

A LITTLE FROM EVERYWHERE

NURS OF NEWS ABOUT PERSONS AND THINGS.

Spicy Notes That Set Off a Good Thing—Timely Comment on Up-to-date Occurrences—News From All Parts.

A "Turkey Dinner" at Port Arthur is the latest form of church entertainment. The "goose social" has yet to come.

A Duluth minister has invented an anti-swear stovepipe. But why should ministers feel the need of any such invention?

Some person has given \$100,000 to McGill University on condition that his name be kept dark. Is McGill as bad as that?

The County Fair Association sets its face against wheels of fortune, forgetting that only thus and so does butchic innocence become sophisticated.

Wanted, a copyright in great names! John Bunyan, the other day, was charged before the Highgate Bench with stealing cake from a coffee stall.

The ripe old teacher is a college's most valuable asset. He keeps alive respect on the part of the young men and also the finest traditions.

Bachelors are to be taxed \$2 a year in Sofia. That this is the same price as a dog tax should enlighten bachelors as to how they are esteemed.

The English always carry with them their national customs, says a Paris paper, and wherever they settle down, they organize "little England."

A bachelor died at Belleville, Ont., aged 111 years. Yet they say that married people live longer than single. The cynic remarks that it only seems longer.

India has its disadvantages. Lord Minto, for example, has bombs hurled at him there, whereas, in Canada, not even a snowball was lifted against him in anger.

A Maidstone, Ont., teacher dismissed her class because her school room was dirty. The school trustees promptly dismissed her. And now who's going to dismiss the school trustees?

Prison labor made the pews in a certain Ottawa church. It may be a means of salvation, for both saints and sinners must be a little uneasy from thinking of what they're sitting in.

The Congregationalist says the church must wake up. True, brother! And the way to do it is to rattle the collection plate violently under the noses of the individual sleepers.

The man who cannot play golf or tiddley-winks or any other game without worrying over his lack of success should retire to a monastery where they never play nor talk.

China used taxi-cabs two thousand years ago. The real yellow peril seems to be the recrudescence of apparatus that these almondeyed people tried and discarded centuries since.

Lyona Decima, Veronica, Elyth, Udine, Cyssa Hylda Rowena, Adela, Thyra Ursula, Ysabel Blanche Lillias, Dyarr Plantagenet are among the names of Miss Tollemache, whose marriage banns were called at Ham parish church, England.

The postmaster-general is being congratulated on the proposal to reimburse the senders of registered mail in case of loss. Hitherto the price of registration guaranteed nothing except that special care would be taken with the letter or package.

A policeman in New Orleans arrested his wife for disorderly conduct the other day. She had talked to him in an unseemly manner. There will be a rush now to be sworn in as special constables. The idea is a good one, especially when a fellow comes home late.

Substitute New Bodies for Old.

Technical World Magazine.

The family physician of the near future can be pictured in the mind's eye making out a work sheet for the guidance of the surgeons to accompany a hypothetical patient to the hospital, which might read something like this:

"Amputate rheumatic right leg and graft on a new one.

Cut out kidneys, which are developing Bright's disease, and transplant sound ones, preferably from a healthy young hog.

Reverse circulation of the blood in the thyroid gland to produce hyperaemia and thus reduce diseased condition.

Overhaul the intestines and patch where needed. The rest of him is hardly good enough to stand the expense of a new set.

Overhaul the circulatory system, replacing unserviceable veins and arteries with new ones. Put in a new heart only if absolutely necessary.

Cut out stomach. It is completely worn out and has a well developed cancer.

Cut out left lung. It is so far gone with tuberculosis that it is good for nothing and only endangers the rest.

Trim off fifty or sixty pounds of fat. With reduced stomach and lung capacity, he can't carry so much ballast.

Make all minor repairs needed to keep him going for ten or twelve years more."

Nonsense, say you? Not a bit of it. Perhaps no one man could stand to have quite all these things done to him at one time, but the surgeons could do their part all right. They know they could, because they have already performed all these seemingly impossible feats and a great many more besides. Unbelievers may find at the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research in New York some living circumstantial evidence in support of these staggering assertions.

