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20 Olm Hour with the Editor 2

A REMARKABLE CASE

A London dispatch of the 3rd inst. says "outside the earthquake in Italy and the blizzard here the chief topic in London has been a ghost story." The chief topic in London has been a ghost story." The incident is such a remarkable one that it is worth telling with a little passing comment. It is proved by affidavits and has been investigated by the Lon-don Times and other leading newspapers without in any way affecting the credulity of the relation. The principal witness was the Rev. Robert Brock, who was taking the place of Rev. Dr. Astley, vicar of East Redham during the latter's absence Algeria, where he now is discharging temporarily the duties of a chaplaincy, for the "ghost" in this case was not of a dead man, but of one who is alive, though not in very good health. Mr. Brock may be allowed to tell the story in his own words. He says

"I met Dr. Astley for the first time in London, December 9, and spent more than half an hour with him prior to coming on here; and I heard nothing more of him until Saturday last, December 26, when I received a letter from the Rev. Herbert Muril, the English chaplain at Algiers, announcing that Dr. Astley had sustained injuries in a railway accident on Wednesday, Dec. 16. On the seme evening that I got the letter, Saturday, Dec. 28. I was seated in the dining-room when Mrs. Hartley, the house-keeper, came to me and said, 'Come and see Dr. Astley,' and led me into the study.

"Looking through the glass window on to the lawn, I myself distinctly saw the figure of Dr. Astley, in clerical garb, standing against the wall which adjoins the dining-room. It certainly was not the reflection of my own face, for I am clean-"I met Dr. Astley for the first time in London

which adjoins the dining-room. It certainly was not the reflection of my own face, for I am clean-shaven, and the face I saw wore beard and moustache. It was distinctly Dr. Astley as I saw him in London. I rubbed my eyes and looked again. I was not dreaming. The figure was not looking at me, but seemed to be plunged in thought.

"Mrs. Hartley had a candle in her hand, and I told her to take it away. I still saw the figure most distinctly. A housemaid who had joined us could also see the figure.

could also see the figure. 'I will go and have a look in the garden,' I said. and I did go. There was nothing to be seen there, and when I returned the vision was gone. The time

about 4.45 p.m. The vision lasted ten A few days later Mrs. Hartley saw the same parition, and when Dr. Brock was called, he also saw it, but it was not as distinct as on the former occasion, though quite recognizable. Very naturally he communicated the occurrence to Dr. Astley's family in Algeria, and was told that at the hour of the first apparition he was lying unconscious at his residence in Algeria. Newspaper and other investi-gation has not cleared up the mystery in the slightest degree, but only confirmed the story by bring-ing to light surrounding circumstances, which make what is stated in the affidavits seem consistent with other facts. Of course the scientific person has written to the press to declare it was all an optical delusion, but he does not explain how such an illusion could affect three people in the same remarkable way. He also objects that Mrs. Hartley is by her own admission, a person who has frequently "seen things," but this fact, so far from raising doubts as to the value of the testimony, seems to render it more trustworthy. In material scientific research the repetition of a phenomenon is recog-nized as establishing a law; but in the comments of scientific people upon becult phenomena proceeds upon the assumption that the more frequently they are observed, the less worthy they are of being con-

sidered. The experience of Mr. Brock is by no means unique. It differs from most others in the number and acknowledged credulity of the witnesses. Of course, if the various incidents related in the Bible are true there is abundant proof that such appari-tions are real enough, and are not the outcome of a disordered liver or a diseased imagination. Here is an incident, the accuracy of which the writer of this article can wouch for. Two young men were walking in the road one moonlight night in the winter. The snow was deep on each side of the road. One saw something, which he took to be a woman One saw something, which he took to be a woman in a cotton dress and without a hat, walking on the snow a short distance away, Without saying what he saw, he said to his companion: "What is that?" and the reply was, "Why, it is a woman, of course." They hurried to the place where the figure was, only to see it vanish. They carefully examined the surface of the snow, only to find it unbroken. Neither of the young men was able to identify the figure, which apparently was walking on the snow. So con-vinced were they that it was a person that they examined the place in daylight on the following morning, but the light snow was absolutely unbroken. They were within fifty yards of the figure, and the night was bright with the light of the full

