NOTES AND COMMENTS

In the International Congress of Physiotherapy recently convened in Berlin Professor Ewald, perhaps the most eminent clinical teacher in the Berlin University, gave the coup de grace to alcohol as a stimulant when he said he had reached the conclusion that in no infectious disease has the value of alcohol been proved and that it diminishes the natural resistance to the inroads of disease.

This confirms what every clear visioned physician of experience has observed at the bedside, that whenever alcohol is administered it handicaps the patient, because it lowers the blood pressure; it is a temporary spur to the failing heart, with a subsequent depression to which many a sick man has succumbed without realization of the cause of "heart failure." One who has seen the purple hued complexion, sodden features and perspiring, relaxed skin of an intoxicated man needs no medical training to know that here is a case of complete relaxation, the body presenting as sad evidence of crippling as does the mind. If this result may ensue in an individual who is in health, how much more seriously must the vital powers be depreciated in diseases in which other poisons are already playing havoc with the heart and nervous system.

Alcohol as a stimulant is dying as hard as did blood-letting as a panacea. The latter succumbed to an enlightened pathology and the former is now sharing the same fate. When the quantities formerly consumed in hospitals are compared with that now supplied to the best conducted institutions the view of Professor Ewald is confirmed. In the great hospital of which Dr. Ewald is the chief alcohol is ordered only in two conditions, in severe collapse and as a means of euthanasia, easy death, in hopeless disease.

The most enlightened physicians of the day realize not only the inutility but the serious harmfulness of the former free use of alcoholic stimulants in disease. The layman who "takes a drink to warm up" should know that the warming action is due to relaxation, widening of the blood vessels of the skin attended by more or less stagnation of the warm blood within them, and that this condition is accompanied by an effort of the heart to overcome the loss of tone in these superficial and other internal small vessels that necessitates an increase of the heart action, evidenced by increased pulse rate. The self-regulating powers of the system eliminate small doses of poison and reinstate normal heart action, hence no immediate unfavorable change is noted. Not so in disease. Here every drop of alcohol should be watched and the reasons for its administration clear. The facile prescriber of alcoholic stimulants needs watching by a consultant.

DRINK NO RAW MILK.

Claim That Many Infectious Diseases Can Thus Be Escaped.

In view of the fact that innumerable essays, discussions in medical and lay societies, monographs and other literature on the purification of milk have appeared during the last twenty years it becomes matter for surprise if not concern to be informed by so reliable an authority as the Boston Medical and Surgical Journal in its last issue that epidemics of milk-borne diseases are on the increase. It is stated that 800 cases of scarlet fever and 1,000 cases of tonsilitis were reported in Boston three years ago, and that typhoid fever has visited that city and its environs five times in as many months, and two epidemics of dangerous sore throat in two years.

It is a matter of record that all the epidemics were traced to raw or imperfectly pasteurized milk, and that the diseases ceased or diminished when the board of health discovered this fact and safeguarded the milk supply by pasteurization. It was ascertained that inspection alone was ineffective, one inspector of large experience having stated that if every dairy farm were guarded by an inspector he would not guarantee safe milk. And the national commission on milk standards has decreed that all milk must be subject to a temperature of 145 degrees Fahrenheit for thirty minutes. There is no record of a disease being traced to milk that had been so exposed to this temperature. There are numerous records of epidemics being checked or removed by subjecting the milk supply to proper pasteurization.

Fortunate is the man who can find out things without butting in.

Wife (pleadingly)—"I'm afraid, Jack, you do not love me any more—anyway, as well as you used to." Husband—"Why?" Wife—"Because you always let me get up to light the fire now." Husband—"Nonsense, my love! Your getting up to light the fire makes me love you all the more."

Fashion Hints

Seen in Paris Shops.

Sashes appear even on tailored suits.

The small dolman coatees, cut with a shawl pointed effect at the back, are novel.

Some charming evening cloaks are made of beaded net and brocaded silk.

