

A PAGE FOR THE FIRESIDE HOUR.

POEMS.

WIDMUNG (Dedication).

Thou art my life, my soul and heart,
Thou art my joy and sadness art,
Thou art my heav'n, my matchless
lover.
The world of bliss wherein I hover,
Thou art the grave wherein I cast
Forever all my sorrow past.
Thou bringest rest and peace abiding,
Heav'n is through thee me kindly
guiding.
So has thy love to me appeal'd
I see my inmost self reveal'd,
Thou liftest me beyond myself.
Good genius thou, my better self.
—Robert Schumann.

KEEPING YOUNG.

Somebody's got to keep young,
Somebody's got to keep sweet;
Somebody's got to pluck roses of love
And cast them beneath life's feet.
They talk of the burdens of age,
But the burden of all, in truth,
Is keeping—wherever the battles may
rage—
The beautiful spirit of youth.

Somebody's got to keep young,
For it never would do if men
Were to find no roses along the lane,
No dew on the roses again.
The greatest need of the world
Is the need of the sunny cheer
Of youth in the glory of song and
story
To answer when life calls: "Here!"

Somebody's got to keep young,
And I wonder if it is me,
Babble of song on my busy tongue
And dreams of my soul in glee!
Ah, well, I shall do my best,
For the secret of youth is this—
Love and the rose of a rosy breast,
And the lips of a rose to kiss!

Somebody's got to keep young,
And that's why I'm dancing at nine,
Of the loved eyes looking in mine,
Dewy with light of the silver night
Easy enough to be old.
And sad enough in its way—
Somebody's got to be rosy with youth
To keep us from turning gray.
—The Bentztown Bard.

GIVE ME MY DREAMS.

(By A. J. Waterhouse.)
Give me my dreams. All else is
naught.
At price of gain success is bought;
We struggle upward but to fall;
The prize we grasp but holds us
thral;
The lips that cheer us through the
years
Some day smile not for all our tears;
We build awhile, we know not what,
And the toiler is forgot.
Give me my dreams.

Voice, Speech and Culture.

In these days nothing so marks a
gentlewoman as her voice and choice
of words. The charm of an agreeable
voice is more potent far than that of a
pretty face, and while many an attrac-
tive girl perhaps possessed of real
beauty kills all admiration the moment
she begins to speak, just so many a
really plain girl can win the
notice and hold the attention simply
by a delightfully modulated voice and
a cultured choice of words. One may
or may not have points of physical
beauty, but all can acquire charm in
the speaking voice.

There are two aims, then, to be
striven for, one to become so familiar
with "good English" that no other
kind of words will come to mind, and
another to eradicate whatever is un-
pleasant in the voice or laugh by kill-

ing all nasal tones and overcoming
any tendency to speak too loudly, too
fast or so indistinctly that it is an
effort for the listener to catch the
drift of the conversation.

Speech, or rather the way of speak-
ing is absolutely a question of habit,
and hence there is nothing in the
voice short of a physical defect which
cannot be changed if one is willing to
work for it. The only means of rid-
ding oneself of a habit of talking
slang is literally not to root out the
evil, but to overcome evil with good.
A habit of reading the best books

will give familiarity with a high
standard of words, and whenever an
unfamiliar word or term is met it
must be looked up in a dictionary or
encyclopedia and its definition com-
mitted to memory. If only a word a
day is acquired in this manner it will
be astonishing how quickly the vo-
cabulary will grow, and not only will
an added pleasure be given to read-
ing as the rarest words become famil-
iar and intelligible, but a decided
pleasure will be found in trying to fit
the new words into letters, class
work and ordinary conversation.

Sympathy is a trait in the human
voice which is all important for
charm. If one is really interested in
the person with whom one is talking,
really anxious to please and to help
if possible, that quality of sympathy
will creep in.

The girl who wishes to be a gentle-
woman has three rules for her guide-
ance; no slang; a voice modulated to
suit the size of the room and to
reach only those persons whom it is
directly intended to reach; neither too
rapid utterance nor a drawl, and in
each sentence that indescribable
quality which shows the speaker is at
the moment more interested in the
question under discussion than in any
other topic that could be brought up.
This is what the conversation of a
girl of education and culture should
become.

rooms. They are apt to carry
about disease germs.
Limit your ambition.
Have a change of occupation.
Take frequent and short holidays.
Keep your temper.

