

## POLYGAMY NOT NECESSARY TO POPULATE EARTH

Stop Leakage of Lives and Punish Negligent Parents, Says Dr. Hastings

No polygamy. Stopping the leakage of life. More battling against preventable diseases. Limitation of size of families. More attention to quality than to quantity of population produced. Punishment of mothers who are unable to nourish their babies and refuse to do so.

Such are some of the suggestions offered by Dr. C. J. O. Hastings, M. O. H. of Toronto, for the bettering of the human race when this world war is over. A writer in the Toronto Sunday World has drawn to his attention some of the arguments advanced by writers and thinkers in Europe and even in Britain, in favor of bringing into force a system of polygamy after the war, in order to breed men to people the world and replace those who had gone down to death in blood and battle. Some of the leading women of England have even supported the proposal to make marriage polygamous in order that the wastage of men might be made up.

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Dr. Hastings. "Nothing of the sort is needed. Let them stop the leakage of lives by disease first. Here's a fact—let it sink in: Since the war began more men have died from preventable diseases in the warring countries than have been killed in action. Therefore, I say, let them begin to fight preventable diseases in reality and stop the leakage of life first of all. Polygamy is not needed—either in England or elsewhere."

Germany's example in offering a bonus to every woman, married or unmarried, who produced a man child, was cited by Dr. Hastings with no sympathy on his part.

Quality, Not Quantity. "It is quality, not quantity, that is needed on the world," he declared with emphasis on the "quality." And then he began to tread on dangerous ground—albeit he trod lightly and carefully.

"And the time is coming when the

limitation of the size of families will become a live question. It is an intolerable condition that poor and illiterate people should be allowed to have large families unable to properly care for and educate their children and are not financially able to care for them either. It is a delicate question, one difficult to solve, but the state will have to face it some day. I would say that in this age a family of seven should be the maximum for a skilled mechanic to attempt to support.

Curse of Age. "One of the curses of the present age is that some mothers, will not care for their babies properly. It is nothing short of criminal for a woman who brings a baby into the world to refuse it the food that is five times better for it than any artificial food can be. If a baby dies from lack of proper nourishment and its mother is able to give it that nourishment, its death is on her head. I want women to think of that. Yet there are some mothers so obsessed with their social activities and their bridge parties and suppers and theatre-going, that they deny their children the very life they are entitled to by all laws of God and man. I would make it a crime punishable in our courts for a woman to thus treat her child."

"And I regret to say that the doctors are not careful enough in regard to this. They are too ready to listen without question to the woman who says she is unable to nurse her baby. They should take the trouble to see that she is treated so that she might be enabled to look after her child. The maternal instinct should be allowed free play. It is the most natural thing in the world for the mother to nourish her baby. It is the unnatural woman who neglects this duty in order to attend her bridge parties and social affairs."

"But it is important that the leakage of life by disease should be stopped. If that were done there would be no need of talking of polygamy. If the infant death rate that prevailed in Toronto in 1910 had continued until now there would have been 676 more deaths of babies in this city. So you see what can be done by battling with disease."

The British Columbia Mountain Seining Club are advocating that the great field of mountains at the head of Howe Sound be set apart as a wilderness park.

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## HOMEMAKING IS IMPORTANT JOB

Biggest and Most Eventful Undertaking a Woman Can Essay

It has been well said that marriage is the highest and the noblest of all careers for a woman to pursue, and the lowest and most despicable of all professions for her to engage in, writes Dorothy Dix.

It is glory of this age that for the first time in the history of the world woman can make a career of marriage, and are not driven into it as a profession.

Up to this generation girls had to marry in order to get a home and food and social positions for themselves. The girl of to-day can make her own bread and butter and achieve her own place in the sun, and so she is free not to enter into marriage unless she can bring to it that which alone makes marriage right and holy.

The average woman who marries nowadays does look upon matrimony as a career, but it is a pity that she doesn't also look upon it as a job—her job, in which she must make good by turning out first class work, just as she would if she were holding down a situation in a business office or was singing in the Opera.

Many a woman thinks that as long as she loves her husband well enough to die for him, she has done her full duty by him, and that the state of her affections gives her a right to nag him and kill him with bad cooking and waste his money. Never was there a greater mistake. A good heart does not atone for a bad dinner, and the affection that does not express itself in terms of service and unselfishness is a mockery.

This job of home-making is the highest, the most important and the most complicated that any human being ever undertakes, and yet there is only an occasional woman who has any pride in her work, or goes about performing it in a craftsman-like way. Nine housewives out of ten are openly envious of every woman who writes or paints or is a buyer in a store, and is contemptuous of her own job and expresses the wish that she "could do something."

