

Pessimism of Educated Youth

Almost any evening, at dinner time, there may be seen in a well-known downtown restaurant a group of young men, who occupy always the same corner and spend a long time talking over their coffee and cigars. They are all college graduates of a recent date, occupied in the day in getting a start in life, or, some of them, who are engaged in some sort of literary work, more picturesquely, it is said, "hacking the metropolis with a sub pen." Few have heard their talk, for when a stranger falls among them they are decorously polite, but uncommunicative, in the spirit of their leader. A few, however, have been initiated, and describe the conversations as a series of carefully cultivated cynicisms, not by a lecture. Thus do the guests become victims to phrase-making.

"It would be hard to diagnose their complaint," said one of these victims; "they are so cheerful in their woe. Nothing at present suits them, and they all pronounce their daily tasks a bore. But they are not bothered with reform notions and don't make a public fuss. I suspect they all cherish secret ambitions of winning commonplace successes, and swap their melancholy epigrams because they have no other way at present to maintain that academic seclusiveness your college graduate usually feels the lack of during the first years of his plunge into life. However, their talk about truth and humor in their talk that wouldn't be summarily dismissed as downy-faced cynicism."

And the speaker narrated as nearly as he could a speech of the leader on the subject of "How to Be Successful Though Educated." The young man knocked his cigarette ash into the dregs of his coffee and said: "I've thought this all out, as Derrery does his brilliant. It's not imprudent. I was burdened with the conception by too much paternal advice on how to succeed. We get too much of that advice on all hands. The path from the log cabin to the White House has been exploited and explained; we have been taught how to be happy through married, and it only remains to put the teaching into practice—a minor detail; magazines conducted by underpaid editors have told us how to get from home to college with a cow for capital; the lives of our captains of industry have been laid bare from their always humble beginnings, but the really useful work is the one not done. Who will tell us how to be successful though educated?"

"The worst that may be said of a college training (until the chair of success is founded) is that it gives a young man ambitions. After all, the youth whose capital is a cow in most instances prefers to keep his capital and milk it; the boy in the log cabin hopes some day to build a house with store shelves; the young worker in the steel mill thinks he may in time rise to be a foreman, and is content if he does. But the college graduate has ambitions. Nurtured in romance, fed on history, filled with the keen relish for intellectual excitement and the power of intellectual mastery, he is yearly turned by the thousand into the hard world, with ambitions, but no job."

"There are open for him the law and medicine; but each requires three or four more years of training, and then an additional period of unremunerative waiting. There is business, but already the high school graduate has a four years' start, when all is said, the classics and French literature do not help to overcome. He might write novels, but his taste is too good, while a knowledge of art bars him from the drama. To be sure, there is teaching; the world still puts up with a little education in its teachers. Yet, as women will teach cheaper, even that field is restricted. It is no wonder that there are so many men of culture in the mines of Mexico and Alaska, or that so few of us college men marry before we are thirty."

"Then someone asked this gloomy teacher of twenty-three, whose remarks were greeted with no applause, but quiet approval," said the outsider, "what he proposed to do about it. His answer was characteristic. 'To-morrow I play golf,' he said."—N. Y. Tribune.

Subjects of Thought.

From "Waverley Magazine."

While we gladly accord honor to the courage of active heroism, let us not forget also to reverence the courage of patient endurance, the courage of absolute sincerity, the courage of devotion to principle. He who possesses these is indeed a brave man, though no one may recognize it and he himself be unconscious of it.

The hope that inspires effort is always a blessing. Not only does it strengthen the human faculties and improve the character; it also makes rapid advancement in its own line, even when failing to reach its far-off goal.

The heart is always hungry. No man lives happily alone. The wisest and the best is wiser and better for the friends he has.

Generosity, to deserve the name, compresses the desire and the effort to benefit others without reference to self.

It is poor policy to take advantage of other people because you have never had any advantage of your own.

What men want is not talent, it is purpose; in other words, not the power to achieve, but the will to labor.

