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After Every Meal

CH98

ISSUE No. 20—'27.

Where the Tweed Rises.

But what is the solitude of this place to that of the wild and lofty region you enter when you reach the summit of the hill? Far away on every side of you stretch miles of lonely moorland, with the shoulders of the more distant hills reaching down in endless succession into the western sky. . . . It is up in the wilderness of heather and wet moss that the Tweed takes its rise; but we could hear no trickling of any stream to break the profound and melancholy silence. There was not even a shepherd's hut visible; and we drove on in silence, scarcely daring to break the charm of the utter loneliness of the place.

The road twists round to the right. Before us a long valley is seen, and we guess that it receives the waters of the Tweed. Almost immediately afterward we come upon a tiny rivulet some two feet in width—either the young Tweed itself or one of its various sources; and as we drive on in the gathering twilight, towards the valley, it seems as though we were accompanied by innumerable streamlets trickling down to the river. The fire of sunset goes out in the west, but over there in the clear green-white of the east a range of hills still glows with a strange roseate purple. We hear the low murmuring of the Tweed in the silence of the valley. We get down among the lower-lying hills, and the neighborhood of the river seems to have drawn to it thousands of wild creatures. There are plover calling and whirling over the marshy levels. There are black-cock and gray-hen dusting themselves in the road before us, and waiting until we are quite near them before they wing their straight flight up to the heaths above. Far over us, in the clear green of the sky, a brace of wild ducks go swiftly past. A weasel glides out and over the gray stones by the roadside; and farther along the bank there are young rabbits watching, and trotting, and watching again as the phaeton gets nearer to them. And then as the deep rose-purple of the eastern hills fades away, and all the dark-green valley of the Tweed lies under the cold silver-gray of the twilight, we reach a small and solitary inn, and are almost surprised to hear once more the sound of a human voice. —From "The Strange Adventures of a Phaeton," by William Black.

A Hard Thinker.

1st Student—"Our professor of geology is a hard thinker."

2nd Student—"How do you know?"

1st Student—"Hasn't he always got rocks and stones on his mind?"

The Test.

The big man was telling the interviewer how he got started in his profession.

"When I was an infant, my good folks were undecided what I'd become when I grew up, and they struck on a plan. They fetched an apple, a prayer-book and a dollar-bill. If I played with the apple, a farmer I'd be—if I'd play with the prayer-book, I'd be a parson—if I'd play with the dollar-bill, I'd be a banker. They left me alone for a few minutes, and when they entered the room later I was eating the apple, reading the prayer-book, and I had put the dollar-bill in my pocket—so that's how they made me a politician."

SCARAMOUCHE

© by Rafael Sabatini

BEGIN HERE TO-DAY.

The oath, taken as he held in his arms the body of his dearest friend, Philippe De Vilmorin, sent Andre-Louis Moreau, young lawyer of Gavrillac, to Rennes and thence to Nantes where his fervish speeches roused to action the citizens who were chafing under the oppression of the nobility. Philippe has been tricked into a duel and brutally murdered because the great Marquis de La Tour D'Azyr feared the "dangerous gift of eloquence" which the idealistic divinity student possessed. Andre-Louis swore to carry on the cause of his friend and revenge himself on the Marquis for Philippe's death and because the profligate noble had sued for the hand of the beautiful Aline De Kercadiou, niece of the gruff Lord of Gavrillac, who was popularly believed to be the father of Andre-Louis.

Returning from Nantes, Andre-Louis is met on the outskirts of Gavrillac by Aline, who warns him that soldiers are waiting in the town to arrest him for sedition. He flees and takes refuge in a barn where he is awakened by the voices of two lovers, Climene and Leandre, who are panic-stricken at the impending discovery by the girl's father.

GO ON WITH THE STORY.

The conversation becoming general, Andre-Louis soon learnt what there was to learn of this strolling band. They were on their way to Guichen, where they hoped to prosper at the fair that was to open on Monday next. And then M. Binet fetched a sigh.

