

MANNERS AND MORALS.

A Clerical Complaint That They are not What they Should be.

(Canadian Churchman.)

A man may have the manners of a gentleman and yet lead a depraved and vicious life. One might even go farther and say that a man might be in manner a gentleman, and on occasion a plausible moralizer, and still lead a life which degrades his manners and pollutes his morals. However, despite the ill use made by some men of these estimable qualities, there is no denying the fact that the due development in the individual and in the nation is most desirable. The lack of manner in the boy on the street in provincial. It may by some be deemed a mark of independence to give a curt or even rude reply to a civil question. None the less it is the independence of the ignorant and illbred. We all know the pleasure of meeting an animal which is kind and gentle, and the disappointment of having our friendly advances repelled by a snarl or a vicious display of teeth. How can that be a virtue in the boy which admittedly is a vice in the beast? We might pursue the subject further and hazard the assertion that as the kindness and friendliness of the beast are in the man the result of the training it has undergone, so the curtness or rudeness of the child indicates very clearly the force of bad example and the lack of proper training. We may pride ourselves on our intelligence and knowledge; but we may rest assured that intelligence and knowledge, lacking good manners are like the diamond in the rough, or the gold in the quartz—good in their way, but needing much polishing and crushing before they can possibly attain their highest beauty, utility and worth. The boy and girl on the street, in the shop or in society are the product of the home and the school in which it has been their good or ill-fortune to have been brought up, and the wayfarer can tell at a glance what the moulding influence of that home and school has been. It is a simple scientific fact that water cannot rise above its own level. Is it not, therefore, vain to look for refinement and good breeding where there are not merely "lost arts," but arts which are unknown?

A HEN THAT REARS KITTENS.

A Story That is Vouched For by a C. P. R. Engineer.

Some ten days ago, says the Northern Gazette of Middleboro, Yorkshire, England, a fine black cat, the property of Mr. Percy Dodds, of the Bank, Redcar, gave birth to four kittens in a stable near Redcar old Catholic Church. When the kittens were but a day or two old the cat left the nest for a few minutes, and immediately a white hen flew down from her accustomed perch in a manger above, and, spreading out her wings, covered the young kittens, and has been roaring them and looking after them ever since. Strange to relate, on the cat's return she in no way endeavored to disturb the hen, but was quite contented to sit on some hay beside her, and watch. Now the kittens are nearly a fortnight old, and each night the old cat suckles them, whilst the hen sits near, and at daylight in the morning the cat comes off the nest and the hen flies on. What adds to the sympathy of the picture is the hen has only one leg, which she hops about on, the other one having been broken some time ago. The kittens take very kindly to their feathered foster-mother, and on several occasions I have seen them crawling upon her back, and playing with her wings and comb. The mother cat generally sits near by, and often licks the hen's neck and back, whilst on one occasion I peeped in the stable, and I saw her sitting near the hen with her paw round the latter's neck. Several people in Redcar have seen this happy family, and are greatly surprised at the sagacity of the hen, who will not let anyone, except Mr. Dodds, touch the kittens. The story comes to The Toronto Globe vouched for by an engineer on the staff of the C. P. R.

HOME MADE CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

How a Young Girl Solved a Troublesome Problem with great Success.

If a girl wishes to remember many friends at Christmas and has not an unlimited amount of money at her disposal she will want to make many of her presents, and now is the time to begin on them. She must not wait until the last two or three weeks before Christmas, and then work day and night in feverish haste finding no enjoyment in her work and often not doing it as well as she might had she more leisure. Of course the dread question, "What shall one give So-and-so?" arises every year, and few would be content to settle it, as did an eccentric English spinster, by presenting all her friends one year with memorandum books and the next year with penholders, alternating thus during all the years of a long life! One clever girl solved the problem of getting ideas for Christmas presents in quite a novel way. She had evidently read Mark Twain's immortal story of Huckleberry Finn, and remembered how that ingenious hero contrived that all his friends should not only do his allotted task of painting the fence for him, but should pay him into the bargain! So this girl thought over all her list of friends, and selecting eleven of the most resourceful, invited them all to luncheon. In each invitation was a request that the guest should bring with her a list of ten ideas for Christmas presents, and the statements made that the lists handed in would be read at the luncheon (identified by number only), and that a prize would be given to the girl who should be voted to have brought the best list! The plan worked excellently. The luncheon was a great success, the voting on the lists was most spirited, and Miss "Huckleberry Finn" became possessed of one hundred and ten Christmas hints!—Harper's Bazar.

