

## HOME CIRCLE COLUMN

Pleasant Evening Reveries dedicated to tired Mothers as they Join the Home Circle at Evening Tide.

The first word a child utters is apt to be "Mother" and the old man in his dying dream calls "Mother!" mother! It matters not whether she was brought up in the surroundings of a city and in affluent home, and was dressed appropriately with reference to the demands of modern life, or whether she wore the old time cap and great round spectacles and apron of her own make, and knit your socks with her own needles, seated by the broad fireplace, with great black logs ablaze on a winter night. It matters not how many wrinkles crossed and recrossed her face, or how much her shoulders stooped with the burdens of a long life, if you painted a madonna hers would be the face. What a gentle hand she had when we were sick, and what a voice to soothe pain, and was there any one who could so fill up a room with peace and purity and light? And what sad a day that was when we came home and she could greet us not, for her lips were forever still.

To make your home happy, see that you make your wife feel that your affection and tenderness for her are in no degree diminished from the day you first sought her. Do not let her, when you can avoid it, sit alone and go out walking alone. You would not have done so "once upon a time." Do not reserve all your blandness and fragrance for strangers or casual acquaintances. There are some men, judging from those out-of-doors manners, it would seem that nothing was left to be desired who are, nevertheless, of the unso-majior tribe at home; men who keep their pleasant ways and genial smiles and cheerful words for company, and who can only be silent or peevish and exacting with their wives. Have such men any just reason to complain that their homes are not happy.

If your grown son or daughter have accomplished some difficult piece of work, rendering you essential assistance; or have climbed some step in the daily drill of study, or have acquired some new accomplishment, or added grace; or better than all have gained the victory over some bad habit or besetting sin—acknowledge it, see it, praise them for it. Let them see by your added tenderness, the deep joy and comfort it gives you. Thus you will create a great incentive to right conduct, and lay a broad foundation for a character which shall be redolent with a succulent fruit and fragrant blossoms.

It is natural and right that a mother should wish to see her daughter well educated and even highly accomplished; and it is a mistake that good and careful education should unfit a girl for the homely duties of cooking, dusting and general housework. On

the contrary, those duties would be better performed if mothers would at the same time that they seek talented instructors for their daughters, impart to them some of their own untutored talent; there would be more good wives and marriages.

A man who has made a happy home for his wife and children, no matter what he has not done in the way of achieving wealth and honor; if he has done that he is a grand success. If he has not done that, and it is his own fault, though he be the highest in the land, he is a most pitiable failure. We wonder how many men in a mad pursuit of gold, which characterizes the age, realize that there is no fortune which can be left to their families as great as the memory of a happy home.

No heart is insensible to words of praise or the kindly smile of approbation; and none are utterly above being affected by censure or blame. Children are particularly sensitive in this respect. Nothing can discourage a child more than a spirit of incessant fault-finding; and perhaps nothing can exert a more painful influence upon both parent and child. If you are little one, through the day, has been pleasant and obedient, and you say to him, "My son, you have been good to-day, and it makes me very happy," and it, with more than a usually affectionate embrace, you say "Good night, my dear child," a throb of suppressed feelings fills his breast, and he resolves on always earning such approval.

People always speak well of a boy who minds his own business and who seems to be disposed to somebody in time. This a queer world; many people are watching us, and help often comes when and from whom we least expect. Confidence is the safe in which men often deposit rich treasures and as you prove worthy so will your reward of success be. There is a reward in success, which none but those who strive can enjoy. Deserve success and it will come.

A woman who fails in her home fails in all. Home is woman's realm, given into her hands to regulate, govern and beautify. If she fails here she may look in vain for another kingdom; for she has failed in the only spot where she could have ultimately succeeded. She has laid down the jewels which God gave her to brighten and polish, and in their place finds nothing but dust and ashes.

The home should be a place where man is always on his good behaviour; our kindest words, our pleasantest smiles, and our most particular favors, should be kept to exchange with our own household.

