LAND OF PROMISE IN GOLDEN WEST.

new settlers in the Golden West: Red Deer, Alberta, April 18.—When the train pulled out of Calgary on the Edmonton branch, Mr. Winn, the agent of the immigration department, had just made comfortable the settlers least used to the fatigue of travel, and wished them all good luck. The effect of the pleasant word and ready helping hand of the government representatives at the points of entry can hardly be overestimated. Every man and oman thus treated seems to regard it as a good omen, and they go forward to the unknown all the more courageously. And what life stories are to learned on these immigrant cars! This morning there were eighty-five settlers on the regular train north. They were from Michigan, Wisconsin, Iowa, Nebraska, Kansas and Oklahoma. One young woman had a brood of five chil-dren, of the steps-and-stairs pattern,

the eldest being perhaps eleven.
"I am from Nebraska," she said. "My husband went up with our stock and implements a month ago, leaving me to follow with the children. He was born in Ontario, but I have never 403 girls, a total of 1,783. The total been out of Nebraska, in my life. Why, for the three months ending March I never was on a railway train till I took this journey, and we've been on the cars now since Monday, five days. It has been tiresome, but pleasant, to me, for I have seen some beautiful things. The mountains are grand," added the Nebraska woman, as she turned to the west, where the Rockies rose in enormous bulk, like great white clouds banked against the blue of mid-

"Why did we come? Oh, there's no secret about that. We have had four very poor seasons in our section, and last year it was so dry that we had to spend a lot of money to put up a windmill and get water to save the stock from dying. My husband said we had better get out, for if we didn't and had another bad season, we shouldn't be able to pull stakes. This looks like a fine country, and I guess we'll get on all right."

Later, at Olds station, when I landed, the smallest of the ex-Nebraskans on the platform gave a shout, and a big broad-shouldered fellow came forward, kissed his wife, gathered as much of Nebraska's exodus in his arms as he could—one has to draw the line at five—and marched them off to the

THE MAN FROM OKLAHOMA.

The most interesting of the settlers, however, was the man from Oklahoma, who, with his wife and four children, ranging from 12 to 3, was en route to the latest land of promise. in Iowa, lived in Kansas, was in the Oklahoma rush, been farming and frontiering all my life," he said. "No use talking; that land of mine down

there wasn't any good." He said "warn't," but the reader can reproduce the mid-western drawl for

"If it had been I wouldn't be here. Sold the place for seven hundred; so you can guess. Got some good stock, dairy cows, four fine horses, some pigs ing to pitch the tents and let the family stay till I look up some land. It na got to have timber on it. My wife, the has been on the plains all her life, and she is just bound to have some timber. Don't care if it is back from the railroad a bit. Guess I'll not be so far from the other road when it strikes across to the Pine River Pass. I reckon it's going through all right. There are my boys growing up. Real smart boys. Want to give them a chance. I'm anxious about hooling for them, and if we go too far out I guess there may be some

GUN PLAY AND GOOD MORALS.

The Oklahoma man for the next few minutes pumped me like one of his prairie windmills on the details of government, the organization of sch districts, the relations with Great Britain, the powers of the territorial and federal authority, and the safety of life and property.

got a revolver," he said, when I told him of the law against the carrying of concealed weapons, "but it ain't for use against man. There's lots of gun play. where I come from, but I reckon it ain't Christian to put lead in a man when his back is turned. Lots of them settle their rows there with their guns, but, you know, they're getting down on it, and sometimes they put a man in the 'pen' for a good long term for shooting another, sort of un-

The Oklahoma man's ideas of our relations to Great Britain were hazy. "They tried to scare me off," he said, when I told them I was going to Canada, by saying first thing I knew I'd be packed off to South Africa to fight the Boers; but I didn't scare a bit. I fust said to myself, there ain't no conscription in Canada that I ever heard of, and I'll risk it anyway. Besides

that war's a gone coon. The Oklahoma young hopefuls were originals. The 6-year-old boy proudly drew out a knife and exhibited it, a big horn-handled jackknife. "My uncle gave me that to skin the bears up in Canada," he said, confidently. "I'm going to get a pony, too, and I think I'll call it Daisy. We had a bird at home, but we had to let it fly away when we left. I'm sleepy, but you can't tire me. No, sir. We had to sleep on the quilt last night, in the room at the station, and I just couldn't sleep."

