

The man who forged the name of J. P. Morgan to checkers knew how to Sodge working a blind lead.

Yes, time flies. The first babies who were named after Grover Cleveland are nearly old enough to vote.

The 400 survivors of the Society Islands who swam four miles through a raging sea deserve to be called "The 600."

"Eat a lemon" is the advice now being freely given. If you are despondent, it will give you something else to think about.

We wonder what that grim and brave old sailor, Admiral Cervera, thinks of our handling of our naval heroes by this time?

Be it noted with unfeigned surprise that it was a Frenchman whose courage failed him when his duty called him to publicly kiss a woman.

"It's the storm that makes the mariner," but the \$10,000,000 set aside for a new naval academy indicates that Uncle Sam's money helps some.

The doctors having told King Edward that he eats and drinks too much, the king may feel that he must make a change—perhaps of court physicians.

John D. Rockefeller, Jr. says he owes \$300,000. Why shouldn't a man with his wall pay up and find out how good it feels to be square with the world?

Foreigners should always remember that this country's attitude with regard to the divine right of kings is the same as that of Ireland concerning the snakes.

According to a Berlin editor, no European power recognizes the Monroe doctrine. Speaking precisely, that is true; but they all respect it, which is just as good, and better.

A man thinks he has discovered how to make a palatable food out of cornstarch. That ought to be easy after others have succeeded in making shavings and sawdust so pleasant to take.

The Russian army is said to be ready for whatever happens in the Balkans. And the Russian peasant continues to go stoop-shouldered under the burden which this constant readiness imposes.

Baron Avebury is given credit for coining the new word "manywhere" in his latest book. Perhaps some gray-haired Scotchman who learned the word on his native heath when he was a lisping infant will smile at this.

A New York artist has lauded Tweed because he had imagination coupled with dishonesty. We take it for granted that the artist has imagination, but we dislike to infer from his praise of dishonesty that he possesses Tweed's combination.

In Minnesota a member of the State Senate has been trying to pass a bill imposing a fine on any person with a weak heart who indulges in kissing. It is the fellows with "weak hearts" who do most of that business, and it does not seem fair to select them for exclusive taxation.

Chicago used to boast of its youth; but according to the executive committee of its historical society the city will be a hundred years old on Aug. 4, on which date in 1837 Lieut. Swearingen established Fort Dearborn at the mouth of the Chicago river. There is some historical confusion as to the date and circumstances of the settlement, but we all know that modern Chicago dates only from the fire, and its achievements since then have been great enough to satisfy any one.

General Booth of the Salvation army gravely announces the purpose of that enterprising organization "to go after the millionaires of the United States and enroll them as members." They have not usually been considered promising revival material, but perhaps the effort to reach them has not been made in just the right way. The millionaire as an active member of the Salvation army would not be out of place. The qualities which have put him in the position he occupies, or kept him there of the formative work in building his fortune was done by others, are very much those which it may be assumed would make for success in the kind of work General Booth wants done.

It is no longer possible to doubt that electricity is the power of the immediate future. When the census of 1900 was taken the electric motors in use in manufactures in the United States numbered only three hundred and eleven thousand horse-power. Since then the Grand Staircase canal has been completed, which produces fifty-seven thousand horse-power, and a hundred and twenty thousand horse-power has been added to the capacity of the Niagara Falls plant. Canada is treading on the heels of the United States, and at Niagara Falls it is building two plants to produce a hundred and sixty thousand horse-power, and at Sault Ste. Marie it produces twenty thousand. It is difficult to imagine what a census of 1910 will show.

One of the most interesting and at the same time most noted changes of

the past five years is the enlarged mental outlook of the American people. To realize how great this change is, it is necessary only to study the files of any large newspaper of a date previous to the Spanish-American war, and then to compare them with the issues of the same paper at the present time. Five columns of matter pertaining to foreign countries are printed now to one printed a few years ago. The change also manifests itself in the editorial pages, where public events in foreign countries and the purposes and bearing of foreign policies are discussed with a minuteness which shows that they possess a genuine interest for American readers. And it shows itself again in the position of the foreign news—the "display" which the editor gives it, and the headings under which he sets it forth. This enlarged horizon is the corollary of the industrial and political expansion of the United States. To build bridges in India and railroads in South America; to feed an army in Africa and place one of our own in China; to co-operate with the great powers of the earth in a military expedition, and to contend with them successfully in diplomacy; to assume the guardianship of islands on the opposite side of the earth and on the other side of the equator—this is to learn geography, and to learn it effectively although it may be, expensively. Nor is the process of education ended. The cable which will connect the old East with the new West has already touched Honolulu on its way to Manila. Great steamships are building for trade with China and Japan, and others already ply between Atlantic ports and the West Indies. Reciprocity treaties are pending, and questions of international importance are under consideration.

