

The gods are just, and of our pleasant
vice,
Make instruments to scourge us.
—King Lear, Act V, Sc. 3.

The instrument that the gods used to scourge the Earl of Gloucester in the drama of "King Lear" was his illegitimate son Edmund. The poor old noble was deprived of his estates, his eyes were brutally torn out, and he was driven forth into a bitter winter world to "smell his way to Dover." In the opening scene of the drama, Gloucester is introduced to the audience flippantly commenting on the follies of his youth. He was an undisciplined sinner. He had sown the wind and he reaped the whirlwind; he had given way to passion in his youth and the offspring of his lust was to be the scourge of his old age. This is an extreme instance of the possibility of sin returning to destroy the sinner; but in a thousand ways the truth of the statement that

"Our pleasant vices
Make instruments to scourge us,"
is proved in life.

The commonest vice of humanity is idleness; by idleness of mind and body, the ordinary work of the world, living in sloth or pleasure when the voice of duty is demanding that the energies should be directed toward producing or doing, is a pleasure that is ready to be produced. It is pleasant to most natures to refrain from work. Scratch the man and under the skin you find the animal, sunlight and cool water, sleep and food content the majority. Visions of the Garden of Eden, where work was unknown, where man had not to earn his bread by the sweat of his face, is the delight of the multitude. But man was created for work. His brain is a complicated and delicate conceiving instrument; his hands are tools constructed to enable him to conquer the elements. If brain and hand lie idle man will find himself in old age thrown into a forgotten corner; neglect and poverty will scourge him. It is often wondered why the Indians of the North American continent never attained civilization. Idleness was the cause. Animal enjoyments were their sole delights. Like the bears and the wolves of their forests and plains, they had them a feast or a famine. They took no thought for the morrow, and they were scourged and are being scourged by their idleness. Individual instances of red men who have shown high energy, risen to positions of prominence show what the Indians might have become as a race had they, in useful constructive work, persistently put forth the brain and sin—and who will call the gods unjust?

The Pet Cow, the Yearling Colt and the Militant Gobbler

[A Nature Study by Peter McArthur, in the Toronto Globe.]

Ekfrid, Nov. 21.—Ever since coming to the country I have been thinking of doing some intimate nature studies of the domestic animals. Even though you constantly see their pictures in the farm papers and the farm sections of the dailies, you really know little about their personal characters. Take the cow, for instance. It is one thing to know what a cow can do in the way of giving milk or the amount of beef she will make, and another to know what she is like in her personal relations with other cows and with her owners and handlers. In landscape paintings cows are invaluable for breaking up the middle distance, and the photographs of them in the public school readers they seem the embodiment of all the virtues. As a matter of fact, when closely observed cows differ as much as human beings, and some of them have just as many exasperating qualities. I have in mind a certain red cow that was raised as a pet. There is a proverb about people who are as "waxy as a pet pig." It should be as "waxy as a pet cow." You can't leave a door or gate open for ten seconds, but she will pop through to do some exploring, and she'll cross a field at any time to poke her nose into an empty pail. She thinks nothing of shouldering people out of her way and crowding into the granary, and anything she sees for food she seems to weigh on her mind until she breaks through and finds out all about it. I



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wars. The gods are just; they deserve no better fate than to be plucked up as human weeds to give place to the white race which has learned the need of work.

Gluttony is a pleasant vice practiced by many. Unwise feeding lowers the soul's life; for "high thinking," there must be "plain living." Like idleness gluttony tends to degrade man to the animals. The body and mind usually develop harmoniously, and in a gross body a coarse mind is apt to be found. But the pleasant vice carries its own scourge; half the ills that flesh is heir to are directly due to unwise eating and over-eating. Gluttony is an age of patent medicines; the quacks thrive on the fools.

