

Our Home

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BROKEN COIN.

MARIE WALSH.

In the underground chamber of a house, situated in the most crowded part of Bloomsbury, a woman lay dying.

The keen March wind whistled through the narrow grating in the pavement, over the window, as arranged as to let in a limited allowance of light and air; yet the room, barely furnished and cheerless as it was, had been her home for the past five years. There she had lived and toiled to support herself and child since the time when he, who had vowed before God's altar to love and cherish her, had proven false to his vow, and left her to face the world alone.

At best, hers had been a wearisome lot; and now that toil and care had hastened her end, she felt but few regrets to leave a world so full of misery. She had worked to the last, eager to support her helpless child; and even now an unfinished garment hung upon a chair, where it had fallen from her weak hand, as the faintness of death stole over her. Her dull eyes gazed longingly upon it as she remembered it would bring means wherewith to satisfy the hunger of her child, whose tear-stained face rested fondly against his mother's breast, as, tired with crying, he had fallen asleep.

A glimmer of sunshine crept through the dust-lined window across the bright curls of the sleeping boy, and flitting softly over the woman's features, revealed all too clearly the ravages of disease. Sabbath bells were ringing, calling worshippers to the house of prayer. Warmly clad men and women passed over the grating in the pavement, unconscious of the tragedy enacted beneath, in which lay the death of the grim actors; and in which poverty and death were no friend to pity; no human hand to soothe the final struggle; only a little child, unable to realize the presence of the dread messenger. Happily all fears for her darling's future—fears that for months had stolen her peace of mind by day and disturbed her rest by night—were banished, as she neared her rest. Her intense faith took the keen edge off the sorrow of their separation, and a smile rested on her lips, as with a fond effort to caress her child she committed him to Heaven's mercy, and then her spirit fled, while the sunbeam fell silently upon the still features of the dead.

Was it the sudden silence that disturbed the sleeping child? Maybe it was; for the blue eyes opened with a look of fear, caused by the sudden consciousness of solitude, so dreadful to a little one. Turning to gaze into the face that ever wore a smile for him, its strange and deathly aspect frightened him, and rushing to the door he screamed with terror.

Presently help drew near; a few neighbors, shocked that the poor creature had passed away unattended, hastened to perform the last sad services and console the weeping child. There was one welcome face among that pitying throng to whom little Ernie turn-

ed with confidence—the superintendent of the ragged school where the child had spent many a pleasant hour; a man small of stature and frail in body, yet whose heart was large enough to pity and relieve thousands of homeless, destitute little ones; a man whose constant association with poverty and distress in their saddest form had tinged his demeanor with a seriousness often misunderstood; but Ernie clung to him, and looking with confidence into those keen eyes that could beam with tenderness and pity, knew that he had found a friend.

The work of the "National Refuge for Destitute Children" was then in its infancy, and there were more homeless claimants seeking admission than the young society could accommodate; but this poor orphaned boy, so helpless, so desolate, crept into the heart of William Williams, the devoted superintendent of the ragged school, whose philanthropic efforts to rescue the waifs of misfortune had already attracted the sympathies of not a few Christian workers, and with the child's hand in his the good man led him to a plain but homelike building that had proved a refuge to many others as poor, as unfortunate, as little motherless Ernie.

A lad stood on the deck of an Atlantic steamer gazing fearfully at the receding shores of old England, one of a band of youthful emigrants destined for Canada, anxious and determined to win success in his chosen home; yet he could not restrain the natural regret at leaving his motherland. True, that on the parting day, when weeping mothers and friends were assembled to bid adieu to other lads, there had been no one to shed a farewell tear for him. Alone he had stood in the reception room observing the small groups, in each of which one of his comrades was the central figure; and oh! how he had longed for the touch of a friendly hand. He was leaving the only home he had known for years, and a sob rose in his throat as he wished that he also had some one who felt sorry to part from him.

As if in answer to that unspoken wish, he felt a gentle touch upon the shoulder, and turning, met the gaze of Mr. Williams, who amidst his innumerable engagements found time to spend a few moments with the lonely boy. The Institution had grown into importance since the day when Ernie Walters first found refuge there. Many wealthy patrons devoted their means and influence to promote so laudable an endeavor. Chief among these was the good Earl Shaftesbury, who to the last day of his life remained a prominent figure in this good movement.

Standing on the ocean bound steamer, looking his last upon the old land, Ernie felt he could never forget the words of counsel that fell from the lips of his friend and guardian. Musing thus, he wondered if he would ever meet his unknown father; or how it could be possible to make any effort in that direction; for there was no proof found in the room where his mother died that would serve to identify him—nothing save her bible and a few trifling and valueless trinkets.

"Homesick already?" inquired a gentleman who had been watching Ernie.

"A little, sir," answered the lad, looking up briskly. "I was just thinking over the parting advice given me by my best friend."

"I am sure it was good advice," remarked the stranger.

"Indeed it was," replied Ernie; "and I hope to prove worthy of his training." Then in a burst of confidence Ernie told of his life in the home at Bisleigh; of the care that had been bestowed upon him; and of his hopes for the future in the new land.

This was the first of many friendly chats; and ere the ship had reached her destination, Mr. Gray had expressed a desire to engage the boy in his own service. It was a fine opening for Ernie, for that gentleman was a well-known Canadian merchant, and the agent gladly intrusted the young emigrant to his care. Nor did Mr. Gray ever find his trust misplaced.

From one position of responsibility to another Ernie passed; and ere he reached his twentieth year his employer (who was not blessed with family ties) offered to adopt him as his son. Few boys would fail to appreciate such an offer; but the youth was moved to accept it, not so much from pecuniary motives, as from a disinterested affection for his benefactor.

The lonesome man had won the boy's love. It came like a ray of sunshine into his gloomy life, despite his wealth; and he counted such genuine friendship worth a far greater price than he could offer. Indeed, the advantages were not all on Ernie's side. The merchant's luxuriant home was less lonely when brightened by the boy's presence; and the hours that were before so dull and monotonous glided pleasantly along, as they engaged in harmless amusements or in deeds of kindness.

Years passed. Mr. Gray was growing feebler, less capable of engaging in the perplexities of business, and gradually all responsibility was placed in the hands of his adopted son. Many of their acquaintances wondered why Ernest did not make a home for himself; but they might have spared themselves all anxiety on his behalf, as he was perfectly content to dwell with his father, who each year seemed to lean more entirely upon his guidance and judgment.

The first month of 1892, in England, has well been called the "black month," for during its reign death bore hence many a noble soul whom this sorrow-laden world could ill afford to lose. It plucked the Royal House of England into mourning; and laid its icy hand on many whose exertions on behalf of suffering humanity were tireless.

Among them was the good Cardinal Manning, whose aid and influence in every work of social reform was surely felt and valued. Charles Spurgeon, the eloquent preacher, who from boyhood had faithfully declared the tidings of salvation, and whose strong arm had been bent in many an effort to break down the barriers to moral purity, was also summoned to rest from his labors,—to leave the weapons of warfare to other and younger men. Among those not the least known there passed away the founder of the National Refuge that had sheltered and reared thousands of destitute little ones, who, but for its protection, would have been left to drift on the sea of life, and perchance to become wrecks upon the rocks of temptation.

Many a heart in Canada mourned his loss, but none more sincerely than Ernest Gray. During the past years the philanthropist and he had kept up a regular correspondence, for the successful business man was too loyal ever to forget the friend of his early days. Mr. Gray's health was also failing, and realizing that soon he, too, must leave the things of earth behind, he resolved to speak with Ernest concerning certain events in his past life that as yet he had not revealed to anyone.

"I desire to place a responsibility upon you," he said; "and although it may seriously alter your prospects, I believe you will be true to my trust."

"I will!" promised the younger man, careless of

what was to be the result to himself.

"I was very wild in my youth," explained Mr. Gray. "Mingling with bad companions, I learned to drink and gamble, and consequently to neglect my home. My wife, poor girl, anxious to restrain me from running headlong to ruin, vexed me by her tears and remonstrances, until one day in a fit of fury I crowned my wickedness by deserting her and our infant child. So completely does drink deaden one's sensibilities that, heedless of their future, I left England and started on a career of adventure.

"Apart from evil associates I became sobered, and found time for reflection, in which I realized how cowardly and cruel I had been to one who had ever proved a faithful, loving wife, patient with my faults, and ever ready to forgive my neglect. Humiliated and ashamed, I resolved to earn sufficient to bring Nell and the child to my side, and together we would be happy, forgetting the sins and wrongs of the past. But my misdeeds recoiled upon my own head; my letters were unanswered. Angered by her silence, I feared she was glad to be rid of me.

"I went to the Northwest and there prospered; but after a few years the longing for wife and child seized me, and journeying to the old home I found that soon after my disappearance Nellie went away, it was supposed to join me. All traces of her were lost; every effort to discover her failed.

"A saddened and gloomy man, I returned to Canada scarcely caring what became of me. On board the ship I was drawn to notice you. I used to picture my boy grown to just such a smart little fellow as you were then. But you know the rest, my lad. Ill as I deserved it, Heaven was merciful! I indeed found a son in you; but forgive me if even now my desires turn toward my lost child, whose baby face I last saw nestling close beside that of my ill-used wife.

"I cannot rid myself of the idea that he still lives. What has he become? Fatherless, and perhaps motherless, how has he escaped the temptations so common to those left to fight the battle of life alone? Ernie, will you not seek him? If I might but hold his hand in mine I could die in peace. See, here is a small token—a part of a broken signet-ring. My wife and I shared it in the happy days long ago. Through all my travels I have kept mine; and possibly Nellie kept hers. I fancy she did; and in some way I have always thought that by its aid I should find either my wife or my boy."

Ernest's face wore a peculiar look as, detaching a piece of coin from his watch chain, he asked, "Is it like this?"

Eagerly the invalid joined the edges together—they fitted exactly.

"Where did you find it?" he asked, suspiciously.

"It was found on my dead mother's breast, fastened by a piece of ribbon," replied the younger man.

"Mr. Williams gave it to me when I left home, but I have only recently worn it."

"What was her name?" gasped Mr. Gray.

"She called herself Helen Walters," was the reply.

"It was my wife's maiden name!" the man murmured; "and you!—you are her son!"

"Yes, and yours also, my father!" said Ernest, tenderly.

"My boy! my own at last!" whispered Mr. Gray, who was growing weak, the excitement being almost too much for him. "Surely God is very good. My son! whom I have loved and guarded these many years—and yet I knew him not."

Then to pacify him Ernie spoke of that poor young wife, concealing her last sad days of destitution; he would not unnecessarily grieve this soul so near the borders of eternity. And so the hours passed slowly. The father could not part from his newly found son, and entreated him to remain beside him.

Presently, when the rosy tints of dawn stole over the snow-clad hills, Mr. Gray asked, "What day is this?"

"Sunday," replied Ernest.

"The day on which your mother died," said his father. "Poor Nellie! you suffered much—and I would have made restitution had it been possible; and we shall meet again where all things will be made clear."

Leaning his head like some tired child against his son's arm, he slept—the first time for many hours; and as the sunlight fell upon that peaceful face, a little later, Ernie saw that he was not—for God had called him.

VERY CAREFUL CHIEF.—"You must never throw kisses at me, my dear," said Mr. McBride to his wife.

"Why not?"

"Because women are such poor shots I'm afraid they would hit some other man."

Gigantic Lady (who is very timid): "Can you see me across the road, policeman?"

Policeman: "See yer 'cross the road, marm? Why, bless yer! I believe I could see yer 'arf a mile off."

Her Easter Gift.

SILVERPEN.



HOW little we understand the masterful emotions that at times control the words and actions of people with whom we associate. We touch their hand in friendly greeting, looking for a cordial response, and are chilled by their coldness. We endeavor to enlist their sympathy in a project that has engaged our own interest, and marvel at their indifference; nor dream that some overwhelming thought or care may forbid the intrusion of other things. It is so common to resent a listlessness for which we can find no reason; to blame others for sentiments which in our own estimation should not be indulged; yet how many an outburst of disagreeable feeling has had its origin in a cause which should awake our sympathy, rather than our censure.

How often a fit of apparent sullenness might be accounted for by some disappointment that has stunned the finer feelings, or by some violent struggle of the affections that has blunted more generous impulses. In our ignorance we search only the surface of our friends' nature, and frequently give blame where only pity is deserved; scorn and contempt where, possibly, were but the truth revealed, admiration would be the nearest tribute we would dare to offer.

