

UNDER THE MAPLES.

It's hard at first to see it all right; in vain Faith blows her trumpet to summon back Her scattered troop; yet, through the clouded glass Of our own bitter tears, we learn to look Undazzled on the kindness of God's face, Earth is too dark, and heaven is shining through. —James Russell Lowell.

DON'T WORRY.

Bishop Vincent gives these helpful rules for conquering worry:

Consider what must be involved in the truth that God is infinite and that you are a part of his plan. Cultivate a spirit of gratitude for daily mercies. Realize worrying as an enemy which destroys your happiness. Realize that it can be cured by persistent effort.

Attack it definitely as something to be overcome. Realize that it has never done, and never can do the least good. It wastes vitality and impairs the mental faculties.

Forgive your enemies and conquer your aversions. Help and comfort your neighbor. The world is what we make it. Forward, then! Forward in the power of faith, forward in the power of truth, forward in the power of friendship, forward in the power of freedom, forward in the power of hope, forward in the power of God.

Trust men and they will be true to you, treat them greatly, and they will show themselves great, though they make an exception in your favor to all their rules of trade.

HIS MISTAKE.

The horse-car conductor was hardly in the best of humor. Someone had managed to give him a bad shilling, and he had just discovered it; that was why he started the car before three women and a child had got much beyond the stop. One of the women was exceedingly irate at such treatment. The conductor saw that he was irate, to collect the fares, but he was irate, too.

"Look here, ma'am," said he as she tendered her fare, "this child that is with you will have to be paid for as well."

"I haven't any intention of paying its fare," snapped the woman. "Then I shall put the child out," answered the conductor, reaching for the bell-strap.

"You won't dare to do it," flashed the woman. "Ting!" the conductor brought the car to a stop, picked up the child, and deposited it outside, and rang to go ahead.

"Well, ma'am," said he grimly, "you'll find your child on the pavement."

"My child!" snapped she. "It isn't mine."

"Whose is it, then?" gasped the conductor.

"I haven't the slightest idea," she coolly answered.

Then the child's mother, who had been engaged in a scolding discussion with her friend over the merits of a new dress, awoke to the fact that her child was missing, and the fireworks that played about the unfortunate conductor's head reminded him of a 5th of November display.—Tit-Bits.

A MESSAGE TO YOUNG MEN.

"In perils in the city." What a temptation there is to bet and gamble and trifle with other people's money! You do not suppose that a young man makes up his mind to be a thief? In many instances he knows that he is honest in purpose, and he says that, if he can only succeed, no man shall lose a penny by him; he will only back his own judgment against some other man's judgment.

He says, "What harm can there be in my settling up my sagacity against the sagacity of some other man?" He says that such and such issues will take place, we stake a hundred pounds upon the consequences; have I not the right to back my judgment against his?

No, you have not; you have no right to do anything that will burn up your brain; you have no right to give yourself a fever; you have no right to strain your nervous system that you shall lose every faculty of manhood, and subject yourself to all the humiliation of the most pitiable imbecility. The question does not lie between A and B, between this man and that man; the question touches the whole universe, and no man has any right to do anything that will infect and vitiate the air of society. You cannot be fortunate in betting and gambling.

There is no prosperity in wickedness. It looks like prosperity, it has all the appearance of it, but though the men you speak of are clothed in fine linen, and fare sumptuously every day, it all ends in "He died, he was buried, and in hell he lifted up his eyes, being in torment"—a poor ending, a miserable denouement.

Oh, to have lived to this catastrophe! Tell me, is it worth your while? You say you only bet a little. That is impossible. A man cannot bet a little. It may be little in the nominal amount, little in arithmetical sense, but when a man bets his soul is in the wager; the devil will take nothing less. The sixpence you bet is the earnest that your soul is coming. Do not think you can trifle with the spirit of evil and succeed; do not imagine that you, poor lad, a boy, can go out and talk such eloquence to that old serpent, the devil, that you will be able to convert him. He has no pity, he has nothing within him that can be appealed to by human reason and human need; he lives to destroy.—Dr. Joseph Parker.

SINGING AND CONSUMPTION.

