

H. 182.2

VOL. V.

DECEMBER, 1896.

No. 5.

# OUR HOME



MONTHLY FAMILY MAGAZINE

WATSON GRIFFIN, Publisher,

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Last spring we used Herbageum with our calves with skim milk, a teaspoonful to a gallon of the milk, and they were equally fine as if they had had the new pure milk.

New Perth, P.E.I., July 20th, 1895.

CYRUS SHAW.

NOTE.—There are 63 heaped teaspoonfuls in one pound of Herbageum, which is sufficient for 63 gallons of skim milk. At 8 lbs. to the gallon=504 lbs. of skim made equal to new milk for calves at a cost of 12½ cents, which is 2½ cents per hundred weight; while, according to a statement some time since in The Country Gentleman, it takes 5 7/10 lbs. of pure flax seed to do it, which at 4 cents per lb. means 23 cents for flax seed, as against 2½ cents for Herbageum. Flax seed is additional food value. Herbageum is not a food value, but prevents waste of ordinary food by ensuring perfect digestion, and is economical for general use with all classes of stock.

I feed Herbageum to my ewes both before and after lambing and find it very advantageous. As soon as the lambs will eat I give a little in their food regularly, and it shoots them right along. Also find it first-class for milch cows, and last season I fed it to my turkey chicks, and did not lose one through weakness or disease.

WM. SWAN.

Willows Ranch, Austin, Man., June 20, 1894.

THE BEAVER MFG. CO., GALT, Ont., SOLE MANUFACTURERS.

SEND FOR PAMPHLET, MENTIONING "OUR HOME."

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## MICMAC WONDER MEN.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.

One of the Micmac legends related by Dr. Rand gives the impression that the Indian who first told it did not invent it, but dreamed it. No doubt it was altered somewhat afterward and added to, but it still has many characteristics of a dream.

The hero is nameless. He is referred to in the first place as the little boy and afterward as the young man. The story is as follows:

One day an old woman who lived in a large Indian village on the shore of a lake was walking about in the woods near at hand, when she found lying on the ground a tiny baby boy, so small that she placed him in her mitten, and in this way carried him home. Believing that she had found a prize in the child, she took him with her next morning and removed far away from the village into the forest, where she erected a small lodge for herself. There she and the child dwelt together. The little fellow thrived, and in due time was able to run about and play out of doors. The foster mother snared rabbits and they lived on the flesh. One day the little boy requested the old lady to make him a bow and arrow. She complied, and he went out to practice with his weapons.

Before long he succeeded in killing a little mouse. Back he ran, leaving the mouse lying where it fell, and announced the important fact to the old woman. "Grandmother," he said, "I have killed a huge wild beast. Take

your knife and carrying strap and come and fetch it home."

So they both went out together, and she saw lying on the ground the little mouse, which she took and tied up, carrying it home on her back. The ordinary inventor of a story would have thought it necessary to explain that the mouse grew as the old woman gazed upon it, but in this legend everything is taken for granted as in a dream, so that what is one moment a tiny creature becomes the next moment a heavy burden for the old woman's back, and yet there is not the slightest mention of any transformation having taken place. It might be interesting to consider whether the average woman's fear of a mouse is a survival of an old superstition that a mouse might suddenly and without warning change into a huge wild beast, as did the mouse killed by the very little boy of this legend.

When the two reached home with the burden he directed the old woman to skin the mouse and make out of the skin a mat to sit upon. He said that in time to come, before any trouble arrived, this mat would give her warning and tell her how to escape. She carefully followed his directions and made the magical mat.

Not many days afterward he came running in again in great glee, shouting, "Grandmother, we are highly favored! I have killed a huge wild beast."

This time the huge wild beast proved to be a little squirrel, but by the time

she had skinned it the skin was large enough to make another mat with magical powers. He now asked the old grandmother to make him larger weapons, and she soon supplied him with a large bow and arrow. With the acquisition of the large bow and arrow another dreamlike transformation seemed to take place. Without description of the change, or the slightest mention of it, he suddenly came on the scene as a young man of ordinary size, who hunted large animals such as the moose and caribou, bringing the meat home on his back to the grandmother.

Not far from their habitation was a dismal swamp, and the old woman, inspired by one of the magic mats, warned the young man that if he crossed it a great calamity would befall them.

For awhile he remembered the admonition, but his curiosity was aroused, and he finally determined to go and see what lay on the other side. When he was half way over the difficulties became so great, and his garments and skin were so sadly torn by thorny bushes that he turned back, and on reaching home found the grandmother in tears. The magical mats had informed her of his disobedience. She warned him that it would be the death of them if he went over the swamp, and made him solemnly promise not to do so. He kept the promise for a time, but one day, as he came to the edge of the swamp, his curiosity became too strong for him and he crossed over.

He found on the other side a large deserted camp. He went into one of the largest wigwams and found there evidence that some sudden calamity had deprived the village of its inhabitants. The inmates had been carried off or had fled while in the act of cooking. The food was there—ready for cooking over the place where the fire had evidently been long out. He entered another wigwam. Here the catastrophe had occurred while the people were in the act of eating, and the half-eaten dinner was left as evidence. In a third wigwam the meal had been finished. He entered no more wigwams, but returned to find the old woman weeping. She told him that owing to his disobedience it would be necessary on the morrow for them to cross the swamp together, and take up their residence in the deserted camp.

Next day they packed up and started on their journey. Arriving in the deserted village they selected one of the most commodious wigwams for their home. In the evening the young man made a tiny bow and six little

arrows, and taking a single hair from the old lady's head used it for a bow string. Apparently he had become reduced in size again for the time being, although the legend does not say so.

Next morning they saw a pair of monstrous bird's claws reaching down through the chimney hole, and ascertained that a huge culloo had come to carry them off, but the young man seized his little bow and shot several arrows into the big bird's breast, causing him to beat a retreat. The culloo flew off to his own territory, which he reached with great difficulty. This big bird was the head of the culloos, a cannibal family, having the power to transform themselves into monstrous birds.

When the wounded culloo got home he was a man, but lay in bed, tortured with pain and groaning piteously, for he could not extract the tiny arrows.

Next morning the young man went in pursuit of the culloo. He told the old woman to keep her eye upon the magic mats and her pipe. Should they become bloody she might be sure he was killed, but if they showed no symptoms of that kind she might infer that he was all right.

After travelling a long distance he came near the town where the old culloo ruled, and met a party of young men going forth on a hunting excursion. They were talking and laughing merrily, but as soon as they saw him commenced crying bitterly. "Alas, alas!" they said to him. "You have arrived at a most inauspicious time."

They went on to explain that the young man's parents and his only sister were in the town, having been carried thither by the old culloo with many others. It was his custom to place his victims in wigwams in a circle surrounding his own, and taking them in rotation, he would eat a whole family at a meal. The next day it would be the turn of the young man's relatives to be devoured, and he had arrived just in time to share their fate. Note again how with the ready acceptance of the situation peculiar to dreams the relationship of the young man to the victims is taken for granted, and no explanation is deemed necessary. Nowhere in the story is there any explanation of the hero's origin, how he came to be so tiny when found in the woods by the old woman, or why he was separated from his relatives.

The hunting party proceeded on its way, and the young man proceeded toward the village. Soon he met a party of young women going after fir boughs.

They too were talking and laughing merrily, but began to weep bitterly as soon as they saw the young traveller. They told him the same story, and directed him to his father's wigwam. On arriving there he was immediately recognized by his relatives, and all the household fell a-weeping. "Alas! alas!" they cried. "We will all be devoured to-morrow."

His sister then proceeded to prepare him some food, and while he was eating a young culloo came in and in a sad tone of voice told him that the old culloo was very ill, that he had a great pain in his breast, and wished the young man to come over and try to help him.

The young man replied, "I shall finish my dinner first, and then I will go over, and will be most happy to exercise my skill upon him. I intend to kill him. Go now, and bear that message to your father."

The boy culloo returned to his father and the young man went on with his dinner. Having finished, he went over to the big wigwam, where he found the old culloo with the arrows sticking in his breast.

"My brother," said the old culloo, "I am in great pain. Can you help me?"

"I think I can," said the young man. "It was I who shot those arrows into you, and I have come expressly to finish the job."

Thus having said, he struck the old culloo dead, and then destroyed the whole brood as he thought, but looking carefully around to see that none of the family had escaped, he noticed that some boughs in one corner of the wigwam were moving, and pulling them aside he found a little boy underneath. He had crawled there to hide.

"Come out here," shouted the young man, "and let me kill you."

"Brother," pleaded the little culloo, "don't kill me; leave me alive, and when I grow up I'll carry you about wherever you wish to go."

"Ah," said the young man, "I know you very well. You will kill me when you are able because I killed your father and mother."

The culloo replied, "My brother, I will never harm you if you spare my life, and when I grow large I'll carry you where there are some beautiful girls, from whom you can select a wife."

The young man agreed to spare him on these conditions, and returned to his father's lodge, taking the young culloo with him.

After this the young man employed himself in hunting, and provided abundantly for his relatives. The little

culloo, being carefully fed and tended, soon grew up, and was able to fly. When he became sufficiently expert on the wing he invited his young master to take a ride on his back through the air. The invitation was accepted and away they went, taking a wide sweep over the forest and arriving safely again at the village. After this they went hunting together. The game when killed was placed on the bird's back, and with the man on top they returned through the air to their home.

One morning the young man said to the culloo, "Let us go and fetch my foster-mother."

Away they went, and when the old lady, seated in the door of her wigwam, saw the big bird approaching, she was terribly frightened, expecting of course, to be killed and devoured; but then she heard the call of her foster-child and her fears were calmed.

"Bundle up all your traps," said he, "and go with us to the village. You have nothing to fear. I have destroyed the old culloo."

So they piled all her household effects upon the bird's back, and climbing on themselves were safely conveyed to the village.

After this the culloo reminded his friend of the promise to carry him where those pretty girls were, and proposed that they start at once. To this the other agreed and away they went. The culloo rose higher and higher in the air until they lost sight of the earth altogether. Finally they arrived at another planet like the earth. In this far-away land they found on the edge of a high precipice a wigwam in which there lived two beautiful young women under the guardianship of an old ogress, who tried to kill the young man, but after a series of encounters he threw her off the planet, married the more beautiful of the two girls, and settled down to enjoy life. In due time a fine little boy was added to the family circle. The whole family went through many adventures on the strange planet. On one occasion the baby was stolen by a party of strangers, but after an exciting chase it was recovered, everything happening in the unexpected way and with the sudden transformations peculiar to dreams. Finally the whole family got on the bird's back and were carried safely to the earth, where they were gladly welcomed by the old folks, who were delighted with their daughter-in-law from another planet, and the little grandchild. So they lived happily ever afterward and that is the end of the story.

### THE UNKNOWN CHAMPION.

The front door of Lysle Hall shut so heavily that it shook the house, startling a young girl and boy, who sat in the deep embrasure of a window, apparently waiting for something or some person. The girl was dark-haired, dark-eyed, and extremely pretty, though her lip curled rather haughtily and an imperious glance shot from her large dark eyes, which told of a proud spirit.

The boy was pale and golden-haired—wholly unlike his companion and sister in feature, though his pale, thin lips had the same haughty curl, and his blue eyes grew dark with pride. A poor, weak thing was Alfred Lysle, his right arm and leg being withered; had been so from his birth. He was gentle, affectionate, high-spirited and talented, the idol of his widowed father and proud sister. There were times when his spirit chafed, and he almost cursed the poor maimed body which was such a clog to him.

Alfred read aloud, while his sister Agnes busied herself with a piece of embroidery, giving, if the truth be told, a very divided attention to the words of her brother.

"Was not that a glowing description?" asked the boy, raising his face, all glowing with poetical enthusiasm.

"Yes; I think I never heard a cataract described more beautifully."

"Why, Aggie! I got long past the cataract and reached the meadow."

"Oh, have you, dear? Well, Alfred, to tell you the honest truth, I was thinking of something else. Be so kind as to read it over again, and this time I will surely listen to you."

The boy laughed gaily as he answered.

"No use, Aggie; your wits would be wool gathering again before I had read four lines. I will not torment you any longer. Shall I talk to you instead, or would you rather be silent?"

"Talk, if you please, Alfred."

"What think you, sister Agnes, will be the result of this conference?" he asked in a low tone.

The girl raised a troubled face, and answered very slowly.

"Indeed, Alfred, I scarcely dare think. The Dudleys are not famed for generosity, and—"

Bang! bang! It was the hall door closing so heavily that it stopped her words, and caused both the young persons to start with alarm.

"Gone at last!" exclaimed Agnes. And she rose to her feet just as the door

to the room where they were sitting opened, and an old gentleman entered.

"What now, father? I thought Mortimer Dudley would never go. How is it settled?"

"The matter stands just as it did before. He will not abate one inch of ground nor will I. He thinks his claim as good as mine, and day after tomorrow we meet upon the debatable ground, and with sturdy lances settle the question."

"Good father! I feared you might be compelled to yield, and I couldn't bear to think that in your age you would be obliged to give up your home and go among strangers. The case has been carried from court to court, and years have passed away in futile waiting; now; a well directed blow, and the proud Earl of Dudley will be overthrown. Aye, charge at him, father, and may God and St. Mary guide your weapon so that you may come off conqueror."

The old man smiled and patted the glowing cheeks of his pretty spirited daughter, then seated himself beside his son and read with him.

Sir Henry Lysle was about fifty-five—handsome and high-spirited, an upright, honorable and kind father. For two generations, between the houses of Dudley and Lysle, had been a long-standing quarrel concerning some property, two-thirds, including the buildings of the Lysle estate. The dispute had been carried from court to court, without any decision made in favor of either party. Lately Robert, Earl of Dudley, had died, and his son, a dashing young man of twenty-five, tired of the old-time quarrel, proposed to settle the debate by single combat to be held on the debatable territory—then, in the fourteenth century, a very common method of settling disputes.

Thus the matter stood, and with conversation and reading the three passed the evening.

After Alfred retired Agnes lingered behind. Sir Henry noticed her hesitation, and putting an arm round her waist, and smoothing her dark, curling hair, he said earnestly:

"Day after to-morrow, Agnes, I shall mount my good steed and battle for my rights and our home. If I fall, as fall I may, we are homeless. Should anything happen to prevent me from engaging in the conflict—"

"But nothing can happen to prevent you, father," eagerly interrupted Agnes. "Nothing but sudden illness or death, my child."

"O, father!"

"We must look at possibilities, my

dear child, and I trust you do not shrink. If, as I say, anything should prevent me from engaging in the fight, I know not what you will do. A little money I have, you will find in the ebony cabinet beside my bed. With that you must go to our relations behind the border. Never mind my child—I feel that you tremble. We'll look on the bright side; and now good night."

Thus they parted with one fond embrace. As Agnes entered her chamber, her heart was heavy with presentiment of coming evil."

About midnight Agnes was aroused from a deep, though troubled slumber, by a hand laid firmly on her shoulder. It was Margery, the old nurse.

"Oh, dear Miss Agnes, get up! Wake—as quick as you can, for you are wanted."

There was trouble and despair in the old woman's voice, and Agnes sprang from her bed and began to dress as quickly as possible, while she eagerly questioned Margery.

"What is the matter, Margery?"

"Sir Henry, your dear father, is ill—taken suddenly."

"With what?"

"O dear, Miss, I don't know! James, who always sleeps in the next room, heard a kind of groaning, and rushing in found my dear master in some kind of a fit."

"O, merciful heaven! spare my dear father to me!" exclaimed the trembling Agnes as, throwing a shawl over her shoulders, she flew, rather than ran, downstairs. At the door of her father's room she paused, and, turning to Margery, who had followed as close as she could, asked:

"Has any one gone for the doctor?"

"Yes, James went as soon as I could go to master."

Agnes entered the dimly lighted chamber, and approached the bed where lay her father so white and motionless, while the frightened servants stood round sad. Sir Henry Lysle was a good, kind master, and the servants were devoted to him. Summoning all her courage Agnes neared the bed. At the first sight she trembled, for she thought her father was dead. Bending over him she laid her hand on his heart, and was rejoiced to see that it pulsed still, though very, very faintly. Ignorant what to do, Agnes bathed her father's face, and was in despair at the failure of her efforts when the physician entered. Dr. Thompson pronounced it to be the paralytic stroke, and proceeded to bleed the patient. Soon Sir Henry opened his eyes, and seemed conscious of all that was going on. He

endeavored to speak, but that being impossible, paper and pencil were brought him. In large, irregular characters he scrawled:

"Doctor, will I be well enough to go out to-morrow?"

With wistful eyes he watched the physician as he deciphered the characters, and his face wore an expression of great despair as Dr. Thompson shook his head.

Again he took the pencil and wrote.

"I cannot meet Mortimer Dudley, and we are lost, Agnes."

Agnes read the irregular writing, so different from his usual firm, clear words, and she could scarcely repress the tears; but bravely mustering her feelings, she said, as she bent over the stricken man:

"Can you distinctly hear and understand what I say, father?"

A faint nod was the answer.

"Then rest in peace, dear father, for a champion will be found who will strive as manfully as you—and God grant that he may be as brave and skilful."

A smile of contentment passed over the sick man's face, and he calmly closed his eyes. Too ill to question or doubt, he believed his daughter's words.

Toward the close of the day Agnes returned from a short and rapid ride, and sought in the stable for old Arnold, her father's trusty esquire. The old man turned as he heard the clatter of the horse's hoofs, and was only in time to see Agnes spring lightly from the saddle. He doffed his cap respectfully, and waited for the mistress to speak.

"You know, Arnold, that it was my father's purpose to ride forth to meet young Dudley at daybreak to-morrow."

"I know—I know, Mistress Agnes, but he is ill, stricken down, and cannot go," answered the old servitor, in a mournful voice.

"I know of a champion," and the girl's pale face flushed as she spoke, "a rather inexperienced youth, but one who has a brave heart, a keen eye and ready hand. All that he has, but no armor, and my father's is full too wide for him. Know you of any other?"

