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A Non-Catholic's Tribute to Leo XIII.

By Rev. Dr. H. G. Mendenhall, in the Presbyterian Church, Perth Amboy, N.J.

The life and record of Pope Leo XIII. was the subject of Rev. H. G. Mendenhall's sermon in the Presbyterian Church at Perth Amboy, N. J. It is as follows:—

The eyes of the universe have been turned toward the Vatican in Rome, as that distinguished man who is the earthly spiritual father of millions of worshippers has made his long battle against death; and anxiously have men of all faiths, and of no religious creeds, read the bulletins which have told of the eclipse creeping nearer and nearer to his sunset.

What a wonderful man he has been! Only seven years more and he would reach the century mark—93 years of age and yet holding a sceptre of power which kings and emperors would gladly grasp. His old age has been as full of surprises as the sunset above the Albanian hills is full of beautiful colors. His mind clear and alert, his natural force unabated, his heart full of love, his bright eye sparkling with the fire of his genius, with indomitable will, he moves on serenely to that home whence no traveler returns, and, bravely as the young knight who contended in ancient tournament, this ancient ruler of a great church grows young as he goes out into the "dim unknown."

Not only is he remarkable as regards his vitality, but his public career has been one which has crowded itself full of surprises to the world itself. The Church, of which Leo XIII. is the honored head, under his predecessor, Pius IX. had become narrow and restrictive in policy and in personal seclusion. He drew back from contact with the great political powers of the world that were hostile to the Church and awaited for God's times to fulfill his hopes. Leo has pursued a very different course and went himself boldly out to measure intellectual and political swords with the rulers of Christendom. He has sought not to create, but to ally antagonisms. He has striven not to widen religious breaches, but to heal them; not to stir up strife, but to allay it.

What has been the result? The Roman Catholic and the Protestant churches are closer together than they have ever been since the separation 400 years ago. The differences which were so marked then have almost vanished. This new century has witnessed a union for moral power which we trust will increase in glory until we can all see face to face in those questions which have to do with man's uplifting and happiness.

Leo has shown prodigious power as a statesman. His contest with Germany, the citadel of Protestant belief, has brought that nation to terms. Bismarck and Pius were bitter enemies—the German chancellor seeking to crush the church and making the laws of the empire more drastic against the Catholic subjects. "Priests and bishops were subjected to heavy fines and penalties. * * * They were forbidden to read Papal encyclicals in the churches." There was an earnest protest against the enforcement of the laws from Protestants as well as Catholics.

Leo took a different tack from his predecessor. He wrote an autograph letter to Emperor William, grandfather of the present emperor, appealing to his sense of justice to right these wrongs. The letter had the desired effect. The laws were allowed to lapse, and now the emperor must depend upon the votes of the Catholic deputies in the Parliament to overcome the socialistic tendencies of the people, and Bismarck took off his iron hand when he said: "No real statesman desires to make combat with a permanent institution."

Other briefs from his hand to the Church at large have done much to break down the wall which divided that part of believers from the rest of the world. He gave no uncertain sound upon the questions of communism, socialism, and nihilism—a trio of monsters threatening democratic as well as monarchical government. He has spoken on the dangers to the home from lax morals and appealed for its stability from the law of God. One of the most im-

portant documents coming from his hand has had to do with labor and capital. In it he says that "the Gospel is the only code in which are found the principles of true justice, the maxims of that mutual charity which ought to unite all men as the sons of one father, and the members of the same family." Our own President was filled with admiration at its tone.

In this way he has entered into the life of the whole world—its social relations and its political developments—and the impress has been marvelous. Indeed, Crispi, the Prime Minister of Italy, who always opposed the Papacy, and in his religious views a radical free thinker, admitted in a speech to Parliament: "We must not forget, gentlemen, that we are dealing with a man who commands the respect and admiration of the civilized world." He certainly in these hours when darkness has come upon his life, has developed through his church new channels of activity and hope for the world; and, while no doctrines have been changed nor policy ignored, with more open ways and winning manners, the church has gone on to possess a larger hold upon the activities of the world.

