

Helps Clean House.

Some people don't like to clean house. Mamma spises it, and so does Minnie. I just 'joy it, and Freddy thinks it's elgant.

Next to 1st of July, and Christmas, and Thanksgiving, and New Years and bith-days, I like it better'n any other time. When mamma said she guesed she'd 'mence housecleaning next week, Uncle Jack said he was going to Toronto to stay two weeks, and papa said he wished he could go.

Minnie said she was going, and teased till mamma asked Uncle Jack to take her. I told Uncle Jack to give my love and a kiss to Aunt Grace, and tell her I was 'tained at home helping clean house che I'd have come to.

The day 'fore we 'menced cleaning a ac'ident happened to nurse. She was going down the back steps, and she walked on a piece of soap I left there when I made some suds to blow soap bubbles, and fell down and hurt her arm. She made more fuss than I did when I cut my finger and it bled more'n three-quarts, and went right off home. Mamma was pletely scorned. She said it would take her all her time to take care of the twins, and she didn't see how Jennie could do all the work and clean house too.

I told her I'd help Jennie and soon it was done. I'd take care of Pete and she and Freddy could 'tend to Bess, and then we wouldn't have to have that cross old nurse 'round saying "hush, hush," all the time.

So mamma stayed in the nursery with the twins, and Jennie and I 'menced cleaning the next day. Course I was sorry the ac'ident happened, but no one was to blame for it. 'Sides that, it spoiled my piece of soap. But I guess it was a blessing in 'sguise, like grandma tells 'bout, for we've got rid of that old cross-patch nurse anyhow. But grandma don't think housecleaning is a blessing in 'sguise, 'cause she went right off, too, and stayed at Aunt Mary's till it was all done.

The first room we cleaned was the one up stairs where comphy always sleeps. Jennie took the tacks out of the carpet and I held the dish to put 'em in. She had to go down stairs for something, and I thought I'd finish. The tacks stuck awful and I jammed 'em with the thing you poke 'em out with, but that made so many holes in the carpet I had to stop.

I was so 'voked at the old thing I threw it out of the window and it fell right in the well.

Then I went and told mamma a ac'ident had happened to her old tack puller. "Dear, dear!" mamma said, "that was the only one we had, and now we have to send clear to the village to get another." "Oh mamma!" I said, "can Freddy and I go with the hired man when he goes for it?" She said "no," real cross, and we both 'menced to cry and holler, then she said we could.

We had a buful ride, I drove down and Freddy drove back. We got two tack things but when I asked mamma to let me take one, she wouldn't. I never knew her to be so selfish before.

When Jennie got the the carpet up the hired man put it on the clothes line and whipped it with a big stick.

I got a stick and helped him. But mine was a piece of lath and had a nail in it, and it made holes worse'n that old tack puller. Then I ac'idently hit him with it, and he said some awful swear words, and I went and told mamma, she said to keep 'way from him, and go help Jennie wash windows. We washed 'em in a tub in the wood-house. I held the soap dish and cloth, and handed 'em to her when she wanted 'em. Then we put 'em on the back stoop. Freddy had a lot of stones in his wagon, and was playing draw a load of com. Jennie said she was afraid I'd work too hard, and I'd better go and play with him awhile. So I went, and the first thing I knew a big black fly got on one of the windows, and walked on the clean glass with his dirty feet. I took a stone and threw at him. When he saw it coming he dodged it, and it hit the window and made the glass all full of little cracks.

I went and told mamma another ac'ident had happened. "Oh dear!" she said "what have you done now, Toot?" "Nothing, mamma," I said. "It was a fly."

The next day papa was going to the village, and he asked Freddy and me if we wanted to go and I said I'd like to, if mamma could spare me. She said she could and we went.

I didn't know papa 'tended to stay all day, but he did, and then Aunt Jane wanted us to stay all night, and papa said he was 'fraid she'd feel bad if we didn't, so we stayed. I told him to tell mamma I'd be back in the morning and not to clean any till I got there.

But Uncle Tom didn't get time to take us home till the next day night, and then Mrs. Ryan was there, and they'd get the upstairs all cleaned.

I was so 'spointed I 'menced to cry, but Mrs. Ryan said she'd left all the hardest part down stairs till I got back.

