

Fun in Grandma's Time

Famous divines of the 'eighties figure in many amusing stories, says an English newspaper.

There was, for instance, the hunting parson, the Rev. Jack Russell, for whom the Bishop sent.

"Mr. Russell," he said, "I hear many things about you of which I don't quite approve." To which Mr. Russell replied, "But, surely, my lord, you don't believe all you hear. I hear many things about your lordship, but I don't believe all. The Devil is not as black as he is painted."

A poor woman in Glasgow asked a minister to visit her husband, who was dangerously ill. The minister, on leaving, asked what church they attended. The woman mentioned the one where the famous Dr. Norman Macleod preached. "Why did you not send for him?" he asked. "Nay, nay, sir; 'deed nay," said the woman, and then she added confidentially, "This is a dangerous case of typhus fever, and we wadna risk him."

Another clergyman asked after a woman's brother, who had been very ill. "He is dead, sir," was the reply. "We sent for the doctor, but he did him no good; he was worse after he saw him. But, bless you, sir, we hears of false doctoring in the Church, so it's no wonder if there is false doctoring out of it."

A Scottish divine, after reading a passage of Scripture, said, "My brethren, this is a very difficult passage to understand. Commentators differ as to its exact meaning. Therefore I say to you, my friends, let us look the difficulty boldly in the face—and pass on to the next passage."

The strange religious ideas of some

people are illustrated by the story of a fashionable woman who was met by a friend as they came out of church.

"What a beautiful sermon we have heard," said the latter.

"Indeed, do you think so, sir?" she replied; "I can't quite agree with you. The preacher said one thing I did not like at all; he said, 'Our Saviour was a Jew.'"

"Of course he did. What else could he say, seeing that our Saviour was a Jew?"

"Not really," said the woman, in astonishment; "I always thought he was a good Christian like myself."

Mrs. Malaprop was outdone by a well-known society woman, who was in the habit of using words she did not understand. "It was terribly rough crossing the Channel and I was desperately ill," she said to a Cabinet Minister. "When at last we reached Dover, I felt inclined to fall down on my knees and thank God that my feet were once more on Terra Cotta."

There is a moral to be drawn from a story told of Mrs. Vaughan, sister of Dean Stanley, who was Royal Chaplain for many years. She prided herself on being a good hostess. Observing a man and woman sitting on a garden seat quite silent, she went up and introduced them to one another.

"As she knew the name of neither she made a confused murmur, and they bowed politely to each other. Having thus done her duty Mrs. Vaughan passed on. Half an hour later, as she was standing near the same couple, she heard the man say, 'My dear, had we better not be going?' And when they said good-bye she found that they were husband and wife!"

The Wonders of Machinery.

A story concerning a conversation between an American and an Englishman, in which the Englishman met the American on his own ground, not without success, was told by Gen. Pershing while he was in London recently.

"My countryman," said the general, "was telling me of yours a tall story about a wonderful sausage-making machine they had in Chicago.

"It's a big affair," he explained, 'but quite simple. All you have to do is to drive a pig up a plank, through a hole in the machine, and, five minutes later, out come thousands of sausages.'"

"What becomes of the hide?" queried the Englishman.

"The hide, sir?" retorted the American. "Oh, that falls out another slot in the machine, and out come portmanteaus, purses, or, if you like, shoes or saddles. It's merely a matter of turning a screw."

"Oh, is that all?" said the Englishman. "We've used that machine in England for the last thirty-five years. What's more, we've improved on it. Sometimes we find the sausages not up to standard. Well, what happened? All we had to do was to put them back in the machine, reverse the engine—"

"Go on," said the American. "What happened?"

"Why, out walks the pig, as fit as a fiddle."

A Pleasant Letter.

It takes a clever man to find a good word to say on every occasion. It is said of Thomas Bailey Aldrich that he once received a letter from his friend, Professor Edward S. Morse, and found the handwriting wholly illegible. Mr. Aldrich was not at a loss for an answer. In due time there came to Mr. Morse the following reply:

"My dear Morse—It was very pleasant to receive a letter from you the other day. Perhaps I should have found it pleasanter if I had been able to decipher it. I don't think I mastered anything beyond the date, which I knew, and the signature, at which I guessed.

"There is a singular and perpetual charm in a letter of yours—it never grows old, and it never loses its novelty. One can say every morning, as one looks at it, 'Here's a letter of Morse's I haven't read yet. I think I shall take another shy at it to-day, and maybe I shall be able in the course of a few years to make out what he means by those 's that look like w's, and those 's that haven't any eyebrows.' Other letters are read and thrown away and forgotten, but yours are kept forever—unread. One of them will date a reasonable man a lifetime."

