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CURRENT TOPICS.

In commending the work of the British Society of Comparative Legislation, which is indeed worthy of all praise, Lord Rosebery, in a recent address, took occasion to deplore the present faith in legislation as an instrument of reform. He clings to the belief that it is far better for a state to develop without the aid and support of statutes and artificial restrictions. He cannot help regretting that an era of "emancipation" in legislation has been succeeded by one of paternalism, of attempts to reconstruct society by regulation and intervention.

Of the former golden age he says: "We were then living under what I may call the era of emancipation. The object was to strike off restrictions. We were freeing the Jews, we were freeing the municipalities, we were freeing the universities." With this condition he contrasts the present incessant efforts to put new statutes into effect, to remedy evils by legislation, to control everything. There is nothing new in such talk as this about the dangers and mistakes of "over-legislation," but not all opponents of modern tendencies have Rosebery's felicitous and persuasive way of expressing their views. The fallacy which is manifest in the average discourse of this sort is, however, not far beneath the smooth surface of the Rosebery lament.

Legislation is no more empirical and "sentimental" to-day than it was in any former era. We have not grown less "scientific" in our law-making, and wisdom did not die with "the fathers." The simple truth is that new conditions create new needs and new duties. When the obstacles in the way of social and individual achievement were of the kind that could be removed by the process of abrogation or repeal of old restrictions, that process, after much resistance and agitation, was undertaken. Society did not wait for "natural changes," for the spontaneous abandonment of outgrown inequalities with evolution.

To-day, under industrial and political conditions that are largely the result of the legislation of the era of emancipation, communities, classes and individuals suffer from abuses that cannot be attacked by any weapon of the era of emancipation. New tools are needed, and society uses such as its knowledge and experience suggest at the moment. It refuses to wait for something to turn up. It wants relief here and now, and the "let alone" gospel strikes it as impertinent and reactionary—just as a let-alone theory applied to the former restrictions and inequalities would have appeared to our predecessors. In discussing methods we must not forget the differences in the conditions and circumstances which impose changes of strategy and weapon.

A French scientist who has been making a study of the subject announces that the world is drying up. He finds that our wet spells and our dry spells alternate with consistent regularity. A wet spell, according to his computations, lasts about thirty years. Then a dry spell, which lasts another thirty years, ensues. Every wet spell, we are informed by the investigator, is a little less wet than was the one preceding it, and the latest dry spell is always a little more dry than was any dry spell before it. We are glad to be able to say that the diminution of the rainfall is not such as to cause immediate alarm. It is not expected by the French scientist that our children or our children's children will live to see the world become one vast Sahara. Not for several million years will the rivers be dried up and the oceans become wide stretches of sand.

Taking into consideration all the existing conditions, it appears that people who worry about a possible drying-up of the waters from the surface of the earth should be listed among the borrowers of useless trouble. There are good reasons for going ahead with present irrigation and reclamation projects, so that the water which is here may be so disposed of as to do the most good, without regard to the figures by which foreign investigators are able to prove that it will some time be impossible for milkmen in the earth to water their product.

HEALTH

PREVENTION OF MALARIA.

Since it has been proved by the most careful tests that malaria is spread from man to man only through the agency of mosquitoes of a special kind, the prevention of the disease is theoretically easy. One has only to keep the mosquitoes away or to keep away from the mosquitoes, and the trick is done.

It is a pity that it is not so easy as it sounds. In the tropics, in the Roman Campagna, and in other places where the pernicious form of malaria abounds, the precautions taken are most elaborate; but they may well be imitated wherever malaria exists, modified, perhaps, in some of the details so as to make them less burdensome, and consequently more likely to be followed.

In the first place, settlers in the tropics are warned to build their cabins or their houses as far away from the native settlements as possible, especially where there are many children. It is with malaria as with yellow fever, that the disease is generally kept going in a community by the children, who have it in mild, but nevertheless infectious form.

All the windows of the house should be screened with wire gauze—not removable, but nailed outside to the frames of the windows. The doors should be doubly guarded by a vestibule with a screen door at each end. As an additional precaution, the beds are provided with gauze mosquito bars closed all round, and to be entered only by lifting one side for a moment. If one goes out after sundown—the malaria mosquito is an evening and night flier—one should wear a gauze hood, falling from the brim of the hat over the shoulders, gauntlet gloves coming over the coat-sleeves, and leggings.

The grounds surrounding the house should be well drained, the grass kept short, and all puddles swept away if small, or oiled if large. The water tanks should be covered with a wire netting, and particular care should be taken to see that there are not old tomato cans or broken bottles round, for these make excellent receptacles for little accumulations of water, in which the malarial mosquito loves to lay her eggs.