"Up in the garret is a suit long unused. It belonged to your father when he was a mere stripling, scarcely stouter than you, dear lady."

"That will do very well, I think. Have it brightly polished, all in order, and lay it on the couch in the bedroom."

"It is as bright now, Mistress Agnes," replied the old man, respectfully, though with an accent of pride, "as the day your father last wore it, nearly forty years

ago. I loved the armor my young pupil wore, and no spot of dust dulls its bright surface, no stay unloosed, or dinted plate."

"Ever faithful, good Arnold, all is well. To-morrow at daybreak, be at the hall-door with the black Rudolph, father's horse, yourself in armor, ready to accompany the young knight."

"Your bidding shall be done."

"And Arnold, should the young knight lack aught in riding, or in the handling of the lance, direct him as you did my father."

Agnes turned and walked quietly to the house, wholly unconscious of the curious gaze which followed her. Arnold looked after her with wistful eyes; then murmured aloud:

"Proud step, like her father's, yet light as a fairy's. Where has she found a champion? Jessie has been ridden sharply, I see, by her reeking flanks and heaving sides. It can't be that poor young man, Alfred, is going to try; that would be fruitless, though I know he is equal in spirit to it, poor fellow. O, no, that can't be, for his arm is neither steady nor strong. I can't think."

"Arnold, dear fellow, don't bother your old head, but obey orders. To-morrow will solve all the doubts. God and St. Joseph grant that my poor master's cause may be victorious."

"Amen, Joseph," responded Arnold. And he turned and went slowly towards the hall.

Just before daybreak the next morning, obedient to orders, Arnold, clad in armor, holding black Rudolph, stood at the hall door. His own horse was held by Joseph. Both men watched with anxious eyes the opening of the heavy oaken door.

"Mayhap the young knight oversleeps himself, and is dreaming now of his lady-love," mockingly whispered the yeoman to the old esquire.

The words were hardly out of his mouth when the door swung back upon its hinges, and the ring of a nailed heel was heard upon the stone steps. Eager eyes were raised and lowered in great disappointment, for the visor was tightly closed.

Perfectly silent, the unknown knight mounted the spirited war-horse, took the lance, and started off at a smart trot, closely followed by Arnold."

The yeoman shook his head as he gazed after them, and muttered, while watching them till out of sight among the trees:

"'Tis nobody I know. He mounted none too glibly, though he rides well. A slender youth is to combat with a fiery young Dudley. Success to him!"

In perfect silence the knight and the esquire rode the short distance to the field of combat—a place in the farthest verge of the Lysle domain. As they neared the field the young knight said: "You lead the way, Sir Esquire, for I know not but I may go wrong."

The voice was deep and clear, but in vain did Arnold strive to remember having heard it before. Silently he obeyed.

At last the ground was reached, and the stranger rode into the field on one side, at the same moment that Mortimer Dudley entered on the other. A few people were assembled to witness the struggle. The unknown knight and Mortimer Dudley gravely saluted, then backed their horses to the extremity of the field, and waited, with lances in rest, for the signal to be given. A stout man, Sir William Delorne, gave the required shout. On an instant both horses sprang forward and bore their riders on. Once they met, yet neither was struck; the second charge, the Earl of Dudley touched the shoulder of the young knight, who visibly reeled. Arnold was in despair, and murmured:

"All lost! the next charge he will fall!"

A third charge they rushed forward, and in a cloud of dust one went down. Arnold closed his eyes and fairly groaned, when a shout made him reopen them—

"Lysle forever! Lysle forever!"

Sure enough, it was the proud Earl of Dudley who was unhorsed, and beside him knelt the strange knight.

"Now, yield you, Mortimer, Earl of Dudley?"

"I yield," said the young Earl, "but I would know to whom, for that you are not Sir Henry I am sure."

The friends of both parties stood around, and Arnold among the foremost.

"Rise up, Mortimer, Earl of Dudley, and you shall know who has been able to conquer you."

The young nobleman rose, and with folded arm looked at the slender mailed figure before him.

The stays were unloosed and helmet thrown back, and the sun streaming through the clouds which had till then been obscured, shone full upon the uncovered face. Mortimer started. The young man gazed in wonder and admiration upon the delicate face, long, waving brown hair, and heaving bosom of young Agnes Lysle!

A red flush rose to the brow of the haughty Earl, and he bit his lips with rage.

"Be not chagrined, brave Dudley,"

said Agnes, in her rich, sweet voice, while the long, dark lashes drooped on her cheek which was now paling, and she extended her mailed hand. "You have but bowed to the fate decreed to all mankind. From the beginning to the end of time brave men will yield to the power of women, and degrade not their manhood by so doing. I battled for my home, Sir Earl, and God guided my arm. Hereafter let us meet as friends who have proved each other's mettle. Shall it be so?"

Unable to resist the sweet voice and bewitching smile, Mortimer seized the mailed hand, and kissing it, whispered so low that none of the by-standers heard:

"Yes, a thousand times yes—and from my fall I will rise and soar higher than ever, seeking only for love and approbation."

A bright flush spread over the beautiful face, and for a moment the dark eyes were raised—only for a moment—then with a half-murmured farewell, Agnes mounted her father's horse and prepared to leave the field as quietly as she came. But this was not to be so, for all the people turned, with one accord, and in triumph, accompanied her home. She tried in vain to remonstrate against this—her words were unheeded. At her bridle rein rode the proud Earl of Dudley.

Upon his bed of illness lay Sir Henry Lysle. The shouts of the returned party reached his ears, and by signs he enquired the cause.

"The strange knight returns victorious," exclaimed Margaret in delight.

Alfred, who sat beside the bed, rose up, exclaiming, while his frame fairly trembled with excitement:

"O, father! all the joy isn't come yet. Wait till you know it all. Shall I go and lead the proud conqueror to your bedside, dear father?"

An eager sign of assent was given by the invalid, and Alfred hastened, as fast as his lameness would permit, from the room.

With a step less firm, and varying cheek, Agnes, led by her brother, entered Sir Henry's chamber. Her visor was closed. Coming forward she knelt beside the bed. At an eager sign from her father she strove to unloose the stays, but her trembling fingers refused to do her bidding. The Earl of Dudley who still kept by her side, undid the fastenings, and Alfred threw back the heavy helmet, disclosing the blushing, agitated face of Agnes Lysle.

The shock was great, and effected a cure, for Sir Henry rose up in bed and exclaimed:

"Agnes! Agnes! my Agnes! In armor! coming here victorious."

"Yes, father," exclaimed Alfred, "Agnes it is, surely."

Mortimer Dudley stepped forward.

"Gently, Sir Henry. Lie back upon your pillow. Like a hero your daughter donned armor, and bravely combatted for your rights, and unhorsed me. I, the proudest nobleman in England, am here to say it. I yield to her all—my heart and fortune, the devoted love of a life-time, here in your presence, I lay at her feet, praying that she may not give me my death blow, for refusal will kill me."

With deep devoted love shining from his eyes, the haughty Mortimer Dudley waited her answer.

Rising from her knees, all clad in clanking armor, and her face brilliant with happiness, Agnes Lysle came forward and placed the tiny hand so lately incased in the mailed gauntlet in the hands of the young Earl, saying, with a fascinating smile:

"If I have vanquished you, Mortimer, you have conquered me for all time."

Mortimer folded the young girl in one fond embrace, then, turning to Sir Henry, who lay upon his pillow, smiling, but weak, said:

"Your blessing, Sir Henry Lysle. This day your daughter has won back your inheritance, and robbed me of the things most valued in this world—heart and liberty—two feats."

Thus Agnes Lysle became the wife of one of the proudest nobles of England, and the memory of her feat is still cherished, for the crest of the Dudleys is out of a ducal coronet of gold, a woman's bust, hair dishevelled, bosom bare, a helmet on her head with stay or throatlatch down, and a manuscript in possession of the Dudleys of Northamptonshire preserves the story of The Unknown Champion.

### BLUE BUTTER.

"What was the most striking thing you saw in India?" was asked of a woman who had just returned from a tour round the world.

"Butter," she replied. "That seems strange, but it is a fact that in India butter made from the thin milk of the native cow is blue instead of yellow. When I came across the azure substance I vowed I would not touch it, but others did so with evident enjoyment, and, curiosity getting the upper hand, I tried the butter, and, to my surprise, found it delicious. You who see the golden pats of fresh butter can hardly realise what it is to see bread painted blue."



### Good News.

Of course, when she says *yes*, it's sure,  
We never, never doubt it:  
And *almost* sure, when mamma says  
That she will *see about* it

But *no* is *no*! It means the case  
Is hopeless; so we drop it.  
There'll be no teasing, mamma says,—  
She knows a way to stop it.

"I can't say 'yes,' I'm not prepared  
On notice short as this is."  
"Well, say you'll *see about* it, then,"  
We coax with hugs and kisses.

And if she doesn't tell us *no*,  
Our hopes rise high and higher;  
While if she says she'll *see*, we're sure  
She'll grant us our desire.

And off we rush to tell the news,  
You ought to hear us shout it—  
"Oh, goody, goody! Mamma says  
That she will *see about* it!"

Montreal. ELIZABETH R. BURNS

### Jack O'-Lantern.

In the pleasant corn-field,  
All the summer through,  
Such a funny playmate  
Waited long for you.

Singly housed and hidden  
Where the gay, green leaves  
Bending close together,  
Made his rustling eaves.

When the corn was gathered,  
When the flowers were dead,  
From the lonely hillside  
Peered his golden head.

Now at last behold him,  
With his open face,  
Smiling, broad and cheery  
In the darkest place.

Bear him forth in triumph,  
Through the autumn night,  
Jolly jack o'-lantern  
With his eyes so bright.

Come little fellow,  
Come to make you fun,  
When in gray November  
Summer sports are done.

—The Youth's Companion.

### The Reason Why.

"When I was at the party,"  
Said Betty (aged just four)  
"A little girl fell off her chair,  
Right down upon the floor;  
And all the other little girls  
Began to laugh but me—  
I didn't laugh a single bit,"  
Said Betty, seriously.

"Why not?" her mother asked her,  
Full of delight to find  
That Betty—bless her little heart!—  
Had been so sweetly kind.  
"Why didn't you laugh, darling?  
Or don't you like to tell?"  
"I didn't laugh," said Betty,  
"Cause it was me that fell!"

### Ruth's Shopping.

It was the first time that little Ruth  
had ever gone shopping. She walked  
out of the gate looking quite important,  
with three pennies clutched very tight  
in her small, round hand.

Pretty soon she came back again  
with a bright red top, but there was a  
little cloud on her face.

"What is the matter, dear?" asked  
mamma. "Don't you like your pretty  
top?"

"Oh, yes, mamma," she said soberly.  
Then the corners of her mouth began  
to draw down.

"I was selfish," she said, almost cry-  
ing. "I took the poor shopman's very  
last top!"

Mamma and aunty, too, could hardly  
make her believe that the shopkeeper  
would rather sell his playthings than  
keep them for himself. But when at  
last she understood that he never  
played with any of them, and really  
liked pennies better even than toys,  
she was comforted and began to spin  
her top with a happy smile. E. H. T.

### Roman Girls and Their Dolls.

Everywhere in the world there have  
always been boys and girls, and in near-  
ly all countries boys have always played  
ball and girls have had dolls. Travellers  
in far distant lands have found dolls  
that little children played with ages  
ago. Some of the prettiest have been  
found in ancient Rome, dolls of differ-  
ent kinds, lovely little images, some of  
carved wood, some of ivory.

The ancient Romans were very strict  
with their children; they expected them  
to take up the duties of grown people  
when they were very young.

When a girl became old enough to  
leave off playing with dolls, her giving  
them up was an occasion of much cere-  
mony.

Every Roman girl had her patron  
goddess to whom she prayed. She  
might choose the beautiful Venus, or

the huntress Diana, or Juno, queen of all the gods. To her goddess she carried her dolls and flung them in the temple before the shrine. She carried their clothes, too, and sometimes all her other playthings.

This ceremony of giving up the dolls was done at different ages, in different families. Some very strict parents required their children to give up their toys at seven or eight years. This, I am glad to say, was not common.

Sometimes girls did not give up their dolls until the time of their marriage. Then just before the wedding they had a great festival, and carried their dolls with much ceremony to the temple.

Of course, on some occasions there were many girls offering their dolls at once. It must have been a pretty sight when they all went in procession under the beautiful bright Italian sky to the temple, themselves and the dolls all dressed in their prettiest, while the older people looked on and said:

"Well, they're grown-up women now—no more childish plays for them!"

PAMELA MCARTHUR COLE.

### Words and Birds.

If words were birds  
And swiftly flew  
From tips of lips,  
Owned, dear, by you,  
Would they, to-day  
Be hawks and crows,  
Or blue, and true, and sweet—  
Who knows?

"Let's play, to-day,  
We choose the best;  
Birds blue and true  
With dovelike breast.  
'Tis queer, my dear,  
We never knew  
That words like birds  
Had wings and flew."

The very next time you open your lips and speak, won't you please notice what kind of a bird it is that takes wing and flies out on its mission?

You and I are not fond of the harsh and fretful notes of the hawk and crow. We have heard their disagreeable cries in the midst of a lovely summer scene, and we know how they seemed to put everything out of harmony; how the beautiful music of nature was turned to discord.

Do you know any boys and girls whose words have such an effect? In the midst of a merry game, somebody says an unkind or a hateful word to another. Away it flies from the scornful or angry lips, its black wings darkening the sunshine; its disagreeable cries putting to silence the music of happy, laughing voices. All gentle, cheery birds shun the company of

hawks and crows. They scold and complain from morning to night, but they have it mostly to themselves. No other birds can tune their voices to such a key. No other birds care to sing in their chorus.

Is not the same true of the boys and girls who speak unkind words and are fault-finding and peevish? Does anybody seek their company or love to talk with them, except those who are like them and sing in the same key?

Then there is the bright and friendly bird that everybody loves, dear little robin redbreast, with his cheery, hopeful note. How glad we always are to hear his first call in the springtime, telling us winter is over and summer will surely come. When the rain was falling heavily from the dark clouds, haven't you heard the robin's "Good cheer! good cheer!" and grown lighter-hearted, too?

There are boys and girls in your schools and your homes, whose words bring good-nature and cheer on their swift, bright wings, and everybody gives them hearty welcome. They are cheerful and bright like the notes of the robin and bluebird, or gentle and loving like the dove that coos outside your window. The sun shines brighter where these sweet word birds fly. The flowers are gayer, and all nature, as well as all hearts, happier because of them. You may "choose the best." It is for you to say like what kind of birds your words shall be. But if you would have them sweet and gentle, you must look after their nestling place, and see that only such birdlings dwell there. In your heart your words have their homes. They are thoughts at first, you know. And these thoughts grow to words, and then they fly from the heart to the lips and away, just as the birdlings grow and find their wings and go flying from the nest. Keep the thoughts sweet and pure and loving, and the words will never be croaking, hateful hawks and crows, but "birds blue and true," birds of love and good cheer.

### A Humming Bird's Umbrella.

A writer in the American Sportsman tells a remarkable story about a humming bird. He says:

In front of a window where I worked last summer was a butternut tree. A humming-bird built her nest on a limb that grew near the window, and we had an opportunity to watch her closely. In fact we could look right into the nest.

One day, when there was a heavy shower coming up, we thought we

would see if she covered her young during the rain. Well, when the first drops fell, she came and took in her bill one of two or three large leaves growing close by, and laid this leaf over the nest so as completely to cover it; then she flew away.

On examining the leaf, we found a hole in it, and in the side of the nest was a small stick that the leaf was fastened to, or hooked upon. After the storm was over, the old bird came back and unhooked the leaf, and the nest was perfectly dry.

### The Baby and the Panthers.

The wind and waves and the fortunes of the quest for ducks had carried the punt containing Joseph Pettins and his city cousin, Horace Lee, quite across Blackwater Lake. Now they were drifting against the peninsula known since early days as Panther Point, which rocky promontory was aglow with foliage tints of autumnal red and yellow.

Their flat-bottomed craft the boys had prepared especially for duck-shooting by a drapery of leafy boughs which wholly hid the boat and its occupants from the view of the wary birds they were seeking. Sundown was approaching as the boat rested against the shore, looking like a part of the wooded bank-side. It was a good place from which to watch for ducks which a little later would begin to fly past the point, and so the boys lay quiet where they had drifted.

The peninsula jutting from a mountainous shore was like a vast rock-heap formed of great boulders and shelving ledges with stunted birch, poplar and evergreen trees growing among them wherever their roots could gain a hold. The dark holes and crevices among the rocks might well serve as hiding places for the predatory wild beasts which had given the promontory its name.

"The bears and panthers used to make their dens here," said Joe, in answer to an enquiry from his cousin. "I wouldn't be strange if some of 'em might have quarters among the rocks yet."

As the boys after this remark were silent, the forest creatures seeing no cause for alarm in the foliage screened object along the shore, began to show themselves. A squirrel rustled in a tree, birds fitted here and there, even alighting in the boughs that covered the boat, and a king-fisher resumed his watching-station on a dry branch not far away.

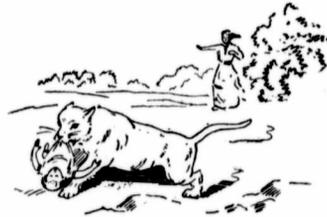
Joe Pettins, lying at full length in the

afterpart of the boat, commanded a view through the bushes of a little grassy plat in front of the immense heap of jagged rocks that made the main part of the promontory. He was thrown into a high state of excitement at the sight of three creatures, like huge tawny kittens, which emerged upon the open space. They ran hither and thither and fell to play, rolling, wrestling, cuffing and caressing. He watched their graceful antics a few moments in delight and surprise before he thought of his cousin who was gazing on the lake at the widening ripples caused by a fish which had jumped.

At the touch of Joe's foot, Horace looked round to see his companion with finger on lip noiselessly pointing shoreward where the playful young animals were tumbling about on the grass in high frolic. Without sound or stir the boys watched with eager attention the movements of these strange creatures.

