The the winner of the Derty wears the Police Ribbon Ceylons

zine is a very attractive number. The name of an unfamiliar mineral in a design on the cover is a study of a museum. A museum has been defined beautiful head, the work of Carle J. Edwin Emerson contributes an article on "Automobiles of To-) mens. "The label," writes Mr. Iles, "is day." This article will be found valuable, giving as it does an account of the exact state of automobile invention and development to the present time. Speaking of the rise of the automobile the writer states: "The success of gasoline automobiles in France brought about the revival of steam automobiles in England and America, and was immediately emulated in the United States by the construction of electric automobiles.

"It has been reserved for the twentieth century to witness the simultaneous development of automobile construction along all three lines at so rapid a rate that it is impossible as yet to tell which is the ascendant. Whatever the outcome, it is plain already that the contest is to be decided in America, for in this country alone all the different principles of construction have found ready acceptance and are pushed forward to their logical conclusion with youthful vigor. With accustomed conservatism, English automobile constructors cling to steam propulsion; in France and Germany progress is made chiefly in the fairly trustworthy guides. Mr. Iles' biles; but that leadership bids fair to least, of bringing into favorable recogbe livated by American builders of nition all books possessing merit, and gasoline and steam automobiles as of suppressing those lacking good qualwell. Some firms in the United States ities. We quote further from this artturn out all three classes in almost icle; equal perfection."

Ainslee's Magazine contains also the following account of an incident which astounded a washerwoman:

"The facetious chemist took an dinary cotton handkerchief and soaked it in nitric and sulphuric acids. Then, after so long a time he took it out and free acid. It looked then like any other cotton handkerchief. It went to the washerwoman, who put it through all the waters that handkerchiefs go through, hung it out on the line, and took it in again when it was dry. She spread it out on the ironing-board, put the hot iron on it, and-it went away. There was a flash, a puff of smoke, and then-no handkerchief, not even the ashes of one. When you consider how frightened the poor washerwoman must have been at such goings-on in the broad, open daylight, how worried she must have been lest the gentleman should think that she had stolen his handkerchief-for she was an honest woman, I make no doubt whatever, at names. least as far as chean cotton handkerchiefs were concerned-and, of course, she thought he wouldn't believe her when she told him what had become of it, you will see at once that this is really a very fine joke, indeed, and ought to have been in Die Fliegende "What happened to the handkerchief

was what happens to the manufacture of gun cotton. The sulphuric acid takes the water out of the cellulose and the nitric acid makes an arrangement whereby a certain amount of nitryl gets to take the place of it so that when fire is applied it all burns at once. Starch is the same thing chemically as cotton, same proportions of carbon, hydrogen and oxygen, only the patterns, so to speak of the molecule s different, and out of that law-abiding box of white grains at this moment in the left-hand corner of your kitchen cupboard, madam, could be made enough nitro-starch to wreck your happy home while you are saying 'Jack Robinson'. The malesses ing is just as Robinson.' The molasses jug is just as potent for that destruction, and an explosive is now marketed that is made from straw, nitrated in the same way as cotton. Of course, you have heard that glycerine, which is so good for chapped hands, can be turned into the most powerful explosive known by the same combination of acids. It is so powerful that it has to be diluted with infusorial earth, each tiny particle of which, long years ago, was the shell of a little animal that never dreamed it was going to assist in torpedoing an oil well. It seems to me a queer use of this terrible destructive that it should be a medicine, a heart stimulant. If anybody is desirous of getting a headache without a gay evening to precede it, he has only to taste a tiny drop of the yellow, sweetish, oily liquid, and he will think every beat of his heart is a whack of a sledge-nammer on the back of his

World's Work for April is a notable number. Besides other illustrations, it contains full-page portraits of An-Grew Carnegie, M. de Witte, the Russian minister of finance; Stephen Phililps, the English poet; J. P. Morgan, the combine financier, and Prince Krapotkin. The editorial department of seventeen pages ably discusses 24 different topics. In addition to editorial comment, there are nineteen contributed articles from the pens of writers well qualified to discuss the subjects undertaken by them.

George Iles, who will be remembered as the author of "Flame, Electricity, and the Camera," writes on "A Trustworthy Guide to Books." He deplores the fact that as regards new publications in public libraries, the average reader is almost at sea when he undertakes to select a book. The probability is that the author's name is little or no guarantee as to the quality of the work. A title duly presented under as author's name, and under its

The April issue of Ainslee's Maga- | subject, tells no more than does the accompanied by well-selected speciupon the plant; in its new home it must set forth not merely description, but appraisal, and it is the difficulty last, that people begin to look for pilot-

one of the delicate problems of librarianship. It shall be the work of such a body to read the books and make a concise appraisal of each for the benefit of the public. "The people," continues the writer, "who come to the public libraries are not likely to carry off a book marked 'no good,' however much it may be trumpeted in the market-place, especially when it is surrounded by other books avouched to be

'good' or 'very good.' " The book reviews which appear in papers and magazines are in the main

"It is upon their huge array of novels direct their guns. In many towns and cities the circulation of fiction is inormany libraries, a reader is allowed two books at a time, provided that but one may be fiction."