These poor little children had been on the train traveling steadily, under great hardships, for eleven days, and yet the mountain peaks, a colt in a meadow, a flock of wild ducks, and the ice on the little lakes interested them seenly. Ice, of course, is rather scarce

in Oklahoma. Other settlers had stories largely of the same sort: Growing families and no room to spread out at home; reports from friends who had settled in Alberta as to the fine opportunities for mixed farming and the crop results of last year. They were bound all up the line, a little knot dropping off at each s. tion. The most intense interest was displayed in the country through which we passed. The judgment was frank "Too much alkali there and decided. "I have had enough of bare prairie; I want trees." "That is fine black earth; bet you that would grow rare crous." were remarks heard at

WHERE VILLAGES GROW FAST.

As the train reached Carstairs, forty miles north of Calgary, the plain bedotted as far as one could see with newly-built settlers' houses. showing up brown and bare in the morning sunlight. At the siding long lines of cars, full of settlers' effects, being unloaded, and horses, cattle and implements and household furniture were mixed up in apparently inextricable confusion. The scene was a good deal like that on get-away day Toronto Industrial Exhibition. Near the station men were rushing up stores and dwellings, and a prairie it will be shipped out over the mountown under construction was revealed. takes to the Pacific Coast, and thence, "De chile got so hot hit 'gin

Mr. Stewart Lyon, who is writing a | At Didsbury and at Olds, the next two Beries of letters to the Globe from stations north, the same scenes were Western Canada, thus describes the repeated, cars unloading, stores and houses building, and out on the prairie men at work in the fields. One began to understand the importance of the figures given by Mr. Sutherland, of the Calgary Dominion land office, who said that in his district 931 homestead entries had been made since July 1, 1901, or 129 more than for the whole of the year previous, with the best two and a half months of the year to come. These figures mean that at least 4,500 settlers had come into the district, for one homestead usually covers five per-

The number going in along the line between Calgary and Edmonton will be at least 12,000 this year. The bulk of those passing through the Calgary immigration depot are bound north, and have entered Canada at Portal, on the Soo Line. The Calgary records for January were 120 males over twelve years, and 70 females, and of children 100 boys and 90 girls. In February there were 216 males over twelve, 136 females over 12, 256 boys and 208 girls. In March there were 541 males above 12, 361 females, 478 boys and was 2,979, and April will itself show almost three thousand. To indicate the enormous quantities of settlers' effects brought in, it is only necessary to state that in March 210 cars were passed at Calgary, the value of settlers' effects being entered at \$156,000. During the last three days over 100 cars of effects were sent north over

THE LAND OF PROMISE.

What is bringing this army of people into the country and causing towns and hamlets to spring up almost in a night? Nothing less than the discovery by the farmers of the United States of a land of marvelous productiveness, and the most remarkable variety of advantages, a land which has hitherto been almost altogether neglected, and Moore, a very well-known Toronto gentleman, who is land commissioner for the Red Deer tract, a splendid stretch of country, extending some 35 miles along the railway between Innisfail and Lacombe, and five miles back on either side, and which is now being very rapidly disposed of to American geon, of the C. P. R., and Rev. Dr. de white woman baby make de black Gaetz, formerly pastor of Queen's Ave-nue Methodust Church, London, and "Now you hesh up," said mammy, one of the early settlers here, I gleaned much information that explains the eagerness of Americans to settle in this region. It is a park country, with gentle slopes and alternating woods and plains, the trees being chiefly spruce along the water courses and poplar and Balm of Gilead on the highclumps of spruce, some of them with and cut up into lumber, which is consequently cheaply. ply, is in process of erection. Some twenty miles down the stream there is an excellent deposit of lignite, which said to contain almost 60 per cent. of fixed carbon, and is a fine, freeburning coal. It crops out on the river bank, and the total depth of the deposit at the thickest point uncovered is

ton, on acount of the expense of teaming. A COAL DEPOSIT ON FIRE.