"But we shall miss Felicien." M. Binet turned to Andre-Louis. "He was our property man, our man of affairs, and occasionally he acted."

The three ladies had taken their departure to the chaise. The men were already climbing into the house on wheels, when Binet turned to Andre-Louis.

"We part here, sir," said he, dramatically, "the richer by your acquaintance." He put forth his podgy hand.

Slowly Andre-Louis took it in his own. He had been thinking swiftly in the last few moments.

"I part from you reluctantly," Andre-Louis continued. "The more reluctantly since I do not perceive the absolute necessity for parting."

"How?" quoth Binet, frowning, and slowly withdrawing the hand which the other had already retained rather longer than was necessary.

"Thus," Andre-Louis explained himself. "You may set me down as a sort of knight of rueful countenance in quest of adventure. On your side you tell me that you are in need of someone to replace your Felicien."

M. Binet was musing.

"What should you say to ten livres a month?"

"I should say that it isn't exactly the riches of Peru."

"I might go as far as fifteen," said Binet, reluctantly. "But times are bad."

"I'll make them better for you."

"I've no doubt you believe it. Then we understand each other?"

"Perfectly," said Andre-Louis, drily, and was thus committed to the service of Thespis.

CHAPTER III.

At five o'clock that evening the curtain rose on "The Heartless Father."

The performance was in every sense unexciting; the audience meagre and unenthusiastic. By the time M. Binet had paid the expenses there was not likely to be very much left toward the wages of his players.

"And what do you think of it?" he asked Andre-Louis.

"Possibly it could have been worse; probably it could not," said he.

In sheer amazement M. Binet checked his stride, and turned to look at his companion.

"Huh!" said he. "Dieu de Dieu! But you are frank."

At supper a half-hour later he revived the topic.

"Our latest recruit," he announced, "has the impudence to tell me that possibly our comedy could have been worse, but that probably it could not." And he blew out his great round cheeks to invite a laugh at the expense of that foolish critic.

From the tail of the table Andre-Louis was challenged, by Climene, who sat there between Columbine and Madame.

"You would alter the comedy, would you, M. Parvissimus?" she cried, giving him the name which earlier he had suggested as appropriate to the least of the company.

"I would suggest that it be altered," he corrected, inclining his head. "I should go back to the original and help myself more freely from it."

"The original?" questioned M. Binet—the author.

"It is called, I believe, 'Monsieur de Pourceaugnac,' and was written by Molière."

"You do not imply that I have been stealing from Moliere?"

"I advise you to do so, monsieur," was the disconcerting reply.

"He is outrageous," said modemoselle indignantly.

"Outrageous is the word. I thank you for it, my dear. You sit at my table and to my face you advise me to become a thief—the worst kind of thief that is conceivable, a thief of spiritual things, a thief of ideas! It is insufferable, intolerable!"

He was very angry. His voice boomed through the little room, and the company sat hushed and something scared, their eyes upon Andre-Louis, who was the only one entirely unmoved by this outburst of virtuous indignation.

"You realize, monsieur," he said, very quietly, "that you are insulting the memory of the illustrious dead?"

"Eh?" said Binet.

"You insult the memory of Moliere, the greatest ornament of our stage, one of the greatest ornaments of our nation, when you suggest that there is vileness in doing that which he never hesitated to do, which no great author yet has hesitated to do. You cannot suppose that Moliere ever troubled himself to be original in the matter of ideas."

It was as a consequence of this that Binet retired soon after, taking Andre-Louis with him. The pair sat together late that night, and were again in close communion throughout the whole of Sunday morning.

CHAPTER IV.

At four o'clock on Monday afternoon the curtain rose on "Figaro-Scaramouche" to an audience that filled three-quarters of the market-hall. M. Binet attributed this good attendance to the influx of people to Guichen for the fair.

