

**NOTES AND COMMENTS**

Our liking for the mosquito is a strange fable. We not only tolerate it. We raise it. We provide hatching. With care or carelessness we leave large or small pools of stagnant water for the birth, comfort, and sustenance of the wrigglers. A few pieces of tile or a gallon of kerosene would drain the pool or kill the wrigglers. Both tile and oil are easy to be had. We do not use them. The conclusion is irresistible. We must like the mosquito. That's a curious fable.

In return the mosquito deprives us of the greatest charm of summer. It denies the garden to us in the sweet of the evening. When the sun comes down hot and commanding on the lawn and flower bed on young green corn and ripening melon, the mosquito will give you leave to be out. But when Venus shows in the evening crimson, when the night breeze comes through the aisles of the woods, when the Great Bear walks overhead, and Arcturus is incandescent in mid sky, the mosquito chases you, his indulgent prey, indoors and puts you under a hot roof.

The summer day has wrought the perfection of the summer night. You may have the heat of the day, but not the beauty of the night, unless your skin be rhinoceros thick and your blood virus proof. Silent or singing, the autocrat of the summer evening arises out of the tangled green, out of the rose bush, out of the viburnum, out of the bracken, up from beside the milkweed and the clover, by the wild sunflower and the aster, and asserts its dominance.

It comes from the close cropped lawn and the poppy beds, from the dahlias and the gladioli, out of the magnonette and alyssum and makes evident its feudal supremacy. It is the night rider, the poison pest the pirate of lawn and woods. You slap, scratch, and burn joss sticks and then flee. The beauty of the warm, moist night, scented on earth and starred in the heavens, is not for the irritated, scratching, burning mortal who has sustained sixty poisoned punctures. Back to the screens for the mosquito's serf; under the roof to get what there may be had of the summer loveliness. The night is the mosquito's.

The Panama zone was cleaned up because the mosquito there meant death. The pest-ridden territory was made as clean as the polar region in winter. If we wish to escape the pest we must go where ten years ago it was most abundant, where nature is most kindly to it, where every condition favors its prosperity. In that region there are no mosquitoes.

So why have the mosquito? Why submit to its control of such a natural resource as a summer night? Why be chased indoors and out of the beauty of the night? Why be dominated, terrorized, and sacrificed? Why itch and scratch and burn? Why raise the mosquito as a pest? What is the mosquito, anyway, that it should be master of men and controller of his hours? If folk can be rid of it in Panama we can be rid of it here.

**FOREIGN POPULATION.**

**Form Large Percentage of Canada's Criminal Classes.**

That the growth of the foreign population in Canada has also added to our criminal statistics is shown by the fact that there are at the present time no less than seven murders under review by the Department of Justice and in every case it is a foreigner involved. The last Canadian criminal statistics available, those for 1912-13 show that in that year there were 52 charges and 25 convictions for murder. Of the 25 convictions no less than 17 were foreign born—foreign born meaning elsewhere than in Canada, the United States or Great Britain. One was born in Scotland, one in England and the remaining six in Canada.

During the same period there were 31 convictions for attempt to murder, and of these only three were Canadian born. The nationality of three were not given and the remaining twenty-four were born outside of Canada. Of these six were Americans and four English, leaving fifteen what are known as "foreigners."

According to the last census figures those born in foreign countries—excluding United States and Great Britain—formed 6.2 per cent. of the population. British born outside of Canada were 19 per cent. of the offenders, but formed 11.9 per cent. of the population. American born formed 4.2 per cent. of the population, but the convicted of American birth were 7.6 per cent.

Some people dream of success. Others keep awake and believe it.

**Young Folks**

**What Fluffy Knew.**

Fluffy is a big black and white cat that belongs to Paul, Ned and Bob Hunt. He seems to love Paul, the quiet boy, just a little better than he does Ned and Bob. After he has played with the boys until he is tired, he likes to jump up into Paul's lap and go to sleep. But best of all, Fluffy likes to sleep on the foot of Paul's little bed. Ned and Bob can sometimes coax him up on their beds to play, but when he wants to rest, he always goes back to Paul's bed.

Until last summer the Hunts lived in a little eastern town, but in July they moved west. Mrs. Hunt told the boys that they would have to leave Fluffy with friends until they were settled in their new home; and so the day before they left, Paul carried Fluffy over to Mrs. Brown, who was going to keep him for a while.