Much as we may differ on points of religious controversy, we all must admire the glorious public record of this man who has done so much for the advancement of his people throughout the world. To them he has, indeed, become the Holy Father. With an astute mind, with far-reaching purposes, with a searching vision, he has been the equal of all the statesmen with whom he has come in contact and to the advantage of his church. He has enabled us Protestants to look with more tolerance and goodwill upon this church and to see in its members brothers like ourselves who are reaching out for the best and highest and truest aims in life. After all we are one. The Christ which is the hope of our lives is the inspiration of theirs, and the blood that cleanses our souls from sin is the same precious blood which saves them.

We do not know but that in the clashing of interests in the world this great church may come to our aid to help us save the land which we love so much. This we do know that in regard for this old Book Leo has given us to know that his church believes in the infallible Bible as the Word of God—and allows no unholy hand to tamper with its truths. In the sanctity and purity of the home he has allowed no bending from rigid laws of the New Testament times and we honor and revere him for it.

Thus as the Pope of a mighty church, which high position he has filled so grandly for a quarter of a century, he is coming to the grave in a full age, like as a shock of corn that cometh in in his season. The world walks with slow and measured tread about his sickbed and waters with its tears his worn and wasted body. The great men, the noble men, who are the world's rulers, lift their hats as he passes on to the house of sepulchre, and he will take his place in history as one of the greatest leaders the church has had.

We would rather, however, come to look at him as a man—pure and spotless in his life of unblemished character, beloved by those who knew him best—he is, indeed, sinking to rest behind the western hills like the sun in yonder sky, leaving behind him the glow of a holy life which sheds its radiance far out upon the world.

Upon the sickbed of the Pope may I put my flowers, and to the Catholics of this city, who have been burdened with the grief at the illness of their Holy Father, may I extend my sincerest sympathy and mingle my tears with theirs.

Our Boys And Girls.

THE ORANGE STORY. —It was told me by Maritza, a little Greek girl in far-away Turkey; and I am going to tell it here and now to every one, because I never have found any child who had discovered it.

I was finishing my breakfast one morning when I heard a little sound at my elbow. It was Maritza, who had slipped off her shoes at the outer door, and come so softly through the open hall that I had not heard her.

After I had taken the parcel of sewing her mother had sent, I gave Maritza two oranges which were left in a dish on the table. One of them was big, and the other quite small. "One orange is for you," I said, "and the other you must carry to

Louka, which one will you give him?"

Maritza waited a long while before answering. At any time she would have thought it very rude for a little child to answer promptly or in a voice loud enough to be easily heard; but this time she waited even longer than good manners required. She looked one orange over and then the other. After a little more urging from me she whispered, "This one." It was the biggest one.

Curious to know the struggle which had made her so long in deciding, I said: "But why don't you give Louka the small orange? He is a small boy."

Maritza dug her little stockinged toes into the carpet, and twisted her apron hem before she answered.

"Is not Anna waiting for me at the gate?" she said. "Anna and I will eat my orange together. Mine has twelve pieces, and the other only eleven. Anna would not like to take six pieces if I had only five."

"You cannot see through the orange skin, Maritza, to tell how many pieces there are. How is it you know?" I asked.

Then Maritza told me the orange secret, and this is it:

If you look at the stem end of an orange you will see that the scar where it pulled away from the stem is like a little wheel, with spokes going out from the centre. If you count the spaces between these spokes, you will find that there are just as many of them as there will be sections in the orange when you open it; and so you can tell, as Maritza did, how many "pieces" your orange has.

Perhaps you think every orange has the same number, just as every apple have five cells which hold its seeds; but you will find it is not so. Why not? Well, I do not know. But, perhaps, away back in the history of the orange, when it was a flower, or perhaps when it was only a bud, something may happen which hurts some of the cells, or makes some of them outgrow the rest. Then the number of cells is fixed; and, no matter how big and plump and juicy the orange becomes, it has no more sections than it had when it was just a little green button, just beginning to be an orange.

The next time you eat an orange, try to find out its secret before you open it.

