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QUELPH

DOES IT PAY?

As you pass along life's journey
And things sometimes go awry,
Does it pay to fret and worry?
You may mend them if you try.
What is gained by getting angry?
Does it profit, do you find?
If things aren't just as you like them,
Does it help to speak your mind?
Does it pay to rake your husband?
Does it pay to blame your wife?
Does it pay to scold your children?
Does it help you in the strife?
Does it pay to blame another?
What's the profit? What is gained?
Can you help by speaking further?
Is it best to have your say?
Can't you help by being kind?
Does it pay? Does it pay?

It may be some heart is breaking
For one little word of love,
And by better feelings waking
You may now a helper prove.
Are you wiser, nobler, better
When a trouble you would add?
Are you happier, purer, sweeter
When another's heart is sad?
Does it make your burden lighter
To add weight to others' load?
Does it make your pathway clearer
To place thorns upon his road?
Does it pay to blame another?
What's the profit? What is gained?
Can you help by speaking further?
Is it best to have your say?
Can't you help by being kind?
Does it pay? Does it pay?

—James Monroe Downum.

CLARENCE'S SECOND WIFE

By Clara Broughton Conant

CLARENCE'S second wife! Only the day before, Mrs. Pearl had received a note from her son (who had been absent from home for about six months), announcing the marriage to a young widow in a distant State, "a beautiful, accomplished woman, highly connected." Only a few lines—no expressions of affection for his mother, of hope that all three might be happy together in this new relation. Miss Birch, the housekeeper, also received a note, asking her to have everything in readiness for the arrival of the bridal pair on Friday, evening.

A shiver shook the frail little form, clad in an antiquated gown of rusty black merino. She bent her head upon the dear old Bible in which she had been reading when the note arrived, and wept in her silent, gentle way. For it was never her wont to give way to loud or passionate grief.

His second wife! Would she be ashamed of the "old-fashioned" little mother, half-crippled with rheumatism, as Gertrude had been? Mrs. Pearl cherished no bitterness against this daughter-in-law, who had lain in her grave now for over two years, but she sighed to remember that one cold kiss of greeting was the sole sign of affection she had ever received from the haughty beauty, who had filled the house with "aristocratic" relatives and friends to whom she felt ashamed to present her mother-in-law.

Reduced to poverty in her old age, Mrs. Pearl was dependent now upon her three surviving children. Four had passed away, among them the best-beloved, Philip, the youthful pastor, with whom she had lived for a few months after her husband's death. Then he, too, passed away, and Mrs. Pearl, who, with her good husband, had made great sacrifices for their seven children, found herself suddenly homeless and dependent. Her small property had vanished, and increasing infirmity made the once active, capable little woman feel herself a burden upon others.

For a time she made her home with Mark, her eldest son, a man of a hard, avaricious nature, whose marriage had not improved him. His wife, Letitia, was even harder and more selfish than he, and after a few months declared that Clarence must now make a home for his mother. Reggie, of course, was out of the question. An unpractical, indolent fellow, it was all he could do to earn a meagre living for himself. And, so, at seventy-three, Mrs. Pearl came to New York, under the charge of a woman hired to look after her during the journey.

Clarence had been living for about ten years in New York, where he had a lucrative position. As he had never found time to visit his mother, she almost felt that she would have to get acquainted over again with her son, now a son of thirty-eight.

Clarence was handsome, gay, good-humored, with excellent business abilities. But the world had done its best to spoil him, and he was completely dominated by Gertrude, the beautiful wife who had brought him a large fortune. He grew more and more selfish and worldly, forgot the religious training of his childhood, and, only at rare intervals, visited the room in the third storey where his mother lived, a patient, suffering recluse. He detested sick rooms, and readily accepted Gertrude's assurance that his mother was well cared for by herself and the servants—it was not worth while for him to trouble himself about a "childish invalid, already in her dotage." It only made her harder to take care of, she would add, as she always had a fit of crying afterward.

What was the real character of this little woman, looked down upon and neglected by her children? She had a nature of great sweetness and refinement, and had received as good an education as her parents could afford. She loved books, flowers and little children, and while her strength remained, had been a ministering angel to the poor and suffering.

A strong character she was not, and perhaps that was one reason why after her husband's death, she had brought up her children too indulgently.

A delicate flower, she needed more than ever, in her declining years, the loving support, the tender ministry of others.

"Oh, if Clarence's new wife had only sent me one affectionate word of greeting—if she and my boy would only love me just a little! Friday night! Why, that's to-morrow night!"

Again the gentle head was bowed, and the pale lips murmured a heartfelt prayer to the husband of the widow.

