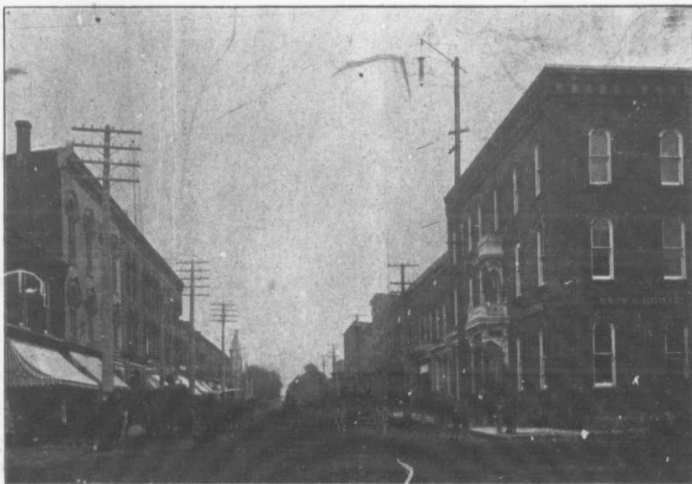


EASTER...

1898



GREETING



TALBOT STREET, LOOKING EAST FROM JOHN STREET.

... PUBLISHED BY ...

THE KING'S DAUGHTERS



AYLMER, ONTARIO.

AYLMER EXPRESS PRINT.

With fond wishes
J. M. Smith

1520

EASTER GREETING

Annie A. Backus, P. D., Editor.

King's Daughters, Publishers.

PRICE, 10 CENTS.

AYLMER, ONT., APRIL, 1898.

EASTER-TIDE.

The event of events to the Christian world is the one celebrated at this season. The resurrection of Christ's body—which our material mind needs to give us the hope that after these bodies of ours, in which we have walked about so long, and which we have cared for, decking them out in all sorts of finery; after these are worn out by old age, or disease, they too, will come forth resurrected! It is in the spring-time, when all nature is putting forth new life, and the budding leaf, the sprouting grain, the more vigorously coursing blood through all our veins; whispers to humanity, you shall live again. There is a story told of a famous alchemist, who owned a silver cup, which he prized very highly. Well, one day his assistant accidentally dropped this precious cup in a vessel of nitric acid, which was standing in the laboratory. Of course the acid dissolved the silver and the cup was gone; but the alchemist learning of the accident, threw into the solution some chloride of sodium; precipitated the silver which he collected, put this through another chemical process; and gathering from this a purer metal, sent it to the silversmith, who made a more beautiful cup than the one lost in the acid. So humanity trusts that the Divine Alchemist, after passing these bodies through the nitric acid of death, and the grave will through the salt of His love, precipitate them; and with His own divine touch remodel a more perfect being. The hope of immortality lurks in every human soul; no matter what sort of a mess a man makes of this life, he wishes for another. It requires a brave spirit to face the thought of annihilation. Our feeble struggles after truth; our twistings among the meshes of fable; our questionings about these customs and legends. In this world there is no answer but persecution and jibes; and so the heart longs for another life, where truth may be found, and in the glorious spring-time

"Where the white hand of Moses on the bough!"

"Puts out and Jesus from the ground suspires."

It seems resurrection must be a fact, and that we shall live again.

AYLMER.

Aylmer, like some other towns we could mention, is just a little proud of herself; and certainly she has some reasons for being so. Perhaps no place of its size can claim so many pleasant, well-kept homes; so many nice stores; such a good market; nor so many charming drives, and such good roads. But alas, we have each one of us at some period of our existence known what it means to meet and admire a well dressed pretty woman, until inadvertently we caught sight of a soiled and dragged underskirt; after which do what she would the charm was fled. Aylmer has a soiled and dragged underskirt, and it hangs below her fine dress of nice homes, good roads, handsome shops, etc., frayed and dirty it dangles along the edge of the creek; one of the first sights to greet the traveller on his way from the station. The pity of it is, its needlessness. Three men in three days could clean up the whole thing, and by planting a few trees, building a few racks and putting in some vines to run over them, make such a transformation, that instead of this ungainly sight, we would have during the spring and summer a seeming hower of beauty; and when autumn came along with its crimson paint pot, a gorgeous hill-side of color to gladden the eye, instead of the present outlook, which is too untidy to be picturesque, and too dirty to be decent. It is barely possible that Aylmer might profit from the experience of New York and Chicago, and get a woman to look after her civic tidying up.

A PLEA FOR THE BIRDS.

Do you ever awake in the morning with the merry chatter of birds in your ears? And, do you throw open your window and watch the little fellows; so fluffy and happy in the bright sunlight? And does it rush through all your soul what a beautiful, wonderful, living old world this is? And your heart goes out to the sweet songsters

The Voice

Mrs. Eleanor Travers

TEACHER OF THE ART OF
SINGING AND VOICE
PRODUCTION.

Advanced resident pupil of Mehan
School of Vocal Art.

Class Hours in Aylmer every
Wednesday at 74 Talbot-St.

Go to the.....

Departmental

FOR FINE

Dry Goods

Millinery

Ready-made Clothing

Gents' Furnishings

and

Boots and Shoes.

CHEAPEST STORE IN TOWN.

(even if they have called you early), the little nestling creatures; you can feel in imagination their tender feathered bodies in your hand—gentle, fragile beings, so easily crushed. Who could be cruel to such as these? And turning about to look back in your room—behold the hat you were wearing yesterday; and just such dainty creatures as these singing outside your window have been snared, and—think of it—the skin torn off their poor little quivering bodies, while they were yet quite alive, to adorn?—this same hat. What a dreadful thought.

One of the monstrous things displayed by a leading milliner in Toronto is a hat with forty-four birds wings upon it, which means the death of twenty-two birds—"The very Saint Bartholomew of birds."

Let us hope no one will be found vulgar enough to wear such a cruel thing. Women have gained a reputation for cruelty the wide world over by their thoughtlessness. It is not vanity that tempts a woman to wear these things, for the flowers and ribbons are more beautiful and more becoming. It is only stupidity to ignore the pleadings of the humane, but there is a dreadful incongruity in the wearer of a silver cross, flitting about in a hat covered with birds wings.

We should not be asked to associate vulgarity, stupidity and cruelty, with ever so remote a wearer of that emblem of peace and kindness.

HISTORY.

KING'S DAUGHTERS.

The circle of King's Daughters was formed in Aylmer in the spring of 1880. The membership was small at first, but when it was understood that it was not a denominational society, and that the object of it was simply doing what was possible to relieve the poor and afflicted of the town, a number expressed their desire to join.

The number of members has fluctuated somewhat in the nine years of its existence, still there has always been a good number of earnest workers.

When the circle was first formed, the following officers were elected: President, Miss Glover; Sec-Treasurer, Miss MacMaster. The latter position was held by Miss MacMaster until she deserted the ranks, and became the wife of the Rev. W. A. Cook. In this important sphere of life she has found ample scope for King's Daughters principles, and has formed a successful circle in her husband's parish at Thorold. Her office was filled by Miss Young, who held it very efficiently until the fall of 1895, when she left us to enter the foreign mission field in Japan. Since that time the position

has been filled by Miss Inglis. In September 1894 Mrs. Ambridge was appointed President, and was very much appreciated by the Circle, but she resigned her position in January of the present year, and Miss Glover was again appointed.

The motto of the Circle is:
"Do the duty that lies nearest to thee."

Scripture text—'Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth.'

Lines of work—Helping the poor, visiting the sick, and watching our daily actions.

The members at present are;

Mesdames Ambridge, Hutchinson, Dredge, E. McCausland, J. Wrong, Haines, McNeil, W. McKenzie; Misses Simpson, Hume, Phelps, Nairn, Wickett, Youell, Anderson, Sowler, Elliott, Duane, Lewis, Parlee, Inglis, Glover and the Misses Brightly.

For the first two years the work was not carried on as systematically as it has been since. The members were few and the meetings irregular. A number of parlor concerts were held, with sales of fancy work in connection, however, and considerable money raised and expended. An invalid's chair, which cost \$25 was one of the "first fruits." The Secretary has been able to make a financial statement, going back as far as 1891, so that those who have so kindly helped us may know how the money has been expended. We earnestly desire to thank all those who have given us their sympathy and support, without which the work could not have been carried on.

We wish to state that the money sent to Miss McIntyre's "night shelter for women," and to Miss Young, has been the collections taken up at the meetings of the Circle. So the money given us by the town has always been expended here.

Owing to lack of space, we cannot give the itemized account as prepared by our Secretary.

THE THINGS WE LONG FOR.

If you spring this question at a person—"What do you long for?" he will probably answer you, the millennium, which will be a falsehood, for no one really longs for that holy time. What men do long for is position and wealth. Who cares how hollow the heart is, provided it be covered with a star? Who thinks the head empty shadowed by a crown? Who sees foolishness, or stupidity in a millionaire? No one. We curl our lips superciliously in speaking of the Egyptian's golden calf, and bow down before a plated fool. We sacrifice our comfort at home to sit on the doorsteps of royalty abroad. We spend our substance chasing shadows, and find life a failure—while failure is only within the heart of man.

3 FARTHING'S

The Leading Store in Aylmer
for High-class Dress Goods
and Millinery

We have made special preparations for the spring trade. In the matter of Dress Goods we show an assortment that should leave no taste unconsidered. We have the newest patterns and the richest variety. Our Silk Waists, Fancy Blouses, Capes and Ladies' Suits are the most stylish and up-to-date ever shown in Aylmer.



IN MILLINERY

The assortment is exceedingly fine and the styles the newest. The wisdom born of experience shows to advantage in the handsome collection we have ever shown.

Our Tailoring Department a Specialty.

Palace
Grocery...

STAPLE

AND

FANCY

GROCERIES.

Blended Teas and Coffees a Specialty.
Fresh Fruits and Table Luxuries.

TRY THEM!

H. C. MULHOLLAND
AYLMER, ONT.

MATRIMONIAL DIRECTORY.

In order to meet the demand of the times, a matrimonial agency has been established in Aylmer, and it is to be hoped that every single lady will avail herself of this opportunity, as the candidates for matrimony indicated below are anxious to obtain a suitable helpmeet. We have a great variety and hope everyone will be suited.

1. A prominent town official, good looking, and old enough to marry, of an affectionate disposition and a financial success.