Of late years, says Health, a good deal more attention than formerly appears to have been paid to the question of the effect of vocal music as a preventative of phthisis. It may be stated as a fact that those nations devoted to the culture of vocal music are strong, vigorous races, with broad, expansive chests. If an hour were daily given in our public schools to the development of vocal music there would be less seen of drooping, withered, hollow-chested and round-shouldered children. At present there appears too great a disposition to sacrifice physical strength upon the altar of learning. Vocal music is a gymnastic exercise on the lungs by development of the lung tissues. Phthisis begins at the apex of the lungs, because these parts are more inactive, and because the bronchial tubes are so arranged that they carry the inspired air with greater facility to the bases than to the

apices. During inactivity a person would ordinarily breathe about 480 cubic inches of air in a minute. If he walked at the rate of six miles an hour he would breathe 3,260 cubic inches. In singing this is increased more than in walking, as to sing well requires all the capacity of the lungs.

THE IDEAL GARDEN.

The garden I love more than any place on earth; it is a better study than the room inside the house which is dignified by that name. I like to pace its gravelled walks, to sit in the moss-house, which is warm and cosy as a bird's nest, and wherein twilight dwells at noon today, to enjoy the feast of color spread for me in the curiously-shaped floral spaces. My garden, with its silence and the pulses of fragrance that come and go on the airy undulations, affects me like sweet music. Care stops at the gates, and gazes at me wistfully through the bars. Among my flowers and trees, Nature takes me into her hands, and I breathe more freely as the first man. It is curious—pathetic almost, I sometimes think—how deeply seated in the human heart is the liking for gardens and gardening. The sickly seamstress in the narrow city lane tends her box of sicklier mignonette. The retired merchant is as fond of tulips as ever was Dutchman during the famous mania. The author finds a garden the best place to think out his thought. In the disabled statesman every restless throb of regret or ambition is stilled when he looks upon the blossomed apple-tree. Is the fancy too far brought that this love for gardens is a reminiscence haunting the race of that remote time in the world's dawn when but two persons existed—a gardener named Adam and a gardener's wife called Eve?—Alexander Smith.

A BARBER'S STRIKE IMMINENT.

"H'm!" said the irritated barber. "It's easy enough to grumble! Didn't I slice the hair off your face? What more do you want for three-half-pence?"

"The stubble has been removed," remonstrated the customer, "but with a large amount of my chin."

"Well, what of that?" demanded the angry barber. "Didn't I dab alum on that rash in your ear?"

"You did," said the exacting customer, confessed.

"But you cut off the top of my nose."

"And I pasted it on with court-plaster."

"True enough. But you severed one of my eyebrows."

"I kept the razor out of your eye, didn't I?"

"Well, you are hard to satisfy! My advice to you is to grow a beard and buy a safety razor, and not come round insulting us barbers. You're one of those fellows that want a sovereign's worth of surgery with each shave, and then kick because you were not chloroformed."

NOT GUILTY.

A Grantham gentleman was bitten in the calf of the leg by a dog, and demanded a summons against the man he supposed to be the owner of the offending animal.

The following was the defense offered at the trial:

"I, by testimony in favor of the good character of my dog, I shall prove that he could not be so forgetful of his canine dignity as to bite anybody."

"2. He is blind, and cannot see to bite."

"3. If he could see it would be impossible for him to bite, as he has no teeth."

"4. Granting his eyes and his teeth to be good, he was securely muzzled."

"5. My dog died six months ago."

"6. I never had a dog."

MILL ON "OPINION."

John Stuart Mill, in his very valuable work on "Liberty," has given some excellent reasons why free expansion of opinion should be tolerated everywhere, and even encouraged. He says:

"1. If any opinion is compelled to silence, that opinion may be true, and deny this is to assume our own infallibility. 2. Though the silenced opinion be an error, it may, and very commonly does, contain a portion of truth; and since the general or prevailing opinion on any subject is rarely or never the whole truth, it is only by the collision of adverse opinions that the remainder of the truth has any chance of being supplied. 3. Even if the received opinion be not only true, but the whole truth, unless it is suffered to be, and actually is, vigorously and earnestly contested, it will be by degrees, and through the means of frequent repetition, received with a more and more absolute conviction, and the meaning of the word 'truth' itself will be in danger of being lost."

A JUDGE'S RETORT.

Lord Mansfield was trying an action which arose out of the collision of two ships at sea, when a sailor, in giving an account of the accident, said: "At the time I was standing abaft the binnacle." "Where is that binnacle?" interposed his lordship.

The witness, who was half-drunk, exclaimed: "A pretty fellow to be a judge who does not know where abaft the binnacle is!" Lord Mansfield, instead of threatening to commit him for contempt of court, quietly said: "Well, my friend, fit me for my office by telling us where abaft the binnacle is. You have already shown me the meaning of half-seas over."