It is a maxim that those to whom everybody allows the second place have an undoubted right to the first.

The world's greatest men and best reformers were light weight when weighed in the scales of bigotry.

Love's a virtue for heroes; and immortal as every great soul is that struggles, endures and fulfills.

Reading should teach us how to seek for truth, meditation how to find it.

The doorstep to the temple of wisdom is a knowledge of our own ignorance.

Fixed to no spot is happiness; 'tis nowhere to be found, or everywhere.

Why Coughing is Weakening.

The amount of energy expended in coughing is very considerable; indeed, some of the patient statisticians for whom Germany is renowned has calculated that a patient who coughs once every quarter of an hour for ten hours expends energy equivalent to two hundred and fifty units of heat, which may be translated as equivalent to the nourishment contained in three eggs or two glasses of milk. In normal respiration the air is expelled from the chest at the rate of about four feet per second, whereas in violent coughing it may attain a velocity of between hundred feet.

A Cosmopolitan Crowd.

In the absence of the King, the attention of London has turned to the picturesque delegates of royalty from the far corners of the earth who are now in the metropolis. "Never have the streets of London presented so cosmopolitan an appearance," says a London correspondent; "the guests of the nation from the furthest quarters of the earth have been exploring the empire's capital. Black, yellow and brown faces, surmounting gaudy, fantastic costumes, are met everywhere. Muffled gibbering and a soft, monotonous pattering of feet are heard, and one turns to see a big burly figure in a short, heavy blue coat, under which is suspended a kind of linen apron drawn close around the hips and reaching to the knees, while below are a pair of ebony legs and huge, bare feet. After him come some twenty more, all smiling and chattering, and all similarly attired, each of them carrying a small rattan cane tucked under the right arm in the fashion popular with Tommies. These picturesque men are merely the Fiji police, come to London to do honor to their emperor. Then there are splendid natty Indian soldiers, in their picturesque turbans, or puggarees, and glittering buttons. With black, shifting eyes, they stride along like kings, and, to tell the truth, the average London man who walks near them seems ridiculously insignificant. These fighting men, devoid of much that civilization is supposed to bestow, are superb in their indifference to the gaping crowds. There are also little men from Japan, in top-hats; frocked men with round button-like hats from China; skinted and coiffured men from Ceylon; spectacled and much-wounded men from the remote Straits Settlement; mild-looking, tawny-complexioned Hindoos, in snowy white robes and pink or red turbans; stout, burly, and Bengalese, with no head-covering at all; and men from every British colony or dependency, as well as almost every other nation in the world."

"The princes from India, however, have given London its greatest treat. Swathed in costly silks and satins, wearing beautiful turbans bedecked with priceless jewels, they have been the highest of London's highest, as well as its lowest society. Never has a more glittering body of men been seen on horseback than the group of princes who rode behind the Prince of Wales when he reviewed the military contingents from the Indian Empire, and rode through their stolid, impassive ranks. Only quick, stealthy glances betrayed the fact that they were alive and not automata. These princes were seen to better advantage at the reception given in their honor by Earl and Countess Roberts. The scene was brilliant, the dresses and jewels worn by the princes far outshining the lovely dresses and tiaras of the ladies present. A most delightful air of friendliness prevailed, the princes conversing most willingly when possible with guests, among them many Anglo-Indians renewing happy acquaintances and recalling pleasant associations. The most impressive figure, perhaps, was that of Colonel Sir Pertab Singh, in uniform of white, laced with gold cords, wearing a turquoise blue turban, with a fawn cigarette. The most impressive group certainly was that of the Maharajah of Jeypour and his followers, whose velvet robes were gold-trimmed, and whose turbans hung bunches of jewels. Their dignified bearing suggested something distinctly biblical. The historic Maharajah Sindia of Gwalior wore a white frock narrowly edged with red. His quaintly-shaped turban was an emperor's ransome. There were four rows of big round pearls, then a row of three pearl-shaped beauties, some more than an inch long and shaped in proportion. The Sultan of Perak wore a dark-blue cloth uniform, with the ribbons of the various orders. His black satin head-dress blazed with the finest diamonds set in most graceful design."

