

### "Pin Money's" Last Meaning.

"Pin money" now means the allowance of money for a woman's own personal expenditure, but originally it meant literally the actual sum spent on pins.

It is almost impossible to think of any stage in the history of womankind when the pin was not one of the main-stays of her existence, but until about the end of the seventeenth century an article more resembling a wooden skewer than anything else was all that could be obtained.

After that time the modern pin was invented, but the maker was allowed to sell them openly on Jan. 1st and 2nd, so that court ladies and fashionable dames alike were obliged to buy a large store on those days, says the Gentlewoman. So extremely important was this yearly purchase that apparently a special sum of money was obtained from all indulgent husbands for it, and at a later time, when the pins became cheap and common, womankind gradually came to spend their allowance on other vanities, but the old name, "pin money," remained in use.—Exchange.

There are three things no one should ever allow his dog to do, bite him, even in sport, scratch him, or lick any part of his body. Dogs have no sweat glands and the mouth is to a considerable extent an organ of elimination. They constantly lick all parts of their own body. Their extraordinary sense of smell, and its inexplicable relation to their activities, mental and physical, draw them into all sorts of filthy places. They may be at any time purveyors of disease. The skin was never made to be scratched. The feet of dogs are constantly in the dust and in all sorts of dirt. The dog that has been running all day meets his master, leaps upon him, perhaps scratches him. Blood poisoning is most frequently caused by slight abrasion of the skin. No one can foresee the possible consequence.

### The Afterglow.

BY P. O. WILSON.

Just out there, in the soft silver light,  
Thou art lying, O sea, in the arms of night;  
With a rose-tinted cloud drawn over thy breast,  
While the waves murmur low, as if sinking to rest.

With a soft, mellow light from the evening star  
Gently falling on thee from his home afar,  
My soul stands entranced, as on thee I gaze,  
While the darkness envelops thy pale, fading rays.

Now my thoughts turn to thee, O Saviour divine!

Who oft stills the tempest in this heart of mine.  
May I sink to rest, when life's storms are o'er,  
As the waves gently dies on old ocean's shore.

### The Literary Development of

George Eliot.

I bring from the reading of Sir Leslie Stephen's genial study the feeling that to Mary Ann Evans all the greater experiences of life came tardily. Her struggles for religious emancipation filled the precious years from twenty-two to thirty. In these years, when her mind should have been in the mood of affirmation, she was quarrelling with her father about going to church, taking counsel of strange radicals and schismatics at Coventry, and running the gamut of creeds, philosophies, and social nostrums. At a time when her fresh enthusiasm should have spent itself upon creative writing, she

was drudging out her translation of Strass' "Das Leben Jesu." Love came to her at thirty-five and found her already a middle-aged woman. Under the quickening influence of the versatile Lewes, she wrote her juvenilia in her late thirties. Literary genius has seldom shown a more pathetic instance of retarded flowering. Often, indeed, men and women have first written in middle life, when their youth has been passed in unconscious preparation. Miss Evans' experiences tended to produce a noble character and to reinforce an extraordinary intelligence; but they equally tended to rob her life of that zest and confidence without which genius lacks its wings. In certain aspects she recalls the great melancholy poets, but without their audacity. When I think of her laboriously constructing a monumental failure in "Romola," I picture a Milton approaching "Paradise Lost" with the "Hymn to the Nativity" and "Comus" unwritten, or Dante, shorn of the "Vita Nuova," settling himself to write the "Divine Comedy." The loss of one's youth is irreparable, and the wisdom of experience can seldom wholly energize a life to which its due and timely share of joy and courage has been denied. Says Mr. Brownell in his most conscientious manner: "Her thinking was eclectic, and shows the lack of comradeship, of harmony and accord, of those fostering influences of concert under which thought flowers in luxuriant spontaneity."

This will probably be very nearly the ultimate view of George Eliot the woman; and it will explain why, in some respects the greatest of woman writers, her achievement is distinctly less congruous and impressive than that of Madame de Staël, Mrs. Browning, or George Sand, whose superiority she fully recognized. Why the development of a great writer and the making of a beautiful soul should be even partially incompatible is one of the more tragic mysteries. I can only stand by the fact. If this interpretation of George Eliot's character be correct, her idyllic novels, from "Scenes from Clerical Life" to "Silas Marner," must be regarded as precious salvage from the wreck of an overfreighted but undermanned argosy. Such a judgment, grotesque as it may seem at first, gains reasonableness when we consider that marvellous period in which, living in the glamor of a belated youth, she for once spoke freely and in her natural idiom—the five years after she had cast in her lot with Lewes, when she wrote from the quickened memory of her childhood scenes. —Frank Jewett Mather, Jr. in the October-December Forum.

### Dying Summer.

Summer dieth; o'er his bier  
Chant a requiem low and clear!  
Chant it for his dying flowers,  
Chant it for his flying hours.

Let them wither all together,  
Now the world is past the prime  
Of the golden olden-time.

Let them die, and dying Summer  
Yield his kingdom to the comer  
From the islands of the west;  
He is weary, let him rest!

And let mellow autumn's yellow  
Fall upon the leafy prime  
Of the golden olden-time.

Go, ye days, your deeds are done!  
Be yon clouds about the sun  
Your imperial winding-sheet;  
Let the night-winds as they fleet  
Tell the story of the glory  
Of the free, great-hearted prime  
Of the golden olden-time.

—Sebastian Evans.

### THE MODERN MOTHER

#### Has Ways of Caring for Baby That Our Grandmothers Never Knew.

Many almost sacred traditions of the nursery has been cast aside by the up-to-date mother. Even the once essential cradle is now seldom found in the house blessed by baby's presence. The modern baby is not fed every time he cries, but when the clock announces the proper time. The doctor approves of this and baby is better for it, but despite regular hours for feeding nearly all the disorders of infants are caused by derangements of the stomach and bowels. Mothers' greatest problem is a treatment of these ills that will be gentle but effective, and above all, safe. Mrs. J. W. Bailey, of Head Lake, Ont., writes from the fullness of experience when she says: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets for my six months old baby who was troubled with indigestion. The result was beyond my expectations. Words cannot convey to those who have not tried them the worth of these Tablets. I will never again use my own preparation for the baby, as I am convinced there is nothing so good as Baby's Own Tablets."

These Tablets are a gentle laxative and comforting medicine for infants and children. They are pleasant to take and are guaranteed to contain no opiate. If your druggist does not keep Baby's Own Tablets send 25c. to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y., and a full sized box will be mailed, post paid, to your address.

### Crusty People.

Not bad people, simply crusty people. They would not lie or steal or defraud or malign; they scorn vice; they are upright in their dealings, and honorable in their lives. But, oh, how snappish, how cross to the children, how hateful, how hard to get on with! Sometimes they sulk, and you wonder what you have done to offend them. Sometimes they storm, and you wish yourself a hundred miles away. Sometimes they say disagreeable things before company, and the company fidgets and does not know where to look. Sometimes they make you speak several times, pretending they do not hear you. They are crusty; they blight the home; they ruin their own peace, and that of everybody around; they are like an untimely frost. For crusty people there is no excuse. One may govern words and looks if he chooses. One may refrain from needless rudeness. One may cultivate that gentle altruism which makes politeness habitual. And if one happen to be born with an infirmity of temper one may ask God's help to overcome the evil and seek the good.—Selected.

No good deed, no genuine sacrifice, is ever wasted. If there be good in it, God will use it for His own holy purposes and whatever of ignorance or weakness or mistake was mingled with it will drop away as the withered sepals drop away when the full flower has blown.—Frederic W. Farrar.

