



The Language of Stamps.

Is a postage stamp to be placed upside down on the top left-hand corner of the envelope, it means that the writer loves you. If crosswise on the same corner, "My heart belongs to another, and can never belong to you." Placed in the proper way on the same corner, "Good-bye for the present, dearest." If at right-angle on the left-hand top corner, "I hate you." The left-hand corner at the bottom, placed the same way, "I wish or desire your friendship, but nothing more." Left-hand bottom corner, upside down, "Write soon." If put on a line with the surname on the left-hand side, it means, "Accept my love." If upside down in the same position, "I am already engaged." If placed upside down in the right-hand corner, "My heart is another's; you must write no more." If put crosswise on the right-hand corner, it asks the delicate question, "Do you love me, dearest?" If on the right-hand side of the surname, proper way, it says, "I long to see you; write immediately." At the bottom right-hand corner, crosswise, "No." At the same place, upside down, "Yes." At the bottom right-hand corner, proper way, "Business correspondence."

Proud of His Mother.

THERE are some young people who outgrow their fathers and mothers, along with other things that belonged to their childhood, but we are glad to think that the great majority of our readers belong to a different class. Mr. Moody was fond of telling a story of a young man who was prouder of his mother than of anything he had gained or done by his own efforts. There was once a boy in college, and he was about to graduate. He wrote back to the farm for his mother to come. She replied that she could not do so. She said her clothes were worn out, and she had no money to buy new ones for that occasion. She had already turned her skirt twice, and it was ragged on both sides. The boy said come anyway. The poor old woman went in her best, which was not stylish. The Commencement was in a fashionable church. The son was prouder of his mother than of his honors. He walked with her down the aisle to the centre of the church, and escorted her to one of the best seats. There were tears in her eyes, and she burst out weeping for joy when her son pronounced the valedictory. The president pinned a

badge on his coat. The young man left the platform and went directly to his mother. He took off the badge and pinned it on her dress. There were tears in his eyes. Then he bent over and kissed her wrinkled face.

Keep One Iron Hot.

I HAVE in mind two girls, writes Marguerite Brooks, in *Success*, who, although not college-trained, had unusual opportunities for culture and home study. One of them had learned, or rather acquired, a superficial knowledge of shorthand, typewriting, book-keeping, drawing, and painting on china, but had not really possessed herself, so to speak, of any one of those things. She is intelligent and widely read, and yet for nearly a year she has been trying in vain to get a position, even at six dollars a week, while she has the mortification of seeing others younger and less intelligent accepted in offices where she has been refused employment. They could say, with some measure of confidence, that they could do at least one thing well, while she, when questioned, gave timid, hesitating replies, and was obliged to confess that she was not master of any one of her crafts.

The other girl had studied telegraphy, penmanship, two or three foreign languages, had attended current literature classes and debating societies, and was broadly intelligent along general lines. But her penmanship was not good enough to recommend her as a copyist; her knowledge of telegraphy was not sufficiently thorough to get her work in an office; she could neither speak nor write any one of the three languages she had studied, nor could she conduct a debate or instruct a class in current literature.

You do not wonder, do you, that this young woman found no place among the world's busy, practical workers?

What I wish to impress upon you, girls, is, not to go out in life with the idea that you have so many irons in the fire that one or more will surely succeed. You must be certain that at least one of your irons is at white heat, or your high hope and ambition will end in disappointment and failure.

Our little lives are kept in equipoise

By opposite attractions and desires!

The struggle of the instinct that enjoys
And the more noble instinct that aspires.

LONGFELLOW.

ONE little girl in the slum: "Wot d'yer say she died of?" The other little one: "Eating ice cream on top 'ot puddin'." First mentioned: "Lor! What a jolly death!"—*Exchange*.

One Hobby.

A HOBBY—well, who has not one? They may or may not be conscious of it, but others are woefully so, sometimes. I hope mine are (I have more than one) not a bother to anyone, but now, when I think of it, this particular one of which I write is, I am sure. For I am always hunting for papers I have laid aside (the dear knows where, for I never do), out of which to cut my hobby, or rather the thing that becomes a part of my hobby, the minute my scissors have finished the last snip severing it from its companions.

