

REVIEW
EVERY
Morning.
GARA FRAXA
HAM.
IN ADVANCE
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Geo. P. Reid,
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HOW SHE WON.

CHAPTER I.

"I wanted a tutor for a little boy. Salary no object if credentials and attainments are satisfactory. An elderly gentleman of quiet habits preferred. Address Lady Leigh, Leigh Park, Downshire."

A simple notice in a local paper, but productive of some excitement in the quiet country club, where it is seen for the first time and read aloud.

"The thin end of the wedge at last," draws a concealed-looking man, with pale, prominent blue eyes and heavy amber mustaches, who is most commonly known to his friends as the Heathen Chinese, but to the world at large as the Honorable Graver Meade. "The inveterate later of our sex has, after all, discovered that a certain amount of male society is indispensable and takes this opportunity of avowing her mistake."

"Let us take our triumph modestly," laughs another; "for after all she has made a gallant defense and stuck to her colors seven years."

"Only to raise the siege at last," "Scarcely that. It is not an unconditional surrender. Mark well, the advertisement runs—'An elderly gentleman of quiet habits preferred.'"

"That's for appearances. Anybody can see what it means." "Everybody has not your astuteness, Graver. Now, to my simple intelligence, it seems as though she meant what she said; as though she were sacrificing her own feelings for the sake of her child."

But this explanation is too natural and commonplace and not one to be received with much favor. Seizing this, the speaker takes up the Saturday Review and abandoning the topic, buries himself in its pages.

He is a man sufficiently well-favored to always attract attention, and yet free from any beauty that might be justly termed effeminate. The lips are rather sad and often compressed in anger or scorn; the face itself is bronzed and disfigured with a scar, but the eyes are clear and keen, and a smile will flash into them at times singularly sweet and winning.

His figure is well knit; his voice is low, and has the reputation of being very fascinating; too, in addition he is one of the best parts in a county where all the landowners are rich and most of them well-born—ultra-conservative Downshire.

He was only twenty-two when he came into his heritage, and for one year he revelled in all the advantages that wealth can give when one is young. Then, apparently suddenly, flattery and homage that came to him from all sides alike, he exchanged, at the time of the Indian mutiny, from the crack cavalry corps in which he was lieutenant into a native infantry regiment.

Promotion in those troublous times was swift, and after ten years' absence, he returned, and returned to his native land as colonel.

Some stories had been afloat at the time of his departure in reference to a supposed entanglement with a too fair daughter of Judah; but the conservative county shuddered at the bare idea of such an alliance, refusing the story all credence, while not even the most curious would have dared to question Graver Dare himself as to the truth of the reports.

"Seven years' mourning! A most respectable term of widowhood; not even a good husband could expect more; and I don't think the late Lord Leigh was ever accused of being that," continues the Heathen Chinese, indignantly.

"And another year will see her married again, the ice being once broken; let us hope that it will prove a more fortunate venture. A grand chance for all they ought to wish I wasn't of the list," says Mr. Crosser Brereton, dolefully; he is a married man and a member of Parliament, seldom finding leisure for a gossip at the club, and enjoying the more when practicable. "She was a beautiful child when Leigh married her, and must be a lovely woman still."

"She may take a fancy to me," whispers Captain Venere, complacently. "I'm not so bad-looking, they tell me."

The other snakes his head in decided negation.

"You don't catch a bird twice with the same chaff, and Leigh was the handsomest man of his day."

"She may prefer intelligence this time," observes the Honorable Graver Meade.

"And that will be fatal to your interest," puts in Colonel Dare, quietly.

"According to your account, no one has a chance," says Captain Venere, crossly.

"I don't think any one has."

"Except the elderly tutor—'lucky fellow'—draws the Heathen Chinese.

"For my part," declares Captain Venere, "I disbelieve entirely in this rascal. I don't mind betting anybody a pony that she chooses the best looking man that presents himself as her son's guide to knowledge."

"I'll take the bet, Venere."

It is Colonel Dare who speaks and all turn to him in astonishment.

"Do you know her?" asks Mr. Crosser Brereton jealously, feeling inured that nobody besides himself should be able to claim acquaintance with the mysterious lady who for seven years has lived so secluded a life on her own domain.

