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A Word Fitly Spoken.

Had I a daughter to train, said woman of the world, one accomplishment above all should be taught herto make herself agreeable without descending to make fun of other people. Much, if not most, of the fun current among young folks consists of picking others to pieces.

Bright people are given to using their wit very freely upon others who have the misfortune to come near them. Women especially regard the world outside their immediate circle as created to afford them amusement not of the most amiable kind. They are not discriminating enough to see what underlies and offsets the peculiarity which provokes their fun.

The ill-dressed, hurried woman is commonly trying to carry affairs whose burdens her critics would shirk shame-No wonder if the brave spirit awkwardly and under the load she can just bear with out breaking. Those who bait their fun on her must laugh and laugh again unheeding.

The Prohibition Ballot, The following is the form of ballot for the plebiscite as prescribed by the

Are you in favor of the immediate prohibition of the importation, manufacture and sale of intoxicat-ing liquor as a beverage? X

The voter for prohibition is to mark a cross opposite the Yes, as shown in You who vote, practice mark the cut. ing your ballot beforehand so that you know just what to do without being "rattled" when the official ballot is placed in your hands,

-Little things often change the current of life. A moment's temper has often severed a friendship which might have lasted a lifetime. An unkind and hasty word has left a mark which death seems scarcely to have erased.

How to Get a "Sunlight" Picture, How to tell a Sandight" Soap wrapper (wrappers bearing the words, "Why Doe a Woman Look Old Sooner Than a Man to Lever Bros., (limited), 43 Scott street

## FOR THE YOUNG PEOPLE.

Our Future Intentions.

This paper intends every week during the coming year to give an interesting and instructive chapter of reading especially prepared for the young people-such as, we feel, every young reader in Canada will be the wiser and the better of seeing. We want all young readers to consider it "Our Paper," and to see to it that they get it and read it every week. Whoever does so, we assure them that they will find themselves well repaid for their time and trouble. Parents or young people having in their possession facts or incidents of interest, either in regard to Canada, or in regard to anything else well worth knowing about, will confer a favor by sending them to the editor, box 530, London, Ont., who will be glad to get them, whether they can be used or not.

My Last Christmas in the Bush. [By Henry M. Stanley.]

My Christmases have been rarely appy. I find on looking back that, as though I had been pledged to a peculiarly ascetic life, I have been obliged to spend fifteen Christmas days in the wilds of Africa. Others have been spent at sea, some in America, Turkey, Crete, Spain, Jerusalem, all under very different con-ditions to those which I have experienced in Britain. Most of these days have found me in the midst of some adventure far removed from the pudding and other delicacies of the season which form the theme and delight of British youth, taking troublous thought for the inexorable morrow, brooding over some late calamity, fretting over comrade's loss, or extending a modicum of comfort or hopefulness even in the midst of general discontent.

I find in my diary, on Dec. 25, 1888, notes which will describe to you how we spent our last Christmas in the bush.

The day before we had arrived at the site of a pigmy village, an open circular space, about 500 feet in diameter, in the midst of the woods. A few of the pigmy huts still stood, though in an uninhabitable condition. We decided to halt over Christmas for many sufficient reasons. Thus, Christmas Eve saw us encamped on ground over which generations of pigmies had It suited us admirably gamboled. enough. As there was no clearing to be done, our men's huts were ranged round the big circle. In the center were raised the headquarter tents. We called it "Cross Roads Camp," because in the center of the circle four paths met. One path would take us after a march of 40 miles to the green plains near the Albert Nyanza. That which went in an opposite direction, or westerly, would take us to the Congo River, 600 miles away; and by that which led northward we might reach the pastoral grounds of the Makkaraka, 250 miles distant; while by the southerly road, after marching 750 miles, we might emerge from the twilight of the Great Forest, in view of the

lephant grasses of the Luama Valley. When we reached Cross Roads Camp, almost every man in the column thaked God, after his own fashion, that we had only 40 miles more to travel before we should see the sheen of the young grass in Mazamboni's land.

