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ory Here.

Although the festival of Easter takes its name om a heathen goddess, and although it coincides in

EASTER

S107/2019

general way with the ancient fastival of the vernal quinox, there is not the least reason for supposing, as some people do, that it is simply an appli-ration of a pagan observance to the Christian Church. The celebration of the Passover was an ancient Jewish custom, and as the Resurrection curred within a few days after the Passover, it rould be the most natural thing for the followers of esus to commemorate the occasion from the very eginning of the Christian dispensation. The fact hat in the Second Century a dispute arose as to the me when the festival should be held is proof that t had already come to be recognized as of much importance. Doubtless it may safely be assumed that the Festival of the Resurrection, by whatever name it may have been called, is as old as Christi anity itself. The Eastern Church celebrated Easter on the fourteenth day of the first Jewish month, which was equivalent to the Passover; the Western Church celebrated on tife Sunday following, and the strife over the date was keen. It was finally settled the Council of Nice in A.D. 325, in favor of the ontention of the Western Church, and the opposing lew was promptly condemned as a heresy. Easter the first Sunday after the full moon which happens on or after March 21, but it is to be remembered hat the moon is not the actual moon, but an imaginary one that has been devised by ecclesiastics in order to make it coincide with the ecclesiastical full moon of Jewish ritual. Thus the fixing of Easter is matter of calculation, which to the lay mind ap-

and April 25 both inclusive and April 25, both inclusive.

The date of Easter is of very little importance in comparison with the event which it commemorates. It has always been regarded as a season for rejoicing. My Lady, who appears today resplendent in new clothes, is only following a custom, which is many centuries old. Very naturally to the early. Christians observance of a day in memory of the resurrection of Christ was one of rejoicing, and when we think upon the manners of the times, which followed the Christianizing of the Teutonic tribes who lowed the Christianizing of the Teutonic tribes, who prising that the festivities of Easter developed into an exhibition of riotous eating and drinking, noisy musements and buffoonery. Gross feastings in the burches and comicalities in the pulpit for that one day took the place of decorous worship, but these were after a time abandoned, although we have in

pears meaningless and can hardly be defended on any other ground than ancient custom. At the time of the institution of the Gregorian calendar, that is,

in A.D. 1582, it was proposed to make Easter a fixed festival and March 21 was suggested as a suitable

day, but the weight of ecclesiastical influence was against the change. Under the present arrange-ment Easter may fall at any date between March 21

were after a time abandoned, although we have in our decorated churches, our special musical programmes, and in the display of new costumes a pretty survival of the grotesque observances of our long-dead ancestors.

At Easter we commemorate the Resurrection of Christ, There are two aspects in which this event is regarded. One is as an evidence of the divinity of Jesus; the other as a proof that immortality is the inheritance of manking. The Church has laid stress upon the first mentioned, but this view of the case will not be considered in this article. The latter aspect is that which possesses the keenest interest to people today. It may be said without reservation that there never was a time, so far as there are any records, when the desire to establish the reality of life after death was as general as it now is. It is a fe after death was as general as it now is. It is a ery singular thing that the Christian Church, while assisting upon a future life, is and always has been the first to deny the truth of anything, which looks like evidence of it. If after the most patient and exhaustive investigation and the elimination of all possibilities of fraud, a committee of men of trained intellects should report that they had obtained unmistakable evidence of individual conscious existmistakable evidence of individual conscious existence after the process, which we call death, the
chances are that the ecclesiastical authorities would
be the first and most determined in their denial of
it. Upon one occasion, when Jesus was speaking to
the Sadducees, He reminded them that the Deity
Himself had told Moses that He was the God of
Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, and added, "He is not
the God of the dead, but of the living." We have in
these words as distinct a declaration as could be ese words as distinct a declaration as could be made that Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, in the time of Moses, had neither lost their individuality nor passed into a condition of suspended existence. Some persons have said that this saying of Jesus is only to be construed as an ingenious way of confounding the Sadducees; but such an explanation is so utterly out of keeping with the character of the Great Teacher that it seems monstrous to suggest it. Jesus clearly intended to teach that death did not end ail, clearly intended to teach that death did not end all, and it is not by any means impossible that if the Church had not been so grossly material, if it had not aimed so much at political power, if it had not relied more upon its own weak and often puerile reasoning, instead of exercising an intelligent faith and acting upon the principles inculcated by the Founder of the church, it might have by this time enjoyed such experiences as would make Easter a festival of incomparable glory and importance. It might be possible in such a case that we would not have to con-

