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—BY—

B. LOVERIN

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SCIENCE OF MATTER.

SURPRISING RESULTS OF EXPERIMENTS ON A MONKEY'S BRAIN.

Cerebral Peculiarities Just Like a Man's, Which Lead Observers to Conclude That the Ape Really Is a Human Being.

Is the ape in truth a man?

Religion and vanity shrink from accepting the idea, though it has been indorsed for some time past by Hartmann, Winge and a few other naturalists of reputation. But recent scientific experiments, the results of which are now for the first time published, go some way toward verifying such a belief. They have consisted in the actual vivisection of human beings,

ELECTRIC NEEDLE EXPERIMENT ON AN APE'S BRAIN.

whose living brains have been exposed to view and studied. In this way it has been definitely ascertained that a monkey's modes of thinking and feeling are exactly the same as those of a man.

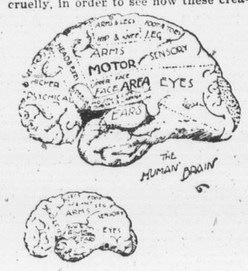
The men who have been doing this work are the famous Professors Horsley and Schaefer, of the University of London. Not long ago they were so fortunate as to get hold of a person who had a tumor in his brain. It was a desperate case, and a radical operation was absolutely necessary. To perform it properly, they were obliged to remove a large portion of the roof of the patient's head, and advantage was taken of the opportunity to make a few most interesting tests.

Different parts of the exposed cerebral cortex were touched successively with the points of two electrodes, conveying a mild current of electricity, and the experimenters found that by this means they could cause the sick man to move whatever muscle of his body they chose. For example, the left big toe could be made to wriggle in response to slight irritation at a certain small spot on the brain surface.

Professors Schaefer and Horsley knew just how to go about it, because they had treated many monkeys in the same fashion. In demonstrating this before classes of students, their method was to administer an anaesthetic to the Simian victim, which was not permitted to feel any pain throughout the operation. At the end of the performance it was a dead monkey. But it had suffered not a bit. A part of its skull was removed, and then it was secured in an erect position, and in such a way that an electric light would shine full upon it. The lecturer would touch first one point and then another on the surface of the brain, saying preliminarily in each case: "Now, the monkey will move his right leg." "Now he will move his left thumb," and so on.

Certain portions of the surface of a monkey's brain are called "motor areas," because stimuli applied to them cause definite movements of the muscles of the body. For some time past it has been imagined that the same rules would apply to the brains of human beings, but proofs of the fact are now offered for the first time. Subsequently to the important event described Professors Horsley and Schaefer had a chance to operate upon two epileptics, and the results obtained in these instances were exactly the same. Consequently, science is now prepared to lay down the dictum that the brain of a monkey is practically the brain of a man, reduced in size.

Another discovery recently made is a big surprise to scentific students. It is that the intelligence of human beings and brutes does not reside altogether in the frontal lobes, or "cerebral hemispheres," which compose the upper and front portion of the brain. During many years experiments repeated over and over again have seemed to prove this proposition. The frontal lobes of monkeys, rabbits, chickens and even frogs have been removed, somewhat cruelly, in order to see how these crea-



tures could get along without them. Uniformly the result has been that the animals treated have become mere automata, swallowing food that was put into their mouths, wincing if stuck with needles, and exhibiting other symptoms purely reflex, without apparently having any consciousness of what was going on. They would live for months or even years in this condition.

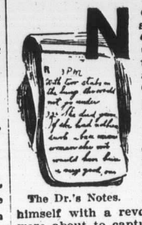
Reference has been had to the always-reliable monkeys for proving its falsity. Professor Munk, of Berlin—the name is a coincidence, not a joke—has been experimenting with monkeys on these lines recently. He has succeeded in removing the frontal lobes, and the Simian patients have been apparently as bright and clever as ever on recovering from the operation. The secret of it is that he has found out how to do the thing without injuring the remaining parts. Horsley and Schaefer have obtained the same results without taking away the cerebral hemispheres at all, adopting the equally conclusive method of separating them by cutting from the rest of the brain. Here again the animals remained seemingly as intelligent as before.

