



IT HAS 30,000 SUBSCRIBERS, and it is a clean Home Journal. It does not set up as a political organ, although it comments on passing events. As it is a Western publication, it deals with Western problems. Our list of subscribers and advertisers are growing fast. The royal patronage accorded us makes us more anxious to give a first-class publication. We are bent on strengthening the journal in every way we can. There are several new features in this month's issue and new departments have been opened. The Rev. James L. Gordon, in the front rank of Canadian popular preachers, will in future deal with the Young Men's Department. A sketch of Ralph Connor appears in this number and will be continued in the July number. This sketch tells how he came to write the famous novels, and gives his views of the novel, the West and the pulpit.

SOME FACTS ABOUT THE MONTHLY.

THE HOSPITALS are generally in a state of financial panic. The progress of the healing art is so fast that large sums of money are needed by hospital authorities to keep pace with the advance. A sense of physical security is felt by all when new discoveries are made which make life healthier or happier, to say nothing of prolonging it. But new discoveries deplete hospital treasuries; the cost of maintaining a hospital in first-class condition is enormous. It is small wonder that the authorities appeal so frequently and urgently for funds. A novel response has been made to these appeals by the Calgary Herald, the Brandon Sun and the Regina Leader. The editors of these papers have generously placed them at the disposal of the ladies' hospital committees for one issue. The plan gives a multitude of people the chance of subscribing or advertising. It is a method which other towns and cities might follow, as it is practical and popular.

A NOVEL METHOD OF HELPING HOSPITALS.

IT APPEARS that the law of compensation does not pass the millionaire by. Some of these fortunate ones take a sad pleasure in relating the miseries incidental to the care of millions. One of them said to a Chicago audience recently: "Getting rich is merely a habit—a bad habit. Wealth piles up a load on the shoulders of the captain of industry. Wealth is a menace to children and grandchildren who had no hand in its accumulation. There is no comfort in living in a mansion with half a dozen servants." We had thought that would be the acme of pleasure. He proceeds: "I saw a \$200,000 mansion the other day built from the proceeds of a cotton corner. It will give the owner no comfort and cost the livelihood of hundreds of thousands of cotton mill operatives." Here is where the golden shoe pinches—where the ghost comes in at the midnight hour.

This agony of soul prompts him to give salutary advice. "Try living with the poor. Hire a room for \$1.50 a week and eat ten-cent breakfasts. It won't hurt you. The microbes of disease are no more likely to harm you there than in a steam heated room for which you pay \$3 to \$5 a day." Thanks, Mr. Millionaire, we'll think over it. In the meantime, after you with the abundant breakfast, and the microbe.

THE MISERIES OF THE MILLIONAIRE.

THE SEARCH FOR PERFECTION has ever fascinated the mind of man. It possesses a power of attraction which he cannot resist. Almost everything he touches he tries to improve. In this he is unlike animals. Scientists tell us the bird builds its nest to-day in the same manner that its ancestors did hundreds of years ago. Man tests and develops. The Aborigine discovered that the floating log would bear the weight of his body. Then he scooped it out, to carry his provisions; finally he carved upon its prow, a rude figure which was his idea of beauty. Look at the growth of the idea! From the log has come the ocean greyhound, a palace on water. The wheel was first uneven, a crude construction; but the thought developed and finds a splendid expression in the driving wheel of the locomotive. It is a necessity of modern life. It carries the merchandise of the world. The end is not yet. In the kingdoms of commerce, literature, art, science and mechanics, the word perfection is a magnet which draws to better things. It is the secret of modern miracles—in fact it has robbed us of miraculous awe, for it has made all things possible.

COLLIER'S AND LAWSON.

LAWSON and Everybody's seemed linked together in indissoluble bonds, but now it's Lawson, Colliers and Everybody's. Why has Lawson been permitted to invade the calm judicial pages of Colliers? The case stands thus. Hapgood, its editor, has frequently charged Lawson with being economical with the truth. Readers of Colliers have not endorsed his position. What follows? He professes to give Lawson an opportunity to reply to the strictures that have been made upon him. This opportunity is heralded with a flourish of rhetorical trumpets. Lawson must comply with certain conditions which are duly published to whet the public appetite. Even the front page is used as a medium of advertisement. This looks like inconsistency—a weakening of the Collier moral fibre. The Collier conscience evidently can be silenced while the sales of the paper soar. Mr. Lawson is telling the truth or he is not. Colliers says he is not. If so, he should not be allowed to use the paper; for, he cannot give other evidences of truth telling than those already given to Everybody's.

THE QUESTION whether religion shall be taught in the public schools has occupied much attention lately, not only in Canada, but in England and France. It is a question that sometimes sleeps, but never dies, and the present agitation is only a repetition of a conflict which is as old as the history of State churches. A safe principle is that the state should not usurp the prerogative of the church. Its business is to make citizens, not Christians. It is impossible to teach the Bible as it should be taught in the school, for it is a spiritual revelation to the soul. Place it in the hands of one who has no knowledge of its inner meaning and it becomes neither science, history or morals, but is a fruitful source of denominational wrangling. Only that person who experimentally knows it is qualified to teach it.

THE PUBLIC SCHOOL AND RELIGIOUS TEACHING.

AND NOW the tooth-brush must go. An eminent savant accuses it of abrading the gums and introducing germs into the system. The tooth-brush until now has been regarded as the implacable enemy of the germ, upon which it waged a brisk and bristly warfare. But science has decreed; and it must pass to the realm of the antique. The search for health has been the cause of much human misery. The harmless tomato has been banned as well as canned; while soap has been held to destroy the peach-bloom complexion of our beauties. Almost all the necessities of life have at one time or another come under the taboo of science. Yet people live and grow hearty and healthy. It may one day transpire that the microbe we now despise and degrade shall be counted as a succulent strength-giving morsel for sick people. Stranger things have happened in the scientific world.

DODGING THE GERM.

PROF. W. F. OSBORNE, of Wesley College, has an article in the Free Press of May 13th which is a genuine contribution to the already bulky Shakespeare literature. It is the best short article we have seen. Prof. Osborne possesses the right balance of logic and imagination for dealing with a subject which cannot be treated without this combination of gifts. His analysis of the complex character is excellent. "It is hardly an exaggeration to say that Shakespeare is so large and elemental that he awes us; and it is certainly within the mark to say that he eludes us." This is a weighty sentence, and, in short form, reveals the secret of Shakespeare's immense popularity. Because he awes and eludes, he fascinates. If the "Immortal Bard" could be understood, his mind would be as dead as his body, but the awe inspiring and elusive elements in him have bestowed upon him the crown of immortality.

WHY SHAKESPEARE IS POPULAR.

THE Russo-Japanese war is developing heroes. In this it is not peculiar. Every war yields a fruitful crop of men whose deeds of daring are applauded by their grateful nations. There is something about war which gives color to acts of heroism. It furnishes the right back-ground for spectacular effects, and when the curtain rings down on a bit of tragedy, the applause is great. This is natural. It is right to praise the bravery of national heroes. But heroes are not confined to war zones. They are to be found in other places. Dr. Luke, of Labrador fame, has told us of deeds performed by this quiet unostentatious people, which if done upon the stage furnished by war, would make the whole world cheer. Bridge-builders, miners, railroad men, and hosts of others, exhibit a fine heroism in the performance of every day occupations. If the scales would fall from our eyes, a wave of sympathy for these uncrowned heroes would fill our soul.

UNCROWNED HEROES.