### Sudden Death of Hopetown Young Man.

Moving along, apparently enjoying a fair measure of health, William Yuill, second son of Mr. James Yuill of Hopetown, came to an end last Saturday in a manner which by its awful suddenness created a scene of deep and shocking bereavement, and appalled the many friends of the young man by the swift manifestation of how mortal man may be deprived of life. In the morning he left home in charge of a load of milk for the cheese factory and on the way back stopped at the store of Mr. George Stewart, Hopetown. While there he felt a certain weakness come over him. Mrs. Stewart, who had been conversing with him, became alarmed at his appearance and directed him inside, where she applied such restoratives as were at hand, helped him to a position of rest on the couch in the kitchen and went back to look after the team standing at the door. While doing so she heard a noise in the kitchen, and, hurrying to ascertain the cause, she discovered Willie face downwards on the couch. She lifted him up and was horrified to find that he was dead. The only explanation that seems to fit in with the young man's death is that a few years ago he had a severe illness of pneumonia which may have affected his heart, although he had made no complaint except the day before his death when he spoke to his brother of feeling a smothering sensation around his heart. Deceased was 24 years of age, physically a well-developed young man, one whose appearance gave promise of health and long life.—Lanark Era.

### How a London Journal Sizes up the Jutland Fight.

"There is one hard, cold fact in Sir John Jellicoe's despatch which ought not to be muffled up in technical clouds," says the London Star. "It is the fact that the Germans lost twenty-one ships against Britain's fourteen, and that they lost six capital ships, against Britain's three. In capital ships their losses were two to one. In all classes of ships British losses were two-thirds of theirs. In a hard-fought fight, in which the British fleet took all the possible risks and the Germans took as few risks as possible, this is decisive victory, if it is not annihilation." If the Germans had not run away in the mist and fled in the night, they would have been annihilated.

Children Cry  
FOR FLETCHER'S  
CASTORIA

### The Ottawa Fair.

Entries for the Central Canadian Exhibition—or the Ottawa Fair, as it is more popularly known—are coming in rapidly. The closing date for receipt is September 4th, but from the already large number received the fair this year will be one of the largest in the thirty years it has been conducted. From September 9th to 16th the spacious grounds at Ottawa will be the Mecca of the exhibitors from all parts of the Dominion. The Federal Department of Agriculture has again lent its aid to the management, and the famous wool and egg exhibit will be on view, as well as the famous stallion Anner sent to Canada by His Majesty the King for breeding purposes. This is the horse that was prevented from winning the historic Derby by Miss Davidson, the suffragist, who threw herself on the course as the animal was well on the way to winning the race. The government wool and egg exhibit is well worth seeing, and competent assistants will be in charge to give full explanations. In the way of special attractions, the directors of the fair have this year put forward special efforts. In addition to the splendid program in front of the grandstand afternoons and evenings, there will be aeroplane and balloon ascensions daily, and thrilling manoeuvres will be executed in the air. The formal opening of the big fair will take place on Monday, September 11th, and with the splendid exhibits in the live stock, agriculture, pure food and other departments already assured, together with the programs arranged, a week of unprecedented educational value and amusement is assured.

### The Dear Girl.

A New Orleans cotton broker employed a young woman stenographer who was an acutely incorrect speller. She was so competent in every other way he bought her a dictionary and advised her to use it regularly. The next morning when he came down to his office he noticed that to protect the new book from the constant wear she was expected to give it she had covered the backs with cloth, and across the cover she had written: "Dictionary."—The Lamb.

A Ruthenian convention at Saskatoon of five hundred delegates sent the Duke of Connaught a message affirming the loyalty of the Ruthenians in Canada.

Children Cry  
FOR FLETCHER'S  
CASTORIA

## THE PLAY IN CHINA

It is a Curious Mixture of Noise, Costume and Strut.