One afternoon, a month later, when Fluffy was curled up in a corner of the hammock, he saw a large wagon stop in front of the house and a boy run up the steps. Fluffy did not like strangers; so he ran upstairs to the attic door, and mewed just as loud as he could. He had always been allowed to go there whenever Mrs. Brown picked him up in her arms and carried him downstairs. In the kitchen he saw a large crate with hay in the bottom, and two dishes fastened in the corners. Mrs. Brown placed Fluffy on the hay, and the boy picked up the crate very carefully, and put it beside him on the seat of the wagon. That night Fluffy was put on the cars. At first he was afraid and cried a great deal; but the men on the train gave him bits of their luncheon, and put cool water into his cup when he needed it, and after a time he curled up in a ball and went to sleep.

About five o'clock of the second day after he had left Mrs. Brown's he was again lifted up into a wagon and given another ride. This time the wagon stopped before a large brick house, and the man carried Fluffy's box up the steps. In the doorway stood three excited little boys.

"O Fluffy!" cried the children, and Fluffy answered "Me-o-o-w" in such a loving tone. The boys had a saucer of milk on the floor in the kitchen, and when their father opened the box, Fluffy jumped out and ran right over to the saucer and drank and drank. Breathlessly the boys waited. When Fluffy had finished the milk, he walked slowly through the rooms until he came to the hall. Then he ran upstairs and walked through each of the chambers and looked carefully at each bed. At last he came to the little room where Paul's bed stood. Then without any hesitation, he jumped up on the foot of the bed, just as he had always done when he was tired, curled up and began to purr.

"Oh papa," cried the boys, from the doorway, "how do you suppose he knew which bed belonged to Paul?"—Youth's Companion.

**MODEL COTTON PLANTATION.**

English Spinners Seek to Be Independent of America.

In the hope of some day securing a raw cotton supply independent of America, the International Federation of Master Cotton Spinners and Manufacturers' Association of England has launched a scheme for the establishment of a model cotton plantation in Punjab, India.

Considering the advances already made in India, it is estimated that before many years the Indian crop will be almost as large as the American crop. The model plantation in India will demonstrate the benefits which arise from intensive farming thereby encouraging the landed proprietors to adopt this system and to improve the yields per acre and the quality of the fibre.

The land will be sown with as large percentage of American cotton seed as possible, and the Agricultural Department of Punjab will have the right to purchase any of the surplus seed produced which is not required for the estate, for distribution in other districts.

The Federation has secured a twenty years' lease of 7,500 acres close to the railway and water supply. A modern spinning mill is to be erected, and as there is scarcely any population in the vicinity, model villages are to be established for the workmen, who are to be brought in and instructed by experts.

Leading members of the Federation believe that within a few years it will be possible to increase the Indian cotton crop to ten million bales without encroaching on the area required for food. Manufacturers in all countries using Indian cotton are subscribing to the project.

**Sensitive.**  
Fond Father—Tommy writes us a real feeling letter from boarding school.  
Doting Mother—And what does the poor darling say?  
Fond Father—He says he's been whipped so often he can tell what kind of wood the teacher's switch is made of by the feel.

**Take No Chances.**  
Alice—How many times would you make a man propose to you before you said "yes"?  
Marie—If you have to make him propose better say the first time.

**THE SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON**

**INTERNATIONAL LESSON, JULY 26.**

**Lesson IV. The Pounds and the Talents. Luke 19. 11-27. Golden Text, Matt. 25. 21.**

Verse 11. And as they heard these things—The dialogue between Jesus and Zacchaeus precedes this parable. Jesus was on his way to Jerusalem and the parable of the pounds was spoken either on the road between Jericho and Jerusalem or more likely in the house of Zacchaeus, and they who heard were the disciples and others who were with Zacchaeus.

He was high to Jerusalem—About eighteen miles away, or six hours' march.

They supposed that the kingdom of God was immediately to appear—Jesus had been hailed as the Messiah. He had taught that the Kingdom was close at hand, and the belief was probably general among those who accompanied him that Jesus would enter Jerusalem, and the Kingdom would be immediately set up.

12. He said therefore—This parable is told for the purpose of correcting their expectation. A certain nobleman went into a far country to receive for himself a kingdom—the actions of this nobleman would not seem unusual to Christ's hearers, for Herod and his son Archelaus had actually gone from Jericho on this errand. Zacchaeus had met with the unfortunate experience described in verse 14.

And to return—The distance would make an immediate return impossible. The nobleman plans to test the ability of his servants during his absence in order to find out who will be worthy of promotion when he receives his kingdom. Ten pounds—a pound was equal to about sixteen dollars.

Trade—That is, "do business," as a banker or a trader.

14. His citizens—The people over whom he was to rule. In this parable the "citizens" no doubt referred to the Jews, while the "servants" were the disciples.

