

covered how far a properly digested ordinance in this direction would have saved a multitude of sins.

While I am discussing civic matters, I might mention that the disgust of the people has manifested itself in the unusual interest which is being taken in the coming mayoralty contest. Already the present mayor is in the field, and Mr. John Teague has announced himself as prepared to fight for the honor. Other names are mentioned, but THE HOME JOURNAL is in a position to state authoritatively that Mr. Rithet and Ald. Belyea will not offer themselves as candidates.

A small produce trader up street, who felt unequal to the risk of ordering a large consignment of bananas from Frisco, got two other small dealers to join him in the deal. Finally, when the bananas (which looked at first like a real bargain) arrived, the investors discovered they could buy on Wharf street a similar amount for \$80 less than it cost them. One of the interested parties, in looking at his load as it backed up to his store, displayed on his features the sort of joy peculiar to the unloading of a corpse, and in this mood he explained how he became a victim. "Why," said he, "that agent played a solo on a single string so successfully and effectively for us, and it proved so alluring and fascinating that we capitulated, we fell, and here we are holding the bag."

A brilliant play, a superb company and a beautiful and successful star are the greatest requisites towards making a production noteworthy. The play "The Story of a Kiss" which will be produced next Thursday night at The Victoria, has its origin in the world's greatest novelist Emile Zola, whose vivid imaginary powers send thrilling raptures of delight through his reader's sys-

tem. The various characters in this romantic drama have the true ring of originality, couched in language most grand, the climax appealing to those whose good traits far overreach the mercenary motives that usually actuate the human mind. Madeline Merli, the star, has won great laurels in the old world, having appeared before the royalty of Italy, England, Spain and Russia as leading support to Salvini. She possesses beauty, genius, intellect and her portrayal of the difficult character of "Pauline" is said to place her among America's greatest artists.

An Eastern woman who has made the amelioration of the condition of the poor a life-long study, claims that the best way to give the indigent assistance is to teach them to cook inexpensive foods so that they will be both appetizing and nutritious, and there is a great deal more to her claim than one would think at first sight. The foreigners who come to this country know how to instruct the nourishing juices from the cheaper cuts of meats, and thus make more palatable the various cereals which they eat in larger quantities, and their expenses for living are much less than those of our own people, who want extensive cuts, roasted, broiled or fried. The latter methods of preparing meats result in a great amount of waste and the consumers do not derive a fraction of the benefit they should. This lady favors the savory stews which can be prepared for so small an outlay and which are full of nourishing and flesh-building qualities. When one considers that an Italian family in good circumstances, without the need of any strict economy, will dine well with several courses for the same amount of money that a Canadian would think a small price for his individual lunch, there does not seem to be any excuse for suffering in this country where

the staples are so cheap and where there is so great a variety. Considering these facts it certainly does seem to be a wiser system of charity to teach the poor to utilize that which they have rather than to give them in plenty that which they do not know how to use.

The following letter fully explains itself. Should any one be able to give the information desired it will no doubt be thankfully received by Mrs. Day:

"NORWICH, Ont., Nov. 1.

"SIR—You will be somewhat surprised at receiving this letter, but the reason that has prompted me to write you is this: Mr. Willard Hand (he is my husband's nephew) gave me your address and said to mention his name and he felt sure you would aid me. Firstly, I shall almost have to write you the history of my life before you can fully understand my meaning. My father, William Consider Ruttan, left home when I was a child, some thirty-eight years ago, and since my dear mother's death we have heard he is alive. My mother lived and died for him. They never had a word, always lived agreeably; she simply speaking idolized him and his memory. Since her death I have been informed her letters from him were taken out by others, read and burned, and many that he sent her she never saw. She married against her mother's wish. There were four born—two sons and two daughters—for which my dear mother took in sewing to support, always teaching us to respect his name; and whenever we would ask after our father she would say, he must certainly be dead for no man that loved his wife and children as he did would ever forsake them. When I was a girl I heard a Mrs. Winters ask my mother forgiveness for all the wrong she ever done her. My mother forgave her and afterward told me that she judged her and