

Wanted: Man of Pluck Luck Doesn't Count

By Dr. Madison C. Peters.

When the sluggard's fields teem with richest stores, waving with golden grain and choicest fruit, while the lands of the hardworking and thrifty pursuing man are covered with weeds and brambles; when the drunkard looks sleek and beautiful and the sober and industrious man starves on his hard toil; when intelligence is put upon the pillory and twaddle is enthroned on the heights; when genius revels in the earth and ignorance ascends to the skies, we might possibly be led to believe that there was such a thing as luck. Everywhere we see the rewards of industry and wisdom, and hence must deny that there is such a thing as luck.

The fetish called luck is accountable for many of the failures in life. He who lets the absurd idea that luck is against him into his head—allows it to dominate him to such an extent that he lies down without making any effort to retrieve his standing or make progress toward a desired goal—loses all ambition and courage, and the result is that failure overtakes him and he clasps him in her chilly embrace.

If such a man could only realize, only bring home to himself, that luck is merely the hugar of the imagination, he would make the effort to shake off his apathy and take the conditions of life as he should with a brave heart and without fear. He would soon learn that what he considers luck is only another name for which perseverance, and an invincible determination to succeed.

HONEST ENDEAVOR BRINGS SUCCESS.

Honest endeavor is the right expression to use when referring to those who have succeeded in life's mission. Granted that luck is not a misnomer in terms, nor a phantom of the brain, let us ask: Did it ever build a house, did it ever drive a steam engine, did it ever plant, sow, reap and mow? did it ever accomplish anything in the world or fulfill any end? No sane person will say that it did.

Luck did not give our rich men their wealth; it did not win the victories of our generals; it did not write the great masterpieces of literature; nor did it deliver into the mines of science the priceless gems of discovery that have enriched mankind. It never brought business to the merchant, clients to the lawyer, or patients to the physician. It never filled the pulpit with eloquence or breathed upon the lip of the preacher the divine fire of his mission. None of these things did it do, because it is a thing as intangible as the moonbeam across the face of the snow; "it seems to be, yet has no being."

It is worth and a determined spirit that make the wheels of the world go round and bring success in their train. Idleness never accomplished anything, work has accomplished everything good, and great, and useful in the world.

Work is as necessary to material advancement as are air and water to life. A man can gain nothing by standing idly by, except the name of a drone in the human hive, and be left by the sweat of others. You must be up and doing if you would advance. You must not wait for opportunity, but create the opportunity for yourself.

WEALTH WITHIN REACH AT HOME.

Don't say your surroundings are un-

favorable. Far off fields look green, but when we come to them they are just like all other fields. At home wealth is within your reach, if you adopt the right way to get it.

The old Persian, Ali Hafez, had set his soul on the possession of diamonds so he wandered away into far countries in search of the gems. He went to the mountains of the Moon beyond Arabia and then into Palestine, and on to the confines of the Tigris and Euphrates. Finally, worn out and dispirited, he returned to his own land, starving and in rags, and died in poverty and misery. His successor one day in his garden turned up a black stone. "That is a diamond," shouted his dervish, who was standing by. "I know a diamond when I see it." They went to work and almost every shovelful of the soil revealed gems fit for the crowns of emperors.

You may say that the diamonds in this case were found by chance—or "luck" if you prefer to call it so—but the moral of the story is, that had Ali Hafez looked in his own garden he would have found the gems for which he traveled so far in vain.

There are many who have not the daring of Ali Hafez to go in search of what they desire, and are too indolent to work for it at home. They mope around in idleness, praying or something to turn up, some "wind-fall," or "fat" office to come their way to save them from honest work. From the ranks of these are recruited the loafers and gamblers who subsist on the toil of others.

SOME GIVE UP TOO QUICKLY.

Some try their hand at this, that, and the other thing, and because success does not immediately crown their futile efforts they give up and say luck is against them, while by persistent endeavor along some definite line they could have achieved what they desired.

These are the ones who envy other who think that the man of honors and wealth has no special right to what he has gained by honorable and honest work, and who would wrest it from him if they could, but powerless to do so, they raise the red flag of anarchy and become a curse instead of a blessing to the nation.

The twisted philosophy of "luck" is at the bottom of much of our social evil. The cure of this evil is found in pluck, a term synonymous with warm-hearted, manly energy, which knows no defeat, but ever battles bravely on until the combat is crowned with victory.