"Father, I have loved thee from my childhood. And O how wonderful the love, the tenderness, that thou has shown to me! Bless all my children, and if—"

She could not go on—the tender heart was too sore. A supplication from the dear old book was breathed in silence.

"O God, thou hast taught me from my youth . . . now also, when I am old and gray-headed, O God, forsake me not!"

* * *

Friday evening! Mrs. Pearl sat in her room, shivering by the stove, in which the scanty fire kindled that morning had died out hours before. Miss Birch and the servants were too busy in their preparation for the travellers to pay much attention to so unimportant a person as Mrs. Pearl. One of the maids in impatient haste had helped her to dress, for the poor woman's hands were so crippled with rheumatism that she could do little for herself. And now she sat in a wrapper of faded gray flannel, a crumpled cap over the silver-gray hair she used to keep in such dainty order, but put up now by Maggie in the greatest haste. Unevenly parted with loose hairs straggling in every direction, it made a very unattractive background for the pale, pinched face. All this was very trying to Mrs. Pearl, naturally dainty in her care of herself. Yet she uttered no complaint, but all day long stayed her trembling heart upon her heavenly Father.

* * *

Twilight was falling, and Mrs. Pearl wearied after the long day and made drowsy by the gathering of darkness, had dropped into a gentle doze. In her dreams she was transported back to girlhood's sunny days. She was walking with her widowed mother in the little garden that surrounded their vine-wreathed cottage. What a bright May morning it was, and cheerful as the robin's note, sounding from tree to tree, she heard her mother's voice:

"The time of the singing of birds had come, Lorina—"

The vision faded. There was a pause, while her thoughts seemed sleeping, like doves with folded wings. Then suddenly a voice broke in upon her slumbers, a sweet, childish treble:

"Where's Grandma?"

Mrs. Pearl sat up with a start—the room had grown so dark that she could scarcely discern the objects all around her. How came she to be dreaming of a child? Then she heard a woman's voice, sweet and clear as a silver bell.

"Yes, where is the dear mother, Clarence? I can't wait till morning to see her."

Mrs. Pearl could scarcely believe her ears; she sat still, trembling from head to foot. There was a murmur of voices below; then the sweet, insistent voice replied:

"I shan't disturb the dear soul if she's sleeping. But," with a tremble in her voice, "I want to see my mother. Maggie, show me the way to her room."

Mrs. Pearl shrank within herself as the light step ascended the stairway leading to her chamber. Her heart beat—her head seemed in a maze.

The door opened, and a tall figure entered, stately, queen-like, clad in a travelling suit trimmed with sable. What a beautiful face, sweet, yet strong, framed in chestnut hair, and lighted up by glowing hazel eyes!

She glanced around the room, a very spacious one indeed, but furnished in the plainest, most uninviting way, and the delicate rose-bloom of her cheeks deepened to crimson. Then her eyes fell upon the little shrinking figure. Quickly she crossed the room, knelt down, and looked up pleadingly into the mother's face:

"Kiss me, mother! Aren't you a little glad to see me? And didn't you get my note, posted a week ago?"

"Your note? Oh, no!"

Mrs. Pearl could scarcely control her quivering voice. "O my dear! my dear! Can you really love me a little? I am afraid—"

"There, Ma' Pearl, you're gettin' hystericky just as I thought you would!" put in Miss Birch frigidly. "Maggie shall start the fire again, and put you right to bed. Shall I show you to your room, Ma' Pearl."

Mrs. Pearl the younger flashed a look at her that foretold an early warning to the unamiable, self-sufficient Miss Birch. Lovely Christian though she was, she could scarcely restrain her scorn and indignation.

"My mother is not going to bed, now, if she feels able to come downstairs to spend the evening with us. I believe it would do you good to leave this dreary sickroom, little mother," she added, as she bent down to kiss the withered face.

"Oh, my dear, my dear, how happy it would make me, only—I am half-crippled with rheumatism, and—"

"I will dress you myself—it will be such a pleasure to me, and then your son and this strong, robust Maggie shall carry you down."

"Sure and it's pleased I'll be to do it," said Maggie, whose heart was warming, "and the little lady's light as a feather."

"Well, start the fire first, my good girl, and Miss Birch, will you please delay the supper for half an hour?"

Miss Birch marched out in grim and stony silence.

"As for this rheumatism, we'll consult the best physicians we can find. I'll warrant you it can be cured, or much alleviated. Ah, how sweet it is to have a mother again! I lost mine when I was only seventeen."

"Poor dear! And is you father living?"

"No, I am an orphan," she replied, forcing back the tears. "A dear aunt brought me up, though she had a very large family of her own."

