

# Our Home

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25 Cents a Year.

## A WESTERN MEMBER.



**A** LUXURIOUSLY-LINED carriage, fragrant with the perfume of tea-roses.

In the darkness of the night their sweetness seemed more penetrating, more intense.

Louise Standish reveled in this delicious sweetness, as she did in luxurious surroundings, leaning back easily against the soft, dull red cushions, wrapped in her clinging, fur-lined silk cloak; the prettiest bonnet imaginable on her small, shapely head; on her slender white hands long, wrinkled "mousquetaires;" her slender little feet well-shod; her graceful young figure shown to charming advantage in an artistically-fitting dress of rich material, brilliant with long-flashing fringes of jet.

How very different life was now from what it had been! How changed everything—even Washington itself—seemed! Could this be the same place she had fairly hated only a few months ago? She felt like one in a dream, and was afraid of waking. She glanced up at her husband, a broad-shouldered, fine-looking man, to re-assure herself—to make certain it was really all true.

"Oh, Gilbert!" she cried, all of a sudden, sitting quite erect now, and slipping one daintily-gloved hand in his. "Oh, Gilbert, I am so very, very happy. I am afraid it can't last!"

Mr. Standish pinched the small hand in his slightly—caressingly.

"What makes you so very, very happy?" he said, smilingly.

"Of course you do!" Louise stated promptly, and recklessly leaning the pretty bonnet against the broad shoulders.

"I am very glad if I do."

"Of course you do, and you know it! Then our wedding-trip; our pretty rooms at the hotel; the hotel-life itself—oh, all this is delightful! Do you know, Gilbert, I am beginning to forget almost that I ever was in that dreadful Treasury?"

"And I want you to forget it," said Gilbert Standish, tenderly.

"I wonder how people can forget some things so easily," observed Mrs. Standish, thoughtfully. "My ten years of 'office' life seem like a dream now. I know no other but this happy one with you, and—the old, old pleasant life with father, long ago! Isn't it strange—isn't it fortunate that we can forget, sometimes?"

Tears almost shone in Louise's eyes; she buried her face in the tea-roses fastened in her dress and was silent for some little time.

All her old life came rushing back to her as they were whirled down the wide, smooth "Avenue," past the great white building she was so thankful to escape. She felt as though she must get out, and climb those endless granite steps from sheer force of habit.

Had she not done so day after day for ten years? She had belonged to that numerous class in Washington who had "seen better days"—it was such a numerous class that it almost became pathetic, one was apt to think! In her early life, when quiet young—just as her girlhood was dawning—her father (all she had in the world) had failed financially, and soon after died, and she had been left alone to earn her

livelihood, as best she might. Some kind friend in power, a college colleague of her father's, had taken compassion on her loneliness and helplessness, and had procured her a position in one of the government departments in Washington.

She had been very thankful for this, and had left the little New England home among the sheltering blue hills rejoicingly.

She was to be independent of her friends, at any rate—that was a great comfort. These friends, somehow, had not been quite so cordial since her father's failure and death.

So she came to Washington and took a small room, high up in a tall, cheerless boarding-house.

How people had stared at her the first day, when she came down to the great long dining-room at dinner! She had looked so young—so frail and white in her heavy mourning; she had hardly seemed fitted to battle with the world.

But she had managed to take care of herself these ten years (it seemed more like twenty!) and she was not a little proud of it. Somehow, though, she felt she had never had any girlhood—it seemed buried—lost in that great white building!

The work had not been so hard nor the hours so long—people who lived away from Washington or who were not in "office," she found, thought the hours from nine to four very short—but to her they seemed interminable. Perhaps that was because she was not very strong, however; and it was the confinement in the close, furnace-heated atmosphere more than anything else. How glad she was when any holiday came, and her month's "leave" in the summer—ah, how she looked forward to it!

She always went north—she felt the need of the northern bracing air—and once she went back to the little quiet town of her birthplace. The old house with its sloping moss-grown roof, and honeysuckle-covered porch, its pretty wild garden, had been sold—had passed into the hands of strangers—so she had stopped at the rambling town hotel; but it had been a comfort to be even that near home. In the sweet, still dusk she used to walk by the old place. No one could see her then, and she would lean against the white, somewhat tumble-down fence, and smell the flowers. Even this did her good. Then, before the scorching summer was over, while the fierce heat was still raging, she would come back, her vacation being at an end.

How she hated the very sight of that glittering white dome, as the train ran slowly into the city, and the Capitol loomed up before her against the hot, blue sky!

The glaring brick pavements and concrete streets dazzled her, after the green fields and blue hills, and made her eyes ache; in the still, hot air stifled her, and the Treasury seemed like a huge vault. The people she had constantly to meet in "office," jarred on her—there were but few who were congenial—the work became more tiresome, more monotonous, the confinement less endurable. Sometimes she would almost think she would not take any "leave"—the coming back was so dreadful.

It was very nice to be able to earn seventy-five dollars a month—it was better pay than she could get by doing anything else, she knew—but she could not help thinking now and then how different her life would have been if her father had only lived.

She was thinking of this rather sadly one chill December afternoon, as she walked through the falling snow home. The ground was already white, and the "Avenue" thronged with sleighs, for sleighing in Washington was a somewhat rare enjoyment, and people were quick to take advantage of it.

Next week would be Christmas, Louise remembered with a painful start. How she wished it might never come! It was such a sad day now.

She remembered with a pang what a happy day it had been, and tears came crowding to her eyes. The little parlor, hung with evergreens, and lit with the leaping, crackling wood-fire; the old piano on which lay the Christmas presents—her father's and hers—covered mysteriously with a snowy sheet, rose vividly before her.

So dim were her eyes that on reaching the boarding-house she almost stumbled up the snow-covered steps, and would have fallen had not some one coming down kindly grasped her hand and steadied her.

"Thank you!" she managed to say, a little breathlessly, and clinging to the cold iron railing.

A tall, good-looking man, well protected from the storm by a heavy overcoat, raised his hat and passed on.

That evening at dinner, Louise was asked if she had not seen the new member from Colorado, and the Hon. Gilbert Standish was pointed out to her as he sat drinking his coffee and finishing his dessert at the next table.

The young girl instantly recognized him as the gentleman who had rendered her such efficient and kindly aid on the steps.

The following day, Miss Triplett, the somewhat faded blonde maiden lady with whom Louise boarded, moved Mr. Standish's seat—she being something of a match-maker in her way—to one at the same table with, and next Miss Louise Arden.

They met frequently after this; not only at the table, but in the parlor, where every evening Miss Triplett's boarders congregated to exchange common-places, and have a "little music"—a very little music, in reality, for Miss Triplett's numerous boarders were not possessed of the most musical or cultivated voices.

One night Mr. Standish asked Miss Arden if she would not sing for them. "You look as though you could sing," he said, smilingly.

Somehow, Louise felt in the mood for singing that evening, and so, much to the surprise of many in the room, for she had rarely ever touched the yellow-keyed piano during her stay in the house, she rose, and crossed over to the instrument.

In spite of the want of practice, her fingers were still limber, her voice still very sweet and clear, and not untrained. In her youth—in those "better days," she had studied under a good teacher.

The new member listened attentively. The simple, pathetic ballad touched him, somehow, inexpressibly—he could hear every word she sang; a somewhat rare quality in most singers; and the sentiment of the song was very pretty.

After that, in answer to the little storm of applause she received, she sang Ardit's gay Italian waltz-song, full of delicious, sparkling little runs, and quite artistic in its way.

This captivated the parlor; Miss Triplett's boarders crowded around the singer, praising, and at the same time chiding her for not having shown her capabilities before, and Gilbert Standish came and led her back from the piano, as if she had indeed been some famous concert queen, or cantatrice.

Louise's cheeks glowed—it always brought the color to her cheeks, the light to her eyes, to sing—and Standish could not help thinking how very pretty she was—a little color was all she needed; and she was ordinarily so pale.

After this, Standish frequently got her to sing for

him, and one day after she had sung several pieces for him, and for him alone, the previous evening, he sent her a very lovely basket of flowers from the Botanical Gardens.

It was true this little courtesy cost him nothing, he being a member of Congress, but Miss Arden appreciated the attention, nevertheless.

She went once or twice to hear him speak on the floor of the House, and his rough, Western eloquence, quite carried her away. She remembered his kindling eyes, his quivering lips, as he warmed to his subject, for some time afterward.

They had known each other several months—it had been a long session of Congress that year—when one clear, still spring day he ventured to ask her to drive with him.

"I will ask Miss Triplett, too," he said, smiling, "so it will be quite proper, you see, and I think the fresh air and sunshine will do you good—you look as though you needed more of it," he added gently.

When the low, two-seated phaeton rolled away from in front of the boarding-house, with Miss Triplett and her sister, a spinster like herself, occupying the back seat, and the handsome member of Congress and Miss Arden on the front, there was considerable comment among the boarders in the tall, many-storied house, who witnessed the event.

Not a few decided in agreeing that Miss Arden was "designing," and a certain little widow, with rather pretty dark eyes, which she made even darker apparently by some mysterious process of coloring the lower lid, termed Louise's behavior "quite atrocious." Meanwhile, all unconscious of these criticisms, Miss Arden and Gilbert Standish were enjoying themselves exceedingly.

The air was very sweet; the sunlight a soft, pale yellow; the fresh, young leaves on the trees a most exquisite green. When they reached "Soldier's Home," which was the favorite afternoon drive, it was nearly sunset.

All through the woods the dogwood was in bloom, and the pure white blossoms looked like newly-fallen snow amidst the intense greenness of the spring foliage.

Tiny, pale blue anemones were springing up everywhere, and the myrtle was in bloom. Away in the distance shone the Potomac, framed in by the low Maryland and Virginia hills and reflecting the crimson sunset tints.

The little lake in the centre of the grounds also showed the exquisite colors in its glassy surface, and across it came drifting slowly toward them a few stately white swans. The old "Home," itself, looked very pretty in the waning, evening light, and in front of it, on the smooth lawn, under the branching trees were scattered the soldiers—some of them cripples—smoking and chatting together. It was quite dark when they turned to come back, and the stars were thick in the sky.

"Have you enjoyed it? Has it done you good?" asked Standish, eagerly, as they drove down the pretty, shelled Lover's Lane, leading from the grounds.

"I feel like another creature!" responded Miss Arden, joyously; "I sha'n't mind working tomorrow."

"I wish you did not have to work," observed the member, gravely.

"Oh, it isn't the work so much!" cried Louise. "No; I understand. It is the confinement which is telling on you. How I would like to have you get a breath of the 'Rockies,' once! They would make you indeed like another creature—no more pale cheeks or heavy eyes out there!"

"You are fond of the West?"

"Well, yes—I am. You might not like it; it's a rough country, you know. Terribly cold in winter; not very warm even in summer; no trees—nothing but the plains, foothills, and mountains. Do you think you could stand it?"

The young girl smiled.

"You don't give a very inviting picture of it," she said.

"I want to give a true one. I would like you to see it as it really is, not as newspapers and newspaper correspondents describe it. If you believed them you would think the West was a sort of second paradise?"

"And it is not?"

"Far from it; but I wish I knew if you could ever be contented out there?" Mr. Standish said, somewhat abstractly, and letting the reins lie loosely in his hands.

Miss Arden started a little.

They had been driving rapidly, and were coming into the city limits now, and lights were gleaming all about them.

Suddenly, over the smooth concrete a bicycle, with its bright red lamp lit, came running noiselessly toward them.

The horses shied fearfully, and before Mr. Standish could regain tight possession of the reins, were dashed frantically down the street.

"Don't be frightened!" he managed to say to

Louise. The two ladies in the seat behind him were uttering a series of little shrieks. The young girl felt herself very much like screaming; she feared every moment the carriage would be overturned; but she kept quiet, and tried not to be frightened as he said. How they were whirled along! The speed was something terrific—houses, street-lamps, everything flying past them.

Louise grew a little dizzy, her hand clinging to the side of the phaeton rather numb. In a few minutes it would all be over, she thought. She closed her eyes with a little quiver, gasping breath, and—waited. Another instant, another final strong wrench, and the frightened horses were controlled and brought to a stand-still.

The reins had cut deep, ugly, red lines in Standish's hands; he was very pale—almost as pale as the young girl at his side—but they were safe!

"Louise!" he said, "Louise!"

His eyes were shining, his left hand closed quickly over hers, while his right still firmly grasped the reins. A little, beseeching cry came from Miss Triplett.

"O, Mr. Standish, please take us home right away—my poor sister has fainted!"

The maiden lady's thin, high-pitched voice was tremulous and hoarse from fright, and Standish took compassion on her, and drove quickly to the house.

As he lifted Louise tenderly out, however, he managed to say in a low tone, "I want you to walk with me to-morrow evening—I have something to say to you."

Then he turned to Miss Triplett's sister, who was recovering somewhat by this time, and picking the little spinster up in his strong arms carried her up the steps and into the house.