Speak a shade more kindly
Than the year before.
Do good things oftener—
Love a little more.
Though usurpers sway the rule
awhile,
Yet heavens are just, and time sup-
presseth wrongs.
—3 Henry VI.

Now the fair goddess, Fortune,
Fall deep in love with thee . . .
Prosperity be thy page!
—Coriolanus.

What cannot be avoided
Twere childish weakness to lament
or fear.
—Henry VI.

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES DIS-
TEMPER.

A Physician's Rule for Health.

Sir James Sawyer, the famous Eng-
lish physician, sets forth the follow-
ing "rules for prolonging life for a
century":—

Eight hours' sleep.
Sleep on your right side.
Keep your bedroom window open
all night.
Have a mat at your bedroom door.
Do not have your bed against the
wall.
No cold tub in the morning, but a
bath at the temperature of the body.
Exercise before breakfast.
Eat little meat, and see that it is
well cooked.
(For adults) Drink no milk.
Eat plenty of fat, to feed the cells
which destroy disease germs.
Avoid intoxicants, which destroy
these cells.
Daily exercise in the open air.
Allow no pet animals in your liv-

ing rooms. They are apt to carry
about disease germs.
Limit your ambition.
Have a change of occupation.
Take frequent and short holidays.
Keep your temper.

Speak a shade more kindly
Than the year before.
Do good things oftener—
Love a little more.
Though usurpers sway the rule
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LIFE IS A MIRROR. SMILE AT IT!

What Life Means to Me.

First of all, Life means to me an
unceasing gratitude to God who gave
it. There is no day of my existence
on which I forget to give thanks to
that Eternal Power who, out of an
unconscious Past, beneficently called
me into the Present of this world—a
world so lovely in its natural beau-
ty that we can imagine nothing lov-
lier,—save Heaven! To be allowed to
dwell at all in such a paradise, made
fair with everything that can delight
the eyes or charm the senses, is to
me sufficient cause for hourly thank-
giving, and if I were to try and count
up the blessings which just the one
joy of sight bestows, I should be beg-
gared of all words. Life means to me
a glorious Opportunity of which no
moment should be wasted,—a way of
spiritual progress—a time in which
to make use of all the best powers
which Nature and education have be-
stowed upon me,—a little space
wherein to perform as many kind ac-

tions as possible, and to say as many
kind words as I can to my fellow-
creatures who are journeying with me
along the same road onward—and
upward! I have known pain and sor-
row,—but in my view of the "mean-
ing" of Life, I take these as phases
of difficulty over which my soul must
learn to triumph. They are the ob-
stacles in the course which are pur-
posely set before me to be conquer-
ed, and I have over and over again
proved them to be Heaven's kindest
intentions in disguise. Life means to
me not only the blessing of itself, but
the promise of a Higher Life,—and I
live it joyously, devoutly, hopefully
and lovingly—accepting it, not as a
mere "chance" arrangement, doomed
to disperse in a purposeless Nothing-
ness,—but as divinely appointed
schooling, which when it shall arrive
at what is called the "End," will have
placed me happily at a new Begin-
ing.
—Marie Corelli.

How to Succeed in Business

Golden Rules Which Have Guided Successful Men to Fame and For- tune.

The young man who wishes to suc-
ceed in business could not do better
than to follow the advice given by a
number of successful men in Cas-
sell's Magazine. Here are a few ex-
tracts from their golden rules:—

SIR HIRAM S. MAXIM:
Hard work and economy are, I
think, two of the factors that go to
the making of a successful man. The
enterprising American who adver-
tised his willingness to show how
anyone might become rich merely by
forwarding him twenty-five cents was
manifestly of the same opinion, for his
instructions were, in every case,
"Work very hard and don't spend a
cent."

MR. ANDREW CARNEGIE:
The first essential to success is, I
should say, honesty, for honesty in a
business man begets trust among his
clients.

After honesty I would place in-
dustry. The man who is honest and
industrious need have little fear of
failure. If, moreover, he is not too
particular about the character of the
work he does, so long as it is hono-
rable, and in the best interests of his
employers, his chances of success are
infinitely increased.

Again, I am a strong believer in the
efficacy of "push" and forcefulness.

