"For What We Are About To Receive"

BY MILDRED HOUGHTON COMFORT.

PART I.

Sarah Burton bowed her head mechanically while her husband said grace, with her left hand patting the eager baby in the high chair, who, mistaking her overtures for play, crowed happily; and, with her right, admonishing into quiet her son who sat tilted forward on the chair that was uncomfortable for his short little legs beating a tattoo on the nearest table leg. She raised her eyes slightly, a signal for her daughter to drop her hands demurely into her lap.

Then came her husband's voice, its crisp, business-like quality deepening unconsciously into the sonorous tones her father had always used when he said grace.

"For what we are about to receive, O Lord, make us duly thankful. Amen."

Such a short little prayer but the one touch of old-fashioned form that she had insisted on carrying over into her new life when she had left the solid, square paternal home for the uncertain protection of Samuel Burton. Sam had come under the censure of Old Josiah Wells because of a proclivity for wandering into untried paths and also because of a belief that somewhere, in the outside world, lay glamorous opportunity. This was the very reason for his attractiveness to Sarah. The idea of leaving her home town in which she had been born and bred had stirred her romantic imagination. This imagination, inherited from generations of pioneers, was as wholesome as it was searching. Not so much the hectic desire for experience actuated her as the hope that somewhere in the outside world was to be found the ideal home—for her and Sam.

The children broke into a shrill chattering as the "grace" closed and the patriarchal voice of Sam again regained its crispness. He heaped the pearly whiteness of a baked potato on Junior's plate, meanwhile shoving towards his wife both the baby's portion and her own. Margot took care of her own potato daintily like a little woman of household. Sarah smiled at the fun. Sam was making, swearing softly under his breath at the potato "croshers." The plates were passed back to him for scalloped salmon and the meal progressed. The potato-occupied baby stopped pounding with his spoon and between the parents passed a look of sympathetic understanding. Each sighed audibly,—a sigh that meant, "Well, that's done! So far so good!"

"Saw old man Barnes to-day." This from Sam, helping himself and grinning good-naturedly as he always did when the ordeal of sewing was over.

"What did he say?—Don't eat so fast, Junior, no, no, Baby mustn't. Sam, why do you suppose they enjoy serving a whole fistful of mashed potatoes when . . ."

"Fingers were made before forks, I suppose."

"What did he say, Sam?" resuming the conversation as she wiped with a damp napkin between the chubby fingers of the baby.

"Threw all kinds of bouquets. Says you're what every landlord's looking for—the kind that'll fix things up instead of seeing how much they can screw. Says you have the old-fashioned spirit."

"Did he lower the rent?"—dryly.

"No, he didn't, Sarah, but . . ."

"But what?"

"Some how I couldn't force the issue, my dear. He is so grateful to you for always keeping things so nice that it seemed like asking for a tip after a meal had said: 'Thank you.'"

"Did you remind him of how I painted and painted that awful flat in Montreal and made it a lovely thing?"

"He reminded me! But you did that of your own free will, you know. He sure was sincerely grateful."

"And fixed up that misused, dirty old house in Belleville and he could charge a bigger rent after we left. That woman took it because it was so clean and smelled so homey, she said."

"He knows that, dear."

"And then he persuaded us to take this darling little house but with this exorbitant rent."

"He didn't own property here, Sarah. I've always thought he bought it just because we were coming here to live."

"He bought two. I can't say anything personal in that sort of purchase. And look at the Mulvey house. Look at it!"

"I've looked at it, honey—every day. They're a shiftless lot. Does seem rather queer that in six short years one house can become a beautiful home and the other a wreck. Strange, how little neglect's count up. Poor every pane of glass we puttied in, they let their youngsters knock out. Every spring that I spent painting screens and touching up the porch railings and trellises, Mulvey spent in his car. The time I took to prune trees and cut grass, he took to sit in the shade and smoke. And the Lord only knows what's gone on inside the houses—your scrubbing and cleaning while Mrs. Mulvey cavorted all over the neighborhood. But it's a satisfaction anyway, isn't it, Sarah? Isn't it worth all our effort to have things look right? The two houses—exactly alike at the start and—well, it's like twins. You can never tell from the looks how they're going to turn out."

