

WHERE WOMEN SHIRK.

Wm. David Mills, Canadian Minister of Justice, on Modern Characteristics of New England Women.

Some statements regarding the livelihood of the New England people, with particular reference to an apparent wrong on the part of the women, are made in a letter to a friend by Hon. David Mills, Minister of Justice, as a result of his observations while going to Boston to take passage for England. In part he says:

"I saw some sections covered with forest that I am sure must have been cleared land a century ago, so that I feel sure that there is far less land in New England cultivated now than there was fifty years ago. I noticed the towns we ran through had very neat-looking dwelling houses. They were all kept well painted and all looked new. The people are living mostly by some kind of handicraft of a mechanical kind. But the people don't like farming; they take no interest in it, and derive no enjoyment from it. The New England people are upon the soil, but are not of it. They obviously dislike farming as much as their women do having children, and were it not for the foreigner who has taken up residence among them, there would be neither children born nor fields cultivated. If left to themselves the existence of a descendant of the Pilgrim Fathers will be as rare as a great auk, and the race is sure to share the fate of the dodo. This must be a very serious problem for the United States statesman. Stop the foreign immigration, and the United States would not increase the population, and after a time their numbers would begin to diminish. There is obviously something very wrong with a people who, under conditions so favorable, have such small families. The United States woman does not realize her duties to God and her country, and so thinks much more of her own pleasures than she does of the responsibilities which the Creator has imposed upon her."

FIT FOR FRUIT GROWING.

Prof. Macoun's Prophecy Regarding the Forestry of Ontario.

"When I stated many years ago that the Northwest was suitable for the producing of grain, many people, and some prominent ones, too, scoffed at the statement. It is the same thing to-day when I say that all the area from Niagara to Cape Herd is suitable for fruit growing," said Prof. Macoun, chief of the botanical branch of the Geological Survey. Macoun was in Toronto, en route for the district, in order to make a philosophical statement of the climatic conditions of the country along Lakes Erie and Ontario, chiefly with reference to fruit growing, when he made that statement.

"The forest growth of a country," he said, "is the chief basis of calculation as to what the country is best adapted to produce. It is a far surer and more reliable way than by topographic or climatic data. I am convinced from what I already know of the products of the lake shores, and from what I will learn on my journey, that I will be able to issue a report stating confidently that the country in question is favorable for fruit growing. It is just on the same basis that I calculated the usefulness of the Northwest for wheat growing."

Prof. Macoun is glad to see an increased interest in forestry everywhere. In Ottawa a party of men have applied to the Government of Quebec for a large tract of land upon which it is intended to reforest with a variety of woods. Hard wood would be a valuable product in a short time, and it would not be very long before good spruce would be in demand. Manufacturers of paper to-day say that they put genuine spruce into their pulp, but he would state positively that the pulp was nothing more nor less than a soup de bouillon from the different woods of the forest.

Our New Postage Stamps.

The issue of a new set of postage stamps to replace those which bear the head of our late sovereign, Queen Victoria, will shortly engage the attention of the postal department. The government of the United Kingdom will probably get out its new issue before any steps are taken by the colonies, but there, as here, there is probably a very large stock of stamps on hand, which it is well to use up before the new dies are prepared. There is no precedent in the matter, as at the accession of Queen Victoria there was no such thing as a postage stamp, as we understand the term, in use. There are about fifteen stamps in use in Canada, on which the head of Queen Victoria appears. When the new issue is being prepared it is practically certain that the present eight-cent stamp, which was designed principally for use in registering letters, will be replaced by one of seven cents to correspond with the rate for registered letters since the reduction to two cents of the letter rate.

Colonel Otter's Career.

Colonel William Dillon Otter, C.B., was born near Clinton, Ont., December 3, 1843, and joined the militia in 1861. He served through the Fenian Raid of 1866, including the battle of Ridgeway; went to England as second in command of the Wimbledon team in 1879; succeeded to the command of the Queen's Own Rifles in 1874; was commandant of the Wimbledon team in 1883; was made commandant of the School of Infantry, Toronto, December, 1883; commanded the Battleford column during the Northwest Rebellion of 1885, and was chosen to command the first Canadian contingent to South Africa in October, 1899.

Longfellow's Tribute to Burns. I see amid the fields of Ayr, A plowman, who is fond and fair, Shins at his work, and knows not it is The laverock's song we hear or his, Nor care to ask.