2. A handsome Adonis, with dark brown hair and eyes, gentle and reserved nature, a great favorite with the ladies. Girls! He's "all wool and a yard wide," to use a homely expression.

3. A rising young lawyer, good looking, and of pleasing manners; a gentleman of cultivated and literary tastes. Sometimes sings solos in comic operas.

4. A prominent dry goods merchant, rather too much wedded to his business, but might be induced to try matrimony, provided the right one apply. He does not care a farthing whether she is rich or not.

5. A handsome drug clerk, energetic and popular. A fine pianist and violinist as well as singer.

6. A bank clerk, of modest and retiring demeanor. Sings in the choir and is most exemplary in his habits and manner of living.

7. Post office clerk, pleasant and affable. "Hail fellow, well met." Very popular.

8. A comparative stranger in our midst, but is rapidly making his way in the good will of the wheeling portion of the community by his cleverness in managing balky bicycles.

9. A popular music teacher, sometimes known as Paderewski; a good fellow. You will make no mistake if you apply here, girls.

10. A clever, philosophical professional man, possessing a spirituelle face, of gentle and unassuming mien. Well equipped mentally to wrestle with the difficult problems of human life. None but a good cook need apply.

11. A handsome young merchant of portly appearance, with aspirations toward the Klondike. "The early bird catches the worm."

12. A clever young professor, a good organist and possessing a fine tenor voice.

Oh, he's a young man

Whom all of you would like,

On rainy days he sports a rig,

On sunny days a bike.

13. A tall, slender insurance agent, possessing a pleasing countenance and a graphophone.

14. A tall professional young man, lately arrived in our midst, has already registered in this directory. Come early and avoid the rush.

15. A lawyer, very prominent in political circles, exceedingly large-hearted and philanthropic, addicted to giving the Young Ladies' Seminary treats in the way of concerts, etc. Apply at the office between four and five p. m.

16. A banker of youthful appearance and sound principles, one who will bring joy to the home.

17. A former resident of Pike's Peak, but now a dealer in footwear. Apply before it's too late.

18. A giant, intellectually and physically; of literary and linguistic attainments of a poetic tendency. A man who will make his mark, even at election times.

19. A bookseller and stationer, well known and highly esteemed. Has not been in any hurry thus far, but "all things come to him who waits."

20. A junior member of the Molsons Bank staff, of smiling countenance and immensely popular with the ladies.

21. A comedian and tenor singer, of no mean reputation. Sings "Henrietta" and the "Maple Leaf." Well known throughout the country between Bloomsburg and the Detroit River. N. B.—A great wit.

22. A pleasant and affable dealer in crockery and groceries; blue eyes and a fair mustache; very popular with the ladies. For Moore particulars apply at once.

23. A clerk in a private banking house, handsome black moustache, most obliging, kind and considerate. Marriage license will cost nothing.

24. A merchant tailor; no bad habits; of a retiring disposition. Better be a doring than a slave.

25. We now introduce to the ladies one who in social and political circles is without a peer. A successful dealer in clothing for the stronger sex; also clothes the understandings of both sexes. "In the spring the young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love."

26. A handsome brunette, may be found at his place of business on King street. Has the finest team in town and is most generous in the use of it. Apply early.

27. A handsome and obliging shoe clerk, fond of the bicycle and all manly sports.

The People's Drug Store

Headquarters for....

....Drugs and
Medicines---



THE LARGEST AND BEST STOCK
OF PERFUMES AND TOILET
ARTICLES

PRESCRIPTIONS & RECIPES A SPECIALTY

J. E. RICHARDS.

R. G. Moore

Fine Groceries Crockery and Glassware.



17 Talbot St., Aylmer.

28. Private banker. A young man of means and of exceptional character, also of fine literary taste.

29. An enterprising young druggist who has fame and fortune ahead of him, and will make a lovely home for some fortunate young lady. Don't be backward, girls.

30. We now come to one of the best dressed and best looking young men in town. He may be found in a large departmental store showing goods with much grace and ease of manner. It is a pleasure to purchase from him. You will do well, girls, if you earn his favor.

31. Another salesman in one of the most popular dry goods houses wishes to try his fate. He is of steady habits, fair complexion, blue eyes, kind disposition, and he will do his best to make the girl happy who applies, provided she suits. Be frank, do not practice any deceitful arts upon him.

32. There is still another salesman willing to put his fate to the test. Of medium height, slender, but strong. Has not lived here long, having been reared on the shores of Lake Erie.

33. Another professional man, whose time is so much taken up by his work that he cannot squander it in search of a wife, so by applying to this agency you will find an industrious, faithful and devoted partner. In manner he is reserved, but is a thorough gentleman, and you'll never regret your choice.

34. A gentleman of high aspirations, literary and otherwise, desires our aid, and although he does not reside in Aylmer, is very often in our town and is interested in its institutions. Tall, fine looking, and a farmer by profession. Well to do, in fact a catch, girls.

35. Another literary light who does not reside in the town, but enjoys coming in once or twice a week. Very strong mentally and likely to become as famous as the one whose name he bears.

36. Quiet, bland, most fetching curly hair. For ocular demonstration call at his place of business.

BOOKS.

AWAY FROM NEWSPAPERDOM.

A Book of Poems of unusual merit is written, as one might suppose from the title, by a busy journalist in his hours of—(we cannot say idleness) but life away from the printer's ink and clang of press. The author is a man of genius, who sees poetry not only in the snow-capped mountain, the azure sea and crimson sunset, but even in—

"The twin steel pathway to the possible
Mysterious always where it fartherest
blends
In deep perspective."

A genius of common sense has painted some verbal pictures of our own Ontario Scenery in a way to gladden the reader. For instance—"The Orchard."

From the verandah stretched a wilderness—
An orchard it had been; an old gray house
Upon its verge, silent and empty stood

Fronting the road, with darkened window panes—

The home of some old settler that was dead—

Its log-built sides weathered by many a storm.

The scattered apple trees were old and gnarled;

Grass grew about them, rankly; wandering cows

Came through the broken fence and brows'd at will;

And here and there a heap of brush-wood lay

As if once gathered for the winter fire,

Gone out forever—for no pinnon blue Waves from the chimney now—the flag of home;

Of fireside, and of kindred—all are gone!

Not one of us, who does not recognize this altogether too common sight along our country roadways. The empty house of the old settler. And again—

"How changed our orchard as the seasons sped!

How changed its spaces as the hours went by!

For not alone did Spring and Summer write

Their messages on leaf, and branch, and fruit;

Autumn proclaim her presence; Winter say

'I'm here' but every hour ticked by the clock

Had character and graces of its own."

Here is nature's lover, who sees with lover's eye every change in its mistress. And then to show how united they are:

"So responds nature to our souls, that change

With every day. To be the stagnant same

Through all the years is to be commonplace—

To be a man of wood—an image, graven

From a dull block, and not a living soul."

TRY

YOUELL & WRONG

...FOR

DRY GOODS
MILLINERY
HOUSE FURNISHINGS
TAILORING AND...
GENTS' FURNISHINGS.

▼▼▼

They Sell Bicycles, Too!

Chainless Columbia
Sky-High Crescents
Gilt-Edged Eldredge
and the Stylish Stearns.

An Inspection Cordially Invited



THE CHURCH.

“Back from the dusty road, midst
whispering trees,”

Where “Spirit felt spirit and with joy
adored”

Is well worth study. “The Bush”—
which in the patient days

A sea of forest hemmed the settler in—
His clearing was an island—steady,
slow,

He drove the rolling sea of forest
back.”

“The Sunsets,” “The Village
Street,” “The Lesson of Life,” “A
Dramatic Romance,” etc., etc. All
delightful poems, written as all true
poetry is written, in a style to please
the simple or cultured; and the author,
Bernard McEvoy, in his love of nature
might be compared with Wordsworth.
The book is put up in most pleasing
form, decorated by G. R. Reid, R. C.
A., and is published by George N.
Morang.

The next is an attractive volume,
bound in crimson and gold, and is also
a book of poems, written by Jean
Blewett, which she has called “Heart
Songs.” There is a strain of pathos
running through these Heart Songs
not unlike that found in the verse of
Jean Ingelow. The writer seems to
feel a sort of motherhood for poor
humanity, and understands with
intuition its weakness and its needs.
There is nothing more tender written
than the story of “Jack” who

“had the bluest eyes,

Blue like you see up in the skies,
An’ shine that used to come and go—
One misses eyes like his you know.”

“Amiel’s Gift” is a beautiful allegory,
teaching the best service we can
offer Christ is our consideration for
one another.

“Settled by Arbitration” a short
character study of the Scotchman,
Englishman, and Irishman, and full of
quaint humor. But from so many
worthy of note it is difficult to select.
One thing the writer has accomplished,
in a way to make her almost a
rival of the skillful dialectician James
Whitcomb Riley, and that is in her
writings of childhood. “Her Boy,”
“The Boy of the House,” “Jack,” are
gems in their way. That Jean Blewett
can if necessary be severe, is shown in
“Slander.” That these songs are flawless,
would be a foolish thing to say.
But that they are truly heart songs,
and appeal to the best that is in us,
should recommend the book to every
Canadian reader. It too, is published
by George N. Morang, of Toronto.

Last, but by no means least, is a
little book in quiet brown, printed in
most excellent type, on elegant paper,
“To London for the Jubilee,” by ‘Kit.’
As an event in history the Diamond

Jubilee amounts to perhaps little, but
as a study of the times, and an object
lesson to teach what a Nation can
achieve under the control of a wise
Sovereign, the Diamond Jubilee
stands alone. It is the epitomized history
of England since June the
twentieth, 1837, and “Kit,” who excels
in description, has given us the best
picture we will ever have of this time
of rejoicing, when every part of the
British Empire had its corps of repre-
sentatives. The writer tells us in her
preface, “They are newspaper writings
which were set down with a hot pen
while the events related were yet
happening,” and from the way they
burn themselves into our thoughts
we can well believe it. One reads
along with bated breath at the vivid
sights, pictured by this same hot pen;
or perchance a misty sadness takes
hold of one at such a bit of retrospec-
tion as this from the second letter—
“The City hoary and old, the City
which has seen so many processions—
Coronation Processions, Royal Funeral
Processions, Processions to the Scaffold
and to the Tower—has an interest far
and away beyond that which the
modern and youthful part of London
commands. It is so old and gray.
The houses seem full of grim secrets
and grimmer laughter. They have
seen so much. So many ants have
moved along the ways, carrying each
one his burden; so many poor little
royal human atoms have pranced
in gallant array along the narrow streets,
atoms long since ground into dust in
the great mill of Eternity; so many
still poorer human atoms have gone on
their hopeless way to destruction and
to the river.”