Pluck gives courage to the soul, strengthens the mind, nerves the hand, steels the sinews to dare, do, and accomplish.

The man of pluck will never say "I can't," but "I will." Nothing daunts him. Courageously he marched forward with trust in himself and faith in God, never looking backward, but always forward, ever advancing until the goal of a well-spent life is reached.

Be a man in the true sense of the word. Crown on fate and laugh at the shibboleth of luck. Do not woo failure, turn your back upon her and she will leave you to the smiles and embraces of her deadly rival—success.

all. There is much good in the world, after all. But I will involve no friend, either rich or poor. My own right hand shall do it—else will I be done in the slang language, and undone in common parlance.

"I am glad that, beyond my own family, who are, excepting L. S. Young and able to bear sorrow, of which this is the first taste to some of them, most of the hearts are past caring which would have once been inconceivable on this occasion. I do not mean that many will not seriously regret, and some perhaps lament, my misfortunes. But, my dear mother, 'Dear one, what are names but air?' for'd, poor Will Erskine—these would have been mourners indeed."

"Well—exertion—exertion. O invention, rouse thyself! May man be kind! May God be propitious! The worst is, I never quite know when I am right or wrong; and Ballantyne, who does know in some degree, will fear to tell me. Lockhart would be worth gold just now, but he, too, would be too difficult to speak broad out. All my hope is in the continued indulgence of the public."

FAMOUS EPIGRAMS—VIII.

(By S. T. Coleridge.)

I ask'd my fair, one happy day,
What I should call her in my lay,
By what sweet name from Rome, or Greece,

Neocera, Laura, Daphne, Chloris,
Carina, Lalage, or Doris,
Dorimene, or Lucreece?

"Ah," replied my gentle fair;
"Dear one, what are names but air?
Choose thou whatever suits the line;

SHOCKING THE BANK OF ENGLAND

HOW A STRANGER OBTAINED ACCESS TO THE STRONG ROOM.

The Bank of England, that staid, conservative bulwark of British finance, has more than once passed through startling experiences. Of these perhaps the most unexpected was that connected with a communication it once received from an unknown source, a communication as vivid as any in the most flaming melodramatic novel.

The letter that caused the board of directors to sit up and take notice was couched in the following extraordinary terms:

"No doubt you think you are all safe, and that your bank is safe; but I know better. I have been inside your bank during the last two nights, and you knew nothing about it. As I am not a thief, and wish to warn you of your danger, I invite you to meet me in the great square room at twelve today. I shall then explain all to you. Let only two of you come, and say nothing to anyone else."

The next night the square room—"the richest compartment in the world," as it has been called—was guarded, but nothing happened.

Then came the next phase of the mystery. A heavy chest of securities, taken from the strong room, arrived at the bank, with a letter, complaining that the directors had notified the police, and that the writer had appeared according to his promise. Now, he continued, to prove that he was not a thief, he sent with his letter a chest of papers that he had taken from the bank. If a few men would assemble, without the police, in the strong room, the writer would join them at midnight. Otherwise the mystery would continue unsolved.

After solemn deliberation the directors decided to do as they were told. They assembled in the strong room. At midnight there came a cry from behind the stone walls, "Put out the lights!" They obeyed. Then a dark lantern entered. His story was soon told. He gained his living by searching the sewers at night, and through a sewer opening he had found his way into the richest room in the world.

OLD-TIME SLAVE CABIN.

The first negro home that I remember was a log cabin about fourteen by sixteen feet square. It had a small, narrow door, which hung on rusty, worn-out hinges. The windows were mere openings in the wall, protected by a rickety shutter, which sometimes was closed in winter, but which usually hung dejectedly on uncertain hinges against the walls of the house.

Such a thing as a glass window was unknown to this house. There was no floor, or rather, there was a floor, but it was nothing more than the naked earth. There was only one room, which served as kitchen, parlor and bedroom for a family of five, which consisted of my mother, my elder brother, my sister, myself and the cat. In this cabin we all ate and slept, my mother being the cook on the place.

My own bed was a heap of rags on the floor in the corner of the room next to the fireplace. It was not until after the emancipation that I enjoyed for the first time in my life the luxury of sleeping in a bed. It was at times, I suppose, somewhat crowded in those narrow quarters, though I do not now remember having suffered there at all, except, especially, as the cabin was always pretty thoroughly ventilated, particularly in winter, through the wide openings between the logs in the walls.

