

CHEERFULNESS IN ART.

CHEERFUL PICTURES AS GOOD AS CHEERFUL CARPETS.

How People Who Like Light Colors in Tapestry and Furniture are the Very People Who are On the Lookout for Gloomy Pictures of Death and Dying.

Nothing surprises me more, amongst the many puzzling things in this world, than the extraordinary taste displayed by many people in choosing the pictures which are to adorn their homes, and keep them company for the greater part of their lives!

One would imagine that in selecting such constant companions, any man or woman in their senses would try to secure as cheerful subjects as possible, so as to be surrounded by objects which will help them to feel happy instead of mournful, and serve to dispel, rather than encourage, that most miserable of all ailments, a fit of the blues.

People nearly always choose their carpets with great care, and are particular that the colors shall not only be harmonious, and the design artistic, but that the whole effect shall be attractive and above all cheerful.

"Let me see some cheerful patterns, please," is the most common request heard in a carpet wareroom.

In a furniture shop it is the same and one frequently hears the same remark. "I prefer light colors and light wood, they make a room so much more pleasant to sit in, and they are so cheerful," the intending purchaser says.

But when it comes to pictures the difference is surprising and it really seems as if the preference was for the most gloomy specimens of art that could be obtained. Battle pieces, dying gladiators, "Night before the Execution of Mary Queen of Scots," "Death of Early Christian Martyrs," "Hero's Torches," "Lost in the Snow," "Death Scene of Napoleon," signing of numerous death warrants, farewell scenes of every description, and various people's last night on earth, are considered appropriate for the drawing room and general sitting room. For the library, or smoking room, bull fights, hunting scenes, in which the luckless quarry is either just bounding into the air as the bullet strikes it, or else writhing in its last agonies, are chosen, with perhaps a scene in Siberia where one wolf is springing on the back of the leading horse, while the driver is cutting the reins and leaving him to his bitter fate and another occupant of the sledge is in the act of firing on half a score of other wolves that snarl and growl around the terror stricken women who cower beside him. This inspiring scene is probably entitled "The Beginning of the End" and leaves very little to the imagination.

Some people prefer a battle piece for their library, a nice spirited picture which gives full scope to the abilities of the artist and has plenty of action about it, dying horses and shattered men lying inextricably mixed up in the throes of death, with a detached leg and arm or two, disposed carelessly in the foreground in so realistic a manner that it requires strong nerves to look at it for the first time, and I should think, a strong mind to endure its constant presence.

What are usually described as "game scenes" have been appropriated to the embellishment of the dining room, by some high authority whose name has not been divulged so far, and sometimes this game belongs to the quick, but much more frequently to the dead. I confess that I prefer the dead game myself, because its sufferings are over, and the eye is not continually tortured with the spectacle of death agony. I have seen pictures of long defunct game, the kind in which the English epicure revels, and which has to be bathed in disinfectants before it can be cooked, and tied in a net to keep it from falling asunder, which made one positively ill to look at them. One "game piece" which I particularly remember represented a group of teal hung up in the larder to ripen, and the birds were evidently quite ready for cooking, because the painter had so faithfully portrayed the sunken eyes and the peculiar withered look about the bill which only appears when decomposition is well under way, that one could readily imagine those ducks made the atmosphere of the room in which they hung quite close.

Bad as such a picture is, both from the points of art and good taste, I think it is preferable to the solemn gasping in agony on the bank of a stream of the noble stag whose last race has been run and who lies with tongue lolling out, and beautiful head thrown back, while his slayer stands smiling beside him, just in the act of plunging his hunting knife into the quivering throat, and the bounds that have brought him down are grouped around in attitude of easy expectancy. I think such a picture as that would have the effect of landing me comfortably within the walls of a lunatic asylum in a very short time if I were compelled to meet it every time I raised my eyes; and I am quite certain it would effectually destroy my appetite, if I saw it across the table at every meal.

It is a great pity that so many of the better class of engravings, especially the older ones, should show such a decided leaning towards such subjects, but still there is an ample choice left amongst more modern pictures, copies of celebrated paintings, photogravures, photographs, mezzotints, and excellent engravings which will foster a taste for good pictures quite as well, and probably elevate it far more than any of

the heartrending scenes many of us actually seek out, and purchase not because we really admire them, but merely because we think they are the proper thing, and show that the person who possesses them has a highly cultivated artistic taste.