now under consideration extends then upon his whole figure, so dif-over 400,000 square miles, to the ex-ferent from the spruciness of the "Curran said to Father O'Le rowing through amazing growths of underwood, and tunneling under a sea of parasites, and overhead through all this period we saw nothing but the overlapping, leaf-laden arms of the same relief expedition. And quickly my mind glanced over the interval, during which he had given each overlapping, leaf-laden arms of the great forest trees, which were of in-

Cross Roads Camp was under the leafy coping of a portion of this forest. The underwood being cleared by the pigmies, it seemed like a huge cavern carved out of solid vegetation. Not even a spray of sunshine could pene-trate from above. The ground was damp, as it always is under the dense shade. The atmosphere was mephitic; the rank compost of dead vegetal matmatter mixed with the dark dust of from the perpetual distillations from trunk and branch and leaf mingled strangely with it.

What a Christmas was before us! ger. Had we remained there not a coat as pattern, the stuff for a new by foraging far and near could any munity living within any accessible distance from us. The paths leading from made. our camp were formed by nomadic to-day and off to-morrow; tent boys were not forgotten. here but from the nature of the forest people, we argued that there must be some suit of clothes for our doctor was alpicture, free from auvertaging the property of the form the nature of the forest people, or the from the nature of the forest people, suit of clothes for our doctor was almost completed, and it will only cost one tribe within ten, fifteen, or twenty miles most completed, and he was gratified to hear for whom it was destined. But of us, in some direction. The thing we had to do was to discover its at this time we heard the rumblings of the other: "But he'll die to-night, for camps and elsewhere. did freighting,

locality, and for this purpose we were obliged to send strong parties by the southern and northern tracks to search for bananas, while the doctor and l should remain to protect the camp, and attend to the sick and the feeble.

Therefore, at 6 o'clock on Christmas Day the trumpet sounds to muster. Lieutenant Stairs is requested to select 56 riflemen to form his foraging party, to go along the south road. A Zanzibari captain, chosen for his courage and good sense, is appointed to conduct a strong party along the northern path. How long they will be absent no one knows. What adventures they will meet is equally unknown. Mean-time, we who are left behind in camp must remain in suspense, cherishing a hope that they will succeed in obtaining the means of subsistence so greviusly needed. As the parties march off in opposite

directions, those who remain standing at muster are dismissed to their huts, except the dozen pickets, who are led away to take their posts of observation around the camp. This is a duty that is never neglected, for every native's hand

against us. Parke, the doctor, has many duties. The condition of the sick is appalling Next to my own, his duties are the most onerous. The human system in this dreadful country becomes an easy prey to diseases of the most loathsome kind. We have men in camp suffering from dysentery, ulcers and anæmia, which follow poor nourishment and the privations of travel. We have over 80 prostrated, some of them in such a nopeless condition that they will never leave the spot where they have lain

While Parke administers to the necessities of our followers, I take my seat near the baggage and think. The only things worth thinking about relate to the expedition. Thoughts about Stairs and his foraging party, and that led by the Zanzibari captain, occupy me; then they drift to Nelson and Bonny, who are bringing up the baggage from Fort Bodo; then they flit to Wadelai, and revolve about Emin and my friend Jephson, and I wonder what has happened to them during our absence from the Albert Nyanza, and why Jephson did not keep his promise and return to Fort Bodo; then they hover over our native friends in Mazamboni's land, and wistfully cling to to the abun dance of food that awaits our long-tried fellows who may be fortunate enough to survive the journey through the forest; then they fix themselves upon our present surroundings, and my eyes sweep around the camp, at the wall of green underwood, the curious huts and sheds which the men have built, at the tents in the center of the camp, at the leafy concave above.

Parke returns at this moment from the sick, and reports a man dead, and another dying. The dead body is carried out of the camp 100 yards beyond, and a pile of leaves and branches s raised over it. As we return to camp, I say, "Parke,

do you know to day is Christma "Christmas? So it is. I had for-otten it, and I had made up my mind last night that I should be the first to

"It is a strange Christmas," I said, and then I was silent; for the word Christmas had brought with it a host of associations, and suggested exchange of gifts, friendly visits, renewal of friendships, family assembles, and what not.