ONE WAY OF SAVING.

State Senator George R. Malby of Ogdensburg told this one at the Manhattan of the other evening:

"On the train on which I came down two men sitting on the seat next to me were discussing the advantages and disadvantages of living in the country. One of them was a New Yorker and the other hailed from some country place.

"And why do you live in the country, anyhow?" asked the man from New York.

"Just to save money," was the reply.

"Why, are the expenses of living so very much less as to induce you to live in the backwoods?"

"No, on the contrary, they are somewhat heavier."

"Then, how on earth do you manage to save anything?"

"Well, you see it's this way: I have no theatre or opera expenses now; that saves me on an average of \$300 a season. No entertaining of friends to expensive dinners or suppers, \$1,000 a year. No club fine, \$75. No fun or dissipation of any kind, \$2,000 a year. In fact—"

"Say," said the New Yorker, suddenly tapping the other on the knee, "don't you think you would save money faster if you went out and died?"—New York Globe.

AMONG THE HUMORISTS

Father—What! Marry my daughter? Why, she's only a child.

Spooner—Yes, sir, I thought I'd come early to avoid the rush.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Bigglesworth is a multi-millionaire at last.

How do you know?

Why, his wife came to church last Sunday wearing an old frock and her last fall's bonnet.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Jack and Gill were going up the hill.

There's one thing I'd have you remember, said Jack, as he gazed thoughtfully into the pails.

What's that? asked Gill.

Well, the water, replied Jack.—Cleveland Leader.

Why are you pointing, Ethel?

Jack said I was beautiful, I told him he must have been shortsighted.

What did he say?

Why, the horrid thing said perhaps he was.—Chicago News.

The Lawyer—You look like a clever boy.

The Messenger Boy (modestly)—Well, mister, I don't like to shoot any hot air, but I'm considered the cleverest guy in the office.

The Lawyer—Indeed?

The Messenger Boy—Betcher life, I'm de only kid in de hull mob dat kin roll a cigarette wit' one hand!—Puck.

He was sturdy, vigorous, and experienced.

But, alas, he was 40 years old.

Therefore, impossible for him to obtain a position, or even get a job.

So of necessity, he became a politician, and then the descent was easy.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Head Waiter—What's he want?

Head waiter—He wants a little of everything.

Head waiter—Give him some hash.—Chicago Journal.

Only sometimes: Spartacus—Does that fountain pen of yours leak that way all the time?

Spartacus—No, only when I ink it.—Baltimore American.

Reprieve—Age before beauty said Faststaff, as he attempted to enter before the prince.

No, Grace before meat, said the prince, gentle, as he pushed him from his path.—Life.

Certainly—You will miss me when I'm gone.

He said reproachfully, after the quarrel.

Yes, and I'd probably miss you before you go if I had anything to throw at you, she rejoined, between sobs.—Chicago Daily News.

Getting away from the past—in my plans for your new home, says the architect, I have provided for a large, ornate frieze in the hall.

Don't want it, assets Mr. Conjeled.

What?

Not a bit of it. Can't take any chances on having some one being reminded that I used to drive an ice wagon.—Judge.

Changed—Dimness—Old fellow, it's the same old story I'm in need of a little financial succor.

Shadbolt—You'll have to look further. I am not the little financial sucker I used to be.—Chicago Tribune.

Meandering Mike—Say, did youse ever hear us de profess dyin' from hydrophobia?

Plodding Pete—Naw, us corse not. It's bilin' hobos dat makes de dogs bug-hous.

"Do you think," queried the young man, "that mothers-in-law are as bad as they are represented?"

"No, indeed," replied the duffy haired maid in the parlor scene. "I's sure you would find in my mother a most excellent mother-in-law."

BAD LUCK IN BAD NAMES.

