

WHAT IT COSTS TO LIVE IN THIS LUXURIOUS AGE.

(By Margaret E. Sangster in the Brooklyn Eagle.)

A young fellow just out of college met me one day and with a disgusted expression inquired whether I knew Mr. Blank, a poet whose verses were household words. I replied that I had that honor, adding that I appreciated very much the privilege of Mr. Blank's friendship. "Yesterday," said the lad, with a gloomy look on his handsome face, "I should have said the same thing, but I am disillusioned. Blank called at our house last evening and with a laugh told my father that he felt very happy. He had settled his coal bill with the price of a poem. Think of that! Think of bringing poetry down to the level of coal bills and furnaces!"

"Mr. Blank is most fortunate," I said. "It is not every poet who can defray the cost of living by poetic dreams, nor is poetry often so remunerative that it can offset tons of coal."

We parted, the young fellow and I unable to agree with one another, but I fancy a few years later, when he shall have become a sober, plodding, professional man, with a family to support, he will understand the situation better. By some honest means coal and groceries must be paid for, and the cost of living must be taken into account whether people earn their money by one form of day labor or another.

The proposition resolves itself into several parts, the first of which is:

We cannot be exposed to the elements. We must have a refuge from winds, rain, cold, storm and sun. Whether we live in a splendid brown stone edifice or a tumble-down, unpainted cottage, or anywhere between these extremes, we must equally have protection from inclemency of the atmosphere, an asylum from friends and foes. The latter sentiment may need explanation, because every one comprehends that enemies are better on the outside of the sheltering walls while everybody who is not disposed to hermit life has a welcome for his friends. Four walls and a roof are the shell of the home, let it be very simple or very stately. For this shelter we pay either in rent, if we hire, or in taxes and the cost of constant repairs, if we own the estate. At the basis of family living lies the cost of the shelter, and the first duty of a householder is to rightly adjust this item of expense in its relation itself should not annually cost for to other necessary items. The house shelter more than a fifth of the annual income.

These are the essentials. Other matters may take care of themselves.

A man who goes daily to business must be comfortably clothed for his work, well shod and provided with outer garments that enable him to appear thoroughly respectable among his associates. A good deal of success may depend on the appearance a man makes when going to and from the place of his work. A man whose dress is obviously shabby is a millionaires he can afford to look as poor

as poverty.

In ordinary circumstances the man of the house must be well dressed, but ready-made clothing of good quality, even in our extravagant country, may be purchased for cash at a fair price. Gravel, a good cut and good material are selected and adequate care taken of the garments, a man need not be troubled overmuch about the cost of his clothes. Wife and children are well dressed, or badly dressed not according to the amount of money spent, but according to the taste, skill and economy of the mistress of the house. It is rather amusing to compare notes on this subject. Mrs. A. will dress four children very comfortably on the same sum that Mrs. B. spends on two, but the first is a good manager, and the second has little foresight and management. Both would be gainers if they understood that cash customers always save more than those who keep running accounts in the shops, and if they likewise understood that there are times when a housewife may secure real bargains. By this I do not mean that women should shop merely on bargain days, so called, but that those who buy at the end of a season, when goods are marked down, often find bargains that would have cost had they bought when the season opened.

Those who have made an exhaustive study of the cost of food assure us that this item ranges about the same in the different markets of the country, although in some places one supply may cost more and another less than in a place hundreds of miles away. Those who have gardens of their own, or who are able to buy directly from the farm of a neighbor, with no intervening middleman and no ascending scale of profit from producer to consumer, may live more cheaply than their friends who possess no such advantage.

In the country, for instance, the only money actually expended may be laid out for meat when the butcher makes his weekly round with his cart. Other articles of food are raised on the farm, and the thrifty housewife has the chance to barter her eggs and butter in the nearest town for other things she needs. Country dwellers should live much better, all things considered, than their city cousins.

The crying sin of American housekeeping is wilful waste. The amount of good food that is daily thrown away by people of limited means is positively shocking. One housekeeper takes great care of left-overs from the table, and suffers nothing to be lost through forgetfulness or cast by a thriftless maid into the garbage pail. The average maid despises small economies, but this is no reason why she should not be taught to practice them. The cost of living in a thousand homes might annually be diminished by a tenth without a single person in the household incurring the slightest self-denial.

