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JOHN RUSSELL, JR., Mgr.
B. W. McCREADY, Editor.

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Wm. Somerville

Semi-Weekly Telegraph
ST. JOHN, N. B., SEPTEMBER 11, 1907.

THE DAILY TELEGRAPH
THE SEMI-WEEKLY TELEGRAPH
THE EVENING TIMES
New Brunswick's Independent
newspapers.
These newspapers advocate:
British connection
Honesty in public life
Measures for the material
progress and moral advance-
ment of our great Dominion
No graft!
No deals!
"The Thistle, Shamrock, Rose and
The Maple Leaf forever."

STOP THE SLAUGHTER
To the surviving sufferers and the be-
reaved friends of the dead the sympathy
of the community goes out unfeignedly.
They will not have suffered or died in vain
if this calamity becomes a means of better
securing passengers against similar acci-
dents for the future—Toronto Globe.
Sir Thomas Sloughness should be ar-
rested—Toronto World.
It may be comforting to relatives of men
and women killed in a railway wreck to
be offered the sympathy of the country,
and to be told that the victims will not
have died in vain if the calamity results
in making travel safer hereafter. All the
same, in the light of the detailed accounts
we have of this latest Canadian railroad
horror, such Christian comfort will strike
the traveling public as of somewhat doubt-
ful utility. People who buy railroad
tickets do not care to be killed or mangled
in order that the horrors to which they
are subjected may shock the country into
exact adequate precautions from the
transportation companies. The grim fact
is that while the list of dead and maimed,
increased by accident after accident, has
now grown to shocking proportions, the
sacrifices have not brought about the re-
medies promised after each disaster. The
country will be quick to extend its sym-
pathy to the bereaved and the suffering,
but it will not, or should not, forget the
plain fact that they who are being killed
by heedless or reckless transportation
methods are dying in vain, and that pub-
lic indignation must demand such mea-
sures as will reduce the killing to the limits
of accidents which cannot be prevented.
The Toronto World calls for the imme-
diate indictment of Sir Thomas Slough-
ness. That would be well enough if there is
evidence showing Sir Thomas to be re-
sponsible, directly or indirectly, for the
calamities leading to the accident. The World
should wait at least until the causes of
the tragedy are definitely and accurately
established. They must be so estab-
lished. That done, the men respon-
sible, without regard to their position,
should be rigorously prosecuted, not that
the punishment or degradation of any in-
dividual is in itself of much use in a case
of this sort, but because in these cases
the practice must be adopted of fixing the
responsibility for preventable accidents,
and so punishing those found responsible
that others to whom are committed the
lives of travelers will guard them well.
It is a fact that most serious railroad
accidents are due to excessive speed,
defective equipment, disregard of orders
or some other fault of which there is no
good reason. Notwithstanding this the
criminal law hitherto has usually failed
to carry home punishment to responsible
individuals. Too often the incident is
closed with a meaningless verdict by a
coroner's jury, too often a verdict marked
by ignorance or timidity. The law offi-
cers of the Crown are primarily responsible
for the failure of justice in connection
with the tragedies of the rail. This failure
of justice, with its implied promise
of immunity, has unquestionably encour-
aged bad railroading. At a time when the
perils of travel in Canada are likely to be
increased by the growing volume of traf-
fic it is of the highest importance that
the Crown authorities should begin to
make the cost of record required by their
oaths of office and by the public interest.
Canada has never failed to sympathize
with the victims of railroad horrors; but
it is about time Canada began to protect
the living.

SOME OUTSIDE VIEWS
The political situation in St. John is at
present the subject of newspaper comment
from Nova Scotia to New Brunswick, the
display of interest being due largely to the
fact that one of the new cabinet ministers
is to appeal to the voters of this constitu-
ency during the present month. Most of
the writers in other cities who deal with

affairs here take it for granted that Dr.
Pugsley will be elected, but several of
them express the opinion that he should
be opposed, the seat having been held by
the Conservatives, and the business of an
opposition being to fight. If there is no
fight now it will be, no doubt, because
the Conservative leaders believe they can
fight to better advantage at the time of
the general election, a year or so hence.
The Toronto News (Ind.) is one of the
journals which discuss St. John, and,
while we may not agree with its estimate
of us, its views are of some interest at
the moment.