Art Photography.

The new art photography is very attractive and a boon to the homely girl for which she will be eternally grateful, but it has its disadvantages. A man discovered the latter fact about a month ago, when he received the photograph of a beautiful creature whom he did not in the least recognize. He examined the likeness that was not a likeness by daylight, by gaslight and by the ghastly glare of an arc light. He looked at the handwriting on the cover, and it conveyed not an idea to his stupid masculine head. Then he gave it up.

"Best if I know who it is," said he to himself, "but if I ever meet her my bachelor days are over, sure, for she's the prettiest thing ever."

Just last week after he'd cherished the photo of his unknown admirer for a good fortnight, he met his second cousin on the street.

Now, his second cousin is a very amiable young woman, but she isn't in the way of being beautiful, and when she greeted him with—

"Well, Fritz, why haven't you acknowledged the photograph I was good enough to send you?" the man was staggered.

"I never received it, that's why," said he. "I'd love to have a likeness of you, Mab, but you've never sent me one."

"I have sent you one, nearly a month ago, taken in my bridesmaid's gown and with a big chiffon hat on. Now, don't tell me you never received it, for I'm sure you did, and have forgotten it."

"Was that you?" exclaimed the man, and then he felt that this was among the things better left unsaid, and he weakly hedged.

"Course I got it," said he. "I just wanted to jolly you a bit. Splendid of you, too."

"What did the man do to her?" he asked his sister half an hour later. "I declare to you I'd never recognize her in the world."

"Well, he drew a line down her nose to make it look less—er—well, less reticent," replied that world-wise young lady, "and he curved her mouth with rouge, and made her eyes larger in the negative, and really I think it's a very creditable work of art. I'm going to him myself."

The man didn't say a word, but he made up his mind to something, and now when people show him a photograph of "my lovely niece down South," or "my sister, who's the beauty of Denver," he glances at it cursorily and then he says gently, "It's a very pretty picture, but I should like to see the original."

George ate a watermelon which had grown beside the gorge; With ten seeds in his appendix George's parents planted George.

Slovenly Conversation.

Have you ever considered how a shorthand report of your conversation would look if printed in a newspaper? Most of us would blush before it passed their lips. Now, days we all converse as though we had never been at school, and the same topics are discussed in the barroom, the stable, and the polite drawing-room. Current slang is preferred to pure English, even by young women, and the cant of the turf and the ring is familiar to the loveliest of our girls. It has become a part of the culture of our English and Lindley Murray or Gould Brown would swoon away if, from their couches in the elysian fields, they could overhear the conversation going on in the homes of educated people.

But it is not the grammatical so much as the literary quality of our conversation which has deteriorated. We talk about commonplace and vulgar things, and, what is worse, we talk about them in a commonplace and vulgar way. We have none of the salons of a century or two ago in which conversation was cultivated and revered. Our women do not discuss philosophy and high politics as the women did in Paris when Napoleon lost his temper at Madame de Staël. Polite conversation is preserved to-day by small coteries, scattered here and there and unknown to each other.

Perhaps brilliant conversation, the sort that begets epigrams and makes memoirs worth reading, never did flourish except in small coteries. May one suspect that much of the political conversation of the salons was mere nonsense? After all, brilliant conversation presupposes brains, and brains were never very common either in Paris or elsewhere.

The quality of conversation depends more on what is said than on the subject. One can fancy some man—Arthur McEwen, for instance, or Charles Dickens—talking very well indeed about prize-fighting. Thackeray wrote an entertaining paper, having a delicious literary flavor, about the famous match between John C. Heenan, the Benicia Boy, and Tom Sayers. Other people have written flat and stupid things about the most intellectual subjects. One can talk well or brilliantly, but one can put a little thought into a conversation and can avoid that slovenliness of speech which is so common in this day.