"And—did I hear a child's voice, or was I dreaming?"

"No, mother dear, you must have heard my little Nina, three years old to-morrow, and such a darling! She's longing to see Gran'ma Pearl."

"Oh, my dear daughter, how glad I am! I am so fond of little children." Mrs. Pearl could say no more for her happy tears.

* * *

Supper was over and a happy family group sat in the luxurious parlor, glowing with light and warmth.

Mother Pearl reclined in a capacious sofa-chair, in a nest of soft, silken cushions. The little lady looked a different person already. Her "best black silk" was antiquated, to be sure, but softened by folds of fleecy lace over the neck and bosom, and secured by a pearl brooch, her husband's wedding gift. A white crape shawl draped her slender form, which, with the dainty confection of lace and heliotrope ribbon resting upon the waves of rippling silver hair, were the gifts of her new daughter.

Clarence Pearl was beaming. He had dreaded the meeting between his queenly bride and her new mother, and really it was "fine" he reflected, that things were turning out so agreeably. Actually, he was beginning to feel ashamed of himself, though his wife had uttered no word of reproach. Gracia Pearl, was too wise and noble a woman to make the sweet little mother a "bone of contention" between her husband and herself. No, she meant to be a bond of love and peace between them, and together they would pray that Clarence might open his heart to the Saviour they loved.

"Upon my word, Gracia, you must have magic in your fingers to transform my little mother so! Why, she looks ten years younger, and her cheeks are pink as apple blossoms!" exclaimed Clarence, glancing from his mother to his wife.

"Little Mother Apple Blossom needed the sunshine," said Gracia sweetly. "She must never go back to the room where she has been ill so long. I have had the 'heliotrope' room adjoining ours prepared for her. Little Nina says such a sweet and pretty Gran'ma ought to have the prettiest room in the house."

A silence fell upon the circle, till twelve o'clock rang out clear and loud.

"A new family year, and many more to follow, little mother!" said Clarence and Gracia in a breath, as they bent down to kiss her.

"God bless you both, my children, you and little Nina! God give you many happy years!"

* * *

"Winter was on the earth!" but the "time of the singing of birds" had come to "Grandma."—Sel.

SWEETEST THINGS OF LIFE

The best things are nearest—breath in your nostrils, light in your eyes, flowers at you feet, duties at your hand, the path of God just before you. Then do not grasp at the stars, but do life's plain common work as it comes, certain that daily duties and daily bread are the sweetest things of life.

—Lord Houghton.

LORD LEVERHULME ON THE MENACE OF A GERMAN PEACE

No Just Terms can be got Till Germany Confesses Herself Beaten

LIVERPOOL, February 1, 1918.—"Would you," I asked, "go to a peace conference with Germany at the present time?"

Lord Leverhulme opened his eyes; "Before she is beaten?"

"The theory is——," I began.

"Never! Never! Why, is there a single man holding a responsible position who would suggest such a thing?"

"You meant that Germany in her present mood——"

"I mean that Germany in any mood, until she is beaten, is not to be trusted."

"But you know what the argument is: suppose we go to a peace conference, and suppose that Germany comes out from that conference in warlike mood, we should be able by the economic weapon to bring her to reason."

"You will never get Germany to entertain just peace terms until she is beaten. She might agree to terms which seemed just, which seemed as if they promised peace, but she would never honor her signature. I can imagine her delegates going out from such a conference shaking with laught and hugging themselves with joy, because they had fooled the English. How can a man in his senses believe for a moment that Germany would keep her word? She has told us that treaties are not binding. She has said categorically that she would break a treaty that is not in her interest. She has not only said these things, she has done them. The greatest of all her crimes is this burglar morality which she has introduced into Europe. Would a business man trade with a firm which proclaimed Germanic principles? Would it be safe to deal with such a state of mind? Nothing in the modern history of Europe is more menacing to the civilized life of democracy than this Germanic state of mind—this state of mind which repudiates treaties and dishonors a solemn word."

Change of Mind Necessary

"But there are reasonable men in Germany."

"Many, but they don't control the Government."

"Don't you think that when peace is established and German democracy finds that it is ruined, don't you think that when the war caste will be broken and a new system of government will be set up?"

"That change will only come when Germany is convinced that war does not pay."

"Exactly. And the argument is that you can only bring home to Germany the fact of her economic ruin by establishing peace on the basis of a league of nations?"