The next day we cleaned the parlor, but we had terrible bad luck. Mrs. Ryan had on a buful sun bonnet when she worked, so I put Rose's lace cap on. But it wasn't big 'nough, and it fell in a pail of water and got wet, and mamma slapped me for wearing it.

We put all the furniture in the hall and on the vrande. I took all the chairs and made a train of cars, and had Freddy and the cat for passagers. We had a big red chair for the engine, and I rode in that and jumped up and down in it and said "hoo! hoo!" and pulled just like a real engine.

But my shoes were muddy, and they got the cushion a little dirty. So I took my handkerchief and wet it in a pail of water. Mrs. Ryan had been nopping in, and washed it, and Freddy took his handkerchief and washed the other chairs, but the sun shone on them and they dried in streaks like clothes do sometimes, and they didn't look good.

Then I told Freddy we'd better wash the looking-glass. So he took hold of one end of it, and I took the other, and we carried it down the steps and into the front yard and laid it on the grass. Then we went and got the pail of water we washed the chairs in. I told Freddy we'd throw the water on the glass same's Jennie did at the windows.

So we both took hold of the pail and swung it so's the water'd spatter good. And it flew out of our hands, and jumped right on the glass and broke it all to pieces.

It made an awful crack when it broke, and mamma and Mrs. Ryan and Jennie came running out.

"Ouch!" Mrs. Ryan said, "you've broke the glass, and it's a bad sign, and now ye'll ve death in the family sure!"

Mamma most cried 'bout the glass, so I gave her two five cent pieces out of my bank to buy another one, and she felt better. Then a man came to paper the dining-room. I tried to help him, but he called me a "trouble some mope" 'cause I tipped over the dish of pancake batter he stuck the paper on the wall with, and 'stead of tending to his work he kept going out in the kitchen, and whispering to Jennie. I guess he's a bean by the de'ious way he acts, and I got 'scouraged waiting for him to finish and went at the papering myself.

I took a roll of paper and cut it in pieces and stuck it on the wall as high as I could reach. He had some elegant bordering, and I put all of that on, 'cept what I saved to make paper doll's dresses.

When he came back, 'stead of being grateful, he flew round like a hen with her head cut off, and called mamma. When she saw what I'd done she sat down in a chair 's if she was tired. The man said he'd have to send to the city for more bordering, and he couldn't get the room done in a week. I said: "Mamma, what makes you let the old slowpoke do it?" Jennie and I could paper it in an hour.

In the morning papa 'vited me to ride over to Aunt Mary's with him. And when I was out in the barn seeing the little red calf, he went home 'bout me.

I s'posed he'd come for me at night, but he didn't come for more'n fifty days. Last he came, and grandma and I went home with him. And just as I 'spected, the house was all cleaned, and Mrs. Ryan had gone home. But that sign 'bout some one's dying if you break a looking-glass is a true one, for the day after I got home Freddy broke his black boy doll I gave him Christmas.

Juvenile Criminality.

One of the most important subjects discussed in the Prison Reform Commission's report, which was the other day laid on the table of the House of Assembly, is that of juvenile criminality. For several years our country has witnessed a steady increase of youthful offences, that is, offences committed by persons under sixteen years of age. Taking the whole of the Dominion, the percentages for the years 1884, '85, '86, '87, and '88, were respectively, 10.13, 10.24, 11.00, 12.81, and 16.06. Thus in five years the increase of this class of criminals has been more than 57 per cent. The commissioners are led to conclude after careful and thorough investigation of the subject that the cause, or more properly causes, of this ill-omened advance are: Want of proper parental control, the lack of proper home training of children due to the culpable neglect of parents, their indifference to parental duties, and the influence of bad homes. To these is added "the importance of children taken from the reformatory, refugees and workhouses of the old world" which the commissioners are forced from the evidence they received to regard as fraught with much danger, and as calculated, unless con-



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ducted with the utmost care and prudence, to swell the ranks of the criminal classes in this country.