Persecuting the Jews.

One of the amazing decrees constantly being promulgated in Russia has lately been issued. According to a government circular, such Jews as are denied the right to live in the city of Moscow, are for the future forbidden to set foot, for however brief a period, on its holy ground, and even passage through the streets will be regarded as a transgression of the law. Jews on their travels, who would have to change trains at Moscow, will not be allowed to pass from one train to another, so travel in that way is out of the question.

Poet's Story of a Swallow.

The late Francis Thompson, the English poet, had a great love for birds. Catching one in the early autumn that nested in his garden, he fastened to its wing a piece of oiled paper inscribed with the words: "Swallow, little swallow, I wonder where you pass the winter?"

The next spring the swallow returned to its nest at the usual time! Attached to its foot was another piece of oiled paper with the inscription: "Florence, at the house of Castellari. Cordial greetings to the friend in the North."

TRAVELLING IN MANCHURIA.

Canadian Missionary Has Interesting Journey in the Lone Land.

Rev. S. H. Cartwright, a Canadian missionary to Corea, has been visiting Manchuria and North China with a British officer, and writes: In the morning we left for Mukden, in a little railway train, the carriage not any longer than the old horse trams we used to have at home years ago. It was my first view of the wonderful Manchurian scenery, reminding me much of the prairies, but with mountains too. The Chinese use carts, very strongly built, two wheeled, drawn by two, three, four, or even five animals, which might include a horse, a mule, an ass, and a cow in the team. At mid-day we had a long wait while the train was cut in two, and the front half went on across, two high ridges, through which there was no tunnel, and then we went on. The ridge was part of the celebrated Motien-ling, noted in the war when Kourouki led his army across. The distance from Antung to Mukden is only 186 miles, but the journey takes two long days, mainly because of the passes each way. The train creeps up and up, the line doubling back on itself perhaps three times, giving grand views of the valley behind as we went up, and of that in front as we crossed the ridge and began the descent; this absence of tunnels adds to the length and slowness of travelling, but the gain in interest more than compensates.

On Sunday afternoon we went to see the north tombs which are in honour of the father of the founder of the reigning dynasty in China. They stand in a fine grove of pine trees, and the sun was setting. The roads are merely tracks of deep ruts, and nothing to mark whether you are in them or not except the feel underneath. It was impossible to go astray, but to steer straight and say where we should enter the town, (it was after dark), was difficult. We did finally come to the north-west corner of the wall, and found a little shrine, the Chinese burning great sticks of incense at it, a weird effect in the dark, with the dark gray bricks of the wall towering up forty feet as a background. I called on Dr. Christie, of the Scotch Presbyterian mission; he took me through his hospital. I was tremendously taken with him, he has been in China since '84, and has seen five wars in that time. At the battle of Mukden the bullets were pattering against the walls of the building where he was operating, and a severe rear-guard action was fought within two hundred yards of his house. It was most interesting to hear him describe the battle of Mukden, which he did very vividly from the view of a non-participant.

We stayed over an extra day in Lia Yang to see the great procession which takes place once in ten years, when the imperial records are brought to Mukden by one of the high princes and deposited in the palace there. This time it had an added interest in that it is probably the last time it will take place in the old fashioned way. The next will be a westernized thing almost certainly, robbed of all historic interest. It was the last of the reigning Emperor, for the news of his death and that of the Empress Dowager came a few days later. We saw the procession well; the two princes, one of whom was Prince Ching, now the most powerful man in China, were in chairs with an empty carriage drawn by two horses behind each. The records and imperial garments were carried in boxes with yellow canopies, and surrounded by yellow, the imperial color, 24 or 28 boxes in all. The street was lined with soldiers, school boys and enormous crowds.

When King Edward Entertains.