#### VASTNESS OF THE UNIVERSE

tent ourselves with mere speculations in regard to the life which is to come, but be able to say that we

moment's consideration will show any one that pace must be boundless, for if we can suppose that here is a limit to what we call the Universe, it would follow that beyond that limit there must be space. No matter how remote we place the sup-posed limit, there must necessarily be as much space on one side of it as on the other. But space and he stellar universe are not the same thing; the latter the stellar universe are not the same thing; the latter is included in the former, but they may or may not be co-extensive. The idea that the number of stars is infinite cannot be grasped. The telescope shows that they exist in millions, and we can understand, though not very clearly, what this means, but the thought, that if we could travel through space with the speed of light for all eternity, our course would lie through an unending succession of star systems, may be stated, but it cannot be comprehended. Yet the hypothesis that at some point, no matter how inconceivably remote, these systems may end does not simplify the matter in any way, for it brings us face to face with the question: What is there heyond? But while it is hopeless to attempt to conceive of the ultimate magnitude of creation, just as it is hopeless to attempt to conceive of its ultimate minuteness, there are some things that have been learned about inter-stellar distances, i. e., distances between the stars, which may be mentioned, for they serve to give a new appreciation of what that begenmed canopy is, which we see at night stretching above our heads.

above our heads.

On a clear night, from 6,000 to 7,000 stars are visible to the unaided eye. With a telescope of small power others become visible, and it is estimated that with the great Lick telescope fully 100,000,000 are visible. There are parts of the Milky Way which this telescope shows to consist of stars so numerous and apparently so close together that they cannot be counted. Let us try to understand what this means. If we can imagine ourselves placed what this means. If we can imagine ourselves placed upon one of the stars, which make up those faint

light patches constituting the Milky Way, and be looking towards the earth with a telescope equal to the most powerful yet made, our sun and all the stars, which we are able to see with the unaided eye, would appear simply a luminous smudge against

an inky background. Yet these stars that are visible from the earth are millions of millions of miles apart. Let us try to make our meaning clearer by an illu tration. If at night you watch a motor approaching from a distance, at first a faint single point of light is seen; as it comes nearer, the light grows brighter, but is yet apparently single; as it comes still nearer, it is seen that there are two lights. If we watch a brilliantly lighted steamer approaching night, she first appears as a smudge of light, but as she comes near, we find that this smudge is made up of perhaps hundreds of individual lights. If we look at the steamer through a glass, we may be able to distinguish the individual lights, but she may be too far away to make that possible. So it is with the patches or smudges of light seen in the sky With a telescope we may resolve some of them into individual stars, but others are so remote that they remain a mere smudge in the strongest telescope. Yet these stars, which we cannot separate, may, in point of fact, be as far apart as we are from the most distant star which the unaided eye can see.

So vast are inter-stellar distances that astrono iers have been compelled to adopt a new unit of measurement, which they call "light years." Light travels at the rate of 186,414 miles per second; a "light year" is the distance which light travels in a year, and this is 63,000 times as far as from the earth to the sun. When we say that there are stars so far distant that it is estimated that 20,000 light years do not more than measure the distance, we get some idea of the vastness of the visible universe.

A word or two may be added as to the relative size of heavenly bodies. Most people know that the earth is the smallest of them, but not many of us appreciate how small it is relatively. There is a appreciate how small it is relatively. There is a star, which astronomers call Epsilon Aurigae, and is popularly known as Capella, a bright star near the zenith. It is supposed to be double, the smaller part being 350,000,000 miles in diameter, and the larger part 800,000,000 miles in diameter, and the larger part soon, appreciable idea, so let us suppose, for illustration, that the earth is represented by a marble two-thirds of an inch in diameter. In such a case we would need a balloon five feet in diameter to represent the sum; but to represent the larger of the two parts of Epsilon, we would need a globe a mile in diameter. Its companion would be represented by a globe a little less than half a mile in diameter. Sometimes little less than half a mile in diameter. Sometimes we think this world is a pretty large place, but when we endeavor to compare it with the incomprehensible mass of Epsilon, it appears insignificant. With all its continents and oceans, with all its strivings and problems, which vex the souls of its people, if it should fall towards the surface of Ensilon, it would appear to the inhabitants of that resplendent orb, appear to the inhabitants of that respiendent orb, if there are any, as a shooting star does to us—a mere passing incident of no moment. If Epsilon were bombarded with worlds like ours, its inhabitants ould display no more interest in the event than we would display no more interest in the event than we do in the occasional meteoric showers which few of us take the trouble to look at. And yet Epsilon, to our unaided vision, is simply a point of light, which probably not one person, who reads this, can identify out of the few thousand stars to be seen in a cloudless night sky.

