

AT SEVENTEEN.

O mirror, ancient mirror, When waxen lights are lit On either side thy golden frame I must peep in a bit, And turn my head and toss my curls, And softly smile and pout, To see my teeth like rows of pearls, And bring my dimples out.

"O, foolish girl! O, wicked girl!" Aunt Barbara doth cry, "To think so much of fleeting charms That must assuredly die. Remember I was once as young And fair to see as thou, And that thy glass one day will show Thy face what mine is now."

I'll say a little prayer tonight That I may not grow vain, But in the morning dawn, dear glass, I must peep in again, That rosy lips and cream-white skin, And all I see in thee, May tell me that Aunt Barbara Has never looked like me.

MGRATH'S BAD NIGHT.

"Come then, childer," said Mrs. McGrath, and took the big iron pot off. They crowded around her, nine of them, the eldest not more than thirteen, the youngest just big enough to hold out his yellow crockery bowl.

"The youngest first," remarked Mrs. McGrath, and ladled out a portion of the beiled cornmeal to each of the deplorable boys and girls. Before they had reached the stools from which they had sprung up, or squatted again on the rough floor, they all burned their mouths in tasting the mush too eagerly.

"You'd better be after seeing the boss again, maybe, Peter, dear," she said, timidly. "Not a step," he answered, "The boss'll be after me in a few days, you'll see." But there he was mistaken, for all the gangs were full.

After that Peter McGrath tramped far and wide, to many a backwoods hamlet, looking vainly for a job at any wages. The season was the worst ever known on the river, and before January the shanties were discharging men, so threatening was the outlook for the lumbermen, and so glutted with timber the markets of the world.

Peter's conscience accused him every hour, but he was too stubborn to go back to John Pontiac. Indeed, he soon got it into his stupid head that the old boss was responsible for his misfortune, and he consequently came to hate Mr. Pontiac very bitterly.

After supping on his pipetful of tobacco dust, Peter sat, straight-backed, leaning elbows on knees and chin on hands, wondering what on earth was to become of them all next day. For a man out of work there was not a dollar of credit at the little village store; and work! why, there was only one kind of work at which money could be earned in that district in winter.

When his wife took Number Eleven's cradle into the other room, she heard him, through the thin partition of upright boards, pasted over with newspapers, moving round in the dim red, flickering fire-light from the stove grating.

at least \$30 a month, when the demand was only strong enough to yield him \$22 a month, Peter had refused to engage at the beginning of the winter.

"Now, Mr. McGrath, you're making a mistake," said his usual employer, old John Pontiac. "I'm offering you the best wages going, mind that. There's mighty little squared timber coming out this winter."

"I'm ready and willing to work, boss, but I'm fit to earn \$30, surely." "So you are, so you are in good times, neighbor, and I'd be glad if men's wages were \$40. That could only be with trade active, and a fine season for all of us; but I couldn't take out a raft this winter and pay what you ask."

"I'd work extra hard; I'm not afraid of work." "Not you, Peter. There never was a lazy bone in your body. Don't I know that well? But look now:—If I were to pay you \$30, I should have to pay all the other hewers \$30, and that's not all. Scorpers and teamsters and road-cutters are used to getting wages in proportion to hewers. Why, it would cost me \$1,000 a month to give you \$30! Go along now, that's a good fellow, and tell your wife that you've hired with me!"

But Peter did not go back. "I'm bound to have my rights, so I am," he said sulkily, to Mary Ann when he reached his cabin. "The old boss is getting too hard like, and too set on money. Twenty-two dollars! No! I'll go into Stambrook and hire."

Mary Ann knew that she might as well try to convince a saw-log that its proper course was up stream as to protest against Peter's obstinacy. Moreover, she did think the offered wages were low, and had some hope he might better himself; but when he came back from Stambrook, she saw trouble ahead. He did not tell her that there, where his merits were not known, he had been offered only \$22, but she surmised disappointment.

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Peter looked again up the hill through the walls of the storehouse. He was dreadfully hungry.

"John! John!" Mrs. Pontiac joggled her husband. "John, wake up! There's somebody trying to get into the smokehouse."

"Eh—ugh—ah! I'm 'sleep—ugh!" he relapsed again. "John! John! wake up! There is somebody!" "What—ugh—eh—what you say?" "There's somebody getting into the smokehouse."

"Well, there's not much there." "There's ever so much bacon and ham. Then there's the storehouse open." "Oh, I guess there's nobody." "But there is, I'm sure. You must get up!"

They both got up and looked out of the window. The snow drifts, the paths through them, the storehouse, the smokehouse and the other whitewashed out-buildings could be seen nearly as clearly as in broad day. The smokehouse door was open!

Old John Pontiac was one of the kindest souls that ever inhabited a body, but this was a little too much. Still, he was sorry for the man, no matter who, in that smokehouse—some Indian probably. He must be caught and dealt with firmly; but he did not want the man to be too much hurt.

He put on his clothes and sallied forth. He reached the smokehouse—there was no one in it; there was a gap, though, where four long fitches of bacon had been!