It was thus with Mrs. Leyton. Many who had been her friends for years, wondered at the change that had come over one always so genial, so ready to engage in works of usefulness. Some, more kindly than the rest, feared she was falling into delicate health; while others harshly attributed her reserve and unsocial manner to worldly pride. They knew nothing of the strife that wearied her soul; the struggle between maternal affection and her duty toward God and humanity. She had but one son—an only child—upon whom the tenderest care had been lavished, and into whose future fond hopes had been woven so closely that his parents shrank from seeing them destroyed. There was a time when Mr. Leyton had hoped that when the frailty of old age came upon him, he would be able to entrust his business in the capable hands of his son. But man's way is not always the wisest. Harold was led to seek another course; and when he expressed a wish to enter the ministry, the old man laid aside those cherished hopes, and rendered every aid to make his boy's pathway easy. Together, the mother and he learned to look forward to a day when, resting from their toil, they might settle near the scene of their son's labors, and watch his growing usefulness, in the sphere into which he had been called.

Gifted, eloquent and learned, surely a bright future lay before him. His letters often bore testimony to work well done, and told with thankfulness of many a soul rescued from an evil course. Such pleasant messages brought gladness to his parents' hearts, who longed to prove their gratitude to Heaven for the blessings they had received. But they had not passed the crucial test; the sacrifice was not yet ready to be offered. It was when Harold desired to volunteer for mission work in a part of Africa where many noble men had already fallen victims to the climate, that their hearts failed to respond to his wish.

"He was so clever, so fitted for service in the civilized world; might not another, less cultured and with fewer claims of kindred, labor as well as he in that remote and dangerous part of God's vineyard?"

The father was led to bow before the call to duty, and bade his son go whither his Master sent him; but the mother rebelled; she could not offer such a sacrifice. Regardless of the voice of conscience, and despite Harold's pleading, she withheld her consent; hence the strife between love and duty that rendered her life unhappy. She was in her accustomed place on Easter Sunday, fixing attention that was unusual. Her eyes wandered from the venerable preacher to the floral decorations that beautified the quaint old church; for on the previous day her busy fingers had helped to wreath those mossy garlands around the columns, and to group the sweet spring flowers in lovely clusters here and there; while the decorations about the desk and pulpit had been her especial care. Even while sad and rebellious thoughts troubled her mind, she had arranged those white and golden blossoms, regardless of Him who demanded a sacrifice she had refused to render. What a mockery that floral tribute seemed now! The sunlight streamed through a memorial window, and falling athwart a cross of pure white lilies, flooded it with a crimson glow. The choir was singing a hymn; yet unheeded by her were the sweet strains, the sweeter theme, until, gazing upon the cross, she heard the words:

"I suffered much for thee—"

"What canst thou bear for Me?"

Surely there was a ring of reproach in those lines. What had she given? Wealth, profession, service; but the gift of sacrifice was still withheld. She had counted the cost, and esteemed it far too

dear. It seemed as though His voice—the voice of One whom she had vowed to serve—was even then saying:

"Great gifts I brought to thee;—"

"What hast thou brought to Me."

She could withhold that gift no longer—even though it involved a life long parting from her boy; and kneeling there, while the prayers of the congregation ascended on high, she crucified her rebellious will, her pride, her mother love, and dedicated her child to the service of the Master. It was her Easter gift—a pleasing sacrifice.

Christening Stories.

DR. CROMBIE, of Scome, used to tell a good christening story. One of his church members had an intense admiration for Sir Robert Peel, and asked the doctor to baptise his child with the name of that eminent statesman. The minister did so, but when the ceremony was over the father still continued to hold the infant up, and on being asked what he wanted, replied, with a disappointed look—

"You have not baptised him *Sir Robert*."
Dr. Paul, of St Cuthbert's Parish, Edinburgh, tells a similar incident regarding his predecessor, Sir Harry Moncrieff. In Scotland it is a common practice, when a minister is settled in a new parish, that the first male child he baptises has the honor of bearing the same name as the minister.

Sir Harry Moncrieff on one occasion was performing baptism. He named the child—the first he baptised—"Harry Moncrieff." This caused a flutter in the paternal breast, and, bending forward to the minister the father whispered—

"*Sir Harry*, if you please, sir."

In Scotland it is the usual custom for the father of the child requiring baptism to hand the name he desires pronounced over it to the minister written on a scrap of paper. On one occasion the father, in his excitement forgot to take the paper bearing the name of the child from his pocket before he was called to present it for baptism.

"What is the name?" asked the minister.

"It's 'I ma pooch' (pooch), said the father.

"It's Emma what?" queried the minister.

"It's 'I ma pooch,' again said the distressed parent.

"I don't understand; can't you give me the proper name?"

"Well," said the man, desperately, "just tak' hand (hold) o' the bairn a minute till I seek it out for you."

An interesting article, "Rural Reminiscences," which appeared in *Cornhill* recently, supplies another amusing incident. A Dissenter, at the time of the introduction of the first Reform Bill, brought his child to church for baptism. When the clergyman said

"Name the child," the father replied—

"Reform, sir."

This was too much for the old Tory parson, who refused to proceed, saying that there was no such name. Next Sunday the father returned, and the parson said—

"You've found another name for your child?"

"Yes," said the father, "it's all right this time. Its name is John Russell Brougham Fergus O'Connor."

And so the child had to be named.

Another story tells of a new minister coming to a new country parish, and proceeding to baptise a child, found no water in the font.

"Why, bless you, zur, the old master didn't want no water; he did so," and then he gave a graphic illustration of how the former parson used to moisten his palm by licking it.

Though the following incident is funny enough to hear about, it very nearly turned out a serious matter for a poor harmless infant who had not a chance of entering an emphatic protest.

A Buckinghamshire farmer some time ago presented his first-born for christening at the parish church with no fewer than twenty-six Christian names, selected with great care from Scripture, representing every letter in the alphabet, beginning with Abel and ending with Zachariah.

It was with the greatest difficulty that the clergyman could persuade the father from placing such an incubus upon the child, and content himself with the first and last of these appellatives. The proposed full title of the unfortunate infant, from which he was mercifully delivered, was to have been Benjamin Caleb David Ezra Felix Gabriel Haggai Isaac Jacob Kish Levi Manah Nehemiah Obadiah Peter Quartus Rechaah Samuel Tobiah Uzziel Vaniah Word Xystus Yariah Zachariah Jenkins.

It is a blessing that Mr. Jenkins was prevented from labelling baby Jenkins in this outrageous fashion. To carry about a name of these tremendous dimensions would cause a man to be a terror to himself and a plague to everybody concerned. Even the child's own mother would have shattered her memory in telling the little darling's complete designation. Young Jenkins wouldn't need to make a name for himself—he, unhappily, would have had it made for him.

A Stammering Wife.

When deeply in love with Miss Emily Pryne, I vowed if the lady would only be mine;

I would always be ready to please her; She blushed her consent, though the stammering lass Said never a word except "You're an ass— An ass—an ass—idiotous teazer!"

But when we were married, I found to my rath The stammering lady had spoken the truth;

For often, in obvious dudgeon, She'd say—if I ventured to give her a jog In the way of reproof—"You're a dog—dog—dog— A dog—a dog—matic curmudgeon!"

And once, when I said, "We can hardly afford This immoderate style with our moderate board,"

And hinted we ought to be wiser, She looked, I assure you, exceedingly blue, And fretfully cried, "You're a Jew—Jew—Jew— A very judicious adviser!"

Again, when it happened that, wishing to shirk Some rather unpleasant and arduous work,

I begged her to go to a neighbor, She wanted to know why I made such a fuss, And saucily said, "You're a cuss—cuss—cuss— You were always ac—cuss—toned to labor!"

Out of temper at last with the insolent dame, And feeling the woman was greatly to blame, To scold me instead of caressing,

I mimicked her speech, like a churl as I am, And angrily said, "You're a dam—dam—dam— A dam age instead of a blessing."

The Grave . . . Digger's Daughter.

A RATTLE of musketry came from the direction of the village. The old grave-digger, Boloski, wakened by the noise, listened a moment to the sharp reports, then called aloud—"Milena! Milena!"

"Coming, father, coming!" she answered, and already the little naked feet showed themselves upon the rounds of the ladder which led from the loft.

"Did you hear them, Milena?" he cried; "the sounds of the gun-boats? They are fighting in the village?"—a violent attack of coughing interrupted his words, and another rattling volley.

Milena had descended just as she quitted her couch of straw—a young girl, tall, vigorous, and dressed only in a night robe.

"It is true, then!" said she, leaping the last steps—"it has come at last!"

"What, my child?" demanded the sick one.

"The Revolution has broken out to-night, which has been expected so long."

"Yes, and a great misfortune it is, too," mumbled Boloski, and he crouched again upon his couch. Milena, meanwhile, hurriedly arrayed herself in a wadded petticoat and her father's long boots. Binding a scarlet handkerchief about her abundant locks, she went out to learn what was passing.

The cemetery was situated on a hill surrounded by a low earthen wall, with the hut of the grave-digger standing at its gate. It was an excellent post of observation, yet Melina did not stop there, but passed on into the darkness, beneath the bare branches of the willows, upon which the ravens were already croaking, and with a single, careless glance upon the files of tombs, with their leaning crosses. Everything was mournful and desolate, everything covered by the melancholy shroud of winter. She herself walked in snow so deep and thick that it mounted almost to her knees. The cold was terrible,—the frozen breath of the night whipped and stung the skin like red-hot needles; but Milena only rubbed her face with a handful of snow, and buttoned her pelisse closer.

Below, in the heart of the valley, the village had delivered itself up to strife and bloodshed, yet here, upon this sacred ground, all was peace. A large cross rose in the middle of the inclosure, to which was attached the figure of the dying Saviour,—iceless pendant from the thorns which crowned his brow

and from the nails which pierced his hands and feet.

Milena listened intently; not a murmur for the moment broke the stillness. She stopped and gazed up at the heavens, the vast blue vault which seemed to her a satin canopy, retained in place by the golden nails which sparkled and scintillated above her, while beyond them, on the other side of the forest, rode the red disk of the rising moon.

All at once a gliding, crouching form passed her like a flash, a pair of glowing eyeballs glared into her own.

"A wolf!" she murmured, and, with an energetic movement, wherein shone all the savage strength of this child of nature, she seized a stone from a neighboring wall, and threw herself forward. A low howl responded to the stroke of her arm, and the hungry beast was gone as it had come—a shadow—through those files of tombs and spectral crosses.

A fresh crash of musketry sounded in the distance, another, and still another. Milena traversed at a run the slope of the road which led to the village, and, at the beginning of the first houses, met a neighbor and a wounded man, the wife, whom she knew well, supporting the husband, whose blood dyed the snow at every step.

"What is the matter?" demanded Milena.

"The peasants of our village," replied the man, "and of Mikonloff are struggling with the insurgents down by the cafe and the little wood. All goes well, however; the scythes are sharp and do their bloody mowing; the heads fall like grain!"

"So!" said Milena; and she aided the peasant woman to place her husband in his bed and to bind his wounds. Then she retraced her steps to tranquilize her father.

An hour later a loud knocking sounded upon the gate of the cemetery.

"See what it is, Milena," said the grave-digger again; and Milena, obeying the command, opened the wicket obstructed by frost, to find before it a row of sledges encompassed by horsemen, the barrels of their muskets and the blades of their sickles sparkling in the rays of the moon.

"Come, open the gate, old mole!" shouted a voice from the crowd—"open the gate, and open quickly. We bring you a score of distinguished guests!"

"But I want no guests!" replied Boloski from the interior. "I am ill, as you know well—I dare not go out in a night like this."

"Ill or no," cried the voice again, "the work must be done."

"Well, bury them yourselves, then."

"We cannot—we have not time."

"In that case," said Milena, brusquely, shutting the wicket to end the discussion, "tis I who will bury them for you." And she went out to open the gate to the four loaded sledges, bearing the dead bodies of the insurgents, and to the conquerors, armed with their bloody sickles and gleaming scythes.

"Throw them there upon the snow," said she to the mayor of the village, who greeted her as she appeared, with a friendly nod—"I'll start the business for you at the rising of the sun."

"No," said the mayor, "that would not be Christian—the wolves and ravens are already waiting to do their work—they must be buried now. You will receive for the job the usual sum; in addition to that two quarts of brandy, and, for your back, a new pelisse. Is it a bargain?"

"A bargain," she answered. "I'll begin when you say"—and with arms akimbo and robust fists upon her hips, she regarded the defile of peasants and sledges rapidly discharging their score of dead. Her beautiful face remained impassive; pity seemed a stranger to those hard features, and yet what charm, what passion in those great black eyes, in that sensitive nose, in that firm, severe mouth!

The mayor counted the money into her hand, put the bottle of brandy on the snow beside her, and the sledges slowly drew on again, the peasants following in their wake as silently as they had come.

"But the pelisse?" demanded Milena.

"To-morrow, when the work is done."

And the mayor also quitted the cemetery, and Milena took up her spade, and with a great swallow of brandy commenced to dig the first trench, crooning as she worked, the words of an ancient grave-digger's song.

The sad melody, monotonous and slow as befitted the song of the dead, was accompanied by the dull ringing of the iron upon the frozen ground and the distant howling of the hungry wolves.

