

Chats with the Children

Not first at tilt or tournament, Can make a stainless knight, But he who nobly scorns the wrong, And bravely dares the light.

No proud lineage he may boast, Or high ancestral fame, A King among a thousand men, His rank—an honored name.

No honour in his bearing, But unadorned grace, And well may child or woman trust That noble, manly face.

Should fickle fortune frown on him, And hopes once obliterated die, The strong man modestly come his head, Nor leaves one murrain ring sigh.

And thus, with calm untroubled mien, Such men this earth have trod— Heedless of "Nature's gentlemen," The noblest work of God.

AN INDIAN GAME. When not on the warpath, or engaged in hunting, western Indians spend much of their time in various games or contests of skill.

Of these contests, one of the most popular is flying the arrow, a sport to which the Indians of all tribes devote considerable time and attention.

When this game is proposed, each of those who wish to join in it lays on the ground some thing of small value, such as a pipe, quiver of arrows, and hoop, or tobacco pouch or knife, and when all have been collected the value of the whole makes a prize well worth trying for.

The bows are carefully examined, a dozen of the best arrows in the quiver selected, and the first of the competitors steps out in front of the rest, and prepares to shoot, not at a mark, but straight up into the air.

His object is to have as many arrows in the air as possible at the same time, and he who can send up the greatest number, before the first touches the ground, wins the game and the prizes.

NAMING THE CHILDREN OVER. "I have three children to name over," said Mrs. Drew one day, "and I shall name them Half Done, Almost Done, and Done."

Jasper looked behind his mother's chair with a guilty look. "He, I am sure, was Half Done, for as quick as lightning he thought of his pigeon-house, begun as soon as he had his new box of tools, and never tooted of his aunt's flower-land, which had the sticks and the mud; and that was all; of the latch he began to mend, and left; of his geometry, which he missed, because it was only half learned; of the mittens which he lost, because they were only half in his pocket, and worse than all of Zebra, the horse that ran off, and broke the carriage, because he was only half harnessed. Jasper, I say, quick as a dash, thought of all these, and shrunk back, more than certain that 'Half Done' was his name. If all his thought were true, did he not deserve it?"

"You mean me," said Lucy. "Mean you for what?" asked her mother. "For Almost Done," said Lucy, blushing. "I was almost done dressing when breakfast was ready. I was almost to school when it began. I had almost done my letter to papa when it was time to send it. I had almost finished 'Golden Threads' when Jane came for it. Oh dear! I ought to be 'Almost Done' as quick as bad as Half Done, and a great deal more provoking because you see, just a little more trying would have done me."

"Almost cost King Agrippa his soul," said Lucy's mother. "He was almost persuaded to be a Christian, after hearing St. Paul preach; but then the poor king stopped—Alma, but not altogether. Poor Agrippa I am so sorry for him."

"And are you sorry for me?" asked Lucy softly. "Yes, my darling; because 'almost' stops short of reaching the end of what you may most desire and need. Your feet are turned towards the Lord, but they will not get to Him. Your eyes are looking towards heaven; but 'almost' will leave you this side of the Beautiful Gate, and this side is outside, where you would not be left, my child."

"No, mother, I do not want to be left out," she said. "I will put away 'almost' and take up 'altogether'; for 'altogether' means done, I suppose. Who of us is 'Done'?" "Who is?" asked mother. "Arthur," cried Lucy and Jasper at once. "Arthur does, Arthur finishes." Arthur looked up surprised and pleased, as his brother and sister willingly accorded the credit due him.

The whole given the name of a character and title of a book together

CONJURINGS. If your mare ran away and you wanted a negro servant to catch her, what name famous in history would you mention?

CHANGED WORDS. First, carpenter's accessories, second, a herb; third, a walking stick; fourth, a biblical character, fifth, a sweet odour; sixth, a piece of money.

Answers to Puzzles, Nov. 17th.