"That she could do something!" Evening. Six o'clock. Already the

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crowds have begun to gather. The early bird catches the seat. There is much hurrying to and fro. Trains, cars, buses, wagons, automobiles are disgorging their cargoes of human freight. Long before time for the curtain, 7.30, the 17,000 seats are filled, the outer course is jammed and they are turning 'em away by the thousands.

Men's Bible class night. All the reserved seats filled with delegations of men, old men, middle-aged men, sober men, smiling men, short men, fat and thin men, men in thousands—all come to pay tribute to Billy the ex-baseball player, now battling at the head of the league for soul saving.

"Here's one gang brought their fife and drum corps along with them to boost for God!" shouts Billy, "The rest of you will have to go some to catch these boys. Come on up and give us all you've got, you fife and drum fellows!"

Hardly has Billy started on the evening stretch when a real shoutin' camp meetin' negro of the old school lets out a fusile of hallooing. It disturbs the antics of the star. He snaps his thigh, of thought. He delivers himself thus: "Boss, you'll have to wait until you get outside to do your shouting! I'll do all the windjamming there is to be done here to-night! If you want to know who's on the job just start something!"

Mistah Gawgw Washington Jones subsides. This breaks the ice. Billy is off. He crouches; he leaps like a cat, he slides from one side of the platform to the other; he jumps on a chair; he too dances; he prostrates; he plunges; he waves his arms and spins like a windmill; he threatens to step on the ducked heads of the press sitting in its boxes on either side of the platform; he winds up like "Ma" to put over his famous cannon ball, and he hurls anathema at the heads of religious slackers in exactly the same way as Matty's ball comes at a batter up.

"I wonder if the old man down there with the white hair and the pink carnation is a plant," whispers one of the pencil squad. "I've seen him here several days now. He looks like a run hound. He's going to be the trail on the run."

Drenched, defiant, Billy puts over his last shot. Before him stretch the four main trails to every corner of the tabernacle. He asks the crowds what they are going to do about it. He urges them to hit the sawdust. Roddy falls in with his Al-mot Persuaded. Twenty-four hundred stampede the trail for a chance to shake hands with Sunday and get his God bless you. Behind him Ma Sunday, an American beauty rose tucked in the bosom of her smoke gray dress, leans over the edge of the platform and hugs them in phony face radiant beneath its veil of anxiety. Years as the wife of a great leader have passed lightly over her head. She is the proud and happy wife and mother.

The handshaking goes on until the last trail litter has been welcomed. Trained ushers pass them along much as the flying wedge at Jack's operate on harmless but annoying patrons. They are out before they know anything has happened. If you do not think Billy has considerable job try gripping the hands of 2,400 persons, 2,400 grips, and see how close you come to paralysis.

I was in Baltimore shortly after the Sunday revival in that city. The most popular time of the hour was Brighten the Corner where You Are. Billy's one by bet in winning converts. They had set it to syncope down there and were using it in the cabarets for a fox trot. Parties who had reached that place in their cups where they insisted on doing close harmony and barbershop chorals, incorporated this Sunday hit in their repertoire along with Sweet Adeline and For He's a Jolly Good Fellow.

New York will never do this. It takes Sunday at all it will take him seriously. A truly remarkable man this Indiana kick. Hear him! When she has a man's destiny, and the souls and bodies of little children in her hands! "That she could do something!" When it has been given

her to make a place that can be a haven of refuge for the storm-tossed of the world, a sanctuary, a bit of Heaven on earth!

Of course, the underlying reason why women hold domesticity in such poor esteem is because it is the only work that carries with it no pay envelope and brings no financial independence. A wife is the only laborer who is not considered worthy of her hire, and who is still spoken of as being "supported" by the husband for whom she toils for ten to sixteen hours a day.

Doubtless women would put more interest in domestic work if they did not know that in the great majority of cases they would receive neither appreciation nor pay for it. On the other hand, perhaps men would be more willing to pay if women turned out a better job. Certainly the man who gets a slovenly and shiftless wife must feel that he has been stung in the transaction and that whatever he gives, his wife is more than she deserves.

If women could only be brought to realize that when they marry they not only fulfill their natural destiny, but undertake a practical job in which it is up to them to lighten the load of domestic misery that crushes down the heart of the world.

Suppose on her wedding day the bride said to herself: "I have undertaken a new business. Henceforth, it's my job to make my husband happy, to be a thrifty housewife, to be a good wife and mother, and I am going to go about this job just as I would any other job. If I wanted to make good in any other business office I would master every detail of the work. I would keep myself looking neat and tidy, and I would be good natured and accommodating."

