

Our Hour with the Editor

A MOMENTOUS MEETING

Take time today to read the First Chapter of the Book of the Acts of the Apostles. Do not read it because you or some one else may think it a religious duty to read the Bible; do not be ashamed to read it, because some one may think the act unusual. Read it just as you would if some one suggested to you to read a chapter in any other book. For the purpose which we now have in mind, it is not necessary for you to look upon the account there given as inspired truth. Regard it only as the best available report of the things therein written. The brief matter-of-fact reference to the ascension of Jesus may seem a little hard to accept, that is regarding the chapter simply as a piece of history; but because you never knew of anything of the kind transpiring it does not follow that anything of the kind never transpired. In a reputable English paper only a couple of weeks ago there was an account, vouched for by a reputable person, of an event not at all dissimilar to this. It was, of the disappearance of a man, whose first appearance to the woman he subsequently married was as if one had been raised from the dead. To assume that the ascension of Jesus Christ was an impossibility is perfectly gratuitous. It is not intended to direct any special attention to that event that this article is written, but to the meeting held shortly afterwards.

First it may be well to say something about the Book of the Acts as an historical work. There are several ancient manuscripts of this book, none of them, however, any older than the Fourth Century, although it is possible that they may be. There may be older MSS. somewhere, but they have not yet been found. That the book existed long before that is shown by the fact that Irenaeus speaks of it in a treatise written somewhere about the year 185, and mentions St. Luke as its author. This indicates that the authorship was commonly attributed to St. Luke, and it is established that he was a close friend and companion of St. Paul, whom he seems to have survived. St. Paul died about the year 66, and the Acts was probably written after that date. So that not much more than a hundred years elapsed between the time it was written and the reference made to it by Irenaeus. When the history of the Christian Church during that century is taken into account, no difficulty arises in the way of accepting the explanation that the account given in the Acts of the doings of the Apostles was written by some one who was present upon some of the occasions referred to in it, and received at first hand the reports of events, which he did not witness. That the story of those days should have been written down, while it was fresh in some one's mind, is the most natural thing possible. In view of all the facts we would do violence to our own common sense if we did not accept the Book of the Acts, dismissing all question of inspiration, which, indeed, does not enter into the case at all, as a substantially correct, although not very detailed, account of the doings of the Apostles.

We may therefore accept it as historically established that about the year 33 the disciples met in an upstairs room in Jerusalem and resolved to undertake the dissemination of the Gospel, which they had received from their Master, who had left them. Not many details of the meeting are given, but we can well imagine that there was a good deal of discussion, but in the end they resolved to obey the instructions which they had received. It seems improbable that any actual work of organization was attempted on that occasion. The up-stairs room would probably not have accommodated the one hundred and twenty people, whom St. Paul, in the "dressed" suggestion that they should elect a man in the place of Judas Iscariot. Speaking in secular terms, the idea seems to have been to maintain a board of management of twelve persons. The twelfth man was chosen by lot. His name was Matthias. This gathering was one of the most important, recorded in the history of mankind. No effort of the fancy is necessary to fill up the outline of the events of what St. Luke calls "those days." There must have been many meetings of groups of those who had identified themselves with the movement, which Jesus inaugurated. Human nature has been much the same in all ages, and it is altogether probable that among these people were some, who were in great doubt what to do. Possibly, not a few of them decided that there was no use in going on with the work against such tremendous odds as had to be faced; but however that may be, there were about one hundred and twenty, who had what we call nowadays the courage of their convictions, and met together presumably at the call of St. Paul, to complete their organization for the evangelization of the world.

Here pause and endeavor to get a sense of the proportion which this meeting bore to contemporary events. We have as large meetings in Victoria now and then, which only receive brief mention in the daily papers, and which no one out in Sidney hears anything about. This little gathering would hardly have attracted even passing attention in Jerusalem, and in the rest of the Roman Empire there was not the slightest likelihood that it would be mentioned in the daily papers, and which no one out in Sidney hears anything about. This little gathering would hardly have attracted even passing attention in Jerusalem, and in the rest of the Roman Empire there was not the slightest likelihood that it would be mentioned in the daily papers, and which no one out in Sidney hears anything about. This little gathering would hardly have attracted even passing attention in Jerusalem, and in the rest of the Roman Empire there was not the slightest likelihood that it would be mentioned in the daily papers, and which no one out in Sidney hears anything about.

