

MILITARY GOSSIP

One week from today the Army Service Corps, the advance guard of the troops to train in London camp, will pitch its tents on Carling's Heights.

I have been considering again the question of the best and most economical way to dispose of the thousands of helmets in the possession of the rural militia. What's the matter with turning them into nosebags for the mounted corps?

If the orders recently issued by the militia department regarding the sale of liquor in camps of instruction are strictly enforced, camps this year will indeed be dry. King's regulations and orders for the Canadian militia have for many years past prohibited the sale of liquor within the limits of any camp, but the orders referred to above not only emphasize this point but also forbid officers and sergeants' messes, canteens and regimental institutes to have any liquor in their possession whether for sale or not. This is apparently giving the Ontario liquor act one better.

"The wearing of unauthorized articles of clothing, etc., such as mess dress, frock coats, leggings, or Sam Browne belts by warrant officers, non-commissioned officers and men of permanent units, is strictly forbidden."

The above is an extract from a recent militia order. Wouldn't it "jar" you, Oh, the jealousy of some people! The prohibition of the frock coat reads like a joke. Surely the department knows that warrant and non-commissioned officers are not foolish enough to want to wear it. In the whole history of the permanent force, only one has been known to do it. Surely the officers need to fear no rivalry in this particular line. Frock coats may make officers, but soldiers, never!

But the prohibition of mess dress is a different matter. To be obliged to wedge oneself into a tunic to attend a military ball or banquet is not the most pleasant thing in the world, especially if the function occurs in warm weather. Yet there is now no alternative, for the frock is certainly not suitable for such occasions. A banquet and a tunic do not fit together very well.

Moreover, the wearing of mess dress by the militia is not prohibited. The warrant and non-commissioned officers of most city corps have mess dress and wear it at all their functions. It is fair to compel the warrant and non-commissioned officers of the permanent force to attend them in tunics or serge frocks? It certainly is not. Surely the permanent corps officer has enough distinguishing marks without appropriating mess dress for his own exclusive use. That "pink tea" polish, that acquired accent, that indescribable something, should be quite sufficient to distinguish him from his N. C. O.'s whether in mess dress or not.

And about the Sam Browne belt; there is only one correct way to carry the sword. If the Sam Browne belt is right, then the staff sergeant's belt is wrong. There is not one way for officers and another for warrant and non-commissioned officers. If officers wear the Sam Browne belt, then N. C. O.'s armed with the sword should also wear it. As for the leggings, well let them keep them. We don't want them, anyway.

One of the medical officers of the Seventh Regiment stated that, on the recent trip to Sarnia, the sun's heat was so intense that one man's head was "swollen up like a pumpkin." We doubt very much the correctness of his diagnosis.

Lieut.-Col. J. G. Morrison, commanding the First Hussars, was in the city this week getting things in shape for the annual training of his regiment.

The prevalence of smallpox in and around Walkerton may compel the Thirty-Second Regiment to camp at Port Elgin or Southampton instead of at the first-mentioned place.

At an army post where a number of recruits were temporarily stationed an old sergeant was ordered to ascertain to what religious sect each man belonged, and to see that he joined the party told off for that particular form of worship. Some of the men had no liking for church, and declared themselves to be atheists. But the sergeant was a Scotsman and a man of experience. "Ah, well," said he, "then ye hae no need to kape holy the Sabbath, and the stables hae na been cleaned out lately."

Next Sunday the athletes were found to have joined the Church of England.

Lieut.-Col. W. W. White, Guelph, senior army service corps officer for London camp, spent a few days in the city this week making arrangements with the contractors for supplies.

Dr. Madeline Pelletier, a leader of the French Suffragettes, has at least the courage to be logical. She advocates a law enabling women to do military service.

The elephant, once so indispensable in the Indian army, is now a thing of the past as far as military service is concerned and the camel is fast following in its footsteps. The motor traction engine and the American mule have superseded them.

A small boy, after watching a recruit miss the target a dozen times or more, decided to take a chance at enriching himself. "Say, mister," said he, "gimme a nickel an' a start as far as the fence an' you kin have one at me."

Lieut. A. A. S. Law, R. C. R., has returned to Woleley Barracks after completing a course of instruction at the Royal Military College.