I often wonder if it appreciates the honor conferred upon it of being changed from a common figure in an advertisement to an important picture in my art gallery—not a real art gallery, and, in fact, not a gallery at all, only a box, from whence I hope in the dim future to transfer it to a scrap-book. It is not every picture in an advertisement, mind you. Ah, no! perhaps only one in two or three days, and we take four papers a day, that is pretty enough.

They are those dainty, graceful, delicate creatures, a lovely little lady in the most exquisite evening dress, or in a bewitching street costume, with her dress blown in picturesque folds around her perfect figure, and her hair in little fascinating curls around her face. Then sometimes there chances to be a little scene, an interior or landscape. My hobby is economical, if anything is so, for most of them lead the owner into great extravagance.

GRACE FAIRBAIRN (age 16).

126 Dovercourt Road, Toronto.

Fancy Post Card Collecting.

FOR a good many years, in fact, since I was quite little, my great fad has been to collect fancy post cards. On the side for the address they are like ordinary ones, but on the other side there is a picture, sometimes colored, of some place or scene. Down the side, or more often along the bottom, there is room for several lines of writing. Only those which are addressed to me go into my collection, and they must bear the post-mark of the place represented on the picture. I do not, as many do, paste the post cards on silk and make a screen of it, but I collect them merely for the collection. For this purpose I have a book which, on the outside looks like a large crest album, and inside like a photograph album, except that the pages are arranged so that both sides of the post-card are visible when it is slipped in like a photograph.

The first post card I got for my collection was from Chicago, at the time of the Columbian Exhibition. It was a colored picture of some of the buildings, with a few words in writing down the side. I was so enchanted with this, that I resolved to collect them. My collection did not make much progress, however, till a couple years ago, when friends travelling in Europe, knowing of my fad, sent me a great many. During the Passion-play at Oberammergau last spring I got several from a friend who was there. One was a picture of the place—a small old-fashioned village, nestled in the mountains. Another was a picture of the spot where the play was given, an outdoor place, sur-

rounded by trees. The pictures of the play itself, for obvious reasons, could not be posted, but I received a dozen post cards, on which were pictures of scenes from the Passion-play, in a neat little case. At the time of the Paris Exposition, also, many were added to my collection. The prettiest one of these was one which showed the lights on the Seine, though there were many pictures of the different buildings which were interesting, especially one of the Canadian building.

I am now waiting for the Pan-American Exposition, hoping to add to my collection then. I have now six places to fill in my collection book, and expect to more than fill those next summer.

MARGARET A. COYNE (age 15).

St. Thomas, Ont.

Post Card Competition.

WE have been pleased to receive a considerable number of contributions in response to the post card competition announced in the November CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL. We award the illustrated books for juveniles, as promised, to the following three children as sending the best and longest sentences with each word beginning with the same letter:

From ANNIE WALTON (age 11), Ottawa.—"Horrid Henry Henty hurt his head hitching his handsome pair, hit his horse, hammered his hand, hoed his hemlock hedge, hurried home hunting hapless hares, hacked his head, hugged happy Hester Henry, harrowed his healthy hogs, hung his helpless hen, helped Hattie Hester hunt handy handkerchiefs, harassed his hardy horses."

From JEAN SNELL (age 11), Jamestown, Ont.—"Dr. David Davonal's darling dying daughter Daisy, discovered Dr. Don Dodd's dyspepsia drugs doing deadly deeds."

From GRACE PHILLIPS, Carleton Place, Ont.—"They told their troubles to those that talked to them till time to take tea."

Something Each Day.

SOMETHING each day—a smile.
It is not much to give,
And the little gifts of life
Make sweet the days we live.
The world has weary hearts
That we can bless and cheer,
And a smile for every day
Makes sunshine all the year.
Something each day—a deed
Of kindness and of good,
To link in closer bonds
All human brotherhood.
Oh, thus the heavenly will
We all may do while here;
For a good deed every day
Makes blessed all the year.
—GEORGE COOPER.

Cecil: "What would you give to have such hair as mine?" Joannie: "I don't know. What did you give?"

THERE is a rough and bitter proverb: "As the old cock crows, the young cock learns"; and those who sow in small shams not unfrequently reap in large deceptions.