MAKERS OF HISTORY

A recent writer has said that modern civilization dates from Waterloo, and while the assertion, like most general propositions, can only be accepted with qualifications, there is no doubt that greater progress in material development and the advance of human liberty has been made since that eventful day in June, 1815, than in any corresponding period within historic times. Waterloo was more than a great battle. It was the consummation of centuries of struggle. It was the hour of triumph of British ideas. It ushered in the reign of the people. The old order passed away, when the Guards made their magnificent advance at the end of the long, weary day. Waterloo was won by the British Infantryman. It was not the might of cannon that settled the fate of Europe nor the dash of horsemen in "all the pride and panoply of war," but the sturdy courage

and magnificent discipline of the men who fought on foot, of whom their commander proudly said at the close of a hard-fought day in Spain, "They would go anywhere and do anything." After Waterloo the world had peace, and science, invention, commerce and political enfranchisement were free to work out the great problems in their respective spheres of action. Therefore the man, through whose genius Waterloo was won, may well be given a place among the Makers of History. We have spoken of Wellington's "genius" and the force is well applied, whether we regard genius simply as the capacity for taking infinite pains or the ability to recognize the nature of an opportunity and know how to take advantage of it. If Waterloo had terminated differently, if the Prussian defeat at Ligny had been followed by a French triumph over Wellington, it is doubtful if the combined power of Europe could have prevented Napoleon from becoming the absolute master of at least the western half of that continent, and it is doubtful if Great Britain would have been free from invasion. Napoleon represented the centralization of power; Britain the best development of democracy which the world had seen in two centuries. Napoleon represented the supremacy of the military; Britain the supremacy of the civil. The tremendous issues were at stake on that well-fought field. It was a pivotal epoch in the history of civilization. Whatever differences of opinion there may be as to the merits of the two great captains, who in the end measured swords, there is none as to the momentous character of the question then decided. "The thunders of Huguonmont," as Tennyson expresses it, reverberate through the world today.

Arthur Wellesley, Duke of Wellington, was born at Douglis Castle, Ireland, May 1, 1769, the year of Napoleon's birth. His father was Earl of Mornington, and he was his third son. His elder brother, the Marquis of Wellesley, was one of the most distinguished of British statesmen, and his services to his country as Governor-General of India were of very great value. The name was of Saxon origin and the Wellesleys were conspicuous as far back as the reign of Henry II. Wellington was not of this stock, his father's name having been Colley, the name of Wesley having been assumed by him on succeeding to the estates of his cousin, Garrett Wesley. The spelling of the name, Wellesley, was the ancient form; it was shortened to Wesley in the Sixteenth Century, but the original form was adopted by the Earl of Mornington. The founder of Methodism was of the same stock as the old Wellesley family. Arthur received his military education in France, and in his 21st year he was made ensign in the 1st Infantry. His promotion was rapid and we find him, six years later, lieutenant-colonel of the 8th regiment, although up to this time he had seen no service in the field. In 1794 he joined the army under the Duke of York in Flanders, where he was given command of three battalions during the Duke's retreat through Holland, and at once gave promise of his ability by repulsing the French on several occasions. Two years later he was after all only a half-trained savage who believed that might was right, and that the end justified the means. He possessed indomitable courage and a fine diplomacy in making negotiations with rival chiefs. The force of his personal magnetism was very great, for even in the face of the most adverse circumstances, his men were ever ready to follow him, with unquestioning faith in his valour and judgment, and in nearly every case his intrepid ambition was rewarded, for he was successful in every enterprise in which he engaged. Clovis was sixteen years of age when he came to the throne and he marked the first years of his reign with a signal victory over his two neighbors, the Roman patrician Syagrus, master at Soissons, and the Frankish chieftain Ragacac, settled in Gann. The fact of his success in these wars was spread throughout the country, and reached the ears and fired the imagination of Clothilde, the beautiful niece of Gondebaud, king of the Burgundians. Clothilde is well worth a place in history, for it was chiefly through her instrumentality that Clovis was converted from paganism to Christianity and induced to spread the teachings of Christ throughout his kingdom. Not only had Clothilde heard of the successes of Clovis, but to the latter had been brought tales of the wonderful grace and joyfulness of the Burgundian princess, till the young king was possessed with a desire to make her his wife. But the fact that he and his followers worshipped the heathen gods, was sufficient to awaken the antipathy of the girl's country people and they wished to prevent the marriage. On the other hand, the Catholic clergy, desiring the consummation of the match, hoping that the tender persuasions of Clothilde might in time inspire the great pagan king with a desire to embrace Christianity.

