



## Life, Literature and Education.

Those who are unaware of the danger of promiscuous spitting may possibly be awakened to it when they learn of the strenuous crusade against it which has been begun in New York. During the first day, 150 men, caught spitting on the platforms of the subway and elevated railways in that city, were arrested, a very pointed way of apprising a few careless people of the fact that this filthy and disgusting habit is a menace to the health of the public.

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Mr. Henry Farman, perhaps the most noted aviator, next to the Wrights, says: "By reason of its development as a sport, the aeroplane is bound to have a very serious influence on the automobile. Certainly, long-distance touring, with costly, high-powered cars will fall off in popularity at a very early date." And now the farmer is beginning to wonder which his horses will "scare" most at, the automobile or the aeroplane.

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Whatever be the reason, the harm wrought by lightning is perceptibly increasing. Even in the winter time safety against its destructiveness is not assured. On the 24th of January last a barn was struck and burned in Southern Ontario, and several cattle were killed—an occurrence not altogether phenomenal in Canada at this season; while in March of every year a fire record from the same cause is to be looked for as regularly as during the summer months, the barn losses at this time usually being severe, since the stock is sure to be stabled. Well-put-on lightning-rods have been proven a safeguard, and the farmer who neglects having them placed on his buildings must be prepared to run the risk of his neglect. Homemade ones are as good as any, and much cheaper. Instructions have often been given in "The Farmer's Advocate." See last year's files.

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That the question of woman's suffrage has passed beyond the stage of being regarded as a mere joke in Great Britain, notwithstanding the derision with which the tactics of the Suffragette division of Suffragists have been received, is evident from the fact that the British statesman, Lord Cromer, who for twenty-four consecutive years filled the position of administrative adviser to the Khedive, is about to take an active personal part against it, having accepted the Presidency of the newly-formed Men's League for Opposing Women's Suffrage. He believes that politics is not the proper sphere for woman, and that her influence, if exercised in that direction, would not be for the good of the Empire. Among other prominent men who are also interested in the League, is the Poet Laureate, Alfred Austin.

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A writer in Everybody's makes the

statement that, "In the United States, the number of women at work in gainful occupations outside their homes is increasing. The United States," he continues, in fine satire, "has been a primitive, undeveloped country. It is still far behind the more completely-finished countries of the world (such as England) in the relative number of its women compelled, or permitted, by the growth of urban, manufacturing, commercial life, to pass from their old work in the homes to their new work outside their homes." The observation does not apply exclusively to the unmarried women who can be spared to such outside work, but also to the married women who, in all too many instances, go out to "gainful labor," leaving the home to get on somehow, anyhow, so long as the dollars to meet a constantly-increasing expense of living come into the household coffers.

Canada has never taken kindly to this practice, although there are whispers that in some of the canning districts a housewife here or there is being lured away of late, even from the farming districts, to "the factory," for more or less of her time; nor is it to be hoped that the fashion may appreciably spread. A housewife's place is ostensibly in her home, where there are usually duties in plenty to claim her full attention. Where abject poverty has to be faced, there may be a good excuse for her going out to work; but when the going out is done for the mere purpose of putting on a little more "style" in house or clothing, there is none whatever. Better far to simplify, to dispense with the fine garments and furniture than that the home itself shall be sacrificed.

There is an old-fashioned idea in Canada that the married woman with an able-bodied husband, who goes to "gainful occupations" outside of her home, belittles herself, and, still more, her husband. This is a good, wholesome idea, both as regards the home and the needy unmarried woman whom the married worker thus possibly supplants. May it be long in dying out among us.

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The three terrible tragedies, due to the frenzy of epileptics and people of unsound mind, which have been investigated during the past month in Ontario, should be sufficient warning as to the utter foolishness of trusting people who are mentally unstable. Symptoms of insanity always indicate disease, a peculiar species of disease, which the asylum physician has made a subject of special study, and which it is his business to cure, if cure is possible. As a consequence, a short residence under the care of such a physician is often sufficient to restore the patient thus afflicted to his normal mind, so that he can again go about his business as before. It is a great pity that unreasonable prejudice against the insane asylum should exist in the minds of so many people. The insane man is only a sick man—a very, very sick man. There is no disgrace in sending him to an asylum for treatment, but there is infinite danger in neglecting him to be at large. His needs are not to be counted upon.