For some time past the fact has been gradually dawning upon the superior human animal that he is not the only creature who enjoys the possession of an intelligence. He is beginning to realize that the so-called brutes have minds in all essential respects like his own, though not so highly developed.

A SEMI-SCIENTIFIC FIEND.

He Stabs His Wife, Watches Her Death Struggles and Makes Notes of Them.

Dr. Carl F. Nitz, a Chicago physician of standing, stabbed his wife, after having stilled her cries with chloroform, and, during her last struggles, stood by and calmly made notes in his book of the woman's dying agonies.



The Dr.'s Notes.

NO crime since the slaying of Dr. Cronin has aroused Chicago as has the Nitz murder and suicide. Dr. Carl F. Nitz, a prominent Lake View physician, stabbed his wife to the heart, stood over her dying form and made notes of her agonies, and four hours later killed himself with a revolver, as the police were about to capture him.

over her dying form and made notes of her agonies, and four hours later killed himself with a revolver, as the police were about to capture him.

It was a most remarkable tragedy; it even had tinges of romance about it. But it is one of those cases which will soon be forgoten—forgotten because the principals are both silent in their graves. It was the old story of a union of May and December, of another mismated couple, whose troubles began almost imediately after the nuptial knot had been tied.

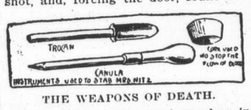
Dr. Nitz was a German. He was a hard student and something of a philosopher. When he found himself bound by law in a mesliance he at first sought to drown his sorrows in drink. They wouldn't be drowned. Instead, they continued to arouse all that was brutal in his nature. Then the family quarrels increased in violence. Final-

DR. AND MRS. NITZ.

ly, take the philosopher of the ancient school that he was, he determined to break asunder the ties which were uncongenial—not by divorce; that was too uncertain—but by death.

The fates were propitious, and furnished him with liquor, with anger and with the sought opportunity. After chloroforming his wife as she lay on the bed, where he had violently thrown and gagged her, he straightened out the body and then thrust his long surgical knife twice into the still beating heart. Then he sat by and noted in his prescription book her agonies. This accupied some ten minutes of his time.

He then wandered around the city for four hours, and finally he bolted himself into the room where his dead wife lay. The police were after him. The captain of the precinct kicked against the door. Courage came of fear. An instant later he heard a shot, and, forcing the door, found Dr.



THE WEAPONS OF DEATH.

Nitz breathing his last. A revolver in his hand and a bullet hole behind the right ear told the rest of what had happened.

In the murderer's pocket Captain Schuettler found a prescription book, containing the notes which Nitz had made while watching his wife's dying struggles. The writing was in a legible hand, and though it showed haste, at the same time it indicated that the physician had good control of his nerves.

The Doctor's Notes.

The notes read:

3 p.m.—With two stabs in the lungs, she would not go under.

3.30 p.m.—She died game. If she had not been such a base woman she would have been a good one.

5.25 p.m.—Bought the revolver in State street. My deliverer.

5.45 p.m.—Loaded the deliverer. I must say right here that she was a Tartar, dying as well as living, but she wilted. She made a hard fight for the "coup de grace."

Ultima ratio—When man's love for life has disappeared, it is best for him to cruel off. Yours truly, MYSELF.

At the Tossetti: 6 p.m.—Ordered my stew. Pulse good. Quiet and composed. My last comforter ready for business.

I admire the tenacity of that bad, bad woman; I found she had to die.

7.30 p.m., Lincoln and Sheffield avenues—I hereby appoint my dear brother-in-law, Louis Schumacher, 928 School street; Bernhardt Sinnauck, Rock Island Railroad depot, as my manager for my children. Everything that I have got in this world goes to my dear beloved children, Alma and Igno Nitz. Louis Schumacher knows what to do. I have posted him. B. Sinnauck, please give your compliments to Cottlesben; please tell her to be proud of her education to my calf. She will know what that means.