TAKE SHORT VIEWS OF LIFE.

I start up at 2 o'clock in the morning, after my first sleep, in an agony of terror, and feel all the weight of life upon my soul. It is impossible that I can bring up such a family of children—my sons and my daughters will be beggars; I shall live to see those whom I love exposed to the scorn and contumely of the world. But stop, thou child of sorrow and humble imitator of Job, and tell me on what you died. Was there not soup and salmon, and then a plate of beef and then duck, blanc-mange, cream cheese, diluted with beer, claret, champagne, hock, tea, coffee and nougat? And after all this, you talk of the "mind" and the "evils of life." These kind of cases do not need meditation, but magnesia. Take short views of life. What am I to do in these times with such a family of children? So I argued, and lived detected and with little hope, but the difficulty vanished as life went on. An uncle died, and left me some money; and aunt died and left me more; my daughter married well; I had two or

three appointments, and before life was half-over became a prosperous man. And so will you. Everyone has uncles and aunts who are mortal; friends start up out of the earth; time brings a thousand chances in your favor; legacies fall from the clouds. Nothing so absurd as to sit down and wring your hands because all the good which may happen to you in twelve years is not taken place at this precise moment.—Sydney Smith.

WHO WILL HELP ACROSS?

Early in the morning the sun came sweeping up from the horizon, and the sparrow and the robin announced the dawn with happy voices. The streets were dotted with here and there a worshiper hurrying to kneel before the God who created the great round sun, and the tiny sparrow and the robin who welcomed it. And later great congregations of people in church, the sound of song rose as pleasant incense. God heard it and was satisfied, and in his benediction many forgot the bitter past and made fresh resolutions for the future. Thousands went to the parks and God spoke to them in the pleasant wind, the perfumed flowers, the leaves, the grass, and the musical ripple of waters, and high above one park a dove went sailing, and a swallow flew upon him and fought him, and the crow fled through the heavens, defeated.

What is above this blue where the defeated crow goes flying, this vast space reaching out beyond the power of thought to grasp? Is it peopled with the souls of the invisible, who once walked as we walk, talked as we talk, thought as we think, hoped as we hope, loved as we love, and built even as we do, glorious castles in the air, only to see them fall?

Are they winging up by yonder crow, invisible? Where is heaven and rest? And while these thousands visited the parks, glad with a glad day, drove, rode, or walked, happy in the sunlight, a blind man felt his way along Yonge street with a cane. Falteringly, he reached Queen street, and stood helpless in this world of darkness, and, calling, asked, "Who will help the blind man across?" He knew nothing of the kindly spirit of the sunshine, knew nothing of the smiling, happy people crowding by him, he caught no uplifting influence of a kindly eye. And as he called again,

"across?" a young man stepped out, took his arm, and guided him past horses, past bicycles and cars, to the other side to safety.

It meant little to the guide, but much to the guide and there are those who stand at the parting of the roads today in the darkness of despair, those that a friendly word would warm, a friendly hand would help, a friendly eye inspire.

It would mean little to the guide, but might mean the soul of the guided, for there is a blindness more awful, a darkness more dense, than the mere loss of sight.—Charlie Churner, in the Toronto Star.

JUNE.

June, June, certain rhyme and tune, Breath of red roses and gleam of the moon—

Air of Hesperides Blown through the cherry trees, Hum of the merry bees,

Drunk with the sun, Sky blue and white with you, Meadows bedight with you,

Philips light with you, Crickets across.

June, June, wonderful rune Of life at its fullest, of life at its noon—

Perfume and wine of you, Summer smile of you, Who could repine of you,

Blossomful June? Oh! the sweet night of you— I'm in the twilight of you,

Magical June. —Edna Kingsley Wallace.

THE VALUE OF SOLITUDE.

Study of great achievements, of noble characters, from the Founder of Christianity to the useful scientist of today, will impress upon you the value of solitude to the human soul.

A curse of all civilized life and of American life especially is the exaggeration of its social side.

There is no time given to restful thought, no chance for the brain or the soul to get away to study itself and its possibilities.

The business man struggles all day in company with others. He chats and gossips in the evening with family or friends. Even in his dreams business schemes and business acquaintances crowd upon him.

Children brought up in cities and towns are like monkeys in a crowded cage. They are packed closely together with no chance of isolation to develop individual character.

Emerson declares that great deeds are born in solitude and there is no doubt that great characters are formed in solitude.