The company excelled itself. The audience followed with relish the sly intriguings of Scaramouche, and delighted in the beauty and freshness of Climene.

On Tuesday the success was repeated artistically and augmented financially. Ten louis and seven livres was the enormous sum that Andre-Louis, the doorkeeper, counted over to M. Binet after the performance. Never yet had M. Binet made so much money in one evening.

And then the tragedy occurred. It announced itself in a succession of bumps and thuds, culminating in a crash outside the door that brought them all to their feet in alarm.

Pierrot sprang to open, and beheld the tumbled body of a man lying at the foot of the stairs. It emitted groans, therefore it was alive. Pierrot went forward to turn it over, and disclosed the fact that the body wore the wizened face of Scaramouche, a grimacing, groaning, twitching Scaramouche.

Binet rolled through the group of players, scattering them to right and left. Apprehension had been quick to seize him. Fate had played him such tricks before.

"What ails you?" quoth he, sourly.

"My foot's broken, I think," Scaramouche complained.

The doctor came. Having seen the patient, he reported that nothing very serious had happened. He had sprained his foot a little. A few days' rest and all would be well.

"A few days!" cried Binet. "Do you mean that he can't walk?"

"It would be unwise, indeed impossible for more than a few steps."

M. Binet paid the foctor's fee and sat down to think.

He thrust his arm through Andre-Louis', and led him out into the street, where there was still considerable movement.

"I am thinking of you in the part of Scaramouche."

Andre-Louis disengaged his arm. "I begin to find you tiresome," said he.

"A moment, M. Parvissimus. If I am to lose that fifteen louis, you'll not take it amiss that I compensate myself in other ways?"

"That is your own concern, M. Binet."

"Pardon, M. Parvissimus. It may possibly be also yours." Binet took his arm again. "Do me the kindness to step across the street with me. Just as far as the post-office there. I have something to show you."

Andre-Louis went. Before they reached that sheet of paper nailed upon the door, he knew exactly what it would say. And in effect it was, as he had supposed, that twenty louis would be paid for information leading to the apprehension of one Andre-Louis Moreau, lawyer of Gavrillac, who was wanted by the King's Lieutenant in Rennes upon a charge of sedition.

M. Binet watched him whilst he read. Their arms were linked, and Binet's grip was firm and powerful.

(To be continued.)

Discovering Lewis Carroll.

Some little time after the publication of "Alice's Adventures" we went for one summer holiday to Whitby. We were visiting friends, and my brother and sister went to the hotel. They soon after asked us to dine with them there at the table d'hote. I had on one side of me a gentleman whom I did not know, but as I had spent a good deal of time travelling in foreign countries, I always, at once, speak to anyone I am placed next. I found on this occasion I had a very agreeable neighbor, and we seemed to be much interested in the same books, and politics also were touched on. After dinner my sister and brother rather took me to task for talking so much to a complete stranger. I said, "But it was quite a treat to talk to him, and to hear him talk. Of one thing I am quite sure, he is a genius." My brother and sister, who had not heard him speak, again laughed at me, and said, "You are far too easily pleased." I, however, maintained my point and said what great delight his conversation had given me, and how remarkably clever it had been.

Next morning nurse took out our two little twin daughters in front of the sea. I went out a short time afterwards, looked for them, and they were listening to him open-mouthed, and in the greatest state of enjoyment, with his knee covered with minute toys. I, seeing their great delight, motioned to him to go on; this he did for some time. A most charming story he told them about sea urchins and Ammonites. When it was over, I said,

"You must be the author of 'Alice's Adventures.'"

He laughed, but looked astounded, and said:

"My dear Madam, my name is Dodgson, and 'Alice's Adventures' was written by Lewis Carroll."

I replied,

"Then you must have borrowed the name, for only he could have told a story as you have just done."