I mention these facts here because the little slave's cabin in which I lived as a child, and which is associated with all my earliest memories, is typical of the places in which the great mass of the negro people lived a little more than 40 years ago, and there are thousands of negro men and women living today in comfortable and well-kept homes who will recognize what I have written as a good description of the homes in which they were born and reared.

Probably there is no single object that so accurately represents and typifies the mental and moral condition of the larger proportion of the members of my race 50 years ago as this same little slave cabin. For the same reason it may be said that the best evidence of the progress which the race has made since emancipation is the character and quality of the homes which they are building for themselves today.—Booker T. Washington, in the Century.

IT CURES THE CHILDREN.

When youngsters get cramps, indigestion and bowel trouble; when they lie in their sleep—try Nerville—just a few drops in sweetened water. Nothing better than Folsom's Nerville. Thousands say so.

Call me Laura, call me Chioria,
Call me Lalage or Doris,
Only—only—call me thine!"

A BIBULOUS SCHOLAR.

The great Porson, librarian and Greek scholar, would sit up drinking all night, without seeming to feel any bad effects from it. Horne Tooke told Samuel Rogers that he once asked Porson to dine with him in Richmond Buildings; and, as he knew that Porson had not been in bed for the three preceding nights, he expected to get rid of him at a tolerably early hour.

Porson, however, kept Tooke up the whole night, and in the morning the latter, in perfect despair, said, "Mr. Porson, I am engaged to meet a friend at breakfast at a coffee-house in Leicester square." "Oh," replied Porson, "I will go with you," and he accordingly did so. Soon after they had reached the coffee house, Tooke contrived to slip out, and, running home, ordered his servant not to let Mr. Porson in, even if he should attempt to batter down the door. "A man," observed Tooke, "who could sit up four nights successively might have sat up forty."

Tooke used to say that "Porson would drink ink rather than not drink at all." Indeed, he would drink anything. He was sitting with a gentleman after dinner in the chambers of a mutual friend, a Templar, who was then ill. He was to be a servant came into the room, sent thither by his master for a bottle of embrocation which was on the chimney-piece. "I drank it an hour ago," said Porson.

HOW INVENTIONS WERE STOLEN

PRECAUTIONS TAKEN BEFORE DAYS OF PATENTS TO PRESERVE TRADE SECRETS.

Before patents were granted for inventions, the inventor had but one way to secure a return from his invention. This was to keep it secret.

Secret inventions were the most valuable possessions of many families and guilds. But in proportion to their value, they tempted the cupidity of competitors. The secret of making Venetian glass, for example, was most jealously guarded. A Venetian named Paoli, who possessed the secret, left Venice and wandered northward practicing his art. He was stabbed in the arm by a dagger marked "Traitor"—a measure taken to preserve the secret.

In 1710 the Elector of Saxony learned that a man named Bottger had discovered the secret of making porcelain. He immediately ordered him to be confined in the castle of Albrechtsburg until the discovery had been perfected. The workmen were sworn to secrecy, and the drawbridge was kept up except to admit those specially authorized. Thus the secret was preserved.

The secret was preserved in the famous Dresden ware begun. The secret was soon carried to Vienna, where a royal factory was established, and to France where it was the foundation of the manufacture of the famous Sevres pottery.

The stealing of the secret of making "cast steel" is an interesting example. A watchmaker named Huntsman was dissatisfied with the watch springs the market afforded, and in 1760 conceived that if he could cast the steel into an ingot, springs made from it would be more homogeneous. His conception was successfully carried out, and a large market was established for "Huntsman's ingots." Large works with tall chimneys were soon built.

Every effort was made to keep the secret. No one was admitted to the works. The process was divided, and persons working on each part were kept in ignorance of other parts of the work. One bitter winter night a man, dressed as a farm laborer, came to the door apparently in an exhausted condition and asked admittance. The foreman, deceived by his appearance into thinking the man was incapable of understanding what he would see, let him in.

The man dropped down in sight of the furnaces, and proceeded to shoot through furtively opened eyes he saw the workman cut bars of steel into bits and depositing them into crucibles put the crucibles in furnaces and urged the fires to the highest pitch. The floor, or rather, there was a floor, but it was nothing more than the naked earth. There was only one room, which served as kitchen, parlor and bedroom for a family of five, which consisted of my mother, my elder brother, my sister, myself and the cat. In this cabin we all ate and slept, my mother being the cook on the place.