"Wild cats," Horace motioned with his lips.

Joe shook his head. "They're too big," then a thought struck and startled



him. "Panther cubs," he whispered. "There's been a panther round these woods every year, raising a nest of young ones that nobody can ever find; and I believe we've hit on her den!"

In silence, fearing that a motion might startle the shy creatures to flight, Joe and Horace watched the graceful kittens' play. Presently the whelps scampered back among the rocks out of sight, and the boys, looking to see what had caused their retreat, saw coming from the mainland a long, low russet-tinted form gliding serpent-like towards the grassy space. Then a great, tawny cat-like head appeared above a rock, looked about as if to see that all was clear, and then lowered to pick up something it had been carrying.

While the two boys at the promontory had lain watching from their boat the play of the panther whelps, in a forest clearing a mile away a young housewife, Martha Billings, whose husband worked at the saw-mill farther down the lake, had gone out of her little log house to dig some potatoes for

supper. To do this she had to go beyond the crest of a bush-grown bank that hid the little garden patch from the house. Her lusty ten months' old boy she had left in the house alone. He was a courageous, lively child, already able to creep about and explore things for himself. To secure him at home she had set the cradle across the open doorway, and left him, clad in his homespun frock, to roll and tumble about the floor at will until she should return. The poor, neat house was a happy home, and there were few women lighter of heart than Martha Bilings, as with swinging basket she went on her homely errand.

She had hoed from the ground and picked up the potatoes when there came to her alert mother's ear a startled cry, an unusual sound from her healthy, good-tempered boy. She hurried up the slope in surprise and alarm, but before she could reach the house she heard the call again in a fainter note. Darting to the door she gave one look within and saw the cradle upset in an empty room. Once more her child's voice came to her, and rushing to the corner of the cabin she saw at the clearing's edge a great reddish-brown creature bounding into the woods, bearing in its mouth the boy. It disappeared among the trees, as with one great shriek, and hand pressed to her bursting heart, she struggled for an instant against a fainting spell; then recovering her strength, ran wildly in pursuit. Her screams resounded in the woods as she followed the route the beast had taken, heedless of trees, windfalls and brambles, in the despairing effort to reach and rescue her child.

The two boys in the boat nearly cried out in horror as the panther came again into view, holding by the back of its stout, over-large homespun dress, the child, which swung drooping as if lifeless. With swift, stealthy tread the beast came down to the grassy space, laid its burden upon the ground, and, standing over it, uttered a low, peculiar cry. At once from the rocks came the whelps, who ran to her, fawned upon her, and sniffed curiously at the child. After playing with her young ones a few moments the panther backed away, and lying crouched upon her haunches, with slowly swinging tail, watched the whelps as they turned from her to the child. They gambled about it as kittens might have done with a mouse, pouncing upon it, striking it with their paws, and pulling it hither and thither.

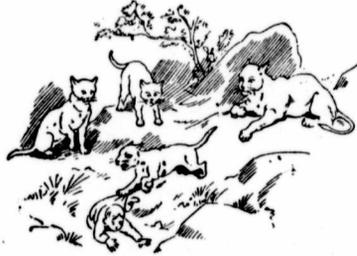
To add a crowning horror to the spectacle, the boys, who had supposed the child was lifeless, saw it move its

arms and legs; then lift its head and try to crawl away from the gamboling whelps.

One unspoken thought thrilled the hearts of both the boys: "The child must be rescued! How shall we do it?"

Their weapons were long, heavy, doubled-barrelled ducking guns. Horace had in his pocket some bullets which fitted his piece, but were too large for Joe's. At the first sight of the panther he had quietly rolled a bullet down upon each charge in the barrels of his gun. His companion depended upon heavy loads of duck-shot, which would go compactly, almost with the force of a ball, the distance of twenty-five yards, which separated him from the panther.

The boys feared to make the slightest movement, lest at the first alarm the creature should seize the child and dart with it to her retreat among the rocks. Both guns were bearing on the breast, but crouched as she was, with her prey



lying between her and them, they could not fire upon her without the certainty of striking the child. Even should she come into better view the intervening bushes might cause their shots to glance, and if the panther were struck and merely wounded, the child would first bear the brunt of her fury. The moments went hard and anxiously with the two boys, as with forefingers against the trigger, they watched and waited.

Meanwhile the panther lay purring with satisfaction at the performance of her young ones. When the child had crawled a little distance away she bounded after it and brought it back to her whelps, tossing it off into the air before them to excite them to play. The baby did not seem to be frightened. His hand still grasped a blue autumn flower that somehow he had plucked.

A second and third time the panther pounced upon the child, so vigorously at last, that the boys pressed hard against the triggers on the very point of firing instantly at any risk, but once more their fingers released as they saw the beast drop the little one before her

whelps and, leaping back, lay with her head between her paws to watch them at their sport with maternal satisfaction.

The savage instincts of their nature were arousing in the whelps, whose play became fiercer and fiercer. It was plain that their romping was drawing to an end, and that things soon would take a deadly turn, when the boys must act at all risks. Hitherto the cubs had caught and bitten, kitten-like, at the homespun frock, but now, with outstretched claws, they struck savagely at the face and hands of the child, which gave a little cry as one sharp stroke tore a long furrow in its chubby cheek. At the smell and sight of blood the whelps became wildly excited, and with cries and snarls fell furiously upon their victim, while the mother, with ears laid back, and lithe tailswaying more quickly, seemed to smile at the sight of their ferocity.



The boys from the boat could see that the child, hurt and cowed at the fierce onslaught of the young panthers, now lay still. Seeming mutely to realize its danger, and that cries and struggles were useless, it only softly sobbed as the devilish whelps tore and worried it.

But the panther-mother's cruel nature was awakened at the flow of blood, and the pale, breathless watchers, with set, drawn faces, and eyes fixed upon her with unswerving purpose, now saw her rise up from the ground with arched back, and lips drawn up from the sharp white teeth. With feline grace she came lightly to her feet, standing behind the child in the very act to pounce upon it.

It was the first chance she had offered for a shot.

Bang-g! both pieces roared together, and the creature struck full in the face by a charge of duck-shot, and in the breast by shot and the heavy bullet, bounded straight upward with a frightful screech. Bang-g! They caught her

again while she was still in the air, and she came howling, rolling, rearing, clawing and biting the green sward, terribly wounded, dazed and full of destructive fury.

The whelps shot like tawny streaks to concealment among the rocks; the child turned his wondering eyes towards the sound of the firing, as if to see what other strange danger had come to it; and with the echoes of their gunshots yet rattling among the crags of the shore, the two boys were out of the boat and upon the panther, desperately swinging down upon her head and body their clubbed guns. Only Joe stopped an instant to stoop and catch the child, throwing it toward the shore into a hollow carpeted with soft bracken, and then dashed on to the aid of his companion. Upon the head of the savage beast Horace shattered his gun stock as the panther rolled past, just missing him in a wild plunge and clutch of the terrible claws.

The child was safe, and the breathless boys drew back toward it. Here, standing their ground, they watched their enemy, which, fatally wounded at last, lay motionless except for her panting flank. The ground was reddened with her blood and torn with her struggles. She revived, and with dying efforts crawled in the direction her cubs had taken, and partly scaled the first large rock in her way; then, rolled backward dead, lying upon her side, with white breast and teeth and outstretched claws turned toward her slayers.

The boys picked the child up and found that, except for some bruises and scratches, it was unhurt. It shrank and complained when its back was touched, and they found that while its stout frock had for the most part saved it from teeth and claws, its back between its shoulders was discolored and swollen where the panther's teeth, without breaking the skin, had bruised the flesh.

"Now for the cubs!" Horace cried, but checked himself. "What am I thinking of! The thing for us to do is to take this child to its mother as fast as we can!"

The panther must have snatched it from some house about the mill settlement," Joe said. "We'd best pull down to the mill, and if the youngster's folk don't live there, we can perhaps find out something about them."

They had paddled a half-mile along the shore, when a woman broke from the forest ahead. With flying hair, and dress torn by brambles, she gazed wildly, despairingly, upon the ap-

proaching boat. Joe dropped his paddle, held up the child, swung his hat, and gave a great call, "All right."

They forced the boat forward at their best strokes, but the woman, not enduring to wait, dashed into the water waist deep, to meet them, to catch up the child and half smother it with tears and kisses.

The boys went with her along the wood path, but to their offers to carry the child, she only held him the closer. Her husband, returned from his work, was at the cabin, and, after telling in a few words of the rescue, they started away to avoid thanks that were hard for the excited parents to frame in fitting terms.

"It beats duck shooting, eh Joe?" cried Horace. "It's a great wind-up to our day's trip. Now we'll go for the panther's skin, and to-morrow we'll have these handsome whelps or know the reason why."

CLARENCE PULLEN.

#### Prizes for Boys and Girls.

In the October number of *OUR HOME* it was announced that four prizes of three dollars each would be awarded for letters by boys and girls about Christmas presents. Many letters were received from boys and girls and the editor read them with great interest. Of course all but four were bound to be disappointed in the hope of winning prizes, but the unsuccessful ones would not be sorry for the trouble they took in writing the letters if they knew how much the editor enjoyed reading them. Most of the letters received showed that the hearts of the writers were full of the kindly, generous, loving spirit that makes the Christmas season the most charming of all the year. The names of the prize winners are given below:

Prize No. 1.—Three dollars for the best letter to be written by a boy not less than twelve and not more than fourteen years old. Won by James H. Shawcross, aged thirteen, of Paris, Ont.

Prize No. 2.—Three dollars for the best letter by a girl not less than twelve and not more than fourteen years old. Won by Alice Legg, aged twelve years, of 23 Gottingen Street, Halifax, N. S.

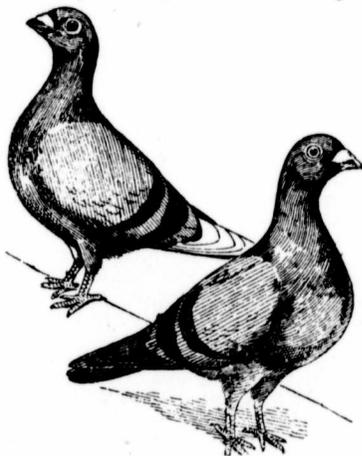
Prize No. 3.—Three dollars for the best letter by a boy under twelve years old. Won by Willie Goodell, aged ten years, of Wahpeton, North Dakota.

Prize No. 4.—Three dollars for the best letter by a girl under twelve years of age. Won by May A. M. Graham, aged seven years, of Maywood, B. C.

#### TRAINING HOMING PIGEONS.

A correspondent of *OUR HOME* asks the following question: "If I buy a well-trained pair of Homing pigeons will they remain with me if set at liberty after being shut up for a short time, or will they return to their former owner?"

They will probably return to their former owner unless the distance is very great. It is useless to buy old Homing Pigeons for flying purposes. They are

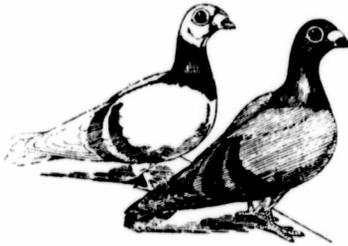


ENGLISH HOMING PIGEONS.

valuable for breeding, but must be kept strictly confined in as large a loft as possible. You must depend upon their young for flying. When the young birds have grown old enough to take care of themselves they may with advantage be placed in one part of the loft to themselves, if possible with means of egress and ingress, for the purpose of outdoor exercise. They should be let out in the morning as early as convenient, and without being fed. If they are regularly let out every morning they will soon get into the habit of going off at once for a good fly, and being hungry will then come in for their breakfast. Young birds ought never to be let out with their crops full or they will speedily fall into the habit of sitting outside the loft asleep for an hour or two at a time. The object in view is to get the birds to go out for a good long fly and to see them come into the loft again when it is over without any delay whatever. This is more easily done when they are in a loft to themselves, as they can always be let out hungry.

As soon as the young birds have flown

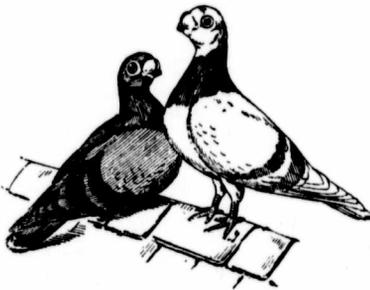
round their home for a few weeks, and appear at home on the wing, flying with some spirit and confidence, they may be taken in hand for training, and, as a general rule, it will be found that the age of twelve weeks is early enough.



LONG-FACED ANTWERP HOMING PIGEONS.

It is well to have the outside of the loft near the area as well as the area trap, etc., painted white; it serves as a mark for the young birds in finding their way in and out.

Having selected the birds one wishes to train, they must be taken out in a box or basket to be thrown the first time. The distance should not be more than 500 or 600 yards, and the time morning, as early as you like. The birds should be hungry, not voracious, but just nicely hungry, so that when home they may come into the loft to feed at once. They may then be taken the next day, or as soon as convenient, in another direction, and so on until they have been sent in four, or at least in three directions around their home. This done the distance may be doubled



SHORT-FACED ANTWERP HOMING PIGEONS.

in each direction. The distance may be soon increased to a mile or a mile and a half in every direction, and by this time they will have a general acquaintance with the country immediately adjacent to their homes. After this the distance may be rapidly increased. The stages may be two miles, four, eight, twelve, twenty, thirty, and so on until

the birds have been taught to fly to their homes from a great distance. Care should be taken when beginning to train a bird not to liberate it in the immediate vicinity of buildings if it can be avoided, as such a course tempts it to alight, and it will soon grow into the habit of alighting when thrown if it has the opportunity. When liberated the bird should be thrown upwards from the hand firmly but gently, and without pulling or disarranging the feathers. In the preliminary stages, say up to ten miles or so, it is well to throw each bird singly, that it may without any other to distract its attention use its own faculties to regain its home. Afterwards they may all be thrown together, and have the chance of competing on equal terms.

### A LOVEABLE FACE.

It has been said that no face ought to be ugly by the time its owner has reached the age of forty, and this is true enough, if by beauty one understands something other than that of feature for which nature alone is responsible. There is a beauty of character which, as it were, shines through the homeliest features and fairly transforms them.

Young people are beautiful or ugly with the inherited features of their ancestors, but by the time a man has reached the age of forty he is no mere late edition of those who have gone before in appearance, but the features are stamped with the mark of his own character, and we are not far wrong if we affirm that at that age no one has a right to be ugly, for he has had long years in which to become "well-liking," to use the expressive old-fashioned term.

However irregular or even ugly a person's features may be, the face cannot fail to be pleasant to look upon if there be a kindly light in the eyes, a gentle smile, and an expression of self-control about the lips. These things all combine to make a loveable face, and we feel when we see such an one that we would fain call the owner of it our friend.

Mere physical beauty has no such power over us. We know the old saying, "handsome is, as handsome does," and that such beauty as comes from expression is the real index of a good and noble nature, for it is the impress of the thoughts and actions of years. By expression we can make sure of the character. Truth will out, and sometimes a passing unguarded look will show us a rascal where we least expected one, just as sometimes under a plain mask we catch the reflection of almost angelic beauty of heart and mind.

## CARAVAN TALES.

BY WILHELM HUFF.

## No. II.—The Rescue of Fatima.

*(Commenced in the November Number.)*

Wise counsels were now precious. He must abandon the prisoners for the moment, and think only of his own safety. He went to the window to see if he could jump out. The distance to the ground was considerable, and beyond stood a high wall, which must be surmounted. He stood at the window hesitating, when he heard many voices approaching his chamber. They were already at the door; so, seizing his dagger and clothes, in desperation he leaped out. The fall was a severe one, but he felt that no limbs were broken; and, jumping up, he ran to the wall which encircled the castle, climbed over it, to the astonishment of his pursuers, and found himself at liberty. He ran till he came to a small wood, and there threw himself down exhausted. Here he deliberated on what was to be done. His horses and servants he had been compelled to leave in the lurch, but his gold, which he carried in his girdle, he had succeeded in saving.

His shrewd brain soon suggested to him another means of affecting a rescue. He went still deeper into the wood, till he came to a village, where he bought a horse for a small sum, by the aid of which he soon reached a neighboring city. There he made enquiries for a physician, and was directed to an old and experienced man of that profession. Mustapha persuaded him, for a few pieces of gold, to provide him with a medicine which would induce a sleep resembling death, and obtained from him also its antidote. Possessed of these articles, he purchased a long, false beard, a black robe, and various books and apparatus, so as to personate a travelling physician, and, loading his property on an ass, travelled back again to the castle of Thiuli-Kos. He felt sure of escaping detection this time, for his beard disguised him so entirely that he scarcely recognized himself. Arriving at Thiuli's castle, he gave out that he was the famous physician, Chakamankabudibaba; and the result was as he had anticipated, for his sonorous name recommended him so mightily to the old blockhead, that he invited him to his own table. Chakamankabudibaba made his appearance before Thiuli, and they had conversed together scarcely an hour, before the old fellow resolved to submit his female slaves to the skill of the learned physi-

cian. Mustapha could with difficulty conceal his joy that he was now on the point of once more seeing his beloved sister, and followed Thiuli, with a beating heart, into his seraglio. They came to a handsomely-furnished chamber, in which there was no one to be seen.

"Chambaba, or whatever your name is, most excellent doctor," said Thiuli-Kos, "place yourself by that hole in the wall; each of my slaves shall put her arm through it, and you can decide then whether her pulse is feverish or healthy."

Say what he pleased, Mustapha could not get permission to see his patients. Thiuli now drew a long strip of paper from his girdle, and began to call his slaves one by one in a loud tone, and at each name a hand came through the wall, and our physician felt its pulse. Six had been called and pronounced in good health, when Thiuli read the name of "Fatima," and a little white hand slipped through the hole. Mustapha seized it, trembling with delight, and declared impressively that it showed indications of severe illness. Thiuli was much concerned, and gave orders to the learned Chakamankabudibaba to prepare a medicine for her without delay. The physician left the room, and wrote on a slip of paper the following words:

"Fatima, I can rescue you, if you will resolve to take a potion which will deprive you of consciousness. I have the means of restoring you to life. If you have the courage to do this, say that this drink has done you no good, and I shall take it as a sign that you assent."

