



Life, Literature and Education.

The Provincial Board of Health for Ontario is organizing a systematic campaign against tuberculosis throughout the Province. The news is welcome. Such a campaign is bound to be followed by good results, and good results in one Province are bound to give inspiration to similar measures in others. Let the good work be carried on thoroughly, unwearyingly, and we may yet hope to see the stamping out of the white plague from among our people.

A clause of the waterways treaty between Canada and the United States, signed at Washington on January 11th, provides that the development of power at Niagara will be so restricted that it shall not interfere with the natural beauty of the spot. There are some who hold that the restriction has been rather unduly severe, and that a considerable volume more than that allowed might be diverted without producing a perceptible difference. This may be true. Upon the other hand, the news that something definite has been done towards preventing the utter destruction, from a scenic standpoint, of this wonder of the world, cannot but be received with general satisfaction.

Niagara Falls is a possession too precious to be sacrificed for the mere sake of bringing a little more material convenience into the homes of a few people who are comfortable enough without them, or of throwing a little more money into the pockets of already rich corporations. Besides, as a mere advertisement of Canada, even the most hopelessly commercial must concede that the preservation of the great cataract is worth the price.

The ice-palace at Montreal, which is already under completion for the big carnival, will cost about \$7,000, and, although the railways have refused to grant excursion rates for the occasion, the citizens of Montreal hope to make the affair a success, in profits, as well as in enjoyment. Probably the railways feel themselves justified in refusing to lend a hand in the advertisement of Canada's ice and snow; still, it must seem to many that the hue and cry against the Canadian winter is a thing which might very well be let die out. In reality, we glory in our winter, else why the wish, which one hears everywhere, for snow at Christmas? Else why the enthusiastic looking forward to cold weather by our young folk who skate and skee and snowshoe? After all, our "Lady of the Snows" is little less attractive in her fur hat and mittens than when lolling in the sunny-in-the-shade temperature which seldom fails to attend her during a fair share of the year.

Canada is not so greatly in need of immigrants that they must needs be picked here by misrepresentation. Let us tell the truth, and not in-

veigle to us the soft and faint-hearted, who fear to brave the blasts of our sturdy north wind. So shall our country be built up with the courage, and brain and brawn befitting the men and women of the bracing north.

An old soldier, who subscribes himself "Gunner," in writing to a British magazine, recently, casually refers to the association which, as a rule, is connected with the term "Home," as applied to institutions for homeless people. "Our 'Soldiers' Home,'" he says (degrading title, suggesting analogy with 'homes' for dogs and destitutes), is truly admirable," etc. etc.

"Gunner" has not inserted the parenthesis unadvisedly. It is absolutely true that the word "home," as so used, has become a title which—if not actually "degrading"—has come to have associated with it an idea of charity to an extent which deprives many, who might otherwise be glad to become participants in the benefits of such institutions, from entering. In many of our Canadian cities there are Old People's Homes, in which no small proportion of the inmates pay a full figure for board, yet which are generally looked upon as charitable institutions. As a consequence, many a homeless old person with ample enough means refuses to enter, choosing to drag out a companionless old age in a boarding-house, rather than to face the danger of being thought dependent upon charity. What though the Home be comfortable, with the companionship of sympathetic old age? Pride dies hard.

This may seem a trifling matter to the outsider; to those immediately concerned, it is far from trifling. As a way out of the difficulty, might it not be suggested that the divisions of such institutions apportioned to boarders and to better-class residents in general, be given distinctive names, such as those applied to hotels? For the harborage set apart for the other element, the vagrants of a lifetime, the distinctively coarse and low, with whom the better class should not be obliged to commingle, the term "Home" might still be retained.

Henry Farman, the English airship inventor, predicts that, for pleasure and general running about, the airship will before long supplant the motor-car. Incidentally, what will be the verbalism with which we shall describe this new method of locomotion? "Sail" will scarcely do, seeing that it has already been given over to the water. Shall we, then, adopt the terms applied to the birds of the air? Will the young man whisper over the sill of the upstairs window, "Will you come for a fly this evening?" and will no insinuation ever be sniffed when we ask such questions as "When do you fly?" or communicate, without a smile, the intelligence that we "flew from Halifax last week"? This plan failing, will a new set of words be created to meet the emergency? Already, "aviate" has made its appearance, but it has a hard, artificial, made-to-order look. Besides, it possesses an utterly extravagant

"e" at the end, upon which the spelling-reform belligerents will, no doubt, make speedy war. When all is said, it seems up to Andrew Carnegie, or someone else with money to spare, to institute a monster competition for words wherewith to meet the emergency. Then let the philologists creep out from their dens and the spelling-reformers hop down from their pedestals, to show us what can be done by way of manufacturing language "while you wait."

