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WORK.

Let me but do my work from day to day, In field or forest, at the desk or loom, In roaring market-place, or tranquil room; Let me but find it in my heart to say, When fragrant wishes beckon me astray— 'This is my work; my blessing, not my doom; Of all who live, I am the one by whom This work can be best done, in the right way.'

Then shall I see it not too great, nor small, To suit my spirit and to prove my powers; Then shall I cheerfully greet the labor-hours, And cheerful turn when the long shadows fall At eventide, to play and love and rest, Because I know for me my work is best. —Henry Van Dyke.

Lives Beautified.

It is not the great sorrows of life that do the most harm. It is rather those little pin-pricks that creep into our everyday existence that cause the most disorder, pain, worry and a whole list of unpleasant traits. For all this there are but two remedies—good sense and good nature—both having a wonderful power of changing gloom into sunshine. Don't get into the habit of having a poor opinion of people, for assuredly they will have it of you. Unkindness breeds unkindness, while a happy consideration for others makes yourself the sweeter and them the better. Some people look at the spots on the sun, unmindful of the glorious radiance behind them. We all have our faults, but the only way to look at them is to look behind them into the bright skies of our better selves, which they fleck. In order to make our lives beautiful we must show good-will, kindness and courtesy to all with whom we come in contact.

A good story on Sir William Mulock is being told in Toronto, and is circulating round his constituency of North York. The Postmaster-General has been busy in the Old Country booming Canada up hill and down dale, in season and, according to the story, out of it. Imbued with a desire to test the colonial knowledge of the ordinary Londoner Sir William took a friend along the Strand with him and cast about for three likely subjects. The friend, a distinguished London lawyer, was unwilling to believe that English people were as ignorant on matters Canadian as Sir William represented. The first person accosted had never heard of Canada, and said so shortly. The second was anxious to assist the befogged stranger, and ruminated, but finally had to admit that he was unable to give the locality of Canada. He was sure that it was nowhere near the Strand, as he had lived around those parts nearly seventy years. This encouraged Sir William. Changing his question a little, he went up to a cockney flower-girl. He asked her if she was familiar with Ottawa. "Familiar with who?" she asked. "You go 'long or I'll smack your dirty face."

Easily Pleas'd.

The man in search of a coachman looked coldly at the voluble and eager young French man before him, and shook his head. "I don't wish another valet," he said. "I have one already; there would be nothing for you to do." "But monsieur," pleaded the young man, with outstretched hands, "if you could conceive how little it takes to occupy me!"

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A Pretty Good world.

Pretty good world if you take it all around— Pretty good world, good people! Better be on than under the ground— Pretty good world, good people! Better be here where the skies are as blue As the eyes of your sweetheart a-smilin' at you— Better than lyin' 'neath daisies and dew— Pretty good world, good people!

Pretty good world with its hopes and its fears— Pretty good world, good people! Sun twinkles through the rain of its tears— Pretty good world, good people! Better be here, in the pathway you know— Where the thorn's in the garden where sweet roses grow, Than to rest where you feel not the fall o' the snow— Pretty good world, good people!

Pretty good world! Let us sing it that way— Pretty good world, good people! Make up your mind that you're in it to stay— At least for a season good people! Pretty good world, with its dark and its bright— Pretty good world, with its love and its light; Sing it that way till you whisper, "Good-night!" Pretty good world, good people! —Frank L. Stanton.

The Conclusion of the Whole Matter.

A New York society woman who writes her "confessions" for Ainslee's Magazine, tells of the various devices, chiefly unadmirable, by which she managed to become a leader in New York society. The vein of disgust in the closing paragraphs will probably not deter other women from following in her footsteps:

"I am sorry to confess, too, that, like all easy victories, it was accompanied by disappointment. I honestly believe that the really fortunate people in life are those who never succeed in getting what they think they want. The greatest luck in the world is being dissatisfied and remaining in the condition of striving. Women whom for years I had been crazy to know proved to be bores; the things that I did in society soon became wearisome routine. However, I had made my bed, and I proposed to lie in it. To acknowledge disappointment would be to acknowledge defeat, and I have never done that. The people in New York society who read this article will never suspect that it was written by me, for if ever a woman was supposed to love society as the very breath of her nostrils, I am she. That doesn't sound somehow like very good English; but, never mind. The trouble with me is that I am too intelligent, too knowing for a life of social pleasure. To enjoy it, one must be a good deal of a fool. Many of the women I know are simple imbeciles. And as for most of the men! I am not considered a prude, but people do say that, even if my husband and I do lead pretty independent lives, I have never been known to flirt with any other man. Would you care to know why? Simply because I have never met a man who can hold a candle to him.