Why so many of the great men come from lonely country life?

Because the isolation gives them a chance to develop thinking and to build up character. They are not hampered by others shouting around them—they lead individual lives and have some hope of shining as individuals.

Men and women should give themselves and their children the benefit of a certain amount of isolation.

A body tightly bound with cords could not develop muscular strength. And a brain surrounded on all sides and at all times with chattering minds all running in grooves has no possible chance for development.

Religious feeling, true reverence for the Creator, depend upon solitude and loneliness thought.

Bernard of Clairvaux says: "Come away from the noisy world. Enter into the silence. Trust thyself and the universe with God."

Fenelon says: "Silence notes the presence of God, humbles the mind and detaches it from the world."

Thomas a Kempis says: "In solitude and silence the holy soul advances with speed and learns the hidden truths of the oracles of God."—New York Journal.

SEPARATION OF PEOPLE IN TOWN LIFE.

Canon Hicks, speaking recently at the annual meeting of the supporters of the Colhurst Recreation Rooms in Manchester, said that two influences were at work which made such institutions as this necessary in our large towns. One influence was the separation of class from class. By this he did not mean a decrease of sympathy between class and class, for that was never so largely developed as it was today. He meant the local bodily separation, so that those who dwell in the heart of the town were almost hopelessly divided from the influence of those living in the suburbs. This was costing England a great deal, for it was practically causing the disruption of our social life. The other influence was the factory system, which, whatever might be said about it, tended largely to destroy the home life of the workers. These two great social defects appeared to him rather to increase than to diminish. Where was the church and the Sunday school? It might be asked. The answer was that precisely where the church and Sunday

were most needed, there both were at their weakest, because they depended for their work and help upon the classes who had gone to live in the pleasant suburbs. He looked upon boys and girls' clubs as an indispensable part of recovery of society from a breakdown. Unless large numbers of our towns were to relapse into savagery or worse, unless there was to be a degenerating of the race, we must wish well and do well for those clubs.

BEWARE—BE WISE!

"Beautiful scenery, here, is it not?" asked the young man of a solitary traveler whom he found pacing along the seashore.

"Well, no," replied the stranger; "I can't agree with you. I think the ocean is too small. It is no such ocean as my mother used to have."

"But the sky is magnificent here, is it not?"

"Too low and narrow across the top," replied the stranger. "And there isn't enough air in it, either. Besides, it isn't properly level, and doesn't sit plumb over the earth. I call it a very poor sky. No such sky as my mother used to have."

"Pardon me, but had your mother a special sky and ocean of her own?"

"But here an old resident came up and drew the young man aside.

"Don't you talk to him," he said. "He's crazy. He used to be always telling his wife what lovely cakes, puddings and pies his mother used to make, and the habit grew on him."

BURGARS CHLOROFORMED HERE.

"Have you ever heard of an anaesthetic safe?" asked a well-known safe and lock expert the other day. "It was invented many years ago, and I came across one in an old house the other day."

"The idea of the thing was that any cutting or drilling through the outer casing would release certain chemicals, which would promptly stupefy everybody in range of their fumes. In the morning the owner would find the valuables intact, and could simply call a policeman and pack off the unconscious burglars to jail."

"With such a device it was unnecessary to have massive steel walls, and the model which I chanced to resurrect was made of one-eighth-inch sheet iron. The inner box was entirely surrounded with tubes about the diameter of a lead pencil, and filled alternately with two chemicals, which were supposed to produce stupefying gas when they came into contact. There was a thin outside casing, and any effort to break through it would necessarily fracture two or more of the fragile glasses."

GRACE BEFORE AND AFTER MEAT.

A correspondent writes, asking us to publish a few "Graces" before meat and after. We submit the following, taken from "Family Worship," by Dr. Lyman Abbott:

Lord God, Heavenly Father, bless into us these thy gifts, which of thy tender kindness thou hast bestowed upon us; through Jesus Christ our Lord, Amen.

Almighty God, Heavenly Father, we give thee thanks for all thy gifts and goodness, and pray that as thou feedest our bodies, so also graciously keep our souls in the true faith and confession of thy name; through Jesus Christ our Lord, Amen.

We give thee thanks, O God our Father, for all thy benefits, through Jesus Christ our Lord, who, with thee, liveth and reigneth, world without end, Amen.

Our Heavenly Father, sanctify to our use, we beseech thee, these provisions of thy love, and us to thyself and thy service, Amen.

