

CURRENT TOPICS.

A few qualifications, a little more justice in recognizing healthy modern tendencies, a slight change in the distribution of emphasis, and all of us would heartily endorse Professor Paul Shorey's criticisms of some current educational and cultural practices as compared with those of Plato's ideal republic, or even of Greek reality in the days of Athens' glory and prime. It is impossible to improve on the "sound mind in a sound body" formula. It is impossible to deny that to know a few great books by heart is better than to have a useless smattering of a score of sciences, arts and literatures. It is indisputable that a refined taste begotten of a study of the best models is better than vague theorizing about art, and it is unchallengeably true that education should aim at instilling the "essential" principles of obedience, patriotism, modesty, order, temperance, good manners in such a way that the violation of any of them should never occur to the youth in or out of school. On these things we cannot dwell too much in days of rapid change, pressure for these and those innovations from all sides and intense activity.

"But ancient Greece is no more," and appeals to Plato's Utopia—which, by the way, was based on slavery—are likely to be less effective than appeals to our own sense of right, of beauty, of utility, of worth. Professor Shorey admits that there is more good and more beauty in the world to-day than ever before, but he also finds infinitely more ugliness and soul-debasing vulgarity. Well, the civilized world is "infinitely larger" than it was in Plato's time, and there are more people to educate and elevate.

The great fact, the inspiring fact, is the reality of human progress in all directions since, say, the dark ages. There is more peace in the world, more comfort for the masses, more freedom, more happiness, more amusement. The people are steadily rising in the scale of refinement, and the growth of temperance and the reading habit is a phenomenon of tremendous significance. Good music was never more popular than it is to-day, and classical books never so accessible. There is room for improvement, plenty of it, but the ideals are in our own minds and the desire for progress is strong and general.

Many statistics have been compiled of the cost of living in various parts of the world, but they have mainly had to do with bare necessities, and have therefore been especially applicable to the working classes. An investigation dealing with the cost of living for the moderately well to do has recently been made by Paul Deschanel, on behalf of the budget committee of the French chamber of deputies.

This investigation had to do especially with the necessary expenses of French consuls, and the material used is said to be more than usually accurate. M. Deschanel arranged six zones of relative dearth in living expenses. His own country, France, along with Germany and the Scandinavian countries, he put in the second of these, and estimated that in them the maintenance of the consular standard of living would cost about \$3,400 a year, allowing \$500 for rent, \$1,080 for food, \$300 for servants, \$600 for clothes, \$340 for heat, light and laundry and \$600 for other items. Similar accommodations could be secured, he estimated, in Belgium, Switzerland, Italy or Spain for \$2,830 a year; for \$3,965 in Great Britain, Holland, Austria, Greece and Turkey; for \$4,530 in Russia or Egypt; for \$5,100 in Australasia, China or Japan, and for \$5,666 in the United States, Canada or South America. These figures all, of course, have reference to life in the larger cities.

Sir Oliver Lodge has faith in the communion with the dead. The boundary between the present and the future still is substantial, but is wearing thin in places. Like excavators engaged in boring a tunnel from opposite ends, we are beginning to hear now and again the strokes of the pickaxes of our comrades on the other side. What we have to announce is the reception by old but developing methods of carefully constructed evidence of identity, more exact and more nearly complete than perhaps ever before. There has been distinct co-operation between those on the material and those on the immaterial side; and we are at liberty to adopt as a working hypothesis the ancient theories of a possible intercourse of intelligence between the material and one other, perhaps ethereal, order of existence.

Alloc—"I rather like that young Thompson. He has such a good, firm mouth and chin." Hazel—"Goodness! Has he been kissing you, too?"

YOUNG FOLKS

MAIJOE'S VICTORY.

"Uncle Howard," asked Marjorie, looking up from the book she was reading, "what is a coincidence?"

"Let me see," replied Uncle Howard, trying to think how to make a simple definition. "When two things happen at the same time that have nothing to do with each other, but seem to have a great deal to do with each other, we call it a coincidence."

Seeing that Marjorie still looked puzzled, he started to explain further, when a telephone message called him away. As he took down his hat in the hall, however, he paused long enough to say, "I'll look out for a first-rate coincidence to show you, Marjorie, and then you'll understand better."

The next day happened to be Friday, and because there was no one to drive Marjorie to school, and because she was not able to walk so far, she was obliged to remain at home.

Mamma and Uncle Howard were very sorry, and they all thought of the shining gold pieces in Marjorie's bank that meant two whole years without an absence, and of the third that was to have joined them so soon; for Great-Aunt Morton, who lived in the big house on the hill, had laughingly told Marjorie the very first day she went to school that she should have a five-dollar gold piece at the end of each year that she was neither absent nor tardy.