Then again the pen is off, weaving
its great panorama of words; and we
are sitting in “splendid” seats in the
old “Strand” and watching the crowd
—cheering with the crowd—a part
of the crown—looking at “The living
story of British arms.” British pluck
and fight was passing before us.”

So the procession moves along. We
see it; we feel it; until at last the
eight cream horses are at hand. And
then the picture of Her Majesty, as
the carriage moves slowly by. There
is no such beautiful, graceful portrait
of our Queen as this one. “A grave,
somewhat serious face—one seamed
by grief and pain, and yet full of
benevolence, of dignity, of sympathy.”
This woman, sitting in the open
carriage within hand-reach of her
people, surrounded by no guard,
knowing well that she needed no
“protection” from the crowd that
adored her, expressed in all her atti-
tude that of Mother more than any-
thing else.

Where will we find anything finer

Confections

...of the—→

...Finest Quality

Fancy Cakes



—AT—

FREEMANTLE'S.

AYLMER'S LEADING BAKERY.

*Where honey is
There are the bees.
Where bargains reign
Crowds collect.*

It is not an Accident

That our store is crowded
every day. We sell high-
class Goods at crowd draw-
ing prices

Clothing

We carry a stock of Ready-to-
wear Clothing that shows the
result of brains from designer
to maker; well made, well
trimmed, and perfect fitting.
AGENTS for the New Idea Pattern
Co., of New York.

All patterns, 10c. each.

Simpson & Case,

Dry Goods Importers and Clothiers,
AYLMER, ONTARIO.

than the Review of the Fleet? We quote from pages 92 and 93. "The sight of the fleet was the most impressive and moving I have ever seen. Never before did one get the full meaning of "Britannia Rules the Waves." The spectacle was so imposing, so terrible, so imperious, that it passes all attempt at description. One was looking at the real strength and might of this splendid Empire, which owns the very sea! Here on our own "preservers" old Britain was displaying her might. Twenty-seven miles of battle-ships, all drawn from the Home Reserve! Only one ship taken from a foreign station; the rest merely the "little contingent" we get out to show our visitors from time to time. No wonder the men said "By Jove," under their breath, as they climbed up the companionway for luncheon, and looked abroad over the glittering Solent. There was something terrifying in the aspect of Britain. Something so haughty, so imperial, so significant of power—and yet here to-day so significant of peace—that it touched the deeper heart strings, and stirred those human cords of pride, and love-of-fight, and all that there is of pluck and courage and delight in the soul of man. You felt that those big war-dogs were out, muzzled and innocuous, for a holiday; that they were playing with you, letting you see their "points" and going to show you how they could bark playfully in a minute or two. There they were, the Powerful, the Terrible, the Victorious, the Jupiter, the Mars, and the countless others. Power and Glory rides this day upon the Solent. You will back the "Queen's Naves" against the whole world. Let them stand aloof! Britain can afford a splendid isolation!"

The little book ends all too soon with "The Duchess of Devonshire's Fancy Ball." No wonder the first edition ran out so soon, and many had to wait for the second. It is of value to-day as a picture of our own times, but it will be of greater worth a few years hence, as a study of an event unique in history. This is another of Mr. Morang's happy ventures; and is a dainty, handy publication. We have selected these books for review because they are written by Ontario writers, and should be in the library of every Canadian.

A DAY DREAM.

It was only a dream, my darling,
A day dream that passed not away;
And my heart grows weary with
waiting

For the dawn of heavenly day.
For I seem to see you, darling,
In that far off land of dreams;

And my eyes grow misty with gladness
And these dazzling water streams.

You gazed at me tenderly, darling,
From your place in the bright, blue
sky;

And I pray to my Father in Heaven
To carry me up on high.

But 'twas only a dream, my darling,
A day dream that passed not from
me;

I will try to be patient, and wait, dear,
Till He sees fit to take me to thee.

M. C. E.

LOVE'S LEGACY.

What made my world of thought
before

'Thou cam'st to me?

My soul but paus'd and slept, of yore,
Waiting for thee.

What will replace that hope and sweet
Expectancy;

What make my life again complete,
Love pass'd away?

Remains a heart made wide to let

Love enter there—

Only more room to hold regret,
Only despair.

But in that joy-dismantl'd place,

All death-destroyed,

Memory enthrones thy banish'd face,
Filling the void.

Maiden calm, and woman's joy is lost,
Of thee bereft,

But sweet experience, gain'd at bitter
cost,

To me is left.

JAPAN LETTER.

Dear Readers,—Miss Glover has asked me to contribute to the King's Daughters' paper, and as I am interested in all these enterprises, I will tell you something about the women and girls of Japan as I have found them.

I have lived in Nagoya ever since I came to the country. It is a city of the interior, with a population greater than that of Toronto, including the ten thousand soldiers stationed here, and is a very wicked city, the worst in the country. I know it is very difficult to do mission work here, especially among the women.

Although the position of women in Japan is superior to that of other heathen countries, it is by no means an enviable one. Woman in the family occupies a subordinate place. A girl is subject to the father's wishes. There is no such thing as "coming of age" for a girl in this land, though I am told that in two years some laws are to be passed regarding this, that will give a young woman more freedom. Now, a girl may be sold quite



W. WARNOCK

PRIVATE BANKER

46 TALBUT-ST.

AYLMER, ONT.

... THE

Aylmer Sun

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

☼

Fine Job Printing of all Descriptions.

against her will to a life of seclusion in a house of ill-fame. This is quite a common thing in this city, but do not think it is because the parents have no feeling for their children. Oh, no, but because they are only doing something that is quite lawful and very common, they feel no shame themselves, and the girls who are brought up in such a light way, thinking more of fine clothes than anything, seldom object to a life of this kind. There are cases as I said before, where the girls unwillingly enter these places, and then it seems indeed cruel of the parents to force them, but I think the other state of affairs is much more pitiable since both parent and child are lost to all sense of shame apparently. Some of the lower class poor people look upon it merely as a business transaction, and the money they receive means a great deal to them; then others, who are not so low from the world's standpoint, are even willing to sell their nice looking daughters for the profit to be secured by so doing. Our cook, an earnest Christian, was telling us of a niece of hers who had been sent by her father to one of these places to learn to dress the hair of the inmates. When she becomes clever at this she is promised a good wage; but Urne Ian, the cook, says it is a great step in the downward direction, and that she believes if left there her fate is inevitable, consequently we tried to get her away from the place, and held out some inducements to her father, but it was all in vain, he preferred that to her being under christian influence. Some years ago Mr. Robinson rescued Urne Ian's half sister from a place of this kind, where she had been sold by her father—a Buddhist priest of lower order—when quite young. She was sent to the Poole Jo Gateko (girl's school) in Osaka and is turning out a very promising young woman. She did not want to go to this school, for although she liked study she hated Christianity. Going thus against her will she was somewhat troublesome at first, but gradually she became more manageable, and now she is one of the most earnest christians in the school. She was baptized two years ago, and her influence since then has always been for good. She is a great help, too, in gathering children together for Sunday school; she goes to different houses and informs them that she is a christian, and asks the parents to allow their children to come with her where they will be taught about the one true God. Miss Tristram says she is one of the best at getting children together in this way. She has spent her holidays with us during the last two years, and we have grown very fond of her, she is so amiable and

good. This one dear soul has been saved, and oh, how we do yearn and pray for ways to be opened up whereby we may be used in saving others. We want to start a home for young girls of poor parents, who are destitute of that care that mothers should give them. We have one young girl. Mrs. Trent has undertaken the expense, and our helper, Mrs. Nihira has undertaken the charge of this young girl. Her name is Okuri San, and her parents who are very poor, gave her quite freely to us, and she is to be under our control until she is twenty years of age. She is a very bright girl and she is being taught by the Spirit of God, for she does take in the christian teaching so rapidly; she understands quite a good deal about the one true God, and she talks to the children at school about it. She tells them that God made the world, and that He is a Spirit, and that the great temple at Atsuta, also the one at Ise—temples of which the Japanese are very proud—are useless, for the people who worship there do not know anything about God. Then the girls reply, and naturally enough—"What do you know about it; do you think you know more than our teacher?" She answered "Yes, I do, and if you will come to the church where I go, you will find out all about it." She is very fearless, and so bright and clever. The scholars call her a "oyojin" (a foreigner), but that does not disturb her equilibrium at all. I dare say if she were older, the teacher might make it unpleasant for her. They often do make it so unpleasant for the christians, that they are obliged to leave the school. When we meet with another needy case, I shall be glad to undertake the expense of keeping her. Fifteen gold dollars will about keep a young girl for a year, and send her to school; but when we get three or four, as we hope to do, we think fifteen dollars will cover the expense per year for each. At first it will cost more, for there are the futons (beds) and other necessary articles which will last from year to year.

Girls are being much better educated in Japan now than formerly. Last year there was a sort of high school for girls opened here in Nagoya by the government. I do not know whether it is well attended or not, but I know the mission schools—there are two in the city, one carried on by the Presbyterians and the other by the Methodists—are not so well attended since this school was opened. The mission schools have done a great deal of good, besides being a spur to the government to open up school in opposition, as it were they have been the means not only of uplifting many

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young woman to greater self-respect, but many a one has been converted and become an earnest Christian worker. One of our bible women was educated in the Poole Jo Gakko, and one of our language teachers—a sincere little Christian—was educated in the Presbyterian school here. Many of these educated Christian girls hold out against their parents and will not be married to heathen husbands. This brings down the wrath of the "Powers that be" upon our religion. They say it teaches disobedience to parents, which is an awful thing in the eyes of the Japanese, especially if the offender is a girl. The uneducated Japanese woman is a most insipid little creature, most uninteresting has no mind of her own—generally—and is a most hideable little piece of womanhood. This is the kind of a woman that the Japanese man as a rule likes, someone to serve him like a machine. If they have children they gradually become more to each other, and it is wonderful how some of these simple young girls develop into women of considerable sense. This may be taken no account of until she becomes a grandmother. It is nice to know that the grandmothers have a voice in the household if they never had as daughters and mothers. The young married women of the upper classes put in a very lonely, idle life when they are first married. "They have no work to do, that is they do not attend to the housekeeping, having servants; and all their sewing is done before they are married. They get enough outer garments to last their lifetime, made and packed away before they are wedded. This is a custom among the rich people, and since the fashions never change it is very satisfactory. The fashions regarding small articles of clothing change, but not the larger garments corresponding to our gowns and jackets; these never change in style, and they often have hundreds of dollars' worth of these beautiful clothes. When a lady is well dressed everything is of most delicate shades of color and all in such harmony. They are so misrepresented in the pictures that we see in the home lands that we have no idea how refined the Japanese taste is with regard to many things until we come here and live among them. Do not think when I say that the women are insipid that I believe there is nothing in them. Oh, no, quite the contrary, but I think they need teaching, or rather developing. Shortly after Miss Trent came to the country she went with Mrs. Baldwin to call upon the young wife of a judge whom Mrs. Baldwin knew. They found her playing with dolls and a ball.