Indulgence in strong drink is another common pleasant vice. By subduing the will, it intoxicates the lower rein to the imagination. Under their influence men are oblivious to the ills of existence. Sorrows are drowned in the wine cup, misfortunes are forgotten in the flowing bowl. Strong drink is the falsest of cures for the evils of life. Its effect is not lasting, and the reaction leaves the latter state of the individual worse than the former. It seems a pleasant servant, but it becomes a relentless master. In time it undermines the will and wrecks the body. The brand of Cain, what was a special mark by which the murderer of his brother could be known. On every drunkard there is a brand of Cain, mind and body are stamped with the vice. The excessive use of liquor is in the first place delightful to the palate; it stimulates the blood and exalts the imagination; in the end, if its practice be continued, it slays the physical strength and degrades the mind. It is a veritable scourge, lashing individuals and communities.

In "Timon of Athens" there is an excellent example of the pleasant vice of spending money. Timon, a spendthrift; he was blessed with wealth but he abused it. He denied himself nothing; he gave to every flatterer with a lavish hand. His spendthrift is pleasantly vicious. Individuality is a favorite while his money lasts. In the end he is scourged by the neglect and scorn of his friends. Timon, the spendthrift, is a character that may have been developed by her association with human beings. At one time, when she had the run of the whole farm, she couldn't get her head up, she was so well that had been fenced off. It took several men with ropes and me lifting her by the tail to get her back to the surface again. I freely admit that, although I am a man, a gentle disposition, there have been times when I have kicked at that cow and thrown clubs at her, and spoken cruel, cruel words that I can't get back but I always got the worst of it. When I kicked, I struck my instep on her shin, and limped for days afterwards. When I landed one on the point of her ear, she would turn her head and look at me with a malignant eye, apparently wondering what was the cause of my outbursts of passion. When it comes times to tie her up in the stable she can't by any possibility find her own ears, she rushes her head into the first stall that looks nice to her, and begins to eat some other cow's fodder. And she has another peculiarity. Being a pet, she escaped from the other cattle, being dehorned, and, having the only pair of horns on the place, she is the tyrant of the barnyard. When the evenings began to get cold she would wait un-

really believe you could keep her in a plowed field if you first fenced it off and put her in a clover field beside it. She doesn't like the clover, she likes a characteristic that may have been developed by her association with human beings. At one time, when she had the run of the whole farm, she couldn't get her head up, she was so well that had been fenced off. It took several men with ropes and me lifting her by the tail to get her back to the surface again. I freely admit that, although I am a man, a gentle disposition, there have been times when I have kicked at that cow and thrown clubs at her, and spoken cruel, cruel words that I can't get back but I always got the worst of it. When I kicked, I struck my instep on her shin, and limped for days afterwards. When I landed one on the point of her ear, she would turn her head and look at me with a malignant eye, apparently wondering what was the cause of my outbursts of passion. When it comes times to tie her up in the stable she can't by any possibility find her own ears, she rushes her head into the first stall that looks nice to her, and begins to eat some other cow's fodder. And she has another peculiarity. Being a pet, she escaped from the other cattle, being dehorned, and, having the only pair of horns on the place, she is the tyrant of the barnyard. When the evenings began to get cold she would wait un-

LORD ROTHSCHILD'S 71ST YEAR

A Romance of Wealth—His
Prominent Part in Public Life
—Interest in the Jews.

Lord Rothschild, a central figure in the finance of the world, on Nov. 4, entered on his seventy-first year, and received the felicitations not only of the members of his own community but also of many who differ from him in faith and politics.

The present head of the great house of N. M. Rothschild and Sons was born in London in 1840, and is a grandson of Nathan Mayer, the founder of the London branch of the firm.

Lord Rothschild is the third British representative of an international financial dynasty that has controlled money markets of Central Europe for more than a century, and the headquarters of the great house in New-courts remain today much as they were when, before the days of telegraph and cable, the firm had its special system of private couriers and a private cross-channel service.

