

## Household.

## The Good of Things.

"Mamma, why do you not use the lovely toilet set that Mrs. Eaton gave you for your dressing case at Christmas?"

"Because my dear, it is so delightful to have something with its first freshness on it in reserve, to use when making ready for guests whom we delight to honor."

"But, mamma, if you will consent to use them every day and 'take the good of them,' as we say, I will promise to replace them when they have become soiled, or have lost their first daintiness."

The above conversation was repeated to me by the mother herself, who used the incident as a text on which to found a little sermon on the duty and beauty of living in the present.

"I feel quite competent," she said, "to speak of this subject, because I have been so derelict myself. I can see now that I have always lived too much in the future. There has always been in my thoughts and plans an unformulated, and for the most part, perhaps, unconscious reference to an indefinite 'sometime' when our circumstances would justify the use of my precious bits of cut glass, choice china, finer linen, modish gowns, etc., every day, unhampered by the consciousness that they could not be replaced if broken or defaced."

"But my daughter's appeal caused a startling 'arrest of thought.' A voice seemed to say to me, 'Here are you, fast nearing that point in your life when you may well begin to listen for the soft dip of the silent ferryman's oars as he approaches to convey you to the other shore. Your life is already lived. The future is too brief and uncertain to be counted upon, or to afford opportunity for much change. The memories of home and home life which your children are to retain forever are already fixed and unchangeable. And yet, even now, you are so absorbed in the contemplation of some indefinite future or the pursuit of some desired acquisition, that the beauty and the duty of to-day are half forgotten or overlooked altogether. And then there I resolved to endeavor to redeem the remaining time. Henceforth I am determined to make each day as I pass it as beautiful in every way as I possibly can.'"

Said another woman to me: "For many years I kept my most beautiful things laid away, to be taken out and used only when company was expected. But one day there came a fire which destroyed in an hour all my cherished dainties. Oh! how I regretted then that they had not been used and enjoyed while they were in my possession; and perished through use instead of being destroyed by disaster."

Do not these little incidents, homely though they are, suggest a prevailing fault in our American life—the ever-present struggle for some future, perchance indefinite, good? And how easy for this habit of life to crystallize into a deep and almost irremediable habit of mind. It becomes at last a high necessity to make one's plans with simple reference to to-day, its own peculiar beauties and privileges. "Some time," we say, "I mean to check this busy, hurried life, and take time to read and study, take a little pleasure trip every year, perhaps oftener, and begin really to live."

Alas! the future—the ever-alluring "some time"—is a receding quantity. It is never reached. Like the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow, it eludes, recedes, vanishes, and in infinite but hopeless regret the allured and disappointed soul wakes up to find that opportunity, too, is gone.

## Artistic Darns.

Nothing keeps flannels and stockings and other underwear looking so well as darning and mending and preparing material that matches perfectly. A hole seems almost preferable to a gray stocking darned with blue, or black undershirt bound with red, or a brown patch where there should be a black one. Buttons, all kinds of mending threads, cotton, linen, silk and wool, bindings in taffeta, ribbons and even webbing by the yard are to be bought at most reasonable prices for making old things as good as new, and for keeping the new in perfect condition. It also means to be an economy in the same direction to buy the same makes and colors in flannels and hose from season to season, so that one may have material to reinforce weak places without buying it.

## Keep Children Busy.

Children should be furnished with employment, which is sometimes difficult to provide. What we call a natural love of mischief is often nothing more than activity. Children are restless for employment. They must have something to do, and if they are not so furnished they will do mischief. Do not blame them; it is their nature, and should be encouraged rather than checked. In furnishing little employments you can form the habits and cultivate the tastes. What is begun should be finished. Care should be taken with what is done, and neatness should be encouraged.