We often wonder if the militia de-

partment stops to consider the injustice done by its policy of promoting captains to the rank of lieutenant-colonel in regiments where the commanding officer resigns and where there are no majors to take his place. For, beyond all doubt, great injustice is done to many officers by this policy.

To illustrate the point, let us look at the Thirtieth Regiment, "Wellington Rifles," without doubt the best rural regiment in Canada. This regiment has its full complement of officers and in it a lieutenant has to serve several years before a vacancy arises for his promotion to the rank of captain, and the command of a company. He then serves from ten to fifteen years as a captain before becoming junior major, five years as junior major before becoming senior major, and then another five years before he gets the rank of lieutenant-colonel and the command of the regiment.

Now let us look at another regiment, a weak, puny, under-officed corps, probably a four-company city regiment, in which it is a task to coax men to take commissions. The lieutenant-colonel resigns, and there is no major to succeed him. The senior captain, possibly with five or six years in that rank, jumps to the rank of lieutenant-colonel without serving as a major at all. Is it fair to the officers in a good regiment, who have to serve from twenty to twenty-five years to reach the rank of major, simply because their corps is so well-officed, to be jumped by officers in sickly little regiments struggling for their very existence? It certainly is not. Yet this is what the department is doing right along.

Is there any good reason why a captain finds himself the senior officer in his corps should not exercise command as a major for the usual term of five years before becoming a lieutenant-colonel? There does not seem to be any. Nor is there any good reason why a junior major, when the commanding officer and the senior major resign, should not complete the usual term of five years in that rank, and five years as senior major before getting promotion. This would be fair to all and the rapidity of an officers' promotion would not be governed by the rottenness of the corps to which he belongs, nor would officers who have given twenty-five years' service to reach the rank of senior major in an efficient corps be jumped by one with half that amount of service.

O, Patriotism! What crimes are committed in thy name? And the answer is, "An Englishman's Home."

Has anyone seen anything of the revised edition of the "K. R. and O. for the Militia?" We were promised it three years ago.

Mr. Moffat of the Sarnia Collegiate Institute staff who attended Woleley Barracks last summer for a course of instruction as cadet instructor and was unable through sickness to undergo examination, did so last week and has been granted a cadet instructor's certificate.

When a city regiment makes up its mind to get away from the polished drill hall floor and the glare of electric lights for a couple of days under canvas, to learn a little about field training, camp duties, messing, etc., they have to pay for their subsistence out of their own pockets, but up the railway fare for the whole lot and pay a hundred and one other expenses. The militia department kindly allows them the use of the necessary camp equipment, but makes them pay the freight on it from ordnance stores and back again. And even then, we find militia regimental officials who consider this one little concession to be altogether too much. No wonder our city corps fall in the most important part of their training. It's a wonder they make the attempt at all.

Unlike the bear which comes forth from hibernation about the end of February, a number of the militia staff do not do so until about three weeks prior to annual camps. Needless to say, this long period of hibernation is most inconvenient to the rural militia.

A certain drill-sergeant, whose severity had made him unpopular with his company, was putting a squad of recruits through the funeral exercise.

Opening the ranks so as to admit the passage of the supposed cortege between them, the instructor, by way of practical explanation, walked slowly down the lane formed by the two ranks, saying as he did so:

"Now, I am the corpse. Pay attention."

Having reached the end of the party he turned around, regarded them with a scrutinizing eye for a moment or two, then remarked:

"Your 'ands' are right and your 'eads' is right, but you 'ave'n't got that look of regret you ought to 'ave'."

Now that the clothing regulations are being revised and completed, we would like to make a suggestion. No doubt the militia department knows that the greater part of Canada has a most extreme climate, the variation in some places being as high as 130 degrees.

Take our own city, for instance. Here the temperature ranges from 15 degrees, and sometimes 20 degrees below in winter to 90 degrees and sometimes 95 degrees above.

What provision does the militia department make in the clothing of the permanent force, to meet such extremes in temperature? Simply none. Just look for a moment at the clothing issued to the permanent force. First comes the cloth uniform, of the very heaviest material. This must be worn on church parade and other ceremonial occasions, whether it is 95 degrees above or 15 degrees below. Then there is the red serge frock, woolen-lined, and the khaki uniform of the heaviest kind for drill purposes, winter and

summer. The socks are heavy enough for a lumber-jack in the far north, the one kind for all seasons of the year. The underclothing is of the heaviest wool, and wear it you must the year around whether it tortures your cuticle or not. The top shirt is made of a delightful kind of grey flannel.

