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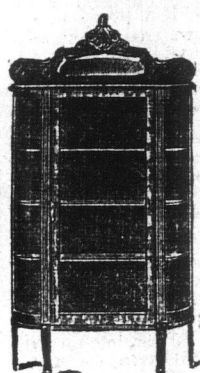
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## FORCE

In a previous article reference was made to the attraction of gravitation and magnetic attraction. It was shown that the first appeared to be universal, and that while the latter seemed to be restricted in its sphere, and to depend upon conditions, there might be ground for believing that it also was coextensive with gravitation, although its presence was in the majority of cases dormant. We shall now pass on to speak of other examples of force.

If you dip the end of a towel in a basin of water, the water will ascend into the towel to a certain extent immediately. Presumably, given time enough and a low degree of evaporation, the water would ascend to the whole length of the towel. Stand a stick in the water, and it will become wet some distance above the surface of the water. You cannot make a sponge dry by wringing it. You may put tiles in the soil as closely as they can be placed, and yet you cannot drain the soil dry. These things are due to what is called capillary attraction, the adjective being derived from the Latin word capilla, which means a hair. Late writers prefer to call the force "capillary action." If a glass tube be taken, the bore of which is not larger than a hair and is open at both ends, and one end is placed in water, the fluid will rise in the tube above the surface. Around few departments of investigation has so much discussion been waged as around these very familiar phenomena. The accepted explanation of them is too involved for popular presentation, and all that can be attempted here is to point out some of the various ways in which it is exhibited. Put a drop of water on a piece of glass. It will at once spread. If as soon as the drop is placed on the glass, the latter is turned so that the water is on the downward side, it will spread just the same, although in so doing it defies the law of gravitation. An object, the surface of which is wet, will not dry any more quickly if the wet surface is turned down than if it is turned up. We turn things upside down to dry, but this is not because they dry any more quickly in that position than in another, but only because we thereby give the water a chance to run off. Therefore, whatever may be the nature of capillary action, it is to a certain extent independent of the force of gravitation, and operates in opposition to it, just as magnetic attraction does. Some writers speak of this force as that of cohesion. By it water can be heaped up. By very great care an ordinary glass can be filled with water higher than its edge, and a very distinct heaping up can be made by a very simple experiment. Take a small glass—a glass of any size will do, but the experiment is more easily done with a small one—and fill it just as full as possible with water. Then drop needles into the water with the points downward, and as the number of needles increases, there will be a marked heaping up of the water, which will have a flat surface on top with curved edges coming down to the rim of the glass. Water will creep up the side of a glass that is partly filled with it. What is called the surface-tension of water is the cause of many interesting phenomena. The most easily shown can be demonstrated by taking some light substance that will float in water and wetting one side of it in alcohol. Then place it in a shallow pan of water, and it will move about on the surface, the part wet with alcohol being the stern, and this will continue until the alcohol has all evaporated. This is explained by the theory that the surface tension of alcohol is less than that of water. Soap bubbles are due to this same mysterious force, although they have never been quite satisfactorily explained. A soap bubble is composed of an exceedingly thin film of water, and its constant tendency is to contract. This contraction goes on in all directions and appears to be quite independent of the force of gravitation. Just what part the soap plays in this phenomenon is not certain. One suggestion is that it forms an exceedingly thin film on both sides of the water film. The phenomenon is seen whenever we wash with soap, and it is one of those little every day things, which show the limitations of scientific investigation. The wisest man of science knows very little more about soap bubbles than a child who amuses himself by blowing them. But they are of interest in this connection as illustrations of a force, the nature of which is not by any means well known. Indeed, when one washes his hands with soap he sees the operation of this capillary force in several ways. He sees how water adheres to the surface of his skin in defiance to the law of gravitation. He sees how soap bubbles form in defiance of the same law and how their constant tendency is to contract. A man will notice this especially when he is shaving, for as every one knows it is impossible to keep up a good lather for any length of time. He sees how the towel takes up water when he wipes his hands. It does this, not because it is flexible and thus gets into the folds and creases of the flesh, but because it takes up water by capillary action. Thus every day we are brought into contact with a mysterious force that pervades nature possibly to a greater extent than is yet known.