## Useful Recipes.

Kuchen.—Take a bowl and break into it one egg,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup of lard,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup cream and 3 tablespoons sugar; mix. Now take a lump of your bread dough—when it is ready for making into loaves—the size of one loaf, pour the mixture upon it and mix thoroughly with your hand, mix until it is perfectly smooth, then let it rise. When light, roll out to about twice the thickness of a pie crust and line your pie-plates with it. When you have as many plates as you want, roll the rest into sheets about an inch thick and put into pans; let it rise while you prepare the filling as follows: Fill the pies with fruit; grapes—one layer, not too close—the top, or apples, pears, cored and sliced and laid upon it in one layer, are good, but peaches sliced upon it are best. Now pour over the contents of the pie kuchen—one egg for each two kuchen—mixed with about one cup of sweet cream. Use sugar to taste and flavor the apples to suit yourself. Bake until they are a nice brown over the top. The thick kuchen can be covered with a little butter and sprinkle well with sugar and a little cinnamon. These will be the German coffee

kuchen. Get some German to pronounce kuchen for you.

Bread.—Scald one cup of milk, turn it into a bowl, and one teaspoonful of sugar, salt and shortening; stir until the salt and sugar are dissolved and the butter melted, then add one cup of water. Dissolve a half yeast cake in a half a cup of lukewarm water, and when the milk in the bowl is lukewarm add the yeast and sufficient flour (about three and half cups) to make a batter, which will pour thickly from a spoon; beat until the batter is light and smooth and full of bubbles. This should be done at night, and the batter should stand in a room of about 65 degrees until morning; it should then be light and covered with bubbles on top. Add enough flour to make a soft dough, and knead, using as little flour as possible, until the dough does not stick to the hands, and is soft and velvety to the touch. Let it rise again until it is double its bulk. When the dough is light enough it should come away from the bowl without sticking. Mold as quickly and as lightly as possible, without kneading again, into loaves. Put in greased bread tins, individual ones preferred, and let rise again until light. It should rise about thirty minutes this last time; then bake in a moderate oven for forty-five minutes.

Whole Wheat Bread.—Scald one cup of milk; turn into a bowl; add one teaspoonful of butter, one teaspoonful of sugar, one of salt and one cup of water; when lukewarm, add one-half of a yeast cake, which has been dissolved in a half cup of lukewarm water. Stir in three cups of whole wheat flour, and beat until light and smooth. Let rise over night. In the morning, when light, add two or three cups of flour or enough to make a soft dough. Knead well and be careful not to add too much flour in the kneading. White flour can be used for the kneading, if desired. Let the dough rise until it doubles its bulk. Shape it into loaves, put it into a greased bread tin, let rise again and bake forty-five minutes in a moderate oven.

## CALLING ON A LADY.

How a Young Man Was Cured of Remaining Away from Home.

My father played a queer trick on me the other night. You know I used to feel that I had done myself an injustice if I did not go to the theatre about five or six nights a week. It wasn't always the theatre, but if it wasn't that it was a music hall, or perhaps a game of cards or billiards with some of the boys.

Well, you also know how I am situated as to business. I work for my father, and I have to be at the office at 8.30 in the morning, just as the rest of the family are sitting down to breakfast. In consequence I get my breakfast and leave the house before they get up. But I can't complain of that. I'm doing exactly what the man who had my place before me did, and between you and me I'm drawing more salary.

But that's neither here nor there. It's the evenings. I used to finish work about six, get dinner in the city, and go to the theatre or somewhere else. I had been doing it for about six months, and, when I look back, about the only time that I saw my mother and sister during that period was at Sunday dinner. Nothing unusual in that, of course. The same thing is true of hundreds of young men in town. But they haven't fathers like mine. He came to me one afternoon and asked me if I had an engagement for that night.

"Yes," I said; "I've promised to go to the theatre."

"How about to-morrow night?" he asked.

"Nothing on at present," I replied.

"Well, I'd like you to go somewhere with me."

"All right," I said; "where shall I meet you?"

You see he leaves the office about an hour before I can get my work finished. He suggested the Lenox Restaurant at 7.30, and I was there, prepared for the theatre, and a quiet lecture on late hours. He had combined the two on several previous occasions. But when he appeared he said he wanted me to call on a lady with him. "One I knew quite well when I was a young man," he explained.

We went out and started straight for home. "She is stopping at the house," he said, when I spoke of it. I thought it strange that he should have made the appointment for the Lenox Restaurant under those circumstances, but I said nothing.

