

GOLDEN THOUGHTS.

Do not make life hard to any.—R. W. Emerson.

Duties retire evermore from the observation of those who slight them.—Sarah W. Stephen.

May faith, deep-rooted in the soul, subdue our flesh, our minds control; May guile depart, and discord cease, And all within be joy and peace.—St. Ambrose.

Some of the happiest and most ideal homes, where peace, contentment and harmony dwell, have been the abodes of poor people. No rich carpets covered the floors, no costly paintings were on the walls, and there were no plants, no works of art; but there were contented minds, and unselfish and devoted lives. Each member of the family contributed as much as possible to the happiness of all, endeavoring to compensate by kindness and intelligence for the poverty of their surroundings.—Success.

I honor the man who is willing to sink half his present repute for the freedom to think. And when he has thought, be his cause strong or weak, will risk the other half for the freedom to speak. Caring naught for the vengeance the mob has in store, Let that noble the upper ten thousand or lower.—Lowell.

THE MAN WITHOUT RESERVE.
How quickly a man without reserve goes to the wall, when anything unusual happens to him! Like a baby, he is all right as long as nothing comes in collision with him to expose his weakness. What a pitiable thing it is to see bright, strong young men facing an emergency or a crisis with no reserve of education, character, or training. How quickly they disappear! Like a rowboat on the ocean, when run into by an iceberg, the weaker vessel always founders in the collision.

"He had no reserve," might be written upon the tombstone of many a man who has failed in business, in the professions, or in life home.

FALSE ECONOMY IS A DESTROYER.
What would you think of an engineer who would try to economize on lubricating oil, at the expense of his machinery or engine? We should say that he is very foolish, but many of us do much more foolish things; for, while we do not economize on that which would injure inanimate machinery, we economize in cheerfulness, in recreation, in play, in healthful amusements, which would lubricate life's mechanism and keep it running smoothly. How many of us allow the delicate machinery of our bodies, so wonderfully made, to run without lubrication until it is so worn, rasped, and ground away by friction that the whole being jars and shakes, as it were, when it should run noiselessly and unobtrusively!

We economize in our friendships by neglecting them; we economize in our social life until we are obliged to pause in our life-work because the axles, so to speak, have become dry, and we have to stop to train every little while because of the hot-boxes, whereas, if we should only take our fun as we go along every day—if we would only lubricate our bearings by taking a few minutes here and there to see the ludicrous side of life or have a little chat with a friend, we might avoid much physical misery and many things detrimental to health.

How unfortunate it is that the poor, the people who should pay the least for things, pay the highest prices for nearly everything—prices which even people in better circumstances cannot afford.

They buy shoes which come to pieces almost the first time they put them on, and purchase clothing which rips, and has to be constantly mended, and sewed, and which never looks neat. They buy their coal by the bucketful, even when they could better afford to buy it by the ton, thus paying two or three times what it is worth. They buy cheap groceries which is the worst kind of economy; adulterated spices, because they are cheaper; poor soaps, poor everything—and this is the worst kind of economy.

The poor would be shocked if they were told that they are more extravagant than the people who are well-to-do. It is not always because they cannot afford to buy in quantities, but they do not think. These people rarely calculate or use paper and pencil to figure out the cost. If poor people would learn how to use their brains, with even their small means, to the best possible advantage, and how to use the best economy—not for the sake, merely, but in order that they would greatly improve their condition.

THE MEANING OF SUCCESS.

Every now and then one of the many self-made men of our land gives public utterance to the opinion that a college education lessens rather than increases a boy's chance of being successful in the world, and these remarks, coming from one who has accumulated vast wealth without education, are so disparaging, carry to some minds an altogether undue weight of authority. One such "magnate" has given it as his opinion with a few weeks, that the old-fashioned way, who "worked his way through college," was all wrong in making the sacrifices that process entailed. A college education he seemed to think is a distinct and grievous handicap, and the boy who spends four or five years before his legal majority in study, is



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at a hopeless disadvantage compared with the boy who passes his time in actual work for pay.

Out west there is being issued monthly a little magazine which tends in our opinion, to circulate most unfortunately the false gospel that wealth is the proper criterion of success. To the pages of this magazine everybody who has made money contributes an autobiographical sketch, the result being that "success" is coming to be more and more regarded as synonymous with money. Now this idea is, of course, quite wrong. Even Kipling has had one of his heroes say quite distinctly that it is wrong. Harvey Cheyne tells us frankly indeed, and he himself was a regenerate "magnate": "I made the mistake myself of starting in too soon. I can't compete with the men who have been taught. I can break them to little pieces, yes, but I can't get back at 'em to hurt 'em where they live."