Literary Centenaries of 1921

Nineteen hundred and twenty-one is particularly rich in literary centenaries, says a correspondent in The Manchester Guardian. Flaubert and Dostoevsky represent France and Russia respectively, in fiction, and Britain has Wilkie Collins, Whyte Melville and, if one may venture to add her name to such an illustrious company, Miss Charlotte Maria Tucker, dear to some of us in childhood days as A. L. O. E.

In poetry the great name of Dante is supreme; it will be the 600th anniversary of his death in September. This year also sees the birth centenary of Baudelaire, while we have such a variety of poets as Dora Greenwell, Frederick Locker-Lampson and John Skinner, the last named having been born 200 years ago and called by Burns the writer of the "best Scottish song ever Scotland saw."

Sir Samuel Baker, Heinrich Barth

and Sir Richard Burton make a notable trilogy of travellers, and among painters there are Noel Paton and Ford Madox Brown. Of religious writers, preachers, teachers and church dignitaries there are George Dawson, Archbishop Temple, Dean Bradley who propped the walls of Westminster Abbey for posterity, and Henri Frederic Amiel. And in what other company shall one include Marcus Aurelius, said to have been born in 121 A.D., and Anne Askew, born in 1521, and martyred twenty-five years later.

Journalism is represented by Hepworth Dixon and J. M. F. Ludlow, the latter being the propagandist through the press of Christian Socialism. Golfers will be glad to revive the memory of Tom Morris and educationists that of Edward Thring, while the fighting services are represented by Lord Alcester.

—and the worst is yet to come



NUMBER TEN DOWNING STREET OFFICIAL HOME OF BRITISH GOVERNMENT.

Treaties, Boundaries and Affairs of State Discussed in This Historic Building.

No. 10 Downing Street, London, probably is the most important private residence in the world.

It is the first house in a row of similar three and a half story brick dwellings that face on the dark, narrow blind alley of Downing Street, opening off Whitehall between the Treasury and the Foreign Office. London fog has grimed the whitewashed bricks. There is a little iron railing along the sidewalk and two steps lead up to a plain oak door with a fanlight above. There is a wrought iron knocker, a lion's head, and below it a brass plate.

No. 10 is the official residence of Premier David Lloyd George, and has been the home of the Prime Ministers of England who have preceded him throughout the last two hundred years. Through the small door have passed the rulers of the Empire since the days of Cromwell, and from its rooms the destiny of the nation has been guided in war and peace.

Plain and Unassuming.

But for all its power and authority "No. 10" is a simple and unassuming house. There is no pomp or ritual of officialdom about it. In appearance it resembles thousands of private houses that line the residential streets of London. The entrance to Downing Street is through the high, grey painted wooden fence of the famous "Downing Street barricade," said to have been built against Sinn Fein demonstrations, but really constructed to prevent unemployed parades from massing before the Premier's residence. There is a policeman at the gate in the "barricade," but no one is prevented from entering or questioned as to his mission. Another policeman stands across the street from "No. 10," keeping an eye upon the door, but all who knock are admitted. The residence of the Premier is as accessible as any house in London.

Simplicity marks all the appointments of the house. Simplicity has marked the public lives of the men who have lived there. It is a simplicity that is surprising, so little is it associated in the public mind with the affairs of state. A tall, energetic man, wearing a light raincoat and a bowler hat, walks down the street, rings, and is admitted to No. 10. He is Count Sforza, Italy's delegate to the Supreme Council. A short, stout, jolly man stops before the door. He is Winston Churchill, Colonial Secretary. He smiles as the doorman salutes him. A few minutes later both men leave, and the door opens to Lloyd George, short, a little bent, his long white hair flowing from under a bowler hat. With him is Philip Kerr, his secretary. Lloyd George walks rapidly, swinging his cane. The men go through the arch under the Foreign Office and start to cut across the empty park toward St. James's Palace, where the delegates from England, France, Italy, Greece and Turkey meet to attempt to right the tangled boundaries of the Near East.

First Lord of the Treasury.

The history of No. 10 goes back to 1674, when it was built by Sir George Downing, then Secretary of the Treasury. After Downing's death the house passed to the government, and has since been used as an official residence. The government always has been the landlord, owning the property and furniture and supplying the

servants. Sir Christopher Wren remodelled the house, and it was at first used as the residence of the First Lord of the Treasury. Passages still lead from No. 10 to the nearby Treasury Building. Later it became traditional that the Prime Minister should be also First Lord of the Treasury, and nearly all Prime Ministers have concurrently filled the other office.

Among the famous Prime Ministers who occupied the house were Sir Robert Walpole, William Pitt the elder, Will Pitt the younger, George Canning, the Duke of Wellington, Sir Robert Peel, Lord Palmerston, Earl Russell, William Gladstone, Benjamin Disraeli, the Marquis of Salisbury, Arthur James Balfour, H. H. Asquith and Lloyd George.