All events the wooing was a very romantic one. Clovis had sent one Aurelian, disguised as a beggar, to make known the wish of his heart to the Burgundian princess. He was admitted to Gondebaud's castle and meeting Clothilde whispered to her that he had great matters of which he desired to speak to her. Suspecting his design, perhaps for the benefit of the onlookers, she knelt before him in a professed spirit of humility and began to bathe his feet, a ceremony quite customary at that time. Aurelian managed to slip a ring into his hand unnoticed, and he then, as master of the situation, the great Clovis, who loves you and would make you his queen. The young girl, who had long worshipped Clovis in secret was quite overcome with joy. She drew a ring from her own finger and, her hands trembling, gave it to the messenger, blushing in return with it to his master and tell him that she had loved him ever since years before tales of his great bravery had reached her. She also presented Aurelian with much gold for himself and rich gifts. Aurelian returning gave Clovis the message, and the Burgundian princess formally demand the hand of the princess. Gondebaud, not daring to refuse, allowed his niece to set forth with Clovis's emissaries. But the girl knew in her heart that every effort would be made to overtake her and bring her back secretly. So deeply was she in love that before she had gone many leagues upon her journey, she bade the escort leave her and let her continue her way alone, for in this way only could she escape detection and detention. Therefore, she approached the Burgundian frontier, Clovis riding forth, met the lovely lady, coming to meet him quite unguarded and alone. It was the first time his eyes had beheld her and words of love and admiration for her bravery sprang to his lips as he leaped from his horse to bend his knee before her.

No sooner were they married than Clothilde began to urge upon her lord the advantage of adopting the Christian faith. For some time Clovis was obdurate, especially as their first son had died shortly after his birth. The second son lived and thrived, however, which somewhat pacified the incredulous king. But it was the battle of the Allemanni that decided Clovis in favor of his wife's religion. He was victorious when he set forth that if he was victorious against him, the Catholic king, the battle was going against him and Clovis was anxious, not knowing what tactics to adopt. Aurelian, who had been the messenger when he wooed Clothilde and whom he had raised to a post of great honor, came to him

The Birth of the Nations

(N. de Bertrand Lugin.)

THE FRENCH—CLOVIS, THE FIRST KING OF FRANCE

It was during the first century after Christ that the name of the Franks (French) first appeared in history. This was the designation given not only to one but to several German tribes of a roving, warlike disposition who lived on the right bank of the Rhine, and who during the time between the third and fifth centuries made continued incursions upon Gaul, where they desired to settle. The Roman conquerors endeavored at first to keep them out, but their efforts were quite in vain. The Franks, quite heedless of repulses or reverses, invaded the country again and again, in spite of opposition, acquiring land and settling there, peacefully enough if unloathed, and submitting for the most part without question to the government of the Roman emperors. But the third century saw the beginning of that terrific series of combats between the Romans and the barbarians, which was to end only in ignominious defeat for that great empire that had once been the proud mistress of the world. Gutzot calls this last great struggle "the most important of the world's history," to tell the truth there was no longer a Roman nation—the long-continued despotism and slavery had enervated equally the ruling power and the people, everything depended upon the soldiers and their generals. It was in Gaul that the struggle was most obstinate and most speedily brought to a decisive issue, and the confusion there was as great as the obstinacy. At times the Romans fought in league with some of the barbarian tribes against the combined forces of the Franks and the whole Roman Army against the united barbarians. Still again the German tribes waged a warfare solely with one another. There is no language that can fittingly describe the terrible conflict, suffice it to say that when the war was over the Roman Empire was completely ruined and devastated from one end to the other.

Thirty years after the last and decisive battle of this great struggle, the Franks who were settled in Gaul were not yet united as one nation, and it was not until the year 481 A.D. with the accession of the Frankish king Clovis, that the real history of the French begins.

