

The Chaudiere Electric Light Company of Ottawa claim to be leading the world in their use of the electric power. Be this as it may, we would gladly have been among the favored few who recently attended an electric repast at the well known Windsor Hotel of our capital. The entire meal had been cooked in an electrical oven, fed by the Electric Light Company. Not only were the puddings and cakes pronounced excellent, and the soup unequalled, but also the more substantial viands. The roasts and chops were said to have been as toothsome as those once cooked before the open fireplaces by our ancestors.

Gladstone, that dignified old statesman, seems to be the favorite butt of fortune. First came the non-political but exceedingly dangerous gingerbread missile, an accident which called out both sympathy and satire. But his last adventure, his chase around a tree by an angry heifer, has been even more mirth-provoking. It may be comforting to the veteran Statesman, however, to learn that the historic piece of gingerbread is the cynosure in a collection of relics, and that, comparatively speaking, an enormous price has been paid by his admirers for the head, hide and heels of the ill-advised animal who so carelessly threatened the peace of Europe.

The new scheme for forwarding grain from the West to the Eastern seaboard is receiving much and favorable attention, and a generous mead of praise has been awarded its fair promotor, Mrs. F. E. Beasley, of Chicago. Mrs. Beasley's idea is that all the grain from the West shall be collected at Chicago. Conduit pipes are to be built from Chicago to the seaboard, with power-stations 25 miles apart all along the route. The golden grain is to be rushed across the continent at a rapid rate, and it is thought that even with the low charge of three cents per bushel for transportation that the promoters of the company which is shortly to be formed will make an enormous profit.

Although we believe that England claims to be a free trade country, we do not consider that a recent parliamentary mandate will convince many travellers of the benefit of the so-called free trade doctrine. It seems that the merchants of Dover are feeling the need of a new harbor, but that they have no wish to take upon themselves the necessary cost. Therefore they have induced parliament to levy a tax of one shilling on every passenger landing at Dover. With the enormous amount of continental travel it is thought that a large portion of the necessary amount may be raised in this way. Of course, by this method of raising the money the Dover merchants will not feel any inconvenience, but it strikes us as being a most unfair and unjust demand on the travelling public.

Baron Hirsch, who has been so active in his chosen work of caring for the Jews who during the past year were banished from Russia, has met with a serious disappointment. The colonizing expedition which he sent at his own expense to Argentine has utterly failed. The Baron, however, is not discouraged, and is endeavoring to find homes in other lands for the hundreds who took advantage of his offer. At present he is organizing an expedition which is to be composed of agriculturists and their families. These emigrants are to settle in Entre-Rios, but, preparatory to their going, advance agents will be sent to parcel out and prepare the land, to build houses and to buy farming tools. The noble philanthropist hopes to settle this new colony of five hundred families before the close of the coming summer.

The British Government in India is still engaging in the disgraceful opium traffic. In Bengal alone 800,000 acres of land are under poppy cultivation, always, however, with the stipulation that the opium is to be sold directly to the Government. The British Government has therefore a hideous monopoly in the trade—it regulates the buying price, the cost of shipment, and the selling price. Licenses to trade in opium are sold throughout Burmah and India for a high figure, with the proviso that the license-holder must sell a stipulated quantity of the poisonous drug or pay a forfeit. All right-thinking people unite in disapproving the attitude which the Anglo-Indian Government has for a long time held in relation to the opium traffic. There is no doubt that the need of a certain source of revenue has been felt by the Government, but a more wrongful method of obtaining revenue by maintaining a soul and body destroying trade has never been imagined.

Much has been said and written of late as to the actual power of thought. Some writers contend with a strong show of reason that *thoughts are things* as tangible as our speech or our actions. The doctrine is not unscriptural, and many of us have had a personal knowledge of thoughts which, though perhaps unspoken, have yet influenced many lives. There are few who will deny that the man whose thoughts are alight with faith and hope and charity is a more potent factor for good in his community than the man whose thoughts are all charged with a mournful retrospection, and whose expectations for the future are tinged with melancholy. Therefore we greet with all good wishes the society which the World's Advance Thought League has formed in Portland, Oregon. Its members pledge themselves to live in harmony with life, to endeavor to fill their minds with thoughts which shall benefit those around them, to speak evil of none, and to strive to attain the Scriptural standard of perfect manhood and womanhood. Individual self-reform is the watchword of the society, and we trust that through its work a more lofty ideal of life and our relations to it may be brought home to many.

Your best chance to be cured of Indigestion  
Is by Tying K. D. C.