In view of this alarming increase, and of the manifest inefficiency of present methods to deal with youthful criminals, the commissioners recommend that the law requiring children within certain ages to attend school during a certain specified portion of each year be vigorously enforced; that provision be made to secure the proper education of children employed in factories, workshops and elsewhere; that one or more day industrial schools be established in every city and large town; that provision be made on these schools for the control and instruction during the day of disorderly or neglected children belonging to what is generally described as the "Arab class"; of habitual truants; of those who cannot be controlled by parents or guardians, or who otherwise require special supervision, and of destitute and forsaken children who may not be proper subjects for constant residence in charitable institutions, but require partial assistance in obtaining proper food and clothing; and for carrying on work of a simple kind for the industrial training of these classes. They recommend, moreover, that as little publicity as possible be given to the arrest and trial of youthful offenders that no child under 14 years of age be taken publicly through the streets as a prisoner or be publicly tried for his alleged offence and that in no case should such child be committed to the common goal either while awaiting trial or after conviction. Instead of confinement within the common prison they would have children accused of crime, if serious, detained in the house of a police officer while awaiting trial, and if convicted either discharged on suspended sentence, which might often be done with advantage especially where the offence is the first and not of a serious nature, or be sent to a reformatory (which should be so arranged as to permit of a proper classification of the prisoners) under an indeterminate sentence, that is, a sentence which enables the offender to earn by industry, diligence and general good conduct, a remission of a portion of the extreme penalty attached to his crime. It is obvious that to carry out these recommendations will involve large additional expense, seeing that the existing provisions are both inadequate and unsuited for that classification of the prisoners which experience has proved to be absolutely essential to secure the best results. This fact is recognized by the commissioners who nevertheless assert that unless the recommendations are carried out the whole reformatory system must prove a failure. And to fail here means peril to the welfare of society.

Canon Farrar on the S. A.

Whether the Salvation Army will live or not as a separate organization, it is impossible to prophesy. We may at least learn something from its sincerities, and we may be certain that if it has done any harm, it will also leave behind it a treasure of valuable experience and a legacy of permanent good. It has been partaker of affliction, and has been tried in the fire. But let the powers of evil, even when they enlist on

their side a "soulless clericalism," gnash their teeth and learn their own impotence, when they see that their very opposition is turned into a source of strength to their enemies.

The four simple principles of the Salvation Army, as stated by its founder, are: (1) going to the people with the message of salvation; (2) attracting the people; (3) saving the people; and (4) employing the people, as far as possible, in religious work. No objection against the "Army" is more common on the lips of superfluous people than that which complains of the shouting and howling and blaspheming and vulgarity. Well we must make up our minds that the people of our slums will never be won by a rose-pink religionism. The children of the street must worship the Father in street English, which may sometimes be "quite shocking" to the female mind. The overpowering joy which some poor creature shows who has been rescued from the neglect of the respectable, who, shrugging their shoulders, have left him to the tender mercies of the publican, is one of the striking characteristics of these humble converts. I sometimes think of these Salvationists in the words of Robert Browning:

"Well, less is more, Loretta, I am judged. Three lives a turrett light of God in them. In their vexed, beating, stuffed and stopped-up brains. Hearts, or whatever else, than goes to prompt This low-pulsed forthright craftsman's hand of mine. Their works drop ground war I, but themselves, I know."

Reach many a time a heaven that's shut to me. Enter and take their place there sure enough. Though they come back and cannot tell the world.

Civil Service Examiner—"Give me an illustration of the difference between capital and labor." Applicant—"Sitting with your arms around the shapely waist of a pretty girl is—capital. Married and your wife chasing little flannel shirts up and down the washboard is—labor."

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The theory that a man can feel pain in an amputated limb is still a subject of controversy. A physician who believes it says:—"Many of the nerves that furnish communication between the brain are not injured in their activity by the amputation of their lower portion, and convey sensation as readily as ever. The brain fails to recognize the fact that function of the nerve has changed, and that the part in which it formerly terminated exists no longer. Therefore, when a sensation is felt conveyed by a nerve that in the unmaimed body led to the foot, the feeling is the same as if the foot were still in place. If certain nerves in an amputated leg be touched the feeling is exactly the same as if the foot were touched, and the sensation of pain is felt not where it is applied, but where the mind has been in the habit of receiving communications from the nerve in question."

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