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A LETTER TO KEEP FOREVER.

When you get an illegible letter from a correspondent, don't lose your temper and write him a scolding rebuke. Just sit down in good humor and concoct one like this of Mr. T. B. Aldrich to Prof. E. S. Morse:

"My Dear Morse: It was very pleasant to me to get a letter from you yesterday. Perhaps I should have found it pleasant if I had been able to decipher it. I don't think I mastered anything beyond the date—which I knew—and the signature—which I guessed at. There is a singular and perpetual charm in a letter of yours; it never grows old; it never loses its novelty. One can say to one's self every morning, here's a letter of Morse's. I haven't read it yet. I think I'll take another shy at it today, and a little more, and I'll be sure to read a few years to make out what he means by those t's that look like w's and those i's that have no eyebrows. Other letters are read and thrown away, but yours are kept forever—unread. One of them will last a reasonable man a lifetime. Admiringly yours, T. B. Aldrich."—Tit-Bits.

SHOOTING STARS.

Shooting stars are not real stars at all, but are small bodies which the earth runs into and which are made so hot by friction in the atmosphere that they are burned up. The real stars, as those of the Dipper, are very far away, so far that no one knows the distance. They are bright bodies like our sun, but seem like points of light because they are so far off. As the earth moves about the sun it frequently meets little bodies. It is moving so fast that when it strikes them the friction in the air is very great and usually they are burned up. They seem like moving stars,

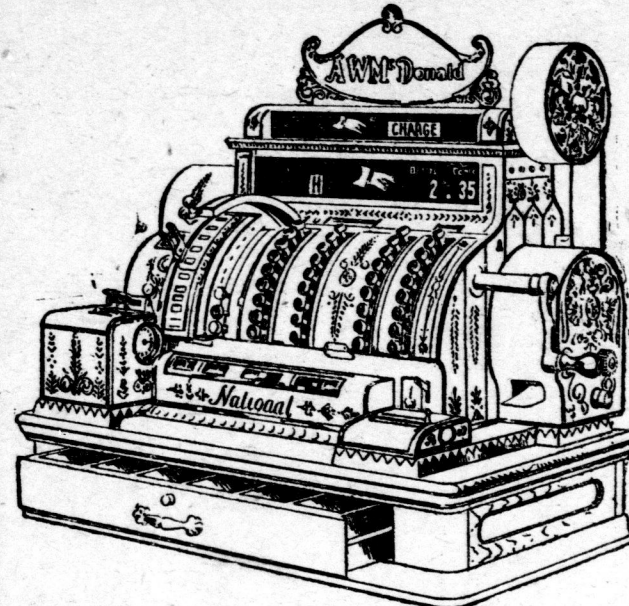
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Knowing the great demand there will be for Bed Springs and Mattresses, we have made several gigantic purchases. We are able to offer these articles cheaper than ever before. Don't fail to get our prices before buying. We will surprise you.

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Our \$ 3.00 Mattress for	\$2.50
Our \$ 3.50 Mattress for	\$2.50
Our \$ 5.00 Mattress for	\$3.25
Our \$ 6.00 Mattress for	\$4.50
Our \$12.00 Mattress for	\$9.00

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Our \$ 4.00 Bed for	\$2.95
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Our \$ 6.50 Bed for	\$4.25
Our \$ 8.50 Bed for	\$6.25
Our \$10.00 Bed for	\$7.25
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Our \$2.50 Springs for	\$1.95
Our \$3.50 Springs for	\$2.50
Our \$4.50 Springs for	\$3.00
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Get prices on our Flags. You will find they are the lowest of all.

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Our Canvas Stretchers for	95¢

LACE CURTAINS

500 Pairs to Clear at Cost.

Our \$1.25 Curtains for	85¢
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The Ontario Furniture Co.

LONDON'S LARGEST FURNITURE HOUSE.

but are really only a few miles above us in our atmosphere. Sometimes one is so large that it comes through the air, without being wholly burned up, and falls on the grounds.—St. Nicholas.

A DREAM OF APPLE PIE.

Let some properly informed Puritaness tell of apple pie. We speak not of hanging and footfalls of dough lodged with apple sauce, not of larded tarts nor open-faced counterfeits of the real. We speak of what lingers as a sweet dream half forgot, a once radiant vision dimmed by time, the memory of a childhood ecstasy. This perfection of pie was bottomed with a crust which in the finished product was saturated to the point of precipitation with the rich juices of its inwards.