Well, we went in, and I was introduced with due formality to my mother and my sister. The situation was ludicrous, and I began to laugh, but the laugh died away.

None of the three even smiled. My mother and my sister shook hands with me, and my mother said she remembered me as a boy, but hadn't seen much of me lately. Then she invited me to be seated. It wasn't a bit funny then, although I can laugh over it now. I sat down, and she told me one or two anecdotes of my boyhood, at which we all laughed a little. Then we four played whist for a while. When I finally retired I was courteously invited to call again. I went upstairs feeling pretty small and doing a good deal of thinking.

Then I made up my mind that my mother was a most entertaining lady, and my sister a good and brilliant girl.

Now I'm going to tell again, as I have been doing quite regularly for the last week. I enjoy their company, and I intend to cultivate their acquaintance.

## Just So.

Upon the just and unjust, too,  
It rains; I envy none the fellow,  
Where'er he is, who'er he is,  
Who's carrying my own umbrella.

On the advice of their executive north of England miners have decided to withdraw their application to the coal owners for an advance of 15 per cent. in wages.

A plug of tobacco furnishes an excellent indication of an approaching change in the weather. When it is damp the air is moist and rain is probable.

Emil Jarow, aged eighteen, is a strong boy. He worked on a farm in Illinois.

With one hand he can lift a 200-pound man in a chair, and can write his name on the wall with a forty-two pound dumb-bell hanging from his wrist.



ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

## A ROMANTIC LIFE.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON'S NO-MADIC CAREER CLOSED.

Story of His Love-Making—Mrs. Stevenson Already Had a Husband When He Met Her. But the Latter Gave Her Up for the Poet.

One of the favorite story-tellers of our time has just died in a far-away island of the Pacific, where he made his home, and every segment of the circle of civilization is vibrating with an instantaneous sadness.

This cosmopolitan could not hide himself from mankind in the jungles of Pala Mountain. He carried to Samoa the golden wires that tied him to his race, and from the far islands of the sea he sent out the magnetic currents that reached millions of hearts.

There are no longer any "veiled Bermoothes" that lie like phantoms five furlongs still beyond. Genius can no longer become a recluse and hide from man, for man now looks into every nook and corner of the gray old planet.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

was a romantic. That, at this arid moment of priceless verbal felicity is his brevet to the world. He was a story-teller, and his stories were of men and women in action. Now that we come to look over his work, piled up with prodigious energy in spite of an invalidism that continually threw its ominous shadow over his consciousness, we can see that all his men and women are doing, and not expounding.

The vital procession, for the most part, is fighting, straining, conquering, weeping, rejoicing, dying, as becomes mortal, and is not engaged in the inglorious task of exploiting its own "innards" for the behoof of morbid misanthropes and blasé occultists in flannel.

Kindly criticism discovered on one of Stevenson's fingers the signet ring of Sir Walter Scott, and that was enough to disparage him to the whole Howells school, who have banished all troubadours and minstrelsy to a fool's paradise. But the world listened to him patiently, because there was something going on in his pages and because it went on as the dull realist "by the rivers brink" sees it, but as the creative imagination knows it ought to be.

Of the man I think it may be said that he felt that he was a wanderer, and that the only way to keep his imagination from feeding on itself was to supply it continually with new objects of external interest. Few men of letters have been blessed by fate with so fairy-like a consummation of their dream.

STEVENSON'S LIFE IN THE PACIFIC

makes even "Typee" tame. First of all he met by mere accident a woman in Paris who instantly filled a chasm in his soul—a feat so seldom accomplished outside of fiction that it is notable. The fact that this woman was his wife is a well-known American. Mr. Samuel Osborne, who does not appear to have particularly fretted the course of true love, this woman must have perceived with an instinct that was a well-kept secret. Mrs. Osborne appears to have read and understood and sympathized with the man who scarcely understood himself.

The story of their subsequent marriage in California is unique. There is not a shadow of scandal attaching to it so far as I can learn. Mr. Osborne himself appears to have approved of it and to have been present at the ceremony after his wife had obtained an undisputed divorce. It looks very much as if the

ABSOLUTE FITNESS OF THE LOVERS

was such as to convince even the husband. And what is still more remarkable, the after life of Mr. Stevenson and his wife corroborates this view.

