

Our Home

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JUMPING AT A CONCLUSION.

LOUISE ALEXANDER.

"I SAY, my good girl, just let me have some water out of that pail, will you?"

And the speaker stooped from his horse to reach for the silently offered beverage.

"Surely you are not a native?" interrogated the young man, with an easy nonchalance of manner, as he slowly sipped the cold, spring water. For he had caught a brief glimpse, beneath the girl's huge sun-bonnet, of abnormally long lashes, sweeping shyly a pair of carnation flushed cheeks.

"I am staying at Miss Gangewer's, sir," was the demure reply.

"Fortunate woman," said the young man, gayly. "My mother will die of envy when she hears of it. You must know there is a general dearth of intelligent help—a very perceptible pause of hesitation, before these two words—" in this forsaken part of the universe. There is a sort of amiable rivalry between Miss Gangewer and my mother on the servant-girl question. You don't happen to have a twin sister who would like a place—only two in the family—and one of them a handsome and perfectly harmless young man?"

"No, sir," uplifting a pair of innocent-looking gray eyes to the gentleman's ingenuous and laughing face.

"Well, a thousand thanks for the water," with an airy wave of his straw hat. "And very truly 'a sweeter draught from a fairer hand was never quaffed,'" and the horse and rider went off at a mad pace, and left the sun-bonneted damsel to gaze after him in mute but obvious amusement.

"Oh! Miss Mary," cried the girl, rushing breathlessly into the cool, dark room, where sat the lady of the small domain.

"I have already had a thrilling adventure," and then the girl gleefully related the encounter at the spring.

"I felt quite like a Maud Muller, particularly when he quoted the Judge," she added, merrily inspecting herself with a droll expression, in the tall mirror at the end of the room. "You see, god-mamma, after all, clothes make the woman. And what a fright I must have looked, to be sure," with a comical grimace at her own reflection.

A plain, straight-cut calico dress, of no particular pattern and no particular hue, enveloped the girl's erect, vigorous figure, while the costume was completed by a sun-bonnet of telescopic aspect, from the depths of which peeped out a pair of saucy gray eyes fringed with black lashes, a delicious little tip-tilted nose, a mouth like a rose-bud, and a chin that was cleft at its base by a dimple.

"You really do look a little ridiculous, Rosie," smiled Miss Gangewer, by way of consolation, from where she sat capping strawberries.

"It must have been Charley Raymond you met out there; he is one of those harum-scarum fellows, always making mistakes and getting himself into scrapes; but a good boy—his mother's idol. You can see their house from this window, Primrose. They have just bought it, and already Mrs. Raymond is in the same predicament that I am—not a servant can she get to stay here for love nor money."

"Say the predicament you were in, god-mamma," said the girl gayly.

"Do you think I have quartered myself on you for a whole summer, without meaning to work for my board? Not I. Besides, fancy a girl with resthetic

tendencies, weighing a hundred and thirty pounds! No, I mean to go into training—to grow long and lank, so that next winter I can appear in sage-green with a lily in my hand, and the proper accessories. So, I don't care a fig, now, Miss Mary, how long it takes my luggage to find its way up here. I shall wear this gown of ascetic simplicity. God-mamma, where did you get the pattern? And we will discover how many of the inhabitants will take me for your servant-girl."

The summer days went calmly by, diversified only, in the little country house among the mountains, by the arrival of a rather uncertain mail, the vexed question of what they should have for dinner, and to the younger lady the probability of a chance encounter with a certain frank-eyed young man, mounted upon an iron-gray steed.

Nearly every day now this same young gentleman drew rein before Miss Gangewer's cottage door; for quite suddenly he had evinced an absorbing interest and anxiety concerning that gentle spinster's welfare.

Numerous, though rather vague, were the messages and inquiries from Mrs. Raymond, through the medium of her son; and kindly-natured Miss Mary was placidly amused at the young man's absent-minded answers to her remarks, while she noted the perplexed interest of his eyes as they followed Primrose West's movements about the room, while she dusted the furniture with a strictly professional air, or appeared to be engrossingly occupied with some other manual labor during his stay.

Occasionally, likewise, these two young people came across each other in their out-of-doors rambles. Indeed, there appeared to be some mysterious quality by which Charley Raymond discovered and followed up the paths by which the sun-bonneted maiden took her afternoon strolls; and in these encounters the young man betrayed an earnest and even eager desire to elicit all the conversation and attention possible from Miss Gangewer's "servant-girl." It was quite evident, even to himself, that he was daily yielding to a deeper infatuation for this shy, lovely-eyed girl, who was at least educated, if she did serve in a menial capacity; and from some few casual remarks he had gathered the rather vague idea that this girl, Rose West, was from Boston—one of those women of whom he had read, who went out in service during the summer in order to earn money for their studies in the winter.

One sultry July afternoon, while Miss Gangewer sat languidly embroidering by the open window, Miss West ran singing into the room.

"Oh! Primrose," said the elder woman, looking up with her usual smile of welcome into the girl's bright face, "I have been thinking about you. Has it ever occurred to you that you are responsible for Charley Raymond's peace of mind?" He was in here a while ago, gazed searchingly around—for you I am sure—and then said his mother would like to borrow the pattern of my—sun-bonnet. I suppose he saw I looked astonished, for he was dreadfully confused and stammered out, of course he meant the lambrequin, in my best bed-room.

Miss West gave utterance to a merry ripple of amusement.

"I will reflect at leisure, on the hollow state of affairs you have developed," she said, tying the strings of the telescopic sun-bonnet under her pretty chin.

"In the meantime, my dear Miss Mary, I am going to hunt up some huckleberries for your supper."

Saying which, with a gay flourish of farewell, the girl ran lightly down the steep garden path—out of the hot sunshine—and plunged, with a relieved sigh of content, into the cool depth of the shady wood.

The huckleberries grew but sparsely around about, and unconsciously the girl went, step by step, until Miss Gangewer's house was left at least a mile behind her.

Suddenly, a low roll of thunder caused Miss Primrose to look up. The sky was black above the tops of the tall trees, and momentarily the wind grew stronger and the trees more noisy. With a quick terror, at the danger of the lightning among her present surroundings, poor Primrose felt suddenly panic-stricken.

Down went the basket of huckleberries, and away sped the girl, whither she scarcely knew, and what an immense relief it was to her to hear a familiar voice, even although the telescopic bonnet had caused her to rush wildly into Charles Raymond's arms.

"Methought I could not have mistaken that sun-bonnet," he shouted above the uproar of the elements, as he hurried her into the open meadow land, where perhaps the lightning had less chance, but decidedly the rain had more, for very soon the girl's calico dress was saturated, and the rain-weighted masses of her hair came tumbling down in picturesque confusion.

"This will never do," said the young man, frowning anxiously at the sullen sky and at the steady downpour of the summer rain.

"You will take cold standing here. Our house is nearer than yours; you must come home with me." "Whatever must I look like!" exclaimed the girl, with a helpless attempt at coiling up her thoroughly drenched hair.

"Like an angel, or a mermaid," said the other in a tender whisper.

"Like a chambermaid, you mean," retorted the girl, with a highly practical air.

"Well, mermaid or chambermaid, you are the woman that I love. Darling, surely you must have guessed as much. Won't you promise that you will marry me?" Truly there was a beseeching tone of entreaty in this straightforward speech, that proved, at least, the young man was in earnest; but the matter-of-fact maiden answered with reproachful rebuke.

"Oh! Mr. Raymond, what would your mamma say?" So the discomfited Mr. Raymond was fain to lead the way, until presently they were standing, two dripping figures, before Charley's mother, Mrs. Raymond. The lady heard her son's story with great composure, and led Primrose up-stairs with a frigid politeness, that perhaps presaged a storm. But she insisted the girl should exchange her wet clothes for others she brought her in their stead.

While Primrose was making her toilet, a council of war was held below stairs by mother and son.

"You surely don't want me to ask that object to sit down at the table with us?" his mother inquired incredulously, for she had not been favorably impressed by poor Primrose's dragged and forlorn appearance.

"But she sits down at table with Miss Gangewer," remonstrated her son, eagerly. "I rode past there yesterday, and saw them taking tea together under the trees."

"Very well, then, as you please," replied his mother, stiffly, compressing her lips.

Upon which the young man began to whistle softly, and strolled over to the piano. While he was idly playing, with expectant eyes fixed impatiently upon the door, it opened suddenly, and before him stood a charming apparition—the figure of a girl clad all in white, with the shining masses of her red-brown hair piled into a sort of crown upon her lovely head.

"Was not that Beethoven's 'Sonata Pathétique'?" she cried eagerly, coming over to where Charley sat, staring in undisguised surprise.

"How well you play; I had no idea that you were a musician."

"Nor I, that you were a critic," said Charley. "No? my pursuits are various and diversified," answered she, with an arch smile.

"Shall I sing you something?" she added, with a slightly coquettish air.

So presently the room was resounding to the magnificent melody of "La Ci Darenì," and the astonished Mrs. Raymond came hurrying in, to behold her son gazing with enraptured eyes upon this inspired songstress, from between whose parted lips the superb tones came as easily as a bird's notes. When the song was finished, with a slightly mischievous smile, the girl's fingers took up the allegro movement of the sonata that Charley had been playing, and executed it with a precision and clearness of touch that elicited even Mrs. Raymond's admiration and approval.

"But, my dear child," exclaimed Mrs. Raymond, when the girl had arisen from her seat, "forgive the apparent impropriety on the part of a stranger, but you are evidently a lady, with education and accomplishments. Why should you accept such a menial position as servant in my friend, Miss Gangewer's house?"

"But I am not Miss Gangewer's servant," answered the girl, with wide-open eyes and a well-figured air of surprise.

"Why, Charlie!" exclaimed his mother, severely. "I am sure you told me so—"

"Perhaps," interpolated the young lady sweetly, "Mr. Raymond considered my appearance justified his conclusion. I am Miss Gangewer's god-child; and I came on here, quite unexpectedly, to spend the summer with her, while my parents were in Europe. Last winter I went through a course of cooking lectures, so when I found my dear Miss Mary was without a servant, I insisted upon making myself useful to her. Perhaps that is the way your son's mistake came about, Mrs. Raymond," explained the girl demurely.

"Charley," said his mother, severely. "I hope this will cure you of that absurd habit of jumping at conclusions."

"Will you ever forgive my unardonable stupidity?" implored the young man, penitently, when his mother had vanished to prepare the tea-table.

"It was all the fault of that monstrous sun-bonnet, which could not hide your sweetness, after all, you lovely wild rose—"

"My name is Primrose, if you please, sir," said the girl, with the long lashes resting demurely on her cheeks.

"And prim you look," laughed Charley, "with your quaint, funny little airs and demure speeches. I have a faint suspicion, Miss Primrose, that you have been playing a part, and leading me into this trap."

"A trap of your own construction, remember, Mr. Raymond," said the girl, with a glance of gay and laughing defiance.

"And what a leveler to my pride it has been to be taken for a servant-girl."

"But at least I have proved to you my own sincerity," said Charley, with an accent of anxious humility.

"Primrose—what a dear, little, old-fashioned name it is—I love you. Will you be my very own Primrose?"

"If you think me worth the transplanting," the girl said softly, with a shy blush.

And so, the rain being happily over, these two walked hand-in-hand through the sweet gloaming of the summer night, back to Miss Mary's little cottage on the hill-top.

And when Mrs. Raymond discovered, later on, that her son was about to wed the daughter of a millionaire, the measure of her satisfaction was full to overflowing.

Disguising the Taste.

THE noxious taste of many wholesome drugs is so much against their use that a few hints as to harmless disguises of the flavors may be useful. A little extract of licorice destroys the taste of aloes. Peppermint water disguises the unpleasant taste of salts. Milk counteracts the bitter flavor of Peruvian bark. Castor oil cannot be tasted if beaten up and thoroughly mixed with the white of an egg. Another way of administering this disagreeable medicine or cod liver oil is to put a table-spoonful of strained orange or lemon juice into a wine-glass and pour the oil into the center of the juice and then squeeze a few drops of the juice upon the oil and rub the edge of the glass with the fruit.

On Being Happy. ..

BY THE REV. F. W. FARRAR, D.D.

OF two things I am entirely convinced. One is that happiness is, on the whole, very equally distributed, in spite of immense apparent inequalities. I do not believe that a nobleman, or one who by birth, position, or attainments is technically a "gentleman," has any materially greater chances of happiness than the working man.

The poor may often be inclined to envy the rich, and to fancy that if they were surrounded with the same superfluities of ease and luxury, they could not fail to be exquisitely happy. That view is an altogether mistaken one. The trials of the poor differ from those of the rich, but they are not greater. Indeed, the words "poor" and "rich" are purely relative terms. The poor man would look on \$2,500 a year as wealth; and a clergyman with \$2,500 a year would look on \$10,000 a year as wealth; but, in point of fact, greater means involve greater claims, and many a man with a large nominal income finds it burdened with so many outgoings that he is hampered with anxieties exactly analogous to those of his struggling dependents. * * * I state a simple fact when I say that, as far as struggle and constant anxiety are concerned, there are thousands of the clergy who feel the pressure of poverty far more severely than thousands of working men. And as for millionaires, they are so often overwhelmingly taken up with business and worry that some of the most unhappy men I have ever known have been men of the greatest wealth. * * *

The other truth, which may well comfort and inspire us in whatever condition of life we find ourselves, is this—that God has freely placed the best elements of happiness, those elements of life which can create a happiness far transcending any other earthly blessing within the reach of all, even of the humblest. Of spiritual blessings this is, of course, true. God has put eternal happiness within the reach of the slave, no less than of the emperor. St. Peter grew to be convinced that God is no respecter of persons, but that in every nation, he that feareth Him and worketh righteousness is accepted of Him; and it is a curious fact that of the two best men and moral teachers which the heathen world produced, and who were the bright consummate flower of all Pagan morality, one, Epictetus, was a crippled slave, dwarfish and common-looking; the other, Marcus Aurelius, was an emperor of singular personal beauty and with all which the world could give him at his feet. I may venture too, as a passing illustration of what I said before, that of these two the slave was cheerful and happy, and the emperor, supremely noble as he was, scarcely wrote one page which did not express the inward sadness of his heart. I think, then, that if any poor man, or working man, is ever tempted to the sin of discontent, and is spoiling his life by constant murmuring and repining that he was not born in some other condition, he may be saved from this blaming of his own lot—which is a foe to all happiness—by steadily bearing in mind that—

"The sunshine and the shadow of our lives
Are less in our surroundings than ourselves."

