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COOKERY AND MORALS.

Brilliant Savarin always contended that the destiny of man was moulded by what he ate; meaning that where food, regularly partaken of, wholesome, properly cooked, very much of the healthy that paralyses the will, and a great deal of the expensiveness that marks the impulses of many men are eliminated. His theory was that given a perfect digestion and a rational regime, nine-tenths of the worries that make human life utterly miserable are excluded and the subject has a fair field for the exercise of all his faculties. Because, let it be remembered, nine-tenths of the worries of which the ordinary man complains are entirely of self-manufacture. Those that assail him from the outside are insignificant compared with the dismal host to which his own brain gives hourly birth. Now, supposing that a man has no digestive worries, that his assimilative organs do their work so smoothly as to leave him perfectly unconscious of their operation, must not the thinking of such a man be clear, his judgment sound, and his comprehension of his surroundings and of his course in life fairly accurate? At all events, he can appreciate their condition with a mind single and concentrated, attributes which are utterly out of the question where the digestive organs are deranged. This is the very fact so interesting to criminologists, the effects of underfeeding, of bad cooking, of defective assimilation. The fact is established beyond quibble by repeated experiment that the denizen of the slums, born into an atmosphere of vice, environed by sights and sounds from his infancy which make it utterly impossible for him to acquire any proper sense of right and wrong, fed on inferior, god-damning food, carefully tended in all that makes for sheer animal comfort, will quickly lose his vicious instincts and incline to courses which are more in consonance with the ideas of civilized society. This simply goes to prove the size way of transgressing the law is hard and that they know it quite well. In the kind of wickedness which those poor creatures practise, that is to say the predatory arts, extortion, the exercise of considerable cunning and patience, are necessary to success. Hunger is the spur, stern necessity; fed, incentive to that exertion. Remove that incentive by regular feeding on wholesome food, ample rest and scrupulous cleanliness, and the wild beast nature in the man is soothed to something like slumber, or, at any rate, quiescence. Hunger is the spur, stern necessity; fed, incentive to that exertion. Remove that incentive by regular feeding on wholesome food, ample rest and scrupulous cleanliness, and the wild beast nature in the man is soothed to something like slumber, or, at any rate, quiescence. Hunger is the spur, stern necessity; fed, incentive to that exertion. Remove that incentive by regular feeding on wholesome food, ample rest and scrupulous cleanliness, and the wild beast nature in the man is soothed to something like slumber, or, at any rate, quiescence.

And our law punishes him with more or less severity, and justly so. Hardness are the fallacies of feeding. T. Northern people think that they cannot get along without animal food, that their strength would disappear if they were deprived of their beef and mutton. Yet, how many despatched Northerners could pick up and walk off with huge burdens as easily as does the porter of Alexandria or Cairo, whose monotonous diet is lentils and oil? And why was it that the best boxer amongst the seamen on the British ship of war that sailed at the Fiji Islands in the eighteenth century, was a baby in the hands of the islander with whom he had "put on the gloves." All the islanders at that time fed mainly on fruits, roots and fish. It is useless to multiply instances; the subject bristles with anomalies. But there seems to be one broad fact apparent through it all—plain living is conducive not only to high thinking, but also to longevity. Such are Nature's compensations. The enjoyment of the table, the unrestrained gratification of the palate must be paid for. On the other hand, abstinence is its own reward. It is not true that "to eat rice is to think rice," strictly the Japanese and the highly intellectual races of India afford sufficient proof of that.

