

Between You and Me.

ALADY writes to me a letter which has frightened me out of a year's growth, demanding to know several things. I don't always feel like emitting Solomon's conversational complacency to the queen who came demanding, in the slang of our present-day street-boy, "What do you know?" in the case of my lady correspondent I certainly shall not. She asks, among other things, how do I spend my Sundays, (Sabbaths is what she calls them), and I can assure her that I enjoy and appreciate Sunday in its fullest significance as a day of rest, resting in my idea of a change of occupation rather than a recumbent position between the sheets. As to giving this [sweet] creature a programme of my Sunday occupation, I am afraid of encouraging impertinence curiosity, but I can assure her that they include devotion and a little more dinner or a mid-day sleep, these being the points she is in doubt upon. I don't think, if my correspondent had any notion how impudently her letter reads or to what a light it presents her religious convictions, she would be so apt to sign herself "Your sincere friend" I really don't want sincere friends who are also sincere busy-bodies, and she may as well know it.

When fate makes a woman a widow, fashion has a consolation for her. There is no such charmingly becoming garb as the moist mourning derived from the woman who has lost the pride or the plague of her life. Plain faces become dignified and comely; handsome ones are idealized; gentle women look saintly and beautiful ones angelic. The proverbial treachery of the widow mainly lurks in her weeds; the trappings of grief appeal to the chivalry and strength of manhood, to the sympathy and friendship of womanhood. Widows make one great mistake when they leave off their weeds, that is, young widows or widows at all dispensable to give life's greatest lessons a second trial. The average man who courts a widow finds his most subtle triumph in his power to pull off that sweet tripe of white issue with the long diaphanous veppers; to banish those dear little bands from the neck and wrists; to boldly plant the most vivid pop in an acre of crape, as it were. How loyal she is, says he; how faithful to a memory; truly she deserves another man. When the widow of her own impious shortness, lightens and banishes her shrouding veil, her narrower folds on her neck, seeks in a scrap of lavender and begins to wear violets, she makes, as I have said, the great mistake of her widowhood. Had she any idea of the spell she is weakening, she would wear the becoming garb still she changed it for the wreath of Hymen, or the odorous tube-toss and lilies of the only bridegroom who never loses sight of womanhood, be they widows or maids!

A fascinating friend was talking to me of her baby boy, and chanced to say that she had been singing negro melodies to him on a Sunday. Then her traditions rose up and rebuked her, and she sang hymns, but the first she began when she was in a sort of a willing mood was the way worn, discontented jingle, "I want to be an angel." She sang the first stanza, and then to quote her, "I just had to drop it, for it wasn't a bit true. I didn't want to be an angel, and I think to stand for ever and ever with a crown on my forehead and a harp in my hand would be a dreadful punishment." Thus the spirit of the nineteenth century! Truth as any price! Well, its worth the price of an old song surely, this secret of our freedom, to which I tagged the promise of the soul's emancipation in the most stilted and luminous sentence I can recall, "Ye shall know the Truth, and the Truth shall make you free."

Kind Words for Mr. Thompson.

Many News' readers remember the eloquent Rev. William McCulloch Thompson, named for the late Dr. McCulloch, who for some time past has been in First Presbyterian church in Truro. These who had the privilege of hearing him from time to time, spoke in high terms of his powerful addresses. The reverend gentleman's friends in Truro, will be glad to learn that on the 15th inst, he was formally installed as pastor of New St. Andrew's church, New Glasgow.

Rotten Ripe For a Change.

In discussing Provincial affairs, the Gaysboro Gazette, the organ of H. C. Fraser and J. H. Sinclair, says among other things, "the times are ripe, and rotten ripe for the advent of an entirely different order in public affairs. Let it not for a moment be thought that because the policy of the present government has been endorsed by the people that they are satisfied with things as they are. There was never more dissatisfaction."

Look to the Future.

The liberal government will find that it has not got all plain sailing ahead, and no one knows this fact better than the prime minister. The future of the government is not very far off. The School question is not yet settled. It has been the means of upsetting one government and may defeat another. The tariff is another thing the liberals do not know what to do with. The session will be one of the most interesting and exciting since confederation. All eyes this week are turned upon Canada's capital, and upon the representatives of the Canadian people.

"HOME, SWEET HOME."

It is said, when darkness settles over the Adriatic Sea and the fishermen are far from land, their wives and daughters just before putting out their lights in their humble cottages, go down by the shore and in their sweet voices sing the first lines of the Ave Maria.

Then they listen eagerly and across the sea are borne to them the deep tones of those they love, singing the strains that follow, and thus each know that all is well.

I often think that from the home life of the nation, from its mothers and sisters, daughters and sweethearts, there sounds through the darkness of this transition age, the tender notes of a dearer song, whose burden is being taken up and echoed back to us from those far out amid the billows of temptation, and its sacred words are "Home Sweet Home."

A True Wife.

It is not to sweep the house, make the beds, darn the socks, and cook the meals, chiefly, that a man wants a wife. If this is all he needs, hired help can do it cheaper than a wife. If this is all, when a young man calls to see a young lady, send him into the pantry to take the bread and cake she has made, send him to inspect the needle work and bed-making or put a broom in her hand and send him to witness its use.

Such things are important, and the wise young man will quickly look after them, but what the true man wants with a wife is her companionship, sympathy and love. The way of life has many dreary places in it, and a man needs a wife to go with him. A man is sometimes overtaken by misfortunes, he meets with failures and defeats, trials and temptations beset him, and he needs one to stand by and sympathize.

He has some hard battles to fight with poverty, enemies and sin, and he needs a woman that when he puts his arms about her, he feels he has something to fight for; she will help him to fight, and she will help him to win. She will put her lips to her ear and whisper words of courage, and her hand to his heart and impart inspiration. All through life, through storm and through sunshine, conflict and victory, through adverse and through favouring winds, man needs a woman's love.