"No, I have never even seen her. But the idea of a woman whose sole aim in life is not the subjugation of our sex is so refreshing that I am only anxious to prove it real. If I lose—Well, it is only one more disappointment, that is all!"

"How is it to be decided? We cannot well manage to see all the unsuccessful candidates, and the beauty will have to go by comparison. Tutors are not generally noted for their good looks."

"Let us go ourselves, Venere; that will be the safest test," answers Graver Meade, and his suggestion is received with acclamation.

"Of course I am out of it myself," says Mr. Crosser Brereton, with an ac-

cent of regret; "but I shall be anxious to hear the result. I fancy Graver Meade will have the best of it; these weather-warriors always win the day."

"Is it quite fair?" demurs the colonel, doubtfully, ignoring the compliment received.

"Fair? Of course, it's fair! All is Venere."

"But this is education."

"Same thing. Cupid has to teach his art, and ladies, as a rule, are apt pupils."

Colonel Dare frowns disapprovingly, and the half repeats having entered into the engagement.

The Heathen Chinese rises, struggling with a stifled yawn.

"Thank fortune for a new excitement!" he exclaims, devoutly, pulling his long amber mustaches. "Here to, Graver!" is the general cry.

"To a second-hand shop, to pick up a suit of seedy black."

The roar of laughter that greets his information starts two elderly gentlemen who are quietly reading newspapers at the farther end of the room, but the object of the merriment is assurance of his ultimate success. Even in a "suit of seedy black," he is convinced he must be irresistible.

Captain Venere pulls out his pocket-book and enters the bet.

"If one of us is accepted, we shall have to engage a female Paris to decide as to who is the comeliest," he says, laughing.

"Be content," answers Colonel Dare, gravely; "the golden apple is yours, a hastily suppressed sigh, he turns and leaves the room."

"He's a queer fish," observes Captain Venere, with a vexed shadow on his handsome face, as the green laize door swings to behind the colonel. "I can make him out."

"Neither," assents the M. P. un-pleasantly. He seems to take this joke very seriously; I hope it may end well."

In the meantime Colonel Dare strides swiftly through the one quiet street which constitutes the town, until he reaches the small rustic inn where his dog cart is in waiting.

The groom starts a little at his master's impressive face as he jumps in, and, taking the reins, lashes the horse into a quick gallop.

The colonel does not slacken speed until he reaches his own gates, and then, suddenly, bethinking himself, pulls up, and drives more slowly.

There can have been no reason for his former haste, for, once in the privacy of his own room, he hides his face in his hands, and for a long time is lost in thought.

When he raises his head his eyes are saddened, and his lips, unconcealed by his mustaches, are sterner even than their wont. From a small drawer in a writing-table before him he takes out a card, and holds it for some minutes in that to open it or not.

It is only a little battered brown card, apparently containing nothing of interest, knowing it is the epitome of the story of his life.

In it there are two likenesses. One is a photograph from an oil painting of a lady with sad, stern eyes half hidden by the soft gray curls falling over her forehead, and a mass of flimsy beads, who, from the strong likeness she bears to his mother, he can only identify as his mother, the other is a tinted miniature on ivory of a girl with rich, dark hair, and glowing eyes that redeem the decidedly marked features that are portrayed there.

After all, there must have been some truth in that story of ten years ago, for the ripe, red lips, so perfect in their outline, and the delicate aquiline nose mark plainly the race from which he sprang. The strong man quivers as he gazes upon the beautiful imaged face and remembers all she might have been to him, and how she had dashed the miniature into my mind.

"What has brought her into my mind to-day?" he mutters, impatiently. "The unhappy girl who ruined my life and her own!"

Ten years ago! Living then, they seemed long enough; but now, looking back, they are like the shortest dream. The story that had shadowed his life was a sad one, but perhaps not unromantic; it is not always the man who tempts or the woman whose weakness is betrayed. Even a Samson may fall into the hands of a Delilah.

Ten years ago he had been young and free from care. The natural sorrow at his father's death had been as naturally dispelled, and when, after awhile, he left his newly-acquired estate, it was his highest hope and firmest faith in what the future had in store for him, only saddened for a moment by his mother's parting words.

She had taken him down the long picture-gallery and told him the history of each ancestor hanging there; how the men had always been honorable and brave, the women fair and of noble birth.