The old Latin proverb said, "Every one is the architect of his own fortune." That is quite true, and it is equally true that everyone makes or mars his own happiness. Believing as the basis of all my belief, without pretending to ignore all the perplexities of life, that "God is love," I feel sure that He meant us to enjoy—in spite of all necessary trials and drawbacks—the best and purest happiness. But, as He left us free to be good or evil, so He left us free to make ourselves, in general, happy or unhappy. He created everyone of us for happiness, as the trees of the forest for good, nor is there any partiality with Him, * * *

"Who sees with equal eyes, as God of all,
A hero perish or a sparrow fall."

Our Heavenly Father imparts His best boons to all alike. He maketh His sun to shine on the evil and the good, and sendeth His rain on the just and on the unjust. The blue sky, the loveliness and perfume of the flowers with leaves impregnated with dew, the sheen of the green fields in the sunshine, the yellow wealth of harvest, the silver flash and crystal purity of water, the great trees "bosomful of lights and shades, murmurs and silences," the unnumbered laughter of the sea, the great sun flaming in the zenith, the crimson glow of sunsets, the moon walking in her brightness, the stars, "those eternal flowers of heaven," all the prodigality and pomp and dread magnificence of greater things—what gorgeousness of wealth, luxury, or ostentation can provide spectacles one millionth part so lovely or solemn as these? Yet these are open to the humblest, and so is all the beauty and tenderness of "the human face divine." The mother's bosom is as warm and sweet for the peasant's infant

as for the millionaire; and the young artisan who walks on Sunday afternoon with his sweetheart in the parks knows the unspeakable elevation of pure, unselfish love perhaps even more than does the man of fashion, even when the marriage of the latter is not one of mere arrangement and convenience, settled by considerations of wealth and social position. And are not his children, with their innocent faces and little flaxen heads, as infinite a treasure, and as unspeakable a delight to the working man as to the greatest prince in all the world, and are not these children endowed with the same infinite capabilities, so that there is not one of them who might not be so trained by others and so faithful to himself, as to grow up into a benefactor of men and a saint of God?

The fact is that we are all—even the best and wisest of us—bad economists of happiness. We might, every one of us, be far happier than we are. We ignore and we misuse the opportunities which God has given us. We do not delight as we might do in the daily splendours of nature with which He surrounds us. He hath made all things beautiful in their season; but, because we fill our hearts with things earthly, sensual, and even deminish, we have neither eyes to see, nor ears to hear, nor hearts to understand. Consider the sky and the clouds alone—what inconceivable pageantry there constantly is in their aspect; yet how few of us admire or enjoy this pageant! How does nature glorify with a few cheap elements! A famous writer says, "Give me health and a day, and I will make the pomp of emperors ridiculous. The dawn is my Assyria; the sunset and moonrise my Paphos and unimaginal realms of fairy."

And he exclaims in another place, "In this refulgent summer it is a luxury to breathe the breath of life. The grass grows, the buds burst, the meadow is spotted with fire and gold in the tint of the flowers. . . . Night brings no gloom to the heart with its welcome shade. Through the transparent darkness the stars pour their almost spiritual rays. One is constrained to respect the perfection of the world."

And if we be deaf and blind to the music and the wonder and the power of the outer world, "the shapes of things, their colour, lights and shades, changes, surprises," which God made for our delight, how much more careless are we of the yet finer and more celestial elements of joy which lie in those human affections upon which we so often trample! It is said that in some of the Breton nunneries the daily prayer of each is, "O God, grant me this day to be useful to someone." Good John Newton used to say that if he went out and saw a child crying because it had lost a halfpenny, and made it happy again by giving it another halfpenny, he thought that on that day he had not lived in vain.

There is a joy in being kind, in doing good, in living for others, in making others happy, in restraining our own selfishness, in repressing the sensual and unsocial passions, which those only know who habitually endeavor to be worthy of it. We may find the most constant source of peace and contentment in little nameless daily acts of duty and love; and if it be blessed to rejoice with them that do rejoice, it is also blessed to weep with them that weep. Are there not thousands in the working classes, as in all other classes, who utterly fail to draw water out of this well of happiness which is given to us all freely, without money and without price?

Then once more we all have, or may have, our homes. I say "may have" because the illendness, the brutality, the squallor, the bitter words and cruel deeds, the drunkenness and waste which exists in many homes, utterly destroy this best gift of God, and turn a home into a lair of wild beasts, or kindle the fire of hell upon its hearth. But any working man who is diligent in his business, and is a total abstainer, and fears God, and loves his neighbor, may thank God, for—

"One dear home, one saving ark,
Where love's true light at last I've found,
Shining within when all was dark
And comfortless and stormy round."

The impressions, then, which I would leave with my readers is this: that, even if none of us can be perfectly happy—even if happiness be "a pearl not of the Indian but of the Empyrean ocean," still there are very few of us who might not by greater faithfulness, and by a better use of God's gifts, be at any rate much happier than we are. Troubles we shall certainly not escape. Life will try the nerves of all of us. "I am a man," said the Emperor Montezuma, "let that come which must come." "I am a man," said King Frederick the Great, "therefore born to trouble; but to all the storms of misfortune I will oppose my own constancy and will live and die like a king and like a man." But when we have taken Christ for our Captain, and do our duty to all the world, trials are robbed of their deadliest power to injure us. "To suffer with Christ is not to suffer," or at any rate our light affliction which is just for a moment cannot be compared with the far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory which shall be hereafter.

Summer.

Radiant daughter of the year,
Thy way is marked by flowers;
Fragrant winds of spicy balm,
Float from out thy bowers.

O'er the earth thy golden feet
Shine in dazzling splendor;
Flowers, trees, and emerald vales,
Homage to thee render.

Beautiful in thy first flush,
When a youthful comer;
No less lovely in thy prime
Art thou, radiant Summer.

Breezes soft and floods of light,
Flowers thy incense flinging,
Skies of blue, across whose face
Happy birds are winging.

Such the glory of thy days;
No wonder, moved by beauty,
The Sun salutes thy lovely cheek,
Content to yield his duty.

To one so beautiful and so bright,
A queen amid her bowers;
Her throne, a rainbow-tinted seat,
Set amid the flowers.

The Story of Two Favorite Ballads.

ANNIE LAURIE.



THE birth of the heroine of the well-known ballad of Annie Laurie is quaintly recorded by her father, Sir Robert Laurie, of Maxwelltown, in the family register, in these words:—
"At the pleasure of the Almighty God, my daughter, Annie Laurie, was born on the 16th day of December, 1682 years, about 6 o'clock in the morning, and was baptised by Mr. Geo. (Hunter, of Glencairn.)

And his own marriage is given in the same quaint style:—

"At the pleasure of the Almighty, I was married to my wife, Jean Riddle, upon the 27th day of July, 1674, in the Trom Kirk, of Edinb., by Mr. Annan."

These statements are derived from the curious collection of manuscripts left by the late Mr. W. F. H. Arundel, of Barjarg Tower, Dumfriesshire. The papers of this industrious collector contain a vast fund of information re-pecting the antiquities and county families of Dumfriesshire. From them we learn further that Annie was wooed by William Douglas, of Fingland, in Kirkcudbrightshire. Her charms are thus spoken of in his pathetic lyric, "Bonnie Annie Laurie":—

Her brow is like the snow-drift,
Her neck is like the swan.
Her face it is the fairest
That e'er the sun shone on,
That e'er the sun shone on,
And dark blue is her eye;
And for Bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me down and die.

"She was, however, obdurate to his passionate appeal, preferring Alexander Ferguson, of Craigharroch, to whom she was eventually married." This William Douglas was said to have been the hero of the well-known song, "Willie was a Wanton Wag." Though he was refused by Annie, he did not pine away in single blessedness, but made a runaway marriage with Miss Elizabeth Clark, of Glenboig, in Galloway, by whom he had four sons and two daughters."

ROBIN ADAIR.

Robin Adair was well-known in the London fashionable circles of the last century by the *sobriquet* of the "Fortunate Irishman"; but his parentage and the exact place of his birth are unknown. He was brought up as a surgeon, but "his detection in an early amour drove him precipitately from Dublin," to push his fortunes in England. Scarcely had he crossed the Channel when the chain of lucky events that ultimately led him to fame and fortune commenced.

Near Holyhead, perceiving a carriage overturned, he ran to render assistance. The sole occupant of this vehicle was a "lady of fashion, well-known in

polite circles," who received Adair's attention with thanks; and, being lightly hurt, and hearing that he was a surgeon, requested him to travel with her in her carriage to London. On their arrival in the metropolis she presented him with a fee of one hundred guineas, and gave him a general invitation to her house. In after life Adair used to say that it was not so much the amount of this fee, but the time it was given, that was of service to him, as he was then almost destitute. But the invitation to her house was a still greater service, for there he met the person who decided his fate in life. This was Lady Caroline Keppel, daughter of the second Earl of Albemarle and of Lady Anne Lenox, daughter of the first Duke of Richmond. Forgetting her high lineage, Lady Caroline, at the first sight of the Irish surgeon, fell desperately in love with him; and her emotions were so sudden and so violent as to attract the general attention of the company.

Adair, perceiving his advantage, lost no time in pursuing it; while the Albemarle and Richmond families were dismayed at the prospect of such a terrible *mesalliance*. Every means were tried to induce the young lady to alter her mind, but without effect. Adair's biographer tells us that "amusements, a long journey, an advantageous offer, and other common modes of shaking off what was considered by the family as an improper match, were already tried, but in vain; the health of Lady Caroline was evidently impaired, and the family at last confessed, with a good sense that reflects honor on their understandings as well as their hearts, that it was possible to prevent, but never to dissolve an attachment; and that marriage was the honorable, and indeed the only alternative that could secure her happiness and life."

When Lady Caroline was taken by her friends from London to Bath, that she might be separated from her lover, she wrote, it is said, the song of "Robin Adair," and set it to plaintive Irish tune that she had heard him sing. Whether written by Lady Caroline or not, the song is simply expressive of her feelings at the time, and as it completely corroborates the circumstances just related, which were the town-talk of the period, though now little more than family tradition, there can be no doubt that they were the origin of the song, the words of which, as originally written, are the following:—

What's this dull town to me?
Robin's not near:
He whom I wish to see,
Where's all the joy and mirth,
Made life a heaven on earth,
Oh! they're all fled with thee,
Robin Adair!

What made the assembly shine?
Robin Adair!
What made the ball so fine?
Robin was there!
What, when the play was o'er,
What made my heart so sore?
Oh! it was parting with
Robin Adair!

But now thou art far from me,
Robin Adair!
But now I never see
Robin Adair!
Yet he I love so well
Still in my heart shall dwell,
Oh! I can ne'er forget
Robin Adair!

Immediately after his marriage with Lady Caroline, Adair was appointed Inspector-General of Military Hospitals, and subsequently, becoming a favorite of George III., he was made Surgeon-General, King's Sergeant-Surgeon, and Surgeon of Chelsea Hospital. Very fortunate men have seldom many friends, but Adair, by declining a baronetcy that was offered to him by the king, for surgical attendance on the Duke of Gloucester, actually acquired considerable popularity before his death, which took place when he was nearly four score years of age, in 1790. In the "Gentleman's Magazine" of that year there are verses "On the Death of Robert Adair, Esq., late Surgeon-General, by J. Crane, M. D.," who, it is to be hoped, was a much better physician than a poet.

Lady Caroline Adair's married life was short but happy. She died of consumption, after giving birth to three children, one of them a son. On her death-bed she requested Adair to wear mourning for her as long as he lived; and he scrupulously did, save on the king's and queen's birthdays, when his duty to his sovereign required him to appear at Court in full dress. If this injunction respecting mourning were to prevent Adair marrying again, it had the desired effect; he did not marry a second time, though he had many offers.

He who comes up to his own idea of greatness must always have had a very low standard of it in his mind.—*Ruskin*.

There is no real elevation of mind in a contempt of little things. It is on, the contrary, from the narrow views that we consider those things of little importance, which have, in fact, such extensive consequences.—*Fenelon*.

General Managers.

SOLACE.



WHILE it is impossible to be too kind in one's thoughts of others, it is quite possible for one to do more harm than good in one's expression of sympathy, or in one's efforts to manage other people's affairs. One woman writes to the women's column of a popular paper that she cannot sleep nights, worrying over some neighbors who have recently come to live beside her, because she has discovered that they are regular attendants at a certain church whose doctrines do not meet with her approval; and she is therefore determined to make them worship according to her light.

Now, it never occurs to this good woman—and no doubt she is a thoroughly good woman—that she has no right to dictate or to meddle, unasked, in her neighbors' affairs. We may think our way the best; (and so it is for us), but we must not press our methods upon another; nor must we imagine we are serving God by keeping awake nights worrying because of our neighbors' behavior. Yet the number of persons who have contracted the habit of insomnia in this way could not be counted.