### DIN FROM START TO FINISH.

It Begins When the Curtain Rises and Continues Until the Last Scene Ends the Agony—The Property Man a Mighty Important Personage.

I was all tired and luecked out when I reached China, so I thought to myself, "I'll just go to a Chinese theater and spend a quiet evening. I won't understand anything, so I can doze off when I want to and come out as refreshed as a sprig of celery."

"What time does the play begin?" I asked as the guide led the way to the gallery, for in a Chinese theater the farther away you are the more aristocratic. No Chinese of caste would be caught in orchestra A.

"It have begin," he answered. "How could that be?" I demanded, for it was still a few minutes of 8.

"It begin yesterday. It run two piece days. It No. 1 play."

And so I found out. The better the play the longer it lasts. A Chinaman doesn't think he is getting his money's worth unless the play lasts a couple of days. Some of them continue a week. They consider a play that lasts only a night a curtain raiser and tag it on to a real play just to try it out.

The Chinese believe in noise. A theater isn't a theater to them unless it has a ladies' annex to a boiler factory just off stage. The hammering begins when the curtain goes up and continues until it falls. I soon found out that I erred seriously in coming to a Chinese theater to sleep. A person might doze off for a few minutes in a car shop, but he could never get near the knitting up of the raveled sleeve in a Chinese theater.

Chinese acting consists of the actors coming on again in another outfit of clothes. They come on, whirl a baton a couple of times and around—while they are off another delegation of actors arrive with another collection of clothes. They whirl their clubs a few times and file out Indian style as another lodge arrives. There is no more expression on the face of a Chinese actor than on a punching bag.

When they want to show that the intrepid hero with a handful of men is trying to take a fortification against a vastly overwhelming enemy the property man hurries around in front of the hero with a black cloth stretched over a frame. This is the fortification, even though you can see his fingers gripping the breastworks. The dauntless hero marches across the stage, stops before the impregnable barrier, casts his eagle eye over it, draws his long sword and rips it asunder with one fell blow, the property man holding the swaying corner, while the hero marches through to victory. The intrepid hero stops to explain to his subordinates how he was able to accomplish the feat, while the property man drags the ramparts into the wings and begins pinning them up for the attack in the next act.

In a Chinese play there are no girls, their parts being taken by boys, speaking in a high, quavering voice as if something were too tight. When an actor wants to show that he is old he ties on a beard that comes to his waist. The beard works off to one corner and hangs grimly by one string, but the audience doesn't worry about that. They know that he is an old man because he has a beard.

I was constantly alert to figure out what kind of show it was. When I first got there and saw the constant change of costume I thought that it must be a musical comedy, but after studying it more closely I saw that it was a farce. When they began to kill people I came to the conclusion that it was an opera. Later, when the hero found his wife in another man's arms, I decided that it was a problem play.

The most important person in a Chinese show is the property man. Alongside him the lead sinks into insignificance. He has charge of the show. The show opens when he says and closes when he wants to go out to a ten house. He keeps his properties where they are handy—down stage by the proscenium, arch—right out where the audience can lean over and almost touch them. To know what is coming next all the audience has to do is to look over and see what the property man is getting ready.

Hour after hour the play continued without an intermission. Midnight came, and the actors seemed to be just getting into the spirit of the play. When I remembered that the play had been running for two days I felt sure that the next five minutes would see the last costume, but the show still continued.

I clung desperately on, determined to be in at the finish when the last hot, feverish kiss was pressed on the upturned lips, but it didn't end that way. It ended when the leading man came rushing out with a cheese cutter and killed twelve men in breathless succession, the maimed and wounded thoughtfully crawling to the wings to die, thus giving the leading man the center of the stage until the envious property man came up and spitefully yanked the curtains down.—Homer Crox

Correct Answer.  
"Why isn't a nautical mile the same as an ordinary mile?"  
"Because it is knot."

The more one judges the less one loves.—Balzac.