15. Having received the kingdom—He now possessed full authority. He commanded these servants, unto whom he had given the money—This may imply that he owned other slaves to whom he had not intrusted anything. What they had gained by trading—Better, "what business they had done." It does not imply that each one had profited by his trading.

16, 17. The manifest ability of the first servant gains for him a high position in the kingdom that he has just received. The king has achieved his purpose, which was to get loyal and capable governors. The kind of test made was not unsuitable, since the governors would have much to do with provincial revenues.

18, 19. The smaller profit, indicating less energy and ability, is rewarded with like additional responsibility.

20, 21. The third servant makes no excuse. He even thinks himself virtuous that he has kept his lord's money so safely. His shirking responsibility, however, and his unwillingness to put forth an effort, show him to be unfit for greater responsibility.

Austere—That is, "harsh."

22. Out of this own mouth will I judge thee—the servant's own words have condemned him. No other testimony is needed as to his lack of qualifications for promotion. The servant's opinion of the master may have been wholly wrong, but if he believed him to be exacting, he would also know that at least interest would be required on his loan. So the actions of the servant were not consistent with his professed belief.

24. Unused powers and faculties are taken from us.

25. And they said unto him—The listeners interrupt the parable by saying, Lord, he hath ten pounds. The remainder of the verse gives the reply of Jesus, after which he concludes the parable in verse 27, in which a more severe punishment is meted out to the rebellious subjects than to the unprofitable servant.

**She Had Tried Electricity.**  
Mrs. Carter had suffered from rheumatism until she declared that she had "no patience with it," but she was always eager to hear of possible remedies, and when her sister wrote that she knew of a cure that had been tried with great success, and would tell her all about it on her next visit, Mrs. Carter was all excitement.

"Now, Ellen," she exclaimed, eagerly, a few minutes after her sister had reached the house, "do tell me about that cure for rheumatism! I am so anxious to hear about it that I could hardly wait for you to get here."  
"Well, Caroline," began her sister, "it's electricity."  
Before she could continue, Mrs. Carter interrupted her.  
"Caroline Smith. The idea of suggesting that to me! Don't you remember that only last summer I was struck by lightning and it didn't do me a mite of good!"

**Considered Others.**  
"How can you smoke those vile cigarettes?"  
"Many great men have done the same thing. Robert Louis Stevenson smoked cigarettes."  
"I know that, but Stevenson had the decency to go to the middle of the Pacific Ocean to do it."

**AGED U.S. SENATOR.**

Senator Isaac Stephenson Is Canadian Born.

"I have no specific rules on longevity to offer," said United States Senator Isaac Stephenson on the 18th of June, when he was 85 years old. "I believe my long life and good health is due to the fact that so much of my youth was spent in the open. Many is the time I've slept on the snow in the woods. Just think right and live right, and spend as much of your time in the out-of-door world as you can and you'll be as young as I am at 85. Why, I don't feel a day older than I did the day I was 20."

By reason of strength this tall slender man has reached more than four-score years, and his boast is that he has worked hard ever since he was a small boy in Fredericton, New Brunswick.

According to Senator Stephenson it is the idler who will be cut off years before the allotted span of three-score years and ten, given an even chance with the man who works.

"Work is the greatest blessing on earth," he repeated, "work, and the open air."

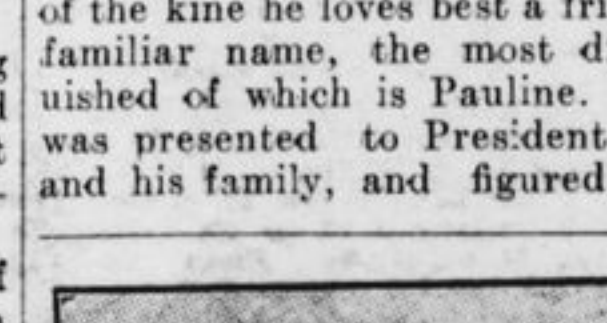
**Also Richest Man.**

The oldest man in Congress is also the richest, and he carries the responsibility of one distinction as simply and naturally as the other. It is a far cry from the boy in New Brunswick, who canoed up the St. John's River on a logging trip when he was 11 years old, to the United States Senator from Wisconsin, who when he was 84, fumbled a check for \$7,000,000 in his fingers.

"I've just sold a little lumber," he said to the Senator across the aisle. And that was only one of many checks made payable to Uncle Ike Stephenson in the seven-three years since he began work in a lumber camp.

