

COMPENSATION.

The air of March is raw and chill, The wind blows from the sea, But so you smile upon me still— 'Tis sunny June with me.

I know that time is on the wing, Bearing my youth away, But in your presence, dear, the spring Of life is fresh today.

What matter if with scanty dress Of gold or gear we stand? I count its lack but trifling loss, Holding your little hand.

So may we breast the swelling tide Of years that bid us bow, Fronting the future side by side, Companions, even as now.

And when earth, sky, the trees, the grass, Fade from our human sight, I only ask that we may pass Together toward the night. —J. L. Heaton in "The Quilting Bee."

THE MODEL WIFE.

A Profound Editorial Essay Upon a Subject of Paramount Importance.

This kind of a person of our ideal is not easy found, as it takes much of thought and knowledge upon the part of man and women to become thoroughly acquainted with each other's way in every coil of life.

Our writer of this article has had no experience as to a model wife, and yet if he should find one it would be a pattern for all to follow. She doubtless would be good and kind and lovable whose house will be as handsome as can be on the inside. She should be ready to receive him on his return and also at his departure for the day. Then arrange your house in general, see to the wants of the cook and hired girls as well as to all men about your place. Pay all bills and run no debts if possible. Don't idle away your time making calls to see neighbors. Call on sick and the minister. Do all the good you can to entertain strangers and make them feel at home. Have your rooms swept, and this is generally what the model wife should do.

Of course husband and wife are differently situated. Some can live in the country, while others like city. Pay particular attention of what kind of a wife we get. The start for some are as economical and will spend faster than we can make. Yet, as a rule, model wives are at ease in a way, while others are not, so saying.

As to a country girl for a wife is far superior in many ways to those who have been brought up in the city. As to the latter wife, she likes theaters, operas, high life, society and dress, and out late at nights every week, and all this that goes to make up a city life. Whereas a country wife is ignorant to all such and has no advantages maybe, and they generally make the best of wives.

Men married, but are now repenting at leisure. Some have no way to either help themselves or their wives to the road of prosperity. The so called term of model wife becomes penurious. The lateness of the hour has prevailed upon the drainage of whisky to a fabulous price.

The calculation upon the support of our nation has been miscalculated down to sands of time by extravagance of a failure in not being able to economize in years of our youth. Can it be possible to have a model wife if our husband's means are limited beyond control, simply by pleasing self, I trust not. A model wife should be at the post of her own country, and if we get only 5 cents, though it be small, it will be 25 times that amount if saved by industrious and thrifty husband, who gives it to his wife to keep for him for some day in need.—Fuller's Gleaner.

A Bout With Max Beerbohm.

A recent interviewer of Max Beerbohm quotes that interesting and rather able person as saying that he talks with "pressmen" only because it is amusing to him to read the misrepresentations that appear in next day's paper. This may or may not throw some light on certain other statements which Mr. Beerbohm is said to have made. Speaking of his life at Oxford, he called it "a provincial little place, peopled with schoolmasters," where the inhabitants "are always spending afternoons doing things in flannel." It seems that Mr. Beerbohm tried to found there a John-norian salon, whose members were to call each other "sir," and in the evening have a chop at the Miter, but the scheme failed. Of Davidson's ballads this was said: "I am very fond of his verse—its expression is so perfect. I confess, though, I can't in the least understand his philosophy. Whenever any of his poem people have done anything wrong, he canonizes them and makes them happy. It is just as if some little haberdasher's assistant in the Brompton road had stolen a piece of cloth, and the omniscient Mr. William Whiteley, getting to hear of it, had at once made him a for-man in his shop."

Another interesting revelation is that "the little controversies which always crop up when I have given a fresh work of art to London are the only compensation for the bore of producing them. I hate writing—it is very distasteful to me indeed." In conclusion Mr. Beerbohm warned the interviewer not to make his article too short. "I must warn you," he said, "against compression in art. Remember that a herd of oxen on a prairie is more valuable than a tin of —" a brand of meat extract which the English "pressman" does not hesitate to specify. It is not unfair, perhaps, to wonder how much he earned by bringing in the name.—New York Times.

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Have you ever observed the movements of the energetic street fakir?

But of course you have, for he is omnipresent. You can't "lose" him. He has come to stay. Some dignify him by the name of street vender or sidewalk merchant, but the only name that "goes" with the buoyant and palpitating public is street fakir. So it will have to go at that.