The Youth's Companion enters upon its 75th year, with the issue of April 18. The "Seventy-fifth Birthday" issue is to be a double number, and will contain a number of articles from contributors of note. This publication, which began in 1827, with practically no subscribers, has now a subscription list of over half a million

In 1827, the Youth's Companion was

men scientists, educators, travelers, known artists.

In 1827 a boy brought the paper for a week's edition in a bundle on a wheelbarrow.

In 1901 the paper for a week's edition is brought on eleven two-horse drays, ten rolls of paper on each dray, and each roll weighing 750 pounds.

A poem appears in the April number of Cassell's Little Folks. It is by Mrs. Constance M. Lowe, and is entitled

WHEN THE RAIN IS OVER.

When the rain is over, When the clouds have pass'd. And the golden sunshine Beams again at last; Il the earth is fairer, Ev'ry freshened flow'r Lifts its head to answer:

"Thank you, little show'r!" When the show'r is over, When the rain is done, Nature's all the sweeter, Brighter shines the sun!

When the tears are over, When the pain has pass'd, And the smiles and dimples Come again at last:
Never mind the bruises,
Laugh away the fears;
Answer like the flowers: Thank you, little tears!"

When the tears are over, Smiles come back again; Life is all the sweeter For the drops of rain!

A Curious Yankee Notion.

There are few people who know that letters and pictures can be sent by telegraph. Indeed ninety-nine persons in a hundred imagine that such a thing cannot be done. But they are mistaken, says Chauncey McGovern in Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly. You can send your photograph from New York city to your friend in San Francisco and get his letter of thanks within the space of a single hour. Nor will the letter you receive be a mysterious series of dots and dashes, but will look exactly as your friend has written it. It will be in his personal handwriting, not in the handwriting of a telegrapher. If your friend fails to dot the "i," you will receive it without the dot. If he underlines a word, crosses out another, puts a capital in the wrong place, you will see the letter with all these peculiarities.

The apparatus which makes possible terious series of dots and dashes, but

such wonderful feats is called by the inventor the "teledigraph." consult the older words "telegraph," "telegram" and "telephone;"

The teledigraph is not a mere promise made by an over-enthusiastic inventor. By the middle of this month it will have been in commercial operait will have been in commercial operation for a whole two years. Why, then, do so few people know about the invention? Simply because the inventor saw fit 24 months ago to give the exclusive use of the apparatus to a syndicate of six American newspapers for the period of two years. On the 19th of April that time will have expired, and the picture-telegraphing machines can be installed in every machines can be installed in every elegraph office in the world.

LONDON OLD BOYS

Charles William Mitchell of the Ottawa Free Press,

Who Graduated From the Office of the Old London "Prototype."

Charles William Mitchell, the eldest son of William Mitchell, of Edinburgh, Scotland, was born at Gibraltar, Spain, on Oct. 8, 1843, where the regiment ment that has so long delayed their (75th Highlanders) to which his father use in the public library. Here it is, at belonged, was stationed. He came to Quebec in 1849, and shortly after reage in the whelming flood of litera- moved to Hamilton, and later to Lonture." It is true that our public li- don, Ont. Mr. Mitchell learned the braries are places where the public printing business in the office of the may borrow with very little light, as to London Prototype, when published by how to borrow wisely. Mr. Iles ad- Marcus Talbot and John Siddons. On vises the inaugural of a library court the completion of his apprenticeship, of appeal, which he thinks will solve he left home and proceeded to Deas a journeyman printer, and in the fall of 1860 moved to Eagle Harbor, Michigan, on Lake Superior, where he worked on the publication of the Ke-