When I consider the heavens the work of Thy fingers, and the moon and the stars, which Thou ordained, what is man that Thou art mindful of

### THE MAKERS OF HISTORY

In the first article of this series reference was made to the figures which are conspicuous in the twilight of history, and the opinion was expressed that a better knowledge of such men and their times would give us a better sense of proportion in regard to the progress and relative position of the modern world. In that article Hercules was taken as the embodiment of pre-historic times in the countries surrounding the Mediterranean. To what date he must be assigned is a matter of pure speculation, except that he preceded the historical period in Greece, and the beginning of this may be placed about 800 B.C. The mass of Grecian mythology and tradition is so great and calls for so long a period of time that we person, to have lived at least 1,500 years before Christ. It is interesting to note this fact, for when we turn to the history of China, we find that we must go back more than 2,500 years before the present Era to discover an age corresponding to that of Hercules in Greece. It was then that Fohi came into prominence. Much of what is told of him is mythical, but there seems to be no doubt that it was he who succeeded in establishing settled institutions among the nomads of Northwestern China. In view of the past record and present condition of the Chinese people and the part they seem likely to play in the future, we must place Fohi in the very first rank of the makers of history. Of his achievements little is known for several translations. ments little is known for certain, but that he estabments little is known for certain, but that he established the Chinese nation upon an enduring foundation is beyond all doubt. Among his successors was Hwang-ti, which title was an assumed one, and means "Heavenly Emperor." He was the first ruler to claim this distinction, and he seems to have decorated if the was a great promoter of commerce. to claim this distinction, and he seems to have deserved it. He was a great promoter of commerce. He established the Chinese calendar, thus giving the people of the Far East a scientific system of measuring time at least fifteen hundred years before the Greeks devised their crude system of fixing dates by the Olympian games. He adopted the decimal system of notation, and established the coinage upon it. He also divided his empire into ten provinces, and each province into ten districts, each district coneach province into ten districts, each district containing ten towns. He was succeeded on the throne by his grandson, whose fame rests not only upon the manner in which he carried out his ancestor's policy, but more the fact that he had a successor's policy. but upon the fact that he laid the foundation of tri astronomy. To him succeeded Yao, who, after twenty-eight years of successful administration, selected Chun as his successor, and associated him with himself in the government. Chun obtained permission to select an assistant and chose Yu, and this triumvirate, Yao, Chun and Yu, ruled China, at first jointly and then in succession to each other, with extraordinary wisdom and success. Yu was the last of the three to reign, and he died in B. C. 2197, or the three to reign, and he died in B. C. 2197, or chemical three to the control of the about a thousand years before the date assigned to the seige of Troy, and fully two centuries before the time usually accepted as the birth of Abraham. These remarkable men are far from being mythical personages. We have many of their precepts today and an authentic record of many of their deeds. Here are two of their maxims that have come down to

"A prince entrusted with the charge of a state has a heavy burden. The happiness of his subjects absolutely depends upon him. To provide for everything is his duty; his ministers are only in office to assist him."

assist him."
"A prince, who wishes to fulfil his obligations, and preserve his people in the way of peace, ought watch without ceasing that the laws are observed h the utmost exactly a." They declared the basis of all government to be They declared the basis of all government to be the popular will, and they not only decreed, but made it the invariable practice, that all public questions should be decided according to what was morally right and essentially just. They promoted temper-ance in all things, and when an unwise inventor

made it known that he had discovered how to make an intoxicating drink from rice, he was banished from the country. So well did they establish the institutions of the state, that not even the thousand years of misrule, which followed the usurpation of Tiki, son of Yu, could completely overthrow the fabric which they had erected.