He is scattered up and down Broadway even as the milky way is stretched along the starry path of heaven. Like the ghost of the late Colonel Banquo, he will not down. He stands like a magnet to draw coin from the pockets of pedestrians. He delights in the tempting display of his wares, but he has no time for merry badinage or playful railery. He is terribly in earnest. Whether he is selling pocket combs or collar buttons or advertising false whiskers, it is all the same. He is there to please a fastidious but economical public, and he will come as near giving you nothing for something as anybody you would strike in a week's journey.

Little children love him and older folks enjoy his windy declamations concerning the virtue of his wares, and altogether he is not such a bad fellow, after all. He may sell you a real "diamond" for 10 cents, but that is your lookout. It is you who should be prosecuted—not he. He may sell you a lot of cheap collar buttons, but that is what he is there for. He makes no false claims concerning them, and you get your money's worth. So what more do you want? The articles he has for sale may be ridiculously cheap. But, as a general rule, they are the "real thing."

There is not a block on Broadway from Franklin avenue to Market street on which the street fakir may not be seen at all hours of the day and until late at night. But the place he is to be found at the pinnacle of glory is between Washington avenue and the alley at the north, on the west side of Broadway. He is particularly prominent in the afternoon.

On this particular block a dago banana peddler occupies the position of honor. He had jumped a claim on the corner of Broadway and Washington avenue, from which point of vantage he boldly proclaimed "without fear of successful contra-

dition," as they say in amateur debating societies, that he is selling bananas "14 for 5." He stands with his hands in his coat pockets and moves restlessly up and down from one end of his cart to the other, eyeing the public surreptitiously and anon calling out in choicest dago: "Fourtee for fi!"

Nobody knows how he does it, but he makes more money out of that business than an Irishman could out of a saloon and grocery store.

Next to the banana emporium is an old blind woman, grinding away for dear life on a wheezy hand organ. She plays "Poor Nellie Gray" and "Safe In the Arms of Jesus" and various other sentimental and religious airs, and she exhausts her repertory about 47 times a day. It is a fact that these hand organs are purposely constructed with missing notes, and this hiatus gives the music a mournful, despairing wall, which makes you so gloomy on a bad day that you feel like giving the owner of the infernal machine your week's salary.

A glib tongued individual, attired in a waiter's or baker's white suit, came near causing a stampede on Broadway Friday afternoon. Nobody seemed to know where he came from. He appeared on the scene suddenly, opened up a small table with legs like a camp stool, and in less than a jiffy was crying out:

"Oh, yes! Go tell your friends to tell their friends to telegraph the news, to tell their friends, that Taffy Sam, from Kalamazam, the maker of the taffy and the poor man's friend, is here today!"

Every other fakir on the block looked up in consternation. The blind woman got as far as "Safe in the arms" and stopped. The banana peddler scowled. A crowd commenced to gather, and the fakir took up a bunch of the long, stringy taffy, shining like silken strands, and gurgled in melting tones:

"Just look at that! Melts in your mouth like ice cream! Taste it and try it before you buy it! Children cry for it! Old maids sigh for it! Sweeter than honey! Try some, lady?"

Thus he proceeded with an endless chain of persuasive remarks, and in a few minutes he had disposed of his stock and disappeared.

The gentleman with the rusty whiskers, standing next to him, was much put out by this demonstration, which had interrupted his work of showing the ladies how to mend tinware with solder which he was selling at underground prices.

Next to him were two fakirs who might be called general merchants, for they keep everything from cheap stationery up to snide jewelry, or vice versa, just as you see fit to class them. But their principal stock in trade are shoe laces. They have shoe laces till you can't rest—tan, black and

leather—and they make a surprising number of sales, for the articles are genuine and men buy them on the spur of the moment, because they need them and can never think of them when passing a shoe store.

The inevitable fakir who is disposing of bone collar buttons at the rate of 12 for 5 cents is there, and the number of pedestrians who stop to examine his wares is surprising. This is a genuine bargain in the eyes of some men, for some men will insist on wearing bone collar buttons.

The busy pedestrian on Broadway rushes by with scarcely a glance at the array, but hundreds of men and women of the poorer classes, who are hunting bargains, pause to listen to the cries of the fakirs, many of which are alluring as well as amusing, and to examine their wares and probably make one or more purchases.

