

The Toes of Toinette

Continued from Page 18

two places at once? If you could take the train with Valerie you would find her sound asleep after her evening's work, I am sure."

The maestro's emaciated figure was revitalized with hope, and the "big, terrible, knowing, good manager," who could not have been a great impresario if he had not had art enough in his heart to understand the maestro, quashed his engagements as decisively as Rodd had and remarked, in the most casual way:

"A good idea! I've got to take the twelve-thirty train to Philadelphia. Maestro, will you come? It is on the way to Arizona, too."

"Oh, if you are right," said the maestro, "how happy I shall be forever, dreaming of Valerie's triumph!"

Inside the housing of the Falcon on the way back, Toinette removed the grease-paint and was her young self again.

"The spark of my toes makes its poor little bow to the spark of your motor," she said, as Rodd bade her good-night on the roof of the Aragon; "and whenever you fly, may the bon Dieu watch over you!"

Mother's Column

Continued from Page 61

He lavishes upon them the money that he makes. He wants them to be happy and richly dressed, and he will tell you that the reason that he slaves is to support them; but he deludes himself. The real reason is that he has given his innermost heart to business, and she is a jealous mistress that resents a divided allegiance."

Instead of a Collar Button

A small button sewed to the back of the collar-band will be found to be much more comfortable than a collar-button, and has the merit of not getting lost.

A "Magic Stick"

When you want to boil anything quickly, like cider for apple butter, or sugar water in sugarmaking time, just place a stick across the top of the vessel in the centre, and it simply can't boil over. Try it and see. For a large open kettle out of doors it is better to quarter instead of halve the steam, using two sticks and crossing them. I always keep a smooth, clean piece of wood about eighteen inches in length, two inches wide by one-half inch in thickness, but if I can't find it in a hurry I substitute a piece of kindling. This would be a boon for campers and hunters who have to boil their coffee in an open bucket swung over the fire.

Charcoal in the Vegetable Kettle

If a small piece of charcoal is placed in the kettle when cooking turnips, cabbage, cauliflower or other vegetables of disagreeable odors, the vegetable will not be injured, and the odor will be removed.

To Wind Up a Curtain Roller

Using a button-hook to wind up a curtain-roller, when the spring has run down, is a great saving on the fingers, and it certainly saves the temper.

No boy ever yet acquired a business by reading the signs on other men's stores.

Misfortune is a Wind that rises higher, Blows out the Match, but fans the Steady Fire.

Any man can afford to ignore those who do not understand him if he can go home to a wife who does.

You have made progress when you have learned that it is as easy for the other man to be right as for you.

Give the Girls a Chance

The school year is opening. Boys and girls are once again faced with the necessity of hard and patient study. Boys as a rule are indifferent, careless, concerned with sports and games. They do not as a class give themselves too seriously to book work. Girls as a rule are more conscientious, more anxious to please their teachers, and to win good reports during and at the end of the year. If a boy fails "he should worry". If a girl fails she feels disgraced.

At home a boy's study is accepted as the main purpose of his life. If he has lessons to prepare he is excused from other tasks. The girl is not so excused. She has her household tasks and her social duties to perform and in many cases her studies must wait.

It is for parents to see that during the year girls get as fair a chance as the boys. She should be able to systematize her work and her hours. She should get time for play and for sleep. She should have a fighting chance.

The most pleasing grace in the whole world is modesty. It is becoming alike to individuals and nations. It is worthy of cultivation by all classes. It is a fitting virtue for the young and doubly fitting for those advanced in years.

Among the men that can not be tolerated in good society are those given to boasting—the man who talks about the great deeds he has performed, the great people he has met, the great experiences he has undergone. Among the nations that become a by-word and a reproach are those that are continually magnifying their little performances, or such as in their self-conceit venture to proclaim to the world that "We won the War."

There is no one to whom modesty is more becoming than to a young lady. It will appear in her speech, her dress, her manner and her actions. A loud cackling laugh, a face overdone with paint and powder, a dress so striking as to be a subject for remark by all observers, a manner so bold that it compels attention—all these are unnecessary and extremely distasteful. It is surely easy for a young lady to grasp the first principle of behaviour. Nothing in the details of dress, speech or manner should detract from the sweetness of her own personality.

A recent writer has given expression to two thoughts that bear upon this topic. The first has to do with speech:

Some are afraid that a quiet demeanor may suggest stupidity. Well, sometimes it does; but it also suggests thoughtfulness, and watchfulness, and depths of intelligence and feeling. That was an exquisite compliment paid to a quiet lady in a French comedy: "What makes the charm of your conversation is not only the things you say, but above all the things you don't say."

People may suspect that we are not brilliant if we keep still, but if we talk much, they are sure to know we are not. And those who practice the charming art of being quiet escape at least the great talker's vast accumulation of things she had rather not have said.

The second thought has to do with dress: "The mediaeval pilgrim walked miles with beans in his shoes, hoping through torture of his body to save his soul, but the modern misled young girl stands all day in high heeled shoes and all she has to show for it is an awkward carriage and a hobbling gait.

To quote once more:

That the art of being well dressed is a personal art, and that its values are not absolute, but relative, is a truth that few women grasp. Taste is founded on a sense of proportion, on a nice adjustment of ideals to practical conditions and necessities. A keen and experienced observer once said that she had known but three perfectly dressed women in her life. The first was the wife of a millionaire. The second was the secretary and stenographer of a newspaper editor—a capable girl who received thirty dollars a week. The third was a housekeeper, who for years had run a big, hospitable country house smoothly and comfortably. Naturally, the question of money was eliminated from the unconscious rivalry. Each of the three women had a sense of fitness that taught her how to dress her part. Each knew—either instinctively or by a process of selection—the clothes best suited to her own appearance, to her surroundings and to her daily tasks. Good taste is invariably built on a substructure of judgment and plain common sense.