Reporters of the proceedings of the Hains trial, which was terminated a fortnight ago in New York, tell us that the acquittal of Thornton Hains, held on the charge of complicity in the murder of William E. Annis in Brooklyn, last August, was received with a great demonstration, both in the court-room and on the street. "The packed court-room of spectators," the accounts ran, "rose as one man, and cheered and applauded with such mighty vigor that Judge Crane was unable to restore order." There may have been those who thought Thornton Hains justified in inciting his brother to shoot the Burr-Macintosh editor in his yacht on that fair autumn day, but, even in such a case, why make a hero of the fellow—a gay man about town; a writer of indifferent, smart-set stories; a man known to have the blood of yet another fellow-creature on his hands? It is inexplicable that the people who make up a "crowd" cannot, as a rule, find better things to wax enthusiastic over than those which usually rouse them to enthusiastic applause. The truly great, who have accomplished great good for mankind, often with intense personal sacrifice and risk—the Marconis, the Edisons, the Doctor Grenfells, and Father Damien—are given but a passing glance; the man who escapes by the skin of his teeth, in all probability more through the skill of his lawyer rather than through his own innocence, is granted an ovation. . . . Verily, human nature is not to be accounted for.

People, Books and Doings.

Dr. Paget, Suffragan Bishop of Ipswich, has been made Bishop of Stepney, in place of Bishop Lang, who vacated the bishopric to become Archbishop of York.

An exhibition of English and French art, of which the Queen has consented to become patroness, and which will consist chiefly of paintings of women, will be held in the Tuileries, Paris, in May and June.

The British Authors' Club, of which Mr. George Meredith is president of the general council, is arranging to commemorate the centenary of the birth of Edgar Allan Poe by a dinner, to be given in London, March 1st, and at which the chair will be taken by Sir A. Conan Doyle. Poe was really born on the 19th of January, 1809, but for various reasons the celebration was postponed.

The Legislature of Louisiana has passed a law prohibiting the slaughter of robins in their temporary sojourn in that State. The pot-hunters of Louisiana have in the past killed as many as a million robins in

a single winter, and a law was sorely needed to put an end to the needless slaughter of an excellent bird—excellent because it destroys injurious insects, and is withal a cheerful songster.—[American Exchange.]

When Charles Dudley Warner was the editor of the Hartford, Connecticut, Press, back in the sixties, arousing the patriotism of the State by his vigorous appeals, one of the type-setters came in from the composing room, and, planting himself before the editor, said: "Well, Mr. Warner, I've decided to enlist in the army." With mingled sensations of pride and responsibility, Mr. Warner replied encouragingly that he was glad to see that the man felt the call of duty. "Oh, it isn't that," said the truthful compositor; "but I'd rather be shot than try to set any more of your copy."

Retiring President Roosevelt daily reminds himself of the need for strenuousness by a sonnet which he has had printed on a card and hung up in his office at Washington. The sonnet, which was composed by a former Senator, John J. Ingalls, and is entitled "Opportunity," runs as follows:

"Master of human destinies am I!
Fame, love, and fortune on my
footsteps wait.
Cities and fields I walk. I penetrate
Deserts and fields remote, and, passing
by
Hovel and mart and palace, soon
or late,
I knock unbidden once at every
gate.
If sleeping, wake; if feasting, rise
before
I turn away. It is the hour of
fate,
And they who follow me reach every
state
Mortals desire, and conquer every
foe
Save death; but those who doubt
or hesitate,
Condemned to failure, penury or
woe,
Seek me in vain and uselessly im-
plore,
I answer not, and I return no
more."

Ex-president Castro, of Venezuela, has, during his sojourn in the German cities, expressed a desire for seclusion and quiet. At the same time, he stays at the most fashionable hotels, occupying the "Prince's Suite," where one is provided; is accompanied by a retinue wherever he goes, and keeps ten motor-cars at his beck and call.

Professor A. L. Lowell, brother of the astronomer, Prof. Percival Lowell, has been chosen by the corporation of Harvard University to succeed President Eliot, who retires in May.

Re Local Option.

Editor "The Farmer's Advocate":
I noticed your article regarding hotel accommodation given by the temperance people in towns and villages. You say that the class of people who are complaining are chiefly the commercial travellers, who say they do not find the accommodation they need in a local-option hotel. Now, sir, I wonder where are