His wife had been a servant in his family for three years after his first wife died, but after he married her he took to drink, and to excuse his excess he said it was to drown his grief at the loss of his departed wife. The murdered wife was 20; he was 53, and the union was unhappy, unlike that resulting from his first marriage. Dr. Nitz was a recognized authority on children's diseases, and was worth $30,000.

Let the Little Ones Sleep.

"God giveth His beloved sleep," and little children should have plenty of it. It is the tendency of the times to disregard this necessity, hence the increase of nervous diseases among our young men and women. Sleep means growth with young people, and unless there is much sleep there will be no healthy growth.

Nature teaches a little child to lie down and sleep whenever it is weary, and after a bath or after its mid-day meal, and it is only through artificial influences that a little child leaves off the habit of taking a daily nap, and it is generally due to the mother's neglect that it is finally dispensed with. Yet the world often sympathizes with the mother rather than the child when towards night baby grows cross and fretful, while the mother often grows impatient, forgetting the long, tiresome day which the little one has endured. What wonder that these little ones grow up into nervous young men and women, with no constitutions to speak of!

Many grown people are pressed for time to accomplish all that they desire, and in their search for gold or daily bread, find little time to rest, yet that is no reason why they should begrudge their children an extra hour's sleep in the morning because they have an inherited idea that it is more healthful for them to rise early, and they fear that if they are allowed to sleep until they naturally awaken, habits of laziness will be formed which will mar their after lives.—American Agriculturist.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

CAREER OF THE LATE PRIMATE OF ALL ENGLAND.

His Tragic Demise in Church at Hawarden While Visiting Mr. Gladstone—His Family and Characteristics—A Deeply Religious Life.

The awfully sudden death of the Right Hon. and Most Rev. Edward White Benson, D.D., Archbishop of Canterbury, Primate of all England and Metropolitan and Privy Councillor, while attending divine service in the church at Hawarden, on Sunday, Oct. 10, emphasized the fact even in Canada. The dead Archbishop, Edward White Benson, sprang from an old Yorkshire family, settled for several centuries at Pately Bridge. An ancestor, Christopher Benson, was next of kin to Robert Benson, Chancellor of the Exchequer to Queen Anne, created Baron of Bingley in 1713, and a Privy Councillor. He seems to have held the balance so evenly between the Whigs and the Tories that a correspondent, writing to Swift, said "he had disobliged both sides so much that neither will once own him." Notwithstanding which prophecy, he was made Ambassador Extraordinary to the Court of Spain. He was buried in St. Paul's Chapel, Westminster, not far from Archbishop Ussher. Lord Bingley married the Lady Elizabeth Finch, daughter of the first Earl of Aylesford. Harcourt House, Cavendish square, built by Lord Bingley, was originally called Bingley House.

Of the same family was descended the Rev. Christopher Benson, Master of the Temple in his day, and regarded as a famous preacher. Christopher Benson, delivered the first course of

THE LATE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

Hulsean lectures in Cambridge in 1820. His lectures went through many editions. He has the credit of having invented the term "Tractarians" for the disciples of Newman, Pusey and their school. He himself belonged to the broader side of the Evangelical party. A sermon he preached during the Crimean war is touching for its eloquence and pathos.

The family of His Grace has already a historic connection with this country. Captain White Benson, his grandfather, having served with his regiment, the 6th Royals, during the rebellion of '98. It may be mentioned that a sister of this gentleman married Basil Montague, the learned editor of Bacon. By a previous marriage she was the mother of the wife of Bryan W. Proctor, better known as "Barrry Cornwall"—a schoolfellow of Byron at Harrow, and author of "English Songs"—and grandmother of the equally famous Adelaide Proctor, author of "Lyrics and Legends."

Archbishop Benson's father, like the present Prime Minister, was devoted to the science of chemistry, and made some valuable discoveries therein. He was also a student of the Botanical Society of Edinburgh. The Archbishop married in 1859 his second cousin, a daughter of the Rev. William Sedgwick of Skipton, Yorkshire. This lady is a great grandniece of the Rev. William Carr, who was rector of Bolton Abbey, and who received the warm commendation of Wordsworth for what he did on behalf of that historic spot.