70 feet, with thin layers of shale separ-

and upwards. The coal can be had at

ating the coal into seams of five

east of this deposit, and at a point on 'kase he spy all 'roun', and' he don' the river 35 miles down it has been on see no house. Den he lipt in an' b'ilt out fur de bank. fire, according to Indian tradition, for 'im a hole in de groun'. He ain't 'vite considerable distance around is so warm that snow will not lie there, but department was informed by some one that a coal deposit near Red Deer was on fire, and from Ottawa a wire was sent to one of the Dominion Government's inspectors to put it out. The fire, however, has a vested interest, and is still burning. It might be put out if put out a fire that has burned since a quarter of a mile of the heart of kyearpet.

CAPABILITIES OF THE SOIL.

its advantages, to the soil itself, words earth is prodigal in its wealth. It is ans'er dere pra'hs. the black muck of Manitoba in appearance, but its possibilities are he will be able shortly to grow any- he souse 'im in. thing that can be grown in Essex. Mr. Cottingham says that wild strawberries are so plentiful that last season. when he drove through the patches, the wheels of his rig were all splashed with red. Raspberries, blueberries and other small fruits grow most abundmeadows most of the year, and the cattle run out almost all winter, as in Southern Alberta. The influence of the chinook is felt in moderating the temperature, without the wind itself. flight is heard very frequently. The Red Deer is a fine fish stream, the trout being large and good fighters.

It becomes almost necessary to say that I am not an immigration "boomer," and that these facts are all, where not personally verified, vouched for by reputable public servants. For diversified scenery, a pleasant park country, a deep rich black soil, and an enthusiastic people, Red Deer is the log," he continued, much enthused, chile ter dis day." best bit of the west I have yet seen. "dat wuz a crockerdile. There are no doubt dozens of other

of the Lord." This is a poor man's country. Mixed farming is the rule. The farmers raise de baby; an' he 'spon' he don' kno' no some beef cattle, bring in cream to the government creamery, grow oats for export and for feeding purposes, and are now beginning to go into wheat. Not a few of the old-timers believe he go ter retch down ter de wattah that when wheat is grown extensively de crockerdile ud take a fresh sta't fer

DYSPEPSIA

When Prof. Munyon says his Dyspepsia Cure will cure indigestion and all forms of stomach trouble he simply tells the truth. It will cure a stomach that has been abused by over-cating and over-drinking. It will cure a stomach that has been weakened by old-style drugs. It will do much toward making an old stomach act like a sound one. At all druggists, 25 cents. Fifty-six other cures, Munyon, New York and Philadelphia.

MUNYON'S INHALEB CURES CATARRE.

like the California wheat, in sailing vessels to Europe. They do not believe that wheat will be a profitable crop if it must always be hauled east to the

The bulk of the settlers coming in here are Americans, but Englishmen, Icelanders from Manitoba, who are ex-cellent settlers, and Swedes are also noticeable. There are no special colonies, and the newcomers readily mix with one another. The Americans are most energetic and enterprising, and are all pleased with the country. The idea that there may be danger to Canadian nationality as a result of their coming in overwhelming numbers is laughed at by the men on the spot.

TROUBLED ABOUT TWO KINGS. "They seem most concerned," said Mr. Cottingham, of the land depart-

ment, "about the two kings—Edward and Frost." Some of them rather expect to find restrictions imposed by the King at every turn, and the King himking at every turn, and the king him-self at the railway station, with his crown on, running things. They say to me about the frost: "Now, tell us the truth. We don't mind 30 or 40 be-low, but we don't want to settle where it is 60 or 70." On these two points it only needs a little experience to show them how absurd are their misapprehensions, and they usually come back and laugh with me over them. One told me the other day that he had heard a great deal more about "the King" in the States than he had heard in Canada. They will make the best of settlers, and we cannot get too many of them. The homestead entries in the Red

