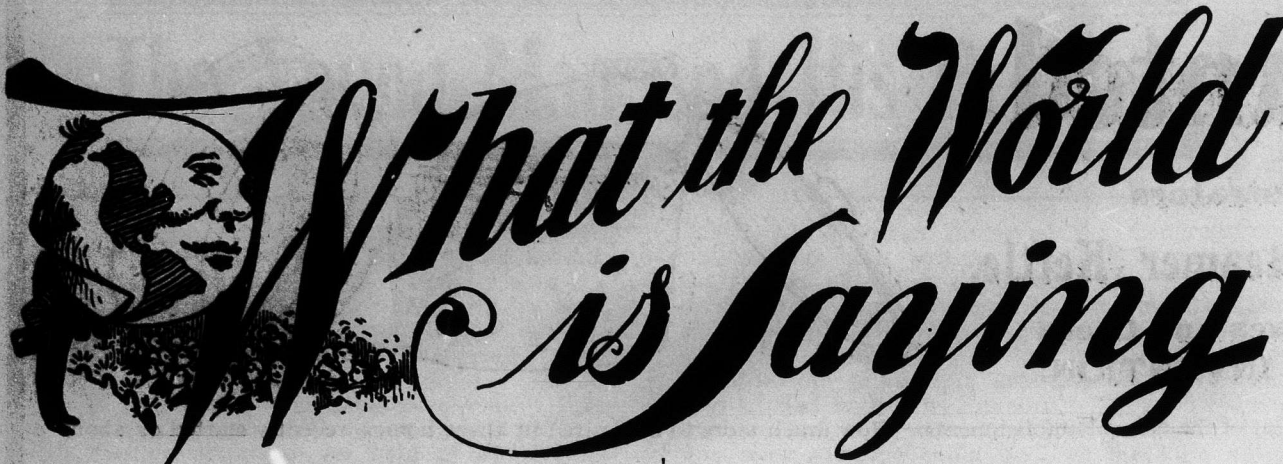




What the World is Saying

As Bad as Hoopskirts.

When the Merry Widow hat becomes epidemic, the ladies will have to pay for more than one portion of a seat in the street cars.—Ottawa Citizen.

Would Be a Case of Swelling Up.

It is said that the Oklahoma Legislature eats a bushel of popcorn a day. If it drinks plenty of water it may, some day, be a big body.—Omaha Bee.

Who; Indeed?

Who sleeps so well and laughs so often as the honest tiller of the soil? In what trade or profession can one live so close to nature and to God?—Prince Albert Advocate.

A Gun That May Compel Peace.

If there be any truth in the report about the invention of a gun that can throw shells such a distance as between London and Paris, it would seem that war may become so dangerous as to compel peace.—Halifax Herald.

Motors in Canada.

The Illustrated London News prints the picture of a motor car near an Indian tepee, and says: "There are a number of motors in Canada." This is probably true. There must be as many as, well, say, several besides the dozen or more in Indian Head.—Indian Head Vidette.

How They Succeeded.

There is not a successful man in Canada who has risen to the position he occupies by any other means than that of suiting himself to his environment and doing that which he found to do with honesty and industry.—Montreal Witness.

Lucky for Man.

Deep down in every woman's heart is the craving to be wanted by someone, the desire to be found necessary to someone. And, not having gods or angels to pick from, she is content with man. It is rather lucky for us.—Selkirk Expositor.

The Legal Status of Washington Clams.

The Supreme Court of the State of Washington has decided that clams are not "wild animals." This was on appeal from the decision of the governor of the state, who held that clams are fish, and as fish are wild animals, therefore clams are.—Portland Oregonian.

Up in a Balloon.

Floating softly up into the blue ocean of air, watching the earth sink slowly away beneath us and fade and change quietly to an immense map spread before our wondering eyes—such are the first impressions of balloon voyagers.—Century

Jonah's Gourd Not In It.

Jonah's gourd was a pretty lusty grower, but the Grand Forks liar who supplies press dispatches from the southern interior to outside dailies can make things animate and inanimate get a gait on in growing that would compel old Jonah to dope his gourd with guano if he wanted it to keep up with the procession.—Hedley Gazette.

A Climate that Breeds Vigor.

The air of this country is far too keen to encourage sloth and its attendant vices. It is the men of the northern climes who are hardy pioneers of the world's activities, and thus the manhood of this country is likely to remain sturdy and strong, and not sink to the degenerate level of many older nations.—Toronto Mail and Empire.

Objectionable Postcards.

The Customs Department ought to take this matter up at once, and the postoffice officials also ought to exercise a strict supervision of all post-cards and such missives passing through the mails and confiscate and destroy such as offend against good taste and morality.—Hamilton Times.

Leave Us Our Fictions.

There ought to be some kind of a court to which all those who love real heroes and good literature could appeal for injunctions to restrain the historians and other busybodies who are seeking to destroy the world's fairest heritage in their insatiable pursuit of what they call facts.—Woodstock Sentinel-Review.

The Playground and the Nation.

In national development the playground probably is just about as important as the workshop. We must have workers, but the possibility of good workers seems often to be settled on the playground. The school years of the child have much to do with making or marring his physical life, and both brain and body should be guarded most carefully and developed most wisely.—Brantford Expositor.

Rice-Throwing at Weddings.

There is no defence for rice-throwing at weddings. The custom is not old enough in Anglo-Saxon countries to be entitled to any veneration. It was brought to England from India by Anglo-Indians within a century or so of the present year. It is always annoying to the victims, and, as a recent serious accident shows sometimes very dangerous.—Vancouver World.

Thinking Makes it So.

