

had spent in buying logs this winter, from the families that had gathered round it, some five thousand dollars. Previously winter work was not known in this region. We should expect an almost indecent state of affluence therefore this spring. There is very little difference to be seen yet, however, though there is next to no debt to commence the season with.

(To be continued.)

More Than a Match.

We have received an interesting letter from a business man in this city, who does not forget his boyhood days, nor think it too much trouble to pass on a good thing to the boys and girls of to-day. It would be hard to do better than this, but if you think you can, let us know. Our friend writes:—

'The other day I happened to pick up a copy of the 'Northern Messenger' dated June 2, 1905, and noted therein a sentence of about thirty-five letters containing all the letters of the alphabet. As the heading of the paragraph seemed to me to be an invitation to go one better I take the liberty of sending you a sentence of twenty-seven letters containing the complete alphabet, the duplicated letter being the "u."

'The sentence is:—"Quiz, Jack, thy frowns vex—G. D. Plumb." G. D. Plumb is the name of the originator of the thing, and his name is, as you will see, necessary to include the entire alphabet.

'I take no credit to myself for the sentence which I have known for years, and which to my mind is rather ingenious, I am unable to state definitely its source. You may make whatever use you like of it.'

Try Them Yourself.

Do you want some very good tongue exercise? You can get it by reading or attempting to read, rapidly the following sentences, recently published in the Atlanta 'Constitution.' For those who may have in future life to read or speak in public there is more in such exercises than mere fun:

Six little thistle sticks.

Flesh of freshly-fried fish.

Two toads, totally tied, tried to trot to Tedbury.

The sea ceaseth, but sufficeth us.

Strict, strong Stephen Stringer snared slickly six sickly silky snakes.

She stood at the door of Mrs. Smith's fish-source shop welcoming him in.

Swan swam over the sea; swim, swan, swim; swan swam back again; well swam, swan.

A haddock, a haddock, a black-spotted haddock, a black spot on the black back of the black haddock.

Susan shineth shoes and socks, socks and shoes shineth Susan. She ceaseth shining shoes and socks, for socks and shoes shock Susan.

You know the tongue twister Peter Piper, but there are others which are harder. One of the worst is, 'mixed biscuits.' Try saying that rapidly, and if you succeed, say this, 'Stop at the shop at the top of Sloane Street.'—Ex.

A Correction.

We regret that in our Dominion Day supplement of June 20, in Mrs. Keane's song, 'The Colonials and the Flag,' the fourth line of the first verse was omitted, namely:—

'Freedom's flags Britannia's might'

Which Shall it Be?

The Rev. Jas. Learmont, in a pointed talk to the boys and girls in the English 'Examiner,' quotes the following little verses:—

"Stay at home," said Inclination,

"Let the errand wait,"

"Go at once," said Duty, sternly,

"Or you'll be too late."

"But it rains," said Inclination,

"And the wind is keen."

"Never mind all that," said Duty,

"Go and brave it, Jean."

'Jean stepped out into the garden,

Looked up at the sky;

Clouded, shrouded, dreary, sunless,

Rain unceasingly.

"Stay," again said Inclination.

"Go," said Duty, "go."

Forth went Jean with no more waiting,

Or a selfish "No."

'You will smile if now I tell you

That this quiet strife,

Duty conquering Inclination,

Strengthened all her life.'

An Old Lady's Home.

(Victor Gage Kimbert, in the 'Northern Christian Advocate'.)

Mrs. Brigham was in a state of utter disgust. She had come home the week before and remarked with great complacency that she did hope Mrs. Warner would appreciate the extra efforts made in her behalf, for it had taken a good bit of diplomacy and no small amount of labor to induce the managers to accept her without the usual fee, but that finally they had been successful, and the way to the Old Ladies' Home was at last opened for Mrs. Warner.

It had been impossible to raise money sufficient to pay the amount required, but, after much deliberation, the trustees had decided to accept Mrs. Brigham's protégée, and use the rental of a small house, of which Mrs. Warner had a life lease, as part payment.