BAD-MANNERS PUNISHED.—Of all forms of bad breeding, the pert, smart manner affected by boys and girls of a certain age is the most offensive and impertinent. One of these so-called smart boys was once employed in the office of the treasurer of a western railroad. He was usually alone in the office between the hours of eight and nine in the morning, and it was his duty to answer the questions of all callers as clearly and politely as possible.

One morning a plainly dressed old gentleman walked quietly in, and asked for the cashier.

"He's out," said the boy, without looking up from the paper he was reading.

"Do you know where he is?"

"No."

"When will he be in?"

"'Bout nine o'clock."

"It's nearly that now; isn't it?"

"I haven't Western time."

"There's the clock," said the boy, smartly, pointing to the clock on the wall.

"Oh, yes! thank you," said the gentleman. "Ten minutes to nine. Can I wait here for him?"

"I s'pose so, though this isn't a public hotel."

The boy thought this was smart, and he chuckled over it. He did not offer the gentleman a chair, or lay down the paper he held.

"I would like to write a note while I wait," said the caller; "will you please get me a piece of paper and an envelope?"

The boy did so, and as he handed them to the old gentleman he coolly said:—

"Anything else?"

"Yes," was the reply. "I would like to know the name of such a smart boy as you are."

The boy felt flattered by the word smart, and wishing to show the full extent of his smartness, replied: "I'm one of John Thompson's kids, William by name, and I answer to the call of 'Billy.' But here comes the boss."

The "Boss" came in, and seeing the stranger, cried out: "Why, Mr. Smith, how do you do? I'm delighted to see you. We—"

But John Thompson's "kid" heard no more. He was looking for his hat. Mr. Smith was the president of the road, and Billy heard from him later, to his sorrow. Any one needing a boy of Master Billy's peculiar "smartness" may secure him, as he is still out of employment.

Mankind's Waste of Food.

Economists agree that all over the world people waste as much food as they consume. Practical men who have studied the subject say that the inhabitants of American cities are more wasteful than those of similar communities in Europe, and that in New York the greatest waste occurs.

"New York is far and away the most wasteful of all our cities," said an official who has had great experience in the disposal of refuse in several American communities. "Flat life leads almost inevitably to waste."

"In Philadelphia there are comparatively few flats, and probably not one hundredth part as much food is wasted there as in New York. In Philadelphia people are economical, and the women do their housekeeping very carefully."

"The same remarks hold good of Boston, in a rather less degree. Chicago and St. Louis are wasteful cities, but not nearly so wasteful as New York, Pittsburgh and Cleveland are also very wasteful. I think I would rank them next to New York, Brooklyn and Jersey City are decidedly less wasteful than Manhattan."

"As compared with her American sister, the English housekeeper is a model of economy. As a rule, the London housewife provides for her family only just as much food as they can eat."

"Her country cousin is even more careful. The idea of throwing away half a pound of steak or a couple of lamb chops, as the Gotham housewife does without a qualm, would frighten her."

"But if you want to see real economy in housekeeping you must go to Scotland. In Edinburgh and Glasgow the women have reduced the elimination of waste to a fine art."

Dr. J. M. Woodbury, New York's Commissioner of street cleaning, agrees with this official as far as his own town is concerned.

"It is only natural," said the Commissioner the other day, "that the richest of cities in America should also be the most wasteful. New York, I should say, wastes more food than any other city."

"It must waste pretty nearly as much as it consumes. I am simply astounded at the large quantities of food given to my department by fellow New Yorkers to throw away."

"Can you give an idea of the total quantity? Are there any statistics available?" the Commissioner was asked.

"No; it is a matter that defies statistics," was the reply. "But the experience of our department is that almost every store, market, house and flat in New York daily throws away a large quantity of food. The total is enormous."

"If you go down to the department dumps, where the refuse collected all over the city is deposited in scows for ultimate disposal, you will be surprised to see how large a proportion of the refuse consists of foodstuffs. You will then be able to realize what a wasteful city New York is."

Two of these dumps were visited. In both places there were several big scows laden with nothing but food—hundreds of tons of it. Potatoes, bread, apples, tomatoes, bananas, meat, turnips, onions were piled up in great heaps on the scows with a thousand other eatables.

