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The mighty dollar has been reduced to the mitey dollar.

At any rate the war made the world wish for democracy.

Vices are only sometimes only virtues carried to excess.—Dickens.

Paint and powder from the corner drug store won't hide a bad disposition.

If there is no hell, what becomes of those men who will do anything the law allows?

How fortunate are frogs. Always full of hops and loaded with greenbacks.

The statement is made that among diseases itch for office is about the worst extant.

The woman wants love, the man power. Which will bring the greatest happiness?

And so the country is going to the dogs? Well, it might as well be the dogs as the hogs.

The next time it happens, the nations will know enough in time to prepare for peace.

It is all right to import unskilled laborers if they are unskilled in the art of making bombs.

Bryan has one consolation. He can always insert a dry plank in his Chautauqua platform.

Adam made a date with Eve to meet her under a cocoon palm. That was the first mandate.

Once the price indicated value; now it indicates no more than a conscience asleep at the switch.

On the morning of election day, every Mexican peon knows against whom he will cast his bullet.

Thousands advocate a back to the farm movement. But we see few of them making the necessary move.

The evil that men do lives after them; the good is often no more than the act of dying and getting out of the way.

There might be several dozen parties in this country if every leader with a grievance was reasonable sure of a few followers.

Dresses are sold by weight in Japan. Even with bad eyesight we see lots of sheer dresses that suggest a similar value.

A great many people bewail the sorrows of the Serbians. They would weep over their misfortunes. What is needed, however, is givers, not "guff."

In regard to patches. We have seen many a good one wrought out by the deft hands of women, but the work of God in the garden patch leads them all.

ANOTHER "FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH."

Dr. Serge Voronoff, the enterprising Russian scientist who made the extraordinary discovery that an interstitial gland detached from a monkey and grafted on a man would make a septuagenarian act like twenty, is out with a fresh disclosure that will cause a fluttering—this time in the dovecoats.

Dr. Voronoff—Russian for "raven's son"—is credited in a Paris despatch with the announcement that by the same simian method of re-

juvenation he hopes to be able to give a woman of sixty the face of a girl of twenty.

But there is a drawback to this boon offered to the feminine seekers after youthful beauty in mature years. It is contained in Dr. Voronoff's warning that after taking the treatment hinted at by him, the woman of sixty will revert to the face of twenty, but that her body will still remain sixty years old.

We don't know how much of truth there is in the newest discovery credited to Dr. Voronoff. But of one thing we are fairly sure. And that is that the only certain way for a woman—or a man, either,—to extend the appearance and the vigor of youth into middle life and old age is to keep up the thoughts, the illusions and the responsiveness of youth; and above all, to harbor kind thoughts and charitable feelings.

There are plenty of white-haired women who have the face of youth. By keeping in contact with life, by keeping their hearts and minds open, and by keeping their spiritual eyes upon the things that are kindly, gentle and sweet, they have grown into the physical beauty of a happy old age.

THE PENITENTIARIES.

The term "penitentiary," despite the modern application of the word and the meaning it conveys, is of religious origin. It might mean either voluntary or enforced separation from worldly affairs for the purpose of expiating sins of the flesh or spirit, with a view to regeneration.

Viewed in this light our Canadian penitentiaries ought to be model places, productive of the best results. It is true that chapels are provided for divine worship on the Sabbath, and services are conducted by official chaplains whose work is carried on under particularly adverse circumstances. The reason for this is not hard to find.

The old certificates of conviction and sentence read, "For the period of your natural life" or "a term of years, as the case might be," at hard labor, subject to the discipline of that institution." The judge who spoke the words knew nothing about the place to which he was sending men, nor what the "discipline" of the institution meant. Much the same wording is in use at the present time.