A staunch old whaling vessel, the *Progress*, will be one of the great attractions at the World's Fair. There is perhaps no other vessel in the world with so interesting and successful a record. The *Progress* has safely doubled Cape Horn nearly a score of times—she has crossed the Arctic Ocean on 40 separate trips, and has never failed to bring home a valuable store of oil and blubber. In 1869 she joined the ill-fated Arctic fleet, which was almost totally destroyed by storms in the winter of 1871. The *Progress*, which seems indeed to have led a charmed life, weathered the gale, and by using her six whale boats as life-boats she managed to rescue several hundred members of the expedition. It is said that she is still fit for active work, and that after the relaxation of sight-seeing she will again be launched upon the briny.

The recent elections throughout Great Britain and Ireland have given rise to some curious statistics about that omnipotent personage, the illiterate voter. Scotland proudly claims to have but one illiterate among 210 voters. England and Wales come much lower with one illiterate voter to every 75 of the voting population, while the proportion of illiterate Irish voters is inexplicably bad, one-tenth of the number being unable to properly mark the ballot paper. We do not believe that the Irish statement is correct—the schools of Ireland, though poor, are well-attended, and it is more than probable that many voters found it to their personal advantage to assume ignorance of those familiar branches of education, reading and writing. The *Graphic* suggests that the Government should give a short course of lessons in ballot-marking before the next election.

Many of our readers have no doubt been deeply interested in the Borden murder case—as mysterious and horrible a crime as has ever been committed in the United States. A false report was set afloat some days ago, stating that an axe stained with human blood had been found in the house—an evidence which would have had great weight against the daughter of the murdered pair who is now on trial. The experts are as yet undecided as to the nature of the stains, but they are unanimous in stating that it would be almost impossible to decide from the stains whether they have been made by human blood or not. The corpuscles of the blood of all mammals when dried are exactly similar to the corpuscles of human blood, and the analysts are extremely annoyed that the false report of their investigations has met with so wide a circulation. When a human life is at stake the press should certainly abstain from creating prejudices against a possibly innocent prisoner.

We are glad to note that the public schools of Toronto are adopting the excellent custom, long in vogue in the United States, of supplying free text books to all teachers and pupils. There is no doubt that better work will be done in the Toronto schools on account of the change—the necessary text books will be always on hand for each pupil, and there can arise none of those excuses so familiar to our Provincial teachers of the one set of school books being studied out of each night by a family of brothers and sisters. Of course there are many who cry down the free book system, on the ground that an additional burden will be laid upon the taxpayer, but it must be remembered that at present the cost of the outfit of each child falls upon the parents, regardless of whether they be rich or poor. The books, which are sold at retail prices, are, for the most part, poorly bound, extremely perishable, and correspondingly costly. When the Government takes the matter in hand the difference between the wholesale and retail cost of the books will alone effect a great saving. There need no longer be school contracts made, through which vile paper, worn-out print and trashy bindings are furnished into text books for our boys and girls. Our free school system is now an excellent one, and we consider that the free text book system is in entire accordance with it, and that the time has come when its adoption is necessary for the welfare of our schools.

The death of the Quaker poet Whittier is recorded by the press of the whole literary world with great regret. The name of John Greenleaf Whittier has long been a household word. It may truly be said of him, that although he has for the past 64 years been a constant contributor to papers, magazines and periodicals, yet there has never been one line written by him which was ill-advised or was regretted by his friends. He has lavished his wealth of thought and language, not on the popular subjects of love and passion, but on the moral side of all public affairs and on the beauty of the upright conscience which every man should desire to possess. His life is full of interest. His native town was Haverhill, Mass., where he was born in 1807. Until he was 20 years old he worked steadily on the home farm, gathering what scant learning he might during the twelve weeks when the district school was in session. Two years at a country academy concluded this imperfect education. His connection with the press began at this time. Then came the stirring time of the anti-slavery agitation. Whittier was appointed Secretary of the Abolition Society, and wrote many able poems and articles on behalf of his chosen cause. For five years he was one of the most prominent members of the State Legislature. After retiring from public life he taught school for some time, but finally devoted himself entirely to his literary work. The people of the village of Amesbury, which has long been his bachelor home, will miss the kindly sweet-faced poet from his daily walk, but they, like us, will long be moved by the lofty songs and the high ideas which the dead poet has kept so faithfully before us.

K. D. C. Relieves and Cures.

K. D. C. quickly relieves and positively Cures Indigestion.