SIR THOMAS LIPTON:
Of all the qualifications necessary
to a successful man of affairs, three,

I think, stand pre-eminent—temper-
ance, civility, and punctuality. These
are, in my opinion, quite indispensable
to a reliable man, and it is the man
who can be relied upon who will come
to the front.

The intemperate man is absolutely
unreliable in all matters of business,
and he generally goes from bad to
worse.

The Use and Abuse of Condiments.

A complete chemical or physiologi-
cal explanation has never yet been
given, says the *Lancet*, of our par-
tiality for condiments in our daily
dietary. They, however, undoubtedly
improve the flavour of more or less
tasteless foods.

It is not quite clear, however, why,
for example, a person takes mustard
with ham, pork or beef and not with
mutton; vinegar with salad or lob-
ster and not with ham or other foods.
In generalising, however, it would ap-
pear that condiments are chosen to
accompany those foods which are less
digestible or which are richer than
others. Mutton, for example, is more
digestible than beef, pork, or duck,
and it is to these three that mustard
is generally added. Vinegar again, is
known to soften the hard fibre of both
meat and Vegetables; hence it prob-
ably renders such foods as crabs, lob-
ster, salmon, salads, red cabbage, and
walnuts less tough and more digest-
ible. Vinegar in dressing and sauces
probably has a similar action.
Condiments should be very sparing-

ly used, or they lose their value, and
harm ensues because the dose is in-
creased. People of robust appetites
need little or nothing of them.

Bread and cheese and beer form a
most enjoyable meal after brisk ex-
ercise in the open country air, but
during sedentary occupation very lit-
tle relish is experienced for such a
simple repast. Hunger is the best
sauce, but failing hunger the appetite
must be coaxed, and herein lies the
true uses of sauces, condiments and
other aids.

The abuse of condiments has its
attendant evils. The excessive use of
vinegar is calculated to lead to an
anaemic condition, while it has an un-
favourable influence on gout. Some
silly women take vinegar to produce
a pale complexion. Similarly a free
indulgence in pepper or mustard,
which are both irritants, is likely to
have an irritating effect upon the or-
gans of secretion. On the other hand,
their moderate indulgence promotes
digestion, for they act as carminatives.

Thou wilt not leave us in the dust:
Thou madest man, he knows not why,
He thinks he was not made to die;
And Thou hast made him: Thou art
just.
—In Memoriam.

A Yuletide Tragedy.

When Josiah Gibbs found that his
wife "had it in for him," as he called
it, and had bought him a box of cigars
for his Christmas present, he grew
wise and, with apparent sorrow, said
to her:

"Now, isn't it too bad, my love? I
discovered that cigar smoking was be-
coming so injurious to me that I have
quit it and have to content myself
with a few whiffs now and then on
my pipe with mild tobacco. Now, isn't
it too bad?"

"I'm so sorry, dear!" said Josiah
Gibbs' wife. "But your friends will
enjoy them, and I am sure that will
please you."
Gibbs smiled grimly and, as his wife
departed, winked knowingly at him-
self in the looking glass. And when
he saw his friend Joe Spicer he told
him how he had escaped his wife's
Christmas cigars. Joe Spicer, the best
judge of a good cigar that ever bit off
the end of a two-for-a-half. And Joe
smiled grimly too.

But every time Joe Spicer called at
Gibbs', which was often—he was an
old friend of Gibbs—he smoked one or
more of Josiah's wife's Christmas cig-
ars.

"Gallant and diplomatic of you, old
man!" Gibbs would say to Spicer on
opportunity and smile his knowing
smile. And Joe would smile his.

And by and by the cigars were all
smoked by Spicer, and Gibbs' wife was
led to say to Gibbs:

"It's just a perfect shame, Josiah,
that you couldn't take any pleasure in
those cigars and that your friend
Spicer should have had them all."

At which Josiah smiled his knowing
smile and said:
"Oh, well, my love, never mind. Joe
seemed to enjoy them."

"Yes, indeed!" said Josiah's wife.
"Why shouldn't he?"
Which made Josiah smile more and
more and almost chuckle. But he said
nothing.

