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-THE-

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Improvident people are often up in the clouds looking for some of those silver linings.



## The Simple Life

By CHARLES WAGNER

Translated From the French by Mary Louise Hendee

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On the other hand, if we hold to simple needs we avoid all these evils and replace them by measureless good. That temperance and sobriety are the best guardians of health is an old sto-ry. They spare him who observes them nany a misery that saddens existence They insure him health, love of action, mental poise. Whether it be a question of food, dress or dwelling, simplicity of tastle is also a source of independence and safety. The more simply, you live the more secure is your fu-ture. You are less at the mercy of surprises and reverses. An illness or a period of idleness does not suffice to dispossess you; a change of position, even considerable, does not put you to confusion. Haying simple needs, you find it less painful to accustom yourself to the hazards of fortune. Your remain a man, though you lose your office or your income, because the foundation on which your life rests is not your table, your cellar, your horses, your goods and chattels or your money In adversity you will not act like a nurshing deprived of its bottle and rattle. Stronger, better armed for the

struggle, presenting, like those with shaven heads, less advantage to the hands of your enemy, you will also be of more profit to your neighbor. For you will not rouse his jealousy, his base desires or his censure by your inxury, your prodigality or the spectacle of a sycophant's life, and, less absorbed in your own comfort, you will find the means of working for that of

SIMPLE PLEASURES. O you find life amusing in these days? For my part, on the whole it seems rather de-pressing, and I fear that my opinion is not altogether personal. As I observe the lives of my contemporaries and listen to their talk I find myself unhappily confirmed in the opinion that they do not get much pleasure out of things. And certainly it is not from lack of trying. But it must be acknowledged that their success is meager. Where can the fault

Some accuse politics or busine others social problems or militarism. We meet only an embarrassment of choice when we start to unstring the chaplet of our carking cares, Suppose we set out in pursuit of pleasure.

There is too much pepper in our soup to make it palatable. Our arms are filled with a multitude of embarrassments. ments, any one of which would, be enough to spoil our temper. From morning till night, wherever we go, the people we meet are hurried, worried, preoccupied. Some have spilt their good blood in the miserable conflicts of petty politics; others are dis-heartened by the meanness and jealousy they have encountered in the world of literature of art. Commercial competition troubles the sleep of not a few. The crowded curricula of a few. The crowded curricula of study and the exigencies of their opening careers spoil life for young men. The working classes suffer the consequences of a ceaseless struggle. It is becoming disagreeable to govern because authority is diminishing; to teach, because respect is vanishing. Wherever one turns there is matter for

## Appetite Was Poor.

Dizzey Most of The Time.

Could Not Sleep at Night.

Many people are unaware of having anything wrong with their heart or nerves till some little excitement or overwork makes them feel faint and dizzy, or perhaps simply going up or down stairs causes dizziness and specks to float before the eyes. People troubled in this way should heed the warning, and not fail to take treatment before something more

For all heart and nerve troubles there is nothing to equal

Milburn's Heart and

Nerve Pills We do not claim that they will cure chronic heart disease, but we do claim that they will strengthen the weak heart, and build up the shaky nerve

Here is what Mrs. Sidney Hoffman,

Hillside, Ont., says:—
"I was troubled greatly with my heart,

"A was troubled greatly with my heart, and was so very nervous that the least little thing startled me.

"My appetite was very poor; I could not sleep at nights, and was dizzy most of the time. I took three boxes of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and I am

burn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and I am very pleased to say that they did me a wonderful lot of good."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are 50 cents per box, or 3 for \$1.25. All druggists, or mailed direct.

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And yet history shows us certain epochs of upheaval which were as lacking in idyllic tranquillity as is our own, but which the gravest events did not prevent from being gay. It even seems as if the seriousness of af-fairs, the uncertainty of the morrow, the violence of social convulsions sometimes became a new source of vitality. It is not a rare thing to hear soldiers singing between two battles, and I think myself nowise mistaken in saying that human joy has celebrated its finest triumphs under the greatest tests of endurance. But to sleep peacefully on the eve of battle, or to exult at the stake, men had then the stim-ulus of an internal harmony which we perhaps lack. Joy is not in things; it is in us, and I hold to the belief that the causes of our present unrest, of this contagious discontent spreading everywhere, are in us at least as much as in exterior conditions