The Primate was born near Birmingham in 1829, and went early to King Edward's school, then flourishing under the tutorial reign of Prince Lee. There he laid the foundation of his sound classical scholarship, and there he has as brilliant compeers the late Bishop Lightfoot, four years his senior, and the present Bishop Wescott, one year his junior. He enjoys a distinguished record at Cambridge, where he gained a scholarship and afterwards Fellowship at Trinity. He graduated B.A. First Class in the classical tripos in 1852, and senior optime in the mathematical tripos. On the invitation of Dr. Goulburn he became an assistant master at Rugby, where he worked for six years, latterly under Dr. Temple, now Bishop of London.

Afterwards when installing him in Truro Cathedral Dr. Temple bore this noble testimony to the new bishop: "I have known him for nearly twenty years, with ever increasing intimacy. I have known him and worked with him as a brother, a scholar of the first rank, a man of the very widest reading, a man of the most genial sympathies." The Bishop went on to speak of his deep religious life.

In 1853 Wellington College was founded for the education of the sons of deceased officers in memory of the great Duke, with the motto "Heroum filii," and Mr. Benson was elected as first head master. There he did a splendid work, building up a great school on the bare heath, with noble suites of houses, a chapel, library, masters' houses, five courts, etc. He left a flourishing institution, and bid farewell to tutorial life in a volume of sermons he published conjointly with Dr. Temple. On the invitation of the late Bishop Wordsworth we next find the future Archbishop at Lincoln, where he became examining chaplain to the bishop, and accepted a Prebendal Stall in the cathedral. Here the ministerial side of his character came out. His preaching was greatly valued, and his wonderful personal social influence told on all who came in contact with him.

In 1872 he did his greatest work in Lincoln, for which his name will long survive in the "city set upon the hill." Here he refounded and reconstituted the Scholae Cancellarii between 1872 and 1876, and was made chancellor and canon of the cathedral. The eyes of many were now fixed on Edward White Benson, and in 1877 the call came to him to "go up higher." Until the time of Edward the Confessor, Devon and Cornwall had each its own bishop, but poverty then compelled their union into one see. The ancient diocese of Truro had now been revived, and on the recommendation of the Earl of Beaconsfield Canon Benson was appointed its first bishop. On leaving Lincoln he published his "Single Heart," which was dedicated "To the dear people of the congregation of Lincoln Cathedral in memory of the last advent tide, and in gratitude for their 'Letters of commendation to the Church of Cornwall.'" The bishop was consecrated in St. Paul's Cathedral April 25, 1877, by Archbishop Tait. The occasion was made much of. No less than nine bishops were present, nearly all of them wearing their crimson convocation robes. The bishop designate walked between Dean Church and Canon Lightfoot; the latter preaching the sermon, which was one worthy of the occasion. At Truro the bishop showed himself a material as well as a spiritual builder.

He plunged into stone and mortar, and never ceased till he saw the nucleus of a good cathedral rising on the Site of St. Mary's Church. The nave was then built at a cost of £100,000. It remained for Bishop Benson to take one step more, and on the death of Archbishop Tait he was nominated by Mr. Gladstone to the Queen for the Archbishopric of Canterbury, and enthroned March 29, 1883. On this occasion, as the procession passed up the cathedral "Onward Christian Soldiers" was sung, followed by "The Church's One Foundation," and afterward Psalms 121 and 122, and the "Hallelujah Chorus." The Archbishop, as such, was seated first in the throne, then as Metropolitan in the ancient marble chair, and lastly, as a sign of having taken real and actual possession of the see, in the Dean's stall. The several acts of institution were performed by the Bishop of Dover, as suffragan. There was one noteworthy element in the Archbishop's enthronement, namely, the civic procession, no civic honors having been done to a Primate since 1832, whne it was a time of great political excitement) a citizen spit at Archbishop Howley.

Archbishop Benson had taken part in many leading functions since he became Primate, presiding at the Lambeth conference, preaching at church congresses, uniting members of the royal family in holy wedlock, and baptizing their children, but probably his greatest work was the pronouncement of the famous Lambeth judgment, by which he seemed to have given peace to the Church of England and established a regime of "Live and let live." Assuredly since that judgment there has been less of acrimony and a better feeling all round. Probably His Grace, as the head of the great Anglican Episcopate was unwilling to have his position tabulated, but he once said a striking thing. In addition to High Church, Low Church and Broad Church, he would add another side, of which men heard little, the "Deep Church." Probably His Grace would not object to being found there.