There is so much sorrow and suffering in the world, and most of us get a full share of it, that it is a great mistake to surround ourselves with more sad and glooming things than we need. Surely a group of angels or of dancing nymphs is a more cheering sight than a battle scene and a cherub's head by Raphael more elevating both to the mind and spirits, than one of Dore's realisms, and poor humanity has little enough that is cheerful in its daily outlook, without adding a deeper shade, by feeding the sight with pictured horrors, and images of woe. Of course we must have pictures, but for our own sakes let us have them of a "cheerful pattern."

ASTRA.

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Paine's Celery Compound Delivers Mrs. McKillop from the Terrors and Pains of Rheumatism.

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They see the wonderful results that have come from the use of Paine's Celery Compound to friends, neighbors and relatives; they also are aware of the fact that every cure published for the encouragement of the sick and suffering comes from some responsible resident of Canada, who can be interviewed or written to.

To-day we give another strong and mighty proof of the never failing power of Paine's Celery Compound. The letter comes from Mrs. Mary McKillop, of Campbellford, Ont., she says:—

"After using your Paine's Celery Compound I am of opinion that I should say something in its favor for the benefit of all who have not given it a trial.

"I was a sufferer from rheumatism for a long time and endured great pain. The cords in the palms of my hands were drawn up in knots and I despaired of getting relief. However, after using Paine's Celery Compound, I have banished all my pains and troubles and find myself strengthened in every way.

"I think Paine's Celery Compound is the best medicine in the world for rheumatism and all nervous complaints, and I will always recommend it strongly. I particularly recommend your medicine to all weak and delicate women."

Fates and Methods.

"And what became of Tom Wickeby?" "Oh, he went to the bad! He never would study when he was a boy, and he grew up in ignorance, and the last thing I knew about him was that he had been sent to prison for stealing."

"Didn't he have a brother?" "Oh, yes! His name was Fred. Quite a different person. He was a great scholar always, and so bright and intelligent. Fred was a great financier and promoter of big schemes. Of course there was nothing in them, and thousands of people lost their all in them, but Fred died worth between \$50,000,000 and \$60,000,000."

Anthropocentric Egoism.

"Anthropocentric egoism" is the high-sounding title applied by scientists to that presumption in man which leads him to regard himself as the centre of the universe, the one object for whom words and systems were created and for whose benefit all lower things animate and inanimate exist. To take this conceit out of man is one of the provinces of science. Prof. E. P. Evans in the current issue of the Popular Science Monthly, undertakes this by no means easy task. He finds the legal and the ethical codes, the moralists, philosophers and theologians against him.

He Recognized A Brother.

If the common notice is well founded, janitors are among the men who need no exhortation to magnify their office. One of them was absorbed in a book the other day. "What are ye readin', Dennis?" "Oim readin' th' history of Napoleon Bonaparte. Moyle! moyle! what a janitor he would ov made!"

A RUN ON A BANK.

How it was Effectually Stopped by a Well-Planned Bluff.

A man whose hair is now snow-white, and whose activity long ago gave place to the slowness and feebleness of old age, tells a story of how, over thirty years, in fact in fact nearly forty years ago, in the days of the gold fever on the Pacific coast, he stopped a run on a bank by quick-wittedness, nerve and boldness.

"The bank was perfectly solvent," he says, "but one of those wild rumors that used to float over mining towns insisted that I had no gold, and that the deposits could never be made good. The run started one afternoon just before the hour for closing, and it was pretty exciting, I tell you. Those miners were all armed, and they swarmed around the house, swearing, shouting and howling desperately. We continued to pay out money up to the usual hour for closing, and then we stopped. It was just about time to stop, too, for our gold was nearly exhausted.

"We drove the people out of the bank and posted a big notice on the door:— 'This bank will open at the usual hour in the morning.'"

"They cheered at that, but they did not disperse, and leaving an armed guard in the bank I went home to think over some possible way of avoiding a collapse. This was the plan I had to follow: It was a slim chance but my only one. Over in S—, another town, I had another bank, no better off for ready gold than this one. I was interested in a stage line, and among the property which I had acquired in a 'dicker' once was a load of wagon-washers. They were stored over in S—, I set out on horseback at a gallop for S—, had four horses hitched to a stage-coach, filled several gunny-bags with washers and loaded them on the coach. The bluff did not stop there. Inside and on top of the coach I placed half a dozen men armed to the teeth, to guard the immense treasure.

"We went out of S— at a sharp trot before daylight, and arrived at my besieged bank shortly before the time for opening. When the crowd saw the well filled sacks they cheered like mad, but I did not say a word. I had half the guards clear a passage-way, and then, while the armed men carefully watched the crowd, the sacks of washers were transferred to the vault—it was a brick and sheet-iron affair, on the same floor with the desks—while the crew cheered and cheered.