We accept, O Lord, these gifts, as from thee, who are the giver of each good and perfect gift that descendeth from above. Teach us, in receiving them, as we live upon thy bounty, so to live to thy glory. For Christ's sake, Amen.

THREE WINNING QUALITIES.

Honesty, ability and capacity are the greatest foundation stones of any man's career. They are also as necessary to build up and maintain a strong character as pillars and beams are necessary to hold together a ten-story building. Without them, a man is a weak being, at the best, with them, he is all that the world can desire.

I can hear the young man say, "How can I secure these valuable materials? How can I find them? Where do they exist?"

Young men, they exist everywhere in the perfect life. The atmosphere is just as full of them as it is full of the valued oxygen that gives us life. The man who inhales the oxygen can also inhale honesty, utility, and capacity. Once in his body, unlike the oxygen of the air, they never leave.

Just make up your mind that you will be a man along these lines. Just say to yourself, "I will! Make up your mind that you will. Say to yourself: 'I will be a man—a true, noble, fearless man. I will study, I will read, I will live for all that is good in the world, and I will save my money—'

"Not for to hide it in a hedge, Nor for a train attendant; But for the glorious privilege Of being independent."

It is a simple task to acquire these qualities. It is far more simple than learning A B C, and, once acquired, they stick for life.—Success.

ART OF HOUSEWIFERY

How English Girls Are Being Educated at School.

[Toronto Globe.]

Members of the high and public school boards, and the teachers of the city schools, to the number of about sixty, attended to joint gathering under the auspices of the two boards at the board room in the municipal buildings last night to hear an address from Miss Ravenhill upon the subject of domestic science and hygiene in the schools.

Miss Ravenhill, who is connected with the educational staff of the Yorkshire county council, gave a most interesting account of the progress which domestic science has made as a subject of study in the schools of England. In London at present there are sixty housewifery classes, to which the girls in the fifth, sixth and seventh grades go for definite periods to receive practical instructions in all branches of domestic science. All over England and Wales the movement for teaching domestic science is growing in strength, and girls in the senior grades are obtaining the privilege of practical training in all the arts of housewifery, including cooking, laundry work, needle work, sweeping and cleaning, if they desire it.

Hygiene is also recognized as a most important branch of the subject, and is being taught. The evening classes, corresponding to our night schools, are growing in importance, as shown by the fact that in Yorkshire, where there were 30 classes, with 300 pupils, three years ago, there were in 1900, 324 classes with 6,000 pupils. A thorough course of instruction is given at these schools, commercial subjects being the most popular. The educational board gives 50 per cent towards the necessary equipment of these classes, provided its requirements are met. In order to enable the teachers to meet the advanced requirements under changing conditions, special classes are also held for their instruction and assistance is given to enable them to meet the expense incurred in attending these classes.

After Miss Ravenhill had concluded her remarks, Inspector Hughes moved a vote of thanks, which was cordially given her, Mr. H. A. E. Kent, who presided, in introducing Miss Ravenhill, referred to the increased recognition which domestic science is receiving in the curriculum of the public schools in Toronto.

The Strenuous Life.

It takes hustle and hurry and work to succeed in this world. Quick-witted, bright, energetic men are the ones who succeed. Don't let a bad stomach and poor digestion anchor you to failure. Abbey's Effervescent Salt will sever the bonds. It corrects the mistakes that neglect makes. Makes the system healthy and keeps it so.

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With every pair of Résilia Soled Shoes is provided a test whistle, attached to a tag, bearing printed instructions.

Insert this whistle into the heel valve, and when foot is lifted, the whistle sounds out sharp and clear, as if blown through.

When foot is borne upon, the whistle is mute, because the valve will not permit the air to go out where it comes in, and so compels it to circulate up around the stocking, and out at boot top.

This is an absolute proof that as much fresh air enters the shoe as could be blown through the whistle.

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THE RUSSELL, OTTAWA.

PALACE HOTEL OF CANADA. Branch of the subject, and is being taught. The evening classes, corresponding to our night schools, are growing in importance, as shown by the fact that in Yorkshire, where there were 30 classes, with 300 pupils, three years ago, there were in 1900, 324 classes with 6,000 pupils. A thorough course of instruction is given at these schools, commercial subjects being the most popular. The educational board gives 50 per cent towards the necessary equipment of these classes, provided its requirements are met. In order to enable the teachers to meet the advanced requirements under changing conditions, special classes are also held for their instruction and assistance is given to enable them to meet the expense incurred in attending these classes.

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