British Sailors Say that War Vessels Named After Venomous Things are Unlucky.

If one should be so bold as to characterize the superstitious sailor as silly, he would at once declare that there is sufficient reason for his belief, and would proceed to prove that war vessels named after stinging and venomous things have been unlucky, and that the country should not be so indifferent to the men who follow "a life on the ocean wave," as to organize a mosquito fleet. That snake is regarded as an unfortunate name for a vessel is shown by the fact that two of that name have been lost, one in 1781 and the other in 1847; but no vessel bearing that name is known to exist now. Serpent, which is only a substitute name for snake, is an unlucky one also, for the one wrecked in 1892 was the fourth British war vessel of that name to meet the same fate. Viper has been an unlucky name in the British navy. The first one was wrecked in 1780, but the admiralty could not swerve, and so kept the name on the list, each vessel meeting its doom, and the fourth was lost only recently. The French navy have also been unlucky with vessels so named. The Viper, used in the British service after she became a prize from the French, was lost in 1793. The second one, lost a year later, the third in 1797, and the fourth was recently lost in a collision off Guernsey.

The Cobra, another British war vessel, was lost recently, at the same time as the Viper. Among other vessels similarly named and which met fates other than in battle are, the Rattlesnake, in 1784, the Adder in 1846, three Lizards, two Dragons and one Basilisk. All of these were made larger by citing the records of other navies. The Norsemen, who were fond of naming their vessels and using hideous heads of dragons and reptiles on their high prows, were less unfortunate and these did not meet with frequent disasters.

They did have a belief, however, that it was unlucky and a sacrilege to select such a name as did Lord Dunraven for his first yacht to challenge for the American cup, the Valkyrie. And this belief was strengthened when she was sunk by the Sautantia. The second challenger, with the same name, gave trouble, and she was broken up after only a short existence.—(Navy League Journal.)

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THE TIDES OF CHANGE

Have Beaten on California and Old Things Have Passed Away.

That was an interesting—say, epoch-making—item of news buried in the Treasury Department budget this week, to wit, that heavy and unprecedented shipments of copper cents have recently been made to San Francisco and other Pacific Coast cities. These shipments coming as they do on the heels of a bill introduced into Congress by a California member for the coinage of one-cent pieces at the San Francisco Mint, leave but one opinion possible, an end has come to that fine largeness of pecuniary view which so long forbade any son, or even resident, of "the coast," seeing any coin smaller than five cents.

An irresistible force for conformity is ironing out the peculiarities which one time pleasantly differentiated regions and peoples. Everywhere, even in the remote islands of the sea, women wear hats and dresses fashioned according to Parisian models; the tall hat and the frock coat encircle the globe, mankind, except where China has successfully fenced out progress, eats alike, drinks alike, thinks alike; journey around the earth and you will find no port where you cannot use your golf sticks, no retreat where the prevailing mode has not penetrated, no land which has not been touched by the hand of uniformity. A new commandment has been given to the sons of Adept and it is that all men shall approximate to pebble similarity and repose in ordered rows in the same kind of pods.

California, which started out with the theory that there should be no money of account smaller than the "two-bit" piece, persisted therein during the brave days of the argonauts, but grudgingly granted admission to the nickel and vowed this was the limit of concession. For more than a generation it stood its ground nobly and barred the intrusive penny with concerted opposition. With what fine sarcasm did Californians ask, "What's that?" when tourists ventured to lay a copper coin on a counter. "We make only even change," was the answer when alien thrift, even when it bought a postage stamp, sought to give or receive its copper due. It passed into tradition that it was disloyalty but little above anarchy to recognize the existence of the coin which bears the visage and carries the color of the Indian.

But the tides of change have beaten on California and its resistance has crumpled under the insidious advances. The women, it appears, have betrayed the state. When the department store came their virtue was not proof against the allurements of placards such as "This size for \$2.99." The disintegration of the once robust custom once begun, it soon crumbled with the unhappy result noted above, that all the coast is now clamoring for copper, while the present day San Franciscan demands his penny change with all the energy of a New Yorker who splits a nickel to buy a penny paper.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

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