"Did you tell Mr. Barnes these things, Sam?"

"Didn't have to. He knows. Peculiar old chap, you know. He always has seemed to take a personal interest in us, ever since that time in Belleville when we invited him to Thanksgiving dinner."

"It was fine, Sam. Remember how you went 'way down town to get a turkey and they were so high that you came back without one? And then he sent us one himself. Yes, Junior, of course you can have another potato but no more jam—no more jam. We'll excuse you now, Margot. Poor baby's sleepy—go to slumberland 'right away . . ."

Sam continued his reminiscences.

"I remember mighty well how queer old Barnes looked when I told him I was coming here."

"'Better settle down, Sam,' he said. 'Bayport's a good suburb to bring up a family in. And you've hauled that poor little wife of yours around enough.'"

"I didn't mind it, Sam," tenderly. "We learned a lot. But now I want to stay. And we oughtn't to keep this house at this rent—not with your salary cut."

Sam winced.

"It's only a temporary cut," he offered. "Business is picking up again."

Sarah shook her head stubbornly. The temporary cut had already extended over six months and the usual expenditures were mounting. Suddenly she stopped eating and abruptly changed into her subject.

"Sam, what's the matter with us? I've been thinking ever since you said grace that if we really believed, we wouldn't be fussing about the future."

"You're responsible for this faith business, my dear. When you married me, your relatives' ideas certainly differed from yours as to what you were about to receive."

"You mustn't joke about serious, religious things, Sam dear."

"It was no joke."

Sarah laughed, then sobered.

"I have faith in the future, Sam, she announced, "but sometimes success seems a long way off. While we're waiting, I want to be happy. The hard part is being duly thankful for what we have—and for what we expect is coming to us."

Junior had slipped down from his chair and was staring out into the twilight, his nose pressed against the glass. He raised a sudden war whoop.

"It's snowin', mama. I can see it comin' down by the street light."

Sam and his wife rose, Sarah holding the sleepy baby quietly against her and Sam putting his arms about the shoulders of Margot and Junior. They peered through the window at the yellow blot of light outside. Big flakes of white, showing an unearthly iridescence, descended continuously.

"I love it," said Sarah softly. "It reminds me of Thanksgiving time at home, with the harvest all done. We'd drive to church through the snow usually. And the service always impressed me so. And Mother's wonderful dinner afterwards! Nothing ever tasted so good. They'd talk of how much they had to be thankful for—even the year of the crop failure. I was so thrilled with the spirit of it all that my throat ached and yet I didn't want the day to end. The remembrance of Dad's voice and the words of the Thanksgiving grace always covered me when things seemed to be going wrong. That grace contained the two things we need the most—faith and gratitude."

After the children had been put to bed, Sam wiped the dishes for Sarah but without the lightsome accompaniment of jokes with which he usually lightened that uninspiring job. Sarah brushed back the little tendrils of soft brown hair that were forever curling about her face, and her eyes, of the color of crocuses, grew wistful, then maliciously tender. When they came to the pots and pans, Sam seated himself broodingly in the kitchen rocker. Seizing a lock of his heavy dark hair, his wife tilted his head back until she could look directly into the serious brown eyes.

"What is the matter?" she queried in mock severity. "Tell Sarah this very minute."

She held his head firmly in spite of his squirmings and he threw up his hands in token of surrender.

"Well, what is it?" she insisted, seating herself on his knee. The babies were asleep—who cared about dishes?

"It's about Thanksgiving," began Sam slowly.

"Yes," prompted his wife. "You want two turkeys, I suppose."

"That it," he laughed with a note of relief. "I want two turkeys . . . Well, I want something almost as bad—I want to invite a guest to our exclusive family dinner."