We know two women, the wives of officers, who have no children, and they do put in such a sad, lonely time—nothing to do. If they were only King's Daughters, and their husbands were willing, they could find plenty of work to do. But, alas! their husbands are not willing. They may be thankful if they are not divorced. It is quite a common thing for women to be divorced because they have no children.

Before closing, I want to tell you of a young lady who came to me for English. She is the daughter of one of our neighbors, Judge Kano. They have the nicest home I've been in in Japan. Everything is in good taste and of the most expensive make. This young girl has been to Tokyo to school, and is quite well educated; and moreover, she is a christian. When she first came to me she had not been baptized, but her mother is a christian, and attends the Methodist church every Sunday. The daughter is very beautiful, and a very sensible little thing. She loves to talk about spiritual things, and is developing so day by day. The other day we began reading the book of Ruth and the conduct of Orpah. She meditated for some time. After she had made sure she understood the circumstances, then she said, "Was that very wicked; couldn't she remember the true God and stay in her own country and among her own people?" Two of her sisters are married, and she says that their husbands said they were christians, but they do not seem like it, and her sisters are not as earnest as they used to be. During our conversation, I said: You know, O Kano San, if christians are not sincere and faithful, they do more harm to christianity than any opposers can do. When we profess to be something that we are not, we do unspeakable harm to the religion and are unhappy in our own lives. She replied, "But when I try to be very much in earnest my father scolds me." Thus the poor girl is curbed in her enthusiasm. Her father is an unbeliever; at any rate he opposes everything that tends to make the girl conspicuous as a christian. One day she said to me "I should like to do something for Christ." I replied Well, Kano San, you can introduce me to some of your friends, then if I can teach them English and the Gospel that will be something. "But," said she, "I have no friends. I used to have a few when I was small, but I seldom ever see them now." This is quite true of many girls and women, especially among the upper classes; they have few associates, if any. The boys and men have many, and expect the women to be always at home to wait upon the friends who visit them. I am told that in Loteyo things are

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taking on a very hopeful appearance. Women are forming into societies for philanthropic purposes of different kinds, consequently we are in hopes that the near future will see some changes in the interior, brought about by Christian influence. There is certainly work to be done, therefore let us have your sincere sympathy and earnest prayer. Our workers' motto this year is, "The zeal of the Lord of works will perform this." Isa. ix 7. Remembering this we may be hopeful, for he who hears our prayers is faithful.

Yours affectionately in the Master's service,

MARGARET M. YOUNG.

PAPA'S CHRISTMAS CHAIR.

In my arms, oh! rest thy body,
Tired and worn with years of care;
I will gently bear thee upward
To the thought of things more fair.
I have longed to make some sunshine
'In this world of care and woe,
'But little my beginning
It may have some chance to grow.
Bring your wife and children with you,
In my arms I'll hold them all.
Steadily, gently up I'll bear them
Free from care or duty's call.

ETHEL JESSIE ANDERSON.

EASTER IN THE SOUTH.

Rabbits everywhere! of every size, material and description. The toy shops are a bewildering mass of bunnies from the "Jack" that will jump with remarkable fidelity (when properly wound up) down to the dainty china affair for my lady's boudoir. The confectionery shops present but few attractions beside their candy rabbits, of various sizes and grades, while even the show windows of the mammoth dry goods emporiums are for the nonce solely given up to displays of the long-eared divinity of the Easter season. As surely as Kris Kringle is the patron saint of the Yule-tide, so surely is the rabbit that of the Easter in Dixie land. Every Southern child, who has not outgrown childish delusions, expects to find in some sequestered spot in the home on Easter morning an elaborately constructed nest of twigs and grass containing several highly-colored and fantastically decorated eggs. A good-sized rabbit of some description will generally be found guarding the precious gift, while smaller and sweeter bunnies, that rarely survive the day, are eagerly sought for in the hidden places of that wonderful "nest of rabbits." Just why the rabbit should be so identified with Easter time (and Easter eggs) does not seem clearly understood; not for lack of tradition but rather because of the number of them and their varied meanings. However, we will not dwell at the pleasure-giving custom that annually brings so much joy to thousands of Southern homes because we know not of the "why and wherefore," but join with them in wishing Sir Jack a Happy Easter.

A PASSING GLEAM.

Down a sunshiny forest glade
Where the early flowers grew,
Daintily stepped a little maid,
Prettily dressed in blue.
Child of a wealthy man was she
Whose life was full of song;
Bright as the flowers and as free
As the wild birds, all day long.

Down in that sunshiny forest glade,
At the foot of a waterfall
Sobbing, there lay a little slave
Who had hurt himself from a fall.
'Round him the flowers gently swayed,
But his hand was bleeding sore,
And he saw them not, though the little maid
Had spied them from afar.

Forward, she tripped in glad delight,
When she spied the water's bright sheen;
And eager to see the beautiful sight,
Rushed on through the bushy screen.
Then stopped in afright when at her feet,
'Midst all that was bright and fair,
She beheld a poor little slave of the street
Who for safety had lain down there.
They stared at each other in mute afright,
While the little slave vaguely wondered

If this were one of the angels bright,
And if so from where had she wandered?
But the other's pity soon mastered fear,
And ere long she had learned his story;
And was bathing his hand with water clear,
While she spoke to him sweet and slowly.
And when at last the work was done,
And the slave went back to the street,
And the little maid, in the smiling sun
Danced away on her dainty feet,
The poor boy thought of that vision fair,
The prettiest thing that could be seen,
A little girl with golden hair,—
A happy face—a passing gleam.

ZENDA.

A SCHOOL-GIRL'S LAMENT.

Oh! for brains enough to think,
To make us use our pen and ink,
To help us guide it with such care
That brilliant thoughts may fill the air.
O! for sense enough to know,
And mind our business as we go,
And when exams. stare in our face,
To use our pens and win the race.
O! for tongues that we could hold,
Just like the folks in days of old;
And O! for pure and simple minds
To rival those of olden times.

ETHEL JESSIE ANDERSON.

It's a Lucky Look

When you see the new moon over your left shoulder, but it's a luckier look when you see our New Goods over either shoulder, and you will never see better Goods than are contained in our new stock if you outlive a century.

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Bigger every hour, and our bargains seem to get bigger the longer you look at them, until they reach the full limit of size that is possible for them to attain. Without doubt we are making the biggest bargains we ever made.

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To talk about bigger or better bargains than we make—they can't be made. We guarantee that every buyer shall find our goods better and at lower prices than can be made or is made elsewhere. Come and see the Goods and settle the question once and forever that our store is the

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RECIPES.

ALMOND ICING.

The whites of 3 eggs, 1 lb. Jordan (sweet) almonds, 3 cupsful of icing sugar, 10 drops royal extract rose; pour to fine paste the almonds with a little of the sugar, then add the whites of the eggs, rest of sugar and extract; pound a few minutes to thoroughly mix.

TORONTO.

CHARLOTTE RUSSE.

Make a nice boiled custard by stirring one teaspoonful cornstarch that has been wet with a little cold milk, into 1½ cups of boiling milk; allow it to cook for a few minutes, then stir in the yolks of two eggs that have been beaten, with two tablespoonfuls of sugar, remove from the fire and flavor to taste with vanilla; cut any stale cake into slices, spread currant jelly or any kind of jam preferred, on each piece and arrange in a deep pudding dish. Pour the warm custard over this. Make a merange by beating the whites of the eggs until stiff and adding two tablespoonfuls of sugar spread over the top and brown in the oven.

MRS. W. C. HOAG.

HICKORY NUT CAKE.

1½ cups sugar, ½ cup of butter, ¾ cup of sweet milk, 2 cups of flour, 1 cup of nuts chopped fine, 1 teaspoon cream tartar, ¾ teaspoon soda, whites of four eggs.

MISS CAMPBELL.

PUMPKIN PIE.

½ can prepared pumpkin, 2 cups milk, 1 cup sugar, level teaspoon salt, 3 eggs, one teaspoon ginger, ¼ teaspoon cinnamon, ¼ teaspoon mace, a little nutmeg. This quantity makes two pies.

MRS. H. A. AMBRIDGE.

KISSES.

(From Lady Laurier.)

White of one egg thoroughly beaten with a pinch of salt, two teaspoons fine granulated sugar lightly folded in egg. Flavor to taste, drop in dessert spoonful on well-buttered paper placed in bake tin; carefully sift a little sugar over each. Bake twenty minutes in a moderate oven.

MISS LEWIS.

EXCELLENT CAKE.

1 lb. flour, 10 oz. butter, ¾ lb. sugar, ½ pint milk, 5 eggs, 2 tablespoonfuls brandy, 4 heaping spoonfuls baking powder. Put half this quantity into a tin for a plain cake, then add one cup of currants to the remainder, which will make a nice variety of cake.

MRS. AMBRIDGE.

LEMON PIE.

Grated rind and juice of one lemon, 1 cup boiling water, 1 tablespoonful corn starch, 1 cup white sugar, 1 egg, 1 tablespoonful butter. Wet the corn starch with a little cold water and stir it into the boiling water; when it boils pour it over the sugar and butter, let it stand until cool and add egg and lemon. Bake with undercrust only. Beat the whites of two eggs to a stiff froth, add 3 tablespoonfuls powdered sugar, put on the pie and replace in the oven until a delicate brown.