TRANSPERITION. Ian MacLaren. A POT OF PEAS. 1. Page, ago. 2. Pair, air. 3. Palo, ale. 4. Paut, aut. 5. Part, art. 6. Par, ear. 7. Plow, u. 8. Pair, sta. 9. Put, out. 10. Poff, of. 11. Pecl, col. 12. Plot, lot.

CHARADE. Wind—fall. MARKS. P. J. Moran, 3. F. McCarthy, 2.

No family living in a bilious country should be without Parement's Vegetable Pills. A few doses taken now and then will keep the Liver active, cleanse the stomach and bowels from all bilious matter and prevent Ague. Mr. J. L. Parement, 212 South Main St., Ind., writes: "I have tried a box of Parement's Pills and find them the best medicine for Fever and Ague I have ever used."

SUMMER ZEPHYRS. An old warrior was asked the following question: "You have never been afraid, general?" "Never. Except of a pair of old boots."

CLAUDE. "I suppose Miss Quiver sailed through her name beautifully," said Mrs. Drew. "No," she broke on the upper notes. "Claude—Wrecked on the high C's, eh?"

BIBBS. "That fellow to whom I nodded will probably cut me the next time he sees me." "Slobs." "Why?" "Bibbs." "He's my barber, and he's horribly careless."

"You keep your lawn in lovely condition, Mrs. Trimmer." "Yes; the Blinksers have a new lawn-mower. The one they used to send us last summer was a disgrace to the neighbourhood."

"We had a great revival in our congregation," said a prominent minister to a friend. "I rejoice to hear it," said his friend. "How many did you add?" "We did not add any," replied the minister. "We got rid of five."

"I dunno," remarked Plute Pete. "I'm beginning to feel kind of doubtful about that case." "Ye mean about that hoss that we've tended to?" "Ye." "But he confessed." "I know it. An' it wasn't till he confessed that I had doubts. There ain't no circumstances whatsoever under which I'll take his word for anything."

Those She-would Fortune Tellers. They had the fortune told by scientific methods—separately. Just their marriage should be suspected—and were comparing notes. "There was only one thing I didn't like," said Angelina, "and that was—that I was to be married twice." "What?" "Fadin exclaimed. "It wasn't my fault," pleaded Angelina. "She said it was written in my hand." "You were to be married twice?" "Yes." "But I'm to be married twice, too."

About a year ago a man employed at the diamond mines in South Africa met with an accident by which he lost the sight of one of his eyes. The wound had healed he had the eye repaired by an artificial one sent from London. One afternoon, feeling peculiarly inclined, he stepped over to where several ladies were working, and taking out the eye, he placed it on a bench before them, saying: "I am going out for a minute, but shall leave this to you to watch you." The moment he was gone, the terrified blacks fled from the mine, and have not since been seen in the district."

Missed the Point.—"Professor," said an acquaintance, "you understand Latin, do you not?" "Well," replied the professor, "I may be said to have a fair knowledge of Latin, yes." "I know everybody says you have. I wish you would tell me what that word means?" "Nobody that I have asked knows it," he said. "Is there any such word as 'volix,' madam—of which I have serious doubts—I certainly do not know what it means." "You surprise me, professor. A man of your attainments ought to know that volix means Vol IX." The professor devoted a moment to consulting his reserves, for a brilliant light shined on his forehead. "It is no wonder," he said. "That I did not see the point of your joke. You left the point out of it."

There is danger in neglecting a cold. Many who have died of consumption dated their troubles from exposure, followed by a cold which settled on their lungs and in a short time they were beyond the skill of the best physicians. Had they used Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, before it was too late, their cold would have been spared. This medicine has no equal for curing coughs, colds and all affections of the throat and lungs.

PUZZLES. CHARADE. My first all children want, When they go out to play; I don't I think they'd like To have one every day.

My second in the place To have a lovely game, If you will think a little bit, I'm sure you'll guess the same.

THE DOMAIN OF WOMAN

THE HAND THAT RULES THE WHEEL.

The snow was falling silently outside and the windows were covered with a coating of rime and frostwork combined, of the best within and the cold without. Inside the comfortable hall smoking room four of them were seated in various attitudes of comfort.

