

HOME JOURNAL

Life, Literature and Education

IN THE WORLD OF LITERATURE AND ART.

Honore Beaugrand, one of the best known of French-Canadian journalists, and the founder of *La Patrie*, died at his home in Montreal after a long illness. He was fifty-eight years of age.

A school for the making of lace has been built by Barret Browning in the little Italian town of Asolo, in memory of his mother Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

A new venture in Canadian journalism is the "Canadian Pictorial", a monthly, published in Montreal. As its name implies it is lavishly supplied with pictures—good pictures of timely and interesting subjects.

The Spanish minister of public instruction has announced the project for a loan of ten million dollars to construct five thousand primary schools during the next five years.

Sir John Leng, the Scottish journalist, during a speech before the Canadian Club of Winnipeg said:

"It has been my privilege during a fairly long public life to see and to know not a few of the greatest men of the time. I remember Louis Kossuth, the Hungarian patriot, whose sole acquaintance with the English language was obtained in prison from the bible and Shakespeare, astonishing English and Scottish audiences by his magnificent orations to which a slightly foreign accent only added a peculiar charm. I remember Garibaldi, (cheers) the red shirted hero of Italy, who, breaking through diplomatic forms, gave a halo of romance to the struggle for Italian unity and independence. One of my most treasured possessions is a letter he wrote thanking me for some financial assistance which I sent him, when needed, from my fellow townsman who sympathized with his dashing courage in his bold adventures."

Canadian authors are making a good showing this season in the realm of fiction. Between now and Christmas more than a dozen books written by Canadians will be sent out from the various publishing houses. Among these are: Ralph Connor's "The Doctor"; Marion Keith's "Silver Maple"; Charles G. D. Roberts' "The Heart That Knows," Rev. Robert Knowles, of Galt, is receiving commendation for "The Undertow"; and Jean Blewett and Wilfred Campbell have prepared new volumes of poetry. Norman Duncan has a new book for boys entitled "Billy Topsail" and Robert Barr has just finished "The Watermead Affair."

THE MISSION OF THE FULL LENGTH MIRROR

There are mirrors and mirrors, just as there are humans and humans; and between human beings and looking-glasses there are many points of resemblance. Some are stupid, dull, smeary, with almost no capacity for reflection. Some are untrue and dishonest, taking in a well-balanced countenance with the nose in the middle of the face, and returning a distorted image with mouth awry and eyebrows that are not mates. Some exaggerate and some belittle, the former always selecting one's bad points and the latter one's more redeeming features. This is very human. Some are small and reflect an equally diminutive portion giving no hint as to its relation with the rest of one's anatomy. Some are large and true. In them is reflected the whole without fear or favor, and in them it is possible to see as one is seen.

It may not be always possible to obtain the human mirror that shall faithfully reflect soul

and spirit, but the inanimate one can be secure and will prove a blessing, even if at first sight it appears much disguised. A true full-length mirror is one of the greatest teachers of personal tidiness in the world, effective because silent. The cost may look large but it will pay. The ordinary house in town or country is provided with provokingly small affairs, in which it is impossible to see more than a quarter of oneself at a time. As a consequence people go about with no idea what they look like as a whole, the *tout ensemble* is a hidden mystery. Many persons are indebted to a store window with dark dressings for a full length view of themselves, and the shock of what appears there is sufficient to send them scurrying home for repairs.

Suppose a good large mirror is installed in a farm house,—put in some well lighted spot where all the family can use it. What is the result? The mother is anxious to send the children to school looking trim and neat. She may have the money to purchase garments, but not the time to watch the rascals to see that they get into them properly. There is breakfast to get over, bread to mix, lunch to pack, with one eye on the baby and the other on the school children who are "rammaging round", all impatient to be off, tidy or untidy. A visit to the big glass would do more than many naggings. The mother says they are not neat, but they think she is over-nice; as far as they can see they look plenty good enough for school. But let Harry stand in front of the family truth-teller a minute. He can see for himself that black rim which marks the soap and water limit under his chin that mother told him was there. The lop-sided set of his trousers held only by half a suspender, and the shock of hair that he had combed a little in front, show up with startling distinctness. He realises that he looks like a tramp. When Maggie's turn comes the half-laced shoes adorned with knots and ends do not look as well in the mirror as when she took a bird's-eye view of them from above. The sight of her hair, poorly combed and tied with a string because the hair ribbon could not be found, and her apron only half buttoned, give her an idea of how she will look to Jean and Carrie when the school ground is reached. It is a revelation to her,—she had never seen herself before.