MRS. STURGES.

MUFFINS.

Two eggs, whites and yolks beaten separately, put the whites in the last with the flour, 1 tablespoonful butter, a pinch of salt, 2 cups flour, 2 small tablespoonfuls baking powder, 1 large cup sweet milk. Put in rings and bake fifteen or twenty minutes in a hot oven.

MRS. F. W. SMITH.

BROWN BREAD.

With one quart of warm water and brown flour make a stiff batter and let stand over night, into which put 1 cake of Fleischman's yeast, keep warm, and in the morning put into the batter one dessertspoonful each of baking soda and salt, and half a teacup of brown sugar or syrup; dissolve in a little water, then stir in enough white flour to make it into loaves; do not knead it stiff, only just enough to shape it, put into a deep pan and let rise until light. This quantity will make two loaves.

MRS. H. A. AMBRIDGE.

OYSTER PATTIES.

A very rich crust made of 1 quart of flour, 1½ lbs. of lard and ice water. Roll thin and put in patty pans, filling with soft paper and making the upper crust to fit. Filling—2 cups of milk, 1½ cups butter, salt and pepper, and flour to thicken; boil in double tin, drop oysters in the scalding liquid and fill crust just before serving them. This quantity makes one dozen.

MRS. JOHN WALLACE.

ALMOND SOUFFLE.

Scald one pint of milk, add 3 tablespoonfuls of flour made smooth. Cook for three minutes, add the beaten whites of 3 eggs, 1 tablespoonful of sugar, 8 ounces of chopped almonds. When cool stir in the stiffly beaten whites of the eggs, add the flavoring. Pour into a buttered soufflé pan, strew top with chopped almonds mixed with a little sugar, and bake in a hot oven for twenty minutes. Serve at once.

MRS. EDWIN McCausland.

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Your roof and building, and
Whitewash
the interior with
an

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You didn't know it would do it? Why! my good man, it will lay it on **FASTER** and **BETTER** than forty men can lay it on with brushes. It will just pay for itself **GOOD** in a little less than no time. Thought it was a stomach pump? Oh, Great Scott! write

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FRUIT ICE CREAM.

1 generous pint of milk, 2 cups of sugar, 1 small tablespoon flour, 2 eggs, 2 tablespoons gelatine soaked in a little cold water, 1 quart cream, 4 bananas, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. candied cherries and other fruit if desired. Let milk come to a boil, beat flour, sugar and eggs together and stir in the boiling milk; cook twenty minutes, then add gelatine, when cool add cream. Put in freezer, freeze ten minutes, add cup of fruit and finish freezing.

MRS. DUANE.

POUND CAKE.

1 lb. flour, 1 lb. sugar, $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. butter, 10 eggs beaten separately, adding whites last, candied lemon peel sliced thin. Bake slowly.

MISS MURRAY.

ALMOND CAKES.

$\frac{1}{2}$ lb. sifted flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. butter, $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. coffee sugar, 2 eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon lemon and almond essence, 2 teaspoons ground ginger, 1 teaspoon ground cinnamon, 2 oz. mixed lemon and orange peel, 4 oz. almonds blanched. Chop peel and almonds very fine. Mix all dry materials together, then rub in butter; add eggs and essences. Last of all mix to a smooth paste and roll out on floured board to a half inch thickness. Cut small and bake on dry tin in slow oven. Be sure and roll no thinner than half inch.

MRS. S. KINGSMILL.

GINGER WINE.

1 oz. tartaric acid, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. cayenne pepper (tincture), 1 oz. essence of ginger, 1 oz. brown sugar, 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ lemons, sliced very thin, 3 lbs. granulated sugar. Pour on all 6 quarts boiling water and let stand 24 hours. Strain and bottle for use.

MRS. ANDREW THOMPSON.

BITTER ORANGE MARMALADE.

1 lb. white sugar, 1 pint cold water to every orange if they are large, and if some are small put about 15 to 12 lbs. of sugar. Shred oranges very fine. Put water in crock and let soak for 30 hours; turn into kettle and let boil for fully two hours; add sugar, and add two hours more if necessary, till it thickens a little, and when cool it will jelly.

MRS. H. A. JOHNSON.

YANTRIES.

1 egg, a pinch of salt, mixed with sufficient pastry flour to make stiff paste, roll thin as possible. Tear (not cut) in irregular shaped pieces and fry in boiling lard until slightly brown.

MISS LEWIS.

A QUEST.

I wav'd with my hand
To my love on the strand
A farewell, when morn was begun;
The East faintly shone
With the first smile of dawn,
And I set my sails toward the sun.
And the sun in the sky
'Came to meet me on high,
And my way with gold was o'erlaid;
And gaily I laugh'd
As I felt my light craft
Dance along in the path that it made.
But a change came with noon,
And I saw all too soon
The orb far above me had sped;
The smile of the morn
Seem'd chang'd into scorn
As it haughtily pass'd o'er my head.
So about in my boat
I set me afloat,
And trac'd the track in my wake;
But my skiff, although brave,
Against wind and wave
Found the fugitive hard to o'er'take.
And so the day passed,
And with nightfall at last,
The sun sank unheeding to rest;
And I in my bark
Was alone in the dark,
And the last tint died out of the West.
Then the light in the skies
No more dazzled my eyes,
And I saw what I saw not before;
I saw my love stand
With an outstretch'd hand
Where I left him at morn on the shore.
And then I well knew
That to seek and pursue
The good that is highest and best,
I had but return'd
To the love I had spurn'd,
And I laid my tired head on his breast.

F. N.

A MEMORY.

I built my idol. It's perfections all
Were my creation.
My idol was of clay; then came the fall,
Then desolation.
I even raised it up, replaced
Each severed part.
It fell again, its charms effaced—
Twice broken heart!
Gone is all hope, all faith in him, all
trust—
God pity me!
And yet I love—not him, alas—but just
A memory!

Lay to your heart this lesson—
Not to your heart unknown;
Win, and the world wins with you—
Break, and you break alone.

I've not been through lurnin's rounds,
For such wuz not to be;
A-spellin' things the way they sounds
Is good enuff for me.

QUEEN OF HIS HEART.

O, nobody knows of the sceptre I hold,
And nobody knows I'm a queen,
And I wear not the crown nor the
diadem,
Nor the costly glister and sheen;
And nobody knows how fair is my
realm,
How loyal and firm every part,
But my own true love could tell if he
would
That I am queen of his heart.
O, they praise my beauty of face and
form,
And call me queenly and fair,
And nobody knows how true is the
name,
Nor the royal title I bear;
And I prize a grace that others extol,
Because it pleases his gaze,
And am proud of my secret power and
sway,
For I'm queen of his heart he says.
But a queen may bow and a captive be,
And lay her royalty by,
And my true love knows that he holds
me in thrall,
And he knows that he's stronger
than I;
And the love that we bear could never
be told
In ages by tongue or by pen,
For I am queen of his heart he says,
And he is a king among men.

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See me for Rates Before Insuring Elsewhere.

A TALK WITH ARTEMUS WARD.

I met Artemus Ward but once. I was quite young at the time, and was acting as city editor of the Star, published at Schenectady N. Y. While I was city editor of that sheet I met Artemus. I was standing on a bridge at the time, and in talking about newspaper work, was about to say something in regard to my heavy editorial responsibility, but Ward checked me by asking:

"What creek is this?"
 "Creek!" I exclaimed. "Why, this is the Erie Canal."

"How far is it navigable?"
 "Why, of course it is navigable from one end to the other."

"Well," solemnly replied Ward, "that beats all the streams that I ever heard of. By the way, I think I can make out some large boats anchored up the stream there; what are they, propellers or side-wheelers?"

I replied that they were mere canal boats, and were moved by horse-power.

"Ah! I didn't think the stream was as shallow as that," said Artemus.

"As shallow as what?"
 "Why you say that these boats are pulled along by horses. Now, of course they must walk along in front of the boat, mustn't they? I used to run a stone boat on my lamented Uncle John's farm, and I distinctly remember that the horses walked along in front."

I mentally declared that I had never before met with such ignorance. I spent some time in explaining the peculiarities of the big ditch, and just as I had begun to think that I had set the stranger right on the subject, he knocked my hopes into kindling-wood by remarking:

"I suppose that when the stream dries up in summer they put the boats on wheels, don't they?"
 Then I began again and explained every feature in the canal, from New York to Erie. How attentively he listened to my words. I can still see that melancholy face, lit by the sad light of the stars, and those mournful eyes looking into mine so earnestly; and again I hear, as I did then, after I had talked for nearly half an hour, going fully into the details of boating, the low, pathetic drawl:

"Any saw mills on this stream that you know of?"

Shortly after some gentlemen came along who seemed to be acquainted with my obtuse friend. Presently one called him Artemus, and then I commenced to reflect. I always reflect best when I'm hid away somewhere, so I went and hid myself.

THE KING'S DAUGHTER.

When you was out a lady called,
 A lady fine and fair,
 Wid swate blue eyes and pretty mouth
 And lovely hanged up hair.

And when she asked of you was ir,
 Says I, No, mum, she's not,
 But of you'll have your card wid me,
 I'll see it's not forget.

Oh, niver mind, says she, come
 A little news to bring
 About some poor we're doing for,
 I'm a daughter of the King.

Then hooly saints, I lost me wits,
 And curtesied down so low,
 And whin the princess left the door,
 I never saw her go.

But gettin' quick me senses back,
 I hurried down the strate,
 And bowin' low, says I to her
 Pray won't your highness wait.

She looked at me, an' smiled most swate,
 Wid all her white teeth showin',
 No not to-day, I'll come again,
 'Tis time I must be goin'.

Now, though I am a Dummycrat,
 All kings and queens ahatin',
 An' bein' an American,
 All white folks equal ratin',

I'd loike to know the Princess' name,
 And who might be her father,
 And what she's doin' over here
 So far across the water.

And of Her Royal Highness wants
 A maid to wait upon her,
 I'll do it on these blessed knees
 Sure's me name's O'Connor.

WHAT ABOUT CUBA?

