



ONTARIO'S PRIME MINISTER LEAVING HIS OFFICE.  
Hon. J. P. Whitney, walking across the snow-sprinkled lawn in Queen's Park, to his residence.—Photo by Wm. Banks, Jr.

### Aspasia and the Athenians

Aspasia was indeed a genius. She was forbidden by the unique Athenian law to contract marriage with a citizen but it would be a grave mistake to assume that she was thereby deprived of opportunities to achieve greatness. On the contrary, strange to say, her apparent disqualification was her real opportunity; for the high-born Athenian girl, seemingly more fortunate when at length she was wedded to a husband who had been chosen for her by old women in her early years, was by custom relegated to the attic and forbidden that association with others which is essential to the development of mind and manners. But possessing neither beauty nor certain other attributes now-a-days considered essential to the maintenance of a secure position in polite society, Aspasia's wit, wisdom, tact and charm sufficed for her to win a personal influence over learned men not wielded before or since by any woman. In common with all of the stranger women, she was free to practise arts of pleasing, and was encouraged by custom to in-

vent new methods of feeding the vanities of men. Undoubtedly, too, in studying how best to first ensnare and then ensnare, she profited from the advice of the experienced philosophers, just as the gentle Theodora was guided by Socrates himself. That her ultimate success was purely intellectual is clearly evidenced by the fact that the most scrupulous citizens brought their own wives to her for instruction; but it is unlikely that the powerful Pericles would have been driven to the extremity of tears to win her acquittal from a sympathetic tribunal if, at the beginning, at least, her life had not been as sensual as that of the majority of her class.

But does not the real question relate less to the extent of Aspasia's influence than to the good or ill wrought by its exercise? It is true that she urged the unfortunate citizen women to strive to attain a higher level by cultivating attractiveness of mind and person; but she must have realized, possibly not without gratification, that advice so sardonic necessarily, however earnest, could avail little. In point of fact, indeed, the effect produced was quite the reverse of that apparently hoped for. The citizen women were depressed and the stranger women were exhilarated by Aspasia's success; and from the day to win for her a personal influence over learned men not wielded before or since by any woman. In common with all of the stranger women, she was free to practise arts of pleasing, and was encouraged by custom to in-

the unavoidable effect of open disregard of what might be termed instinctive convention.

If so, the lesson is one well learned in these days of loosening marital ties, since it supplements that which has come to be regarded as only a moral requirement with a vitally practical reason for sturdy resistance to further encroachments upon the wholesome condition traditionally attained thru matrimony.—George Harvey, in The North American Review for December.

#### WHAT ABOUT OLD AGE?

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's return to the strenuous life after a brief experience of that "labor and sorrow" which a man in his seventy-second year has authority to expect is surely one more rebuke to those who cavil at the stress and strain of modern existence.

"What, sir," asked Dr. Johnson, "would you know what it is to feel the evils of old age? Would you have the gout? Would you have decrepitude?"

With one's eye upon modern old age the doctor's half-cynical, half-pathetic questions sound oddly out of place. This is the day of old men. A strenuous old age following a strenuous youth is the fashion.—It is only one example out of many of the antiseptic effect of hard work properly combined with a common-sense rule of living. Doctors of medicine have been telling man and woman to "vibrate" and live long; President Roosevelt tells them to "sweat and be saved."

Of the host of strenuous old men of to-day two come to memory first because their names have a topical interest. They are Sir John Hare, the actor, and Sir Charles Stanley, the singer, two of the birthday knights. Neither, to be sure, is aged, but both are standing witnesses to the truth of the hard-work doctrine as a life-preserver. Sir Charles Wyndham is several years the senior of Sir John Hare, the actor, and Sir Charles Stanley, the singer, two of the birthday knights. Neither, to be sure, is aged, but both are standing witnesses to the truth of the hard-work doctrine as a life-preserver. Sir Charles Wyndham is several years the senior of Sir John Hare, the actor, and Sir Charles Stanley, the singer, two of the birthday knights. Neither, to be sure, is aged, but both are standing witnesses to the truth of the hard-work doctrine as a life-preserver.



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of living. "My wife is in heaven, and I have no home, merely a place where I keep some furniture," are words which throw some light on one example of strenuous old age.

Yet another grand old man who has killed the microbes of senility with the antiseptic of intense toil is Lord Averbury, the savant who "has a tender love for flowers, children, wasps, clerks and the rest of the smaller creation." He is the prime minister's senior by two years, and has lived austere all his life in the central turmoil of the world's busiest epoch. Of him one might say, with Cicero, that "When a man hath led his former life quietly, uprightly, godly and laudably, his old age is very mild, pleasant and courteous. Such was the old age of Plato, who, in the eighty-first year of his aged, as he sat writing."