Deer district, which is the next north of Calgary, have been 114 in March, and 195 for the first three months of the year. Since July 1, 1901, the total has been 668. For the year to June 30 they will total 900 at the least, or an addition of 4,500 to the population. It must not be supposed that there is no leaven of Canadians here to assimilate this foreign immigration. Rev. Dr. Gaetz, for example, has been here eighteen years, and has a family of ten children, most of them settled right around here, and all in the west. He came in, as did Mr. J. T. Moore on his first journey some time earlier, by Red River carts, along the old traders' trail from Calgary to Edmonton, long before the railway came through the valley. When Mr. Moore first came up here, just twenty years ago, there were but a few traders and others scattered along the trail, and no attempt at per-manent settlement. The Central Alberta country, therefore, is but a creation of a day, as the history of nations goes.

MR. AND MRS. HAM'S FIRST BLACK BABY.

in which there are millions of acres of two sleeping babes, one on either knee, spile. She wuz a plum sight when good soil, to be got free, or for a nom-inal price. As the guest of Mr. John T. laby. One of the babes was black as "Co'se when de chile git hot an' bile One of the babes was black as both hers by love.

Uncle Bony, sitting, lazily leaning time, and then said: "Dat chile o' yo's | melt sho' nuff. settlers, I had an opportunity tiday de blackes li'le skalewag I eve' see in of seeing something of the Red Deer all my bo'n days. Nigger baby don' Valley, and from various other gentle- show off much, by de side of a white wuz'n fergit'n ter smell fer a single men, among them Mr. W. H. Cotting- un sho'. De nigger woman baby make instan', Mr. Ham he mos' stracted. He ham, of the Dominion Lands, Mr. Pid- de white woman baby lot purtier, but scrumpshus 'bout what Miss Ham say

"dey bof jes ez sweet ez dey can be." "I ain' 'sputin dat," said the miser ground. Along the Red Deer and the nigger am so audatious onlikely."

the creeks that feed it there are fine The old "mammy" began her croon

"Ain' you don' hyearn 'bout de fust obtained comparatively nigger baby dat ever wuz? You ain't?" A large lumber mill, to he said with a self-important air, supplement the present source of sup- when Aunt Dilsy had indicated her hyeard no sich soun' ez dat; an' he ignorance and dissembled her interest

by measured nods of the head.

'form you Ham an' his lady wus jes' feet ez white ez a lily when de Lo'd sen' 'um dar, an' co'se dey don' lak de mince meat out'n 'im,' sezee. \$1 per ton at the river bank, and is climate, but dey kane he'p deyse'f. generally used by the farmers in the "Hot Um-m-m! Hit jes' natu'ly deyse'f. Mr. Ham he git monst'ous won' res' on me, sezee.' Coal crops out at intervals to the Wuk up 'bout wha' he gwine 'zide at,

dey ain't no nabors to 'vite. "Bimeby, when dey git de roof on, de soun,' sezee. melts as it falls. Last year the interior him an' Miss Ham jes' set back on dey dignity, dey did, jes' ez sassy ez flies. li'l bit, he 'low he mighty hongry, an' "Dat's when ole man Trouble chock he he head in at de do' wid a howdy-do, chile. 'kase when hit rain, lo an' beholes, one could dig a big enough hole there th'ow up de sponge, Mr. Ham recom- 'zire ter look at 'im li'l bit, 'kase he to turn the Red Deer into, but there member how he paw, Noa', kov'r de sich funny aspeck; but when she git are no other means in this country to ark ove' an' dob hit down wid pitch. 'm she skaddle up a tree an' Mr. Ham "Den Mr. Ham he boun' ter jin right arter her. time immemorial. Not only wood and 'roun' an' put 'im in some guarden | "Mr. Crockerdile open he mouf but fine building stone and marl truck, an' when he gone de sun git deposits are to be found along the Red so sizzlin' hot hit melt de pitch, an' long time, an' he jaw git tar'd, hit did, Deer in this favored vailey, and a Miss Ham had ter set de bucket onder an' he drap it down, an' terrectly he stone quarry has been opened within de drip ter 'vent de ruination of de close he eye an' 'gun ter teck a