"A guest? Why, of course. Whoever said our Thanksgiving dinners were exclusive? At home we used to take in everybody that looked the least bit hungry."

"This one isn't hungry—that is, physically. He could buy us!"

Sarah straightened up, suddenly sober.

"You mean old Stephen Barnes!"

"Of course, if you don't want him—but he looked rather more than lonesome when I mentioned Thanksgiving. So I couldn't very well . . ."

"Then you've already asked him?"

"I—just couldn't help it, honey. If I hadn't, I believe he'd have asked himself."

Sam looked suddenly like Junior when he feared he had been "into mischief," yet feeling vaguely that he was justified.

It was during the next two days while the Thanksgiving preparations were in full progress that Sarah began to understand the ineffable joy of contentment.

"I don't know how it happened," she confided happily to Sam on the eve of Thanksgiving Day, while he importantly skewered the turkey she had cleaned and stuffed. "I don't know how it all came about. I was so tired and disgusted with everything. Every day, when I wiped up the living room floor around the rug, I'd say to myself, 'Doing the same thing to-day, to-morrow and forever and ever.' I couldn't get any satisfaction out of the polished floor.

"When I looked at our beautiful white tub in the bathroom, I'd think, 'You're white just so you can show spots.' And you know how wonderfully things up, Sam, whenever I give it even 'a lick and a promise.' Even the cooking that I'd always enjoyed suffered. I'd scrub the potatoes viciously,—much as I like good baked potatoes and easy as they are to prepare. Every time the children tracked in a little dirt, I'd snap at them. Guess I snapped at you, too, Sam—sometimes."

Sam's boyish grin was an admission as well as forgiveness. Sarah's voice deepened.

(To be concluded.)

Closer Home.

Teacher—What are the products of the West Indies?

Frank—I don't know."

Teacher—Yes, you do. Where do you get your sugar?"

Frank—We generally borrow it from next door."

If you're acquainted with happiness, introduce him to your neighbor.

Modern Witchcraft.

The belief in witchcraft dies hard. We are apt to suppose that it exists nowadays, outside of the Orient, only among savages and the superstitious peasantry of a few nations backward in civilization. There, indeed, are its strongholds; but it crops up occasionally in unexpected places. A recent issue of the Manchester Guardian records an amazing trial in the English village of Cullompton, in which witchcraft practised by the plaintiff was seriously adduced by the defendant to explain and justify his acts.

Alfred John Matthews, a small farmer, was summoned for assault by his neighbor, Ellen Garnsworthy. He had she declared, attacked her without provocation and severely scratched her arm with a pin, causing a profuse flow of blood. He had also threatened to shoot her.

Farmer Matthews, far from denying the assault, readily admitted it. She had, he considered, got no more, and indeed less, than she deserved, for ill-wishing him and bewitching his pig. It was she, and not he, to whom the police ought to turn their attention, he declared with spirit. They ought to raid her house, for she possessed a crystal with which she wrought evil magic, and the thing ought to be found and confiscated, that her neighbors might be safe.

The presiding magistrate tried, wholly in vain, to persuade and convince the man that there was no such thing as witchcraft. He was sentenced to a month's imprisonment for the assault—a sentence which he persisted in believing preposterously unjust. His pig had been bewitched and died. If anybody went to jail, clearly it ought to be the witch!

What is Your Real Age?

"Why, he doesn't look a day over forty!"

How often is that remark made of a man who is fifty or so? And it is interesting to note that doctors in these days are veering round to the opinion that in such a case the man's real age may be nearer forty than fifty.

The age which your birth certificate reveals is not your real age—it only represents the number of summers that have passed over your head. The real age is determined by the wear and tear of the body—which can be fairly closely recorded by modern methods of examination.

The heart, for all practical purposes, is just a piece of machinery, a hollow muscular pump to drive the blood onwards, and a rough estimate of its real age in relation to its birthday age may be made by observing its rate and steadiness.

