

and didn't seem to belong anywhere. Your new calf skins pinched your corns awfully. You grew red in the face, perspired a facial flood, and of course had forgotten your handkerchief.

Mary was led in by John, the groom. She was plump, strong-armed, freckled, red and sweet in her womanliness. He was big, angular, shock-headed, big-handed, big-footed, browned and scarred. They stood up before the minister and swore to love and honour each other, to share the trials, the losses, the joys of life, till death parted them. Then there was a supper of fried chicken and apple butter, boiled potatoes and home-made bread, and any quantity of home-made cake, and away they went on a trip to the city, about thirty miles off. They visited the fire engine house and saw a team of horses hitched up in ten seconds. They stood an hour in the park, gazing in open wonder at the swan pond. They narrowly missed being run down by a street car. They ate at an hotel. They were crowded aside in the push of a busy city. It was not in their world. Then they went back to the farm. Year after year he ploughs his fields, sows his garden, plants his corn and reaps. Year after year she works her churn, weaves her clothes, and carries a hundred household burdens. Some children she bears and rears; others she bears and loses. They live and love.

Birth, wedding, some fussing to live, mostly hard work, and then,—and then you help to lower Mary into her grave, a well worn ring upon her finger; beside her white wrinkled cheek a baby's little stocking which she had kissed and cried over in secret, almost since that long ago year of her wedding. Of course I do not deny that there may be love and all that in the wedding of Geraldine, but somehow I prefer the wedding of Mary. The love that lasts till death is born when woman says to him: "I give all myself to

thee; which is all I have"; and he replies: "It is enough and more than all else in the world to me." And this is the love that leaves scars on the heart, but makes an eternal Heaven possible to belief; while the love that is born in pomp and sparkle and ceremony may starve; for it is of the nature of men who have more than enough to take great risks for much more.

OTTAWA CUSTOMS ASSOCIATION.

The employees of the Ottawa Customs House recently formed an association, called the Ottawa Customs Association. The new organization is affiliated with the Civil Service Federation of Canada, and it contributed some advice on the preparation of the memorial presented to the Premier on January 20. A constitution is in course of formation similar to the one governing the Montreal Customs Association.

The officers of the new Ottawa unit are: Hon. Pres., Collector F. M. Journeaux; Hon. Vice-Pres., Surveyor R. A. Clarke; Pres., P. E. Ryan; Vice-Pres., A. M. Routhier; Secretary, W. Gilchrist; Treasurer, W. J. Fairbairn; Delegate to the Federation, Frank Kehoe.

The Canny Scot.—"I read that Glasgow people were badly scared by a recent spell of darkness. Can it be that they are so ignorant?"

"Ignorant, nothing! Glasgow people are wise in being afraid of each other in the dark."—Titbits.

Winnipeg, Man., Jan. 9.—Considerable dissatisfaction exists among some of the local post office employees over the rush of Christmas business, the men complaining that they are compelled to work overtime with no extra pay.

One employee claims he worked fourteen hours' overtime and was then docked for being a quarter of an hour late next morning.