But the gold piece was as nothing compared with the broken record, and Marjorie sobbed aloud for a few minutes; then, like the brave little girl that she was, she dried her tears, got out her paint-box, and began coloring up some sunbonnet babies for the other children.

When she went to school on Monday morning everybody was talking about the fire that had occurred the day before, and to her relief, nobody said anything to her about her absence. "She said to herself that she just could not have stood it, if anybody had."

Two weeks later the monthly report-cards were given out. Marjorie received hers with a sad heart, as she thought of the broken record. She did not even open the envelope until Gertrude Harris had turned off on her own street and she was alone.

But as she glanced over the card, something within her gave a great leap. Could she believe her own eyes? There were no marks in the absence column. The teacher must have made a mistake. Mamma and Uncle Howard looked at the card over, and said they were glad Marjorie had gone from "G" to "G plus" in her reading, but neither of them thought of the omission.

Then came a great temptation to Marjorie. If she should say nothing about the mistake, the record would remain as it was, and the teacher and Great-Aunt Morton need never know. So the report-card was returned to the teacher without anything being said.

All the next week Marjorie struggled with the temptation. She seemed unlike herself.

Friday came again, the last day of school. Marjorie could stand it no longer. Summoning all her courage, she came back into the school-room at recess, after the others were all out, and sobbed out her story to her teacher.

"So you thought I made a mistake, did you?" asked the teacher. "I'm so glad you told me, because I can assure you that you are the only one who has made the mistake. That day was a very cold one, you remember, and something broke about the furnace early in the morning, so we couldn't have school that day. We sent word to all whom we could reach easily, and dismissed the others as soon as they came. You live so far away we could not get word to you. My sorry this has troubled you so much; you should have told your mother or me sooner."

Marjorie ran round to Great-Aunt Morton's after school with her report-card, and then fairly flew home to tell her story to mamma and Uncle Howard.

"That's what I call the happiest kind of a coincidence," said Uncle Howard, as he heard the five-dollar gold piece rattle down with its mates. "Now you know the meaning of the word."

"I call it a great victory," said mamma, thinking of something quite different. But Marjorie understood both. —Youth's Companion.

WHAT HE REALLY SAID.

Milkins—"I understand you said that I had outlived my usefulness."

Bikins—"You have been misinformed. I said that I didn't believe you ever were of any use."

"You are a chemist and druggist, are you?" "I am." "Been in the business a number of years?" "I have." "Understand your trade thoroughly?" "I do." "Registered?" "Yes, sir." "That's your certificate hanging over there?" "It is." "Well give me five cents worth of tooth powder."

An easy going man is apt to make it hard going for his wife.

Consumption is less deadly than it used to be.

Certain relief and usually complete recovery will result from the following treatment:

Hope, rest, fresh air, and—**Scott's Emulsion.**

ALL DRUGGISTS: 50c. AND \$1.00.

HEALTH

FISH-SKIN DISEASE.

Ichthyosis—from the Greek word for fish—is the scientific name for a peculiar disease, or rather deformity of the skin characterized by an overgrowth of a horny, scaly layer and an abnormal dryness. It usually exists from birth, although a few cases of acquired fish-skin disease have been observed. Its cause is unknown. It often affects several members of the same family, and in many cases is evidently hereditary.

Although existing from birth, it may not be very marked in the infant, but may be little more than a roughness and unusual scaldiness and dryness of the skin. It increases gradually, becoming very apparent by the third or fourth year, for six or eight years perhaps, and then its progress stops and it remains practically unchanged for life, although a slight improvement is sometimes noticed as the child approaches manhood or womanhood.

It varies with the seasons, being better in the summer—and better the hotter and moister the air is—and worse again in winter. The skin is also liable to inflammation in cold weather and chaps easily, giving rise to painful cracks over the knuckles and at the tips of the fingers. The nails are rough and often break and split, and the hair is also dry and frayed at the ends.

There are all degrees of the disease, from a simple, dry roughness and scaldiness, to a condition in which the surface is covered with thick plates resembling the scales of a crocodile. In a vast majority of cases there are more or less definite markings, especially over the extensor surfaces of the joints, resembling fish-scales or a scorpion's skin. The disease may occur in patches or in curved bands of varying width, with healthy or nearly healthy skin between, but most commonly it involves the entire surface, being least marked where the skin is naturally thin.

The treatment is mainly local, its object being to remove the excessive horny scales and keep the skin soft. Anointing the body at night with soft soap, followed by a warm bath and thorough rubbing with a coarse towel or a flesh brush will, if often repeated, keep the scaling within limits. The free use of salicylic acid, or glycerol and glycerol in water, lanolin or vaselin, applied immediately after the bath, and if necessary again in the morning, will go far to keep the skin soft and pliable. More severe cases will require more severe remedies, which should be used only under medical direction.—Youth's Companion.

QUININE FOR INFLUENZA.