Women Dread

The disfigurement caused by skin disease, even more than the tormenting irritation which is so commonly associated with it. The use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery



Medical Discovery generally results in a complete cure of eczema, pimples, eruptions and other forms of disease which have their cause in an impure condition of the blood. "Golden Medical Discovery" absolutely purges the blood of humors and poisons, and so cures the cutaneous diseases which had blood broods and feeds. There is no alcohol in the "Golden Medical Discovery" and it is entirely free from opium, cocaine, and all other narcotics.

"I was troubled with eczema from the crown of my head to the soles of my feet," writes Mrs. Ella Quick, of Cass City, Tuscola Co., Mich. "Could not walk at times, nor wear shoes. Thought there was no help for me, at least the doctor said there was none. I went to see friends at Christmas time and there heard of the good that Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery had done for them, and was advised to try it at once. For fear that I might neglect it my friends sent to the village and got a bottle and made me promise that I would take it. I had been getting worse all the time. I took thirteen bottles of the 'Golden Medical Discovery' and ten bottles of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and used the 'All Healing Salve,' which made a complete cure. It was this Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery before waiting time and money."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets assist the action of the "Discovery."

Careless Man.

"Single is about the most careless fellow I have ever known." "What's he done now?" "Why, he passed the butcher's down the street whistling, 'Oh, Where Has My Little Dog Gone?' and a sausage jumped from the hook and followed him home." "Was careless, wasn't it?" "Yes, but that's not the worst of it. Half an hour later he was arrested on a warrant charging him with kidnapping the sausage."—Denver Times.

Trying to Place Him.

"Sir," cried the aggrieved stranger, "you have grossly insulted my character as a professional man. I am an ornament of the stage, sir." "Oh? Might I ask what your special line of entertainment is?" "I hold the glass to nature, sir." "Oh, I see, you are a blower." "A blower, sir!" "Yes, a glass blower."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

What He Would Do.

"My poor, hungry man, if I were to give you a nickel what would you do with it?" inquired the lady with the angular smile and the uncertain spectacles. "I'll tell you, mum," replied the gentleman with the straggling whiskers and yearning bread pouch. "I'll get a Tumbler and buy a tinny little wid the change. Where's the ten, mum?"—Denver Times.

His View of It.

"Here's a queer story," she said as she looked up from the paper. "A prospective bridegroom was delayed by a train wreck, and the girl, not understanding the circumstances, became so angry that she called everything off, and the marriage didn't take place."

"What wonderful luck some men have!" was his only comment.—Chicago Post.

Not His Strong Point.

"I met Hargus in the street yesterday morning, and he flicked his cigar ashes in my face. I'm writing to him now to tell him what I think about it."

"Why didn't you tell him what you thought about it then?"

"Because I never can express myself with any satisfaction extemporaneously."—Chicago Tribune.

A Stupid Bellboy.

Colonel Cockright—The blamed bellboy in this hotel is enough to give a man a spasm. Guess what he did when I told him to bring me a "horn" before I dressed.

Major Nash—What, sir?

Colonel Cockright—He brought me a shashere.—Philadelphia Record.

Idleness is both a great sin and the cause of many more.

A Volatile Community.

"What kind of a town have you here?" enquired a recently-arrived tourist from New England.

"Lively," enthusiastically replied the landlord of the Atlantic and Pacific Hotel, at Boomopolis, Oklahoma.

"Lively, stranger! That's a lynchin' every night, and balls, shootin', tar-and-featherin', and other calkaboos, about as often as you can turn out to 'em; a couple was married in a balloon last week, two prominent preachers shot each other considerably at the Sabbath school picnic day before yesterday, and that was a cyclone less than a month ago; new buildin's are bein' erected right along, we've got an enthusiastic county-seat fight on hand all the time, that's a show in the O'ry House once in a while, the O. K. barber shop put in a bathtub lately, the post-office was once seized by a spell ago—the front of the buildin' was sung half-way across the street, the safe blown wrong side out, and the children have been busy ever since pickin' postage stamps off the gum weeds whar the wind distributed 'em. You can get any kind of a game you like at any time or stir up any sort of trouble in a minute, by just lettin' your wits be known. They call this yer town the Paris of Oklahoma, and don't you forget it!"—"Life."