A man gets it into his head that his heart does not work just right. He worries about it. Worry prevents sleep. It interferes with digestion. There is lack of nourishment; derangement. Each condition aggravates the other. The man is "run down." He is really sick. And in the end there is a case of functional difficulty. The man has real trouble with his heart and other organs. He has brought it about by wrong thinking.—London Lancet.

Honesty in Fruit, and Other Things.

Parliament has been asked by the Minister of Agriculture to make the Fruit Marks Act more drastic, and every Westerner will doubtless second the request. The purpose of the present law is to guarantee to the consumers that they get what they pay for, and to protect the public health. But why limit the application of the principle of this law to fruit dealers? Are the fruit dealers any worse as a class than a dozen other classes that believe in and practice the law of substitution and deception in business dealings with the public?—Moose Jaw Times.

Not a Good Thing Under the Pillow.

The practice of having a revolver under the pillow at night is an insane one. It rarely does any good and often results in harm. Sir Walter Scott once was told by a burglar whom he had defended that he had no money to pay him, but he would give a little advice, and it was to keep a Scotch terrier in the house, for, said the man "they will bark and keep on barking unless you kill them." A good dog is worth a whole arsenal of revolvers as a protection against burglars.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

The Old-Fashioned Father.

There never was an old-fashioned father any more than there is a new-fashioned father. There is no fashion in goodness, no style in badness. The father of to-day is much the same as Adam and his sons are, much the same as Cain, Abel and Seth. You will find the father of to-day like the father of yesterday, proud of his sons and foolish about his daughters; shocked when he learns any of them want to get married; unable to see that any young man is quite good enough for Martha; pained to discover that the young men of to-day are not what young men were when he was a young man; inclined to think that his silver-haired wife, who has held hypnotic sway over his very soul ever since they were married, would be lost without his hand on the helm of home. Oh, the old-fashioned father is here, don't worry, and he isn't hard to find. He is your father, maybe he is you, yourself, and there is no reason for asking what has become of him or what is going to become of him, because he always has been and always will be, world without end.—Montreal Gazette.

Getting Up Election Steam.

With the elections in Newfoundland still some months away the newspapers have become so worked up that they find it necessary to characterize opponents as "grifters," "mongrels," "traitors," and "misfits," and other discreditable things. The bigger the man, also the harsher and more numerous are the names thrown at him. It would seem that the smaller the field of politics the more violent must be the campaign if the participants are to have the relief they feel themselves in need of.—Guelph Mercury.

The Anti-Saloon Movement in the States.

In eight months, States with a combined area equal to that of France have declared for the abolition of the traffic, and there will be in the South, on January 1st next, a solid block of country 320 miles one way and 720 the other, under prohibition. All told, 40,000,000 Americans, almost half the total population of the Republic, are now living in States or municipalities from which the bar has been banished. The possibility that the question of national prohibition may be forced to the front in the coming Presidential election is rapidly becoming a probability.—New York Evening Post.

Slow Growth of Church Union.

Consideration of the circumstances leads to the opinion that if Church union should ever come it will be reached, not by a legislative operation amalgamating different bodies, but by a gradual drawing together, in advance of any formal measure. But, in the meantime, there need not be any worry about the so-called divisions. It may be that the different temperaments are blessings in disguise. It may be that variety and emulation are doing for the present age a far better work than uniformity could be expected to accomplish.—Vancouver Province.

Queen Amelia Down on Wasp Waists.

The interest excited by the recent unfortunate occurrences in Portugal has brought into public prominence the Court of that country. It has transpired that Queen Amelia takes a great interest in science and its relation to health. At one time she nearly caused a revolution at her Court by photographing with Rontgen rays one of her ladies who was celebrated for her wasp-like figure. The Queen, after developing the picture, gave a lecture on the evils of tight lacing, and held up her unfortunate sister as an awful example. All the ladies were ordered to let out their waists, and the grumbling and discontent threatened severe trouble.—London Telegraph.

Playing with Fire.

Some dilettante gentleman socialist gets the ear of a credulous, impressionable workman and makes him believe that he is a greatly injured person who is being robbed of his rights. He is told that he cannot get them until there are great social and governmental changes. They do not come, and the disheartened workman turns from his amiable instructor and hearkens to the anarchists, who tell him that only a bloody revolution will gain him his rights. Then he makes a bomb and sets out to kill some policeman or buys a pistol and tries to kill a chief of police. Thereupon the preacher of socialism who started the workman on his downward path says he is inexpressibly shocked. No doubt he is, but he ought to have reflected on the danger of playing with fire.—Chicago Tribune.

As to the Name "American."

The Victoria Colonist would like to see something done about the monopoly by our Southern cousins of the term "American," but confesses it is not clear what other one to suggest. It doesn't like the designation United Statesers as a substitute for Americans, think the word Yankee is too much disliked in the Southern States to be seriously entertained, and so leaves the question still unsettled, to be taken up another day. Public opinion in this part of Canada is not excited on the subject, and a good many people are beginning to think if we make the words Canada and Canadians stand for all that is best on this continent, we need not trouble very much about what they call themselves south of the line.—Toronto Globe.

Queer Food Fad.

Other countries have their special delicacies which, if they are sought out, appeal to the universal taste and form an agreeable and inexpensive addition to the daily menu of the average mortal who must eat. Bear steak, from the West, kangaroo tails pickled, which come from Australia, preserved goldfish from the Nile, canned abalone from California, and dried goose from Sweden are only a few of the queer foods kept for sale in the New York markets and sold in quantities every day.

Until recently people who relished snails were regarded with sentiments which savored of disgust, but that notion has changed, and at the present time that delicacy can be procured in almost any of the first-class hotels and cafes in New York. In order to meet the growing demand, one of the largest caterers in the city imports 25,000 snails every week from Brittany, where the best snails are grown.—What-to-Eat.