Just imagine a man sitting out a church service with the mercury at 90 degrees in the shade, dressed in the above described socks, underclothing, top shirt and tunic of the heaviest cloth made. To endure this he must indeed be a seasoned soldier.

In the American service, men serving in hot climates are given underclothing made of a very light, white material which is at the same time very substantial and very cool. The socks are made of light material, the drill uniform of khaki duck with white duck for wear, off of parade. Canada's extreme climate demands similar clothing and we would suggest that this matter receive consideration by the powers that be.

Of course, a man can buy summer shirts and underclothing if he keeps them out of sight, but his small pittance is not supposed to be used for such purposes. The department, when he enlists, undertakes to clothe him, and they should do so in a sensible manner.

The corps of guides of this district, under command of Major H. J. Lamb, will do some practical work this year. It is a grassy plot with neat gravel walks, where the well kept graves are marked by marble headstones and covered with gay blossoms in some cases rare house flowers showing the remembrance in which the pets are held.

Just inside of an entrance gate not far from the Marble Arch and separated only by an iron fence from busy Oxford street, with its roar of traffic, it lies in a curve made by one of the well known park drives, from which however, it is impossible to obtain a glimpse of the little graveyard on account of the thick hedge evidently intended as a screen.

The cemetery had its origin in an accident. The Duke of Portland when a young man, was riding one day over a high spirited horse, while his favorite dog raced by his side. By some mischance the horse's hoof struck the head of the colic, killing him instantly.

The duke, at a loss to know how to dispose of the body of his faithful friend, decided to bury him on the spot where he had been killed, says the Travel Magazine, and calling an attendant had a grave dug then and there. In a short time the fact became known and many well-known persons began to fancy having their canine friends buried in the same secluded spot, and so the idea grew and grew until the necessity arose for an established cemetery with a custodian and helpers for the proper care of the graves.

A study of the epitaphs shows a congress of nations represented by dogs. There are Chin Chin, a Chinese terrier; Moussou, a Japanese spaniel; Gioia, an Italian greyhound; Schneider, a Dachshund; Spitz, an Eskimo; Maximilian, a Mexican hairless; Hugo a French poodle; Boris, a Russian wolfhound; Taps, brought from India by an army officer; Fitz-James, a Scotch collie, and many others.

Several stones reveal a belief in a future state for the dog, bearing the inscription "Until we meet," "Jack Dandy, a Sportsman and Pal," "must have been a jolly companionable dog, always ready for a hunt or a tramp with his master. Side by side lie two patriarchs, Isaac and Jeremiah. "Alas! dear little Minnie—poor courage, sweetness and beauty unsurpassed," reads the headstone of a toy black and tan, the epitaph being in this case larger than the dog.

In one grave marked "Topsy—killed by the enemy," lies an animal, not the companion of a soldier, as one might think, but the victim of another dog's treachery. Topsy and Mike lived side by side and many and bitter were their quarrels. They were about equally matched physically, but Mike possessed cunning equal to the "Heathen Chinee."

One day, pretending a friendliness which completely deceived the guileless Topsy, Mike persuaded him to take a walk along a nearby railroad track, talking probably as they walked, discussing the newest style in ear and tail clips. But upon the approach of a fast freight train, Mike dropped his assumed kindly manner and seizing the unfortunate Topsy buried him across the rail, holding him fast until the train had passed over his body, then looking about with a fiendish grin trotted off home.

A contrast to Mike is "Babbie, an angel," whose epitaph displayed such a religious turn of mind that her mistress caused a small cross to be erected upon her grave.

THE SPELLING HABIT.

The art of spelling words correctly is of comparatively recent repute. Time was when men and women did not care, but wrote ahead without regard to strict orthography. Mme. de Sevigne, for instance, never learned the proper way to write her name, while it was remarked by Mme. de Maintenon that at the College of St. Cyr much precious time was wasted in learning how to spell.

It was not until the reign of Louis XIV. that the Emperor Eugenie, in 1868, at Compiegne, put to a practical test the spelling standard which obtained among the highest literary authorities. Thus, under pretext of a theme proposed to them for an examination, a number of French academicians took down from dictation a composition by Prosper Merimee. Not one "immortal" wrote without mistake.