A most elaborate negligee is of pervenche blue crepe de chine, trimmed with narrow bands of white ostrich plumage.

For simple morning costumes many of the coats have martingale straps and lingerie collars and revers, hemstitched and laid on those of the material.

Two hats, one small and dark and chic, one large and picturesque, will be sufficient to see the summer girl safely through the season.

A large flat or bullet-shaped button of wood trims some of the tailored suits, and leather buttons appear on motor and steamer coats.

A charming simple frock which one could make at home is of pale blue batiste, the low belt of folded taffeta caught at the side with a pink rose.

The color displayed beneath the lingerie dress may be repeated in a taffeta souple or figured crepe de chine short bolero fronted jacket mantlet.

Tulle plaitings form a finish to bolero corsages and trim the neck and sleeves of many tailored coats in crepon soie as well as serge.

Nothing will usurp the popularity of the leghorn hat for midsummer wear. Many lovely models are trimmed with plaited frills of lace and flowers.

There has been a noticeable and gradual change in the silhouette during the last month, the greatest width being at the hips, reviving the peg top effect.

New in millinery is the stiff ribbon bow standing upright in the front of a small, close fitting straw hat. Sometimes a bow, similar, stands upward toward the back.

The dark blue tailored suit may be embellished by a yellow linen waistcoat fashioned with goffered frills, which appear to form an upstanding ruched collar and cuffs.

Juvenile coats are smart made of white serge, with their collars and cuffs of colored satin. Ball buttons covered with the same material are used to fasten these coats.

A smart jacket frock is developed of finest white serge and the short waisted coat has a vest of flowered silk, which disappears beneath a broad girdle of black satin.

The wide crush girdle of satin, finished with a large bow tied so the ends and loops extend above and below the girdle several inches, is very becoming to the girlish figure.

The transparent hat is seen. It is made of tulle, net chiffon, point d'esprit, and lace shirred over foundations of wire and trimmed with lace, maline, flowers, ribbon, or feathers.

The silk ratine is a lovely material and is effective for both morning and afternoon wear. A gown of this in gray shade of yellow or chamois is very lovely with a similar color of ratine lace.

Among the new and most attractive dresses are those worn with the high neck ruffles of plaited tulle and lace. The sleeves are trimmed with similar ruffles of tulle strapped with bracelets of ribbon.

Tulle is fashioned in many effective ways for the neck. It is especially pretty arranged for the new collarettes made to cover the low cut decollete neck of some of the toilettes de course.

Many of the smartest gowns are adorned with the fishwife sash of brocaded silk in brilliant coloring. It should be drawn well over the hips and the long ends are bordered with head or silk fringe.

Frequently robes of mousseline de soie and plaited gauze are trimmed with a wide scarf embroidered in oriental style, which is turned about the hips and tied in a double knot, sometimes in front and again at the side.

The summer evening wraps are oriental in effect and are made of silk, chiffon, and transparent crepe. Brilliant eastern colors, embroidered with huge golden dragons or large flower designs, are lined with chiffon.

The well dressed woman turns to the black and white hat as the season advances, because such hats can be worn with all costumes. Just now in the shops are some smart black hats with jaunty white wings, birds, and feathers.

Fact and Fancy.

When a man takes a vacation he needs a rest; when his family takes one he gets it.

Over 90,000 people die daily.

Most of us are good because we dare not be bad.

The beliefs of the Pahouins, a West African tribe, shave the head and then dye it yellow.

The difference between genius and insanity is that the latter gets three meals a day.

Men lose a lot of money through the hole in the top of their pockets.

The New Zealand hen is an expert rat-killer.

The fact that we can't take our money with us when we die is a source of great comfort to the lawyers.

A birth is announced in Holland by a silk pincushion on the doorknob—red for a boy and white for a girl.

When marigolds do not open it is a sign of rain.

A man in love talks but little: a woman in love does little but talk.

Pinero's Methods.