"In St. John," says the News, "an elec-
tion is expected, but it is doubtful if Mr.
Pugsley can be defeated. If he should be
beaten New Brunswick would run the
risk of losing its representation in the
Cabinet, and that risk will not be lightly
incurred. Besides, Mr. Pugsley, even
though he has not secured the Depart-
ment of Railways, will control one of the
great patronage departments. That is a
consideration which is likely to be as in-
fluential in St. John as it would be else-
where. No other community in Canada
has assumed heavier obligations in order
to keep Canadian trade in Canadian chan-
nels, and its people will not be likely to
under-estimate the value of direct repre-
sentation in the government. It is true
that the measure of consideration which
St. John should receive at Ottawa should
not be determined by its political com-
plexion, but its people know enough of
the human side of government in this
country to understand that the rejection
of Mr. Pugsley would not be a sound
business proceeding. Nor is there so much
room for lecturing a community which
has shown as much civic patriotism and
courage as has St. John in assuming on-
erous obligations in order to maintain a
port for Canada. There is no doubt that
the election of Mr. Pugsley is unwelcome
to many of the old school Liberals, but
they have been sacrificed so often to other
considerations and have found principles
and professions rated so lowly in the polit-
ical market, that submission has become
a habit, and retreat a form of exercise.
They may object to Mr. Pugsley, but they
will not vote for a Conservative candidate,
and particularly they will not vote against
a Minister of Public Works."

In the next breath the News, speaking
of the view that a Conservative cannot be
elected in Ottawa, says: "But a party
which does not contest constituencies
awakens neither the enthusiasm of its
rank and file nor the respect of its op-
ponents. Fight or die is the law of polit-
ics. Moreover, when a government has
been more than ten years in office there is
something like mortal weakness in an op-
position which has not thoroughly settled
its ground of attack and is not eager for
opportunities to take the field. At least
the bye-elections and Mr. Borden's meet-
ings will do something to define the issues
which divide the two parties, and to mark
the direction in which our politics are
drifting. There has been a long season of
weakness and confusion, of gossiping and
shandering, of halting and trimming. But
there is clearly a growing interest in Mr.
Borden's meetings, and particularly in the
constructive side of his programme. It is
doubtful if the opposition can succeed
upon the demerits of their opponents. It
is seldom that the masses of the people
are greatly moved by general recrimination
and miscellaneous denunciation. Mr. Bor-
den is wise, therefore, in proposing definite
measures of reform, and it is manifest, as
he proceeds, that the apathy and indiffer-
ence towards public affairs which has pre-
vailed for some years is passing, and it
may be that a disturbance of old party
relationships and a check to the ascend-
ency of purely commercial politics is im-
minent. With the Conservative party en-
gaged, strengthened and organized the
government might have a hard fight for
its life in the next general election."

HON. MR. GRAHAM AND THE I. C. R.
A despatch whose author apparently en-
joys the confidence of Hon. Mr. Graham,
the new Minister of Railways and Canals,
gives the following as a summary of his
policy for the Intercolonial:
1. The road must give good service to
the people.
2. It should pay its way, and, if pos-
sible, pay some interest on the invest-
ment.
3. Beyond this the government road
should not aim at profits, but should re-
duce fares and so bring about a reduction
of fares upon other roads.
These are objects worth striving for.
The public will be disposed to give Mr.
Graham a chance to show what he can do
along these lines, and to judge him by
results. Fair play demands no less. Yet
if the government desired to ensure the
ends set forth in Mr. Graham's platform
as most desirable—good service, paying
operation, and the lowest rates possible
under efficient management—it would
forthwith decide to find some other em-
ployment for Mr. Graham and place the
government road in the hands of a non-
partisan commission, free from political
control or interference—a commission de-
signed to operate and develop the railway
as a public property, conducted on busi-
ness lines and freed from every suggestion
of political use. Such a commission would
employ the best railroad brains in the
market, as the private companies do. It
would have obvious advantages over Mr.
Graham, granting him the best intentions
in the world—for it would have no polit-
ics. It would have neither political
friends nor political enemies. It would
not displease Intercolonial patronage
among Liberals or Conservatives; it would
seek a dollar's value for every dollar ex-
pended. It would be much easier for the
commission, than for Mr. Graham, to op-
erate the road as to (1) give the people
good service, (2) make it pay its way and
some interest on the investment, and (3)
reduce rates and so bring about a reduc-
tion of rates on other roads. To bring
about such a reduction would be easier
if the Intercolonial were extended west-

ward and given access to a greater ter-
ritory originating freight and passenger traf-
fic. If it were made to tap the export
trade at the Lakes its business would be
increased and its competition would be
felt by the company lines.