"Is it always like this?" one of the officials of the department was asked.

"Yes; always so, more or less," he answered. "Often there is a great deal more food than this to throw away. Look at this cart."

As he spoke a cart came along the wharf and tipped into the nearest scow a load composed entirely of vegetables and fruits.

"Is nothing ever done with this food?" the visitor asked.

"Nothing; it is all thrown away," was the answer. "And, as you see, it is not nearly all bad when it comes into our hands. Half of it, if not more, is good to eat."

"Unless you have actually collected their refuse you have no idea of the wastefulness of the average family in a New York flat."

"The wife buys a steak and gets dinner ready, and then the husband comes home from business and says, 'Put your hat on, little girl. I've got tickets for the theatre, and we'll have some dinner first at a restaurant.' So the whole dinner she has prepared is thrown away."

"Even when they do dine at home the dinner is almost always much larger than they can eat, and a third or a half of it ultimately comes to us."

"And they hardly ever give it away to the poor. In the first place, it is difficult for a beggar to tackle a family living in a flat. In the second place, New Yorkers seldom encourage beggars in any shape or form."

"I knew a man who was shocked at the family waste and said that all the uneaten food must be put aside and given to the poor. He told two or three hoboes to call for it. In a week the word had gone around that he was an easy mark, and there was a procession of beggars up the stairs to his flat all day long."

"The janitor complained, and his own servant told him that she would leave unless he got another girl to do nothing but answer the door. So he had to give up his charitable scheme, and now he sends all his waste food down the dumbwaiter like other people."

"The waste of fruit in New York is incredible. Every banana steamer brings hundreds of thousands of bunches of fully ripe bananas, beautiful, yellow fruit, just ready to eat."

"The trade will not handle fruit in this condition; it wants green fruit. All these ripe bunches are thrown away."

"Only a short time ago over a million bananas brought in by the British steamship Chickahominy were wasted for this reason. Last year I remember an Italian steamer coming in with a cargo of lemons."

"The market was glutted at the time, and there was no price for them. It was cheaper to buy lemons here than to import them. The whole cargo was given to our department to throw away."

"This sort of thing seems an awful waste, but I can assure you it is not at all uncommon. On a smaller scale, it is always happening at our markets."

"A fruit dealer has a few boxes of oranges or tomatoes. The market is just closing, he can't get his price, and rather than sell them for five cents less he hands them over to us to throw away. That happens every day."

"It makes a man's heart bleed to see such immense quantities of good food thrown away, while many people, even in prosperous New York, haven't enough to eat."

But, in spite of this indictment, the student of economics must go to the tropics to see the greatest waste of food. Most tropical countries produce enough to feed a hundred times their population.

Take Jamaica, for instance. She exports large quantities of bananas, oranges and pineapples to the United States, but millions of those fruits are left to rot on the ground.

A walk through miles of plantations shows thousands of trees weighed down by luscious fruits which have not been picked, because the market price at the moment did not pay for the cost of export. Those fruits are all left to rot.

The world's mango crop is the greatest waste of all. The mango is one of the finest fruits in the world and perhaps the most nourishing. It grows in bewildering profusion in most parts of the tropics.

The negroes eat nothing else in the mango season. They sit under a mango tree and gorge themselves all day long. An average tree bears over 5,000 mangoes, each as big as a large orange, and there are hundreds of thousands of mango trees in Jamaica alone. The natives, with all their appetite, cannot eat 1 per cent. of the crop, which may be estimated at 10,000,000,000 mangoes a year.

Unfortunately the fruit cannot be exported. It will not stand a sea voyage unless it is treated with greater care than is profitable to give. Thus it is that many tropical countries are covered at certain seasons of the year by rotting mangoes.

An American travelling in the West Indies once rode along a mountain path which was carpeted for miles by fallen mangoes. In some places they were a foot deep.

There is a great waste at sea, where it is generally supposed that food is regarded at its proper value. On the big passenger liners the stewards throw overboard every day almost as much food as the cabin passengers eat—sometimes more.