He soon came back into the room where Thiuli was waiting for him. He brought with him a harmless liquid, and feeling her pulse once more, thrust the little note under her bracelet, while he handed the drink through the hole. Thiuli seemed to be in great uneasiness on Fatima's account, and postponed the examination of the remainder till a more convenient time. When he had left the chamber with Mustapha, he asked, in a melancholy tone:

"Chadibaba, tell me frankly, what is your opinion of Fatima's illness?"

Chakamankabudibaba answered with a deep sigh:

"Ah, my lord! May the Prophet send you consolation, but I fear she has a dangerous fever, which may carry her off at any moment."

At this Thiuli's anger broke forth. "How! accursed dog of a physician! Shall she, for whom I gave two thousand pieces of gold, die on my hands, like a worthless cow? Hark'ee, if you do not save her I will chop off your head."

My brother saw that he had made a false step, and held out a little hope of her recovery. While they were talking a black slave came out of the seraglio to tell the physician that the drink had done no good.

"Call up all your skill, Chakamdababelda, or whatever your name is; I'll pay whatever you ask," cried Thiuli-Kos, frantic at the thought of losing so much money.

"I will give her a decoction," answered the physician, "which will free her from all her ills."

"Yes, yes," sobbed old Thiuli, "give her a decoction."

Mustapha retired full of hope to prepare his draught, and having given it to the black slave, and showed him how much should be taken at once, he went to Thiuli-Kos, and telling him he must go and gather some soothing herbs from the sea-shore, immediately hurried out. Reaching the sea, which lay at no great distance from the castle, he pulled off his false robes and threw them into the water, where they floated about merrily; and concealing himself immediately in the thicket, waited for the approach of night, when he crept quietly to the graveyard of Thiuli's castle.

Mustapha had been absent from the castle scarcely an hour, when news was brought to Thiuli that his slave Fatima was at the point of death. He sent to the sea-shore to fetch the physician; but his messengers soon came back with the information that the poor physician had fallen into the water, and was drowned, for they had seen his black robe floating on the surface, and his stately beard appearing at intervals above the waves. Seeing from this that there was no further hope, Thiuli cursed himself and all the rest of mankind, tearing his beard, and beating his head against the wall. But all was of no avail, and Fatima soon gave up the ghost. When Thiuli received the news of her death, he ordered a coffin to be made at once, not being able to endure a dead body in his house, and ordered her to be borne to the graveyard. The bearers carried thither the coffin, set it down quickly, and ran away; for they heard a loud groaning and sighing, apparently coming from the other coffins.

Mustapha, who had concealed himself behind them, and had been the cause of the bearers' alarm, came forward from his place of refuge, and, lighting a lamp which he had provided for the purpose, drew out the glass vessel containing the antidote, and raised the lid of Fatima's coffin. But what was his dis-

may, when he saw, by the light of his lamp, the features of a total stranger! Neither his sister, nor Zoraide, but a wholly different person, lay in the coffin. It took him long to recover from this second stroke of misfortune; but compassion finally vanquished rage. He opened his phial, and administered the potion. The figure opened her eyes, drew a long breath, and seemed for some time trying to remember where she was. At length she seemed to become conscious of what had taken place; for she rose from her coffin, and fell at Mustapha's feet. "How can I thank you, gracious being," she cried, "for liberating me from my hideous imprisonment?"

Mustapha interrupted her expressions of gratitude by asking "how it happened that she had been saved, and not his sister Fatima?"

She looked at him with astonishment. "My rescue is now intelligible," she answered, "which before I could not understand. I am called Fatima, in this castle; and I am she to whom you gave the letter and the sleeping-draught."

My brother entreated her to give him information of his sister and Zoraide, and learned that they were both in the castle, but had received different names. They were now called Mirza and Nourmahal.

Fatima, seeing my brother overwhelmed by his misfortune, bade him take courage, and promised to devise some means by which to liberate both the captives. Encouraged by these assurances, Mustapha conceived new hopes, and begged her to explain: whereupon she said:

"I have been Thiuli's slave for full five months, and have been constantly plotting to escape. But the attempt was too difficult to undertake alone. You may have noticed, in the inner court of the castle, a fountain, spouting water from ten orifices. This fountain struck my attention. I remembered to have seen a similar one in my father's house, the water of which was conveyed through a spacious conduit. To learn whether this was constructed in the same way, I extolled its beauty one day to Thiuli, and asked who was its architect. 'I designed it myself,' replied he; 'and what you see is the least part of it; for the water comes here from a stream at least a thousand feet distant, and flows through an arched pipe of the diameter of a man's height; and all this I built myself.' When I heard this, I longed for the strength of a man for only a single moment, that I might pull out a stone from the side of the foun-

tain, and escape from the place through the pipe. I will show you it. Through it you can penetrate into the castle, and free your friends. But you must have with you at least two men, to overpower the slaves who guard the seraglio."

This was her project. My brother Mustapha, though twice defeated in his hopes, plucked up courage a third time, and hoped, with Allah's aid, to carry out the slave's suggestion. He promised to aid her to return to her home, on condition she would assist him in entering the castle. One anxiety still troubled him; and that was, where he should procure two or three faithful assistants. He remembered suddenly, Orbasan's dagger, and the promise he had given to hasten to his aid in time of need; and he set out immediately with Fatima in search of the robber.

In the city where he had transformed himself to a physician, he bought a horse with his last remaining piece of gold, at the same time obtaining lodgings for Fatima in the suburbs, in the house of a poor woman. He himself hastened to the mountains, where he had first fallen in with Orbasan, and reached them in three days. He soon found the tent, and placed himself unexpectedly before the robber, who welcomed him warmly. He described his several unsuccessful attempts, at which the grave Orbasan could not avoid laughing a little, especially when he thought of the physician Chakaman-kabudibaba. He was furious at the treachery of the pigmy, and swore to hang him with his own hands, wherever he caught him. He promised my brother, however, to give his assistance, as soon as the latter had refreshed himself from the fatigues of his journey. Mustapha, therefore, again spent the night in Orbasan's tent, and they set forth on their expedition with the earliest beams of the sun, the robber taking with him three of his boldest men, well mounted and armed. They rode steadily, and came, after two days' journey, to the little city where Mustapha had left the rescued Fatima. Thence they travelled on with her to the little wood, whence Thuli's castle could be plainly seen; and there they halted to wait for night. As soon as it was dark they crept on, under Fatima's guidance, to the stream into which the water pipe opened, and succeeded in finding it after a brief search. Arrived there, they sent back Fatima and one of the servants with the horses, and prepared to enter; but, before she left them, Fatima once more went accurately over her instructions to them, which

were: "that they would come out through the fountain into the inner court; that they would find there, in the corners right and left, two towers; and that in the sixth door, counting from the right-hand tower, they would find Fatima and Zoraide, guarded by two black slaves."

Orbasan, Mustapha, and the two others, well provided with weapons and crowbars, entered the conduit. They found themselves up to their waists in water, but they went forward bravely. They came to the fountain, after half an hour, and speedily inserted their crowbars. The walls were thick and strong, but they could not long resist the united strength of four powerful men, and an opening was soon broken, large enough to allow them to creep easily through. Orbasan went first, and helped the others to follow him. When they had all penetrated the court-yard, they examined the side of the castle facing them, in search of the designated door. But they were not unanimous as to which it was, for, counting from the right tower towards the left, they found a door which had been walled up; and they could not decide whether Fatima had omitted or included this in her reckoning. But Orbasan hesitated only a moment; and, crying, "My good sword shall open this door!" went to the sixth, the others following him. They opened the door, and found six black slaves lying asleep on the floor. They were just about to close it again softly, seeing their mistake, when a figure in the corner rose from its recumbent posture, and in a well-known voice shrieked for help. It was the pigmy from Orbasan's camp. Before the blacks rightly knew what had happened to them, Orbasan rushed upon the dwarf, tore his girdle in two, gagged his mouth, and tied his hands behind his back. He then turned to the slaves, several of whom had been already partly bound by Mustapha and the two other men, and aided in overpowering them. They then put their daggers to the slaves' hearts, and, demanding where Mirza and Nourmahal were, learned that they were in the next chamber. Mustapha rushed to it, and there found Fatima and Zoraide, who had been awakened by the uproar.

The two girls hastily collected their jewels and clothes, and followed Mustapha. The two robbers suggested to Orbasan to plunder what they could find; but he forbade it, saying, "No man shall have it in his power to say that Orbasan enters houses by night to steal gold."

Mustapha and the rescued captives

slipped quickly into the conduit, where Orbasan promised to follow them soon. As soon as the former had disappeared within the opening, Orbasan and one of the robbers took the dwarf, and carried him out into the court. There they bound round his neck a silken cord, which they had brought for the purpose, and hung him from the highest branch of the fountain. Having punished, in this efficacious way, the scoundrel's treachery, they followed Mustapha. The two rescued ones thanked their noble preserver with tears of gratitude; but Orbasan compelled them to a hasty flight, for it was more than probable that Thiuli-Kos would institute a prompt pursuit.

The next day Mustapha and his rescued captives parted from Orbasan with deep emotion. They will never forget the obligations they owe to him. Fatima, the released slave, went in disguise to Balsora, to take ship thence to her native country.

The hero and heroines of my story reached home after a short and pleasant journey. The joy of meeting almost killed my old father. He gave a great feast, on the day after their return, to which he invited the entire city, where my brother was made to tell his story before a great assemblage of relatives and friends, and all, with one voice, extolled the noble robber to the skies.

When my brother had ended his recital, my father rose from his seat and led Zoraide to him. "I absolve you from my curse!" said he, in solemn tones. "Take, as a recompense, her whom your ceaseless zeal has bravely won. Take my paternal blessing; and may our city never perish for want of men rivalling you, my son, in brotherly love, courage, and devotion."

#### LIKE A BURNING STICK.

A patient was arguing with his doctor on the necessity of his taking a stimulant; he urged that he was weak and needed it. Said he: "But doctor, I must have some kind of a stimulant, I am cold and it warms me." "Precisely," came the doctor's crusty answer, "see here; this stick is cold," taking up a stick of wood from the box beside the hearth, and tossing it into the fire. "Now it is warm, but is the stick benefited?" The sick man watched the wood first send out little puffs of smoke, and then burst into a flame and replied: "Of course not; it is burning itself." "And so are you when you warm yourself with alcohol; you are literally burning up the delicate tissues of your stomach and brain."

#### SAM.

##### A Christmas Story.

Late in the afternoon, the day before Christmas, Katie Burns, sitting in a low chair by the basement window, raising her eyes from the doll she was dressing for Cousin Maud, beheld an elfish face pressed against the window-pane. Katie opened the window.

"Who—what are you?" she asked in surprise; for the little creature looked like something unearthly, with its straggling hair, its brown skin, and dark, wild, hungry-looking eyes. On its left arm hung a battered tin pail, and in its right hand it carried a box of matches.

"I'm Sam," replied the queer little stranger, in a wonderfully sweet voice, "an' I were a lookin' at that baby you was a-holdin'. Ain't it pooty? Want to buy any matches?"

Kate shut the window and opened the door. "Come in," she said.

The half-frozen mite hesitated; but Kate with a smile pointed to the bright fire in the dining room. That proved a temptation indeed! In a moment the waif was down on its knees on the hearthrug, and its tiny thin hands stretched out toward the glowing coals. Kate went to the store-room, cut a piece from a mince pie, and gave it to the wee match-seller.

"Eat that," she said, "and then tell me all about yourself."

Sam ate "that," looking alternately at the fire and the "pooty" doll. But the last crumb disappeared, and the story was not begun.

"Where do you live?" said Kate.

"Most 'o ther time in a big bar'l wot stan's out in front o' the lager-beer s'loon."

"Where else do you live?"

"In a celler 'long o' Mom Peanuts. She's good, she is; she sot me up in bisness this mornin', she did; an' I'm to have half the money, I am. Want to buy any matches?"

"Have you any parents?" asked Kate.

"Wot's them?" said Sam.

"Any father and mother, I mean."

"O, daddy and mammy? They's dead. Daddy was a I-talyon, he was, an' he played on a organ. I was four, now I'm seven. Mammy died last Christmas, she did. She was no I-talyon; she used to kiss me, an' I had bread and milk ev'ry day, I had."

"Tell me more about your mother," said Kate.

The child's dark eyes lit up, until they were positively beautiful. "She

looked like you, she did; blue eyes like yourn, an' shiny hair like yourn, too. 'An' Sam, you mustn't steal; 'an' Sam, you mustn't tell lies; 'an' Sam, you must say every night before you go to sleep, Please, dear God, take care of poor orfun Sam,' and that's wot she sed. Want ter buy any matches?"

Just then Kate heard Uncle John's step in the hall.

"O, Uncle, come here, please," she said.

"Bless my heart, Katie," said he, "what have you brought in?"

"A poor little thing who has no father nor mother, and no home but a barrel or a cellar."

"Want ter buy any matches," said Sam, and the big black eyes were solemnly fixed on Uncle John's face.

Uncle John burst out laughing. "How do you sell 'em, bub?"

"I ain't no bub," said Sam, gravely. "I'm sis," and he moved toward the door.

"Come back, don't go," cried Kate. "Didn't you say your name was Sam?"

"Sam's my short name. My long un's Samuella; so there now."

"Who gave you that funny name?" asked Kate.

"It ain't a funny name, it ain't," said the small girl, indignantly. "My mammy giv' me that name she did. She had a white figger, with wings, a-prayin', and it's name was Samuel, she liked it. It's broke now, and so my name's Samuella, and they calls me Sam. Want ter—"

"Yes, all of them," interrupted Uncle John. "How many are there?"

"They's twelve three cents' worth, and two boxes for three cents, an' cheap, I tell you," answered Sam.

"Have you any change?" asked Uncle John.

"Nine cents," said Sam, "an' that's all it is."

"Well, here's a dollar bill; bring me the change to-morrow; and now go home, for it is getting quite dark."

Sam took the money, opened the tin pail, and counted out the boxes of matches with a gravity wonderful to see. Kate put an apple tart in the dirty little hand.

"Why not bread and butter?" asked Uncle John, with a twinkle in his eyes.

"O, everybody gives bread and butter," said Kate. "If I were a beggar—"

"I ain't no beggar," interrupted Sam.

"I beg your pardon," said Kate. "If I were in the match business, I should like apple tarts and mince-pie once in a while for a change, I'm sure."

Sam took up her empty pail. "Good-

bye, I'll fetch the change to-morrow mornin'," she said, and away she went.

"Bet he, I mean she, never comes back," said Uncle John, as he heard the area gate close.

"O, Uncle," said Kate, earnestly, "if you had heard her talk about her poor dead mother, who told her never to lie, never to steal, and to pray every night, you wouldn't say so."

"Well, well," said Uncle John, "if she does come, we'll give her something nice for her Christmas."

Christmas day beamed bright and clear, and the morning hours hastened on to noon, and the afternoon hours to evening, but no Samuella. "Let's forget it to-day, because it's merry Christmas," said Kate to Uncle John, who was almost as disappointed as she was herself. "To-morrow we'll fret and scold about it. But I do wish she had come."

"So do I!" said the old gentleman.

The servant appeared. "Miss Kate," she said "there's a small child downstairs, I don't know whether it's a girl or a boy, wants to see you. I told him again and again he couldn't, but he won't go."

Away flew Kate, and there, sure enough, in the lower hall, covered with snow and trembling with cold stood little Sam.

"Couldn't come before. Mom Peanuts bin sick; had to take care of her. She's most well now. Here's his change; and here," taking a chicken made of red barley sugar from the bosom of the ragged jacket, "is suthin' I brought for your Christmas present."

"Mamma! Uncle John! Go, Lena, and bring them here quick," cried impulsive Kate, the tears filling her beautiful blue eyes, and taking Sam by the hand she fairly dragged her into the dining-room. Mamma and Uncle John came.

"See, Uncle," said Kate, triumphantly, "she has come, through snow and storm, to bring your money."

"Couldn't come to-day!" said Sam.

"And O, mamma!" Kate went on, "she bought me this little candy chicken for a Christmas present."

Uncle John was at this moment seized with such a violent cough that, after it was over, he was obliged to take out his handkerchief and wipe his eyes.

"And I think," said Kate, speaking with great earnestness, and looking very beautiful, "that Sam is a Christmas present herself—sent from God to me. Mamma, dear, may I take her?"

Mamma's only reply was a kiss, Lena led the Christmas present away, and Katie went back to her guests, whom

she had well nigh forgotten. An hour afterward Uncle John led into the parlor a quaint-looking little girl, with nicely braided hair, dark, brilliant eyes, and a sweet, shy smile. She was a tiny thing, and in her red woollen dress and cunning, doll-like apron, looked, so all the children said, "as pretty as a picture." It was Ella. "Sam" had disappeared forever.

MARGARET EYTINGE.

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## POPULAR SCIENCE.

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### Straw Charcoal for Wounds.

A very satisfactory dressing for wounds, consisting of bage of straw charcoal, is used by the Japanese. It fits perfectly to the wounds, and has considerable absorbing power and anti-septic properties. The charcoal is prepared by burning straw in a covered vessel.

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### A New Business.

Raising bacteria for the general market is an entirely new business which a large German firm of color manufacturers has recently engaged in. They advertise that they will deliver, under the name of nitrazin, cultures of bacteria with which to inoculate various leguminous crops, to the increase of their yield and improvement of their quality. Their stock includes pure cultivations of nodule organisms suitable to the growth of seventeen varieties of beans, clover, and other crops of the family mentioned. Each bottle is labeled according to the crop for which it is intended, of which the botanical and the German names are given. Sixty-three cents will procure enough bacteria to inoculate half an acre of land.

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### Little Soldiers of the Blood.