AN HOUR WITH THE EDITOR

In these days, when so much attention is of necessity paid to the Orient, it is of special interest to recall the fact that so many years before the dawn of Occidental civilization, men like those above named were playing their part in making history in the lands bordering on the Pacific Ocean. Fifteen hundred years and more before Romulus founded Rome, these great men were molding a nation, not by force, but by the application of the principles of true philosophy and the soundest ethics. Undoubted-ly China has greatly fallen away from the high standards set by the great Triumvirate more than four thousand years ago, and yet it is as true as it is remarkable, that today the philosophers of China profess, at least, to determine the correctness of all questions affecting the social, morat and political welfare of the people by seeing if they will square with them. If there is one thing which the history of China teaches more aleast, then history of China teaches more clearly than another, it is that the people of that country possess marvel-ous powers of recuperation. Ten centuries of misrule and national degradation could not distroy the wonderful inherent strength of the race. When a leader, worthy of the name, arose, the ancient glory of the nation and sound principles of government were easily restored. It is true these restorations have been followed by relapses, but through them all the national spirit has survived and the principles inculcated, first, as far as we know, by Fohi and his distinguished successors, and afterwards by Laout-ze and Confucius, have sufficed to make the nation strong again. We will, perhaps, exhibit sound wisdom if we take note of these things, and reflect that the arrogant supremacy of the Occidental races is a thing of yesterday, when compared with the fabric reared by these great makers of history, who flourished in the Far East at a period antedating by many centuries everything of which we in this part of the world have been able to preserve a record.

#### SOME NEW PUBLICATIONS

The need of a concise and impartial story of the founding of the Thirteen Colonies, which subse-quently became the United States of America has ong been felt by all persons who desire to inform themselves in regard to the early occupation of this Continent by the English. Scribner's some years ago, issued a very comprehensive history of the United States in four volumes, two of them being devoted to the Colonial period, but there is rather too much de tail given for the purposes of the general reader. To understand correctly the present political status of the North American continent it is necessary to have a just idea of the early days, when adventurers and religious refugees were laying the foundation of a nation. It has remained for Reginald W, Jeffrey, M.A. nation. It has remained for Reginald W, Jeffrey, M.A. of Brasenose College, Oxford, to prepare a book dealing with this interesting subject with clearness of vision as to the relative importance of events, and a literary style which is attractive. His "History of the Thirtien, Colonies of North America, 1497-1763," published by Methuen & Co., 26 Essex St., W. C., London, is a book worthy of a place in every Canadian library. In his description of the part played in American discovery by English adventurers, Mr. Jeffrey exhibits a graphic skill, which is also to state of the part played in the control of the part played in the part p lightful, and yet not for an instant does he sacrifice historical accuracy or clearness of expression for the sake of literary finish, and this remark is characteristic of the book throughout.

It is interesting to be reminded that the British claim to British Columbia is of long standing. Many of us did not know the brave admiral and gallant adventurer, Sir Frances Drake, took over from the Indians what is now British Columbia in pursuance of a commission issued to him for that purpose. It was in February, 1577, that Drake sailed from Plymouth in a small vessel called the Golden Hind, and after coasting down the eastern Coast of South America, passed through the Straits of Magellan and then sailed up the west coast of the Continent; not turning back until he had planted on these shores the flag which he afterwards so gallantly defended against the Spanish Armada. It is interesting to read, although the reference to him is all too short, of Sir Humphrey example to the men of his own generation, and to those fearless adventurers who have helped to create the British Empire in all parts of the world." Sin mphrey was lost at sea on a return voyage. preferred to take command of the smaller of the tw hips, taking part in the expedition. A fearful storm arose and as his little craft was driven close to the larger ship he called to the sorely pressed seamen of the latter to be of good courage for: "We are as near to Heaven by sea as by land." That night his frail frigate sank with all on board, and "thus the hero, strong in his belief and fear of God, with chivalrous and stainless name, found his last resting place in the sea." Of his half-brother, Walter Raleigh, of John Smith and of the remarkable company who founded that we may comprehend what pioneer colonization meant in the days of good Queen Bess. As is generally known, the Jamestown settlers were rather the reverse of the Puritans in many respects, but in the rigor of some of their laws they surpassed the founders of New England. Nothing in the Blue Laws of Connecticut was quite as stringent as the Yirginia decree that absence from week-day services of the Church of England was punishable with six months in the galleys, and for absence from service on Sunday the punishment was death. In this book there is a map of North ment was death. In this book there is a map of North America about 1755. At that time the English settlements had been pushed some distance from the Coast and Acadie had been captured from the French, but the map shows by its indications of New France, stretching from the mouth of the St. Lawrence to the mouth of the Mississippi, how Frontenac must have chafed in his great soul, when his king refused him the few regiments, which he demanded, wherewith to "sweep the spawn of the English into the sea, and set up the Cross of Christ and the fleur de lis over all the continent." The author gives a chronological table of the principal colonial events, and a list of books on the same subject as he himself treats. Messrs. Cassell & Co., Limited, of London, Paris,