As the Intercolonial under a commis-
sion would be freed from the incubus of
political patronage, and as it would not
have to pay dividends on watered stock,
but only a little more than its operating
expenses, it would have a tendency to
prevent undue exaction by the other com-
panies in the matter of rates. An intel-
ligent, progressive, non-partisan commis-
sion would abundantly justify public own-
ership, and make the Intercolonial highly
prized as a public bulwark against ex-
cessive private rates. If Mr. Graham were
both wise and bold he would advocate the
commission plan—before it is too late.

CIVILIZATION
Where should one look for civilization
triumphant? In London? There, though
we do not find it, we should find in the
year 1907 a civilization solving satisfactorily
most of the problems incident upon
progress and concentration. Mr. Vance
Thompson has been looking at London—
below the surface. He writes of it as
"The Pent and Huddled East," employing
the language of one who has seen and
who can command the words that give
the true picture. London is a great cap-
ital—the greatest. But it is also a great
slum—the greatest. Much as the world
hears of London's darker side it does not
realize—though thoughtful Englishmen do
—how large is the percentage of popula-
tion which lives in torment—helpless and
wholly wretched in the iron grip of pit-
iless environment. Quoting the wise man
who said:

A dog starved at his master's gate
Predicts the ruin of the state.

Mr. Thompson asks a question that is
searching and ominous because of the facts
he masses behind it. He asks:
"And the paupers who starve at Eng-
land's gate? A nation which thrives on the
increases at the rate of nearly seven
percent a year—that crawls along under
the rotting highways toward the cities of
iron and stone; one wonders what they
predict for the state. Already only one-
fifth of the population dwells in the coun-
try; the cities harbor the rest. More and
more they come up to London. That
hideous Ghoul has but to whistle and
from all the extremities of the empire the
dregs flock to her dirty feet. And one
out of four goes to the slums—the
eternal inn on the road to the workhouse
or the jail."

And they come not only from the ex-
tremities of the three kingdoms. Aliens
have flooded the hideous slums, and con-
fusion is now confounded by their com-
ing. "Down Ratcliffe Highway the drunk-
en salaried men in bygone days, howl-
ing; now the savage, gesticulating Orient
chaffers there. The hoodlum is almost an
alien in Whitechapel. For Whitechapel is
the ghetto; it is a strip torn from Red
Russia. Wherein is the great change? In
this: A proletariat of inferior quality—
but not at all tumultuous—fills the mean
streets. The true natives of the slums of
the East have been wholly gone. Still one
may see and have speech with the wicked,
brawling little Englishmen, but there is
less and less room for them. They swim,
gasping in the alien flood. And the poor
workmen, grown poorer, have sunk deep-
er. From Poland and Galicia and Russia
the new proletariat has filtered in, filling
the nooks and crannies of the slums. *

* * * You shall go down into a White-
chapel where the only Gentiles are those
who light the fires and turn the wheels
for Israel. And in the Mile End Old Town,
where there are 66,000 inhabitants, you
will find only one Englishman out of six.
A notable change—a grayer sea of pov-
erty, through which the sharks swim
lazily, and philanthropy, a fat white bulk,
floats on the sea."

England is prosperous, and London is
rich. Yet in London last year 290 persons
died in the streets of starvation; and
year in and year out two millions of its
people are hungry or but a day from death.
By the river the scavenger crossed a
little bridge over a slip by the docks. In
this deserted place a policeman stood on
duty. "Why are you stationed here?"
"To keep the women from going over into
the water—so many of 'em went over into
the water it got the name of Suicide
Bridge." Mr. Thompson thinks some of
the London statistics prophetic. At least
they are of grim import: "There is 80,
000 unemployed; add, still, 30,000 women
very badly employed indeed; and 33,000
homeless adults; and 35,000 wandering
children of the slums; and 15,000 free crim-
inals and you have before you a statistical
summary of the situation in the greatest
city in Christendom. Interesting, is it
not? And with those who do not walk
the streets of night things are only a
gree better. It is a fact that ninety per-
cent of the producers of the actual wealth
of London have no homes they can call
their own beyond the week's end and no
other possessions than the few sticks of
old furniture that will go into a hand-car-
riage for trundling from lodging to lodging.
And 300,000 people live in one-room tenements,
in which decency is impossible. Every
night 30,000 Londoners sleep in fourpenny
lodging-houses the fourpenny 'Doss,' and
every night 11,000 sleep in the casual
wards. Where should they sleep, these
1,200,737 workers who get less than five
dollars a week for family? The week I
wrote of there were 99,820 persons in work-
houses, hospitals, and prisons of the great
town."