The tubes that carry the blood—the arteries—have their age, too, which is denoted to the finger by their elastic qualities and the pressure of the blood within them—both of which can be accurately recorded by an instrument.

Then there are the lungs. Their powers of breathing can be measured, but perhaps a more important test is the power of holding the breath, for this indicates the degree of steadiness of the nerves too. The steadiness of your nerves is important, because the less steady they are, the more vital energy you will spend every year.

Lastly there is the digestive system. From the state of the teeth and the condition of the stomach an estimate can be made of your digestive age.

Thus a doctor can form an estimate of the ages of your heart, arteries, lungs, nerves and digestive system, and from these he should be able to place your real age to within five years or so.

Keepsakes.

I would take away with me
Only youthful dreams,
Bit of cloud, sky of blue,
Mystic songs of streams.

That flowed through a woodland I
Knew long, long ago.
All the early loves I held
Crimsoning, and oh,

Bright first hopes, what matter now
They were unfulfilled?
Going I would take them with me
Who have thrilled and thrilled—

With their magic who can say,
Where I travel far,
I may live all these again,
On a distant star.

—George Elliston.

A Stage Superstition.

In the theatrical profession it has long been a popular belief or superstition that a "ragged" dress rehearsal will result in a better show on the first night than if the final dress rehearsal runs too smoothly.

Most heroic figures in history are like certain paintings. It is better not to approach too near if you wish to see them at their best.

And Did Those Feet in Ancient Time.

And did those feet in ancient time
Walk upon England's mountains green?
And was the Holy Lamb of God
On England's pleasant pastures seen?

And did the Countenance Divine
Shine forth upon our clouded hills?
And was Jerusalem builded there
Among these dark Satanic mills?

Bring me my bow of burning gold?
Bring me my arrows of desire!
Bring me my spear! O clouds unfold!
Bring me my chariot of fire!

I will not cease from mental fight,
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant land.

—William Blake.

He Was Too Honest.

John Radcliffe, born in Wakefield, Yorkshire, in 1650, was one of the greatest physicians, but he happened to have more than the usual amount of human honesty, therefore his troubles.

In 1699 he was physician to King William III. William sent for him one day and the doctor found his royal patient with very swollen ankles and a body very much emaciated. He looked things over and said nothing.

Finally the king asked: "Well, what do you think?"

"Why, truly," replied Radcliffe, "I would not have your majesty's two legs for your majesty's three kingdoms."

That was the end of Radcliffe insofar as the king was concerned, but the Queen Anne had great faith in him until one day she summoned him for the twentieth time in a few days he bluntly told the Queen that her "ailments were nothing but vapors of the mind."

That ended his work in the royal household, but when he died he had enough money to leave forty thousand pounds, gold, to Oxford University."

Trials of the Accompanist.

The accompanist has anxieties which audiences, engrossed by the solo performer, little realize. Many are the difficulties and dangers avoided by the swift manoeuvring of the man at the piano, and disasters are often escaped only by his capacity to tide over awkward moments. Sometimes his task is beyond him, however. The late Henry Bird, a famous accompanist, used to tell of his experience with a lady singer with a pronounced vibrato. When she and Mr. Bird had left the platform she turned to him and said—"What on earth were you doing in that song?" "Well, madame," he replied—"I tried you on the black notes and I tried you on the white notes, but I think you must have been singing in the crack."

Band Music.

The popularity of the brass band as a necessary part of a big—or a smaller—industrial settlement is evident in the fact that there are thousands of such bands in Great Britain and America. And the band contests of both countries are famous. By now, with the caliber of the brass instruments so much improved by invention their powers are greatly expanded and all classes of music are possible to them. The advance both in the standard of music in use by bandsmen and in their performance of it, is one of the most striking features of musical progress.

On the Beach.

Old Rounder—"You're a trained nurse, eh?"

She (archly)—"Yes, I'm really a trained nurse."

O. R.—"What's your best trick?"

Looked Bad.