"Try to be worthy of them, dear Graver," she had whispered gently, her hand resting on his head. "And let your wife be one that you will not be ashamed to bring her to me."

They were simple words, but yet destined to have more influence over his future fate than either of them could have supposed.

At a garden party at Richmond, given by some of his bachelor brother-officers, he had met a beautiful Jewess, who could certainly never have been invited had any of the ladies of the regiment been expected, although no thing could have been urged against her antecedents or present conduct. Her mother was with her, and other ladies were there whose exclusion from the inner circles of society was less marked; and although Graver Dare knew from the moment when he saw her first that this was not the woman he could introduce to his ancestral home as his bride, although that knowledge haunted him with a strange persistence, considering it was their first meeting—and that alone should surely have warned him of his danger—he could not resist her low-toned voice.

With a woman's quickness of perception, she saw the conquest had made, and determined to turn it to her advantage. She loved him—yes, even then she loved him, returning his passion as recklessly as it was offered;

but not for an instant did she hesitate in her resolve to ruin his life by linking it with her own. He was rich, well-born, and could raise her to that position for which she longed, and from which she was hopelessly debarred by that accident of birth. Women, as it were, are always ready to sacrifice to a brilliant man, and she was no exception.

"Why should not she?"

And so for two months the unequal game went on, she a woman of the world, though not in it; he a beardless boy, with too little experience to guess to what all this was leading. The lights of the brighter stars that started so naturally at his departure were bewildering and dazed the senses of even an older man; but in his weakest moment, when led on to confess his love, he remembered her mother's words and told her at that same time that he could never make her his wife.

Such stormy scenes followed, so many reproaches and prayers, that the boy was nearly overcome by their frequent repetition and only saved himself by flight. Feeling he was no match for the woman who had ensnared him, he realized that discretion in this case and he exchanged into an Indian regiment, without telling any one of his intention beforehand, so that it was from Malta he wrote his farewells.

To his mother he told the whole story and she, knowing that through some such probation, all must pass alike, readily forgave him and sent her loving sympathy and regret.

But the story was not fated to end here. Six months later, when the horrors of the massacre of Cawnpore, it was Graver Dare's duty to go on a tour to reinforce some order into that fearful scene.

It was a sight to make the strongest shudder. The dead were lying in heaps, bearing marks of the mutilation they had received from their implacable enemies; and here and there was seen the body of a Sepoy who had been cut down in the midst of his savage and demonic smile still hovering over the red colored face.

It was indeed a fearful scene to witness; but a greater trial awaited the brave young officer who had already distinguished himself in the fighting that had taken place, and who owed to many gasps caused by death.

On the very edge of the fatal well lay a form that made his heart leap to his mouth. It was the work of a moment to alight from his saddle and turn his face to the light; his worst fears were confirmed, and with a wild cry of "Rachel! Rachel!" he lost all consciousness of his pain.

Whether she had followed him intentionally, or whether some outward fate had brought her there, he never heard; he only knew that the woman he loved was dead, and that, family and unwomanly as she had doubtless been, for him there was no other in the world.

But that was long ago, and years later, when he revisited the spot and gazed upon the fair white monument with its inscription, "In Memoriam," and wandered about like an oasis in the sandy region of Cawnpore, he could scarcely realize or remember the agony that he had suffered then.

And so it is doubly strange that she should be in his mind now, and that he should feel the same fierce and sentiment burning still. He raised his mother's pictured face to his lips in tender reverence.

"Perhaps I may yet meet a woman who is guileless and true," he murmurs—"one who need not be ashamed to bring to the house that was your home."

(To Be Continued.)

LOST HIS CASE.

And Then He Blamed the Poor Lawyer For It.

"My first case of any importance," said the lawyer who went to grow up with the country and then repented, "was a damage suit for \$10,000. A can of powder exploded in the basement of a hardware store, and my client, who had just purchased a jack knife, was trying it while occupying a nail keg on the floor above. He came out of the wreck minus part of an ear and the end of a finger, and he claimed that one eye was 'just a little bit off.'"

On the day of the trial I almost fell of my chair when my client said, 'I knew that the day before he had run a foot race, pitched horseshoes and gone swimming. Now he tottered into Court with two canes, had his neck and head muffled for a man with neuralgia, sat down slowly and with the greatest care and settled back with a groan that could be heard in the street.'