Another swallow of brandy, another swing of her muscular arms, and so it went till the trench was done, and Milena, waiting a moment to regain her breath, gazed on the corpses.

"'Twas doubtless you," said she to an old man, with long, white curls, clad in a rich cloak, trimmed with zibeline, and in whose girdle sparkled a superb yataghan, "twas doubtless you who led the band. Well, this time, too, you shall go before!"

And she took him in her arms like a little child, descended into the trench herself and gently laid him on the ground. With the others she was not so ceremonious, an arm, a leg, a shoulder—anything, in short, that served to lift and toss them to their bed in the ditch, helped her purpose.

"But God help me," she cried, suddenly, as before her in the snow lay stretched a bleeding trunk. "God help me, if it isn't the lord of Kamlez, that cursed Turk and oppressor of the poor!"

And she struck the face of the head that lay beside the trunk a blow which sent it rolling like a ball to the depths below.

Another swallow of brandy, a new body in the hole, then the tomb securely closed, Melina was ready to begin a second.

In the meantime, the moon rising higher and higher in the heavens, wrapped in its wan light the silent graves, the crucifix, the roofs of the now sleeping village and the vast and soundless plain.

And again the second trench ready, the grave-digger's daughter approached another group of dead, the face of the first one was covered with blood which had run from a cut in the head. At the same instant she heard a sigh—a long, shuddering breath that came from this body. Milena drew back hastily; courageous as she was, she felt her hair rise upon her head; and soon she saw that rigid body begin to stir.

He stilled, then. There was no longer a doubt of it! She caught him in her arms in order to succor him, rubbing with snow that face begrimed with blood and powder, and chafing his frozen hands. In a moment his eyes unclosed.

"Valerian!" his name upon Milena's lips was half a scream and half a cry of menacing anger.

She shook her head brusquely, thrust him from her and rose to her feet.

"Save you!" said she, with a calm more terrible than either rage or the joy of a glutted vengeance—"when it is God that has delivered you into my hands! You betrayed me—you now belong to me! Pray to your God, Valerian, perhaps he will be merciful, but from me expect no pardon!"

"You have forgotten, then, Milena, forgotten how I loved you!"

"No, I have forgotten nothing; but you, what have you done with all those vows? You! who ruined me—who, then, in spite of everything, left me for another! I shall not spare you—be sure of that!"

"You will not kill me?" groaned the unhappy one.

"Kill you? No!" She smiled with a glacial irony which made him shudder. "I shall only do my duty—I shall bury you, as I have received orders!"

"Bury me?" cried Valerian. "Bury me, living?"

"Why not?" responded Milena, with a burst of cruel laughter. "I must earn the sheepskin for my back which the mayor promised me!"

"Have pity, Milena; for God's sake, do have pity!"

"Did you have pity upon me?" she answered sternly. "You, who have vowed me to sorrow and to shame! This for your beautiful love—behold it."

And she seized him by the shoulders and sought to thrust him in; but he, with that frightful death before him, had risen to his feet, and a furious struggle began between them—a hopeless struggle, too, for soon Valerian renounced all thought of wresting himself from the embrace of this savage creature. From loss of blood his strength was gone from him—he was but a child in her cruel hands!

"Mercy, Milena, I beseech you—mercy!"

She responded with a disdainful foot-thrust which sent him rolling into the gaping hole. A last time he struggled to his feet, his arms outstretched, and clasping her knees with supplicating gesture.

But his prayers only rendered her more ferocious still. She caught up her spade and struck his hands—their grasp relaxed, she struck again, a second, a third blow—he fell!

And Milena?

Milena, with one hand clenched upon her spade, the other doubled upon her hip, stood there and contemplated him with cold, fierce eyes and savage pleasure.

"Now," said she, "now, Valerian, are you mine?"

Then she began to crumble the earth between her fingers and to fill in the ditch, to fill it in and stamp it down, as she had filled and stamped the first, her voice firm and clear as ever, rising always in the chorus of her sinister song, and always accompanied by the sound of the clods falling one upon the other, by the ring of the spade, by the cawing crows circling hungrily above the heap of the unburied dead.

And, in the east, the first gray lights of the coming morning slowly spread themselves across the heavens, pale and cold as the smile upon the faces of the frozen clay.

What Women Like in Husbands.

FROM THE WIVES' POINT OF VIEW.

THE *North American Review* follows up its "Study in Wives" by a "Study in Husbands." It publishes three articles, all by women, only one of whom, apparently, is married. The articles are written by Miss Marian Harland, Mrs. Burton Harrison, and Miss Elizabeth Bisland. The last is the only one which calls for notice. According to Miss Elizabeth Bisland, the following is the kind of man women wish to have as a husband, together with various hints as to his improvement after they have got him:—

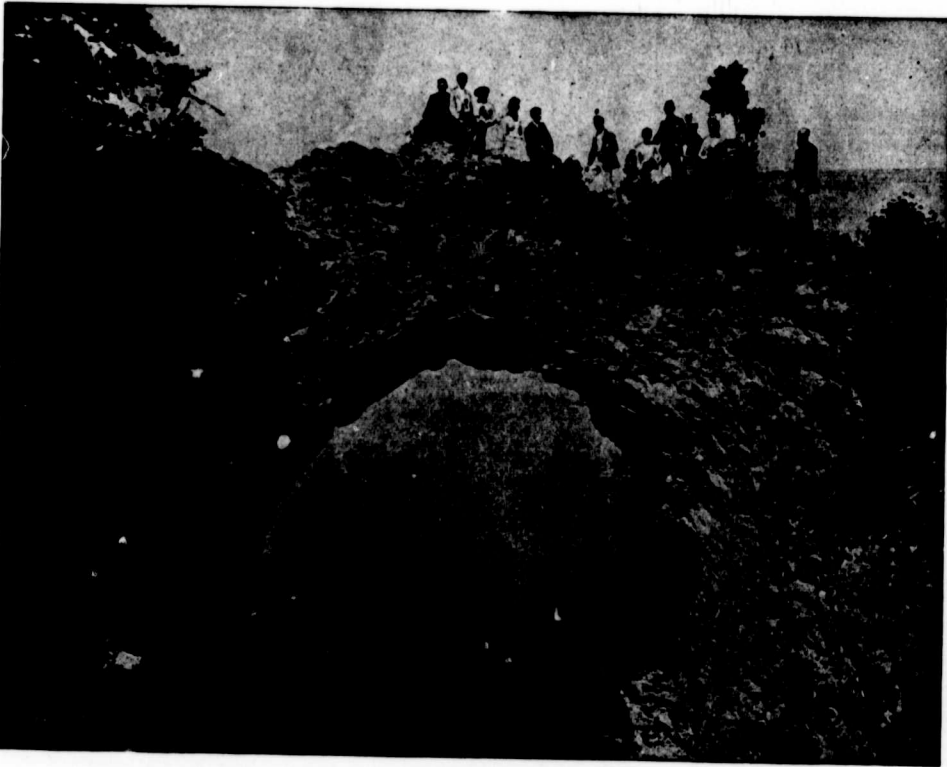
"What every woman hopes for and desires in her mate is that he should be a man. Not merely a person of the masculine sex, nor a creature of impossible

show of effort, in the matter of externals and in courtesy of daily speech, will sometimes go to the heart of a wife, when a gift of value, or a concession of points in dispute between them leave it cold and untouched. The American wife, accustomed as she is to free range of thought and action, to admiration of her spirited achievements, to good-humored indulgence of her "fads," does not, as a rule, receive from her husband the *petits soins* M. Max O'Rell speaks about as distinguishing the manner of a French husband to his wife."

In closing, Miss Bisland refers to some current complaints concerning women, in a passage which may be read with advantage by a good many of those critics:—

"We heard no complaints from him some generation or more ago, when he first began to shift the burden of life upon the shoulders of his women. He thought there was something very noble in their desire for independence, their wish to relieve him of responsibility. Alas! after a decade or two, these women who had accepted men's duties began to demand a

pancy such as this on the part of the author of "The Evidences of Christianity"; but after a week spent in the gay world of London, dining with Madame de Staël, and sharpening his wits by contact with gifted and intellectual people, he records in his diary the resolution to deny himself such stimulus in the future, lest it might prove hurtful to his contentment in domestic life. Now, we believe, that if the great anti-slavery apostle had exerted himself to entertain Mrs. Willerforce, if husbands generally were to talk a little more upon subjects of wide interest at home, and were to force conversation on other lines than those of physical ailments and material wants, there would be no such painful contrast or danger from excursions similar to those which the good man made into the world of vivid thought and interest. Indeed, we half suspect, in the case of Mr. Willerforce, as certainly in other instances, that in his eagerness to please in London society, he exhausted his vitality to the point that he was completely talked out, and in consequence was dull at home."—*Review of Reviews.*



ARCH ROCK.

and conflicting virtues, but one in whom the elements are so blended that within the strong circle of his virility she finds space to develop the best of all her possibilities. Her ideal husband is distinctly a jealous husband, not, of course, to the point of being a vain, uneasy fool, but sufficiently so to prove to his wife that he values her. Her ideal husband regards her neither as mistress, chum, nor servant. Her motherhood raises her in his eyes above all three. She is something different from himself, the embodiment of his finer sentiments, his emotional life. Nevertheless this nice person is not uxorious. While he assumes all the rougher share of life he is extremely exacting of her within her sphere, and demands the very best exertion of her powers. He is not content to be bundled into a hotel because she is too lazy or helpless to deal with domestic difficulties. He will not put up with cold and niggardly affection, with a neglected mind or person.

"He should appear more with her in public; wear less of the air of a martyr led to the stake when in attendance on her before the world; and pay more heed at home to the trifling observances of convention and dress and manner that are so provokingly important to the happiness of most women. A very small

share of his privileges as well, and suddenly all those bright angelic traits assumed the outlines of a hybrid monster, and he raised a loud alarm, which only increases in hysterical intensity as her demands grow more comprehensive. It is the selfish, inferior man, who falls below the ideal, who is responsible for the unpleasant developments in modern woman. She finds a strong, if unexpressed, sentiment in the family now that the girls upon reaching maturity must follow the boys into the world and assume their own support. The brothers decline to be hampered in the struggle for life by their sisters, and even a large moiety of the modern husbands are active in their encouragement of their wives' efforts to help gain the daily bread. No wonder that the woman, finding herself forced to work, insists upon having room to do it in."

The writer upon "Romance after Marriage," in the *New England Magazine*, makes the following observations on one difficulty in married life:—

"Good men and men of ability have occasionally said things which throw a flood of light upon some of the difficulties of married people. Paley once said to Willerforce: "Who ever talks to his wife?" The philanthropist at the time was much shocked at flip-

Thank the Children.

THEY run on our errands, upstairs for our books and slippers, our thimbles, our new magazines; down stairs to tell the servants this thing or that; over the way to carry our parcels; to the post-office with our letters.

They leave their work or play a dozen times in a morning to do something to oblige us who are grown up bigger, and liable to be less absorbingly occupied than they are.

No game of politics or business in after life will ever be so important to the man as the ball and top to the little lad; and no future enjoyment of the little girl will ever be greater in degree and kind than her present in her dolls and play-house; yet Johnnie and Jennie fly at our bidding, arresting themselves in mid-career of the play which is their present work, and alas! half the time we quite overlook our own obligation to be grateful. We do not say, "I thank you." And because we do not say it, we make it difficult for them to be as polite, as simple, courteous as otherwise they would be by nature, and the imitation which is second nature to all children.

ONE APRIL FOOLS' DAY.

MRS. RIPPON.



DECADE ago there stood on the south-east side of lake Erica town, small and compact, which may ere now have become a city. The first denizens called it Homeleigh, which also has probably been changed for a more euphonious name. Be that as it may this town was thriving, and around it lay some

prosperous homesteads, fine, large, dark-brown houses with deep shady piazzas, standing in sunny gardens and undulating meadows; while beyond were big barns full of bursting, and trim stack-yards. The sleepy lowing of herd-, the neighing of horses, the cooing of pigeons, and the chauticleer's shrill remonstrances to the pert hens, spoke of plenty and of a cadian prosperity.

The very largest and handsomest of all the homesteads was the property of Mrs. Mordaunt. She was a wealthy widow lady, of sturdy, independent habits, master of her farm and mistress of her household.

She understood every detail of farming, and nothing was done without consulting "th' missis." "Th' missis" was paramount; respected by her dependents and neighbors, and as she walked over her farm critically, all who met her raised their hats to the strong-graceful figure, clad in a natty serge skirt and gaudy gloves. This same dress, when donned, Rachel, the privileged housekeeper, averred "meant business."

Though Marcia Mordaunt was good at all out door exercises—a thorough farmer and a fearless horse-woman—still (to quote old Rachel again) she could wield her needle "like a fairy queen," and "play the piano like all the archangels!"

