

Boy Injured.

About 5 o'clock Saturday afternoon a young boy named Noseworthy working around the trains at the Railway Station was rather badly injured when his leg became caught in the couplings of two cars. He was hoisted the car at the time, carrying a pail of water, but it is not known exactly how the accident occurred. Dr. Fraser was immediately called, and having examined the boy, he ordered the ambulance on the scene in which the injured lad was then conveyed to the General Hospital, where he was attended to-day by Dr. Tait. He is now doing finely, but it is not known just when he will be able to get out again. Young Noseworthy is a son of one of the carpenters in the car shed of the Reid Mfg. Co. His foot, which was badly crushed, has been dressed and bandaged.

Seal Due To-Morrow.

Baine Johnston's S. S. Seal is due to-morrow. This morning she was 150 miles off this port, and with good steaming she will arrive some time to-morrow, provided, of course, the ice does not come right in and get her packed. In its present loose condition the Seal could butt her way through easily enough.

Personal Mention.

Messrs. Wm. Ashbourne of Toronto and Leo W. Medding of the S. S. War Seneca are registered at the Crosbie. Capt. S. R. Winsor of Wesleyville is in the city.

Capt. W. Winsor of Wesleyville arrived in the city Saturday. Both captains are registered at the Crosbie and will prosecute the seal hunt in the S. S. Ranger and Thetis respectively.

Mr. Geo. Tibbo of Grand Bank is a guest at the Crosbie. Mr. R. S. Daly arrived in the city yesterday on a visit from Heart's Content and is staying at the Crosbie.

Timely Mistakes.

It is surprising how many useful things come into general use on account of some slip or mistake. Blotting paper, for instance, was the result of a workman's spilling of a batch into which he had forgotten to put any sizing material.

Nobel discovered dynamite by a slip, and the first bayonet was the result of a soldier's suggestion that, as the powder was done, they should fix their long knives into the barrels of their guns and charge.

One of the funniest of accidental discoveries relates to bottled beer. In the reign of Queen Mary a certain Dean of St. Paul's and Master of Westminster School had to fly to the Continent for his life. He was carrying by the silvery Thames at the time the warning reached him. Some years later he returned not only to England, but to the very spot for the same purpose, with rod and line. Growing thirsty, he remembered that he had left a bottle of beer in the hollow of a neighbouring tree when he had suddenly taken flight some years before. The bottle was there, but when he removed the cork it went off with such a bang as to make him think that it had been changed by the fairies to a gun.

Here and There.

ICE COMING IN.—The ice is now coming in again and is at present less than three miles off Cape Spear. It was lucky that a number of schooners got off Friday and Saturday, for the possibility of the port being closed once more is great.

LLEWELLYN CLUB.—At St. Thomas's Church last night, Rev. Dr. Jones announced that at Thursday night's meeting of the Llewellyn Club, a debate would take the place of the customary address. The subject of the debate will be: "Resolved that we abolish pew rents." The discussion promises to be interesting and lively.

ST. JOHN'S CHORAL SOCIETY.—Mozart's 12th Mass. Grand performance, Methodist College Hall, March 12th. A full attendance is requested at rehearsal this evening at 8 o'clock. Presbyterian Hall.—mar3,11

TO-NIGHT'S LECTURE.—To-night in the Synod Building lectures on Church History will be continued. The lecturer, Rev. J. Brinton, will speak to-night on "Resistance to Church and King." The lecture will be illustrated by lantern slides, while Mr. H. Y. Mott will occupy the chair.

There will be a Special Meeting of the Shareholders of the N. I. W. A. Co-operative Stores at 8 o'clock Wednesday night, March 5th, at the N. I. W. A. Rooms, No. 1 Springdale Street. M. J. JAMES, Sec'y.—mar3,11

SHIP RAN ASHORE.—A message received by the Deputy Minister of Customs states that the schooner W. T. White, fish laden from English Harbour, bound to Oporto, ran ashore at Bay Breton inside the light-house. Subsequently she was floated off and reached the harbor, but is now leaking.

Occupation of Germany.

Two previous historic events afford basis for an estimate of the time that the Allied occupation of Germany may be expected to last.