Then the word made me think young grass in Mazambon's land.

Christmas morn in the bush! No, not bush, but forest—if ever eternal tropic woods deserved the name.

To us in England, bush suggests a thicket or a shrubbery; but this at the least in the expedition? My eyes fell upon Parke's ragged knees, and then upon his whole forms so differences of the property of the statement of the property of the word made me think whether I might not do something for the honor of the day. How? What tould I do, being in as bad a plight as fell upon Parke's ragged knees, and then upon his whole forms so differences of the property of the pro white alike, and grieved that such unfinite variety of species, and whose height could only be conjectured. shrinking devotion should have its reward deferred — deferred, perhaps, ward deferred — deferred, perhaps, until it was too late to prove our grati-

> At this thought there was a pang of regret. How could I show him that he was appreciated? Then I rememhered that there was a hale of choice cloths reserved for presents to native chiefs, in which there was a new piece of blue serge, which might make him a new suit. Happy thought!

Such men as were known to be dead insects exhaled an odor as from handy with their needles were called an open grave, and the strange scents up. An old bale cover was spread out. Some cotton was cut, and unrayeled to make thread. The bale of choice cloths was opened, and the serge was unrolled, and six yards of it were Our men were almost rabid from hun- measured. Then, with an old sack soul would have offered us anything to jacket was cut, and from a pair of eat, and we should have starved. Only "knicker-bocker" breeches I managed to cut out a new pair of pantaloons. food be obtained. We were strangers The men were set to work, and when to the country, and knew of no com- six tailors are in earnest, a suit suffi-

Stairs, Nelson and Bonny, though dwarfs, who, like ourselves, are absent, received their share, and the

thunder. A few drops of rain were the doctor says he can't live till mornheard pattering above. The strange odors rising from the wet humus became thicker. Nearer and nearer wind began to career among the treedazzling sheets of flame, and the complied. The cook was brought in thunder crackled and burst upon us in overpowering shocks. The fall of his blessing; whereupon she looked up rotten trees and branches added to the at him, and said, "May the Lord pre

tumult and confusion and uneasiness. For hours we look into the pitchy darkness, and watch for the weird whit light which reveals everything with startling clearness, until the frequency of these alternations of blackness and flame becomes soporific, and we retire amid the crash of the elements and the tumultuous rustling of the branches to making a speech for the defense, when

surroundings vividly while life lasts.

A Moslem Hymn.

There is a wonderful difference between the religion and modes of worship of the Moslems, and some of the other religions of far eastern countries and our own. The subject is well worth careful and thoughtful study. Their hymns are as different from in Dublin, shortly after the union, those sung in our Canadian churches when a well-known actress was singing as well can be. The Contemporary Review of last month has the followitem of interest:

Those who have had much quaintance with Moslems know that there are many common people—as many women as men-who seem to have more or less clear ideas of spiritual life, and strive to attain something higher than mere formality and verbal confession; who feel their personal unworthiness and hope only in God. The following extract from one of many similar poems of Shereef Hanum, a Turkish Moslem lady of Constantinople, rendered into English by the Rev. H. O. Dwight, is certainly as spiritual in thought and language as most of the hymns sung in Christian churches:

O Source of Kindness and of Love, Who givest aid all hopes above, 'Mid grief and guilt although I grope, From Thee I'll ne'er cut off my hope, My Lord, O my Lord!

Thou, King of kings, dost know my

Thy pardoning grace no bars can heed; Thou lov'st to help the helpless one, And bidd'st his cries of fear be done, My Lord, O my Lord!

Should'st Thou refuse to still my fears, Who else will stop to dry my tears?
For I am guilty, guilty still, No other one has done so ill,

My Lord, O my Lord!

The lost in torment stand aghast To see this rebel's sin so vast; What wonder, then, that Shereef cries ercy, mercy, ere she dies, My Lord, O my Lord!