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Literary Pretense.

F all of us who in these latter days have acquired some repute of knowledge of literature were to be tried before a jury of real experts, it is to be feared, writes Guy Carleton Lee, that the vast majority of us would win this sentence: "Guilty of having gained a reputation under false pretenses." Let us be candid with ourselves, since the confidence need go no further. Have we really made ourselves familiar with English masterpieces? It were damning to confess ignorance of Chaucer, for example; let all who have read the "Canterbury Tales," to take but a portion of his works, mentally hold up their hands. The resulting show might not carry an election in the smallest election precinct.

Perhaps we have taken an unfair test. Chaucer is difficult reading to any but the scholar, and the quaint old words are apt to interfere with any pleasure in the reading. Let us return, then, to writers of a later date, whose language holds no obscurity of form. How many of us have read "The Faery Queen" from beginning to end? Perhaps some few, to whom literature is a profession, not a recreation; but the rest of us who so glibly discuss Edmund Spenser and his influence upon poetry, and who talk learnedly of the Spenserian stanza, the vast majority are utter strangers to the works of the poet they praise.

The early dramatists, again. Most of us are vaguely aware that Marlowe wrote plays called "The Jew of Malta" and "Tamburlaine," and a dramatic poem entitled "Doctor Faustus;" but our knowledge of him stops there. Massinger, because of the occasional presentation on the stage of "A New Way to Pay Old Debts," is more familiar to us; but our acquaintance with him is strictly limited to that one work. Beaumont and Fletcher are by name "familiar" in the mouth of the household words, but some of us would be sorely puzzled to quote a line written by these old collaborators. Ben Jonson we know by his epitaph; but by his works we know him not. Shakespeare—ah! there we are safe; all of us have read him. Have we so? Along comes some villainous prior-to-secret-notice, and questions us of our knowledge of the "Sonnets;" and straightway we wish that we were dead or that Shakespeare had never been born to write twaddle that is called literature.

Dryden, again. He is sometimes talked of nowadays; is he ever read? And the dramatists of the Restoration—Wycherly, Congreve, Farquhar, Aphra Behn? And to recall our steps to the moment—Sidney and Harvey and Rochester and Herrick—oh, yes, we all know the quotation from the latter concerning the little fish which stole the "Essay on Man," and then continue: "Er—and—The Rape of the Lock," you know—and—h'm—oh, well, and all the rest.

Cowper—didn't he write something about a sofa? Southey? Oh, yes, he wrote "How the Water Comes Down at Lodore," and—other things. Richman and Addison? Steele? We seem to know these names—we are before our jury of experts now—but we can not recall their writings for the moment. Swift? Oh, he wrote "Gulliver's Travels;" we read it when we were young; yes, we have entirely forgotten it, and recall no political satire in it. We know that Fielding and Smollett were very coarse writers; we do not remember any other characteristics. Ever read them? No, but we have read of them.

But, the attorney for the defence may urge, there are names of giants; knowledge of their works is not indispensable. Waiving this point, the prosecuting attorney sternly demands if we have never claimed acquaintance with these men, if we have never referred to them with an air of easy nonchalance calculated—and intended—to impress our auditory with the fact that we were profoundly versed in their works. How many of us pretenders can honestly answer "No?"

"Now," says the prosecuting attorney, "I have but one more question to ask you. You have often sneered at Byron as out of date and monotonous; have you ever read 'Child Harold's Pilgrimage,' or that magnificent dramatic poem 'Cain'?" And we answer desperately: "No; Byron is no poet; he is not literature; it would be waste of valuable time to read his stuff."

And then the attorney for the defence, in despair at our admissions, yet still fighting his case, asks us to name the works with which we are familiar, that we may show that our reputation is deserved. Sure of our ground, we go trippingly on with a list of the "Trilbies," the "Ladies of Quality," the "Richard Carvels," the—but here our attorney hastily bids us stop, and stand, and submit the case without argument.

Is the picture overdrawn? We fear not.

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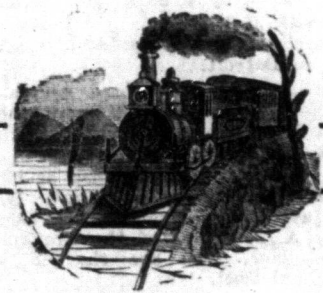
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