Probably it would be much more difficult to disprove the assertion that devotion to the pleasures of the table, and continuous feeding upon what are known as dainty foods, with plenty of wines and so forth directly conduces to an abnormal growth of the most detestable kind of selfishness. In fact, some would go so far as to declare that those who do so indulge themselves knowing that round the corner, perhaps fellow creatures are molesting an adamant crust with the bitter tears of hopeless poverty, have bought to learn in the arts of refined selfishness and thoughtlessness. Addison has discussed in one of his most interesting essays the astounding capacity of the human stomach for abuse, and has enumerated the amazing variety of substances which are poured pitilessly into it—sweet and bitter, salt and clear, biting acids, emollient oils, vegetable animal, mineral; hot, cold, lukewarm; fermented foods and liquors; indeed; it is the most marvellous organ in existence, and possibly was its powerful effect upon the workings of the will and mind better understood there would be less of that abuse which produces the unhappy dyspeptic, and the weak-willed folk who are helpless as babes in the "folk clutch of circumstance."

THE PROFESSOR IS WIDOW.

Mr. we beg his pardon—Professor Goldwin Smith has again been heard from. If at any time people should get tired of prolonged silence on his part, as most unlikely eventually—all that is necessary to open the floodgates of the Professor's scholarly store of rhetoric is for Canada to take some more than usually aggressive steps in the line of commercial or other relations with Great Britain. Then the Professor speaks. If, as is not infrequently the case, he happens to have been speaking at the time, he immediately throws the throttle of cultured verbosity two or three notches higher and speaks some more. His most recent utterances are full of a quaint humor of which we more than suspect the accomplished author to be wholly unconscious. Here is an extract: "Anyone who does not allow his political feelings to blind him on economical questions, must see that the United States is our natural market; that the more so as Canada is split into four distinct blocks of territory, each of them drawn commercially towards the States adjoining it to the South." Professor Goldwin Smith has held a brief for the Quebec cause for quite a number of years, but we do not remember to have seen this "four blocks of territory" argument before. There is about it a certain pernicious ingenuity which inclines us to delve beneath its surface and seek the inwardness of it. We take Quebec first, the drawing commercially of Quebec interests towards the Atlantic States is a thing of which more was heard twenty years ago than is now the case. Large numbers of the inhabitants of the province of Quebec went over to the United States, and the States, it is not on record that the experiment was successful. Very much the other way. The great majority of the exiles were glad to get back. As regards Ontario, she does not seem just now to be worrying her head much about the United States. Perhaps it is this which makes Professor Goldwin Smith so angry. The prosperity of Ontario, her steadily increasing export trade, not with the United States, but with Great Britain, disturbs the Professor's deplorable calm. Let us turn to Manitoba and the Northwest. Here we find the deplorable fact evident that the American of the adjacent states prefers to come over the boundary and bring his goods, his money, and even his manufactures, along with him. In British Columbia a similar state of affairs exists. In fact so little does the great American Republic appear to share Mr. Goldwin Smith's views as to "natural markets" that its whole course of action for nearly half a century has been the principal cause of Canada casting her eyes across the border in search of customers for her goods. These customers she is now rapidly finding, with the result that United States market is now no such expression to conjure with as it was when Professor Smith was a youngster, and perhaps more widely awake, man. The Professor, in short, appears to live, as is often the wont of elderly students, overmuch in the past. Moreover, he has lost the power of applying the lessons of that past to the events of the present. He has lost sight of the fact that his four blocks of digestive functions caused by cutting the teeth during the winter. In slightly less degree every summer is a time of danger for babies is shown by the increased death rate among them during the heated term. Of great interest to every mother, therefore, is a comparative recent discovery of which Mrs. David Lee, of the Midway, Ont., writes as follows:

"My little girl had a hard time, getting her teeth. She was feverish, her tongue was coated, her breath offensive, she vomited curdled milk. On the advice of our doctor I gave her Baby's Own Tablets and she began improving at once. She had not slept well at night for about three months, and I was worried. Now her food digests properly, her breath is sweet, her tongue clean and she is quiet and happy. I can strongly recommend the tablets to all mothers as they cured my baby when nothing else would."

