

## AROUND THE LAMP.

The year's at the spring  
And day's at the morn;  
Morning's at the dawn;  
The hillside's dew peared;  
The lark's on the wing;  
The sparrow's on the thorn;  
God's in his heaven—  
All's right with the world.  
—Browning.

### Marriage Without Love.

In this country the great majority of cases of insanity among women can clearly be traced to unrequited and disappointed affection. This is not to be wondered at if we consider the present artificial state of society. We "make merchandise of love"; both men and women are estimated, not by their mental endowments, not by their moral worth, not by their capacity of making the domestic fire-side happy, but by the length of their respective purses. Instead of seeking for a heart, we look for a dowry. Money is preferred to intellect; pure and unadulterated affection dwindles to nothingness when placed in the same scales with titles and worldly honors.—"Mad Humanity," by J. Forbes Winslow, D.C.L.

### Insensibility to Music.

Dean Stanley actually suffered from listening to music, and, whenever he could, he walked out of the room where there was music. . . . "You know," he said to Jenny Lind, "I dislike music; I don't know what people mean by admiring it. I am very stupid, stone deaf, as others are color blind." Stanley's feeling reminds me of another music hater at Oxford, the late Dr. Gaisford, the famous Dean of Christ Church. What the dean's idea of music was may best be judged from his constantly appointing old scouts or servants who were too old to do their work any longer as bedmakers, to be singing men in the cathedral choir.—"Auld Lang Syne," by the late Prof. Max Muller.

### An Oriental Kindergarten Game.

One bright spring afternoon a Chinese official and his little boy called at our home, on Filial Piety Lane, in Peking. Father and son were dressed exactly alike—boots of black velvet, trousers of blue silk, waistcoat of blue brocade, and skull-cap of black satin. In every respect, even to the dignity of his bearing, the child was a vest-pocket edition of his father.

The boy carried a 'fao of books, which I recognised as "The Fifteen Magic Blocks." Now, a 'fao is two or more volumes of a book, wrapped in a single cover. The one that the boy had contained two volumes. On the inside of the cover was a depression three inches square, snugly fitted with the fifteen blocks. These blocks are made variously of lead, wood or pasteboard.

All the blocks are in pairs, except one, which is a rhomboid; and all are exactly proportional, the sides being either half an inch, and an inch and a half, or two inches in length.

The blocks of Chinese children are not used as in our kindergartens, simply to familiarize the child with geometric figures. The purpose of the fifteen magical blocks is to picture scenes of history and myth that will have a moral and intellectual effect on the building brain.

Of course, Chinese children build houses, bridges and wagons just as ours do, but primarily their blocks are intended for education. The first picture my child visitor built for me that afternoon was a dragon house. I asked him to tell me about it. The little fellow explained that this was the dragon-house of Fu Hsi. Fu Hsi was the original ancestor of the Chinese people, and he saw this animal emerge from the depths of the Meng River. On the back of the dragon-house, Fu Hsi described a map containing fifty-five spots. These fifty-five spots represented the male and female principles of nature, and out of them the ancient sage used to construct what are known as the Eight Diagrams.—Ainslie's Magazine.

### Huxley's Plan of Study.

When Huxley, the great scientist, was a very young man he kept a diary which consisted mainly of his intentions concerning the future. He mapped out the work which he must do. At the end of a certain time he found that he had neglected the most important things. On making this discovery he wrote:

"I must get on faster than this. I MUST adopt A FIXED LINE OF STUDIES, for unless this is done I find time slips away without knowing it—and let me remember this, that it is better to read a little and thoroughly than cram a crude, undigested mass into my head, though it be in great quantity."

Three years later he wrote in this diary after having written what is quoted above:

"This is about the only resolution I have ever stuck to." Huxley stuck to his resolution, adopted a fixed plan of studies. He made up his mind what he wanted to learn. He selected a certain line of investigation and stuck to it absolutely. When he died he had rendered a great service to the world by adding to its positive knowledge and by setting a splendid example to old men and young men by living a life entirely and successfully devoted to the acquisition and dissemination of knowledge.