In a paper on the treatment and prevention of influenza Sir William Broadbent, surgeon-in-ordinary to the King of England, writes as follows:—"As a prophylactic (preventive) I early ordered two grains of quinine every morning during the prevalence of the epidemic, and the results appear to be good. Of course the patients who were taking quinine did occasionally get influenza, but I have known very many instances in which this dose has made a complete difference in the patient's liability to infection and even in the general mode of life."

"I have moreover had opportunities of obtaining extraordinary evidence of the prophylactic power. In a large public school it was ordered to be taken every morning. Some of the boys in the school were home boarders, and it was found that while the boarders at the school took the quinine in the presence of the mass, every morning there were scarcely any cases of influenza among them, although the home boarders suffered nearly as much as before."

"In a large girls' school near London the same thing was ordered and the girls and mistresses took their morning dose, but the servants were forgotten. The result was that scarcely any girl or mistress suffered, while the servants were all down with the influenza."

HOME CURES.

Prevent a Cold.—If members of the family come home with wet feet, have them remove their shoes and stockings, spreading a bath towel on the floor, and quickly rub the feet on it until they tingle and burn. A cold will be averted.

Flaxseed Tea.—When you feel "worn out," get one pound of flaxseed whole and grind it fine through an old coffee grinder. Take two teaspoonsful after each meal. You soon will feel strong and well.

ROBBERY BY HYPNOTISM.

The Marquis of Townsend Makes an Odd Accusation.

A remarkable case of hypnotism and blighted affection is occurring, the attention of a London court, involving the Marquis of Townsend is one of the principals. The other is the Rev. Arthur Robins, one time curate of the fashionable Holy Trinity Church.

The Marquis is the plaintiff in the case, and he charges the curate with

Thirty-Eighth Annual Report TO JANUARY 1st, 1908, OF THE Mutual Life of Canada HEAD OFFICE, - WATERLOO, ONT.

CASH ACCOUNT

INCOME.		DISBURSEMENTS.	
NET LEDGER ASSETS, December 31st, 1906	9,820,177.70	Death Claims	\$317,776.50
PREMIUMS:		Matured Endowments	178,785.00
First year	\$230,636.63	Surrendered Policies	92,138.68
Renewals	1,519,322.77	Surplus	80,805.19
Annuity	3,450.09	Annuities	10,714.93
	\$1,733,429.50		\$ 680,290.20
Less Re-Insurance	20,367.52	EXPENSES, TAXES, ETC.	383,981.33
	1,713,061.98	BALANCE NET LEDGER ASSETS, December 31st, 1907	11,063,846.23
INTEREST	500,240.02		
PROFIT AND LOSS	1,288.25		
	\$12,134,047.85		\$12,134,047.85

BALANCE SHEET

ASSETS.		LIABILITIES.	
Mortgages	\$5,756,070.85	Reserve, 4p.c., 3 1/2 p.c. and 3 p.c. standard	\$10,019,563.53
Debentures and Bonds	3,593,965.84	Reserve on lapsed policies on which surrender values are claimable	4,171.22
Loans on Policies	1,410,130.87	Death Claims unadjusted	39,356.00
Premium Obligations	22,534.21	Present value of death claims payable in instalments	38,506.00
Real Estate (Company's Head Office)	30,875.79	Matured Endowments, unadjusted	1,693.45
Cash in Banks	290,494.29	Premiums paid in advance	12,737.18
Cash at Head Office	1,505.19	Due for medical fees and sundry accounts	10,936.75
Due and deferred premiums, (net)	319,877.97	Credit Ledger Balances	25,730.63
Interest due and accrued	241,551.91	Surplus, December 31st, 1907	1,503,719.68
	\$11,656,409.92	(Surplus on Government Standard of Valuation \$1,807,358.28)	
			\$11,656,409.92

Audited and found correct.

J. M. SCULLY, F.C.A., Auditor

GEO. WEGENAST, Managing Director.

Waterloo, January 29th, 1908.

New Business written (gain over 1906, \$1,577,835) \$7,081,402

Insurance in force (gain over 1906, \$4,179,440) \$81,091,848

Surplus (gain over 1906, \$300,341) \$1,503,719

Booklets containing full report of the Annual Report, held March 5th 1908, are being published and will be distributed among Policyholders in due course.

ON THE FARM.

PURE AIR FOR COWS.

Hoar's Dairyman has repeatedly asked his readers this question: Is there any reason why a cow should not have pure air in winter as in summer? Of course, no one has ventured to answer to the contrary. Milk is secreted primarily from blood. All the elements of growth are carried and deposited by the blood. Think of the wonderful action of the heart that conveys finally 50 pounds of milk to the udder so we can get it. But the blood is kept pure by the air in the lungs and is vital by these things. It goes out on a hidden and mysterious journey to the farthest extremity, carrying with it for deposit what is needed for each bit of tissue for all different purposes. Then it gathers up on its return journey a lot of impurities and comes to the lungs for purification.

