There are very few cleansing operations in which Sunlight Soap cannot be used to advantage. It makes the home bright and clean. 1B t-f

ABSENT-MINDED MEN.

Queer Things Done by Some of Them.

What is absence of mind? The words, as generally used, have a vague and relative rather than an absolute meaning. La Fontaine is generally spoken of as one of the most absent-minded of men, and it is stated, as an illustration of this, that a few days after attending the funeral of a friend he called at his house and asked if he were in. He was shocked on being told of his friend's death, but presently, recovering from his surprise, exclaimed: "True! true! I recollect now; I attended his funeral.

The great thinker who overtopped all other men of ancient or modern times—the discoverer of gravitation, Newton—we should expect to find a very absent-minded man; and such he was. When he had friends to entertain he would sometimes go into his study to get a bottle of wine and straightway forget them. His friend, Dr. Stukely, called one day to see him, and Newton sent word that he would see him directly, but thought no more of the matter. The doctor who had come a long distance, waited for some time and became very hungry. Seeing a fine roasted fowl on the table in the room into which he had been shown—which had been placed there for the philosopher's dinner—the doctor was unable to resist the clamorous craving of his appetite and attacked the fowl with such vigor that when, at last, the great man appeared there was not a morsel left. "I protest," said Newton, seeing the empty platter, "I had forgotten that I had eaten my dinner. You see, doctor, how oblivious we philosophers are!"

WEAK AND NERVOUS.

Thousands of Lives Made Miserable by a Trouble Easily Overcome.

Thousands of people throughout this country suffer continually from nervousness—their blood is poor and watery, their nerves unstrung and jaded. They are pale, weak, often troubled with headaches and dizziness, are exhausted with the slightest exertion, and often feel as though life were a burden. There is only one absolutely certain way to get new health and strength and that is through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. These pills make new, rich, red blood, strengthen the nerves, and bring health, strength and happiness to those who use them. Mr. D. W. Daley, Crystal City, Manitoba, proves the truth of this. He says:—"I have used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills with wonderful results. Before using them I was weak and nervous; my blood was poor; I was pale and suffered from pains in the region of the heart. Now after the use of eight boxes of the pills my nerves are strong; my blood is pure and rich; I have a good color and my heart action is regular. I think there is no medicine can equal Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for these troubles."

This is the verdict of all people who have given the pills a fair trial, and those who are sick can obtain new health and strength through the use of this medicine. Do not waste money and further enhanger your health by taking any substitute. See that the full name of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People is printed on the wrapper around every box. If you cannot get the pills from your dealer they will be sent by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 by writing to The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

More abstracted even than Newton was Dr. Robert Hamilton, one of the profoundest philosophical thinkers of his day. One of his most notable works was an essay on the national debt, which is said to have fallen like a bombshell upon the British parliament, or rather to have risen and illuminated its darkness like an orient sun. Yet in public, it is said, the man was a shadow. He once pulled off his hat to his own wife in the streets and apologized for having the pleasure of her acquaintance. He met his classes in college on a dark morning with one of his wife's white stockings on one leg and one of his own black ones on the other. He would run against a cow in the road, turn round, and say: "I beg your pardon, madam; I hope you are not hurt."

Everybody is familiar with the stories told of Archimedes, the great geometer of Syracuse, who, discovering the solution of an important problem while in a bathtub, was in such an ecstacy of delight that he ran naked into the street, crying: "Eureka!" ("I have found it"), and who, at the capture of Syracuse, was so absorbed in a geometrical problem that when a soldier was about to kill him he simply exclaimed: "Don't disturb my circles!"

MERRY, HAPPY BABIES.