It would pay all the young men who are ambitious to read over two or three

times the quotation from Huxley that we have printed above.

Never be satisfied with the rate at which you are progressing. Study on a fixed plan, and above when you read, read THOROUGHLY.

Between your hours of reading think steadily. Thought reading is like gastric juice to the food. Reading without thought is utterly profitless.

### A Glorious "Find."

A Winchester bachelor, too poor to get married, yet too susceptible to avoid girls' society, was driving with a lady "all on a summer's day," and accidentally—men's arm's (awkward things) are ever in the way!—dropped an arm around her waist.

No objection was made for a while, and the arm gradually relieved the side of the carriage of the pressure upon it. But of a sudden—whether from a passing wave of coyness, or the sight of another beau coming, never was known—the lady started with volcanic energy, and, with flashing eye, exclaimed:

"Mr. B., I can support myself." "Captain," was the instant reply. "You are just the girl I have been searching for these five years. Will you marry me?"

### No Peace Now.

They have a regulation at the Penge free library by which any person wanting a book or song which is not in, can, by paying a penny, secure the next turn; and, on the book coming in, the librarian sends him a notification per postcard.

A person wanted one of Jepson's works, and, having deposited his penny in the usual way, received a card in due course. The person was a married man, and his wife took in the card. This is how it read:

"Mr. Brown is informed that the girl he left behind him is now in the library, and will be retained for him until Thursday morning next."

### The Importance of Being Well Dressed.

There used to be a silly notion that a woman who spent much time or money on her clothes was frivolous, while a man was supposed to be quite beyond the necessity of doing more than cover his nakedness. We are learning better, and, despite the fact that you can point to a hundred and one poets and philosophers who have paid very good work in old clothes, it is true that the average person will do better work if he is well, and to a degree fashionably, dressed. And to return to my first proposition. The ill woman will help herself mightily if she remembers how big a part dress plays in determining her physical and mental condition. If you have a headache and are suffering from nerves, even if you have a more real pain, such as neuralgia or the toothache, and are able to be about at all, don't go around the house in your old wrapper, with your hair down. Either put on a bright frock and brush your hair, as if you were expecting company; and this bright outside, combined with the effort to look cheerful, will go far toward helping you out of your pit of darkness; and, though it won't cure you, you will be surprised to find how many pains and little illnesses it will lighten and lessen.

### Histrionic Nascitur, Non Fit.

An actor is born, not made. After he's once born he can be cut and polished; but he's got to be a diamond, or a ruby, or a sapphire, or even only a topaz, to be worth the process. I am sorry to say that lots of the material much admired today is only glass or even paste. Some people prefer it, but it has no lasting value; it doesn't ring true, and it can't out-glass by that I mean triumph over the shoddy and imitation article. There seems to be a good deal of lecturing of late years by actors—in fact, some of them do more lecturing than acting. I, my poor self, have declined invitations to talk to universities. I haven't the slightest doubt it amuses the students and the professors, and everybody there gets a free gratis entertainment; but you can lecture yourself blue and black in the face, and you won't teach anybody anything about the art of acting.—Richard Mansfield.

### The Colonel's Apology.

A curate up north, having preached a very clever sermon on the Sunday, called upon a certain colonel on the Monday especially to ask his opinion. "How did I like the sermon?" said the colonel. "Very much, indeed," said the curate. "Very much, indeed," said the colonel. "One of your favorites?" stammered the curate, slightly puzzled. "I do not understand."

The colonel regarded him with a twinkle at the back of his eyes. "Or course, I won't say a word," he said, "but I knew very well that you stole it, and also where you stole it from." "I said the curate, and he spoke from out the whirlwind of his righteous indignation. 'I am not in the habit, sir, of stealing my sermons. I fear you are laboring under a mistake, and—er—forgetting yourself, sir. I must ask you to apologize.'"

The colonel was silent a moment. Then he said: "It may be that I have made a mistake. Wait a moment. I will make sure."

Going to his bookcase, he took down a massive tome of sermons—a rare and almost forgotten work. He turned to a certain page, and an apologetic, humble look came upon his face as he glanced up at the curate. "I beg your pardon," he said. "I forgot, sir; my mistake."