As to the empress, she could not understand so many faults being made, and was conveyed to her that she herself, from the same dictation, was responsible for no less than 90. The emperor again made 60. It is but fair to add, however, that the dictation was composed expressly with a view to exposing the difficulties not only of spelling, but of grammar—Harper's Weekly.

CAN ONE OVER-MASTICATE?

While thorough mastication of food is to be commended, this, like everything else, can be overdone according to a United States government report. In a recent report of the office of experiment stations of the United States department of agriculture, it is even denied that thorough mastication adds to the digestibility of foods. "It has long been a popular opinion that the thorough mastication of food tends toward a more complete digestion of it," the report states, "and this theory has been especially advocated by Fletcher in recent years. In connection with the experimental work

in this laboratory, opportunity has been had to observe the effects of little chewing as compared with that of thorough mastication upon digestibility." The report then goes on to say that a large number of examinations have been made, but that no positive proof had been established to warrant this theory except in one case where a subject had literally starved himself. In connection with an experiment which would tend to disprove the theory that thorough mastication aids digestion, the report states that the subject for years has practiced masticating his food to such an extent as to secure unusual thoroughness of comminution and insatiation in the belief that he has thereby increased the economy and completeness of digestion, and improved his bodily health and vigor. As regards thoroughness of digestion, all special advantages secured from the practice in this investigation, however, according to the data summarized.

OLD LONDON DOG CEMETERY

Its Accidental Origin—Stories Told by the Headstones.

The dogs' cemetery in London occupies about half an acre in Hyde Park. It is a grassy plot with neat gravel walks, where the well kept graves are marked by marble headstones and covered with gay blossoms in some cases rare house flowers showing the remembrance in which the pets are held.

Just inside of an entrance gate not far from the Marble Arch and separated only by an iron fence from busy Oxford street, with its roar of traffic, it lies in a curve made by one of the well known park drives, from which however, it is impossible to obtain a glimpse of the little graveyard on account of the thick hedge evidently intended as a screen.

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THERE IS NO RAINY SEASON.

General Ashton, of Tacoma, who complained Morcon Frewen to Prince Rupert, is a firm believer in the future of the town. The present is his first trip here, and he predicts that with the sale of lots, there will be an influx of people who mean business, and who will stay by the proposition. "I believe," he said yesterday, "that in a great measure, the industrial and commercial history of Tacoma, Seattle and Vancouver will be duplicated here. Prince Rupert is a truly magnificent one. The growing Alaskan and trans-Pacific trade. The country between here and the Pacific presents limitless opportunities for development, and whatever takes place, Prince Rupert must be more or less directly benefited. The port is nearer the ports of the Orient than any shipping port to the north. The new railway has an exceptional, easy grade. These are matters to be considered by the great business establishments of the east and mid-west, whose operations extend across the Pacific. Sometimes you hear people talk about the rain. Why the whole coast, from Alaska to California, is in the rain belt. We have no rainy season. The weather doesn't enter into the calculations of the big businessmen, whatever. With a dollar and a cent it is a matter of time—of dollars and cents. If they find it more to their advantage to do business through this port, they don't care whether it's hot or cold, cloudy or bright. And they will tell that it will be to their advantage to figure on Prince Rupert."—Exchange.

JOY IN LIVING THE MAIN THING

Delight in Mere Existence a Gift That Conquers Every Ill.

Pray heaven that when your child is born he may have the joy of life. There is not a gift to compare with it. Riches will not buy it, ill health will not rob its possessor of it. Brains do not insure its possession nor lack of wits prevent one from feeling the joy of life.

In my neighborhood there was a row of suburban houses that had looked for a first tenant for some months. At last he came, together with his wife and two children.

As his back yard touched mine, I felt that it was incumbent on us to do what we could for him because the evening was a rainy one and he had moved in at dusk and I had as yet seen no light. Probably he was not an experienced mover and had neglected to bring along candles or oil, thinking in his innocence to turn on the gas by a simple movement of two fingers of one hand—and he the first tenant.

I knocked at his kitchen door and he opened it, breaking off a tune he had been whistling—evidently by ear as it was too dark to see to read music—and he hailed me with a hearty "Good evening! What can I do for you?" "Nothing, but I thought maybe I could do something for you. Don't you want candles or lamps?" "Ah, what did I tell you, Jennie?" called he blithely to one who had dropped her way to the kitchen after him. "Neighbors already. Well, you're awfully kind, and I believe we would see better to make our bed if we had a light. But the joke of it is that our beds haven't come."