These general managers go through life managing everybody except themselves. They tell you where you should live, whom you should live, whom you should marry, and whom you should have for friends. They will organize all the church fairs, sell tickets, and work vigorously for charity; but they are not pleasant companions; they must lead the procession, and you must follow, asking no questions.

Executive ability and a public spirit are both excellent qualities in a woman, when not abused; but they should not be carried into private life.

Sometimes a summer outing is quite spoiled by coming into contact with one of these managers, who acts as hostess to all the guests in the hotel; insisting upon your going on picnics, hay cart drives and dancing whether you will or no; and really making it very uncomfortable for you if you fail to fall in with her views.

It is much to be regretted when the advocate of any good cause makes that cause a source of annoyance or persecution to others. No matter how worthy the cause, if it is aggressively presented harm often results.

Some one has said, "Specialists are necessary evils," and then adds, "but heaven save us from falling into the hands of one whose whole range of vision is limited by one idea."

People who are absorbed with a hobby, an 'ism, or a creed, quite overlook the rights of others in their enthusiasm, and exceed the bounds of patience and courtesy in forcing their theories upon one.

Who has not come in contact with "the one idea bore," who held the floor for an entire evening, and had no thought for any body or anything but himself and his hobby? Yet he is only one of a large number of persons, all of whom are riding hobby-horses of various sizes and colors at a break-neck pace for the salvation of the world; and each rider thinks his hobby is the great and only hobby worthy of notice, quite forgetting that the world has been moving many thousands of years before his particular 'ism appeared as an issue of some possible importance.

There is usually a grain of truth in the saddle-bags worn by the hobby rider, and if this truth could be presented with tact, as a suggestion rather than a command, more interest would be aroused and more good result; for this is a progressive age, and bright men and women are ever on the alert for fresh ideas.

Covering for Kitchen Floors.

HOUSEKEEPERS who do their own work will find the old fashioned rag carpet more comfortable than any other kind of floor covering, as the strips can be taken up, shaken and aired frequently. Oilcloth, if a good quality is selected, is both neat and durable, but it has long since been discarded in offices because it was injurious to the feet, producing cramps and rheumatic affections. When used for a kitchen floor, mats or strips of carpet should be provided to overcome this very serious objection. In cleaning oilcloth use tepid water and a soft cloth. Wipe perfectly dry, for if water is allowed to stand upon the cloth it will be destroyed in a short time.

Windsor Salt, purest and best.

OUR HOME.

Housewives and Home-makers.

BLANCHE L. MACDONELL.



The frailties of housewives receive no little censure at the present time. Everyone feels entitled to cast a stone in their direction, while the voices raised in their praise are feeble in comparison. We admit that in respect both to economy and perfection of detail housekeeping leaves much to be desired; whether women are entirely to blame for this is quite another matter.

The whole structure of society as it is now popularly comprehended; its exactions, its code of good and bad form, has of necessity put the humbler duties of womanhood into quite a secondary place. Intellectual pleasures, and keen competition in pursuit of the arts

Adroit management of the household is an excellent thing, but women are also expected to be help-mates and companions. Men have their horizons bounded by ideals that generations of minds like their own have set. They demand not only house-keepers, but household angels. It would, indeed, be well if woman would take into consideration how greatly the happiness of home depends upon her method of conducting the daily routine; how much on her kindness and equanimity of temper, and her manner of interesting herself in the tastes, occupations and conversation of husband and children. The judicious, far-seeing woman must make provision for the mental and physical, as well as the spiritual needs of those dependent upon her ministrations.

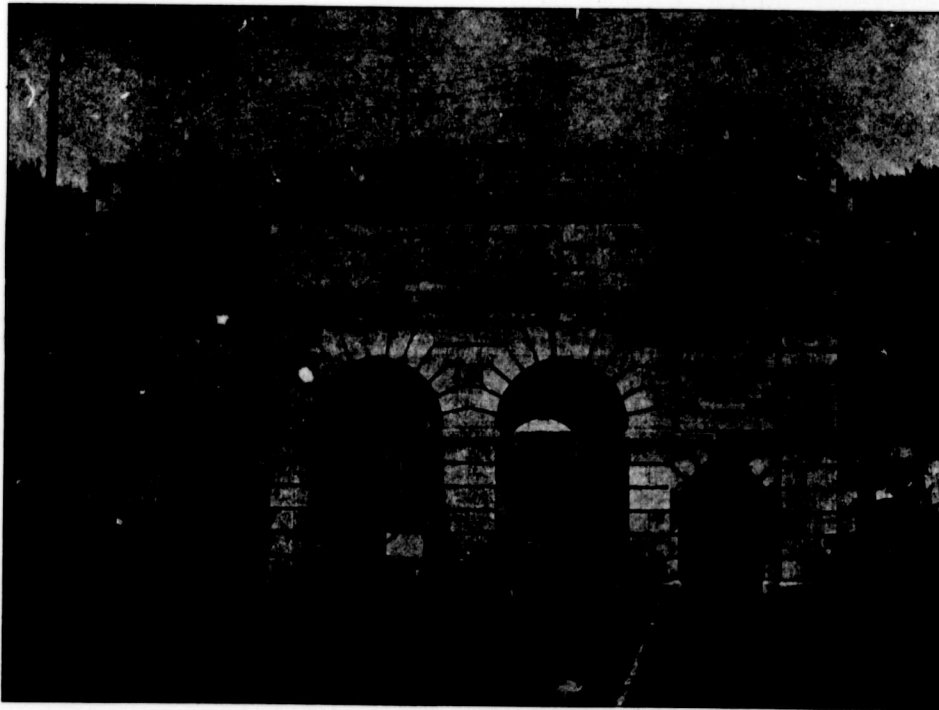
"The home-making, the comfort, the sympathy, the grace and atmosphere that a true woman can provide is the noble part, and embraces all that is helpful for the soul as well as the body," says that large-hearted and large-minded woman, Louisa Alcott.

We have no hesitation in devoting long hours of study, serious reflection, and much devotion in order to attain perfection in any art to which taste and inclination directs us; why then should we grudge time or trouble in the cultivation of that science of human

to have a nice, cozy chat. At this rate companionship soon ceases to exist. The husband drifts into the habit of seeking congenial society elsewhere, and while nursing her grievances the wife esteems herself an ill-used woman.

Children naturally bring to their mother their joys and sorrows, their wondering curiosity concerning all about them. Now is her time for gaining their confidence, moulding character, securing the affection which may eventually prove the crown of her life. They may seem very trivial, perhaps even absurd, these miniature pleasures, and wrongs, and grievances, yet for the time they are very real. If the mother allows the baby prattle to fret her, turns a deaf ear to piteous entreaty, carelessly repulses the offered confidence, the opportunity is lost. The children's keen desire for sympathy leads them elsewhere. Their interests are formed outside the home, they must encounter the perils of life without the safeguard of a mother's influence. Alas for the mother who remains lonely at her own fireside.

To a mother the quality of her home-atmosphere should be the first consideration. She is a mother before she is a house-mother; a wife more completely than a house-wife. The cultivation of home-life to



ST JOHN'S GATE, QUEBEC.

and professional success, have thrown domesticity into the background. It seems scarcely fair that the more varied and complex a woman's surroundings are, the more she is expected to prove herself equal to them. If a man does one thing thoroughly, nothing more is expected of him; but with a woman, skill, even perfection in one point, will not exempt her from condemnation if she fails in others.

True advancement admits of no retrogression. It is a fine tribute to latter-day culture to find that those who would be a credit to its teachings must prove their capacities in the administration of every detail as certainly as their fitness to rival the opposing sex in other fields. With soulful conviction we affirm that even though a woman may be far removed from any necessity of using this knowledge in a practical way, it must be acquired before her education be pronounced complete.

"What does house-keeping embrace?" one may ask. It would be more pertinent to inquire what in the way of skill, and tact, and knowledge does it not need. It certainly requires serious knowledge and application of hand to every detail, knowing the reason why of every rule; it is concerned with all that can render the family abode healthful, pleasant, and comfortable.

nature which may enable us to elevate those we love, to help them to rise to their best and highest, to crush that which is base and low, to cheer and encourage. This refining, ennobling spiritual influence forms the sure foundation of a true home, binding the family with ties which time, and distance, and even death will have no power to destroy.

A companion implies a sympathetic being ready to enter with hearty zest into all that interests and amuses those about her. There are some who are so engrossed by their household concerns that they have no ear for the weary husband who on his return from his daily toil, vainly turns to his wife for comfort. He has, perhaps, been troubled with business affairs, but knows it would be quite hopeless to obtain sympathy on such tiresome topics. Well be it for him if he be not assailed with complaints of petty home vexations. He enjoys music, his wife takes no interest in the charms of harmony; he delights in pictures, she openly declares that art jargon bores her. A man may love books, the partner of his fireside insists that it makes her nervous to hear him turning over the pages—how much better it would be to talk to her. Then she tells him (in minute detail) about Susan's deficiencies, her own and the children's ailments, abuses the butcher, and adds complacently how pleasant it is

its finest issues, her influence in developing individual character, the fostering of each separate specimen in the nursery garden, are interests worthy of woman's highest devotion. As the results of these home-making qualities, the English-speaking nations have produced a race of men and women to whom the ideal conveyed by the word home is the dearest on earth.

Curious Slips of Type.

How completely the sense of a sentence is altered by the omission of an initial letter is shown in the following current selections from various papers:

"The conflict was dreadful, and the enemy was repulsed with great laughter."

"In consequence of the numerous accidents occasioned by skating on Taunten Lake, measures are to be taken to put a top to it."

"When the President's wife entered the humble sitting-room of the miner, she was politely handed a hair."

The Russian soldier Kachkinofoskewsky was found dead with a long word sticking in his throat."

"The May Queen."

SILVERPEN.

"The earth herself is adorning,
This sweet May morning,
And children are pulling on every side,
In a thousand valleys far and wide.
Fresh flowers—while the sun shines warm,
And the babe leaps up on his mother's arm."



MAY-DAY! What memories of childhood rise at that word! What recollections of innocent delights and youthful pleasures!

In olden times the May-day was ushered in with mirth, music and flowers. Young girls went forth into the fields to bathe their faces in the early dew, and children rambled through wood and grove to gather fresh flowers wherewith to adorn their homes, or perhaps to weave garlands about the throne of their chosen May-Queen.

Not entirely a fancy of the past is this pretty, festival, born though it may be of Pagan origin (and, by the by might we not compliment the ancients on their excellent taste in doing homage to the month of flowers); for the pupils of many English schools have recently revived this ancient custom.

In accordance with their annual usage, the girls of Leaside School had elected their May-Queen, the honor falling upon Sybil Grove.

For weeks the celebration had been anticipated with keen delight, and by none more eagerly than the winsome queen-elect. The eventful morning arrived at last. Aroused from their slumbers at daybreak by the village choir, who were stationed on the old church tower to herald in the dawn, the children were soon away in the woods gathering loads of dewy blossoms.

Surely no queen who had been crowned with jeweled diadem had ever a more gorgeous throne arranged to receive her majestic form. True, no gold, drawn from the secret recesses of mother earth, glittered about that seat of honor; but the pale golden blossoms of field and meadow were strewn in rich profusion about the platform whereon the girl-queen would be seated. Cowslip, laburnum, tulips and buttercups shed their yellow lustre all around, while blossoms of richer hue were scattered here and there.

The school children were awaiting the coming of their queen; the maids of honor were in readiness to attend the royal presence; and the crown of crowning the fair favorite; yet she came not! Every one wondered at her absence, knowing full well how she had looked forward to this auspicious day—the gayest of her brief young life,—and some, one, hastening to learn the cause of her delay, returned with saddened mind, bearing the mournful tidings that during the silent hours of the night little Sybil had been called hence to receive a crown more glorious and fadeless than any earthly tribute of honor.

A solemnity fell upon the merry crowd; even the most thoughtless were touched by this unlooked for calamity. Presently, after a tearful consultation with their teacher, a few were chosen to bear the floral crown to the house of mourning, and place it reverently upon the cold, white brow of their departed schoolmate; and, a little later, when the children in groups of two and three passed through the death chamber to take a last farewell and lay a tribute of flowers beside the lifeless form of their dear queen, the sadness and the sting of death seemed to pass away before those lovely blossoms that truly bore a message of a life beyond the tomb.

No Wonder She Was Afraid.

TALKING about fish, says a writer in the *Interior*, reminds me of a little adventure that happened to one of our Boston authors last fall. He had been dining out, and arrived at his door step rather late. He is not, let it be hastily said, a drinking man. He was greatly startled at hearing shrieks of a high feminine key reverberating from the inside of his home. The sounds of fright were plainly Irish, and supposing that his cook was being murdered, at the least, he dashed in.

There was a dim light in the hall. He followed the increasing noise into the unlighted dining-room. There he saw the uncertain outline of a woman blanching upon the dining-table.

"O mercy, mercy, Mother of Nations! Help! Murder! It's bewitched! I be! Help!"

"For Heaven's sake, Mary!" cried her master, now believing that his cook had gone clean out of her head, "keep quiet, and tell me what's the matter."

"Holy Virgin!" howled the woman. "Not a

drop have I been takin' these three months. It's snakes—snakes all over the floor!" Here she emitted a yell.

"Nonsense!" cried the man, sternly. But at that moment his foot stepped on a wriggling, soft hissing coil. He made a quick stride, and landed on another coil. Now, thoroughly alarmed himself, terrified as if encompassed by malign enchantment, he, too, gave a howl, and landed plump in the middle of the dining-room table beside the cook. In the profound silence that fell, he could hear a strange, slimy rustling all over the room.