The "discipline" was something provided by a very different sort of person from the judge. In Canada this "discipline" appears to have been embodied in regulations prepared by a man whose only qualification was that he once visited Europe as private secretary of a minister of justice. When his chief died a place was found for him as the inspector of penitentiaries. This new inspector had a mania for destructive criticism and for making rules. He set out all by himself to revise the regulations in force. The result was riots in two penitentiaries that lasted for several months, during which time penalties and punishments were the order of the day. Subsequently he decided to hold a convention of Canadian penitentiary wardens annually. Two such conventions only were ever held, because the wardens tore his regulations to pieces and undertook to revise them upon a majority vote. Much ill-feeling between him and the wardens arose and he never called a conference again. He sanctioned their attendance at the American Prison Congress annually, but it seems he ridiculed the proceedings at such meetings and refused to attend them himself. Canada has never received any benefit from the experience of her own practical men, or of those of any other country in formulating the prison system that is now in operation in the dominion penitentiaries.

The hope of those interested in our penitentiaries and the reformation of the inmates, is that the Hon. Mr. Doherty, the present minister of justice, may avail himself of the best judgment of practical men, including psychiatrists, in the revision of the regulations. He should endeavor to secure the highest type of men in making appointments. Men should be sought for the higher offices who possess a proper conception of the duties required of them and who regard discipline as a means to an end. The penitentiary is no place for time-serving officials, but only such as have the true Christian conception of humanity and are capable of carrying it into effect.

There is a wide gulf between the court room and the penitentiary, for the one is engaged in an analysis of facts and the application of law, while the other has to deal with human organism, human sensibilities, ideas and sentiments involving a responsibility that cannot be ignored without serious consequences. For this very reason penitentiary administration would be better removed from the supervision of judges or lawyers inclined to be obsessed by crimes and penalties, and placed under a department of public health in order that a scientific regime might be adopted under same supervision. Only by removing the penitentiaries from the present court-room and police atmosphere that envelops and directs their management can any system of reformation be successfully carried out, so reformer declare. It is inconceivable that a mind moulded by the criminal

code, a mere cog in the judicial machinery, can become sufficiently divorced from the steam roller process to take proper account of human psychology. The minister of justice has his proper sphere, but the administration of penitentiaries is not that sphere, and no matter what his gifts and mental attainments may be, it is claimed that he cannot function properly in two diametrically opposite characters. If he is wise he will turn the administration of prisons over to men who are not dealing with crimes and penalties, whose minds are not crammed full of statutes and who are engrossed with the game of politics, but to men fired by a spark from the altar of humanity—whose book is the book of life—human beings in the flesh with minds and souls to be read and understood and fitted to live a life of usefulness in this world as the only proper title to a place in the next. Surely there is no more sacred obligation than this.

MUSINGS OF THE KHAN

A Big Holiday.

He had always said that when he had things fixed so's he could leave the place for a few weeks he was a-goin' to take a hollerday an' go an' see his brother Andy in Saskatchewan. His brother Andy had gone west twenty years before, and he formed one of that glorious company of alleged pioneers who were too poor to get out, and who form the backbone, as we call the shiners, not to speak of the fancy boys, and we mustn't forget the collar boys of every new country, on this hemisphere.

Andy would have got out of Saskatchewan during the first winter of his discontent, but it wasn't far to walk and there were absolutely no railroads nearer than Saskatoon or Winnipeg, which were practically as distant from him as Bagdad and Moscow are from us.

Yes, jes as soon as he could fix things up so's he could leave his property behind his 'o's it would be like to be there when he come back hollerday an' see Andy.

He might have gone to see Andy long ago, only the money he had saved to buy his ticket there and back was invariably despatched to the northwest in the shape of a pot of gold. He didn't buy the order at the local post office. He was proud as Lucifer in his way. He had the reputation of being as stingy as all get out, and he didn't want to undecieve the despised rabble, and more than that, he didn't want the rich Sockdologers and Spulpins and Losses and all them to know that Andy was hard up. One of the Sevenpiper girls had gone out to keep Andy from freezing to death the second winter. Last winter Andy's cattle starved to death, and he and Mandy and the nine children would have starved to death also had it not been for Uncle Medad down home.

The reason the cattle died was because it was impossible to get hay to them, even if you could get the hay. And, of course, there were no cars. But a P.O. order can go by express, and the family is still in the land of the living, and Mandy has got a vote, a gottle, and a mole on her nose with three hairs in it as long as your arm.

So Medad plugged along and plugged along, and the other morning he was out at the stand when the man who has that milk route came along for his can.