Can an incident of that kind be explained by supposing it to be simply an ocular illusion? In the two cases above mentioned the features, the dress and the general appearance were absolutely distinct. Very recently a well-known Englishman related in the press that, while riding along a country road on a bicycle, another bicycle rider passed him. He described the latter's costume in detail, and says that the figure, after passing the crest of a hill, dashed down a declivity at rapid speed towards a pair of horses drawing a wagon, but just when a ollision seemed inevitable vanished without leaving a trace. Of course these stories, and scores others like them, can be disposed of by saying that they are not true, but granting that they are true, that is granting that the people narrating them would not relate anything which they did not be-lieve to be true, what is the explanation of them? Indigestion will hardly suffice, although it explains some curious things; changing lights and shadows explain some things, but not everything; where one person only tells of something said to have been seen, it is sometimes possible that he was dreaming at the time; the imagination can conjure up all ner of curious things, just as some people see faces in the fire. But when we have exhausted all these explanations, how are we to account that at a time Dr. Astley lay unconscious in Algeria, his face and form were distinctly seen and recognized by three credible witnesses in England?

THE GREAT BATTLES

It is intended in this series of articles to give a brief discription of some of the greatest battles recorded in history, although the term greatest is not to e understood as referring only to the number of men engaged. Many battles were of vast importance, and et the forces engaged in them were not large. 'An attempt will be made to treat the various events in some sort of chronological order, but attention will be paid chiefly to their relation to each other, if any can be determined, as acts in the great drama human history. It is very satisfactory to know that the historical articles printed on this page have proved very acceptable to young people as well as to their seniors. If therefore any reader would like to have a reference made to some battle, and will mention it, an effort will be made to comply with the request. first to be spoken of will be:

MARATHON, B. C. 490. What we call modern civilization had its origin in

exemplar; the philosophy of Greece is the foundation of our philosophy; the laws of Greece are reflected in our laws; the language of Greece has assisted in the formation of all the modern languages of Europe. It is true that much of this influence came to us through Rome, but the vigorous race, which had its capital on the Tiber and conquered the Grecian republics, was in its turn conquered by Grecian refinement and civilization, just as our own ancestors, who overthrew Rome, were themselves made subject to the intellectual influence of that Empire. Hence the history of Greece is of the greatest interest to us, for it is, in a sense, a part of our own history. It seems a strange thing to say, perhaps, but at Marathon our fortunes hung in the balance.

Darius, King of Persia, was a ruler of unbounded bition. He extended his domain over northern India and northern Africa, and attempted to extend his conquests to the westward, so as to obtain control of the Mediterranean. Only Greece stood in the way. At this time Rome would easily have fallen before an enslaught from Persia, once that nation had obtained s foothold on the Egean sea and the Balkan penin-sula. What the world would have been if these Per-sian ambitions had been successfully carried out, we can only judge by observing what has taken place in Persia and wherever the influence of Iraniah power extended. The advance of the Persian hosts westward was successful at the outset. The nations of Asia Minor were easily subdued and the Persian forces crossing the Bosphorus by a bridge of boats marched northward, crossing the Danube, and overran the easterly part of what is now Austria-Hungary. This was about 506 B. C., and to all appearance the Persian ambition of universal dominion seemed likely to be realized. But the western part of Asia Minor was peopled by Greeks, and in 500 B. C. they revolted. The Athenians went to their assistance, and for a time the rebellion seemed likely to be successful; but after live years of fighting the Persian power was restored and a fleet was despatched to take revenge upon Athens. This was caught in a storm, while rounding the point of Mount Athos, which is one of three promontories which project from Macedon into the Egean Sea, and three hundred ships and twenty thousand men were lost. A subsequent defeat at the hands of the Thracians caused this expedition to be withdrawn; but Darius nursed his wrath and kept it warm, and in 490 B. C. he launched an expedition against Athens. Authorities disagree as to how many nen composed this force. Estimates vary from 100,-000 to 600,000 men, but there seems to be unanimity as to the number of ships, which was about 600. Details of the expedition are not very many, and they are somewhat conflicting. Herodotus, the most careful historian of his time, is very cautious about going into particulars; but there seems to be no doubt that the fleet sailed directly across the Egean Sea, instead of coasting around by the north, and took possessio of some of the islands of the Archipelago, from which new levies were drawn. How many men landed at Marathon is not known with certainty, but there is no doubt that they very greatly outnumbered the army which Athens could put into the field against them. When news of the landing reached the Grecian city, there was a great divergence of opinion as to what course should be followed. A party in Athens, led by Hippias, was not unfavorable to the Persians, although they disguised their designs until the very last. These people wished the army to remain behind the city walls and wait for a siege; but Miltiades, urged that the invaders should be met upon the shore. and, supported by Aristides and Themistocles, he was able to carry his point. He set out for Marathon with all the available troops, who numbered not more and perhaps less than 10,000 men. On the way they were reinforced by 1,000 Plateans, and upon this little force, which was either 10,000 or 11,000 men-on this point historians are not agreed—the fate of the Western World of that day depended.

