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By JOHN OXENHAM.

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For further particulars see elsewhere in this issue.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON, 'Witness' Block, Montreal.

A Story Worth Reading

Any story that gives us a sympathetic knowledge of our fellowmen is worth reading, but seldom will we find one that interests and touches us as does John Oxenham's 'The Long Road.' Life in a country where the winters are our winters, dry and cold and invigorating, with deep white snows and fierce storms; where the summers are our summers, blue and bright with sunshine and gay with green grass and beautiful flowers and fruit; that we can understand. But do we, can we realize life in such a country with every element of freedom taken out of it, with cruel persecution, with tyrannical governors and unjust laws?

We wonder over the apparent inefficiency of the Russian Douma, we speak scornfully of the unreasoning ignorance of the Russian people, we think with horror of Russian barbarity and brutal disregard for human life, but what do we know of the people, of their patience under oppression, of their sweetness in domestic life, of their industry and shrewd thrifty management of affairs, of their steadfast faith in God.

Stephan Iline with his strength and his curse, Katia with her beauty and sweet loveliness, Katenka with her childish grace, and Peter Krop, the Jewish pedler, with his hard bargaining and helpful affection, the mothers with their beautiful mother love, and the fathers, some good and some bad, the governor, who is the embodiment of all evil, and the governors who are just and generous even under unjust laws—all are interesting, all are drawn so clearly that we seem to know them all and live among them. We rejoice with the joy of the hero, and thrill over his adventures and escapes, and sorrow with his sorrow, and rest content with the light and peace of the 'wide places' into which he came. The 'Long Road' will start in the 'Witness' in the third week in February. Watch for it.

If you are not now taking the 'Witness,' but would like to make a short trial of it, see the special story offer on this page.

Family Antagonisms.

(By Caroline Benedict Burrell, in the 'Congregationalist and Christian World.')

The sense of pride which bids us be silent about our domestic difficulties cannot do away with the fact that in many a household certain antagonisms exist which go far toward destroying the happiness of the home. The ideal family where each child seeks the wish of the other rather than its own, and yields unquestioning obedience to the will of the parents may exist in heaven, but it is rarely seen on earth.

There are mothers who train their children from infancy to dwell together in unity; there are others who cannot do this, and through no fault of their own. Radical differences of temperament often cannot be reasoned or persuaded away, but go so deep that they will persist while flesh and blood endures. With children born to such antagonisms there is but one hope for the peace of the home life—separation.

Two boys may be obliged to room together. One is healthy and boisterous, and loves to collect bird's nests and dead reptiles and keep them close at hand; the other is delicate and fastidious, and appalled by the noise and confusion in which he has to live. The parent says they must each give up to the other, and punishes them when they quarrel; and the inevitable consequence is that the breach between the two widens daily. Two sisters of opposite dispositions, one nervous, order's, peaceable, the other strong, wilful and helter-skelter, have to endure daily an enforced companionship, constantly rebelling against it and those who insist upon it. Naturally, as soon as they are grown they

drift apart at once, the farther the better as they think. In both these cases how simple it might have been to have separated the children; if necessary, given them different homes for a time, and so, since history proves the fact, let absence make their hearts grow fonder!

But trying as it is when boys or girls do not 'get on,' these problems sink into insignificance as greater difficulties arise. When the children enter their teens trouble is almost certain to come. The girl lengthens her dresses, receives her first attention from some schoolboy and goes to an evening party or two; and her head is immediately turned. She now fails to see why she may not sit up until ten o'clock every night and spend all her allowance on violets and white gloves, and she resents the restrictions. The phrase 'my mother does not understand me,' one as old as Eve's first daughter, is frequently on her lips. When the mother who is blessed with a saving sense of humor hears it, she smiles even as she sighs, for she remembers well when she, too, said the same words.

The father feels indignant as his son mutters rebelliously, 'Father forgets that he was young once, himself!' but at the same time he recalls that he felt the same way about his own father, and hopes for a better mind in his son as the days go by. To keep repeating that children such as these are breaking their mother's heart and bringing down the father's head with sorrow to his grave, is to take a more serious view of the case than it deserves. These differences may indeed be permitted to grow into antagonisms, but it is unnecessary to make real and deep feeling out of that which is temporary and on the surface. The children should be made to see that each year the reins of govern-

ment are held more loosely as they grow older and wiser. A little patience, a little tact and discretion, a marked absence of reproaches and commands, and as far as possible an indulgence in harmless pleasures, and presently the troubles will vanish. The boy will have the latch-key for which his soul longed, and the girl her evening callers, and they will both realize that Father and Mother knew best. It is only normal that pushing, growing natures should rebel against restraint and wish to assert themselves, and later on all these difficulties will be forgotten.

But often when childhood is past sudden antagonisms arise which dismay one's heart. The daughter determines to go away and teach, though she is needed at home, or worse still, engages herself to a man whom her parents disapprove. The son whom his father has depended on to take up his business, decides to go into railroading, or art—either of which are absurd for him to even think of—and so the wills, so long coincident that differences seem incredible, clash dangerously. Apparent tyranny is shown on one side, and blind self-will on the other; words are said which can never be forgotten, and the breach widens until it looks as though it could never be healed.

(To be continued.)

Peeling Onions.

When peeling onions hold them under cold water, as that will keep them from smarting the eyes. To avoid 'smelling up the house,' as the cook says, when boiling onions, remove only the dry outer layers of skin, leaving the juicy portion intact, so that the pungent oil does not escape.