Britain's foremost living dramatist, Sir Arthur Wing Pinero, has just celebrated his fifty-eighth birthday. As his name indicates, he is partly of foreign extraction, for his father was a Portuguese. His mother was Miss Williams, sister of a noted Trinity Pilot of Gravesend, and it was in that district Sir Arthur spent the days of his youth. He was at one time intended for a business career, and studied at Birkbeck College, but the call of the stage proved too strong. He made his debut before the footlights as a general utility

Sir Arthur Wing Pinero.

actor at a salary of one pound a week, but the experience he gained has proved of inestimable value, and there is no living playwright who is his superior in stage technique. One of his earliest efforts at writing for the stage was a curtain-raiser for the late Sir Henry Irving, but it was with his striking play "The Magistrate" that Sir Arthur gained his first big success.

Sir Arthur Pinero's method of writing a play is certainly unique, for he first devises the final scene, and from that works back to his opening. When he is about to rehearse a play he has planned out the minutest detail of business. He is a kindly autocrat at rehearsals, and the actor or actress who does not follow his direction is soon brought to task.

ESCAPING THE TURKS.

Terrifying Experience of an English War Correspondent.

On the way up the Adriatic coast to Ragusa, during the campaign in Herzegovina in 1875, Mr. Melton Prior, the English war correspondent, passed a night that, he declares in "Campaigns of a War Correspondent," was one of the most terrifying experiences of his adventurous life. He was with a party of Montenegrin soldiers, and they were likely at any time to encounter a large band of Turks.

We had descended into a valley when we heard firing. As the men said it was from the enemy, we determined to pass the night where we were, and do the dangerous four hours' trip in the early morning. Our guides very soon discovered a hut. It was actually within a mile of a Turkish fort, where there were no less than two hundred soldiers.

The worst was yet to come, while we thirty-two men were all huddled together in this cattle-shed. I was lying on the ground, with nothing except a rug rolled over me, when I heard a stealthy noise, and then a sudden rush. I felt certain that the enemy was upon us, and that I was going to be killed. While I lay on the ground, something rushed over me, and jumping to my feet, I made a dash at it—to find that it was only one of a flock of sheep that had come into the hut, which they had been accustomed to use for shelter. We very soon turned them out, and tried to go to sleep again; but a short time afterward a man crept in and woke us all up, and told us that a friend of his, who lived in the fort, had told him that he had heard the Turks talking about us.

They knew we were there, and they intended to attack us in the morning, and had actually decided upon the exact moment when they intended to do it. This put my friend Monteverdi on the qui vive. He was an old colonel in the Russian army, and the scent of danger set him on his mettle. He very quickly decided what was the best thing to do.

"Prior," he said, "we must start at once. We must travel at night in the darkness, and get as far as we can on the road, so that when the Turks come down to look for us they will be mightily disappointed. We shall slip them."

The rain was coming down in torrents, but that could not be helped; there was nothing for it but to keep on our horses and ride through it. I really believe that lots of officers have earned their V. C. with less agony of mind than I experienced that night, for I knew only too well that if I were captured by the Turks, my life would not be worth an hour's purchase. We got safely through the valley, and arrived toward evening at the headquarters of Pavlovic, the Herzegovinian chief.

That's All.

Knicker—"A judge has ruled that a woman shouldn't spend more on clothes than on rent."

Mrs. Knicker—"Well, then, we shall have to pay a bigger rent."

A strong-minded man is one who has occasion to say "I told you so" and doesn't.

HEALTH

Bed as a Rest Cure.

In the case of a serious illness, such as typhoid fever, or pneumonia, or acute rheumatism, the patient must have absolute rest in bed. The physician in charge is generally able to enforce the rule, but there are a good many disorders in which "rest" as part of the treatment must be left to the judgment of the patient, or of those who care for him.

Then, again, there are difficult cases, in which the physician can only recommend "more rest" in a general way, and must depend on the common sense of his patient—when it exists—for the carrying out of his advice.