Byron has told us that "The Mountains look on Marathon, And Marathon looks on the sea,"

and this is a good, though brief description of the famous battleffeld. It is a broad, level expanse lying between the mountains and the sea, which here takes the form of a beautiful bay, suitable in every way for the landing of troops. The plain itself is marshy in places, but for the most part was admirably suited for the movement of troops. The Persian forces, when the Athenians arrived, had debarked from their ships and set up their camp in all the splendor and stateliness common to Oriental armies. Two roads led from the city to the battlefield, one of them twenty-two miles long and the other twenty-six. The Athenians advanced over them by a forced march and took up their position on the rising ground. The disposition of the two armies was in long lines. The Persians made their centre the stronger; the Greeks put the greater number of their men upon their wings. For several days the troops lay in sight of each other, the Persians indifferent as to what their opponents should do, so confident were they of victory; the Athenians waiting until the sacrifices showed the occasion to be auspicious for an attack. At length Miltiades believed the fateful hour had arrived, and he commanded an immediate charge. The whole Athenian line rushed forward. A mile only separated the two armies. It is said that the Persian commander thought his assailants were mad, so astonishing did it seem that so small a force should attack his host in this way. The onslaught was at the outset attended with varying results. The weak Athenian centre could make no impression upon the strong Persian centre, and the charge was respulsed in that part of the field. The Athenian wings were more success ful and drove the enemy back. Then turning inwards they threw themselves upon the flanks of the centre, and in a short time the retreat of the Persians to their ships began. The victorious Athenians attempted to capture the ships, and were able to destroy seven of them; but the rest got away in safety. Indeed it may said that this part of the fight resulted adversely to the Athenians, although it was notable for many deeds of conspicuous valor. Few, if any, prisoners were taken. Herodotus says that of the Persians 6,400 were slain, and of the Athenians 192.

The withdrawal of the Persians from the field of Marathon is hardly to be explained by the impetuous attack of the Athenians. Hippias was in communica-tion with Datis, the Persian commander, and it was agreed that a signal in the shape of a bright shield should be displayed on a mountain to show the Persian, if it would be safe for him to attempt a direct assault upon Athens. The shield was displayed and fashed its hellographic signal to the invaders, who withdrew more perhaps to make a new attack upon Athens, where they would find supporters within the city than because of the potency of the Grecian force Marathon. Miltiades on seeing the direction taken by the Persian fleet, made a forced march to Athens with his wearied troops and thus averted disaster for Datis refrained from attacking the city garrisoned by

Three years later Darius prepared another expedition against Athens, on a scale that would have overcome any possible opposition, but just before it sailed
a rebellion broke out in Egypt, and before this was
suppressed Darius died. His successor, Xerxes, renewed the attempt to conquer Greece, but the story
of this expedition, made memorable by the battles of Ancient Greece. The poetry of Greece is our model Thermopylae and Salamis will have to be reserved in literature; the art of Greece is estebmed our great for another time.

The Birth of the Nations IV.

(N. de Bertrand Lugrin.)