On the outbreak of the American war, Mr. Mitchell, like many other Canadians, caught the war fever, and taking passage on the first steamboat that came up in the spring of 1861, returned to Detroit, re-enlisted in the second Michigan Regiment (the first three-year regiment from the west), and was present with the regiment at development of gasoline machines. To plan of subjecting the contents of a the engagment at Blackburn's ford, America, naturally, fell the leadership library to the crucial judgment of an Thursday, July 18 (the first general enin the construction of electric-automo- advisory body would have the effect, at gagement of the army on the Potomac), tle of Bull's Run on the following Sunday. Mr. Mitchell had many narrow escapes in the numerous engagements that characterized the operations around Washington Baily's crossthat, with a measure of justice, the roads, and all the country between the opponents of public libraries chiefly direct their guns. In many towns and during the remainder of 1861 and the dinate, while the quality chosen is poor spring of 1862. He afterwards went To meet this with his regiment to Forbes Monroe, and does not improve. To meet this with his regiment to Forbes Monroe, abuse, various curbs and fences have and took part in the celebrated Peninbrary, Allegheny, Pa., novels of brand-sula campaign, seeing hard fighting at took it out and to remove the like any other twent to the was found that readers who began with trash seldom went further. At where he was promoted to the chief guard of his regiment. In this capacity he took part in the severe twoday battle at Fair Oaks and Seven Pines, and the bloody fights which characterized the retreat of the Federals from the neighborhood of Richmond to Harrison's Landing, including the severe two-day battles at Malvern Hills. From Harrison's Landing Mr. Mitchell was invalided to New York, and sent to Detroit, where he was discharged. Mr. Mitchell afterwards went back,

and worked at his trade at Memphis, Tenn., and was present during a part principally made up of selections from of the time at the siege of Vicksburg. other publications. There were no il- and its fall. His adventurous spirit afterwards led him to court the perils In 1901 it publishes more than 225 of the sea. Becoming disappointed stories and articles by the most popu- with the monotony of life at it existed lar writers of fiction, eminent states- in Keokuk, Iowa, where he was foreman of the Gate City Journal, he threw up that position and proceeded and explorers. The text is embellished to New York, where he got aboard the with over 500 illustrations, all by well- Smyrna, and sailed from New Bedford, Mass., in December, 1863, for the southern seas. An adventurous cruise at the Falkland Islands and along the coast of Patagonia and afterwards Gough's Island, on the eastern side of the South Atlantic, and on the Mozambique Channel, South Africa, was fin-ally wound up at St. Helena, where the ship took fire and was beached by a boat's crew from the British commosteamship Rattlesnake. The winter of 1864-65 was spent in England, where from Plymouth he embarked in a lumber ship for Quebec. This last voyage closed Mr. Mitchell's experience at sea, which partook more of hard knocks and discemforts than was congenial to a young man brought up on

At Quebec, Mr. Mitchell married Louisa, the only daughter of Mr. Alexander Jacques, of Toronto, and afterwards moved to Ottawa in the fall of 1865. In December, 1869, Mr. Mitchell, in partnership with Mr. Wm. Carrier, started the Free Press news-Mr. Carrier retired in 1873, leaving Mr. Mitchell sole proprietor. The newspaper venture proved a complete success from the start, and has developed into a first-class, well established daily and semi-weekly newspaper, with a large circulation and widely extended influence. Mr. Mitchell is a man of original mind, and one of the best-informed in Canada.

While recounting the incidents in the life of Mr. Mitchell, the proprietor of the Ottawa Free Press, it seems fitting that a brief sketch of Mr. Lovekin, the versatile editor, should be associated with the foregoing. Louis Anthony Lovekin, editor of the Otta-Anthony Lovekin, editor of the Otta-wa Free Press, was born on the Island of Montserrat, in the West Indies, in the year 1852. He received his edu-cation at London and Canterbury, and afterwards pursued the study of French literature at Louvaine, in Belgium. He came to Canada in 1872, en tering the service of the Grand Trunk Railway, which he gave up to enter upon a career of journalism. Mr. Lovekin served on the staff of the Toronto Globe and Leader. Subsequently he obtained employment of a literary nature in the United States. Returning to Canada in 1884, he again entered the newspaper field, and in 1894 was appointed editor of the Ottawa Free Press. Mr. Lovekin is one of the best educated men connected with the Canadian press. He is an ed with the Canadian press. He is an incisive as well as interesting writer, and from his pen have flowed sentences of such an epigrammatic character as to be favorably recognized by the newspaper world, in quoted paragraphs from his paper. The Advertiser is especially interested in him, as he represented this paper at the Ontario Legislature one session.

"Out of Sorts.

How frequently at this season of the year you hear the expression "I'm feeling a little out of a sorts." That's the Spring feeling. The long winter months, with close in-door confinement, have left you feeling tired and jaded. The appetite is poor; there is a feeling of "laziness" in the morning; perhaps occasional headaches, or may be twinges of rheumatism. The weather is changeable and you take cold easily. You are

not sick, but you do feel dull, languid and run down. What you need to put you right --- to brighten you up--- is a tonic, and the world over there is no tonic that can equal

Dr. Williams' Fink Pills

These pills have a larger sale than any other medicine in the world, simply because no other medicine has made so many tired and despondent people feel bright, active and strong. Neighbors tell each other of the benefits they have derived from this medicine---the greatest of all recommendations.