It was through this service that the Rothschilds obtained advance knowledge of European affairs to which much of their great success was due. It was to New-courts that riders galloped at five in the morning with news of Napoleon's escape from Elba, and that news of Waterloo was brought twenty-four hours before Wellington's dispatches reached London.

Enterprise of this kind, and a carefully-guarded reputation for business integrity brought governments to the doors of the great bankers. All the tradition of the firm is maintained to-day.

Lord Rothschild has taken a prominent place in public life. From King's College school he went to Cambridge. Thence, after taking mathematical honors, he went straight to the city offices of the firm.

Solidity and comfort, rather than

til some other cow had been lying down long enough to have a spot of ground nice and warm, and then she would read up the comfortable creature and lie down in her place. (I didn't see her do this myself, and it sounds like "nature-faking," but I am told that it is a common custom with the bosses of the herds.) In all my dealings with this cow there is only one interview that I remember with pleasure. One day I heard a week-old calf that was tied in the stable bawling as if it were being killed. Hurrying to the spot, I found it was not dying. The red brute had it pinned against the wall and was trying to poke her horns through it. I had the buggy whip in my hand at the time, and I am not telling just how much satisfaction I got before she escaped through the stable door. Moral suasion is all right, but there are times when sterner methods are necessary. The most charming touch I noticed among the stock for many years was under my observation when the young cattle were being tied in for the first time. They are tied two in a stall, and the divisions between the stalls are short. One yearling, after being tied, insisted on standing crosswise before the man. The result was a wild struggle, in which the yearling's tail played a prominent part. Just as the trouble was at its worst, a pumper and thing that is being fed for Christmas beef—looked back over its shoulder, and without stopping munching, continued a quick and youthful gait, and began to crawl along as if she had suddenly been stricken by paralysis. It is almost useless to drive her away from the stall, for in a minute she will be back again, and crawling as slowly as ever. Though she has the whole wide field to travel in, she will satisfy her but right ahead of the horses, and when their noses touch her she humps up and seems inclined to brace her legs and shove back. One day I saw this gentle thing change into a table demon. The pup had followed me into the field when I went to catch the driver, and just as I was doing my prettiest, coaxing with a handful of oats the colt rushed and attacked the pup. I hurried to the rescue, for it would not have taken her a minute to kill the dog with her sharp hoofs, and I never saw a creature so transformed. Her eyes were staring, and her nostrils stretched to their widest, and she was quivering with rage and excitement. Apparently in that moment she had reverted to the type of horses that existed when they had to defend themselves from the attacks of wild beasts. No wild horse tampling a wolf would have been fiercer than that colt, and she was trampling a harmless colt pup. In spite of this outburst the colt once did a thing for which I have a feeling of personal gratitude. The red cow had tried to shoulder her way from the watering trough, and quick as a flash the colt wheeled and let her face both heels in the ribs in a way that made them ring like a drum. Ever since I have had a kindly feeling for her.

I know I shouldn't have kicked the gobbler in the wishbone, but it all happened so suddenly that I really thought I was acting in self-defence until everything was over. I was standing by the granary door, with nothing in particular on my mind, when the gobbler came up behind me and landed on me with both feet and both wings at the same time. When I turned round he was just ready to spring at me again, and I lifted him. There have been naughty gobblers in the barnyard before, and cross ones, too, but never one that had so permanent a grouse as this one. He seems to be seeing red all the time. He will attack any one at a moment's notice, and it really does no good to switch him away. He returns to the attack instantly. He would rather fight than eat. He will leave a ration of corn at any time to chase any human who may venture into his neighborhood. Now, will some nature-lover kindly tell me how to reach the better side of his nature? As far as I can see, kindness is wasted on him. He buffets the hand that feeds him. It is nonsense to speak of him as a poor dumb creature, for he has a vocabulary of gobblers that ranges from raucous defiance to unprintable profanity. When his time comes to go to the table it is to be hoped that he doesn't take his way to a table of harmony banquet. I believe he would be capable of stirring up strife even after being killed, stuffed, roasted and carved.