There are certain half-exhausted, nervously tired, restless persons who keep hard at work until they drop into nervous prostration. Persons of this temperament are often of great intelligence; they are perfectly aware of their own folly, but they seem to be driven by some malign force within them, like leaves before the wind.

No general advice can help such patients; they can be aided only by submitting themselves to iron-clad rules. That is one of the reasons why the sanitarium treatment is so successful—the insubordinate, never quiet neurasthenic is made over into a meek and submissive patient by the sheer weight of rule and discipline.

For a third person who has not quite broken down, but shows every sign of doing so, there is nothing like bed. The treatment will vary in duration in different cases, but the physician should simply insist on the prescription, and refuse to enter upon the wearisome arguments that worn-out people seem to enjoy.

He can usually persuade a person who is not too badly off to start the treatment by a few days in bed, and then to spend one entire day there every week. Of course bed will do no good if the patient bounces about actively and impatiently between the covers. By "bed," the physician does not mean merely a piece of chamber furniture, but long hours of deep-breathing drowsiness in a reclining posture in a well-ventilated but dimly lighted room.—Youth's Companion.

Digestion and the Complexion.

The digestion has a very great deal, indeed, to do with beauty of complexion, or the reverse. But the complexion and the eyes deteriorate from injudicious eating, even in cases where no dyspepsia may be complained of. If the blood be in the slightest degree overheated, or ever so little charged with bile from inactivity of the liver, the skin comes to grief, and it is the skin of the face that suffers first. The best cosmetic ever invented could not cure this state of matters till the blood gets right again. Nature will effect a cure, however, if the diet be lowered, and only cooling food be partaken of. When one, in summer, suffers from thirst to a considerable degree it is a sign that more than the system requires has been eaten. If then large quantities of fluid be swallowed matters are rendered far worse, perspiration is induced, and once again the complexion suffers. No better drink can be partaken of for health's sake than the juice of a lemon in soda water, or simply in cold water sweetened with sugar. What medical men call acne, or pimples, are very disfiguring. They usually denote poverty of blood, and, therefore, small doses of quinine and iron should be taken twice a day for, say, a month, while codliver oil and extract of malt, if taken after every meal, a dessertspoonful, often acts like a charm.

The Glories of Hyde Park.

The Royal Family have done much during the London season to revive the glories of Hyde Park, which, together with its surroundings, is far and away the most beautiful park to be found in any capital of Europe. His Majesty, by his early morning ride, accompanied by Princess Mary, has popularized Rotten Row, and the Queen, who has never shown a liking for horse exercise, has led the way in restoring the fashionable afternoon drive, and has thus earned the thanks of all lovers of horses. The Park about four o'clock in the afternoon is now filled with equipages, more worthy their beautiful setting than the motor car could ever be, for the latter, even though it may have cost $7,500, arouses but little interest in the spectator. It does not add to the attractiveness of the scene.

Afraid of Machinery.

A little city chap was offered a chance to spend a week in the country, but refused. Coaxing, pleading, arguing, promising of untold wonders alike brought from him nothing but the stubborn ultimatum "No country for mine."

"But why not?" someone asked finally.

"Because," he responded, "they have 'thrashing' machines out there, an' it's bad enough here, where it's done by hand."

"My wife," said Mr. Clarke, "sent $2 in answer to an advertisement of a sure method of getting rid of superfluous fat." "And what did she get for the money? Was the information what she wanted?" asked Mr. Simmons. "Well, she got a reply telling her to sell it to the soap man."

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL STUDY

INTERNATIONAL LESSON, AUGUST 3.

Lesson V. The Plagues of Egypt—Psa. 105, 23-36. Golden Text, Matt. 23. 12.