The house has been associated with all the greatest moments in English history. Here Lord Liverpool received the news of Nelson's victory at Trafalgar and Napoleon's defeat at Waterloo. It was here that Lord Palmerston determined England's attitude in the American Civil War and William Gladstone watched the progress of the German armies toward Paris in 1871. From the beginning of the World War it was the directing force of the Allied campaigns against Germany.

Dramatic Scenes.

The Cabinet Room, where all important meetings are held, perhaps has the greatest historic interest. It was here that the English Cabinet held its midnight sitting on August 3, 1914, to decide the question of war with Germany. Belgium had been invaded and the Channel ports were threatened. H. H. Asquith was Prime Minister. Lloyd George, who has said that this midnight session was the most dramatic moment of his life, was Chancellor of the Exchequer. Lord Haldane was present as Minister of War, and Winston Churchill as First Lord of the Admiralty. Sir Edward Grey, now Viscount Grey, was Foreign Minister. With Lord Buckmaster and Earl Crewe they met in the Cabinet Room, and in a long session determined on England's entry into war.

The Cabinet Room properly is a library. It is a small room, narrow, but with a high ceiling. At the entrance are four high white Corinthian pillars. Books—records of the House of Commons—line the walls. Against these books hang varicolored maps. A long green-topped directors' table runs down the centre of the room. One picture, a portrait of Sir Francis Bacon, looks down from over the fireplace. Three small paned windows show glimpses of a soot-darkened little garden.

Among the men who have met at conferences here since the war are M. Millerand, M. Clemenceau, Signor Orlando, Premier Nitti, M. Venizelos, M. Leygues, French Premier preceding M. Briand, and Baron Hayashi, of Japan.

A Remarkable Discovery.

A remarkable discovery with regard to the blood has just been made by a physician in London. In making serums the doctor got the needed plasma from the blood of horses. After he had drawn off the plasma, he injected the red corpuscles into the horses again. The result was that the horses immediately formed new blood fluid of normal composition. It will take some time to determine the full possibilities of so strange a discovery, but it is likely to have an important bearing on the practice as well as the theory of medicine.

Nothing that a man does can please him if he knows he is not doing his duty.

The 250th Anniversary of the Hudson's Bay Company Charter.

The 250th anniversary of the Hudson's Bay Company charter being signed by King Charles II. on May 2, 1670, was celebrated in Western Canada in 1920. It is the oldest joint stock company in Canada.

Animals With Four Horns

It is nothing out of the ordinary to see an animal without horns, so they excite little curiosity in this respect. Likewise, two horns get little more notice, while the single horn of the Indian rhinoceros is well enough known to distinguish that animal from the two-horned African species. But when mention is made of a four or six-horned creature, everybody immediately becomes suspicious and asks what the joke is. Nevertheless, there are such animals found in certain parts of Asia.

Principal among these is the four-horned chonka, a small antelope of India, its name being derived from the native word chonk, meaning a leap. Its front pair of horns are short and placed just above the eyes, while the larger ones are in the usual position higher on the head. The length of the upper horns is about three or four

inches, though the lower ones rarely exceed one inch and no special use for them has ever been discovered by naturalists. The chonka is a beautiful little creature with its bright bay back contrasted with the gray-white of the under part, beneath which are the little legs that enable it to make the high bounds for which it is noted. An adult chonka rarely exceeds twenty inches in height at the shoulders.

In their wild state all sheep were furnished with a pair of horns, but the number never exceeded two until some curious specimens were discovered in several isolated sections of Asia. These species had from four to six horns, the upper set being the largest, the other two being graduated with the smallest ones just above the eyes. Curiously enough, the two lower sets always curve upward, while the large pair curl downward, as do the horns of our domesticated sheep.

The Real Reward.

We are still far from that millennial day when "no one shall work for money and no one shall work for fame;" and yet we know the real reward. The only prize in life worth working for and fighting to retain is the "well-done" of one for whose approving word we care; the only possession it is terrible to lose is the pride in us, the trust in us, some act of ours has disappointed.

It is not a mark of strength, but a mark of weakness and of self-indulgence to defy the good opinion of one whose approval is worth winning and holding. It is rank selfishness to throw the reins upon the neck of willfulness and appetite, paying no heed to one who stands by and grieves for it.

From what base actions, in all ages, were not men restrained because some one cared? They were about to commit a sin, and a face, though far away, rose up before them. They thought they were alone and might do as they chose; and lo! a compelling presence appeared as in the flesh and held them from it. Or if they defied the vision, they have rued it since.

The honorable name may take years to win; and what the crowd thinks does not seem to matter much; it is what the one thinks.

The long bazaar may praise, but Thou, Heart of my heart, have I done well? And that reward which comes at last may in a little time be forfeited. That is why the vigil must be kept incessantly on all there is in a man's being.