Then there is the yearling colt that has been running in the pasture field. To see her trotting across the field with tall in the air she looks the embodiment of speed and youthful gait. But try to drive across that field with a team of horses and watch how she acts. Her first move is to get right under the noses of the horses and begin to crawl along as if she had suddenly been stricken by paralysis. It is almost useless to drive her away from the stall, for in a minute she will be back again, and crawling as slowly as ever. Though she has the whole wide field to travel in, she will satisfy her but right ahead of the horses, and when their noses touch her she humps up and seems inclined to brace her legs and shove back. One day I saw this gentle thing change into a table demon. The pup had followed me into the field when I went to catch the driver, and just as I was doing my prettiest, coaxing with a handful of oats the colt rushed and attacked the pup. I hurried to the rescue, for it would not have taken her a minute to kill the dog with her sharp hoofs, and I never saw a creature so transformed. Her eyes were staring, and her nostrils stretched to their widest, and she was quivering with rage and excitement. Apparently in that moment she had reverted to the type of horses that existed when they had to defend themselves from the attacks of wild beasts. No wild horse tampling a wolf would have been fiercer than that colt, and she was trampling a harmless colt pup. In spite of this outburst the colt once did a thing for which I have a feeling of personal gratitude. The red cow had tried to shoulder her way from the watering trough, and quick as a flash the colt wheeled and let her face both heels in the ribs in a way that made them ring like a drum. Ever since I have had a kindly feeling for her.

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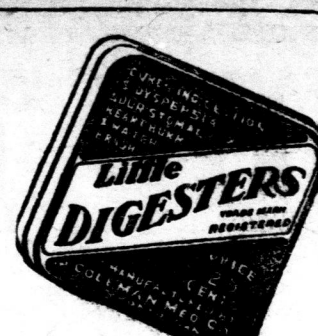
show or ostentation, are the "note" of New-courts. There is almost a suggestion of a government office about the noted building in which the great estate of all London's financial houses conducts its business. Respectable looking attendants with the manners of a courtier, and a high ceiling, a ceiling all callers; huge fires burn in the commodious waiting-rooms, and a general air of opulence and substance pervades the establishment. It was here that Lord Rothschild prepared himself for the empire of finance to which he was heir and to which he succeeded on the death of his father in 1879. Three years before he had succeeded his uncle as second baronet.

Lord Rothschild has always taken a keen interest in politics. At the age of 25 he was elected to represent Aylesbury in the Liberal interest, his father being one of the members of the city of London at the same time. This (Aylesbury) seat he retained for twenty years, until 1889, when he was raised to the peerage, thus becoming the first Jewish Jew to sit in the House of Lords.

When the home rule split came Lord Rothschild was among the seceders, and as Liberalism has marched more and more swiftly and surely along the path of social reform so have Lord Rothschild's politics developed in the direction of reaction. It was Lord Rothschild who organized the combination in the House of Lords against the licensing bill of 1908.

Some sayings of Lord Rothschild are notable. "I am opposed to extravagance, whether of money or of political," he once told a Daily News interviewer. "I have always felt that if increased expenditure is incurred, either for defensive purposes or social improvement, or old age pensions, those who are situated like myself ought to bear the greater share," he remarked in a speech at Aylesbury.

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desk daily when other men are on holiday, and he continues his ordinary way when other men of his years would long since have sought repose. His great concentration of mind and certitude of judgment are revealed in the celerity with which he conducts business interviews.

A SEALED BOOK IS THE BIBLE

Dr. Lyman Abbott Deplores Its Neglect in These Days.

"A few years ago I was speaking on political reform in one of the great cities of the United States," writes Dr. Lyman Abbott in the Outlook. "On the platform were some of the first citizens of the city."

"I took up the pocket Bible which I generally carry with me, and I go and say, 'I have here an old book which is a favorite with me,' proceeded to read Jotham's parable of the trees and the Book of Judges."

