

"There was no One to Cry to."

A little girl of four years was hurt, but did not cry until some hours after when her mother came home; and then she burst out weeping. One of the servants, not understanding human nature, said to her, "Why did you not cry before?" She answered, "There was no one to cry to."

These sweet child-words responsive echoes find
Within each heart, sore-wounded and alone;
We cry not to the busy world, whose feet
Pass hurrying by: it heedeth not our grief,
Nor doth it understand our woe.

Perchance

A gentle hand is laid in ours, while friends
Press softly round, each speaking kindly words.
Yet weep we not! Only in part judge they
The burden of the soul—Alas for grief!
When greatest unto others most unknown.
Then cometh One, whose pale, calm face doth tell
That He hath suffered grievous hurt; His hands
Nail-pierced, are stretched to draw us near.

His brow
Doth wear the crimson marks of cruel thorns,
While the red wound, deep in His sacred side
Speaks to the broken-hearted, that His heart did
break.

Then fly we to His breast, and there
Weep tears of anguish; He alone, with love
More tender than a mother's sympathy,
Doth share our wrongs, and understandeth well
Our deepest woe—It hath been said, He wept.

Protecting Cottolene.

The N. K. Fairbank Company of Chicago have lately brought suit in the United States Court against W. L. Henry, of this city, for \$5,000 for infringement of their trade mark "Cottolene." The N. K. Fairbank Company sets forth that they originated, prepared, and put upon the market a new food product consisting of refined Cotton Seed Oil and a small proportion of Beef Suet, making a pale yellow material of the consistency and substance of lard, almost without odor and intended to take the place of lard in cooking.

In order to indicate the source and genuineness of their new food product, they originated, coined, and use as a trade mark the word "Cottolene." The healthfulness and many other advantages of Cottolene over lard were so apparent that Cottolene became at once very popular and is now largely sold all over the country.

The new food product and its name "Cottolene" have become widely known as the product of The N. K. Fairbank Company. The trade mark is described as a "trade mark for Oleaginous Food Substances, etc.," "consisting of a head or neck of a Steer or other bovine partially enclosed by sprigs and branches of the Cotton plant."

The N. K. Fairbank Company charges that W. L. Henry, of Macon, Ga., a dealer in fresh meats and food products generally, has been and is endeavouring unlawfully to avail himself of the benefits of the name "Cottolene" and its popularity; that he has been and is selling a product similar in kind, but inferior in quality, under the name of "Cottolene," to the injury of the original and genuine "Cottolene," and to the loss and injury of its manufacturers, The N. K. Fairbank Company.

The infringements upon the trade mark of "Cottolene" have become so frequent, and so many dealers are selling an inferior article and claiming it to be Cottolene, that The N. K. Fairbank Company are determined to protect their customers and propose to sue every retail dealer who is thus imposing upon his customers and infringing upon The N. K. Fairbank Company's trade mark.—*Telegraph, Macon, Ga.*

Charity.

Faith and hope are great; but charity is greater, for charity is the life itself, and charity abides. It is our life hereafter as it is our true life here. Our faith and hope will be in God forever. Charity is our share in God himself; it is the very atmosphere of heaven, the air we breathe above: it is the revelation of God's own mind to us; it is the universal law of His everlasting Kingdom. In the exercise of that charity we shall realize, as we never can here, what full communion is. We shall realize fellowship in sharing, first one with another, with those whom we once despised but whom we have now learned to love, as well as

those whom we loved before—whatever peace, joy, power, knowledge, has been bestowed upon us; then with God the Father, and with His Son Jesus Christ in unceasing Communion, we shall find the glory of Heaven, and shall experience the fulness of joy.

Now abideth—Faith, Hope, and Charity, but the greatest of these is Charity."

Enjoy.

Enjoy to-day the flowers that blow,
Even though they fade amid their blowing;
Enough for you to calmly know
That God has other flowers in growing,
As fair as those so swiftly going.

Enjoy to-day the flowers that blow,
Though you too fade amid their blowing;
Enough for you to calmly know
That God has other gardens growing,
And you to fairer blooms are going.

WADE ROBINSON.

A New Chemical Paper.

A chemical paper has been invented in Germany from which ordinary ink writing may be erased with a moist sponge. It has no difference in appearance from ordinary paper, and it is impossible to tell whether the paper has been treated with the chemical upon the closest examination. On account of the opportunities it affords for fraud, the German Government refused the application for a patent, and it is said that its manufacture will be prohibited by law.

The Week.

