THE DAILY EXAMINER

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SOCIAL LIFE IN JAPAN.

"The, for a European, less attractive sides of Japanese life—the intolerably draughty houses, three of the walls of which are movable, while the fourth, if it at all exists, is conspicuous by its transparence, the whole structure appearing to be in constant motion; the entire and awful bareness of the rooms—no chairs, no tables, no bed, no stove—the impossibility of standing upright without striking the head against the ceiling, of lying at full length without coming in contact with one or other of the movable walls—a risky experiment—the perpetual feast, against which the palate rebels, of green tea and snails, with raw fish and rice as the only change—these and all other drawbacks we gladly skip over to look into the temples and watch the young Shintu priestesses performing the holy dances. Arch little priestesses they seem to be in their resplendent robes, and pretty enough in their refined coquetry to convert any man into a devoted Shintu. "They are as lovable and charming," says Astrid Naerus, "as the geishas or professional dancing girls of Nippon, and scarcely less unapproachable. But religion and pleasure are so commingled in Japan that one goes direct from worship in the temple to one or other of the countless theaters and dance houses that lie in the immediate vicinity. According to Japanese ideas religion and pleasure are kin, and everywhere among temples, gods and saints is worshipped also the goddess of happiness. This is a significant feature of the character of the people. The Japs are frivolous, superficial, butterfly natures that hardly ever take life au grand serieux.

"One of the prettiest spectacles in Japan is the Odori, or cherry blossom, dance, which is only to be seen in springtime at Kyoto. The dance commences with a procession of young girls, who hover to and fro, up and down, in slow tempo, swinging wreaths of flowers around, while their swaying snake-like motion shows up the resplendent colors and curious material of their robes, which are bestrewn with many-hued fantastical flowers. Gradually more and more geishas dance in, the last representing flowers and buds in the most bizarre combinations. These fling a cloud of petals over the spectators, while with graceful motion they swing around to the mournful sounding music. The trailing, dreamy dance and the graceful movements of the fans exert an irresistible fascination. The smallest dancers are children of from four to six years, called musums. These are dressed to represent off-torn petals of the sweetest and most delicate hues. Some of these quaint little elves hand round tea to the spectators. It is in mystical old Kyoto that the finest cherry dance is to be seen, and crowds flock thither from distant places to take part in the beautiful festival. Many of the geishas are lovely—refined, odd-looking blushing little beauties in long, grotesque kimonos."—Review of Reviews.

The Cook's Mistake.

A Prairie avenue capitalist who gained the larger part of his wealth in the sawmill and lumbering industry in Northern Wisconsin is noted for the vigilance with which he watches the small details of his big business. As an example of this characteristic a story is told of a tour of inspection made by him to his logging camps in the pine woods.

On this trip the Chicago lumberman was grieved to notice that some of his teamsters used too many oats in feeding their horses, and was shocked by a few other evidences of petty extravagance, but what pained him most was the amount of provisions consumed at the camp. He believed that this was due to the wastefulness of the cooks, though such waste is difficult to detect. But the Chicago man soon hit upon an ingenious detective scheme by which he was able to tell whether or not the cooks were economical in the use of supplies.

At all the camps a pig was kept and fed on the scraps from the woodsmen's tables. After a visit to the pig pen he approached the cook with a friendly smile and remarked:

"Ah, Antoine, that's a fine, fat pig you have there. Couldn't you just as well feed another?"

As Antoine was wise he replied:

"No; we can't keep more than one. We haven't enough scraps."

At the next camp the same question was asked the unsuspecting Peter, and he promptly replied:

"Why, yes! We could feed another pig just as well as not. Send us one."

Then the lumberman found the camp foreman and said: "O'Brien, you will have to discharge that cook of yours. He can feed too many pigs.—Chicago Chronicle.

No Chance to Brag in Heaven.

Mr. Moody has a popular and very telling way of "hitting" the errors which are so rife in the theological thinking of many persons to-day. Speaking of salvation by grace he has said: "It is well that a man can't save himself; for if a man could only work his own way into heaven, you never would hear the last of it. Why, down here in this world, if a man happens to get a little ahead of his fellows, and scrapes a few thousand dollars together, you'll hear him bragging about his being a self-made man and telling how he began as a poor boy and worked his way up in the world. I've heard so much of this sort of thing that I'm sick and tired of the whole business; and I'm glad we sha'n't have men bragging through all eternity how they worked their way into heaven."

Napoleon's Advice Concerning Hortense.

Louis, who was governing Holland with reference to its own best interests, and ordering the affairs of his own family rigidly but admirably, received a severe and passionate reprimand from the Emperor for his economy. What was wanted was pay for the troops, plenty of conscripts, encouragement for the Dutch Catholics, and a giddy court where men would forget more serious things, and where Queen Hortense could make a display. "Let your wife dance as much as she wants to; it is proper for her age. I have a wife forty years old, and from the field of battle I recommend her to go to balls; while you want one of twenty to live in a cloister, or, like a wet nurse, always bathing her child."—"Life of Napoleon," by Prof. Sloane, in February Century.

Parlor Maids.

Neat maid servants, instead of men, are now seen in many of the best houses. They require less wages and cost less to keep, and do considerably more. So altogether, maid servants are becoming more and more popular. The livery, so to speak, of a parlor maid of the period is a plain, well-made black alpaca gown, with tight-fitting sleeves, gathered slightly only at the top; no apron, a small white square for a cap, with a black bow; large white linen collars like a boy's Eton collars, and deep white linen cuffs.

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THE SPRING-SINGING OF POETS

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As the bright and joyous spring season comes to gladden all people, and remind them that nature will soon put on a new garb, we would call the attention of all rheumatic sufferers to the fact that to be happy, they must banish the misery which now makes life a burden.

Do not carry your awful burden into the summer season. Now is the time to banish the deep-seated seeds of the disease. Make your blood pure and fresh; have it circulate freely throughout your entire body. Give the nerves, tissues and muscles new strength and power:

All this can be done by an immediate use of Paine's Celery Compound, nature's true health restorer. The records of Paine's Celery Compound form a grand list of victories over disease. Thousands of rheumatic sufferers have been cured, scores of them made well and strong after physicians had given them up as incurable.

Mr. J. E. Bates, of St. Johns, Newfoundland, tells how Paine's Celery Compound cured his rheumatism; he says:

"Having been for a long time a sufferer from rheumatism, and having tried the skill of local and other doctors, but all to no avail, I was induced by a friend to try a bottle or two of your Paine's Celery Compound, and before I was finished with the second, I felt relief, and have since been able to knock about without any ill effects of my old complaint; indeed, I feel myself a new man. I enclose my photo, and you are at liberty to use it with my testimonial for your life and health giving Compound."

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THE LITTLE QUEEN OF HOLLAND.

She Probably Envies Her Girl Subjects Their Unrestrained Freedom.

Arthur Warren contributes a very bright and interesting article (illustrated) on "The Little Queen of Holland," in February Ladies' Home Journal. He presents this almost idolized girl sovereign in a graceful pen picture, tells of her daily life, her studies, her diversions, her toys, her pets, and of her patriotically-reciprocated love of her subjects. Mr. Warren has sweetly pictured her in these words: "She is a bright-faced, blonde little lassie who passed her fifteenth birthday on August 31st, 1895. She is rather pretty and has a slender, graceful, young figure. I have seen her dressed in the peasant costume of Zeeland, and she looked for all the world like one of George Boughton's dear, delightful Dutch maidens, except that her cheeks were not ruddy. She has a very delicate, clear complexion; her hair is pale brown, and long and wavy; her eyes are blue and there is a delicious twinkle in them which suggests that the young girl has a fair sense of humor. Her Christian names are Wilhelmina Helena Paulina Maria * * I suppose that if Wilhelmina I were asked by some staunch democratic maiden of her own age whether in the dignities of queenship there is much satisfaction for a little girl she would answer 'No.' To be sure, there would be some amusement to be got out of her position, but not so much as if the girl were the daughter of a rich Dutch burgher, or of a farmer in that wonderful country where the peasants are like walking jewelers' shops, and where the land flows with canals and honey. For one thing, the playmates of the child Queen can be very few, and, as there is no bevy of brothers and sisters in the family, the girl's life has so far been spent almost entirely among persons much older than herself. * * * There is a genuine affection for her throughout the country, and with good reason, for she is a very lovable child. The sweetness of her nature shines out through her face. She has the most winsome smile that you could wish to see. She appreciates her position thoroughly, that is to say, as thoroughly as a girl of her years can appreciate such an exceptional condition as queenhood, and she is amusingly particular about the dignities which encompass her. For all that she is delightfully considerate of others. Her servants worship her, Dutch children adore her, and everybody who comes into contact with her speedily becomes very fond of her. * * *"

Invention of the Locomotive Whistle.

When locomotives were first built and began to trundle their small loads up and down the newly and rudely constructed railways of England, the public roads were, for the greater part, crossed at grade, and the engine driver had no way of giving warning of his approach except by blowing a tin horn. But this, as may be imagined, was far from being a sufficient warning. One day in the year 1833, so runs a story of the origin of the locomotive whistle, a farmer of Thornton was crossing the railway track on one of the country roads with a great load of eggs and butter. Just as he came out upon the track a train approached. The engine man blew his tin horn lustily, but the farmer did not hear it. Eighty dozen of eggs and fifty pounds of butter were smashed into an indistinguishable, unpleasant mass, and mingled with the kindling wood to which the wagon was reduced. The railway company had to pay the farmer the value of his 50 pounds of butter, his 960 eggs, his horse and his wagon. It was regarded as a very serious matter, and straightway a director of the company went to Atton Grange, where George Stephenson lived, to see if he could not invent something that would give a warning more likely to be heard. Stephenson went to work, and the next day had a contrivance, which, when attached to the engine boiler and the steam turned on, gave out a shrill discordant sound. The railway director, greatly delighted, ordered similar contrivances to be attached to all the locomotives, and from that day to this the voice of the locomotive whistle has never been silent.—Cassier's Magazine.

How He Knew.

A Frenchman of high social rank was crossing the great desert of Sahara with a common Arab guide. Every night the guide kneeled down upon the burning sands and prayed earnestly. Day after day passed; but the guide, however weary with the march, never failed to offer thanksgiving and praise to God.

At last one day the Frenchman said to the guide, "You are very faithful in making your daily prayers; but how do you know that there is any God to whom to pray?"

The guide looked at him in astonishment, but in a moment answered, "How do I know that a man, and a camel, has passed here?" and he pointed to a human footprint on the sand. "Even so," he continued, pointing to where the last rays of the setting sun streamed in purple and gold over the western sky, "that footprint is not that of a man."

There are many so blind as to question the existence of God, in the very face of His wonderful works. Happier far are those simple souls that see in every aspect of nature a manifestation of His love and providence.

FAMILIAR HYMNS.

"JUST AS I AM."

Charlotte Elliott.

Charlotte Elliott was the daughter of a Yorkshire squire, Charles Elliott, and was born in 1789. On her mother's side she was the granddaughter of Henry Venn, Wesley's friend and companion. She was a gay young girl, and by education, accomplishments, and an intensely warm social nature, she was fitted for the companionship of the frivolous and gay, and to be with them was her delight.

This rendered failing health in very early life an intolerable burden. Her bright morning was soon beclouded, and the best physicians told her that her future life was to be that of an invalid. She turned to human consolation, but found no rest. The thought of separation from scenes of gaiety, and a life of seclusion and physical weakness rendered her very sad. As yet she had no saving trust in Christ. She was not reconciled to God. In 1822, through the ministrations of Rev. Dr. Malan, of Geneva, she was led to look to to Jesus, and be saved. From that date a new life was open to her. The blessed Spirit had spoken through the saintly teacher; her weary soul was free, and in the thirty-third year of her life she rejoiced in the smiles of her Saviour. She had a fine musical ear and poetical taste. She at once consecrated her talents to God, and Edward Irving said he found in her an excellent co-worker, and the great Wilberforce says she often greatly encouraged him. Though reconciled to God she was not yet reconciled to her lot. She said: "I am a child of God, but I am also an invalid. I am thankful for the former, may I not also be thankful for the latter? The lessons of resignation are hard for me to learn, but are they impossible for me to master? I will now undertake the task."

After a few months of fighting and praying she says: "Oh, how many struggles, and apparently fruitless ones, it has cost me to be resigned to the appointments of my heavenly Father. But the struggle is now over. His grace is sufficient for me. He knows, and He alone, what it is day after day and hour after hour, to fight against bodily feelings of almost overpowering weakness, languour and exhaustion, to resolve and not to yield to depression and instability, but to rise every day and follow one motto, "If any man will be my disciple let him take up his cross and follow me."

The first morning when she could say, "I am resigned to my lot," she took her pen and sketched the artless over-flowing of a simple heart in the beautiful hymn, "My God, my Father, while I stray."

She lived to be 82 years old. She died with these words on her lips, "Mine eyes shall behold in His beauty the King who taught me to say and to sing "Thy will be done." The Rev. Henry Venn Elliott always considered this hymn of his sister's to have outweighed in Christian value all his own efforts as a pastor.

The son-in-law of the poet Wordsworth once wrote Miss Elliott, thanking her for this hymn, and saying that it had afforded great comfort to his wife on her dying bed. "When I first read it," he states, "I han no sooner finished than she said very earnestly, "That is the very thing for me!" At least, ten times that day she asked me to repeat it, and every morning from that day until the day of her death, some two months later, the first thing she asked for was her hymn. "Now my hymn," she would say, and she would often repeat it after me, line for line, in the day and night. Her last words were, "O, Lamb of God, I come, I come."

Dr. Malan did not attempt to unravel all entanglements. "Dear Charlotte," he said, "cut the cable; it will take too long to unloose it, cut it; the wind blows and the great ocean is before you, the Spirit of God and eternity." She cut the cable "Waiting not"—and how many since have been able to follow her example—while singing as she gave utterance to her freed spirit.

An Extraordinary Case.

Another change has been rung on the old bell which jangles out of tune only in the case of married people. This one comes from a young man who was away last summer on his bridal tour. The newly-wedded couple had stopped for three or four days at a quiet springs hotel with a large park about it, and the regulations prohibited couples from sitting in this park after nightfall. The young man didn't know about this rule, and in the evening he and his bride, after a pleasant walk along the banks of the near-by river, strolled into the park and sat down. In a few minutes a watchman approached them.

"I am very sorry to disturb you," he said politely, "but it is against the rules for couples to sit in the park after 7 o'clock."

"But this is my wife," exclaimed the astonished trespasser.

The watchman fell back as if he had been hit with something.

"Well," he said in great doubt. "I don't know just what to do in such a case. I never had one like it before, but I guess I'll let you stay. The rules don't say anything about married people, and I suppose the folks that made them never thought anything like this would ever happen. Good evening," and the bride and groom were left to wonder.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

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Upper Prince St.—Prayer meeting at 10. Rev. W. J. Kirby at 11 and 7. Topic, "Hezekiah, the reform king." At 7. "The wonderful influence of one man." Sunday School and Bible Class at 2.15. Epworth League at 3.30.

PRESBYTERIAN.

Zion—Prayer meeting at 10.15. Rev. J. L. George at 11 and 7. Sunday School and Bible Class at 2.30.

St. James'.—Prayer meeting at 10. Rev. T. F. Fullerton at 11 and 7. Sunday School and Bible Class at 2.30.

ROMAN CATHOLIC.

First Mass, 7.30 a. m. Children's Mass, 9 a. m. High Mass at 10.30 o'clock. Sunday School at 2 p. m. Sermon and Benediction, 7 p. m.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

St. Paul's.—Morning prayer at 11. Sunday School and Bible Class at 2.30. Evening prayer and Holy Communion at 7..

St. Peter's.—Holy Communion at 8 and 11. Matins, 10.15. Children's catechising, 2.30. Evensong and Sermon at 7. Wednesday and Friday, Evensong and sermon at 7.30 p. m. Thursday, Evensong and meditation at 5 p. m. All seats free and unappropriated.

BAPTIST.

Prayer meeting at 10.30. Rev. C. W. Corey at 11 and 7 Sunday School and Pastor's Bible Class at 2.30. Strangers welcome and provided with comfortable seats.

CHRISTIAN

Church, Upper Great George Street. Services at 11 and 7. Bible Class and Sunday School at 2.30. A hearty welcome to all.

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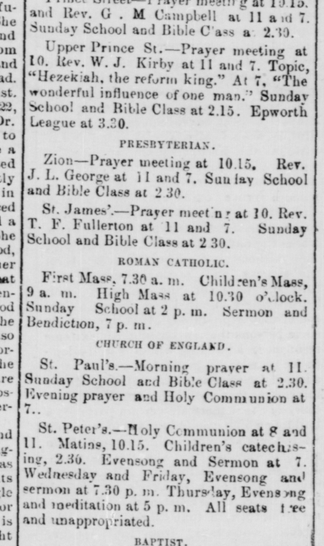
Gospel Meeting—Remember the Gospel meeting in Philharmonic Hall Sunday afternoon at 4 o'clock, conducted by the Railway men. Strangers always welcome. Lesson, Matthew, 7-13, "The broad way and the narrow way."



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Ch'town, Jan. 30—w tf.

A CAUSE OF POOR VISION.

Reading on the Trains Detrimental to Eyesight.

As a people we are spoiling the sight of our eyes by reading newspapers and novels on the trains. No sooner does the workingman, be he mechanic, clerk or merchant, secure a seat in the car, than he whisks a paper from his pocket and immediately is lost to everything but the contents of its often poorly printed pages. He does not think of it, but he is ruining his eyes. The work girl or the school girl pores intently over a novel and with eager eyes pursues the jolting lines of print as the car moves with many lurches on its way. This is bad for the eyes. The Reading Times remarks on this subject: This habit is most trying on those delicate muscles that regulate the shape of the eyes' lenses and so affect the focalization of the organ. The danger is greatest, of course, on those railroads whose ballasting is imperfect and whose rails are roughly laid, producing much jarring and consequent rapid changing of the distance between the eye and the paper.

In some cases the eyes of a victim of the railroad reading habit are so affected as to focus at different distances, and then his sufferings are most acute, and, though much relief may be afforded by the treatment of a skilled practitioner, nothing but a discontinuance of the habit will afford a perfect cure.

In the case of a person who suffered tortures for two or three years from eye disorder due to train reading neither rest nor professional skill prevailed until, by accident, the yellow window shades in the office in which he was employed were removed, when he was able at once to work with greatly increased ease and comfort, and in a few months was entirely cured.

"Gwine Back Home to Die."

They told me in the dining car of a train on the Louisville & Nashville road that in the smoking car was an old colored man who was going South to see his old plantation home again before death claimed him. By and by I went in to have a talk with him. He was wrinkled and white-haired and evidently very old, and when I expressed wonder that his friends in Kentucky should have let him set out on such a long journey he replied:

"Dey jest couldn't help deirselves, sah. I tole de chill'en I was bound to cum, an' dey jest had to let me."

"And how long since you left the old plantation?"

"Way back in wah times, sah. I dun went right off wid some Yankee sogers, an' dat's de last I eber did see Mars Thomases folks. Ize gwine down to 'sprise 'em."

"Where is it?"

"Jest a leetle ways out o' Selma. Dey tell me dar' am great changes 'bout Selma, but I reckon I kin walk right down de road an' find de plantashun in de night. Bress de Lawd, sah, but I doan' reckon I could hev closed my eyes in death if dey hadn't let me cum. Dar's bin sich a longin' to see de ole place agin dat I couldn't stand it."

Three or four of us chipped in to get his meals and make him comfortable, but we saw that the journey was telling on his strength. On the morning of the day we were to reach Selma I could see that he was weak and nervous, and when I sat down beside him he said:

"Ize feelin' sort o' skeart 'bout myself dis mawnin'. I had a dream last night dat I was walkin' long de road an' met a funeral, an' when I axed who was gwine to be buried a white man spoke up and said:

"'Pon my soul, if dat hain't Mars Thomases old nigger Job, who runned off doorin' de wah! Heah, boy, let me tole you sumthin'. Yo' has cum too late to see yo'r ole Mars; dat's him in de coffin, an' he was axin' 'bout yo' de day befo' he died.'"

I told him that dreams did not signify, and after a bit had him quite chirped up. I got him some tobacco for his pipe, saw that he had breakfast, and as I left him he smiled all over with happiness as he said:

"Only two hours mo' to Selma! Ize moas dun got dere!"

Thirty minutes later the conductor beckoned to three or four of us to come into the smoker. The old man sat in his seat, leaning against the side of the car, and seemed to be sleeping.

"He's been dead ten minutes!" quietly observed the conductor, "and he died as peacefully as a child falling to sleep!"

So he had. There was a smile on his old black face—a smile of anticipation, and the pipe had not fallen from his fingers. Death had come like a soft and fleecy mantle, and its touch had been painless.—Detroit Free Press.

The Bashful Irishman.

A young Irishman in want of a £5 note wrote to his uncle as follows: "Dear Uncle—If you could see how I blush for shame while I am writing, you would pity me. Do you know why? Because I have to ask you for a few pounds, and do not know how to express myself. It is impossible for me to tell you. I prefer to die. I send you this by messenger, who will wait for an answer. Believe me, my dearest uncle, your most obedient and affectionate nephew, ——. P. S.—Overcome with shame for what I have written, I have been running after the messenger in order to take the letter from him, but I can not catch him up. Heaven grant that something may happen to stop him, or that my letter may get lost."

The uncle was naturally touched, but was equal to the emergency. He replied as follows: "My Dear Jack—Console yourself and blush no longer. Providence has heard your prayers. The messenger lost your letter. Your affectionate uncle,——." —Household Words.

Ready to Save His Son.

"Pop," said the small boy, "do you care if I go to the circus?"

"Yes, sir; I do. Circuses are demoralizing, and there is no telling what might happen to you."

"But I want to."

"Got yer mind made up, have yer?" said the old gentleman looking up from his paper with an expression of interest that was momentarily quickening into enthusiasm. "Yes, sir," said the boy with some hesitation.

"Nothin' will change ye?"

"No, sir," with growing confidence.

"Ef I didn't give you the money you'd sneak in under the tent, an' maybe get arrested, wouldn't ye?"

"Yes, sir," with great positiveness.

"Well, it never shall be said that I was the cause of my own child's gettin' arrested, and to make sure that nothing happens to ye I'll go along with ye."

The Cat Could Swim.

A striking instance of maternal devotion is reported by the San Francisco Chronicle:

While the steamer Saturn was in port the pet cat of the seamen had a litter of kittens which she installed amid the freight on the wharf. Sailing day came, and the steamer, on her way to Liverpool, was about two hundred yards from the pier when the cat realized what was going on. She was leaving her kittens behind her to starve. She jumped overboard, swam back to the wharf, climbed a pile, and dripping with water ran to her babies. The freight clerks saw her, and the crew of another steamer gave her and her progeny excellent quarters.

God and the Church.

"The wish to spread the knowledge of the love of Jesus Christ is a strong ever-mastering impulse in every man, in every woman, who really knows and loves Him. The absence of any kind of anxiety for the spread of the truth implies spiritual paralysis, if it does not imply actual spiritual death. The man who knows the happiness of 'peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ,' cannot but desire that other men should share it, and this desire, in its higher, its stronger, its more heroic form, is one of the greatest gifts of God to His Church. Churches are generally living churches in exact ratio of their missionary anxiety."—Canon Liddon.

New Way of Crossing Rivers.

Experiments in crossing rivers have recently been made by the Austrian cavalry with water-tight haversacks filled with straw. Four of these were formed into a sort of raft, held together by three sabres; on these five men got astride, the foremost steering with a pole, and the horses were led, swimming. It took eight minutes to prepare, eight minutes more to cross a river 650 feet wide by 12 feet deep, and two minutes to resaddle on the opposite bank.

Experience and philosophy that do not result in forbearance and charity are two acquisitions that are not worth their cost.

Catarrh in the Head

Is a dangerous disease because it is liable to result in loss of hearing or smell, or develop into consumption. Read the following:

"My wife has been a sufferer from catarrh for the past four years and the disease had gone so far that her eyesight was affected so that for nearly a year she was unable to read for more than five minutes at a time. She suffered severe pains in the head and at times was almost distracted. About Christmas, she commenced taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, and since that time has steadily improved. She has taken six bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla and is on the road to a complete cure. I cannot speak too highly of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and I cheerfully recommend it." W. H. FURSIER, Newmarket, Ontario.

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Is the Only
True Blood Purifier

Prominently in the public eye today.

Hood's Pills cure habitual constipation. Price 25c. per box.

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IT MAKES WORK LIGHT & HOME BRIGHT

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For every 12 "Sunlight" wrappers sent to Lever Bros., Ltd., Toronto, a useful paper-bound book will be sent, or a cloth-bound for 50 wrappers