Disraeli's definition of success strikes us as being much nearer the true one than that of our multi-millionaire. "The secret of success," he said, in one of his famous speeches, "is constancy to purpose." Tried by this standard, the youth who is caring for furnaces that he may pay his tuition is at elbows he may appear. But, of course, the very best thing about the education that the "magnates" despise is that it makes one quite indifferent to the standards of the plutocrat. All the philosophers from Solomon to Emerson have asserted that a man's wealth consists not in the abundance of things that he possesses, and have been right; but in the truth that they taught. And the Carlyle of our own time proclaimed no less vehemently than the Horace of old that it is not in lordly palaces nor in princely fortunes, but in honesty, ability, reputation, and above all, contentment, that wealth is to be reckoned.

That may pretty safely be said of a college education which Bishop Warburton in the House of Lords said once about high birth: "He never knew any one to despise it who had it, and he never knew any one to boast of it who had anything else to boast of." The scholarly parson and the accomplished schoolmaster will never yield in influence, so long as America maintains its ancient high standards of worth, to the unlettered rich man in the big house on the hill, nor will we, if we are wise, go to the other extreme and worship intellectual snobishness. Not by what a man has or knows, but by what he is, can his value to the community, the true test of success be determined.

Christmas in Foreign Lands.

In Scandinavia there is the greatest veneration for Yuletide. The courts are closed, old quarrels forgotten, feuds adjusted. A pretty symbol of the spirit that reigns is the practice of placing in a row every pair of shoes in each household so that during the year the family will live in peace and harmony. Candles are left burning to show the way to Yule Trumpe (the Christmas spirit), bringing the gifts. One sets a cake of meal in front of the house as a Christmas offering; for the birds as a Christmas offering is placed on a pole in front of each house to provide them with food. The family itself has no time to take a regular meal on twenty-fourth, although baking and cooking begin about four weeks before. On the day of the celebration at noon the whole household will assemble in the kitchen and dip a piece of bread in the ham broth, and every Yulekapp and the great supper following. After this games are played. They are usually interrupted by a knock at the door. Four or five boys dressed in the enter, who carry a star-shaped lantern, and another ornamental glass box containing two dolls, the Virgin and the Christ-child. The boys sing Christmas carols. Afterward appear masked players who do tricks and play pantomimes.

Besides Scandinavia and Iceland, England has most faithfully preserved the custom of the old Yule, usually the rugged root of an oak, which is kept burning at Christmas time for twelve days. A piece is kept for the following year. It was first lit in honor of the heathen sun god; then the custom was transferred to signify the eternal light. The log is drawn in triumph from its resting place amid shouts of laughter, every wayfarer doffing his hat as it passes. This is an example of the old Yule song:

Part must be kept here with to tend
The Christmas log next year
And where 'tis safely kept the fiend
Can do no mischief there.

In England a very important symbol of decoration is the mistletoe. It is customary for every young man to bring his beloved under the mistletoe, where he is allowed to kiss her. For this custom we are indebted to Scandinavian mythology. The plant was dedicated to the goddess Frigga. It was the emblem of love, and every one who passed under it received a kiss.

St. Nicholas is especially venerated in Russia. The emperor usually bears his name. In the rural life of Russia, Christmas evening is an important event. At sunset young and old assemble, forming a procession, and visit the village dignitaries, singing carols and receiving copper. This part of the ceremony is called "kolenda," which means begging for money or presents. A masquerade follows, in which the adults transform themselves into cows, pigs and other animals in remembrance of the nativity in the manger. In the evening supper is served on a table covered with straw. The feast begins by dividing the blessed wafers. An old Christmas custom is to sing a song. An old woman, a man and a boy execute that function. The gold-bristled animal is symbolic of light. Bringing in the wafers was formerly and elaborately done during the Christmas day, repeat at all mansions of the wealthy. The bear appears on Christmas day with a lemon, the old symbol of plenty, in his mouth.

In France we find a mixture of various customs. The up-to-date Parisian divides his Christmas dinner, the "reveillon," into many courses, taking each at a different place, and reaching home for the last cup of coffee at breakfast time. The hanging up of stockings Christmas night is a common French custom. The children receive their presents hidden in shoes, like the Roman children at the time of the saturnalia. The Provençals, in the south of France, venerate the Yule log, called there "Cacho fio."

A SERMON FOR THE YULETIDE. VS. PICKWICK.

No "Peace on Earth" Till Men Seek One Another's Good.

Bells Ring Out the Old Message While Armed Men Swagger Past to Martial Aims.