Loyalty and Religion—two words to conjure with—hurled from our platforms and pulpits with such zeal, one would never guess they could be used to a nation's harm. And yet look at Spain! Spain in the sixteenth century the mistress of the world. In the nineteenth century a bankrupt power, speeding toward her own degradation, and all through the Loyalty and Religion of her people. Loyalty meaning to bow down before those in authority; no matter what their conduct; and Religion, to believe what is taught by the church, regardless of reason or justice. So it came to pass in the time of Philip III that the church put forth its utmost energy, and the expulsion of the Moorish nation was brought about. The builders of that wonderful palace and its fortifications, the Alhambra (made familiar to us all by the pen of Washington Irving) were expelled or burned—it mattered not

which; and with the exile of the Mariscoes, was the banishment of art, science and manufacture from Spain. Such was the orthodoxy of the people, and so fearful of innovation, so sure of the wisdom of the church and their ancestors, that over one hundred and fifty years after Harvey had demonstrated the circulation of the blood, the Spanish physicians rejected the theory as new and dangerous.

A superstitious people, governed by a constitutional Monarchy is all right so long as its Monarch is wise, but wisdom is not inherited with a crown, and unless it dwells in the hearts of the people disaster must follow. Now the eyes of the world are looking upon this sullen, superstitious, quiet nation; and the question arises in every mind—was the mysterious calamity of the war-ship "Maine" caused by the treachery of the descendants of those who brought about the Spanish Inquisition? And what will become of Cuba? One by one the colonies of Spain have been lost. Florida was bought by the United States for \$5,000,000. Will Cuba fall under the same Government? And under what conditions? Will it be war or peace?

ELEVATED ROADS.

I used to be afraid of them, but it's no use. Death stares us in the face everywhere, and we may as well take it in its elevated form. I have a friend who wanted to take a ride on the elevated road when the first one was built; but when he looked at it he thought of his wife and children, and concluded to walk home. On the way up town a woman who was washing a third-story window fell out and just grazed my friend's head. She was killed, and he had a very narrow escape. It's no use; there are women washing windows everywhere, and we may as well fall as be fallen upon.—Mark Twain.

She never went to an auction store,
 This girl with the serious face,
 For she said that it always seemed to her
 A sort of for-bidding place.

The undone kindnesses are the only ones a man ever regrets.

To grow old and not grow wise is to grind on the treadmill of nothing.

Life is the riddle we must give up before we can solve it.

It is because the fates are blind they spin such knotty threads?

A coward may be brave in a crowd, but it takes a hero to be so when no one is looking.

"ONLY A SLEIGH-RIDE."

Written by Adele Peters, Authoress of
Serial Stories "An Eclipsed Engagement,"
"The Court of Wasil and the Palace of
Plenty," "A Happy Week," etc., and
Poems "The Dying Leaf," "Angela,"
"The Cataract and the Mountain," "The
Old Year," etc

CHAPTER I.

"How happy some o'er other some
 can be."

The scene of my story lies in a small country village, consisting of one long street. At right angles with this street flows a lovely river, which at a distance of about a mile from the village, joins another stream; and seemingly well content with having company, ripples speedily and joyfully on its way to the ocean. Past caves it glides, with only a curious wave dancing in, to take a rapid survey of the interior, leaving helpless fishes behind in its hurry to keep up with its fellows; whirls around the roots of trees, carrying with its restless sweep the loose earth that surrounds them. Still on; under bridges, over stones and boulders, jumping, leaping, tumbling from height to depth. On again, in its mad ambition to reach its fate, and be swallowed up in ocean.

Just at the junction of these rivers stands a large, three-storied stone house, which in summer is completely covered with clinging vines. It is mid-winter now, and the vines hang lifeless; the fact of their hanging at all being the only sign of their revival to renewed beauty. The branches of the trees which surround the house bear up gracefully under their heart-chilling burden. Though it means death to the leaves, yet the scene lacks nothing in beauty, being a veritable crystal palace for genii to live in, who are warm hearted enough to repel the cold.

The house itself in its ample proportions, suggests comfort and plenty. The handsomely furnished rooms show the most exquisite taste in their arrangement. The beautifully furnished library is a source of pleasure to all who visit it.

Those who dwell in this comfortable home, are Mr. Campbell, a very wealthy retired merchant, a tall, handsome man, who well merits the name of "Merchant Prince." Mrs. Campbell, a pretty motherly woman, who looks as though she had never insisted on having her own way in her life, and their beloved daughter Helen, a tall, sparkling brunette, full of life and motion, whom everyone calls Lady Nell. This Lady Nell is expecting a number of friends this very evening. Let us peep at these friends as they near their destination. Belle

Barber is seated beside Lottie Moore in the coach; and forms a great contrast to her. Lottie is a blonde of the purest style, and has a winning, you'll like me, kind of air, which makes everyone love her. Belle is neither blonde nor brunette, but a happy combination of both, with a decided will of her own, which gives a firm look to her small mouth and a slightly haughty lift to her head; a very pleasant face, one which inspires trust. Aggie Barber resembles her sister very much in form and feature, but the expression of her face is as one who has known trouble and learned how to bear it.

"That peaceful face, wherein all past distress,
 Has melted into perfect loveliness."

Everyone trusts good little Saint Agness, as they call her. She has soul beauty.

The gentlemen in various attitudes of elegance and ingenuance around them are Dr. Gregory, a noble-faced, honest gentleman. Wilfrid Winters, a society man, who has not lost his individuality in the artificial atmosphere of this base world. Angus Groust, a fair type of a medium lawyer, who is far too honest to be altogether successful in his chosen profession. John McGrath, a divinity student, an enthusiast in the field, and at the same time not without physical advantages.

But now they are at the station, and Mr. Campbell greets them; glad as he always is to see bright, happy faces. They are snugly tucked in his sleigh and whirled through the crisp air—with the sweet toned bells dancing out a challenge to the world in general, and to all other conveyances in particular—to the bright, happy home of their hostess.

Helen is standing by the tea table giving the last touches to the fragrant flowers, which are lavishly bestowed on the board. In the centre of the table is a square mirror, on which is placed a silver candelabra, whose many branching lights dazzle the sweet flowers, that hide their shyness under the protecting ivy and myrtle which twines caressingly around them. So they lie, fragrantly giving out their life on the borders of the mirror, and reflecting their sacrifice again and again within it. How sweetly they are dying; softly, stealthily creeping to shadows as they near the foot of the candelabra and recede from the light. As they waste their lives they will give sweet thoughts, noble fancies, high hopes and blissful dreams, to those who gaze on them. Their short lives will not be like

"A broken purpose, waste in air."

The remaining space is covered by all the good things hungry people delight in.

As the laggard hands of the clock creep near the longed for hour of seven, Helen is standing by the window in her "one straight gown of red, against the cold," looking the true goddess of hospitality.

Welcome, welcome, she says, amidst the ardent embraces of her girl friends. In they all come—a regular breeze of gaiety. But, there is one belated guest comes springing up the steps, as Helen in her anxiety for his coming has gone to the door. What a radiant vision she is, as she stands there in her brilliant dress; her sparkling eyes speaking a gladder welcome than she knows. Dropping the bundles he is carrying, with a half smothered exclamation of tenderness, he holds out both hands for hers, which are given impulsively, with a shy glance, which ought to make any man happy. I think by the pleased expression on this man's face that he is supremely so. True love must find expression in meeting or parting.

What a happy care free band they are, as they gather around. Bright, happy faces, graceful figures, fluttering like humming birds before the grate fires. Is it any wonder that the coals burn brighter at the sight, and sent up a steady flame, in which those romance loving girls picture a glorious future, and are already in elysium at the mere anticipation.

What better happiness is there than the pleasure which a well trained imagination can give? Life is full of disappointments. Why think of them until they are upon us? How we can cheat them of their sting, by not anticipating them. Planning happiness will go a long way towards making our nature's hopeful, and always anticipating luck will help to bring it. Is not hope itself happiness? And hope springs eternal in the human breast," providing one does not choke up its source, with a debris of complaining and weeping, by which no mortal may thrive, and through which no spring may send up pure crystal hope, but needs must send up gloomy despair.

Let us encourage the rippling, tinkling laughing songs, of which hope is the mother. Let us keep the sources of our springs pure, that they may offer up their incense spray to the author of hope, and fall in dewy benediction on hearts and homes.

As these merry ones sit, weaving their webs of fancy, their profiles are delineated on the wall in fitful phantoms. There again are their lives portrayed. At first the bright light of youth falls on their sun-kissed locks, and they dance along in airy fancies, gliding over and above the surrounding

clouds. See, their shadow lives! They are floating nearer to darkness and dense shade; but ever as they near it they sway backward, instinctively reaching for the light; and ever as they recede the shadows thicken slowly in on youth and health. Ah! yes; there is only escape for a while, but make the most of the light shadows; toss back your golden locks in glee, glance your footsteps to and fro on the daisy decked fragrant lawn. Warble your songs of youth and joy, and heed not the shades of trial. These shades are lured when they come with a royal purple of patience, endurance and resignation.

CHAPTER II.

"Twining a wreath I found one day,
Love, that among the roses lay;
Quick, by the wings, I caught him up,
And plunged him in the brimming cup.
Then urged by thirst's imperious call,
I drank the wine off, love and all,
And ever since, within my breast
His tickling wings destroy my rest.

The next day being bright and frosty, a sleigh ride was proposed, and gladly agreed to, by all. They purposed following the river course past the fall; on through the snow bound fast asleep little village twelve miles away. Then return in the clear frosty twilight, when their happy thought, chattering and laughter, would transform even the dim clouds, keeping glowering watch over the purely clothed world, while the bright twinkling eyes of the clouds beamed benignly on them.

Well, a pair of prancing horses were attached to a capacious sleigh, warm robes placed in it; and the party seated: Dr. Gregory and Belle in the back seat, Aggie and John McGrath next to them. But Lottie and Lady Nell persisted in wanting to sit in the front seat to drive; just as though they were all going to trust their lives to two such pairs of little hands. However, when girls insist, gentlemen must perforce submit, which Angus and Wilfrid accordingly did, much to their secret annoyance. Soon, however, the tiny grip on the hard leather lines relaxed, and Lady Nell was willingly helped to a seat beside Wilfrid, and Angus was free to follow his heart to Lottie's side. The beauties around them entrance their gaze. They are driving along the banks of the river on which the gleams of the sun are making delightful phantasies. The trees on the opposite bank are bending in frost laden humility, and crystallized reverence to their far sweeping enemy, now laid low in winter's grasp. Though the sun is trying to warm it into glittering life, and all seems sparkling and beautiful; yet is

the heart frozen beneath, and it is only seeming life.