rearpet.
"Dat ve'y night de Lo'd sen' 'um a "Mr. Ham an' he fambly crope down,

more times, 'kase dey ain' got no can'ls nur he git so het up de pitch dry up an' than those of Essex or the Niagara nuttin'. An' Mr. Ham he monst'ous pa'ch an' draw up lak a fiddle string, Peninsula than of a land supposed to frustrated, an' he grab de chile an' so he kane skasely shet de do' of he be in the far north. A lot of nursery went tarin' 'roun' dar an' stum'le on eye. Miss Ham close de do' a li'l, but stock has been recently brought in, de bucket o' pitch; an' he 'low dat wuz 'twarnt no use, hit fuse ter 'main any

> "Dey couldn' skacely wait tell mo5nin' po' chile, an' she 'low hit blacker dan ter see de chile, an' when hit git light, 'fo' Mr. Ham wash it, an' she 'clare bless grashus, ef it wuz'n ez black ez she ain' gwinter wash hit no mo'. But, de ace o' spades!

'im. an' see who he look lak. an' 'spishus lak, an' tuck a shoot an' done. start an' lit out 'cross de river lak a streak of grease' lightnin'.

"Bless yo' soul, honey, dat wuz'n no

"You ain't see no crockerdile, valleys in this as yet almost unknown you? He's a monst'ous big reas' dat's country just as much favored by na- all mouf sep he tail, wid shingle all ture and only needing the co-operation ove' 'im, lak de roof on a house. Miss of man to become "fair as the garden Ham she 'bout 'stracted, an' stan' on de bank an' wring her han's an' cry, an' ax Mr. Ham whar he gwin wid mo' she do. Mr. Ham he wuz suttin ef he let de chile dry de black would'n come off no morn'n paint, but when

It was a warm afternoon, and Aunt | simmer, an' git greasy an' smell tar'ble Dilsy sat in an old arm chair on the bad, an' he'd a lam it inter de river ef he hadn' been fyeared Miss Ham ud porch of the "great house," holding rar an cha'ge. He jes 'zume it done

night, the other as fair as day. Though dat open de po'es of de skin an' git only one was hers by blood, they were hot so deys no fadin' when hit washed. An' mo'n dat, de miz'ry did'n stop dar, but marters git wuss an' wuss: against the great column of the porch, 'kase de sun riz higher an' keep gittin' closely eyed both children for some hotter, an' den de po' baby 'gin to

"Bless grashus, when hit 'gin ter melt an' git of' lak, an' mo'n dat scrumpshus 'bout what Miss Ham say ef he take dat chile back dar all lopsided, fer hit's jes ez I tell vou, she fi' an' toe sho's you bo'n, Miss Ham

"When de sun keep gittin' mo'r brilchievous old negro. "I ain' 'sputin lin', an' keep jellyin' o' de chile, he dat, kase de pickaninny doin' his bes', da'sen skecaly tetch it; 'kase he mout ob co'se. Howsomeve," said Uncle spile de shape, worrel widout en'. He Bony, assuming a very serious expres- kotch hit by de han's an' hol' it up, sion, "it am a tar'ble kerlamity dat an' let de foots res' on de beas' back. Mr. Ham he git mighty downh'arted The old "mammy" began her croon- when he sees de a'ms stretchin' out. ing again, apparently unconscious of an' how monst'ous la'ge he foot a and other stuff. Got a couple of tents, trunks two feet in diameter. The logs Uncle Bony's observations, but really comin', and he nose done run down and when I reach Ponoka I'm just go- are floated down stream to the town, alert to his every word. lak a dyin' ca'f, an' de crockerdile stop an' lis'n 'kase he ain' nev'e up an' ax what hit all 'bout, an' when Mr. Ham 'splains, Mr. Crockerdile say, "Ham, he wuz de ve'y 'ginnin' of de sezee, 'I'ze been nosin' sumpin' good Afi'ky race, what cul'd foks dat ain't ter eat eve' sense day befo' yisterd'y, sezee, 'I'ze been nosin' sumpin' good edicated calls niggers. Dat de 'munity an' I keep cruzin' 'roun' an' git no whar de Lo'd sen' Ham to Afi'ky is. closter ter hit, an' no furder frum it, I boun' hit sprize you ter def when I an' I'ze 'bout give up de chase,' sezee. 'You jes th'ow 'im ove' here,' says Mr. Crockerdile, sezee, 'an' I'll soon make "'Oh, no,' say Mr. Ham, sezee,