The favorite place of entertainment of the King to greet his friends and the members of his court is Windsor castle. Strict ceremonial surrounds the slightest move in this great dwelling place of kings. While the court is in residence the King is surrounded by a list of officials whose names are household ones in England. There is a lord steward of the household, a lord chamberlain, a master of the horse, a master of ceremonies and a master of the household, as well as a long list of minor officials of noble birth. The Queen has her mistress of the robes, who is a duchess; a couple of ladies in waiting and several maids of honor. The guests received at Windsor are of two classes—those invited to the state banquets and other official entertainments, and those who receive the "command" of their Majesties to dine and sleep. The latter are the more important guests, invited for personal reasons.

A Desirable Reversion.

Toronto News.

Town, village and country folk in Great Britain are producing moral and Shakespearean plays on their own account. This is a mere reversion to the beginning of things. The morality or religious play laid the foundation for the modern theatre in Great Britain. The most famous survival in Europe is the Passion Play at Ober-Ammergau. A great step in advance would be accomplished if Mr. Ben Greet and such productions as the "The Servant in the House" could drive the modern problem play and the appeal to the sense of the lowly of the stage. Is there not room for the Church to devote some attention to the elevation of the playhouse? With the craving for the dramatic so strong as it is in the average man, the theatre can be made a powerful factor in the improvement of public morals and the true advancement of the race.

Loved For His Pity.

The Queen of Roumania ("Carmen Sylva") has written a tribute to Charles Dickens in commemoration of the establishment of the "Tiny Tim" Cot in the Royal Portsmouth Hospital.

"I love him so for all the good His soul was wont to see In wretched, torn, misunderstood, Unknown humanity.

In darkness he found light; in pain And error love divine. He taught sad hearts to laugh again And hidden gold to shine.

He heard the Christmas carols ring, He pitied moth and snake, And had a song for ev'ry wing, And balm for ev'ry ache!

Maternal Influence.

The mother's smile gives her child the first glimpse of heaven, as her tenderness awakens the first conception of love. Women dwell with patience upon the trifles that make up the lives of their children; and in the direction of these seeming trifles much future greatness depend. "A kiss from my mother," said Benjamin West, "made me a painter." When yet a child, he had drawn a rude sketch of an infant sleeping in a cradle. His mother chanced to see his childish production, and was so well pleased with it that she took the young artist in her arms and rapturously kissed him. That mark of maternal delight fixed his future career.

TORONTO PULPIT BLASTS.

The Lack of Conscience in Business and Political Life.

That the times were drifting away from the spiritual moorings which had stood the test of centuries, was charged at St. Enoch's Presbyterian Church, Toronto, by Rev. W. B. Findlay. The people of Canada had been sipping the wine cup of success. "It is a world devoid of charity," he said. "Success is inscribed upon the door of mammon. It incites men to trample on the rights of others. It is whispered that modern methods and conditions justified new standards. The word thief is a plain English word with an ugly sound. But the man, who, becoming tired of the slow process of legitimate business, takes the savings which his wife's self-denial had helped him to accumulate, and stakes them on stock margins or other get-rich-quick risk, steals from his family. The woman who takes money which should be devoted to her home and plays bridge with it at fashionable parties, is equally guilty. The man who a hundred years ago adulterated groceries is duplicated now by financiers who operate with money obtained for bonds, and by inflated issues of stock for no valid return. Such men were called captains of industry, but they were thieves. The magazines, periodicals and popular novels upheld one type only; those who had attained success as it is spelt in gold. To question the past of a man of millions results in the questioner being termed a socialist or anarchist. But there are men in the Dominion who are rich in stocks and bonds and lands who have gained them at a price that has robbed their manhood. More conscience is needed in the body politic. Men are seen to do things as members of boards of directors, which they would not sanction as private individuals. A people will not lay the foundation of a great nation if they act on the immoral principle that it is all right to rob the government, and that the only sin is in being found out."