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The ancient saying about the beam in one's own eye and the mote in one's neighbor's visual organ, might profitably be quoted to heart by the Ottawa Evening Journal. "In its issue of the 15th inst., it quotes an item from the Winnipeg Tribune as follows: 'The death of Mrs. Mary B. Teagel, aged 74 years, occurred yesterday.' Concerning this very obvious misprint the Journal answers: 'Grand mistake, that Canadian score. But for the Journal's distinctive scores, far at the foot of the very column in which the date appears, the Ottawa Evening Journal takes occasion to print a pretty little poem of Eugene Ionesco in the column of the day's news with this fascinating line: 'Not a listless curd curd oblige kindly.' Extended comment is unnecessary."

BABY'S SECOND SUMMER.

Why it is a Dangerous Time for the Little Ones.

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"My little girl had a hard time, getting her teeth. She was feverish, her tongue was coated, her breath offensive, she vomited curdled milk. On the advice of our doctor I gave her Baby's Own Tablets and she began improving at once. She had not slept well at night for about three months, and I was worried. Now her food digests properly, her breath is sweet, her tongue clean and she is quiet and happy. I can strongly recommend the tablets to all mothers as they cured my baby when nothing else would."

WORLD'S BEST POST OFFICE.

When the late James Russell Lowell wrote his famous essay on "A Certain Condescension in Foreigners," he gave due to his countrymen to hold up their land and its customs as the greatest in the world. The good American is fond of boasting that his country possesses the finest, or the greatest, or the biggest this, that or t'other in the world, often caring very little as to whether his hearers or readers measure the world upon Mercator's projection, or understanding that its bounds are the Pacific and Atlantic, Mexico and Canada. But there is one "institution" operated by Great Britain which is the envy of all Americans who cross the herring gull and the porpoise of the Old Country for themselves, and that is the post office.

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starting point for services far wider and more regular than any other post office in the world has ever attempted. If it is comparisons that are wanted, the British post office can stand them very well. Strangers who seek to buy a stamp or post a letter in France or the United States, will often find cause to sigh for the system which equips such a little place as Harrow and its neighbors with this post office, Kingston-on-Thames with 24 and Birmingham with 136, besides many letter boxes. The British grumbler posting letters on a wet night almost at his own door assumes that he would be just as well off in any other country. Let him try. He will find that while each British post office serves an average area of 5.8 square miles and 1,697 inhabitants, each of those established in France is expected to suffice for 43 square miles and 4,122 inhabitants. In Paris there are 1,000. Only now the United States has in thickly settled regions, such as Ohio and Tennessee, is beginning to cast over the land such a network of regular rural services as has existed in Great Britain for generations. But then, few people praise the United States post office, which has no parcel post at all, leaves its telegraphs in the hands of private companies, and is in many directions far behind the European standard. The railway companies conduct the parcel post in France, and the offices at which parcels can be sent by post are few and far between. In London any one of more than a thousand post offices will take your parcel, and send it to its destination at a cost according to its weight. In France you must pay according to a cast-iron scale, which does not recognize the difference between a certain standard. Thus you may have to pay as much for sending a parcel weighing a few ounces, as you would have to pay in the case of a parcel weighing more than a pound. Those changes are doubtless well, but they are not the only ones which do not cover the delivery, which is an entirely separate affair. If you don't pay the delivery fee your parcel lies at the terminal until the addressee fetches it himself. Then, as to charges, no post office in the world has so many parcels sent by parcel post weighing three pounds from London to Singapore for 25 cents. Germany charges for such service 35 cents, and France \$1.20. Those low rates of the British post office are the result not of supernatural intervention, but of patient labor in negotiating the parcel post, which has been the most remarkable item in the British postal service. It is that by payment of 10 cents in addition to postage, a letter may be insured to many foreign countries and British Colonies. A great many people in the United Kingdom are taking advantage of this cheap and useful service. The British system of parcel post is being very largely copied, and we do not know of any people who would more keenly appreciate the introduction of the swift and satisfactory methods of the British post office service than our friends across the water.

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