Our lesson passage is taken from one of the so-called historical psalms, in which later generations in Israel commemorated the goodness and guidance of Jehovah during the earlier period of the nations development. In the verses of the psalm assigned for study Jehovah is praised for his faithfulness in protecting his people when they were oppressed by the Egyptians in Egypt. The preceding verses (1-22) and those that follow (37-45) tell of the earlier and later manifestations of divine goodness as reflected in the connected history of God's chosen people. The historical narrative as recorded in Exodus is very much fuller and goes more into detail than the brief poetical summary which constitutes our lesson. (Compare Exod. 7. 8 to 11. 10.) The inspired poet is, moreover, not interested in the chronological sequence of the events so much as in the greatness of the deliverance wrought by Jehovah in each instance. To this fact we may ascribe the omission on his part of all reference to two of the plagues (those of pestilence and boils) mentioned in Exodus. This religious interest of the psalmist may also account for the order in which the plagues are mentioned, which again differs from the order in Exodus. According to the Exodus narrative they occurred in the following order: (1) Nile water changed to blood; (2) frogs; (3) lice; (4) flies; (5) pestilence; (6) boils; (7) hail; (8) locusts; (9) darkness; (10) death of first-born.

Verse 23. Israel—The reference is to Jacob as the immediate ancestor of the twelve tribes. The poetical form of the reference permits the use in close proximity to each other of the two names for the same person.

The land of Ham—Egypt.

24. Increased his people greatly—"And the children of Israel were fruitful and increased abundantly, and multiplied, and waxed exceedingly mighty; and the land was filled with them" (Exod. 1. 7).

Stronger than their adversaries—Stronger than the Egyptians, whom they served.

25. He turned their heart—The subject is Jehovah and the reference is to the Egyptians, whose hearts, like the heart of Pharaoh, were hardened and embittered toward the Israelites, whom they came gradually to fear because of their increasing numbers.

To deal subtly—Deceitfully or treacherously.

26. Moses his servant—It is as the servant of Jehovah and his representative to the people that Moses appears throughout the Exodus narrative.

Aaron . . . chosen—Chosen to serve Moses as spokesman and in other ways.

27. They set among them—Moses and Aaron among the Egyptians.

His signs—The manifestations of his power and will.

28. He sent darkness—The Egyptians were worshippers of the sun-god, and with them, therefore, the plague of darkness would be especially calculated to inspire fear of Jehovah upon them. This interpretation of the plague appears the more probable from the next sentence, "And they rebelled not against his words," in which the pronoun "they" is generally taken to refer to the Egyptians. The whole sentence therefore reflects the attitude of the Egyptian people toward the Israelites, to whose departure out of the land the people were reconciled much earlier than was their stubborn king.

29. Their waters—Those of the Nile river. (Compare Exod. 7. 20-25.)

30. Frogs—According to the Exodus narrative, the second plague. (Compare Exod. 8. 1-15.)

31. Swarms of flies . . . lice—Literally, swarms of dog-flies and gnats. (Compare also Exod. 8. 16-32.)

32. Hail . . . flaming fire—Hail accompanied by thunder and lightning. The reference is to a single plague, the seventh, according to the order in Exodus (Exod. 9. 23-35.)

33. Smote their vines . . . brake the trees—By means of the hail and lightning. (Compare Psa. 78. 47, 48.)

34. Locust . . . grasshopper—Again referring to a single plague. The Hebrew word probably denotes the locust in its larva state, and in the English revised version is therefore translated cankerworm instead of as in our text.

35. Every herb—Grass and vegetable foliage.

The fruit of their ground—This expression may refer to such bulbs as were used for food.

36. The first-born in their land—Both of cattle and of human beings, and therefore the chief of all their strength. This was the tenth and last plague, and proved so convincing that even Pharaoh was not only willing but anxious, to have the Israelites depart from Egypt.

The manner in which the Hebrews themselves escaped from the ravages of the death angel is recorded in our next lesson, in which we revert to the Exodus narrative.