### Kitchener's Unbending.

Most stories represent Lord Kitchener in a somewhat stern light. Here is one which shows that even the modern "man of blood and iron" can unbend. During the last Sudan campaign Kitchener was accompanied by a telegraphist, to whom he took the nearest approach to a fancy his stern nature would allow. After Khartoum the telegraphist heard that his mother was ill and in want at home. He applied for his discharge, to which he was entitled. Kitchener sent for him and demanded to know why he wished to leave. The man explained. "Don't you think you could help your mother when she's going home?" asked Kitchener. "I'd rather go home, sir," replied the operator. "Oh, very well," said Kitchener, closing the interview abruptly. "You know your own business best. That'll do."

The day passed for the telegraphist.

to leave, and he went to bid his chief good-bye. "Ah," said Kitchener, "you're a fool to go. I would have given you a good post had you stayed. I'm very busy—good-bye." The man saluted and was retiring, when Kitchener called out, "Here, just take this note to the paymaster for me." The note was delivered, and the bearer was walking away, when he whom irreverent subalterns call "Shovel-penny" called him back. "I'm to give you this by the general's orders," said he. "This" was equivalent in Egyptian money to a £10 note. It was characteristic of Kitchener that he would not lift a finger to urge the man to stay, and that he did not want to be thanked.

### Here is a New Way to Get Autographs.

The young man grabbed his note book and pencil. "There," said he, "is something to complain about. I must make a note of it before I forget it."

"To whom are you going to complain?" asked his companion.

"Oh," said he "I'll take my growl direct to headquarters. I'll write to the president of the company and tell him just what I think of such proceedings. Not that the situation inconveniences me any, but I'll complain as a matter of principle. I'm what you might call a professional complainer. Hardly a week passes that I don't write to some big concern, kicking about something."

"You ought to see the stacks of courteous letters I have received in reply to these strenuous lamentations. There are but few prominent business men or educators or jurists or specialists in any line in this town whose autographs I have not secured. I wouldn't take a pretty pile of money for my collection. It is the keystone of my reputation as a responsible citizen. When I go home to our little town down in the country I take these letters along and read them to the neighbors, and they are fairly dazed with admiration."

"My, Tom!" they say, "what a lot of folks you do know up in Montreal, and influential folks, too!"

"And that gives me a chance to put on a few more airs. 'Ah, yes,' I say with a swagger, 'whenever I ask for anything down there they pay attention to my demands, you bet.'"

"And that raises me to the seventh heaven of prominence in their estimation. They actually think I boss even the mayor. They don't know that the shining lights of Montreal are all so well bred that they reply in like manner to everybody that sends in a complaint. I really doubt if the busy heads of corporations and societies would be so polite if they knew that a good many people find fault for the sake of the letters they will receive in reply. So long as they don't know and adhere to their courteous policy I shall continue to complain and thus increase my stock of gilt-edged autographs."

### The Care of Eyes.

The changes which come to the eyes as a result of age are beyond the power of the individual to remedy. It is true that the time for the wearing of glasses may be hastened by abuse of the eyes; but with all possible care that one may take the eyes that hitherto has been normal will need shortly before, or it may be shortly after, the age of forty-five, the aid of glasses. So unless it is to be an oculist, in his examinations of the retina of the eye of his patient, can determine very accurately the number of his years. The responsibility of much eye trouble, however, can be brought directly home to the individual. It is due to the reckless expenditure of the eyesight. The service of the eye is demanded in any and every light. The eyes are most tried by reading fine print, or doing the kind of sewing or embroidery. If the print is on glossy paper, whose smooth surface reflects, mirror-like, the light, the effect is very bad upon the eyes. If the embroidery is to be done on satin, or upon canvas, with its bewildering maze of meshes, the strain is soon shown in the redness and weariness of the eyes. Women's eyes suffer greatly from the tax of veils. It only shows the instability which the eyes share with every other part of the body, that the veils, with their intricate meshes and numerous dots of embroidery and chenille, do not occasion more to their weariness than they do. The first thing to do in selecting a veil, if one has mercy upon the eyes, is to test its effect upon the sight, to see that the weave is not confusing and that the dots do not come athwart the eyes.

