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Our Neighbours Reducing their Taxes.

Among the provisions of the United States bill to reduce the revenue raised by the special taxes imposed during the war with Spain, one of the most popular actions of the committee entrusted with the preparation of the measure is said to be the abolition of the stamp tax on telegrams, bank cheques, express packages, and insurance policies. They were small, but, like a hair in one's soup, or a crumb in one's bed, caused annoyance.

The taxes on stock transfers would, it is believed, have also been abolished only that the amount involved, about fifteen millions of dollars, would have carried the reduction beyond the limit considered safe by Treasury experts.

That the committee paid little, if any, attention to the proposal to reduce the tax on beer, is not likely to spoil the thirst of those who drink it.

The Beer of Both Sides.

If brewers notice any falling off in the consumption of "beer, glorious beer," it is not attributable to the taxes, but to the recent revelations

of the poisonous ingredients which have found their way into British vats. Consumers of Canadian beer ought to be comforted by the thought that the absence of any such outbreak of sickness as that which has alarmed beery Britons, warrants belief in the purity of the porter and ale brewed in the Dominion.

A story is told of soldiers two in Halifax. When comparing the brown October of English brew with the local beer found in the regimental canteen, one of the Tommies said of the latter: "This is what I call 'eads and wings; it's like the little angels, there ain't no body to it." His complaint of the clear color, if thin quality, of the beverage brewed in the Nova Scotia capital was endorsed by his comrade, who remarked: "Right yer are, matey; they 'aven't got

the 'ops nor the hatmosphere nor the bloomin' water of the River Thames to make beer of in this bloom-in' country."

However, Canadian beer seems to be genuine malt liquor, a fact for which companies engaged in the business of sickness insurance ought to be duly thankful.

Living in Darkness.

He that is stricken blind cannot forget
The precious treasure of his eyesight lost.
—Shakespeare.

Close your eyes, readers of this reference to the pathetic condition of the Canadian collegian who has returned from the South African campaign deprived of the blessed sense of sight, and reflect upon his misfortune. In the fullness of health and strength, young Molloy answered the shrill clarion of war calling men from the pursuits of peaceful industry and scholastic life to fight for their Queen and the Empire. Trooper Molloy has now returned to the land of his birth blinded by a Boer bullet which traversed his brow from side to side. Never again will this Winchester lad see the blue sky, watch the faces of friends, or gaze upon the grain waving in the meadows and pasture land of his beloved Ontario.

Yet this sturdy Canadian hero, doomed to pass the balance of his life in darkness, bravely represses all signs of repining at his sad lot. In simple and touch, ing words he assured our sympathetic kinsmen across the Atlantic that, although blind, he finds solace in the knowledge of duty done, and sweet satisfaction in the thought that he has been permitted to assist in welding together in indissoluble bonds Britannia and her colonies.

For this blind student and soldier from whom the panorama of this moving world is shut out for ever the sympathy of his countrymen must be of the most practical kind, and his darkened existence must be made bright by our respect and gratitude. Trooper Molloy ought to be a ward of the nation.