There is no greater treasure on earth than a healthy, happy, merry baby. Anything therefore that will keep the little one in this condition is a priceless boon to mothers, Mrs. Wm. Bull, Maple Creek, N.W.T., tells how she accomplished this end; she says:—"I am happy to say that Baby's Own Tablets have done my baby girl a world of good. She was badly troubled with constipation and very cross and peevish, but since using the Tablets she is all right. I give her the Tablets once or twice a week and she is now such a merry, happy little thing that there can be no doubt Baby's Own Tablets are just the thing for little ones."

Here is a lesson for other mothers who want a safe and certain medicine for the ailments from which their little ones suffer from time to time. These Tablets are sold under a guarantee to contain no opiate or harmful drug, and they are good for all children from the new born babe to the well grown child. Sold at 25 cents a box or sent by mail by writing direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

NOVEL GAME OF DRAUGHTS.

A novel game of draughts was recently played in Rangoon, one of the players being a local expert. In place of the usual black and white draughtsmen the novice used rupees and the champion used sovereigns, the understanding being that the draughts captured on either side should be the property of the captor.

Greed For Gold

Or, The Sign of the Arrow

CHAPTER XII.

The mist rolled away and the sun shone, and the artist came out with his sketching-apparatus. He was not troubling with his easel or tent to-day. He simply strapped his painting materials to the handles of his cycle and rode to his selected spot. And the spot was where the escaped prisoner had disappeared.

As he approached, the gipsy girl moved towards him. No other soul was in sight on the road, and they stopped and spoke.

"I heard the signal; you are coming away. Is it——?"

"It is all right. He is safe; changing clothes now."

"The pursuers?"

"Came up a moment after. I sent them off in an opposite direction."

"Good girl! Miriam, how shall I—how will my brother ever be able to thank you?"

"Don't want any thanks. You were the only soul in the tents with a kind word for me. That is enough. What shall I do now?"

"At dusk come back here, with your basket, for the convict clothing."

"It will surely be safe buried there."

"But I shall want to use it, Miriam."

She wondered, but she did not question. To her mind the very possession of the clothing was dangerous. But she had not the acute intellect of the Dubois. The hue-and-cry after the escaped prisoner must be stopped. His body, clothed in the convict dress and bearing the missing man's number, must be found. Death ended the fear of arrest. The dead body was the obstacle; but to Dubois an obstacle was a thing to be surmounted.

The girl went her way, and Adolphe went his. His cycle he put alongside the road, and his sketching-apparatus in position. Then he dropped down the dip in the moor, and put his mouth to one of the iron pipes leading into the cache.

And in the cache?—Alfred was busy. He had shifted clothing from head to foot, thrown off, he hoped for ever, the hated broad-arrow-marked attire. He had candles burning, and by their light was looking at himself in a mirror fastened on to the earth wall. He noted the difference a collar and necktie and white shirt made in his appearance, after the striped shirt and collarless stock of his convict costume. And he knew that when he had shaved off that hideous stubbly beard, which was clipped once a week in prison, and trimmed his moustache and fixed its ends with the pommade hongroise he found ready, he would not be the same man as the half-beast who had been working on the farm that morning.

The only thing against him was his closely cropped hair. True, there was a wig, of a different tint too, from his own jet-black hair; yet he liked nothing artificial. But when he tried on the wig, he found it fitted accurately, and the closest observation would fail to detect it.

Then he set the spirit stove going heated some water, and shaved. Ponding that, he had drunk of the Burgundy and life-giving eau-de-vie his brother had so thoughtfully provided. And as lowered the spirits his own were raised. He felt a man again.

Then a sepulchral voice reached his ears:

"Alfred, mon cher frere!"

He knew whence it came in a moment. And his mouth went to the gas-pipe, and he spoke back. What was at first said matters not; the congratulations on the one side, and the gratitude on the other, do not affect this history. Then they came back to the subject of the escape and the future, and we may as well come back to it in English.

"The watch is going; you know the time?"

"Yes."

