

liant player like Ernie Johnston coolly repudiates his written contract. Readers of this column will remember the stand up fight of some six years ago carried on by lovers of the amateur instinct in sport. At that time the managers of bogus amateur athletic clubs were corrupting the morals of players like Johnston by paying them money surreptitiously and making them swear to false affidavits. These same managers are now owners of bone fide professional clubs and the boys whom they taught to lie and steal are bringing back the bread cast on the waters and giving their teachers a lesson in their own special unscrupulous methods.

CRUELTY THE CHRISTIAN'S SHAME.

Mrs. L. O. Nave of Jackson, Tennessee, in an eloquent burst of righteous indignation at the cruel treatment of animals, writes in the Sun of that city as follows:

In this great country where we boast of our religion, of our churches, of our culture, and our refinement, we all know that societies have had to be organized all over the United States for the protection of dumb animals from the cruelties of man! Societies to protect animals—that some of us are pleased to call beasts—from the cruel treatment of Christian man!

What a reflection on the type of men in this Christian age—that laws have to be made—societies have to be organized, to prevent men from exercising their cruelties on animals that cannot speak for themselves! When a man becomes a victim of the alcohol habit, we know that his will power is weakened and he has practically no control over his own actions; when a man becomes an habitual gambler, we understand

that money has warped his sensibilities of honor—but when a man mistreats a dumb animal, what excuse shall we make for him? Thoughtlessness? That is a poor reason for a man to cause suffering; a poor excuse for men to try to cover up the promptings of a mean heart. Any man who has a kind heart, who makes any pretense toward being a true gentleman, is kind to all of God's animals. He does not allow his horses abused and overworked for a few paltry cents. Horses are made to work for man, you say? Yes, and that is just the reason the horse deserves your consideration and deserves just as much comfort as it is possible for you to give him. In the name of common decency, if you must abuse or mistreat any of God's creation, don't let it be a helpless animal that cannot speak in its own behalf. If the horses could tell us of the pain they suffer, the human race could not endure the cries that would go up from abused, neglected horses, even in our fair city.—Dumb Animals.

Love's Labour Lost.

The Reverend John Brown was in the habit on festive occasions of proposing the health of a certain young lady as his favourite toast. Noticing that he had abruptly abandoned the practice, a curious acquaintance asked him the reason. "Because," he said sadly, "I have toasted her for sixteen years without being able to make her brown, and so I've resolved to toast her no longer!"

Congressman Reilly, who has the proud distinction of being called the "father of the eight hour bill" for the postal service in the United States, received a complimentary reception at the annual ball given by the New York association.