"Yes, indeed," repeated Mrs. Gibbs,
"why shouldn't he? You know, Jos-
iah, you told me that a woman
should never choose cigars for a
Christmas present to her husband, as
a woman knows nothing about their
quality, so I asked Joe Spicer, having
heard you say often what an excellent
judge of a cigar he was, to select a
box for me—the best he could get—
and he did and—"

Josiah Gibbs had instant business
down at the office, where he tore his
hair and flung his pipe and tobacco
out of the window. And he passed
Joe Spicer without bowing and with-
out his knowing smile. But Joe still
wore his—Browning's Magazine.

Mind's Power Over Matter.

To illustrate how susceptible child-
ren especially are to be influenced by
their minds, some experiments were
recently made in a school. A teacher
talked to the children of various per-
fumes, and then said he would spray
some about the room.

He sprayed some pure water, yet
95 per cent. of the children at seven
years of age declared that they smelt
perfume. With the elder children the
number lessened, and only 50 per cent.
of the children of ten years of age
thought they smelt perfume.

Another experiment was tried. Bit-
ter quinine was talked about, and the
children were told that some would
be dropped on their tongues. Pure
water was given them, but of 288 chil-
ren, 218 said it had a bitter taste. One
could easily fill up page after page in
showing how all of us are led away
for good or ill by mental influence.

Knowing this, then, it behooves us to
be careful how our own mind reacts
on our own bodies and on others with
whom we come in contact. We have
within us a force which is all-potent,
and this power may prove a blessing
or a curse, according to the uses for
which it is employed.

But use it one must, for it is one of
Nature's all-pervading forces, and
knows no variableness nor shadow of
turning.

Love took up the glass of Time, and
turn'd it in his glowing hand;
Every moment, lightly shaken, ran
itself in golden sands.
—Locksley Hall.

Great Men and Women.

Frederich Von Schiller.

Intended for the church from boy-
hood, then a student of law, and af-
terwards of medicine, Schiller, the
German poet and dramatist, realized
his own poetic powers, and freeing
himself from the influences that would
have moulded his life in another form,
he devoted himself to the study of
poetry and tragedy. The son of a
father and mother of deeply religious
feeling, Schiller grew up with a like
nature, and made it his constant aim,
deliberately chosen, to try to carry
out in his daily life his loftiest ideals.
His father, an army surgeon, held an
appointment under a Wurtemberg
duke, who made himself patron of the
clever lad. The duke was very proud
of his protégé, and was delighted to
bestow on him, in the presence of
Goethe, three medals for excellence
in his medical studies.

Schiller was appointed surgeon to
a Wurtemberg regiment, and almost
simultaneously a play he had written
was put on the stage. People took
their seats five hours before the be-
ginning of the performance, as, in
spite of grave faults in composition,
the piece caused a sensation by its re-
volutionary sentiments, with which
the air of the country was charged at
that time, just previous to the out-
break of the French revolution.

Having offended his dual patron,
Schiller was forbidden by him to write
more plays or to leave Stuttgart with-
out permission. Not brooking this of-
fence to his pride as a man and a
writer, the young author fled in dis-
guise to a quiet retreat, where he pro-
duced two more plays, their struc-
ture being, as in nearly all his his-

torical plays, a revolt against some
constituted authority that had degen-
erated into tyranny and become an
enemy to freedom.

Thus began a literary life of strug-
gle against pecuniary difficulties, un-
congenial surroundings and ill-health;
for, having married, after numerous
love affairs, his added responsibilities
laid on Schiller a burden of overwork
which resulted in the breakdown of
his health.

The year 1794 saw the beginning of
his wonderful friendship with Goethe.
A period of distant reserve followed
their meeting, then a chance conver-
sation discovered a common ground of
sympathy in their idea of art as the
crowning stone of human culture, as
in fact the best religion, and in the
spirit of which conviction they each
thought and wrote. Under the stimu-
lus of Goethe's friendship Schiller
produced many matchless poems and
ballads, and going back to dramatic
writing, spent long hours in composi-
tion, in spite of the fact that every
hour's writing cost him several hours'
suffering. In quick succession he
wrote a number of plays, zealously
supporting Goethe in his efforts to
elevate the German stage into an in-
fluential means of culture.

His health, long enfeebled, finally
and suddenly broke down. He died in
1805 at the early age of forty-six, in
the prime of his intellectual activity.