"It will be beginning to get dusk at eight o'clock. I shall go away at seven; it is a full hour's walk from here to the camp. My cycle I shall leave behind, just off the roadside. You have not forgotten how to ride? Miriam will be here to give you the signal to come up—that all is clear. You will give her the convict clothes and things from the cache. When you come up, mount the cycle, and ride in the direction she will tell you."

"I understand."

"Right, straight for four miles the cyclometer will tell you that. Then look for torn pieces of paper on the road; follow them till you come to a turn to the right; take it; ride till you come to a small stream. I shall be there; it is within four minutes of the camp."

"I follow."

"My van is a trifle away from the others, you must get in without being seen. The men must be able to truthfully answer any questions about you."

"You don't think you can trust them?"

"They may be all right, but I am not taking any risks. You know the old trick of the illusion? The bottom of my van is built that way. You must, at the first sound of alarm, be ready for a performance of the old disappearing trick."

"Good, thoughtful old boy!"

"You have shaved?"

"Yes, and look a different man."

"Tinted up your moustache and eyebrows with the grease paint to match the wig?"

"Yes."

"Don't forget to hand up the things to Miriam."

"Deuced pretty girl that, Adolphe."

"Fairly so."

"Fairly so! She's as plump as a partridge. Eyes like sloes, and she's like a——"

"Hold on there!"

"Dear boy, think! I haven't even seen a woman for three years!"

"I understand. Again let me warn you under no circumstances to forget to hand up the convict clothing."

"Wouldn't it be better to leave it concealed here?"

"No. I want the authorities to find it."

"To find it?"

"Yes, on the body of a dead man. Until you are found—dead or alive—the search goes on for you. Once you are registered as dead you will be free as air."

"I see. Good old boy!"

"Now I am off. Amuse yourself for an hour. Then you will be let out by Miriam. Mount the machine, and come to me."

"Never fear. Au revoir."

"Au revoir."

CHAPTER XIII.

Things worked the intended way. A month passed, and during that time Alfred was concealed in his brother's caravan—a month during which his hair grew. The knowledge of his existence in their midst was wholly unknown to the gipsies—with the exception of Miriam. And it was well, for when the police and warders raided the camp, as they did one day, the blasphemy and abuse with which they were assailed by the gipsies was most effective. There was no room for disbelief in its genuineness.

Many things happened during that month. Light-hearted Alfred made violent love to Miriam, and his long, three-years' rest made him an ardent lover. He spoke so soulfully that her soul became his. She was in deadly earnest; her love was a reverence; she worshipped him—became his, body and soul. His love for her?—well, he was a Frenchman. There is a violence about that nation's amours, but a lack of durability.

One day Alfred said to his brother:—

"Did you pay up my subscription to the Chancery Lane Safe Deposit?"

"Yes, and have the key here."

"Good boy. There is a bag there containing what I saved from the wreck."

"I know."

"Private papers—Nellie's love-letters. I wonder why I kept those? I wonder what has become of her? Clever woman that."

"Yes. Her two years were up long ago. She has never written you?"

"No; there are other things in that bag too. I must have it. Will you get it for me?"

And Adolphe went by rail to London one early morning, and was back again the same evening with it.

Turning it over, the owner came across some little articles of jewellery, and into the lap of Miruam, who was by his side, he threw a ring, saying:

"There, little woman, there is a ring. I have never been able to make you a present before. Keep it to make you think of me."

And she kissed him, saying:

"I will wear the ring, not to make me think of you; I could never forget you."

And she stopped so, with her arm round his neck, for she loved him so, as he sorted over the contents of his bag. Even had it possessed secrets he would not have feared her proximity, for he knew she could not read. Presently he drew out a photograph, the picture of a tall, well-made, fair woman, and looked at it. As he did so, he felt the woman's arm round his neck tighten and, on looking into her face, read there surprise, fear, recognition.

"You know this lady," he said quietly, putting the photograph fully before her.

"Is she a friend of yours?"