A much respected citizen had left three umbrellas to be repaired. Later in the day he had lunch in a restaurant and, as he was departing, absent-mindedly took an umbrella from a hook next to his hat.

"That's mine," said a woman at the next table.

He apologized and went out. When he was going home that evening in a street car with his three repaired umbrellas the woman he had seen in the restaurant got in. Glancing at him and at his umbrellas, she remarked pleasantly:

"I see you had a good day."

Ty Cobb, great baseball star and manager of the Detroit Tigers, photographed in Toronto en route to his annual hunting and fishing vacation in Northern Ontario.

RAW MATERIALS OF CERAMIC INDUSTRIES

SPECIAL PURPOSE CLAYS ARE SCARCE.

Large Variety of Clays Employed by Canadian Manufacturers.

In the ceramic industries a large variety of clays is employed, ranging from impure brick clays to high grade white china clay. Clays and shales suitable for making common brick and high grade face brick are plentiful and widely distributed in Canada. The bricks produced from these clays are not only of good strength and form but also embrace a wide range of color; and they are manufactured in an assortment of surface textures. There is little need for importing any building brick into the country since almost any desired artistic effect may be obtained by the use of brick made from Canadian clays.

Unfortunately as much cannot be said for the special purpose clays as for the brick clays, since their distribution in Canada is rather limited. Nevertheless, there are large and valuable deposits which are indeed important resources.

Fire Clays in Canada.

Fireclays occur in British Columbia, Alberta, Saskatchewan, Ontario, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia. Firebrick and refractory shapes are made from local clays in British Columbia, Saskatchewan, and Nova Scotia. Such firebricks as are manufactured elsewhere in Canada are made from imported fireclays on account of the remoteness of domestic deposits.

Pottery clays of very good quality are obtainable in Alberta, Saskatchewan, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and Prince Edward Island. Those of New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island, and also some from Nova Scotia are red burning and produce a good body for art pottery, while in Alberta, Saskatchewan and Nova Scotia there are deposits of light-colored stoneware clays. The deposits in southern Saskatchewan supply the requirements of a pottery at Medicine Hat, Alberta, and the Musquodoboit deposits in Nova Scotia are being worked as a source of raw material for a pottery at St. John, New Brunswick.

In the southern Saskatchewan field a high grade ball clay is also being worked, and shipments are made to various points in Canada. This clay is refractory, highly plastic, and burns to a very good white. It may be regarded as one of our most valuable clay resources.

China Clay is Scarce.

Kaolin or china clay is known to occur in but few localities in Canada, and has only been produced on a commercial scale at one point; namely, near St. Remi, in the province of Quebec. A deposit in northern Ontario has received considerable attention recently, but until railway facilities are available it cannot become a producer. In British Columbia, a deposit, apparently of commercial value, occurs near Williams Lake. Other deposits of kaolin are on record, but such information as is available concerning them does not warrant including them as potential producers.

One of the most important raw materials at present produced in Canada for use in ceramic industries is feldspar. There are extensive deposits of this mineral, especially in Ontario and Quebec, producing a large tonnage annually of high grade potash feldspar. The major portion of this goes to the United States, where it is ground and used in the manufacture of porcelain, vitreous enamels, and glass.

Other mine products are used extensively in the ceramic industries, many of which are found in Canada, but for certain reasons their production for ceramic use is limited at present.

Dodging the Census.

It is no joke being a census official in Kenya Colony, where, according to recent reports, the natives have objected to the enumeration of the population because they think that it is unlucky to count themselves or their wives.

In other countries the counting of heads has sometimes presented difficulties. The first Chinese census showed a total population of 28,060,000. It was taken to serve as a basis for the imposition of a poll tax. Some years later another census was taken, the object this time being to organize the provision of relief in a period of famine. The population had grown to 105,000,000.

Probably the most remarkable census ever taken was that the results of which are contained in Domesday Book. It gives a complete and living picture of the England of that day, and has been described by one authority as unique. The information it contained, however, was not always given willingly.