A journal which outlives all the vicissitudes which beset journalistic ventures in this country, and for eleven years more than holds its own, is a paper that must have roots in the soil and good cause for its existence. *The Week* has taken root in Canada. It fills a real and not an imaginary need. The best thoughts and aspirations of the country must have a medium for their expression, and *The Week's* record shows that it is the chosen medium. Free from party leanings, and possessing the courage of its convictions, *The Week* has ever aimed to promote independence in public life, and honesty and integrity in our legislatures. *The Week* is a standing protest against provincialism, representing as it does, by its large number of contributors and correspondents, all parts of the Dominion. In no other Canadian publication can be found the contributions of such prominent writers. *The Week* discusses affairs from the point of view of the nation, and not the province. This fact is abundantly recognized abroad, and the paper is constantly quoted by English and American magazines and reviews as the best exponent of the best thought and life of the Canadian people.

The Poison upon Indian Arrows.

The South American Indians poisoned their arrows with curare, a dark resinous substance. Professor Jobert, of Paris, when in Brazil, succeeded in bribing an Indian of the Tecuna tribe to disclose the secret of its preparation, and found it was prepared from seven different plants, which were ground and boiled together. Less than a grain of this substance injected beneath the skin of an animal causes utter abolition of motor power, the motor nerves being paralyzed. While sensibility is preserved, respiration is stopped, so that no evidence of breathing is perceived, but the heart still beats, and if artificial respiration be kept up, and the dose is not too large, the animal may recover. The effect is one of trance. Strange to say, the poison has no effect if taken into the stomach. The spikes of the javelins and points of arrows are thickly coated with curare, and a wound from such an instrument, however slight, must prove fatal, the death being of the most horrible kind, when we remember that consciousness and sensation are in no way blunted for a time, and the individual must appreciate the condition he is in. The Australian natives killed their enemies with instruments dipped in the decomposing fluids of the human body, which were kept until decomposition had advanced to

the proper point. A scratch from this instrument, called *nielgerii*, always proved fatal.

The Son of Man in Heaven.

There are some persons who quite fail to realize the truth of the incarnation of the Son of God, and who believe that at the ascension He threw aside the mask of humanity which had now fulfilled all its uses, and returned to heaven as He came down from heaven for our redemption. There are others who are better instructed in the truth that the two natures—the Divine and human—are indissolubly united in the Christ, who yet fail clearly and firmly to realize the truth of the humanity, and its consequences, at all times and under all circumstances, and it is, perhaps, especially at the ascension that their mental grasp of the humanity and its consequences becomes feeble and confused. Therefore, it is the more necessary here to call to mind that our Lord was truly man as well as truly God, not a mysterious being of a mixed nature, partly human and partly divine—and, therefore, neither truly God nor man. His was a true human life, in all the phases through which it passed. We too shall die and rise again and ascend to heaven as our Lord did; they are natural phases of human existence; and in all the circumstances transcending ordinary human experience, which surrounded the death and resurrection and ascension of our Lord, still his was a true human life in the midst of and through it all. And our Lord Himself says, "God hath given Him (*i. e.* Jesus) authority to execute judgment also because He is the Son of Man" (John v. 27.)

Breaking Down.

Some men are invincible by nature. No failure can break them down. But there are thousands of men of superior intellect who are deficient in this glorious gift. Which of us cannot call to mind some individual of this class who, after battling manfully against perverse circumstances for a time, at last gave up, acknowledged himself beaten, and tacitly admitted that his life was a miserable failure? Many a man has thus broken down when one more vigorous essay would have tided him over his difficulties, brought him into smooth water, and enabled him to snap his fingers triumphantly at a world which scarcely bestowed a pitying look on him as he threw up his arms and ceased to struggle.

"Yours Truly."

Those to whom writing is pleasant and easy should beware how they harshly judge those to whom it is difficult and burdensome. Could they again meet face to face the friends who seem to have deserted them, the cordial hand-clap and the beaming eye might at once prove that the heart had not swerved from its loyalty. It is one of those many cases where one with a delicate mind and an unselfish disposition will suggest every possible excuse for the dereliction of another while admitting none for his own. Severity to self and leniency to others have no better field for their mutual action than in the matter of correspondence.

—Faithfulness ought not merely to lead us to do great things for God's service, but whatever our hands find to do. The smallest things are small only in themselves; they are always great when they are done for God, and when they serve to unite us with Him eternally. It seems to me that a soul which sincerely desires to belong to God never looks to see whether a thing is small or great; it is enough for it to know that He for whose love it is done is infinitely great.

Cleanse the stomach and sweeten the breath with K. D. C.

—He is no whole man who does not know how to earn a blameless livelihood. Society is barbarous until every industrious man can get his living without dishonest customs. Every man is a consumer, and ought to be a producer. He fails to make his place good in the world unless he not only pays his debt, but also adds something to the common wealth.