To give oneself up heartily to diver sion one must feel himself on a solid basis, must believe in life and find it within him. And here lies our weak ness. So many of us-even, alas, the younger men - are at variance with life, and I do not speak of philosophe only. How do you think a man can be amused while he has his doubts wheth. er, after all, life is worth living? Besides this, one observes a disquieting depression of vital force, which must be attributed to the abuse man makes of his sensations. Excess of all kinds has blurred our senses and poisoned our faculty for happiness. Human nature succambs under the irregularities imposed upon it. Deeply attainted at its root, the desire to live, persistent in spite of everything, seeks satisfaction in cheats and baubles. In medical science we have recourse to artificial res piration, artificial alimentation and galvanism. So, too, around expiring pleasure we see a crowd of its votaries exerting themselves to reawaken it, to re-animate it. Most ingenious means have been invented; it can never be said that expense has been spared. Everything has been tried, the possible and the impossible. But in all these complicated alembics no one has ever arrived at distilling a drop of veritable joy. We must not confound pleasure with the instruments of pleasure. To be a painter, does it suffice to arm oneself with a brush, or does the purchase at great cost of a Stradivarius make one a musician? No more, if you had the whole paraphernalia of amusement in the perfection of its in-genuity, would it advance you upon your road. But with a bit of crayon a great artist makes an immortal sketch. It needs talent or genius to paint; and to amuse oneself, the facul-ty of being happy—whoever possesses it is amused at slight cost. This facul-

fidence, moderation and normal habits of thought and action. An excellent proof of my proposition, and one very easily encountered, lies in the fact that wherever life is simple and sane true pleasure accompanies it as fragrance does uncultivated flowers. Be this life hard, hampered devoid of all things ordinarily considered as the very conditions of pleasure the rare and delicate plant, joy, flourshes there. It springs up between the fags of the pavement, on an arid wall, in the fissure of a rock. We ask ourselves how it comes and whence, but it lives, while in the soft warmth of conservatories or in fields richly fertilized

ty is destroyed by skepticism, artificial living, overabuse; it is fostered by con-

servatories or in fields richly fertilized you cultivate it at a golden cost to see it fade and die in your hand.

Ask actors what audience is happiest at the play. They will tell you the popular one. The reason is not hard to grasp. To these people the play is an exception. They are not bored by it from overindulgence. And, too, te them it is a rest from rude toll. The them it is a rest from rude toil. The pleasure they enjoy they have honestly earned, and they know its cost as they know that of each sou earned by the sweat of their labor. More they have not frequented the wings, they have no intrigues with the actresses, they do not see the wires pulled. To them it is all real. And so they feel pleasure unalloyed. I think I see the sated skeptic, whose monocle glistens in that box, cast a disdainful glance over the smiling crowd.

Poor stupid creatures, ignorant and gross.

Poor stupid creatures, ignorant and gros

Poor stupid creatures, ignorant and gross.

And, yet they are the true livers, while he is an artificial product, a mannikin, incapable of experiencing this fine and salutary intoxication of an hour of frank pleasure.

Unhappily, ingenuousness is disappearing even in the rural districts. We see the people of our cities and those of the country in their turn breaking with the good traditions. The mind, warped by alcohol, by the passion for rambling and by unhealthy literature, contracts little by little perverted tastes. Artificial life makes irruption into communities once simple in their pleasures, and it is like phylloxera to the vine. The robust tree of rustic joy finds its sap drained, its leaves turning yellow.

good old style with the village festivals, so called, of today. In the one

COLD CURE

MUNYON, Philadelphia.

umes, genuine countrymen sing the folk songs, dance rustic dances, re-gale themselves with native drinks and seem entirely in their element. They seem entirely in their element. They take their pleasure as the blacksmith forges, as the cascade tumbles over the rocks, as the colts frisk in the meadows. It is contagious; it stirs your heart. In spite of yourself you are ready to cry: "Bravo, my children! That is fine!" You want to join in. In the other case you see villagers disguised as city folk, countrywomen made hideous by the modiste, and, as the chief ornament of the festival, a lot of degenerates who bawl the songs of music hails, and sometimes in the lot of degenerates who bawl the songs of music halls, and sometimes in the place of honor a group of tenth rate barn stormers, imported for the occa-sion, to civilize these rustics and give them a taste of refined pleasures. For drinks, liquors mixed with brandy or absinth—in the whole thing neither originality nor picturesqueness. Li-cense, indeed, and clownishness, but not that absorder which the support not that abandon which ingenuous joy brings in its train.

This question of pleasure is capital Staid people generally neglect it as a frivolity; utilitarians, as a costly su-perfluity. Those whom we designate perfluity. Those whom we designate as pleasure seekers forage in this dell cate domain like wild boars in a gar den. No one seems to doubt the im mense human interest attached to lov It is a sacred flame that must be fed and that throws a splendld radiance over life. He who takes pains to for ter it accomplishes a work as profit able for humanity as he who builds bridges, pierces tunnels or cultivates the ground. So to order one's life as to keep, amid toils and suffering, the faculty of happiness and be able to propagate it in a sort of salutary contagion among one's fellow men is to do a work of fraternity in the noblest sense. To give a triffing pleasure, smooth an anxious brow, bring a little light into dark paths—what a truly divine office in the midst of this poor humanity! But it is only in great simplicity of heart that one succeeds in

(To Be Continued.)