"What in creation's the matter, Bill?" I asked.

"Blowed up," he grinned. "Don't you think I know my business? There ain't nothin' on earth that ain't the matter with me till this here case is tried. I'm the worst exploded feller you ever saw. You ask the questions and I'll look after the law points. I'll bet me is that I didn't have judgment enough to ask for \$20,000."

"Two men helped Bill to the witness stand, he groaning his best. From his story of the accident you'd believe he was blown half a mile straight through the roof and hadn't a sound spot left in his anatomy. He was in the midst of his story, and pity was written on the faces of the jury, when Bill's woolly dog fell foul of a foxhound belonging to the Court. They were knocking furniture over and filling the air with yelps and howls, when Bill let out a whoop, jumped over a table, dashed around encouraging his dog, and ed to bet he would whip, and shored the Judge over a chair to prevent his parting the brutes.

"The verdict? Case was dismissed, Bill was fined \$25 for contempt, and was in jail three weeks before I could get him out. Then he told around that I was no lawyer."

KNOCKED MANY A MAN OUT.

Yes, said the pugilist, this is my favorite punch.

And setting down the glass, he smacked his lips.

Easter Folk-Lore.

Easter, from its earliest day, has been styled the "Queen of Festivals." The primitive Christians, from their close connection with the Jewish Church, naturally continued to observe Jewish festivals, of which the principal one was the feast of the "Passover," which celebrated the passing over of the houses of the children of Israel in Egypt by the destroying angel, when he smote the Egyptians.

Easter is the perpetuation of this Jewish feast of the Passover, which, ennobled by the thought of Christ, the true Paschal Sacrificial Lamb—the first fruits from the dead—became the Christian Easter. Even at the present day Easter is known to the French as Paques, to the Italians as Pasqua and to the Spanish as Pascua, all of which are derived from the Latin Pascha and the Greek Pascha, which are Chaldee or Armenian forms of the Hebrew word Pesach, signifying the Passover.

For many years a long and bitter controversy raged between Christians of Jewish and Gentile descent as to the time at which Easter should be observed. Christians of Jewish origin insisted that Lent should terminate at the same time as the Paschal fast of the Jews, to which it was analogous, on the fourteenth day of the moon, and that Easter should immediately follow, without regard to the day of the week. Gentile Christians, on the contrary, maintained that the first day of the week should be observed as that of our Lord's resurrection, and the preceding Friday should be kept as the occasion of his crucifixion, without regard to the day of the month. By reason of their observance of the fourteenth day of the moon the former class were derisively styled "Quarto decimani" or "Fourteen-day men," by the latter, who also stigmatized them as heretics. These differences were gradually harmonized by the church at Rome, but even at the council of Nicea, A. D. 325, the Syrians and Antiochenes still declared themselves in favor of the Jewish usage. It was partly to settle this controversy that the Emperor Constantine had called his council, and its members finally agreed that "Easter shall hereafter be kept on one and the same day throughout the world, and none shall hereafter follow the blindness of the Jews." Thus the quarto decimani, fourteen-day usage, was done away with, but, though Easter was now universally kept on Sunday, no cycle by which the date of the festival was to be calculated had been agreed upon, and hence there were wide discrepancies between the times at which Easter was celebrated in various places. The church at Rome established the rule that Easter should be the first Sunday after the fourteenth day of the calendar moon, which happens on or next after March 21. A canon of the Fourth Council of Orleans, A. D. 541, ordains that Easter shall be kept at the same time by all according to that rule, which was finally established in England by Archbishop Theodore, in A. D. 669. More than 900 years later another discrepancy in the celebration of Easter arose between the Roman and English churches through the refusal of the latter in 1582, to adopt the Gregorian calendar, but this difference was reconciled in 1752, when the "New Style" was adopted throughout the United Kingdom. The churches of Russia and Greece, however, and, indeed, the Oriental churches generally, still observe the old calendar, so that their Easter occurs sometimes before and sometimes after that of the Western Church, though very rarely, as in 1885, it falls on the same day. The old Roman rule for calculating Easter continues to be observed throughout the Christian world, by whom our Lord's resurrection is universally celebrated on the first Sunday after the fourteenth day of the calendar moon, which happens on or next after March 21, the vernal equinox, thus allowing it to occur as early as March 22 or as late as April 25.