When Mrs. Mordaunt bought "Sky Peals"—such was the peculiar name which she painted on her big white gates—she never rested until the house grew double its original size, and the grounds assumed the brilliant appearance they always presented in summer since then. Nor were suitors for Mrs. Mordaunt's hand wanting. Such a woman in so remote a place, was verily as a spot of honey in the fly season. It was quite a bachelor region, and even there the men were critical, and after the first adulation found her "mannish." All who knew her loved her; for she was true as steel—her tongue perhaps a little caustic—but open-handed, sweet-eyed and pleasant to look upon. One after another of the bachelors proposed but were firmly rejected; some were grieved; some raved.

"That's the last, eh, Rachel?" said Marcia to her old nurse, who had joined her at the hall-door, indicating the retreating figure of Mr. Marks, the wealthy horse-breeder, of an adjacent farm, as he strode down the trim garden, cutting at the rose-bushes with his whip. Rachel's keen brown eyes were fixed on her nursing, and noted a tear in her sweet grey eyes, and heard her sigh as she spoke. The housekeeper replied enigmatically, "maybe 'tis, maybe 'tisn't." She thought of another, a Mr. Venell, the only one fit "to lead th' missis to th' Haltar;" but knew he would never be a suitor, since he knew of her previous life. Rachel felt sure he loved her mistress, and understood both tar and sigh.

The Venells owned the most homestead on the hill side. When first Mrs. Mordaunt came to Homeleigh, she was one day thrown from her horse, which was breaking in, at the gates of Dene. The fall stunned her, and Mr. Venell carried her into his house. When she opened her eyes she found a stately old lady bending over her with anxious face; and Marcia had thrown her arms round her neck and kissed her. From that day not a week passed without Mrs. Mordaunt appearing in the shady parlor; for Mrs. Venell was an invalid and seldom went out; she was her son's right hand, keeping his accounts, and helping him in many ways.

Edward Venell was a tall, blue-eyed man, of grave and reserved manner, and fell deeply in love with Marcia, after a year's association. But few words passed between the mother and son on the subject.

"Do you believe in divided love, mater dear?" asked Mr. Venell one evening, after perusing a magazine upside-down for an hour.

"Certainly, dear, if the division be between a mother and a wife. I shall gladly welcome my beloved daughter," she added.

Edward Venell's face crimsoned. "Why, mater, you are a witch!" he said; then they laughed happily.

Early the next day Marcia came over and unburdened her heart of her life's secret. Intuitively perhaps, she knew what was coming, and wished to spare him and herself humiliation; anyhow, with her brown head on Mrs. Venell's bosom, and her arms around the mother's neck, she told her she was not a widow.

At the age of twenty she had married one who gambled away his own and her fortune, and then left her alone and penniless. For years she had struggled for a bare living, when suddenly her great-aunt died leaving her whole fortune settled on her niece. As soon as possible Marcia had rushed from the city, and by chance, came to Homeleigh, and saw and bought her house. At a question from Mrs. Venell, she shuddered and said she heard occasionally of her husband; but he supposed her to be dead. Her excuse for telling this sad tale was, she said, her desire to sail no longer under false colors. The mother understood, sympathized and grieved for Marcia and her "boy."

Edward Venell left Homeleigh for a few weeks on business, and the first time Marcia met him after his return was in the wood and she noted he looked fagged, but he was as cheery as ever. "Bonne camaraderie!" said he, with extended hands, clasping hers within his own, as she huskily replied, "yes, forever."

Impossible as it seemed at first to him, and dangerous as his mother thought it, from then, he treated his fair neighbor as a friend and *confidante*, and never swerved from a certain line of duty he laid down for himself.

Years passed away. Spring was at hand—it was well on in March—and with the warm sunshine the *chateleine* seemed to expand and grow merry. The rejected ones remarked, after a long sermon one Sunday, that Mrs. Mordaunt was growing a handsome woman. Rachel had nodded her old head sapiently at her mistress' vanishing form that spring day, saying dutifully, "One haltar's been enough for her surely, I guess."

Marcia had a long row of bee-hives under a broad stone wall in a high part of the garden, so that it overlooked the highway to the town. Busy about the hives, she heard a man's voice that she knew well, saying, "Well, Jock, how are you getting on?" and the shrill reply, "Nicely, marster, nicely—but they're going to make a feul—a April feul of you, as they calls un." "Oh! ah! indeed—shouldn't wonder," was the reply; and the speakers moved apart, the boy running away fast, the other pausing beneath where Marcia knelt. He groaned aloud, "I've been that surely long enough!" and with a harsh laugh he passed on; while a broad smile illumined Marcia's face as she peeped over the wall. "Long enough, surely," she echoed softly.

That evening Rachel's voice was raised higher than usual, so that Marcia, reading in the morning room, overheard somewhat—"A April fool! A fool of the missis, did yer say? Better not try that on; it's themselves'll be the fools, I guess. Now, you imp, tell me all, if you don't want this stick about yer head."

When questioned later on, Rachel reluctantly admitted she had compelled young Roberts (in the employ of Mr. Marks) to tell her something she wanted to know. "About an April fool, Rachel?" suggested Marcia, thinking of how that very morning she had heard of a similar plot. Shamefacedly, Rachel said the lad, sitting in the hayloft, overheard three farmers arranging a letter, which seemed to be an offer of marriage to some one. He thought it was to appear to be from "th' missis," because they said her name, but spoke of the recipient only as "he." Rachel was very indignant at anyone daring to take such a liberty with her mistress' name; but Marcia laughed at her, and reminded her it would be April.

She was sharp-witted, and saw how nicely she could turn this silly trick upon its authors to her own advantage, if it were what she suspected, and there would be three April fools, instead of two!

At the end of March, Marcia had a private interview with Mrs. Venell, who laughed happily and kissed her, and promised to aid and abet her plan.

A week before the first, Marcia issued invitations for a party at "Sky Peals" for that auspicious day. This raised no comment, as these parties were very general. Marcia was once seen in converse with Jock, Mr. Brown's stable boy, whose awkward tongue she unlocked with a coin of the realm, and learned all she wanted to know. These bachelors were going to write a proposal of marriage, purporting to come from Mrs. Mordaunt, to Mr. Venell, from which they expected complications, etc.

The first of April dawned with clear sky and warm, bright sunshine. Some bees actually crawled out of the open doors of the hives to stretch their cramped legs.

Marcia started on her duties with a blithe whistle to the dogs—a sure sign she was happy. "If she

ain't a going to do summat," said Rachel, aggrievedly, as she added some cream to make dainties for the evening's supper.

At the "Dene," that eventful morning, Edward Venell took up a letter and stared at the address, wondering why Marcia should write to him. (She wrote a large block writing, easily imitated, when the reader was not hypercritical. He read a few lines, then raised his eyes sharply to his mother's gentle face; he caught his breath when he saw her expression.

"What, dear? Is she—she free?" he asked.

"Free? Six months ago, love; but she wanted —" he was gone.

Mrs. Venell then possessed herself of the letter. He could only have read the first sentence, stating as she was tired of widowhood she wondered if he could help her to make a change. The rest of the florid epistle was read and laughed over by the ladies later on; and when Edward wanted his letter it could not be found.

When Marcia saw Mr. Venell rushing over the fields, she wisely sought the house. All we know is that he thanked her over and over again for telling him she was free, and that he poured out the wealth of his affection before her, and, finally, they agreed to have their engagement announced that evening. What a different effect that letter was meant to have had! The three conspirators wondered if there had been "a great rumus."

Evening came, and it was found Marcia's usually quiet party was quite a large one. There were people from the town; Mrs. Venell was actually present, and Mr. Pettigrew, the clergyman; and the air seemed charged with excitement. The trio felt uneasy, although Edward was specially pleasant, and their hostess very vivacious and attractive.

When supper was over and the town visitors gone, Mr. Pettigrew announced the approaching marriage of their neighbors, Mr. Venell and Mrs. Mordaunt, and even added that he understood theirs had been a long engagement. During the hubbub of congratulatory voices, some one remarked it was "April fool's day," which fired Marcia. "Oh! I don't be alarmed, gentlemen," she said, sweetly, addressing the trio; "we may be—I may be a 'fool'; but you must look elsewhere for the April fools;" and after this partizan shot they retired.

While many crowded round the happy family group, the trio were putting on their coats in the hall. A murmured question passed between them, audible to Rachel, who had stood in the doorway, and heard the wonderful news.

"Guess, gentlemen, April fools of your ilk generally get left, don't they?" she said, with a grin. They made no reply, but thought "the hag knew something."

They wondered what had become of the letter they were now ashamed of having compiled—were sure Venell had not received it. They never knew the fate of that letter—nor did Edward Venell, by the by!

A Surprise for Enos.

"Do you wish to go up ma'am," asked the elevator boy of the little woman who had been standing round for a quarter of an hour, and evidently posting herself on how things worked.

"Any danger?" she queried.

"Not the slightest."

"Kin I get out if I feel faint?"

"Oh, yes. Didn't you ever ride in an elevator?"

"Never."

"Well come along."

She said she'd take a little more time to think about it, and when he had made two more trips she braced up and walked into the cage with the remark: "Wall, I might as well be killed as to have Enos bluffin' around as he has for the last two weeks. Let'er go sonny!"

She sat down and closed her eyes, and shut her teeth hard, and scarcely moved a finger until she was landed on the ground floor again.

"Anything wrong with this?" asked the boy as she got out.

"Is this all there is to it?"

"That is all, ma'am."

"I've bin clear to the top floor and got down, hev I?"

"Yes'm. You didn't expect to be killed, did you?"

"Say, boy!" she whispered, as she retired her bonnet strings and set her jaw, "my man Enos cum to town a few days ago and rid in an elevator. When he got home he told me that his hair stood up, shivers went over him, and both suspenders busted afore he got to the top. He's been steppin' high and bluffin' around and crowing over me till I couldn't stand it no longer. I've been here. I've rid in an elevator, I haven't busted a shoestring nor lost a button, and when I get home Enos will come off the pedestal and quit bluffin' or a woman about my size don't know what she's talking about!"

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MONTREAL, APRIL, 1896.

A National School System for Canadians.

ARISTOTLE, the eminent Greek philosopher, declared, that the highest goal of all human activity both for the individual and the state, was happiness based on virtue. He contended that the object of the state should be to establish the complete happiness of families and communities, with an educational system conformable to the laws and constitution.

In this Dominion of ours, while very laudable efforts are put forth to give our youth a thorough education based on virtue and the principles of a broad and liberal Christianity, we are hampered and strongly opposed by an overbearing and dictating Hierarchy, whose chief aim is to make itself supreme in matters of education—using every possible means to cram children with the dogmas and doctrines of a church revelling in pomp and ritualistic forms, instead of feeding the young intellect and brain with those true elements that constitute a thorough education based on liberal Christian thought and true national virtue.

The systems of education adopted by our provinces, while they may be considered as conforming to our laws and constitution, are, nevertheless, not in keeping with the best and most modernized ideas—not conducive to national greatness. Our systems now in operation, tend to cultivate a spirit of religious animosity, intolerance and racial distinctions which should never exist, if we as Canadians are to be a happy and united people.

The need of the hour is a thorough, broad and national system of education imposed upon every province, eliminating all religious teaching and training, leaving this department of necessary work where it properly belongs—the homes, churches, sabbath schools and theological colleges.

The great need of the country is education, pure and simple, that will enrich and enlarge the minds of our youth, and strengthen their virtuous inclinations.

We heartily wish our young sister province, Manitoba, every success in the efforts she is making for purely national schools, free from all ecclesiastical and religious tyranny and domination. If the people of Manitoba tenaciously hold out for the object now so dear to them, we predict a grand educational future for the prairie province, and the establishment of a model and complete happiness for its families and communities, unknown to states and provinces where schools are wholly or partially under church government.



Thomas Ligget, Esq.,

Grand Master Workman, A. O. U. W.
Grand Lodge of Quebec and
Maritime Provinces.

THOMAS LIGGET, Esq., one of Montreal's most honored and esteemed merchants, was unanimously elected Grand Master Workman of the Grand Lodge of Quebec and the Maritime Provinces, at the recent annual session held on March 4th and 5th, in this city.

Grand Master Workman Ligget was born in Orms-town, Chateaugay Co., in the year 1843. In the year 1865 Mr. Ligget came to Montreal and accepted a position with Messrs. Henry Morgan & Co., where his abilities as a salesman soon attracted attention. In 1867, Mr. Ligget determined to do business on his own account, and laid the foundations of a trade in general Dry Goods and Carpets that soon became the equal and rival of the best in the Canadian metropolis. Having a decided preference for the Carpet and House Furnishing trade, Mr. Ligget sold out his interest in the Dry Goods department a few years ago, and has since devoted his entire time and energy to the extension of his present line of business. His thoroughly honest and modernized ways of doing business won for him fame and friends, and placed him in a position that, from a social and financial standpoint, few men ever attain.