Just a Lark.

"Won't you come into our house to-night?" said I, wondering if my wife would thank me for this bit of hospitality, as it would mean doubling up our boys and making Stella sleep on a cot in our room.

But my blithe friend, as he lighted one of the candles I had handed to him, said: "Thank you, indeed, but I think it will be rather good sport to sleep on our overcoats and shawls, and use steamer rugs for blankets. We brought them with us. I look on this in the nature of a lark."

"Ah, ha!" said I to myself, detecting the symptoms. "Joy of life! He doesn't need sympathy or help. If his wife has the same grit they'll be nice people to have living back of us."

And she was; so they were.

Next morning he came over to our house when I was feeding my chickens—We keep a few, just to eat up the scraps, and they in turn lay us a few, a very few eggs—said he:

"Where do they keep carpenters in this town?"

I told him that there was one busy carpenter, and that independence was his boast.

"Then I'll have to be mindful what it costs to have him," laughed he. "I think I'm going to like it here. Beautiful weather after the rain, and just look at that row of willows! Do people in city flats have views like that? By the way, how do you get milk? My children always like milk for breakfast, and while they thought it quite a lark to make a breakfast of apples and cold-baked chestnuts, I think in future milk would be a pleasant thing to have."

A day or two later Fret Noel at the postoffice and he asked me where the plumber lived. I told him, and he said with a joyful laugh that made me feel good. "The public service man came today and tested the gas pipes, and they find that there is a leak. Lucky that lamps are really better for the eyes than gas. Where is the plumber and is he independent, too? By the way, that carpenter hasn't given me that estimate yet, and I've ordered my Rhode Island Reds. But thank heaven, the farmer I ordered them of never does anything today that I can put off till tomorrow, and if I get them before snow flies—"

"Or before you get gas, you'll be lucky," said I.

I gave him the plumber's address, and a day or two later I met him and he said with his habitual and hearty laugh:

"Say, plumbers are destructive. They must have taken pickaxes to the hunt for that leak, and they tested the pipes with water, and when the pink kalsomine in the parlor began to change color they told me that that was where the leak was. They mended that leak, but left the stain—also a hole in the wall and great rips in the carpet. They really are as funny as the comic operas say. I wish I was a writer to make up a sketch about them."

Well, to tell the truth, there didn't seem to be more than a lot of very exasperating work in all this, but Noel looked at it all as a comedy, and never took it seriously for a moment. He always expiated on the beautiful views of the vicinity, said his children were better already for the change, and was sure he was going to be very happy in his new home.

The joy of life. The fairies certainly gave it to the Noels.

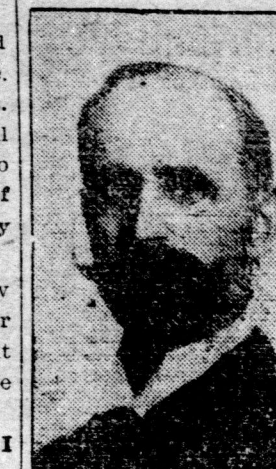
And they are gradually giving it to their neighbors, for they have been with us a year now. Noel has converted me to the use of alcohol, and the henhouse that he and I put up together in despair of the carpenter is one of the joys of the neighborhood because neither one of us ever took a degree at the College of Carpentry, and there are ways in which that henhouse might have been improved.

But we had a good deal of fun building it. And as Noel is an artist by profession he was able to paint it. The joy of life seems to come to a good many artists. I wonder whether there is a suggestion for any of us in this?—From an article in Smith's Magazine.