But Dubois' brain power was of a higher order than that of the girl. He was not likely to fall into a trap like that. He had had to do with jealous women before. There was something to learn here; he could see that by the girl's expression. He particularly wanted to know where the photographed woman was. He was not likely to give himself away to his questioner. If she saw he wanted information, her jealousy might prompt her to refuse to give it.

"A friend of mine? Oh dear no! I never saw her in my life. She was the runaway wife of a client of mine. I used to do private detective work, you know. He gave me the photograph to trace her by. If I could trace her even now it would be a good thing for me."

"Why?"

"He promised to give me two hundred pounds for finding her."

"I can help you to earn that."

"How?"

"I know where she is—or was."

"How long ago?"

"About a year."

"Where?"

"At Graynewood, in Sussex. She was companion in the family of Sir George Grayne."

"Sure you have not made a mistake?"

"Certain. That picture's the spit of her. We ran across some of the tribe from Sussex way. They spoke of her. She is likely to be mistress of Grayne Hall."

Dubois listened attentively. He knew the woman's character. He believed her quite capable of the ascension from companion to mistress. He hoped she had. It was a pie he would have a finger in later. He was not above blackmailing.

"I know news travels quickly, but how should this interest the Romany?"

"Because of what happened when we were in that district. Lady Grayne was murdered. That woman," pointing to the photograph, "was there with her at the time."

"You know this?"

"I was the only soul who did—beyond the three men who committed the murder. Our sudden striking of the tents, and the fact that the police never were able to trace the murderers, led to the belief amongst the Romany that the Lees were mixed up in the affair; that was why the news was brought us."

"I see. Are the men—the murderers—here with us still?"

"One is—the other two have since died."

"Who is it?"

"A man I hate. If I did not, I would not give him away. Reuben Lee."

"Reuben Lee! That is the man with sore eyes, isn't it? He looks a cut-throat brute. I have looked at him from behind the window curtains. You have given me valuable information, Miriam, and I shall not forget it. And now a kiss and good night, for, as you know, we have work to do at daybreak."

A kiss and a goodnight, and they parted—the man to undress, and the girl to descend the steps to her own tent, for she slept not in the vans, but used the umbrella-tent the artist had given her when done with.

But before she set foot on the top step, a man had crept beneath the van and stolen away in the darkness—Reuben Lee.

Under the waggon, with his ear to the wood, he had heard every word. For days past he had been on the alert. The visit of the police and warders had aroused his suspicions. Then he started putting two and two together. Hence he had waited and watched. And to-night he had stolen beneath the waggon and heard the strange voice—heard the girl give him away. Give him, a true Romany, away to one who was perhaps a Gorgio!

He ran his thumb across the blade of his long case-knife and felt its point. He did this again and again, and felt pleased. He made a downward plunge with it as if into a recumbent body. Then he kissed the blade three times and swore an oath—a gipsy oath—that the knife should be thrice sheathed in the breast of the woman who had betrayed him, before he broke bread or slaked thirst again.

Fearful—as cowards ever are—he had been glad when his companions in the Graynewood matter passed over to the great majority. It left only Miriam to fear, and for a long time he had feared her. He had determined she must die, but had been too great a coward to bring about her death. But after to-night! Well, he ran his finger along the edge of the steel again and smiled grimly. She was but a woman; she would be easy to handle. She would be found dead in the morning.

Away from the camp a little was a sandstone, on which the knives and tools were sharpened. Reuben went to it, and put a keen edge and point to his knife; and as he did so he determined that his first visit in the morning should be to the police to claim the reward, and to let them know that the missing convict was concealed in the caravan with the flowers and curtains to the windows. He would be up with the lark before the rest of the camp was stirring, and away to Princetown. When he returned with the police and the warders, it would divert suspicion so far as the girl was concerned.

As to Miriam, she was no favorite in the camp, and could well be spared. He knew no information of her death would ever reach the police. The Romany and the police do not mingle well. That would blow over—be a nine-days' wonder. The reward had been increased to one hundred pounds; with that sum in his possession, he would be a king amongst his fellows—he knew them so well.