After a little sparring he admitted the fact, and I went home and proudly told my sister and brother how my genius had turned out a greater one than I had expected. They assured me I must be mistaken, and that, as I had suggested it to him, he had taken advantage of the idea, and said he was what I wanted him to be. A few days after some friends came to Whitby who knew his aunts and confirmed the truth of his statement and thus I made the acquaintance of one whose friendship has been the source of great pleasure for nearly thirty years.—From "The Life and Letters of Lewis Carroll (the Rev. C. L. Dodgson)," by Stuart Dodgson Collingwood.

Purpose.

Down the row, down the row,
Grimly tearing earth apart,
Comes the steely jaw of ploughshare
Gnashing at each blade and flower—
Devastating ruthlessly.

But does it break
That, which seemingly it ends,
Since the soil, hereunto sealed,
Wafts a breath of earth itself?
And all the stately, nodding mustard
That made fields golden, fragrant,
Look—it is gone!
But, gone to make more fragrant still
The purple grape for which this hill
Is planted.

—Edna Inez Raymond.

He Always Did.

Two autoists recently met in an alley too narrow to permit them to pass each other. One of the autoists rose from his seat and shouted in an angry voice, "I never back up for any blankety-blank fool."

The other driver quietly put his car in reverse, backed out, and replied: "That's all right. I always do."

"I HAVE SOMETHING TO SHOW YOU."

Surnames and Their Origin

THACKERAY

Variations — Thackery, Thackuray, Thackman, Thacker, Thatcher.
Racial Origin—English.
Source—An occupation.

In the Government and religious records, tax lists and the like of mediaeval England such names as "Roger le Thaocer" and "Hobbe le Thechere" are to be found.

At that time, of course, the appendages to the given names for the most part were purely descriptive, signifying the trade which their bearers followed. The trade was that of roofing, for with rare exception the ordinary house of the Middle Ages had a thatched roof.

Later the same names are met, but here and there minus the "le," showing that in some cases at least they were being used as real and not merely descriptive names. Still later such combinations as "Walter Thacoer, le Cordwainer," proved that the name had become a family one, and that the said Walter was not a thatcher at all, though his name might indicate it.

The harsher pronunciation generally developed in the northern parts of England and the softer in the south, just as the same words became "church" in the south and "kirk" in the north or "fisk" in the north and "fish" in the south, or again "dike" in the north and "ditch" in the south.

The flourishing ending, "ay," later developing in some cases to a plain "y," were simply whimsical or vain endings added in much the same spirit that some names were Latinized to show the learning of their bearers.

CHISHOLM.

Racial Origin—Lowland Scottish.
Source—Geographical.

Though the origin of this family name, which is the name of one of the Highland clans of Scotland, is not Gaelic at all, most of those who bear the name are descendants of Gaels, with blood that originally came from Ireland.

The exact racial classification of the Lowland Scottish has never been settled with finality. That they were originally a Teutonic, rather than a Celtic, race is certain, but they have never been definitely placed as belonging to the Germanic (like the Anglo-Saxons) or the Scandinavian (like the Norse) branch of that great racial division. There is very good philological evidence that the Scottish dialect (which, incidentally, is not the language of the Highlanders, but of the Lowlanders) is not a corruption of English, as is commonly supposed, but a development independent of it, from a tongue dissimilar neither to the ancient Saxon nor Norse. It has, however, been complicated by the influence of the neighboring English through all periods.

However, the name of Chisholm (note the Saxon ending, which means meadow land) was the name of the home of the Lowland family which founded the Highland clan, gathering its followers from among the Gaels. The name, as first recorded, was spelled "Chisheime." This was in the fourteenth century, in about the middle of which the acquisition of Highland territory and the formation of the clan is placed.

GILLETT'S LYE

FOR THE LAUNDRY AND ALL CLEANING

Jane Gillett — Everywoman's Maid-of-all-work

Architecture in Its Inception.