New York, Toronto and Melbourne, are issuing a series of works in monthly parts. The most ambitious of them is entitled, "Great Pictures in Private Galleries. The pictures are reproduced in colors and are very admirably done. Explanatory notes accompany very admirably done. Explanatory notes accompany each picture, but the pictures themselves are on semi-detached sheets and can either be removed from the book or preserved for binding. In part No. 1, there are four pictures; Romeo and Juliet, by Frank Dicksee, R. A., the Par West Coast, by J.H.C. Miller; the Old Gate by Frederick Walker, A.R.A., and Ariadne, by John Lawrie, A.R.A. There are to be 24 parts and the price is 20c. for each part. "Carpentry and Joinery," by Paul N. Hasluck, editor of the Building World is to be issued in 24 weekly parts. "Wood Carving" also in 24 weekly parts is by the same author, who also has compiled the "Handyman's Enquire Within," to be issued as above. These are useful books thor, who also has compiled the "Handyman's Enquire Within," to be issued as above. These are useful books and so also are "Building and Construction," and "The Engineer's Handbook," by Prof. Henry Adams, M. I. C.E., which are coming out in a series similar to the above. The price of each of these series is 10c, a number. "Everybody's Doctor" is issued in 24 fortnightly parts at 20c. each. It promises to be a very useful

book. The object of issuing these works in parts is to popularize them. Almost any one can afford the small weekly or fortnightly cost of a part, but it might not be so convenient to purchase the complete books.

#### THE STORY TELLER

A certain dramatic author was seen by a friend to have a manuscript almost falling from his pocket. "If you were not so well known, you would have had your pocket picked," said the friend.

At the police court of a provincial French city an old poacher was condemned for the twentieth time. At the moment that the gendarmes led him away he said to the judge in a benevolent voice, "Don't be disturbed, judge. You shall have your game all the same for dinner this evening."

Madame X— wishes to secure a new butler. "You know how to serve the table? and especially, can you serve well?" she asked of an applicant. "Madame may rest assured of it." he replied. "When one has been ten years a surgeon's servant in a dissecting room, one ought to understand his business.'

At Nice two travelers arrive at a hotel and having predered a double-bedded chamber go out to take a stroll. When they return to the hotel the fair chambermaid lights them to their door, and, with a benefit of the control of the co witching courtesy, says: "Here is your double-bed-ded room, gentlemen. One of the beds is occupied by two other guests, so you will have to sleep together.

The Prince of Wales is likely to have a strenuous The Prince of Wales is likely to have a strenuous seven days at Quebec this summer; consequently a hint given in a Daily Mail story may be of use in the capital on the St. Lawrence. It is said that on the occasion of the recent visit of the Prince of Wales to the House of Commons, Mr. John Burns had a conversation with His Royal Highness. Afterwards Mr. "Willie" Redmond approached the president of the Local Government Board.

"You seem on good terms with the Prince," he remarked. "Do you think I could persuade His Royal Highness to smoke an Irish cigar?"

"Sir," Mr. Burns replied, "it is the duty of His Majesty's ministers to protect the heir-apparent from attempted assassination.

A Cowley county paper contains this advertisement of a cow for sale. "Some months ago I purchased from my friend, the Hon. J. W. Irons, a pedigreed cow. I want to sell her owing to the rheumatism in my left leg, caused by her kicking at a fence post and striking me. When I first purchased her she was very wild, but I have succeeded in taming her so that I can peep through the corral without her tearing the gate down. To a man who is a good Christian, and does not fear death, she would be a valuable animal. But I want to sell her to some one who will treat her right. She is one-fourth shorthorn, two-fourths hyens, and the balance just ordinary cow. She will be sold cheap for cash.—C. M. Scott, two and a half miles east of Arkansas City, Kan."—Kansas City Star.