Archbishop Benson, by virtue of his exalted position, was the first Peer in the United Kingdom after the royal Dukes, and took precedence of the Lord Chancellor, the Archbishop of York coming third. In his person he set forth all the dignity and influence of his high office, being of a powerful and striking presence, softened by much geniality and graciousness of manner. He had a pair of steel gray eyes that flashed with a living emotion, and conveyed the impression of genius and farsightedness; the aquiline bend of his nose and the distended nostrils bespoke much energy, and he possessed a voice full of sweetness and compass. His features, strangely mobile, seemed to carry on them a perpetual light.

A SCIENTIFIC TOUGH.

Dr. Nansen, the Arctic Explorer, as He Appeared in Franz Joseph Land.

The arrival of Nansen at the camp of Jackson in Franz Josef Land is thus

DR. NANSEN IN FRANZ JOSEPH LAND.

described: "One of the members of the Jackson-Harmsworth expedition came into the hut and asked if all his colleagues were there. On being told that this was so, he exclaimed that there was a man out on the ice. It is natural, perhaps, that such news should have caused astonishment—natural, too, that a man of the alertness which it is known Mr. Jackson possesses should have jumped up and ran down to the ice to discover who the stranger was. Jackson came up to the long-haired and grimy explorer—so disguised, in fact, by his rough experience that the Englishman failed to recognize the Norwegian whom he had known. It was only after looking steadily into the face of the stranger for some seconds that it suddenly occurred to Jackson that the features resembled those of the gallant Norwegian explorer. He then exclaimed: 'Aren't you Nansen?' 'Yes,' was the reply, 'I am Nansen.' 'By Jove!' said the Englishman, 'I am really awfully glad to see you!' The Norwegian was taken to Elmwood, pehotographed in all his grime and travel-stain, indulged in a hot bath and bidden to a dinner that couldn't be excelled in many regions of the world. The portrait is reproduced from an illustration in The London Graphic drawn from a photograph of the explorer, taken at Elmwood."

New Ornaments for the Hair.

If women wear as many hair ornaments as the new coiffures seem to demand this season, a constant headache will be the inevitable result. The high combs seem higher than ever before, and the side combs necessary have doubled in number. As for the pompadour combs and odd ornaments their name is legion.

Tortoise shell combs and hairpins decorated with gold are the most correct, as well as the most costly of this season's ornaments. Amber is also much used, and blondes are looking with favor upon jet. However, combs sparkling with rhinestones are a special novelty. The miniature also appears upon some of the newest shell combs. It forms the top of the comb, and if framed first by a rim of shell and then by one of gold.

Among the prettiest sets of tortoise shell hair combs and pins are those which simulate a fern in shape and have the veins traced with a fine gold line. Not only does the large comb represent a fern, but the small hairpins have tiny ferns at the top.

It is now the fashion in buying hair ornaments to purchase them in sets. The sets consist of one high comb, one circular pompadour comb for keeping the pompadour in place, six small side combs, a dozen shell hairpins and three odd shaped combs or ornaments, according to the fancy of the wearer. With evening costumes, jewelled aigrettes will be worn in the hair. The newest show the jewels mounted on tiny spirals, so that they are continually in motion. Young girls are wearing a bow of ribbon in the hair and most fetching is the fashion.

Properly Prepared Porridge.

It is almost impossible to cook any cereal (with the exception of rice) too long. Few cooks comprehend this, and consequently few households understand what a good, wholesome dish the breakfast porridge may be. A mother found that oatmeal, of which her two-year-old son was extravagantly fond, did not agree with him. She told her family physician of the fact, says Harper's Bazar.

"Do you cook the oatmeal thoroughly," he asked.

"Oh, yes," she replied.

"How long does it boil?"

"A whole hour," was the answer.

"A whole day would be better," was the blunt advice.

