

CURRENT COMMENT

New Zealand is to be made a "dominion" too. Make them all British "dominions."

Mark Twain has been convinced that there are some things Great Britain can do better than the United States.

Great Britain proposes to abandon the principle of contraband of war, as far as the commerce of neutral nations is concerned. The United States proposes to exempt from seizure the property of neutrals except contraband. Perhaps something may come out of the conference after all.

A large quantity of valuable timber is being destroyed by forest fires in Northern Ontario. This is an ever constant danger, to be lessened only by good methods and vigilance. And fire is the greatest enemy of all schemes of timber cutting regulation and reforestation.

Recently the British Dental Association gave its attention to the subject of children's teeth in the elementary schools. It had been found at a place called Kettering, for instance, that 96 per cent. of the children (over 6,000 being examined), had defective mouths, while an authority from Leeds declared that 39 per cent. of the ailments of children were traceable to dental conditions. The figures proved that teeth inspection should be a regular feature of school life.

Statistical tables relating to the business of friendly societies in Manitoba have been prepared by the Insurance Inspector, Mr. Ham, and submitted by him to Mr. Agnew, the Provincial Treasurer. These societies have a membership in the Province of 16,801. Incomplete returns show that in Manitoba alone the life insurance in force through the agency of friendly societies is \$17,551,418, and the cash benefits paid out during 1906 amounted to \$92,233. Most of the societies represented have their headquarters in Ontario, but are registered in Manitoba.

Over in England they are spraying the roads with boiling tar to keep down the dust raised by the automobiles. Sheffield has recently sprayed several miles of streets. The tar is ejected from a travelling tank under high pressure, and thus finds its way a little under the surface of the road, giving the work greater permanence. This spraying costs £40 to £50 a mile, somewhat costly, no doubt, but if it serves the purpose for which it is intended it will be a boon to both pedestrians and merchants.

Goldwin Smith notes that the trouble in India has passed away, as it was pretty sure to do, but he is not clear as to the future. "Nature," he says, "is still there, forbidding the rearing of English children in Hindustan, and thereby in the permanent occupation of the country by the English race. Military occupation may be carried on long, but it can hardly be carried on forever. When it ceases, what will be the condition of India?" It is too early to despair yet. Perhaps British precept and example may in time make all present guesses worthless. Half a century or so is but a small period in the life of a nation.

When the report against gambling was up for discussion before the Anglican Synod at London several speakers spoke strongly on the subject of "bridge." One lay delegate wanted to know "why the clergymen did not get after the women who gamble in their own homes in the afternoons." A canon of the church "thought that gambling behind closed shutters in the afternoons was becoming very common in the cities and even in the villages. Poor Chinese were arrested for playing fan-tan, while the Daughters of the Empire allowed gambling at their recent function." An archdeacon said that some people appeared amazed when he told them that he did not play bridge, and he added that it was becoming very unpopular now to denounce bridge from the pulpit. "Our boys and girls," he said, "are being taught in their homes to play cards, and I wonder what do the servants think of Christian women who meet together to gamble. I thank God that we are trying to help our people in these matters. The result of the discussion was that the Synod passed a resolution deploring the prevalence of gambling, whether in social circles or in sports or commerce. Not being posted in the mysteries of bridge, nor having personal knowledge of its ravages among the women, we are scarcely in a position to comment intelligently upon the stand taken by the Synod, but evidently its members seem to think that it has a demoralizing effect upon those who engage in it. We are loath to think, however, that many otherwise respectable ladies would continue in this life of sin, or vice, or whatever one may call it, if they did not think that the game was at worst but a harmless amusement. Perhaps if we had the devotees' view of the matter presented to us we should be better able to judge. The defence has the floor.

JOHN'S TROUBLES.

(A. K. T.)

John's face was indeed agitated. John is a fairly steady-going man, with pretty well outlined ideas about right and wrong. It has always been his endeavor to do right; that is to say, to stop doing wrong. He does his best to refuse a beer, but never quite succeeds. Some people say he's only pretending, but my opinion is that John needs a weaker conscience and a stronger will. His conscience is always pricking him, and he seems to prefer it that way.

Anyway, John was getting quite a job this time. He was a despairing, livery look, and was well dressed. When I spoke he seemed pretty moody and had to jolly him before he'd come into line. At last he spoke: "I'll tell you straight, I'm kind of worried. This was the way he pulled down his colors. When John's telling things straight business has commenced. "You worrying? Why, John, you're nothing to worry about. You're single." This remark was just to see if the trouble lay that way. It did.