Said the editor to the new reporter, "You must learn never to state a thing as a fact until it has been proved a fact. You are apt to get us into libel suits. Do not say, "The cashier stole the funds'; say,"The cashier who is alleged to have stolen the funds." That's all. Oh, get something about that First Ward social tonight." And this is the report turned in by the young man who heeded the editor's warning: "It is rumored that a card party was given last evening to a number of reputed ladies of the First Ward Mrs. Smith, gossip says, was the hostess, and the festivities are reported to have continued until 11.30 in the evening. The alleged hostess is believed to be the wife of John Smith, the so-called 'high-priced grocer.'"

It is related of the great Abernethy that one day a very voluble lady took her daughter, who was ill, to see him. "Which of you two wants to consult me?" said Abernethy. "My daughter," replied the older woman. Abernethy then put a question to the girl. Before she had a chance to reply her mother began a long story. Abernethy told her to be quiet, and repeated his question to the girl. A second time the woman began a story, and a second time he told her to be quiet, then she interrupted him a third time. "Put your tongue out," he said to the mother. "But there's nothing the matter with me," she exclaimed. "Never mind, put your tongue out," he commanded. Thoroughly averawed, the woman obeyed. "Now keep it out," said Abernethy, and he proceeded to examine the girl.

In Sydney, a town of 500,000 inhabitants, one can get nothing to eat on a Sunday. Certain restaurants supply food surreptitionsly, but the whole time the guests are in danger of being arrested. Once an Italian was in such a restaurant on Sunday, when suddenly the police entered. The Italian was promptly pushed by the proprietor into a room where a waitress happened to be standing in neglige. Even this room the police invaded, but the waitress saved the situation by declaring that the young man was her fiance. The young man, by the way, had been married some time. He thought that he had deceived the policeman, but as a matter of fact, he had got out of the frying-pan into the fire. One fine day the waitress called him before the courts, and claimed £500 for breach of promise. The Italian had to pay. And then came the worst of all. His wife sued for a divorce, and shortly after married another man.

When Governor Smith of Georgia was secretary of the interior in Cleveland's cabinet, he was once called home to Atlanta on business. The duties incident to his leaving had thoroughly wearled the brawny secretary, so he retired early to his berth for a good night's rest. Mr. Smith never does anything by halves, and the sonorous cadences of ever-increasing volume which proceeded from his apartment gave evidence that his utterances of the day did not greatly exceed in forcefulness those of the night. But after two hours his tranquii slumber was disturbed by the persistent nudging of the perter. That official was asking, "Boss, is you awake?"

"Of course I am awake," Mr. Smith replied. "What do you want?"

"Boss, I hopes dat you will pardon me, sah, but I was jest goin to ask dat you be so kind as to stay awake for jest about fifteen minutes 'till de rest of de passengers can git to sleep."—Lippincott's Magazine.

The head of a bureau in an important government department has long been afflicted with a triend who calls upon him regularly and sits down, and sits, and sits, and goes on sitting till assault and battery becomes a virtue. The other day this sedentary bore was in the full exercise of his functions, when suddenly the official, who had been scrutinizing him closely, cries: "I knew it! I was sure of it! Confound those office boys with their tricks on strangers! They've been putting glue on your chair again. His wickim to keep him down, he continues: "Don't str, you'd tear the cloth, sure. Nothing is half so adhesive as glue on a cane-seat chair. Here, Jimmie, moisten this gentleman so that we can get him loose. Don't spare the water—the cloth won't shrink or fade." The faithful messenger obeys, and when the operation is concluded the official conducts the visitor to the door and bids him farewell with the remark, "Perhaps you want to hurry home and change your clothing, so I won't keep you. Good-bye, bless you! If your trousers are spoiled let me know, and I'll stop the price of them out of the pay of the infernal scoundrel if I can find out who he was, and fe that task I will devote all the energies of my lifetime, and the whole machinery of the government. Goodbye! The scoundrel! I thought for several days past that there was something wrong." His friend goes

#### WITH THE POETS

England's Fields Are Green

England's cliffs are white like milk, But England's fields are green; The grey fogs creep across the moors, But warm suns stand between. And not so far from London Town beyond the brita-

ming street
A thousand little summer winds are singing in the

Red-lipped poppies stand and burn,
The hedges are aglow;
The daisies climb the windy hills
Till all grow white like snow.
And when the slim pale moon slides up and dreamy
night is near,
There's a whisper in the beaches for lonely hearts to

Weary, we have wandered back—And we have travelled far—Above the storms and over seas Gleamed ever one bright star— O, England, when our hearts grow cold and will no longer roam, We see beyond your milk-white cliffs the round green

fields of home.
—Lloyd Roberts in The Craftsman. My Heaven.