I'm a-lonin' for the music like the kind I used to know.

When I roomed with Mark and Jimmie and with Aleck, Gish and Joe In the boarding-house off yonder in the lonesome time o' life.

"Fore I had a little baby, 'fore I had a little wife, When I got my pipe a-burnin' an' I'm settin' in the gloom.

I can hear the fellows laughin' see the three beds in the room, An' hear the strings a-singin' as the bow begins to saw.

At "The Wind that Shakes the Barley" and "Turkey in the Straw."

Then I hear the hard a-patin an' the voices pause an' break, An' I smell the perfumed breezes that have made the barley shake; Nights we've sat and cut and shufled till the comin' of the dawn.

And have bet a whole week's income on cards that we have drawn Or been baffled an' been caught at it on a bob-tail flush or straight.

We have done the town by gaslight, and have gone its every gait, But the numbers of the music is what brings my heart to taw.

With "The Wind that Shakes the Barley" and "Turkey in the Straw."

HOW PNEUMONIA STARTS.

You catch a cold today, by tomorrow it has reached the throat, next day the lungs are affected and you wish you had used "Catarrhazone," which kills colds in five minutes. In the first place Catarrhazone soothes the irritated membranes and relieves congestion,—that is it cuts out the phlegm and destroys the germs. It enables the blood to retain a natural supply of oxygen, lung food and vitality. In any cough, bronchitis or lung affection it's guaranteed to positively cure. Decline any substitute for Catarrhazone.

A small office boy, who had worked in the same position for two years on a salary of \$3 per week, finally plucked up enough courage to ask for an increase in wages.

"How much more would you like to have?" inquired his employer.

"Well," answered the lad, "I don't think \$2 more a week would be too much."

"Well, you seem to me rather a small boy to be earning \$5 a week," remarked his employer.

"I suppose I do. I know I'm small for my age," the boy explained, "but, to tell you the truth, since I've been here I haven't had time to grow."

He got his raise.—St. Nicholas.

Sunlight Soap is better than other soaps, but is best when used in the Sunlight way. Buy Sunlight Soap and follow directions.

WHEN MOTHER IS AWAY.

The house is such a dreary place when mother is away; There isn't fun in anything, no matter what you play. The dolls just sit as stupid, and act so still and queer— They always say such funny things when mother's by to hear.

The little china tea set looks so lonesome waiting there; There's no fun playing party and eating only air! It isn't like the lovely things you most believe you see Upon the plates and saucers when mother comes to tea.

There's no use doing up your hair and dressing up in style, You know it's just pretending and you're Betty all the while; You never hear a whisper from the chairs against the wall: "Dear me, what splendid lady now is coming here to call!"

The pictures in the picture books are never half so fine, The stories won't come out and talk for any pains of mine; An hour goes so slowly, it's almost like a day— The house is such a lonesome place when mother is away.

—Rudie T. Weybren in Good Housekeeping.

PALE WEAK GIRLS

Obtain Bright Eyes, Rosy Cheeks and Perfect Health Through the Use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Miss Jennie Burrows, Rigault, Que., says: "I write to thank you for the wonderful benefit your Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done me. I am now 22 years of age, but from the time I was fourteen I did not enjoy good health. A couple of years ago while attending school I grew worse, and the Sisters in charge called in a doctor. After treating me for some time, without any improvement, he told me that I must discontinue my studies. When I got home I was sent to Caledonia Springs. The first month I was there it seemed to help me, but, like all the medicine I had taken, the help was only temporary, and I relapsed into my former condition. I was so pale and wax-like that strangers called me the wax figure. My heart would beat so violently that I could hear the noise it made. I was so weak I could not walk a block without support, or without resting two or three times. My head would sometimes ache so violently as to almost drive me wild, and at other times I would grow dizzy. All this time I was taking treatment, but all the time was getting worse and worse, and I hardly hoped ever to be better again. At this time I read in a newspaper of a somewhat similar case cured by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I determined to try them. By the time I had used a half dozen boxes I had improved a great deal. From that on, week by week, I gained in health and strength, until by the time I had used eleven boxes I was enjoying better health than I had done for years. I am now well and strong, and thank God for the blessing of good health. Your wonderful Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have conferred upon me. I would strongly advise every weak and ailing girl who reads this to lose no time in taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cured Miss Burrows because they made the rich red blood necessary to drive disease from the system. These pills go straight to the root of the matter in the blood and cure that. That is why they cure all troubles due to bad blood. Anaemia, paleness, eruptions of the skin, palpitation, headaches, kidney trouble, rheumatism, neuralgia, and a host of other troubles, are all due to bad blood, and are speedily routed from the system by the rich, red blood made by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Don't take a substitute, see the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," is printed on the wrapper around each box. If in doubt you can get the pills by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