THE FRENCH

Ancient Gaul-The French Under Clovis Very little is known of France before the time of its conquest by Julius Caesar. We have semi-legendary accounts of Gaul, which date many centuries before Christ, when all that vast country which is now famous for the richness and the greatness of its cities, the unsurpassed fertility of its farmlands and vineyards, was covered with wild forests and great morasses, where the climate was cold and variable, and the wild ox and the fierce herds of swine roamed free. The primitive people who inhabited Gaul were little better, little less sayage than the untamed heasts. They lived the lives of animals, dwelling in round mud huts whose only opening was the door, which huts were usually grouped together behind a rampart of wood and earth and stone. These uncivilized, lawless people were divided into many tribes who were constantly at war with one another, tribes equally ignorant. ness of its cities, the unsurpassed fertility of at war with one another, tribes equally ignorant, improvident, slaves to the shifting of their ideas and the sway of their passions, fond of war and idleness, of rapine and feasting, of gross and savage pleasures. The French historians do not claim for the early Gauls that unsubdued yet courageous and even noble spirit which dominated according to ancient Roman and modern German writers, the tribes of northern barbarians who inhabited the wonderful German forests. Whence or from where came the first settlers to Gaul, no one knows. The Iberians were among the earliest of the tribes, and this people, primitive still, with a costume and a language of their own, inhabit the lower Pyrenees today under the name of Basques. About 1,100 B.C the Phoenicians began to trade with the natives of Gaul, and a little later to settle there. After the Phoenicians came the Greeks. The story of their earliest coming and the founding of Messilia, their chief colony, forms the subject of one of the oldest

of the Gallic legends. Nann, one of the most prominent of the Gallic chiefs, had a well loved and beautiful daughter called Gyptus, whose hand was sought in marriage by ountless suitors. One of the old customs, which is still in vogue among the Basques, decreed that when the time arrived for any maiden to choose a husband, all the aspirants for her hand should be invited to a great feast, at the conclusion of which the girl should appear with a brimming wine-cup which she was to offer to him who had won favor in her sight. It was the eye of Gyptus' wedding feast, when Euxenes, a Greek trader, a man of stalwart strength and handsome appearance sailed his ship into the bay that skirted that part of the country of which Nann was the chief. The latter made him welcome and invited him and his sailors to the feast. What was the chagrin and surprise of the Gallic suitors, when Gyptus, eautiful as a dream, entered the hall, and going straight to Euxenes handed him the wine-cup, thus choosing him for her husband. The two were mar-ried and Nann gave to them the harbor in which the Greek had landed, and miles of the country round-about. Euxenes sent to his own country for colonists and while waiting for them laid the foundation upon the peninsula that jutted into the bay of the town of Messilia (Marseilles) which was destined to become the most famous and the most powerful settlement in Gaul. Jealous chiefs with their warlike collowing attacked the colony many times, but so well-fortified was it, so well-governed and its citizens so loyal, that it was always ready to repel any invaders. In those ancient days many settlements were founded by the Greek colonists of which traces remain today in the flourishing towns and cities on the southern coast of France and the eastern coast of Spain.

Guizot tells us that the Gauls appear to have been the first inhabitants of Western Europe, inhabiting not only Gaul, but also Great Britain, Ireland and neighboring islands. After many centuries races co-mingled with other races to form the French n, but numerous traces of the primitive people still exist, in monuments, manners and names of per-sons and places. In Scotland, in Ireland, the Hebrides and the Isle of Man, the Gauls (Gaels) still live under the old name and retain the old Gaelic tongue.

Internal strife, the love of battle, the hatred o notony, led the Gauls constantly upon expeditions to foreign countries. Spain, Italy, Germany, Greece, Asia Minor and Africa, were in turn the scene of their many wars, during which they conquered and ed some peoples or were conquered and comingled with others. They made their influence felt in countless ways, an influence that was to last forever. Gaul itself however was to fall a prey to the Romans under Julius Caeser.