Unhoused in deserts of accepted thought,
And lost in jungles of confusing creeds,
My soul strayed, homeless, finding its own needs
Unsatisfied with what tradition taught.

The pros and cons, the little ifs and ands,
The but and maybe, and the this and that
On which the churches thicken and grow fat,
I found but structures built on shifting sands

And all their heavens were strange and far away.

And all their hells were made of human hate;

And since for death I did not care to wait,

A heaven I fashioned for myself one day.

Of happy thoughts I built it stone by stone,
With joy of life I draped each spaclous room,
With love's great light I drove away all gloom,
And in the centre I made God a throne,

And this dear heaven I set within my heart,
And carried it about with me alway,
And then the changing dogmas of the day
Seemed allen to my thoughts and held no part. Now as I take my heaven from place to place

I find new rooms by love's revealing light, And death will give me but a larger sight see my palace spreading into space. -Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Recognition. What far-hurled cry is this—what subtle shout. That drives the winter of my spirit out With trumpets and the cymbaled joy of spring? No more am I the shivering beggared thing. That dreamed of summer in a bed of snow! Hark how the scarlet trumpets madly blow A glad delirious riot of sweet sound!

Oh, I have found
At last the soul I lost so long ago
In Thessaly, where Peneus' waters flow!
For theu were Lais, and of yore 'twas thus
That thou didst speak to me—Hippolochus!
And I have not forgot.

Still dreaming of the old impassioned spot, I passed through many painful births of Time, Weaving in many tongues the aching rhyme That groped about and cried for thee in vain! Of many deaths I passed the gates of pain; And down to many hells the bitter ways I trod, still seeking for the ancient days. Through many lands in many women's eyes I longed to overtake thee with surprise.

6. the long ages that I sought for thee!
Hast thou kept pure the ancient drink for me?
Who touched with careless lips my goblet's brim,
Daring to dream the vintage was for him?
Half jealous of those lips of dust am I.
O let us journey back to Thessaly,
And from fain echoes build the olden song!
Hast thou forgotten, through these ages long.
The tinkle of the sheep-bells and the shrill
Glad oaten reeds of shepherds on the hill?
Our days of sultry passion and the nights
That flashed the dizzy lightning of delights?

At last I feel again thy finger-tips!

Be as a purple grape upon my lips,

Made sweet with dew of dreams, and wholly mine!

O let me drink the sweet forbidden wine

Crushed out with bruising kisses? Death is near

And I shall lose thee once again, my dear!

The dust of ages chokes me! Quick! the wine!

Lift up the goblet of thy lips to mine!

The bony Terror! Hark his muffled drums!—

Let us be drunken when the victor comes! John G. Neihardt in Current Literature.

Alse Yeaton's Son.

The wind it wailed, the wind it meaned,
And the white caps flecked the sea;

'An' I would to God," the skipper groaned,
"I had not my boy with me!"

Snug in the stern-sheets, little John
Laughed as the scud swept by;
But the skipper's sunburnt cheek grew wan
As he watched the wicked sky.

"Would he were at his mother's side!"
And the skipper's eyes were dim,
"Good Lord in Heaven, if ill-betide,
What would become of him?

For me, my muscles are as steel,
For me let hap what may;
I might make shift upon the keel
Until the break o' day.

But he, he is so weak and small,
So young, scarce learned to stand—
O, Pitying Father of us all,
I trust him in Thy hand!

'For Thou, who markest from on high A sparrow's fall, each one! Surely, O Lord, thou'lt have an eye On Alec Yeaton's son!"

Then, helm hard-port, right straight he sailed
Towards the headland light;
The wind it moaned, the wind it wailed
And black, black fell the night.

Then burst a storm to make one quall.

Though housed from winds and waves—
They who could tell about that gale

Must rise from watery graves!

Sudden it came, as sudden went; Ere half the night was sped, The winds were hushed, the waves were spent, And the stars shone overhead.

Now, as the morning mist grew thin The folk on Gloucester shore, Saw a little figure floating in, Secure, on a broken oar!

Up rose a cry. "A wreck! a wreck!
, Pull mates, and waste no breath!"
They knew it, though it was a speck,
Upon the edge of death!

Long did they marvel in the town
At God, His strange decree,
That let the stalwart skipper drown,
And the little child go free!

—Thomas Bailey Aldrich.