"Snakes!" yelled Mary, with redoubled emphasis. Being out of reach of harm the gentleman recovered beside him. He looked over the edge of the table, and beheld the floor was literally alive with small serpents. The sight was horrible and incredible. After some hesitation he screwed up courage enough to make a dive for the tongs, and in a few minutes he had filled the coal box with seventeen Anguillas, and had covered them up safely. The next morning his two boys woke him up.

"Say, Pop, we had a bully time yesterday. We brought home a lot of eels, as many as we could carry. They were all dead and frozen stiff like canes. Can't we have 'em for breakfast? Mary can cook eels. She says she can."

"Where did you put them?" demanded their parent.

"Why we stowed 'em up in the dining-room by the register to thaw 'em out."

"You succeeded admirably," was the curt reply.

A Shower of Fire.

TO those who see it for the first time, few experiments are more striking than the burning of iron.

Iron is generally regarded as an incombustible substance; yet we make out poker, made of iron and not out of wood, because the latter burns easily while an iron poker resists a very hot fire. Our stoves, too, are made of iron for the same reason, and when iron is seen burning fiercely it is a great surprise to most people. Dr. Priestley, the discoverer of oxygen, used to carry about with him a small flask of this gas for the purpose of amusing his friends by showing them the burning of a piece of iron, just as Wollaston, in after years, used to carry about a small battery made out of a lady's thimble, with which he was in the habit of exhibiting the ignition of a piece of very fine platinum wire.

There are several ways by which the combustibility of iron may be shown. The most common method is to set fire to a piece of watch-spring in a jar of oxygen. Another is to throw a jet of oxygen on a piece of cast iron laid on ignited charcoal. The iron fuses and burns with wonderful brilliancy, throwing off sparks until the effect is almost dazzling. We have fused as much as an ounce of metal at one time in this way. A third method is to drop iron filings into oxygen, passing them through a ring of flame, so that they become highly heated before they entered the pure gas. A fourth method is to support a mass of filings on the end of a magnet, and ignite them in a large jar of oxygen. The whole arrangement may be prepared in advance, and the filings may be ignited by passing a voltaic current through an iron wire which touches the filings. The combustion is exceedingly rapid and wonderfully brilliant.

The simplest method of showing the combustion of iron consists in suspending iron filings from the poles of a magnet, and setting them on fire with a common spirit lamp. They burn slowly but brilliantly in the open air, and as they keep falling from the magnet they form a remarkably curious and brilliant shower of fire. If the magnet be slightly tapped, the shower is increased, and if it be swung through the air a shower of fire is projected in all directions. Few experiments are more simple or more astonishingly brilliant than this.

It is now nearly thirty years since this method of burning iron was described by Magnus, and yet even now it is not generally known. The reason for this is that although frequently described in books and papers, the point upon which success or failure turns has not been generally disclosed, and some of those who have understood it have endeavored to keep it a secret. We have frequently exhibited the experiment in lectures, and sometimes, by means of electro-magnets, on a very large scale, and on every occasion it has produced a most profound impression.

The secret and over again parties have written to us. "We have tried your experiment with the iron filings, and have been unable to succeed." The fact was that they had gone to some blacksmith's shop, scraped up some of the iron filings from the bench, and used them. They might as well have used tennypenny nails. The filings must be of the finest kind,

procured by the finest files. Iron in large masses resists fire very well; when in sufficiently fine powder it actually takes fire spontaneously, burning with great energy the moment it is brought into contact with the air. Fortunately, filings, such as are necessary, are an article of commerce, being manufactured extensively in Switzerland, and they may be procured from any large drug store.

All that is necessary is to dip a magnet in the filings, and lift as much as it will carry. The flame of a spirit lamp is then passed over the filings once or twice, so as to ignite them over the whole surface, after which they will continue to burn, and if held high and shaken they produce remarkably brilliant effects.

We have performed this experiment upon every scale, using in some cases a small ten-cent magnet, and in others a row of a dozen electro-magnets—the poles being wide apart, and the current quite strong. The magnets were all firmly fixed to the same bar of wood, which was considerably elevated. When this bar was struck lightly with a hammer, a perfect sheet of burning iron fell down, and the effect was almost indescribable. J.P.

Lazy or Modest.

AN army officer related to a reporter of the *Washington Star* this story:

When I was a lieutenant during the first year of the war, and we were in Virginia, we had in the company a stubby, illiterate, lazy fellow named Jack Scudder. He was terribly slouchy, but I noticed that whenever there was a skirmish Jack always wanted to be in it.

One day about twenty of our men were caught on a rocky knoll by a battalion of cavalry from the other side. There was a great deal of shooting, but the odds were too great for our men, who presently stole out of their hiding-place and made their escape.

All of them did, that is to say, except Jack Scudder, who remained alone at the top of the knoll among the boulders, blazing away from moment to moment. The cavalrymen could not get at him without dismounting. At length a Union regiment came in sight, and the Confederates ran.

Then Jack came down—the hero of the hour. I was for making a corporal of him, and called him in for a little talk before taking active measures in his behalf.

"Are you aware, Jack," said I "that you did a very brave thing in that fight this afternoon?"

"What fight, lieutenant?" he responded.

"Don't be so modest," said I; "you know what fight."

"You mean the half-fight, don't you, lieutenant?"

Them rebs didn't fight. Only the bluecoats fit."

"Well, none of them did but you."

"Is that so? I wasn't noticein'."

"Didn't you know they all ran away, and left you there alone?"

"Well, I noticed I felt kinder lonesome."

"That's all right, Jack," said I, getting to the point. "You did as brave an act as a soldier could do, and I want you to be rewarded for it."

"What did I do, lieutenant?"

"You didn't run away as the others did." Jack

chuckled as though something funny had occurred to him.

"Why, lieutenant," he said, "that wasn't bravery.

There was a lot of huckleberries up there just in reach of where I was layin' among the rocks in the sunshine,

and I wuz just too lazy to run."

Oranges Her Steady Diet.

IN order to be healthy and beautiful, women should make their habitual beverage of water into which a little lemon juice has been mixed, and they should eat plenty of fruit in all seasons. Oranges are especially recommended, this fruit possessing, it appears, extraordinary virtue. The Marquise de Crequey, who died at the end of the last century at the age of 98, and was still then a most attractive old lady with an apple-blossom complexion, an abundance of snow-white, silky hair, and all her teeth unimpaired, lived during the last 40 years of her life almost exclusively on oranges. She was wont to eat a dozen of them for her breakfast, and the same number for luncheon and dinner, accompanied each time by a few thin slices of dry bread and a bowl of chicken broth.

An exchange says that preserves may be kept from becoming mouldy by putting a few drops of glycerine around the edges of the jar before screwing on the cover—a simple but sure preventive.

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If subscribers do not wish to lose any number of OUR HOME they should send in their renewal subscription before they receive the last number of the term already subscribed for.
If you do not receive your paper regularly, write us, and we will look into the matter at once.

Address all communications to

OUR HOME, 200 Mountain Street, Montreal.

MONTREAL, MAY, 1896.

A Few Words With Our Readers.

A goodly portion of our time is pleasantly occupied each day in perusing kind letters that come from our friends and subscribers in every part of this North American continent.

These letters are happy and grateful epistles, breathing satisfaction, pleasure, and the best wishes of the writers for the continued prosperity of OUR HOME, and increase of its circulation. These welcome letters have a tonic effect; they sustain us in our efforts; they give us increased zeal and power in our work of providing suitable matter for the varied tastes of our readers; they give us an assurance that we are becoming an agency for the spreading of a wholesome literature that is fast taking the place of the sensational paper and the weakening and sickly novels of the age.

OUR HOME is truly a marvel of honest journalism. Its low price twenty-five cents a year, is of course, one of the great features of its success, and has been the means of placing it in thousands of far-off country homes where pure and cheap literature is thoroughly appreciated.

The steady increasing circulation in our country districts from month to month is truly marvellous; and at the present time, we can with truth and confidence assert that OUR HOME has the largest monthly circulation of any family paper in the Dominion of Canada. Our increase of circulation for the month of April runs away up into the thousands—a rate of increase that would cause joy and gladness in the sanctuaries of our largest dailies were they to increase their circulation as rapidly.

This healthy increase in the cities, towns and country districts of the land is drawing to our columns an increased amount of the best advertising. As a rule, good and judicious advertisers use the best and most popular papers by which to reach the public. OUR HOME is now a paying medium for all live business men who are desirous of reaching the masses. Our circulation is a *bona fide* one, and all advertisements are so well arranged and displayed, that they are read by every reader of the paper.

It may be remarked here, that we are very particular regarding the character of advertisements that appear in our columns. We are therefore in a position to vouch for the honesty of all advertisers who make

their goods known through OUR HOME. This is something that cannot be done by the great majority of newspapers, who, for the sake of dollars and cents, will often accept advertising that is intended to mislead and defraud the simple, thoughtless and unwary.

Sixty Years of Progress.

A GLOWING REVIEW OF THE QUEEN'S REIGN.

BY next autumn, if all goes well, Her Majesty will have reigned longer than any previous British monarch. The year which is to be thus honored is therefore opened in the *Edinburgh Review* with an article on the reign of the Queen. It is a brilliant retrospect, fitted to awaken a deep imperial patriotism, and to confirm our faith in progress.

HOW THE EMPIRE HAS GROWN.

Population and area have immensely increased. "There are seventy-five people living in these islands now for every fifty who were alive when the Queen came to the throne." We have added 275,000 square miles—a territory larger than Austria—in India; 80,000 square miles—a space as vast as Great Britain—in the rest of Asia; 200,000 square miles—a region as large as Germany—in South Africa; and in East Africa, 1,000,000 square miles—or about half the extent of European Russia. Our possessions in North America and in Australasia cover one-ninth of the earth's dry land. Canada has been politically reorganised, and translated from rebellion to distinguished loyalty. Constitutional self-government has been given to Australasia, which may count on an expansion in the next century similar to that of the United States in this. The British Empire

now embraces an area of 8,500,000 square miles, or, if the subordinate Indian States and the possessions of the African Companies be included, of 10,000,000 square miles. Nearly one person out of every four on the earth owes allegiance, directly or indirectly, to the Queen. . . . Its area is larger than that of Russia. . . . It is very doubtful whether China, populous as she is, supports so many people as the British Empire."

THE REIGN OF STEAM AND ELECTRICITY.

"When the Queen was born, it was literally true that man could not travel faster than the Pharaohs." The first of the great trunk lines—that between London and Birmingham—was not opened till 1838. A third-class railway ride in 1844 from London to Exeter took sixteen hours and a half. In 1842 there were only 18,000,000 passengers. Now there are 900,000,000, eight out of nine of whom are third-class. The mileage of railways is now 20,000; and their capital has sprung from £55,000,000 to £1,000,000,000. At the Queen's accession steam navigation of the Red Sea and of the Atlantic was "proved" to be impossible. In 1838 the *Sirius* and the *Great Western* crossed the Atlantic. The *Sirius*, of 700 tons and 320 horse-power, took eighteen days from Cork to New York. The *Campania*, of 12,000 tons and 30,000 horse-power, does it now in a little over five.

Our commercial navy totalled in 1840 23,000 vessels, almost all of wood, and 2,800,000 tons, including 770 steam vessels, of 87,000 tons; but in 1894 numbers 21,000 vessels, mostly all of iron and steel, and nearly 9,000,000 tons, of which 6,000,000 tons go by steam. Electric telegraphy was not when the Queen came to the throne. The first year of her reign was the first of the electric telegraph. The Channel cable was only laid in 1851, the Atlantic cable in 1866. Since 1870, when the telegraphs were taken over by the State, the number of inland messages has risen from 10,000,000 to more than 70,000,000 a year. Then it was one wire, one message, at eighty words a minute. Now six messages can travel by one wire at a speed of 600 words a minute. And the telephone has come in to relieve the telegraph. Postage in 1837 cost four pence a letter from London to Windsor, to Edinburgh thirteen pence.

Exports and imports combined amounted in 1837 to about £140,000,000; in 1894 to more than £680,000,000. Then 1,200 articles were subject to Customs duty; now less than one dozen.

ARE THE PEOPLE BETTER OFF?

But "are the people better off than they were in 1837?" In 1842 every penny of the Income Tax raised, exclusive of Ireland, £700,000; now it brings in (inclusive of Ireland) two and a quarter millions sterling. Probate duty was paid on £50,000,000 in 1838; in 1894, on £164,000,000. While the population has increased by fifty per cent., the wealth of the country has trebled. Agriculture has not advanced

like other industries; but land in Great Britain assessed under Schedule B. stood at £46,000,000 a year in 1842, and in 1894 was not less but slightly more.

Paupers in England and Wales numbered, in 1839, 1,137,000, and in 1842, 1,429,000, but now only 800,000.

The poor lived in cellars, and had none of the modern means of access to the country. The few parks were closed to them. No wonder that, in 1837, commitments in England and Wales numbered 23,600; in 1893 there were 12,300.

The convict population in 1833 was 50,000; by 1893 it had fallen to 4,345 prisoners and perhaps 2,000 ticket-of-leave men. In 1837 there was no effective police force anywhere in Great Britain save in London.

Then the lower orders were seething with discontent, breaking out into riots and Chartism. But now "universal content has succeeded universal agitation." Wages are higher. The necessities and luxuries of the poor are cheaper. Legislation has regulated conditions of labor and has compelled sanitation; and the free library is coming to be almost universal.