A boy was standing at the horses' heads, but although they were covered with foam and breathing heavily, they looked as innocently meek as though they had never run away in their lives.

The next evening Miss Arden consented to go with Mr. Standish to one of the pretty parks near by to enjoy the faint new moonlight, and this time Miss Triplett did not enquire them, and the little dark-eyed widow tossed her small head more disdainfully and significantly than ever.

They wandered slowly up "K" street, until they came to Franklin Square. How very pretty it looked in the pale moonlight! The little fountain was splashing away amidst the flowers, the newly-leaved trees casting dense black shadows on the smooth grass.

Standish led Louise to a seat in view of the fountain, but on one of the side paths, and near a blossoming magnolia tree.

The fragrance of the great white flowers reached them.

"This is very pleasant," said Standish.

"Yes, is it not?"

"I shall think of it when I'm out on those barren plains many a time."

"Don't you wish you could carry these lovely trees with you?"

"There is something I should like to carry with me better than the trees," said Gilbert Standish, suddenly, turning away from the little glittering fountain, and confronting the young girl with an eager, earnest face.

"Louise!" he went on quickly, his voice quite thrilling her with its intensity, "Louise would you ever be willing to go out to that desolate country with me? It is you I want, Louise—you are the 'something' I want to carry with me!"

"You do not need me—you have so much in your life," faltered the young girl, her cheeks flushing and paling, her eyes bent unseeingly on the fountain.

"I do need you! I love you! Somehow I never thought I should love—I used to laugh at the boys when they talked about loving; you see, we haven't much time for love out West! And I just gave my life and my heart and soul to politics, and my life has been such a busy one up to now, that somehow I didn't miss the love; but since I have met you, Louise, I do miss it, and I want it, and I want—yours!"

Splash, splash went the little fountain; the new moon hid itself under a soft, white cloud for a moment, and all was very still, save for the sound of the falling water.

Standish had Louise's small, cold, trembling hand in his by this time, and in the brief hiding of the moon, he stooped and kissed the pretty flushed cheek so near him.

"Am I to have it," he said, softly. She seemed to understand him, for she said very faintly, but still audibly—"You already have it."

The new moon was getting low in the west; the streets were dim and shadowy—it must have been nearly ten—when they walked slowly home.

The widow saw them from behind the curtains in her room window, and told herself decidedly, "that if Miss Arden was not engaged to that member of Congress, she ought to be!"

But, fortunately, Miss Arden was engaged. And the following winter when Gilbert Standish returned to Washington, even before the reassembling of Con-

gress—so eager was he for his bride—Louise and he were married in pretty, quaint St. John's Church, where Washington had gone when President, and which had become quite the fashionable place of worship within the last few years.

Miss Triplett had cried at the wedding—the bride had looked so pretty in white, with her mourning laid aside—the groom so handsome! And then there had been a wedding journey North, during which the little home among the hills Louise loved so dearly, was visited, and the young Mrs. Standish, as a member of Congress' wife had received every attention.

Many who had failed to remember her and call upon her when she had come there as a clerk in one of the government departments and stopped humbly at the little town hotel, now rushed to see her, and told her "how well they recollected her poor, dear papa?" and "how often she had been in their minds!" Louise had smiled a little at this and enjoyed her triumph. Then her husband had brought her back to Washington and they had taken rooms at the Arlington.

These rooms were very pretty. They looked out on Lafayette Square with its bronze equestrian statue of Andrew Jackson, its great, branching elms, and smooth, green grass—green even in winter—and they gave a glimpse of the gleaming White House beyond.

Mrs. Standish's life was exceedingly pleasant—she was "very, very happy," as she had said—a little contented sigh escaped her, and she leaned back against the soft, dull red cushions of the carriage once more.

"You are awake, then?" said her husband, smiling. "You have been still so long, I thought you were asleep."

"Oh, I have been thinking!" cried Louise, letting her pretty eyes shine upon him.

A few minutes later they reached the theater. When they took the seats reserved for them in the orchestra there was quite a little stir about them. One did not often see so happy, so handsome looking a couple.

The dark-eyed widow from Miss Triplett's sat just above them, in the "dress circle;" she discovered them at once, and behind her black *crêpe*-trimmed fan whispered knowingly to her attendant, a blonde young patent-office clerk:

"Of course you know she never would have gotten him, if he had not been from the backwoods—a Western member!"

## Tune Party.

AN amusing entertainment for a company of young people gathered in a parlor is what is called a "tune party."

Each member of the company is supplied with a slip of paper, on which are twelve or more numbers, beginning at 1 and following in regular succession. Each player is also furnished with a pencil. A musical person must next be seated at the piano and supplied with a list bearing the same numbers as those furnished to the rest of the company, with the difference that opposite each number is the name of some tune made familiar by age or present popularity.

The person at the piano begins to play, giving enough of the first tune to insure its identification by the quick-witted, and then passes with swift modulation and without a pause to the tune whose name is placed opposite the second number, and so on until the list is completed.

The performer may be provided with the list long enough beforehand to allow him to plan the method of joining the tunes one to another, and so prevent hesitation at the time.

The listeners must keep their ears well sharpened and quickly write the name of each tune opposite its number as it is played. The player whose list is most nearly complete and has the fewest mistakes gains a prize.

Simple as this may appear, it is surprising to find how the name of a familiar melody eludes the grasp of recollection and cannot be caught before it has faded away into the notes of the next on the list. Most ludicrous mistakes are made, and "Auld Lang Syne" and the "Last Rose of Summer" have been assigned to wrong places on the lists of old-time singers in perfect good faith.

In one summer boarding house where there was no good piano, this game was played with great success on rainy evenings, the piano being supplanted by the sweet voice of one of the guests, who sang snatches of the appointed melodies and wove them into one another in such a skillful way as to elicit great enthusiasm and puzzle her hearers quite as well as the piano would have done.

Friend: "I suppose you grieve very much over the death of your husband?"

Mrs. Snows: "Indeed I do. If I had utilized before he died the tears I've shed since, I'd have half-a-dozen more dresses than I've got now."

# TREASURE TROVE.

MY OWN DEAR DICK.

Your last long and interesting letter did reach us. Being such a doubt about getting our letters, I will merely write to the point to-day. Do not worry, darling, if you do not succeed. What do I care for poverty with you by my side? What I would give to see you at this moment. Do not trust that Spaniard. Remember, gold or no, I long to have you back some where near me.

LINDAU, Bavaria.

Your loving mother.

M. YORK.

**S**UCH was the welcome missive a young man turned fevered over in his hands as he lay on a bed of sickness. After painfully mastering its contents, tears dropped from his closed eyelids—tears of bitterness and regret, wrung from him in his weakness.

"My own Mater! I will arise—arise and go—"

Then, strange to say, a deep and health-bringing sleep surprised him, lasting many hours; and the stars were fading in the faint dawn of returning day when he awoke.

A year previously, Dick York had come to California to seek his fortune by "gold-digging." His father, passing for a wealthy man, died, leaving his debts to be paid, which burdened Dick promptly assumed. Mrs. York and her little daughter Vera went to a remote village in Bavaria, where with economy they could at least live. Dick had intended entering a mercantile house in Munich, but there he met a Spaniard, Diego Composti, who was very friendly, and together they started for the gold fields, where wealth awaited the successful prospector.

Both men roughed it with the rest, and were pretty successful. The camp was full of lawless men; and one night, after six weeks of extraordinary success, Dick York was robbed of all his dust and nuggets, amounting to several thousand dollars.

Unable to right himself and doubting every one, Dick only remained long enough to secure a little gold; then he left the diggings at night, and tramped away into Southern California near the Gulf. He said nothing of his intention to Composti, for he had become as much of a ruffian as the other diggers; in fact he suspected him of robbing him.

Approaching a rocky part, and finding traces of gold, he set to work and dug himself a commodious room in a big sandstone rock, and then managed to scrape a little hoard of nuggets together, which he carefully hid.

One day a young Mexican, almost dead with hunger and evident ill-treatment, came to Dick's cave. He took him in and nursed him back to health, taking a fancy to the handsome stripling, whose name was Juan Mendosi. The boy repaid Dick's kindness by the active services he rendered him. He knew every inch of the country, could find his way anywhere, and proved himself trustworthy.

Having run short of all sorts of necessities, Dick entrusted a few ounces of gold to Juan, who started off for an encampment inland, where there was also a post office.

Dick was changed beyond recognition, being larger, browner, and tanned like a coffee bean. His face was covered with a golden beard, which, with his keen blue eyes, alone proclaimed his nationality. No one ever molested him. Occasionally a stray hunter might pass his way, but the coast was dangerous with swamps and quicksands.

One night, while Juan was away getting supplies, Dick awoke and heard groans outside his canvas door. He lighted a lamp, and going outside found a man lying on his face. Carrying him into the cave and doing what he could for him, he discovered it to be Diego Composti. Why was he there? Dick queried.

He was sick unto death, the man himself saying "swamp fever," and calling for quinine. During five days Dick did all he could for his quondam friend, who by that time had recognized Dick, and appeared grateful to him. He was so surprised at Dick's conduct that he confessed he had robbed him at the diggings; and then finding Dick still tended him as a brother, he told him he would leave him a fortune if he would seek for it.

Dick thought he was wandering, and seeing his end was approaching, tried to turn his thoughts heavenward; but Composti was restless, and desired his long boots to be brought. To humor him, Dick fetched them, and was told by Diego to cut open a certain part, when out fell a black packet. Eagerly grasping it, he asked Dick to let him die with it in his hand, and then he was to take it for himself; adding it was a clue to great wealth, and unable to use it himself, he left it to the only good man he had known. He made Dick promise that if any of the old miners ever came down after him not to divulge his having

died there. As Dick promised, Diego Composti fell back dead.

In the early dawn, Dick, although feeling strangely ill, dug a deep hole in some sandy soil, and with a few incoherent words of prayer, carried down the body and buried it. Stumbling confusedly back to the cave, he fell on his bed and knew no more until some cooling drink was given him by the faithful Juan, whom he managed to warn of the infection. Then he vaguely knew the lad was always by him, and was conscious of a bitter taste in his mouth. The crisis was passed, and as weak as an infant he had received his mother's letter, and then fallen asleep to recover rapidly.

Dick's health was returning, when one day, to his surprise, two miners, friends of Composti, *desperadoes*, made their appearance, never recognizing in the big, gaunt, bearded skeleton their former acquaintance. They inquired curiously after Composti; but Dick, remembering his promise, assured them no man had passed that way for months. They questioned Juan separately, and even then seemed disposed to push further south; but being warned of the many dangers of so doing, they unwillingly returned the way they came. Then Dick also remembered the packet Diego had requested him to take from his hand, and he had buried it with him; nor could he say whereabouts he was interred.

After the miners had been gone some time, Dick told Juan of his visitor and of his death. The lad then told his master how, on his return, finding a strange man's boots and clothes about, he had burned them; all, save the "amulet," which he hastened to place in Dick's wondering hand. It was indeed the packet Diego left to Dick; and biding Juan to secrecy, and promising him a large sum of money, he told what had passed between them.

On opening the slip of parchment it proved to be a sort of chart, the cardinal points being marked with tiny arrows all one way, and the words "plain," "rocks," "swamps," written on broader parts; at the edge was an arrow-marked tree with these words, "Twenty paces forward."

Dick asserted the treasure lay buried twenty paces before the arrow-marked tree, and as he loved puzzles, they arranged to lay in a supply of provisions and a Mexican mule and cart, and steadily hunt for the treasure.

In a few weeks they started, and were cheered to find they must be on the right track, as the ground was as described on the chart. At the swamp they tethered the mule and left the cart. It was a perilous spot, full of fever, poisonous plants and leeches; but Juan, keen hunter that he was, went straight on a trail and arrived at an arrow-marked tree.

"Now," cried Dick, "I'll count out the twenty paces," preparing to step out on to the shining plain of strange looking sand.

Juan's quick eye, however, noted an awful peril, and seizing Dick's arm, he yelled, "The shifting sands! the shifting sands!" while in a moment a chasm opened at their feet, and the apparently solid plain rose and fell like waves of the sea!

The travellers aghast stood looking at the phenomenon in silence, then threw plumps of wool and earth on to the plain, which instantly were sucked in; Juan had heard of those sands, he said. They rested on a fallen tree and were consulting, when Juan's quick eye caught sight of something, as the sand was again shifting. "See, signor, a chain!" he cried; and there, secured to the arrow-marked tree, was a shining chain.

Leaning down and plunging his arms beneath the perilous sand, Dick seized the chain, which with their united strength took several hours to pull in, although but a few feet in length. At last, almost in despair, and quite exhausted, both gave a final haul, and went over on their backs, landing a strange looking barrel at their sides safely.

In a few minutes they had rolled it on to firm ground and taken out the screws, and on lifting the top, could scarcely believe their eyes, when they found it was almost full of pearls of all sizes.

Dick knew their value better than Juan, though the lad said he had often heard from his relatives of the quantity of pearls to be found in the mouth of some rivers flowing into the Gulf; and years before many Mexicans had made their fortune by pearl-fishing. They emptied the little barrel of its treasures, using two sacks they had brought with them, and then returned the empty vessel and its chain to the omnivorous sand.

Dick never forgot that hissing sound which the treacherous sand made. Delighted at their success

they retraced their footsteps, reaching the edge of the swampland before night. The mule and cart were safe; and a few days more the men were at home with their treasure.

It did not take Dick York long to bring out his precious gold dust and nuggets, at which Juan's eyes glistened appreciatively, and to start toward civilization. In case of robbery, the pearls were hidden in the hay sacks; and in a few weeks they reached a place where they might consider all safe.

Juan, when pressed to say what he wanted, chose a farm in Virginia. Dick purchased a fine one, and left him a handsome balance in the bank, ere turning his honest face homeward.

Reaching New York he paused to write full details to his mother, enclosing her his photograph and such a cheque, the good lady no longer felt safe in primitive Lindau.

Mrs. York and Vera hastened to England, and secured a comfortable home to welcome Dick home to.

How happy they were! Dick paid all his father's debts, and the world saying he had made a great fortune at the gold diggings he was not surprised at the magnificent pearls Vera York wore at her first ball. Dick never forgot how he came to be so rich, and never let an opportunity slip of doing good; but in so unostentatious a manner he was always spoken of as "the oldest millionaire!"

## Mismated.

"I had a little husband, no bigger than my thumb; I put him in a quart pot, and there I hid him drum."

**Y**OU ought to be ashamed of yourself! What business had you to marry a little man like that? You must have known that he was not up to your ideal of manly stature, yet you deliberately married him! Don't begin to talk to me about fate! You could have controlled your destiny so far as to refuse to be united with a man of such small proportions. Therefore, I say, it was done deliberately. You didn't realize how small he was? Did you take pains to find out all you could about his character and disposition? Perhaps you rushed into matrimony from the foolish fear of being an old maid.

It was your own act, at any rate, and you ought to abide by the consequences.

Perhaps you were dazzled by some shining quality which you imagined he possessed. In the closer acquaintance of daily life you discover that he falls far short of your standard. Well, your first duty certainly is to hide his short comings from the eyes of others, as far as possible. The last thing you ought to do is to proclaim his faults. He is your husband and even if you cannot love, honor and obey him as you promised, you can at least appear to do so. Surely you can refrain from making him a laughing stock.

If he is no bigger than your thumb, you need not keep him under your thumb. You need not hide him drum for the amusement of yourself and your companions.

Ah, that association of ideas that your mention of the quart pot brings up! The unhappy husband and the quart pot. I presume it means the same thing as "in his cup." We have various names for the failing, and whether we speak of it lightly, seriously or with contempt, it conveys the same dreadful idea. You put him in a quart pot, or in other words drove him to seek to drown his woes.

I have your own word for it. You do not say he took to the quart pot, you assert the fact that you put him in it. Isn't that a terrible thing—driven to such a fate by you! By your reproaches and evident lack of esteem.

What of the qualities that won your heart? Were they entirely lacking—assumed merely? Was there not the least good in him which you might have fostered? When you found that you had to make allowances for him you should have done so graciously, and never, never have held him up to ridicule.

"As the husband is, the wife is." Remember that; and be assured that the world is very apt to judge of a woman by her estimate of her husband. The wife who speaks contemptuously of her husband is not wise. It does not raise her in the estimation of her hearers.

That may be a very old-fashioned opinion. I dare say it is, for my grandmother once gave utterance to it in the presence of my father, who was at the time so young that all he recollected of the conversation was that his mother was asked if she did not think a certain new acquaintance was a very pleasant person.

"I cannot think her a very desirable acquaintance, for she spoke very disparagingly of her husband." Which remark proves that my grandmother was a very sensible woman, who knew what she was talking about, it so exactly expresses the sentiments of

MISTRESS MARY, QUITE CONTRARY.

## Mark Twain.

A CHARACTER SKETCH BY A FRIEND.

IN *Harper's Monthly* Mr. Joseph H. Twichell gives a character sketch of the great American humorist, which is illustrated by a portrait as frontispiece and views of his house at Hartford. Mr. Twichell worships Mr. Clemens almost as much as Mrs. Clemens, and that is saying a very great deal. He begins well by telling a story of how one of the clerical guides through Chester Cathedral as long ago as 1882 delighted the hearts of some American tourists by telling them, in reply to the modest reply of theirs that they had no Chester Cathedral in America, "But you have things we have not." When asked to specify what things they have that we have not, the answer came pat, "Well, you have Mark Twain and *Harper's Magazine*."

No other literary man of his generation, says Mr. Twichell, has enjoyed such universal favor with readers of all ranks. His home in Hartford is naturally a kind of pilgrim shrine:

which he held until 1872. "The Innocents Abroad," was issued in 1869; in 1872 it had enjoyed a sale of 125,000 copies. In 1872 he left Buffalo and established himself at Hartford. It 1880 he was asked to write a series of articles for the *Atlantic Monthly*, and was on the point of declining, as he had no faintest idea of any practical subject. Just at this time, however, he had been talking about his experience on the Mississippi, whereupon his friend suggested he should write his life on the Mississippi, which he forthwith did.

### HIS WAY OF SAYING THINGS.

He married in 1870, and no more devoted couple ever existed. His father-in-law made him a present of his house, in connection with which Mr. Twichell tells the following story:—

"It was while this house was his home that, chancing to look one morning at the house opposite, into which a family had recently moved, he saw something that made him cross the street quickly and deliver this speech, in substance, to a group of the new neighbors seated on the verandah: 'My name is Clemens. My wife and I have been intending to call on you and make your acquaintance. We owe you an apology

that the story, "Personal Recollections of Jeanne d'Arc," which has been running in *Harper's*, was written by Mr. Clemens. No one would have guessed as much from internal evidence. He is positively devoted to cats, and he is very reluctant to allow the lash to be used even upon the slowest of nags.

### IN PRAISE OF HIS WIFE.

Of his wife he declares that the best thing that he ever did in his life was to fall in love with her. In 1885 he wrote the following tribute of praise:—

"The mother of my children adores them—there is no milder term for it—and they worship her; they even worship anything which the touch of her hand has made sacred. They know her for the best and truest friend they have ever had, or ever shall have; they know her for one who never did them a wrong, and cannot do them a wrong; who never told them a lie nor the shadow of one; who never deceived them by even an ambiguous gesture; who never gave them an unreasonable command, nor ever contented herself with anything short of a perfect obedience; who has always treated them as politely and consider-



SALLYPORT OF THE OLD FORT, ANNAPOLIS, N. S.

Not long since a caller of that class, a big, good-natured countryman—a butcher, as he introduced himself—after a few minutes' chat, asked—

"Now tell me for a fact, are you the one that wrote all them looks?"

"Truly I am," said Mark.

"Of course you are! Of course you are!" cried the honest fellow; "but, by George, I shouldn't think it from your looks!" Whereat Mark was hugely tickled.

### HIS EARLY ADVENTURES.

In 1861 Mark Twain was a pilot on the Mississippi river, a calling which he had pursued for the previous ten years. The outbreak of the war destroyed the Mississippi traffic, and Mark Twain regarded the event which drove him to literature as one of the greatest misfortunes. The first thing he wrote was "The Jumping Frog," a story based on fact. It was a story he used to tell, and when he wrote it out at the urgent request of a friend, he thought it looked so flat that he pigeon-holed it for some time, and no one was more surprised than he at the immense popularity it achieved as soon as it saw the light. After seven years roughing it in California, he came East and accepted the editorship of the *Buffalo Express*, a post

for not doing it before now. I beg your pardon for intruding on you in this informal manner and at this time of day, but your house is afire!"

That at this point the meeting suddenly adjourned it is unnecessary to state.

For another example of his humorous way of saying a serious thing: One Sunday, when he had happened specially to like the sermon he heard in church, he lingered at the door after service, waiting for the minister to come out, in order to give him a pleasant word; which he did in this fashion: "I mean no offense, but I feel obliged to tell you that the preaching this morning has been of a kind that I can spare. I go to church to pursue my own trains of thought. But to-day I couldn't do it. You have interfered with me. You have forced me to attend to you—and have lost me a whole half-hour. I beg that it may not occur again."

Mr. Clemens can read both French and German with ease, and speaks them both pretty well. It is interesting to know that he does not relish Dickens, neither does he enjoy Charles Lamb, but he has a great admiration of Browning. His particular hobby is history, particularly that of England and France in the Middle Ages. Mr. Twichell states definitely

ately as she would the best and oldest in the land, and has always required of them gentle speech and courteous conduct towards all, of whatsoever degree, with whom they chanced to come in contact; they know her for one whose promise, whether of reward or punishment, is gold, and always worth its face to the uttermost farthing. In a word, they know her, and I know her, for the best and dearest mother that lives—and by a long, long way the wisest."

And he concludes thus:—

"In all my life I have never made a single reference to my wife in print before, as far as I can remember, except once in the dedication of a book; and so, after these fifteen years of silence, perhaps I may unseal my lips this one time without impropriety or indelicacy. I will institute one other novelty. I will send this manuscript to the press without her knowledge, and without asking her to edit it. This will save it from getting edited into the stove."

To be happy is not only to be freed from the pains and diseases of the body, but from anxiety and vexation of spirit; not only to enjoy the pleasures of sense, but peace of conscience and tranquillity of mind.—*Tillotson*.

## HAGAR.

"I AM pleased to see you take my arrangements so calmly, Nita."

The speaker was an "eminently respectable" young man who moved in the best circles of society, and who had contrived to hide his jet follies (or vices) beneath a cloak of moral righteousness. The girl unto whom he spoke was standing with her face toward the distant hills, already tinged with the radiance of the setting sun; and gazing thus, musing o'er the sudden passing of her own brief happiness, she scarcely heeded him. She betrayed no sign of emotion, yet beneath that air of reserve, there lurked an anger too keen to find expression in mere words. Suddenly, this man whom she had deemed so loyal—whom she had entrusted with her honor, and her love—had told her "they must part"; that her fond dream of human joy must fade into a stern and loveless reality. She had borne it all in silence, until those last words; they seemed an insult to her courage, and so she turned to look into his cowardly face, the passion in her eyes told something of the pain she had borne so bravely; while her quivering lips and restless hands betrayed how deeply his cruelty wounded her loving heart. But the man was too eager to settle affairs; he had no time to notice these silent signs.

"I shall always feel interested in your future," he remarked, "and shall often recall with tenderness the happy days gone by."

There was a touch of sentiment savoring of regret in his words, as he glanced around the dainty drawing-room and then at the slim figure of the girl. She was holding a sleeping child in her arms, and he leaned forward to touch the little head caressingly; but, with a look of fear, she drew the child away, and crossing the room, bade him leave her.

Anxious to avoid a scene, he said "Good-night." She heard the door close, heard him pass with lingering steps down the narrow garden path and through the gate where she had so often waited for his coming; and not until then did the proud young spirit yield to the misery and despair that within the last few hours had come to her. It was an old story briefly told—a woman's trust—a man's betrayal.

She thought on the early days of their acquaintance. How keen her memory was! as if it were but yesterday those vows of love (so fondly, foolishly believed) had been spoken.

She thought of her lonely, friendless youth, and how changed everything seemed when this love came into her life. There had been no one to warn her of danger—no friend sufficiently interested to protect her from the snare set in her path.

She had never feared that this man, so generous, so trusted, would ever cast her adrift upon the mercy of a world whose verdict on erring women is terribly severe.

Not until *then* had she realized his duplicity, nor dreamed that she was but a toy to be thrown aside whenever a newer fancy captured his fickle heart.

Clasping her child more closely, she wondered whither to turn. A cheque lay on the table, left there in order to defray her pressing necessities. She looked at it contemptuously; then glanced around the room, so tastefully furnished, and decorated with many of those fanciful articles that women love.

All had been dear to her while he remained loyal; but now it seemed as though a gloom rested over everything, and she only longed to find some hiding place where *he* might never cross her path again.

Presently, in the quietude of the night, sleep came to her; and worn out with grief she rested for a while. But on the morrow the little home was closed. A dealer had despoiled it of its treasures, and Anita, with her boy, went forth, lonely and desolate, to mingle among strangers.

It was at the close of a sultry August day, and in that closely populated district of London, known as "Saffron Hill," groups of Italians were gathered about their doors, eager to catch the cooling breeze. One could scarcely wonder that, though tired with their days' wanderings, they lingered in the open air until past midnight; for surely it was better than crowding into the close, ill-ventilated rooms within.

But by degrees the groups dispersed, leaving only a solitary woman waiting for the return of her son. She was well known in that locality, and although born of Italian parents could speak English as correctly as her own language. She had lived among these foreigners until her parents died, when she had disappeared, only to return years later, as a widow with one little boy. Of the interval she would not speak; and telling her old neighbors that she had changed her name, she bade them call her Hagar. Her nature also seemed changed; no longer the bright, trusting girl, but a cold, stern woman, whose happiness was centred in her son. She had also forgotten the religious instructions of her youth, it appeared, for never under any pretext could she be

induced to enter the quaint Italian church so dear to the exiled sons and daughters of sunny Italy. She seemed to have lost faith in God and man.

At first this strange woman resented all friendly advances; but gradually this barrier of reserve was broken down, and by degrees small acts of kindness, such as the poor are wont to perform towards others unfortunate as themselves, won her confidence.

For some years she toiled hard to maintain herself and child; but in time there came a change, and it was clear to those who constantly associated with her that Hagar was falling into habits of dissipation—habits that left their traces in the coarse lines that marred the once daintily beautiful face. She grew restless while waiting there for her boy, for if there was a tender spot in her heart he had found it—the bright, daring lad, whose escapades were at once the admiration and the dread of all who knew him.

Impulsive and passionate as he was, Hagar passed many an anxious hour on his behalf, and if Chris happened to remain away later than usual, her mind was tortured with fear.

The pale gaslight threw long shadows along the pavement and one might creep along close to the houses without being perceived. Under this shelter the youth drew near, unseen, until he touched his mother's arm. In a moment his hand was over her lips to still the startled cry that rose. It was a token of danger near, and Hagar, hastily drawing him within, closed the door. The youth bade her find some money, as he was in danger of arrest.

"There was a row," he said; "a chap drew a knife on me."

A look of horror crept into his mother's eyes as she touched his sleeve and wrist hand—they were wet. In the dim light coming from the lamp outside, she could not discern that dark red stain, but her suspicions were keen.

"Is it blood?" she whispered, hoarsely. He nodded.

"The man! is he hurt?"

"Dead," replied Chris, sadly; "he roused the bad blood in me. God knows I didn't mean to hurt him—but think, mother, they're on my track—I've no time to lose—I must cut the country."

Her maternal instincts were aroused; and in the semi-gloom she arranged a disguise such as would hinder those who knew Chris best from recognizing him. He had been gone some time ere the officer knocked at her door, and with a calmness, such as easily deceived them, Hagar watched their search, even delaying them in various ways; and when they left the house she began to breathe more freely. But across the road someone was moving, the constables, already on the alert, surrounding the crouching figure.

There was a brief struggle, a cry of mingled fury and despair, then as the captured man was led away, Hagar, catching a glimpse of that white face, knew it was her son's. He had returned to watch for an opportunity to speak with his mother concerning something they had forgotten, and thus all chance of escape was lost; while, as she sat weeping until the morning dawned, Hagar knew that her boy was lost to her forever.

Who can measure the depths of a mother's love, bestowed without regard to worth; pure in its unselfishness, lasting and true?

Fallen and despised by the world, yet a fond mother, looking with eyes of changeful affection, fails to see her boy as others see him. Among all classes of society this love remains the same. The mother, whose wealth has been expended in unwearying efforts to save her erring son from the consequences of his crime, was not a shade more devoted than the wretched ill-clad woman who lingered one dark October night without the prison walls wherein her boy lay awaiting death. He was her only child—the one creature who could melt her half-frozen heart; yet he must die, so young, so dear to her.

Looking at the massive walls; she wondered did he sleep—the son whose gay, careless laugh never more would gladden her desolate home; whose cheery voice never again would utter that sweet word mother; for on the morrow he must pay the penalty of a moment's passion with his life. In that hour of despair, a thought came to her—a forlorn hope—and folding her shawl (already heavy with the falling mist) across her shoulders, she started westward.

Christopher Laing, Q. C., was in a restless mood that night. Thoughts of the young man so near to the mysteries of the other life vexed him strangely. That pale, brave young face, as it appeared in dock at the conclusion of his trial, when the solemn voice of the judge pronounced his doom, had won his pity; and he had wished—oh! how intensely—that the courageous youth had been his own. What joy he might have brought into that childless home, and under better influences how different the lad might have been reared.

Mr. Laing had endeavored to secure a commutation of the sentence, but in vain; the Home Secretary was inflexible, the law must take its course. There was a

rap at the door, followed by the announcement of a visitor—a woman poorly clad, and pale as if worn out with grief.

"You have exerted yourself to save my son!" she said. How sweet and low her voice sounded!

Mr. Laing rose from his chair to meet her. "Are you indeed the mother of that poor unfortunate boy?" he asked, Deane she did not reply he continued,

"I have done all in my power to save him, and regret to say have failed."

A shudder shook the woman's form; then she looked straight into his face. Of whom did those passionate black eyes remind him? Strange, that they should have power to disturb memories long buried in the past!

"Would some motive stronger than pity move you to make a final effort to save my boy?"

"What could be more powerful?" he asked kindly. Poor soul; she was very persistent, yet who could lose patience with her in that dark hour?

A flush stole over her pallid features lighting them into a strange beauty. She strove to speak, but her voice failed her, and leaning forward she covered her face with her hands and sobbed.

Becoming calmer, she raised her head; there were no tears on her face, her grief was beyond weeping.

"You have somewhat to tell me," Mr. Laing said. Then, for the first time he noticed a ring upon her thin hand—a ring of trifling value, that had been given by him long ago to one whom once he loved.

Those eyes, that ring, what secret of his past life did they disclose that the poor, broken voice refused to tell! His agitation equalled that of his visitor.

"Who is this boy?" he questioned, eagerly, half dreading her reply.

"Your son!" The words came slowly and distinctly.

He caught her hand—how cold it was, almost lifeless.

"And you are Anita?"

"She was standing now, her splendid eyes wild with entreaty. "Cannot you, his father, save my son?" she cried.

He shook his head despairingly. This terrible revelation, together with his remorse for the past, completely overmastered him. While he stood bewildered she passed silently from the room, and ere he could stay her had hurried out of sight.

Mr. Laing went from his home earlier than usual the next morning, and almost instinctively his steps turned toward the scene where lay the youth who once in the innocent days of infancy, had nestled in his arms. There was a crowd gathered around a flight of steps. Crossing the road he inquired the cause of the disturbance.

"Only a woman found dead, gov'nor—speets she was drunk and fell asleep last night," answered a coarse, hard-natured man, standing by.

Then the crowd parted and he caught a glimpse of the dead woman's face, while another woman touched the cold hand tenderly and said, "poor soul, she's spared further trouble—it's the mother of yon boy who is to die this morning," and, wiping away a tear, she sighed and whispered, "Poor Hagar."

Just at that moment there was a suppressed murmur from the crowd outside the prison gates, and looking up Mr. Laing beheld the black, mute emblem of death floating in the morning breeze, while all around the rough, toll-stained hands of the onlookers raised their hats reverently; and as the gentleman went on his way with that dread secret on his soul, he at last realized that "the way of transgressors is hard."

## A Hindoo Cow-Tracker.

BY far the most remarkable example of a keen sense on the man's part for the ways of man and beast is to be found in the cow-trackers of the Punjab. These men are largely employed by natives in cases of cattle theft.

To test a man's capabilities we had our cow led out of camp and brought back by a circuitous path. While she was away we told the cow-tracker we had lost trace of her, and that he must find her, while we followed to watch his mode of operation. It was extraordinary to hear him unfold the history of everything that had happened.

With bent head, half closed eyes, and unhesitating certainty, he traced faint marks in the sand that we could barely distinguish. He described the shape of the cow's feet, then he cried out that the man wore shoes that were patched in two places, that he had taken them off at this point, that he had a long, big toe and a flat foot, that he must be an old man, that he belonged to a certain caste accustomed to carry burdens, that going through this field of grain the cow had wished to eat, and had been dragged after the man and tied to a tree.

"Now," he chuckled to himself, "I could follow that cow to Lahore, and know her amongst a hundred." He was amusingly puzzled when it dawned on him that he had only to follow her back to her home in our camp, where she stood with her calf and her keeper, to verify every deduction he had made.

## OUR HOME

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C. M. JOHNSON, Business Manager.  
THOS. BRADY, Editor.

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In changing your Post Office address always send your old address as well as the new.

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If you do not receive your paper regularly, write us, and we will look into the matter at once.

Address all communications to  
OUR HOME, 200 Mountain Street, Montreal.

MONTREAL, JULY, 1896.

## "OUR HOME" UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT.

WITH this issue of OUR HOME, the present proprietors and publishers sever their connection with the paper.

For three and-a-half years there has existed a strong bond of interest and friendship between the publishers and a vast army of subscribers and friends that has never once been marred or disturbed in any way.

From the earliest days of OUR HOME up to the present, a host of warm friends have devoted time and energy in all sections of the Dominion to increase the circulation and extend the interests of the paper. Many have given us encouragement, and supplied us with ideas that tended in a large degree to our present success. Able pens and fertile brains were frequently at our disposal without remuneration, and contributed to the enjoyment of our readers.

Few family publications have ever met with such hearty support and generous treatment from the reading public as has been accorded to OUR HOME; and certainly no other paper can show such a record of success and prosperity.

While acknowledging our general debt of gratitude to our Canadian and American friends, we have to thank the ladies especially for their influence and kind work. They have built up OUR HOME, and will, we are certain, be its staunch supporters in the future.

In our hour of success and triumph, we are unfortunately, obliged to place our work in other hands, owing to the fact that our other departments of business claim our entire efforts and attention. Just here let us, with pleasure and satisfaction, introduce to our readers Mr. Watson Griffin, who will in the future direct the destinies of OUR HOME. Mr. Griffin is an able journalist and writer, having been for nearly ten years chief editor of the *Family Herald and Weekly Star*. Mr. Griffin is favorably known in the literary world, and we bespeak for him great success in his undertaking. His long experience in editing a paper which circulates everywhere throughout Canada and the United States has made him thoroughly acquainted with the feelings and the tastes of the people. His whole time, attention and energy will be devoted in the direction of making OUR HOME so bright, newsy and readable, that it will always be an indispensable

family friend. We trust our friends will give their support to Mr. Griffin as heartily as it was given to us in the past.

Mr. Griffin will carry out faithfully the obligations that we have assumed in the past to the public, and will have every issue sent out regularly and in good time.

We are quite sure that Mr. Griffin, as the new proprietor of OUR HOME, will be warmly received by brother journalists all over Canada and the United States, as he will add new lustre and honor to the profession of clean journalism.

While bidding our friends farewell, the editor, who feels keenly this severing of a strong and firmly cemented bond of friendship, would thank heartily his many friends and correspondents for favors received in the past. His correspondence and personal intercourse with writers for OUR HOME has been of such a pleasant character that it will be long remembered and cherished in the future.

## The New Proprietor to the Subscribers.

To the subscribers of OUR HOME, greeting:

THIS is your paper—yours and mine—and you will, no doubt, like to know what changes I propose to make in it. Beginning with the August number, the first under my direction, OUR HOME will be enlarged and improved. As everything in it will be worth keeping it will be changed to magazine shape, so that it will not only be convenient for keeping from month to month, but can be bound at the end of the year and placed on the bookshelf. With the increased size and other improvements the price will be raised to forty cents per year for new subscribers, but present subscribers will receive the magazine with all its improvements until their subscriptions expire without any additional payment.

When I first picked up this bright and interesting little paper and read it through, I knew at once, as a newspaper man, that the editor of it was in touch with his readers, but I had no idea that there were so many readers until the business manager showed me the subscription books and the great scrap-books full of letters from subscribers. To my surprise I found that this popular monthly had many thousands of regular subscribers throughout the Canadian Dominion, the Island of Newfoundland and in every State of the American Union. But numerous as the subscribers already are I will not be satisfied unless they are greatly multiplied. I want OUR HOME to be read in every home on the continent of North America, and I want the present subscribers to help me to make everybody read it. How you can do so, and how it will be to your advantage to do so, will be explained in future numbers.

In the meantime I want you to look out for the August number, read every line of it, and write to tell me what you think of it. I would like every one who reads it, whether a subscriber or not, to send me a letter or a postal card.

The address of the new office of publication of OUR HOME will be given in the August number. In the meantime all communications should be addressed to 200 Mountain street.

WATSON GRIFFIN.

## An Old Newspaper.

THE oldest newspaper in the world, the "Pekin Gazette," has been regularly published since A.D. 911. It has now three issues daily (not merely editions), with a circulation of 10,000. The contents are simply official information, Imperial decrees, and the like. There are six editors, so that there is ample reserve in case of absence of any of them for Government reasons. That this is not a needless precaution, in view of the strict watch kept on the paper may be understood when it is stated that during the 1,000 years or so the paper has been in existence seventeen of its editors have been beheaded.

## Which Glasses?

BLANCHE L. MACDONELL.

EACH individual carries his own light about with him, and each is permitted to choose the glasses which please him best, and upon that selection depends our individual point of view. Often the light burns but dimly; sometimes it is weird and fantastic, or yellow and sickly; occasionally it is high colored and passionate, yet it is through this medium that our opinions are formed and our actions influenced.

To a jaundiced eye all things are yellow. Want of exercise, bad circulation, the wind in the east, or a sluggish liver over-cloud all things; then our views never err on the side of leniency. The fog of the deepest, darkest depression has a silver lining which will eventually peep out; when the buoyancy of health tingles in the veins all things will again assume a favorable aspect. Looked at in one light a picture may appear a meaningless daub, without beauty of form or coloring; regarded from another side we appreciate the perfection of every detail and readily recognize its excellence. Turner painted gorgeous skies, and critics insisted that no such tints existed, yet genius taught the artist to see the scene as he represented it. If "the times are *always* out of joint" may there not be something wrong in our own way of seeing them.

No two people see the same object precisely alike. Temperament, environment, acquired taste, and inherited tradition all combine to color our glasses. In a sense, things are exactly what they seem to us, not anything else. Some are annoyed that others cannot see exactly in their way. It is hard for most of us to understand that a common point of view for the whole human race is a mental and physical impossibility.

You insist that a certain object is white; your wife declares that it is black; while your friend is so unreasonable as to persist in the assertion that it is grey. Moreover your opinion may vary, as your moods do, on different days of the week, or at different hours of the day, the observer being the only inconstant factor.

"Consider that it is not other people's actions which disturb us, but only our own opinion of them." Life repeats itself. The variations are infinite; the key-note is the same. How many people base on anything worthy to be dignified by the name of reason their opinions of others. It is difficult to look at a subject fairly without the decoration lent by our own fancy. We unconsciously distort facts or invent them as a support for our favorite theories. "Preoccupation of the mind by fixed opinions," says Dr. Giekie, "leads to a wrong reading of any evidence."

During the last twenty years, constant discussion has been carried on between literary people concerning realism. One writer claims that realism consists in a prosaic chronicle of the daily routine; another persists that it is the basest aspect of stormy passions; while another shows existence elevated by the highest and purest aspirations. In reality life presents all these complex aspects.

"To think a thing tolerable and endurable is the way to make it so," says Marcus Aurelius. It is wonderful how many things can be rendered pleasing simply by taking a favorable view of them. Few faces are so plain that some beauty of tint or expression cannot be found by friendly eyes, and the face we love ever remains beautiful; few circumstances so desperate that compensations cannot be found; even offences are susceptible of extenuation when viewed in a kindly spirit. The eye of faith can detect beautiful possibilities in the very worst, and that is a consolation worthy of God's angels.

In forming a sound judgment it is essential that one should have a complete understanding of all phases of the subject. No one would dispute this as a principle, yet all men, at times, act as though no such principle exists. A one-sided view can be made to distort any circumstances. Malice may wilfully misrepresent, but generally thoughtlessness and prejudice are to blame. When we try a question, not by partiality or selfish expediency, but by the firm dictates of rectitude, how different the result. The more faithfully and perseveringly we try to disentangle ourselves from egotistical considerations the more thoroughly we shall be emancipated from those prejudices which cling to us from early misdirection of habits of thought, and rise above that spirit of rancor which induces people to believe all evil.

We must remember that as we see others so are we likely to be ourselves. No man can rise above his own ideals and standards. Those who gaze only upon that which is mean and unworthy will scarcely take much trouble to attain to noble qualities. "Would you be noble? Look to the noble and follow the noble. Would you teach others to be noble? First learn to be noble yourself," advised Sir Arthur Helps; and another great man, Theodore Cuyler, says on the same subject, "Cultivate the habit of always seeing the best in people, and more than that, of drawing out whatever is best in them. Frying out our neigh-

bor's deficiencies and picking holes in their coats may be amusing but it is scarcely an elevating occupation."

There must be a certain degree of receptivity before we can see the good that appears in most things and people. Defects will never cease to exist so long as human nature remains as it is; but we may learn to view them kindly, to make allowance for weakness and temptation. In broad, liberal charity lies the true, the God-given, point of view. "Love, indeed, is light from Heaven," it teaches us to judge leniently, to hear gently; it acts as a lens to a disordered vision and supplies the best of all mediums of observation.

### The Gift of Graciousness.

**I**F I could play fairy godmother to all the girls I know I should bring to each christening the same gift—thereby endowing them with a wonderful power, which would bring them friends, happiness, influence, and love—the gift of graciousness.

Most girls fail to appreciate this quality, which is more winning than accomplishments, and more enduring than beauty. When the freshness, light-heartedness, and graces of youth are gone this gift abides, and forms as becoming a diadem to the matron's brow, or the grandmother's silvered locks, as to the beauty of the maiden.

Unlike beauty, which God has not granted to all women, and accomplishments, for which all have not a like taste or fitness, this gift can be acquired by all. The only things that can prevent its acquisition are a selfish disposition and a loveless heart—it will not dwell where love for humanity does not abide, and, like true politeness, it is founded on unselfishness.

I have heard girls say something like this: "Oh, she is nice to everyone—it is natural for her to be so—somehow I do not feel that way. I am constitutionally indifferent, and it would be hypocritical in me to pretend to be interested in most people, when really there are only a few I care about." I have heard these same girls complain of not being so universally liked as other girls, or of being left out of some pleasure in which their more gracious friends were included. The secret at the bottom of the natural indifference of these girls is generally selfishness, in disposition to put themselves out for others, or else a conceited idea that their charms are so great that everyone should pay court to them and expect nothing in return.

I have heard other girls say that they were too timid to be gracious, that their shyness made them appear indifferent. The best antidote for timidity is to cultivate an unselfish interest in others, and to think as little as possible of one's self; there is no more effectual cloak for shyness than a kindly graciousness of manner.

I know two girls who live in the same town. One of them is considered very beautiful, graceful and bright; she has several admirers and a few friends, but the majority of her associates and her mother's and father's friends feel entirely indifferent to her, while some comment unfavorably upon her repellent manners. The other girl is not near so pretty, and not a whit brighter, but she has sweet, gracious ways with old people and children, with her mother's friends and her own, with the tradespeople and servants, and everyone in the town is her admirer, champion and friend. Wherever she goes, smiles and blessings attend her.

Have you not observed the blessed presence of a gracious girl like this at a social gathering or house party? She smiles brightly at her hostess, and enters heartily into the pleasures provided for her; steps in the corner for a brief chat with the dear old grandmother, and watches for an opportunity to exchange an unaffected greeting with her host. She compliments the pretty costume or sweet voice of a shrinking girl, and makes the awkward boys, who are just entering society, feel comfortable by her unstudied ease and cordiality. She quietly thanks the servants for their services, is ready for a romp with the baby brother, or a game of dolls with the little sisters, and makes herself a veritable source of sunshine to a whole gathering or to an entire household.

As life ripens and duties multiply, this "gift of graciousness" finds new channels, and that which may have at first been little more than a trick of manner, prompted by kindness of heart, develops into a trait of character—a life principle—and so becomes a power.

What a subtle, yet strong force in the management of a home! How it blesses the husband, assists in controlling the servants, and influencing the children; what a potent charm it is in social life, and especially in performing the agreeable duties of hostess. The girl whose mother has this gift is particularly fortunate. Her home is sure to be a happy one, her friends are the friends of her mother also, and in the pleasures of her youth she has her mother's help and sympathy side by side with her due restraint and judicious advice.

### An Old Fashioned Gown.

SILVERPEN.

**B**ESSIE BROWN felt quite out of place as she passed out of church one Sunday in last July. Amid the fashionable congregation her last year's gown looked positively dowdy.

Fashion is an imperious dame now-a-days, changing her whims and vagaries with such startling rapidity as to require a pretty clear discernment to know *this* season precisely what will be "the style" next; and it is correspondingly difficult to cut one's garments so as to remain somewhere outside of eccentricity.

Now Bessie, whose loving heart was touched with the spirit of her Master, had resolved to devote the price of a new costume to the "Fresh Air Fund" that year. But as it chanced, dame fashion was in her most fickle humor, and performed one of her most startling freaks of change, thus casting the gowns of the previous season utterly out of place beside those fantastic creations which suddenly became "the style." It was unfortunate for Bessie; no girl prefers to appear singular, and only a very few good women have the courage to rise superior to fashion's follies.

Poor Bessie! Many a struggle the brave little soul encountered ere she conquered her reluctance to mingle with the elegantly attired crowd. But she stood boldly by her post, and when the summer ended she could count her work well done.

Once again the woods and hills are glorious in their summer beauty and they who are able to afford a change of scene are hurrying from the dust and heat of city life, while others, less favored, are content with a few hours respite from toil. Bessie Brown is so fortunate as to be employed by a practical Christian, who brings his religion away from the church wherein he worships on Sunday, and lets its blessed influence mingle with his business life. Yielding to this sanctifying power, he has realized that for a girl to stand for hours behind a counter is a serious strain upon the nervous system, and liable to undermine the health of his employees. Hence in his establishment there are seats for the clerks, while not engaged in attending to the customers. "It pays in the end," he protests, for there is more work and better business done.

And once a week, despite the protesting of his customers, he closes early, thus affording his employees the opportunity of a half holiday, and wonders why any kind-hearted woman should object to such an arrangement. Surely their shopping could be postponed once in a while "for the sake of others."

It was during one of these half holidays that Bessie found her way to the cemetery, where, under a flower-decked mound lay the mortal form of one whose place could never again be filled—her mother. There was a lady and a little girl standing by, and the child, with that lack of reserve peculiar in childhood, asked Bessie if it was her mother who was buried there. Then the lady, taking up the conversation, told her the story of *their* loss.

They had been out from the old country only a year or so, when the husband unwillingly joined the ranks of the unemployed. Nellie, her eldest little girl, had been a cripple from infancy, but in their prosperity they had not felt her a burden, it was when the hour of trial came, when even the necessities of life were hard to find, that they felt how difficult it was to supply an invalid's requirements.

It was a terrible winter, and its hardships tried poor Nellie sorely, and when the snow melted and the trees began to bud, they knew her days were numbered. Compelled by impoverished circumstances to reside in a crowded locality, the dying child pined for a glimpse of fields and flowers—"Vet," said the mother, "we who could scarcely find food were unable to grant her desire. It broke our hearts to refuse her, and she, seeing our distress, became resigned; when a lady interested herself in our behalf, and through the aid of the fresh air mission our darling was enabled once again to breathe the fresh country air and look upon the scenes she had loved so well. It was her last summer. During the winter she passed away."

Since then our prospects have brightened; we are no longer poor, but the change came too late to benefit our little one, and always through the years to come we shall bless those generous souls through whose kindly gifts she and others are taken to look upon nature in her beauty."

And that old fashioned dress! Why bless you, Bessie is proud of it! nor ever regrets the self-denial her contribution cost.

THE enormous amount of wood used every year for the purpose of making paper may be estimated from the fact that the "Petit Journal" of Paris, which has a circulation of over 1,000,000 copies a day, and is printed on wood-pulp paper, consumes in a year 120,000 fir trees of an average height of 66 feet. This is equivalent to the annual thinning of 25,000 acres of forest land.

### The Stages of Married Life.

**T**HE fifth anniversary of a wedding is named the "wooden wedding," and many are the amusing incidents given from time to time relating to it. The following will give some idea of the favor shown to a respected couple by a large circle of friends: Early in the morning a ring of the bell announced the arrival of a man with a card from a dear friend.

"Show the lady in," was the order given to the domestic.

"There ain't no lady, mum," said the girl, "but a man with a load of wood, mum, and he is already carrying it into the cellar."

Before the servant had finished her oration, another and yet another peel of the bell announced the arrival of other cards with congratulatory notes, and wooden articles, as chairs, washbasins, stools, spoons, brackets, etc. When the master of the house arrived in the evening the place was well-nigh full of wooden utensils, and later still the friends and relations called personally to renew their congratulations.

The "tin wedding" day comes next, this being the tenth anniversary of the happy day.

Invitation cards made of tin are sent to friends, each card giving the year of marriage and the current year. All are expected to bring some trifle made of the above metal. This affords a fine opportunity for replenishing the kitchen utensils, etc., if nothing better comes from the event.

The "crystal wedding" is kept at the beginning of the fifteenth year, and the "china wedding," five years later, gives an opportunity for friends to re-furnish the crockery department. After these comes the "silver wedding," or twenty-fifth anniversary, the one generally recognised. It is supposed to have originated in Germany. The couple re-celebrate the external forms and amusements they went through twenty-five years previously. In addition, they are presented with silver gifts, and the bride receives a silver wreath in place of the orange blossom, the friends in return accepting silver medals.

A still more coveted anniversary is the "golden wedding," or fiftieth celebration of the nuptials. This is only granted to those couples who joined hands and hearts in early life. It is kept much as the "silver wedding," except that golden gifts and a golden wreath take the place of the silver articles. The most unusual is the "diamond wedding," being very rare indeed, as seventy-five years constitute the anniversary.

### The Blessings of a Couch.

**A** ROOM without a couch of some sort is only half-furnished. Life is full of ups and downs, and all that saves the sanity of the mentally jaded and physically exhausted fortune-fighter is the periodical good cry and momentary loss of consciousness on the upstairs lounge or the old sofa in the sitting-room.

There are times when so many of the things that distract us could be straightened out and the way made clear if one only had a long, comfortable couch on whose soft bosom he could throw himself, boots and brains, stretch his weary frame, unmindful of tidies and tapestry, close his tired eyes, relax the tension of his muscles, and give his harassed mind a chance. Ten minutes of this soothing narcotic, when the head throbs, the soul yearns for endless, dreamless, eternal rest, would make the vision clear, the nerves steady, the heart light and the star of hope shine again.

There is no doubt that the longing to die is mistaken for the need of a nap. Business men and working women want regular and systematic doses of dozing, and, after a mossy bank in the shade of an old oak that succeeding seasons have converted into a tenement for song birds, there is nothing that can approach a big soft, or a low, long couch placed in a corner, where tired nature can turn her face to the wall and sleep and doze away the gloom.

### Children's Teeth.

**I**T is cruelly to a little child to neglect its teeth. From the time of the first appearance of the teeth through the gums they should be rubbed twice a day with a soft rag and lime water, until one year old, when a soft brush should be substituted.

It is far more necessary that the teeth should be properly brushed in childhood than in later life, because at the time the permanent teeth are taking the place of the temporary teeth the fluids of the mouth are of an acid nature, and the enamel and dentine have not become hardened. Therefore, decay is much more rapid and liable to occur.

A THING is never too often repeated which is never sufficiently learned.—Seneca.

### Mishaps in the Queen's Presence.

It is no easy matter to manage the huge court train at first, and how to make a courtesy gracefully and rise again without tripping over the train, or disturbing the set of it, is an art which has to be regularly learned by the young ladies who go to court for the first time.

The usual plan is to go and learn from a dancing mistress; other girls are taught by their mothers. But, in any case, the form of practice is the same. A heavy tablecloth is pinned on to the girl's dress so that it sweeps along the ground like a train, and, thus arrayed, the girl advances, courtesies, rises and backs again and again until she is able to manage her appendage with ease.

The business of making a courtesy also requires practice and muscle, for it consists of sinking down almost on the knees, bending the head forward the while. On one occasion when a very stout lady had reached the lowest point of the courtesy, she found that she had lost control over her muscles, and, instead of rising, rolled over on the floor, from which she was assisted to rise by the Lord Chamberlain.

A similar accident happened to another very stout lady, but she always declared that she would have been all right but that as she rose she distinctly felt a tug at her train, just as if some one had trodden on it, and she was sure that Lady X., who came after her, had done it on purpose, in order to gratify a little private vengeance by causing poor Lady Y. to make an exhibition before her sovereign.

In consequence of these accidents one of the Lord Chamberlain's subordinates, selected for his strength, is now chosen to stand facing the Queen, so that he is just behind each lady as she courtesies. It is his business to catch any lady who may overbalance herself, and to avert any similar catastrophes.

The most startling incident that has occurred at a drawing room of late years was the Queen's refusal to receive a certain lady just at the moment when she was advancing in full court array to kiss Her Majesty's hand. The Queen knew of her private reputation, and so, though the Lord Chamberlain protested that, having been passed by the office and by the Queen herself at the scrutiny of candidates for presentation, the lady was entitled to be presented. Her Majesty persisted that she had not understood before, but now that she did understand, that particular lady should not pass her. "I will not receive Mrs. —," said the Queen, in her most peremptory tone. And in the end Mrs. — had to turn back and leave the palace unresented.

On one occasion some excitement was caused by the appearance of a black puddle in the corridors. He was cut and curled in the most approved fashion, and the ladies would have been delighted with him at any other time, but on this occasion they were all in mortal fear that he would spoil their dresses. He made his way gradually toward the throne room, and was just trotting gayly into the presence of his sovereign, when, luckily, one of the officials of the entrance saw him, and, with a well directed kick, headed him back into the ante-room. He retired with a yelp which was audible to all the drawing-room, including the Queen, who looked toward the sound. Then he disappeared just as he had come, without any one seeing how he got in and out of the palace.

Many ludicrous and ungraceful accidents have

occurred at drawing rooms. One lady of the highest rank, considerable age and equal vanity, as she bent over the Queen's hand had the misery of feeling the golden wig which she was in the habit of wearing slip down over her eyes, completely blinding her for a time.

### Exciting Welsh Weddings.

A WEDDING, as it was customarily arranged in Wales some forty years ago, was an interesting affair.

In those days, as soon as the young people had made up their own minds, before they could speak of a wedding, the consent of the bride's parents had to be obtained. This arrangement, or rather consent, was called the Gofyn-y-ferch, and could by no means be done by letter, a written document being considered very bad taste.

pletely covered with her long cloak. This game of hide-and-seek was sometimes so prolonged that when the bride was found it was too late to be married that day, but this did not happen often. When the bride was really found there was a great mounting of horses; she, in her modest cloak, was seated behind her father, and all the company set off as fast as their steeds could go—all except the bride's mother, who seldom, if ever, attended her daughter's wedding.

Up hill and down dale, over smooth and rough ground, the mountain ponies galloped, and shame on the bridegroom if he and his friends did not reach the church before the bride. Service over, the bridegroom had still to keep guard over his wife, for in one country parish, if not in many, it was the custom of friends of the young man to wait outside the church until the service was over. When the happy couple appeared the bride was seized and placed behind one of the men, who galloped off with her.

Naturally, she was hotly pursued by the bridegroom, who, of course, after an exciting chase, eventually captured her. When at last his wife was secured, she took her seat behind her husband, and on his own horse, and the company rode off again to the bride's own home. Arrived at the house, all the party drank the health of bride and bridegroom out of the same pewter.

### How to Test Black Silks.

THE drawbacks to black silk goods have always been a matter of notoriety. To name only the most important of these, black silks are liable (1) to become greasy after a very short period of wear; (2) to cut at the folds; (3) to crease in a manner impossible to get rid of in any subsequent treatment. These remarks apply even to the highest qualities of black silk goods. In the case of the lower goods it is not an infrequent thing to find them go absolutely rotten after a comparatively short period of wear.

It is a mistake to estimate the value of a piece of silk by its weight, and yet what method of judging is more commonly employed by the public, and even, though to a more limited extent, by the trade? For the general public there is only one certain and complete test to find out if a piece of black silk is over-weighted by foreign substances or not, and it is one which is much less widely known than it should be, says an English draper, who suggests this method:—Take a

sample of the silk and burn it. If it burns readily, to a crisp, brittle ash, gray black in color, then the public may be assured that the article is pure and dyed with a vegetable dye. If, on the other hand, the sample burns with difficulty, or smolders slowly, leaving a soft and dusty ash, red or reddish brown in color, the public may be certain that the goods are over-weighted with chemicals and foreign substances and accordingly will not stand fair wear and will lose their appearance at a very early period.

### Sympathy.

THERE are those who never take a stone out of the way, never put any light into darkness, never any comfort into sorrow. But there are those, too, who have much of the milk of human kindness, whose hearts are tuned to the key of tenderness, whose faces beam and scatter sunshine.—*Rev. W. H. Moore.*



A good deal of formality surrounded the Gofyn-y-ferch, and it was not to be omitted even when the parents were known to be willing. The accepted lover had many anxieties, and among them (the necessity of which will be seen by and by) was the pace of his best horse and the pace and mettle of his friend's horses.

At last the wedding day dawned. The bride was dressed early, but over her finery she wore a long cloak buttoned all the way down to the ground, while a hood entirely covered her head and face. In the morning the bridegroom sent some of his friends to seek out the bride. Arrived at her father's house, they found the door locked, and before they could be admitted they had to recite some poetry. Sometimes the fair lady's whims and caprices made the delay in unlocking the door very long. When the door was open the bride was still to be found.

She had taken refuge in some obscure corner of the house, where she was crouching out of sight, com-



**The Typewriter Girl as Wife-material.**



**S**ELDOM is it that anything in regard to the typewriter girl as good and sensible as the following brightens the pages of the general periodical press:

That old typewriter joke has broken out again, and is to be used while the bicycle joke takes a rest. The play upon the word, which is rather foolishly permitted to describe both a dull, uninteresting machine and a pretty and intelligent girl, is full of ex-cruciating opportunities for the feeble intellect, and on account of the beneficent purpose it serves might be left to do its part in society, like very thin bread and butter and very weak tea.

But the joke on the man who married his typewriter is as much out of place now as the Twenty-first Psalm would be on the gravestone of a mother-in-law. The typewriter girl, the sole companion in many a dreary day's work, and the sympathetic listener to many a story of vexation and of triumph over trade troubles, has proved herself to be an evolution in wifehood.

The ordinary girl, brought up at school, and at once installed at home, never sees life—the world of cares and struggles of mankind—as the typewriter girl sees it. The ordinary girl may be domesticated, but she never knows how sweet home is as does the girl who is compelled day after day, in all weathers, conditions of health and of humor, to go to the daily routine of the office. Those who are obliged to stay at home envy those who are free, as they call it, to go away from it; but the typewriter girl, as she industriously hammers away at the monotonous keys, dreams of a home wherein the rattle of the type shall be replaced by the cooing and crowing of a dimpled darling, and where she will lead a placid life amid her domestic treasures and feminine knick-knacks.

The home girl may be sweet and tender, coquettish, piquant, or dashing; she may be charming for a night at the theatre or a dance; she may even become a very loving wife.

But the typewriter girl is the one who becomes not only wife but friend and companion. Her experience with the troubles of a man's daily business, his efforts to make a living, the daily calculation of income and daily provision for the calls of the future, help to make her appreciate his anxieties, to understand his worry over expenses in excess of income, to look ahead, as he has to do, in a way that no mere home training can ever accomplish.

The thorough acquaintance which the relation brings about acts as a check to the marriage of unsuitable people. To no woman, outside of his own family, is a man so well known as to his typewriter girl. She sees his temper under all provocations, observes his honesty, generosity, shiftiness, industry, laziness, prudence, carelessness, as the case may be. He soon knows whether the girl is silly, sensible, slovenly, methodical, ill-tempered, quick-tempered, or good-tempered; economical or spendthrift; uncongential or sympathetic. Business brings out men's and women's true character much more surely than pleasure parties; and marriages made after an association with a typewriter girl of a year or two have long odds in favor of turning out happily. There are some men who have no more judgment in selecting a wife than they have in conducting a business, and whether they are successful or not is just a matter of chance.

The advantage only begins with the marriage. When a man returns to his home at night with his spirit jaded and his brow wrinkled, instead of being nagged at for being late or a little cross, he finds a woman whose quick eyes discern unusual vexation for the day, and she smooths out the lines of care with soft hand, and cheers the heavy heart with word of sympathy. Then while the restful pipe is doing its consoling part, she can enter intelligently into the cause of the trouble, and, silently listening as she did in the old days, her husband talks out the tangle, and in doing so thinks out the unravelling of the snarl.

She has been accustomed, if she hears an ill-considered word or one hastily spoken, to have it recalled before it makes its impress; and that he has been accustomed to standing before that patient form, and carefully framing sentences which should not give offence. It has taught each that an angry retort often means very little; and that in the long run people get along better in matrimony, as in business, if there is a mutual consideration for the interests of each other.

The typewriter is no longer the blonde burt of the joker; she has developed into the very best kind of material for a wife.—*Seattle Post-Intelligencer.*

Windsor Salt, purest and best.

As turning the logs will make a dull fire burn, so change of studies a dull brain.

**The Old Autograph Album.**

GRACE GIVEN.

**W**HAT has become of the old autograph album that used to be thrust at you everywhere and on all occasions; and for which, if you happened to be known as possessing a trick of rhyming, you were always impromptu to write something "original?"

Now that it seems to have gone out of fashion, and the sight of it no longer inspires you with a feeling of dismay, an examination of its contents may prove interesting, and you may find it instructive as well as amusing to see what you and your friends wrote in your callow days.

The signatures impress you now as they never did before. You may, or may not, believe in chirography; but you cannot help noticing the handwriting of your old-time friends, and comparing it with what you know of their character and career.

Look at that smooth, even penmanship, where each letter seems to be made with the utmost precision, where the shading is perfect. Recall the habits of the writer, and you will observe the same characteristics in his every performance.

This flows easily across the page. It is bold but regular, evincing no hesitancy. Whose is the signature? Is it not that of your successful friend who has never known the meaning of failure—whose every enterprise has been undertaken in a spirit of daring, seemingly, yet always after mature deliberation—whose motto has always been: "Be sure you're right, then go ahead!"

This zig-zag scrawl, waving up and down, and looking as if the pen had been allowed to "jog its ain' gait," brings to mind one whose lack of stability is proverbial.

That delicate tracing calls up the picture of a refined gentleman with her dainty appearance, and charming manners.

No less characteristic are the sentiments recorded. Of course there is that quotation about "original sin," without which no autograph album would have been complete. "A Hundred Quotations Suitable for Autograph Albums"—that standard premium must have been consulted for some of these pages. How irresistibly funny it always sounded, as if one had to go a-hunting to find a sentiment for a friend's album.

It was not always an intimate friend who begged for your autograph. Sometimes it was the mere acquaintance of a day. What they could want it for was often a great puzzle, what to write a greater, usually. In the pages of the old album many little gems may be met with, which must remain, as far as the public is concerned, buried almost as surely as those which lie in the "dark unfathomed caves of ocean."

May I here quote an impromptu; the writer has long since passed away, and so has the friend to whom the lines were addressed.

"I think as I write these lines to-night,  
Of the journey on before us;  
Of the trials, too, we must pass thro';  
And the clouds that may hang o'er us;  
And I hope, as a friend, what heaven may send,  
You'll meet without repining,  
And I wish for you those clouds but few,  
And they with silver lining."

In after years the clouds hung heavily over his own pathway, while she was called upon to bear none of the heavy trials of life; but passed away ere the shadows had fallen.

But, oh, the sentimental stuff that covers some of these pages! How could any body sit down and deliberately pen such nonsense? Such marvelous grammar and spelling as appear at intervals. While as for rhymes and meter—the less said on the subject the better. The old saying, "Without rhyme or reason" was evidently invented for the autograph album.

Who can look upon one of these old books, nevertheless, without having the emotions deeply stirred? The hand that penned those lines is at rest forever. That stanza, over which we had so much merriment, is all that we have to remind us of a warm heart and joyous nature. The absurdity of the thing was caused by his going out of the beaten track, and attempting the unusual. In his own line he was a model of good sense.

This sentimental scrap, written in all sincerity by a gushing school girl, has proved meaningless. Many of these good wishes for health, wealth and happiness remain unfulfilled.

Let us not despise the autograph album. It may be out of date, and it may appear silly and absurd to us now; but it is surely endeared to many of us for the reason that

Many a name is there  
The writer never more shall bear,  
'Tis carved upon the tomb,  
But some, when in the radiant bloom  
Of endless spring, the loved who here  
Those names have now and ever more  
A new name written on their brow,  
They call each other by it now,  
Its music may not reach our ear—  
The precious name recorded here  
We breathe it and sigh, who shall proclaim  
To us that wondrous other name?

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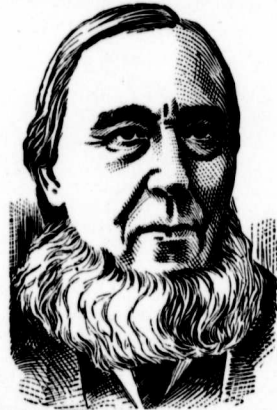
**Considered Hopeless**

**FRIENDS FULLY EXPECTED THAT  
DEATH WOULD RESULT.**

**Heart Failure and Old Age In-  
firmities Were Ending Mr.  
Holdsworth's Life.**

**Paine's Celery Compound Makes  
Him Well and Strong.**

**Earth's Best Medicine for Men and  
Women in Declining Years.**



This marvelous rescue from death requires no lengthened remarks. It is sufficient to say that Paine's Celery Compound made a cure that no other human agency could have effected. The following letter from Mr. John Holdsworth, 104 Claremont St., Toronto, plainly indicates the only safe and sure road to health and new life. Mr. Holdsworth says:—

"I was taken sick last summer, and was in bed for five weeks or more, and my physician was attending me all the time. My case was pronounced to be weakness of the heart and old age, for I am now seventy eight years old.  
"I kept getting worse until my recovery was considered hopeless.

One of my relatives recommended me to use Paine's Celery Compound, which I did with good results. After the first dose I felt relieved, and after a few days I was able to leave my bed and walk around. I used four bottles, and found your medicine to be a most excellent remedy, as I am now quite well. I hope other sufferers will receive as much benefit as I received."

## Instructions for the Care of Children.

RECOMMENDED BY THE MONTREAL LOCAL COUNCIL OF THE NATIONAL COUNCIL OF WOMEN OF CANADA.

## CLEANLINESS.

**B**ABY should be bathed once a day, all over, in warm water.

Test the heat of the water with your elbow. Do not use highly scented soap; use only pure soap. (Baby's Own Soap is very suitable.)

Do not bathe for an hour after feeding. Never use hair-pins or anything hard or pointed to clean a child's ears.

Wash the baby's mouth several times a day, with a rag dipped in weak borax and water.

## FOOD.

Up to the age of six months a child requires no food but its mother's milk.

Never give a newly born infant honey, gruel, butter, sugar and water.

Nurse an infant, up to the age of six weeks, every two hours during the day, and every three or four during the night, but as it grows older not so often.

Do not wean a child suddenly, but by degrees, and not in winter weather.

If the mother's milk is scanty, cow's milk mixed with boiled water and slightly sweetened may be used.

Never use a feeding-bottle with a tube, and keep the bottle itself which must be emptied at once after using) scrupulously clean with soda and hot water.

Sour milk kills countless children. Keep milk covered and in the coolest possible place.

When milk is not pure and fresh, it is safer to use condensed milk.

Always boil the water used in making babies' food. Give even the youngest child several teaspoonfuls of pure cold water during the day.

Never give a child, under six months, arrowroot, cornstarch, or baked flour.

Never give a child pork, and remember that a child under three years does not require meat, but will thrive on milk, porridge, light puddings, and soft boiled eggs.

## SLEEP.

A young infant should sleep most of the time. But never give it sleeping drops, soothing syrups, or cordials.

Baby should sleep in its cot, not in the bed with its parents.

Up to the age of six a child should take a nap in the day-time.

If the baby is sleepless, consult the doctor.

## DRESS.

Dress baby warmly over all, except the head.

Fasten the clothing by strings and buttons, not by pins.

Children should never wear low necked, short-sleeved dresses, nor tight, high-heeled shoes.

Children should never sit on stone steps nor play bare headed in the sun in summer.

## FRESH AIR.

No one can be well without pure air.

Rooms in which children live and sleep should be aired several times a day, even in winter.

Remove the children to another room while the window is open, and do not let them return until the air is warmed.

Never keep slops in a sleeping room.

## ILLNESS—CONVULSIONS.

Put the child at once into a warm bath. Apply a cloth wrung out of cold water to the head, and afterwards give a dose of castor oil. Consult a doctor.

## CROUP.

Give an emetic, such as syrup of ipecac in teaspoonful doses every half hour till the child vomits. If you have no ipecac try mustard and water, goose grease, or tickling the throat with a feather or the finger. If necessary, give a hot bath.

## SUMMER COMPLAINT.

Give a dose of castor oil. Boil the milk and add lime water to it. If the child does not improve, call in a doctor.

## CONSTIPATION.

Rub the bowels with olive oil night and morning. Give oatmeal gruel once or twice a day, if the child is old enough. Cut a piece of castile soap into a cone and introduce it into the bowel. Try from the first to establish regular habits.

## SORE EYES.

If the child's eyes are sore, separate the lids gently, cleanse the eyes with a stream of warm water, letting it trickle over the eye-ball. If the eye-lids stick together use pure vaseline on them, and be sure in so doing that your hands are quite clean.

## Change.

## SOLACE.

"THE traveller in the Old World," says J. I. Holland, "notices that the agricultural population of foreign countries are gathered into villages"; and the early settlers in this country, knowing there was safety in numbers, in order to defend themselves from the Indian, lived close together. That this is the way in which farmers ought to live, there can be little doubt. It all comes to this, that isolated life is death to many natural social natures. Young people have an overwhelming desire to see life and to be among the multitude; and farmer's daughters resort to shops and factories, rather than be buried in the country; while the sons seek for insignificant clerkships, salaried positions of any sort that will support them, in a town or city. Even the poor of the city streets refuse to be coaxed into the country with the promise of better pay and comfortable fare. They would rather strive and starve and sink in the roar of the city streets.

Whatever the reason for this may be, it is not because of the nature of the work or its rewards, as the farmer is plainly better off than the worker in the city. He is more independent, has more time, fares much better at his meals, has a much softer bed, and gets a better return for his labor.

Is not then the real reason for this state of things due to the social starvation of agricultural life?

The average farmer, in all his planning and building, considers only the means of getting a living. Everything outside of this—everything relating to society or culture—he ignores. His children come home from school with new ideas and new wants, and if they find no way of satisfying these wants they become restless and fly from home at the first opportunity. When young people apprehend the difference between living and getting a living, they can never be satisfied with the latter alone.

Their father does not realize this. He goes to market occasionally, to the post office and the general store, and enjoys the change; he subscribes to one weekly paper perhaps and keeps an interest in politics. This gives him something to think about; but how about the stayers at home? What pleasant things have they to look forward to? What chance have they to ripen in mind and heart? Yes, if the farmer would keep his family with him, happy and contented, he must strive to make agricultural society attractive. Fill the farm-houses with books and magazines; establish central reading rooms and periodicals; club neighborhood societies; and, as far as possible, form neighborhood societies. Above all, have an occasional change from drudgery. Do not let the mother be altogether sacrificed. Think what it would mean to her to be able, say once a year even, to leave her dairy, with its glittering pans, her sewing machine, with its endless buzzing, and take a trip. Think what it would mean to her, to visit Niagara Falls, the Thousand Islands, Quebec, or any of the numberless points of interest. What delightful memories would be hers. Frequently a complete rest and change will keep the doctor's bill at bay, and act as a tonic on tired nerves.

The excursion rates offered by the various railroads through the summer months make such a change possible for both the farmer and his wife, if he could only be made to realize the need of it.

There is no need to make one's self ill in preparation for such a journey; time must be taken beforehand to look over one's garments and pack the necessary articles.

Packing is a bug-bear to some people, but it is very simple if everything to be taken is laid out on a table or bed, and the heavy articles, such as boots, boxes and books, put in the bottom of a trunk; then the underclothing and skirts; reserving the trays for the waists and hats. Liquids of any kind should be carried in a handbag, with the corks firmly tied on. Both bag and trunk should be plainly marked with the owner's name and address.

When the traveller returns do not tell her how badly the children have behaved, or how awful the cooking has been, or how hard you have had to work. Let her pleasure be complete with a happy welcome home.

If farmers would only take time to live, the dread of being lost in the country would be done away with; the young would be more content, and the loneliness and hardships of isolation, which falls heaviest upon the women—to an extent that men, with their out door labor, cannot at all appreciate—would also vanish, and the lonely farmhouse would become a bright and cheerful home.

Black pepper mixed with cream and sugar will destroy flies.

Pennyroyal or sage tea is efficacious in removing ants from closets, pantries, chests, etc.



A REFRESHING AND TONIC BEVERAGE.

## Lemon Phosphate.

This preparation is the natural Acid of the Lemon combined with Acid Phosphate, so highly esteemed as a tonic.

A teaspoonful in a glass of water, sweetened to taste, makes a delicious cooling drink. For sale by Grocers and Druggists.

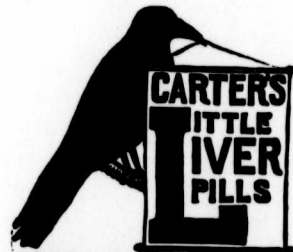
PREPARED BY

The Johnston Fluid Beef Co., Montreal.

## PRIESTLEY'S MASTERPIECE.

The artist of the loom may have an ideal as well as the artist of the brush. Priestley's ideal was the best, and the masterpiece of his life is the new **EUDORA**. Soft—rich—firm—durable. Fitting easily—draping gracefully—extra weight—just proof. Black only. Wrapped on "THE VARNISHED BOARD." Priestley's name stamped on every five yards.

**Eudora** The Ideal Dress Fabric.



## SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, **TORPID LIVER**. They Regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

**Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.**

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

## Our Boys and Girls.

### Mothers and Daughters.



**I**n my short life I have seen so much of the misery that many a girl has suffered that it horrifies me. I feel that I cannot thank God enough for the dear mother's watchful care. It is not long since I rebelled at being kept at home when other girls could "have a good time," but now I have no words in which to write my appreciation of that patient mother's care of her impetuous girl. Guarded as few girls have been it is not to myself I owe my escape from snares. Girls that I have loved, have fallen many times. I do not condemn them. God forgives those who do, for I think that in many cases they were more sinned against than sinning. How do I know that I should not have fallen had I been tempted as they have been? If more mothers understood their daughters there would be fewer girls who go astray. Since I was a little toddler I have carried my joys and sorrows to mamma. Mamma was friend, chum, physician, and adviser; and I wondered why other girls "would not tell mamma for the world." That habit of telling mamma everything, as some girls have told their chums, has saved me much misery and sorrow. Now, don't imagine I am a long-faced goody, goody girl. Oh no, I'm only a careless, happy girl who loves fun as well as anyone.

### Some Things for a Boy to Learn.

To swim. To walk. To throw straight. To make a fire. To be punctual. To hang up his hat. To help his mother or his sister. To wipe his boots on the mat. To close a door quietly. To go up and down stairs quietly. To read aloud when requested. To remove his hat upon entering a house. To treat the girls so well that they will all wish he was their brother.

### Some "Advice."

In one of the large railroad offices in this country is a comparatively young man, who is at the head of a large department. When he entered the service of the company five years ago he was green and awkward. He was given the poorest paid work in the department.

The very first day of his employment by the company, a man who had been at work in the same for six years approached him and gave him a little advice:

"Young fellow, I want to put a few words in your ear that will help you. This company is a soulless corporation, that regards its employees as so many machines. It makes no difference how hard you work, or how well. So you want to do just as little as possible and retain your job. That's my advice. This is a slave-pen, and the man who works overtime or does any specially fine work wastes his strength. Don't you do it."

The young man thought over the "advice," and after a quiet little struggle with himself he decided to do the best and most he knew how, whether he received any more pay from the company or not.

At the end of the year the company raised his wages and advanced him to a more responsible position. In three years he was getting a third more salary than when he began, and in five years he was head clerk in the department; and the man who had condescended to give the greenhorn "advice" was working under him at the same figure that represented his salary eleven years before.

This is not a story of a goody-goody little boy who died early, but of a live young man who exists in flesh and blood to-day, and is ready to give "advice" to other young men just beginning to work their way into business. And here it is: "Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

"Seest thou a man diligent in his business? He shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men."

Man: "I can't sleep at night, doctor."

Doctor: "Perhaps you sleep in the day, and that interferes with your night's rest?"

Man: "Yes, I do, a bit; but I want to sleep at night, too. I'm a night watchman, and it's so lonely keeping awake all by one's self!"

### A Scottish Lad's Faith.

**I** like the positive faith of that sailor boy that Captain Judkins, of the steamship *Scotia*, picked up in a hurricane. "Go aloft!" said Captain Judkins, to his mate, "and look out for wrecks."

Before the mate had gone far up the ratlines he shouted, "A wreck, a wreck!"

"Where away?" said Captain Judkins.

"Off the port bow," was the answer.

Life-boats were lowered, and forty men volunteered to put out across the angry sea to the wreck. They came back with a dozen shipwrecked men, and among them a boy of twelve years.

"Who are you?" asked Captain Judkins.

The answer was, "I am a Scotch boy. My father and mother are dead, and I am on my way to America."

"What have you here," asked Captain Judkins, as he opened the boy's jacket and took hold of a rope around the boy's body.

"It is a rope," said the boy.

"But what is that tied by this rope under your arm?"

"That, sir, is my mother's Bible. She told me never to lose that."

"Could you not have saved something else?"

"Not and save that."

"Did you expect to go down?"

"Yes, sir, but I meant to take my mother's Bible down with me."

"Bravo!" said Judkins; "I will take care of you."

### Breathing and Health.

**A**s a matter of fact, not one woman in a hundred breathes normally. The respiration of the average woman varies with every change of mental state or physical condition, and it is a rare thing for a woman to use her lungs to the best possible advantage without a previous knowledge of physiology and an appreciation of the merits of physical culture.

Desirable as is a thorough exercise in breathing, it is not safe to experiment in the matter. A very little instruction on the subject will enable any woman to comprehend the precise art of filling and emptying the lungs on scientific principles. After this has been acquired, the chief thing is to breathe in as much sunshine as possible and to believe in the efficacy of oxygen as a remedy for nearly all the ills that are fashionable.

The following are some excellent rules for improving the respiration and bringing it up to a normal condition:

Stand at an open window or recline on a couch, with the waist and chest unconfined. Hold the chest walls high, and inhale in slow, long breaths, and exhale as slowly, three times only at first. Gradually the number of times may be increased and the time lengthened for the breathing exercises. Fifteen minutes, twice a day at least, should be devoted to this exercise to accomplish the desired result.

Mrs. Emma Eames Story, whose full and generous outlines are a beautiful example of the result of vocal and breathing gymnastics, is not only fond of outdoor life, of walking and horseback riding, but the requirements of her art demand continued daily practice of the exercises that develop the muscles of the throat, chest, back and abdomen.

# Windsor Salt

For dairy and table use is the BEST.

Perfectly dry and white, and no lime in it.

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

It pays to use it.

**DON'T GET SAID!**  
It Makes You Look Old.

**THE EMPRESS** Stops the hair from falling out. **HAIR GROWER** Promotes the growth of the hair. **HAIR DRESSING** A delightful hair dressing for both ladies and gentlemen. A sure cure for dandruff. **Price 50c.** Your dealer can procure it from any wholesale druggist. Prepared by **C. J. COVERTON & CO.,** Cor. of Bleury and Dorchester Sts., MONTREAL.



**POTS, PANS, KETTLES,**

and all other Kitchen Utensils in

"CRESCENT"

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

EVERY PIECE GUARANTEED. "CRESCENT" IS THE KIND TO ASK FOR. If your dealer does not keep it drop a postal card to

**Thos. Davidson Manufacturing Co. Ltd.,** MONTREAL.

**McLAREN'S**  
GENUINE

**COOK'S FRIEND**  
BAKING POWDER.

IS THE BEST.

Regularly Used it Banishes Dyspepsia.



**Want it?**

Better than riches is the health that comes from a good, wholesome skin. No cutaneous troubles if you use **BABY'S OWN SOAP.** Keeps the skin soft, clean and sweet. For sale by all druggists.

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

## Facts About The Hair.

SO many people are constantly lamenting the profuse manner in which their hair falls; its lack of lustre, its dandruff, etc., but when questioned about the treatment it receives, "Do you brush your hair?" "How often is it washed?" the answers invariably are: "Dear me, I haven't time to do that! I'm sure other people have nice hair, and they don't all go to such trouble."

True, they do not, but it's only one or two out of a hundred that can retain a luxuriant growth of hair without a judicious amount of treatment. How often do we see members of the fair sex who never dream of taking down the day's coiffure when retiring, never use a brush, just do it "up" in the morning, and can not understand why it is their hair falls out so. Now for a little practical and tried advice:

Every night your hair must be loosened and released. Part it in every conceivable manner, and thoroughly brush the scalp, not roughly, but until you produce a warm glow. Give it at least thirty strokes morning and evening, and repeatedly change the way you brush it, some nights combing it up on the head, at another time braiding your hair loosely, but above all never forget to use the brush freely.

An article too often called into action is the fine-tooth comb. It invariably irritates the scalp, is the frequent cause of dandruff, and acts in very much the same capacity as a rake would if applied to the head.

Once a month, or even once in six weeks, is a short enough period to elapse between the "hair wash," oftener than that may cause that dry look by removing the natural oil. The contents of two or more eggs put on the hair and well rubbed in, is a wonderful cleanser and promotes the growth. Also a lump of borax has the same effect, while borax and salt combined have a very strengthening action. Leave the salt and borax in boiling water for at least five minutes before using.

Now is a time when the brush is not called into brisk action, for one of the worst things you could do would be to brush or in any way "meddle" with your hair when it is wet, or even damp.

If the "wash" is done in warm weather always do the drying process out-of-doors, where one can sit in the sun and let the breezes play hide and seek with your tresses. If in winter sit in a strong sun and get someone to waft artificial breezes by the use of a large fan.

Although sometimes unavoidable, it is not advisable to wash the head at night, for retiring with wet hair is sure to cause a moody smell and will rot the roots.

Here is a pretty little conceit that is sure to have the desired effect of making the hair smell sweet: Make an old-fashioned cap of soft silk, line it with a thin sheet of batting in which you have heavily sprinkled sachet powder of your favorite odor. Wear this when your hair is just drying and you will be astonished at what a lovely and lasting scent will prevail.

A simple yet very efficacious remedy for dandruff and hair falling, one that has been tried, and always with great success, is this: Get your chemist to make an ointment consisting of the following: Eight grains red oxide of mercury to one ounce of pure vaseline. Use it in the following manner: Every night take a little of the mixture on the tips of the fingers, spread on the scalp (not the hair), then thoroughly massage it well into the roots by means of placing your fingers under the hair, and rubbing the scalp freely until absorbed. Of course a certain amount of the greasy mixture will adhere to the surface, but who would not stand that when so much benefit is to be derived? Do not make a frequent practice of clipping the hair, as it has a strong tendency to coarsen and darken it.

## Kitchen Comforts.

A BIG, sturdy, comfortable rocker, cushioned, should await your pleasure. Sit whenever you can. A couch is a famous rest giver. Haven't you an old settee hidden away? Drag it out; dress it up. Stout, washable stuff should cover and cushion it. Intervals in baking, waits in your work, should be spent flat on your back. Five minutes at a time will remove the wrinkles and iron out of your tired muscles and nerves.

Have your kitchen table covered with tin. There will be more time for recreation and less for scrubbing after that. There is a certain joy about being able to lift a hot pot and plump it down on your tin-covered table. That little nervous futter horn in fear of scorching or staining the table is gone. And do you realize it is just such little thrills of annoyance that age us, the constant dropping that wears away the stone? Creaking doors, windows that stick, misfit pot lids—do away with them.

Windsor Salt, purest and best.

## Spice Columnn.



IT is related of a certain divine, whose matrimonial relations are supposed not to have been of the most agreeable kind, that one Sabbath morning, while reading to his congregation the parable of the Supper, in which occurs the passage:

"And another said, I have bought five yoke of oxen, and I go to prove them; I pray thee have me excused. And another said, I have married a wife, and therefore cannot come."

He suddenly paused at the end of the verse, drew off his spectacles, and, looking on his hearers, said with emphasis:

"The fact is, my brethren, one woman can draw a man further away from the kingdom of heaven than fifty yoke of oxen."

Friend: "Good morning, John! The girl told me to come up stairs. Busy packing your trunk, I see."

Married Man: "Yes. Help me to get it strapped, quick."

Friend: "What's the hurry?"

Married Man: "We are going to the seaside. This is my trunk, and, as you will see, it is right full to the top; but if my wife happens to come in before it's strapped, she'll crowd half a ton of her things into it."

SUDDEN FOR HIM.—Poor Stammerton (who stutters like a corn-popper): "Mum-mum Miss Thuthirty-smith—Mum-mum-Maud—I lul-lul-lul—I lul-lul-lul—I lul-lul-lul—"

Miss Thirtysmith (egging him on gently): "Well, Mr. Stammerton?"

Poor Stammerton (sanding his slippery track): Mum-mum-Maud, dud-dud-darling, I lul-lul—I lul-love you dud-dud-devotely. Will you mum-mum-mum—will you mum-mum-mum—Oh, darling! will you mum-mum-mum—"

Miss Thirtysmith (desperately): "Sing it, Charles."

Poor Stammerton (lifting up his voice in song): "My dar-r-ling, I lo-o-o-ove you! Will yo-o-o-ou mar-ry me-e-e-e?"

Miss Thirtysmith: "Oh, Charles! This is so—so sudden!"

Extracts from music catalogue:

"Trust her not"—for four shillings.

"I would not live always"—without accompaniment.

"See the conquering hero comes"—with full orchestra.

"Come where my love lies dreaming"—with illuminated cover.

"There was a little fisher-maiden"—in three parts.

"I hear you've been having a row with O'Rafferty," said a man to Mr. Doolan. "Was it a fair stand-up fight?"

"No," replied Doolan; "it was a fair sit-down fight. Vez see, Oi'm taller than O'Rafferty—owin' to me long legs—so as Oi didn't want to take a mane advantage av him, Oi proposed that we shud sit down on the ground to foight, an' he agreed."

"Who beat?"

"Nather av us. A glass bottle bate. Oi sot down on it!"

Draper: "Did you sell that line of old dress goods to the lady who's just gone out, Jenkins?"

Jenkins: "Yes sir. I got her to take it by telling her it was quite a novelty. So it is, sir, in a way of speaking, for it's so old-fashioned that nobody wears it now."

Draper: "That's right, Jenkins. Always combine truthfulness with business when you can."

Tramp (piteously): "Please help a poor cripple."

Kind Old Gentleman (handing him some money): "Bless me! why of course. How are you crippled, my poor fellow?"

Tramp (pocketing the money): "Financially crippled, sir."

George: "Love, I dreamed last night that I proposed, and you accepted me; that we were married and our lives were spent in bliss. What think you of this dream?"

Marie: "George, dear, I have very little faith in dreams; but we might test that one."

## Rays of Sunlight

That usher in after the long, dreary and black night have a tonic effect upon the weary and sleepless mortal.

## A Bar of "Sunlight"

Soap will make the usually tiresome and dreaded wash day welcome, bright and happy to the busy housewife. The use of "Sunlight" Soap makes washing easy; linen and clothes are always clean, sweet smelling and uninjured. Use only "Sunlight" Soap.

## Substitution

the fraud of the day.

See you get Carter's,

Ask for Carter's,

Insist and demand

Carter's Little Liver Pills.

## Dewhurst's..



TRADE

MARK.

## Sewing Cottons

ARE THE BEST.

## ARTISTS' COLORS.

Those dull, dead pictures are simply the result of poor colors. Good colors are remarkably cheap when we consider how long they last. A tube of oil color or a pan of water color goes a long way. Winsor and Newton have experimented upon these for years, and their colors are now the best in the world. All dealers have them.

A. RAMSAY & SON, } Wholesale Agents for  
MONTREAL. } Canada.



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