If two gases are placed in a receptacle, one being heavier than another, and allowed to remain in a state of rest, the heavier gas will descend and the lighter will ascend until the two become perfectly intermixed. Professor Carey of the London University related to the Colonist the following experiment. He took a small column of gold and to the top of it fused a small column of silver, and stood the resulting column aside with the gold, which is the heavier metal, down. After waiting for some

time he took a small piece off the top of the silver section of the column, assayed it and found gold in it; he took a similar piece of the bottom of the gold section and found silver in it, and the nearer he approached the point of fusion the more strongly marked became the presence of one metal in the other. The gold and silver seemed to be automatically forming an amalgamation, and in the process the gold was defying the law of gravitation. This may explain why several metals are found in the same ores. Originally they may have been distinct, but by this automatic process they have become amalgamated. There appears to be some slight reason for supposing that all varieties of matter have a tendency to amalgamate with each other, although it would be unwise to suggest that this tendency has been established or even made seem probable, and if it is a universal law, its operation in most cases is exceedingly slow, so much so that it cannot be observed.

Friction is described by some writers rather as a "resistance" than as a force. Its laws are not understood. In a general way the rougher the surface the greater the friction; a body at rest is more powerfully affected by friction than one in motion; a rapidly moving body less than one moving slowly. If it were not for friction, a perfectly balanced wheel set in motion would revolve forever, for it could not wear out and there would be nothing to stop it. The impetus given to set it in motion would never be lost, for there would be nothing to exhaust it. Energy cannot be destroyed; it can only be transformed. By friction force is converted into motion in many mechanical contrivances. The use of driving belts is too familiar and so also is the use of friction wheels to call for any further illustration. One writer, whose treatise on this subject seems to be a painstaking effort to bring the investigations into it down to their last results, finds himself compelled to say that the conversion of force into motion is accomplished "by some force whatever it is," and while he devotes a good deal of space to an attempted explanation, he feels constrained to admit that he has not succeeded in establishing very much. We all know that friction develops heat. A familiar instance is that of a shooting star, which by reason of its friction with the atmosphere becomes incandescent. Sometimes the meteor passes out of the atmosphere, and we see it grow dim and finally disappear. Sometimes the heat becomes so intense that the meteor explodes and we see the flash and sometimes the incandescent fragments as they are hurled away by the explosion. Sometimes the meteor reaches the ground, and it is at a white heat due to friction. In this class of phenomena we are quite as far away from the discovery of the real nature and origin of the force or forces, which produce them, as we ever were, notwithstanding the fact that for a long time their operation has been the subject of physical and arithmetical inquiry. Indeed, it is said that in respect to friction we can only claim to have a working knowledge of it sufficient for its application to our present purposes. The writer above referred to says that its "laws" as generally laid down are doubtless incorrect, but they serve as guides to the utilization of this almost unknown force.

## IDEALS

None of us is any better than his ideals; few of us attain them. Perhaps none of us does, for if we honestly strive to reach ideals, our pursuit will be like the search for the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow. They will always be a little further ahead. This seems to be an excellent thing; for if our ideals remained stationary, we would soon see how far short of perfection they are and would grow discouraged. Possibly a good many shipwrecked lives may be due to the fact that their possessors have followed false ideals, which like wreckers' fires along the beach, only serve as a guide to destruction. Therefore it seems important that in youth a high ideal should be imparted by all instructors, where the instruction is given by parents, teachers or writers. A high ideal should be set before boys and girls. It is said that every boy born in the United States is a potential president, and that most of them cherish the idea of attaining that position. It is just possible that this ideal is exploited too much, because the tendency is to place success as more to be desired than fitness for success; although we fancy that few boys have been spoiled by indulging in aspiration for the presidency. There is another ideal that is held up to youth, not only in the United States but in Canada, and it is that great wealth is the greatest of achievements. No sane man denies the value of wealth as a means; the room for doubt comes in when wealth is considered as an end. The newspapers and modern fiction are out-rivaling each other in efforts to make the attainment of wealth the ideal of men and women. The result is that we are all more or less under the glamor of it. When a friend says to us that this is Mr. Smith of Smithville, we are very glad to see him, perhaps, if we are not busy about other things. But if our friend says, "This is Mr. Smith, the multimillionaire of Smithville," we will always have time to shake hands and ask him to sit down. Possibly we would not need to be greatly urged in order to be induced to go to lunch with him. Therefore, while theoretically we all despise the worship of the Golden Calf, we must all plead guilty to a sneaking fondness for its company, even if we are put to some inconvenience thereby. Perhaps you have heard the story of the boy who whispered to