After sailing about the Pacific in a luxuriantly aimless way in a little vessel which had a study for a cabin and a garretian angel for a steward, they jointly fixed their eyes upon a kingly peak on a far-away island and concluded that this, being the fabled Hesperides, was far enough from the madding crowd and just the place where the practical Paul and Virginia could settle down for life in delicious undress, and mingle literature with siestas and never see a review.

Very few, if any, dreamers have been able to so Selkirk their dreams and pick their man Friday. Think of the runagate mind selecting Samoa, and hewing a path through the tropical forest to build his English home high up on the lonely mountain, and having absorbed all that travel could offer, sitting down in his shirt sleeves, bare-footed, to reflect on the material and work it out!

Think of the environment—those blazing, star-lit southern lights; those warm, heavy incense of gigantic flowers and the drowsy sweep of enormous fronds!

Think too of the recluses being double. Would anybody but lovers do this? Would any woman who had lived in Paris do it if she were not mortally in love and were jealous of the world?

HIS MELANCHOLY END.

Somewhere in every observant man's life there comes a time when he must sit down and begin to think backward, for the future is narrowing to a point. It comes sooner to the invalid than to others. "I am resting and thinking," Stevenson said. "I have been hurrying and fancying. I lived in a mob to get away from myself. Now, I listen to my wife and am content."

But Nature is not so easily won over. Alas! the hot breath of the tropics that allayed the restless mind heated and thickened the blood, and Stevenson was struck down by the voluptuous hand that had coddled and fanned him. A man so singularly lovable that even envy had a smile for him. A woman exiled herself for him, and the rude natives, with a dumb reverence, carried his remains high up on the arid plateau of their loftiest mountain and laid him there where one may overlook the sunlit wastes of the Pacific and feel how far away the world is.

## IN THE HEART OF A TREE.

A Lock of Woman's Hair Found in a Carous Resting Place.

David Flint, who lives near Sangeen, chopped down a maple tree at the road side opposite his house the other day. The tree, owing to its great size, had been for years a landmark in that vicinity. It was 60 feet high and 4 feet in diameter. In splitting up the great logs the tree made, he found in the butt leg, five feet from the lower end and near the heart of the tree, a lock of soft, dark-brown hair a foot long. One end of the lock was in a hole three and a half inches deep and half an inch in diameter, into which it was fastened by an oak pin, which had been driven into the hole. Ninety successive rings or layers of wood in the tree had grown over the hair and the pin, showing that they had been driven into the tree ninety years ago, when the maple was less than a foot in girth. The lock of hair is as glossy and has as much apparent life as when first it was severed from the head that bore it. The opinion among many is that the woman whose hair is thus so singularly brought to light after nearly a century was the victim of some Indian massacre, and had been fastened by her hair to the maple while her captors tortured her. The more likely theory is that the person to whom the trees belonged was a believer in the superstition of the early pioneers that certain maladies could be cured if the sufferer had a lock of her hair driven into a tree, fastened by an oak plug and then cut off, provided the patient thereupon walked away from the tree to the eastward and never looked at the severed lock again.

Danish papers say that the Princess Waldemar of Denmark, born Princess Marie of Orleans, will not return to Denmark and that she intends to seek a divorce from her husband. In fact, the princess has been traveling for the last six months and was not present at the silver wedding of her brother-in-law, the crown prince, although she was at the resort, Fano, in Denmark. Her absence caused a sensation and the prince is now 29 years old and is the mother of three children.

## The Male Shopper.

How frightened he looks, how retiring and meek, with fear on his face and a flush on his cheek, the wild, hunted look of the fawn in his eyes, which says, "I am ready and willing to die," which says to all men, "I'm prepared for my doom, I'm ready; please let me slide into my tomb." You all know who I mean—you have seen him before—the average man in a big dry-goods store.

And he feels so embarrassed it makes his face ache, and his masculine whiskers they tremble and shake; the feminine crowd flows around far and near. "What business?" they say, "has that horrid man here? What right has a man to come into this place who can't tell the difference between his poor trembling soul to the core—the average man in the big dry-goods store."

