

LIVES AFTER DEATH

THE MIND, IT IS DECLARED, IS INDESTRUCTIBLE.

Michigan Professor Demonstrates Scientifically That Natural Law of Conservation Governs Mind.

Detroit, Feb. 12.—Scientific proofs that the human soul and the human mind still continue to exist after death, were demonstrated to a large audience of students, alumni, and professional men at the University of Michigan, by Prof. Carl F. Guthe, professor of physics and material science. The subject of his address was "How We Know We Live After Death. Materialism the Way Out."

"If you claim that personality comprises both mind and matter, both physical energy and consciousness, are we not completely destroyed when death claims our body?" said the professor, who walked right into his subject from the start.

"Our life is a constant growth of the human intellect, closely connected with the development of the body. We know there is continuous interchange of self, design and forming, and yet, through the living tissues may, in the course of time, be entirely renewed, the individual continues to exist, and remains with his identity absolutely unchanged, notwithstanding the fact that practically the whole body has been made over."

"But if matter and energy, which have been given off from the living body have not disappeared, they are still in existence, though disconnected from the life-giving principle. Should we not demand that there should be a similar conservation for the invisible part of life?"

"I have not power to describe what life after death is, the intellect will not tell us. However, I do not see any reason why the mind could not form new combinations which are now beyond our comprehension, nor why consciousness, a wider sense, should cease with death."

"While I have to content myself with the assertion that mind is as indestructible as matter and energy, my firm belief in evolution and in an orderly plan of the universe leads me to think that there can be any regression in its development. I believe my spirit will, after death, be more advanced in all the characteristics of the human soul. And thus I find no difficulty, whatever, in believing in a personality embracing the whole universe and inhumanly blended with a marvellously intricate system of material bodies, a personality different from ours, it is true, but since I form a part of it, one of the same nature as my own, only grander, wiser, more powerful and more just."

Dr. Guthe stated that the views here advanced were not obtained by adherence to any theological or philosophical dogma, but were the result of purely scientific search after a word picture which would satisfy not only the intellect but the human soul.

High Cost of Living.
Toronto Star.
Why is meat double the price of twenty-five years ago?
Why are eggs 300 per cent. higher?
Why is good butter a luxury for the few?
Why are other necessities so inflated in price?
Can anything be done to check the upward tendency?
Are there not unnatural causes at work which are responsible for these conditions?

Does the law of supply and demand sufficiently explain the phenomenal increase in the cost of living?
Is the spirit of "combine" so dominating all the purveying classes that everything we have to buy will become unduly inflated in price?
Is there anything to be done by legislation to curb the greed that is the base of the age?

Neglected Colds

Lead to Consumption

Unless a complete cure is effected, the inflammation passes rapidly to the throat, bronchial tubes, and then to the lungs.
You can't make new lungs any more than you can make new fingers or a new nose—hence consumption is practically incurable.
But Catarrh can be cured, except in its final and always fatal stage.
Catarrh sufferers, meaning those with colds, sore throat, bronchial trouble, etc., can all be cured right at home by inhaling "Catarrhone."

Catarrhone

Guaranteed to Cure

The purest balsams and the greatest antiseptics are thus sent to every spot where catarrhal trouble exists—germs are killed, foul secretions are destroyed, nature is given a chance, and cure comes quickly.
Colds and throat troubles can last if the pure healing vapor of Catarrhone is breathed—sneezing and coughing cease at once, because irritation is removed.
Use Catarrhone to prevent—use it to cure your winter ills—it's pleasant, safe, and guaranteed in every case.
Two months' treatment, large size, guaranteed to cure, price \$1; small size, 50c., at all dealers.
Beware of substitutes and imitations.

Two months' treatment, large size, guaranteed to cure, price \$1; small size, 50c., at all dealers.
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GREAT GRAPE-FRUIT APPETITE

Has Been Acquired in Few Years by Uncle Sam.

During the past few years Uncle Sam has acquired a great grapefruit appetite. This winter's supply of the fruit will exceed 4,000,000 boxes, or half a billion pomelos. The grapefruit receives its name on account of the way it grows. The yellow globules grow in clusters of a dozen or more. Only a few years ago the grapefruit was a thing despised, gastronomically. Fifteen years ago grapefruit was placed on the bill of fare of Uncle Sam and the demand has increased until the supply can hardly satisfy the demand.