The Bills Just Balanced.

Many a man-in-print—has paid for Christian Science treatment with imaginary checks, but it has remained for a Christian Science healer to put a similar bill—talking very well indeed about prize-fighting. Thackeray wrote an entertaining paper, having a delicious literary flavor, about the famous match between John C. Heenan, the Benicia Boy, and Tom Sayers. Other people have written flat and stupid things about the most intellectual subjects. One can talk well or brilliantly, but one can put a little thought into a conversation and can avoid that slovenliness of speech which is so common in this day.

"There's nothing the matter with your teeth," said the dentist. "You only think there is."

But the healer, ignoring the remark, sat down in the chair and winced and moaned, "even as you and I." There was a good deal the matter, so that before her series of appointments was over a bill of \$80 had mounted up against her. At the first of the month the dentist sent around his bill.

But he was not a sharp man in some ways. He had told her, while operating, that he was troubled with rheumatism, and in a day or two he received in reply to the bill a little note.

"My dear doctor," it read, "I have been giving you a series of absent treatments for your rheumatism, and I find that our two bills just balance."

Then the doctor grew wise and let the matter drop. But he does not operate on Christian Scientists any more.

Why Is It?

There are a few regular occasions on which every pretty girl feels inclined to give vent to her feelings by a "good cry." One is when her plain sister enters into the bonds of matrimony, with an exceedingly good-looking man. It is very mortifying, if you happen to be pretty, to be left out in the cold, and the pretty girl never has understood, and never will understand, how it is. And perhaps it is really a good thing for the beauty of the family that she is so ignorant as this matter. If she really comprehended the plain workings of that strange creature man, matrimony would lose its dearest charm. The handsome man marries the plain girl. Cry as we will, this is a fact, and one that we may test the actuality of every day if we will.

To take up the question of forlorn beauty. Why is it? A man who is good-looking must admire beauty. He does admire it; he cannot help himself. Then why, the pretty girl enquires, does he marry her plainer sister?

The answer may best be found in the letters of twelve intelligent men on the subject of choosing a wife. Each one stated seriously what qualities he would look for in a possible partner, and set them down in order, the most important first, the less important following. Taking an average, their ideal was to be as follows: (1) Kind-hearted, true and sympathetic; (2) lively and fond of children; (3) proud of herself for the sake of her friends; (4) a good housekeeper and a busy bee; (5) a good figure and beautiful; (6) a plain girl.

The plain girl scores at once with her sympathy; it is her chief and most powerful weapon against a man. The girl with good looks has no need to find friends by being sympathetic, and it is doubtful if people would believe her sympathetic to be genuine. At all social gatherings the plain girl is so much modest and retiring. Let a handsome man give her half an hour of his company and her whole mind is bent on being agreeable. But the pretty girl has a score of men to talk to, and falls into a habit of inattention. The pretty girl really has a harder time than the plain girl.

Courage!

Palter no question of the dim Beyond; Cut loose the bark; such voyage itself is rest.

—Brownlee Brown.

STRATTON'S RESIGNATION

Continued From First Page.

ment sending these grave charges to a whitewashing commission—a whitewashing in that its powers of investigation were limited.

Continuing, Mr. St. John quoted Hon. David Mills' opinion in a Provincial case—the opinion of a stalwart of Liberalism, who was endorsed by all Liberals except hon. members of this House who had had charges made against them. The Mercier Government of Quebec had been charged with misconduct and the Lieut.-Governor had referred the matter to a royal commission. Mr. Mills gave the following constitutional view of the question then:

"If there had been any improper use of any portion of the Quebec moneys it was for a committee of the Senate or for a committee appointed by the Lieut.-Governor to investigate, and not a commission."