He was only ten years of age, but he was a hero. While playing on the railroad at Madisonville, Ohio, little Mars Shawber was run down by a train and his lower limbs were crushed into a pitiable mass of shredded flesh and bone. The boy's first thought was of his mother, and he said to those who tenderly picked him up: "Please don't take me home. It will worry mamma." The sorely wounded little fellow knew his mother had many worries. She was a poor woman, and care had made life's burdens heavy for her to bear. He knew her anguish would be greater than his, and he sought to shield her. That alone stamped him as a heroic soul. But there was more. When the boy awoke to consciousness he was in bed in the little home. The surgeons had done their ghastly work, and there were pitiable small blotches of blood on the white counterpane. For the first time he realized his legs were gone. But he did not flinch! This lad of tender years had kept in his heart a pathetic secret. He had mapped out his life's career, summed up in a resolve to go to school another year, and then go to work to "help papa and mamma." Now he had lost his legs. But that made no difference. And here was the greater heroism: Lying in his bed, the strapping commander readjusted the scheme of his campaign. In the battle of life his legions had been flung back by the enemy, battered, beaten, but unwhipped! As calmly as Napoleon rearranged his lines in the teeth of defeat he made a new alignment of his forces. Thinking it all out, he said: "Never mind, mamma. I will get well and I will be able to work for I have my hands left!" O, ye who murmur when the march is long, or when a rebout is to be taken where is there a braver utterance? Not that of Cambronne when the English begged him to surrender and he flung the word "Murde!" at them and died fighting, the last of the old guard; not Curtius at the bridge near Leonidas at the pass. And then the lad began to fight death with only a broken sword and a boyish smile. But the shock had been too great. Smiling, he died, murmuring as he went that he would be able to work, as "he had his hands left." Died, did he say? Can such a dauntless, tender spirit ever die?

**The True Nelson Attitude.**  
In a speech made by Lord Warwick at a banquet in England last fall, he quoted a letter from Nelson, which was published to the world for the first time. It was written to the Lord Warwick of Nelson's time in reply to one which suggested a new piece of armor. The significant phrase in the original letter was underlined with a dash, and is a characteristic of self-revelation.  
Merton, Sept. 3, 1805.  
My Dear Lord—I feel very much obliged for the favour of your letter, and although I am not a good judge of mechanism, yet I dare say your invention for making cannon range their shots farther than at present will answer your expectations, and on shore, in particular, it will be most useful. Woolwich is the only place where such an experiment can be plainly tried by scientific men. On board ship our wish is to get as close as possible to the enemy. I always endeavour to facilitate the doctrine, "Get close, and you will be the victor."

**How They Calculated.**  
"How did you come to re-lect that man who was so generally suspected of irregular methods?"  
"Well," answered Farmer Corntosel, "we figured it out and concluded that he ought to be pretty comfortable and satisfied by this time, as that it 'd be better to let him hang on than turn the office over to some one that would come in fresh and hungry."  
—Washington Star.

**London's Poverty.**  
There are in London 300,000 human beings who have to subsist on food that falls far short of the dietary required for prison inmates and 50,000 who are homeless.

THE ORIGIN OF EASTER.



OSTERA, THE PAGAN GODDESS OF EASTER.

**E**ASTERIDE, the oldest church festival, comes down to us from the ancient Hebrews. With them, however, the time was not associated with the death and resurrection of Christ, but with the season of the year when the earth puts forth its freshest blossoms and the revivification of nature—the springing forth of life in the spring.

It is from this that the Easter egg custom springs, and centuries ago, even before the birth of Christ, colored eggs were given and received by celebrants of the feast. The egg for all time has been regarded as symbolical of the spring, when the earth receives from nature its new life. Not only the ancient Hebrews, but the ancient Persians, employed the colored eggs in their celebrations of the feast of the solar new year, in March.

The fact that the Anglo-Saxon name of April was *Estermonath* induces some to believe that Easter is of pure Saxon origin, but Germany, where the month is called *Ostermonath*, seems to have a prior claim upon the word.