Mr. Thompson compares London with
other centres of crime and misery, and to
its discredit. It is a fact that those who
live under London have no human beings
and the Genova waterside and the Naples
of Marseilles and I mean an old-world town,
but nowhere have I seen humanity rotted
into such ignominy. There are things one
can't say, and I saw them. Only the
worst are left in this East End. Those
dead upon the thresholds have been crowded
out by the immense alien throngs of Israel.

A diuvian immigration. In addition
scores of the old human rookeries have
been torn down, and the slum-dwellers
have fled, making new slums on the
marshes of Walthamstow, in watery Can-
ning Town, at Plaistow, Stratford, Ley-
ton, Edmonton, always East. And they
who cannot get away are the weakest and
worst. Unable to compete with the sober
and thrifty Jews, unable to fend for them-
selves in work or crime, they have got to
the bottom of life—so low that official
charity cannot reach them—humanity in
its last stage, fit only to throw to the
lamprays and the eels."

Civilization!

A LETTER FROM FATHER GAYNOR
Together with the announcement that
Bishop Casey has deemed it necessary to
degrade Rev. W. C. Gaynor from his
priestly office The Telegraph prints this
morning a communication from the man
whose conduct has been the subject of
much comment, in and out of the pulpit,
and whose attitude in the circumstances
will be a matter of considerable public in-
terest. The Telegraph referred to the
Gaynor matter in the first place with a
little reluctance, and only after it had
been dealt with in more than one city
pulpit. Since Rev. Mr. Gaynor returned
to this neighborhood repeated attempts
have been made to communicate with him
in order that he might make public an
statement he thought necessary or ex-
pedient; and this journal now gladly pub-
lishes, in his own words, a statement of
his position as he sees it. Due weight
must be given also to the fact that he
promptly returned to the neighborhood to
confront those who had made more or
less direct statements affecting him. His
letter is entitled to the most careful con-
sideration.

Meanwhile a new element enters into
the case—the action of His Lordship
Bishop Casey. It would be idle to ignore
the significance of this action by the
church. Rev. Mr. Gaynor says he has
returned to confront all who have made
statements concerning him or his affairs
in his absence. While trusting that he
will be able to present the most convinc-
ing proofs of his innocence of all, or
any sort of wrongdoing, the public no
doubt may feel that the first duty com-
ing to him is to make satisfactory an-
swering to the action of his superior. The
Telegraph has made no charges against
Rev. Mr. Gaynor. It draws no inferences
from the action of Bishop Casey. Its col-
umns are open for any pertinent state-
ment of facts, now and always. The aim
of the Telegraph is to print all the news,
and to be absolutely fair to all concerned.
There are occasions when the doings of
men in positions of trust will force them-
selves into the news columns as a part of
the record of the day, albeit the subject
may be of itself unpleasant. It would be
at once a duty and a pleasure to give
publicity to any relevant facts tending
to show that Rev. Mr. Gaynor has been
the victim of the slanderer. His own
statement is set forth this morning, with-
out prejudice. It would seem to this
writing that if Rev. Mr. Gaynor is look-
ing for vindication which he would re-
gard as satisfactory he will deem it well
to make such representations as would
lead the bishop to reverse his announced
decision or convince the public that it
should be reversed. At the moment that
writing is the most tangible and con-
spicuous fact in evidence.

The building now going on in St. John
is the subject of an interesting news
article this morning. Signs of local prog-
ress are by no means wanting, and busi-
ness never was better, which means that
new building should bring even more ex-
tensive building operations than are now
in progress. * * *

"Our disposition," says a Toronto con-
temporary, referring to Mr. Whitney's re-
pudiation campaign, "is to retain control
of our own tariff, independent of all out-
side entanglements, and to reduce or in-
crease duties as may suit our convenience
and interests. The United States has only
to liberalize its tariff in order to improve
fiscal relations with Canada, and if Con-
gress fails to do this, the natural conclu-
sion will be that it desires an unequal bar-
rier rather than a fair and generous ad-
justment of trade relations between the
two countries. If these relations should
be improved the change probably will
come through a general movement for low-
er tariff in the United States rather than
through any particular movement for re-
pudiation with Canada." But Uncle Sam
will "stand pat," as Mr. Whitney will dis-
cover.