The weather was warm, and Pat decided to shave on the back porch. Mrs. Casey, across the way observed this. "Pat," she called, "shure an' Oi see ye air shavin' outside." "Begorra," he responded, "and did ye think Oi was fur-lined?"

INEVITABLENESS OF DEATH

There Comes a Day When the King Is Stripped of Crown and Sceptre

So is he that layeth up treasure for himself, and is not rich toward God.—Luke xii., 21.

Jesus was undoubtedly one of the gentlest of men, but He was also upon occasion one of the most terrible. What could be more pitiless, for example, than the manner in which He rebuked the two brothers who disputed over their inheritance by telling them the story of the rich man who was congratulating himself that he had "much goods laid up for many years" and was pulling down his old barns to "build greater" for his stores when he died? "God said unto him, Thou foolish one, this night is thy soul required of thee, and the things which thou hast prepared, where shall they be?"

This is a terrible question, but it is one which it is well for us to face. Nothing is more wholesome, after all, than to be reminded now and then of the inevitableness of death, and to be required to measure our earthly ambitions and purposes from the standpoint of this tremendous event. The king reigns in unexampled splendor, but there comes a day when he is stripped of crown and sceptre and is left with nothing to distinguish him from the veriest beggar.

The Multi-millionaire

has more money than he can estimate, but sooner or later he is doomed to lose every dollar of his fortune. The patron of art and literature gathers his treasures from all quarters of the globe, only in the end to surrender every book and picture to his heedless heirs or yield them to the tender mercies of the auctioneer. All these have gained something from the toys and baubles of their little hour. The king has enjoyed his brief moment of regal power, the millionaire has revelled in the glitter of his gold, the connoisseur has stood enraptured before many a great canvas and handled fondly many a rare folio. But what have they gained in the long run? What is the permanent worth of their "much goods?" How are they different in the end from so many little children who gather sparkling pebbles all day upon the sands, and, taking them home in the evening, ask that they be exchanged for gold?

In the eternity of death, however it may be in the flitting moments of life, it is things spiritual and not material which really count. The barbarian buries food and drink, clothing and jewelry, spear and shield with the body of his dead chieftain, in the confident expectation that these things can be carried over into the great beyond. But this superstition is no longer ours. The clothing we wear, the houses we build, the lands we buy, the money we invest, the jewels and pictures and bric-a-brac we accumulate—all, as we well know,

Must Be Surrendered

at the last day with the body that has claimed them. Nothing is left us except our souls. It is now a question not of what we have, but of what we are. The treasures which we have laid up on the earth, through much sweat and many tears, vanish away as though they had never been, and we are rich, or we are poor, "toward God" alone.

I have called this truth terrible. But it is terrible, after all, only to the "foolish one." To the wise man the truth is as gracious as it is just. It makes the programme of existence simple and the pathway of endeavor plain. Like the magic formula in the test tube of the chemist, death separates from the solution of life the clear precipitate of the Spirit. It separates the earthly from the heavenly, the mortal from the immortal, the worthless dross from the priceless gold. Death tells us, if life does not, that it is the soul that is alone worth having. How fitting the inscription on the ancient Roman tomb: "I have expended; I have given; I have kept. What I expended, I had; what I gave, I have; what I kept, I lost."—Rev. John Haynes Holmes.

Young Folks

The Redbreast Family.

Bobby sat on the corner of the bungalow piazza, and looked up, up, up to the board roof above.

What do you suppose was up there?

Bobby could see a part of the big round nest that Mother and Father Robin had built out of mud and dry grass. Bobby watched them flying back and forth all day. And now he was sorry to see that they were afraid of him.

Bobby knew that there were eggs, because Mother Robin sat on the nest a long, long time, and then later he knew that there were little birds, for he heard them crying, "Chirp! chirp! chirp!" all day long.

Mother and Father Robin were busy sitting on the nest and carrying home big, fat, juicy worms from the garden. Sometimes Father Robin would bring home a bright red cherry in his bill, and then what a noise those little baby robins made about it!