Two great qualities ring through his
works: an incorruptible love of truth
and a lofty spirit of freedom; while
his personal aim had been to "live
like a man whom the world would be
sorry to lose."

The Nail That Holds.

An exchange in telling of the ad-
vantages of steady advertising in its
columns goes about it in the following
way. It says:—

"An old carpenter was driving a
four-inch nail into a joist. He struck
it lightly, and sent it home in about
twenty blows. His apprentice, stand-
ing by, laughed. 'Bet you I could do
that with three strokes,' he boasted.
'Do it,' said the carpenter, 'but leave
the head standing out a quarter-inch.'

The apprentice was as good as his
word. The carpenter then drove an-
other nail, again with light but nu-
merous strokes, and left the head ex-
posed. 'Now,' he said, handing the
hatchet to his assistant, 'pull your
nail out.' The young man did so easi-
ly. 'Now pull out mine.' The ap-
prentice tugged and tugged, grew red
in the face, but did not budge the car-
penter's nail. 'My boy,' said the car-
penter, 'when you want to drive a
nail for keeps, hit it gently, but often.
The harder you strike it, the more you
loosen the fibres of the wood around it.
I put my nail in to stay.'

"Apprentices sometimes try to drive
advertising nails with sledgehammer
blows when the requirements of the
situation call for light but continuous
tapping. They produce a tremendous
concussion on the public mind, but
the nails they drive don't grip. You
will notice that the master adver-
tisers tap, tap, tap, regularly, per-
sistently, and drive their nails home
to stay."

"There are railroad spikes in adver-
tising that must be driven with a
sledge. But do not apply railroad
spike methods to four-inch adver-
tising nails. You can get an ineradic-
able hold on the public memory by
advertising regularly in small space
in *The Telegram*."

How Napoleon Died.

Some interesting additions to the
last chapter in the life of Napoleon—
the five and a half years he spent on
the island of St. Helena—are made
by Mr. L. M. Shortt, the grandson of
Dr. Thomas Shortt, who was princi-
pal medical officer on the island dur-
ing the last months of Napoleon's life.

Two months before the death of "the
little Corsican," which took place
about ten minutes before six o'clock
on the evening of May 5th, 1821, Na-
poleon was told that a splendid man-
sion had been completed for him on
the island, to which he could move
at any time. Napoleon, however, re-
garded the building with horror, and
would never go into it. Dr. Shortt,
and those obliged to be on the spot,
had beds in the mansion, being its
first inhabitants.

Napoleon developed many econ-
omies before his death. It was with
the greatest difficulty that he could
be persuaded to take either food or
medicine. Indeed, Dr. Shortt had to
invent a plan to make Napoleon take
medicine without his knowing it.
By this means the doctor managed

to give him ten grains of calomel,
and he derived advantage from the
medicine, but his strength declined
rapidly and his existence soon ter-
minated. Dr. Shortt mentions, in the
English Review, that Napoleon would
allow no stranger to approach him,
and, although he continued in con-
sultation until Napoleon died, he did not
see him until after his death.

A post mortem examination re-
vealed the fact that Napoleon's body was
a perfect mass of disease from cal-
cer. His father died when younger
than himself of the same disease, so
that it was hereditary, and unconnect-
ed with climate or the mode of life he
led at St. Helena. There is little doubt
that he would have shared the same
fate had he been seated on the throne
of France. It is said that Napoleon's
sister, the Princess Borghese, suffered
from the same disease, and Bonaparte
was anxious that his own symp-
toms should be fully ascertained for
the purpose of being useful to his
child, who might inherit from him the
complaint.

An Evening Prayer.

If I have wounded any soul to-day,
If I have caused one foot to go astray,
If I have walked in my own willful
way—
Good Lord, forgive!

If I have uttered idle word, or vain
If I have turned aside from want or
pain,
Lest I myself should suffer through
the strain—
Good Lord, forgive!

If I have craved for joys that are not
mine,
If I have let my wayward heart re-
pine,
Dwelling on things of earth, not
things divine—
Good Lord, forgive!

If I have been perverse, or hard, or
cold,
If I have longed for shelter in Thy
fold
When thou hast given me some port
to hold—
Good Lord, forgive!

Forgive the sins I have confessed to
Thee,
Forgive the secret sins I do not see,
That which I know not, Father,
teach Thou me—
Teach me to live.
—Selected.

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