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SERLING & KOVINSKY

THE SONG OF THE GLEN DUN

stigs again,
The Fairy Thorn's in flower—an' what alls
my heart, then?
Flower o' the May,
Flower o' the May,
What about the May time, an' he far away

"The bracken up the bracked in the air,"
In the air,
In the air,
Three birches lean together, so silver-limbered and fair,
Och! golden leaves are Byin' fast, but the scarlet roan is rare.

Berry o' the roan,
Berry o' the roan,
The wind sighs among the trees, but I sigh alone.

whee!
Winter nights for thinkin' long, round roun
the ree!
But he never knew, he never knew that
here for him I'd knee!
Sparkle o' the fire,
Sparkle o' the fire,
Mother Mary, keep my love, an' send me
my desire."
—Moira O'Neill.

-Moira O'Neill.

SONG HEROES AND HERCINES. ienerally Strange and Uncertain Charge ter

Most of the heroes and heroines of songs, says a writer in "T. have been of humble origin. I only rerkins of Paudington Green, for instance, was a barmaid, and her character hardly bears very and her character hardly bears very strict. Investigation. Sweet Jessie, the flower of Dunblane; was the il-literate daughter of a poor hand-looin weaver, with whom the author of the ditty in question, one John Tan-nahill, chanced to, be acquainted. Aince Laurie was fair but false, for she jilted the writer of the ballad that was to confer bunorfality. she fitted the writer of the ballad that was to confer immortality upon her, in order to wed a rich rival of his, Alexander Fergusson, Esquire o. Craigdargach. Just before the American Civil War,

"Darling Nellie Gray" swept through the country like a cyclone.

"Oh my poor Nellie Gray, They have taken you away, And I'll never see my darling any

nelody that accompanied them, a hundred thousand men were soon marching upon the slave states, bent upon putting an end to a system that could forcibly sunder lovers, no

that could forcibly sunder lovers, no matter whether their skins were black or white. The original Nellie Gray was a 'yaller gal,'' who picked cotton for Mr. Bennison, a South Carolinian planter.

About Maggie Lauder the less said the better. Highland Marry was either Mary Campbell or Mary Morison, both of whom were beloved by Burns. Ben Bolt was a young Massachusetts fisherman and the "Sweet" sachusetts fisherman, and the "Sweet Alice, whose hair was so brown," was the daughter of the lighthouse keeper at Cape Cod. Tom Bowling, was an old salt who was once a well-known character on Portsmouth

Rnown character on Portsmouth Hard.

The Village Blacksmith was a somewhat churlish individual of Cam-bridge, Massachusetts, who never ceased to grumule until the day of his death at the "liberty" Longfel-low had taken in "putting him into a sone".

a song."
The Vicar of Bray was a certain Simon Alleyn, who lived in the little Berkshire town during the reigns of King Henry VIII., King Edward VI.,

King Henry VIII., King Edward VI., Queen Mary and Queen Elizabeth; and was first a Papist, then a Protestant, then a Papist and lastly a Protestant again.

The Lass of Richmond Hill had, contrary to the generally-accepted belief, nothing whatever to do with Richmond Hill in Surrey. Her name was Mary Janson, and she resided at Hill House, Richmond, Yorkshire, where she was wooed and won by the writer of the sone Mr. Legnard Me. of the song, Mr. Leonard M

writer of the song, Mr. Leonard Mc-Nally.

"My Pretty Jane," is said to have been one of the most profitable songs ever issued. The original of the ballad was the daughter of a farmer residing at Burwell, an old-fashfoned village near Newmarket. She died young, of consumption, but her portrait, painted by Edward Fitz-Bell, is still in existence. It was this same terrible scourge, by-the-by, that cut short the existence of another song heroine. Dorothy Dene. other song heroins. Dorothy Dens, the beautiful young model who posed for so many of Lord Leigh-ton's creations. Shakespeare's Best Monument.

The actors who show little respect to the poet's text, are determined to set up a monument to the poet's memory. Shillings are demanded in the public prints, and the warmings of the past are unregarded. No man that ever lived needs honor that a the past are unregarded. No man that ever lived needs honor that a statue can afford so little as Shake-speare. If you would seek his monument open his book. Moreover, every attempt to colebrate his genfus has ignominiously failed. Who thinks of the sad monument in Leicester Square without disgrace? Can anyone feel a pride in the vast tea garden which has been arranged under the very best auspices at Stratford-on-Avon? There is but one tribute which the actors of England need pay to England's dramatist. They may recite his works with the same restraint of gesture intimation and adornment which interpreted his works in his own day. And if this method be not acceptable to them, let them be sincere in their admiration, and set up all the statues they can afford to the carpenters and scene painters, who are the real masters of the modern drama.—Blackwood's Magazine.

Mrs. Buggins—I don't feel at all comfortable in these new shore.

Mr. Buggins—What's the matter; don't they burt?

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