The German barbarians had been harassing Gaul d destroying her cities and the Gauls had appealed to the Roman emperor to protect them against the inroads of the savage hordes. "In a few years," said they "all the Germans will have crossed the Rhine, and all the Gauls will be driven from Gaul, for the soil of Germany cannot compare with that of Gaul any more than the mode of life. If Ceasar and the Roman people refuse to aid us, there is nothing left for us but to abandon our lands and go, seek afar from the Germans another dwelling place." Caesar, much flattered by this appeal tried to negotiate with the northern tribes, telling them that unless they promised to leave the Gauls in peace, he would drive from the country they were invading and annihilate them. To which message Ariovistus, the German leader replied with haughty contempt that it was Caesar's privilege to try and conquer them if he so desired, but he would learn what could be done by the bravery of the Germans, who were as yet un-beaten, who were trained to arms and who for fourteen years had not slept beneath a roof. The outcome of the negotiations was that Ceasar and his legions attacked the Germans in their own country and subdued them for the time. Having done so, the temptation to conquer Gaul itself proved too strong for the great Roman, and it was not very long before country that had appealed to Caesar for help against the German invaders, was suffering from invasion by the Romans, who assumed the reins of government, and fought and subdued all those among Gauls who ventured to oppose their authority.

Unmatched Eyes

Unmatched Eyes

The essential difference between the signification of words and terms in the English tongue which are almost the same in etymology and origin is a great element of difficulty to a foreigner who is learning the language—a fact to which a certain attache of a foreign mission at Washington recently testified.

When the budding diplomatist in question arrived at the American capital a year or two ago, he soon capitulated to the charms of a young woman of the official set, and they speedily became the best of friends. A month or so ago the attache returned to the United States after a lengthy leave of absence in his own land. About the first thing he did on reaching Washington was to send a note to the lady of his admiration, wherein, to her astonishment and indignation, he gave expression to this sentiment:

indignation, he gave expression to this sentiment

"Once more, my dear friend, I shall gaze upon

WITH THE POETS

The Unbeliever

Because his faith was simpler than the rest
And no man understood his humble way;
Because the only chapel he possessed
Was flower strewn and cobalt roofed and gay;
Because his creed swung to the things he knew
And pulsed with every feathered singer's song;
Because he gave their priests no revenue,
His peers adjudged his scheme of things as wrong.

Men called him atheist-nor knew what he Men called him atheist—nor knew what he
Once wept before a brown bird hurt to death;
Nor knew he loved each forest shrub and tree;
Nor knew the evening zephyr's scented breath
Bore through his open chamber window dreams
Of dulcet rills and skies of amethyst,
And wove his slumber to the fairest themes—
And, knowing not, they called him atheist. And, knowing not, they called him atheist. -Stacy E. Baker in December Craftsman.

"Dark, Tender-Stepping Night."

Dark, tender-stepping Night, Oh, let me join thy flight, Whilst, yielded to thy will, The whole wide earth is still!

> Like long unkindled fires, Remembrance of desires Gives to my veins no heat Nor stirs my heart's dull beat!

E'en as a baby lies With wonder-smitten eyes That gaze far, far away Where golden cloudlets stray—

So bear me on thy quest Through the dim, pensive west, Until the west be east And Day renew her feast! Lead me where nothing mars

The splendor of the stars. Oh, let me roam with thee, Who art so calm, so free!

-William Struthers.

The Alleviation

One month my lady is pleased to wear A collar cribbed from De Medici; A little later she's dressed her hair In colfs Elizabeth loved to see.

Her lines go drooping despairingly
As styles of the "Thirties" they next express.

Though shocking these changes to you and me—
Supposing the manners went with the dress!

Some Rennaisance morning you'd have to bear The sight, perhaps, of your chum (were he Unloved in the heart of your lady fair)
Departing in poisoned agony.
In Tudor periods you would flee,
That voice whose tones were a sweet caress,
Which now with violent oaths make free,
Supposing the manners went with the dress.

Those Stuart corsets we men could spare, But yet it's fitter she sip her tea.

Than match your potions until you care.

No more how riots the family spree.

The Georgian bonnet does not agree. With our conception of taste, but less
The gaming losses, the banker's fee,
Supposing the manners went with the dress.

Dear, though your costume range history,
Your own sweet self is the same to bless:
And I'm content, as I ought to be— Supposing the manners went with the dress. -Layton Brewer, in Life.