There are two very important reasons why the name of Clovis should be one of peculiar interest not only to the French but to all students of European history. In the first place with him began the French monarchy, and in the second place he laid the foundation for the Christianizing of France. From the beginning of his reign he had one principal idea in his mind, which was to unite all the Franks into one nation, thus bringing about an amalgamation of strength and a similarity of interests. In order to accomplish this result he was not above descending to craftiness and deception. But it must always be remembered in forming an estimate of the character of this great king, that he was after all only a half-trained savage who believed that might was right, and that the end justified the means. He possessed indomitable courage and a fine diplomacy in making negotiations with rival chiefs. The force of his personal magnetism was very great, for even in the face of the most adverse circumstances, his men were ever ready to follow him, with unquestioning faith in his valour and judgment, and in nearly every case his intrepid ambition was rewarded, for he was successful in every enterprise in which he engaged. Clovis was sixteen years of age when he came to the throne and he marked the first years of his reign with a signal victory over his two neighbors, the Roman patrician Syagrus, master at Soissons, and the Frankish chieftain Ragacac, settled in Gann. The fact of his success in these wars was spread throughout the country, and reached the ears and fired the imagination of Clothilde, the beautiful niece of Gondebaud, king of the Burgundians. Clothilde is well worth a place in history, for it was chiefly through her instrumentality that Clovis was converted from paganism to Christianity and induced to spread the teachings of Christ throughout his kingdom. Not only had Clothilde heard of the successes of Clovis, but to the latter had been brought tales of the wonderful grace and joyfulness of the Burgundian princess, till the young king was possessed with a desire to make her his wife. But the fact that he and his followers worshipped the heathen gods, was sufficient to awaken the antipathy of the girl's country people and they wished to prevent the marriage. On the other hand, the Catholic clergy, desiring the consummation of the match, hoping that the tender persuasions of Clothilde might in time inspire the great pagan king with a desire to embrace Christianity.

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saying, "My lord king, believe only on the Lord of Heaven whom the queen my mistress preacheth and all will be well." So Clovis, much moved, invoked the aid of God in the name of His son Jesus Christ, and immediately, we are told, the tide of battle turned in the Frankish king's favor. When Clovis returned the queen hearing the welcome tidings ran to meet her husband, throwing herself upon his breast in an abandonment of joy. And Clovis then and there promised that he would labor with her in spreading abroad the teachings of Jesus, a promise which he kept to the best of his ability, leaving France a comparatively united country, with the germs of the Christian faith firmly implanted.

Clovis died in 511 A.D., at Paris, where during the last years of his life he had taken up his residence. He was buried in the church of St. Geneveve, then known as the church of St. Peter and St. Paul, and which was built by his wife Clothilde, who survived him.

WITH THE POETS

Said Love to Loveliness

Said Love to Loveliness "Loose down thy hair— Pluck out the golden comb, the band of pearl, Set free the prisoned grace of braid, and curl. To fall or ripple as it may or dare— Unlace thy straightened tresses, and forever Jewel for neck and bosom, waist and hand— The hidden beauty of thy feet make bare; Be thy sweet self alone." Dost understand That only so, to Love, shouldst thou be seen A beggar maid, that he may make thee Queen?"

Then Loveliness up tossed her charming head "Why should I stoop to be a beggar maid? For Love as all men know, since Time began, Suing to Loveliness, is a beggar man!" —Madeline Bridges, in The Smart Set.

The Old Year Dies

The old year dies; hopes that were fair Are strewn behind us; here and there Ambitions that were cherished long Are left unclaimed, and frail or strong, We search for newer hopes to share.

The mist grows darker, deeper, where We resolutely buried care, And left the ways that led to wrong— The old year dies. Beyond us lies a realm that ne'er Has been explored, where they that dare To lead may guide the eager throng, While the old year dies. Of those that long have borne despair— The old year dies. —S. E. Kiser.

Bondage

I am the slave of day, And underneath the sun I play my part with stubborn heart, Until the day is done. I do the petty task, I earn the grudging pay, And none can give me a mask, Indebted to the day.

But when the sun has set And the stars are clear, How easy to forget The walks and ways of men! Deep in my heart I seek The light and the rue, The white rose and the rose of red: The memory of you.

What though the miles divide, What though the years are past? Across the night I dream aright, And am myself at last, A bondsman of the day, While day is on its throne. The secret stars all know I am Your slave, and yours alone!