NATHAN'S VIEW OF MASSACRE.

Startling Reports of Condition of the Jews—Painful Horrifying Picture.

Berlin, March 30.—Startling reports of the condition and future of Russia's 6,000,000 Jews have been to the annual meeting of the Central Jewish Relief League of Germany by Dr. Paul Nathan, a well-known Berlin publicist, who has returned from an extensive trip through Russia as the special emissary of Jewish philanthropists in England, America, and Germany, to arrange for distribution of the relief fund of \$1,500,000 raised after the massacres last autumn. Dr. Nathan paints a horrifying picture of the plight and prospects of his coreligionists, and forecasts at any hour renewed massacres exceeding in extent and terror all that have gone before. He left St. Petersburg with the firm conviction that the Russian government's studied policy for the "colution" of the Jewish question is a systematic and murderous extermination.

Dr. Nathan read to the meeting a circular addressed to the governor of Odessa, calling upon the soldiers to "rise and crush the traitors who are plotting to upset the holy government of the Czar and substitute for it a Jewish empire."

He concluded with an appeal to the Jewish money powers of the world to arrest Russia's career as a borrower. The financiers of the world should call a halt to Russia, not only for humanitarian reasons, but for practical reasons. Russia's bankruptcy is an established fact, he added.

THE LATE MR. PAYNE.

Feeling Tribute from an Old Newspaper Associate of the Deceased.

Chatham World.—Mr. Payne was an energetic and conscientious worker, and was always severe and good-humored. Nothing ruffled or bothered him. When he had a big job on hand, such as the reporting of a local Exhibition, he mapped out the work as methodically as an architect drawing plans for a house, and made such assignments as would ensure proper attention to every part of it. He was always smiling, always genial, and always at work, hard at work. Every man and boy in the profession loved 'Bob' Payne.

Mr. Payne was sent to London, a few years ago, to serve on the Canadian staff of a great Exhibition, and was sent to Liverpool by Sir Chas. Tupper to get some commercial information that was wanted. Sir Charles was anxious to get some statistics by the next day. His office staff told him it was impossible, but Mr. Payne promptly said he would try. He got to Liverpool in the night, routed commercial magnates out of bed at daylight, waited on customs officials and jollied them into going to their offices before of one o'clock, and by four o'clock had with all the facts that were wanted long before he was looked for even by Sir Charles Tupper. And then Sir Charles read the members of his staff a lesson, and held up Mr. Payne to them as one to be imitated, and the wonderful feat of the New Brunswick newspaper man, in accomplishing what to the Englishmen seemed to be impossible, was a theme for conversation in official circles.

His old friend, the editor of The World, was chatting with him the other day at Fredericton, and he was full of his new life on the farm. It was leisure after slavery, and the financial results were much better. He told of his arrangements for cutting lumber on the land, of the crops he intended to raise next season, and of his plans for getting big profits out of the estate. He was anchored for life, happy, prosperous and contented, and the grinding toil of the past years was deserted forever.

Yes, he had indeed retired from newspaper work forever, as his physical appearance only too plainly told his friends, but the end came more quickly than was anticipated. He is dead, but he will live long as a pleasant memory in the minds of all who were ever associated with him.