Architecture is the most original of the fine arts, not being an imitation of nature, as painting and sculpture are, but an invention of man's own, founded first of all upon necessity, and then made to contribute to the aspirations that filled his soul. . . . The prophet Habakkuk, wishing to bring home to man the awful power of God, says that in His presence "the everlasting mountains were scattered, the perpetual hills did bow." He knew that it was the stability, the permanence of the mountains and hills which impressed his hearers. Again, man in all ages has lifted his eyes from the earth to the height and immensity of the sky; he piled stone on stone to reach this majesty of height, and spanned his columns with arches, and then assembled his arches into the mimic wonder of a dome. Trees taught him the aspiring grandeur of vertical lines; the level horizon, the quiet dignity of the horizontal; distance and space, the beauty of long vistas and spaciousness. After much experimenting he discovered the proportion of height and breadth and length that would best produce a harmonious whole, and then added ornament, which should enrich without impairing the structural dignity and stability of the mass.—Charles H. Caffin, in "How to Study Pictures."

Practice Safety First at Home.

To avoid any accident traps forethought is much better than afterthought.

Train different members of the family never to leave a pail of hot water on the floor if there are children about. Never to leave a pail of hot or cold water back of a door which opens in the direction of the pail, rendering it liable to be upset by someone coming in from the other side.

Never place obstructions or packages of any kind on a stairway. Never permit a ragged place in a carpet or rug, or a loose binding to go unattended to. Someone may catch a toe in it and get a nasty fall.

Never allow a rocking chair or a straight chair to be left in front of a door, especially at night, so that anyone going through will run into it.

Be careful that telephone cords or loose cords of any kind are not left so they will catch and trip the unwary.

If rugs are liable to slip on polished floors, use some prevention method of a suitable character. Little rubber strips, or discs, may be used on the under edges or corners; the floor may be left unpolished under the rugs; or rug fastenings may be used to hold them in place. These are in the nature of little metal snaps invented for this purpose.

Same Thing.

Moth—"You're intoxicated again, Mr. Candle."

Candle—"What do you mean, intoxicated?"

Moth—"Well, you're all lit up!"

How the Myth Originated.

As it has well been said of popular proverbs, that they are the wisdom of many and the wit of one, so theological and moral myths grew up in the popular imagination, and were nursed there till in happy season they received a definite shape from some one representative man, whose inspiration led him to express in a striking form what all felt to be true and all were willing to believe. The first framers of the myth were, no doubt, perfectly aware of the . . . significance of these imaginative pictures; but they were aware as poets, not as analysts. It is not, therefore, necessary to suppose that in framing their legends they proceeded with the full consciousness which belongs to the framers of fables, allegories, and parables.

During a certain early stage of national life, which cannot be accurately defined, but which always precedes . . . a regular written literature, the popular myth, like a tree or plant, becomes subject to a process of growth and expansion, in the course of which it not only receives rich embellishment, but may be so transformed by the vivid action of a fertile imagination, and by the ingrafting of new elements, that its original intention may be altogether obscured and forgotten. How far this first significance may in after times be recaptured depends partly on the degree of its original obviousness, partly on the amount of kindred culture possessed by the persons to whom it is addressed.

As of essentially popular origin and growth the myth cannot, in the proper sense, be said to have been the creation of any poet, however distinguished. Much less could a popular mind like Homer, using a highly polished language, and who manifestly had many predecessors, be said to have either created the materials or invented all the legends about the Greek gods, which form the epics of the first century need to call his "machinery" of his poems. In regard to theological myths, which are most deeply rooted in the popular faith, such a poet as Homer could only have contributed to the best become the materials existing with here and there a little embellishment or expansion, where there was no danger of contradicting any articles of the received faith.—Rev. John Stuart Blackie, "On the Study of Popular Myths."

Free.

Let the noisy crowd sow
In thy lonely watch on high,
Far from the chatterings of tongues of men.
Sitting above their fall unshaken,
Free from lusts of wonder and fear
Thou shalt see in the wildest storm
God shall speak to thee out of the sky.