Happiness and Health.

Healthy people are usually happy, and happiness essential to health. Happiness, like everything else, is a matter of habit. People form habits of being cross, surly, irritable and disagreeable, and think there is no other way. They give themselves up to miserable emotions when they should be practising their back virtues. Sydney Smith found the following scrap in a newspaper given as a receipt for happiness, and read it every morning, and it was a good promoter of happiness.

"When you rise in the morning form the resolution to make the day a happy one to a fellow creature. It is easily done; a left-off garment to one that needs it; a kind word to the sorrowful; an encouraging expression to the striving—trifles light as air in themselves will do at least for the twenty-four hours. And if you are young, depend upon it, it will tell when you are old, and if you are old, rest assured it will send you gently and happily down the stream of time to eternity. By the most simple arithmetic sum look at the result. If you send one person, only one, happily through each day, that is 365 in the course of the year, and suppose you live forty years only after you come into this world, that is 14,600 beings happy, at all events for a time."

In Credit Matters Never Give Wings To Rumors.

Damaging truths are bad enough, says a contemporary. Damaging untruths—or truths perniciously coagulated or purposely colored—are worse still. In these times when business confidence is none too truly established it ill becomes any man to endanger by word or insinuation the confidence that may exist between creditor and debtor. Many a bank has gone down in consequence of a rumour excited by false alarm; and the shores of commercial history are strewn with the wrecks of countless firms whose downfall was brought about by the sudden commercial demands of suspicious creditors. Business is built on confidence.

His Own Business.

"If a man wants to drink whiskey that is his business," says the saloon apologist. Let's see. When two men in their spree ran a car of the Southern Railroad off the switch and out on the main track down the grade till it stopped on a high trestle, it became the Southern Railroad's "business." And when a loaded freight train came along and tumbled into the car causing \$100,000 wreck, destroying much valuable merchandise, it became the business of a great many merchants and shippers, as well as the railroad. And when three dead bodies were dug out from under the wreck, it became the business of some wives and orphans.

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POMPEY SQUASH.

On the Origin of the White Man.



man com pon dis arth. And if it had not been for that singer, Cass, we'd have been troubled with deep assy witen pon de face of dis circular globe. Now sing the forty-seventh hymn, tictar meter.

TEXT: "Strate is de rode and nar rer is de puff which leadeff to Glory." **BROTHERS,**—You semble dis nite to haf the word, and hab it splained an' monstated. We're all wicker sinners on I tell you how it cum. You see my frens,

Adam was de fun man,
Eve was de tolder,
Cane was a wicked man,
Kase he killed he broder.

Adam and Eve were bote ban men as so was Cane sa-Able. Now I spose it seem to arrike you a unlet standin how de fast white-man cum Wy, I let you no, den you see when Cane kill he broder, de massa cum an he say: "Cane, wher you broder Able?" Cane say: "I don't know, massa." Hat de no-er word all de time. Massa use de sing, cum gin, speak my broder, Abel you pigge? Cane now gin frendship to Eve, and she an die de day of de week.

On Running After A Hat.

Some don't run, they pretend to smile when they see their hat borne along on the breeze, and glance on the laughing faces around, in a way implying, yes, it is funny, and I enjoy the joke although the hat is mine. Nobody believes you, but if this does you good you should do it, you don't you don't attempt to catch your hat as it were on the wing, you wait after it smiling as if you liked the joke, the more you think of it and confident the hat will come to rest presently, you are not the man to make a fuss over a hat, you won't give the hat the satisfaction of thinking that it can annoy you.

Hints to Young Men Who Want to Marry.

Select the girl.
Agree with the girls' father in politics, and with her mother in religion.
If you have a rival, keep an eye on him; if he is a widower, keep two eyes on him.
Don't swear to the girl that you have no bad habits. It will be enough for you to say that you never heard yourself swear in your sleep.
If there is a bothersome little brother who has a habit of coming in just at the time you don't want him most, and who takes great interest in you, and makes unfeeling remarks about the shape of your nose, take regularly the latest issue of The Leader.
Go home at a reasonable hour in the even ing. Don't wait till the girl that she can't cover with both hands. A little thing like that may cause a coldness all the very beginning of the game.
If, on the occasion of your first call, the girl upon whom you have placed your young affections looks like an iceberg and acts like quite a cold wave, take your leave early and stay away. Women in her hours of freeze is uncertain, coy and hard to please.
In cold weather finish saying good-night in the house. Don't stretch it all the way to the front gate, and thus lay the foundation for future asthma, bronchitis, neural gias and chronic catarrh, to help worry the girl to death after she has married you.
Don't lie about your financial condition. It is very annoying to a bride who has planned for herself a life of luxury in your central halls to learn to late that you expect her to ask a baldheaded parent, who has humbly kindly kind to her, to take you in out of the cold.
Don't be too soft. Don't say: "These little hands shall never do a stroke of work when they are mine," and "You shall have nothing to do in our home but to sit all day long and chirp to the coarriers," as if any sensible woman could be happy fooling away valuable time in that sort of style, and a girl has a fine retentive memory for the soft things and silly promises of courtship, and occasionally, in after years when, she is washing the dinner-dishes or patching the waist end of your trousers, she will remind you of them, in a loud, sarcastic tone of voice.—Scott Way in Puck.

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An Epidemic OF Enthusiasm

feeding themselves. We are glad to see that the conditions are favourable for the Spring store from stem to stern in the clothing department. Active brains are being employed to make this more and more a profitable week here.

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Eat less, chew more.
Ride less, walk more.
Clothe less, bathe more.
Worry less, work more.
Waste less, give more.
Write less, read more.
Preach less, practice more.

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