"Toronto might in good deeds" was the query of Rev. Dr. Crummy, at Bathurst Street Methodist Church. "I tell you, brethren, our Christianity is weak and flabby compared with that of New York." This in the course of his sermon on the work of the Methodist Social Union. He was recently in Gotham, and looked about him at the method of handling the "down town population" problem. He was surprised at the poor exhibit of Toronto in comparison. And equally surprising were the New Yorkers.

What The Haldane Policy Is.

For many centuries the whole defense of the British Isles depended on volunteer soldiers, owing to the Briton's deep-rooted hostility to a regular standing army. They called themselves the Train Bands, the Fencibles, the County Troops, and Home Bands, and many other names. Then came the regular army and alongside of that the various volunteer troops continued their existence. This lasted until, this past year, the entire volunteer organization of the British Isles was made over, under the Secretary of State for War, Hon. R. B. Haldane, who possesses a genius for organization.

In 1859 a scheme for organizing that British militia was established and worked fairly well, but recently it had been pointed out that the armies on the Continent were far better situated as to the reserves, which is really the militia in military parlance. So Mr. Haldane started out to reorganize the old loose-jointed volunteer methods of England into a close organization, with direct communication with the regular army. The name given the new British volunteer army is the territorial army.

Under the new regime, the British volunteer soldiery is organized by counties, each county under the control of a committee called the county association, which is directly responsible to the central army-council. The regular enlistment is for four years, and the volunteer must give twelve weeks' notice if he wants to get out, and pay a fine not exceeding \$25. The new territorial army of 300,000 men is placed on the same basis as the regulars as soon as called into active service, and must have two weeks' active camp work each year, when the men and officers are paid by the war department at the same rate as the regular army forces on active duty.

Making a Needle.

Many a woman wonders about the making of the needle she plies diligently. It is, indeed, interesting. About eighty million needles are made weekly in the town of Redditch, Eng. A coil of very fine wire is run into the machine used in their manufacture and cut into pieces the length of two needles. These lengths are then made into little bundles. The end of each wire is sharpened, a hundred or so at a time, by being pressed to a grindstone. Two eyes are then stamped in the middle of each wire. Each wire is then broken in the middle, thus forming two needles in the rough. They are then polished until all the rough edges have been worn down. To harden them, the needles are placed in a bath of hot oil; when cool they are very brittle. Done up in bundles of a thousand, they are rolled in fine sand for seven days and become smooth and polished. They are then threaded on wires and rubbed until the eyes themselves have become bright and polished. The needles are now at last ready for the market.

Cannon Made of Glass.

One of the last things in the world to expect the glassworker to create would be a cannon, yet Thomas Webb and Sons, of Stourbridge, England, recently built two cannon out of the finest cut glass. The guns weigh, with their limber, forty pounds each and measure twenty-four inches in length. They wheel easily and move on their trunnions like ordinary cannon. The axle-tree and bearings are of ornamental brass. The creations have historic interest being exact models of the famous ordnance with which Major-General Baden-Powell successfully defended Mafeking. The old cannon was dug up in that place during the siege, and investigation has since shown that it was cast in Staffordshire, at an iron works within ten minutes' walk of the glass-maker's establishment. During the siege the gun was known as "The Lord Nelson" and "Skipping Sally," the officers using the former name and the men the latter.

The Higher Training.

"More than five thousand elephants a year go to make our piano keys," remarked the student boarder who had been reading the scientific notes in a patent medicine almanac. "For the land's sake," exclaimed the landlady. "Ain't it wonderful what some animals can be trained to do?"

What is the good of a bulldog that will permit himself to be stolen from his master's yard.

HONORING A MODEST HERO.

The Modesty of Real Worth Shown in an Ocean Hero.

