



A boy was killed in Eastern Ontario last week by picking up the end of a live wire that had blown down—another example of the fatality which so often attends ignorance of the power of electricity. It should be impressed upon children that electric wires of any kind must not be tampered with.

The warm and dusty days have come again, and lo! the automobile is with us once more, smothering our fields with dust, and making us realize that a thing of beauty is a joy forever, as we catch a fleeting vision of humped-over figures and goggled eyes. Perhaps our horses—at least in the frequented districts—have begun to get over the delusion that the machine, with its evil smell, and curious occupants, is a visitant direct from the nether regions. Perhaps the "sports" no longer have the excuse for censure and ridicule of us that existed in the days when we found it expedient to drive into a fence-corner to avoid broken bones and a repair bill. But our old grudge against the automobile still rankles. The old love never grows cold. For it is a delightful thing to see the roads, for which we have paid in good money or statute labor, gradually transferred from their peaceful bed to our verandas and trees and grain fields. We have been taught that the stomata of the leaves of trees and shrubs and grasses are for breathing purposes, and that air is as necessary to the plant as to the animal. But the stomata are choked and grain "lands" nearest the highway are white—but not with snow. Time was when we liked to sit on the front lawn of a Sunday afternoon, and to leave the front windows open to the winds of heaven. But to-day the windows are shut tight, and when dinner is over we hie to the back field and watch the cows, and think of the good old days, and of the good future ones, when the "sports" shall have betaken themselves to the clouds. And we bless the Wright Brothers and good old Count Zeppelin, and Professor Graham-Bell.

And, as we sit by the cows and the silent woods, we wonder why the fancy for speeding autos has existed so long. The bicycle stunt played out in half the time. When bicycle heart appeared, bicycle speeding gave way. But then, bicycles were comparatively cheap, and all the ambitious had a turn out of them. Or, perhaps, it is not so well known that the auto-speeder's pot of honeyed bliss also contains its fly. If so, send the good tidings on. Dr. A. J. Read, in "Good Health," acknowledges that motoring is exhilarating, and that it "may" add to happiness and health. But he points out dangers in speeding. There is nervous strain in it. The tendency to arch the body forward is very injurious. The exposure to cold drafts is harmful. The force of the air against the ear while riding rapidly often develops a middle-ear disease, and may lead to deafness. "In the spring and summer, one also needs to use protection for the eyes, as the force with which gnats and small insects will be hurled against the cornea is likely to injure the delicate tissues." And there is danger of burns while working with the cylinders.

By and by, the consciousness that he is not comfortable, and that he is

improving neither health nor beauty, may filter into the brain of the speeder, as he sits with goggled eyes and batting-stuffed ears. The automobile we may have always with us, but the day of the speeder may pass. Let us hope on.

People, Books and Doings.

In Denmark, the maximum speed permitted for automobiles is 18½ miles an hour. Their use after sundown is absolutely prohibited.

The Boer war cost the British Government nearly \$800,000,000; that between Russia and Japan cost Russia \$840,000,000, and Japan no less than \$1,000,000,000. A modern battleship easily costs \$6,000,000, without armament.

Ten thousand Chinese students, from every part of the Chinese Empire, are at present studying Western learning in the educational institutions of Tokio.

hundred cities, and to further especial steps to prevent blindness in children; also, a study of workingmen's insurance, and of industrial conditions generally, has been made in Pittsburg and other places.

Prof. Wm. Osler, M. D., F. R. S., F. R. C. P., one of Toronto's famous "old boys," now regius Professor of Medicine at Oxford University, addressed the Ontario Medical Association in the "Queen City" last week.

The famous picture of Christina, Duchess of Milan, will remain in the National Gallery at London, the required price having been made up—\$50,000 from the Government, \$45,000 by public subscription, and \$210,000 by a wealthy private man interested in art. This portrait was painted by Holbein at the order of Henry VIII., who thought of the young widow of sixteen as a possible bride. It came, however, into possession of the Norfolk family, and many years ago

ment has been set afoot by Bishop Rawnsley to provide for further legislation which may make it impossible for great works of art to leave the country.

Two Masterpieces of Ancient Sculpture.

By Alice Blythe Tucker Wilcox.

A year ago last Christmas there came to my new home in Oklahoma a large, heavy wooden box, marked "Handle With Care." I had it taken to the kitchen, and, with the feeling of excitement which comes to everyone, I suppose, when an unexpected and mysterious-looking gift arrives, my husband and I proceeded to unpack it. We removed a heavy layer of excelsior, and then a white object appeared, which, on examination, proved to be the cast of a wing, then another wing, then a carefully-wrapped body and pedestal, and behold before us a fine replica, about eighteen inches high, of the Victory of Samothrace! How glad I was to see it, and to learn from the card accompanying it that it was really mine. It reminded me of great sea breezes, or of the mighty sweep of winds over our lakes, and in Oklahoma I was homesick for the sight of water, for here there are no large lakes, and no beautiful rivers.

But the Victory was not all the box contained. Further delving brought to view the statue of Venus de Milo. Now my happiness was complete, for, perhaps strange to say, I did not own a copy of either of these two famous statues of antiquity.

While we were busied with the unpacking, my colored maid, Edith, who took a deep interest in all her mistress' affairs, stood looking on, but saying nothing. I carefully carried my treasures to the library, and there placed them on the mantel, where they stood out beautifully against the dark-red of the bricks. Some time afterwards I discovered Edith (whose name was really Susie, but who thought I would like her better if she gave herself a "pretty-sounding" name, and so had taken that of Edith when she came to me, just as she would probably take Angelica, or some equally euphonious cognomen when she went to her next mistress), I discovered her, with arms akimbo, studying my statuettes. "Mis' Wilcox, is they dolls for you to play with, or is they images?" was her question. "Which do you think they are, Edith?" I asked. "I sure doesn't know," and she went to look after her corn cake, her opinion as to whether they were dolls or images still holding conflict in her mind. One day, however, she said to me, "Mis' Wilcox, I 'se b'lieves now they is images." "Why?" I asked. "'Cause I 'se likes to look at them mo' and mo', and the longer I 'se looks at them, the mo' queer they makes me feel." "Queer!" I said. "Yes, they kind a' makes me think of things far away. I don't guess they is dolls; they is images."

And so the poor colored woman, who knew nothing of art, and who, even for her race, was unusually ignorant, felt the subtle influence of the great masterpieces of sculpture, and doubtless she was a better, woman because for a few weeks she lived where she could feel of beautiful things—"They kind a' makes me think of things far away."



Victory of Samothrace.

Mrs. Russel Sage has donated a large sum of money, to be the nucleus of a fund for "the improvement of social and living conditions in the United States." The fund will not be drawn upon to aid any work that is now being done effectively, or is likely to be done effectively by other organizations. Over \$1,000,000 has already been devoted to the tuberculosis campaign. Assistance has also been given to the establishment of children's playgrounds in over one

was placed in the National Gallery as a twenty-eight year loan by the present Duke of Norfolk. Recently, the Duke, being in need of funds, sold the picture to an art firm, the Messrs. Colnaghi, for \$305,000, on condition that the nation might have the privilege of buying it in within a week's time. A wealthy American negotiated for it, but was unable, as said above, to secure it. The incident is stirring up considerable interest in Britain, and a move-