The Cynic was buried in a capacious arm chair with his feet elevated upon the table, the Philosopher was reclining upon a lounge and the Bookworm was sitting in a rocker near the open fireplace wherein the logs crackled merrily. Just a bit of the Playgoer's head was visible from out of the low seated easy chair in which he was buried. Gallagher was curled up on the hearthrug. "Gallagher" was the Cynic's forerunner, he called because when once he got hold of anything, no matter what, he never under any circumstances let it go again.

The Bookworm had been reading Mill on "The Subjection of Woman," and he began it—mean the conversation. "Singular thing to think that the subjection of the female sex—more than one half the population of the world—should have continued for so many centuries without a protest on their part," he remarked.

The Cynic grunted; the Philosopher removed his cigar as though about to speak, but altered his mind and replaced it in his mouth. "The so called inferiority of woman is undoubtedly the result of education," continued the Bookworm. "They have been taught for so many generations to consider themselves the intellectual inferiors of men, have been so much repressed and stunted in every mental department except the emotional, that the wonder is they possess any brain capacity of any kind beyond that necessary to enable them to fulfil the particular duties assigned to them."

"Case of the survival of the fittest," said the Cynic, "the intellectual woman having survived the persecutions to which they were subjected are now coming to the fore."

"When the laws of the injustice to which women were subjected up to a short time ago," continued the Bookworm, "were warming up to the subject, especially in the matter of marriage, it makes one's blood boil. Fathers are sold their daughters to the highest bidder."

"Good idea, too," remarked the Cynic. "Wouldn't mind having half a dozen daughters myself if I could sell 'em for \$500 each. Those old bops knew what they were about when they did not catch them forking out money to buy a trousseau and fallals and all the rest of it; they had more sense. They thought if the fellow wanted the girl make him pay for her. Nowadays it's the bride who is given away in the bridegroom's suit."

"A good deal of selling is going on now," said the Philosopher. "Mamma's are always on the lookout for the bean with the longest pulse, while the demimouche ornaments are by no means averse to the married yoke."

"Every Avon was closed to women," said the Bookworm; "except marriage, as though men feared they would not marry and so determined to force them into it."

"I haven't noticed that much force is necessary in the majority of cases," observed the Cynic. "With all this aversion that are open to them at present, women seem quite as anxious to marry as they ever were."

"Results of generations of training," retorted the Bookworm. "Woman from time immemorial has been brought up in the belief that her sole duty in life was to get ready to marry and to emulate herself on the altar of home."

"Well, and isn't it?" asked the Philosopher. "Certainly not," replied the Bookworm. "Woman's mission is to stand up for the rights of the oppressed, to qualify herself for all the duties and employments as present open only to men, to prove that intellectually she is his equal, if not his superior, to throw off the unjust and grading shackles with which the men for their own selfish interests have bound her, and claim her rightful place in the arena of politics and diplomacy."

"And while she is doing all this," said the Philosopher, "what is her aim? Is she not to get ready to marry, to get ready to get married, to get ready to get married?" "Oh, they must found a big institution, kind of Foundling Hospital, or Infants home, and put all the young ones that are born as they are born, to be reared the Cynic. "Put all the old maids in charge of it, they know such a lot about the bringing up of children. In fact, in a few years they will be the only women who will know anything about the rearing of children."

"Children!" said the Bookworm, "the old, exploded theory that a woman ought to devote her life to the rearing and education of children will have to give place to newer and grander ideas, with which the most enlightened female sex will stand upon a pinnacle of eminence far above that which men have yet attained."

"And in the meantime what is going to become of the population?" asked the Philosopher. "Oh the population," said the Bookworm, impatiently, "that will go on as usual, of course. The mediocre women those with no intellect to speak of will perform all the drudgery incidental to the rearing of families, etc."

"Nice for the mediocre women and of cetera," murmured the Cynic. "Then if only the unutilized of the women are to marry, how is your race of unutilized and unutilized females going to be continued?" demanded the Philosopher. "It can hardly last beyond the first generation under these conditions."

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