John Pontiac's wife saw him go over to the storehouse, the door of which was open, too. He looked in, then stopped and started back as if in horror. Four fitches, tied together with a rope, were on the floor, and inside was a man filling a bag with flour from a barrel.

"Well, well, this is a terrible thing," said old John Pontiac to himself, shrinking around the corner. "Peter McGrath! Oh, my! Oh, my!"

He became hot all over, as if he had done something disgraceful himself. There was nobody that he had respected more than that pig-headed Peter. What to do? He must punish him, of course, but how? Jail—and him with eleven children!

talking that way. Charity! tut! tut! it's just an advance of wages. I've got a job for Peter; he'll be on pay tomorrow again."

At that Mary Ann burst out crying again. "Oh, God bless you, Mr. Pontiac, it's a kind man you are! May the saints be about your bed!"

With that she ran out to Peter, who still stood by the sleigh; she put the baby in his arms, and clinging to her husband's shoulder, cried more and more.

And what did obstinate Peter McGrath do? Why, he cried, too, with gasps and groans that seemed almost to kill him.

"Go in," he said, "go in, Mary Ann—and kiss the feet of him. Yes—and the boards—he stands on. You don't know what's he's done—for me. It's broke I am—the bad heart of me—broke entirely—with the goodness of him. May the heavens be his bed!"

"Now Mrs. McGrath," cried old John, "never you mind Peter; he's a bit light-headed tonight. Come away and get a bite for him. I'd like a dish of tea myself before I go home."

Didn't that touch on her Irish hospitality bring her in quickly! "Mind you this, Peter," said the old man, going out then, "don't you be troubling your wife with any little secrets about tonight; that's between you and me. That's all I ask of you."

Thus it comes about to this day, when Peter McGrath's fifteen children have helped him to become a very prosperous farmer, his wife does not quite understand the depth of worship with which he speaks of old John Pontiac.

Mrs. Pontiac never knew the story of the night. "Never mind who it was, Jane," John had said, turning out the light, "except this—it was a neighbor in sore trouble. And let us bless the goodness of God that saves us from the terrible temptation, and thank Him most especially when He inclines our hearts to keep His most merciful laws."

E. W. Thomson in Youth's Companion.

accomplishments. A woman's claims never come under that rule. If you paint or dance or play or ride well men are bound to admire. I sometimes think that their admiration is half wonder and half indulgence.

I'm sure when I have sung I have often caught an expression on their faces that said, "By Jove, she does it very well—for a woman—and I must say something pretty, to encourage a nice girl, don't you know?" Never mind.

When this kind-hearted gentleman flatters his self-love with the thought that he has been generous, you have a straight path opened to his regard.

"That one is attractive isn't altogether due to the fact that one is beautiful or brilliant. The highest type of beauty is found in the face that is moulded by the mind, but to the average man it isn't the most attractive type; he prefers a healthy woman, with more of the animal about her. A brilliant woman, unless she has tact, frightens more men than she attracts; the average man never likes to meet his superior, and it sends a cold chill down his back to find a superior in skirts."

I've noticed that the men whom society votes great 'catches' seldom marry a pretty face or a sharp wit. They have learned that these are rather hard to keep in repair.

"Tact, well supported by an elastic conscience, will accomplish more than beauty and brains combined. The old proverb says: 'Never mention a halter in the presence of a man whose father was hanged'; but there are girls in our set who do worse things every day—and then wonder why they aren't popular! The woman who can't help wounding her guests' amour propre might as well have a small-pox flag in front of her house. Men never forgive a remark that hurts—if a woman makes it. You and I, my dear, often turn the other cheek, because we can't afford to do otherwise. A man resembles the little boy who said his prayers every night, but never did it in the morning, because he could take care of himself in the daytime. Men may 'say their prayers' when it is politic to notice an unkind or thoughtless word from a business associate, but they 'take care of themselves' when a woman is in question: they find another one."

"Most important of all, if you would be popular with the other sex, learn to be a good listener. Encourage a man to talk about himself, and you make a friend for life. We women are vain, but our vanity is as nothing compared with that of men. Wind them up with a question, and start them with an interested smile and they will go on until the other clock runs down, and then go away convinced that you are the most charming woman they ever met."

"That's all very well," Nellie interrupted, "but how much of this advice is serious?" "That depends on whether you wish to attract others or to win and hold your own better self," I said. "I wouldn't think of undervaluing beauty or wit, or courtesy or tact, but I don't like to see them thrown away. It wouldn't do either of us any good if I should sing my best songs to deaf Dr. B. In the same way, no one is the better for the pearls of speech that crowd to her lips. You owe it to your own self-respect to make yourself liked by those, and those only, whose appreciation is a compliment. Be yourself. If you are always on dress parade, you'll have to waste half your life in giving the salute—and that accomplishment isn't a very great part of the art of soldiery."

"I think you'll find more satisfaction in being a woman's woman. If you can rise superior to the petty jealousies and heart-burnings that are the curse of our sex, and win the admiration of your female friends, you may be sure that you are worthy of being loved by anybody. If then the right man comes he'll find you without any trouble, and you'll be able to make him happy. If he doesn't come—well, you can get along without him. It should be worth more to be loved by me all the year round than to be loved by a man outside of business hours?"