"What, John, you in love?" I was not really surprised, because John is in love about half the time; but, like a true friend, I made no allusion to my knowledge of previous love affairs. I knew he wouldn't like it just then. "I suppose I am," he said, gloomily. "I should make up my mind and marry the girl."

"Ah, that's just it; ought I to?" I hate that question. The only answer one can give is "No," and that never pleases the questioner. "And, why not?" I asked, displaying none of the doubts I felt. "Because she's married."

"My dear John, that settles it, surely?" I knew his own mother would agree with me there. "Not altogether," went on the infatuated man. "Well, it certainly should do," I remarked, severely. If life had taken the gloss off his mind I didn't want him to think mine were affected, too. "Perhaps I should say she's been divorced."

It's an old trick of John's to paint things black, then try to prove them white. As a rule, John's moral affairs are grey. However, I had not said anything rash. "I'm not exactly sure it would be wise to marry her," he continued, doubtfully. "You must use reason in deciding."

"You can't very well when you're in love."

"Well, reason would advise me not to," I suggested, as a little help to him. "Thank," said John, suddenly brightening up. "Here she is, I'll be bound."

As he spoke a decidedly nice looking young woman came up rather modestly. I never knew women like her were inclined to be modest. John very politely introduced us and invited me to accompany them some where or other. Of course, I had to regret, being previously engaged. I know enough not to butt in with a man who's having trouble with his conscience. And all the while John was trying to feel very glad it was John and not me, who was on such doubtful ground.

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There was some chance for the conspirators and the elephant, and it is presumed both made the most of it. There were processions in which the elephant appeared, and in one scene the animal tossed off several bottles of mineral water at a "magnificent banquet." Apart from this the play was ingeniously constructed to give the great beast a real part to play.

In the first act the elephant enters as one of the conspirators in about to murder the Prince by placing him in the tomb of the departed monarch, and, according to the stage directions, "by a roar, bans their progress." He also looms the stone which closes the vault, and thus saves the heir. At the close of the second act he selects the rightful heir to the throne. He "advances, takes the crown off the head of Korrasan (the usurper) and places it on the head of Almaznor." He also "takes up Almaznor with his trunk and bears him off in triumph."

The rightful heir, however, is not yet out of the woods. Through the greater part of the next act the "fire fiend" and the conspirators generally are after him. They finally capture him and place him in a chest to smother him quietly. "Approaches the chest and lifts up the lid when Almaznor is discovered almost expiring." In order to revive him, "the elephant gathers oranges from the trees which surround the spot and presents them to the Prince." The faithful beast then "picks up the trunk of a tree and strikes a gong," thus giving the alarm. It is not difficult to see the finale. The Prince is saved, the conspirators are captured and the elephant is worshipped.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper. "Papa," he said, "will you please to bring me a glass of water?"

His father went for the water, glowing with pride at the unusual summons, and when Willie had taken his drink the parent's curiosity got the better of him. "Why," he asked, "did you call me to-night, instead of your mother?"

"Oh, there's been a dressmaker here to-day, and I was afraid there might be some pins or needles on the floor to get into mamma's feet," replied Willie, innocently.

Norman Haggood, journalist and essayist, was discussing veracity. "Truth telling," he said, "is not always wise or praiseworthy. Indeed, it is sometimes the reverse."

"That's a young man called on a young man early one spring morning. He had his automobile along. He wanted to give the young woman a morning spin through the country."

"Little girl, the young woman's niece, answered the bell. "Is your auntie in?" said the young man. "Yes, sir," said the little girl. "That's good. Where is she?" he went on. "She's upstairs," said the little girl. "In her nightgown looking over the railing,"

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It's a toilet soap and a medicated soap—for the price of ordinary soap. Only 10c. a cake. 3 cakes for 25c.

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Stirred His Father's Pride.

Willie was a regular mother's boy, a writer in the Chicago Tribune declares. He was so devoted to her that he could not bear to have anyone else do things for him, not even his indulgent father. One night he called his father to his bedside.

No Changing the Log.