Mr. Borden's Promises.
(Montreal Witness, Ind. Lib.)
A political campaign based on the cry
of the races has less and less force as
the people get more and more accus-
tomed to accusations of race-hatred. The
only chance of winning the conscience
of the people must lie in giving them some
tangible hope of something better than
bringing a new and hungrier group of polit-
ical hangers on, and possibly more col-
orful schemers than ever, within reach of
the public crib. The fact that the party
making the appeal is the historical party
of privilege, and that it was also the in-
itator of that method of corrupting inter-
ests, the protective system, does not add
to its power as a mere protester against
corruption and promoter of better things.
It is here, however, where Mr. Borden's
programme is strong. He makes definite
promises of radical reform. He will re-
quire both sides of electoral accounts
to be published—not merely the local ones
but as in Britain, the accounts of all polit-
ical organizations spending any money
for election purposes. He will provide a
public prosecutor whose business it will
be to follow up charges of electoral corrup-
tion without waiting for the initiative of
political opponents probably equally com-
promised. He will put the Intercolonial
railway and other publicly owned public
services into the hands of commissions
protected by the terms of their appoint-
ment from political interference. He will
sweep away the whole system of political
patronage which at once makes it the
member's principal duty to provide places
for all who have done anything for the
party in the fight, and for all who without
such provision threaten to support the
other party. All appointments but those
of a necessarily political nature will be
filled on the British competitive system.
This is all good. These are things that
the party in power will have to do with
or show cause why they do not do them.

A Leading Question.
(Lippincott's).
The youngest teachers of the Lincoln
school are telling with glee a great joke
on Miss Blank, one of the oldest and
most capable instructors in the primary
grades of our schools.
It was Harold's first day at school. Miss
Blank came to his desk and said:
"What is your name?"
"Harold Smith," the bright youngster
replied.
"And how old are you?" went on Miss
Blank in her methodical way.
"Six," said Harold. "How old are you?"
and the young teachers are laughing still.

IN CASE OF WAR
One of the German delegates introduced
a big and possibly troublesome subject at
the Hague Conference on Saturday when
he said that Germany never would allow
the millions of German subjects spread
over the world in foreign countries to be

obliged to take up arms for the country
where they reside and perhaps be forced
to fight against the fatherland. As it is
calculated that there are 15,000,000 Ger-
mans, including naturalized citizens, in the
United States alone, the far-reaching qual-
ity of this assertion is apparent. Most of
the great German population in the United
States is composed of those who have be-
come naturalized. A few years ago, when
there was friction between the United
States and Germany, German newspapers
published in American cities warned Wash-
ington against any action which would
subject the feelings of German-Ameri-
cans to the strain of a war with the
country in which they or their parents
were born. American journals replied to
the effect that the Germans who had left
their fatherland in great numbers to es-
cape military service, or other conditions
which they regarded as oppressive, would
be found true to the country of their
adoption in the event of trouble.

The truth of the matter will remain
hidden until the test of actual war comes.
It is evident, and fortunately that event is
now improbable. The suggestion that the
Kaiser would even hint that he has
still a claim upon Germans in America,
or that in the event of friction an appeal
would be made to the millions overseas
to remember the flag they forsake, would
be resented in the United States. Brazil
has even greater cause to resent any such
suggestion, for she has two or three prov-
inces in which the German element is
dominant, and unless she could rely upon
the Monroe Doctrine, which might be ex-
posed, a call from Berlin might shake the
republic.

NOTE AND COMMENT
The British newspaper men who have
seen Canada are filling many columns of
the English journals with interesting and
instructive material about the Dominion.
The picturesque note is not absent. Mr.
Harold Begbie, representing the Daily
Chronicle, typifies Canada and its pro-
spects in the person of a splendid young
Scandinavian mother, who stood barehead-
ed in the wind on the fo'c'sle head of the
great liner, her face to the West. "To
watch her, in her beautiful strength and
maternity," he writes, "and to think of
her in comparison with those unhappy
ones who shield their painted faces from
the drizzle of London streets, was to re-
alize the infinite difference which separates
the highest and the grandest types of mor-
tality from the saddest and the lowest."