The name of Easter, like those of the days of the week, is a survival of the old Teutonic mythology. To the Germans it was known as Ostern, and to the Anglo-Saxons as "Eastre" or "Eostre," a name derived from "Eostre" or "Ostara," the Anglo-Saxon goddess of spring, to whom the fourth month of spring, to our April, thence called "Eostur Month," was dedicated. The name of "Ostara" to rise.

Easter customs, sports, and superstitions afford a wide field of interest. While many of them have existed almost from the first celebration of this festival, and are found among Christians of all nationalities, there are others which are peculiar to peoples and places.

The oldest, most familiar and most universal of all Easter customs are those associated with eggs. Hundreds of important places in the theology and philosophy of the Egyptians, the Persians, Gauls, Greeks and Romans, among all of whom the egg was the emblem of the universe, and the art of coloring it profoundly studied. The sight of the boys striking their ritual eggs together to see which is the stronger and can win the prize, as old as the civilization of Greece and Rome, and it was as common in the streets of Athens and Rome 2000 years ago, as it is to be believed antiquarians, as it is in any of our cities at the present day.

In the North of England it is customary to exchange presents of Easter eggs among families who are on intimate terms, a custom that also prevailed largely among the ancients, and to which the sending of Easter cards and other offerings which has become so popular of late years in our own country may be traced. The extent to which the latter practice has increased of late is almost incredible, and these offerings grow more elaborate and expensive every year.

It is also customary in England's northern counties to elaborate an Easter egg by scraping the dye with a penknife, thus leaving the design in white upon a colored ground. The full name of the decorator, with the date of his or her birth is often recorded in this manner, and these eggs, when carefully preserved for generations as ornaments for cupboards and mantels, would doubtless present as reliable evidence of dates as the records of a family Bible.

A century or more ago the English clergy and laity used to play a ball in the churches for tansy cakes at Easter-tide. The ball-playing of this custom was long since abandoned, but tansy cakes and puddings are still favorite Easter delicacies in many parts of England, tansy having been selected from this season. Parish clerks in the Counties of Dorset and Devon leave every parishioner immediately after the church service on Good Friday a large and small cake, having a mixture of sweet and bitter taste. This is evidently a survival of the bitter herbs of the passion supper. At Cole's Hill, in Warwickshire, if the young men of the town can catch a hare and bring it to the clergyman of the parish before 10 o'clock on Easter Monday give them a calf's head and 100 eggs for their breakfast, besides a "groat" in money.

An old English name for Easter is "God's Sunday." A quaint old folk-song of the middle ages gives the following account of the origin of that name:

When Cryste see nekid and forlorne;
Had on ye crosse his goode hymnes
When Cryste ys rysen from his dede;
Gode sayde, 'Mye chyldren, tye nye waye
Ye calls thys always Gode's Son-daye.'

The use of flowers to decorate churches on Easter morning, like many other Christian usages is derived from the Druids; these heathen priests of the ancient Britons. Those worthies were accustomed to make liberal use of flowers and vines in all their ceremonies, and also employed them freely to decorate their heathen temples.

DONT.

Don't possess feet a size larger than the shoes you wear.

Don't lose the thread of your story when spinning a yarn.

Don't spend too much money in trying to get something for nothing.

Don't heap coals of fire on an enemy's head until you burn your fingers.

Don't think every woman who looks in a mirror is hopelessly lost in admiration.

Don't imagine every man who figures on marrying an heiress is a born mathematician.

Don't add insult to injury by apologizing to a pretty girl after stealing a kiss from her.

Don't let a girl regret the loss of her good name when it is replaced with that of a nice young man.

Don't get discouraged if you find you are not a genius. A scientist says genius is a sort of epilepsy.

ROYAL HUMOR.

When in the country the Princess of Wales delights in making little expeditions incognito. An amusing and true story has leaked out about one of these impromptu excursions at Sandringham. Her Royal Highness, with the two Princesses, had driven a long distance from home in her favorite pony cart, and as lunch drew near they were glad to put up at a picturesque inn. The landlord had his suspicions as to who his guests were, and after lunch had been served brought the visitors' book. Whereupon the Princess, not to be outdone, made the following entry:—"Mrs. Wales and two daughters."