The first annual grant made by the State for education dates from 1839. Then the grant was £30,000; now it is £9,000,000.

In 1850 one child out of every 89 people was at school, but one person out of every 20 was a pauper, and one out of every 700 was a criminal. In 1890 one child out of every eight was at school; but only one person out of every 36 was a pauper, and only one person out of every 2,400 was committed for trial.

Social difficulties are grave, but decreasing. When the Queen came to the throne, economic opinion recognised but one god—self-interest, and Adam Smith as his prophet. Now the prevailing tendency has registered itself in the word "altruism."

IS IT A REIGN OF MEOCURITY?

It may be objected that life is being reduced to a dead level of mediocrity. In architecture we have produced the Houses of Parliament, the Thames Embankment, and most of the bridges over the Thames. In literature, Macaulay, Hallam, Grote and Froide redeem history, as Thackeray, Charlotte Brontë, George Eliot and Dickens redeem fiction, and Wordsworth and Tennyson poetry, from the charge of mediocrity.

"An age which has done more to dominate nature, and to explain nature, than all the preceding centuries, cannot rightly be charged with inferiority of intellect." The right of inquiry has been vindicated. Yet the progress of free thought "has not been followed by any decline in religious fervour." "More money has been raised for church building, church extension, church endowment and missionary effort, both at home and abroad, than at any previous period of our history."

The reviewer concludes, Pearson and Nordau notwithstanding, that the last fifty years reveal progress, not decline.

Curiosities of the Literary Worship.

Vagaries of the Relic-crazy.

THE most extravagant instance of literary relic worship on record is said to be that of a well-known Englishman, who constantly wears, in a small locket attached to a chain around the neck, a portion of the charred skull of Shelley. Of late years a great many persons have visited the former residence of the late Victor Hugo to see a tooth of that celebrity which is kept in a small glass case with this inscription: "Tooth drawn from the jaw of Victor Hugo by the dentist on Wednesday, August 11, 1871, at Vianden, in the garden attached to the house of Mme. Koch, at three o'clock in the afternoon."

In the year 1816, a tooth of the famous Sir Isaac Newton was sold at auction by a relic monger of London and was purchased by an English nobleman for a sum equal to \$3,650 in Canadian currency. The buyer had a costly diamond removed from a favorite ring and the tooth set in its place. The wig that Sterne wore while writing *Tristram Shandy* was sold at public auction soon after the great writer's death for the sum of £2,000, and the favorite chair of Alexander Pope brought £1,000 at a sale in 1822.

The Rev. W. Williams, in his "Personal Reminiscences of C. H. Spurgeon," tells an anecdote concerning the great preacher as a smoker. Some gentleman wrote to Mr. Spurgeon, saying "he had heard he smoked, and could not believe it true. Would Mr. Spurgeon write and tell him if it really was so?" This was the reply: "Dear —, I cultivate my flow-ers and burn my weeds. Yours, C. H. Spurgeon."

A Chat With Ibsen at Home.

A BRIGHT and well illustrated sketch of Ibsen at home is contributed to the *New England Magazine* by Mr. Edgar O. Achorn. The writer first met the dramatist at the Grand Hotel, Christiania, and thus described his first impressions: "He is a man of striking personality. His hair is long and gray, and he wears it combed straight up from his forehead. The forehead itself is high, broad and prominent. His whiskers are gray and bushy; and he wears large gold-bowed spectacles. The lower part of his face sinks into insignificance beside these more marked characteristics. I can scarcely see his eyes under the beetling brows and behind his spectacles; I make them out to be small and blue, and I have the sensation of being peered at instead of looked at. His nose is small and irregular; his mouth, small, firm and straight. He was dressed in a black broadcloth coat, double breasted, long and closely buttoned, a white satin tie and dark trousers, with a silk hat, a walking stick, a pair of brown cotton gloves and his spectacle-case lay near him. He was sipping a glass of Scotch whiskey and soda.

"He spoke very slowly and with a reserve that was little less than coldness. He drew a long black comb from his inside pocket, and proceeded to set his hair more on end, if possible, than it already was. The feeling took possession of me that, himself so given to studying others, he was the kind of man who would give one very little insight into his own thoughts and feelings unless he chose to."

Ibsen confessed ("I am not a good English scholar. I have read very many American authors, however, as Holmes, Emerson and Howells, but mostly through German translations. So far as I have read, American literature has impressed me very favorably."

"THE WOMAN'S POET."

Mr. Achorn considers that in nothing probably has Ibsen provoked more discussion than in his general treatment of the position of woman. In writing "The Doll's House," he won for himself the title of "The woman's poet"; although Ibsen himself declares "I have never attempted to demonstrate in any book of mine a theory of woman's working out her own salvation alone, living a happy and successful life in a sphere entirely independent of man."

His advocacy of equal freedom for woman and man which so shocks conventional Europe, is only a demand for what American women have made familiar: "Personally Ibsen is very fond of women; and they, in turn, are very fond of him. Not infrequently one sees him on the street or lunching at the cafe with some favorite and favored young lady. He is very gallant.

Ibsen thinks his work has made most impression in Germany.

"AN IDEAL HOME."

Mr. Achorn had the good fortune subsequently to be invited to the dramatist's home in the Victoria Terrace, "perhaps the most attractive building of the kind in the fashionable quarter of Christiania. Ibsen's home is an ideal one." The visitor was struck with the excellent taste displayed on every hand, and with the collection of paintings which adorn the walls. They are mostly works of old Italian masters collected by Ibsen during his life in Italy, and views of Norwegian scenery. Everything in and about the study is scrupulously neat and in perfect order. Ibsen writes at his table by the window.

A MAN OF MOODS AND TENSES.

"If one were to ask me of my personal impressions of Ibsen, I should say that the first glance at his mighty forehead, his shaggy hair, his sharp eye, his firm mouth, his ruddy complexion, his compact build, made me feel that there was a tremendous power behind it all, and that Henrik Ibsen was a man of intense thought and passion. Ibsen's facial expression is remarkable. Under intense feeling, his face hardens, his color deepens and his eyes blaze. Instinctively one looks for shelter, feeling that the storm is about to burst. Quickly the skies clear, the face softens, the eyes twinkle merrily, there is a suggestion of dimples at the corners of the mouth, and an expression at once very droll and very winning plays upon the features. He is a man of moods. If you catch him at one time or if you "hit him right," he will do what no persuasion would induce him to do at another. Friends to whom I spoke of my own pleasant meetings with him told me that he is often unapproachable.

THE WORLD FROM "IBSEN'S WINDOW."

"He lives a methodical life. He is found at work in his study in the forenoon. At one o'clock he turns up at the Grand Hotel, which he calls his second home, for lunch. Wherever he has lived, Ibsen has always selected some cafe or place of public resort to which he has betaken himself daily, where, free from

molestation, he could observe all that was going on about him.

"In the window of the hotel over my head it is his wont to sit and study the people, until this watch tower has come by common consent to be recognised as his, and is known as 'Ibsen's window.'

"From his vantage ground at the hotel window, a sweep of the eye presents to the poet nearly every phase of human life; royalty, the statesman, the soldier, the actor, the student, the reveller, the traveller from foreign parts, the high and low, the rich and poor,—all are included.

Ibsen on the street "moves along with his head well thrown back, a favorite attitude being one in which his hands are clasped behind him. Everybody knows him, and he receives the salutations of his acquaintances by raising his hat with a courtliness and dignity which mark the gentleman of the old school.

"Ibsen's wife is living, and he has a son—a doctor of philosophy and something of a diplomat—married to a daughter of Bjornson.

"He mingles but little in society. He is found occasionally at a dinner or gathering of the literary set, when it is said he unbends and is very affable. He never attends church.

"Ibsen is reputed to be a wealthy man, as the term is applied in Norway. The income from his books, coupled with his own prudence and sagacity, has made him so.

Epicurean Food.

THERE are few persons of wide experience in matters of food who do not acknowledge the superiority of the home table over restaurant or hotel fare. The secret of cooking a large quantity of food so that it shall be done as daintily and perfectly as the accomplished home cook does her work, is yet unsolved.

The very best hotel fare soon becomes monotonous. The very system with which everything must be done, and the large menu itself which must be furnished every day, makes elaborate changes of fare impossible. The true epicure demands quality, not quantity. He is the exact opposite of a glutton. On the contrary, he can regale himself with toast and cheese, so long as the toast is daintily browned and the cheese "good, fat and mellow." There is a vulgar idea that it shows grossness to pay grave attention to matters of mere food, and that the term epicure implies something of reproach. Nothing can be further from the truth. The person who is indifferent to his food and eats greedily whatever is set before him resembles in this but one animal which eats promiscuously whatever is thrown to it.

All the greatest epicures have been abstemious eaters. "A true epicure," says a famous French writer, "can dine well on one dish, provided it is excellent of its kind."

Good living does not mean expensive living, but living in such a manner that all the table service shall be refined and wholesome, even though only bread and butter and potatoes are served. The bread may be the lightest, sweetest, home-made loaf; such bread as poets have considered worthy of commendation; not the bread of which Hood wrote as "A heavy compound of putty and lead." The butter may be the most perfect golden balls that ever left the dairy of "neat-handed Phyllis." The potatoes may be mealy and perfectly cooked, balls of snowy whiteness, that crumble at the touch of a fork. A true epicure could dine on such a meal, while he would turn away with disgust from a table loaded to surfeit with costly food badly cooked and vulgarly served. This is the reason why the home table is the most attractive, where the mistress of the of the house is an intelligent, refined woman, who knows the use of her saucapans. It is in such a household, where the refining touch of a woman's house-keeping is everywhere seen, where the work is done from love, not by hired hands, that the best food is served and the entire *menage* of the house is most satisfactory to a person of cultured taste.

Good food, the daintiest, best of food, if managed by an intelligent head of the house, costs but little. It is the lavish display of abundance, the food that is finally thrown away, which costs extravagantly. It is an easy matter for a wasteful servant to throw away as much as is consumed on the table. Where the management of the table is left to the servants the cost of the supplies consumed may be trebled without any actual dishonesty; yet the service may be infinitely meaner than one that costs one-quarter, and is under the intelligent management of an educated woman, one who shows her innate refinement by the sweetness of her bread and the daintiness of all her culinary work, as much as in the neatness, the air of the place and restfulness from all outside turmoils, that pervade her surroundings. Such a home—"a temple of the hearth, watched over by household gods, before whose face none may come but those whom they can receive with love"—is the noblest achievement of woman.

Two Eminent Musicians.

THE LATE AMBROISE THOMAS.

IT is said that the late Ambroise Thomas was the only composer to whom it was permitted to assist in the flesh at the thousandth performance of one of his own compositions. The work referred to was the opera "Mignon," the thousandth representation of which took place in May, 1894.

The late Director of the Paris Conservatoire and President of the French Institute was born at Metz in 1811. A short time ago he was interviewed for the *Strand Musical Magazine*, and the following passages from such recent recollections are interesting at this moment:

"Fortune has treated me with clemency (he said). Arriving in Paris in 1828, I entered the Conservatoire, then under the direction of Cherubini.

"I chose the piano in preference to the violin, believing it to be more materially helpful to the composer. The following year I carried off my first prize. As soon as I gained the Prix de Rome I left for Italy. There I wrote a Requiem Mass, which formed, as it were, the first landmark in my career.

"I do not wish to appear opposed to modern music, but I do not like imitators of the German school. There is too much nebulous philosophy and not sufficient inspiration. Mendelssohn is unjustly neglected nowadays.

"In France we are actually surrounded by Germanism. Wagner? A great musician, a great intellect, but too German—for us. Nevertheless, Wagner has indisputably written very beautiful passages.

"Why have I never written symphonies? I have never dared to; the glamour of Beethoven is so dazzling that I felt myself timid, diffident. At the start I found myself engaged in dramatic music, and, indeed, on having found success in that direction, I thought it wiser to continue. At first I composed at the piano, but as I progressed I took to writing my scores straight off.

"The most gratifying emotion that I have experienced during my long career was the free performance of "Mignon" on the day following the gala. It gave an imprint of a national character to my work."

The *Menestrel* of February 16th contains a special memoir of Ambroise Thomas, by M. Arthur Pougin, and the new musical magazines all contain obituary notices.

THE LATE HENRY LESLIE, OF LESLIE'S CHOIR.

On the day after Sir Joseph Barnby was laid to rest, came the news of the death of Mr. Henry Leslie, another famous choir-trainer. It was Henry Leslie's choir that to some extent first made Sir Joseph Barnby a name by the exquisite rendering of "Sweet and Low." Several accounts of this choir, varying somewhat in detail, are given in the current musical magazines, but the following outline of his career will give some idea of the work undertaken by Henry Leslie half a century ago.

It was in 1855 that seven ladies and gentlemen met at Blagrove's Rooms in Mortimer Street to practice unaccompanied part-songs, conducted by Henry Leslie and Frank Mori. In a few months there were thirty-five voices, and the practising took place at the Hanover Square Rooms. The first concert was also given here in the next year. By 1858 there were eighty members, and the choir appeared at Buckingham Palace to take part in the festivities of the Princess Royal's marriage. Leslie labored unremittingly, reviving older works and introducing new compositions. The most notable event, perhaps, was the revival of Tallis's great "Forty-Part Song," written for eight choirs of five parts each. In 1880, when over two hundred concerts had been given in the twenty-five years of its existence, the choir appeared for the last time at Windsor, and disbanded. Several attempts were made to bring it to life again, but in vain. Henry Leslie was born in 1822 or 1823, and during the last few years lived in retirement near Oswestry.

"Jack Robinson."