C. F. Newspaper.

The British are rejoicing in possession of a real hero. John Robinson Binns, the wireless telegraph operator whose resource and patient application to duty was the means under Providence of the saving of the passengers and crew of the sinking liner Republic, has delighted all who admire simplicity and modesty by refusing the offer to vulgarise himself on the music-hall stage. His reply, "I am not an actor, but only a wireless operator, and simply did my duty," deserves to go down to history. It is a very great relief these days, when everybody is supposed to be open to the temptations of wealth and vainglory, when we so often

Hear the black trumpet through the land proclaim, That not to be corrupted is the shame to meet with one "who holds it in disdain." There have been too many cases lately of persons who, after gaining honorable distinction, have thrown away all claim to real regard by making a show of themselves on theatre boards and in the columns of sensational newspapers. Mr. Binns is of another kind, and the reception he met at his native place, Peterborough, this week, gained vastly in heartiness from his self-denying refusal to make heroism a source of gain. The whole town turned out to meet him. He was entertained at the Guildhall, where speeches were made in his honor, and altogether his reception was as glorious as that of an Olympic victor of old. Peterborough has no walls. If it had, no doubt his fellow-townsmen would have cheerfully made a breach for him to enter the town through. As it was, they did the next best thing—viz., greeted him to the strains of "See the conquering hero come." Binns has not only been modest with regard to his own claims, but has also published the merits of his colleagues, one of whom in particular he says: "There are greater heroes than myself in the engine room staff. One of them, already up to his neck in water, remained to open the steam-valve, and by opening that valve saved the ship and those on board."

A Failure in Governing.

It is evident that something must be done for Liberia, the negro republic of Africa. The republic, it will be recalled, is the outgrowth of the efforts in 1822 of some American and English colonization societies to assist in the betterment of the freed American slaves. A settlement was made in that year near the present site of Monrovia, the capital, and ten years later there were twenty-five hundred American negroes there. The republic, which was set up in 1847, was recognized almost at once by Great Britain and France, but it was not till 1862 that the United States established diplomatic relations with the new government of freedom.

The American negroes and their descendants have not found it easy to govern a native African population of two millions. Their courts have broken down, and the authority of the government is so little respected by the natives that the life and property of foreigners are unsafe.

A new boundary was made between French Africa and Liberia two years ago, which gave two thousand square miles of Liberian territory to France. Both the French and British neighbors of Liberia are now urging the republic to strengthen its government. The negroes have appealed to the United States for assistance. They confess their inability to run their own government satisfactorily. In response to their request, the President has joined with the Secretary of State in asking Congress to authorize the appointment of a commission of three to go to Africa to see what can be done.

The failure of the inexperienced blacks to govern Liberia in a civilized way is not surprising. Experienced and trained whites would not find it easy. But when one kind of government has broken down, another must be substituted. The problem is to decide what is the best for Liberia.

Honoring the Dead Enemy.

The ceremony of unveiling the monument to the Russian dead was the occasion of a unique celebration at Port Arthur. On one side of the monument there is an inscription in Russian, on another the words "Erected by the Japanese Government," on the third is carved the inscription in Japanese "Monument to the memory of the Russian officers and soldiers who fell at Port Arthur," and on the rear is a long inscription written in Japanese and composed by General Viscount Ashima. The gist of it is that death levels all distinctions of friend and enemy, especially when those who formerly stood in the arena as combatants have now joined hands in hearty amity. The Japanese Government, it is added, anxious to do honor to the memory of the Russian heroes, had collected their remains from the various parts of the field where they had fought so nobly, and reinterred them at one place, had erected this monument to mark the spot.

Nothing More Reasonable.

Goldwin Smith.

A movement towards a virtual union of the Protestant Churches appears to be setting in. Nothing can be more likely or more reasonable. What are the doctrinal differences between any two of the really Protestant Churches compared with their spiritual agreement, and with the necessities of their present position? After all the original separation was not spiritual but political. The Anglican Church, the High Church section of it at least, perhaps, could hardly well fuse with the anti-sacerdotal communities. There might at first be other difficulties of organization to surmount, but these would not be so great as the difficulties of division in face, on one hand, of the advance of scepticism, and on the other of Romanist reaction, which the perplexity caused by the breaking up of belief seems not unlikely to produce.

Great Day For Ireland.

Toronto Telegram.

There'll be no holding the Irish, now they have a McEvay and a Sweeney in the two bishoprics of Toronto.