The Milky Way

(Translated from Sully Prudhomme.) To the stars I said one night, "Tender sorrow dwells on high. From the depths of space, your light Tells of sadness in the sky."

"And, methinks, in realms afar, With unnumbered tapers clear, Virgins bear a funeral car, Treading softly by the bier."

"Are you always thus in prayer? Wear you ever pain's dark seal? Tears of light our earthly share, Joy your rays may not reveal."

"You, the stars, creators great, Of our world, before unknown, What fears? What threats Fate? They replied, "We are alone."

"Every star is far away From the sister she would claim: And each softly beaming ray Seeks in vain a kindred flame."

"Desolate, in barren sky, Solitude is our despair." They said, "For you we sigh, Mortals, too, this grief must bear."

"Every soul with flame of gold, Shines alone amidst its peers, And, with yearnings all untold, Burns, immortal, through the years."

—Elizabeth Minot.

A Petal of a Shattered Rose

Wee petal of a shattered rose, A tiny mote of white, The sport of every wind that goes To meet the Autumn night; How eerie in the waning light— How piteous its grace! Where winds it now in feeble flight, To what dark resting place?

Where are the mellow bees it knew— Where is the butterfly, The gallant bliths that came to woo While yet the moon was high? Where all the pretty pagantry That made the garden gay? I only catch the cricket's cry Amid the grasses gray.

The scattered leaves from oak tree torn That in the gust flit by With rustlings weird have strength to mourn, To voice at least a sigh; Poor petal, far more frail than they, How dumbly meets its death, Though pleasures fleet, and hope betray, Sweet to its latest breath.

The day is cold. The year is old. There's not a star to cheer. It wrings the heartstrings to behold A little thing—its little thing— That hath no voice to moan, And only seeks a spot to die In darkness and alone.

A moment lulls the piercing blast— It flutters to the ground, And neath a wayside hedge at last The long-sought rest is found. There let the writhing spider weave, And should-like be his web; Ay, let him weave, and let him grieve— There's naught of Summer left. —Samuel Minturn Peck.

THE STORY TELLER

The captain of a certain yacht had evinced an anxiety touching a mission to the craft that at once attracted the attention of a fair passenger on board. "What's the trouble, captain?" asked she. "The fact is, ma'am," was the response; "our rudder's broken."

"Oh, I shouldn't worry about that," said the lady. "Being under the water nearly all the time, no one will notice that it's gone."—Harper's Weekly.

A Musical Feast

Jack London, the author, was introduced one day to a musician.

"I, too, am a musician in a small way," London said. "My musical talent was once the means of saving my life."

"How was that?" the musician asked. "There was a great flood in our town in my boyhood," responded London. "When the water struck our house my father got on a bed and floated with the lady in the audience to enter this cabinet. 'Will then close the door, and when I again open it, the lady will have disappeared, leaving no trace.'"

A gleam of hope flooded into the eyes of one of the audience—a harassed-looking individual, who sat next to a female Goliath, with a chin like the ram of a first class battleship.

"Well, dear," he whispered eagerly, "won't you go up and oblige the conjurer?"

An Opportunity at Last

The conjurer on the pier was in his best form. Waving his hand towards a gaudily-draped cabinet, he addressed the crowd assembled around him. "Now, ladies and gentlemen, I beg to call your attention to the illusion of the evening. I want some lady in the audience to enter this cabinet. Will then close the door, and when I again open it, the lady will have disappeared, leaving no trace."

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An Absent-Minded Lunch

The pupils of a distinguished professor of zoology, a man well known for his eccentricities, noted one day two tidy parcels lying on his instructor's desk as they passed out at noon hour. On their return to the laboratory for the afternoon lecture they saw but one.

This the professor took carefully up in his hand as he opened his lecture. "In the study of vertebrate we have taken the frog as a type. Let us now examine the gastrocnemius muscles of this dissected specimen."

So saying, the professor untied the string of his neat parcel and disclosed to view a ham sandwich and a boiled egg. "But I have eaten my lunch," said the learned man, bewilderedly.—Modern Society.

Rudyard Kipling's Break

"Rudyard Kipling, when he dined with me," said a literary Chicagoan, "told me about Simla. It seems that Simla is up in the mountains—the hills, as they say in India—and the ladies go there in the hot weather to escape the heat of the low country."