Now they are passing a cave, where crystal pendants vie with each other in extending their lengths to the river, whose icy touch is sure death. What frozen possibilities within that cavern mouth. Those dark, suggestively cold shadows made more deeply dark by their icy sentinels.

Lottie being of a sensitive, imaginative nature, not only sees the magnificent scenes before her, but feels them to the depths of her beauty loving nature.

"How beautiful the world is!" she exclaims.

"Oh, Angus! Such scenes charm and sadden one at the same time.

Why do not people harmonize with their surroundings?"

In her excitement she extended her hand towards him, and he quietly took it, remarking in an undertone:

"I know one person who is pure and noble and lovely."

"Do you?" she says, looking quickly up, for she had been so absorbed in thinking of humanity at large, that she had no thought of self. One look into Angus' earnest eyes fixed affectionately on her, sent the truth home, and they sat in silence; she looking down at her imprisoned hand, which yet she did not try to free. He, gazing at her down cast face, thinking not altogether unsatisfactory thoughts. Such perfect communion cannot last forever. If it did, perhaps happiness would cloy. Their happiness had no chance to cloy, for Angus having almost forgotten the horses in his intense love for Lottie, held a very lax rein; and just then one of those miserable, torturing animals called boys, went like a whirlwind of noise past the spirited horses, blowing his sleighing horn with all the power of his bellows of lungs. Instantly the horses started forward, swerved to one side, and pranced madly on to the frozen river, carrying the sleigh like a toy behind them. Away they went at a frantic gallop! On, on, ever nearer the dreadful fall that in its frozen beauty seemed laughing at its oncoming, pale victims. Silent they were, for they were all brave hearts, each one recognizing the deadly prospect before him. What different thoughts passed through the mind of each.

Lottie, in her newly found happiness, was awed by the proximity of death, yet felt a strange comfort in the thought that Angus shared her danger, and that she would not leave him on earth to mourn her loss, and in time give to another her precious place in his heart. They would begin eternity together in their love.

As quickly as the flash of her thoughts the horses reached the very edge of the fall, and every one felt that his intercourse with mortals was drawing to a close. Angus and Wilfrid strained at the reins, with foreheads beaded with agony and muscles like whipcords. By sheer force of their love and care for their precious companions they made yet another desperate effort, and joyfully, thankfully, they felt the horses shrink as though even they with their frenzied blood and mad impulses could not destroy so much beauty and learning. Yes, truly they were turning, and just as madly as they came, they dashed back towards the cave, when striking the sleigh full force against a fallen tree imprisoned in the river, they sent the terrified girls, boys, buffalo robes and sleigh furniture in a medley across the ice. Lottie and Belle realizing almost before they came in contact with the icy floor that they were more fortunate to receive even a cold reception from mother earth than to form a plying for madly galloping horses, sprang to their feet, rejoicing in their safety. But Lady Nell, who felt responsible for the well being of the party to a certain extent, had received a shock which her sensitive nature could not parry, and lay cold and pulseless on the glassy floor.

Instantly they gathered around her in pained alarm. She must not lie on the cold ice! Is she dead, their darling Nellie? No, No! Oh, no! "Dr. Gregory, surely you will be able to bring her back to us, when we love her so. She must not die."

Hastily Dr. Gregory issues his commands. "Wilfrid, carry robes and cushions to the cave and arrange them into a couch."

Wilfrid, with agony written in drops on his cheeks, arranged the robes warmly and effectively on the dry earth, and Nellie was carried hither in Dr. Gregory's capable arms. Silently they knelt around, almost stifling their own heart-beats in their loving anxiety to see dear Nellie breathe again. Oh, the direful suspense of those few minutes, comprising the misery of a lifetime.

But where are John McGrath and Aggie? As they think of them their troubled glances stray to the glistening surface, stretching in grim hospitality before them.

"Ah," they cry, all in a breath. "There they are sitting on the tree trunk, which has caused all this trouble."

"Are they utterly heartless that they sit thus, not thinking or coming to inquire for darling Nellie?"

There is Aggie positively leaning on Angus' shoulder. Oh, is she too hurt?"

Frantically Lottie calls them to come to the cave. Angus' dreary tones respond:

"Aggie cannot walk, and will not allow me to carry her."

"Bring her here instantly out of the cold! How can she be so absurd when Nellie is lying here dead," wails Belle. At this awful news John caught Aggie up, and bore her with quick, long strides to the cave, where he seated her on a portion of the robe, beside prostrate Nellie.

Slowly and uncertainly the fitful pulse began to beat, and Nellie's eyelids wavered. Then the eyes reluctantly, feely opened; and the girls hurried their faces in the robes, and sobbed aloud for very joy. Wilfrid, man and stoic though he was, joined them with deep heart sobs of intense relief.

Faintly she smiled at the strange scene. She had no strength to wonder at the place. She felt only a peaceful, dreamy appreciation of their joy and its cause.

Strangely weird they looked, as they knelt, forming a bright border to her sombre resting place, with Aggie reclining at her feet, her tear stained face, raised in intense thanksgiving. The faint light, which the exhausted sun sent in wavering gleams, on their grateful heads, only made the surrounding shade more densely suggestive of black night.

Here they were miles from home, on a frosty cheerless night, shut out from light by the dark cavern walls; their loved companions lying helpless before them. Yet, their faces illumined the surrounding gloom; their grateful hearts served for creature comforts.

But, as the deepening shadows came daringly towards them, they were recalled to the duty which lay before them.

The horses must long ere this have reached home and alarmed their friends—Reach home they must before black night prevented their exit from the cave.

Nellie gradually roused her flagged eagerness to relieve her mother's anxiety. But Aggie could not walk.

Dr. Gregory proposed putting Nellie and Aggie into the buffalo robe, and the gentlemen carrying them by holding the ends of the robe. No one suggesting anything wiser, they adopted the plan, and as anxiety carried to the extreme and relieved, is apt to result in a tendency to mirth, they laughingly started up the river, Nellie and Aggie comfortably lying on the improvised litter. They lay there in thoughtful

silence, gazing into the snowlit night, both of them feeling, in spite of their past dangers, that they were happier than they had been at any time in their cozy, firelit home. They were almost sorry, when their bearers with swift long strides, had borne them quite to the gate of their home. They were met by ten or twelve men bearing torches, who had just returned after a weary search for them.

Instantly a glad hurrah rent the congealed air, as they recognized them, Again anxiety overwhelmed them, when they saw only Lottie and Belle, and that the gentlemen were carrying a burden.

Mr. Campbell rushed forward to the robe, only to have his hand grasped, and the sparkling eyes of his beloved daughter looking into his, full of health and brightness.

What a comfort it was to sit at ease in that pleasant home, within sight of that fire, which seemed to sparkle out its rejoicing at their safe return.

Yet, one and all felt that gradually their party was being divided into parties, and wondered which pair would be the next to be separated from the whole.

One evening Wilfrid drew Nellie beneath the shade of a magnificent oleander tree, whose sensitive flowers would nod approval to all they said, and bury their secrets in their sweet hearts. And placing her on a low seat stood silently beside her, a perfect torrent of affection leaping from his eyes. Unable to bear his silence in that quivering atmosphere, Nellie turned towards him. Then springing up, with almost a desire to flee from him, she stood like a shy, sweet violet, trembling to its plucking, the dew of a great affection, bowing down her modest head.

Murmuring some almost inarticulated words of deep affection, he held his hands appealingly to her, and just as the violets are helpless in the hands of those who lovingly gather them to hold them their own, so Nellie's maidenly attempt at resistance was gently conquered, and she yielded herself to his—

"Indeed, I love thee. Come! Place thy sweet hands in mine and trust to me."

Quietly so they stood, realizing in spite of the joyous tumult of their hearts, that they had assumed a sacred responsibility, as well as a joyful union.

While Wilfrid and Nellie were just coming to a knowledge of their feelings towards each. Angus and Lottie too are discussing their future.

Angus is earnestly talking and Lottie eagerly protesting.

"You see, dear Angus, even if I did

love you, I could not afford to throw away my literary hopes to become a housekeeper. And see the wealth I am apt to accumulate by such a life."

"Such mercenary thoughts, little girl, do not become such tender lips as yours."

"You really would not be so selfish as to deprive me of a chance of happiness for such hopes to be fulfilled? Surely, if you love me, you will glory in such a victory without my marrying you?"

"No, indeed! I cannot, you ridiculous girl! Neither can you be long content with such worship. Only tell me that if it were not for this Caesar-like ambition (God grant that it may not end so disastrously as his) you would be my wife? Tell me, Lottie; tell me dear one!"

"I would have told you, that after five or six or a dozen years, when I am tired of being a girl, then in the thirteenth year I might possibly begin to think that I could stand living with you for the few years of life which would be left to me; and I am sure your love will have enough to do to last for the rest of my life without starting now."

"Lottie, you are rude and wicked. You know that I love you. Or, maybe dear, you are tired. Forgive me, and say good-night, and I will seek a more favorable opportunity to ask for your precious love. You do not, you can not mean the wicked things you have said to-night. You could not be so cruel, you sweet midge. Good-night, my Lottie, for mine you shall be."

"Good night, you saucy knight, do not be too sure of me."

Three years afterwards Lottie was the proud possessor of five rejected stories and one published one, but still with tenacity worthy a better cause, she kept Angus waiting and wearing his heart out with impatience. Let us hope she did not altogether exhaust his bountiful supply.

The same years see John McGrath and Aggie laboring amongst the heathen, doing all that lies in their power for their spiritual and physical welfare.

Lady Nell and Wilfrid Winters shining with a refulgent light in the gayest of fashionable circles.

Dr. Gregory and Belle while skating on the same river where they so nearly met their death, concluded that for the rest of their lives they would be in less danger if they became one. Their own words on their wedding day will enable you to see whether they made a mistake or not.

"Mrs. Gregory, are you glad you have taken unto yourself a companion for life?"

"To-night I am! How long I shall remain so rests with that companion."

"You know well enough, darling wife, that you will only be happier every day. Tell me you know it."

So she told him, and they both believed it, and it was so.

COMMON SENSE.