his mother: "Ma, Uncle John's eating with his knife," and the mother answered: "Your Uncle John's rich enough to eat with the fire shovel if he wants to." These observations are made on the principle that honest confession is good for the soul, and so that which follows may be taken in the spirit in which it is written, which is that of a real desire to be of some help to those, who have the responsibility of developing the characters of those around them. To such people we say: Help those who look to you for guidance to form good ideals. That is about all that parents and other instructors can hope to do, for the youthful mind soon grows to a stage when it does its own thinking. Frequently we see children of right-living parents grow up to be everything that is bad. Why is this? What is the basis of the old saying about ministers' sons and deacons' daughters? It has been said that "a proverb is the wisdom of many and the wit of one," and we may be sure that there is some warrant for the common sayings current in society. What we ought to strive to implant in the mind of a child is not a desire to go to heaven, not a wish to become president or premier, not a longing to be rich, but as high an ideal as a child can appreciate of what is right and what is after all worth while. The best of all ideals to begin with is expressed in that good old word: "Honour"—we spell it in the old way, for somehow "honour" does not seem to mean quite as much, so accustomed are we to associate meanings with forms. It seems right enough to speak of business honor, or political honor, but we always like to think of personal "honour." But this is only by the way. Now let no one say that a child is ever too young to learn what honour means, that is if it is old enough to understand anything except what is mere babyism. Here is a true story. Some boys were suspected of mischief. The victim, who was a man, caught one of them and asked him who was responsible. The little chap denied knowing anything about it; but the man repeated the question, only to be assured by the lad that he hoped to die if he knew anything about it. Now the man remembered that he had once been a boy himself, and so he said: "Come now, honest Injun, did you," and the little fellow glanced up at a bright look in his face and said: "Well, if you put it that way, I did." To lie out of a scrape seemed legitimate enough, and any smart lad would be willing to take the chances of being struck dead, but when it came to "honest Injun," that was another matter. The appeal was to the boy's honor and it was not made in vain. Therefore do not lose sight of the fact that a boy's point of view may be very different from his father's, and that he may be just as true to his ideals, when he is doing wrong, as his father is when he is doing right, or at least what he thinks is right, which is not always the same. Get it into a child's mind just as soon as possible that there is something better than achievement. The boy who runs a foot race honestly and faithfully and loses ought to be taught that he has done better than his competitor who has won by a fluke or a bit of sharp practice. Teach boys to play the game for the sake of the game, not for the sake of winning. Of course we applaud the fellow who breathes the tape and gives a spring into the air after the finish to show that he has plenty of vim left in him; but do not let us forget the little chap who comes pounding along hopelessly in the rear, running for all that is in him because that was what he set out to do. The winner may have the highest of ideals. That is as it may be; but we are sure that the loser has them. What is true of the footrace is true of studies; it is true of every line of activity. Get it into the mind of youth that success is not the ideal, but right effort. Teach that the real success is within, that it comes from our own consciousness. This is the Kingdom of God, of which we are told that if we seek it first, all things will be added unto us.

We are all largely what our ideals make us; and if there is another life, we will take into it as near as possible a realization of what those ideals are. Now this is not to say that the accumulation of wealth or the achievement of political power or the winning of renown are not highly desirable. The point is that it is not success that is the test of merit, for success often depends upon accident. A very successful business man in Eastern Canada said that he always estimated a man's worth by what he tried to do, not by what he accomplished. He used to say: "Our part is to aim at what we think is best and try to accomplish it; we are not responsible for results, for they may depend upon things entirely beyond our control." A very prominent Victoria business man said when told that a young man, recommended to him for a position, had made a failure of his previous effort on his own behalf, "He must have tried, or he could not have succeeded." The next time we may say, contradictory though it may sound, that from the standpoint of ideals, failure does not necessarily imply lack of success. One may gain more by failure than by what is called success. In middle life and afterwards it is difficult to form ideals. Our minds are too fully occupied with doing what has to be done to permit us to have leisure to contemplate the things we would like to do. For this reason our ideals should be formed in youth. They need not be specific, perhaps it is better that they should not be. Young people ought not to be taught that they should be like some particular person, or that they should fit themselves for some particular place. The most observing parents or teachers cannot know with certainty what is the best