Senator Stephenson lives on a farm at Marinette, Wis., where his chief enjoyment is his horses and cows, Percherons and Holsteins. Whereas he takes pride and delight in his horses and has for more than fifty years, he confesses to an ever-increasing fondness and admiration for the gentle, placid cow.

He says that the cow is a philosophical animal, practicing patience and calmness in a way that is soothing to behold, and that should be a perpetual lesson to all mankind. Perhaps it is because, as he insists, the cow has a really beautiful personality that he gives each one of the kind he loves best a friendly, familiar name, the most distinguished of which is Pauline. She was presented to President Taft and his family, and figured con-



Senator Stephenson.

spicuously in the domestic history of the last administration.

**His Whiskers Not White.**

The oldest and richest man in Congress is also one of the five men in the United States Senate who wear whiskers, and he is recorded to his youth they are not white. They are no grayer than Senator Lodge's trim, proper, New England cut of beard, although he is twenty-one years younger; Senator O'Gorman of New York was not born until Senator Stephenson was 21 years old, and yet his beard is as iron-gray as that of the man who was 85 years old the 18th of June; both Senator Lewis of Illinois, the youngest man in the Senate to wear a beard, and Senator Sutherland of Utah, only a few years older, are still untouched with the streaks of white.

A smooth shaven, handsome chap approached Senator Stephenson not long ago on the subject of beards.

"Why do you wear whiskers, anyway, Mr. Senator, in this hot weather?"  
"Well, now, my boy," said Uncle Ike, "when I was a lumber jack up there in Wisconsin—were you ever up there in that part of the country in the winter?"

The smooth shaven, handsome young man confessed to knowing nothing about northern Wisconsin at any time of the year except as he saw it on the map.

"Well, it's cold," said the Senator with one of his kindly, whimsical smiles, "and to protect my throat, as well as for many other practical reasons, I let my beard grow. And now," he hesitated, "well, now, I'm used to it, and I've never found any sufficient reason to take it off. So—there it is."

Most men are industrial from necessity.

**HEALTH**

Two things are essential to perfect hearing—a free passage of the sound waves to the internal ear, and a healthy condition of the internal ear and in the brain.

Disorder of the auditory nerve at any stage of its course from its origin in the brain to its termination in the internal ear causes the most serious, and fortunately the least frequent, form of deafness. Disease of the auditory nerve can be caused by a chronic inflammation that has extended inward from the middle ear; by exhaustion of the nerve by excessive noise, as in the case of boiler-makers, or of artillerymen; by a constitutional disease; or by some affection of the brain itself.

The other form of deafness—that caused by interference with the passage of the sound waves to the auditory nerve—is often curable; at least, the hearing can usually be helped by some form of apparatus.

One cause of deafness is an accumulation of wax in the ear; another is the blocking of the Eustachian tube, which admits air to the middle ear and often removes the wax or obstruction in the tube, and so restores the hearing.

Catarhal deafness, which is owing to the spread of chronic inflammation from the mucous membrane of the nose or throat, is more intractable. In such cases the joints of the chain of little bones that conduct the sound waves from the drum membrane to the internal ear become so stiffened that they do not perform their office perfectly.

Even then the aurist can sometimes reduce the inflammation, and restore suppleness to the little joints; even if he cannot cure the deafness, he can arrest its progress.

In most cases of chronic and incurable deafness, some form of apparatus will help the trouble. A small and inconspicuous horn, a speaking tube, a fan shaped piece of gutta-percha held against the teeth to transmit the sound waves through the bones of the head, or an electrical appliance that works on the principle of the telephone are all used. Different forms of apparatus suit different cases, and sometimes it is only by repeated trials that the patient can select the aid that gives him most help. The telephone-like apparatus is usually most helpful in a public place, although for conversation (provided your upper teeth are your own) the gutta-percha fan is very useful.—Youth's Companion.

**CRUELTY IN GERMAN ARMY.**

Brutality of Officers to Privates Slowly Decreasing.

The unceasing criticism of press and parliament is slowly reducing the number of cases of mistreatment of soldiers by their officers, but a recent report shows that 490 noncommissioned officers and officers were convicted of such offence last year. This was a reduction of ninety cases from the figures of five years ago, writes a Berlin correspondent.

These 490 convictions by no means indicate, however, that only that number of private soldiers were brutally handled during the year. A recent case, and one by no means unusual, was the conviction of a noncommissioned officer of the Third Bavarian regiment, who was charged with no less than ninety offences against the men under him. One soldier was lamed by being struck on the kneecap with a gunbutt, and there were a dozen of cases in which recruits were choked and struck in the face. It is not long since a captain was forced to leave the service after his third conviction for mistreating recruits. The charges against him covered brutal treatment in 140 cases.