Infinite trouble is taken in the preparation of the Indian census, but one story, told by a British administrator, shows that there also the way of the census-maker is hard. On one occasion he had to point out to a native enumerator some discrepancy in his figures. "But, surely," protested the enumerator, "your honor can supply noughts at discretion?"

Pillars as Tax Guide.

The tax collector in the free city of Danzig does not have much trouble in determining how large are the farms in the district under his jurisdiction. Since time immemorial there has obtained the custom of indicating one's wealth in land by the number of pillars on his front porch. Every pillar stands for 20 acres.

Irish.

Pat—"I wrote O'Leary in charge of gin'ral delivery to-day."

Mike—"But are ye sure he'll git it?"

Pat—"Ah, but I mailed it be special delivery to make sure."

When Exposed to Air

tea loses its strength and flavor.

"SALADA"

TEA

1964

for that reason is never sold in bulk. Your grocer sells this delicious blend. Try SALADA.

Surnames and Their Origin

FAIRCHILD

Variations — Fairbairn, Fairbrother, Fairson, Beaufix, Beaufitz.

Racial Origin—Anglo-Saxon and Norman-French.

Source—Titles or nicknames.

The most puzzling of all family names to those of modern times are the ones which are founded on words of relationship. With the exception of "son" used as an ending, we wonder how such words as child, brother, father and the like could be used to designate or differentiate one family from another.

A proper understanding requires a recognition of the fact that the meanings as well as the spellings of words suffer changes in the course of time. "Child," for instance, was often a title in those days, and even to-day we put various shades of meaning into the words son "sonny," and brother in addressing people colloquially.

All of the foregoing variations, with the exception of Beaufix and Beaufitz, which are not nearly so common to-day, have meanings which are obvious. The word "bairn" is in use to-day in Scotland, the descendant from the same Anglo-Saxon word which gives us "born." It means "child."

Parents often call their children "son," "child," "brother" and the like. In many instances such names stick within the family at least. In the middle ages communities were smaller, and speech was less formal. Hence they sometimes stuck as regards the entire community, and when the bearers in turn grew up and had children the latter came to be known as "Fairchild's-sons," "Fairchild's-sons," etc. Later, shortening influences eliminated the ending "son."

"Fitz," as has been pointed out before, was the Norman-French equivalent of the Anglo-Saxon "son," and was formed through the influence of Teutonic tongues on the Latin "filius." Indeed, even after the Normans came to England they often spelled it "fi" instead of as they pronounced it. The names Beaufitz and Beaufix mean "fair child" or "fair son." But they are really met with as family names in this country to-day.

ADAMS

Variations — Adam, Adamson, MacAdie, MacKeggie, Ayson, Adkins, Atkinson, Adkins, Adkisson, Adie, Edie, MacEsson.

Racial Origin—English and Scottish.

Source—A given name.

The family name of Adams is, of course, a shortened form of [illegible], or "Adam's son."

This surname, together with many variations which have stemmed from the medieval use of the given name, is understood because the given name was far more common in the Middle Ages than it is to-day.

The medieval English were a simple folk, comparatively few of whom could read, and so the modern facilities through the Scriptures for naming their children that the modern ear, trained to read coupled with the facilities of printing, would have given. There was little incentive to [illegible] since books could be [illegible] handwriting and were [illegible] expensive. Hence the [illegible] knowledge of the Scriptures [illegible] of mouth, and names [illegible] which stuck in their memories [illegible] those connected with the [illegible] passages. Names [illegible] of the creation were [illegible] prominent, which explains [illegible] name of Eve as well as [illegible] popular.

"Adcock" was a diminutive [illegible] name. It became a [illegible] "Adamson," and was [illegible] again to Adcock. "Atkin" or "Atkin" were also [illegible] given name, giving rise [illegible] Adkins, Adkinson, Atkinson.