Since becoming a success, I have abandoned those intellectual pursuits that once soled my leisure. Sometimes I feel sorry; at other times, I realize that if I had gone on with them I should in time have found my present life unendurable. I don't even allow myself to be dragged to morning lectures given by half-baked, impecunious women, as so many women of society do nowadays. I marvel that they should endure being so systematically bored. In fact, the patience of our New York women of society at times fills me with mingled admiration and pity. Occasionally I pity myself—not because I am what I am, but because I am not a man. I believe that, broadly speaking, I have done about as well with my life as any woman in my circumstance can do. I have tried to maintain a high standard of taste. This really is my greatest achievement. I now live in one of the most beautiful houses in New York and my place at Newport, though modest compared with the ridiculous palace where Mrs. Vanderbilt sits in such gloomy splendor, is still very charming. I give delightful entertainments; I am careful to bring together people who will really amuse one another; I am a useful member of my world. But I often reflect that if I were a man I could play a harder and more absorbing game. My care-laden husband, for example, has a far better time than I have. When he works, he spends himself; when he rests, he enjoys to the utmost his leisure. I fritter my life away, and I never have any leisure.

"Of the two seasons, I much prefer the Newport to the New York season. In that delightful little city by the sea we lead far more wholesome lives than we can possibly lead in New York. In the first place, we are in the open air a large part of the time; then, too, no matter what the newspapers may say about our extravagance, we do simplify there a good deal. To me the most trying feature of the New York winter is the opera. I detest grand opera, and I hold Wagner in horror. And yet, twice a week regularly, I sit in my box. I often blame myself for submitting to this dreadful tyranny. The memory of those dreadful Wagnerian performances at the Metropolitan Opera House gives me a kind of weakness. The oftener I hear Wagner's operas, the more I loath them. I wonder if any one really likes them. I know, of course, plenty of women who pretend that they do, but then women are always pretending about something. I often marvel at those poor creatures who go to the opera house and stand at the back through a Wagner opera. And they don't have to do it because it is expected of them, either. I suppose they really must like it. Poor things!"

Dinner Invitations.

"I find with men it succeeds better to ask them personally to come to dinner," said a fashionable young matron the other day. "In the first place they are not so apt to refuse, and secondly, you get an answer at once, which saves a lot of worry." "But it is so awkward for a person to be asked point blank; he is obliged to accept whether he wants to or not," returned her companion. "That is just what I want," laughed the young matron; "it is the men I need, and if they come, I do not care if they feel it obligatory or not." Hostesses who do not desire to be considered bores, however, should avoid giving invitations in person. Many men complain of the use of the telephone in delivering invitations as giving them no time to make up their minds, or to concoct a plausible excuse should they not feel inclined to accept.

Vessel Building in Canada.

During the fiscal year ending June 30th last, the number of vessels built in Canada was 260, with a tonnage of 28,288 tons, an increase of twenty vessels and 6,333 tons, compared with the previous year. Of this number, 89 were steamers and 171 sailing vessels, as against 84 steamers and 156 sailing vessels built in the year preceding. The number of vessels registered was 316, aggregating 34,230 tons. In 1901 there were 357 vessels registered, aggregating 35,156 tons. The figures indicate that the wooden shipbuilding is by no means on the decline. Twenty steamships, aggregating 5,510 tons, were built in Toronto, and in Montreal there were built eight steamships of 387 tons. Most of the sailing vessels came from shipyards in the Maritime Provinces.

How Disease Spreads.

Dr. Louis Albert Banks was once addressing a Boston audience on the evil of the sweatshop system when the manager of the largest clothing house in Boston asked if he might say a word. He then told his hearers that he had at first received Dr. Bank's statements as to the condition of things with incredulity. He had determined to prove them false, and asked one of his contractors to take him where the work was being done on a large contract for the letter carriers' uniforms. They went together to the address of one of the workers, and found there, in the tenement room where the work was going on, a child dying of diphtheria, her head pillowed on three pairs of the new trousers called for by the contract. I was converted," said the manager. As a result, that establishment's work was taken out of the tenements, a modern sanitary, well-lighted factory was built, and there the poor people were invited to come and do the work.

The Mother's Ruse.—"Here," said Mr. Snaggs, as he laid a volume on the table—"here is a book I am very desirous Lucy shall read." "Very well," replied Mrs. Snaggs; "I'll forbid her to touch it."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

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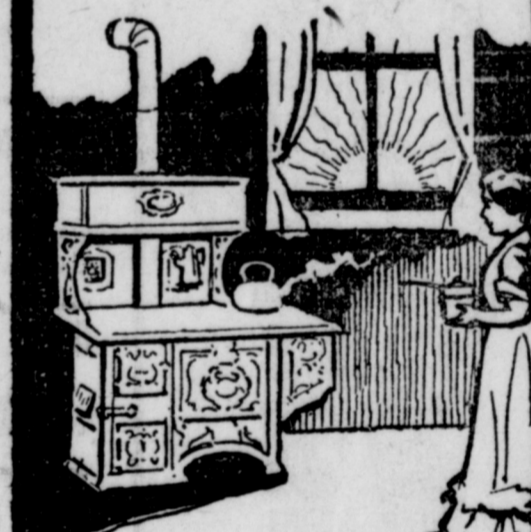
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