If Premier Ross wanted the fullest investigation, why did he not accept Mr. Whitney's easy proposal and send the charges to the committee on elections, in order that all might see the witnesses, hear them talk, notice their mannerisms and demeanor as they talked, and trace the trail to the very source, and examine every incident that had any relation to the charge? The Premier and the Attorney-General were adepts at framing commissions. The Premier had shown a master hand in another commission that all remembered—a master hand whitewashed criminals and prevented and throttled the rights of justice in this Province. He referred to that unqualified farce, the royal commission, for the investigation of the West Elgin frauds—applause—that commission that throttled truth.

"This one," shouted Mr. St. John, "is another one of the same kind in direct violation of the resolution passed at the great Liberal convention in 1893."

Mr. St. John then went over the most disgraceful incidents of the West Elgin trial, including the burning of the ballots in the Parliament buildings and the subsequent instruction given by the Attorney-General to the Clerk of Chancery that he had no authority to produce the ballots.

Continuing, Mr. St. John said that, notwithstanding the fact that the West Elgin commission heard evidence that could not be doubted of fraud and corruption, nothing came of the investigation. The instructions given to the committee were so slim that it was a ridiculous farce.

The aroma that surrounded West Elgin case was not any worse than the aroma that surrounded the more recent dastardly attempt to debase South Oxford and wrest the seat from Donald Sutherland. In connection with the latter he would ask whether it was not true, as stated by Mr. Jackson to E. W. Chambers, that he (the Premier) had had a conversation with Jackson, the Liberal counsel in charge of the South Oxford protest in regard to the attempt to bribe Chambers to give evidence to unseat Sutherland.

Mr. Ross—I had no conversation with him.

Mr. St. John—in view, then, of what has been stated on this point, the Attorney-General should see to it that Jackson had his gown taken away from him.

Mr. St. John also asked what steps the Government had taken to hold Sutherland pending the enquiry, and concluded:—"Let justice be done to the hit; let no man escape the proper punishment, and let the Premier drop his whitewashing resolution."

Mr. E. J. B. Penne, Kingston, moved the adjournment of the debate.

Mr. Whitney called the Premier's attention to the fact that it would be unfair to ask members to vote on his resolution before the Government made known what instructions would be given to the committee.

The Premier said particulars would be given in good time.

CONSERVATIVE COUNSEL.

W. D. McPherson has been entrusted with the preparation, direction and management of the Conservative side of the investigation of the charges leveled before the Government against Hon. Mr. Sutherland, and will be assisted by S. H. Blake, K. C.; G. H. Ritchie, K. C., and others.

BALDOON.

Alex. Longmore was away last week attending the Grand Lodge of the Orange Order, of which he is a prominent member.

Messrs. Webb and Hopperton, of London, were through this section of the country last week representing the Owen's process for treating fruit trees.

R. Rankin, the expert cattle dealer, who has been spending a week in Detroit with his brother, is home again. Bob looks well after his visit.

G. Kennedy, Jr., has been out fox hunting. It is reported he had very good success.

Our butchers here are filling their stables with fat cattle, getting ready for their season's work. They expect to have a good trade on the road this summer when they get their new delivery wagon.

C. Jackson, merchant, went to Chatham Saturday for a load of goods. The roads were so bad he had to go with W. Rankin to assist him with an extra team. Charlie says he will supply his customer's needs no matter what it costs.

We are pleased to see T. J. Rankin was able to attend church Sunday morning.

R. Brooks still travels on the stage route between the 11th concession and Baldoon street.

A. O. U. W.

The twenty-fifth annual session of the Grand Lodge will be held this week in city of Toronto. A report of this meeting will be given on Friday evening.

A number of applications for membership have been received. Visiting Brothers Welcome!

A. E. SAUERMAN, J. R. SNELL, M. W. Recorder

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Look Out for Bargains.

J. A. KING, :: King Street.

Dark Hair We mean all that rich, dark color your hair used to have. If it's gray now, no matter; for Ayer's Hair Vigor always restores color to gray hair. And often it makes the hair grow very heavy.

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