

Jack.

(Julia McNair Wright.)

'Yes, sir,' said Farmer Green, 'that fellow ought to be worth a thousand dollars to-day. He is smart, industrious—I never saw a better worker; he's handy at everything. If he had a thousand dollars he could take the Bower Farm, and if he handled it properly he'd be rich by the time he was fifty. But there, instead of a thousand dollars, he hasn't five dollars this minute. All he has to bless himself with are an old valise, some old clothes, and a jack-knife with a broken

whisky is. You see the farmers all make more or less cider and it stands in the cellar and a cask or so gets hard, and the boys and hired help get into the habit of drinking it, and it beats all nater how fond they get of it. Jack goes in for a reg'lar "blow out" as soon as he gets a few dollars.'

'Jack has drunk and got drunk ever since he was ten years old,' said Farmer Green. 'I lay it to his losing his father early; to his having an ill-tempered, irreligious mother;



blade. I paid him thirty-five dollars for a month's work ending up a week ago, and the fellow hasn't ten cents of it left.'

'Why, where has it gone to in this quiet country place?'

'Down his throat,' said Farmer Green.

'It is the cider,' said Farmer Brown; 'he is a hard cider drunkard, and I often think they are the worst kind. It is worse because when they begin they don't take the alarm as they might if they found themselves becoming fond of whisky. Then it takes more cider to make them drunk, and their systems get filled with it and so more injured; then, too, the cider is easier to get than

to his having been taken out of school before he was nine and put to work in a factory; to the farmers keeping hard cider handy for him; and to no one taking any real interest in him, except to get a certain amount of work out of him. So it goes—he's twenty-eight and he's ruined. Your son is twenty-eight and making a fortune; my son gets a thousand a year, bookkeeping; Mrs. Barr's son is twenty-eight and a minister; my nephew is twenty-eight and is a good doctor; Jack is twenty-eight—and ruined by cider. Poor Jack!'—Picture Leaflet no. 3-2. Published by Miss Ruby I. Gilbert, the Silversmiths Bldg.

tion? Nothing but a high-school training, and most of that forgotten. Who are your friends? Young men who flash other people's money. Now, what are you going to do? Run to seed and end worse than you began, or fit yourself for a useful future?

'If you wish to fit yourself, join an evening school, study part of the time out of working hours, and spend your Sundays as you ought to spend them. Purify your life, broaden your understanding, and you will make something of yourself. But if you prefer to stay as you are, take another drink, pass around the cigars, and be a "jolly good fellow" with the boys.'

The young clerk thought it over. His cigar went out and dropped from between his fingers. He saw two futures—one full of ease but ending in failure, the other fraught with hardship but leading to success. He knew the choice was his. 'I thank you, old fellow,' he said, at length. 'I need it.'

At the end of the week the clerk was a member of an evening class, and had selected his church. He gave up drinking, smoking, cards, and clubs, and began to use the public library and to get back something of his old-time interest in books. He was surprised to see that he had dropped out of his rapid life as easily as he entered it. Nobody tried to drag him back, nobody seemed to miss him. In less than six months his opportunity came, and he seized it. Ten years later he was a rich man.

To-day he is loved and respected by all who know him. His benevolences have made the grass greener and the sky bluer to hundreds of poor souls; yet few even of those for whom he has done the most know him

either by sight or by name, for he is as unostentatious as he is generous.

'Who would give a thought to me to-day if I had made the wrong decision?' he said, a little while ago. That is a question which every young man can well afford to ask himself. There is only one answer to it.—Selected.

A Grateful People.

The Chinese are a highly appreciative people, who show their appreciation by the lavish bestowal of gifts. An American merchant tells, in the New York 'Sun,' of his experiences with these generous givers. It is not only the wealthy merchant class he says, who send presents to their white-skinned friends. The most lowly Chinese send gifts to the American and European friends whom they cherish. The merchant cites a little incident in support of his statement.

Some nineteen years ago, at the house of a Chinese friend in Shanghai, a very sumptuous house, a bright Chinese lad was delegated to wait on me, and a top-notch valet he was. I took a genuine liking to him, and praised him often. He received my praises in smiling silence, but he never forget them.

On the Christmas following my return to America, among the many rich gifts which reached me from China was this boy's present—some tea, some joss-sticks, a jar of conserved ginger, a few little, inexpensive Chinese images.

Little boxes of this sort reached me every Christmas, although I did not see the boy again for ten years. Then the gifts began

to grow richer, and I found that he had gone into business. Nine years ago I saw him in Shanghai, and he was prospering remarkably.

I've seen him every year since. He has fifty servants in his house—or I should say palace. He is a millionaire. He treats me as if I were a prince. The honors he heaps on me are overwhelming. I dare not protest; that would be the height of discourtesy. He never tells me why he does all these things for me. The Chinese are not outwardly emotional.

His Christmas gift for 1907 was a piece of the highest class of art in jade. It represents perhaps several years of work of a first-rate Chinese jade-carver.

Grateful, the Chinese? Why, once my wife befriended a Chinese dock coolie in Hong-kong, who was being ill treated by a British soldier. Shortly afterward my wife was taken ill. Just one hour after she was taken to the hospital there came to her the most magnificent box of flowers I ever saw, sent to her by that dock laborer. The flowers represented, probably, all his own savings, besides a collection he had taken up among other dock coolies. How he knew my wife was taken to the hospital I never found out.

Oh, yes, the Chinese are grateful—grateful and kind, and fine, and big-hearted, if the world only knew it; but it doesn't.

A Sweet Voice.

'O father, I wish I could sing! It's so nice to give pleasure to people. Florence sang at the club to-day, and we all enjoyed it so much. She sings every night to her father too. I'd give anything if I could. But there's no use wishing; there isn't any music in me.'

'Is that so?' asked the father, taking her wistful face between his hands. 'Well, perhaps you can't sing; but don't tell me your voice has no music in it. To me it is full of music.'

'Why, father, how can you say so?'

'Almost every evening, answered the father, 'when I come home, the first thing I hear is a merry laugh, and it rests me, no matter how tired I am. Yesterday I heard that voice saying: "Don't cry, Buddie; sister'll mend it for you." Sometimes I hear it reading to grandmother. Last week I heard it telling Mary, "I'm sorry your head aches; I'll do the dishes to-night."'

'That is the kind of music I like best. Don't tell me my little daughter hasn't a sweet voice!'—'Round Table.'

How She Knew Her.

'How did you come to know her?' asked a mother of her little girl, at she saw her bidding good-by to a poorly-dressed child at the church door.

'Why, you see, mamma, she came into our Sunday School all alone and I made a place for her on my seat and I smiled and she smiled and then we were acquainted.'—Selected.

Boys! Attention!

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