These facts are important, not as roving that Mohammedanism is a piritual faith in the same sense as nristianity, for it is not, but as showthat many Moslems do attain some egree, at least, of what Christians nean by spiritual life; while, as we ust confess, it is equally possible for Christianity to degenerate into mere

### lust for Fun.

From a book recently published called "Seventy Years of Irish Life"

"Curran said to Father O'Leary (the vittiest priest of his day), 'I wish you were St. Peter.' 'Why?' said O'Leary. Because,' said Curran, you would have e keys of heaven, and could let me 'It would be better for you,' said 'Leary, 'that I had the keys of the other place, for them I could let you

"You see, my boy, a man's life to be t naturally divides itself into three distinct periods. The first is that in which he is plannin' and conthrivin' all sorts of villainy and rascality; that is the period of youth and innocence.
The second is that in which he is rascality he contrived before; that is he prime of life or the flower of man-The third and last period is that in which he is makin' his soul and period of dotage."

The Irish peasant often has his joke at the doctor. Here are two:
A peasant lad, when asked by a

gentleman how his father was, replied: "Ah my poor father died last Wednesday, your honor," "I'm sorry indeed to hear it," said the other. "It must have been very

udden. What doctor attended him?" "Ah, sir," said the boy, "my poor natural death.

"Dear me, said the undertaker, "is them oor Pat dead?"

came the advancing storm. The high all know, as thin and emaciated as wind began to career among the tree"Spaight of Limerick," when in Liver and the standard of the standa tops, reminding us of the sound of a surf breaking upon a beach. Each Irishwoman was cook. She begged man ran to shelter, as the rain fell in a and prayed for the blessing of the cartorrent. The gray light darkened, the dinal. The lady superior presented the lightning played about the camp in request to him, with which he kindly knelt down before him, and received The fall of his blessing; whereupon she looked up serve your eminence, and, oh, may God forgive your cook!"

"Many are the stories I have heard of judges and barristers in former days. One of the best was connected with a case tried (in Limerick, I think) before woo forgetfulness.

This was how we spent the Christmas of 1888, and the very mention of the name will bring back the strange that the court. Wait a moment, said the chief baron. 'One at a time, Mr. Bushe, if you please,' When O'Grady was charging the jury, the ass again began to bray, if possible more loudly than before. I beg your pardon, my lord,' said Bushe, 'may I ask you to repeat your last words? There is such an echo in this court I did not quite catch them.'

Of the quick wit of Irish repartee

there are numerous examples:
"My father told me that at a theater a favorite song, the refrain of which was 'My heart goes pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat,' a man from the gallery cried, 'A groan for Pitt and a cheer for Pat!'

"Judge Burton, who was a very old and wizened little man was trying a case, when another very old man, scarcely able to walk, came into court to give evidence. Instead of going to the witness box, he went towards the passage leading to the bench. Donagh, the counsel, called out to him: 'Come back, sir! Where are you go-Do you think you are a judg 'Indeed, sir,' said the old man, looking up at Judge Burton, 'indeed, sir, I be lieve I am fit for little else.'

#### Okanase: A Cheering Contrast.

A winter in a contemporary contrasts the Cree Indians of Okanase Reserve, in the Northwest, eighteen years ago a year after Mr. Flett had settled among them, with their state to-day. He says:

For the most part the Chippewa on the Okanase Reserve to-day is a re-modeled Indian. He is an aborigine made over. Let us look at him and his surroundings, and note the changes here since Rev. Geo. Flett and Mrs. Flett were sent out to Little Saskatchewan by the Presbyterian Church, nineteen years ago.

Then the aborigine was a wanderer, improvident, suffering hunger and cold often, and all sorts of hardships, with no idea of providing for a better future ere, and in thick darkness as to the hereafter. When he was hungry often resorted to conjuring for deer or bear; when sickness was in the tepee, there was more conjuring, with no

better results. Very gradually the change came. Day after day the missionary forded the Little Saskatchewan, entered the camp, and in the tents or the open air delivered his message, told them of better state of things temporally, and of treasure that fades not away.

I attended several of these services in 1875. It was summer time; we sat at the tent doors, with a few men and children, and sometimes a woman or too (the women were afraid of their husbands to be too pronounced); congregation very limited; mosquitoes, "bull-dog," horses and dogs unlimited, singing in Cree by Mr. and Mrs. Flett, reading and discourse also in that language, Indians looking on as unmoved as statues, appearing to take no more interest in what was going on than if it were a performance for our own amusement, or an exhibition of eccentricity, the usefulness of which they disdained to comprehend.