Thus they succeed in making an honest living, often in the face of conquered pride, while less industrious citizens are begging on the streets.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Unconcern.

"Mamma, why should landladies object to children?"

Mother—I'm sure I don't know. But go and see what baby is crying about, and tell Johnny to stop throwing things at people in the street, and make George and Kate cease fighting, and tell Dick if he doesn't stop blowing that tin trumpet I'll take it away from him.—London Tit-Bits.

The present military activity on the Nile much disturbs the crocodiles. Their number has already been thinned by the bustle of tourist traffic, and now the majority of the reptiles are retreating still farther up stream.

Amended.

"Gimme some other expression for that old saying of 'one foot in the grave,' will you?" asked the new reporter.

"Suppose you say one wheel in the repair shop?" suggested the bicycle editor.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Too Much Bill.

Waiter (seeing dissatisfaction on guest's face)—Wasn't the dinner cooked to suit you, sir?

Guest—Yes, all but the bill. Just take that back and tell them to boil it down a little.—Tit-Bits.

Dr. Peters, the German African Administrator, has been found guilty of cruelty and dismissed from the Imperial service, and condemned to pay the cost of the trial.

Saved Again.

Mrs. Bimley met her husband in the hall and gave him a good hug and kiss. "Oh, George," she said, "I'm so glad you've come! Your slippers are by the fire, and I have a nice hot supper for you, and some of that quince marmalade you like so well. When you are away, I'm so lonely I don't know what to do, and I thought I would ask you if"—

"Here," said Bimley, hurriedly drawing from his pocket a \$20 bill. "This is for a spring bonnet, and I'll have that set of diamond earrings sent up first thing in the morning. Don't say a word. You are perfectly welcome."

Later on Bimley wiped the perspiration from his brow and muttered to himself:

"Got that visit from her mother headed off once more, but it comes high!"—Detroit Free Press.

The Reason.



Jimmy—Father, what have yez the bell in bed wid yez fur?

Mr. Connors—Don't be after askin me sooch a foolish question, Jamesy. Don't yez pfather want to waken himself at four o'clock in the mornin'—Up to Date.

A Dismal Outlook.

"I don't see much chance for me any way you take it," remarked the prisoner in a disconsolate tone.

"But no decision has yet been rendered," said a bystander.

"I know that, but if the court believes what the prosecuting attorney says I'll go to jail a heap longer than I deserve. And if I git turned loose on the community with the reputation for lamblike innocence given me by the lawyer for the defense it'll keep me miserable the rest of my days trying to live up to it!"—Washington Star.

A Long Term Engagement.

Judge—Have you anything to say, prisoner?

Prisoner—Yes. I'm engaged to be married. I've been engaged for the last ten years.

Judge—Why aren't you married?

Prisoner—Because we've never been out of jail together. She comes out tomorrow.—Pick Me Up.

A New Version.

"My pound of flesh!" shrieked Shylock. "Give me my pound of flesh!" Portia frowned darkly.

"Certainly," she answered, "but remember that absolutely nothing goes with it. Don't get to thinking it's a pound of tea that's coming to you. This is no gift enterprise."—Detroit Journal.

The Prestidigitator.

Von Miner—Smithers is really a remarkable amateur magician. I saw him transform a tall, stiff hat into a crush hat last night.

Van Wither—Is that so? How did he do it?

"Sat on it, I think."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

The Safe Plan.

Playwright (in excitement)—They are calling for the author. What shall I do?

Stage Manager (who has seen the crowd)—You'd better slip out of the stage door and make your escape while there is time.—Philadelphia North American.

As to Borus' Last Production.

"Naggus," asked Borus, "have you read my latest effort, 'Fables in Verse'?"

"I have," replied Naggus, "and, let me tell you," he added, slapping him encouragingly on the back, "there's lots more truth than poetry in it!"—Chicago Tribune.

His Rule.

"Now, boys, when is the best and most appropriate time to thank the Lord?"

No answer.

"What does your father do when you sit down to your meals?"

Small Voice—Cuss the cook.—Brooklyn Life.

More Sarcasm.

"According to theosophy, Julia, you are now the opposite of what you were in former existences."

"My, auntie! What a beauty you must have been!"—Detroit Free Press.

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