With the Hebrews the festival was called *Pasch*, and the name still lives, with slight alterations, among many nations. The French call the festival *Pasques*; the Dutch term it *Paschen*, the Danes *Panske*, and the Swedes *Pask*. In the early days of Christianity the influence of the Jewish *Pasch* upon the holy day commemorating the slaying of Christ and His resurrection was such that it created many bitter dissensions between the Western and Eastern churches. Finally the discussions assumed such a threatening aspect that Polycrates, Bishop of Ephesus, appealed to Victor, Bishop of Rome, asking for a general council to decide the much-vexed question.

Accordingly, councils met in all the countries, as well as at Rome, but alas, for visions of harmony, they could not agree. They finally decided to recognize the day as their respective fathers before them had done, and no sect should censure the other for a difference of opinion.

Many warm and even bitter discussions still continued on the subject of Easter celebrations, and it finally led to the great Emperor, Constantine, in 325, issuing an order for the dispute to be settled by the Council of Nice. It was the momentous theme of the day. In obedience to royal command, 318 bishops and some 2,000 inferior clerics assembled at Nice in Bithynia.

The first sessions met in the church, and as the council continued its work the place of meeting was transferred to the imperial palace, where special apartments were reserved for this august body. The main trouble was between the Jewish Christians and the Gentile Christians.

On the fourteenth day of the first lunar month the Jews observed with all the solemnity and regard for the Mosaic law the Feast of the Passover; thus they celebrated the death of Christ as represented by the Paschal Lamb. The first Sabbath after the fourteenth day of the March moon the Gentile Christians celebrated with joyous religious services the resurrection of Christ. Neither sect would recognize the other's festive day, and the Council of Nice was greatly perplexed how best to please all parties.

After continuing their debates, pro and con, for several months, the ecclesiastical dignitaries announced that the bitterly waged war of dispute was settled. Easter Day was for all time to be the first Sabbath immediately following the fourteenth day of the March moon. By this arrangement the world may celebrate Easter, justly called the "Queen of Festivals," as early as March 22, and again it may not arrive until April 25, when nearly the entire earth is fragrant with spring buds and blossoms.

The word *Easter* is derived from a Pagan goddess of the early Teutons called *Ostera*. The German word for Easter is *Ostern*, but some philologists maintain that both the German and English words come from the ancient Saxon word *Oster*, or *Osten*, meaning "rising." *Ostera*, the German goddess, was credited with being the personification of the morning, and of the East, and also of the opening year.

*Ostera* was worshipped very generally in northern Germany, and it is believed that the fame of the goddess spread to England, where the Saxons joined in worshipping her. Until the beginning of the present century court was paid to *Ostera* by the kindling of great bonfires and in other ways, and even to-day in some of the remote districts where many superstitious beliefs are treasured by the peasantry the fame of *Ostera* still lives.

Nell's Easter Embroidery

**W**HAT a magnificent piece of embroidery, Nell! I'll give you \$20 for it," said Angela White, as she bounded into the room where Nellie Vance sat in a tangle of white and gold and green silk floss, busily working Easter lilies upon an immense square of snowy white linen. And truly, though Angela was a connoisseur in art needlework, the piece of work in question might have evoked a like exclamation from one less enthusiastic; for Nellie was an expert needlewoman, and long practice, added to an artistic temperament, had made her a past mistress of the art of embroidery. The lilies shone with a satiny luster against the dull background of the linen and the delicate green of the leaves, with their perfect standing, stood out in beautiful contrast, while a Greek border in dull pink and gold completed the effect.  
"Thanks, Angela," said Nellie, "but I do not care to sell it."  
"You silly goose!" responded Angela, "just think what you could buy with

\$20! You could get a handsome spring coat, or the sweetest kind of a hat for Easter. Before I'd wear out my eyes and patience for nothing over such a glorious piece of work as that, to hang over a church pulpit! Come, I must have that for an Easter gift to Aunt Mary, in New York. I'll give you \$25 if necessary."

But Nellie was obdurate. She had thought and planned and dreamed too long about her Easter gift to the church to give it up in a moment. She was not rich like her cousin Angela, and even the materials for the scarf had cost her small sacrifice, but she was proud of her talent. This much she could and would do, and though she had in common with the other girls her share of vanity and love of finery she resolutely put away from her all thoughts of accepting the money for herself, although she recognized fully how hard it would be to wear her old clothes while the other girls shone resplendent in their new spring outfits.