When You Are Gone

When you are gone
The tailors' bills will still lead on,
Still flutter far beyond thy ken
To lure and crush thy fellow men;
The tramp of many feet shall still
Come hurrying with many a bill,
Pursue thy kin forever on,
When you are gone.

When you are gone, And suns and systems stin wheel on, That grocery bill will yet hold pace With all thy brooding, mourning race; . The butcher's boy will pass the door Remembering his unpaid score; Your washerwoman, lingering where sun glints on her rich, red hair, Will scowl and mutter and pass on When you are gone.

When you are gone
The rains will still descend upon
The just and unjust, as they did
Upon your unpaid derby lid;
The comets and the stars perforce
Will hold upon their wonted course;
The gopher gambol through the corn
As from the day that you were born;
And wild geese houking in the air And wild geese honking in the air Will honk as wildly raucous there As they have thus honked everywhere; The sunset glow will still sift down, Your doctor, lawyer still will frown, The "ten" you owe me still lead on. When you are gone.

-W. H. Dilworth, in Life.

Granny

(James Whitcomb Riley). Granny's come to our house, And ho' my lawzy-daisy! All the children round the place Is ist a-runnin' crazy'
Fetched a cake for little Jake, And fetched a pie for Nanny, And fetched a pear fer all the pack That runs to kiss their Granny!

Lucy Ellen's in her lap,
And Wade and Silas Walker
Both's a-ridin' on her foot,
And Pollo's on the rocker;
And Marthy's twins from Aunt Marin's,
And little orphent Anny And giggle-un at Granny!

Tells us all the fairy tales Tells us all the larry tales Ever thought or wundered, And 'bundance o' other stories, Bet she knows a hundred! Bob's the one fer "Whittington," And "Golden Locks" for Fanny! Hear 'em laugh and clap their hands. Listen'n at Granny.

"Jack the Giant-killer" 's good, And "Bean-stalk" 's another! So's the one of "Cinderell," And her old godmother; That un's best of all the rest Bestest one of any: Where the mices scampers home Like we runs to Granny

Ho! my lawzy-daisy!
All the children round the place Is ist a-runnin' crazy Fetched a cake for little Jake, And fetched a pie for Nanny, And fetched a pear fer all the pack That runs to kiss their Granny! -From "Afterwhiles."

THE STORY TELLER

Teacher (of night school) - Here we have the fa-Teacher (of high school)— here we have the la-miliar quotation, "Where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise." Give an example in which ignorance may be said to be bliss." Shaggy-Haired Pupil— "Well, the wild animals in Africa ought to be in bliss. They don't know what's going to happen to them in about three months."—Chicago Tribune.

Last summer the congregation of a little kirk in the Highlands of Scotland was greatly disturbed and mystified by the appearance in its midst of an old English lady who made use of an ear trumpet during the sermon, such an instrument being entirely unknown in those simple parts. There was much discussion of the matter, and it was finally decided that one of the laders who had great local reputation that one of the elders, who had great local reputation as a man of parts, should be deputed to settle the question. On the next Sabbath the unconcacious of-fender again made her appearance and again produced the trumpet, whereupon the chosen elder rose from his seat and marched down the aisle to where the old lady sat, and, warning her with an upraised finger, said sternly: "The first toot—ye're oot!"—

Sir Henry Johnston, the African explorer, praised in Washington the innumerable and superb American

golf courses.

"I never saw anything like it," said he, "and I have but one fault to find. You permit too many persons to promenade your links as though they were public parks. This is very annoying and also very

dangerous.

"These promenaders are often extremely ignorant of golf. It was here in Washington, I believe, that a

player overheard two of them conversing.

"'What,' said a young lady promenader, 'is that man with the club shouting "Fore" for?

"Her companion, another young lady, answered:

"I suppose that is the number of times he has missed the ball. And doesn't he seem annoyed about

It is a good idea to teach the small boy that he should not talk while his father is reading, but there should not talk while his father is reading, but there is a case in which the prohibition was carried to a disastrous extent. Harry had been lectured so many times about his inopportune talking that he usually asked permission to speak. He saw, one evening, that his father was "buried in the newspaper," so he asked his mother if he might say something. His mother told him that his father must not be disturbed. Harry mildly insisted, however, asking leave to say "just one word," but the mother was firm and would not give the necessary permission. Finally, the father laid down his paper and said:

"Now. Harry, what is it that you wish to say?"