After the second fall of Napoleon, in 1815, the Allies stipulated that they should be allowed to occupy twenty French fortresses for five years. But in November, 1815, saluted that the danger of a Bonapartist revival had passed, they withdrew their troops, just three years after peace had been signed.

After the Franco-German War, portions of France remained in German occupation as a guarantee for the payment of the indemnity exacted by Germany. France met her obligations so speedily as to awaken in Germany the fear that she had not been asked to pay enough, and the German occupation came to an end with the evacuation of Verdun in September, 1873, two years and four months after a definite peace had been signed.

Six Miles High.

The recent claim put forward that the height of six miles achieved by two aviators is a record is likely to be questioned, especially by those who are familiar with the early history of aerial exploration.

In September, 1862, a balloon ascent was made from Wolverhampton by Mr. Glaisher and Mr. Coxwell, whose special object was to see how great a height it was possible to attain.

At a height of 29,000 feet. Mr. Glaisher found that his right arm had become powerless, and his left arm quickly followed suit. His head fell loosely on his shoulder, and suddenly he was seized with blindness.

Mr. Coxwell saw that no time was to be lost if either of them was to get to earth alive, and as he too had both his arms useless, he seized the valve rope with his teeth, and allowed gas to escape gradually until the balloon descended in a quiet spot near Ludlow. The height attained in this journey, Mr. Glaisher calculated, was 37,000 feet.

The Perfect Batman.

The officer was cross and the Royal Air Force mess was amused.

"What do you think that idiot of a batman of mine has done?" demanded the aggrieved one. "He has clamped my best tunic in the trouser-press! You should just see the thing!"

"The only perfect batman I ever had," he went on, "was in France. He really was a knock-out. I shared him with another chap and we lived in clover, while other chaps had a dickens of a time."

"The rummest thing he ever did was once in a 'push.' We'd been going it like one o'clock, and at last it came to this, that we were miles from everywhere and no grub! Imagine that."

"Well, we called this priceless lad and asked him if he could get us anything. He said he could do us a brace of birds. We sat up at that and asked him where he'd got 'em. He just didn't answer, so we shut up. We weren't going to know anything, you be bound."

"The birds were just fine. He could cook, that lad. We enjoyed them thoroughly and talked about them for days. Then there came a chit from Headquarters. Two valuable homing pigeons were missing and had we seen, did we know, and all the rest of it. Well, the other chap and I, we looked at one another, then we called the batman."

"Where did those birds come from?"

"Never mind that. Where did they come from?"

"If you liked them, sir, you don't need to know where they come from," he said. So we showed him the chit. He read it and handed it back.

"It means a court martial, you know, if it's found out," I said.

"Yes, sir."

"Well, look here. You needn't leave evidence about. What did you do with the basket?"

"He looked at me. 'Couldn't cook 'em without makin' a fire, sir,' he said."

"Now can you beat that? He was a genius, that lad, and he was a perfect batman."—London Daily Mail.

Why We Are Lop-Sided.

Everybody is lop-sided! It may come as a bit of a shock to a pretty girl to be told that her eyes are odd, that one eyebrow is higher than the other. Facts are stubborn things, however, and she can find consolation in that the rule is without exceptions.

The sight of the two eyes in the same head varies, as everybody knows; but it will be news to many that the ears follow suit. Our auricular organs are unequal in their power of hearing, and they differ in size, contour, and elevation.

This lop-sided rule applies to every limb as well as every feature. For instance, one of your legs is slightly shorter than the other. The two sides of the human body differ the one from the other in every particular, being governed by the two lobes of the brain.

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Songs of the War.

Cruelty of the Hun Silenced the Singers.

The great war has given to the world many poems of striking beauty and power, poems which for their own sake, as well as for their associations, will long remain enshrined in the hearts of the liberty-loving people of the world; but of lyrics, in singable verse, there has been, as compared with other wars, a remarkable dearth. This is a fact widely recognized and as widely discussed.

Various theories have been advanced to account for it, and among them none has seemed more reasonable than that which traces the cause to the methods which Germany introduced, almost from the beginning, into the conflict.

