

potato than to the cereal. In the face of this analysis it is difficult to believe, says the consul, that the banana meal enterprise will prove remunerative.

Every week the papers chronicle two or three deaths from "heart failure." If they would speak correctly every death that has ever occurred has been due to "heart failure." Until the heart does fail life remains in the body. When the heart fails to act, no matter from what cause, life is extinct. All deaths are due to "heart failure." The only difference is in the cause of such failure. "Heart failure" has been a favorite cause to assign for deaths from obscure and undetected causes, and in the past few years this reason has been given with too great frequency. No coroner's jury verdict giving "heart failure" as the cause of a sudden and unexplained death should ever be accepted. When the brain is pierced by a bullet, the heart fails; when the electric current shatters the nervous system, the heart fails; when the neck is broken and the spinal cord severed, the heart fails; when from a severed vein or artery the lifeblood escapes, the heart fails; when a deadly gas or vapor is inhaled or a poison introduced into the system, the heart fails; when disease has exhausted the vital forces beyond repair, the heart fails. Then, and never until then, does death ensue. To ascribe a death to "heart failure" without giving the cause inducing such failure is about as logical as declaring that death was caused by "lack of breath." "Heart failure" always causes death.

The business men of a community have a greater power than they are aware of, and a majority of the intelligent people look to them for a true statement of the condition of affairs, from a financial standpoint. To constantly cry hard times with a forlorn expression on the face does not help matters in the least, but on the contrary only excites the timid who are continually seeing the dark side of the situation. It is just as easy to take things as they are, as to fret and worry over future imaginations. Business has been quiet throughout the entire world, and the west has been no exception. When business revives in one section of the country, sooner or later it affects other sections. The wholesale merchants of Toronto say that there have not been such a number of outside buyers in that city for a number of years. A boom has started on the coast, but on a small scale; it will increase, and before long the cloud that has obscured the business sky will have lifted and everybody will be happy.

SOUNDS AND ECHOES.

THE ADMIRAL'S REVENGE.

Quoth Admiral Ting: "It's a very strange thing
How these confounded Japanese fight;
They sank Chih and Chen, and, sad to say,
then
Ching Yuen was knocked clean out of sight.
"Hence it won't do for me to venture to sea,
So I'll not take the blame of that sin;
But a challenge I'll send by the hand of some friend
For a game which I think I can win.
"Theirs now is the praise, and much racket
they raise,
But 'twill prove quite a different thing
When the blokes from Japan sit down at fan-tan
And play Admiral Ting."

Tenderly she stroked his throbbing brow.

"Tell me, my husband," she urged,
"what is the matter."

He turned his pleading eyes toward her.

"The hired girl," he faltered, "has broken my heart."

Rising abruptly she paced the room with quick, nervous tread.

"That dreadful creature," she muttered,
"evidently doesn't propose to leave any whole bric-a-brac in the house."

THEY'RE ALL OFF.

Mong Kow shouldered his old fusoc,
Sam Sing drew his blade,
Chu Chung fell in behind Lam Kee
As they formed on dress parade:
Tai Soong strutted behind Hop Wo,
As they bared their snickersnees,
And they only waited to strike a blow
At the sallow Japanese.

Ye Yick greeted the brave Fook Long,
Lim Sam chinned Fou Choo
Ah Wing shouted to see Ding Dong
In his flowered coat of blue.
Hong Lee quarreled with Chin Ling Chang,
Kwong Lung twitted Chong Kee
Hong Wo shouted till his accents rang
Far over the Chinese sea.

Duck Lung shouted to Yip Yo Yap.
As his pigtail switched the air:
"Me belly d— sure me killee Jap!"
And he looked it then and there.
Wing Chong Lung and On Pook Long,
Tal Fung with his honored scar,
Hop Wo Deep and King Tye Wong—
All China was off to the war.

Macallister McIlhenny looked at the clock. He had been talking so intently to the girl that he had forgotten all about the clock. The clock returned his gaze with a hurt look out of its honest face. The girl's eyes were heavy. Macallister McIlhenny started suddenly as if to warn the girl that the hour of his departure was at hand, and if she wanted to clinch the bargain he had proposed to her, now was her golden opportunity. This was not the first time he had stayed late to persuade her into making his life happy.

"Don't you think I had better be going?" he asked with a hope that she would perhaps tell him to stay a little longer.

"Why, Mr. McIlhenny," she exclaimed, brightening in a way that encouraged him mightily, "of course I don't think

so. I gave up all such thoughts as that an hour ago."

And Macallister McIlhenny went forth into the shadows of the cold, gray night, a sadder and a wiser man.

An old, bed-ridden fisherman at a fashionable watering place was frequently visited during his last illness by a kind-hearted clergyman, who wore one of those close-fitting clerical vests which fasten behind.

The clergyman saw the near approach of death one day in the man's face, and asked if his mind was perfectly at ease.

"Oh, ay, I'm a' richt," came the feeble reply.

"You are sure there is nothing troubling you? Do not be afraid to tell me."

The old man seemed to hesitate, and at length, with a faint return of animation, said:

"Weel, there is just aye thing that troubles me, but I dinna like to speak o't."

"Believe me, I am most anxious to comfort you," replied the clergyman. "Tell me what it is that troubles you."

"Weel, sir, it's like this," said the old man, eagerly, "I canna for the life o' me mak' oot hoo ye manage tae get intae that waest-cat."

Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in a late issue of *Youth's Companion* has the following, entitled

THE KETTLE.

There's many a house of grandeur
With turret, tower and dome,
That knows not peace or comfort,
And does not prove a home.
I do not ask for splendor
To crown my daily lot:
But this I ask: A kitchen
Where the kettle's always hot.

If things are not all shipshape,
I do not fume or fret,
A little clean disorder
Does not my nerves upset.
But one thing is essential,
Or seems so to my thought,
An that's a tidy kitchen
Where the kettle's always hot.

In my Aunt Hattie's household,
Though skies outside are drear,
Though times are dark and troubled,
You'll always find good cheer,
And in her quaint old kitchen,
The very homiest spot,
The kettle's always singing,
The water's always hot,

And if you have a headache,
What'er the hour may be,
There is no tedious waiting
To get your cup of tea,
I don't know how she does it,
Some magic she has caught,
For the kitchen's cool in summer,
Yet the water's always hot.

Oh, there's nought else so dreary
In any household found,
As a cold and sullen kettle
That does not make a sound.
And I think that love is lacking
In the hearts in such a spot,
Or the kettle would be singing,
And the water would be hot.