The point of the joke is lost even though Dr. Sweeney spells it without a third "e." He is an Englishman, and admires a certain popular song in the opera of Pinafore.

An Era of Total Eclipse.

Goldwin Smith.

Darwin's mind was purely scientific. He owned that he could not read poetry. He might have added that in this generation he could not find a poet to read. There is for the present a complete eclipse.

"To do two things at once is to do neither," says an old Latin philosopher.

The EDISON PHONOGRAPH



Band

What kind of music do you like best? It really doesn't make any difference because you can get any kind of music from the Edison Phonograph. It renders just as well a band of fifty pieces as it does a single singing voice.

It is almost impossible to describe the real marvel of this wonderful invention of Mr. Edison's. Wrapped up in one of these little wax Records is a piece of music which it required a band of musicians to render. On the other hand, here is a Record which has a single song of a great singer. Either can be had for forty cents. Either can be played equally well upon an Edison Phonograph. Can you longer do without this wonderful instrument in your home? If not, go to your dealer's today, hear the Edison Phonograph play, and ask particularly to hear THE NEW AMBEROL RECORDS, the four-minute Records, playing twice as long as the old ones.

FREE. Ask your dealer or write to us for illustrated catalogue of Edison Phonographs, also catalogue containing complete lists of Edison Records, old and new.

We Want Good Live Dealers to sell Edison Phonographs in every town where we are not now well represented. Dealers having established stores should write at once to

National Phonograph Company, 100 Lakeside Avenue, Orange, N. J., U.S.A.

Two Mills Using Same Quality of Wheat May Not Produce Same Quality of Flour

The quality of flour largely depends on the milling. Two mills might grind wheat of the same quality and the product of one far outclass the other. It is not only the high quality of the hard wheat used, but also the superior milling facilities, that places "PURITY" flour so far above all others. Our milling plant at St. Boniface, Manitoba, cost nearly \$1,000,000, and is one of the most perfectly equipped mills in the world. The wheat itself is subjected to the most wonderful system of cleaning and scouring, passing through twenty distinct machines. Fifty-five steel rollers, the largest in Canada, reduce the wheat into flour. Then it is purified and dressed by "bolting" it through silk sifters of fine mesh. Not a "branny" particle of speck of dust is ever found in "Purity" Flour.

You may have to pay a little more for Purity, but baking results, quality and quantity, prove it is worth far more than the slight difference.

We have two other modernly equipped mills at Brandon, Man., and Goderich, Ont.

PURITY FLOUR

"More Bread and Better Bread."

Western Canada Flour Mills Co., Limited.
MILLS AT WINNIPEG, GODERICH, BRANDON

BLOOD DISEASES

Guaranteed Cured or No Pay.

If you ever had any contracted or hereditary blood disease, you are never safe until the virus or poison has been removed from the system. You may have had some disease years ago, but now and then some symptom alarms you. Some poison still lingers in your system. Can you afford to run the risk of more serious symptoms appearing as the poison multiplies? Beware of mercury or mineral drugs used indiscriminately—they may ruin the system. Twenty years experience in the treatment of these diseases enables us to prescribe specific remedies that will positively cure all blood diseases of the worst character, leaving no bad effects on the system. Our New Method Treatment will purify and enrich the blood, heal up all ulcers, clear the skin, remove bone pains, fallen out hair will grow in, and swollen glands will return to a normal condition, and the patient will feel and look like a different person. All cases we accept for treatment are guaranteed a complete cure if instructions are followed.

Reader if in doubt as to your condition, you can consult us FREE OF CHARGE. Beware of incompetent doctors who have no reputation or reliability. Drs. K. & K. have been established over 20 years.

WE CURE Nervous Debility, Varicocele, Stricture, Blood and Secret Diseases, Kidney and Bladder Complaints, Consultation Free.

If unable to call write for a Question List for Home Treatment.

Drs. KENNEDY & KENNEDY
Cor. Michigan & Griswold Sts. Detroit, Mich.