Days passed on, and the last stitch was lovingly set in the altar cloth, which, wrapped in pink tissue paper, was laid carefully away in Nellie's bureau drawer.

On the Saturday before Easter as she was passing through the kitchen she found

Bridget, the washerwoman, in tears.  
"Why, what is the matter, Bridget?" she kindly inquired. "Are you in any trouble?"  
"Oh, had back to the day I ever was born, Miss Nellie," cried Bridget, bursting into loud sobs, "and shure I don't know why it's after livin' I am. Wid me man Tim down wid the rheumatism and five children to clothe and feed, and only me two poor hands to depend upon, and the rick fee last week, and me wid-out a dollar in me pocket, and the land lord threatenin' to turn us out this blissid day if it's not paid. Oeh, home! Oeh, home!" and the poor woman covered her face with her hands and sobbed pitifully.  
"Who is your landlord, Bridget?"  
"Deacon Green, miss."  
"And what is the rent?"  
"Tin dollars, miss," wailed Bridget.  
"Oh, the blissid Vargin, and how am I to git tin dollars betwixt now and to-morry night? And the childer wid no breakfast!"

It was only a moment that Nellie hesitated. Straight to her room she went, and taking from the drawer the precious pink parcel she walked swiftly to her cousin Angela's home.

"I've concluded to accept your offer, Angie," she said, as she threw it into her lap.

"Thought you'd come to your senses," said Angela. "Say, if you want a hat go down to Stewart's and get that gray chiffon with the violets. It's a perfect dream!"

Nellie almost sobbed as she hurried back toward home, her purse enriched by \$25. She made straight for Deacon Green's.

"I've come to pay Mrs. O'Leary's rent, Deacon," said she. "Will you please give me the receipt?"

The deacon looked somewhat abashed, and uttering something apologetic about "heavy expenses and hard times," made out the receipt which Nellie accepted, and thanking him hurried on to the nearest grocery, where she ordered a bill of groceries to be delivered at Tim O'Leary's that cause the clerk to open his eyes in mild astonishment. She reserved \$5 of the money for a final call, which she paid to their own family physician, who, after listening to Nellie's story, promised to look after Tim until he was able to go to work again.

Eight people were happy that night, and as Nellie stopped at the O'Leary's next morning on her way to church and saw the children's happy faces and heard the heartfelt thanks of the honest woman and her helpless husband already better from the little encouragement that had brightened their apparently hopeless prospects, she was more than repaid for her sacrifice.

Her cousin Angela's look of astonishment and disgust as she entered the church—poing airily in her new arrayed in an imported gown and artistic hat, had no terrors for her, and as the beautiful notes of the Easter anthem rose and swelled around her and she inhaled the perfume of the lilies which drifted



"I ACCEPT YOUR OFFER, ANGIE."  
to her from the altar, she bowed her head upon her hands in silent prayer at peace with all the world.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

**The White Lily a Symbol.**  
Of the many species of lilies grown throughout the world the white lily of the Orient has the oldest history as a cultivated flower. Its origin is supposed to be in China, but long before the days when annals took cognizance of the cultivation of flowers it was common throughout western Asia and Greece. It is the lily generally referred to in the Hebrew Scriptures, although commentators say that "the lilies of the field" spoken of by Jesus in the sermon on the mount were the red anemones, with which all the hills of Galilee are dotted in the spring. In southern Asia the white lily was the emblem of purity. The Greeks had a myth that it sprang from the milk of Hera, queen of the gods, with whom the Roman Juno was afterward identified. The Greeks also held the lily to be the highest type of purity. In the early centuries of the Christian era the new religion made this idea a little more sublime, and the lily became the symbol of heavenly purity. Thus the lily is fittingly associated with the Easter ceremonies.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

**Symbol of the Easter Egg.**  
When the nations of the west, or Europe, were converted to Christianity, the sentiment of the egg was universally accepted as a suggestive symbol of their faith in the risen Savior, and it has ever since remained the most favored figure of the Easter festivities all over the continent. The children, who rule the heart and home of mankind, are doubtless responsible for the keeping alive of this old custom, for they love and demand the visit of the rabbit, with his nest of beautiful eggs, on the glad Easter morn, just as they love and long for the coming of dear Santa on Christmas eve.