### Temperance Reform in Scotland.

Temperance reform is one of the most pressing questions of the day in Scotland, and there is a growing disposition to try the effect of the Gothenburg system, or something akin to it. Experiments in this line have been made already in more places than one. The county of Fife was the pioneer in the business. In the village of Hill of Beath, for example, a so-called Gothenburg public house has been in operation for some five years. The village had previously no licensed house at all, and was naturally marked out as a prize by the "trade." In order to keep out the publican, the owners of this mining hamlet, the Fife Coal Company, procured a license for a converted cottage, which was at first managed by a committee nominated by the company and the villagers jointly. Only good, well-matured liquor was purchased, and good management was consistently aimed at. Ultimately the company purchased the house, which had been built by an expectant publican, and turned over to the Hill of Beath Tavern Society (Limited). The total drawings up to September, 1900, were £9,011, and the total profits £2,078. By its articles, the society is bound after paying a fixed percentage on the capital, to devote the rest of the profits to public uses; and this mining village of 1,300 inhabitants has already been furnished by its tavern with a reading-room, a bowling-green, and electric lights in the streets, and is reveling in the prospect of a football ground and a better library and recreation rooms. A similar experiment has been started in the large adjoining village of Kelso, and there is every reason for expecting that the results will be fully as satisfactory. The total abstinence party oppose the system, holding that one public house is just as bad as another, but the moderates deny this flatly, and point to the record as proof of the moral superiority of the "Gothenburg" institution.

### The Troubles That Never Cease.

"I wish very much," said a young woman, "to go and see the firm of W. and M. I feel almost certain I could obtain with them, just the position I have long wanted, and I understand they have been over a month trying applicants for this position, but so far no one has been found satisfactory." "Why in the world do you apply at once?" asked the person addressed. "Why, you see," replied the young woman with a sigh, as she glanced at

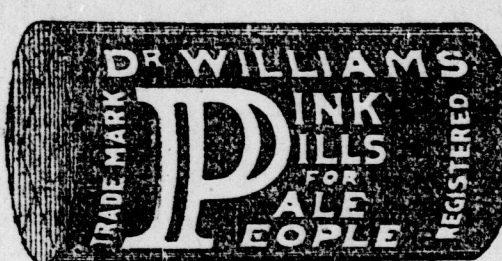


## Nervous and Shaky

"Nerves," easily irritated, over-sensitive, so that any sudden noise or any repeated fidgety sound tortures; shaky hands or limbs; headache; sometimes neuralgia; temper variable; easily depressed; often wakeful at night, and tired on arising in the morning. These things also result from the hurried, nerve exhausting condition of present day life. A healthy man or woman does not worry. The

cure is to remove the cause. The cause is nervous exhaustion---the cure is to tone up the nerves.

## Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People

are an immediate, unmistakable nerve food and nerve tonic. They healthfully stimulate the nerves and keep them stimulated. They cure the worried, jaded mind and temper through the nerves; give strength to the weak and aching back; fill tired, dejected, overworked men and women with cheerfulness, new ambition, and serviceable, work-producing energy. The first box proves it, but the first and every box must look just like this——or you will get one of the "something elses" that some dealers sell people whom they think it safe to impose upon. "Something else" never cured anyone; Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have cured thousands---some of them your neighbors, who won't mind telling you so if you ask them.

### PROOF OF CURE.

Mr. Ambrose Major, Williamstown, Ont., says:—"Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have restored me to health after suffering for months from extreme nervousness. The least sound would startle me; I was subject to headaches and easily irritated. My constitution was naturally strong and I at first ignored the trouble, thinking I would soon be all right. This was a mistake, for instead of getting better, I became worse and had to take to my bed. Only those who have been afflicted with nervous troubles can tell how much suffering they cause, and my condition was almost indescribable. I was attended for some time by a doctor, but found no improvement. Then a friend suggested Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I got a few boxes. After I had used the second box there was much improvement in my condition, and by the time I had used a half dozen boxes I was again enjoying good health. I naturally think no other medicine can equal Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for nerve troubles."