These impurities are taken out by the oxygen of the air in the lungs. When the blood comes to the lungs it is of a dark liver color. As soon as it feels the effect of oxygen taken from the air the color is changed to bright crimson. Right here do we see necessity of providing the cow in her stable just as nature does in the field with a full supply of pure oxygen in order that the blood may be vitalized. Many a farmer who is ignorant of these principles shuts his cows up in a foul, close stable, reeking with the fumes of manure and urine, and never thinks how he is beating himself in the face all the time. He is doing all he can to prevent his cows from yielding an abundance of good milk for he is robbing them of their supply of oxygen without which the blood cannot help the udder to secrete.

This matter of milk secretion is of the world's brightest minds since the day that Aristotle the Greek wrote of the human mother. And still it is a mystery. But we may know something about it if we will. Among them is the ever-present importance of water and

pure air. Ignorant men can own cows and can shut them up in foul, disease breeding stables, but nature punishes them for their refusal to know the laws. Again was asked:

COW STALLS AND TIES.

There was never a time in the history of dairying when so much attention is given to the building of comfortable ties for the dairy cow.

The rigid stanchion is giving away to the swinging stanchion, to the chain stalls where the cows do not have to be tied, and many other new and more comfortable arrangements for fastening cows.

While the cows seem to thrive and do well in the rigid stanchion, yet the new devices for tying dairy cows must be more comfortable. It has always seemed to us that any stall which permits the cow to move her head to her side is preferable to a tie which keeps her head in a nearly straight position.

The modern methods of hitching cattle not only gives the cow more freedom and therefore more comfort, but they invariably give the cows a better opportunity to keep clean. This is a strong argument in favor of some of the more modern ties, for everywhere there is a pressing demand for cleaner milk, and everyone knows that it is easier to produce clean milk from clean cows than from dirty ones.

Give each cow a small stall by herself and she is fastened in it by stretching a chain from post to post or from partition to partition at the rear end of the stall. This arrangement gives the cow considerable freedom as she is at liberty to move her head to her side when lying down and to lick herself when standing up. The movable gate is front of her lines her to the gutter and prevents her to a large degree from dirtying her stall.

One of the chief objections to this form of stall is the posts which are necessary for building it, but many of the users do not consider this objection at all serious.

It is not possible for us to say what kind of stall another man should build or buy, but every dairyman should aim to make his cows comfortable and keep them clean.

THOSE MANURE PILES.

Regardless of the fact that in agricultural papers, farmer's institutes and from other sources the teaching of correct methods of handling manure is taught, we still find great piles from the stables accumulating under the eaves where much of fertilizing properties will be washed out before it reaches the soil. It is not practicable to haul it every day to the field it should be placed under cover. By mixing the different kinds, giving the loose stack a chance to "mellow" there will be the little loss from firefag.

MARY'S WINK.

Mary had a little wink  
When her eye so blue  
And she winked at Mary went  
You let the wink went, too.

PRINCE'S GRIMY COUSIN.

The Late King Oscar's Meeting With Another Bernadotte on a Steamer.

Dr. Wilhelm Koehler of Mannheim, Germany, contributes a new anecdote to the recollections of the late King Oscar of Sweden. It goes back more than fifty years, to a time when Oscar, then Crown Prince, was travelling about seeing the world.

One day he boarded a passenger steamer at Marseilles for a trip to North Africa. He was in civilian's dress and unattended. The captain, who did not know who he was, accosted him.

"It seems to me I saw you at the naval review yesterday," he said.

"Very likely you did," said Prince Oscar.

"And it seems to me you were wearing an Admirals uniform."

"I rather think I was."

"You must be a remarkable seaman to have reached that rank at your age; you can't be over 25."

"Oh, a little older than that, but I'm no seaman at all. I wear an Admirals uniform in right of my name."

"Which is—"

"Bernadotte."

"Ah, some relation of the old 'Marshall'?"

"Merely his grandson. I am Prince Oscar of Sweden, brother of the King."

"Then maybe your Highness would like to meet a cousin."

"I shouldn't object. I know there are some, but I have never seen one yet."

The captain stepped to the speaking

tube and shouted to the engine room: "Send up Bernadotte."

In a minute or two a grimy stoker, naked to the waist, appeared.

"This is your cousin," said the captain, who was an extreme republican, with a low in which the irony was only latent.

But if the captain hoped to embarrass or annoy the Prince he was disappointed. Oscar put out his hand and shook his cousin's black hand. He asked him about the relationship; about other cousins near Paris, where the Marshal was born, and about his own life and work. Then he made the other Bernadotte a present worthy of a Prince and took his name and address with a view to future benefits.

Oscar's last thing. It has claimed the attention and deep study of thousands