Grand Master Workman Ligget has for many years taken an active and lively interest in the Ancient Order of United Workmen, and has devoted much time and attention to every movement that tended to the general prosperity of the order. He is a man ever ready to advance the true principles of charity, and has done much to inculcate the Christian tenets so prominently inscribed on the banners of earth's grandest fraternal organization.

Grand Master Workman Ligget in his official capacity in the order, will bring to bear rare business abilities, keen discernment and mature judgment, qualities which must inspire his executive with renewed ardor and deeper enthusiasm for the present year's work.

While we heartily congratulate Grand Master Workman Ligget on his elevation to his present exalted position, we are not overstepping the bounds of truth and propriety when we assert that the Grand Lodge and all subordinate lodges have certainly good reason to feel proud of their new Grand Master Workman, who has ever labored faithfully as a Workman, never failing to hold aloft the grand watchwords of the order—Charity, Hope and Protection.

A New Home Game.

MARGARET GRAY BROOKS.

DURING the past summer I was invited to take part in a most bright and interesting entertainment, given at the country home of a friend who is the happy possessor of a large and beautiful picture-gallery. The invitations were for the afternoon, and when we had all assembled we were ushered into the picture-gallery, where we were surprised and mystified by a most novel sight. On the bronzes, marbles and picture frames hung white cards, similar in size to dance programmes; they were tied with dainty ribbons, each card having a number and question written upon it. The ladies were to guess the answers,

which were the names of flowers, both wild and cultivated. Each guest was handed a card on which were numbers in rotation from one to thirty. A pretty, narrow ribbon held the pencil to the card.

This beautiful "Flower-Guessing Game," seemingly difficult at first, after being thoroughly explained became very easily understood, and deeply interesting and enjoyable. It was new to every present, and each had an equal chance. Our hostess explained by reading from card number one, on which the following was written—"My first wears my second on her foot." The answer, of course, "Lady's slipper." Our hostess then told us to write on our cards opposite number two— "A Roman numeral," the answer being "Iv," (IV), she asked us to put Iv opposite number two on our cards.

The greatest amount of merriment was had as we gathered the questions which remained, from the marble head-dress of an Italian girl, the bronze arm of an Egyptian water-carrier, the frame of an eching. When the cards were collected we had a delicious luncheon on the wide piazzas, and after its close our hostess counted the correct answers on each card and it was surprising to see how many there were. One lady had twenty-six, and she received the first prize.

The prizes, four in number, were most appropriate. The first was a large, fancy work-basket, in the shape of a half-blown rose, lined with pink satin, and filled with delicious bon-bons. The second, a Limoges flower-bowl, was full of sweet peas, with "Fragrant Letters" painted on a white satin ribbon tied around the top. The third was a dainty piece of Dresden china—a flower-girl with her lap filled with forget-me-nots. The fourth, the consolation prize, was a bouquet of artificial flowers, one each of every answer tied with ribbons bearing the questions painted in different colors.

Before giving the party the hostess had received many of the questions and answers from friends who had attended a similar entertainment; many were her own, however.

The questions were simple, and the answers flowers that are all familiar. Below is given a list of those used:

3. The hour before my English cousin's tea.—Four o'clock.

4. Good marketings.—Butter and Eggs.

5. A very gay and ferocious animal.—Dandelion
6. My first is often sought for my second.—Mari gold.

7. A young man's farewell to his sweetheart.—"Forget-me-not."

8. Her reply to him.—"Sweet William."

9. The gentler sex of the Friend persuasion.—Quaker Ladies.

10. Its own doctor.—Self-heal.

11. My first is as sharp as needles, my second is as soft as down.—Thistle-down.

12. My first is a country in Asia, my second is the name of a prominent New York family.—China Aster.

13. My first is the name of a bird, my second is worn by cavalymen.—Larkspur.

14. A church official.—Elder.

15. A very precise lady.—Primrose.

16. A tattered songster.—Ragged Robin.

17. My first is sly but cannot wear my second.—Fog-love.

18. The color of a horse.—Sorrel.

19. A craze in Holland in the seventeenth century.—Tulip.

20. My first is an implement of war, my second is a place where money is coined.—Spearmint.

21. A disrespectful name for a physician.—Dock.

22. Fragrant letters.—Sweet Peas.

23. My first is a white wool, my second is the name of a yellowish Rhenish wine.—Hollyhock.

24. What the father said to his son in the morning.—"Johnny jump-up!"

25. My first is a facial expression of pleasure, my second a woodman's means of livelihood.—Smilax.

26. An animal of the jungle is my first, my second is the name of a tall, fair lady.—Tiger Lily.

27. My first is made in a dairy but is seldom served my second.—Buttercup.

28. My first wears my second on his head.—Coxcomb.

29. A close companion.—Stick-tight.

30. A fashionable evening shade for dresses.—Heliotrope.—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

The girls who don't sweep in the corners or dust under things, and the boys who dispose of tasks as speedily as possible, declaring that things will "do" if they are not well done, are the boys and girls who are very likely to make failures in life because the habit of inaccuracy has become a part of their characters.

Untidy Wives.

F. G. A. T.



"WHY is it you married women get yourselves up in such style for the street, and go about the house in an old wrapper, run-down shoes, and curl papers," was the blunt question asked me by a bachelor friend, not long ago.

I indignantly refuted such an accusation. Words waved warmer and warmer, and we were actually drifting into open warfare, when, luckily for me (as I afterward discovered), my plain spoken friend suddenly thought of an important engagement he had to keep, and departed, leaving me in a very wrathful state of mind.

However, after giving the question a calm rehearsal, it slowly dawned upon me that the "crusty one" was not entirely wrong; for the picture of several married friends flashed before me, as unpleasant reminders; they talked *lazily* with my too obstinate friend's assertions.

To say that *all* women, when in the seclusion of their own homes, present such an appearance, would be too sweeping a statement, and it is with the greatest possible reluctance I admit that any do; but nevertheless it is a painful truth. A woman ought never to make the mistake in thinking that because her husband loves her he will for one moment imagine that she looks just as charming in an old and soiled gown, curl papers, etc., as if she were more *cleanly* dressed.

Even those upon whom nature has lavished her charms cannot afford to disregard their personal appearance; for what sensible man or woman could admire a pretty face, and know the possessor of that blessing to be a sloven? Isn't it far easier to go about one's household duties neatly attired, instead of being obliged to stop every few moments to "pin that flounce," or "tie this string," and at the same time living in positive dread that any of your friends will drop in and catch you in such a condition.

Surely we have no household duties so irksome that they will necessitate an absolute neglect of self. An hour devoted to one's personal appearance cannot be called wasted, can it?

Would you have the same love and respect for your husband that you had at the commencement of what ought to be a life-long honeymoon, if you saw him going about in tattered coat, "clicking" slippers, and unshaven face? Perhaps your love might stand a more formidable attack; but you must admit your respect for him has received a severe shock. Then how is it for him? Is he to become blind to all your slovenly ways, and remember you only as the model of perfection you once were?

Certainly not. He will become gradually aware of the fact that where you formerly dressed to please him, now he *is* caught, it is not worth while to be pleasing any more.

It is such an inexcusable thing for a woman to have to be notified to get "dressed," before her husband can bring any of his friends home; and it is decidedly unadvisable to take her by storm, for fear of finding her in tatters.

Many an interesting little story could be related regarding the above, and the frequent curtain lectures Mr. Husband hears, because he has neglected to inform his better-half to change her gown.

Drummer Never Heard of Them.

BISHOP WATTERSON is so well known in Louisville that the following anecdote, which evidences his keen sense of humor, will be read with pleasure:

Bishop Waterson is not only the crack fisherman of all the clergy, but the best story teller. The bishop tells a story of how the drummer on the train mistook him (the bishop) for another commercial tourist, and asked him if he represented a big house.

"Biggest on earth," said the bishop.

"What's the name of the firm?" queried the drummer.

"Lord & Church," replied the imperturbable bishop.

"Hum! Lord & Church? Never heard of it. Got branch houses anywhere?"

"Branch houses all over the world."

"That's queer. Never heard of 'em. Is it boots and shoes?"

"No."

"Hats and caps?"

"Not that either."

"Oh, dry goods, I suppose?"

"Well," said the bishop, "some call it notions."

The Late Sir Joseph Barnby.

THE death of Sir Joseph Barnby leaves a void in the cause of music which it will not be easy to fill. As Principal of the Guildhall School of Music, he has infused new life into that great institution, while as a choir trainer he was probably without a rival. How he ever managed to perform with so much enthusiasm the arduous duties associated with the important offices which he filled, has often been a mystery, but the secret lay, doubtless, in the intense interest which he always found in his work. "Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might," was his favorite quotation. He has also told us that he was essentially an optimist, never taking any other than a cheerful view of life, and the pleasure which he was able to get out of his work he regarded as the mainspring of all his exertions.

"MY MUSICAL LIFE."

Sir Joseph has been interviewed time and again on his own experiences, on the training of musical students and the prospects of music as a career, and on the advantages to be derived from choral singing. His own words from the *Strand Musical Magazine* and elsewhere, tell the story of his musical life:—

"I was born at York in 1838, and I sprang at once into my career. I was only seven when I donned a surplice in the cathedral, and seven of my brothers had been choristers there before me. On the day of the funeral of the Duke of Wellington I sang "I know that my Redeemer liveth," and though the place was crowded, I felt no tremor, no nervousness of any kind. At the age of ten I began to teach, and at twelve I was an organist.

"When I was fifteen my voice broke, and I came up to London to the Royal Academy. Here I competed for the Mendelssohn scholarship, and Sir Arthur Sullivan and I ran a dead heat. We competed again, and Sullivan was successful.

"After leaving the Academy I returned to York, but soon concluded I must get back to London. I held various appointments as organist, and introduced a great innovation in the services in the form of oratorio with orchestral accompaniment. At St. Andrew's Church, Wells Street, for instance, I gave Gounod's music with full band, and at St. Anne's, Soho, it was Bach's "Passion Music," which was performed with orchestral accompaniment.

With Edward Lloyd as tenor, and the fine choir Sir Joseph had trained, it is not surprising to learn that the services at St. Andrew's attracted music-lovers from all parts of London. At St. Anne's the Lenten services became equally famous, but perhaps the most notable department in church music was the performance at Westminster Abbey (1870) of the "Passion Music," with a full orchestra and a choir of 500 voices under Sir Joseph's direction.

"In 1873, (Sir Joseph continues) Gounod left London and I was appointed conductor of the Albert Hall concerts. In 1875 I became precentor and musical instructor at Eton College; and in 1892 I exchanged Eton for the Guildhall School."

AS CONDUCTOR.

It is as a conductor of choral music that Sir Joseph Barnby's name will best be remembered, for he has done more, perhaps, than any of our musicians to popularize good choral music.

"The great thing in conducting, (he says) is to make the performers understand that the marks of expression are but the outward and visible sign of an inward and musical grace. When a conductor marks a crescendo, he means not merely an increase in the volume of sound, but an increase in intensity of feeling. I try to make the choir and the orchestra *feel* what they are singing and playing, for that is the secret of faithful interpretation. The greatest difficulty with English singers is to make them articulate the words, express the emotions, and indicate by facial expression that they realise the feeling embodied in the music they sing."

On one occasion a choir began the chorus, "Thanks be to God," in a somewhat sluggish fashion. "Ladies and gentlemen," cried Sir Joseph, rapping his desk, "you have been without water for three years. Now you have got to show your gratitude!"

Sir Joseph's speech is described as being as clear cut as his beat, and po singer ever missed a word he said. His beat was a model of plainness and quiet effectiveness. He knew what he wanted and would have nothing else, but his affection for his choral forces was so great that he could depend on perfect loyalty from them. He was severe with all carelessness, and did not spare even the ladies when their attention was divided. As regards orchestral music, Sir Joseph says:

"Our choirs lead the world, but with our orches-

tras we have a great deal to do before we attain the standard of the Continent. But the outlook is decidedly hopeful, and now that girls have taken to the violin and even the 'cello and double-bass, they will go on to form orchestras and thus spread an interest in music."

AS A COMPOSER.

In his early days Sir Joseph found time for composing, and we have, besides songs and cantatas, a good deal of church music from his pen—anthem, services, hymns, etc. His "Service in E" is in constant use, and it was the means of bringing about a close friendship between Charles Kingsley and the composer:—

"One day when I was staying with my brother at Westminster, Canon Kingsley was announced, and rushing into the room, he seized me warmly by the hand, and explained, "Now I have kept my word. I always declared that one of the first things I would do when I came to London, would be to make the acquaintance of 'Barnby in E.'"