What crushes a man in prison is not the outer wall of stone, but the inner weight of consciousness; the hardest thing to save him from is depression that reflection breeds when he remembers. To Othello it was bitter to realize that he had cast away the richest of pearls by his mad suspicion. He had rejected an implicit and adoring faith—the sort of faith that nerves men to do better than they know, that finds the stuff of heroes in a coward, that redeems a life, makes a career and crowns the purpose of existence.

When you think of proving faithless to all that others find in you (though you have not found it in yourself) it is time to pause and remember that you do not belong to yourself to destroy or to surrender; you belong to them. There is no gain in life to be compared with what they gave you.

The Water Spider.

A correspondent of English Country Life describes a peculiar spider that lives under water the greater part of its life. It builds a dome-like nest of silk among weeds in ponds and ditches, and fills the nest with air. In that strange house it lives and lays its eggs. In autumn it makes another nest at a greater distance below the surface of the water, and, having sealed itself inside, it sleeps until spring. Taken out of the water, the spider looks like any other, but as soon as it is put back, the bubble of air that it collects round its body makes it look like a ball of quicksilver. It is the only spider that has taken to a wholly aquatic life, says the writer.

There is no dearth of kindness in this world of ours; only in our blindness we gather thorns for flowers.—Gerald Massey.

Among the Moors women do not celebrate the anniversaries of their birthdays. A Moorish woman considers it a point of honor to be absolutely ignorant of her age.

Census of the Homeless in London

In accordance with a custom followed in recent years, reports The London Daily Telegraph, a census of homeless persons in London was recently taken at night on behalf of the County Council.

The enumeration was confined to the more central portion of the county and the outlying districts in the north and west. Only ten persons (2 men and 8 women) were found sheltering under arches or on staircases. In the streets 48 men and 8 women were found, as compared with 28 men and 13 women on the night of the census in 1920, and 296 men and 76 women at the census taken in the early part of 1914.

In the free shelters and labor homes not licensed as common lodging houses 747 men, 165 women and 22 children were accommodated, as compared with 86 men, 61 women and 2

If we work marble, it will perish; if we work upon brass, time will efface; if we rear temples, they will crumble into dust; but if we work upon immortal minds and instill into them just principles, we are then engraving that upon tablets which no time will efface, but will brighten and brighten to all eternity.—Daniel Webster.

A Prayer Poem.

Give me work to do,
Give me health,
Give me joy in simple things,
Give me an eye for beauty,
A tongue for truth,
A heart that loves,
A mind that reasons,
A sympathy that understands,
Give me neither malice nor envy,
But a true kindness
And a noble common sense.
At the close of each day
Give me a book
And a friend with whom
I can be silent.

Hard Eggs.

Making the shells of eggs thick and tough is a trick of the trade that is known to many poultry men. Mix lime and water, as for whitewash, and drain off the liquid. Use the water for several days in the wet mash that you feed to the poultry in the proportion of about a quart of liquid to one hundred hens. Lime is the principal element in the eggshell, and the lime-water supplies it in concentrated form. The eggs will be so hard that you can pour them from a basket and not break them. Of course, at the hatching season shells of only medium thickness are desired.

A High Sense of Honor.

The survival of certain sensitive ideals of personal honor in countries that, like Japan in the East and France in the West, have a strong feudal background is interesting. Not long ago a French chauffeur had the misfortune to wreck a beautiful new motor car near Villers-Cotterets. He walked to the village inn, wrote a letter to his employer saying that he could not survive his dishonor, and drowned himself in the river. Our readers can imagine as well as we how far his course differed from that which a Canadian chauffeur in a similar situation would pursue.

Jock's Portable House.

Angus was on his first visit to London and he set out to find his friend Jock, who had come to town a few years earlier.

No. 1209 Holborn, was the address at which Angus had been told that he would find Jock. He walked down several streets and then caught sight of a tramcar marked "Holborn." Moreover, he noticed its number—1209. "Hoots!" he cried. "Those goes Jock's house now!" and he started to run toward the car. "It's good I saw it before it got moved," he said to himself, "or I might never have found him."

A new mechanical blotter for bookkeepers also copies entries in books for comparison.

children in 1920, 64 men, 139 women, and 7 children in 1917, and 232 men, 234 women and 6 children in 1913. The practice, recently revived, of offering temporary shelter in certain churches to homeless persons has tended to reduce the number of persons in the streets.

In London casual wards on the night in question there were 176 males and 12 females and 263 vacant beds. The number of inmates at the date of the last census was 88 and the vacant beds numbered 308. There was an increase in the number of children accommodated at common lodging houses and shelters, due, so far as the former are concerned, to the Poor Jews' Shelter being accepted by families of transients. At Rowton houses 5,041 men were accommodated, as against 5,054 in 1920, and there were five vacant beds.