LORD ELDON relates that during the parliamentary debates on the India Bill, when Mr. John Robinson was Secretary to the Treasury, Sheridan, on one evening when Foul's majorities were decreasing, said, "Mr. Speaker, this is not at all to be wondered at, when a member is employed to corrupt everybody in order to obtain votes." Upon this there was a great outcry by almost everybody in the house. "Who is it?" "Name him!" "Name him!" "Sir," said Sheridan to the Speaker, "I shall not name the person. It is an unpleasant and invidious thing to do so; and, therefore, I shall not name him. But don't suppose, Sir, that I abstain because there is any difficulty in naming him; I could do that, Sir, as soon as you could say 'Jack Robinson.'"

Is Mars Inhabited?

BY PROF. MALCOLM MCNEILL.

THE question of the habitability of other planets than the earth has always been a fascinating one to many people, and there have been endless speculations on the subject, most of them without any scientific basis. When the question is narrowed down to the inquiry whether any of the planets are in a physical condition to support life in any form resembling the forms with which we are acquainted on the earth, the present state of our knowledge leads to the conclusion that Mars and Venus present the only possibilities of an affirmative reply, and of the two, Venus, by reason of her practically continuous covering of cloud, gives little chance for investigation, leaving Mars as the only object toward which it is worth while to direct our attention.

Mr. Percival Lowell thinks that the observations of other astronomers, and more especially his own observations during the opposition of 1894, have gone a long way toward solving the question affirmatively, and moreover he argues that the "canals" and "oases" present a condition of affairs which can be best explained by the hypothesis that they were constructed by living beings. His arguments are perhaps best summarized in his own words, taken from the Atlantic:

"... We find in the first place that the broad, physical conditions of the planet are not antagonistic to some form of life; secondly, that there is an apparent dearth of water upon the planet's surface and therefore if beings of sufficient intelligence inhabited it, they would have to resort to irrigation to support life; thirdly, that there turns out to be a network of markings covering the disc precisely counterparting what a system of irrigation would look like; and, lastly, that there is a set of spots placed where we should expect to find the lands thus artificially fertilized, and behaving as such constructed oases should."

As to his first contention that the general physical condition of Mars is not antagonistic to life, we know that whatever atmosphere Mars has it is much less dense than that of the earth (Mr. Lowell estimates it at about one-seventh), although the evidence of climatic changes indicates that the temperature is not greatly different from that to which we are accustomed. We know that if our earth should lose six-sevenths of its atmosphere, or even a much smaller fraction of it, the remainder would not hold in enough of the heat of the sun which reaches the earth to prevent the freezing of all the water on its surface. To avoid this difficulty in the case of Mars, which receives much less of the sun's heat than we do, owing to its greater distance, Mr. Lowell argues that the Martian atmosphere must be much more highly charged with water vapor than ours is. This seems hard to understand in view of his second argument that Mars is poorly supplied with water.

We know that the axis of rotation of Mars is inclined to his orbit at about the same angle as is the earth's to its orbit, and that the supply of solar heat will give rise to seasonal variations in temperature not unlike the earth's, and for the past two hundred years we have had strong evidence of climatic variation in the gradual disappearance of the polar cap in the Martian summer, and its formation again during the winter. Much of the evidence goes to show that this polar cap is snow or ice, and there is nothing strongly contradictory to this idea. We may with reasonable safety conclude that Mars is a body supplied with all those necessities to existence, seasons, air, (a little), and water.

It seems highly probable that Mars is not nearly as well supplied with water as is the earth. Practically the whole of the equatorial regions of the planet seem to be land. If one looks on one of the older maps he will find a good many markings are labeled "seas," "lakes," etc., but the more recent observations seem to indicate that these are not bodies of water. The polariscope gives evidence in this direction, and also we should occasionally catch the reflection of the sun from some of them. It has been computed that the sun's image from reflection in a body of water on Mars should be as bright as a third magnitude star. There seems to be no strong evidence of any great

body of water except along the edges of the melting ice-cap.

Now as to the canals. They are markings on the body of the planet, practically straight, crossing each other at all sorts of angles, several frequently coming together at the same point. Their length averages about 1,500 miles. One that Mr. Lowell measured was over 3,800 miles in length. They are very narrow, perhaps not more than fifteen to thirty miles in breadth. They are not seen at all seasons of the Martian year, but develop as the ice-cap disappears. What Mr. Lowell calls oases are rounded patches at the junction points of the canals and these come into view at about the same time as the canals, or perhaps a little later. There is no instrumental evidence that either the canals or oases are lodges of water. They appear in the same place, opposition after opposition waxing and waning with the seasons, and they must be in some way connected with them. Mr. Lowell insists that these canals and oases are masses of vegetation, stirred into activity by the supplies of water furnished by the melting of the polar ice-caps; that what we see is not the irrigating ditch itself, but the strip of land about it stirred into activity by

not a little evidence that the surface is not perfectly level; and it would seem to be evidence of greater intelligence to have the canal follow the natural undulations of the ground, rather than to go straight over hill and valley without regard to the general surface, especially as the water it carries is partly used along the entire route. The canal, according to his theory, is not a closed conduit carrying water from the polar supply to the oasis without any distribution along the route, and there is, therefore, no evident necessity for it to be straight and no gain in making it so. A great many of the canals and oases which seem to be supplied from the south polar water are situated north of the equator, and this would seem to be a lack of economy in arrangement scarcely to be attributed to intelligent beings.

There are too many ifs about the theory to make it a very tenable one. These canals and oases have been seen by only a few astronomers and for no great length of time. We know little about them yet, and it is premature to draw any such conclusion as Mr. Lowell has drawn. Space has permitted the pointing out of only one of the difficulties in the way of the acceptance of the theory.

While very few astronomers are prepared absolutely to deny the existence of life on Mars, it seems probable that a still smaller number think that Mr. Lowell has by his observations and arguments, done very much toward proving the existence of living beings on the planet. The great majority will probably say that our knowledge is insufficient for either a strong affirmation or a strong denial.

Mother's Way.

PROBABLY nothing is more aspersing in a small way to the young wife than a comparison innocently instituted on her husband's part between her methods and those of his mother. It is the most natural thing in the world that the man, accustomed from early childhood to look upon his mother as the incarnation of all that is sweet, wise and discreet, should fancy that no one can approach her in these regards. It does not the least detract from his love and admiration for the dear young creature who has given herself to him that he does not always think her housekeeping so perfect as that which he remembers, nor invariably find her table so excellent as that to which he brought the ravenous appetite of a growing boy. Grown-up people are apt to forget that very much of the superlative excellence of the food which they regretfully remember was due to the fact that the palate of childhood and early youth is less critical than that of maturity, and that wholesome hunger needs no special sauce.

The wife who is irritated by her husband's references to mother's way should have patience, recalling to herself the oft-repeated maxim that good sons make the best husbands, and the man who thoroughly loves his mother and honors her to the full will seldom give less than reverence and enduring affection to his wife.

The fact remains, however, that the new home is usually more harmonious if separated altogether from the old than if a part of it, or even in very close neighborhood. The newly married pair should be left to work out their own problems unhindered and unhelped by the parents on either side. Conservative middle-aged matrons may easily look upon some of the notions and fads of the ambitious young housekeeper as mere frivolity. For instance, at the mother's table the diner may be served amply and well from vegetable dishes placed upon the table with the meat, and with the little individual dishes which were considered essential a score of years ago. All this the daughter-in-law naturally discards. She wishes to have her own way in her own house, and this is certainly her right. Mother's way was good for mother's house, and so long as mother lives she will have it there; but the new home must have the new ways, and this too is right. If husbands were not lacking in tact, they would understand that it is better for them, as a rule, to refrain from quotations in domestic discussion. No one is irritated by the expression of an opinion at first hand; it is fault-finding by comparison which hurts, and though this is often unintentional, it none the less leaves a sting.



CUPID IN THE DUMPS.

the annual pouring of the polar water through it. Furthermore, he argues very strenuously that the straightness of these canals and their disposition over the surface of the planet are an evidence that they were artificially constructed by intelligent beings for the purpose of distributing properly their scanty water supply, and that it is highly improbable that they can be natural features produced by causes similar to the causes which have produced mountain chains and river valleys on the earth. He does not go into details as to the amount of labor involved, but shows that we might expect that the beings on a small planet like Mars would be much larger and more powerful than those on the earth.

Now most astronomers think that Mr. Lowell is drawing conclusions entirely too great for his premises. It is only a guess that the canals and oases are masses of vegetation, even granting that at present no more satisfactory explanation can be given. Then, his argument that the straightness of the canals shows intelligent design, is by no means conclusive. Mars is not as rough in surface as is the earth, but there is

Spring, Spring! Beautiful Spring!

B. ALICE HARDMAN.



O, THE perfume of the hawthorne! sweet, fragrant pink and white masses, starred with the first gleaming dew of morning, glowing under the ardent kisses of a noontide sun, or glistening faint and pure under the gleaming moonbeams!

O, the emerald green of the banks and fields, velvety with the strong young growth of spring! Who can forget its freshness, or the feel of its elastic rebound beneath one's feet?

How blue the sky, washed clean by April's showers!

How bright the sun, swept clear of winter's cobwebs by the immense broom wielded in the brawny hands of March's strongest wind!

How sweet and clear comes the call of the returning swallow, as he and his mate make haste to the eaves, carrying in their tiny bills, that scarce support the weight, great trails of straw, a twig, or some inestimable treasure in the shape of horse hair!

O, the murmur and the swish of the swollen water speeding on and ever onward; here, flecked with shadows; there, smiling back in responsive gladness to the glittering canopy of a spring heaven!

O, the joyous prattle of the little streams ambling down from the hillside, whispering of yet snow-clad heights to the green grasses, who shout in merriment and ridicule!

O, the daisies and buttercups, whose golden and white faces are plucked by eager, childish fingers that weave long chains of fragrant bloom, to please for a season, and then fling them to waste their dying breath upon the bosom of the dear mother earth!

This, without a word.

Within, the clash and clatter of mop and pail, the steam and odor of soap and water, the swish of the energetic broom, and the call of the workman as he banishes his confere in some other part of the comfortable home. Here, the unwary householder, coming in from a wearisome day, with brain seething over with the fluctuations of stock or business cares, sets foot, maybe, into some mass of fresh-made mortar. His cosy den is invaded; long strips of discarded paper cover the once freshly matted floor; windows curtainless, and tables dismantled. Bric-a-brac, packed by careful hands safe from danger, no more decorate the walls. His meals, raw and unsavory, and served in some out-of-the-way corner, engender dyspepsia with its attendant train of bad temper, cold and discomfort. And this is the usual "spring cleaning."

"Spring drowsing." I hear the much abused man mutter, as he attempts to find rest for the sole of his weary foot. Poor, abused fellow creature, how much you are to be pitied, to be sure! Of course you are the only one in the house who does not enjoy the discomfort that is rife. What of the weary woman, up at 5 a.m., mopping, scrubbing, cleaning, and running up and down stairs fifty times a day? Here, a nail to be driven in (an almost stupendous task for a woman); there, pictures to be hung; poles to be washed and reset; windows to be cleaned; brass to be polished; workmen to be supervised. Then, too, meals must be cooked and linen mended just the same, or he wants to know the reason why, etc. At midnight the weary wife lays down on her bed (not to rest, as she is too tired to sleep), with an uneasy sense of something forgotten, something left undone. And this is repeated day after day, week in and week out, during that beautiful spring month of May. Her's to see the sunshine is his to enjoy it. And what sympathy does she get? None.

Alas! how many shining homes, fresh and natty when the first sweet days of June dawn, owe their pristine brightness to the tired, overworked, faded-eyed woman stretched in utter collapse on a bed of sickness. Can the heart of man, as he looks upon his dustless, prim and shining house, find room to rejoice, when he knows at what price it has been purchased? How many men, think you, have a word of sympathy for the aching head and limbs? Out of a hundred, hardly one. No; with a sigh of utter content they sit in the easiest chair, with the latest periodical and their choicest pipe, and give hardly more than a passing thought, if that, to the shaded lamp-lit room upstairs.

But now for the remedy—a word of advice to these

overworked, over-tired, patient slaves of custom. Why try impossibilities? Sooner or later that frail form will rebel—those striving hands fall helpless. You cannot, strong as you may feel yourself to-day, keep up this periodical slavery forever. There is a hard way and an easy way to overcome every duty, and I will here make a few suggestions, which, having tried myself, I trust may prove of use to those whose hardest taskmaster is—themselves.

My plan is to take my house room by room. Starting with my husband's "den," I give it a thorough cleaning. I need not go into details, as every woman—every housekeeper worthy of such a name—understands that word, "thorough." This room, with hard work and the aid of a good "girl" (which, *Deus meriti*, I possess), I can get through with in a day. My curtains I have prepared some days before; and lo! I have a corner to put that poor atom of humanity into when he comes home at night. Next day we tackle the dining room; next, the bed rooms, a day to each; leaving the kitchen, halls, etc., until the last; and gradually, without much disorder or annoyance to that "genus homo" so much to be considered, I find my little home grow bright and clean.

I make 6.30 a.m. till 10 p.m. my day; but always have the pails out of the way at 6 p.m. The silver can be polished, fresh curtains taped, and ten little jobs of the more dainty order got through with in the evening, leaving the rougher element to the middle hours. True, I have only a little house, and am only a comparatively "new" housekeeper; but, by the rule of analogy, if my scheme works, and I can keep some kind of order in chaos, on a small scale, surely an older, wiser and more "mature" housekeeper can do so on a larger one. True, workmen are "awful," and when they intrude they will "fitter." I, too, have had them, and therefore know. However, by dint of the omnipresent broom and the valuable assistance of "Mary," we have kept a semblance of decorum in the home; and although the searching light of day might have made ravages on our seeming comfort, under the softened tinge of a well trimmed lamp and—but let me whisper—"dusty" shade, there has always been a corner for my "much abused" husband to read his newspaper and smoke his evening pipe in. His meals, too, I have never neglected. Keep him well fed, ladies, and he won't rebel, take my word for it.