The composition of the part-song "Sweet and Low" was the turning-point in Barnby's career. Feeling that he had "stuff" in him, and that he would succeed if only he could work in London, he came to town as an organist at £30 a year. Every spare moment was given to study and composition, and "Sweet and Low" was the result of some of this zeal. It was sung everywhere, and though it is said the composer never received anything for it, his path onward from the day that Leslie's choir brought the song to the knowledge of the public was almost clear of rocks. More recently he composed, by command, the special anthem "O, Perfect Love!" for the marriage service of the Duke of Fife and Princess Louise of Wales.

The Pastor's Narrow Escape.

IT was during the War of the Rebellion," said the diffident and blushing assistant pastor, addressing the Young People's Friday Night Prayer meeting, "that a company of the Union soldiers were ordered to take a rebel battery. Quickly they sprang to the charge; but, alas! before they reached the guns they broke and fled ignominiously.

"That is, all except a certain corporal, who rushed in, and seizing a gunner by the throat carried him off an astonished captive.

"And when the company reached a little clump of woods from whose shelter they had started, they gathered around the gallant corporal, and asked him where he had got his prisoner and how he had managed to capture him.

"I went in and took him," said the hero modestly. "Ah, boys! why didn't you keep on? There was a man for every one of you there!"

"And so I say to you, my dear young Christian soldiers," continued the assistant pastor fervently, "there is a man for every one of you in this world."

"Yes, my dear young brothers, there is a man for every one of you here!

"Yes, my dear young sisters, there is—er—there is—er—there is work for you all in the vineyard of the Lord if you will only seek for it.

"Let us now sing the 425th hymn:—

"Oh, save me from the careless work,
The swift unbidden thought,
And make me always think and speak
Exactly as I ought."

And the young assistant sat down with an intensely relieved expression, and mopped his burning brow.

Children and System.

A CERTAIN New York baby who has the luck or misfortune of having a Vassar girl as nurse is consequently allowed to howl itself asleep day after day on the ground that it should be got into the habit of slumbering without extra attention from parents or guardians. In a Vassar girl this action has, of course, a lofty theoretical motive. In a plain, ordinary, uneducated Bridget it might be imputed to simple laziness. Seriously, what an immense amount of useless wear and tear and discomfort little children are subjected to in the name of "system!" A mother of grown children once said that she thought that the oldest child of a family was apt to be the victim of many dismal educational theories. By the time the second or third had appeared on the scene the parents had usually recognized the general hopelessness of trying to run nature into a mould, and had rediscovered for themselves the one thing certain about an infant, whether of smaller or larger growth—its uncertainty.

Do One Thing Well.

THE question of what to do with our girls has been discussed a good deal lately, but a few more words on the subject may not come amiss. Most girls in these days are sent to high schools to receive a so-called first-rate education. This seems to me to consist of a smattering of everything. It is not that they are not provided with good masters and mistresses, but the girls seem not to have time to study any one thing properly. They rush from one thing to another—a few minutes for this subject and a few for that—till their brains get in a whirl. The result is they come home knowing a little about everything, and the parents think they are very clever to be cognisant of so many subjects.

But suppose these parents die, and the girls are suddenly reduced to great poverty. The question then arises, what are they to do? They have not sufficient knowledge of any one thing to earn a living by it. It generally ends by their going out as companions, which is very often a wretched existence—the slave of some tyrannical old lady, perhaps, or a fretful invalid; or they decide to be "smattering" nursery governesses, when their position is often little better than that of an upper servant.

What I wish to suggest is, that every gentleman's daughter in Canada (whether her parents are rich or in poor circumstances) should be brought up with a profession from the age of six years. The parents should make it their business to find out what subject the child seems to have any talent for, and no pains should be spared to encourage this.

If a child of this age seems fond of music, let her be carefully trained to play. Make music her profession, and let her thoroughly understand that it is her profession. A girl brought up like this, if left penniless, could either play at public concerts, or give music lessons at her own house. If a brilliant player, she might make a small income by playing in public. On the other hand, should she never be reduced to poverty, her music would always be a source of pleasure to herself and her friends.

Another girl might develop a taste for drawing. Let her learn it thoroughly; make her stick to it as her profession. Should she turn out a clever artist, she might illustrate books and paint pictures for sale. If not sufficiently clever for this, yet she could have classes for drawing lessons at her home, by which she could make money and have freedom at the same time.

A girl who is fortunate enough to possess a lovely voice should have it cultivated and trained. If ever obliged to sing in public, this would be one of the easiest ways of making money. The same things may be said about sketching and needlework.

Let a girl choose some one thing, and stick to it through life. In these days of sudden losses of fortune it is really necessary, and if this once became an established rule, we should see less of the ill-used governess or worn-out companion.

People may say it is now the fashion to treat governesses with great consideration. Quite so; but a good deal of patronising is mixed up with it, and a sensitive girl would soon feel that there was a something almost indefinable, but still there, which tells her that these people look upon her as having lost caste by her position. As a musician, singer, or artist she might mix up in very good society, and best of all would have her freedom.

A great responsibility lies with the parents. It is impossible for a girl not brought up to a profession to start one when in poverty. In the first place, she would not have the means to learn, and secondly, many years of study would be required to be at all an adept in anything.

The higher feelings, when acting in harmonious combination, and directed by enlightened intellect, have a boundless scope for gratification. Their indulgence is delightful, and their highest activity is bliss.—George Coombe.

Boston Baked Beans.

How the Pilgrim Fathers Began Eating Them—Evil Effects of Eating Beans.

WHEN the Pilgrim fathers first landed on our coast their souls were filled with unspeakable happiness at the thought that they had at last a land where they could worship exactly as they pleased, and kill any luckless Indian or Quaker who might differ with them. Ere the towns of Dedham and Walsole, Rensham and Medford were twenty years old, the forefathers found that their own children were beginning to show signs of heresy. They were too stupefied to say anything in public or even confide their thoughts to pen and paper. This is why the records are silent on the subject, but they held councils numberless and gave the subject an investigation alongside of which the microscopic search of a Pasteur is child's play. After long study they determined that the cause of heresy lay in what they were pleased to term "riotous living," which is what we of to-day would term good wholesome diet.

centuries. The Pilgrim was tall, lean and lank. He was choleric, dyspeptic and bellicose. He despised art, he religiously flatted when he sang, and he regarded levity and gentility as characteristics of the prime of darkness. These qualities have been preserved right down to 1896 by his diabolical invention, the Boston baked bean. Now, the white bean is a fraud, a snare and a delusion. It is a whited sepulchre. Within the white exterior, which is only skin deep, it is a dull and dirty yellow or a grim and gruesome gray. It is slow of digestion, weakening the gastric processes and only fit for animals two-legged and four-legged who carry great burdens and who can eat anything, or for ostriches, to whom the broken brickbat is an object of exquisite luxury. The black molasses, not golden syrup, not delectable maple, not pure and clean white sugar, not even the yellow apology which boarding house mistresses work off upon gullible guests, but simply black molasses, is a medicine as well as a food. It worries the liver, stirs up the bile, irritates the spleen and aggravates the phlegm. The salt pork, which was wisely denounced by Moses and has been treated with much more vigorous language by sailors and soldiers, is notoriously hard to digest, begets nightmare, heartburn and a pale green taste in the mouth.

These three combined make the awful dish which was to, and which did, preserve the Pilgrim type unaltered through the generations. Whenever, on Beacon or Tremont street, you see a man or a woman, tall and angular, sour-faced and forbidding, with a small bundle ostentatiously displayed, you may know that they are lineal descendants of the Mayflower, and have baked beans every Sunday morning. When, in addition to the qualities described, they are near-sighted, when they are hollow-chested and have a delicately yellow skin, when their prevailing expression is a sneer modified by a frown, and their favorite quotations are in mispronounced Latin or unmusical Greek, you know that they are degenerate descendants of the Pilgrims and in their childhood used baked beans, Boston baked beans, two and three times a week.

But if you want to see the unfortunate wretches who have employed the seductive but deadly dish for their daily diet, you must needs visit one of the numerous asylums in the vicinity of Boston, which are provided for their especial benefit. Here they sit supine and listless while time flies past. Occasionally, one of them will summon up enough strength to seize a piece of chalk and write "Bean" upon the prison wall, and then retire laughing softly to himself for the next hour. Occasionally, you will see one mixing mud and water and moulding little bean pots, and occasionally you run across a group apparently reading, but the books are upside down and the poor minds are wandering far away. About the great bell of the asylum sounds and the hapless inmates wander hopelessly into the dining hall, where before each is placed a huge platter of the stuff which has brought them hither and without which life would not continue another day.

How to Treat the Children.

IF you want your children to be courteous you must treat them with respect. They will infallibly copy your manners, so you must take care that they are the best. You should be as careful of their feelings as you wish them to be of the feelings of others. When it is necessary to administer reproof let it be given in private. Most children are sensitive on this point. It injures their self-respect, and they feel it acutely, though they are not able to express it in words. To tell a child in public that it has been rude or lacking in good breeding is as unwarrantable as it would be to tell a guest so. It is no excuse to say that you are trying to make it do better. You can do this much better if you take it aside at the first convenient opportunity and gently but firmly point out what the error was and what should be done on the next occasion. You can callous a child's conscience by too rigid discipline.



THE LOVE LETTER.

Then again they took council among themselves to frame a diet which would act as a spiritual purifier. They soon stumbled upon a combination almost unknown up to that time, of white beans, black molasses and streaked salt pork. This had been the favorite diet of several distinguished Puritans who had lived long lives of great probity and Quaker harrying and had joined the great majority. Lest suspicion should be aroused, they passed no law on the subject, but simply set the inartistic dish upon their frugal board. Whenever they went to some house where this commodity was not served they asked for it, they begged for it, and made life generally miserable until it was served in proper style. By degrees the red clay flower pot in which the viand was cooked was in every kitchen. The dish became a fashion, a habit and then an all-consuming vice. Finally it had mastered the good people of New England, and to-day it is found in every part of the earth where the thrifty Yankee has found a habitation and a name.

There is deep wisdom in this strange series of actions. The shrewdest chemist of to-day, the wisest physiologist and the profoundest psychologist could not have invented a diet better adapted to preserve physical and moral attributes unimpaired through the

The Old Woman Who Lived in a Shoe.

"There was an old woman who lived in a shoe,
She had so many children, she didn't know what to do,
She gave them some broth, without any bread,
And whipped them all soundly and sent them to bed."



Of course! You felt cross and nervous, and so you vented your impatience upon your helpless children. They had been provokingly full of mischief, no doubt, and up to all sorts of pranks; but that was no excuse for your conduct. They had tracked in mud over your freshly polished shoe, and had slid down the toe, until their clothes were all soiled and torn. But you should have reflected that "tis their nature," and have made due allowance for their love of fun, and their animal spirits. They had not been naughty, exactly, but they had acted in a way highly exasperating to your nerves, and you could or would not stand it any longer, so, after calling out in angry tones, "Tommy, be quiet! Do you hear me?" "Mamie, sit still, or I'll whip you!" "Johnny, don't dare slide down there again!" "Susie, come in here this minute!" etc., etc., you scrambled up a hasty meal, and summoned your children to supper. In their rush, pell mell, tumbling one over the other in their eagerness, their appetites being very healthy. They are not satisfied with the meagre fare which you have provided, and clamor for something more substantial. Broth, without any bread, is not very nourishing diet for children, especially if they have been playing in the open air.

You were in a hurry and could not take time to bake bread; and you were not going to send to the baker's for any. You recollected the remarks you had made, as well as those you had heard about Mother Hubbard, when she had found her cupboard bare, and you were not going to expose yourself to similar ones. You comfort yourself with the reflection that you are a better house-keeper than she was, for you have the material in the house for some broth. You are not quite so slack as to have your cupboard absolutely bare.

The broth was better than nothing, certainly, but you ought not to have put the children off with so scanty a supper, if you could have provided a better. And if you could not, there was no excuse for your whipping them all soundly, and sending them to bed crying. If you could have given them a good substantial meal, and put them off with broth without any bread just because you felt too shiftless or too indifferent to prepare it, you did very wrong indeed. You could have made them so happy with a comfortable meal.

The child is father to the man, 'tis said; and everybody knows that the way to a man's heart is through his stomach; so it is reasonable to suppose that a child's heart can be reached by the same route. A child experiences great discomfort when its little stomach is empty. Although over-feeding may produce bad dreams, under-feeding tends to restlessness, and often to inability to sleep. That would have been bad enough, but you had to pile on the cruelty by whipping each poor little helpless mortal before putting it to bed—whipping it soundly!

Supposing you could not procure a good supper for the little ones, you could have soothed them with kind and loving words; and have helped them to forget part of the discomfort by beguiling the time with some pretty bed-time story. Or you could have crooned to them some sweet lullaby, some drowsy little ditty that would have had the effect of helping them to glide off into dream-land almost without an effort. They might for a time have forgotten their woes. Mother's kiss and soft caress would have helped them to bear their trouble bravely.