Riddles

By Robert Jukes, F.C.I.



We observe that the report of the Board on Foreign Missions was presented to the Presbyterian General Assembly at Ottawa on the 4th of June. The document states that during the next five years the sum of eight hundred thousand dollars is to be expended in the foreign field of the Church.

Without the least desire to detract from the noble work that is being carried out in foreign missionary fields, not only by the Presbyterian, but every other denomination, including the Roman Catholic, we have never been able clearly to understand the precise reason for devoting immense sums in the direction above indicated, when the condition of the Home Field is considered.

For years past we have regarded this all important subject as constituting for the average layman, a—riddle.

Taking at random, a considerable district radiating, say, a hundred miles from where we are writing in Saskatchewan, it may be safely asserted that large areas, exclusive of villages and hamlets, are entirely free from any attention, from any kind of religious denomination. We leave out of consideration occasional visits during the summer months, from excellent and well meaning young men, members mostly of some university, who devote portions of a vacation to furthering the cause.

Such efforts, though laudable, leave the great problem untouched.

To establish on a sound financial footing, that will operate in the direction of affording those members of the community who consider the absence of any spiritual influence, both on themselves and their children as a grave evil, it should be possible to develop a scheme of co-operation between the churches and the great societies, of which we may take the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, as an example, in the direction of acting in conjunction with the persons in the various localities who are most interested in the subject, and drawing up a plan of campaign based on sound knowledge of all the difficulties involved. Good results should accrue from a frank and open conference.

Viewed in the abstract, we have always maintained that those entitled to the first charge on all missionary effort, were the white people, the white men and women, the white pioneers of these wild wastes of North America, who yesterday and now "bear all the heat and burden of the day" for their children, the men and women of to-morrow.

These are the people who have the first claim, the people whose children will, if matters continue as at present, be less equipped, as far as an elementary knowledge of Christianity is concerned, than the Yellow, the Black and the Red, for whose benefit an enormous degree of energy and treasure is expended, to the prejudice of those possessed of superior claims.

"The divine injunction must be obeyed," exclaim the missionary. "Go forth into all the world and preach the Word." To this we will merely reply that the Author of that command probably never, with His knowledge of human nature, could have intended that in the progress of time His words should always bear a literal interpretation, or that they should be marred by over zeal, or lack of judgment and discretion.

Foreign Missions are deserving of the deepest respect from every man, whether he believes in the doctrine of Christianity or not, but it is open to grave question whether a less generous flow of contribution toward the Chinese who despise us, or the Hottentots and the Esquimaux who regard us with indifference, would seriously affect the number of conversions achieved.

In making these slight observations on a subject of deep interest, we are

quite aware that large sums are devoted to the Home field, and that numerous earnest and devout men and women have consecrated their lives to its noble work; it is, therefore, in realizing these facts that we regret all the more to note the numerous neglected spots that lie scattered over this far West.

If the church and the societies find population increasing over such a vast territory, and in some places composed of elements that make no response to their efforts, elements indeed that the church never has and never will get in touch with, why not invite the Salvation Army to join forces with them, not only in urban centres, but in many rural districts also? In no degree does it matter what denomination would compose the force. All should co-operate for one purpose only. Look at the mines, the lumber camps, construction camps, fisheries. Is there any organized body of picked men in these strange and unattractive places? Men who can really throw themselves into the lives of those they are with, and who are individually possessed of magnetism that will cause each one his immediate welcome, as being a "real good sort?"

The public has ever been generous to Home and Foreign Missions. The executives of these great institutions should be more generous to the white man.

JERUSALEM

By May H. Windsor

Look up! look up! Jerusalem, this glorious day you'll see,
The tyrants and usurpers bold before their conquerors flee.

They come who bring salvation, soon your freedom they will win,
They're at the gates, fling wide, fling wide, and bid them welcome in;
And as the proud oppressors now are put to utter rout,
"Huzza, huzza," the people cry, with glad and mighty shout.
And lo! the British flag is flying o'er Jerusalem.

The people of Jerusalem rejoice to see this day,
They have music there and singing, bright flowers strew their way,
The crescent droops and trembles, it falls inglorious,
Behold! the cross is lifted up, it waves victorious.

"Huzza, huzza!" the people cry, and Judah's hills around,
Moriah and Mount Olivet take up the joyful sound.
And lo! the British flag is flying o'er Jerusalem.

That flag bears—Oh, Jerusalem, the insignia of One,
'Tis the symbol of the kingship of David's greater Son.
Once—long ago—He walked these streets in sorrow and alone,
To-day He comes as conqueror to save and bless His own.
Sound, sound the harp and timbrel, He sets His people free,
And sing, oh Jordan sing, as ye roll onwards to the sea.
For lo! the British flag is flying o'er Jerusalem.

The British flag, red, white and blue, floats o'er the olive trees,
Of David's city Bethlehem, triumphant in the breeze.
Flung outward, and flung skyward too, safe guardianship it holds,
The weak, the poor find sure refuge beneath its sheltering folds.
Of rain, or wind, or sunshine, silvery day and solemn night,
The lion and the unicorn keep watch from lofty height.
Oh! praise the Lord, the British flag flies o'er Jerusalem.

The Christian needs a reminder every hour; some defeat, surprise, adversity, peril; to be agitated, mortified, beaten out of his course, so that all remains of self will be sifted out.—Dr. Bushnell