department of activity into which the steps of youth should be directed. It is because so many people are living lives that were shaped for them by others that we see so many square pegs in round holes. Ideals ought to be in relation to quality. Young people ought to be taught that it is the quality of work that counts. A story is told of a man who once held a cabinet position in Canada. He was introduced to a man much older than himself, and the latter said: "We are not quite strangers. The first and last time I saw you, you blacked my boots for me in your father's house." The Cabinet Minister answered: "If I did, I blacked them well." Honour and thoroughness, these two features ought to have a foremost place in the ideals of youth. There will be temptations enough in later life to strain the one and to slight the other; but the chances are that if boys and girls begin life with these ideals firmly implanted in their nature, their careers will be successful, even though they may not be crowned by achievements, which the world will call great.

## WATERLOO

The Battle of Waterloo was, in its results, the greatest military event of modern times. Writers differ in their accounts of it. Germans allege that the victory was due to Blucher and to him alone. Frenchmen take refuge in Victor Hugo's explanation that Napoleon was fighting against God. The British people attributed the success of the day to the steadiness of the British infantry. But no one denies the far-reaching effect of the victory upon the condition of Europe. It will be impossible to deal with this battle in a single article, and the references made today will be to the events that led up to it.

After the defeat at Leipsic and the complete overthrow of his forces in the battles which followed, although in some of the encounters Napoleon displayed more than his usual valor and skill, and achieved brilliant successes, the people of France turned their backs upon the Emperor, and when the allies entered Paris they were hailed as deliverers. Napoleon was not dismayed. He assembled all his forces at Fontainebleau and announced his intention of attacking the capital, but at the critical moment the military aristocracy refused to support his efforts, and he saw that the end had come. His marshals forced him to abdicate; all that the Senate did was little more than give formal sanction to the inevitable. The abdication was in favor of his family. The Tsar was inclined to favor this solution of the difficulty, and so was the Emperor of Austria, who was father of Maria Louis, Napoleon's second wife. But the genius of Talleyrand was too potent. He managed to spread dissent throughout the army, and the conclusion of the negotiations was that the abdication was absolute, Napoleon retaining the title of Emperor, was banished to Elba, with a revenue sufficient for all his possible needs, and a principality in Italy being given to his wife. Yet by a strange irony of fate his misfortunes endeared him to France as his successes had never done. He himself did not realize that this would be the case, and he endeavored to end his life by poison, but having taken too much, he was saved by severe vomiting. There were some demonstrations against him, and at one place a crowd assembled and tried to drown him, but he made his escape and finally was taken aboard an English frigate, which carried him to Elba.

The next event of importance was the return of the 300,000 men who had been shut up in German fortresses after the Battle of Leipsic. These men panted for revenge. The court of the Bourbons became oppressive; the Church became exacting, and the whole country looked to Elba as the source from which would come deliverance and glory. Napoleon did not long hesitate about responding to the appeal made to him, if indeed he did not himself promote it. On February 20, 1815, he left Elba with 1,100 men. On March 1 he landed in France. Twenty days later he entered the Tuileries in triumph. The story of his advance has been epitomized in extracts from Le Moniteur. Its first announcement was, "The usurper has landed." The next was, "Bonaparte is advancing." The next said, "Napoleon is being reinforced by the army." The next was, "The Emperor is approaching Paris." The last said, "His Majesty has arrived. Vive l'Empereur!" These sentences are given from memory, but they are substantially correct. Napoleon declared his intention of establishing a new order of things. He announced that he meant to restore peace, and that he had abandoned his hopes of a world-empire. But he never had an opportunity to carry out his intentions, if he really held them. The allies determined to crush him without mercy. A force of 700,000 men was raised, and all that Napoleon could muster was one of 200,000. Nevertheless he did not despair, but thought by quick action to overcome his foes in detail. His first attempt was to prevent a union of the British and Prussian forces in Belgium, and the result was Waterloo.