Poor little dears! Don't you feel ashamed of yourself, my dear madam, for abusing them so! Half starving them, and whipping them into the bargain! Expecting them to be good and gentle when you set them such an example! They will be children such a little while you ought to try to make their childhood a happy time. Let them look back upon it with delight. They will have troubles enough to encounter in after years.

I know all about that proverb "Spare the rod and spoil the child!" I have no objection to your using the rod occasionally if you feel that it is necessary.

Only do so at the proper time, and for grave offences. Don't rush at a child and shake and whip it for every little misdemeanor, or because you feel nervous; that is too much like lynch law. The calm inquiry into the merits of the case, the hesitation to punish until you are convinced that the penalty is deserved, and then, the cool, dispassionate administration of justice will impress a child wonderfully. Instead of a raging little animal, you will find a penitent little soul, ready to promise good behaviour in the future—not from fear, but because of a genuine desire to become really better.

"Old maid's children," indeed! Half the old maids are better fitted to bring up children than are many of the mothers. Witness the number who most train the children of others, and then for pity's sake stop sneering at old maids. Contrast your conduct with the average school ma'am. You coddle and pet your children one day, and fly into a rage and punish them for trifles the next! How long could a teacher who acted so retain her position?

"You didn't know what to do?" Then why did you do anything? Why did you not let the children alone until they were tired of play—guiding and cautioning them kindly when you found them becoming too boisterous, mischievous or quarrelsome—then call them in and give them as good a supper as you could provide? I don't mean to pamper them with dainties, but give them a generous supply of wholesome food, and then call them around you and give them a little instruction in the form of a story, containing a moral—not one with the moral tacked on at the end. Tuck them snugly into bed with a good-night kiss after they have said their little prayers at your knee. And then, rich or poor, demure or mischievous, you may leave them to the sleep of weary innocence. Never be so unkind to them again as to "whip them all soundly and put them to bed," if you do not wish to further arouse the indignation of

MISTRESS MARY, QUITE CONTRARY.

A Lucky Game of Chess.

THE old saying that it is better to be born lucky than rich was never better exemplified than in the following story:—

One day when the Earl of Derby, the founder of the great Epsom races, was out shooting, being caught in a tremendous thunderstorm, he took shelter in a poor-looking house, inhabited by a poor curate, who had to maintain a wife and family upon £80 a year. Though ignorant of the quality of his guest, the parson was all hospitality, and provided his lordship with dry clothes and such refreshments as the house afforded.

While sitting by the fire the Earl noticed an old chess-board, and being passionately fond of the game, enquired of his host if he played.

"Pretty well, but I can't find anyone in these parts to play with," was the response.

"I shall be delighted to have a game," said the Earl.

While the dinner was preparing they set to, and the curate won. After the meal was over, they had another game, and again the curate won; as the rain still descended in torrents, a third game was contested with the same result.

When the Earl at length departed he took a cordial leave of his conqueror, though without disclosing his rank. Several months afterwards, when the curate had almost forgotten his visitor, a footman in livery brought a note from the Earl of Derby asking his acceptance of a living of £400 a year in remembrance of the good drubbing he gave him at chess.

How to Keep Good Servants.

FIRST, pay them promptly and regularly; second, be satisfied if they perform the work required of them in their own way instead of yours, so it is well done; third, never scold; fourth, allow quiet, respectable company at their discretion after their work is done, with the understanding that your house is to be closed at ten o'clock; fifth, provide a comfortable room for the exigencies of the household will permit. A girl who receives such treatment will be a far harder worker than one whose just dues are disregarded.

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The Skeleton in the Closet.

BLANCHE L. MACDONELL.

THE skeleton at the feast, grim and ghastly reminder of vanished joys crowned with garlands, its hideousness exposed amidst mirth and revelry is not half so hopelessly terrible as the "skeleton in the closet," shut carefully away from the light of day, surrounded by gloom and mystery, whose presence we dare not acknowledge. In the one case, however fearful the fact may be it is frankly acknowledged, mutual sympathy can make common cause against it, while in the other, doubt and obscurity lend accessories of horror.

We are all curious about other people's dark closets; we talk a great deal often very lightly and flippantly, God forgive us! about them, surmising, conjecturing what manner of monster may be concealed behind those closed doors. We allow our imagination full play, and wonder how the possessor of that ominous secret can fancy that all the world does not know the story which he is so anxious to conceal, yet we are all persuaded that no one suspects the occupant of our own gloomy corner.

These alading skeletons are derived from many and composite causes; the sins and sorrows, follies and foibles that make up our daily life. Many of them are formed by the pestilential influence of sickly sentimentality and diseased fancy, and should never exist at all. These are simply

"The midnight host of phantoms grim
That beguile the human soul."

and only require the exercise of a little common sense to put them to flight. People whose mental constitution leads them to fix their attention exclusively upon ideas of one kind, are prone to deny the reality of thoughts they do not share, and retain an excessive confidence in their own conclusions. Experience is the basis of all knowledge, and we should beware of excluding all experience except our own. Many refuse to admit even a gleam of reason into the dark chambers of their intellect, where they hide as sacred treasures the antiquated beliefs of past ages, ancient feuds and grudges, causeless fears, the worthlessness of which would at once become apparent if the light of day were permitted to shine in upon them.

Fidelity constitutes in many cases the skeleton in the closet. Not the honest, independent species, but the shabby-genteel variety that pinches in food and warmth, and goes in wretchedly comfortable fashion in order to adorn the hat with feathers and trim the jacket with imitation fur, that is determined to be taken for what it is not, and suffers horribly in the pretence. One good woman waxing valiant in her attempts to impose upon a cynical public, alludes grandly to "the servants," when her relay of retainers is represented by one humble maid of all work, while another puts a long dress, with a mature looking cap and apron upon a tiny child of twelve in the hope that she may be mistaken for an efficient tailmaid.

"Alice does not care for dress, she considers it frivolous," we are gravely informed, while we can see plainly that the girl's heart is bursting with envy of the companions whose means will enable them to make more show than herself. "Mamma does not approve of public amusements;" "Mamma's health will not allow her to entertain, even in a very quiet way," while those who listen smile at the transparent pretence.

Old age is to many a very terrible skeleton, something to be shunned and dreaded, and held away at arm's length as long as possible. All the long train of years are shut up behind the closet door, while the elderly woman, making herself up with the expenditure of care, time and money, really believes that she deceives the world into thinking her a mere girl. When horribly conscious of rapidly increasing avoirdupois she compresses her waist, indulges in powders and cosmetics for the complexion and dyes for the hair. All the methods for repairing the ravages of time are so easily detected, and only harm the foolish people who use them. The world laughs in its sleeve, and out of it, at the pitiful spectacle, and the poor woman's mortified vanity supplies the disparaging comments which she may not hear uttered.

Conversational shams often display the very skeleton they are trying to hide. Ignorance is openly displayed by many a girl damsel who prattles about "Shakespeare and the musical glasses"; expatiating upon the Mahatmas, "that sweet thing in art," the philosophy of history, or the latest political entanglement of which she knows little and cares less. How wretched are all the small feints and subterfuges which the world sees through and mocks; pitiful attempts to hide that which cannot be hidden, ropes of sand whose making employs the best energies of mind and body, and which are so miserably inadequate to any good service. Alas! for the false pretensions which destroy the possibility of all true nobleness because of conscious deception, for the moral deterioration which comes of placing appearances in place of reality.

The fear of illness, the dread of death, both form a

very common variation of the skeleton in the closet. An old lady was haunted by the fear of falling a victim to cancer, and died at eighty-six of heart disease. Many of us have met humble-hearted Christians, who during life have walked softly in dread of

"That entrance to the life-eyaslan
Whose portal we call death."

and in the end have sunk to rest with a trustful smile on their lips.

Then there are the tragic sorrows shut away behind those closed doors. The sin committed in past years, and whose effects still live, the old loves and friendships, things that happened so long ago that they have been forgotten by all but ourselves. There are names that are never spoken not because they are forgotten, but because the quivering lips dare not trust themselves to utter the once familiar sound. There are thoughts which we seek to drive away by work, by pleasure, by anything that can keep down the pain in our hearts—thoughts that come to us in dead of night, or in the chill gray of early dawn, when they can neither be stifled or ignored.

After all, we may surely take comfort in the fact that the most grievous burdens when viewed calmly and truthfully in the light of God's sunshine, and of common sense, lose half the terror with which our imagination has invested them. Tender, reverent sorrow should not be made into a horror. The dark closet may be a sacred enclosure, consecrated by happy memories; and the skeleton no longer a reminder of perished hope, but a gracious presence, promising hope eternal.

Work of the Nurse.

Not a Sensational Occupation, but Arduous and Exacting.

THE sentimental idea of a nurse's occupation as consisting mainly in the gentle smoothing of pillows, is now generally disabused. The work of nursing proper demands muscle, pluck, endurance, deftness and sympathy, but does not in itself involve any serious strain to healthy and capable women. The word nursing has come to be a synonymous term with overwork, because the hours of continuous duty, by night and day, are very long, and also on account of the amount of cleaning work, sweeping, dusting, and polishing, which supplements attention to the patients.

The intensity of work varies greatly in different hospitals, and depends much upon whether they are situated in busy and densely populated centres or in quiet provincial towns. Things adjust themselves, however, with such nice economy that, though other circumstances may change from place to place, the labor of the nurse will remain just as much as she can manage to get through. In general hospitals, with medical schools attached, where the cases are acute, and require much attention, the proportion of nurses to patients will be comparatively high, and the greater part of the manual labor in the ward will be performed by ward servants.

In slow provincial hospitals or infirmaries, where the cases are mostly chronic, the proportion of nurses to patients will be low, and all the time the nurse is not actually engaged in necessary attention to the patients, will be filled up in various other ways. The term nursing is an elastic one, and can be made to cover such occupations as scrubbing, sewing, washing bandages, and even cleaning windows, as at Rhyl, in Wales. A good example of what seems an incredibly low proportion of nurses to patients is afforded by a hospital at Harrogate, in which there are two nurses to 100 beds, even supposing, as one is obliged, that the so-called "hospital" is, in reality, to all intents and purposes, a convalescent home.

A nurse may generally count on being on her feet the whole of the time she spends in the wards—that is to say, ten or eleven hours, and even longer on night duty, when the staffs are weak and the wards small. The prevalence of the deformity known as flat feet among nurses bears witness to an excessive amount of standing and moving. In many institutions it is a canon of etiquette that the nurse may never sit down in the ward, even should she have opportunity.

Lavender Toilet Water.

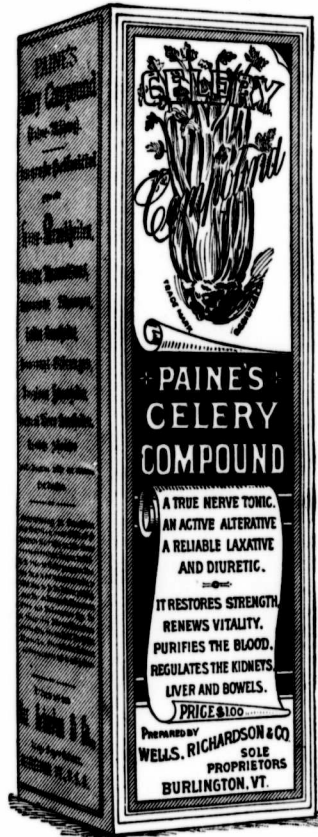
A simple yet delightful toilet vinegar can be made thus: Macerate one-fourth pound of fresh lavender for a fortnight in about a quart of vinegar. A few drops in water form an admirable lotion for the skin. It alleviates headache, while it is strongly antiseptic, cooling and refreshing in the sick room. A little may be placed in a saucer or sprinkler about near the bed, and a few drops in water used for bathing the head, face and hands.

JUST TAKE THE CAKE

of SURPRISE SOAP and use it, or have it used on wash day without boiling or scalding the clothes.

Mark how white and clean it makes them. How little hard work there is about the wash. How white and smooth it leaves the hands.

YOU'LL ALWAYS HAVE A CAKE.



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and desire a speedy cure, see that you

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the genuine

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as pictured above, and do not allow your dealer to sell you something else, simply because he would make more money.

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The box and bottle that you buy are over one-half larger than above cut.

Our Boys and Girls.

Neddy's Long Word.

"REMEMBER, Neddy," said mamma, one day, "always to accommodate every one that you can."

"Yes'm," answered Neddy, heartily, "I will." And mamma felt sure he would, because Neddy is one of the very best boys to remember things you ever saw.

The next day Mrs. Camp called to him as he was running down the street with his new sled flying along behind him.

"Neddy, Neddy! come here a minute, won't you?" Neddy heard her and stopped, though he didn't much want to. He was going over on the Wilson hill coasting, and was in a great hurry; but he went up to the door where Mrs. Camp was standing, and pulled off his cap with a polite little bow, which pleased the lady very much.