"You're a-workin' too hard, Medad," he said kindly to the unwashed and withered old man.

"If I could get red up my corns and git somebody to look after the place I'd take a good long hollerday an' go'n see Andy, out west—his doin' fine."

The next morning there was no

can on the stand, and the milkman swung it heavily under his breast. He looked at his watch. He would run down to the barn an' tell that old stork-in-the-mud that he had just four minutes, no more, mind you—four minutes to get that old can of milk out on the wagon.

He found Medad lying in the middle of the barnyard—dead as Caesar.

What is puzzling me is: Will Medad have the hollerday he always looked forward to? Whether would he go where he would—enjoy himself? I wonder do people ever feel homesick in the land that is fairer than day? Supposing that Medad was right there to-morrow, what would he do? He hasn't got any friends there that I know of, and he has none in the other place either. He would be like his brother Andy in Saskatchewan twenty years ago—he'd get out if he could. But where would he go if he got out?

The question most of us should ask ourselves is not "Are we good enough to go to heaven?" but "Does our training here on earth fit us to feel at home when we get there?" The night is ever painting the next world as a great holiday land where we won't have to work, and all that stuff.

"How many of us are equipped to enjoy that holiday, even granted that we are good enough to get there?" Ever since I heard of Abner's death I have been depressed. It would be comical were it not so pathetic to think of that poor old feller going off on a holiday.

THE WIGWAM, RUSHDALE FARM, R. 1, KENYON, Ont.

PUBLIC OPINION

Quite So. (Joseph Mercury) The Kingston parson who denounced as thieves the Dominion Parliamentarians, was quite as foolish and indiscreet in language as they in action. The cause of good government is not helped by such tirades of abuse.

Out of the East. (London Free Press) Out of India comes a Christian convert who says his mission is to "Christianize America." The way of the Lord cometh from the East.

Simple Reduction. (Norfolk Ledger-Despatch) Germany has reduced her standing army to 200,000 men, and if the allies give her time she will no doubt succeed in reducing it to 100,000.

Improvement in Fashions. (Vancouver Province) Carrying their fur neckpieces on their left arms is said to be the latest fad with Paris summer girls. It relieves the weight on the shoulders and serves as a balance for the vanity bags carried in the right hand.

CONGREGATIONS UNITE FOR SUMMER MONTHS

Idea is Becoming Quite Prevalent in the County of Northumberland.

Cobourg, July 20.—Commencing to-day, the congregations of St. Andrew's Presbyterian and the Congregational Church in this town will hold union services during the remainder of this month and during August, while their respective pastors, Rev. W. A. Bremner and Rev. H. A. Carson, alternately take holidays. This idea of union is very prevalent in Northumberland county. At Campbellford Rev. H. B. Kenny and Rev. C. F. McIntosh are alternating as pastors of the United Methodist and Presbyterian congregations there. At Trenton the Presbyterians and a Methodist congregation have united, holding union services for the two months, and in Brighton the same arrangement prevails.



CHURCH OF THREE DENOMINATIONS TO BE FACTORY This church, located at the corner of Broadview and Preoria avenues, Toronto, has served as a place of worship for three denominations. Built as a Baptist church forty years ago, it has since been used by the Plymouth Brethren and the Salvation Army. It has now been purchased for factory purposes.

Rippling Rhymes

WASTED ENERGY.

For many, many weeks to come the orators, brave souls, will knock the welkin out of plumb, and shoot it full of holes. Wherever there's a stump or leg, some orator will rise, and talk until he breaks a keg, dispensing truth and lies. The men with messages will spoil the picnic in the dell, and when we'd fain go forth to toil, they'll bind us with a spell. If all their energy and steam were put to saving wood, high prices soon would be a dream, and prospects would be good. We need strong men to guide the plow and see the pumpkins binned, but all the husky fellows now are busy dishing wind. If every man who proffers graft would cease, and we'd have cheaper bread. If every man who takes the stump, our bulwarks to defend, would grab a hoe and blithely hump, another graft would end. For weeks and weeks the ancient fangs will in our ears be dinned, and when we that's thrown away by orators, oh, cheer! If it were put to baling hay, where would our problems be?

—WALT MASON.

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