On a certain ship the mate was too fond of the cup that cheers according to Judge's Library. The captain did his utmost to break him of this habit, and everything else failing, told him that the next time he was drunk he would write it in the log. For a long time after this the mate stopped drinking. Thereupon the captain wrote the following entry in the log:

BETTER THAN SPANKING

Spanking does not cure children of bed-wetting. There is a constitutional cause for this trouble. Mrs. M. Summers, Box W. 8, Windsor, Ont., writes free to any mother her successful home treatment, with full instructions. Send no money but write her to-day if your children trouble you in this way. Don't blame the child, the chances are it can't help it. This treatment also cures adults and aged people troubled with urine difficulties by day or night.

Way for the Summer Girl.

Now both the summer girl venture into the street and into the park. Into the street and under the trees she trips daintily. Shyly she comes, for she has watched the whimsies of the weather and thinks she must beware. But she comes. That is the great, cheering, thrilling fact—she comes. Almost any girl who is prone at other seasons may be verse in summer. In two more weeks the summer girl will not steal forth so shyly for she will rule in a kingdom all hers.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Teething Babies

are saved suffering—and mothers given rest—when one uses **Nurses' and Mothers' Treasure** Quickly relieves—regulates the bowels—prevents convulsions. Used 50 years. Absolutely safe. At drug stores. 5c. bottles, \$1.25. National Drug & Chemical Co., Limited, Sole Proprietors, Montreal.

A SUGGESTION.

(By Jerry J. Coban.)
My son, there's lots on rhyme and write in different ways and measure; And sprinkle "nearby" left and right at will, with speed, ease and pleasure. But high-down metaphoric stuff, With literary glissens, Creates no love, smooth or rough, Unless it's got "the lixum."

Saves Time

Celluloid Starch needs no cooking—just cold water and 'tis ready. 'Twon't stick, you give a better rub with less ironing, than any starch you know. Your price is little. Your dealer sells it. Try it this week.

Celluloid Starch

Nightingales in Scotland. The nightingale favors some districts and shuns others. Scitland it does not visit, but a century ago a patriotic Scotsman tried to establish the nightingale in that country. He commissioned a London dealer to purchase nightingales' eggs, one shilling each being given for them. These were well packed in wood and sent to Scotland by mail coach. A number of men had previously been engaged to take special care of all robin redbreasts' nests in places where the eggs could be hatched in safety. The robins' eggs were removed and replaced by those of the nightingale, which were hatched and reared by their foster mothers. When full fledged the young nightingales seemed perfectly at home near the places where they first saw the light, and in September, the usual period of migration, they departed. But the nightingales never returned to Scotland. It has been suggested that it was not the climate they objected to so much as the difficulty of acquiring the accent.—Glasgow News.

In Automobiledom.

(Bohemian.)
Scientist—Light travels at the rate of about 187,000 miles a second. Chauffeur—Gee! That's going some! Auto Enthusiast (slightly deaf)—Par-don me, sir. But what make machine was it you just mentioned?

Pre-Existence.

(Bohemian.)
Do you remember that life, my love, As dimly it seems, do I. When you were the flower I fitted above And I was a butterfly.

Young man—But is the lady you recommend well educated?

Matrimonial agent—Well, she has a fine library of savings bank books.—Witzblatt.

It Was His Dog.

An automobile dashed along the country. Turning a curve, it came suddenly upon a man with a gun on his shoulder, and a weak, sick-looking old dog beside him. The dog was directly in the path of the motor car. The chauffeur sounded the horn, but the dog did not move—until he was struck. After that he did not move.

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But don't wait until an animal is injured. GET IT NOW—and you have the remedy that CURES all lameness in horses. If your dealer does not handle it, send 50c. to National Drug & Chemical Co., Limited, MONTREAL.

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If you are suffering with Boils, Pimples, Scalds, or other diseases, due to impure blood, if the stomach is upset, bowels, liver or kidneys out of order, digestion poor—you need

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Blood Tonic. This Tonic builds up the system. And while purifying the blood, it also restores the stomach, liver, bowels and kidneys to healthy and natural action. You can feel yourself getting better when you take Mira Blood Tonic. 5c. bottles—6 for \$5. At druggists or Chemists' Co. of Canada, Limited, Hamilton—Toronto.

Amiee Wasn't Busy.

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Effective Check on Lyncing.

Suit for damages has been brought by the widow of a man lynched in Mississippi against a railroad company which supplied a special train to carry the lynchers to the scene of the crime. Damages are put at \$100,000. Recently several sheriffs who failed to protect prisoners in their care have been called to account in the civil courts. The game of lyncing may become an expensive sport. When it does there will be a considerable decrease in the number of its victims.—New York Sun.