Apart from the diversion of suspicion by his absence, he would be the possessor of wealth—one hundred pounds. Why, it was enough to purchase the lives of a dozen women! There would be no inquiry; the gipsies would bury their girl their own way. And once more sore-eyed Reuben bent over the stone and added to the keenness of his weapon. He sharpened with gusto, for his heart was in the work.

(To be Continued.)

PURE FOOD is an absolute necessity for the Preservation of our well-being.

"SALADA"

CEYLON NATURAL GREEN tea is positively "ALL PURE TEA" and as delicious to drink as "SALADA" BLACK tea.

Sold only in sealed lead packets. 25c, 30c, 40c, 50c, 60c per lb. By all Grocers.

DID HIM GOOD AND NO MISTAKE

WHAT SIMON V. LANDRY HAS TO SAY OF DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS.

He Was Weak, Run Down and a Total Wreck—Three Boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills Put Him to Work Again.

River Bourgeois, Richmond Co., Que., Oct. 5.—(Special).—Simon V. Landry well known here, adds his testimony to the thousands of others all over Canada who owe their health and even life itself, to Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"I was bothered for over a year with Lame Back, Weak Back, Palpation of the Heart and General Weakness," says Mr. Landry. "In fact, I was a total wreck. I could not work as I got tired and weak so easily and I had a weakness in my stomach so that I could not bend down to do anything.

"I had tried different kinds of medicine without benefit till I gave Dodd's Kidney Pills a trial. From the first they did me good and I had only taken three boxes when I was able to start work again. They did me good and no mistake."

Dodd's Kidney Pills are known by their cures in every corner of Canada. They cure the Kidneys. Sound Kidneys ensure pure blood. Pure blood means good health, cheerfulness and abundant energy. That's how Dodd's Kidney Pills make new men and women out of run down, worn out people.

TAILORING BY WEIGHT.

Many men of modest dimensions have thought it hard that they should be charged by their tailor on the same scale as the men whom twice as much cloth is needed to clothe. The Garment Makers' Convention at Chicago has decided that in future the clothing of corpulent men will be paid for according to bulk. The weight of men of normal size is arbitrarily fixed at 150 lb., and for each 100 lb. over that weight the fat man will be taxed $5 additional for his clothes. "Anti-Fat" and similar remedies will be more in demand in the States than ever.

GETTING RID OF RATS.

After all other remedies fail, there still remains a way of getting rid of rats, and that is by depriving them of water. They can live for a long time without food, and when hard pressed will not hesitate to eat each other, but no rat can go twenty-four hours without drink. Therefore, if every possible means of obtaining water is taken from the rats they will desert the vicinity.

DIPHTHERIA TREATMENT.

By the use of the anti-toxin treatment in diphtheria cases, of which there were 6,500 last year in the London hospitals, the death-rate from the malady has been reduced in a few years from over 30 to 11 per cent.

stand it.

INCREASED INSANITY.

Nearly 23,000 persons became insane in England and Wales last year—a higher number than in any year since records have been kept. The increase over the previous year was 3,251.

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

LONG HAIR.

In a hairdressers' journal it is announced that a lady was awarded a prize for a head of hair 6ft. in length. Such an extraordinary record, if rare, is not unique. Some time ago the name was announced of a Texan lady whose red-gold tresses measured 9ft., of which 3ft., when unrestrained, trailed upon the ground.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, etc.

BIRTHRATE IN ENGLAND.

DECLINING IN ENGLISH-SPEAKING COUNTRIES.

Figures Which Show That Some Cause Has Been at Work For Thirty Years.