When a drop of human blood is placed between two plates of glass and examined with a microscope it is seen to contain, beside the minute disks which give it its red color, little whitish grains called "white corpuscles." If the glass is warmed to a temperature equal to that of the human body these corpuscles, or phagocytes, as they are otherwise called, will be seen to put out and retract minute processes, which, as if acting the part of feet, enable the phagocytes to crawl over the surface of the glass. The Russian naturalist, Metchnikoff, has discovered that the phagocytes in our blood feed upon the microbes of infectious diseases, when such microbes are introduced into the

system. Sir Joseph Lister, president of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, believes that this action of the phagocytes, which is scientifically named "phagocytosis," "is the main defensive means possessed by the living body against its microscopic foes." Whenever a wound is made in any part of the body the phagocytes, like well-trained soldiers, rush to the breach and make war upon the putrefactive microbes endeavoring to enter the system.

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### Ozone in Schools.

A recent number of the American Medical and Surgical Bulletin contains an article on the artificial generation of ozone for purifying the air in our public schools. In many cases the school-room air is so stale and depressing that before the children have been in it half an hour all their brightness and vim has disappeared, they become listless and sleepy, and are in the worst possible condition for study. This alone would be bad enough, but breathing this vitiated air renders them more vulnerable to the attacks of pathogenic germs, some of which are sure to be present in such a favorable location. Ozone is markedly germicidal and stimulating, and the suggestion, although not a new one, seems worthy of attention.

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### The Hearing of a Fish.

For an enquiry whether fishes have a sense of hearing, Herr A Kreidt experimented upon goldfish—normal, fish poisoned with strychnine, and fish deprived of their labyrinths. Sounds were made by sonorous rods plunged in the aquarium, to which tuning forks or bows were applied out of the water. Whistling and the ringing of bells outside of the water produced no impression on either of the three classes experimented upon. But all responded whenever the apparatus within the aquarium was struck with the production of an audible sound. The conclusion was drawn that fish do not hear as in ordinary hearing with the ears, but that they are sensitive to sonorous waves which they can perceive through some skin-sense.

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### Making Mineral Wool.

Consul Merritt, of Barmen, is authority for the following statements regarding mineral wool, or silicate cotton, as it is sometimes called. The wool appears on the market in a variety of colors, and is coming to be used very

extensively as a non-conductor of heat and also as a protection against fire. It is made by blowing molten rock into a fibrous woolly state by means of a jet of steam. The furnace slag or the rock, as the case may be, is melted in a large cupola, and as it trickles out at the taphole in a somewhat sluggish stream it meets a high-pressure steam jet which blows it into a woolly fibrous condition, it which state it settles in fleecy clouds on the floor, the heavier wool coming down first, while the lighter portions are blown farther along by the force of the steam. The material thus naturally grades itself.

#### Moisture and Vegetation.

M. Edmond Gain has found, in special researches on the subject, that the influence of moisture on vegetation varies at different periods of growth of the plant, and that alternations of moisture and comparative dryness are more advantageous to it than constant moisture. The plants that require constant moisture as a factor of their most vigorous growth are relatively few. Nearly all plants need water in order to secure vigor of growth, but require it at different intervals in certain precise stages of their vegetation; and plants which at one time take up water with advantage may suffer much from an equal supply at another time. As a rule, the need of water is urgent when the first leaves are appearing. It then diminishes till just before blossoming, when a large supply is called for. This should be suspended after the flowering season is over, for the fruit is best perfected in a relatively dry medium. If the plants blossom more than once, they need a new supply of water previous to the second flowering. In all the author's experiments those plants which were watered at the two critical seasons of first growth and the beginning of blossoming did as well as those which were constantly watered. M. Gain further found that moisture in the soil favors and increases the number of fruits and seeds, while a dry soil produces larger and heavier seeds. Plants in dry soil have more roots than those in wet soil. While the tenure of moisture has little influence on the number of tubers, they are larger and heavier in a moist soil; yet they are less perfect than tubers grown under relatively dry conditions. Thus, while greater moisture is favorable to a larger immediate return, it is less promotive of perfection in the reproductive parts, and so favors the individual rather than the vigor of the species.

#### GOOD THOUGHTS CONDENSED.

Good manners are made up of petty sacrifices.

Be not simply good, but be good for something.

Nothing is politically right that is morally wrong.

Humble love, and not proud science, keeps the door of Heaven.

Let prayer be the key of the morning and the bolt of the evening.

Sin has many tools, but a lie is a handle which fits them all.

What appear to be calamities are often the sources of fortune.

If people resolutely do what is right, in time they come to like doing it.

The great secret in life is for a man to know when his opportunity comes.

To succeed one must sometimes be very bold, and sometimes very prudent.

Dost thou love thy life, then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of.

A sound discretion is not so much indicated by never making a mistake as by never repeating it.

He that does a base thing in zeal for his friend burns the golden thread that ties their hearts together.

Every man's life lies within the present, for the past is spent and done with, and the future is uncertain.

True politeness consists in being easy one's self, and in making everybody about one as easy as one can.

Be noble! and the nobleness that lies in other men, sleeping, but never dead, will rise in majesty to meet thine own.

If we hope for what we are not likely to possess we act and think in vain, and make life a greater dream and shadow than it really is.

A man has no more right to say an uncivil thing than to act one; no more right to say a rude thing to another man than to knock him down.

The seeds of things are very small; the hours that lie between sunrise and the gloom of midnight are travelled through by tiniest markings of the clock.

Great merit or great fallings will make you respected or despised, but trifles, little attentions, mere nothings, either done or neglected, will make you either liked or disliked.

### TERMS.

OUR HOME is issued every month from the office of publication, 16 St. Sacramento Street, Montreal, Canada, by Watson Griffin, editor and publisher. Its subscription price is fifty cents per annum in advance for any part of Canada, Newfoundland or the United States. New subscriptions can commence at any time during the year. Remittances may be made by money or postage stamps. Money for renewals should be sent by each subscriber directly to this office. We do not request agents to collect money for renewals of subscriptions. In changing your post office address, always send your old address as well as the new. If you do not receive OUR HOME regularly, write to this office and the matter will be looked into at once. Write addresses so plainly that no mistake can possibly be made. When the term for each subscription has expired the magazine will be discontinued without further notice, unless a renewal has previously been received. If subscribers do not wish to lose any number of OUR HOME they should send in their renewal subscriptions before they receive the last number of the term already subscribed for. Advertising rates will be furnished on application. Advertisements at all times to be subject to editorial approval. All new advertisements and changes must be sent in by the 15th of each month, in order to insure insertion in the succeeding number of OUR HOME. Address all communications to

#### "OUR HOME,"

16 St. Sacramento Street,  
MONTREAL, Canada.

MONTREAL, DECEMBER, 1896.

### CHRISTMAS MONEY.

Any man or woman, boy or girl, who has a little time to spare can make money to buy Christmas presents by canvassing for OUR HOME. Special terms will be given to canvassers this month. For full particulars write to OUR HOME, 16 St. Sacramento Street, Montreal.

### A PRESENT FOR HER DAUGHTER.

A Hamilton lady writes: "I have been subscribing for your dear little magazine for a year. My subscription expires in January, and I don't intend to drop it, for I like it better than any other monthly that comes to our house, but I would like to have it sent hereafter in the name of my little daughter instead of in my own name. She likes to read

it, and it will be a pleasure for her to call it her own. Now, I would like to know whether I will have to send the new subscription price in changing the address or whether I can get it for my daughter at the same price at which I subscribed for it in the first place."

The answer is that the change of address will make no difference, as the magazine will go to the same home. You may renew your subscription for OUR HOME in your daughter's name at the original subscription price.

### PREMIUM FOR NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

The price of OUR HOME for new subscribers has been increased to fifty cents per year, but each new subscriber at that price whose name is sent in before the first of January, 1897, may have any one of the following premiums: A package of the Wells & Richardson Co.'s famous Diamond Dyes (any color), a package of OUR HOME Ink Powder, which will make a pint of good black ink, or a copy of the novel "Twok" in paper cover.

### "OUR HOME" AS A PRESENT.

It was announced last month that any subscriber of OUR HOME might have additional copies sent to relatives and friends for the first year at the price of twenty-five cents per year. The question has been asked whether anyone can take advantage of this offer. Any subscriber may do so, but those who are not yet subscribers must first subscribe for themselves at the price of fifty cents per year, after which they will have the privilege of subscribing for additional copies to be sent as presents at the price of twenty-five cents for the first year. This privilege is only granted to subscribers to the end of this year, 1896, so that those who wish to take advantage of it must send in the new subscriptions during this month.

## THE GOOD TEMPLARS' CHRISTMAS TREE.

'Way back in the 60's, as the old settler says, when he becomes delightfully reminiscent—'way back in the 60's the Good Templars of a town in the West decided to have a Christmas Tree.

The very name of Christmas Tree seems to suggest a children's festival; but this was a peculiar species, intended for grown people entirely, many of them old and infirm.

The idea originated with a benevolent sister, who thought that thus some needed aid might be extended in a delicate manner to poorer members of the Lodge.

"We must have a present for each member," said Mrs. Hill, when she had broached the subject to several of the wealthy ladies, and had secured their hearty co-operation in the matter, "even if we put them on for ourselves, so as to arouse no suspicion as to the object of the Christmas Tree."

"That's so," said Mrs. Gray. "Let's see what will be best to buy. There's Sister Saunders, now, she needs a warm shawl. Hale is selling off a lot of blanket-shawls. Say we get one for her, and I'll buy me one, and hang it on the tree."

"Yes," chimed in Mrs. Van Horn, the richest of them all. "We can put on packages of groceries, and bags of flour, and such things, that we all must have. Then no one can feel hurt, or suspect that they are receiving anything in charity."

"We must take up a collection in the Lodge, and add to it by private subscription, I think," said Mrs. Hill. "We must not let any one get an inkling of what form our entertainment will take. Just have it given out that the Committee on Entertainments will provide something entirely new for that evening, and take up a collection to defray expenses."

So these good women undertook to see the arrangements properly carried out.

Expectation stood upon tiptoe after the announcement that on the Wednesday evening after Christmas there was to be an entertainment, the like of which had never been seen in the Lodge.

The Committee on Entertainments comprised the ladies who were the promoters of the plan of having a Christmas Tree; Miss Effie Mathews, daughter of the Worthy Chaplain, Miss Louise Darrell, Mr. Ellis, who was at that time

Worthy Chief, and Messrs. Rice and Price, two lively young men, noted for their devotion to each other, and their extreme love of fun.

Everything went on swimmingly. The decorating of the Tree, and the placing of the presents on, under and around it, gave occasion for much merriment. "The Firm," as the ladies dubbed the two young men, kept every one in a perpetual state of gaiety by their inexhaustible flow of spirits, their practical jokes on each other, and their lively sallies of wit and humor.

"Now you may proceed to pile up the sacks of flour," said Miss Darrell. "We have marked the last one."

"Oh, have you? Then we'll proceed to business immediately;" which they did with great energy, considering the fact that they were almost convulsed with laughter. When they had built what they styled a pyramid of flour sacks, they executed a sort of war dance around it; and rushed out of the hall, evidently trying to conceal their mirth.

"I'll bet a cookie," elegantly remarked Mrs. Van Horn, "that those young fellows are up to some mischief. I wonder what they've been doing." She went carefully over the articles on the table.

"Nonsense," said Mrs. Hill. "It's only because they feel so happy. They are full of good spirits, brim full."

"Everything looks all right," said Mrs. Van Horn, as she glanced from the table to the stack of flour, "perhaps they are watching for a chance to slip something on the Tree for each other, something for a take off."

"Let's lock up now, and go home to tea, so as to be able to come back early," suggested Mrs. Gray. "Everything is in its place, I believe."

"Yes, that's a good idea," said Mrs. Hill. "Effie and I have gone over the list several times, and nobody seems to have been left out. There's something for each member. I hope everybody will be satisfied."

"I hope so, too," rejoined Mrs. Van Horn. "We've done our part, and worked hard enough, goodness knows. The presents are pretty evenly distributed; so I hope there'll be no cause for offence."

"I feel it in my bones that something unpleasant is going to happen," remarked Miss Darrell.

"Now, look here, Lou Darrell," retorted Mrs. Van Horn, "Don't begin any of that nonsense, or you shan't bring your bones here this evening—not whole ones, at any rate. You are always 'feeling things in your

bones!' We want this affair to go off without any unpleasantness, so don't begin to prophecy ill luck."

If numbers were any sign of success the Committee had nothing to complain of, for there was "a grand turn out," as Mrs. Van Horn remarked. The hall was crowded quite early in the evening; and many were the speculations as to what could be hidden behind the curtain which screened off one end of the room.

The Worthy Chief was in his element. Temperance was his great hobby, and the sight of a well-filled Lodge always delighted his heart. He was to be the presiding genius on this occasion, and having contributed largely to the funds, he felt a great amount of interest in the proceedings.

He was in the midst of a little informal speech when the curtain was withdrawn, and the Christmas Tree, brilliantly lighted up, flashed into view, with its odd assortment of fruit. To most of the spectators it was a novelty, to all a genuine surprise, and judging from their countenances and exclamations, a pleasure as well.

"Now," continued Mr. Ellis, "we will gather the fruit which has been produced upon this wonderful Tree. I have no doubt that there is something for each of us, either on or under the Tree, which seems to have scattered its fruit around plentifully. I hope each gift will be received in the spirit in which it has been bestowed." ("Hear! Hear!" called out several voices.) "I find," referring to a paper which had been handed to him, "that Bro. Price and Bro. Rice have kindly undertaken to deliver at our homes, any article which may be too bulky for us to carry away with us. We will now proceed to the distribution of the presents. The ladies will hand each article to me, and our indefatigable Bros. Price and Rice will pass the same along to you; except in the case of the large parcels, when I shall merely read the name of the recipient, and the nature of the gift."

Mrs. Gray was amongst the first, and she received her shawl with smiles, and put it at once around her shoulders. Sister Saunders did likewise when it came to her turn. Old Mr. True beamed with delight when he received an order for a load of wood, and his wife got a package of tea. Mrs. Van Horn had a peck of navy beans, and Mrs. Hill a turkey.

Everything went off merrily, and it seemed as if Lou Darrell's bones must have been at fault for once, until it

came to the distribution of the flour, which was left until the last.

The young men had pulled down their "pyramid," and Mr. Ellis had inspected the name on each sack. When the last one was reached he gave a start of surprise, for there, plain enough, was his own name, "J. H. Ellis."

He was a wealthy miller, and the flour was all from his own mill, much of it by donation, as well as by purchase.

Who had thought of giving him a sack of his own flour? When he called off the name, as he felt obliged to do, with all eyes upon him, the ladies looked at each other in consternation. They would never have dreamt of doing such a thing.

Mrs. Van Horn cast indignant glances towards Messrs. Price and Rice; but those worthies only looked at each other with the blankest of expressions on their countenances.

It was all in a flash, but it began to have a disturbing effect on the assembly.

"I do not know," said Mr. Ellis, "who has thought it necessary to present me with this gift. As you are all aware, I manufacture my own flour, and this seems like sending coals to Newcastle. I shall, therefore, with the kind permission of the Committee" ("Take it in the spirit in which it has been given!" called out some one.) "I shall, I say, present it to our Worthy Chaplain!"

There arose a murmur of discontent. Faces that had been beaming with pleasure, now began to assume either a gloomy or a resentful look.

The Worthy Chaplain was for a moment tempted to refuse the gift, but a glance around the room decided him to accept. He was a hard working missionary, whose field of labor was very large, and at some distance from the town, where he made his home for the sake of the educational advantages it afforded his family.

He had driven over thirty miles that day in order to be present by special request at this entertainment. Wary as he was, and feeling utterly disinclined to accept the gift, he did not consider it wise to refuse.

He immediately arose and thanked Mr. Ellis, accepting the gift in a few well chosen words, which had a happy effect on the audience, concluding in this strain: "The proof of the pudding is said to be in the eating of it, but I can take it on trust that this flour is a superior article, bearing, as it does, the well-known trade mark of our respected Worthy Chief."

This met with such loud and prolonged applause, that very few except Mrs.

Van Horn noticed the loud guffaw with which it was greeted by Messrs. Price and Rice, who immediately subsided, looking very much embarrassed indeed.

Mrs. Van Horn whispered her opinion to Mrs. Hill that those young fellows were at the bottom of it.

"But where's the Worthy Chief's present?" she demanded. "There was something for him, I know."

"There," replied Mrs. Hill, pointing to a large picture with its face to the wall. "That's what Mrs. Ellis sent for him this afternoon with word that she was not well enough to come. I missed it, but thought some of you had hid it so he wouldn't see it, and mistrust it was for him. I forgot all about it when he found the flour."

Mr. Mathews' speech had the effect of restoring harmony, and the company broke up, and set out for home in good humor.

Mr. Mathews and his daughters did not allude to the flour episode until they reached the house. Then Nellie burst out with, "I think it was a shame! The idea of his giving it to papa!"

"What's all this about?" demanded her mother. "Didn't you get anything on the Tree?"

"I got more than I wanted," said Mr. Mathews.

"That's an unusual state of affairs," laughed his wife. "It is not a very common cause of complaint, I think. You must tell me how such a thing is possible."

"I don't see how you could very well have done otherwise," she observed, when the circumstances had been related.

"Oh, but it was so horrid, his giving it to papa, when he wouldn't have it himself," said Effie. "I don't know—can't imagine, how it came there, anyway. Lou and I counted the sacks, and the names very carefully, and never once noticed the extra one."

"It must have been those irrepressible young men, Price and Rice," said Nellie. "Did you see them when he said he would give the flour to the Worthy Chaplain? They almost doubled up with laughter, until they saw Mrs. Van Horn scowling at them."

"That reminds me," said Mr. Mathews, "I have a *truly* present in my pocket. Speaking of Mrs. Van Horn put me in mind of these." And he produced a pair of bright blue and red mittens. "Gay, are they not, eh?"

"Gorgeous, I should say," was Mrs. Mathews' comment.

"They are warm, at all events," said her husband. "See how thick they are!"

"Yes, that stitch makes them double; but why should you associate them with Mrs. Van Horn?"

"I don't know unless it is that they are so brilliant."

"Yes, wasn't she resplendent this evening? And everything about her and her house is just the same," remarked Nellie. "I believe I saw her knitting those very mittens when I went to give Cissy her music lesson. 'That reminds me,' as papa says, Here is my Christmas present." displaying a neat music roll.

"And here is mine," said Effie. "Isn't that a pretty handkerchief case?"

"Now, Mrs. Mamma, don't you wish you belonged to our Order?" asked Mr. Mathews. "I'll be generous, and share with you. As I have these comfortable mittens, I'll call the flour your present."

"I have no doubt," said one of the girls, "that she will bake it up into loaves and give it away."

"So she will," returned her sister.

"She had a Christmas present of a pair of warm gloves, you know. It will be just like her to stuff her old muff full of biscuits and send it to some poor body, won't it, mamma? Why do you look so guilty? Have you given the muff away already?"

"If she has, Nellie, she can wrap several loaves up in your last year's cloak. You don't need it now that you have a new one, oh, dear no! So look out!"

"Well, girls, you know I really didn't need that muff any longer, and what was the use of having it lying around?"

"That's a good suggestion of yours, Effie, about the cloak," said Mr. Mathews. "There is a poor old body out in the country that it will just about fit; she has nothing to go to church in; and you don't need it any more, Nellie."

"I meant to keep it for stormy days," said Nellie, "to save my new one."

"You'll never miss it!" said her father. "You'll be able to buy another when this one is shabby. And, Effie," turning to the other daughter, and speaking in a coaxing tone, "You must have another dress somewhere, fit to be worn."

"Of course I have! I know what you are up to! My next best gown will just do for some of your people. I'm sorry now, that I showed you this one."

"Oh, but you look so well in it, Effie, I couldn't help admiring it, even if you had not called my attention to it."

"After that compliment," laughed Effie, "I'll have to part with the other gown."

They were used to that sort of thing, the motto in the Mathews' household

being, "Let him that hath impart to him that hath not."

"We'll have to get new things on the sly, papa," said Effie, "if you continue to make us try to get along with one hat or wrap or dress apiece. Won't we have a time of it, Nellie, dodging papa when he is in town? You'll be going along the street some fine day, sporting a new hat, and feeling as grand as you please. All at once you'll spy papa driving home. What will you do? Just slip in behind one of the piles of lumber, and hide until he has gone by; then run home by the lane; scramble over the back fence; pop in at the kitchen door; and slip upstairs and lay aside your headgear before he lays eyes on it."

"Come now, Effie," remonstrated her father, "you know I'm not quite so bad as you are making me out."

"No, indeed, you're not bad, you're only too good, papa, that's what we complain of; but just see the fix Nellie and I may be in some day." And she went on portraying imaginary plights in which she and her sister might be found, if reduced to one presentable gown; and to describe the many manoeuvres to which they would have to resort to retain any of their possessions. Nellie and her mother put in a word now and again, to help to make the situation appear more ludicrous; keeping them all in such peels of laughter that they did not hear the sound of approaching footsteps. While they were indulging in their innocent mirth, two young men of their acquaintance were anything but enjoying themselves.

"We're in a box, Rice. The joke has turned on us!"

"That's so! The old duffer! Why couldn't he have let things be as they were? It would have been such a good one on him."

"Say, Jim, you'll have to take the sack into the parson's; you began the joke."

"I like that! I think it originated in the fertile brain of Thomas Price, Esq."

"I don't care, you were ready enough to carry it out; now you'll have to carry it in. See? Pretty good joke that, eh? I wouldn't face those girls just now for a good deal. Their eyes looked awful snappy this evening."

"Well, I'm not going in with the blame thing."

"One of us must. We can't let them think we've stolen the flour. We just have to deliver it, that's all about it. Let's draw lots."

To his great disgust the lot fell on Mr. Rice; but to his intense relief, as they

renew near the house he thought he saw a way out of the difficulty. Approaching quietly, under cover of the noise of the laughing and talking going on within, he deposited the sack against the door jamb, and as he turned for flight gave the handle of the bell a very faint pull.

"Hush!" said Mrs. Mathews. "Listen! I thought I heard some one at the door. Look out and see if there is anyone there, pa."

"No, there's nobody," said he, opening the door, and peering out, only to catch sight of a horse and sleigh turning the corner. "Stay! what is this?" as his eye fell on the sack.

"It's that flour," dragging it in as he spoke. "Those fellows must have been in a great hurry."

"They have a good many places to go to," said Nellie, "they want to deliver as much of the stuff to-night as possible."

"For shame, Nellie, to call a sack of Mr. Ellis' best treble X stuff! It's very good stuff, I should say," pinching the side of the bag. "Eh! what's this? Let's open it. Hold the lamp here some of you! Why," said he, as his eyes fell on the contents of the sack, "that's where the joke was to have come in." And he laughed until the tears streamed down his face.

"Let me go into a convent!" quoted Nellie, throwing herself into a chair, and clasping her hands tragically, "let me go into a convent. My doll is stuffed with sawdust!"

"It can't be, surely!" exclaimed Mrs. Mathews, and she began to laugh.

"Yes, it is," declared Nellie. "It's sawdust. Now, mamma, you'll have to make pincushions instead of bread."

"Yes, and dolls for all the children in the neighborhood," added her sister. "Are there any little folks in your mission, papa?"

"Bearing as it does the well known trade mark of our Worthy Chief!" began Nellie. "Wasn't that what he said, Effie? What a guarantee it has proved, papa! Just fancy, if it had been taken back to the flour and feed store, and sold to some customer!"

"There wasn't much danger of that," said her father. "Any one accustomed to handling flour could tell the difference at once. The joke would have been to have had it opened in Mrs. Ellis's kitchen."

"Well, having it sent here has turned the joke on somebody else, and I strongly suspect it is on Mr. Price and his shadow."

"Of course it's their doings, Effie," said Mr. Mathews, "let's not say a word

about it, and see if they will 'fess,' like Topsy."

The twinkle in the chaplain's eye, and the arch smiles of his daughters, when they greeted Bro. Price and Bro. Rice at the next meeting of the Lodge, convinced those worthies that they were more than suspected of that practical joke.

They ventured before very long to call upon the Mathews to explain and apologize. They were so fully and so freely forgiven that their spirits rose higher than ever, and they made themselves so agreeable that they were asked to call again, which they did so frequently that now there is no necessity for their doing so any longer, except to see the old folks.

If you should happen to meet Mrs. Price and Mrs. Rice, they will tell you that they have as many pincushions as they need, and that the children are kept well supplied with dolls by grand-mamma, who has not yet quite used up the bag of sawdust which the Worthy Chief presented to grandpapa when the Good Templars had their Christmas Tree.

ELIZABETH R. BURNS.

Montreal.

### CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS.

The graceful custom of decorating our homes with Christmas greens is of very ancient origin, and to most of us the day would hardly seem like Christmas without the emblems.

In the country, where cedar and spruce are plentiful, wreaths are easily prepared by fastening sprigs of cedar to a rope—the latter is used as a backbone of all wreaths and garlands. These sprigs are held in place by fine wire, which is bound tightly about the rope.

Ground pine also coils easily and gracefully into wreaths, and is invaluable for twining about balustrades and pillars. If mottoes are desired for the walls, the letters should be cut out of dark colored paste-board and covered with cedar sewed firmly in place, and afterward the edges neatly trimmed so that the outline of the letter is distinct.

Should it happen that there is to be a marriage in the household during the holiday season, a wedding bell will make an appropriate addition to the decorations, and may be made by using two ox muzzles for a wire foundation, tying one inside the other, just far enough up to make the bell the right length. Fill this compactly with moss, into which cedar sprigs are firmly fastened, and then clip off all uneven

ends. The initials of the contracting parties may also be woven into the green in white everlasting blossoms or any white flowers. An inverted calla-lily blossom, tied in the centre of the bell mouth, makes a pretty clapper, and the whole swinging from a white satin ribbon is pleasantly suggestive.

Church decorations are sometimes difficult to manage, if the meeting house walls are bare white plaster; it takes many willing hands and many yards of wreaths and festoons to produce a pleasing effect. Where mottoes are desired, it is wise to have a tinsmith cut out the necessary letters and paint them green, ready to be covered with cedar, and holes should be bored in the tin, so that they can be held in place readily. Such letters will be useful season after season. When potted plants are brought into use, the pots should be covered with white cotton wool, a pretty arrangement being to place one on each window ledge, and to loop the cedar rope from window to window, letting it go once around each pot.

Horseshoe or similar designs are not appropriate for church decoration.

There are many artificial means of beautifying the home for Christmas festivities, which, especially by gas light, are dazzling in effect, crystal cherubs and tinsel ropes, glass pendants and silver balls, candles and hot house blossoms—all of which, those blessed with a goodly income may readily procure, but a few bits of Christmas greenery carry with them the day's sentiment and meaning just the same. And after all, does it matter very much as to the outward show so long as there are merry and loving hearts and peace on earth, good will toward men?

Indeed there are people who have the art of converting the whole year into a kind of perpetual Christmas time, though of silver and gold they have but a slender share.

They are always ready with a kind word and are full of little surprises that awaken the best feelings in those around them.

Let none of us then quite overlook this approaching holiday, even though we cannot do more than hang a wreath in our window, we may at least give a little bit of Christmas to some passer by.

MARY SOLLACE SAXE.

Montreal.

If you want a pint of good black ink send ten cents in postage stamps to OUR HOME, 16 St. Sacramento Street, Montreal, for a package of OUR HOME ink powder.

## THE FAMILY DOCTOR.

### For What It Holds.

Cherish your body, for God made it great ;  
It has a guest of might and high estate ;  
Keep the shrine noble, handsome, high and whole,  
For in it lives God's work, a kingly soul.  
—James Bartlett Wiggin.

### Black Eye.

Black eye is an unfortunate disfigurement which the world involuntarily associates with fighting and drunkenness ; oftentimes the hurt results from the purest accident—but few people will believe it, and the less said about it the better. Bathing the part frequently with warm water is the best remedy for a black eye, and in a few days the skin will resume its natural color and appearance.

### Bandy Legs.

A child is sometimes born bandy, but more frequently becomes so through being suffered to walk or stand before the legs have strength sufficient to support the body. In either case the evil may be removed or considerably amended by proper care and attention. *Remedy*—Bathe the legs two or three times a day in bay-salt and water, and afterwards rub them briskly with the hand. Where sea-bathing can be obtained it is of course the best ; but the majority of people on this continent are too far from the sea. With regard to irons, splints, bandages, etc., it is better not to apply these except under medical advice and supervision. In many cases these appliances will do more harm than good.

### Chapped Hands.

A common cause of chapped hands is not wiping the hands perfectly dry after washing them. Various remedies may be recommended ; among them are the following : (1) Borax, two scruples ; glycerine, half ounce ; water, seven and a half ounces ; mix, and apply as a lotion twice a day. (2) Honey one ounce ; borax, one drachm ; mix and apply as an ointment. (3) Camphor, finely powdered, half drachm ; spermaceti ointment, one ounce ; mix and apply. (4) Spermaceti, one ounce ; white wax and olive oil, of each four ounces. Melt gently in a pot placed in boiling water, and add one ounce of honey and half an ounce of powdered camphor ; stir the whole while cooling, and form the mass into balls for occasional use.

### Influence of Light and Sunshine.

It is a well-established fact that when the body is deprived of light the muscles lose their elasticity, the nerves their tension, the skin fades and becomes pallid, and growth is stunted.

"Light is, without doubt," says Hufeland, "the most intimate friend and relation of life ; and, in this respect, has a much more essential effect than is commonly believed. The life of every created being is the more perfect, the more it enjoys the influence of light. Let a plant or an animal be deprived of light, notwithstanding every nourishment, care and cultivation, it will first lose its color, then its strength, and at last entirely decay. Every man who passes his life in darkness becomes pale, relaxed and heavy, and at length loses the whole energy of life, as is proved by the many melancholy instances of persons shut up in gloomy dungeons."

Miss Nightingale points out as a matter of observation, that idiots are more common in deep valleys than in more elevated localities, and that weak minds and bodies are more frequently seen amongst those who live in the shade than those who live in the sunlight. "It is," she says, "a blessed instinct which makes the sick patients in the hospital wards crave to lie on that side of their beds which brings their faces to the light."

Sir J. Wylie, who studied at St. Petersburg the effect of light as a curative agent, found in hospital rooms in that city which were without light, that the number of patients who went away cured was only one-fourth of the number discharged cured from properly lighted rooms.

Thousands of people are so foolish as to pull down their blinds to keep their curtains and carpets from fading, and live in dismal back rooms, in dark underground breakfast rooms or kitchens that receive little or no sun, leaving their sunny sitting or drawing-rooms for company or for grand occasions. The lightest rooms in the house should be the ones most occupied ; and by admitting the sun freely into these rooms at all hours of the day, enough may be saved in doctors' bills to buy a new carpet every year.

Light should not be excluded from a room when unoccupied. The air of a dark room has a peculiar and unwholesome smell, even when it has not been rendered impure by other causes.

It is a well-established fact that a south room, into which the sun is admitted during the day, is a much more healthy room for sleeping in than a room with a northern aspect. This is

especially the case in damp climates or localities.

Light paints the cheek and the flowers. Scrofula often arises from darkened rooms. Children are largely influenced by dull schoolrooms, and not only get pale cheeks, but also become indisposed to pursue their studies. A workshop or workroom produces the same effect on its occupants; so, as a matter of economy, employers would do well to provide light and cheerful places for their workpeople.

#### Bleeding from Wounds.

It is of importance to know how to proceed to stop the bleeding of a wound, as many serious and severe cases have occurred through the attendant or bystander not possessing the presence of mind or tact in such an emergency. When a wound is situated in the limbs, and is succeeded by copious and protracted bleeding, the main thing is to prevent the whole current of blood passing through the limb. If from the upper part of the arm, the thumb should be pressed firmly into that part of the neck behind the collarbone; this will intercept the flow of blood through the principal artery of the arm as it issues from the chest. The thumb, however, is apt to become tired and relax its pressure, and nothing can answer the purpose better than the handle of a door-key, wrapped in three or four folds of linen, which can be held in its position for an indefinite length of time. If the wound be high up on the leg or thigh, the thumb should be pressed immediately below the cavity of the groin, the patient, meanwhile, lying on his back. This will have the effect of arresting the flow of blood from the great artery which supplies the limbs. When the wound is situated below the middle of the upper arm or below the middle of the thigh, a large and strong handkerchief should be bound once or twice round the limb; a piece of stick such as a large skewer, or a small ruler, should then be introduced between the bandage and the skin, and twisted so that it screws the handkerchief tight until the flow of blood ceases. When the bleeding stops the screwing should cease, otherwise the parts will be bruised and injured. If the wounded part be on a bone, the bleeding can be arrested by firmly pressing the finger, a cork or a hard pad on the bone. It must be understood that these proceedings are to be adopted only until such time as proper assistance arrives. In every instance a surgeon ought to be sent for instantly.

#### GOOD OUTSIDE, BAD INSIDE.

Externally applied, alcohol is an antiseptic and a disinfectant, though it is principally used as a local irritant, and by allowing it to evaporate as a cooling lotion to the skin. If the vapor is confined and penetrates to the flesh underneath, or if the alcohol is diligently rubbed into the flesh, it hardens it. In this way it is of use in preventing bed-sores and the like.

Spirituous liniments which contain essential oils and other stimulants are sometimes applied with friction to increase nutrition at the place which is the seat of long-standing inflammation, pain and stiffness, such as is present in chronic rheumatism, stiff joints and paralysis.

Internally the action of alcohol is both local and general. If allowed to come directly into contact with the walls of the stomach it irritates them, causing them to assume an inflamed appearance. If the quantity of alcohol is large, or more or less continuously applied, actual inflammation of the lining of the surface follows.

When alcohol is taken with food, and mixes with the contents of the stomach, it is partly decomposed into substances which in turn decompose the gastric juices, rendering them inert and thus depressing digestion. Whatever may sometimes be said in favor of the use of stimulants with meals, it is very doubtful if the slight temporary stimulating effect is at all compensatory for their interference with the gastric fluids.

Alcohol enters the blood unchanged, and is distributed by it to the various organs and parts of the body, where it is rapidly absorbed, and where its action is nearly the same as in the stomach.

It first stimulates the organ to increased activity, but at the same time causes the chemical change in the substance of the organ by which the organ itself is weakened; so that eventually depression ensues.

It is this peculiar double action of alcohol which is misleading. So long as the organs of the body are in a healthy condition, alcohol is little short of a poison. The organ, in order to do its work properly, needs food, and unless there is interference the food will be absorbed and changed into proper forms of nourishment. Alcohol robs the organ of the power of doing this.

In these days of prepared foods and general advance in science, there are many ways of securing the only beneficial result which alcohol gives, that is to say, stimulation, without resorting to its use.—*The Youth's Companion.*

## A DOG'S LAUGH.

By M. LE VICOMTE D'AIGLUN.

Alphonse Karr has said: "Man is the gayest of animals; much more, he is the only gay one, the only one that laughs." Toussenet is equally explicit: "Laughter is a characteristic faculty of man." Gratiolet observes that "when man freely breathes a pure air, fresh and uncontaminated, his mouth dilates slightly, his upper lip reveals more or less of his upper front teeth, and the corners of the mouth gracefully elevate themselves; the muscles that determine this movement act at the same time upon his cheeks and raise



FIG. 1.—FOX TERRIER LAUGHING.

them, slightly lifting the outer angles of his eyes, which become a little oblique. This movement of easy respiration is called the smile; and the smile of the lips is distinguished in language from the smile of the eyes. The smile of the eyes is in man, however, consecutive to the service of the mouth, and does not depend upon any special muscle. No mammalian animal has the smile of the mouth; but the smile of the eyes exists in the carnivorous animals, and, as it cannot depend upon the buccal smile, its determining cause resides in a small muscle that acts on the outer angle of the eye. Dogs, it is known, have this smile of the eyes in a superior degree." Further, he says: "The real and simple smile—that is, the movement that lifts the angle of the mouth—is exclusively peculiar to the human species. There is nothing like it even in the highest monkeys. Among the carnivores, animals of the genera *Ursus* (bear), *Canis* (dog), and *Hyæna* have some movements that resemble the smile, but can not be really compared with it. Below

the mammalian animals there is no longer mobility in the face, and consequently no longer a possible smile."

