



What the World is Saying

This Year.

There are wrongs to be righted and good to be done

In Nineteen Hundred and Eight.

There are battles to wage and some fights to be won

In Nineteen Hundred and Eight.

There are evils to banish and wrongs to dethrone;

There are joys we may scatter where grief sits alone;

There is light to be spread where the sun never shone,

In Nineteen Hundred and Eight.

There are trusts to be "busted" by stopping their graft

In Nineteen Hundred and Eight.

There are fetters to weld upon greed and on craft

In Nineteen Hundred and Eight.

There are men to defeat hiding back of the scenes

And pulling the wires that control the machines,

And it's up to us now to find ways and means,

In Nineteen Hundred and Eight.

There are schemes to defeat if the right shall prevail

In Nineteen Hundred and Eight.

And ours be the blame if our wrongs we bewail

In Nineteen Hundred and Eight.

We'll have to strike out and keep busy the while

We tackle the wrongs in a vigorous style—

Keep a stiff upper lip till it bends in a smile

In Nineteen Hundred and Eight.

The Advance of Prohibition.

What were once the Confederate States of America may be within a few years the Prohibition States of America.—Arkansas Gazette.

Hardly Parallel Cases

Gladys Vanderbilt wore lace 200 years old when she was married, but the ordinary married woman raises a howl if she has to wear last year's hat another season.—Quebec Telegraph

Early Rising.

A French doctor says it is very unhealthy to spring out of bed in the morning just after awakening from a sound sleep. His name will be blessed by millions of men whose wives start the breakfast fires.—Regina Leader.

Scrupulous Exactness.

A mountain of golden sand discovered on Vancouver island is reported to yield from \$43 20 to \$104 40 of the precious metal to the ton. The odd cents should be convincing. No vendor of a prospect would exaggerate in cents.—Montreal Gazette.

Not to Mention Detonators.

Mr. Gamey says that Cobalt's chief need now is concentrators. And no doubt Mr. Gamey is right, the town being well supplied with prevaricators, equivocators, tergiversators, and other machinery employed in the working of mines.—Toronto Telegram.

The Health of Doctors.

An idea seems to dwell in the consciousness of the public that doctors should never be ill. Yet the truth is that doctors as a class are more subject to illness than their fellow-men, and their expectancy of life is less than that of most.—British Medical Journal.

Too Many Deadly Weapons.

As a matter of fact there is no need in Canada for any man, other than officers engaged in the suppression of crime, to carry deadly weapons concealed about his person, and though the persons addicted to this practice as a rule are cowards, they are on that account the more unfitted to carry such weapons, for their fears incite them to resort to their use when there is no necessity for them to do so.—Toronto Globe.

"Pants" or "Trousers."

Everybody talks well when he talks in the way he likes, the way he can't help, the way he never thinks of; the rest is effort and pretense. The man who says "trousers" because he likes to say it, and the man who says "pants" because he likes to say it are both good fellows with whom a frank soul could fraternise; but the man who says "trousers" when he wants to say "pants" is a craven and a truckler, equally hateful to honest culture and wholesome ignorance.—Atlantic Monthly.

Titles of Nobility in France.

At least 50 titles, more or less authentic have been captured by American women in France. How many are real? A good proportion. Others are papal; others merely assumed. Since titles were abolished in France the "aristocracy" has increased fivefold. There are five times as many dukes, counts and all that in republican France to-day, as there were in the royal France of old. They spring up like mushrooms. There is no law against a butcher assuming the title of the Marquis de Tete de Veau if it so pleases him. And therefore comes it that many a girl does not get what she pays for.—New York Tribune.

One Hoodlum Punished.

A Nebraska youth of sixteen years recently came to grief while indulging in a charivari at a wedding. The wedding guests stood for a reasonable amount of annoyance and then turned out to rid the premises of the unwelcome visitors. There was a general mix-up during which one of the village cut-ups was severely injured. The doctors say he is suffering from concussion of the brain. This is of interest to science as the first authenticated evidence that the members of charivari parties are not immune from such injuries.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Divorces in South Dakota.

It has been calculated in South Dakota that a divorce there costs the nonresident \$1500, as he or she must maintain a residence in the State for at least six months and must spend some \$200 a month for living expenses, besides court costs and attorney fees. As 320 divorces were granted to nonresidents last year, the state gathered in \$480,000 of outside money from the whole lot. This represents gross expenditure and not net gain, and it is therefore for a much smaller sum per year that the state incurs an undesirable reputation on this account. This is holding an American commonwealth at a pretty low price.—Boston Transcript.

The Meaning of "Ottawa."