Now it is remarkable, that the most uncommon thing in the world should by general consent be called common—there is no doubt this faculty, this sound perception, is of all gifts most rare, and common sense a more unusual quality than genius. Yet we all think it is our predominating characteristic. Our friends usually know better, and thanks to the artificial age in which we live, they repress their legitimate desire to tell us so. Of course we are all gifted with a certain amount of "common sense," but unfortunately its force and energy is spent in managing our neighbor's affairs. There is not a man daubing about the bar-room, or gossiping on the street corners who could not—from his own point of view—bring more common sense to bear upon the work of the farmer, preacher, doctor, lawyer, mechanic, merchant, engineer, or in any path of life, than is displayed by those who walk therein; and yet such a man, as a rule, hasn't enough of that very desirable characteristic, to provide properly for his own household. If it is a matter of seeding, or creed, or prescription, or advice, or building, or goods, or canal, he knows all about it, but if it is a matter of looking after wood splitting, or clothing, or wisdom for his own household, he is totally at sea, and not being an expert sailor, the wreck finally comes, and his family go under, when the Town or the King's Daughters must come to the rescue. And yet all this while he has been (theoretically) repairing his neighbor's mistakes. But the loafer and lounge are not the only ones happy in this hallucination. Every layman knows (no matter how successful or unsuccessful, his own business may be) that he could manage the affairs of the church better than they are managed, and preach better sermons. No one who fails to come up to the standard his companions have fixed for him, but will be classed among those lacking common sense; and likely the classification will be correct. Nine out of ten of life's failures are brought about by lack of this quality. "To get understanding" (which is nothing else than the ability to use wisely the knowledge we possess) is only to get common sense. The fact that men who have the widest range of knowledge, are by no means the men with the most common sense, should lead us to consider the wide difference between wisdom and knowledge; and in matters of education, instead of laying so much stress upon the acquirement of facts and incidents, it would be well to teach the growing mind to consider the

causes which lead up to these facts and incidents; and that cause and effect are the same, through all ages.

Humanity never changes, its passions and desires are as in the beginning, when Eve longed for knowledge and ate the apple; when Cain envied the acceptance of his brother's sacrifice and murder followed; when "Paris" and "Helen" turned the world upside down for love; when the Louis's sowed idleness and folly, and the harvest was the French revolution; when Charles, more unstable than Reuben, vacillated and deceived until the patience of a nation became exhausted, and a Cromwell sat upon the throne of England. Common sense protects a man from foolish acts. A woman of common sense, an Elizabeth, guides a nation through crises and makes prosperity, a foolish Charles brings about calamity; a Plato three hundred years before Christ was born teaches Christian doctrine; a Voltaire seventeen hundred years after the birth of Christ teaches Christianity an imposture. Mankind ever the same, good before God was taught (original good), bad after years of Christian teaching (original sin), and so wags the world away through all the centuries. Understanding and folly, side by side—"Wisdom is the principal thing," but alas, we do not get wisdom, nor do we "get understanding." F. S.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND SISTERHOOD, TORONTO.

It may be of interest to some of the King's Daughters to hear a little about woman's work as done by the Church of England Sisterhood in Toronto. Twelve years ago the Sisters of St. John the Divine began "In His name" their work of self dedication with but two members; so blessed has been their labors that they now number about thirty. Their first year in that poor district where the Mission House was opened at 71 Robinson street, they distributed 735 dinners, 400 in their houses, 335 carried to sick who were not able to come. A free dispensary was also conducted, and clothing supplied to mothers gratuitously. The next year, 1885, when the rebellion broke out in the North-west, the Sisters went to Moosejaw and took charge of the hospital for wounded volunteers, and their services there are remembered by many with heartfelt gratitude, and to their many friends it is a great pleasure to know that the Government presented them with a grant of land and the Saskatchewan medal, in recognition of their valuable services.

On their return they opened a surgical hospital for women on Euclid

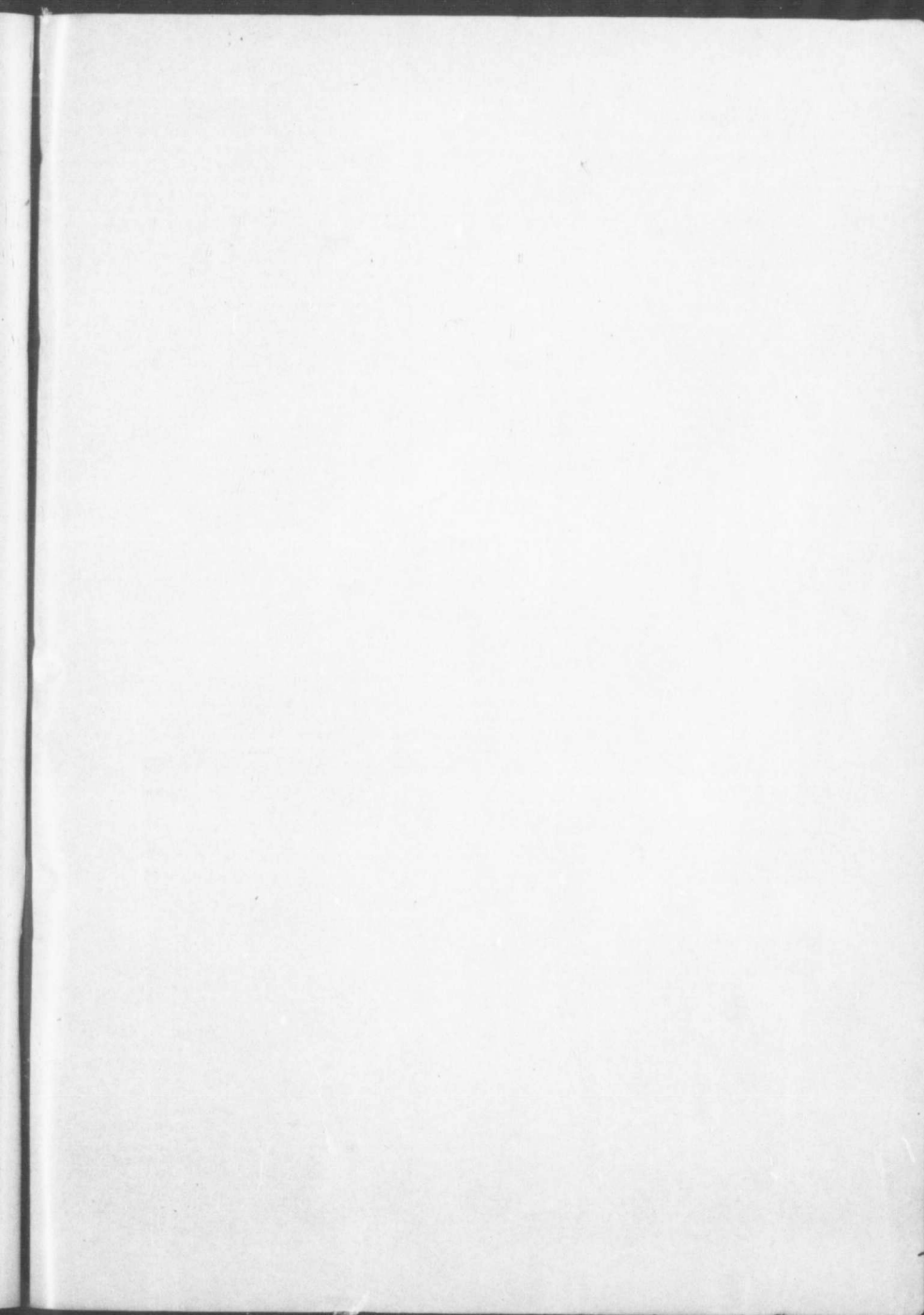
Avenue, since which time their work and members have so much increased that the new hospital on Major street was a necessity; and besides their hospital work they have opened a home for the aged at 169 and 171 John Street, where men and women in old age and reduced circumstances may spend the closing years of their life, and where lonely people may find companionship and tender care. Two Sisters also live and work amongst the poor in Seaton village. This Mission House is in Follis Avenue. There they hold mother's meetings, sewing schools, invalid dinners, where a doctor is always in attendance, the sisters making up the prescriptions, etc. Also there is a Fuel and Clothing Club. In St. John's House, Major Street, there is a church work room, where very beautiful embroidery is done, also orders may be sent for surplices, banners, cossacks, etc. Nor is this all, the Bishop Bethune College, Oshawa, a school for girls is also conducted by the Sisters of St. John the Divine, where they have over forty boarders, the fees are from \$40 to \$50. In St. John's Hospital, Major Street, for the diseases of women, there are two endowed beds for free patients, a ward of ten beds where \$3 per week is charged, also semi-private wards where the charge is \$6 to \$7 per week, a bed is endowed for a gentlewoman in reduced circumstances. Private rooms at from \$7 to \$15 per week, sixteen beds have been added and are all in constant demand.

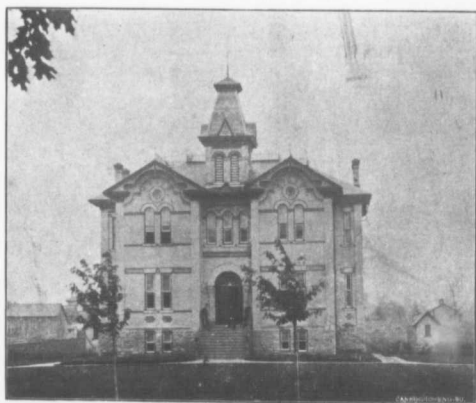
The Superior is a most gifted woman, and her personal charms and quiet persuasiveness make it impossible to say no to her. Besides the Sisters she has a band of associates numbering 150, who pledge themselves to help on this grand work by doing something definite each year for it such as helping in the embroidery room or in the Mission House.

The dress of the Sisters is distinctive. This little incident which happened to The Superior may help to illustrate the necessity for such. A poor unfortunate had to be taken in a cab to the general Hospital. The Superior dismissed the cab, deciding to return by the cars; unfortunately it was after twelve when she was able to leave, and the cars had stopped running. However, she decided to walk, and going along Queen Street when it began to rain. Walking quietly, she heard a step behind her, and a man said, "Madame, will you accept my umbrella? I know you have been out on some errand of mercy."

I must before closing, say a few words about the beautiful chapel, with its lofty ceiling and restful colouring, so quiet and peaceful, away from the noise of busy life, where one may rest and meditate in the quest of God's temple.

B. S. M. H.





AYLMER COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE.