

THE FRENCH HOME

There the Servant Is Like a Member of the Family.

IMPORTANCE OF THE NURSE.

She is the Real and Rational Ruler of the Turbulent Children Who, as a General Rule, Are Spoiled by Their Too Indulgent Parents.

The French people have not, so far, produced a spiritually servile class. The occupation most dangerous to the soul—that of personal service—has not resulted for the people of France in funkism on the one hand and superior airs on the other.

There is something in the poise and motion of French working girls, in their fearless eyes and vibrant voices, that suggests a fluid and mobile social structure which deepens the impression of rigidity in the life across the channel and beyond the Rhine. French people of the more favored classes are never heard bemoaning the decay of a "proper" servant class. On the contrary, if you speak to them of the striking contrast between the French proletariat and that of other countries—their so natural and gay, the others so humble or so sullen or both—they instantly expand with pride. "Exactly!" they exclaim. "Our brave French people! Just as good as monsieur, as madame, but also no better!"

The status of the French domestic derives in part at least from the weight of responsibility under which she serves. For her mistress is neither a careless housekeeper nor an indifferent mother. It is precisely because the Frenchwoman loves her children so ardently, so romantically, one might say, and because her quick, intelligent grasp of material situations makes her an excellent economist at home that she requires and establishes in the household not a common servant, not a "mother's helper," but a woman of intelligence and character, a woman often young and untried, but with the true ring, who is or soon becomes capable of assuming direct responsibility for the care of the children, and the house—a woman who deserves and receives the consideration due to the head of an important department in the management of the family life.

French children are notoriously spoiled. The little monarchs are kept on a pedestal well into the age of moral responsibility. Father, mother, all the older relatives, vie with one another in admiring and indulging them. With this understanding of the term and scope of the child's autocratic reign, one can afford to laugh at turbulent scenes in which he rots every adult in the house except his bonne. At the mere sight of her the little desperado begins to quiet down. He is in the presence of the only person who has, so far, exercised any rational authority over him, the person before whom he feels the beginnings of shame at doing wrong.

The bonne is the most important person in the family group, so far as its material well being is concerned. And morally, spiritually, she is a true member of the family. It is not for nothing that the word "bonne" means "good" as well as "nurse."

It may be that the prevailing good relation between masters and servants in France has a very simple explanation—simple and yet profound. It may be that it springs at bottom from the warm affections of the people. They cannot live without love and sentiment. Better than any other people they know how to keep alive the romance of friendship, of love and even of that inherently bad relation, master and slave.

The French servant who has no family ties—and often the one who has—throws her whole heart and soul into the family life of her master and mistress. She must love—she must serve—she must be loved. And the French master and mistress understand. Each one idealizes the sentiments of the other. In a word, the romance of the situation grips them all. French literature is crowded with examples of mistress and servant whose intimacy shows no trace of condescension on the one side or of servility on the other.—J. Frances Cooke

Act at Home.

Believe me, if we want art to begin at home, as it must, we must clear our houses of troublesome superstitions that are forever in our way, conventional comforts that are not real comforts and do but make work for servants and doctors. If you want a golden rule that will fit everybody this is it: "Have nothing in your houses that you do not know to be useful or believe to be beautiful."—William Morris.

A Precious Mosaic.

For ages upon ages happiness has been represented as a huge precious stone—impossible to find and which people seek for hopelessly. It is not so. Happiness is a mosaic composed of a thousand little stones, which separately and of themselves have little value, but which united with art form a graceful design.—Mme. de Girardin.

Might Be Worse.

"I'm in debt—heavily in debt," wailed the disconsolate man. "Is that all that's troubling you?" retorted the cheerful stranger. "From the way you're acting I thought somebody owed you money that you couldn't collect."

On the great clock of time there is but one word—Now.

The sad news reached relatives of the death at Superior, Wis., of John H. McRostie, son of the late Peter McRostie, Carleton Place, of typhoid pneumonia.

STORY OF A WEATHER VANE.

Why a Grasshopper Tops the Royal Exchange in London.

If you ever go to London among the places of interest there you will visit the public buildings known as the Royal Exchange. There is a cupola at the top of that building. Rising from that cupola is an iron rod with a huge grasshopper on it for a weather vane. And there is an interesting story connected with that grasshopper. It is this: One day, more than 300 years ago, a mother in England had an infant, a few months old, which she wanted to get rid of. So she wrapped it up in a shawl and laid it down under a bush in a field and left it there to die unless some one should find it and take care of it.

Shortly after a little boy was coming home from school. As he passed by the place he heard a grasshopper chirping in the field. He stopped a moment to listen to it. Then he climbed over the fence to get it. But just as he was about to catch it he caught sight of the baby close by. He let the grasshopper go and, taking the baby in his arms, carried it home to his mother. She took charge of the baby and brought him up. He turned out to be a good, plump boy. He was always decided in doing what he knew was right and in not doing what was wrong.

When a young man he went to London and entered into business there. He was successful in business and became rich. He was not only rich, but great. He was knighted and is well known in English history as Sir Thomas Gresham. The Royal Exchange was built in honor of him. And he had the grasshopper put as a weather vane on the top of it in memory of the wonderful way in which when an infant his life was saved by the good providence of God.—Richard Newton in Bible Models.

THEY PUZZLED HUXLEY.

Terms in Which He Found it Difficult to Define His Belief.

Huxley once wondered whether he was a deist, an atheist, an agnostic, a pantheist, a materialist or a skeptic, an idealist, a Christian, an infidel or a freethinker. And the more he reflected the deeper his problem. What answer will any one make? Dr. James C. Fernald in his work "Synonyms and Antonyms" defines each according to his own belief, as follows: "The deist admits the existence of God, but denies that the Christian Scriptures are a revelation from Him. The atheist denies that there is a God. The agnostic denies either that we do know or that we can know whether there is a God. The skeptic doubts divine revelation.

"The infidel is an opprobrious term that might once almost have been said to be geographical in its range. The crusaders called all Mohammedans infidels and were so called by them in return. The word is commonly applied to any decided opponent of an accepted religion.

"A freethinker is inclined or addicted to free thinking, especially one who rejects authority or inspiration in religion. A materialist takes interest only in the material or bodily necessities and comforts of life. A pantheist accepts the doctrine of pantheism. An idealist idealizes or seeks an ideal or ideal conditions. A Christian is one whose profession and life conform to the teaching and example of Christ.

"Pantheism is the doctrine that God and the universe are identical. It contrasts with atheism as the positive denial and with agnosticism as the dogmatic doubt of the existence of God. It opposes that form of deism which denies the divine immanence and separates God from the world."

Keeping a Lamp Clean.

Once in two months I separate the wicks from the burners and boil them in soda water. In about ten or fifteen minutes I take them out and clean them with an old toothbrush, rinse and dry. I lay the wicks straight to keep their shape. They will be white and pliable. Then fill the lamps with suds (not too hot) and let stand awhile until all discolorings have vanished. Drain, wipe out and refill with kerosene, adding a teaspoonful of salt to each lamp. Lamps treated this way give a beautiful bright light and there is no fear of an explosion.

Sing Different Songs.

"Pa, you sing bass in the choir, don't you?" asked Bobby Smithers. "Yes, my son," replied Smithers. "And ma sings soprano?" "That's right." "Well, there's one thing I don't understand." "What is it?" "Mrs. Tompkins says you sing mighty big in public, and mighty small at home."

The New Chauffeur Era.

Old Gentleman (engaging new chauffeur)—I suppose I can write to your last employer for your character? Chauffeur—I am sorry to say, sir, each of the last two gentlemen I have been with died in my service.—London Punch.

Good Reason.

"My pillow is awfully hard," remarked the star boarder. "They're stuffed with feathers from a tailor's goose," explained the confirmed idiot as he helped himself to another prune.

Both Mistaken.

Brown—Back to town again? I thought you were a farmer. Green—You made the same mistake I did.—Judge.

James Clark Knox arrived at Carleton Place from far off Alberta, after spending many years in the west, and purposes making his home again in Ontario.

ATLAS AND HIS LOAD.

It Was the Heavens, Not the Earth, the Titan of Mythology Upheld.

Strictly speaking, "atlas" is a misnomer for a map book, since it was not the world, but the heavens, that the Atlas of mythology upheld. Mercator, the famous Dutch geographer, who made globes for Emperor Charles V. of Germany, was the first to use the name in this connection, choosing it as a convenient and in some sort an appropriate title, because Atlas, the demigod, figures with a world upon his shoulders as a frontispiece of some early works on geography.

Atlas, it was said, made war with other Titans upon Zeus and, being conquered, was condemned to bear heaven upon his head and hands. Later tradition represented him as a man changed by means of Medusa's head into a mountain, upon which rested heaven and all its stars.

In any case, Atlas was always associated with a heavy burden strongly borne. Thus Shakespeare makes Warwick say to Gloucester, "Thou art no Atlas for so great a weight."

It is not difficult to see how by an association of ideas this came to be chosen as the name for a book of maps which upholds and exhibits to us the whole world.

An Eccentric Bishop.

Bishop Wilson of Calcutta had as housekeeper a venerable lady who remembered the dust between Sir Philip Francis and Warren Hastings on Aug. 17, 1780. On entering the cathedral on a Sunday morning, fully robed, lawn sleeves and all, and passing the pew where the old lady sat, he would pause and give her the "kiss of peace" before all the congregation, and this although he had met her at breakfast.

His sermons, too, were racy. Preaching against dishonesty, especially in home-fish, as one of the great English fallings in India, he went on, "Nor are we, servants of the altar, free from yielding to this temptation." Pointing to the occupant of the reading desk below him: "There is my dear and venerable brother, the archdeacon, down there. He is an instance of it. He once sold me a horse. It was unsound. I was a stranger, and he took me in."

Beginning of the Germ Theory.

Agostino Bassi, a country doctor in the north of Italy, early in the last century was the starter of the germ theory of disease. At that time a peculiar disease was killing the silk worms, bringing ruin to the whole silk country of Italy. Bassi, by the microscope, discovered the germ which is the cause of the disease. The germ later was named Botritis bassiana. Bassi believed and stated that human diseases were also caused by germs. Bassi's work was sneered at and pooh-poohed by his fellow men and physicians, and he failed to make a lasting impression, thereby losing great glory for Italy.

A Schoolboy's Story of Jonah.

A school board boy, competing for one of the Peck prizes, evolved this confusion of widely different events. He had to write a short biography of Jonah, and he produced the following: "He was the father of Lot and had two wives. One was called Ishmale and the other Hagher. He kept one at home and turned the other into the desert, when she became a pillow of salt in the daytime and a pillow of fire at night."—From Wheatley's "Literary Blunders."

Three Men.

When H. H. Rogers was in the prime of his power, says a New York writer, he formed a "friendship partnership" with Mark Twain and Thomas Brackett Reed and took personal charge of their affairs, looking after them as he would a couple of children. It was great fun for all three, and especially Rogers. Neither Clemens nor Reed had any sense for business. The big ex-speaker came to New York a poor man. Five years later he died suddenly, and his estate amounted over \$300,000. He probably had no idea what he was worth at any stage. Rogers made as much or more money for Clemens.

The Simpson Pass.

The Simpson pass was a famous highway of travel long before Napoleon constructed the highroad. Milton came home that way from his grand tour, and so did John Evelyn. The latter traveler went in fear of his life, not only expecting avalanches to fall on him, but being apprehensive lest bears and wolves should issue from the caves in the precipices and assail him. The only actual harm which happened, however, was that his companion's dog killed a goat belonging to one of the peasants and that heavy compensation had to be paid—"a pistol," says the diary, "for the goat and twice more for attempting to ride a way."

CAUTION.

If a man whose integrity you do not very well know makes you great and extraordinary professions, do not give much credit to him. Probably you will find that he aims at something besides kindness to you and that when he has served his turn or been disappointed his regard for you will cool.

A Michigan physician is the inventor of a cushion to be fastened to the back of a straight-backed chair to permit a person to sit upright and be comfortable.

BATTLED FOR THEIR BRIDES.

The Most Thrilling Wedding Day in the World's History.

Do you know what was the most thrilling wedding day in the history of the world? There have been many romantic marriages and many nuptial services that had to be deferred because of the opposition of parent or rival, but all of them pale into dingy gray when compared with the colorful spectacle of the abduction and recapture of the Venetian brides in the early winter of 1523, when Candino II, the noble doge, was lending his presence to the biggest wedding party in the history of the Church of San Pietro. It had long been the custom for all the noble brides to be married on St. Mary's day. It was, moreover, the custom for the brides to bring with them all their jewels and their dowries, in gold coin, inclosed in handsomely carved chests.

The latter fact was well known in Trieste, that ancient Roman colony which was the harbor for bands of pirates who were most clever navigators. On this richest of all St. Mary's wedding days the ceremony for more than a score of brides had already begun when the pirates from Trieste burst into the church, captured the brides and their dowries and carried them to the waiting boats. Thanks to the "Trunkmakers' union, there were several boats waiting, and in these the bridegrooms and the sturdy trunk-makers gave pursuit. There was a battle royal, one of the most thrilling sea fights on record, and dowries and brides were recovered, and before midnight all had been safely married.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Child's Prayers.

If the mother would teach her child to pray she must first know how to pray herself. Then if she kneels by her child's bed and in simple words commits her household to the keeping of him who slumbers not nor sleeps her child will catch something of his mother's spirit and trustfulness and in time, learning to join with the mother in the words as he has already joined with her in the spirit of reverence and repose, will learn to pray. The mother who has no such experience cannot inspire it in her child, but must leave it to be given by some one better equipped than herself.—Lyman Abbott in Outlook.

To Make Delicious Date Bread.

Mix one cupful of warm wheat mush, one-fourth cupful of brown sugar, one-half teaspoonful of salt and one tablespoonful of butter, then add one-fourth yeast cake, broken in pieces and dissolved in one-fourth cupful of lukewarm water, and two and one-fourth cupfuls of bread flour, once sifted. Toss on a slightly floured board and knead. Return to the mixing bowl, cover and let rise overnight. In the morning cut down and add two-thirds cupful of dates stoned and cut in pieces and two-thirds cupful of chopped English walnut meats. Shape into a loaf, put in buttered bread pan, cover and again let rise. Bake in a moderate oven fifty minutes.—Woman's Home Companion.

Slavery in England.

Slavery existed in England without any mitigating features worth speaking of until the time of the wars of the roses. Bracton, the famous lawyer of the time of Henry VIII, informs us that the condition of slaves was fearful. It was indeed slavery, pure and simple. All the goods a slave acquired belonged to his master, who could take them from him whenever he pleased, the slave having no redress at law; hence the impossibility of a man's purchasing his own freedom. The only hope for the slave was to try to get into one of the walled towns, when he became free, the townsmen granting him liberty on the condition of his helping them fight the nobles.

Golf Defined.

On the terrace of a country club a group of nongolfers were taking tea. A male nongolfer said thoughtfully: "Golf might be defined as billiards gone to grass." "Spoken on the green, I'd call it," said a female nongolfer. "Or the last flicker in the dying fire of athletics," sneered a young football player. "The misuse of land and language," suggested a tennis champion. "No, no; you're all wrong," said a famous angler. "Golf is simply a game wherein the ball lies badly and the player well."

The Burglar's Prayer.

Sir Herbert Kistey, speaking of the castles of eastern Bengal at a meeting of the Royal Anthropological Institute, said a curious system of religious worship prevailed among a caste who were professional burglars. They made a space in the ground, and a man then cut his arm and prayed to one of the earth gods that there might be a dark night and that he might succeed in obtaining great booty and escape capture.—London Standard.

That Face!

"Look me straight in the face and tell me you really love me," he said warmly to the sweet young thing who stood in front of him with downcast eyes. "Oh, I couldn't do that," came from the lips of the clever girl.

The Cause.

"What is the cause of social unrest?" "The desire," replied Mr. Dustin Stax, "of the workman for leisure and of the leisurely man for something to keep him busy."

One of the large railroads in India is experimenting with steel passenger cars lined with wood that is insulated against the heat of the metal with asbestos.

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