"But you will never be able to dictate terms to Germany till she is beaten. The argument you mention is founded on the dangerous fallacy that because Germany is sick of this war she is sick of war in general. She isn't. I doubt if her Government is even sick of this war. You've read the speech of that old brigand Hertling. Is that the speech of a statesman who wants disarmament and a league of nations? No! Germany is back in her mood of 1914. She believes she is winning the war. She believes she has won it now. And if we talk peace to her she has won it. Yes, Germany has won, and England is beaten. Why, it would be better a thousand times that every man in England should be dead than that Germany should issue from this war with the feelings of a conqueror. You hear people use the phrase 'to the last man, and the last shilling,' and you think it is only a bit of rhetoric; but to my mind it's the most solemn and absolute truth. I mean when I say it that it would be better for the people of these islands to be dead, every one of them, rather than live on as the serfs of triumphant Prussia."

Meaning of Hertling's Speech

"We must hold fast, you mean, till Germany says she has had enough, never mind how long it may last?"

"Certainly. The salvation of the world depends upon it. We are back to 1914. We are confronted by a Germany which believes itself to be the lord of the nations. Russia is out. Roumania is out. Italy has received a hard blow. France and England are the only enemies left who remain to be crushed. Germany means to crush them before America gets into her stride. All this talk of peace heartens her. She thinks we are war-weary. She thinks she can endure longer than we can. She is flushed with triumph. She is absolutely cock-a-hoop. Why, look at Hertling's speech! Dare a man suggest that we should surrender Malta and Gibraltar, and all the rest of it, if he were not confident of victory? Think of the mere audacity of it! When have we ever used Malta and Gibraltar for the oppression of nations? Look at our Colonies! They are free to all the Germans who choose to go there. Any German can go to our Colonies and buy raw material or set up for himself in business. We have used the British Empire for the good of the human race. And this Germany, whose colonies are bolted and barred against mankind, who no sooner got Heligoland than she transformed it into a menace against England, whose whole spirit is tribal and selfish and arrogant, this Germany dares to speak to humanity! What hypocrisy, and what confidence! Why she was never in more truculent mood. It was never more necessary than it is now for England to hold fast. England with her Allies must go on fighting until Germany comes to her senses and realizes that free men really mean what they say when they declare that death is better than enslavement."

Our Rock of Defence

"You think we can outlast Germany?"

"I'm perfectly sure of it. Our people are not so sheepish, but they are of sterner stuff. The population of this country is composed of wonderful material. All down the ages men have come to England out of other countries because they would not bow to tyranny. We have been the rock of defence to many thousands of fine spirits who could not breathe the air of autocracies. I believe our moral stamina has been enormously strengthened by these refugees. We have freedom in our blood. We feel that liberty is as necessary to us as air. When it is brought home to our people that this war is for freedom or slavery you'll hear no talk of peace, no plausible suggestions for a conference; you will hear nothing but the word, passed from man to man, Hold Fast! I'm sure of this in Lancashire. The Lancashire spirit is never cowed and seldom daunted. You tell me that even our Bolshevists of Yorkshire would fight to the last if Germany still dealt imperialistically with the nations at a peace conference. I believe that this is true of all England. Our only danger is that the pacifist suggests to Germany that timorous souls over here are looking for any other way out of this war than the way of victory. The more that suggestion gets abroad, the more cheerfully will Germany harden her heart. The only thing that can dismay the German Government is our resolute announcement that we'll fight, and go on fighting, yes, if it takes us twenty years more, till Germany asks us for peace. That's the true Englishness of this war, and the sooner it's known in Germany the sooner the war will be over."

Next German Attack

"You have no misgiving as to a German onslaught in the spring?"

"None whatever. All we've got to do is to dig our heels in. I should say that with machine guns, wire entanglements, trenches and our overwhelming supply of shells, one man in defence is as good as three men in attack. I've no doubt we can break any mass attack the Germans may bring against us. We must dig our heels in, as the French did at Verdun; we must hold fast, as we have done before. We can outlive the German in food, and we can outfight him. When he knows that, he'll ask us for peace."

"And when he asks for peace, you'd admit him to the league of nations?"

"I'll trust Germany when I know she is convinced that war does not pay. Till then I would as soon think of trusting anything she says as I'd trust a forger or a thief. Out and away the most dreadful thing she has done is to shake men's confidence in contracts. That is a crime of the greatest magnitude. She is a confessed brigand. The moral laws means nothing to her. She herself has proclaimed to all the world that she is above the moral law. She has introduced anarchy into the society of nations. She has pulled civilization to pieces. She has dragged the whole earth back to tribal barbarism. The very suggestion that we should dream of conferring with such a nation strikes me as madness. Germany herself has told us she is not to be trusted."

These views of Lord Leverhulme are quite general in Lancashire. There is no noticeable element of extreme pacifism among the workers. Every man I meet in the great industrial centres of Lancashire feels that it would be a confession of defeat to discuss peace with Germany in her present mood. I have discussed the matter with labor men holding advanced views, and they are as adamant as Lord Leverhulme.

