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Where to Find Happiness.

By RUTH CAMERON.



Among my friends there is one woman with whom I never communicate without hearing of some domestic disturbance. She is always in hot water. One day she has just received word that her mother-in-law is coming to spend a month with her; again, the children have been exposed to the measles; another time the house has developed severe leaks and the landlord keeps putting her off with promises of repairs, and yet she simply cannot move in the dead of winter; and again, her maid has come home drunk and been discharged, and she knows she will have a terrible time getting another.

Now this woman has the best basis for happiness—a splendid husband, healthy children and financial security—and yet I never knew her to say that it was well with her when asked about her affairs.

The older I grow, the more thoroughly I realize the oft stated truth that happiness and peace are not a state of affairs but a state of mind.

Only to that old truth I want to add, and a state of body.

The woman I write of is not well, and I have no doubt that ill health is the disfiguring blue glass through which she sees her blessings.

I have two letters at hand, I am going to publish one of them soon.

I Let Busses Hit Me.

The Man Who Has Allowed Himself to be Knocked Down by Motor Busses Over Fifty Times Tells to Mr. P. Doublyon.

A few days ago people in the Camberwell New Road, one of the busiest thoroughfares in London, were horrified to see a well-dressed gentleman—who was engaged in earnest conversation with a friend and apparently oblivious of the risk he was running in front of a motor-bus travelling at top speed.

Warning shouts were raised on all sides, for everybody thought they were witnessing a serious, or possibly a fatal, accident. But the gentleman, after being knocked down, and borne along for some distance, in front of the bus, rose up uninjured, brushed the dust from his clothes, and walked away smiling.

Then it was seen that he had been caught up in a sort of steel cradle, folded away under the front of the vehicle, which shot out automatically so to speak, the moment it touched him. It was, in fact, a new patent life-saving device, which he had invented, and whose capabilities he was engaged in demonstrating.

Experimented With a Doll.

Relating his experiences afterwards to Mr. P. Doublyon, the gentleman—whose name, by the way, is Mr. D. A. Sweeney—remarked that he was first led to turn his attention to the problem some two years ago, owing to the frightful increase in the number of deaths due to motor-bus accidents.

I realised, he continued, that any safety apparatus, to be efficient, must be comparatively light, very strong, and above all that it must act automatically; that is to say, independently of the control of will of the driver or conductor.

My first experiments were made with a model in the back parlour of my shop. I cut up my dining-room table to make the chassis, or body of the bus, much to my wife's disgust, and for wheels, I dismantled the children's mail-cart. An old doll

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See a box for \$2.50. Sample free if you write National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, Toronto. 176

The first is from a woman who has had nine children, is still so young that she is taken for one of them, and despite financial stringency, bereavement, and the domestic disturbances

that must come with such a family, thinks the world a wonderful place.

The other is from a woman with only three children, who is utterly bowed down and discouraged with the burden of her daily work. But one word explains the second letter. "I am a frail woman," she writes. Doubtless that is why she has missed the happiness and peace which the other woman knows.

It is seldom that every outward circumstance is just in tune even in the most happy life. But if you have health and a right attitude of mind, you can be happy in spite of inevitable annoyances and disturbances. And, indeed, that is the only way to be happy. If you want to be happy until everything is just so, you will never find the chance.

Christ realized that peace—which is another and more beautiful name for happiness—must come from within and not from without. For you remember what he said to his disciples, "And when ye come into an house salute it. And if the house be worthy let your peace come upon it; but if it be not worthy, let your peace return to you."

So neither circumstance nor wealth nor possessions nor desires satisfied, nor even the power of God itself, can give you peace and happiness if they be not in your own heart.

Ruth Cameron

Carlyle Gives a Penny

Rev. J. A. S. Wilson gives an interesting account in the Saturday Review of his visit to Carlyle's birthplace, Ecclefechan. He met an old man who used to know Carlyle. "Ye ken, I'm a Tam," said the man. "I was a wee bit shop—Thomas Garthwaite, Tailor and Clothier."

"Did you know Carlyle, Tom?" I asked suddenly. "Ken Tam! Ay, fine that. My father made a' his claes, an' I used to gang to the house for orders. I was at the school wi' his younger brother, with whom I used to play, when we were bairns."

"What sort of a man was Carlyle himself?" "Weel, I never likit Tam nearly so muckle as his brother, the doctor. Tam was terrible dour!"

"My companion then proceeded to tell the following delightful story: 'I mind one day, when I was a boy,' he said, 'I had gone up to the farm for orders, and was talking to Mistress Carlyle at the foot o' the stairs. All of a sudden I heard a deep voice from over the banisters—just as though it cam' out frae a big drum. "Little Garthwaite!" I ran upstairs to his room. The door was open, so I knocked and went in. Tam was busy writin' wi' his back to me. I waited a minute or twa. Then, as he took no notice, I gied a wee bit "hoast" (cough). As he paid no attention I gied another yin, a little louder this time. But still he kept writin' awa'. So, at last, in fair desperation, I kicked the wainscot. Up jumped Tam!"

"Oh, it's you, is it?" says he. "Then he told me he wanted twa waistcoats an' a pair of breeks. Afore I went awa' he put his hand into his pocket and placed a coin in my hand. I wished him "Gude mornin'" an', as I went downstairs, kept turnin' over the money in my pocket. Half-a-crown! My conscience! You can just imagine how a liddle felt on having so muckle pocket-money! But when I got out o' sight o' the house an' took it out frae ma pocket, what do you think it was Tam had gien me? A penny!"

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son. Then I knew I had won out, and I was satisfied. Since then I have been knocked down and picked up again more than fifty times, and with no further damage to my external anatomy than one slight abrasion of the face, and one ditto ditto of the knee.

Your Duty.

Nothing to do with the Custom House, good friend. Its only reference just now is to yourself. Let us suppose that you are a man of family with sufficient of the world's goods to keep them in comfort. Very well, you did not reach this satisfactory state of affairs without care and labour—few men do. Suppose you are awakened some night with shouts of alarm ringing in your ears. Too late then to talk of prudence; too late then to say: "If I had only, etc., etc." That "If" means too much to many forgetful people. Is it not always the duty of a self-respecting citizen to protect his home and thus provide for those within it. Is it any more then his duty to those depending on him to protect them as far as possible? Can you call your property your own when it is not insured? The answer to this argument is to carry insurance with Percie Johnson's agency, the most popular office in Newfoundland and the least expensive.

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