'kase my ole 'oman salivate me, sezee. vicinity. In Red Deer it costs \$5 per raise a blister hit so fryin' hot. De I be mighty glad ter git de chile of'n Lo'd he give 'um de hui kentrapshun my han's, sezee, but you boun' ter take down dar, an' dey had room ter spread me back ter de bank, so's de blame "Dat look mighty fa'r, so Mr. Crock-

erdile, he tu'n roun', he did, an' cut "Well, when he git mos' dar, Mr. some 200 years. Vapor rises constant- no nabors, in ter de house raisin' Ham, he holler out, 'Here I is, ole ly from the place where the fires are, neder. 'kase in de fust place dey ain't 'oman. I done fotch back de chile and the surface of the ground for a no house ter raise, an' in de nex' place safe and soun,' sezee, 'leas' 'way safe,' sezee, 'but I got my own 'pinion 'bout

"Mr. Crockerdile, arter he perlaver gwinter make his snack ofen de

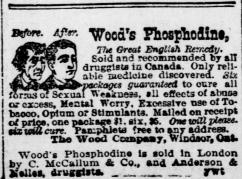
"Miss Ham she mighty skyeared, but dere house leak lak a siv'. 'Bout de she daresen' let on, an' she kin' o' time dey git 'scouraged an' ready ter laff an' say he welcome ter it, but she

monst'ous wide an' look up in de tree

li'l inesy, tinesy baby. Dey's de on'y an' dey jes' nat'erly spread deysel'f When we turn from the river, with people dar, an' dey git mighty lone- gittin' 'way frum dar. Bimeby, when a sadvantages, to the soil itself, words some, an' mope 'roun' lak de las' o' dey 'riv' at de cabin, de chile he wuz seem very inadequate to the task. The peatime, an' jes ez I say de Lo'd showin' de white of his eye lak he tar'ble 'cited, but 'twarnt dat; hit wuz "You bettah b'lieve dey hed 'citin' | 'kase when deys roosin' in dat tree and an old Essex fruit-grower says a purty good place ter wash him, an' uder way sep wide open or clean shet. "Miss Ham she 'gin ter 'zamin' de

holy smoke, when she see he long a'ms "De Lo'd done gone den, an' dey an' sha'p nose an' big foots she jes kane kick ner squeal! Miss Ham, she nat'erly went inter kernipshun fits, antly. The grazing is knee high in the ax 'im what dey gwine do, an' Mr. 'kase she kane see de favor o' de chile. Ham 'spon' he 'spose dey bettah She 'clare she kane indure sich a kyeary 'im down ter de river an' clean reachin' nose, hit so sha'p, an' she lipt in an' broke it off an' paddle it down "When dey git down dar, Mr. Ham right nice; but when she sot 'bout ter he step on a log ter git a good pu'chase clean his ha'r she got big job sho' The whirr of the prairie fowl in its fer ter scrub de black off. De log hit 'nuff. When she git one place kin' o' 'gin ter float 'roun', an' he skeared clean hit 'ud git stuck up while she 'kase he fyeard he gwine drap de raslin' wid anuder place, tell her pachile, an' he 'low he git off, but lo tience wo' ter a frazzle, an' bimeby an' beholes he too distance frum de she 'cided ter tie up de finish' pa't in bank. Den de log tu'n kin' o' slow a papah, so she can tell when she

"But, bless grashus, when she 'move de papah hit all cu'ly. "An' niggers is de spitin' imij of dat



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DEFINITION OF REAL SUCCESS

Some False Standards by Which Men's Lives Are Judged.