The Scottish or Celtic [illegible] name was "Adhamh." [illegible] the Clan Gordon bearing it to Adam de Gordon, [illegible] founder of the [illegible] century.

MacAdam is a sept name [illegible] MacGregor.

The Clan Aid, or Mac[illegible] of Fergusons.

Ayson, Ayson, Esson, [illegible] all of which are [illegible] from the given name [illegible] sons of the Man [illegible]

ON RIDDLES

Guessing riddles and studying over puzzles have the same effect on the brain that running, jumping, wrestling, etc., have upon the body. It is well known that moderate exercise of this kind strengthens the limbs, develops the muscles and makes a person skillful in any of the exercises he may choose to practice. Just so with guessing riddles. To do this all the powers of the intellect are called into play. It quickens and enlightens the brain, expands the intellectual organs and at each fresh attempt, especially if successful, the brain acquires greater capacity and skill. It makes young persons quick, sharp, shrewd and observant, and when they arrive at years of maturity it fits them to solve correctly and advantageously to themselves the great puzzle of life.

Riddles are of very high antiquity. The first one we have any account of was proposed by Samson to the young men of the Philistines, and they were given seven days to guess it, and they certainly would have failed had not Samson's wife given them the answer.

The ancient sages and philosophers of Greece and Rome were in the habit of solving puzzles, and they would also send them to each other. Archimedes, when he rushed from the bath crying out "Eureka!" (I have found it!) had solved, the problem that had puzzled him for a long time.

Riddles are also mentioned in some of the fabulous stories of heathen mythology. The Sphinx, who was said to be half-woman and half-lion, and who lived near Thebes, would ask every one who came to her cave a riddle, and if they did not guess it she would devour them. Oedipus was the first one to break the spell. When he visited the Sphinx she propounded the following riddle:

"What is it that walks on four legs in the morning, two legs at noon and three at night?"

Oedipus answered without hesitation:

"It is man. In infancy, which is the morning of life, he crawls on his hands and feet; in middle age, which is noon, he walks erect on two; in old age he leans on a crutch, which serves for a supplementary third foot."

Chaucer, the old English poet, wrote several riddles, and Otway and Dryden, who lived opposite each other on the same street in London, would often amuse themselves by sending riddles and conundrums to each other.

The learned and eccentric Dean Swift wrote a great many very excellent riddles. Lord Byron's riddle on the letter "H" is perhaps the best in the English language.

Charles Dickens, when young, was very fond of guessing riddles, and John B. Gough, the great temperance lecturer—who was a schoolmate of mine—was famous when a boy for his powers of imitation, and he was also noted for his aptness at guessing riddles.

Wisely Pride.

"[illegible] dear," whispered [illegible] wife as she handed [illegible] tools and kissed him [illegible] "try to be a little [illegible] you come in to-night. [illegible] Smarter, babe?" inquired [illegible] and, "Did I wake you [illegible]

"No, but you awakened mother," [illegible] reply. "And I don't want [illegible] come and tell father I mar[illegible]

Wasteful Gift.

[illegible] was engaged to a [illegible] days before her nineteenth [illegible] succumbed to the prevailing [illegible] had her hair shingled. [illegible] friends congratulated her [illegible] improved appearance, and [illegible] without any misgiving, [illegible] showed herself to her sweetheart [illegible] Sandy viewed her [illegible] disapproval.

"It's hard on me, lassie," [illegible] said. "I'm hard! After I've [illegible] a packet of hairpins for [illegible]

What Dad Said.

The lad was asked [illegible] what his father said [illegible] at the table. The [illegible] event.

"Dad was proud and [illegible] boy to answer. "Grandma [illegible] instead the boy answered [illegible] easy on the butter, [illegible] mother's pound."

WRIGLEY'S

AFTER EVERY MEAL

affords benefit as well as pleasure.

Healthful exercise for the teeth and a spur to digestion. A long-lasting refreshment, soothing to nerves and stomach.

The World Famous Sweetmeat, untouched by hands, full of flavor.