Darwin also admits a sort of smile in dogs, but regards it as a simple grimace: "A pleasurable and excitable state of mind, associated with affection, is exhibited by some dogs in a very peculiar manner; namely by grinning. This was noticed long ago by Somerville, who says:

"And with a courtly grin the fawning hound  
Salutes thee cowering, his wide opening nose  
Upward he curls, and his large sloe-black eyes  
Melt in soft blandishments and humble joy."  
—*The Chase*, Book I.

Sir Walter Scott's famous Scotch greyhound, Maida, had this habit, and it is common with terriers. I have also seen it in a Spitz and in a sheep dog. Mr. Rivière, who has particularly attended to this expression, informs me that it is rarely displayed in a perfect manner, but is quite common in a lesser degree. The upper lip during the act of grinning is retracted as in snarling, so that the



FIG. 2.—COLLIE DOG LAUGHING ALL OVER.

canines are exposed, and the ears are drawn backwards; but the general appearance of the animal clearly shows that anger is not felt. Sir Charles Bell remarks: "Dogs, in their expression of fondness, have a slight aversion of the lips, and grin and sniff amid their gambols in a way that resembles laughter." Some persons speak of this grin as a smile, but if it had been really a smile we should see a similar though more pronounced movement of the lips and ears when dogs utter their bark of joy; but this is not the case, although the bark of joy often follows a grin."

Notwithstanding my profound respect for the names of Darwin and the other authors from whom I have quoted, I take the liberty of remarking that it is hard to laugh and bark at the same

time, and that some dogs employ laughter to express their joy, while at the same time wagging their tails and exhibiting all other signs peculiar to their kind.

We must not push the analysis too far, for fear of going beyond the truth. Laughter to everybody is nothing else than a joyous expression of the face given by the movement of the mouth. No one, certainly, would take the trouble to find, in order to know it, by what muscles it is produced.

Now, is not that a good laugh, quite free and affectionate, that is represented in the picture, Fig. 1, taken from the instantaneous photograph of a little fox-terrier bitch in my possession, which puts on this expression very prettily every time it would manifest pleasure or a great joy? Fig. 2 gives also the expression of a dog laughing all over. It is the portrait of a collie bitch. The animal has a pleasant physiognomy. The French language has an expression, *canin*, for canine laughter, which the dictionaries define by saying that it is produced by the contraction of the canine muscle, or the muscle that lifts the angle of the lips; and they give it as the synonym of sardonic laughter, because it is produced on only one side of the mouth. Fig. 1 shows that this synonymy is not always just.

A friend of mine has a terrier which also laughs, and which has, after a few months taught a spaniel, its habitual companion, to laugh.

This education of one animal by another is not so rare as might be supposed. I knew a little dog in Havana, a great friend of the cat of the house, that took from it the habit of moistening its paws with its tongue and washing its face with them.—*La Nature*.

### CHEAP SHOES DON'T PAY.

Buying cheap shoes is about the most extravagant act a woman can be guilty of. Rarely any but poor leather enters into their composition; therefore they keep in good condition but a few weeks. They are usually uncomfortable, unshapely, and a bad fit. A neat, well-made shoe goes far towards promoting the elegance of the toilet, and unless utterly impossible, a fair price should always be paid for this article.

Horses, cows, hogs, calves, sheep, young pigs and poultry thrive on Herbageum. Write to the Beaver Manufacturing Co., Galt, Ont., for a pamphlet about Herbageum.

### PEOPLE OF THE PAST.

They had great dinners in England and Scotland in the middle ages. At the feast given at Canterbury on the installation of Ralph, abbot of St. Augustine, six thousand guests sat down to a dinner of three thousand dishes; and this was far exceeded by the splendor of the marriage banquet when the Earl of Cornwall espoused Cincia, the daughter of the Count of Provence, upon which occasion thirty thousand dishes were served up to an immense assemblage of guests, who had arrived from the remote parts of England as well as from Scotland. In the feast which was given by the Archbishop of York upon the marriage of Alexander the Third, sixty stalled oxen were slain to furnish out the first course, and the rest of the entertainment was on an equal scale of magnificence. It was the custom at these feasts to bring in the boar's head with great state; sometimes the whole boar himself, stuffed and standing on his legs, surrounded by a fortification of pastry, from the battlements of which little flags and banners waved, was ushered in, carried by the master of the feast and his servants, with the trumpets sounding before him. In like manner the peacock, the swan and the heron, which were greatly esteemed in those days, were brought in with their plumage unbroken, upon platters richly gilt and with a network of gold thrown over them. Between the courses the guests were entertained by a species of opera, acted by little puppets of paste, in which Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table, Godfrey of Bulloign or some such heroes performed their parts amidst magic islands, captive ladies, turbaned pagans, fiery dragons and all the fantastic machinery of the period. When this was concluded the company again resumed the feast, which was continued till a late hour, and often prolonged for many days.

\* \* \*

In the Archives of the Seminary of Quebec there is a letter on the liquor question, probably the oldest document relating to that question as it affected Canada. It was written by a French Roman Catholic missionary about 1705, and gave the history of French brandy in Canada. In the early history, during Bishop Laval's time and subsequent to that period, there were two parties in the Dominion on this question, the liquor party and the prohibition party. The liquor party consisted of the fur traders, who were supported by the

French governors; and the prohibition party comprised the missionaries, who were sustained by the Church. Thus were Church and State arrayed against each other. The importers at Quebec sold the stuff to the small fur traders. The missionary who made these statements says that the importers adulterated it by putting in salt and water.

The Rev. Pere Maillard states that when he arrived at a post the trader adulterated the liquor which had previously been adulterated by the importer. He steeped tobacco in it, and then gave to the Indians a tin cup full each. As soon as this flew to their heads they demanded more. Then they had to pay for it in furs. When their furs were gone they received liquor on credit, and became bondsmen to the traders, and had to pay them after the next autumn hunt. These traders charged extortionate prices for the liquor, and the Indians being crazed with drink would pay any sum. This missionary knew a trader at Three Rivers who obtained fifty bear skins for sufficient liquor to make him drunk for one evening. Pledges of clothes were taken from the Indians for brandy. One trader who took the blankets and clothes of the Indians for debts incurred in drinking, was accustomed to make net profits above expenses of five hundred francs per month. Blankets were sold by the traders for four beaver skins each, and on the day following that on which they were sold they were bought back for a pint of adulterated brandy. The missionary states that they did not take the liquor because they liked it, but they wished to get drunk. They would fast in order to get the full strength of the strong drink upon an empty stomach. When going to fight they would drink in order to become courageous.

✦ ✦ ✦

One night, in the year 1801, a little girl, about one year old, was deposited in the drawer of the founding hospital at Brest. She was dressed with much finery, and a note attached to her skirts told her that her name was Solange, and that she would be reclaimed by her father. The claim was never made, however, and in due time the child was transferred to the orphan asylum, to be educated there. As she grew up she developed a most extraordinary beauty, but her intellect appeared to be very weak, and she suffered from frequent nervous fits. When she was twelve years old she was sent out into the streets to sell flowers, and her beauty and her modesty attracted many

people's good-will, but she grew weaker and weaker, and at last she apparently died. According to French custom at that time, she was buried in an open basket, and as it was winter, and the soil was frozen, she was laid into the grave only covered with a thin layer of sand. During the night she awoke, and pushing the sand away, she crept out from this grave. Not exactly understanding what had taken place, she was not very much frightened, but in crossing the glacis between the cemetery and the fortifications she was suddenly stopped by the outcry, "Qui vive," and as she did not answer the sentinel fired, and she fell to the ground. Brought into the guard-house her wound was found to be very slight, and she soon recovered, but her singular history and her great beauty had made so deep an impression on a young lieutenant of the garrison (Kramer) that he determined to be her protector, and sent her to one of the most fashionable educational establishments in Paris. During the next few years Kramer was much tossed about by the war, but when in 1818 he returned to Paris, he found Solange a full grown woman, not only beautiful, but accomplished and spirited, with no more trace of intellectual weakness or nervous fits. He married her, and for several years the couple lived happily in Paris. Meanwhile, investigations were made concerning the girl left in 1801 in the founding hospital at Brest, and as these investigations were made by the Swedish ambassador, and in a somewhat official manner, they attracted some attention. Captain Kramer heard about the affair, and sent a note to the ambassador, and a month later on, the ambassador came in state to bring Madame Kramer a formal acknowledgment from her father, the former Marshall Bernadotte, afterwards King Charles XIV of Sweden. Captain Kramer and his wife went immediately to Stockholm; they were ennobled, etc., and their son was afterwards appointed attache to the Swedish Legation in Paris.

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After greasing cake tins, sprinkle with flour, shaking off all that will come.

Always buy small nutmegs in preference to the large ones. They have a much more delicate flavor.

If a small teaspoonful of fine salt be added to a quart of milk it will be preserved sweet and pure for several days.

Eggs with very thin shells are not so likely to crack in boiling if they are put on in cold water and brought slowly to a boil.

Pour hot water over raisins when about to seed them; take a knife to remove the seeds. This is an easy way to do a disagreeable task.

A little vinegar put into a frying pan, and heated over the fire, removes the odor of fish or onions from the utensil. Soda may be used instead of vinegar.

Clothes closets that have become infested with moths should be well rubbed with a decoction of tobacco and repeatedly sprinkled with spirits of camphor.

The good housewife does not ruin her new oilcloth by the use of soap and brush, but in order to keep it looking bright a long time she wipes it carefully with a soft cloth that has been dipped in milk and water.

Most vegetables are better cooked fast, excepting beans, potatoes, cauliflowers, and others which contain starch. Cabbage should be boiled rapidly in plenty of water, so should onions, beets and turnips.

When you have done with a cooking utensil don't leave it to dry; fill it with water and set it on the back part of the range until you are ready to wash it, it will be so much easier to cleanse. If it is greasy wipe it out first with soft paper, which will absorb the grease; then when you fill it with water add a lump of washing soda, which ought to be kept in a closely-covered tin box under the sink.

Match marks on polish or varnish are a great annoyance to a tidy housekeeper. Unsightly stains may be removed by rubbing the marks with a piece of cut lemon, and afterwards with a rag dipped in water till the stain disappears.

To remove wax spots from silk or satin, or grease from woollen material, lay a piece of blotting paper, or of thick brown paper over the place, and hold a very hot iron over it very close to the surface. The grease will be drawn by the heat into the paper.

Iron bedsteads are preferable to wooden ones for various reasons; they are stronger, and do not harbor infection or insects. Every iron bedstead should have a piece of cocoanut matting laid over the laths underneath the mattress. This will prevent rust. With chain spring mattresses a piece of coarse canvas should take the place of the cocoanut matting.

Brass ornaments, when not gilt or lacquered, may be cleaned and a fine color given to them by two simple processes. The first is to beat sal-ammoniac into a fine powder, then to moisten it with soft water, rubbing it on the ornaments, which must be heated, and rubbed dry with bran and whitening. The second is to wash the brasswork with rock alum boiled in a strong lye, in the proportion of an ounce to a pint; when dry it must be rubbed with fine tripoli. Either of these processes will give to brass the brilliancy of gold.

The pleasure of preparing some dainty dish is often spoiled by the thought that the necessary basins, spoons, plates, etc., must be washed afterwards. No machine has yet been invented to do this unpleasant work, and to many people the prospect of dirty cooking utensils awaiting them after a meal takes away all appetite for their food. All pots and pans should be washed when warm, if possible, as this much lightens the labor. Some old pieces of rag or thick folds of paper should be kept near the stove to save the hands in taking the vessels off the fire. Be careful to keep the dishcloth clean and free from grease by well washing it after each time of using. A little soda added to the water is a great help in getting the grease off the dishes and pans. By attending to these little matters a great deal of the unpleasantness of washing up after meals may be avoided.

**CHRISTMAS DAINTIES.****Christmas Cake.**

One lb. brown sugar, one lb. butter, one lb. flour, four lbs. seeded raisins, three lbs. of currants, one lb. citron, ten eggs, two cupsful of molasses, two tablespoonfuls of mixed essences, half an ounce mace, half an ounce of cinnamon, half an ounce nutmeg, half an ounce of cloves. Seed the raisins and chop rather coarsely. Wash the currants. Scrub off the stems by rubbing the currants in a coarse towel. Dry the fruit well before using. Cut the citron into small pieces. Sift the flour; put in all the spices, and sift again. Rub the butter and sugar together until they are well creamed. Separate the white and yolks of the eggs; beat the yolks light and add to the butter and sugar. Then add the molasses and essences, stirring well after each addition. Sift a little of the flour on the raisins and currants; stir the rest of it into the mixture, beating until smooth. Then add the fruit, and lastly the beaten whites of the eggs. Line two medium-sized cake tins with buttered paper, place one-half the mixture in each, and steam three hours; bake one hour.

**Almond Icing for Christmas Cake.**

Yolks of three eggs, one lb. of confectioners' sugar, one pound of blanched almonds, three tablespoonfuls rose water. Shell the almonds, pour over them boiling water, and rub off the brown skins, after which pound or crush until quite fine; then pass through a fine sieve. Roll the sugar to remove lumps, after which mix all together until it is like a thick paste that can be worked with the hand. Cover the cake with the mixture.

**White-Icing.**

Whites of three eggs, one pound of confectioners' sugar, one teaspoon of rose water. Instead of beating the eggs to a stiff froth, put in a little sugar at a time until all is in. Then beat half an hour. Add two drops of indigo blue, to prevent the icing from turning yellow. Put in the rose water. Put a thin layer on top of the almond icing. When dry add another layer until all the icing is used.

**Golden Taffy.**

One cup of New Orleans molasses, one cup of brown sugar, one tablespoon melted butter, one tablespoon of vine-

gar. Mix altogether, boil without stirring until it will harden when dropped in cold water. When sufficiently boiled add one teaspoonful of baking powder. Beat well. Pour on buttered tins. As soon as cool enough to handle pull until a pretty golden color.

**Unboiled Cream Candies.**

White of one egg and an equal quantity of cold water. Mix together; then work in enough confectioners' sugar to make a firm, but not hard paste. With this cream various kinds of candies may be made. Below are three kinds:

**WALNUT CREAMS.**

Take one third of the above quantity of cream; flavor with vanilla by working in a little of the extract. It may need a little more sugar if at all sticky. Have ready the walnuts in halves; take a small piece of the cream and place between two halves of the nuts; press together, letting the cream out all around the nuts. They can be nicely shaped with the hands.

**CREAM DATES.**

Flavor another part of the cream with lemon; remove the stones from the dates, and fill them with cream, leaving a nice showing of cream on its outer edge. Then roll them in granulated sugar.

**CHOCOLATE CREAMS.**

Place one stick of Baker's chocolate grated in a bowl over a dish of boiling water; when melted add half a teaspoon of vanilla and a very little bit of sugar, not enough to make it stick. Roll the rest of the cream into little balls; drop into the hot chocolate; turn over with a fork; remove to a buttered tin (not an earthen plate or they will not come off well). The yolk of the egg may be used in the same way as the whites, making yellow creams, and part of the white cream may also be colored pink with a couple of drops of cochineal.

**Fried Cakes.**

Four eggs, two cups of sugar, one cup of milk, a little salt and cinnamon, enough flour to roll out. Cut in shape, drop into boiling fat. A raw potato peeled and placed in the hot fat will prevent burning.

**Frying Fat.**

Excellent fat for frying cakes or for shortening may be made as follows:

Take ten pounds of fresh sweet suet; cut in small pieces, put into a dinner pot which will hold well the ten pounds. Put in a pint of water, and after the first hour stir frequently. It takes about three hours with a good heat to render it. Drain through a coarse muslin, and if the suet is good it will require but little squeezing and leave few scraps. Put to cool in pans or jars.

### A HUMOROUS ELEPHANT.

In illustration of the sense of the humorous in elephants, Meredith Nugent, in *Our Animal Friends*, tells a story of an elephant in the *Jardin des Plantes*, in Paris, that was kept in the same enclosure with a large hippopotamus, for whose comfort and amusement a great stone basin had been constructed and filled with water. "It was quite early in the morning—before the hour for admitting the public to the garden—when I noticed the elephant walking around on the stone edge of the basin curiously watching the hippopotamus, which was completely under water. I felt quite sure that the elephant was up to some prank, and I was not mistaken, for just as soon as the ears of the hippopotamus came into view the elephant quickly seized one of them with his trunk and gave it a sudden pull. The enraged hippopotamus lifted his ponderous head clear out of the water and snorted and blew, but every time he rose to take breath, the elephant would recommence his antics. Around and around the great quadruped would go, keeping a sharp lookout for the little ears of the hippopotamus, which he would instantly seize the moment they appeared. His evident delight in teasing his huge neighbor was very comical, and there is no doubt that he thoroughly enjoyed it. Again, one day the keeper placed some food for the hippopotamus in the corner of the inclosure, and at once the animal began to leave the water to get it; but the elephant slowly ambled over to the same corner, and, arriving there first, placed his four feet over the favorite food in such a way that the hippopotamus could not get at it, gently swayed his trunk back and forth, and acted altogether as though he were there accidentally, until the garden was thrown open to the public, and he went forward to receive the daily contributions of bread, cake, pie, etc., which were always offered him by his hosts of admirers."

—Windsor Salt purest and best.

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WORTHLESS IMITATIONS,

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If you are numbered amongst the sick and diseased, the medicine you need is the kind that has cured your friends and neighbors.

