

THE LOCAL OPTION CAMPAIGN.

Rev. Mr. McArthur, the Presbyterian minister of Cardinal, gives the following interesting account of the campaign in that town:

"The Local Option Campaign in Cardinal, Ont., was a splendid victory. The W. C. T. U., of which Mrs McArthur is President, got the petition up and presented it to the village council. The request was granted. The failure of the Local Option by-law in Iroquois—just five miles distant, and which was lost by a minority of five votes—gave confidence to my, a failure for us was predicted on every hand. I took the campaign in hand, directed all movements, hunted up all favorable voters, at home and abroad, went about with a winning look, told everybody we were going to win, no public meetings, no outside help—quietly I went from home to home, aided by the Methodist minister. I had three horses at work on the day of voting. I watched the voter's list, and saw that every vote was polled. When there was a difficult case, I went out myself. Our women voters stood loyally by us. I am now convinced that Local Option can be carried in almost any village if properly managed. Our majority was nine, and nine spoiled ballots. We are now laying our plans for enforcing it when it comes in force, and we must do it, and we can do it, or in three years loose it. There is to be a recount this week, before Judge Macdonald, of Brockville, and there will be an attempt at protesting, but I think without success."

A curious optical illusion is described by a scientific gentleman. He took a sheet of paper, and, having made it into a tube, applied it to his right eye with his left hand. He kept both eyes open, and looked at a small object not far away. He was unable to see the object with his right eye. His left eye perceived the object, but it seemed to be looking through a hole in his left hand—the one that was grasping the paper tube. The hand appeared to have a very clearly marked hole in it.

It is not to be denied that the Torrey meetings in Liverpool encountered at first a good deal of quiet opposition from certain elements in the English Presbyterian Church, but that friction seems to have been entirely allayed before the close of that remarkable mission. The lord mayor of Liverpool gave to Dr. Torrey and his able helper and singer, Mr. Alexander, a public luncheon in the town hall of the city on the eve of their departure to London. The lord mayor is the superintendent of the Sefton Park Presbyterian Sunday School, the church whose pastor is the famous Dr. Watson, otherwise Ian MacLaren.

Dr. Watson had published in The Liverpool Daily Post, a few days before this public reception, a letter highly commending Dr. Torrey and his work in Liverpool to which Dr. Torrey feelingly referred when speaking at the lord mayor's table. Praise of the revival from one differing so widely from its leader in theological opinions, was praise from an unexpected source. At the same farewell function the rector of Liverpool gave a "Godspeed" to the evangelists upon the part of the Church of England, and Rev. J. H. Atkinson, upon the part of the Free Churches, expressed grateful acknowledgment of what had been accomplished. It would seem from this that the evangelists have wholly won the sympathy and good will of those who regarded them and their methods originally with suspicion.

One of the most imperative needs of our times is quietness. Hurry and worry and din are characteristic evils of our modern life. From the time our eyes open in the morning until they close at night, the tendency of things is to constant whirl and excitement. For this reason life is robbed of some of its sweetest and most noble charms. Besides we fail to appreciate and live amid its larger and deeper meanings. Along the margin of the river which bears the timber from the hills, the boats of commerce to sea, there are quiet places here and there where the waters seem to turn aside to rest. And just here they take on their greatest beauty and chiefest charm. Here the flowers crowd down to view themselves, here the cattle come to drink, and here the sun by day and the stars by night find their peaceful dwelling place. Beside the tumultuous current of our everyday life we need more places of stillness, that we may learn better to reflect and more to embody the glories of earth and heaven. We need to spend more time in the valley of quietness where flows the still river of God, and where peace abides and waits to minister to all our needs.

Cheese dishes are to be commended because they are nourishing and not unhealthful. There is an air of festivity about the Welsh rarebit which has made it many friends. This receipt is good for mild rarebit. Melt half a tablespoon of butter, add half a teaspoonful of cornstarch, and half a cupful of thin cream. Cook for two minutes, and add a half pound of mild cheese broken in small pieces. When smooth season with salt, mustard and pepper. Serve on toast. To make this better up to the masculine taste, transform it to a Golden Buck by dropping on each slice of toast a poached egg. Eggs scrambled with cheese are delicious. To make this dish you need do nothing but add bits of mild cheese to your ordinary receipt for scrambled eggs. Cheese fondu is light and is a good supper dish. Melt a tablespoon of butter

in a pan, add to it one cupful of milk, one cupful of bread crumbs, two cupfuls of cheese, grated or broken in bits and season with mustard, salt and red pepper. Stir constantly and just before serving add the well beaten whites of two eggs.

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Jimmy's father had told him that, should his teacher have occasion to cane him, there would be trouble, and this knowledge gave Jimmy confidence. "Father," he said one evening, "you know you said there would be trouble if teacher caned me?" "Yes." "Well, he did cane me today. When are you going up to see him about it?" "My son," said his parent, "I never go back on my word. I said there would be trouble for someone, and there's going to be. Fetch the strap, and come up to my room."