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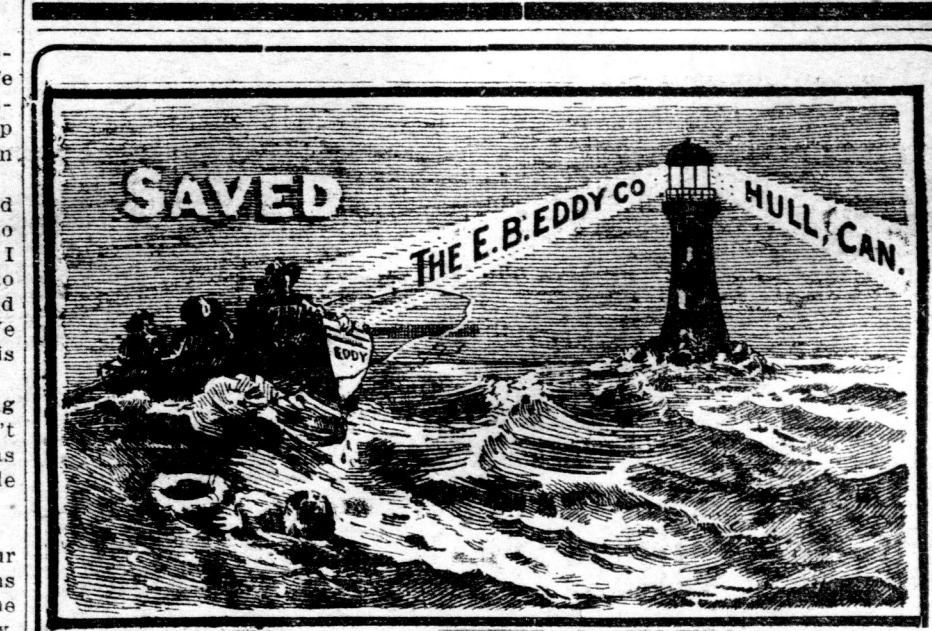
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THE PERPETUAL SMILE.

The "don't worry" doctrine has been pretty extensively preached within the last few years, and undoubtedly has much to commend it, though when its advocates go to the extent of promising that its practices will at last offset, if not practically do away with, all the ills that flesh and mind are heir to, even followers of the various psychological cults and cure-alls have not been able fully to accept it, the plan of lifting one's self by his boot straps not being in accord with average common sense. The idea persists, however, and takes on new phases. For example, the little magazine known as Eternal Progress, one of the legion of periodicals devoted to "getting on in the world," morally, financially and spiritually, through some mysterious mental process or other, recommends a ten-year trial of cheerfulness as a means of success. "Live," it says, to those anxious to win in life's race, "in such a bright mental attitude that not the slightest sign of a worried expression will come over your face for a moment. Live so every day for ten years. Refuse absolutely to be angry for a second, or even provoked, no matter what may happen."—Indiana Post Star.

THE ART OF LIFE.

It was remarked in a recent article upon woman's dress in our columns that when a Frenchwoman plans a costume she plans it as a whole, and that every part has to bear its proper relation to the whole, says the London Times; whereas any Englishwoman at the dressmaker's is apt to say, "That will do," and to choose each particular item of her dress, just because she takes a fancy to it, and without considering its relation to other items. In fact, the Frenchwoman puts more thought into her dress than the Englishwoman, who is more fundamental in her choice. She plans and foresees, and considers not only the fashion, but her own peculiarities, with the result that her dress has character and seems all of a piece. The French have this superiority in

many things besides dress. They have it, indeed, in nearly all the minor arts of life, which they take far more seriously than we do. Perhaps that is the reason why we are apt to think of them as a frivolous nation. We flatter ourselves that we have something more important to do than to make a fine art of dressing or cooking, and perhaps we feel some contempt for a people that spends so much thought upon its dinner. It would surprise us to find that the French are often amazed at our frivolity. The Frenchman, if he is not an Anglo-maniac, cannot understand the intensity with which we play games. We seem to him to waste a good deal of time upon trifles which we might give to more important matters. Even the most minor art, since it has some connection with real life, seems to him more worth the attention of a serious and intelligent human being than a game.

CAUSES OF POOR MEMORY.

The secret of a poor memory is either (1) lack of interest, (2) hurry, (3) a matter of suggestion, or (4) thin blood. Generally a confirmed poor memory is due to all four of these causes, and the last may have been the first in order of forming.

William Hanna Thompson says that blood is to the brain what oil is to a lamp. This means that clear thinking and remembering are impossible with thin blood. So if you want to think clearly and remember readily see that you supply your body with good food and boundless oxygen, and give it exercise enough to make it manufacture good red blood and circulate it freely. Fletchering and full breathing are indispensable to good blood; and without good red blood running clear and fast the brain cannot make clear light thought.—The Nautilus.

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES
BURNS, ETC.