## Accommodation in Local-option Towns.

Editor "The Farmer's Advocate":

I noticed your article, re "Local Option and Accommodation" in local-option towns. Now, you say the commercial travellers are doing most of the kicking, as they say accommodation, as a rule, is not as good as in licensed houses. You also suggest that the travellers have certain rights, and deserve a certain amount of consideration. Now, first let us look at the reason generally given by the anti-option people, as to why the accommodations are not as good. They say, for the most part, that the proprietor of any house cannot furnish a first-class table and beds at the price usually charged, and make the business pay, without the bar; or, in other words, the proceeds of the bar help to furnish a first-class table.

Now, here is where the rights and consideration of the traveller come in. If he is getting a meal worth, say, 35 cents, in a licensed house, and only paying a quarter for it, some poor drunkard, with a half-clad wife and barefooted children, is paying the other ten cents for him.

Now, were I in the travelling business, I would rather tramp bread into a bag to carry with me, and eat in some fence-corner, than have any poor homeless wretch help pay my way.

Now, let me suggest a remedy: Let the travellers who are complaining, when they strike a local-option town, pay the ordinary fare, plus the drunkard's share, and I am sure he will get as good accommodation as he ever got in any licensed house.

Meaford. WM. H. PRITCHARD.

[Those concerned about the above question will be interested to know that it will probably be dealt with in the early future in an Amendment to the Liquor License Act. By this Amendment, licenses, altogether apart from the present tavern license, and involving no privilege to sell or dispense intoxicants, will be granted to temperance houses. If adopted, a standard will be set for such places of accommodation, and the result will, no doubt, be the establishment of a series of first-class temperance houses throughout the Province.

## People, Books and Doings.

Over 12,000,000 cubic yards of material were excavated on the Panama Canal last year.

The first gold coinage to be turned out of the Ottawa mint will be British sovereigns, from Larder Lake gold.

The pictures, "Sunset After Rain," by A. M. Fleming, and "Spring Morning," by W. E. Atkinson, which were much admired at the art exhibit of the Canadian National, have been presented to the City of Toronto by the Exhibition Board. It is hoped they may form the nucleus of a permanent civic art gallery.

The annual convention of the Dominion Alliance for the suppression of the Liquor Traffic will be held in the Elm St. Methodist Church, Toronto, on Wednesday and Thursday, March 23rd and 24th.

Shirley M. Wood is to be awarded the next Nobel prize for physics.

Simplified phonetic spelling, upon the lines advocated by President Roosevelt, is to be introduced in the public schools of France by M. Doumergue, the Minister of Public Instruction.

Mrs. Jessie Clay, who died a few weeks back, at Ambleside, Devonshire, at the age of ninety-four, was a friend of Wordsworth, of Lord Tennyson, and of Hartley Coleridge, the son of the great poet and philosopher. Wordsworth wrote the following lines in her album on Jan. 1st, 1835:

Small service is true service while it lasts;  
Of friends, however humble, scorn not one,  
The daisy, by the shadow that it casts,  
Protects the lingering dewdrop from the sun.

One of her most treasured possessions was a sketch showing her as a baby in the arms of Hartley Coleridge, and another was a drawing of a group on a vessel in the Mediterranean, which included Lord Tennyson, his friend Arthur Hallam, and herself.

## Lincoln.

Once in a great while a miracle happens. It is one hundred years ago, the twelfth of February, and there is born in a miserable hovel in the wilds of Kentucky, of parents ignorant, illiterate, and coarse, a babe, within whose tiny form nestle the germs of a transcendent greatness. The babe grows, hurried from place to place, from hovel to hovel, each worse than the last, and finally starts out in life for himself, a youth gaunt and awkward, apparently notable only for his excessive homeliness. He splits rails, digs ditches, tends cattle, and finally becomes clerk in a country store. In the bottom of a discarded hog's head he finds a set of Blackstone. He has scarcely had a year's schooling, but he devours this new treasure, for in the Illinois wilderness he had taught himself to read. After that, ceaseless study out of working hours, and finally the year 1837 arrives, and he is admitted to the Bar. . . . Another turn, and the gaunt, awkward youth has become "the first American" President of the United States, and not only that, but a statesman, holding his own with the statesmen of Europe, making and unmaking generals and admirals, carrying on his bosom the greatest war of history . . . affixing his signature to a document that gave liberty to four millions of the human race, saving an empire to itself and to the cause of liberty."

After that, martyrdom and canonization, in the hearts, at least, of the countless millions of posterity. Orator, statesman, a virtual king, yet Abraham Lincoln never lost the simplicity of manner, the tenderness of heart which made him once and always beloved. The problems for whose solution he strove and died have not all been settled. One of them, the race problem, still threatens, and no man can know the end thereof. But to-day, on this his centenary, who but will uncover his