oilcloth" So Called?

Originally, oilcloth meant a cloth or rough canvas oiled over on both sides to make it wetresisting. In the earlier processes the oil, generally a thick linseed, was just painted on in several coats, but as time went on a better method was found by spreading the oil by a method of spraying.

The oil is first boiled with certain salts and is then sprayed into a current of air the chemical result being a semi-solid material, which again is mixed with various substances such as resin. The whole is then spread by machinery in a layer on the canvas base, which is then hung up and allowed to dry.

The material called linoleum—from the Latin words linum for flax and oleum for oil—contains ground cork, which is mixed with the oil to provide a covering far thicker and more durable for the base. It is this that nowadays we find generally used as a substitute for carpeting.

Classified Advertisements.

How Golden Bright.

How golden bright from earth and heaven
The summer day declines!
How gloriously o'er land and sea
The parting sunbeam shines.
There is a voice in the wind that waves
Those bright, rejoicing trees. . . .

—Emily Bronte.

When the annual census of the homeless in London was taken during a recent night, only three persons, all women, were found sheltering under arches or on staircases, while 76 men and 24 women were found wandering in the streets.

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