But the missionary persevered. Old Chief Skyman, who would have none An Irish farmer gave his son the following cynical view of life:

of the innovations for a long time, at length consented to allow his children length consented to allow his children to be taught. That was the first step

The chief's brother, Blackbird, also stood out against the new-comers stoutly, refusing to change his mode of life or religion. He went on as afore-time, thinking of the present and not of the fitters. outtin' into practice the villainy and of the future. He hunted day after day; the women and children snared rabbits and gophers, and between them the pot was kept boiling. By and by the Blackbird agreed to a compromise preparin' for another world; that is the Although he did not value the white man's mode of living, it might be of value to his children, he supposed; he consented to allow them to go to school, and so the process went on.

A new era was inaugurated. Taught by the missionary, several of these Chip-pewas abandoned their old mode of living, bit by bit. They built them selves houses in which they lived comfortably, put up a church and school became careful farmers, raised corn and root crops, horses and cattle, had agrifather wouldn't have a doctor; he always used to say he'd like to die a builders, men-of-all-work, and owned builders, men-of-all-work, and owned builders, men-of-all-work, and owned the same of the cultural implements, were carpenters no man anything. No one takes in-terest and compound interest out of

They also found time to work for

were busy as beavers. One of them travelers, and a clean, well-kept estab ishment it was reported to be.

Under the new state of things, Chief Skyman lived in a well-built, white washed dwelling, which, in winter at all events, was a vast improvement on tenting. Perhaps he took to house. keeping with many misgivings, and groaned over his weakness in so doing. But he kept right on; and I saw the old man in his potato-patch one morning taking out a crop of excellent potatoes with his wife and daughters, and he and they looked the picture of content

Blackbird's children grew up, married, and dwelt in a building so clean and comfortable that it seemed wonderful to Blackbird, sen., and he was only too glad to compromise, as did others. by living like a white man in the winter, and an Indian in summer.

The old man keeps up that fashion vet, for I saw him in his tence this fall Rev. Dr. Bryce, who visited the reserve in 1887, noted the advance made at that date. He saw the Indians living in substantial buildings, with very satisfactory evidence, indoors and out that they were industrious, careful, good managers. He saw a moral, orderly, law-abiding people, who attended church regularly—not wrapped in blankets and similar toggery, but neatly dressed - men, women children, like white settlers.

If, as I have heard, one woman did actually get ahead of all models and wear five hats in one year, it must be said in exculpation of the vanity that she was young, unmarried, a good worker, and earned her hats before she wore them.

The six years which have passed since 1887 brought many changes. Some families moved elsewhere. Not a few who used to worship here rest among the 70 in the graveyard on the But when I was at Okanase last hill. September the church was well filled.

The missionary - white-haired and bent with age-was first in the build-Indian men and women with their children soon arrived, some of them in their own two-horse wagons.

Babies were there-four or five of them -old and young well clad in homemade garments, and, as they arrived, the pastor, going among them, had a word or a smile for each. The last instalment of the congregation was a little band of children fresh from Sunday school, accompanied by their teacher. Miss McIntosh. They filled three seats near the pulpit, and were a happylooking, well-behaved group. One little rosy-cheeked tot had her Indiarubber doll in her arms, but dolly did not get much attention from the owner.

The service was in Cree, except portions here and there in English for the benefit of the few pale-faces present. Revival hymns were sung in English by the children, led by one of themselves, and, owing to the clear, sweet voices and good time kept by the little ones, this portion of the music seemed to me to be the most inspiring of any, although the singing generally was hearty, and very fully joined in.

I did not even hear a whimper from any of the babies during the service, but there is no doubt that on one such occasion a baby was unusually noisy, whereupon this injunction to the mother issued from the pulpit in Cree: "Take out that baby. Do not go far. Sit on the steps, where you can hear.' Baby had an outing accordingly.-Presbyterian Record.

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