"Perhaps," said Nellie, as she looked at herself in the glass.

LODGE-ROOM ECHOES.

Knights of Pythias.

The Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania, which is likely to be disciplined at the coming session of the supreme lodge, is the largest jurisdiction in the order, having more than 40,000 members. The situation is simplified by the fact that it has been in contumacy before—in 1873, when it had to own that it was in the wrong and sue for re-admission to the supreme body. Present indications are that it will have to take the same close order again, as it has been suspended and a loyal grand lodge organized.

At the supreme lodge session, to be held at Cincinnati in June, the important business will be the settlement of the difficulty between that body and the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania, and the proposed establishment of a ladies' rank. Of course, the Cincinnati knights will do their best to give their guests a good time. On the evening of Monday, June 11, there will be a reception at Douglas castle hall. Tuesday, the supreme lodge will be welcomed in addresses by the governor of Ohio, the mayor of Cincinnati and the grand chancellor of Ohio.

Wednesday afternoon, there will be a grand parade of the Uniform rank and subordinate lodges. Thursday afternoon will take place the competitive drill of divisions of the Uniform rank, for which six cash prizes—\$1,200, \$800, \$600, \$400, \$200 and \$100—are offered. For the battalion drill, Friday morning, a beautiful stand of regimental colors is offered; and for the hand tournament, Friday evening, three cash prizes of \$500, \$300 and \$150 will be given. A cash prize of \$300 is also offered to the division traveling the longest distance by the most direct route in order to reach Cincinnati for this session; said division to consist of not less than 24 six knights and three commissioned officers. It is needless to say that these attractions will ensure the attendance of thousands of knights. The cost for the round trip from Boston to Cincinnati and return will probably not exceed \$30, not including sleeping cars or meals.

Independent Order of Foresters.

It is mentioned as among the probabilities, that Rev. Charles J. James, pastor of St. James' church, and chaplain of Court LaTour, will preach a sermon to that court on some Sunday afternoon in the near future. In this connection, it may be said that LaTour was never more prosperous than at present. The talk of consolidation with Court Loyalist was very quickly dropped when the committee appointed to investigate Court LaTour's financial condition reported how strong it really is.

Court St. Mary's of Marysville, will have reason to be proud of that picture of the Supreme court, which was won by them as the prize for the greatest number of initiations in a given time. It will be 36360 inches in size, and duplicates of the work will cost \$50.

There were 38 deaths in the order during the year 1887, making the rate of mortality only 5-7 per 1,000 for the year. The amount of endowments paid during the year was \$48,000.

Independent Order of Oddfellows.

An encampment is to be organized in Frederickton, shortly. The charter list is being signed, but is not yet complete.

Canton LaTour is meeting every Wednesday evening, for drill, at present, looking to the reception of the order's guests, this summer. From present indications, there will be many. Canton Shawmut, of Boston, has written to ask what accommodation can be secured for 100 men, with ladies, and Canton Worcester, Boston encampment and Lynn lodge and canton are also talking of visiting St. John. They will be given a royal welcome.

Masonic.

At a regular meeting of Sussex Lodge, F. & A. M., Tuesday evening, the following resolutions were adopted:—

Resolved, It hath pleased the Almighty Father, who doeth all things well, to call from his earthly labors our brother, James H. Ganong.

Resolved, That, while we deplore the loss of a true and worthy brother, we cherish his memory as that of one who was foremost among us in every good work, and whose attachment to our order had endeared him to us all, and further:

Resolved, That we respectfully tender to the widow and family of our late brother our heartfelt sympathy in their bereavement, and invoke for them the comfort of Him whose compassions fail not, and whose mysterious ways are ever tending to our good.

The Supreme Grand chapter of Royal Arch Masons of England has voted to recognize the chapter of New Brunswick.

Sons of Temperance.

Pine Grove division, No. 345, has been organized at Ludlow, Northumberland county, with Arthur Price as W. P.

Arrangements have been made to hold the semi-annual session of the Grand Division in Carleton, Tuesday evening. A large number of delegates is expected.

Ever Onward division has expressed its regret at the death of Henry Kerr, one of its charter members, by passing resolutions of condolence and presenting them to his relatives.

Two members of Portland division, Mr. Levi Delong and Mrs. Lizzie Nelson, do not believe in "division." They were married this week, and the members of the division presented them with a silver cake basket.

Something novel in the way of "division entertainment" took place at Lewisville, Westmorland county, Tuesday evening. Three divisions—Moncton, Intercolonial and Lewisville each gave a musical and literary programme, the performance of which was watched by competent judges. Lewisville division carried off the palm.

Other Orders.

Pioneer local division, Order of Railway Telegraphers, has been organized here with 45 charter members. Its officers are: D. W. Newcomb, N. B. Ry., C. T.; T. E. Smith, Woodstock, A. C. T.; W. E. Sulley, Carleton, S. and T.; W. F. Noble, S. T.; Chas. Calkin, McAdam, J. T.; T. W. Murphy, Woodstock, I. S.; James Gilliland, O. S.; C. W. Manzer, Debec, P. C. T.