"Now, Harry, what is it that you wish to say?"
"Oh, nothing," answered the boy, "except that the bathtub is running over."
And then there was a hurrying and a scurrying, and all that sort of thing.

Safety Razor in the Orient

Easy Way Out of It

It is told of the late Hon. Martin I. Wilkins, in pre-Confederation days Attorney-General of Nova Scotia, that on one occasion when stumping in Pictou county, he stopped over night at the home of a good Presbyterian brother, who before retiring, requested the politician to lead in family prayer. Here was a

poser.

The Attorney-General, says the Fredericton Herald, in telling the story, was not noted as a religious man, and had probably never made a public prayer in his life. What was he to do? To decline the service requested of him, was probably to lose political support in that strong Presbyterian community, and to go ahead with it was, he feared, likely to make himself annear ridiculous.

munity, and to go ahead with it was, he feared, likely to make himself appear ridiculous.

But he got out of the difficulty in rather a novel way. As he told the story himself, it was put thus:

"I could not pray in public, and that was necessarily part of the service, but with a happy inspiration when my kind host handed me the family Bible, I turned up Psalm CXIX. and read from it until approximation was asked and then made my activities. everybody was asleep, and then made my exit to bed."—Toronto Saturday Night.

"So you are just back from a circular tour of the Mediterranean, including Egypt and the Nile. Well,

well!"

The speaker was George Ade. Shaking the hand
of the brown young farmer he went on.

"I know the sort of conversation you heard over
there—in Egypt, say. Listen and I'll tear off a yard
or two. It ran like this:

"Isn't it lovely? Cleopatra lived here, and Moses
and Phencol. It makes your head swim, doesn't it?"

and Pharaoh. It makes your head swim, doesn't it?"
"I guess it's the bad air. It hurts my head, too.
Is that the Nile?" "'Look at the crocodile basking in the sun.'
"'Gee, there's the Sphinx!'
"'And that must be the desert. But I don't see

any caravans."

"'No. How provoking!"

"'Isn't it nice to travel on a railroad where they don't have any soot?"

"'Yes, and do you notice the balmy, spicy smell?
What can it be? I'll ask the brakeman. Brakeman!"

"Where does that spicy smell come from?"
"From the engine, ma'am. We don't use nothing but mummies for fuel on this here line,"

Appropriate Gifts

"The great trouble with the general run of gifts that our misguided friends send us these days," said Horatio, "is their vast, their abysmal, inappropriateness. Look at my case. On Christmas Day I was in receipt of some three dozen very handsome gifts. Three patent safety razors, although I wear a full beard; a beautifully embroidered smoking cap six sizes too small, but possibly available for a cuff-box if turned upside down and sent to somebody who wears detachable cuffs, which I do not. A volume called "Sixty Soups and How to Make Them," in spite of the fact that I neither eat soup nor do my own cooking. A Guest Register, although I live in a bachelor's apartment where nobody ever calls except a stray tailor or two with an unpaid bill, and so on. With the possible exception of a check for fifty dollars from my Uncle Ebenezer, who is now in his second childhood, there was hardly a thing in the whole bunch that I could use. I have had to pack

second childhood, there was hardly a thing in the whole bunch that I could use. I have had to pack 'em all away in a trunk until next Christmas, when I shall redistribute them as my gifts to kindly friends whom I wish to remember."

"Oh, well," said Antonio, "it is pretty hard these days to decide what is and what is not appropriate. Your own Uncle Ebenezer is a case in point. What the deuce, for instance, could you find to send to an old chap like that who, according to your own statement, is in his second childhood?"

"That," said Horatio, complacently, "was the easiest thing in the world. It required only a little thought on my part to fill Uncle Ebenezer's heart with joy."

What did you send him?" inquired Antonio, rather curious to know.
"A copy of "Mother Goose,"" said Horatio,