And the gay Christmas shoppers crowd round in a whirl while he looks for a present to give to his girl; and he hunts half a day, then he buys—Heaven defend us! a nice razor hone and a pair of suspenders. And then he goes out in the cold, wintry hail, and he feels like a man who has burst out of jail—the uncomfortablest mortal the world ever bore is the average man in a big dry-goods store.

A Frenchman has constructed an electric walking-stick, of which the knob contains a small electric lamp in a thick glass bulb, the battery being two cells of a peculiar shape done the cane itself. The lamp gives sufficient light to read a newspaper in a train or to light oneself upstairs at night.

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER  
Rejoice Together.

Nine Year Old Maggie McRitchie, a Victim of Chronic Fainting Spells and Nervous Weakness, Completely Cured by South American Nerve After All Other Efforts had failed. The Mother, a Sufferer From Nervous Prostration and Indigestion, Likewise Cured. Hear What the Thankful Father Has to Say.



MRS. JAMES McRITCHIE AND DAUGHTER.

A leading local physician, whose profession takes him among the children of the various public institutions, remarked to the writer, that one would hardly believe that so many children were affected by nervous troubles, which sap the system and prevent proper development. In many cases the doctors are powerless to cure these troubles. They can relieve the suffering little ones, but in South American Nerve we have a medicine that does more than simply give relief. Its peculiar strength is that it completely cures where physicians relieve. A case in point came to us the 24th ult., in a letter from Mr. James W. McRitchie of Bothwell, Ont. He says:—"My daughter Maggie, aged 9 years, was afflicted with nervous fainting spells for over a year, which left her in such a condition of weakness afterwards that the child was practically an invalid. We tried several remedies and doctors with her in one way and another, but nothing gave relief. Seeing South American Nerve advertised, as particularly efficacious in nervous diseases, I decided on trying it for her, and I must say that I noticed a decided change in my daughter for the better after she had taken only a few doses. As a result of using this medicine, she is now entirely free from those fainting spells and possessed of that life and brightness that is the happy lot of childhood. I am satisfied it is an excellent medicine for any nervous weakness. My experience has been further supplemented in the fact that my wife has also been using South American Nerve for indigestion, dyspepsia and nervous prostration, and has found very great relief."

Whether the patient be man or woman, young or old, South American Nerve provides a complete medium for restoration to health. It is a medicine differing absolutely from every other. A cure is effected by application to the nerve centres of the human system, and science has proved that when these nerve centres are kept healthy the whole body is healthy. For these reasons failure is impossible.

G. H. Hinch and J. E. Richards, Agents for Aylmer.

## INDIANS AS HUNTERS.

They do Not Frighten the Game Out of Districts, as White Men do.

"It is a remark often made by old-timers who knew the Western country when the red was as common there as the tenderfoot is now," said a sportsman from the Rockies, "that Indians never scare away game from a region in which they hunt. But, they say, wherever the white man comes with his firearms game is bound to be killed off or driven away. These sayings are true with the qualifying statement that by reasonable game laws game of all kinds can be preserved and, even where nearly exterminated, restored to almost its original plentifulness in districts not too fully occupied by man and his domestic creatures."

Note the Indian in hunting as he searches out and steals upon the deer or wild turkeys with his soft tread of moccasined feet. In the twang of his bowstring and the flight of the whistling arrow there is no explosive sound to alarm the creature near the one that is struck. He, like themselves, is in sympathetic accord with the tints and tones of plain and mountain and forest, and while endeavoring to match their craft against his they are satisfied with trying to avoid him without abandoning the region where he abides."

"It is when white hunters of the sportsman variety invade its haunts, their presence heralded by the tread of their booted feet, their clothes alien in appearance to the hues and contours of the creatures of the forest and their purpose shown by the crack and the crash of firearms, that game begins to migrate to other feeding grounds. Add to this the increasing and indiscriminate slaughter for slaughter's sake that characterizes the white man's hunting, and it is easy to see why the depopulation of the forest and plain, when unrestricted by law, is speedily and sure. Ever since the general adoption by Indians of firearms for their hunting it has not been found that large game has diminished materially in regions in which the white man is an infrequent visitor, although Sir Samuel Baker, the explorer, asserts of African game and predatory creatures that, 'Animals can endure traps, pitfalls, fire, and every savage method of hunting; but firearms will speedily clear them out from extensive districts.'"