"When it was time to throw open the doors for business I came out to the steps. 'Boys!' I shouted, 'I don't know how much of a run you are going to make on this bank, so I have prepared for you. All I have to say is, start right in. There are plenty of full sacks in this bank, and we can get more if we need them. This bank is now open for business.'"

"Well, those boys lifted the hair off my head with their yelling, and there was no run. A few cautious people withdrew their deposits, but we were able to pay them without having to open our sacks of washers—fortunately for us.

A MERRY MONARCH.

The Cheerful Little Eccentricities of Peter the Great.

Years ago, when a low standard of morals prevailed, the epithet "great" was bestowed upon any monarch who won battles and enlarged the territory and resources of his kingdom. It mattered little then to the historian what might be a king's private character, provided he made his nation formidable by his brute strength and full treasury.

Even if he was a bad man, they eulogized him as a good ruler. Peter I. of Russia is called "Peter the Great," because he transformed a barbarous into a semi-barbarous nation. But no one can now read the following summary of his character without a feeling of disgust. Voltaire, in his "Philosophical Dictionary," says that "Peter was half bear and half tiger." Macaulay declares that "to the end of his life he lived in his palace like a hog in a sty, and when he was entertained by other sovereigns never failed to leave unequivocal proof that a savage had been there."

Peter, when the fit was on him, literally caned everybody—from his cook to his counsellor, from the meanest peasant to the highest noble—sparing neither age nor sex. He would get up from the table and flog the host that was entertaining him. He would stand at the door of the senate house and flog each senator that went in. Let him stand at the door of the senate house and flog each senator that went in. Let him stand at the door of the senate house and flog each senator that went in. Let him stand at the door of the senate house and flog each senator that went in.

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An Expert Opinion.

"Well, Sam Wing," asked the reporter, "what is your opinion concerning the Chinese-Japanese war?" "Two centee collar, fi centee cuff, ten centee shirt," said Sam Wing. "Then the reporter went back to the office and wrote up a column interview 'with a prominent Chinese citizen.'"

A Broad Hint.

Sir Andrew Agnew, of Lucknow, a well-known Scotch baron, was long pestered by an impudent sort of person, who insisted on constantly being 'underfoot.' Finally,

however, he dropped off, and Sir Andrew was asked how he got rid of him. "Oh," said he, "I gave him a broad hint." "A broad hint?" repeated the inquirer. "I thought he was one of those who never could be induced to take one." "Oh," said Sir Andrew, "he was obliged to take it. For as the chiel wadna gang out at the door, I just threw him out of the window!"

Curious Legal Tenders.

Here is a note for coin collectors. A Mexican traveller once discovered a strange circulating medium while travelling through the great republic on its south-western borders. As the story goes, the traveller bought some lime-s and gave the girl who sold them one dollar in payment. By way of change she returned him forty-nine pieces of soap the size of a sweet biscuit. After expressing his surprise, a police officer who witnessed the incident informed him that soap was a legal tender in that country.

Only the Scars Remain.

"Among the many testimonials which I see in regard to certain medicines performing cures, cleansing the blood, etc.," writes HENRY HUDSON, of the James Smith Woolen Machinery Co., Philadelphia, Pa., "none impress me more than my own case. Twenty years ago, at the age of 18 years, I had swellings come on my legs, which broke and became running sores. Our family physician could do me no good, and it was feared that the bones would be affected. At last, my good old mother urged me to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I took three bottles, the sores healed, and I have not been troubled since. Only the scars remain, and the memory of the past, to remind me of the good Ayer's Sarsaparilla has done me."



Ayer's Sarsaparilla has done me. I now weigh two hundred and twenty pounds, and am in the best of health. I have been on the road for the past twelve years, have noticed Ayer's Sarsaparilla advertised in all parts of the United States, and always take pleasure in telling what good it did for me."

For the cure of all diseases originating in impure blood, the best remedy is

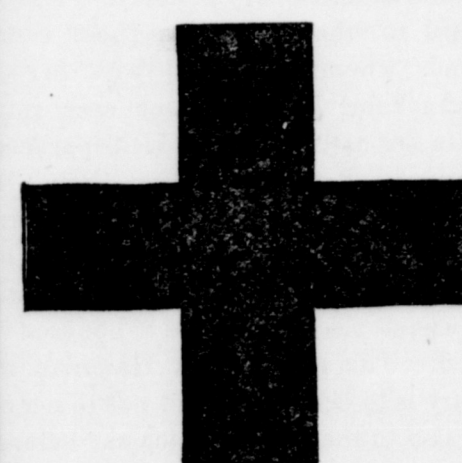
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