"Two gentlemen on the platform asked me what the book was from which I read the story; one of them was a judge in one of the courts of the state."

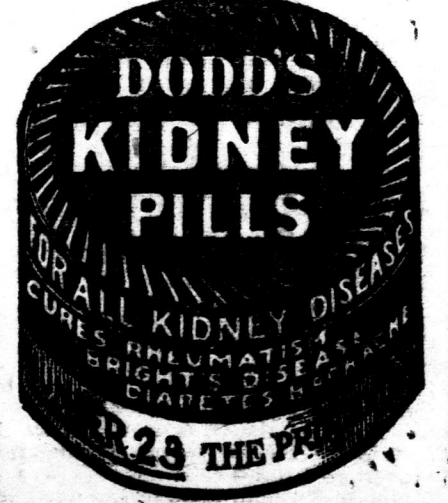
"A friend of mine, a teacher of geography in a large secondary school, all of whose pupils come from cultivated families and many of them from church-going families, asked her class of over fifty members if they could recall any well-known historical incident connected with Egypt."

"Giving no reply, she hinted at the fact that the Jews came out of Egypt and attempted to recall to them the story of Joseph, but not one of them could give her any account of it, and one of them, a franker man, at rest, came to her afterward, puzzled to know what the Bible had to do with geography."

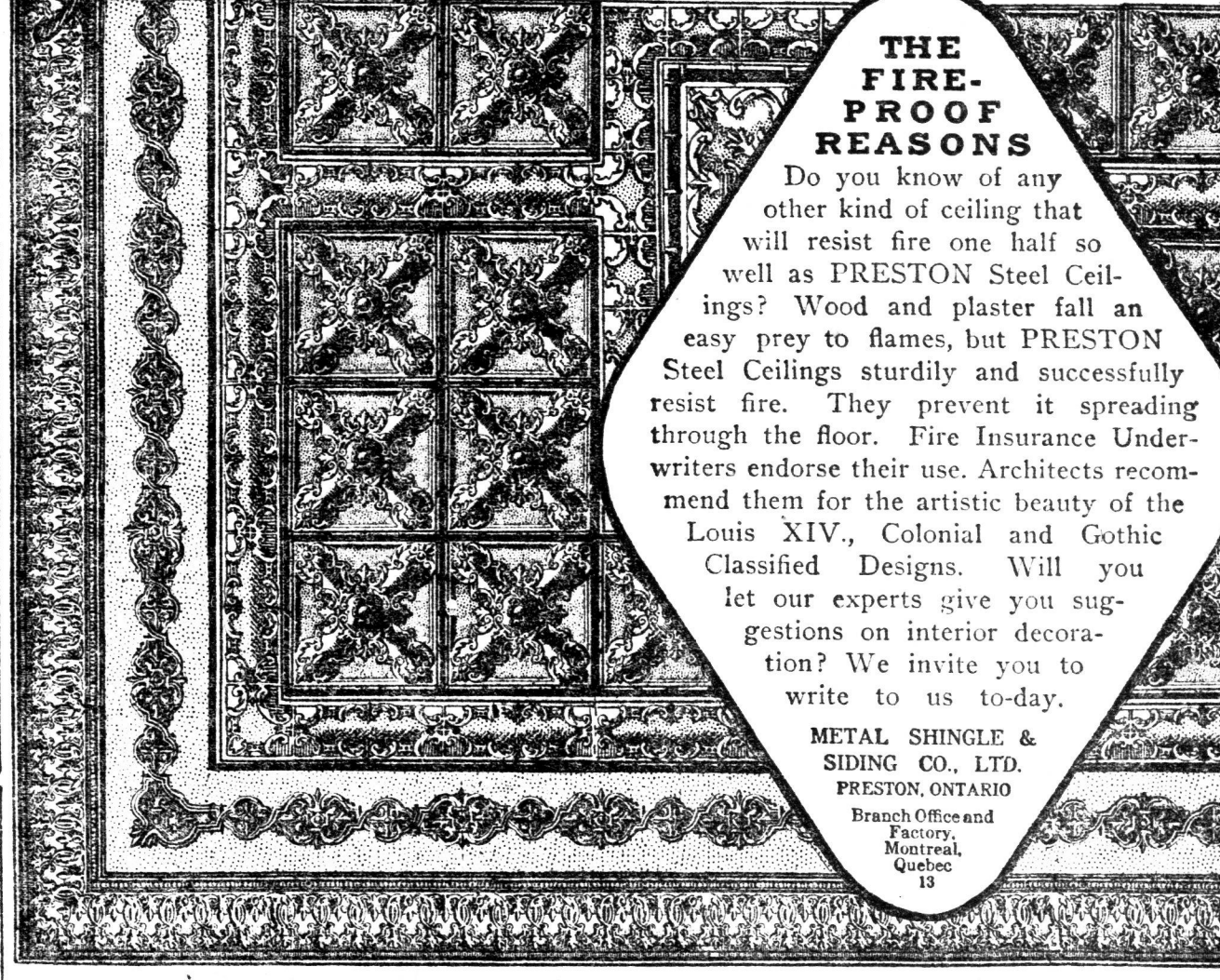
"Another friend of mine, a teacher in a church Sunday school of a class, all of whom were daughters of church-going parents and all of whom had been for some years in Sunday school classes, asked her class why Pharaoh sought to kill Moses, and got for reply that it was at the time of the birth of Jesus and Pharaoh attempted to put all the babies to death. To this answer all the pupils except one agreed."