"It is not years that make age," said Sir Theodore Martin, the C. O. M. of English literature, now in his 82nd year. "Frivolous pursuits, base passions unsubdued, narrow selfishness, racy mind, life with sordid aims or no aim at all—these are the things that bring age upon the soul."

How body and soul may pass onward together in happy union until the end of the journey comes—potently in sight has been delicately told by another octogenarian of a strenuous life—Mr. Marston, the publisher.

"In my particular case," he writes, "it seems to me that old age approached so gradually and with such stealthy steps that its approach has been imperceptible, and it is only recently that I have found out, not so much after all by any grave change in my bodily activity as by the Anno Domini which tells me I was born nearly eighty-three years ago, and therefore must be old."

Is modern old age, then, a failure?—H. M., in London Daily News.

## REGINA WATCHES

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LATE HUGH MURRAY OF HAMILTON.

Grand secretary of the Masonic Grand Lodge in Canada, and past grand master, whose largely attended funeral took place on Saturday, November 30.

STORIES ABOUT WARD.

"If the 'arbitrator' is chosen to end the railway deadlock," says The London Chronicle, "there is no reason to dread that his decision would be arbitrary," the two words are very near relatives. An 'arbitrator,' the Latin word which used to be more common as English than it is now, meant by derivation simply 'one who went to something to examine it, and so at first a spectator or witness. Then, in Roman law, it assumed the technical sense of an umpire. But a 'judicium,' the legal decision in a case with regard to a definite sum of money, for instance, was distinguished from an 'arbitrium,' a legal decision as to an uncertain sum, which had to be determined. Hence 'arbitrator,' acquired the sense of an umpire, capricious.

"Disaster" is an astrological term, meaning "unfavorable star"—one of the many words that astrology has bequeathed to the English language. "Predominant," "ill-starred," "in the ascendant," are other instances, not to speak of the expression "My stars!"

Even "influence" is really astrological, signifying the flowing in upon human affairs of the power of some heavenly body.

"Petrol" and "petrol" both descend from "petra," a rock. "Petrol" comes directly enough, thru "petroleum," "rock oil" but "petrol" thru St. Peter, after whom the bird was named, because it appeared to walk upon the waves.

A GOOD INVESTMENT.

There are few national subjects so imperfectly understood as that of bird protection; and comparatively few readers who realize that the protection of birds is a subject of such wide importance. Most people look upon the movement as having no deeper significance than the worthy agitation of a group of enthusiasts, and to these I commend the statistics recently compiled by the entomologist of the agriculture department showing the annual loss of millions of dollars to the country's agriculture thru only the destructive work of insects. There is not a farmer or a land owner in America whose pocket is not directly affected by bird protection, for the very good reason that in no country in the world do insects impose a heavier tax on farm products; than in the United States; and birds are the most dependent as well as most active destroyers of insects. So you see the subject is one of the greatest general concern for every wild bird that is saved is a dividend and an intelligent "extra hand" added to the farmer's crop-making "help," at no cost to him. The important role which agriculture fills in our country's resources and wealth and prosperity I need not dwell upon. I am sure; the knowledge of it is in the mouth of every schoolboy. What I do wish to emphasize is, that in helping to protect the birds you are in reality working directly or indirectly according to your vocation, for the benefit of your own pocket, and on you for a husband.

that score I make my appeal for your aid.—From Caspar Whitney's "View-point," in The Outing Magazine for December.

PEPPER AND SALT.

The proof of the auto is in the death list.

Many a man thinks himself far-seeing, when in reality he is only far-sighted.

The secret of success—aim high and use a shotgun.

Promoter—a modern alchemist who can transmute hot air into gold.

A sure way of rendering the straight and narrow path more popular—make it wide enough for automobiles.

The original Big Stick—the rolling pin.

Money may make some people mad—but it's the lack of it that makes most of us wax warm in the neck cloth.

A checked career frequently ends in stripes.

An agnostic is a fellow who knows nothing and thinks he knows everything.

In Shakespeare's time the play was the thing. Now it's the box receipts.

The dark ages—anywhere between 28 and 40.

Matrimony—the fighting chance.

December Bohemian.

The Boni Variety.

"You refuse me?" snapped the little count, twirling his waxed moustache.

"I do," replied the sensible heiress, coldly.

"Poor girl!"

"Yes, I would be a poor girl if I had benefit of your own pocket, and on you for a husband."