"I would she were English," said I. "The
child at her breast," answered an old Cana-
dian, "will speak English." After a pause,
he added, "Pray God she bears many."

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My Comrade.
(Chicago News).
I have a comrade; he and I are like
As any pair of peas in any pod.
A little creature he, as you would strike,
And aye impatient 'neath affliction's rod.
When his way he finds he cannot get
He raises Ned and other things to boot;
With awful voice he roars his dreadful fear,
Regardless that the world won't care a
boot.
My comrade likes to play the newest game—
He quickly tires of all that old and trite.
Scarcely plays he but succeeding days the
same.
Amusements seem to age so over night.
He will not work unless he can get
A new game, and he will play it well with
a smile.
The best investment, and his head gets
swelled
By people's praise, regardless of his guilt.
My comrade likes the food that least agrees
With his digestion, hates the wholesome
things.
Hates other people's warblings, but decrees
We all stand breathless, harkening while he
sings.
In all these ways, and ake in many more,
My comrade's instincts tally well with
mine.
He is my child, I should have said before:
He is two years old, and I am thirty-nine.

The Maple
Clinton Scollard is one of the best known
of the "magazine poets," but in a little book
of "Blank Verse Parables," published at Clin-
ton (N. Y.), by George William Browning, he
has apparently tried a style freer than that
required by the periodicals. Typical of the
book's contents is "The Maple":
Wandering down a slope of windless wood-
land,
In the hot and hazy heart of August,
On my vision burst a scarlet maple,
Like torch it lit the forest twilight.
Planned and glowing as does a matchless ruby
Deeply set within an emerald circle.
All the sounds and scents were those of
Crickets chirp and rasp of the cleads,
Wood-balm altar and the dry aroma
Sun-dried from out the depths of balsam—
Yet behold this lambent sing, this token
Of the nearing footfalls of the autumn
Out of waning and decay this marvel:
A tree whose scarce ten much I call it—
Radiant beauty born of dissolution!
For a stay upon the soul—a solace,
Hope's low whispering to ear's mortals
Fleeces, "Beauty born of dissolution!"

A Summer Cloud.
One morn a little lazy cloud
Came pouting o'er the hill.
She had been sent at early dawn
The pools and brooks to fill.
But being tired that sultry day
She loitered here and there,
And sometimes watched her shadow glide
Where slopes were green and fair.
While drifting o'er the mountain top
Her heart about it clung,
Then doated off and left the sun
With rainbow jewels hung.
Then came a gust from out the North
With harsh and scolding voice.
Ah, how she wept, the crystal shower
Made all the land rejoice.
And oh, how sweet the robin sang
Among the orchard trees,
And such a feast the blossoms set
Before the rovers there.
—Mary E. Kilgus.

Why, of Course.
(New York Evening Post.)
We commend to the imitation of our
women readers the handsome conduct of
a lady who figures largely in the news-
paper reports today. Her husband, F. P.
Earle, a poet and an artist, has discovered
that another woman is really his "affin-
ity," is "destined"—divinely, of course—
to be his wife. Under such circumstances,
some women of our acquaintance would
exhibit resentment or jealousy, and would
hesitate to let the husband's soul expand.
It is only a few months ago that an "affin-
ity," naturally irritated by the attitude
of the unimaginative wife in the case,
complained bitterly, "John's wife behaves
as if she owned him and actually had a
right to him." Now, we lay it down as
an axiom that, while every husband owns
his wife and can enforce his property
rights by an appeal to the "unwritten
law," no wife has a vested interest in her
husband. Man is a superior creature, es-
pecially if he be a poet or an artist. It is
not merely his privilege, it is his duty,
to seek new affinities and as many of them
as his heart yearns for. In such a crisis
his wife—if she truly love him—will, like
Mrs. Earle, obligingly secure a divorce, so
to seek new affinities and as many of them
as his heart yearns for. In such a crisis
his wife—if she truly love him—will, like
Mrs. Earle, obligingly secure a divorce, so
to seek new affinities and as many of them
as his heart yearns for. In such a crisis
his wife—if she truly love him—will, like
Mrs. Earle, obligingly secure a divorce, so
to seek new affinities and as many of them
as his heart yearns for.