Now enough grapefruit is eaten in this country to make a gorgeous yellow necklace reaching entirely around the world. It has only been within the past fifteen years that the pomelo, or grapefruit, has been regarded as a commercial fruit. The cultivation has grown in Florida, Jamaica and the Isle of Pines to an enormous scale. Florida produces about 1,000,000 boxes of the total of 4,000,000 and has become the grapefruit garden of the world. Growing, the grapefruit is spectacular, dangling in great bunches of pale yellow globes on a tree that attains a height of thirty feet. The fruit ships well and its pungent flavor has made an appeal to the jaded stomachs of an over-worked nation.

A SCARCITY OF HORSES.

Canadian Farm Has Visions of a Horse Famine.

Regarding the condition of the horse market, the Canadian Farm of current issue contains the following article:
Not a few are apprehensive of a horse famine in Ontario next spring. Good prices and a keen demand have caused farmers to sell nearly every horse that was worth selling, and it looks now as if there would not be enough horses in the country to do the spring seeding. Whether this is true or not, it is a safe guess that not for many years has the country been so free of marketable horses as at the present time. The bulk of the horses, workers and drafters for the most part, have gone west, where they will be used for seeding the 1910 crop, which promises to greatly exceed the area any former one. So great has been the western demand that horses are becoming a very scarce commodity in the east, especially good ones. There are quite a number of the nondescript kind to be found, but even these are becoming scarce and are selling at profitable prices. True, there are numbers of young animals on the way. But will these be able to supply the place of those sold off this farm? If not, it looks as if there may not be enough horses to go round when the busy spring season comes.

Hotel Men Bled, Bought and Sold.

Morden Chronicle.
We were discussing the license question with an hotel man, the other day, and we certainly were surprised to hear him say that he was not an object of any sympathy with the present policy of the government. He said the present government had been bought, then sold them—and said he, when the present government goes out the liquor business will go out with it. The liquor men have tied up their fortunes with the present government, just as the liquor men in Great Britain have tied themselves to the tory party there. There will be quite a slump in brewery stock in the old country since the election and there will be a similar slump in this province when the last lion of the Robb's government comes. More and more the government has attracted the bulk of the element to itself so that to-day that element is quite a strong factor in this party.

Modesty of the Bench.

YOUTH'S COMPANION.
A certain prominent British jurist was transferred from the chancery court to the admiralty court rather unexpectedly. While conversant with English law to a surprising degree, this gentleman had spent little time in marine law, and was rather dubious as to his ability to cope with the duties of his new office.
His colleagues, in recognition of the occasion, gave him a dinner, after which he was called upon for an address. He made a long and serious speech, which embraced about everything, from free trade to England's foreign policy. Then, pausing a moment, he glanced round the crowded room and said:
"Gentlemen, in closing, I can think of no better words than the lines of Tennyson:
"And may there be no moaning of the bar
When I put out to sea."

Flowers Blooming in Maine.

A Grand Trunk man says this is a very unusual winter down in Maine. So far from temperatures being hyperborean, they are so high up as to have converted the January thaw into a season of premature freshets. Poley blossoms have been picked in an East Deering front yard, and the event has stirred up Portland editors to boom their city as an all-the-year resort. That this amelioration is not temporary and illusive is the belief of a weather-wise East Winthrop man, who one day this week noted a large flock of wild geese flying northward over that town.

Cattle in South America.

Joseph J. Slechta, American vice-consul-general at Rio Janeiro, gives the number of cattle in that country at 25,000,000, the provinces, Rio Grande do Sul, Mato Grosso and Minas Geraes, reporting 5,000,000, 3,000,000 and 2,500,000 head, respectively. Brazil does a great business in exporting kids; those of the state of Bahia alone aggregating 6,000 metric tons, while the average number of kids sent out from Rio Grande do Sul annually aggregate 900,000.

Beautiful Jap Woman.

The most beautiful woman in Japan is Princess Nashimoto, whose husband is first cousin to the Mikado. She is 27 years old, petite, fascinating and has all the vicinity of a well-read Frenchwoman. She attracted admiration in Paris when she and her husband recently visited that capital.