Paine's Celery Compound is, to-day, the only medicine that can meet your needs if you are suffering from rheumatism, neuralgia, liver and kidney troubles, dyspepsia, constipation, nervousness, or from any trouble that results from impoverished or impure blood. It cures the sick as surely as night follows day.

The vast reputation that Paine's Celery Compound has acquired as a life-saver has led unscrupulous men to put up worthless imitations, and to name them celery preparations. Many people are deceived daily by these miserable frauds, spending their money for remedies that have no established record, and that can never cure.

A little care on the part of those who purchase will soon have the effect of banishing such deceptive liquid preparations from our midst.

Ask for "Paine's"; insist upon getting "Paine's"; and be satisfied that the name "Paine's" is on every wrapper and bottle that you buy. When you secure "Paine's," you have the only medicine on earth that can drive off your load of misery and suffering, and give you a healthy, fresh and joyous life.



### Silver Laced Wyandottes.

C. C. Shoemaker says of the Silver Laced Wyandottes: "For table qualities they cannot be excelled. They are hardy, easily raised, mature early, and for broilers, just fill the bill. As egg producers they are excelled only by the non-sitting breeds, laying large, rich colored eggs. They have beautiful plumage, bright yellow legs and skin, low rose combs, making them especially adapted to our northern climate. They are of good size, with plump bodies, cocks weighing  $8\frac{1}{2}$  lbs., and hens,  $7\frac{1}{2}$  lbs. The hens are good sitters and careful mothers, but not persistently broody. In fact, this excellent breed combines all the good qualities as a general 'purpose fowl.'"

Stephen Beale, the English authority on poultry says: "The Wyandottes is another new variety of American origin, and one which has won great favor, promising to rival all others in popularity. It is the first large breed to carry the Sebright lacing, for which reason it is a bird of great beauty when in anything like perfection. The Silvers were first introduced, but since then there have also been Golds and Whites, the Golds being very rich in color and of most pleasing appearance. The shape is Asiatic, but the legs are clean and the comb is rose. It is a splendid layer of rich eggs, an admirable table fowl, and a good sitter and mother.

### Packing Eggs for Market.

An experienced English poultry keeper writes as follows regarding the packing of eggs for market: Purchasers of eggs know what a great difference there is in what are known as new laid eggs, and we believe this is largely influenced by the method of preservation. Eggs can be kept for three or four weeks in a very simple manner, and it will be difficult for even an expert, at the end of that period, to tell

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the difference between such an egg, and one three or four days old. If they can be kept fresh for this length of time, they can be so kept for a shorter period, and as in many places it is convenient to get them to market only once a week, such a system as we are about to recommend will be found of the greatest value. The place selected for keeping eggs should be cool in summer, but not cold in winter, that is, it should be kept at a temperature of from 45 to 60 degrees all the year round. If too cold, the eggs will freeze and crack, if too warm, they will commence to decay and get stale sooner than they otherwise would. Shelves should be fitted up with holes bored in them, sufficiently large to keep the eggs upstanding, but, of course, not large enough to allow them to pass through. These shelves will be very inexpensive and will serve a lifetime. The eggs should be placed in these holes broad-end downwards, and tests have proved that they will keep fresh in this position, very much longer than with the broad end upwards. Some keep eggs in bran, but the pierced board is much preferable, and the free circulation of the air round the eggs, assists greatly in their preservation. Instead of the pierced shelves, cardboard partitions, as used in egg boxes, may be adopted, but we do not think that they are so good or so handy. The advantage of getting eggs to market as soon as possible after being laid, has led to the adoption of special boxes for the purpose of sending them by rail. The old system of packing in straw may serve very well where time is of little object, but it is clumsy, and not very safe. The boxes we are now speaking of, are made in almost all sizes from one dozen upwards, and consist of strong square wooden boxes, generally with lock and key, inside of which are cardboard partitions, forming squares, of sufficient size to allow an egg to stand upright in each. Between each row a sheet of thick felt is placed, and no other packing is required, the eggs travelling in this way with very little danger of breakage. The benefits of the system are obvious, for the boxes are easily filled, as easily emptied, and can be used over and over again, so that the first is the only cost, and that is by no means a heavy one.

#### A PAIR OF SKATES.

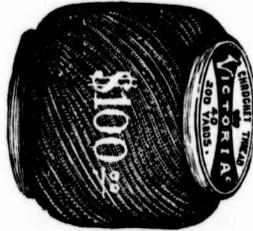
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## Sunlight Soap Pictures FOR . . . Wrappers

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The Manufacturers of the Victoria Crochet Thread fully appreciating the fact that a large amount of their thread is being used in Canada, and hoping for an increase of same, offer One Hundred Dollars (\$100.00) in premiums (as below) Lady returning the largest number of spool labels \$20.00, lady returning next largest number, \$17.50, \$15.00, \$12.50, \$10.00, \$7.50, \$5.00, \$2.50, \$2.00, next eight ladies, each \$1.00. The spool must be used between May 1st, 1896, and January 1st, 1897, and labels sent to R. Henderson & Co., Montreal, P. Q., not later than January 1st 1897. If your dealer does not keep this line of goods, send eight cents in stamps to R. Henderson & Co., Montreal, P. Q., and they will provide you a sample spool.

## Windsor 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.

## AN ADVENTURE IN THE ALPS.

Prof. Tyndall and Prof. Huxley were ascending the Alps when they met Sir John Lubbock. They persuaded him to



join them, and the three great lovers of nature spent some time together in that region of grandeur. On one occasion Tyndall and Lubbock, while ascending the Jungfrau in company with Tyndall's

guide, Bennen, and a porter named Bielander, met with a thrilling adventure, which is thus described by Prof. Tyndall, in his book "Hours of Exercise in the Alps": "I needed no guide in addition to my faithful Bennen; but simply a porter of sufficient strength and skill to follow where he led. In the village of Saax Bennen found such a porter—a young man named Bielander, who had the reputation of being both courageous and strong. He was the only son of his mother, and she was a widow. This young man and a second porter we sent on with our provisions to the grotto of the Faulberg, where we were to spend the night.

"Between the Eggischorn and this cave the glacier presents no difficulty which the most ordinary caution cannot overcome, and the thought of danger in connection with it never occurred to us. An hour and a half after the departure of our porters, we slowly wended our way to the Lake of Mürjelin, which we skirted, and were soon upon the ice. The middle of the glacier was almost as smooth as a carriage road, cut here and there by musical brooks produced by the superficial ablation. To Lubbock the scene opened out with the freshness of a new revelation, as, previously to this year, he had never been among the glaciers of the Alps. To me, though not new, the region had lost no trace of the interest with which I first viewed it.

"We moved briskly along the frozen incline, until, after a couple of hours'



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**THE ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., MONTREAL.**

march, we saw a solitary human being standing on the lateral moraine of the glacier, near the point where we were to quit it for the cave of the Faulberg.

"At first this man excited no attention. He stood and watched us, but did not come towards us, until finally our curiosity was aroused by observing that he was one of our own two men.

The glacier here is always cut by crevasses, which, while they present no real difficulty, require care. We approached our porter, but he never moved; and when we came up to him he looked stupid, and did not speak until he was spoken to. Bennen addressed him in the patois of the place, and he answered in the same patois. His answer must have been more than usually obscure, for Bennen misunderstood the most important part of it. 'My God!' he exclaimed, turning to us, 'Walters is killed!' Walters was the guide at the Eggischorn, with whom in the present instance we had nothing to do. 'No, not Walters,' responded the man; 'it is my comrade that is killed.' Bennen looked at him with a wild, bewildered stare. 'How killed?' he exclaimed. 'Lost in a crevasse,' was the reply. We were all so stunned that for some moments we did not quite seize the import of the terrible statement. Bennen at length tossed his arms in the air, exclaiming, 'Jesu Maria! what am I to do?'

"With the swiftness that some ascribe to dreams, I surrounded the fact with imaginary adjuncts, one of which was that the man had been drawn dead from the crevasse, and was now a corpse in the cave of the Faulberg, for I took it for granted that, had he been still entombed, his comrade would have run or called for our aid. Several times in succession the porter affirmed that the missing man was certainly dead. 'How does he know that he is dead?' Lubbock demanded. 'A man is sometimes rendered insensible by a fall without being killed.' This question was repeated in German, but met with the same dogmatic response. 'Where is the man?' I asked. 'There,' replied the porter, stretching his arm towards the glacier. 'In the crevasse?' A stolid 'Ja!' was the answer. It was with difficulty that I quelled an imprecation. 'Lead the way to the place, you blockhead,' and he led the way.

We were soon beside a wide and jagged cleft which resembled a kind of cave more than an ordinary crevasse. This cleft had been spanned by a snow bridge, now broken, and to the edge of which footsteps could be traced. The glacier at the place was considerably



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torn, but simple patience was the only thing needed to unravel its complexity. This quality our porter lacked, and, hoping to make shorter work of it, he attempted to cross the bridge. It gave way, and he went down, carrying an immense load of *debris* along with him. We looked into the hole, at one end of which the vision was cut short by darkness, while immediately under the broken bridge it was crammed with snow and shattered icicles. We saw nothing more. We listened with strained attention, and from the depths of the glacier issued a low moan. Its repetition assured us that it was no delusion—the man was still alive. Bennen from the first had been extremely excited. When he heard the moaning he became almost frantic. He attempted to get into the crevasse, but was obliged to recoil. It was quite plain that a second life was in danger, for my guide seemed to have lost all self-control. I placed my hand heavily upon his shoulder, and admonished him that upon his coolness depended the life of his friend. 'If you behave like a man, we shall save him; if like a woman, he is lost.'

"A first-rate rope accompanied the party, but unhappily it was with the man in the crevasse. Coats, waistcoats, and braces were instantly taken off and knotted together. I watched Bennen while this work was going on; his hands trembled with excitement, and his knots were evidently insecure. The last junction complete, he exclaimed, 'Now let me down!' 'Not until each of these knots has been tested; not an inch!' Two of them gave way, and Lubbock's waistcoat also proved too tender for the strain. The *debris* was about forty feet from the surface of the glacier, but two intermediate prominences afforded a kind of footing. Bennen was dropped down upon one of these; I followed, being let down by Lubbock and the other porter. Bennen then descended the remaining distance, and was followed by me. More could not find room.

"The shape and size of the cavity were such as to produce a kind of resonance, which rendered it difficult to fix the precise spot from which the sound issued; but the moaning continued, becoming to all appearance gradually feebler. Fearing to wound the man the ice-rubbish was cautiously rooted away; it rang curiously as it fell into the adjacent gloom.

"A layer two or three feet thick was thus removed; and finally from the frozen mass, and so bloodless as to be almost as white as the surrounding

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Send small silver coins, or the proper amount in one, two or three cent stamps. Stamps of larger denomination will not be received.

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snow, issued a single human hand. The fingers moved. Round it we rooted, cleared the arm, and reached the knapsack, which we cut away. We also regained our rope. The man's head was then laid bare, and my brandy-flask was immediately at his lips. He tried to speak, but his words jumbled themselves to a dull moan. Bennen's feelings got the better of him at intervals; he wrought like a hero, but at times he needed guidance and stern admonition. The arms once free, we passed the rope underneath them, and tried to draw the man out. But the ice-fragments round him had relegated so as to form a solid case. Thrice we essayed to draw him up, thrice we failed; he had literally to be hewn out of the ice, and not until his last foot was extricated were we able to lift him. By pulling him from above, and pushing him from below, the man was at length raised to the surface of the glacier.

"For an hour we had been in the crevasse in shirt-sleeves—the porter had been in it for two hours—and the dripping ice had drenched us. Bennen, moreover, had worked with the energy of madness, and now the reaction came. He shook as if he would fall to pieces; but brandy and some dry covering revived him. The rescued man was helpless, unable to stand, unable to utter an articulate sentence. Bennen proposed to carry him down the glacier towards home. Had this been attempted, the man would certainly have died upon the ice. Bennen thought he could carry him for two hours; but the guide underrated his own exhaustion and overrated the vitality of the porter. 'It cannot be thought of,' I said; 'to the cave of Faulberg, where we must tend him as well as we can.' We got him to the side of the glacier, where Bennen took him on his back; in ten minutes he sank under his load. It was now my turn, so I took the man on my back and plodded on with him as far as I was able. Helping each other thus by turns, we reached the mountain grot.

"The sun had set, and the crown of the Jungfrau was embedded in amber light. Thinking that the Mürjelin See might be reached before darkness, I proposed starting in search of help. Bennen protested against my going alone, and I thought I noticed moisture in Lubbock's eye. Such an occasion brings out a man's feelings if he have any. I gave them both my blessing and made for the glacier. But my anxiety to get quickly clear of the crevasses defeated its own object. Thrice I found myself in difficulty, and the light was



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visibly departing. The conviction deepened that persistence would be folly, and the most impressive moment of my existence was that on which I stopped at the brink of a profound fissure and looked upon the mountains and the sky. The serenity was perfect—not a cloud, not a breeze, not a sound, while the last hues of sunset spread over the solemn west.

"I returned; warm wine was given to our patient, and all our dry clothes were wrapped around him. Hot-water bottles were placed at his feet, and his back was briskly rubbed. He continued to groan a long time; but finally, both this and the trembling ceased. Bennen watched him solemnly, and at length muttered in anguish, 'Sir, he is dead!' I leaned over the man and found him breathing gently; I felt his pulse—it was beating tranquilly. 'Not dead, dear old Bennen; he will be able to crawl home with us in the morning.' The prediction was justified by the event; and two days afterwards we saw him at Saax, minus a bit of his ear, with a bruise upon his cheek, and a few scars upon his hand, but without a broken bone or serious injury of any kind."

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Black kid gloves generally wear out at the finger-tips, and then assume a rusty brown tint, which is anything but pleasing, although the other part of the glove may be perfectly good. When this happens, take a little black ink, mix it with a small quantity of olive oil, and apply it to the finger-tips. Leave it until dry, and the gloves will be very much improved in appearance.

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21	13 80	42	22 30
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23	14 00	44	23 95
24	14 15	45	24 80
25	14 30	46	25 60
26	14 50	47	26 55
27	14 70	48	27 55
28	14 95	49	28 55
29	15 20	50	29 60
30	15 50	51	30 75
31	15 80	52	32 10
32	16 15	53	33 70
33	16 55	54	35 50
34	16 95	55	37 20
35	17 45	56	39 20
36	18 00	57	41 60
37	18 60	58	44 50
38	19 30	59	48 15
39	20 00	60	52 35
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Baby choked in his sleep one day,  
Only a harmless choke, 'twould seem,  
But Marjorie settled it, in her way.  
"I 'spect," she said, "he swallowed a dream."  
—Annie Hamilton Donnell.

Some young men, bantering a fat man, said: "If all flesh is grass, you must be a load of hay." "I suspect I am," replied he, "from the way the asses are nibbling at me."

Wee Dorothy was not feeling well, and mamma took her to the doctor to learn what the trouble was. After they came home a neighbor asked Dorothy what the doctor said. "Oh," said Dorothy, "he said I had the chicken-pies."

A capital pun may arise by pure accident, as recorded in Bucke's "Book of Fable Talk." A Mr. Alexander Gun was dismissed from a post in the Customs at Edinburgh, for circulating some rumor. The dismissal is said to have been thus noted in the Customs books at the time: "A. Gun discharged for making a false report."

Edgeworth relates the story of an English shopkeeper who did pretty well in the direction of the bull proper, when, to recommend the durability of some fabric for a lady's dress, he said: "Madam, it will wear forever, and make you a petticoat afterward." This is quite equal to the Irishman's rope which had only one end, because the other had been cut away.

A gentleman married a wealthy widow who had a four-year-old daughter. Shortly after the wedding, when they

had settled down in the old home of the wife, the stepfather attempted to correct the child for misbehavior at the table. She rebelled, and said with flashing eyes:

"This isn't your house anyways."

"No," he said, gently, "it is our house."

"No, it is not," she replied, "it's just your step-house."

✦ ✦ ✦

"Doctor, how am I coming on? Do you think there is any hope?" said a very sick man to Dr. Blister.

"Your chances are the best in the world. The statistics show that one person in ten recovers," replied the doctor.

"Then there is not much hope for me?"

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To anyone sending one dollar with the names and addresses of two new subscribers a pretty pearl handled lady's penknife or a handsome three-bladed gentleman's pocket knife with pearl handle will be sent. One of these would be a lovely Christmas present for a lady or a little girl, while any man or boy would be pleased to get the other on Christmas morning or any other day of the year. Both of these knives will be sent to anyone sending \$1.50 with the names and addresses of three new subscribers.

## A BEAUTIFUL DOLL.

A beautiful doll that will delight a little girl will be sent to anyone sending \$1.50 with the names of three new subscribers. A less expensive doll which is very pretty will be given to anyone sending one dollar with the names and addresses of two new subscribers. A little girl is always pleased to get a new doll even if she has several already.

## SKATES FOR SIX NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

To anyone sending three dollars with the names and addresses of six new subscribers a pair of Genuine Acme Club Skates No. 5 or a pair of Star Skeleton Skates No. 7 will be sent. The Acme Club Skate No. 5 has runners of best cast steel, bevelled and highly finished. Tops of best quality steel sheets, highly carbonized, ensuring extra stiffness, strength and perfect finish with edges bevelled and polished. The Star Skeleton Skate is the Standard Rink Skate of Canada. Runners of the highest grade of welded steel and iron, specially tempered; ground flat for ordinary use or with special curve for figure skating.

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To anyone sending five dollars with the names and addresses of ten new subscribers a pair of Genuine Acme Club Skates No. 7 or a pair of Star Skeleton Skates No. 10 will be sent. The Genuine Acme Club Skate No. 7 has runners of extra quality welded iron and cast steel, tempered by a secret process, which secures the most perfect runner known. Tops of extra quality crucible steel, beautifully blued to improve appearance and prevent rust. The runners and edges of tops finely polished. This skate is the very best in the world. The Star Skeleton Skate No. 10 is the same as the Star Skeleton No. 7 but of superior finish.

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