Then he went on to say that the cereal should be put on the range in a double boiler at noon and cooked until the fire went out at night. Boiling water could be added occasionally, and at the time this was poured in, the oatmeal should be beaten hard for a moment. Except for this, the porridge needed no attention. At bedtime it was to be removed and set in a cool place until morning, when it could be put on the stove and allowed to cook until breakfast time.

The mother has since then followed these directions exactly, and finds that oatmeal thus prepared agrees with the most delicate stomach. It is tender, jellylike and delicious. The husband calls it "a kind of sublimated porridge."

A PARENTAL PROVISION.

How Farmer Hoen Looked After His College Son's Interests.

1—Son (from college)—"Well, dad, did you hear how I beat all of the boys riding the bicycle?"

Farmer Hoen—"Yessin deed, Jus, come back yer, an' see how I've arranged fer yer to continue trainin'."

2—"Yer see, with that arrangement, I won't hafter buy a windmill ter pump water."

ADVERTISING.

It Means Much and Has Many Unique Features.

Nineteenth century man is making such rapid and wonderful practical applications of electrical energy there is no telling where it will end. It may exercise an influence even over the wording of future advertisements and have something to do with such advertising announcements as the following, which Fame says may be expected in a few years:

The Old Made New.
Broken Pledges Repaired.
Hollow Hearts Filled to Order.
Marble Halls Furnished.
Glad Hands Repolished.
Hard Hearts Melted Down.
Gray Hair Dyed.
Parched Lips Made Ruby.
Black Hearts Regilded.
Brilliant Eyes Set.
Heart Strings Furnished.
Broken Hearts Mended.
Fond Memories Revived.

A parrot that kept asking passers-by if they did not want a glass of soda water was an original method of advertising made use of by a Chicago druggist during the summer.

Detective advertising ought to arrest the attention and be generally catchy.—Printer's Ink.

Johnnie Fewscade—"I tell you frankly that I shall not be able to pay for this suit until next year." Tailor—"All right, sir." "When will you have it ready?" "Next year."—Tit-Bits.

A curious experiment was made recently at the wood-pulp factories of Menzel & Sons, at Elsenthal, to test the time it takes to convert growing wood into paper. Three trees were cut down, chopped up, skinned, pulped, converted into paper and printed within two and a half hours from the beginning of the operation.—Pall Mall Gazette.

The Blood is the title of a new medical monthly. It should have a good circulation.—Exchange.

What's in a name? said Shakespeare—nit,
And he was right,
A name is nothing if you keep it out of sight.

But advertise it, stick it everywhere—
On fence and billboard, even on the air—
Make fifty million read it, study and peruse,
And swap it for a fortune you'd refuse,
My friend has another plan; I mean to try it,
Tell all the women on your block to keep it quiet.—F. C. H. in Fame.

Let the words of your advertisement carry weight without being heavy; let them hit without hurting; let them inform without being patronizing.—Fame.

A Glowing Painting.

Decorative artists are naturally interested in the description of a novel process of painting recently brought to notice by a Swedish genius, Mr. Fasch, of Gothenburg—a process which, it seems, renders it possible to adorn plate glass with artistically-executed paintings in such a way as to serve as panels for furniture or as articles of ornament. To so high a degree of beauty, in fact, has this curious application of coloring been carried that specimens exhibited in Berlin by the originator are said to have excited great attention. By a method peculiar to Mr. Swen, the employment of phosphorescent matter in the colors produces a glowing brilliancy, which, in semi-darkness or entire obscurity, illumines these panels with a glowing light of singular attractiveness. As represented, this kind of painting is not only fadeless, but, being protected by the plate glass, is indestructible. Glass plates of this decorative character are by experts pronounced much preferable to majolica lilies on the score of beauty and durability.

Physician's Scale of Fees.

Apropos of this subject the Medical Record says in a recent issue: The country practitioners in Austria complain that the fees which they receive are too small, and one of them has proposed the following scale (the equivalents being given in American money): Office visit, 15 cents; first visit to patient's house, 30 cents; subsequent visits, 25 cents each; night calls, 60 cents; setting a fracture, $2.25; major surgical operations, such as amputations and the like, from $6 to $9; hypodermic injection, 20 cents; antitoxin injections, 80 cents; bacteriosopic examinations, 80 cents. The prizes of the profession do not seem to lie in Austria.