"Some years ago two ladies in a western town were coming out of a concert hall where the cantata of 'Queen Esther' had been given. One was overheard saying to the other: 'That was a very beautiful story; I wonder where the composer found it? And the other did not know.'"

E. C. Carnett, of Hazard, Perry County, Ky., was born March 8, 1822, and was married to Miss Cynthia Grigsley, June 8, 1844. To them were born 11 children, 6 girls and 5 boys. These children are all living, and the father and mother are also living, at the ripe ages of 83 and 88. The old pair have 68 grandchildren and 71 great-grandchildren, which added to their 11 children, make a grand total of 153 souls in the four generations.



Preston Steel Ceilings



SIR J. MURRAY ON DICTIONARY MAKING

Has 5,000,000 Quotations to Choose From—How the Language Has Changed.

Some idea of the magnitude of the work thrust upon a man who undertakes to edit a dictionary was given to an audience by Sir James Murray, the editor of the Oxford Dictionary, who, after stating that he had had to write to the director of Kew Gardens about an exotic plant, to a Roman Catholic priest on a point of divinity, to a Newcastle boatbuilder regarding a keel, to a sporting newspaper, to someone about a bloater, and to many other people on a hundred and one subjects, simply remarked that a lexicographer who desired to be accurate had to be a universal inquirer.

In 1877, he said, he had the offer from an English and American firm of publishers to edit an English dictionary, and forthwith they began to pour in upon him different materials from all quarters. A multitude of accumulated quotations, numbering millions, and weighing tons, was sent to him. He was confronted with the problem where he was to place these tons of matter. Eventually he had an iron room erected in his garden. In it were pigeon-holes, each of which held 6,000 quotations, and visitors were astonished to learn that the room contained in all 5,000,000 quotations. Whether posterity would want a dictionary in 100 volumes he did not know, but if it did, the materials were ready. It would be easier to make a dictionary in 100 volumes than one in ten. If a man started reading one quotation a minute during an eight-hour day, he would take 30 years to finish the 5,000,000.

It was characteristic of the time when Dr. Johnson produced his dictionary that they thought the English language had attained perfection, "but," said Sir James, "compare any article in any 'monthly' with Dr. Johnson's dictionary, and strike out every word and sense that the latter does not contain, and the page would be almost as black as if it had gone through the hands of the Russian censor."



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