English Spavin Liniment

Removes all hard, soft or calloused humps and blemishes from horses, blood spavins, curbs, splints, ringbones, awesney, stifles, sprains, sore and swollen throat, coughs, etc. Save \$50 by use of one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful Blemish Cure ever known. Sold by druggists.

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The Horseman's Friend—Safe and Sure. If you have a lame horse, get Kendall's Spavin Cure. If you have a horse that can't work on account of a spavin, strain or bruise, get Kendall's Spavin Cure. If you have a horse that even a veterinarian can't cure of spavin, or any Sore Shins or Swellings—get Kendall's Spavin Cure. Two generations—throughout Canada and the United States—have used it and proved it.

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A Heartless Swindle.

In the June American Magazine Ray Stannard Baker tells the following story:

"One day while walking in one of the most fashionable residence districts of Atlanta I saw a magnificent grey stone residence standing somewhat back from the street. I said to my companion, who was a resident of the city: "That's a fine home."

"Yes," stop a minute," he said, "I want to tell you about that. The anti-kink man lives there."

"Anti-kink? I asked in surprise. "Yes," the man who occupies that house is one of the wealthiest men here. He made his money by selling to negroes a preparation to smooth the kinks out of their wool. They're simply crazy on that subject."

"Does it work?" "You haven't seen any straight-haired negroes, have you?" he asked.

Man's Woman.

He says she is gentle. He lauds her soft voice. He declares she is very amusing. He insists she is such a jolly good friend.

He enthuses over the fact that she is sympathetic. He says she has a mind that takes him far above the sordid world. You may safely wager your quarter's income that she has a little system of flattery by which she draws him out on his strong quality, and then laughs (yes, at a 49 joke) or smiles sadly, (looks volumes," or casts down her lids, according to the requirements of the situation.

Carried Unanimously.

(Chicago Tribune.)
The idea that the smoke has any effect on the contour of the nose may be dismissed as merely fanciful, but its effect on shirt collars and Panama hats is immediate and unmistakable.

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WISCONSIN

The Landhold

New York, July 8.—To the Sun says that represent the trouble in the most disaffected telegraphs that the situation is hardly real means in India or at least has spread among the Bengal aristocracy and the peasants and an active organization of almost every town and trained in archery and by well-paid instructors everywhere revolt against and actively push the goods. Men who came and who still maintain English officials are put boycott, the deadliest to be employed against a Hundreds of tales of oppression by the police come from every district. Police are too weak to take action. The press

MAN RODE A STREET

And Was Waylaid

San Francisco, July 8.—Fractured and saw to George McGuire, a local Broadstreet, was found in a condition early to-day at more streets. According to the police, McGuire had been riding a house, a distance of started up the street by a couple of men who, as McGuire if he had ridden his replying in the affluence, upon by the men unconsciousness. The clues as to his assailants

BARTELS S

SYRACUSE BREWER ING ARGUMENT

He Got Away From Office Him Over to Osgood Proceedings Went On

Toronto despatch: the former wealthy brewer who has been in weeks awaiting extradition of States to answer a charge escaped from Sheriff J. Hall in this city. Bartels large last night, with the United States and a lookout for him. He is thoroughly, he having the point for some months at rest at Niagara Falls.

Bartels was brought in the order of Mr. Justice was to hear habeas corpus an appeal against the writ of habeas corpus. The writ was granted by the court. Mr. H. H. Dewey going on the man quietly, the door, and boarding a vanished. After a short stay at Niagara Falls, Bartels were notified. Both Bartels had been allowed liberty than is usual in such cases.

Bartels belongs to Syracuse 50 years old. He was at Niagara Falls, on the day he was arrested, and was released on \$10,000 bond. He did not appear his bond with the authorities. He did not know, however, the date of his release. The man with perjury at arrest was effected at the Chief Constable Maim.

WHERE'S RUN

SEARCHING FOR THE BANK CLERK

Had Been Speculating Bank's Money Under Martin Chase—He Heavy Losses.

New York, July 8.—been spread throughout States, Canada, Europe, a plea for Chester B. Runy, paying teller of the Win pany, who fled on \$25,000, of stolen money was not the immaculate his employers thought the day he most of all case stuffed with the money, is an established before his disappearance speculating in stocks and