Nice Dish for an Invalid.

Pound up the meat from the tenderest and whitest part of a boiled chicken with an equal weight of stale bread crumbs. Add the broth of the chicken, stir well, put into a saucepan, and after boiling for two minutes rub the whole through a sieve.

changes

There are medicines which change the action of organs and tissues. When a part does not properly perform its work, they restore it to health. Such remedies are called "alteratives."

Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil, with Hypophosphites, is one of these remedies. This is largely because of certain drugs which naturally exist in the oil, as iodine and bromine. If you are neither hard sick nor real well; if you feel below your usual standard, these alteratives will change your condition and bring back your health and strength.

SCOTT'S EMULSION has been endorsed by the medical profession for twenty years. (Ask your doctor.) This is because it is almost palatable—always uniform—always contains the purest Norwegian Cod-liver Oil and Hypophosphites.

Put up in 50 cent and $1.00 sizes. The small size may be enough to cure your cough or help your baby.

Scott & Bowne, Belleville, Ont.

TO LIVE 100 YEARS.

THERE'S NO TROUBLE ABOUT IT IF YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO.

Directions For the New Woman Housekeeper by Which She Can Prolong the Lives of Her Kindred—The Food to Eat and the Viands to Avoid.

It is possible for a woman to so regulate her life nowadays that she can easily live to be one hundred years old. It depends very largely on what is eaten after the age of thirty years is reached.

The first thing to do is to avoid food that contains limelike properties. Forswear table d'hote dinners and live strictly according to the rules of health. Eat fruit of all varieties. Fruit contains a large amount of acid, and this neutralizes the effect of those elements which make old age creep fast upon us. The next thing to avoid is bread. It is queer that just the thing the world eats most of is in great degree contributory to shortness of human existence, but medical science declares this to be a fact. So we must cut bread off the bill of fare altogether.

But if you must be careful as to what you eat, you must also be doubly careful about what you drink. In the Alps and in the Pyrenees there is a race of people where boys become old men at fifteen and die of old age at thirty, all because they drink lime water. That long-lived race of people, the Chinese, drink only rain water, if they can possibly obtain it.

It might seem a simple matter to keep lime out of the system, but when you come to examine the matter great difficulties present themselves. Every article of food contains lime. All vegetables gather it up from the earth. The cows and the sheep get lime from the vegetables, and man gets it from both. Of course there are some articles of diet that are freer from lime than others, and if these only are chosen, then something can be done about lengthening the ordinary span of life.

Onions, the doctors say, are admirable youth preservers, and next to them comes the great food of the eastern races—lentils. Fish is really the best thing, next to fruit. Rice comes a little way behind. Then follow eggs and pork. After these come the different vegetables and then veal, mutton, beef and fowls.

Decimal System of Time.

The decimal fanatics, says the London Chronicle, have broken out in a new place. As soon as the French Chamber gets to work again, M. Etienne, the Deputy for Oran, will introduce a bill to establish the decimal hour—that is, an hour divided into 100 minutes, each minute consisting of 100 seconds. M. Etienne and his supporters contend that many laborious calculations would be avoided by this innovation. The reform, however, must of necessity entail a rearrangement of the circle, and a consequent modification of the received methods of angular measurement. Moreover, there can be little doubt that the most thorough-going advocates of the change aim at the ultimate institution of 24 hours—an idea adopted for a brief period by the convention, and employed by Laplace in the calculations of his "Mecanique Celeste." To this scheme, it is true, many eminent French physicists are utterly opposed, in spite of the alluring and sometimes fallacious simplicity of their beloved decimals. There is yet another project for setting up "a universal day."

THE DEAD.

Mrs. William H. Vanderbilt is dead.

Mrs. Watterson of St. Catharines fell dead in the Roman Catholic Church at early mass on Sunday.

Rev. Henry Harris, a retired Methodist minister, died on Saturday in Toronto.