In the ranks of "The First Hundred Thousand," British lads, taught to believe in and to practice fair fighting, went as gallantly as knights of old into the fray, marching to the lit of "Tipperary," only to find that they were confronted by an enemy acting more like savages than like civilized men. Canadian lads, coming later, blithely singing their native airs, made a similar discovery. They, too, had been educated to believe that chivalry on the part of a foe might be expected, even in the tumult and heat of battle. Like their brothers from the British Isles, they were doomed to disappointment and to a terrible surprise. The foe had resorted to the cruellest, foulest manner of warfare the world had ever known. Vimy Ridge, disillusioned them with regard to the character of the enemy. Poison gas changed their mood. While "buoyancy continued, from first to last, to characterize the temperament of the Canadian soldiers at the front, and while songs continued to go around, the character of the situation, in the war zone and in the homelands, was not as to inspire the composer or the singer.

It was noticeable that while "Tipperary" took with the recruits it gradually faded into a lyric memory with the more seasoned of the troops. They had seen that which made them thoughtful and determined, where they had been lighthearted and careless. This war was different. "Keep the Home Fires Burning," a song of higher appeal, came nearer meeting the heart-need of the majority.

The mood of the soldier found reflection in the attitude of the song writer and the singer. Many of the war songs faded less from lack of intrinsic merit than because of the indisposition of people not only touched personally, but horrified by the turn which German militarism had given to war. One may search far through the literature of the period without finding anything, in prose or verse, which will give a better idea of the soldierly sentiment shocked into protest by German methods of fighting than that which, strange to say, may be obtained from the closing lines of one of the most impressive songs of the war, "In Flanders Fields," by the Canadian officer, Lt.-Col. John McCrae, who himself became a victim of a treacherous enemy. These lines were in the nature of a summons to the still hesitating, and ran:

Take up our quarrel with the foe,

To you from falling hands we throw
The torch—be young to hold it high,
If ye break faith with us who die,
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders fields.

This was the mood, this the sentiment, which made it hard for soldier or civilian to sing as people sang in other wars. When the British, with the French, had faced odds in the Crimean War they could, nevertheless, sing in heartiness the rousing "Heights of Alma." In the darkest hours of the Sepoy Rebellion the whole British world joined in "The Campbells are Coming." In the Civil War in the United States, the South sang with cheeriness "Dixie" and the "Bonnie Blue Flag," in defeat as well as in victory; and, whether going forward or retreating, the North had "John Brown," "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp," "The Old Camp Ground," "When Johnny Comes Marching Home," "The Battle Cry of Freedom," and other songs, to lighten the weary four years. In all wars, save this latest, and let it be hoped last one, there has been inspiration for a multitude of melodists, minstrels, and composers; in this conflict, while poets have been moved, perhaps to greater effort than ever before, with results that will be more fully appreciated as the years go by, it seems to have been, on the whole, a time for deep meditation and earnest resolution, rather than for singing.—Christian Science Monitor.

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The Foundation of

By RUTH CAMERON

I overheard two young people in a trolley car talking about an engagement one of them wanted to break.

Said the one who wanted to get out of the engagement, "I'll tell her I've got to work that night."

Said the other girl, "Wait! she thinks it's queer to work that night."

Do you know, I think that is an astonishingly easy state of mind to slip into, that of considering that a plausible lie is just as good as the truth.

These girls wouldn't tell a lie that wasn't well put together, that wouldn't slip to pieces and hurt someone's feelings (and on the rebound hurt their own), but what they seem by their attitude to ask, is wrong with a strictly good lie?

I couldn't help smiling, at that last phrase. She felt sure that he would pass muster, and therefore everything was "perfectly all right."

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Somewhat I was reminded, by that conversation, of a little girl I once took care of. She wanted to keep a couple of green apples she was playing with, during her nap. Like a fool, let her. When I came in to take up from her nap, there were several bites out of each apple. "Oh, Elizabeth," I said reproachfully, "and you promised."

"I didn't touch them," she assured me. "The pink and white and blue birds flew in the window while I was asleep and ate them up."

After due persuasion, she finally confessed the truth. "But," she added very much aggrieved, "I thought I'd think the pink and white and blue blackbirds flew in the window and ate them up."

In other words, she thought it a perfectly plausible lie, and she didn't see why it wasn't just as good as the truth.

Not Only Five Year Olds Who Think That.

But when one sees how many people

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