But those inwards! Pared and cored greenings, sliced and laid in orderly circles, each decked in the making with a delightful little dab of fresh butter, sprinkled with sugar, each particular grain of which came through the baking gladsome, sparkling, individual gems. There was, we think, a dusting of nutmeg and perhaps with some other rich spices, the whole covered with a top crust which was not crust, but a fluffy layer of petals of yellow rosebuds.

This, it is seen, is but an impressionist sketch. Let the Puritaness

just the right flavor and the right degree of saltiness.

Just the right juiciness and tenderness secured by the right degree of boiling.

Just the finished tongue for the table, palatable and appetizing.

CLARK'S OX TONGUE

Ask your grocer for it.

W. Clark, Mfr., Montreal.

willing for so great a cause to endure publicity set down for print the just and exact proportion of each ingredient and all such requisite particulars.—New York Sun.

T. P. In His Anecdoteage The World's Greatest Book

(By T. P. O'Connor, M. P., in T. P.'s Weekly.)

Timbs relates that ten gentlemen of acknowledged taste were each desired to write out a list of the ten most interesting works they ever read. One work only among this list into every list; this was "Gil Blas."

Had Dr. Johnson been present, and been previously heard on the subject, the preference would probably have been given to "Don Quixote." The doctor used to say that there were few books of which one could ever possibly arrive at the last page; and that there was never anything written by mere man, that was wished longer by its readers, excepting "Don Quixote." "Robinson Crusoe," and the "Pilgrim's Progress." After Homer's "Iliad," he said, the work of Cervantes was the greatest in the world as a book of entertainment; and when we consider that every other author's admirers are confined to his countrymen and perhaps to the literary classes among them, while "Don Quixote" is a sort of common property, an universal classic, equally enjoyed by the court and the cottage, equally ap-

BABY'S GREAT DANGER DURING HOT WEATHER

More little lives are lost during the hot weather than at any other time of the year, diarrhoea, dysentery, cholera, infantum and stomach troubles come without warning, and when a medicine is not at hand to give promptly, the short delay too frequently means that the child has passed beyond aid. During the hot weather months Baby's Own Tablets should be kept in every home where there are small children. An occasional dose of the Tablets will prevent stomach and bowel troubles. Or if the trouble comes unawares the prompt use of this medicine will bring the child through safely. Mrs. J. Renard, New Glasgow, Que., says: "One of my children had a severe attack of diarrhoea, which Baby's Own Tablets promptly cured. I know of no medicine so good for stomach and bowel troubles." Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box, from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont.

plauded in France and England, as in Spain, quoted by every servant, the amusement of every age, from infancy to decrepitude, the first book to be found in every shop where books are sold, through all the states of Italy, who can refuse his consent to an avowal of the superiority of Cervantes to all modern writers?

A BLACK DAY IN SIR WALTER SCOTT'S LIFE.

The following memorable and pathetic entry which occurs in Sir Walter Scott's journal after the Ballantyne-Constable disaster, which plunged him into debt, cannot be quoted too often:

"1826. Jan. 22.—I feel neither dishonored nor broken down by the bad news I have just received. I have walked my list on the domains I have planted—sate the last time in the halls I have built. But death would have taken them from me if misfortune had spared them. My poor people whom I loved so well! There is just another turn to turn up against me in this run of ill-luck—i.e., if I should break my magic wand in the fall from this elephant, and lose my popularity with my fortune. Then 'Woodstock' and 'Don Quixote' may both go to the papermaker, and I may take to smoking cigars and drinking grog, or turn devotee, and intoxicate the brain another way. In prospect of absolute ruin, I wonder if they would let me leave this court of session. I would like, methinks, to go abroad."

"And lay my bones far from the Tweed."

"But I find my eyes moistening, and that will not do. I will not yield without a fight for it. It is odd, when I set myself to work doggedly, as Dr. Johnson would say, I am exactly the same man that I ever was, neither low-spirited nor distrustful. In prosperous times I have sometimes felt my fancy and powers of language flag, but adversity is to me at least a tonic and bracer; the foundation is awakened from its inmost recesses as if the spirit of affliction had troubled it in his passage."

"Poor Mr. Pole the harper sent to offer me £500 or £600, probably his