Avant the horrors of spring cleaning.

How one rejoices in this delightful season. Even the pattering of rain drops on the window-pane has no power to depress us. O, May! sweet herald of summer's joys, with what truly thankful hearts do we welcome you! Your crown of flowers, your dainty tripping feet. With slender, outspread fingers, touching the gauzy black, solem branches to mirthful bloom; cheering the lonely, healing the sick, and comforting the weary; bringing peace to the aching heart, and solace to the bereaved one. The little grave is not so desolate, under your springing flowers, as when snow and ice stretched their cold, cruel cloak above it. Sorrow and despair cannot glow r upon you from perfumed blossoms and verdant grasses; the aching, burning feet gladly feel the yielding turf beneath them; and to the fevered brow, May's balmy breath brings healing.

O, May! frail, dancing sprite—physician thou and healer of the weary-hearted. We thank God for His sweetest and best gift—the gift of springing life, that perfume of the Gods—the breath of early spring. We thank God for the long, bleak days of the winter passed, without which, May were not so sweet, not so glad some or lylthe; for, reaching forth the glory of a hand, she touched "that crown of thorns to flowers."

Beauty in Spanish Women.

AN eminent authority, Professor Paul Montagretza, says the Spanish women are the most beautiful in the world. Beauty is birthright of the dusky-eyed daughters of Spain, and the big cities and the country towns there are full of feminine charms. Of all the countries of the world, Spain is the one where hair has remained the great glory of woman. It is a different vegetable in Spain from what it is in any other country—soft, gloriously beautiful, and from the days of Velasquez to Goya down to the present moment the Spanish woman has brought it low on her face and has put a flower in it with consummate grace. The types of Spanish beauty remain unchanged. From the lofty duchess who smiled on Sancho Panza, the Carmen and the Rosina of Seville, that type so beloved by the writer of operas, down to the cigarette girl and the favorite of the bullfighter, all Spanish women are beautiful once in their lives. Many of them of the patrician class remain very beautiful, and the hair is always superb. What men they have had to paint them! Perhaps, if a high forehead is permissible anywhere, it is in one of Murillo's Madonnas.

The World's Leader!

Used by the Wealthy and Those
in Humbler Circumstances.



The Chosen Medicine in All
Well Regulated Homes.

Keep a Watch on the Substituter
and Imitations.

THE world's great leader, Paine's Celery Compound, has no equal for feeding exhausted nerves and building up the weak and shattered body.

The greatest of modern medical men—Professor Edward E. Phelps, M. D., LL. D., after years of hard practice and close scientific research, gave Paine's Celery Compound to millions who were suffering. The wonder-working compound has astonished rich and poor, learned and unlearned, by its marvellous cures.

The glad news has spread to all civilized lands that Paine's Celery Compound surely and permanently cures even cases too desperate for the physician's skill. Proofs of such cures in the testimonial form are received every week from happy and grateful men and women saved from the dark grave.

Paine's Celery Compound has fully proved its power as a banisher of dyspepsia, indigestion, rheumatism, neuralgia, kidney and liver troubles, and all diseases arising from impure and poisoned blood. Thousands of men and women, tired out, run-down, sleepless, nervous, morose, and despondent, have regained perfect health, strength, and buoyancy of spirits, by the well-advised use of nature's own medicine. It has given a new and brighter existence to a vast number of human beings who were tired of life and its many burdens.

If, from the winter weather and the variable days of early spring, you are left with nervous debility, headaches, insomnia, languidness, and nerves all out of order, do not hesitate any longer; use Paine's Celery Compound, which is specially adapted for your case, and you will avoid future misery and suffering.

Paine's Celery Compound does not belong to the worthless families of nervines and sarsaparillas that are made public by newspaper advertising, and that always deceive unwary and too confiding people. Paine's Celery Compound is a truly scientific prescription recommended by the best medical men, chemists and professional men in the world. To give an idea of the popularity and great eminence that Paine's Celery Compound has reached, it is only necessary to state that millions of well-regulated homes have made it their chosen medicine.

As popular goods are always imitated by unscrupulous men, buyers of Paine's Celery Compound should see that they get the only genuine celery in the world. Look for the trade mark—the name "Paine's" and the stalk of celery—on every bottle you are offered by dealers. Avoid all merchants who would substitute something that they call just as good; there is no other medicine that can take the place of Paine's Celery Compound; it is what you most urgently require to make you well.

A MAGICAL CURE.

This is the time when Sore Throat, Hacking Cough, Enlargement of the Tonsils, Bronchial Affections and Croup are everywhere prevalent.

Harvard Bronchial Syrup

will prove a magical cure for all the above troubles. Its effects are prompt and sure. Ask your dealer for Harvard Bronchial Syrup; take no other.

"Unto One of the Least."

GRACE GIVEN.



"I'll never grumble again because I can't have everything I want."

"That is a sensible speech and worth laying aside one's paper to listen to. Pray what has prompted you to make so praise-worthy a resolution?"

"You know we had a New England supper at the church parlors last evening. Well, there was considerable left over, and so Mrs. Gray and I were asked to take it and distribute it amongst some poor families. Such misery as we encountered! I never saw such suffering, and, as I say, I'll never complain again about not having everything I'd like.

"In one place there was a man dying of consumption, and five little children, without a particle of food in the house. No fire either, and the mercury twenty below zero this morning! The mother works when she can find anything to do, and that is all they have to depend upon. It made my heart ache to see them shivering around in their bits of thin clothes. And the poor man! Why, when I'm sick, I always want so many things, even when I've only a bad cold and I feel so abused if I can't have everything. There was that poor fellow, racked with such a cough, and not a single comfort. He was so grateful for the food for the children; it fairly made me ashamed.

"Then in another place we found a poor crippled boy, very sick, indeed. He was able to earn something when he was well, but now he has to depend upon what a younger brother earns—not enough to keep them both in food. There wasn't even a bed in the house; the poor, sick cripple was lying on the bare floor. Oh, it was awful! And there were so many people on our list! But those were the worst cases, I think."

"Poor things; I'm sorry for them. Let me read you an article on the latest style for dogs."

"How can you?"

"It is the fashion now for a lady to have the name and breed of her dog engraved on a card which she sends up with her own when she is calling."

"That, in the face of what I have been telling you about those starving people!"

"Listen. Dogs have also their own pocket handkerchiefs. They are carried no doubt in a pocket in the elegant blanket with which the dog is covered."

"Don't, I beg of you, read me any more of that stuff! Talk about styles for dogs when human beings are perishing for the necessities of life!"

"There, I've done now. I came across this paragraph and thought what a contrast it is to your remarks. Seriously, did you ever think that many a poor, ill-fed, almost naked child, might envy a dog covered with a warm blanket, and carried in some lady's arms, well fed and well cared for?"

"But do you think there are women who really give any serious thought to such things as you have been reading about—cards, and handkerchiefs for dogs? Can it be possible, and little children dying for want of care, within a short distance?"

"Can it be, my sisters? Answer, some of you who lavish caresses on your poodles. Can you say why you fondle and caress a dumb beast, when you might take some little neglected child into your arms, and make its life happy?"

"The fact that you must have some helpless thing to pet, proves that there exists in your breast that wonderful feeling called the maternal instinct—mother love—the theme of many a poet. Will you profane this beautiful sentiment by bestowing it on a poodle; literally giving that which is holy unto the dogs? You prefer the poodle to the child because, forsooth, the latter might not turn out well when grown up, and all your loving care would be lost. How do you know it would, even supposing the child should disappoint you grievously? The experiment surely would be worth while, for the possibility there would be of the little one proving a blessing not only to you but to mankind."

"Oh! woman, woman! Clamor for the ballot; array yourselves in the habiliments which are a good imitation of the garments worn by your brothers; insist upon a college career; rush into the professions; seize upon politics; race all over the country on bicycles; fence, lox, play football, do anything in fact, except waste your affections on a poodle. Instead of hemstitching handkerchiefs for your dog, put in a few stitches for the naked little ones. In place of having cards engraved with your dog's name, send some little neglected wail to school."

"What if you do meet with ingratitude? Have you not all your life long received, as it were, ten thou-

sand talents in blessings; and have you always been so thankful for them that you feel you may exact the hundred pence of gratitude from your fellow being?"

"Needles and Pins."

"Needles and pins, needles and pins!
When a man's married his trouble begins."

DOES it indeed? I thought it dated back farther than that—to some time before the wedding, when he was not sure that Jill would have him. Wasn't he on needles and pins just about that time? He forgets how he felt when she accepted Jack Horner's invitation to a sleigh ride, and when she went to the picnic with Jack Dandy. Wasn't that trouble, Jack? You appear to have forgotten all about it; but you thought you had trouble in those days.

You were willing to vow that Jill should have everything she ever wanted, all the rest of her life, if she'd only have you *then!* And now! Needles and pins furnish you with a text for a discourse on economy.

Needles and pins! Some of those very needles will be used in sewing on your buttons, and darning your socks and making you look respectable generally. Then see how many stitches are required to keep the little ones tidy and comfortable. How can that be done, pray, without needles? Yet you grumble about having to supply needles? And the pins! Just watch Jill take one of them to pin her skirt up out of the way of her feet, and step around lively and prepare your supper.

You ought to be ashamed of yourself to grudge her the price of the pins. Indeed, you ought to give her a little *pin* money—money for which she will not have to account to you. Treat her as fairly as you would your hired help, and do not ask for a bill of items whenever she happens to spend a little money, which belongs to her in all fair dealing. Treat her as generously as you do yourself, and let her give or squander a few cents occasionally—you may depend upon its not being a very large sum.

"Do you know," said the wife of a fairly well-off man, and the mother of a large family, "I have been married twenty-five years, and I've never spent twenty five cents without having to tell where it went. I'd like to have a little to do as I like with once in a while, the same as my husband does. I could save it, too, if I had the buying for the family. But I never have any money."

Just think of it! Not a cent to call her own in all those years—not a cent a year! Housekeeper, cook, laundress, nurse, seamstress and maid of all work, and not a cent of money!

As an offset, to be sure, she has had board, clothes, doctor's bills, sundries in the way of stationery and postage stamps—when she has time for letter-writing—a book or two perhaps; a magazine or paper, may be; even car fare and per rent; but no *cash!*

Does it not seem strange that a man will trust a woman with home, children, honor, happiness, everything but *money?* Is it possible that is what he values most? Can it be that though he may hold his wife to be "a little better than his dog, a little dearer than his horse" the falls far below his pocket-book in his affections?

Needles and pins! How he will sit and discourse, between the puffs of tobacco smoke, upon the shameful waste incurred by the purchase of so many needles and pins! Then, forgetting all about the necessity there is for saving money, he will *treat* some other man!

"I can't afford it," said a man when his wife asked him to hire a carriage that she might follow the remains of a dear friend to their last resting place. And yet, a few days later he went to the expense of one for himself, that he might attend a masonic funeral, although his acquaintance with the deceased had been but slight. What do you suppose she felt? *I know what she said!*

Needles and pins! Perhaps it is not the man whose trouble begins when such things are needed in a household. Some one has said that it is not the great troubles of life that are the worst to endure; for one summons one's fortune and meets them bravely. But the petty daily annoyances—the pin picks, as it were, are what seem the hardest to bear. Among them may be reckoned the sense of mortification a wife must feel when she has to ask for money. The man who has to be asked for it, usually does it out with much grumbling, and many a caution as to its being spent judiciously and not squandered on trifles.

Not having had experience in that line, I do not know how I should feel under similar circumstances. I think one refusal would be enough for me. I should be inclined to say, "Keep your money, sir; in the next time I need any, I'll earn it for myself, even if I have to take in washing!"

And I'd keep my word, as sure as my name is

MISTRESS MARY, QUITE CONTRARY.

A Pleasing Combination.

Art, style, beauty and low prices have made our Carpet Store

the most popular in Canada. If you have a taste for the beautiful in art, call and inspect our stock of Carpets.

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A car load just received; they are stylish chairs, and must go at our clearing prices.

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FROM THE CRADLE ... TO THE GRAVE.

The distance is greatly increased
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It thoroughly nourishes and thus fortifies
the system against sickness and disease.

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Not ordinary damp, clammy, shapeless water-proof goods. Light, porous, stylish, dress-fabric—perfectly shower proof, dust proof.

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combines comfort and style, good appearance and long wear. Fashionable for the street, serviceable for the country. Six shades, Navy, Myrtle, Brown, Grey, Castor, and Black. Ask your dry goods dealer for Cravenette.

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E. B. Eddy's Matches

First made in 1851,
have been in the
lead for 45 years.

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Best in
the
World
for
Home
Dyeing.

Our Boys and Girls.

The Boy That Laughs.

I know a funny little boy—
The happiest ever born;
His face is like a beam of joy,
Although his clothes are torn.

I saw him tumble on his nose,
And waited for a groan;
But how he laughed! Do you suppose
He struck his funny bone?

There's sunshine in each word he speaks,
His laugh is something grand;
Its ripples overrun his cheeks
Like waves on the snowy sand.

He laughs the moment he awakes,
And till the day is done;
The school-room for a joke he takes—
His lessons are but fun.

No matter how the day may go,
You cannot make him cry;
He's worth a dozen boys I know,
Who pout and mope and sigh.

Water Drop's Journey.