"Will you run down to the store for me dear?" she asked. "I want a spool of twist, and I have no one to send."

"Neddy's eyes clouded up the least bit in the world, but Mrs. Camp was looking in her purse for the right change, and didn't notice; and before she found it the bright sun of good-nature was shining again in Neddy's eyes, and he answered, "Yes'm," as cheerfully as could be.

"It didn't take long, after all. The store was not a great way off, and there was no other customer; and Neddy, in less than five minutes, was back again with the spool of twist.

"Thank you," said Mrs. Camp, smiling at him. Then she took a bright, new dime from her purse. "Here is something for you to buy peanuts with," said she, kindly, "and I'm very much obliged besides."

But Neddy shook his head at the dime, though he liked peanuts almost as well as maple sugar, which is saying a good deal.

"You're welcome as can be," said he, "but I can't take pay for going, Mrs. Camp, 'cause you know, mamma tells me always to a-boninate every one I can!"

Didn't Mrs. Camp laugh! She couldn't help it, though she tried so hard that she choked, and frightened Neddy, who could not think what the trouble was.

"Bless your dear heart!" said she, as soon as she could speak. And then she went to the corner closet and took out a little pyramid of maple sugar—more than Neddy could have bought at the store with two dimes. "There," said she, "I know you like sap sugar, don't you? And this isn't pay—it's a present."

"Oh, thank you," cried Neddy, eagerly. "I'll go right home and show it to mamma!"

So he did; and Mrs. Camp sat down by her window and laughed and laughed.

"Bless his dear little manly heart!" said she.

Good Enough.

NOTHING is good enough that is not as good as it can be made. The verdict "good enough," says a well-known writer, which in boyhood passes the defective task, will become "had enough," when the habit of inaccuracy has spread itself over the life.

"You have planned that board well, have you, Frank?" asked a carpenter on an apprentice.

"Oh, it will do," replied the boy. "It need not be to very well planned for the use to be made of it. Nobody will see it."

"It will not do if it is not planned as neatly and as smoothly as possible," replied the carpenter, who had the reputation of being the best and most conscientious workman in the city.

"I suppose I could make it smoother," said the boy.

"Then do it. 'Good enough' has but one meaning in my shop, and that is 'perfect.' If a thing is not perfect, it is not good enough for me."

"You haven't made things look very neat and orderly here in the back part of the store," said a merchant to a young clerk.

"Well, I thought it was good enough for back there where things cannot be seen very plainly, and where customers seldom go."

"That won't do," said the merchant sharply, and then added, in a kinder tone, "You must get ideas of that kind out of your head, my boy, if you hope to succeed in life. That kind of 'good enough' isn't much better than 'bad enough.'"

The old adage, "What is worth doing at all is worth doing well," is as true now as it was when first spoken, and it will always be true.

Customs of Easter.

AN Easter represents a new birth into the best life of all. It is easily seen how the pagan idea that the egg was the beginning of all kinds of life should become purified in the minds of the typical offering of good wishes and emblematic of pleasant hopes between believers in the glad Easter Day. The egg in some form or other has been the unquestioned type of new life from the very dawn of the Christian era.

In Russia as early as 1580, eggs colored red, typifying the blood of Christ shed as an atonement for our sins, were the most treasured of exchanges at Easter. Every believer went abroad at this season with his pockets well supplied with Easter eggs, as the society man of to-day attends to his well-filled card case. When two Russians met for the first time during the Easter holidays, if they had not met on the day itself, the belated Easter compliments were passed, first by solemnly shaking hands in silence; then the elder (or the younger, if he out-ranked the elder) would say: "The Lord is risen," and his companion would reply: "It is true." Then they kissed each other and ceremoniously drew from their respective pockets the Easter emblem, and exchanged eggs.

The Chinese claim that the world was formed of two parts of an enormous egg. From the yolk of the egg stepped forth the human being whom they call Poon-too-Wong; he then waved his hand and the upper half of his late castle, the egg shell, went upward and became the concave heavens of blue, the lower half fell reversed, making the convex earth, and the white albumen became the sea.

The Syrians believe also that the gods from whom they claim descent were hatched from mysteriously laid eggs. Hence we infer that our present custom of offering the Easter egg emblem has the heathen legends for its origin; in fact, all our most precious festivals come down from similar sources, but purified with the light of Christianity.

Judge Not.

HOW often we misjudge people's motives; and that, sometimes, because we see at the moment but part of what they are about. If we knew the whole of a matter our opinions would often be greatly changed. Amongst the lots put up at an auction was one, "a pretty pair of crutches." In the crowd was a poor crippled boy, and the crutches were just the thing for him. He was the first to bid for them.

An elderly, well-dressed man bid against him. There were cries of "Shame, shame!" in the crowd. The boy bid again, and so did the old gentleman. The boy bid all he had, but the old gentleman out-bid him once more, and the poor little lad turned away with tears in his eyes. The crutches were knocked down to the elderly man, who, to the great surprise of all, took them to the poor little cripple and made him a present of them. The crowd was now as enthusiastic in their praise as they had just been with their abuse, but the old gentleman heard nothing of it. He had disappeared even before the little boy could thank him. To judge by a part is often to misjudge the whole.

Sun and Moon.

THE most touching of all folklore stories may be found in Charles F. Lummis' "Pueblo Folklore."

It is one of the many myths of the moon and beautifully conceived. The sun is the Allfather, the moon the Allmother, and both shine with equal light in the heavens. But the Trues, the superior divinities, find that man, the animals, the flowers, weary of a constant day. They agree to put out the Allfather's, or sun's eyes. The Allmother—the moon—offers herself as a sacrifice. "Blind me," she says, "and leave my husband's eyes." The Trues say, "It is good, my woman." They accept the sacrifice and take away one of the Allmother's eyes. Hence the moon is less brilliant than the sun. The man finds rest at night, and the flowers sleep.

In Mrs. Leiber Cohen's translation of Sacher Masoch's "Jewish Tales" there is a variant of the sun and moon story derived from the Talmud. Briefly told, the sun and moon were equally luminous. It is the moon who wants to be more brilliant than the sun. Deity is angered at her demands. Her light is lessened. "The moon grew pale. Then God pitied her and gave her the stars for companions."

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Civilized Heathen.

SOLACE.

YEAR after year we come around to the Easter-tide with its especial services, music, flowers and chimes. All these things appeal to us in a way, but do we grasp the central thought in its true significance—that the flowers and music are but the wrappings and garments that clothe the thought of a living and present Christ?

If we have not the right spirit within us, our religion becomes only a thing of the emotions. If the hymns and sermons appeal only to our sense; if we are moved to tears by some touching story, but, when the "amen" is said we give our minds wholly to worldly schemes again, going on in the old track of selfish pleasure, we have not yet grasped that truth.

Christianity binds two things closely together—knowing the truth and acting the truth; and if feeling be aroused without passing into duty, our characters become artificial and insincere, and we are not Christians but "civilized heathen."

There are persons who, while they do not actually do that which is wrong in the eye of the law, do not make any effort to seek that which is good. Their aims, ambitions and desires are all for this world; to its conventionalities they cling, and by these adjust their standard of right and wrong. Having made up their minds what sort of a life it will be convenient, sensible and sociable for them to lead, they quietly follow it out, little realizing that they are living entirely for purposes lower than those for which their Maker intended them. They would be astonished at being called heathen, yet it is such lives that are responsible for much of the skepticism of the day. This negative condition of things gives the world its power over men. It sees them trying to argue backward, preaching one thing and practising the opposite, and decides that religion is a form that it can do without.

The atheist is not only he who boasts of his unbelief, but everyone who lives without Christ. One may have all the "outward and visible signs" of religion, but, without the "inward and spiritual grace," he is still a heathen.

Let us remember, at this Easter time, that the all-important question as to how much of a living Christ we have comes down to the question of how much love have we for those whom Christ loved; and so it becomes a question that reaches outside of ourselves, and we must learn to look out upon the world in a spirit of love and helpfulness as well as to look in upon our own souls, as we strive for less worldliness and more manliness, less show and more substance, less luxury and more peace, less vanity and more real worth, if we would have our lives rise above the changes of fortune and our homes rest upon the "rock unchangeable" with living waters in its clefts.

The Possibilities of Babyhood.

A BABY'S accomplishments are as varied as they are numerous. It can keep a household in turmoil all day and in consternation all night, with a provoking self-consciousness that it didn't half try. It has a wonderful faculty of sleeping in the daytime when it ought to be awake, and of being awake in the night when it ought to be asleep. It can wear out a pair of shoes in twenty-four hours and a mother's patience in one.

It can beat the girl breaking dishes by two or three laps, and needn't get out of its mother's lap to do it. It is large enough to occupy the whole of the bed at once, and yet small enough to fall into the coal-scuttle, selecting the time for the feast just when its mother has put on a white, newly-dressed gown.

It will yell like a wild Indian if a pin merely touches its anatomy, and yet it will fall down a flight of stairs and enjoy the bumps and tumbles.

It can be sweet, patient, serene, when alone; yet when trotted out for exhibition, will show much of its mother's temper and all of its father's depravity.

There is a possibility of his having the mumps, chicken-pox, scarlet fever, and measles; of his being good, dying young, and becoming an angel; or of living long enough to become bald-headed and useless. There is a possibility of his becoming Lord Mayor, or something else—more likely the latter. If a girl, she may marry an Italian count, who'll count her out in his various schemes for squandering her fortune.

The boy baby may make a fortune as an inventor, and then lose it by starting a newspaper. He may be nothing but a poorly-clad clergyman at \$500 a year, or rise to the enviable distinction of a fashionable jockey at \$15,000. These are some of the possibilities of a baby.

Windsor Salt, purest and best.



One gentleman was called upon, who arose and said:—

"Ladies and gentlemen, I am heart and soul in this cause, and feel that it will be a great benefit to the people of this place —"

"Thank Heaven for that!" yelled the deacon.

"But, ladies and gentlemen," he continued, "I am going to say that it will be impossible for me to address you this evening —"

"Thank Heaven for that!" said the absent-minded deacon.

And then the chairman took him out of doors and had two men to sit on him.

Mrs. Potts: "Just to think of you talking to me in such a style!—you who used to swear I was an angel!"

Mr. Potts: "Look here my dear, that isn't fair; you know it isn't. What is the use of twitting a man about the lies he told fifteen years ago?"

THAT NEW SLEEVE.—"How are Miss La Mode and you getting along, Charlie?" asked Jack the other evening.

"I have given up going there."

"Why?"

"Oh, she's so puffed up I can't get near her."

Mr. O'Flaherty undertook to tell how many there were at a party as follows:—

"The two Crogons was one, meself was two, Mike Finn was three, and—and who the deuce was four? Let me see (counting his fingers), the two Crogons was one, Mike Finn was two, meself was three, and, bedad, there was four of us, but Saint Patrick couldn't tell the name of the other. Now, it's meself has it! Mike Finn was one, the two Crogons was two, meself was three, and—and, by my faith, I think there was but three of us after all."

A Scotch divine once took into the pulpit a sermon without observing that the first leaf or two were so worn and eaten away that he could not decipher or announce the text.

"My brethren," said he, "I find that the mice have made free with the beginning of my sermon, so that I cannot tell you where the text is; but we'll just begin where the mice have left off, and we'll find out the text as we go along."

Jennie: "I hear that you are going to become a lecturer."

Minnie: "The idea! I am engaged to be married."

"Well, I knew it was something of the sort," returned Jennie.

KANSAS REPARTÉE.—"Did you fall?" said a man, rushing to the rescue of a woman who slipped on the icy pavement this morning.

"Oh, no," she said. "I just sat down to see if I could find any four-leaf clovers!"

First Village Maid: "Do you know the new curate has arrived?"

Second Village Maid: "Yes, indeed I do. I saw him get out of the train, and followed him home from the station; and what do you think? When he stepped in the mud I saw that horrid Miss Snitkins whip out a string and take the measure of his foot-mark; and I hear that the mean cat has already set to work making him a pair of embroidered slippers."

Thomas (a lover): "I suppose, Susie, that there comes to every woman, sooner or later, an irresistible yearning to lay her head upon some strong man's shoulder and give vent to the out-pourings of a full heart?"

Susie (timidly): "Yes, Thomas."

Thomas: "Well, Susie, if you feel that way, my shoulder is at your disposal."

"Young gentlemen, do not get into the habit of betting," said a professor to the class. "No kind of bet is excusable; in fact, every bet is a sin as well as a mark of vulgarity. Have nothing to do, young gentlemen, with a bet of any kind."

"That, I suppose, puts a finisher upon our dear friend the alphabet," exclaimed one of the students. The professor smiled blandly upon the young man, and gave him fifty extra lines of Greek.

DURING the session of a temperance meeting in a country town, one of the persons who occupied the platform was an enthusiastic deacon who frequently interrupted the speakers by yelling—

"Thank Heaven for that!"

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