Associated With an Honest and Contrite Heart

Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles?-St. Matthew, vii., 16. There is an old saw which tells us that nothing succeeds like success which is another way of saying that success vindicates its own methods. The statement is false and misleading. and as an incentive to youth it is wholly disastrous. To put a disregard of the means employed into a young man's mind, and so convince him that if he accomplishes his purpose the world will ask nothing more,

drove a knife into his heart. In very truth there is a kind of apparent success which spells defeat. and a kind of apparent failure which is reckoned success in heaven. In other words, the best thing for a man is to be manly always. A lie is apt to come home to sleep and bring with it a large brood of unpleasant memories, and the man who cheats cheats himself out of more than he does his neighbor. be straightforward is worth something, and especially in times when temptations are both many and strong.

It is a beautiful world and at the same time an almost cruel world. That is to say, it is governed by law, and the law is inexorable. There are no circumstances under which you can dishonesty finds no nook or corner in which to hide itself. You may demur at this and tell me that many a rogue is happy, that many a man deals in crooked measures and has the respect of the community. I doubt both propositions. Men are measured pretty accurately in the long run, and a man is not likely to wear his heart on his sleeve and proclaim his regrets. The world has not yet been turned upside down. Every man loses unless his life is square. Eternal logic runs in that direction. Wrong is always wrong and right is always right. If you look at life from that standpoint you are safe; if not, you are in danger.

Beneath a man's reputation, which is sometimes a man's mask with false do so. features, is his character, his real self. If that is not upright he has a hornets' nest in his soul and he is being stung her sex has been so absolute that she himself, is not content, is not happy, ures of man as well. May I reveal a and cannot be happy. If this is not true, then we have made a mistake in ways, and the novelist usually. if he our conception of God. I do not care for what that man seems to be, nor for what he poses as being, nor yet for what the people say he is-he trampled on his immortal nature, has misdirected his energies, and until you can find figs on thistles he will not be satisfied with himself. As far as the east is from the west, so far is he from what God and nature intended him to

Strip off his wealth, tear down his social and commercial position, lay bare his inmost soul, and what do you find? Any material on which to build a character fit for heaven? And yet not live at all. This little life, a mere hand's breadth of time is as nothing. It is the eternity ahead of us that gives significance to the present, and it is a man's fitness for heaven that stamps him as real gold or counterfeit coin. It is not what he appears to be here, but what we shall honestly be when we get there, that counts. The day after death, when we leave all these trappings behind us, life's falsities and wrongs will tell the story. Earth fading away in the distance, immortality looking us in the face, asking us who we are and what we are -then we shall step on the scales and be weighed. If we are found to be just and true and loyal the angels will be glad to welcome us, but if we bring nothing but our misdeeds we shall be

man's honest life will be worth more than the whole world's wealth. The thing for a reasonable human second is to stay there. In that statement is included the essential elements of religion. It marks an ascending grade from the lower to the higher altitude of mind, until at last we step across the grave into heaven. Nothing equals in value a noble life. Live well, then, live nobly; live for others as the blessed Christ did. When you of mind, that is the best of all indeed, but quite long enough for your purpose.—George H. Hepworth.

WOMAN'S WORK IN NEW SPHERES

wound him as fatally as though you She Is Taking a Foremost Place in Every Occupation.

> Mr. Hall Caine Writes Entertaining on a Subject of Very General Interest.

came out of her schoolroom the question of what she was to do had only three possible answers. First, "Enjoy herself"; second, "Help her mother" third. "Amuse the baby." gather figs from thistles. The universe that the bazar system began, and the is built on the basis of honesty, and young ladies developed talents for begging which would have put to shame an order of friars. The bazar system resses is, happily, still capable of exercise in the cause of suffering humanity by ladies, who can amuse the public well as baby, but if you wish to realize how far behind her the woman of toby her grandmother reflect on the lash of a prime minister for the shortness of her bicycle skirt. In the "Taining of the Shrew" the irate husband ly of another mind, and reproves wo-