SOME OF SAD CASES

WOE BROUGHT ON BY TOO MUCH JOY.

Shock of Sudden Glad Tidings Occasionally Turns the Brain—Cases of Lunacy.

London Spectator.
It is no exaggeration to assert, said an asylum doctor of long and varied experience, that there are scores of men and women in insane asylums who have literally been sent there through excess of joy. Many of these cases are, in my opinion, the saddest of all have come under my own observation.
I remember in the very first asylum with which I was connected one of the patients was a strikingly handsome and very well educated man, who was as sane as you or I except on one point. He was really a man of considerable wealth, but his delusion was that he was a pauper, and he would tell the most pitiful tales of his destitution, begging, with which his eyes, for a few copers with which to buy bread.
According to the story told me, he was the only son of a wealthy merchant. In his youth he had fallen among evil companies and had led such a dissolute life that his father had to forsake him ever to enter his house again. After that he seems to have sunk into the lowest depths of poverty until he was glad to earn a few copers by selling papers or matches in the streets.
It was at this last and lowest stage that news came to him that his father had died intestate and that he was heir to all his vast fortune. The sudden news completely turned the man's brain and brought on such a condition of excitement that he had to be sent to an asylum, and when he calmed down again he had lost all recollection of his good fortune, and nothing could shake his delusion that he was on the verge of starvation.

Another patient in the same asylum was a young and in his lucid moments a most intelligent fellow, whose "brain was turned," as the saying is, on learning that he had passed an examination. He had sat for the matriculation examination at the University of London, on passing which he had set his heart and had asked a friend in London to wire the result as soon as the names were screened at Burlington House.
About three weeks later came a fatal telegram, "Failed—sorry." He sent the young man into the lowest depths of despair, for he was too old to sit again. Not many hours later, however, came another telegram "Passed honors—very sorry crush so great did not see name this morning." The revelation of feeling was so great that he became so violent in his excitement that he had to be confined. Fortunately he was not with us long and is now, I am glad to know, doing very well as a solicitor.
Disappointed love sends many people to asylums, but it is very seldom that success in wooing drives a man mad. It had this strange effect, however, on one of my late patients. The girl he loved had gone out to India to keep house for her brother before he had screwed up his courage to the point of proposing to her, but an offer followed by mail very quickly after her. Weeks and months passed, but the answer came to the impatient lover until, after waiting two years in despair, he became engaged to a girl who had nothing but her money bags to recommend her and for whom he had not a particle of love. Scarcely however, was his fate sealed that he received the long expected letter from India, according to his offer and explaining that the girl's brother had received and mailed the letter, which had only just found him and had come into her hands.
Within an hour of the receipt of this letter the man was a raving maniac, and although his condition is improved, I doubt whether he will ever recover his reason.

In another remarkable case it was the joy at seeing her husband again that robbed a lady patient of her reason. Her husband was the captain of a merchant ship which was reported to have gone his way in a hand-to-hand. The widow had deeply mourned her husband for nearly a year when one day on returning from a walk she found him sitting in the drawing room as hale and robust as ever.
With a shriek she fell unconscious on the floor, and when she recovered her reason was gone. It seems that her husband, after floating for some time, had been picked up by a passing "tremper" and had been landed on the west coast of Africa, from which he had returned home by the first available vessel.
"Third" the Most Probable.
Harrington Putnam, Judge Gaynes's successor on the New York bench, is noted for his logical mind, says the New York Times.
Once, at a dinner at Red Lodge, his country house near Denning, Mr. Putnam gave an admirable instance of this mental quality. The conversation had turned to non-married widows, and Mr. Putnam disposed of the question thus:
"When a beautiful widow says that she will not marry again on any condition, it may be, first, her husband was so good that she could never care for another man again; or it may be, second, that her experience of married life was such as to make her desire no more of it; or it may be, third, that she is telling a falsehood."

An Ancient Concrete Bridge.