Lord Strathcona's Diet.
(London Tit-Bits).
Are two meals a day conducive to
longevity? We should think they are,
judging from the life of Lord Strathcona,
who is a champion of the simple life and
devoted exponent of the "two meals a
day" theory. Breakfast at 8.30 usually
consists of porridge and milk, toast and
marmalade, and tea with hot water add-
ed. Not till 7 o'clock in the evening does
the high commissioner eat anything else
or drink any stimulant. He then sits
down to a simple meal consisting of soup,
fish, fowl and table water. Sir Thomas
Barlow has described Lord Strathcona as
"an ideal dietist." Nothing will tempt
him from his simple, nourishing diet, and
in his eighty-seventh year he keeps his
active body and mind working in har-
mony on two meals a day.

Open to the Proof.
(Springfield Republican).
When the Boston attorney, Mason, was
preparing the case of E. K. Avery and
had examined about 200 witnesses, some-
body called to see him. The legal gentle-
man sent word that he was occupied and
could not be interrupted.
"But the man is a witness—a Methodist
minister."
"Call him up," said Mason. "Well, sir,
what can you testify?"
"I had a vision—two angels have ap-
peared to me, and told me that Brother
Avery is innocent."
"Let them be summoned," said Mason, as
he resumed his work.

In the Nature Faker's Den.
"This is a crocodile's lair," he observed.
"If you notice it closely beneath
You will see that one day by privations un-
nerved
It provided itself with false teeth.
And here is an elephant's trunk that I got
When the elephant had gone away—
The intelligent brute must have tinkered a
lot
To arrange it with lid and with tray.
And here are some chickens I got in the
West.
Please notice the fur on their legs
And also the wool on the back and the
breast.
We hatched them from cold storage eggs.
This is a lobster I've mounted to show
All the wit that in it is revealed:
A legal dispute it is, don't you know?
All its claws have been fully repeated.
"This tapir I caught in the jungles one night
But I first had to choke it to death.
For the tapir attempted to blow out its light.
But I felled it—just shut off its breath.
This savant I caught in a terrible snare;
And it died in the flush of its youth.
But the file that you see at the end of its tail
It would use when 'twould sharpen each
tooth.
And here," he remarked, as we paused at
a case,
I have a story I've written to sell.
But in none of them all you will find any
of the wonderful things that I tell.
I am waiting until I can add to my list.
What I know will be splendid on view—
I am yearning to find a gray wolf at his lunch
On the heart of a bull caribou."
—Chicago Evening Post.

My Comrade.
(Chicago News).
I have a comrade; he and I are like
As any pair of peas in any pod.
A little creature he, as you would strike,
And aye impatient 'neath affliction's rod.
When his way he finds he cannot get
He raises Ned and other things to boot;
With awful voice he roars his dreadful fear,
Regardless that the world won't care a
boot.
My comrade likes to play the newest game—
He quickly tires of all that old and trite.
Scarcely plays he but succeeding days the
same.
Amusements seem to age so over night.
He will not work unless he can get
A new game, and he will play it well with
a smile.
The best investment, and his head gets
swelled
By people's praise, regardless of his guilt.
My comrade likes the food that least agrees
With his digestion, hates the wholesome
things.
Hates other people's warblings, but decrees
We all stand breathless, harkening while he
sings.
In all these ways, and ake in many more,
My comrade's instincts tally well with
mine.
He is my child, I should have said before:
He is two years old, and I am thirty-nine.

The Maple
Clinton Scollard is one of the best known
of the "magazine poets," but in a little book
of "Blank Verse Parables," published at Clin-
ton (N. Y.), by George William Browning, he
has apparently tried a style freer than that
required by the periodicals. Typical of the
book's contents is "The Maple":
Wandering down a slope of windless wood-
land,
In the hot and hazy heart of August,
On my vision burst a scarlet maple,
Like torch it lit the forest twilight.
Planned and glowing as does a matchless ruby
Deeply set within an emerald circle.
All the sounds and scents were those of
Crickets chirp and rasp of the cleads,
Wood-balm altar and the dry aroma
Sun-dried from out the depths of balsam—
Yet behold this lambent sing, this token
Of the nearing footfalls of the autumn
Out of waning and decay this marvel:
A tree whose scarce ten much I call it—
Radiant beauty born of dissolution!
For a stay upon the soul—a solace,
Hope's low whispering to ear's mortals
Fleeces, "Beauty born of dissolution!"