—Edward Rowland Sill.

Comfort in the Clouds.

Electric lines are fitted in a new French monoplane which is to attempt a flight to New York.

WINNERS ARE ANNOUNCED IN ESSAY CONTEST

Work of Selecting the Successful Compositions Completed Prizes Will Be Presented at Once by Editors.

PARIS SCHOOL WINS "MAKERS OF CANADA."

It was no light task that faced the examiners when they began to read the hundreds of essays which poured in from scholars of Public and Separate Schools in all parts of Ontario and Quebec. Finally, however, all were eliminated but the thirty-six which, in the best judgment of the committee, were entitled to the awards. The prizes are now in the hands of the various publishers through whom the winning essays were sent, but the committee earnestly suggests that wherever possible the presentations be made at the Empire Day Exercises in the schools.

To the Paris Public School goes the honor of winning the most prizes, and Mr. Featherstone, proprietor of The Paris Transcript, will have the pleasure of presenting the set of "Makers of Canada" to Principal Moss.

Prize Winners.

FIRST PRIZE $20.00 IN GOLD:
Margaret Hobson, R.R. No. 2, Burford, Ont., Burford High School.

SECOND PRIZE $15.00 IN GOLD:
Bessie E. Griffin, Fenelon Falls, Fenelon Falls Continuation School.

THIRD PRIZE $10.00 IN GOLD:
Mabel Shaw, R.R. No. 1, Kinburn, Kinburn High School.

NEXT THREE PRIZES, $5.00 IN GOLD:
Ruth Gaw, Palmerston, Palmerston Continuation School.
Anna Gauthier, Trenton, St. Peter's School.
Erma Grubin, Stouffville, Stouffville High School.

NEXT TEN PRIZES, $2.00 IN CASH:
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Wm. G. Anderson, Haliburton, Haliburton Continuation School.
Albert Dailey, Axe Lake, S.S. No. 2, Monteith.
Anna Hunter, Bobcaygeon, S.S. No. 15, Emily.
Jean MacKie, Paris, Paris Public School.
Flossie McMahon, Millbrook, Millbrook Continuation School.
Dorothy M. Roulston, R.R. No. 5, Hagersville, Hagersville High School.
Hazel M. Samson, Magog, Que., Magog High School.
Marian Snell, Londesboro, Ont., S.S. No. 5, Hullett.
Ruth Smith, Arthur, Arthur High School.

NEXT TWENTY PRIZES, $1.00 IN CASH:
Marie A. Bryans, Fordwich, Fordwich Continuation School.
Wm. D. Conklin, Jr., Kingsville, Kingsville High School.
Gordon E. Dailey, Axe Lake, S.S. No. 2, Monteith.
Edna E. Day, R.R. No. 1, Creemore, Mont Zion School.
Helen Evans, Pefferlaw, Newmarket High School.
Blanche Hamilton, R.R. 3 Holyrood, Lucknow, Lucknow Con. School.
Edward Hincks, Haileybury, Haileybury Public School.
Nellie Holmes, Hagersville, Hagersville High School.
C. E. McFaddin, R.R. No. 1, Millbank, Milverton High School.
Mavis McGuire, Tweed, Tweed Public School.
Sarah W. McIver, R.R. No. 6, Lucknow, Lucknow Con. School.
Kathleen McTavish, Paris, Paris Public School.
Russell Pedwell, Thornbury, Thornbury Continuation School.
Wilfred Pluard, Lakefield, Lakefield High School.
Justina O'Mallery, R.R. No. 2 Teeswater, S.S. Culross.
Duncan Sinclair, Streetsville, R.R. No. 2, Milton High School.
Margaret Stafford, R.R. No. 3, Elora, Elora High School.
Kester Thomson, Paris, Paris Public School.
Elizabeth Webster, Athens, Athens High School.
Gerald Wilson, Huntsville, Huntsville High School.