It is wonderful how this hard, driving, money-loving age clings to its better ideals, and cherishes, even though it is in awful mockery, the secret hope of the Bethlehem song, written by "J. A. M." in the Toronto Star. The air is filled with the noise with crowds bent on their own pleasure or their own gain, social life is piced through with many bitter words of envy and strife, and even in the churches, where all should be at peace, there is heard the clash of warring creeds. All this is sadly, heartfully needful, and yet a bit of the season of the Christ's nativity draws near, there seems to come again through the cloven skies snatches of divine minstrelsy, and, for a while, ready, a generation crooked and perverse, beyond all our forefathers, devoted passionately to money-getting and money-spending, our hands red with blood and the maddest lust for silver proofs of the truth that they taught. And the Carlyle of our own time proclaimed no less vehemently than the Horace of old that it is not in lordly palaces nor in princely fortunes, but in honesty, ability, reputation, and above all, contentment, that wealth is to be reckoned.

That may pretty safely be said of a college education which Bishop Warburton in the House of Lords said once about high birth: "He never knew any one to despise it who had it, and he never knew any one to boast of it who had anything else to boast of." The scholarly parson and the accomplished schoolmaster will never yield in influence, so long as America maintains its ancient high standards of worth, to the unlettered rich man in the big house on the hill, nor will we, if we are wise, go to the other extreme and worship intellectual snobishness. Not by what a man has or knows, but by what he is, can his value to the community, the true test of success be determined.

But the Bethlehem song is a promise of peace. Its first announcement was a challenge against Rome's imperial creed. For what the Caesars could not do the Babe in the manger cradle, so the angels said, would bring to pass. He was called the Prince of Peace. And who will say that his coming has not brought peace on earth. Nero deluged the ground with blood, and in that was his right to undying fame. Jesus has taught even this slow-hearted age another lesson, and the ruler who cannot show good cause for drawing the sword is doomed to ruin and contempt. We may not be cured of our blood-thirst, but our war talk must needs have some excuse. The conscience of humanity stands up and demands unity and peace, and a selfish war. When we shall have learned our lesson better, and when his love shall have burned the hate out of our hearts, we shall be ready to give ourselves for any word or act that spoils his peace on earth.

There can be no peace on earth until men become willing to seek one another's good, and to be so good such good will unless there be good hearts. Our most elaborate schemes of reforming society are but child's play, and our most extravagant war expenditures are but the waste of less we care for goodness in ourselves more than we care for right behavior in others. If what we will for other men has not back of it, and a personal selfishness, it is the spirit of simple and honest goodness, our most pretentious demonstrations are but ill-advised stage play by which we long deceive not all this stir and swag of the militarists. They talk loftily about duty and honor, and about righting an ancient wrong at the ends of the earth. They are ready to go so much as all this noise and bluster go to show about duty and honor and right? All about them are wrongs which they have never resisted, and causes calling for their help. They themselves too often cherish petty jealousies, and nurse to a burning heat a hate that never was just. Officers are vain and envious and coarse of speech, and the dement of goodness, and all our efforts to make other people behave as we find it convenient to behave ourselves. Every little while some wild-eyed reformer essays to reform people, and he is consumed fire, the angels' song comes to fulfillment. It is worth while pausing for a little to let our hearts listen to that deepest, truest, divinest message, which carries with it its own fulfillment, the angel-messsage of Christmas peace and goodwill.

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Take Hood's

Some Striking Discoveries About Famous Characters.

Mr. Justice Stareleigh Was Drawn From Judge Gaselee—Other Points Brought Out.

(Percy Fitzgerald, in the London Daily Mail.)

No cause celebre of real life is so familiarly known, even to the "man in the street," as the fictitious one of Bardell vs. Pickwick. The mere allusions, such as "What the soldier said," the "extra double million magnifying glasses," and, above all, the "chops and tomato sauce"—to say nothing of the immortal warming pan—these are part of the current coinage of the newspapers.

The case and its details were, it seems, detailed as that of Norton vs. Melbourne, which had caused a great sensation only a short time before. The trivial letters relied upon were parodied in the "chops and tomato sauce" love letters. Lord Melbourne was as innocent as Mr. Pickwick. The beautiful Caroline—who the present writer sat beside at a dinner party when she was somewhat faded—had evidently touched Lord's sympathies, as is shown by a vehement outburst in the account of Prince Bladud, referring to "breaking the heart of a woman."

