

the forehead, and around the hole the flesh seemed singed as from a flash.

The jury brought in a verdict of "accidental death, while loading a revolver for self-defence."

* * *

Reflections—they come to us all.

Not for worlds would the writer question temperance workers' methods. Sometimes, however, I wonder if they have all decided upon the right methods, and adopted them in order to crush out the liquor traffic. Not very long ago I was driven (in a manner) by an intoxicated man to a hotel, where I was received by a drunken porter. I was invited to have a drink of whiskey—and all this, I was informed in a "Scott Act" town.

Does the Government of Canada want the liquor traffic abolished? Are Christian people and Christian Churches, irrespective of all denominations, working together with this end in view?

* * *

"There's no place like home."

How often we see these words, and other similar mottoes worked in wool, framed and hanging upon walls. We need to travel a little, some of us, to realize the truth of these heart-reaching words.

Writing about wool-worked mottoes reminds me of a circumstance that came under my notice many years ago. The story has a moral and I desire to tell it as delicately as possible. Shortly after I became a travelling salesman I called upon a woman who kept a general store. I sold her a bill of goods, and it was paid for. On my next visit I received another order, and a request to come in at six, and have tea. I did so. In the parlor I was introduced by the mistress of the house to a young lady, who, she said, was her daughter, although she had called her by a different sur-