"Well, Kipling said that one lovely, cool morning at Simla he was presented to a 'grass-widow.' They call those ladies 'grass-widows' whose husbands are detained by work in the hot cities of the plains. She was awfully pretty and charming, and as they talked together in the pleasant coolness, Kipling said:

"I suppose you can't help thinking of your poor husband grilling down below?"

"The lady gave him a strange look and he learned afterwards that she was a real widow."—New York Times.

As It Is in Savannah

Two men from New York awoke one morning to find themselves in Savannah. Remembering that they were in a prohibition State, and having a thirst worthy of their surroundings, the pair started out to get a drink. They were not long in becoming acquainted with the place, and were in a quandary as to where to start on their quest, and while they were debating the question mentally between themselves, they were approached by a pleasant-looking policeman, who wished them good morning.

"Say, Jim," said one of the pilgrims to the other, "this is an opening. Here's a good fellow; let's ask him."

It was agreed, and the officer answered their question by saying, laconically, "In follow me."

They followed him, and stood in front of the cathedral. Here he paused.

"The travellers looked at each other in astonishment."

"Surely, my good man," said the first, "you do not mean to tell us that a blind girl is being operated in church?"

"Yes," assented the two. "Well, that is the only place in Savannah where you can't get it."

Ruling the Sound Waves

A school inspector was about to enter the playground of a certain village school when he was attracted by an outburst of music which at first bore some resemblance to "Rule Britannia," but afterwards broke away into the most bewildering discord.

He made a noisy note not to ask the children to sing "Rule Britannia," and walked up to the door. He was met by the master.

"I think, sir, we were something to please you this time."

"I'm glad to hear it; and what may it be?"

"Don't you remember what you said about the youngsters' singing 'Rule Britannia'?"

"Oh, yes, I remember. Have they got one ready?"

"That they have, sir."

The inspector, glad in this way to escape "Rule Britannia," at once called for the round.

The master, came in hand, led off the boys in the third standard with the strain of "Rule Britannia."

As they began the next strain the fourth standard boys repeated the first with startling effect, and finally the fifth section broke in with it when the third and fourth divisions were shouting the third and second strains against each other.

When it was all over the master turned to the inspector with:

"Well, sir, did you ever hear anything come up to it?"

"No, I never did," gasped the official, "and I don't think I ever shall."

Keeping the Watch

The late Dr. Drummond, the Habitant poet, once related an amusing anecdote indicative of the simplicity of the rural French-Canadian.

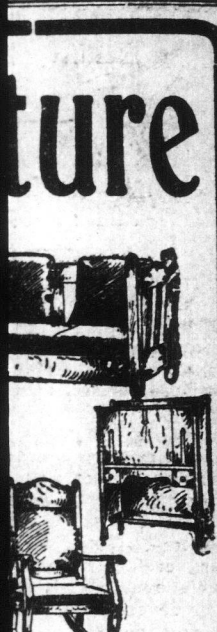
He was summering in Megantic County, Quebec, when, early one evening, he was visited by a young farmer named Ovide Leblanc. "Bon soir, Docteur," said Ovide, by way of greeting. "Ma brudder Moise, heem ver sick. You come on d'house for see hem, Doc?"

Drummond, always kind-hearted and obliging, complied with the request of Ovide, and found the unfortunate Moise suffering from what he diagnosed as a fairly severe case of typhoid.

Wishing to provide Moise with some medicine," said the doctor-poet, "I asked Ovide to accompany me back to the village. The prescription compounded, I proceeded to instruct Ovide. The dose was to be administered every three hours during the night, and to be as brief, plain and explicit as possible. I said: 'Be sure and keep watch on Moise tonight; and give him a teaspoonful of this at nine o'clock, twelve o'clock, at three and six in the morning. Come and see me again about nine in the morning.'"

Ovide understood and departed. The following morning he again presented himself, and Drummond asked: "How's Moise? Did you do as I told you?"

"Ma brudder Moise, tink he some better dan las' night," replied Ovide. "I give hem de medicin, but I don't have no watch in d'house, Doc. I tak d'cise clock; d'one what mak d' beeg decturb for get up. I keep set on hees chees all night. T'ing set do heem good, dat, just lak d'watch. Wat you tink, Doc?"



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