## A Century of Fiction

(N. de Bertrand Lugrin)

Mark Twain

What boy, old or young, has not laughed over Tom Sawyer? If Mark Twain had written nothing else, he must long be remembered as the author of one of the drollest and most

fascinating boys' stories that was ever written. But the gifted artist has produced many books, and the charming tale of "The Prince and the Pauper" is an equal favorite with Tom Sawyer. He who has not read "Innocents Abroad," the collection of irresistibly funny letters which Mr. Clemens wrote while on a trip to the Orient, has a wholesome delight yet in store, and "Pudd'n Head Wilson" has justifiably increased the author's fame both in the old country and in the new. "A Tramp Abroad" is along the same lines as "Innocents Abroad," but if anything it is fuller of humorous anecdote, shows more care in the preparation, and increased literary ability.

Mr. Samuel Clemens' pseudonym of Mark Twain is more universally known than the real name of the writer. The name of plume comes from a nautical expression used by the Mississippi pilots, and means two fathoms. Mr. Clemens was born in 1835 in a little town on the banks of this great river, and it has been the background of many of his stories. Indeed so beautifully has he described its many charms and fascinations that he has won for himself the title of "Prose Poet of the Mississippi."

We have no authority for stating that the humorist displayed precocity during his childhood. He was a healthy, happy, mischievous, normal boy, loving fun and adventure, the height of his ambition to be a pilot on the great river that has been the inspiration of many of his best efforts. He had a common school education, and entered a printer's office at an early age. He became an expert compositor and traveled as a journeyman printer. Finally his dearest hope became a reality, and he was given a chance to learn piloting on a steamboat.

When the war broke out he joined a volunteer company, but saw no actual fighting, and we next find him in Nevada engaged in newspaper work. Later he traveled to the Pacific Coast, continuing his profession of journalism, and while in San Francisco made his debut as a humorous lecturer.

His first noteworthy book was "The Jumping Frog of Calaveras," which attracted considerable attention, and was followed by "Innocents Abroad," which brought him into prominence at once. From this time on, his success as a humorous writer and lecturer was assured. Everything he wrote met with a ready sale, and he was in great demand as a speaker.

It was not until after he married that he set himself to serious study, but his later books show the great benefit he derived from his familiarity with biographical and historical works.

Mr. Clemens and his family have lived principally in Europe for the last fifteen or twenty years. His humor is not dependent for its effect upon any particular locality, it can be understood by the Frenchman or the German as well as by his own country people. It has a universal quality that will make it last long, and its clean wholesomeness has a genuinely uplifting effect. "Laughter will carry one over many a rough road where tears would avail nothing."

## The Prince and the Pauper

This fascinating story has as its heroes the young Prince of Wales, afterwards Edward VI, and Tom Canty, a little beggar boy. The latter is supposed to closely resemble the Prince. One day Tom Canty while looking through the gates of the courtyard of the palace is ordered away by the guard, but the Prince, overhearing the command bids the soldiers open the gates and admit the beggar boy.

The two lads, perceiving the resemblance one to the other, change clothes for amusement, Tom Canty robbing himself in the Prince's garments, and the Prince donning Tom's rags. In the midst of their merriment, the Prince notices a wound on Tom's hand, and, serious in a moment, rushes from the palace to administer a rebuke to the guilty guard.

Taking him for the beggar lad they drive him from the palace in spite of his expostulations and commands. Then follows a long period of suffering and privation for the little scion of royalty, though he meets with a good friend in Sir Miles Hendon, a knight who has fallen from high estate.

Tom's experiences in the palace are pathetic and ludicrous. Supposing him to be the real Prince, it is decided that he has become demented, and the strange claims he makes and his uncouth behaviour are the result of a mind deranged. In time he grows accustomed to his surroundings, and begins to forget Prince Edward. Concluding that he has recovered his reason, a coronation day is fixed upon.

It is during the celebration that Edward makes his appearance, and forbids the proceedings. Guards seize him, and the lord chamberlain commands him to be thrown into the tower. Tom Canty, recognizing the real Prince, assures the assembly that the newcomer speaks the truth. Alas! his words are considered a proof of his returning malady.

Meantime a messenger enters and tells the company that the "Great Seal" is missing. Consternation follows, without the seal the ceremony of coronation cannot proceed. Its hiding place is made the test of Edward's claims, and with some help from Tom he remembers where he had placed it on that eventful day when he was driven from the palace. He is crowned, the royal robe covering his rags. Tom Canty is rewarded for his loyalty, and Edward VI is a kinder and more humane ruler on account of the troubles and trials he has passed through.