HAS RELIC OF KING CHARLES.

Edward VII. Possesses Vertebra Severed by the Axe.

London, March 30.—King Edward has recently been placed in possession of a gruesome relic of one of his Stewart predecessors on the throne—namely, the lower portion of the vertebra of King Charles I., and which had been severed by the axe at the time of his execution.

In 1813, when the coffin of the ill-fated monarch was accidentally discovered in the vaults of St. George's chapel at Windsor, George IV., then prince regent, caused the casket to be opened in his presence and in that of several other distinguished men, including Sir Henry Hallford, who enjoyed the distinction of having been the medical adviser to no less than four British sovereigns. After the remains of King Charles were found in a marvellous state of preservation had been carefully examined, the leaden coffin was soldered up again, and it was only when this had been completed that the discovery was made that the portion of the vertebra to which I have referred above had been overlooked and left outside the casket.

The prince regent would not hear of the latter being opened again to replace the fragment of bone which presented it to Sir Henry Hallford, who was one of his great favorites.

Sir Henry caused it to be enclosed in a case of lignum vitae, lined with gold and with a Latin inscription inside. He was proud of the relic and often showed it to friends and acquaintances. Quite recently old Lady Hallford, widow of the grandson of Sir Henry Hallford, realizing that at her death without issue the relic in question might find its way into the auction room, made up her mind that it would be her right to do to restore it to the royal family, from whom her husband's grandfather had received it. So she presented it to King Edward who, accepting the gift, has caused it to be placed in a handsome silver box and has laid the latter on the coffin of Charles I. in the vaults of St. George's chapel, thus quietly signifying his disapproval of the ghoul-like and assuredly sacrilegious practice of preserving as curious fragments of the remains of illustrious dead which should repose in hallowed tombs or graves.

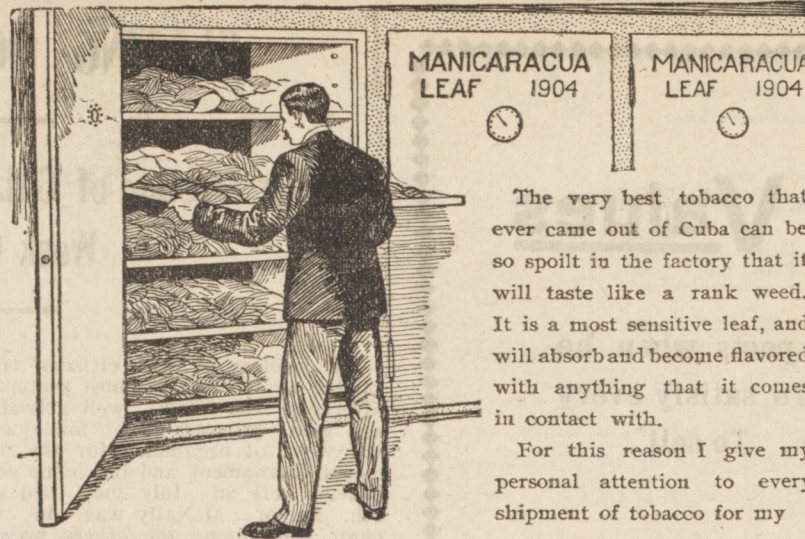
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FIVE YEARS EACH AT DORCHESTER.

Brother and Sister Sentenced to Long Terms in Penitentiary.

Halifax, March 30.—In the Police Court yesterday afternoon before Stipendiary Magistrate Fielding, Garfield Benoit and Elizabeth Gray, charged with a serious offense, pleaded guilty, and were sentenced to five years each in Dorchester Penitentiary. Both seemed greatly overcome by the sentence of the court, especially the woman,

who broke down, and wept. They will be taken to Dorchester this morning.

The woman is a widow, and about thirty-eight years of age. She has four small children, and the S. P. C. has had them placed in one of the institutions. The man who is about 22 years of age, is her brother, and they belong to Tangier. The woman has been living in Halifax for some time, but the man only came here recently. It is stated that their father furnished the authorities with the information, that led to their arrest.

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