Complaints of these conditions made in the reichstag, have from time to time moved the minister of war to declare that the government was equally concerned and was doing its best to put a stop to them. Figures have been quoted to show that cases of mistreatment are gradually growing less common, and it has been declared that the government desired that punishment of the offenders be exemplary.

With all credit to the minister of war, it must nevertheless be said that sentences in the majority of these cases are extremely mild and by no means calculated to discourage brutal officers from a repetition of their offences. The non-commissioned officer just mentioned was sentenced to three months and fifteen days' imprisonment and degraded. This is a really severe sentence, but it is at the same time a most unusual one.

The following case is typical of the nearly ten cases occurring on an average each week. A non-commissioned officer of the Third Guard Field Artillery regiment commanded a recruit to clean harnesses. He was not satisfied with the recruit's work and started expressing his dissatisfaction by striking the man over the head with a bridled whip. He then forced him to march up and down in the stables and to do setting up exercises, including the fatiguing knee bend, until the recruit fell from exhaustion. He kicked him in the thigh and on the knees and otherwise maltreated him. The recruit was removed to the field hospital suffering among other things, with concussion of the brain. The court martial condemned the officer to five weeks' light arrest.

**No Fiction.**  
"I want to get a book for my wife," said the man entering the book store.  
"Something in the way of fiction?" asked the clerk.  
"No; I've given her a lot of that, but she doesn't seem to care for it."  
"Singleton—Do you believe in the old adage about marrying in haste and repenting at leisure?" Wedderley—"No, I don't. After a man marries he has no leisure."

**Improving.**  
Husband—There you are my dear; you see I'm improving. I've brought the umbrella back.  
Wife—That is very extraordinary, considering your umbrella is still in the stand, and that you went out with your walking stick!

**Two Objections.**  
Dad—What's your objection to that young fellow, Jaysport?  
Daughter—His clothes are so awfully pronounced and his English is pronounced so awfully.  
Patience may be the lazy man's only virtue.

**THE LIFE OF THE INDIVIDUAL**

Religion Means Righteousness in Every Human Relation or in None

"All in all."—I. Chronicles xii. 6.  
That religion to-day is a different thing from what it was a few centuries ago is a fact which needs no demonstration. The religion of the modern man, as contrasted with that of his forefathers, has undergone a hundred changes in interpretation and application. And no one of these changes has been more remarkable than the gradual extension of religion to wider and ever wider areas of experience. Once restricted to a very narrow field, religion is to-day rapidly undergoing the process of universalization. In early days religion was carefully delimited to particular times, places and duties. There were certain holy spots—mountain tops, groves, lonely shores—where God could be met; certain holy hours or seasons when he must be worshipped; certain rites and ceremonies to be observed. Religion was almost wholly a matter of approaching certain altars, offering certain sacrifices, saying certain prayers. These things done, a man was free to do.

Anything Else He Pleased.  
We have a survival in our time of this primitive conception in the notion that religion is a matter of reading the Bible, attending public services of worship or supporting the Church, and that if these things be properly done all religious obligations have been satisfactorily discharged.

To-day, however, we have very largely outgrown this idea. We are living in a period in which character is being formed by a practically undisputed extension of religion into the field of private life. It was less than a century ago, to be sure that Lord Melbourne could say in great wrath on the occasion of hearing a sermon which unexpectedly dealt with the foibles and sins of individual conduct, "Well, well! Things have certainly come to a pretty pass."

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**GENERAL H**

General Francisco C. Visional Presidente

A despatch from Mexico says: General Visional resigned from the provision of the Mexican Republic Wednesday evening, and his resignation was accepted by the Chamber of Deputies by a vote of 121 to 17. Francisco C. then appointed President of the oath of office in the presence of Deputies and Senators.

Huerta's resignation followed through the Department of Foreign Relations. It was the first time since the fall of Francisco Carranza, that a President of Mexico had been referred to the joint session of the Chamber of Deputies and the Senate for consideration, accepting the resignation in the following terms:—"Article 1.—We accept the resignation presented by General Visional as President of the Mexican Republic."

"Article 2.—We call the attention of the Chamber of Foreign Relations, to the resignation of General Visional, and we request that the national palace under the protection of the Presidential guards, along the way to the streets, tumultuous cheering and shouting, be placed at the disposal of the resigning President. A Commission was appointed by the Chamber of Deputies to escort General Visional to the floor of the House, where he was met by the shortly Senator Carranza in front of the Chamber, through files of soldiers. He was then escorted to his residence, and as he walked to

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