"I wish I could see the inside of that nest," said Bobby, and his father replied, "Look to-morrow morning, and you will see the robin family at home."

"Are you going to bring a ladder?" asked the little boy, with his eyes wide open.

"Wait and see," said his father. "As soon as it is light."

When the sun woke Bobby up the next morning, he ran right out and looked up into the corner. There was a little mirror fastened just above the nest, and he could see reflected in it the soft, round nest, and four of the funniest little baby robins.

"Where did you get such big mouths?" asked Bobby, with his own mouth wide open with surprise. "And why didn't your mother buy you some feathers?"

"Chirp! chirp! chirp!" cried all the little robins, and they looked so sorry for themselves that Bobby ran out into the garden and dug for worms until he had found four big, fat, juicy ones, one for each little hungry mouth.

Bobby climbed up on a high chair and stood on his tiptoes, and stretched way, way, way up until he could just reach the nest.

Chirping louder than ever, the baby robins huddled together over the edge of the nest, and opened their mouths way down, and fought for the four big, fat juicy worms that wriggled themselves almost into a knot.

"Bobby," called his mother, "come and dress!"

Bobby ran to his mother, but such a chirping as he heard in the nest above him!

Mother and Father Robin came hopping and whistling "Chirrup! chirrup!" all the way up the lawn, and tilting their saucy tails until they heard the cry of their little family of hungry birds.

They both whistled as they saw each of their babies struggling with a big, fat, juicy worm.

"Now, who do you suppose has been sending us in meat for breakfast?" asked Mother Robin, with her bright eyes shining.

Father Robin looked up at the mirror above his head, and saw the nest upside down, with the four little birds in it.

"It was the family overhead," whistled Father Robin, and pointed his bill at the mirror above.

"What silly birds, to build a nest upside down!" said Mother Robin with a laugh. "No wonder their breakfast fell down into our nest! Chirrup! chirrup! chirp!"

And that is what that stupid robin redbreast family always thought about the four big, fat, juicy worms that Bobby brought to them.—Youth's Companion.

NEW SPECIES OF WILD DUCK.

Carries Its Young on Its Back—Male Bird Feeds Ducklings.

A brand new species of wild duck, brilliantly colored, which carries its young on its back, and the young of which is regularly fed by the male bird while the female bird is sitting on a second setting of eggs, has been found near Lacombe, Alberta.

The birds were first discovered by Senator Peter Talbot. When the birds have reared their young ones an effort will be made to trap them for further study.

"The birds were found on a slough adjoining the road allowance near my farm," said Senator Talbot recently, in discussing his find, "and they have attracted a great deal of attention. The male bird at the present time takes care of the young, while the female bird is sitting on more eggs, and although many people have been near the nest and the younger ones, the birds do not appear to be the least bit frightened. The male bird is apparently able to form its body and wings into a kind of boat, and the young always ride around on the back of the parents in this fashion. Even when the parent bird goes under a wire fence across the slough and the younger ones are scraped off, they always managed to scramble back on to the backs of their parents, and as far as we have been able to see make no effort to shift for themselves, the male bird feeding them constantly."

The color of the new species of duck is also remarkable, according to those who have been watching them. Except for a dark streak running from the bill back across the head, the head is pure white, while the eye is big and of a bright red color. The neck and breasts of the birds are bronze in color, while the back is a light grey.

"No one in the vicinity has ever seen ducks of that kind before," said Senator Talbot, "and although we have made enquiries all over this Province, we cannot find that this particular species has even invaded the Province before."

A Poser For Teacher.

The teacher was reading the history of England to some of the little pupils. When she came to the statement that Henry I. never laughed after the death of his son, she noticed one of the little girls had raised her hand and seemed very desirous of attracting her attention. "Well, Amy," said the teacher, "what is it?" "Please, ma'am," said little Amy, "what did Henry I. do when he was tickled?"

Don't run to meet trouble. It will meet you soon enough.