## RAILROAD BUILDING IN 1894

A Steady Decline for Six Years in the Number of Miles Constructed in the United States for 1894 at Hand.

The figures of railroad building in the United States for 1894 are at hand, and they do not make a very good showing. The total is less than 2,000, against 7,421 in 1889, 6,570 in 1890, 4,252 in 1891, 4,187 in 1892, and 2,635 in 1893. In fact, for the last six years there has been a steady and marked decline each year in the amount of railroad building in the United States, not only with reference to the total mileage, but also compared with the preceding year.

At the head of the States and Territories in respect to railroad building this year is Arizona, followed in the order named by Illinois, Pennsylvania, Michigan, and Maine. New York has a total of only forty miles, while Maine has a record of 111, which is exceptionally high for a State with a total railroad mileage of only 1,400 miles. The Maine woods, however, flatlands are, though for a different reason, still a fair field for prospectors and civil engineers. In the older States of the Union railroad building is practically at a standstill. New York's slender record of forty miles being matched by four miles in Massachusetts, seven miles in New Hampshire, five miles in Virginia, three miles in North Carolina, and three miles in Kansas, a State which used to be the most inviting field for railroad builders and has now a mileage of nine thousand miles.

United States lead the world in respect to railroads, having 50,000 more miles of track than all the countries of Europe combined, but at the present rate of progress the United States may not be able to hold its lead. One reason for the relative falling off of road building in the United States is found in the trolley lines. Another reason of course, is the hard times.

An open countenance of unusual dimensions was possessed by a devil-fish recently caught in the Gulf of Mexico, about forty miles from Brownsville, Texas. Its mouth had a lateral spread of over five feet. Hammerfest, Norway, the most northerly town in the world, has a climate so mild that its great bay is never frozen. Christmas, which is one thousand miles to the south of Hammerfest, is ice-bound in winter.

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Friends Expect Dis

MEDICAL MEN DID N HIS CA

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Pormanen

A wonderful story on Ont. It is full of comi glad, welcome news for whom physicians cannot Mr. John Irvine, of I Co., Ont., writes as foll "Three years ago I h lagrippe which left me debilitated condition. had another attack whic had state. My health I had no strength, and time. I was so weak t not support my body, an to the ground when tryi work both in the field a would be compelled to fallen, until I could must to rise.

My appetite was all would try to eat, in orde I would suffer untold m seemed to me that I was death. I tried different docto rive any benefit from the friends thought I was g verily believe I would h tried your Paine's Cel bought six bottles, and c say I received more bene ever dreamed of; it was than one hundred dolla from the doctors. I b health before I had finis and to-day I am com health. I can do as b I ever could, can now e without experiencing to can sleep as well as whe I have not had to use a for month, which com every sufferer know. W Compound has done for impossible for me to say favor. My wife, who h years with chronic rheu benefited by the use of send you this testimony

Conductor—"How old Little girl—"If the comp I prefer to pay my fare a statistics."

DUBOIS

Mr. Brown, our preached a very impr Sunday to quite a g

Mr. Ira Hambleton bad spell, but we hope serious.

Mr. and Mrs. Smith are visiting his bro Smith.

Miss Marshall, teach commenced her scho We wish her success.

Mr. P. Welter is very fast.

Mr. Geo. Flemming, from Alvinston after's days there.

What do you take me you are sick and want to Then remember, Hood's

HOUGHTON

The Ladies' Aid grand oyster supper of January 18th. A is expected. Come o

This place was wel the Township Sunday tion, which was held January 11th.

Miss Minnie Gunn l from a visit to Toront been spending her ho now resumed teachi lake.

Jessie Gunn is on t

PRICE'S TOBAC-GUI

Sold by G. H. Hinch, D