Harper's Weekly of Feb. 20, 1858, contained the following note of local interest: "The Ottawa river, on which the city stands, is one of the most beautiful rivers in the world. Finer scenery than that which adorns its banks cannot be found anywhere. Whether it derives its name from the old tribe of Ottawas, who are now dying out on Manitoulin island on Lake Huron, or whether they borrowed their name from it can never be known. The word signifies, strangely enough, 'the human ear.' If, as this writer of half a century ago states, the word Ottawa signifies 'the human ear,' it is surely prophetic of the long-winded debates this city has to listen to.—Ottawa Citizen.

Reflections from Vancouver.

So, in the streets of Vancouver to-day, Buddha, and Mahomet, and Confucius still move along the sidewalks. Looking at the miscellaneous crowd, with here and there its turbans and pigtailed, our vision passes beyond these to the dim temples of India, and to the long night's meditation under the Bo tree. We hear not only the clang of the street car gongs, but the strange bells of the pagodas of T'si and Lu. The prosaic shops and pavements dissolve into an expanse of sand, over which is the glow of the Arabian sun, and where there are Arabs on camels, with their faces toward Mecca. Musing further, we are led upward to

the contemplation of that Divine figure who has been the ideal and exemplar of the centuries, and who gave us the pattern of a human life after which the world, with many a fall, still vainly struggles.—Vancouver Province.

Men and Women.

There is a great tendency nowadays to exaggerate differences of point of view in the two sexes. The question of falling in love remains a mystery. Like heroism and religion, it is not explicable by reason alone. But so far as friendship and popularity go, so far even as lasting affection is concerned, they see almost eye to eye. Certain qualities are lovable, and their opposites are hateful, and as to what these qualities are men and women are pretty well agreed. Men, however, are more indulgent to women, and women to men, than they are to their own sex, and each would find it hard to give a reason for the selection they reciprocally make of faults to forgive. The whole question, of course, is complicated by the fact that women are the best judges of women, and men of men, and that women by men, and men by women, are often—and lastingly—befooled.—London Spectator.

Cigarette-Smoking by Boys.

Magistrate Crane of New York City is quoted as saying: "Ninety-nine out of a hundred boys between the ages of ten and seventeen years who come before me charged with crime have their fingers disfigured with yellow cigarette stains. There is something in the poison of the cigarette that seems to get into the system of the boy and to destroy his moral fibre." Elbert Hubbard advises: "As a close observer and employer of labor for twenty-five years I give you this: Never advance the pay of a cigarette smoker; never promote him; never trust him. Cigarette smoking begins with an effort to be smart. It soon becomes a pleasure. Next it becomes a necessity of life, a fixed habit. This last stage soon evolves into a third condition, a stage of fever and unrestful, wandering mind, accompanied by loss of moral and mental control." Robert Burdette's discum is that: "A boy who smokes cigarettes is like a cypher with the rim knocked off." The size of the "kids" who may be seen in the streets of every Canadian town smoking cigarettes would be amusing were it not for the real tragedy involved.—Montreal Witness.

Cows as Defenders against Consumption.

The London Tribune has elicited some discussion of the relation of cows to consumption—an old notion, by the way. One writer asserts on the authority of all the doctors he has known that there is no instance of a cowman, a milker of cows, having died of this disease:—"Cowmen live in cowsheds during a great many hours of the night and day, and those cowsheds are said to be, of all places, the most crowded with tubercular germs. One would not wish to calculate the billions of these germs a cowman breathes on to his lungs in a year, if we accept the figures of those who deal in sensations. On the other hand, one can find in every district almost, instances where grooms have died from consumption. The strange fact is that, whereas the cow can contract tuberculosis, the horse does not. Yet the man who is intimately associated with the immune animal yields to the disease, whilst the man who is with the most common host of tuberculosis escapes it." This theory, it should be noted, was very commonly held about eighty years ago. Balzac, in one of his minor novels, makes his hero a consumptive who is cured by sleeping in sheds, and readers not familiar with the old belief might easily take it for an anticipation of the open-air cure. It is a matter which it ought to be quite possible to test by statistics.—New York Tribune.

Songs Our Mothers Used to Sing.

It may not be generally known that Fanny Crosby, now spoken of only as a hymn writer, used to drop into week-day verse, supplying words for songs more popular in their day than are any of the new things heard by music-lovers of these later days. The matron who is now being "courted again in her girls" will, if she has a good memory, recall a doleful song that her "Charlie" and his rivals used to ask for when she wore ringlets and broad-brimmed gypsy hats: "In the Hazel Dell my Nellie's Sleeping," the words of which were written by Fanny Crosby, under a pen name. This same matron had not been married long enough to give up her music when "Rosalie, the Prairie Flower" (words by the same author) had all sentimental people weeping because "she" was "gone." It was the fashion in those days for song heroines to die young, and Miss Crosby wasn't any more murderously inclined than other song writers. At that time Sweet Alice, under her slab of granite so grey, was still popular, and listeners were informed that Gentle Annie wouldn't come any more because she was "gone too," though Fair Eulalie appeared sometimes as a spirit robed in white.—New York Evening Post.