We cannot identify most of the characters. Mr. Justice Stareleigh was drawn from Judge Gaselee, to whom Boz had a dislike, else he wrote under a complete misapprehension. For all legal writers and contemporaries agree that he was really an admirable judge, well grounded in law, patient in trying a case and courteous to suitors. He left the bench only a month after the appearance of the Pickwick part in which he was so ridiculed. It would seem that his peculiarities belonged to an eccentric Sicilian Arabin, who made mistakes of the "Daniel Nathaniel" class. Of Judge Gaselee's family is the present General Gaselee—lately commanding in China. His grandson is in practice at the bar, and possesses a portrait of the judge, it is admitted, however, that in his later days the judge became somewhat "short" and impatient with witnesses, and Boz may have been present when he was one of these moods. The name Arabin, suggested Snubbin. Simpkin was no doubt Wilkin, a smart junior then in vogue, and later Sergeant Buzfuz the immortal was, of course, Sergeant Bompas, Q. C. His son, Judge Bompas, K.C., still flourishes—an excellent lawyer worthy of his sire. Mr. Burnand discovered a weak joint in Mrs. Bardell's case. This was brought out by Mrs. Cluppins, who deposed that her friend had been keeping company with a baker whom she evidently hoped to entangle, but he married somebody. A more skillful counsel than Snubbin would have made a great deal of this topic. It will be noted that there were two sergeants in the case, for the reason that in common pleas actions they only had the privilege of leading. It is rather astonishing to turn to the table of cases in "Taylor on Evidence"—two massive volumes bound in that piecrust-colored leather, known in private as "Bardell vs. Pickwick." An account of the passage is given in a note to illustrate the doctrine of hearsay evidence. Boz himself told me that when reading in private he used that sort of charnel-house tones which Rogers, the poet, in his old age adopted. He always added to the original text, unless he regularly forgot and added a full register of "mentals." This really destroyed the whole point of the passage. It has often been objected by lawyers that there was no proof of an offer of marriage to lay before the jury, and that Mr. Pickwick ought to have had the verdict, but the jury were prejudiced against him.

The late Sir F. Lockwood, who had a passion for picking up scraps of defense of Dobson and Fogg, made out an excellent case. Even for their oppression of the wretched Ramsey he finds a sort of excuse, for he says it hangs on the evidence of one of the clerks, "on which we cannot much rely."

THE HISTORY OF THE MISTLETOE.
How the Plant Became Connected With Yule Tide Sentiment.
The part which is borne by the plants of the forest in making merry the Christmas season is not small. From very early days in the old land the custom to decorate the houses with evergreens, a practice which was derived either from the Romans, who were in the habit of sending bouquets to their friends at the festival of the Saturnalia, which occurred about the same period, or from the Druids, in whose time the houses were decked with branches in order that the spirits of the forest might seek shelter among them during the bleak winds and frosts of winter. Whatever be the exact origin, the decoration of houses and churches has become firmly connected with Christmas, and has had wrought into it, sometimes most fancifully, a Christmas significance. Holly, rosemary, laurel, bay, arbutus, and ivy are hung in churches and houses, but the mistletoe is interdicted from the places of worship on account of its connection with the Druidic religion. There may possibly be other reasons also why the presence of the mistletoe would not be compatible with that spirit of reverence which is proper to a sacred edifice.

The holly was soon designated the holy tree, although the derivation of the two words is entirely different, and around it grew up traditions of special virtues it possessed from its associations. In Germany the holly is known as Christ-corn—the horn woven into the crown placed upon our Saviour's head at the time of the crucifixion, and the thorny foliage and blood-red berries are suggestive of the most Christian associations.

The mistletoe, which grows as a parasite on the oak and other trees, was from very ancient times considered as a plant having magical properties, and it was specially prominent in the ceremonies of the Druidic worship. In the old Norse mythology explains the origin of the plant's privilege, which the mistletoe permits. Baldr, the Apollo of the north, was rendered by his mother, Freya, proof against injury by the four elements, fire, air, earth and water. Loki, the evil spirit, however, being at enmity with him, fashioned an arrow out of mistletoe, which proceeded from none of these elements, and placed it in the hands of Hodur, the blind deity, who launched the fatal dart at Baldr and struck him to the earth. The gods decided to restore Baldr to life, and as a reward for his injury the mistletoe was dedicated to his mother Freya, against, to prevent its being used again adversely to the plan was placed under her sole control so long as it did not touch the earth, the empire of Loki. On this account it has always been customary to



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suspend mistletoe from ceilings, and so, whenever persons of opposite sexes pass under it, they give one another the kiss of peace and love, in the full assurance that the plant is no longer an instrument of mischief.

The Yule log was the special feature of Christmas Eve. On that evening a log of wood, usually of ash, was brought in with great rejoicing and cast upon the open hearth, whence it spread its joyous light and warmth over the scene of happiness and merriment with which the occasion was always celebrated. But the contribution to the Christmas cheer which makes the greatest drain upon the forests of the present day is the furnishing of Christmas trees. When the first faint echoes of the Christmas chimes send out their message on the throbbing air, the youth of the forests, obedient to the signal, take up their march citywards, there to make happy the youth of the human race. And how many bright memories cling about the Christmas tree!

The tree is employed for this purpose as the fir, usually the balsam fir (Abies balsamea), which is easily distinguished by its small, flat, evergreen leaves, with a white under-surface, cut across by a green midrib. But we may, perhaps, since we have already wandered away from the domain of science, be

permitted to leave a more technical description of the fir tree to some future occasion.

And so we bid you a Merry Christmas!

The Little Doctor.
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