The triumph of woman over secret and say that the dramatist alknows his business, asks himself when he sits down to write his play or his sure of success, but if "No," generally be content with the lenten reward of "art for art's sake." A play or a novel to be popular must have many points of appeal-incident, character, emotion and motive-incident for the crowd, character for the few, motive for the fewer, and emotion for the women. Without emotion, without passion, and the analysis of passion, no novel, I think, and certainly unless a man lives for heaven he does no play, can succeed great'v. Women have imposed this condition dramatists and novelists, and I think upon musicians and painters also, and the appeal of art, as a whole, is to women first, and to men and the multitude afterwards. A few years ago a theatrical manager in New York, the Napoleon of theatrical warfare, trying to inspire me to write a play, said. "Write me a play for the girls of 19." "Why the girls of 19?" asked. "Because they are quite sure to bring all the rest," he answered.

TRIUMPH OVER OCCUPATIONS. But perhaps the chief triumph of woman in our latter days is her triumph over her occupation. Once on a time the world looked on at the spectacle of one-half of the human family pitied because of the great mistakes tacle of one-half of the human family we have made. God's blessing on a utterly excluded from the work of life,

except that part of it which consisted of marrying and giving in marriage, and superintending the kitchen and the being to do, therefore, is to get into nursery. These were high and honor-harmony with the universe, and the able occupations without doubt but able occupations, without doubt, but they left unanswered the question, "What business have (unmarried) women turned of 40 to do in the world?" Women younger than that have now to settle the question for themselves, and they are doing so by the exercise of talents which are commanding the world's esteem. The professions are to a sha'p pint, lak a icicle, he git with an Hencet and Lasting Success Can Only Be go leave this old earth a little better many in which women are winning for your having been in it. Guard your distinction and material rewards, and first among these by right or e treasures; walk humbly, doing the origin, is literature. Perhaps the earli-Lord's will, and you will have nothing est bands of women writers were lit-to complain of either here or hereafter. erary nuns. The literary women of There you have your creed, a short one, today had their precursors in the convents of old, where women first asked for self-development and social responsibility, but, fortunately for us, these good things do not now require estrangement from family and social ties, and some of the foremost women of letters in our day are "happy moth-

ers made.' And, then, the triumphs of women in literature, great as they are and have been, are not greater than her triumphs on the stage. The stage seems to be so peculiarly the sphere of woman that it is difficult to believe in the modesty of a period which forbade them to appear there, and gave their parts to boys. Most manly men will agree, I think, that a nice girl on the stage is about the nicest thing in the world, and though we may hear stories from without of bickerings behind the scenes, and worse, the public is only too glad to consign the Kilkenny cat theory of life on the boards Once upon a time when a young girl to the general condemnation of Hamlet's maxim, "Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape But whatever the dangers calumny." and temptations of the stage as a profession for women-and every profeshave been in this interesting period sion has its danger and temptationswe know there are women who surmount them and shed luster on their calling, both as women and as act-

MY LORD, THE BABY.

It would wrong the truth to talk as as if the greater triumphs of women were limited to the gifted and favored ones who win the prize of their proday has left the amusements approved fessions. There are triumphs of women which the world knows nothing of, fact that she has fallen under the and prizes which the winners are willing and proud that other hands should bear away. I suppose it is an accepted theory that most great men have commands his wife to cut her dress, married worthless and foolish wives, but Lord Salisbury Petruchio is clear- and if I were a woman, in view of that fact, I should only be tempted to men today for the zeal with which they say, "I'm not saying women can't be stupid. God Almighty made 'em to match the men." But, happily, amusements formerly proscribed for instances are not few or obscure of wives of great men who have shared to death. He is not at peace with now controls in great part the pleas- their husbands' aims and stimulated their thoughts, and even taken up their burdens. And if it is not the highest role in the dramatic cast of humanity to understudy the men, there is a part which belongs to the woman alonebook, "Will this subject appeal to wo- the part which concerns her rights and men?" If the answer is "Yes." he is her duties as a mother. I know it is her duties as a mother. I know it is a current cant to talk lightly of "My lord the baby." but, speaking as one who has seen something of the world, would pray of mothers not to leave "My lord the baby" exclusively to the care of servants; and the great mark of a strong and vigorous people is the big part which the young generation plays in the affairs of life.

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