LITTLE NANCY'S TRUE STORY.

Mrs. N. has a nice little daughter named Nancy. On one occasion Nancy came to her mother and said:—"Mamma do you like stories?"

Yes, said her mamma, if they're true stories.

This one is. Do you get mad when people tell you nice true stories?

Why, never. It isn't good manners to get mad when a person tells you a nice story.

All right, said Nancy. Once upon a time there was a little girl, and she got into the pantry and ate almost all the jelly in a glass. That's a true story, mamma, and me was the little girl.

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THE WABIGOON COUNTRY.

WHERE ARABLE LAND CAN BE HAD FOR 50 CENTS AN ACRE.

Payable in Three Annual Instalments—Well Adapted for Mixed Farming—Gold in the Neighborhood.

The Department of Agriculture is preparing an interesting circular in regard to the settlement of Lake Wabigoon, in Northern Ontario. Since the department first called attention to the country of Wabigoon, in 1896 the progress has been continual and satisfactory. Originally only two townships were surveyed, Van Horne and Wainwright; now it has been found necessary to survey the additional townships of Eton, Rugby, Sanford and Aubrey to the west, and Zealand to the east. Eton and Rugby were placed on the market last season, and a great deal of valuable land has been taken up. The land is rather rolling throughout, and the soil clay, or clay loam, of very good quality. The timber is small and easily cleared, as it was recently burnt over. Rank growths of alders, berry bushes, wild peas, wild buckwheat, grass, and small bushes speak well for its fertility.

TWENTY-FIVE THOUSAND

acres of land have been sold, and the population of the settlement is between 500 and 600 people. Inquiries regarding the country are numerous. Land is sold by the Government at 50 cents per acre, payable in three annual instalments. Settlement duties consist in clearing and putting under cultivation one-tenth of the land taken up, building a habitable house not less than 16x20 feet, and residing thereon for at least six months in each year for three years, and for two years continuously. Each male person over eighteen years of age must purchase 160 acres, but a man with children under eighteen years of age is allowed 240 acres.

The development of the Town of Dryden, in the centre of the settlement, has been very marked during the past year. At the end of April, 1897, 75 town plots had been disposed of and eighteen or twenty buildings erected. Since then the number of plots sold has increased to 122 and the buildings to 75, showing that building operations have been carried forward with considerable energy. The town has now two hotels, three boarding houses, C.P.R. railway station, telegraph office, post office, public library and reading room, and a good schoolhouse, with 70 scholars enrolled. There are mills in operation, and there is a probability of a brickyard being started, the clay in the vicinity making

AN EXCELLENT BRICK.

The town also has a doctor, a land surveyor, a Magistrate and a constable, four general stores, four flour and feed stores, three butchers, three wood dealers, two blacksmiths, a hardware, a furniture and undertaking establishment, a boot and shoe and drug store, Anglican, Methodist and Presbyterian services are held every Sunday. A bridge and dam have been built by the Government across the Wabigoon River at Dryden. Twenty miles of colonization roads have been built, and settlers have supplemented this with many more. Park and cemetery lots have been laid out adjacent to the town.

Dryden has direct communication with the gold fields of the Rainy River district, and the river is navigable for steamboats between the lake and Dryden. The town has magnificent water-power ranking next to Rat Portage claims have been staked out within a few miles of the town, and these magnificent camps afford settlers an excellent home market for their produce. The country is well adapted for sheep raising, dairying, stock raising and vegetable growing.

ETIQUETTE NOTES.

Place white unruled paper is always the most refined and elegant for note-paper and envelopes, though a delicate gray is not in bad taste.

Place the postage stamp in a straight, that is, vertical position, in the upper right hand of the envelope, and exercise great carelessness to put the stamp on in any sort of a fashion.

Avoid extravagance in color and decoration in your note-paper. It is exceedingly poor taste to use red or green ink, or orange-colored note-paper, or paper of any other strong color.

Answer every note or letter except such as may be impertinent or insulting; these are not worthy your notice.

Write legibly; if you cannot, you should learn to do so. Practice makes perfect.