But sixteen years have passed since an English thinker spoke in bitter terms of "the devastating torrent of children," the arrest of which, he predicted, would bring infinite blessings to mankind, yet to-day everywhere through the Anglo-Saxon world we find the thoughts of statesmen and publicists turning not to the arrest of the birth-rate, but to the far more difficult problem of stopping the decline in it which has set in with ominous steadiness, and which is now beginning to menace the predominance of the race. So writes Mr. H. W. Wilson in the London Daily Mail.

President Roosevelt has appealed to American men and women on this head in a public address; the great Australian statistician, Mr. Coghlan, in words of impassioned truth, has warned Australia of the future before her unless she obeys the old commandment to be "fruitful and multiply"; and in England we are becoming dimly conscious that our hold upon South Africa depends upon our power to pour settlers into that country, and that with the decline in the rate of increase in our population, this power is passing away.

The fall in the birth-rate in the English-speaking countries coincides, apparently, with a distinct increase in the peoples of the Far East. The population of Japan, after remaining stationary for 120 years, has recently begun to expand, and to expand rapidly. Authorities on Cnina hold that there also of late years the population is again advancing, after a long period of stagnancy. Is it the case that, as Lafcadio Hearn, a thinker in the closest touch with the East, has suggested, the Far West has evolved an individual too expensive to live, a being the wants of which are so many that they cannot be satisfied in the intense race-competition which is the characteristic of the twentieth century world?

ENGLAND AND THE COLONIES.

The birth-rate in England fell after the great war with France, at the opening of the nineteenth century, and in 1838 it was only 30 per 1,000 of population. From this point it began to rise slowly, and advanced, on the whole, steadily with the advance of British trade. It reached its culminating point in the years just after the Franco-German war, which were among the most prosperous known in our trade history.

It was 35.8 in 1872, 36 in 1874, and 36.4 in 1876, which is the highest record ever touched since accurate statistics were collected in this country. In 1874-8 the average rate for the United Kingdom was 34.3.

But from 1876 onwards a sharp decline set in, and this decline has continued almost uniformly to our own day. From 1879 to 1883, the average for the United Kingdom was 32.6; from 1884 to 1888, 31.2; from 1889 to 1898, 29.8; from 1894 to 1898, 29.1; and from 1899 to 1901, 28.3. Thus in the period from 1874 to 1901 the decline was six per thousand; and the birth-rate fell to a little more than four-fifths of what it had been in 1876.

Outside England the same phenomenon was noted in one of our Colonies to an even more marked degree. In Australia the birth-rate has fallen with a rapidity which is positively alarming. The rate was 41.9 per thousand in 1861-5; in 1871-5 it had diminished to 37.8, and in 1881-5 this had further shrunk to 35.2. In 1891-5 it was 31.5, and in 1896-9 only 27.35, so that it was actually below the rate of increase in the Mother Country.

The loss of birth force in Australia in the last forty years has been no less than 14.55, or much more than a third of the rate of increase in 1861-5. One Australian State now shows a rate of only 25, or but 4 above the rate of France, which is generally regarded as the type of a stationary country. The decline is great in every position of life, among the poorest and the richest alike, and it is the more extraordinary in that the greatest want of Australia is a teeming population.

In the United States the small size of the native American family has drawn protests from Mr. Roosevelt, though no statistics are collected, and here it is impossible to say what is actually happening. The excess of births over deaths has fallen from 28 per 1,000 in 1830 to a calculated total of only 13 in 1900, so that the birth-rate must have declined or the death-rate enormously increased, which last supposition is most improbable.

THE BIRTH-RATE ON THE CONTINENT.

In France the birth-rate, except in abnormal years during or after wars, when nature was striving to undo the handiwork of man, has tended downwards, but the fall has not been so marked as in England, though it started at a lower level. The French rate was on an average 25.8 for 1874-8, 22.3 for 1894-8, and 21.5 for 1899-1900, the last years for which the returns are accessible. The drop was thus 4.3 in about the same period as that in which the English rate fell 6. In Italy the fall was 3.2, from a figure of 37 in the same period, so that the Italian rate is still much above the English one.