It means as much or more to the older members of the family. The grown-up daughter, who has heretofore seen herself only in sections, will stop wearing a pink blouse with a red skirt because the mirror will tell her what an atrocious combination that is. She will see that her skirt hangs improperly, that her belt is ill-fitting and crooked, and seeing, she will remedy these defects with cheerful alacrity. The growing boy who has begun to think of the girls and to cultivate a moustache, has confined his preparations for being a heart breaker to a straight parting, a clean collar and a gorgeous tie because that was all the territory the small glass in his room showed him. He will be amazed at a full length view of himself. He will discover that his back hair needs the attention of the barber, that his coat needs brushing across the shoulders, that his trousers are too short and need pressing, and that the heels of his boots require blacking as well as the fronts. He will see more than defects in his clothing. Stooping shoulders, bowed spine, hanging head and narrow chest—the result of constant work and lack of attention—will be painfully evident, and observed, will be corrected.

The mother in the midst of her many duties and her efforts to keep the children "nice" has forgotten herself and goes shabbily dressed that the others may have plenty. She really forgets, but the long looking-glass would recall to her mind the days of her youthful freshness when her

husband was her lover and when she took thought for herself for his sake. Perhaps she is the home dressmaker too, able to fit the children's clothes because she can see, but in despair over her own as she goes through gymnastic performance before the little eight by ten mirror that hangs in the kitchen in an endeavor to see the back of a blouse or the tail of a skirt. Of course her clothes do not fit. How could they? But with the big glass in a good light, and the small one to help her view her back, the terrors of making her own clothes are over.

One of the foundation principles of the science of education is to teach by the use of objects in preference to merely verbal instruction. The good mirror is the object lesson which teaches neatness and tidiness better than sermons. The mirror is the missionary of self-respect.

WHAT THE PEOPLE READ.

It is cause for congratulation that man is a part of all that he has met instead of all that he has read. If the latter were true we would have some very strange men. Out in the country we see some wonderful combinations of books, papers and periodicals. Matrimonial journals which convey the information that Miss So-and-so, age eighteen, blonde and a Christian, desires a husband, are not uncommon. Papers hold sway in many homes that have come by no rule of merit but because they were given away with a fountain pen which lost power, and a chew of gum which didn't last long. Sometimes a yellow-backed, double-colored fire-shooter which tells a tale of robbery and murder finds a place around the family circle. It's little wonder we see evidences of mental dyspepsia, intellectual indigestion and even profound coma. Men should exercise discriminating judgment in the selection of their periodical literature. Nothing could be more important.

But it is not in papers alone that we find this strange mixture. The Murders in Rue Morgue, The Life of Francis Willard, and the Adventures of Captain Dick were recently seen on one table. It was a hot place for the great temperance lecturer to be sandwiched in between the fire eaters. Such incongruous messes spoil the appetite for anything substantial.

The farmer's library should reflect the nature of his work. He should have a well selected assortment of the latest books on agricultural subjects. After that may come the books of recreation and of culture. There is no necessity for grasping after everything new simply because it is new. There is more of worth in the old standards than in anything the newer writers have flung to the surface. Carlyle, Macaulay, Shakespeare, Dickens, Tennyson and Browning will remain as permanent lights in the firmament of literature, long after the "latest hit" and the "newest out" have ceased to be remembered.

OUR SENTIMENTS.

Editing a newspaper is a nice thing. If we publish jokes people say we are rattle-brained. If we don't we are fossils. If we publish original matter they say we don't give them enough selections. If we give them selections they say we are too lazy to write. If we don't go to church we are heathens. If we do go we are hypocrites. If we remain at the office we ought to be out looking for news items. If we go out then we are not attending to business. If we wear old clothes they laugh at us. If we wear good clothes they say we have a pull. Now, what are we to do? Just as likely as not some one will say that we stole this from an exchange. So we did.—*Mc-Cune Herald*.

HARBORS ARE INADEQUATE.

F. B. Girdlestone, manager of the Bristol docks, addressed the Toronto board of trade meeting and told them that the harbors of Montreal and Quebec were inadequate for the present day trade conditions. They could not expect the people of England to put money into fine boats unless better handling facilities were provided. He claimed that the government was apathetic. The speech was endorsed by the board of trade.