### Buried Where They Fell.

Nothing could be more pathetic than the efforts of the fighting men, both French and English, to mark in some identifiable way the final resting places of their comrades.

The fallen are for the most part buried in their uniforms; there is not in France oak or pine wood sufficient to shroud the victims of this war, nor are there carpenters enough remaining living to make coffins for them. They are buried where they fall upon the battlefield, their comrades having just sufficient time to hew their rugged graves with a few stout strokes from spade or pickaxe, while the enemy perhaps advances or ere they themselves must move forward to renewed battle. They always try to mark the grave. To make the cross, they do the best they can with whatever may lie nearest to their hands. Twigs are broken from the trees or gathered from the ground, themselves victims of gunfire, and are tied together with a string or strap or bit of wire; perhaps instead two pieces of a broken box or two splinters from a paling are nailed together; anything and everything may do duty, for the humble monument.

### Freedom of Thought.

The school board of Lancaster, Ohio, in 1882, refused to permit the school-house to be used for the discussion of the question as to whether railroads were practical or not. This matter was recently called to mind by an old document that read as follows:

"You are welcome to use the school-house to debate all proper questions in, but such things as railroads and telegraphs are impossible and rank infidelity. There is nothing in the Word of God about them. If God had designed that His intelligent creatures should travel at the frightful speed of fifteen miles an hour by steam, He would have clearly foretold it through His holy prophets. It is a device of Satan to lead immortal souls down to hell."

### His Business.

"You say the officer arrested you while you were quietly minding your own business?"

"Yes, your Honor. He caught me suddenly by the coat collar and threatened to truncheon me unless I accompanied him quietly to the station."

"You were peacefully attending to your own business, making no noise or disturbance of any kind?"

"None whatever, sir."

"It seems very strange. What is your business?"

"I'm a burglar."—Tit-Bits.

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### Canadians at Ypres

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### CANADIAN PRISONERS OF WAR.

One of the admirable features of Canadian Red Cross work is the provision made for supplying Canadian Prisoners of War with clothes and other comforts, and weekly parcels of food. For this purpose a special fund has been created, and in addition, by arrangement with Government Authorities, any Canadian prisoner has the privilege of assigning part of his pay to the Red Cross, which in return will send him such goods as he desires and the German authorities permit.

Some people profess to doubt whether the prisoners actually receive these parcels. The Canadian Red Cross has had however many letters from Canadian prisoners in Germany. Many of them are published from month to month in the Red Cross Bulletin.

A prisoner in Giessen stated, "I received my first parcel of food through the Canadian Red Cross on November 25th, and since then they have been coming regularly. Have also had shirts, underwear, socks, gloves, muffler, blanket, overcoat, sweater and a pair of slippers. All here join in thanking the Red Cross for its kindness."

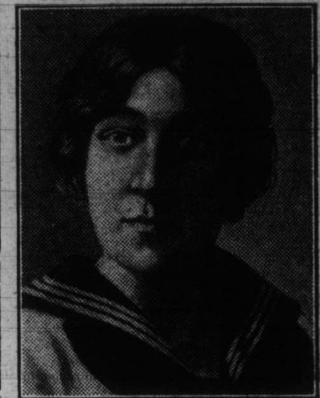
No. 27561, a sergeant in the 48th Highlanders of Toronto, writes from the prison camp of Alten Grabow, "We have been looked after most splendidly by the Red Cross Society, and I can assure you that we all have received ample underclothing and outer-clothing and boots. We are also receiving bread from Berne."

Another sergeant who is imprisoned in Giessen acknowledges the receipt of a gramophone, boxing gloves and a football, in addition to special parcels from Montreal.

There are innumerable other letters of a similar nature, and there is not the least doubt that the Canadian Red Cross, owing to the special privileges conferred on Red Cross Societies by the Hague Convention, is the best medium through which to communicate with Canadian prisoners in Germany.

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