**Easter in Early England.**  
The Saxons and Angles celebrated the time as sacred to the Goddess *Ostera*, and some part of her worship, taken over by the more austere Christians, survives still in the springtime festivals, especially in the countries of northern Europe. For a long time the Christian Easter was an eight-day thanksgiving, approximating the time devoted by the pagans to their celebration. It was afterward cut down to three days, then to two and finally dwindled to a single day, commemorative of the resurrection.

A laugh, to be joyous, must flow from a joyous heart, for without kindness there can be no true joy.—Carlyle.

There is no tyrant like custom, and no freedom where its edicts are not resisted.—Bovee.

**ST. JACOBS OIL**  
POSITIVELY CURES  
Rheumatism  
Neuralgia  
Lumbago  
Backache  
Sciatica  
Sprains  
Bruises  
Soreness  
Stiffness  
**CONQUERS PAIN.**

THE IMPRESSIONS OF A WOMAN.

What a Woman Says About Western Canada.

Although many men have written to this paper regarding the prospects of Western Canada, and its great possibilities, it may not be uninteresting to give the experience of a woman settler, written to Mr. M. V. McLaughlin, the agent of the Government at Detroit, Mich. If the reader wishes to get further information regarding Western Canada it may be obtained by writing any of the agents of the Government whose name is attached to the advertisement appearing elsewhere in this paper.

The following is the letter referred to:

Hiidown, Alberta, Feb. 5, 1901.

Dear Sir—I have been here now nearly five years, and thought I would write you a woman's impression of Western Canada—in Alberta. There are several ranchers in this district who, in addition to taking care of their cattle, carry on farming as well. Their herds of cattle number from 100 to 200 or 300 head, and live out all winter without any shelter than the popular bluffs, and they come in in the spring in good order. Most of the ranchers feed their cattle part of the time, about this time of the year, but I have seen the finest fat cattle I ever saw that never got a peck of grain—only fattened on the grass. You see I have learned to talk farm since I came here—farming is the greatest business here. I know several in this district who never worked a day on the farm till they came here, and have done well and are getting well off.

I think this will be the garden of the Northwest some day, and that day not very far distant. There has been a great change since we came here, and there will be a greater change in the next five years. The winters are all one could wish for. We have very little snow, and the climate is fine and healthy. Last summer was wet, but not to an extent to damage crops, which were a large average yield, and the hay was immense—and farmers wore a broad smile accordingly.

We have good schools; the Government pays 70 per cent of the expense of education, which is a great boon in a new country. Of course, churches of different denominations follow the settlements. Summer picnics and winter concerts are all well attended, and as much, or more, enjoyed as in the East. Who would not prefer the pure air of this climate with its broad acres of fine farms, its rippling streams, its beautiful lakes, its millions of wild flowers, its groves of wild fruit of exquisite flavor, its streams and lakes teeming with fish and its prairies and bluffs with game, to the crowded and stiff state of society in the East? I would like to go home for a visit some time, but not to go there to live, even if presented with the best farm in Michigan. Beautiful Alberta, I will never leave it. And my verdict is only a repetition of all who have settled in this country. This year, I believe, will add many thousands to our population. And if the young men, and old men, also, knew how easy they could make a home free of all incumbrance in this country, thousands more would have settled here. I would sooner have 100 acres here than any farm where I came from in Michigan; but the people in the East are coming to a knowledge of this country, and as they do, they will come West in thousands. All winter people have been arriving in Alberta, and I suppose in other parts as well, which is unusual, so we expect a great rush when the weather gets warmer.

We have no coal famine here; coal can be bought in the towns for \$2 to \$3, according to distance from the mines, and many haul their own coal from the mines, getting it there for 50 cents to a dollar a ton.

Very truly yours,  
(Signed) MRS. JOHN MELACHLAN.

Prof. Tizzoni of Rome believes he has discovered a serum for curing pneumonia.

Money refunded for each package of PUTNAM FA-LELESS DYES if unsatisfactory.

The chronic borrower seldom pays a man back in his own coin.

Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. Be careful.

Onions should be kept in a cool, dry place, but they should never be placed in the icebox. They will keep well if put in paper bags and hung up.

It is sometimes difficult to keep raisins, figs and dates away from annoying little ants and roaches, but this is easily accomplished by putting them in paper bags that have been well brushed over with strong borax water and dried before the fruit is put in. The little pests do not like the borax and will not gnaw through the sack when thus prepared.