On a voyage on a West Indian steamer a New Yorker saw nearly two million bananas and oranges thrown overboard because they were ripening too fast. All day long the sailors hove the golden bunches of fruit to the waves. A yellow streak of wasted food stretched as far as the eye could reach in the wake of the vessel.

There is enormous waste of food in the great cattle and sheep-rearing countries, especially in New Zealand, Australia, Argentina, Colombia and Venezuela. Hundreds of thousands of sheep and cattle are slain merely for their hides, horns and hoofs, the exportation of the meat being unprofitable.

A man who worked on a sheep run in New South Wales declared that he once saw the carcasses of over

six thousand sheep on one farm. They had been slain, for their wool alone, and none of the meat was used.—New York Sun.

THE JURY SYSTEM.

The general cry that we hear is against the jury system in courts of justice. It seems to us that men are inclined to take extreme views on subjects of this class. The jury system has its blemishes as well as its merits, and it is not safe to condemn, in a wholesale manner, that which has proved the bulwark of a country's liberty, and a barrier against the encroachments of executive tyranny. In dealing with this question, as far as the United States is concerned, Mr. Henry Budd, of Philadelphia, gave an address before the Maryland State Bar Association, a short time ago, in which he not only upheld the jury, but even condemned the interference of the judge with the judges of the facts. His remarks are, in part anyway, well deserving of attention. He said:—

"The inroads of the bench are manifested in a sort of schoolmasterly authority sought by some judges to be asserted over the jury. There is no doubt as to the fact that the jury is supreme, and it is as much a piece of impertinence on the part of the judge to attack finding of fact, and to rate, reprove or rebuke the jury for its verdict, as it would be for the foreman of a jury at the conclusion of the judge's charge, and after consultation with his fellow-jurors, to rise and say: 'If Your Honor please, the charge which you have just delivered is inadequate, badly founded in law, not properly applicable to the facts, and we can account for such a charge only upon the supposition that Your Honor has been governed by some improper motive or is lacking in professional education.' One can imagine the consternation that such an address would create. The foreman would be committed for contempt, and justly so. Yet, would his conduct be any worse than that of the judge who presumes to rate the jury when the result of its deliberations upon a subject expressly put by the law beyond his control has not been in accordance with what he thinks the result should have been?"

In closing he said:— "Are we prepared to go any further in a direction whose tendency is to have an important part of the criminal law really administered by a judge alone, and not by a judge in conjunction with a jury, each with well-defined functions? Can we afford to allow our most cherished institution, the one we have regarded as the most valuable guardian of our private rights and our liberties, to be any further restricted in action, its domain further encroached upon?"

"These questions, gentlemen, I leave you, and with them those words of a distinguished Federal judge: 'Distrust of the jury is distrust of the people, and a distrust of the people means the overthrow of the government our fathers founded.'"

While this gentleman goes somewhat into the other extreme, we might point out that our system in Canada observes a very just medium between the two. According to our system a distinction is made between criminal and civil law cases. In the Criminal Court the facts of a case, as told by witnesses, have generally the greatest bearing upon the justice of the judgment. Therefore, the jurymen, who are supposed to be experienced in that line are fully masters of the facts, while the functions of the judge are principally confined to presiding over the court and interpreting the law for the jury. It is otherwise in civil matters. There the facts can be more easily ascertained from written and oral evidence, the more sensational character being subdued, the judge is better calculated to make these facts fit into the laws and to give judgment according to that law as based upon the evidence. There are, however, cases of great commercial importance, in which experts are required to weigh the evidence and to decide. It rarely happens that a judge is so universally qualified that he can be looked upon as an expert in every instance. In these cases our civil law provides for a trial by jury, which is obtainable in an application from the lawyer representing one of the parties to the suit. It is, then, the duty of the officer who summons that jury to see that men of a special experience be called so that the jury may practically be one of experts. This is a system which has worked most admirably in Canada, especially in this province, and the adoption of it would put an end to the conflicts that exist elsewhere between the advocates of the system and those of the entire judicial system.