There had been many who had said with emphasis that it was a shameful thing that the widow of Rafe Warner should be compelled to want for anything, so generous, so liberal, had he been during his life, and the whole of his comfortable provision for her was lost in one of the too common bank failures, in which human sharks remorselessly swallow the means of their victims. Although much sympathy was felt and expressed, the fact remained that Mrs. Warner had not been far from starvation during the preceding winter. She had made no complaint, but kindly disposed persons had made the matter known to Mrs. Brigham, who in her capacity as director of a half dozen charitable enterprises, and contributor to a dozen others, for she was nothing if not charitable, had seemed the one to take the matter in hand. She had done her best and relieved many of her wants, without discovering that starvation would have been only a little bit harder to the poor woman.

Mrs. Brigham felt indignant, and no wonder, for after all her efforts to get her admitted to the Home, Mrs. Warner had cried like a child and begged to remain where she was. To do Mrs. Brigham justice, it was not alone for praise and gratitude she worked for others, but she did like to have her work appreciated, and enjoyed managing other people's affairs. If, sometimes, she overlooked individuality, and classed her poor people together, as a man would a flock of sheep, it is

but due to her to remember that she attempted and accomplished a great deal for others, and, being human, it follows that even her good works should have a flavor of herself.

'I'll go over and get little Miss Vincent to take her in hand,' she said, after a little reflection. 'She'll make her listen to reason if any one can, and after all that's been said and done I'm ashamed to have the matter end like this.'

Little Miss Vincent was a valuable adjunct to Mrs. Brigham, though the latter had looked askance two years before when Miss Vincent's father had sent his annual cheque to her with a note saying that his daughter would hereafter take his wife's place on the board and asking that any deficiency in finances be referred to him, as he was desirous of continuing his support to the work in which his dead wife had been so interested. The cheque was altogether too large to admit of any objection being made to his suggestion, though the maturer woman felt that 'that slip of a girl' was really too young to be of much value in their councils, but they soon learned that Agnes Vincent brought a devoted heart and life to the service, and, in her pleasant, winning way, accomplished much that they would not attempt.

'Of course I will go,' she answered Mrs. Brigham, 'and I think I can put the matter in such a light that she will be glad to consent,' but within a half hour after going over to Mrs. Warner's she had gone entirely over to the enemy, and was doing her utmost to contrive in some way so that the old lady need not leave her home.

Mrs. Warner was taking up a few late dahlias and tying up some geranium roots when Miss Vincent came, and the look upon her face, as she learned her errand, went to the girl's heart.

'Oh, if they would only let me alone, I would die before I would ask for anything,' she sobbed. 'I didn't ask for anything last winter; some one told them I was suffering, but, oh, Miss Vincent, if you'd lived here as long as I have, and loved every stick and stone in the yard, every bit of wood in the old house, you wouldn't want to leave it either. It takes so little to keep me, and I would rather have only half enough to eat here than everything over there. I hate a prison and that's all them institutions be,' she finished, forgetting grammar in her earnestness.

Miss Vincent talked long and kindly to the poor old soul, who finally sobbed out that she wished she could die and be out of people's way, adding, 'If only my boys had lived, I could make a home here for them and be a burden to no one.'

Her visitor looked up quickly, a thought flashing across her mind. She put out her hand: 'Just a moment, Mrs. Warner. I almost believe that I can help you in your own way instead of in ours. I know that when strong men walk the streets in search of work and fail to find it, that it seems almost impossible that you can have work brought to you, but I think we can accomplish it. Your remark about making a home for your boys was the electric spark I needed. There are many boys in whom I am interested who have no home. They have a place to eat and sleep for which they pay more than they can afford. Now I think you and I will give them a home. You have this house, which is very fortunate. How many boys do you think you are able to cook for and attend to generally, except the washing? Four? I do not wish you to overdo, but the boys whom I shall get will give you \$2.50 a week a piece, which will give you \$10 in all. Should