Prof. Henry E. Parker, for more than twenty years professor of Latin at Dartmouth College, Boston, is dead.

The Rev. Alonso M. Quint, D.D., one of the most prominent Congregationalists in New England, died suddenly on Sunday in Boston, Mass.

Hon. Louis Tourville, one of Montreal's best-known business men, and a member of the Legislative Council, is dead. He was 65 years of age.

Mr. R. Gregory Cox, the well-known lawyer of St. Catharines, Ont., a member of the firm of Cox and Yale, barristers, died Sunday, after about two weeks' illness, aged 45.

UNCLASSIFIED.

☞ Japanese Government has awarded to American shipbuilders contracts for building two swift protected cruisers.

The poems of "The Kahn" are to be published in book form by The Hamilton Spectator Company.

The W.C.T.U. convention for the Dominion has opened at Toronto, and will continue in session for a few days.

A writer in The Contemporary Review asserts that some of the New York belles have taken to chewing tobacco.

The British emigration returns just issued show that during the month of October 2001 persons sailed for Canada, against 1769 in the preceding October.

Among the amendments to the city charter, for which Montreal proposes to ask the legislature, is one to authorize a tax on all lots of land, including those upon which churches and charitable institutions are erected.

Representatives of the Toronto musical societies met in the Y.W.C. Guild Hall and passed resolutions declaring in favor of holding a music festival in 1897 to celebrate the 60th anniversary of the Queen's coronation.

BUSINESS.

The New York canals will be closed on December 1.

It is estimated that 550,000,000 feet of lumber were cut in the Ottawa district this year.

It is expected that the Dominion Government Tariff Commission will begin its enquiry about the 16th inst. Ontario will be the first province visited, and the commission will sit in Toronto Hamilton and London.

Prof. Bell of the Dominion Geological Survey is of the opinion that the mineral found near Sudbury is anthracite coal; but as it is in veins instead of layers, he is doubtful if it will be found in paying quantities.

Wheat was strong and higher in Chicago Saturday, December selling up to 79 1-2c on good buying. This is within 1-4c of the recent high price. Northwest receipts were smaller. Cables were higher and strong at the advance.

Commercial advices from Messrs. Dun and Bradstreet's agencies are of a much more buoyant nature than we have been accustomed to for some time past. Commercial failures in the United States for the week ended Friday were 230, as compared with 280 for the corresponding week of last year.

The twenty-second anniversary of His Grace Archbishop Duhamel's consecration was celebrated in Ottawa with great pomp and ceremony.

Rev. G. K. Adams of the Toronto Gerrard-street Methodist Church has accepted a call, subject to the Stationing Committee, to the Gore-street Methodist Church in Hamilton.

Fully 10,000 people turned out at the Catholic cemetery in Montreal to attend the religious services at the tomb of the late Premier of the Province of Quebec, Mr. Honore Mercier. There was no speechmaking.

The penitentiary investigation commission has commenced work at Kingston.

Charges of bribery have been brought against a number of Montreal Aldermen.

Vandals broke into All Saints' Church at Kingston and did a lot of damage to the church property.

The postoffice at Burford, Ont., was broken into at an early hour, the safe blown open and about $90 in cash taken.

Lady Tina Scott, who is under indictment for having criminally libelled Lord Russell, has filed a plea of justification.

Captain John Marriott of England, who was captured by brigands near Smyrna and held for ransom, has been released.

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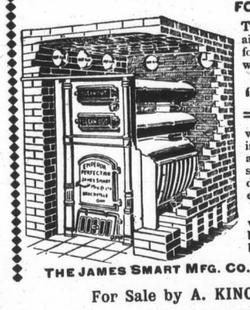

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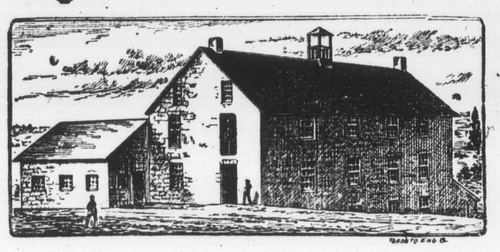

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