"I am going to run matrimony on the same schedule, and I am going to make just as much of a success of the marriage job as I would of any other job."

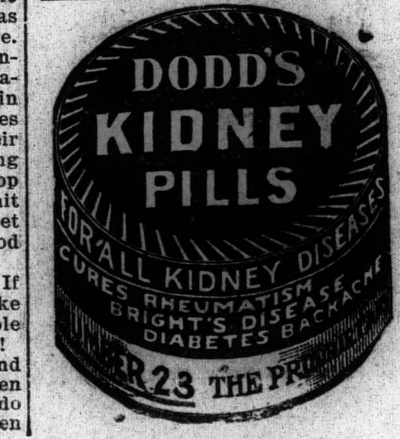
NEW MUSKOKA TRAIN VIA GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

Effective Saturday, May 19th, new train will leave Toronto Union Station, via Grand Trunk Ry. system, at 10.15 a.m. for Muskoka Wharf, connecting at that point with steamers for all points on the Muskoka Lakes. This train will continue to run every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday until June 21st. Commencing Monday, May 21st, new train connecting with steamer, will leave Muskoka Wharf 12.45 p.m. for Toronto, and will run every Monday, Wednesday and Friday until June 23rd. Full information, tickets, etc., at all Grand Trunk Ry. System Ticket Offices or C. E. Horning, District Passenger Agent, Toronto, Ont.

Evidently having fallen on the slippery track in front of a fast-moving west-bound interurban car between Peasantsfield and Nanaimo road stations on the B. C. Electric, W. Bennett Hood, of Vancouver, was killed.

Miller Loughheed, of New Westminster, son of Mr. Loughheed, of Maple Ridge, has been granted a commission. He enlisted with the McGill University unit.

Gertrude Sarah Annable, daughter of Mayor J. E. Annable, was the first Nelson woman to take advantage of the extension of the franchise to British Columbia women by making declaration and having her name registered upon the provincial voter's lists.



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## MONTREAL'S 275th BIRTHDAY



St. James' Catholic Cathedral, Montreal.

MONTREAL is proud to celebrate its 275th birthday this year. On May 18th, 1642, Paul de Chomedey, Sieur de Maisonneuve, brought his little flat-bottomed pinnace to anchor close to the site selected by Samuel de Champlain thirty-one years previously, and the new settlement was formally dedicated by Pere Vimont.

To-day Montreal is a city of wide streets and stately buildings, with wealth unaccountable and a population of nearly three-quarters of a million; headquarters of most of the great banking companies and of that world-wide enterprise, the Canadian Pacific Railway. But all this springs from the landing of Maisonneuve and his associates in May, 1642.

The Island of Montreal was visited by Jacques Cartier in 1535, and nearly a hundred years passed before another white man came. On the 28th of May, 1611, Samuel de Champlain landed with another Frenchman and an Indian. He seems to have explored the shore line as far as the Rapids, but finally decided that the best place for a settlement was a little strip of meadowland, to which he gave the name of Place Royale.



Dominion Square, Montreal, with the

great C. P. R. Station in background. every tree were an Iroquois. The long buffeting across the Atlantic in his cockleshell of a boat had not daunted his courage or that of his companions, nor did the almost equally perilous passage up the uncharted St. Lawrence, which occupied them ten days. He and his asplendored had their duty to do and they went on and did it.

It was a beautiful afternoon when they first sighted the Island, with the forest-clad mountain rising steeply against the sky. The pinnace fetched up by the side of a rivulet running into the St. Lawrence. There was a shore, with patches of flowers growing amid the grass and brightly colored birds darting to and fro. Beyond the meadowland lay the forest, with who knew what secrets hidden in its mysterious depths. De Champlain had told them of the island, and the present McGill University.

De Maisonneuve was the first to spring ashore, followed by Governor Montmagny from Quebec. Pere Vimont, who was with him, was the first to be killed. He was killed by a Peltrie and her servant, Charlotte

Barré, and about a dozen farmers, artisans and laborers. A guard was hurriedly set to watch the forest paths. Tents were landed and set up, and the baggage and stores were brought ashore. And then, having provided for the immediate safety and comfort, an altar was raised and Divine Service was held.

The sun was sinking as Pere Vimont pronounced the last words of his solemn exhortation and the fires were twinkling in thousands about the meadow. The colonists caught them in phony face radiant beneath its veil of anxiety. Years as the wife of a great leader have passed lightly over her head. She is the proud and happy wife and mother.

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