It is important for the Liberals of Germany to realize that even those extreme pacifists in England who would welcome a conference as a way out of this horrible carnage and most bitter suffering are entirely convinced that no peace terms would satisfy British democracy which did not ensure the dethronement of the German war caste.

The one thing which silences the intellectual pacifist in England is the argument of Lord Leverhulme that Germany by her own word is not to be trusted. I do not think the Liberals of Germany can be aware of the tremendous force of this argument. It is the sole cause of all their suffering.—By Harold Begbie.

YOUTHFUL AMBITION

Sydney had reached the mature age of three and was about to discard dresses for more manly raiment. The mother had determined to make the occasion a memorable one. The breakfast table was laden with good things when the newly breeched infant was led into the room. "Ah!" exclaimed the proud mother, "now you are a little man!"

Sydney was in raptures. Displaying his garments to their full advantage, he edged close to his mother and whispered: "Can I call pa Bill now?"—Exchange.

TWENTY

From the Issue
Thursday

Good roads prev
Dusty streets h
of the past wee
Gardening op
at present.
putting forth leav
putting forth leav
The cyclists h
Friday. The roa
weather perfect.
Mr. George D
line, found a gr
brood of young
one of his fiel
The Metho
shortly com
Cantata, "Th
is to be given on
The piano committ
ole Club has purchased
net grand Bell piano a
town hall on very fav
At the annual vestry
Alban's Church on M
the election results w
Rector's Warden, G
People's Warden, A. A
Sidesmen, Alfred Bat
Wenham; Auditors,
and W. Stewart, Jr.
A new sweet-toned b
the hours of service
Church on Easter mor
is a present to the con
personal friends of Rev
A beautiful new altar
been presented by Rev.
father of the rector.
Conductor Snider's
place at Fergus on Goo
was attended by a lar
railroad men.
It is reported that t
left for the Crow's Nest
time ago are looking
wards home. Things a
they seemed.
Loafing on the street c
unbecoming conduct on
night has brought so
before the authorities.
stables have received
arrest any further offenc

THE EMERGENCY

I know a stenograp
good stenographer.
had been at it lon
had managed to ap
work—to do every small
There was another gir
also a good stenograph
was a big position op
them. Neither of them, how
of the opening.
The office manager watch
girls. He wanted to give th
the big chance. But the
about equally good, and
not decide. And then on
emergency came. It came
of a letter that needed an
answer. The two girls un
were alone in the office.
"What shall we do?" sai
"We'll have to let it g
the other stenographer
know what to say, but
the responsibility."
My friend hesitated fo
"If this isn't answered now
"we lose a large order.
I know what to say." And a
out an answer on her typ
gave it to the waiting mess
It happened that
the right one. And
office manager, smil
over a pleasant contra
his desk. "We've got a g
he said, "for a girl who k
to do in an emergency!"
"Well?" questioned my
"It's yours," said the offic
—Marguret E. Sangster, in
tian Herald.

WORDS

Lafcadio Hearn was an
poet, a dreamer, full of poet
Listen to him: "For me," he o
to a friend who had criticised
introducing Japanese words
English books, "words have
character; they have f
manners, gesticulations; the
moods, humors, eccentricities
have tints, tones, personalities
then goes on to say that
standpoint of
"The dreamer of dreams,
To whom what is and what
Are often one and the same."
To us the idea is thus:
"Because people cannot see th
of words, the tints of words, the
ivl ghostly motions of words;
"Because they cannot hear the
pering of words, the rustling o
procession of letters, the dream-
and dream-drums which are th
and wildly played by words;
"Because they cannot perceive
pouting of words, the frowning
fuming of words, the weeping, the
ing and racketing and ridding of wo
"Because they are insensible to
phosphorescing of words, the fragra
of words, the noisomeness of wo
the tenderness or hardness, the
ness or juiciness of words—the int
change of values in the gold, the silv
the brass, and the copper of words;
"Is there any reason why we sho
not try to make them hear, to m
them see, to make them feel?"

TOO MUCH TO ENDURE

"I saw Reggie, yesterday," said
chorus girl to a second row girl wh
they met on Broadway, "and he's
broken up over your turning
down."
"I don't care," came the nasal r
"He can die if he wants to. I
going into no matrimonial ven
with an alienation enemy, or what
you call it. I warned Reggie that
put the skids to him because he
afraid to enlist, so to win me over
gives me a mesh bag. And w
you suppose I find printed on
side of the clasp? Germ
Can you beat it?"