In the south of France is a concrete arch bridge known as the Pont du Gard, which was erected in the year 56 B.C. The concrete in this was not composed of crushed stone of the variety now employed in concrete bridge work, but was of the old style, consisting of alternate layers of large and small stones, gravel, etc., and of cementitious material. Vitruvius describes the materials and methods in use before the Christian era, and other writers, like Alberti in 1445 and Palladio in 1570, accurately describe the methods which the "ancient" (as they called them) employed "of using boards laid on edge and filling the space between with cement and all sorts of small and large stones mingled together."

ARE VERY STRONG.

Some of the Business Methods of Orientals.

Milwaukee Sentinel.
Oriental merchants have business methods which arouse the wonder of the American storekeeper. Perhaps the most peculiar are associated with the sale of rubies in Burma.
The prospective purchaser takes a seat near a window and has before him a large copper plate. The seller comes to him one by one and each empties upon this plate a large bag of rubies. The purchaser arranges the gems all in separate little heaps in order that he may get a valuation upon them.
He first divides them into three close resembling to size. Each of these groups is again divided into three other piles, according to color, and each of these piles in turn is once more divided into three groups, according to shape.

Artificial light is never used in the examination of rubies, the merchants believing that full sunlight alone is capable of bringing out the color and brilliancy of the gems. All sales must be made between the hours of 9 a.m. and 3 p.m., and the sky must be clear, so that nothing can dim the radiance of the crimson stones.
The copper plate is brought into requisition in more ways than one. The sunlight reflected from it through the stones brings out, with true rubies, a color effect different from that of spinels or tourmalines, when they are thus rapidly separated. Many spinels bear a close resemblance to the ruby, but this simple test made under the keen eye of the oriental, never fails.

When the various stones have been segregated the buyer and seller begin an odd method of bargaining by grips, or rather grips, in profound silence. After agreeing upon the fairness of the classification they join their right hands, covered with a handkerchief or the flap of a garment, and by grips and pressures understood among all these dealers they make, modify and accept proposals of purchase and sale. The hands are here uncovered and the prices are recorded.
"FADS" OF ALL KINDS.
Emperor William Has a Horror of Them.
Emperor William has a horror of "fads" of all kinds. He is intolerant of many things he knows nothing about, as he is prepared by his rank and education, and it would go hard with any one who tried to disclose the emperor's secret, for instance, with him. Nothing strikes him more irritable than to mention that cult in his presence, nor does homopathy please him, and spiritualism might drive him crazy if the subject were introduced in an unguarded moment.
But according to a recent magazine article the emperor has an enormous admiration for the American people, for their go-aheadness, progressive ideas, inventiveness, and he also abhors the suffragettes. Hitherto the suffragettes have been a British institution, but now they have popped up in America and the emperor is terribly annoyed thereat. No doubt, he will talk the matter over with Col. Roosevelt when the latter visits Berlin and try to enlist his sympathy and influence in extinguishing the obnoxious ladies.
Sounded Startling.
It was a Westport car already filled to capacity, but it stopped for another bunch of passengers. The conductor was caught in the jam at the front end of the car, but when he fancied he had given them time to get safely on, he called out, "All aboard, back there!"
"Hold on!" a panicky voice replied from the rear platform. "Wait until I get my clothes on!"
The tightly wedged mass of humanity in the car turned as one man it was the only possible way to turn, for that matter with visions of a frenzied passenger pulling a shirt on over his head, or worse. But it was only a boy or a red-headed taking home a washing and having trouble getting an unslightly laundry basket on board.
The nervous tension of the tightly wedged mass of humanity relaxed and persons who had been glaring at their neighbors merely for crushing their feet, walking up their shirts, or forgetting them with hat pins, so far forgot themselves as to look at one another and laugh.
Rock Soup.
"Did you ever eat any rock soup?" asked a visitor from Tennessee on going out to dine with his city cousin.
"Can't say that I ever heard of such a soup," replied the other. "Is it a puree or a consommé?"
"I don't know what you would call it up here," said the man from Tennessee, "but down home we call it just plain rock soup."
"How is it made?"
"Well, you take first a large bowl-der and place it in a pot of boiling water. Then you throw in some bed bones, beans, peas, tomatoes, rice, carrots, a little cabbage, potatoes, and okra—boil 'em all up together—and I tell you it makes a fine soup."
"But what do you get out of the bowl-der?"
"Why, that is what gives the soup its name—rock soup."

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