Mr. Robert Lee, New Westminster, B.C., writes :- "Before I began using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills my blood was in a very impure state, and as a result pimples, which were very itchy, broke out on my body. To make my condition even worse I was attacked with rheumatism in the knee joints, which at times gave me great pain. I tried several medicines but they did not help me, and then my wife insisted that I should try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I am now very glad that I followed her advice, for after using a half dozen boxes I was fully cured, and not only had the rheumatism disappeared, but also the pimples that had been such a source of annoyance. You may be sure I am grateful for what the pills have done for me, and always speak a good word for them when opportunity offers."

It's a waste of money to experiment with other so-called tonics—weak, catchpenny imitations of this sterling medicine. Get the genuine with the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" on the wrapper around the box. Sold by all dealers in medicine or sent post paid at 50c. a box, or six boxes for \$2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

REPRESENTATION OF THE PROPERTY AND THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERT

NO CLASS IS EXEMPT.

Says the Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman, of New York.

Dangers That Threaten the Morals of Youth in the Great Metropolis of America.

About six weeks ago, in passing along the streets of New York, not far from the Fourth Presbyterian Church, West End avenue and Ninety-first street, of which I am the pastor, I saw a group of boys apparently interested in one of their number who was lying on the sidewalk. Curiosity prompted me to go near to them, and to my horror I found that the boy, who came from one of our best homes on the upper west side of New York, was intoxicated. His companions were seeking to carry him home, and the vilest pro-

fanity was falling from his lips. The picture was so shocking and the impression it made upon me so profound, that I determined at once to preach a series of sermons on "The Sinfulness of Sin." I knew that it would not do to present mere theories that I must speak with authority if I would command the hearing of intelligent people, and so, without any desire to be sensational because I should see the dark side of life in all parts of our city, I have spent many hours by day and by night in looking here and there

the stand I have taken. probably more good in New York than in any city in the Union. No place that I have ever been in furnishes grander type of Christian manhood or exhibits a more generous response to all legitimate demands for assistance to charitable objects than New York. The churches are in an increasingly flourishing condition, the pulpits have never been better manned than today, and I am in a position to know that there is a widespread interest in al-most every New York church in everything that has to do for the better-

ment of our city.

My wanderings through the streets have taken me not only to the slums, but to the so-called better class of homes, and, alas! it is true, as Dr. Huntington has reeently said, that gambling is not simply confined to the Tenderloin district or to the slums, but is carried on in many beautiful homes. There are sorrow and wretchedness and sin everywhere in this city. The fact that men are rich and that

they dwell in palaces does not relieve them from the awful scourge of in-iquity, and there are thousands of aching hearts in the best part of our city, all because of sin. I have been in the concert hall on the outside of which in great letters was written, "There is nothing to pay," but as soon as I crossed the threshold I found young men there by the score who were un-dermining their characters, and selling their souls, and young women who had lost all semblance of womanhood. On the other side of the door might well have been written, "All hope abandon, ye who enter here."

I have stepped into cigar stores and small candy shops and found them literally filled with boys listening to obscene stories, and carrying on the less pretentious forms of gambling. obscene stories, and carrying on the less pretentious forms of gambling. I have paused in the places where moving pictures were blighting the purity of young boys by the hundreds. I have been in gambling rooms to find literally hundreds of young men, possibly not one in the company over 25, an exhibition of money on every side, the exhibition of money on every side of us, that I could not keep still if I would, and so I am crying out in no uncertain sound in my church, and shall continue to do so intil I have reason to believe that some of the young people at least have been warned and saved.

Minnesota farm lands have advanced men and women frequently go when all hope has been abandoned, and where to the sounds of discordant mu-

sic they seek to drive away their wret-

It has been my purpose not only to visit such places as I have already indicated, but to listen to the conversetions of boys upon the streets, and watch their actions, and from the profane expressions I have heard and games of chance I have seen upon every tide, I am convinced that, in addition to the good there is in New York, there is an alarming state of affairs concerning our young which demands the earnest attention of every thought-ful citizen. I have heard the shrick of the maniac in the insane asylum, and while there are hundreds of people insane today because of inherited dency to mental weakness, yet I have also seen hundreds who were there be-cause their bodies had been abused, and their awful lives of sin had caused

their horrible wreck.
I have listened to the stories of men who once were rich and have become because of dishonesty. It is true that poverty is no crime. Our Lord, who was rich, became poor, that we through his poverty might become rich, but the poverty that follows in the wake of a sinful life is an awful

I have heard the story of a woman thing. who once moved in the best society who today is an outcast, literally begging upon the streets for a cruse of bread, and I have heard the stories of men who were condemned to the penitentiary for years. I can hear now the heart-breaking cry of the mother, whose boy was sentenced practically to a lifetime of penal servitude, and I can see the tears roll down the face of the old father whose boy, whom he had