HIGH up in the sky a tiny Water Drop, with hundreds like himself, was quietly rocking in the soft arms of Mother Cloud.

They were gently floating through the sky when they met a cold wind, who jostled the great cloud so roughly that all her children fell from her arms, down, down to the earth beneath.

On his way Water Drop and his brothers had to pass through a very cold region of air, which changed them in some mysterious way to beautiful little white stars. Several of them clung together, and when they reached earth the little children cried, "Oh! see the big snow flakes!"

They all lay together in a big white drift, till one day Father Sun shone out bright and warm, and a soft south wind blew warm upon them, and soon they were changed back again to water drops, and the little children said the snow had all melted away. Then they chased one another merrily over the brown earth, whispering to the sleeping flowers, as they passed them. "Spring is coming! Spring is coming!"

Down a hill they danced and slid, until they all tumbled into a brook that went rippling and chattering through the woods.

Now, this brook was really made up of millions of water drops like themselves, and our little Water Drop soon got acquainted with a great number of them. Some had turned to snow and had lain quietly all winter until released by the warm rains and sunshine, and others had but lately fallen from their home in the sky.

How they chatted to one another as they merrily danced over stick and stone.

They travelled on for hours and hours until they reached the broad river.

Here they moved more slowly and silently. They knew they were on their way to the great sea, and it seemed to make them thoughtful.

They had been in the river for some days, when one evening they felt themselves slowly but steadily driven up the river quite a distance. Water Drop wondered at this, but one of his companions who had taken the trip before, told him it was the flow of the tide and that they were very near the sea.

After a few hours the tide turned and carried them all out to the broad ocean. At first they did not like the salt, but after a while became used to it, and, in fact, soon grew salty themselves.

Water Drop lived in the ocean a long time and saw all the wonders of it. He saw the great and curious fish and other creatures who live in the deep, and the beautiful shells and seaweeds among which they played.

He saw the great ships, and the icebergs which came floating down from the north, and was nearly frightened to death in a storm. For two or three days he had been tossed from one wave to another; now he was thrown away up in the air, only to fall down again in a deep pit of water. When the storm was over, Water Drop lay quietly rocking on a big wave, and one afternoon Father Sun drew him, with a great many others, back to his home in the sky. He left his saltiness behind him and was once more a pure, clear water drop resting in Mother Cloud's arms.

Windsor Salt, purest and best.

Flabby Throats and Their Treatment.

AT about 40 flabby throats may be looked for in plump or stout women and generally found. The muscles that support the flesh lose their firmness, usually from lack of exercise, for the woman of 40, though she is frequently unconscious of the fact, has grown a little too self-indulgent, does not bestir herself as she did ten years before, sleeps more, eats more, and, increasing in flesh, is surprised to see that the once solid structure of her throat has apparently lost it underbracing.

It really is only a question of exercise, care, patience and diet, to get back again the old firmness, provided, of course, one has not ill-health to contend with.

When an athlete lets up on his exercise, he gets "soft," but he knows that a fortnight's training will put him to rights again and make him as fit as ever.

When I tell you that exercise with a pair of light dumbbells will harden your throat and make your double chins fade unregretted into memories (with, of course, proper diet), I fancy you smile, but it is really so. Practice before a looking glass for 15 minutes a day—three sittings of 5 minutes each—the first four dumbbell exercises. Watch the muscles of your throat as you do so. You have not exercised these muscles in this way for years, I am sure, and meanwhile you have been adding weight upon weight of flesh until they have sunk down limp and soft. They will respond and harden just as the muscles of an athlete's legs and arms will.

Ten years ago you used your head and throat so much and with such quick motions that you got this exercise without the aid of gymnastics.

As a proof of this statement, have you never noticed that the most famous prima donnas maintain their firm, beautiful throats 20 years longer than a society woman? The reason is the simple one of exercise.

Hold your chins up and throw them forward. Learn deep breathing—breathing from the diaphragm, as it is called.

In addition, massage of the throat is also often very beneficial. It takes time to accomplish the transformation, but it has been done and can be done again. You should also be careful not to overdo the massage, and do not let the operator grow heroic.

Mme. Patti declares that her vocal chords were nearly paralyzed by too much massage. You can give yourself this treatment, which is really a gentle pinching and kneading of the parts, and can suit your touch to your sensibilities, often with better results than one obtains through a masseuse. Indian clubs also are excellent for exercising the upper part of the body, but I have found the dumbbells better for restoring muscular firmness to the throat.

Rapid Growth.

The most remarkable instance of rapid growth is said to be recorded by the French Academy in 1729. It was a boy six years of age, five feet six inches in height. At the age of five his voice changed; at six his beard had grown, and he appeared a man of thirty. He possessed great physical strength, and could easily lift to his shoulders and carry bags of grain weighing two hundred pounds. His decline was as rapid as his growth. At eight his hair and beard were grey; at ten he tottered in his walk, his teeth fell out, and his hands became palsied; at twelve he died with every outward sign of extreme old age.



McLAREN'S GENUINE



IS THE BEST.

Regularly Used it Banishes Dyspepsia.

A WORD TO THE LADIES.
Cooverton's Nipple Oil
will be found superior to all other preparations for **Cracked or Sore Nipples.**
To HARDEN THE NIPPLES commence using three months before confinement.—PRICE 25 CENTS.—Should your druggist not keep it ask him to procure it from any of the Wholesale Drug Houses, or enclose 31 cents in stamps.
C. J. COOVERTON & CO.,
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Oil and Water Colors

For all First-class Paintings.

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HAIR

Superfuous Hair can be removed from the face, arms and neck in Two Minutes, and growth forever destroyed by PILATON Perfectly harmless. Sent by mail, sealed, on receipt of price, \$1.00. AGENTS WANTED. The Lane Medicine Co., Montreal, Que.

Mention "Our Home" when answering adverts.

I must not forget to have some

BABY'S OWN SOAP

ordered to-day.



Gems from Examination Papers.

A String of Amusing Blunders.

A WRITER in *Blackwood's Magazine* describes "The Philosophy of Blunders" in a paper that is choked with samples of the amusing mistakes made in examination papers:—

"A little boy in the course of his reading lesson came to the word 'widow,' and called it 'window,' a word more familiar to him. The teacher who was acting as examiner, corrected the blunder, and then, wishing to improve the occasion, put the question, 'what is the difference between 'widow' and 'window?' The boy's answer began, 'You can see through a window, but—' and then stopped. The amusement plainly visible on the teacher's face prevented this miniature Sam Weller from completing the contrast.

Some of the most amusing blunders occur in Scripture lessons:—

In rehearsing the story of the Nativity at Bethlehem, the question was put, "Why was there no room in the inn?" "Because it was pay day," came at length from a little fellow, who seemed to know well the appearance of the "inn" on the fortnightly payday in the mining village where he lived.

In a northern Sunday-school, the subject of lesson was the triumphal entry into Jerusalem. "Why did the people strew palm-branches in the way?" asked the teacher. One pupil, impressed no doubt by the hostility of one section of the Jews rather than by the enthusiasm of the other, gave the startling explanation, "To trip the cuddy" (north country for jacks).

Many mistakes occur from similarity between two words, of which the following are instances:—

John Wesley joined the navy in 1779, and by degrees rose to be Duke of Wellington. John Wesley is here, as is not at all uncommon in such papers, confounded with Sir Arthur Wellesley, and the navy has been put in place of the army. A more extreme case of confusion may be added: "Sir Thomas More lived in the reign of William; he was a great poet; some of his poems were 'Celestis in Search of a Wife,' 'Ye Mariners of England,' and 'The Descent of Man.' He was also one of the greatest preachers of his time."

There is more excuse for the youth who replied to another question that:—

"Pym was a companion of Haunspen in the ship called the *Pilgrim Fathers* which sailed to America in 1620," where the confusion of the name given the passengers with that of the ship is responsible for part of the blunder. Even chronology, which is the crammer's strong point, goes astray under the effort to reproduce statements seen somewhere in a text-book. For example, "During the reign of Queen Elizabeth, one of her most able supporters was Cranmer a Protestant. During the reign of Queen Mary, Cranmer was burned for heresy, a statement made by a student who could not possibly be ignorant of the fact that Mary's reign preceded that of Elizabeth.

The slip is evident in "what an Englishwoman would throw away, a Frenchwoman would neutralise in her soup."

The importance of a good water supply is recognised by all the writers, but their remarks regarding this matter are in one or two cases suggestive of sarcasm; for example, "The water that is used is carefully analysed, and when anything is found likely to cause disease it is entirely disregarded;" and "The water communication should be stopped, as water is the greatest carrier of the germs of typhoid fever."

Papers on this subject also contain an unusual proportion of expressions somewhat suggestive of the Emerald Isle; for example, "Every house was not yet infected should be disinfected;" "The body is covered with little holes;" "Girls of all ages;" "The nurse should not mix with anyone except the doctor;" "For tea she might get a little cocoa;" and "One breath of pure morning air is worth a dozen of moonlight." The following is a more detailed example of the same type, the reference being to penny dinners at school: "Each child receives a good deal more than a pennyworth, but the loss is not great when a great many children buy."

But scientific terms are by no means safe from variations, as the two following quotations, this time from the papers of schoolgirls will show: "Car lony cassid" is an unusual but yet recognisable form of carbonic acid. "Lack tail ducks" may not be so easily recognised; one might suppose that it referred to a species of waterfowl, related in some way to the Manx cat, but it is really intended for lacteal ducts. Possibly the functions of these vessels was no less a mystery to the writer than the spelling of their name.

Anna: Is it an interesting story?

Daisy: Extremely interesting! I don't think I skipped twenty pages.

Spice Column. A Comfort of Life!



from you."

"Which shall I thank you for first—the service or the compliment?" asked the lady, smilingly.

"Troth, ma'm," said Pat, touching the place where once stood the brim of what once was a beaver, "that look of your beautiful eye thanked me for both."

A PERVERSE WOMAN.—"So Ferguson's wife is dead."

"Yes, she died yesterday."

"She was an awful contrary woman."

"She was that about everything, and she kept it up to the last. In fact, I don't think she would have died at all if it hadn't been for her perverseness."

"Why, how was that?"

"She was very ill, and her husband, with tears in his eyes, said, 'Dear Jane, you must not die.' Then she looked at him and said, 'I'll show you whether I'll die or not,' and turning her face to the wall, was dead in a minute."

"Dennis, why don't you strike?"

"And phat should I do that for?"

"The work's too hard for the pay you get. The idea of going up that ladder all day long."

"But I only go up half the day, sur."

"How can you make that appear!"

"Because, sur, I spend the other half of it in coming down."

AMONG THE HEATHEN.—Helen, aged 4, was spending a night away from home. At bedtime she knelt at her hostess' knees to say her prayers, expecting the usual prompting.

Finding Mrs. L. unable to help her out, she concluded thus:

"Please, God, scuse me. I can't member my prayers, and I'm staying with a lady that don't know any."

TO MAKE A SALE.—"I'm afraid to buy this wheel; it may make me get thin."

"Oh, no; wheeling increases the flesh."

"Well, but there's my wife; she wants a wheel and is afraid she will get fat."

"Not at all; most people who wheel lose flesh right along."

Chaplain: "This is your third term in this prison; are you not ashamed to have your friends see you here?"

"Indeed I am, sir. The prison is disgraceful; the reception-room smells like a tap-room; the cells are as dark as pitch; the warden is no gentleman; and the table is not fit to sit down to. Ashamed to have my friends come here! I am mortified every time I see them, but what can I do?"

Young Wife: "I am your treasure, darling?"

Young Husband: "You are indeed. I don't see how I had the good luck to get you."

Young Wife: "Oh, well, you know, mamma attended to that! It wasn't luck."

Teacher: "Anonymous means without a name. Write a sentence showing you understand how to use the word."

Small Girl: (writes) "Our new baby is anonymous."

A COMPLACENT CASE.—"Mister," said Meandering Mike, "you look like a lawyer."

"I have practised at the bar."

"Well, I'd like to get an opinion. Ef I takes a job o' snow-shovelin' without contractin' ter complete it at any given time, an' the snow melts before I git around to it, kin I call on the lady o' the house an' recover, or kin she put me off by statin' her opinion that I didn't intend ter come back nohow?"

SMALL.—"Somebody," she faltered, "may come between us." His breast heaved. "Whoever would do such a thing," he fiercely exclaimed, "would be contemptibly small." And with that he moved even yet nearer to her.

A pure and reliable Soap for laundry work is one of the great comforts of life.

The use of

'Sunlight' Soap

on wash day, in the home, means work well and speedily done, that conduces to sanitation and health. The pure combinations peculiar only to "Sunlight" Soap makes it an unequalled cleanser. No spots or stains left when "Sunlight" is used.

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TRADE

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Sewing Cottons

ARE THE BEST.



POTS, PANS,
KETTLES,

and all other
Kitchen Utensils in

"CRESCENT"

Enamelled Ware stand the test of time and constant use. Never chip or burn. Nice designs. Beautifully finished. Easily kept clean.

EVERY PIECE GUARANTEED.

"CRESCENT" IS THE KIND TO ASK FOR.

If your dealer does not keep it drop a postal card to

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Granby Rubbers . . .

Afford complete protection for all sizes, shapes and conditions of feet. They are modelled to fit the style of boot you wear.

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are thin, light, elastic, stylish, and wear like iron.

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are the only up-to-date feet protectors sold. They never draw the feet. Note the extra thick ball and heel. Wear only the Granby.

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Salt

For dairy and table use is the BEST.

Perfectly dry and white, and no lime in it.

Better Cheese and Butter can be made with it than with any other salt.

It pays to use it.