If your dealer does not keep Dr. Williams' Pink Pills they will be sent by mail post paid, at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

her weather-beaten gown. "I've let myself get shabby, and clothes do make such a difference in an applicant's success."

"I'll lend you money for the suit," said the friend.

"O, thank you," was the reply, with another sigh, "but I don't want to borrow. The fact is, I have a hundred dollars, but I'm saving it for my poor sister's funeral."

"Is she so ill?" asked the friend.

"No danger yet," was the answer, "but I'm sure she won't live the summer out. She's weak and depressed, and has no vitality or appetite."

"Now, look here," said the friend, whose intimacy and interest warranted plain speaking, "you are taking a dead wrong, as well as an entirely foolish course. It's more than likely your sister won't die, and it lies with you more than all the doctor's living, to keep her alive. Don't you suppose that your being untidy dressed, and in a poor paying position, and your depressed atmosphere, have much to do with her depression and want of vitality? I'll go with you now to buy your suit. Then you make straight for W. and M.'s as soon as you can get the new clothes on. Go home and tell Jean you have a fine position, put \$50 of the money you have saved for her burial into her hands, and tell her

to go to the seashore or mountains for three weeks, and so save yourself, your sister, your sorrow, and funeral expenses at the same time. Come! we'll have the suit sent home 'C.O.D.'"

The advice was taken, the desirable position was secured, and six weeks later a well-dressed, prosperous-looking young woman met at the train another young woman, who, vitalized by mountain air and browned by mountain winds, no longer even remotely suggested funeral expenses.—Success for May.

### Religion and Sport.

Christian sportsmen find no inconsistency between their religion and their sport. They say they do not, and we heartily believe them. Some of the noblest gentlemen that ever lived, some of the ablest preachers, some of the finest writers, have been enthusiastic sportsmen. Indeed, it is in some circles accounted a mark of effeminacy to be indifferent to pleasurable delights. Love of the woods and outdoor life is by far the most prominent motive in the liking for the various forms of sport, and we doubt if many whose lives are gentle and kindly, who never hurt any other living creatures, do not sometimes wonder whether the most sympathetic approach to nature is necessarily asso-

ciated with the infliction of pain, and death upon the dumb children of the forest. This is an inquiry, not an indictment. We can only venture to ask a few questions which suggest themselves to one seeking the ultimate ramifications of the logic that condemns the pigeon shoot. Upon what ground has man the right to take animal life for other than necessary food purposes? (We are not prepared to discuss the issue raised by the vegetarians.) Upon what ground has man the right to prolong for an instant the life of an animal destined for food, whether in the woods or in the abattoir? By what method of reasoning shall the boy of ten be shown the difference between sport and cruelty? How shall hunting for amusement be reconciled with the spirit of Jesus as revealed in his teachings? What relation of man to the lower animals would seem appropriate to the principles of the kingdom of heaven as recorded by Matthew? Is there any other method of gaining the recreation and refreshment for body and mind which many urge as the chief argument for "sport"?

For nervousness, sleeplessness, weakness, brain fog, lack of vitality, nervous prostration, faint and dizzy spells, tobacco heart, whisky nerves, general debility, etc. use Milburn Heart and Nerve Pills.

## That Spot.

Did you ever have that little tickling spot in your throat? Felt as if you could almost touch it with your finger, didn't it? How hard you tried to reach it, but couldn't! It's easy with Vapo-Cresolene, for you breathe it. There's nothing in the world equal to it for stopping these tickling coughs; and it's so pleasant, too. For asthma, croup, bronchitis, catarrh, and whooping-cough, it's the great remedy.

Vapo-Cresolene is sold by druggists everywhere. A Vapo-Cresolene outfit, including the Vaporizer and Lamp, which should last a life-time, and a bottle of Cresolene, complete, 84c.; extra supplies, Cresolene 50 cents and 50 cents. Illustrated booklet containing physicians' testimonials free upon request. Vapo-Cresolene Co., 100 Fulton St., New York, U.S.A.