In Germany, perhaps our most formidable competitor in Europe, the decline was 4.2 in this period, from 40.1 to 35.9, and the German rate is still higher than was the rate in England in 1876. Moreover, in some German States of recent year there has been a slight tendency for the rate to advance, which is most marked in Bavaria, Wurtemburg, and Baden.

If the Russian figures can be trusted, and they do not come down later than 1897, the birth-rate there is advancing. It was 47.7 in the three years 1892-4, and 49.5 in the years 1895-7. This, however, may be due to the fact that nature is conpensating for the loss of life in families in her own peculiar way. But the Russian rate is a very high one, and notwithstanding a very high death rate the Russian people is increasing with amazing rapidity.

THE ROOTS OF THE EVIL.

What are the explanations of the falling birth-rate in the English-speaking countries? Mr. Coghlan suggests, in the case of Australia, that it is due to the love of pleasure and to the deliberate limitation of families. His argument seems to be borne out by some very striking facts noted by Mr. and Mrs. Webb in their work on "Industrial Democracy." They state that 'there are many indications that the danger to be apprehended in North-Western Europe during the coming century is not over-population at all, but a deliberate restriction of population by the more prosperous, more intelligent and more thrifty sections, brought about by a rise in the standard of life itself." That is Lafcadio Hearn in other words; it is the admission that the superior race is too expensive to multiply; but it means the suicide of the race, and its slow replacement by other human material.

Yet another suggestion is that, as the death-rate has declined, the relative proportion of young men and women has declined, and that a corresponding fall in the birth-rate was to be anticipated. But this is not very satisfactory, since the fall in birth-rate is much greater than the decline in the death-rate, and the fall much greater than in England, but has not brought such a diminution in the births.

Lastly, the question must be faced whether the fall is not to be connected with the special strains of modern life,, especially of city life. Australia and England are both States in which the huge city predominates, and it is at least a noteworthy fact that the marked fall in our birthrate coincides with the collapse of agriculture, which forced our country population more and more into the towns from 1878 onwards.

This may be a mere accident, but country families are still generally larger, if only because of the difficulty of housing in the towns. No point is so painful in Mr. Booth's great study of London than his repeated reiteration of the fact that large families are regarded by landlords as a nuisance, and that the large family is too often refused accommodation where the small family finds no difficulty in obtaining it. Thus is the "devastating torrent of children"—most accursed phrase—repelled, and thus is our national position being imperilled. For in this twentieth century world victory is to the large unit; the full nursery spells national and race predominance.

HEAT OF INDIA'S SUMMER

CALCUTTA TAKES LONG SLEEP DURING HOT SPELL.

Life in the Capital of Hindostan—Mercury Stands at Above 100.

It is the second week in June, writes a Calcutta correspondent. The heavens are as brass. On the southwestern horizon, whence cometh our help, is as yet no sign of the black, beneficient clouds. The mid-season showers, tempering the sun and ripening the mangoes; the little rains—"chota barsat"—preluding "the shattering might of the monsoon," have somehow missed their way. Day after day in the shade the mercury stands at anything a little above a hundred; evening after evening the sun goes down behind the masts and funnels of the Hooghly, behind the standing smoke of the jute mills across the water, a disc of yellowish white in a colorless sky—promising nothing for the morrow.

A SUMMER SLEEP.

The city takes her summer sleep. Long ago, as it seems, his Excellency the "Burra Lat Sahib" departed with the Government for Simla. Ages, as it seems, have passed since the flag flew over the low dome crowning the snow-white replica of Kedleston Hall since the blue-striped pagris of the viceregal bodyguard made way in the streets, since the distinguished patron of Indian arts and his graceful consort spent pleasant cool afternoons in the showrooms of the fashionable Hebrew cabinet maker—precise East-of-Suez counterpart of Tottenham Court Road! In these days it was easy to think of the second city of the Empire as "the settlement of an Imperial race, and the fitting habitation of a world-wide rule"—the viceregal rhetoric has an attractive cadence. In these she has another appearance, another character, with which, mayhap, the Burra Lat Sahib has not even a bowing acquaintance. Indeed, he confessed so much in an oration that has become famous.

FLIGHT OF THE MEMSAHIBS.

The balustraded Red Roah is eloquent of the change. Its broad, straight carriageway, crossing the Maiden at such an angle that the priceless evening breeze from the south comes along it unimpeded, is almost deserted during the brief hour dividing the daylight from the dark. True, the smart tum-tums and buggies are still to be seen, for your Calcutta man of business is not driven away by the heat. It is the absence of the palefaced memsahib that is noticeable. A few, a very few, remain; the rest are living laborious days within sight of the snows. In the pre-monsoon interval the inviolable Red Road becomes the resort of another grade, another shade. A glance at the carriages that pass and repass in the line of the breeze, or along the road by the river, reveals for the most part the "Spanish complexion," the hat in fashion of the day before yesterday, the mournful expression of those who belong to the race which Kipling named the real "people of India." They come out on the cool June evening from the hinterland that divides Chowringhee from the welter of slums behind; they annex the carriage roads; they pace up and down the Eden Gardens listening to the town band, at other seasons than this the daily delight of the mercantile youth. You remark in their faces the impassiveness of the East allied with—shall one say?—the discontent of the West.

THE REAL CALCUTTA.

It were a strange error, however, to conceive of Calcutta in the heat as a city of no pleasures. There is no music, no drama, no society. You may, if you are so minded, pay calls at mid-day on Sunday in frock coat and unclassifiable silk hat, but it will not be counted unto you for righteousness. Nevertheless, there are other things to do. After four months of cool drought and four more of heat the Maiden is still gloriously green. Here and there the glowing blossom of a gold-monur tree maintains its outdated splendor. It is good in the morning to ride, in the evening to drive, to walk—before and after the hours during which the unremorseful glare imprisons you indoors. There are some, moreover, younger and madder, who condemn such uninspiriting recreation. Reckless of the towering temperature, they play hockey, football even—with all the ritual of tournament and cuptie. It sounds incredible, but that eager, variegated crowd—Eurasians, Chinese, hundreds of shirt-clad babus with the inner select company of Europeans—testifies to the actuality of the game that is going forward. This is the part of Calcutta known to the ordinary European, whose sphere of interest is bounded by a half-mile radius on this side the Maiden. Beyond is the real Calcutta: the swarming bazaars, with their indescribable reek, the putrid bustees, from which the plague has been, for awhile, expelled by the mercifully merciless sun, the congestion, uncleanliness, and penury that are the despair of Viceroy and Government and corporation. This city, "the fitting habitation of a world-wide rule," we, who ought to know better, do our best to forget, intent as we are on the prospects of the monsoon and our own individual ways of making life, not endurable merely, but positively pleasurable, at a hundred and seven in the shade.

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Milan has just been the scene of a remarkable "rain," or downfall, of butterflies or moths. They settled in tens of thousands on almost every available inch of space on the ground and on the buildings of the central quarters of the city. The insects are described as perfectly black and marvellously active. Their presence is ascribed to an air current swept along in front of a hurricane.

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Mr. Snip—"By the way, Mr. Slowman, can you pay that little bill of mine to-day?" Mr. Slowman—"That little bill of yours?" Mr. Snip—"Yes, sir." Mr. Slowman—"Well, I should say not. Why, I can't even pay my own little bills."

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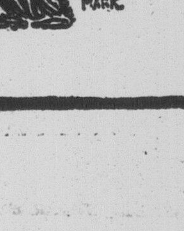

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Cora—"Pauline is smarter than you, my dear. She can accompany the new tenor on the piano." Perdita—"Yes, but I can accompany him on my bicycle."

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