In short, in the war against mosquitoes it must be remembered that stagnant water is the danger point always, as that is what the mosquito needs for breeding purposes. It should never be allowed to gather round the premises in quantities, however small. This is simply a matter of ordinary intelligent care. If it is already there in larger quantities, a coat of kerosene will make it noxious to the mosquito larvae.—Youth's Companion.

SUN BATH FOR NERVES.

"Intimate your cat, madam, and take a sun bath these spring mornings if you want to get rid of your nerves," said a certain well-known specialist to one of his patients recently. "See how lazy and happy pussy looks as he stretches his body and blinks his eyes in the morning sun. If cats had nerve diseases this would be the best thing in the world to cure them.

"Every sanitarium has its sun room now, but women ought not to wait till they have reached the sanitarium stage of breaking down before they indulge in anything as cheap as a sun bath. Any woman who has a south window and an easy chair can have a sun bath every morning if she only determines to take it, if the potatoes have to be peeled or the stockings darned, they can be done during the sun bath, but the best way of taking it just as the cat does, in the laziest fashion possible. Run the shade way up to the sash, move your chair within range of the sunlight and luxuriate for half an hour. It's better than gallons of medicines, and may save hours and hours of dullness or staying in bed later on.

"Indian women have the most placid nerves of any race of people in the world, probably, and doctors are beginning to think it is because they sit in the sun so much. An Indian woman is as fond of the sun outside her wigwag as the cat is of his favorite spot. They sit in it and vegetate for hours at a time, scarcely winking the eyes.

"There's no danger of women vegetating these days, so it's quite safe to advise one to sit in the sun as much as she can. It's good for her, anyway, but especially so if she's nervous."

HEALTH HINTS.

Place the finger in the centre of a lemon and keep it there until the felon is ready to be lanced.

Old magazines, thoroughly heated in the oven, make a good substitute for a hot water bottle. They hold the heat nearly as long and can be used under the back and other places where a hot water bottle can be used.

will have a more delicate flavor. For egg nog use only the stiff beaten whites for a change; it is nourishing and delicious. Flavor with sherry, brandy, vanilla, or nutmeg.

Home Cures.—Wet a cloth, put red pepper over it, and apply where pain is—a sure cure for neuralgia. To cure a cold in head or break up a cold pour spirits of camphor on hands and inhale through mouth and nose.

In ventilating a chamber or sick room, it is often desirable to leave the window open. To prevent drafts and keep room warm with window open, take unbleached muslin, tightly fasten with thumb tacks over the opening.

Salt enters into the composition of a sure cure for a felon. Take common rock salt, dry it thoroughly in the oven, pulverize it, and mix with an equal amount of spirits of turpentine. Keep a rag saturated with this solution to the affected part for twenty-four hours and the felon will disappear.

GETS THE DOCTOR HABIT.

Woman Who Likes to Pour Out Story of Aches and Pains.

One of the tendencies of ill-health is to be morbid. People who are constantly thinking about their ailments, worrying about their troubles, suffering pain, often develop a morbid passion for sympathy. They want to tell everybody of their aches and pains, to describe their symptoms, says a writer. Have you ever known a woman who has acquired the doctor habit, a woman who loves nothing in the world quite so well as an opportunity to tell the doctor of her ailments? She has poured them out to unwelecome ears, to forced listeners, till she longs for some one who can really appreciate it all, who sympathizes with her in her troubles; so she sends for the doctor or goes to see him. This becomes almost a mania with some women, who have a few outside activities to divert them. Their minds naturally revert to themselves, and they think of their unfortunate condition until they become saturated with the poisoned thought.

KEEPING-DOWN EXPENSES.

"Mary," he said, as he scowled at her over the breakfast table. "John," she replied, fearlessly. "Mary," he said, "what kind of a breakfast do you call this?" "I call it an excellent one!" she replied, bravely.

"You do!" he exclaimed, "I don't think a blue variety occasionally would be a good thing. Do you realize that this is the third morning this week that we have had cold bacon?"

"Certainly, John."

"And that we had cold boiled bacon for dinner yesterday, and cold boiled bacon for supper?"

"Of course, John. You wanted me to manage the house as economically as I could."

"Yes, but—"

"You said that the amount of meat consumed in this house would bankrupt a brewer."

"I know, but I—"

"And that I ought to plan with more regard for the expense."

"Certainly, certainly, Mary; but hang it all—"

"I've been following your instructions."

"But I don't like cold boiled bacon."

"I know it, John," she said, in a businesslike way. "That's what makes it last so long. It keeps expenses down splendidly, and if you want—"

"I don't!" he exclaimed, "I don't! Let them run up! You've got too good a business head for anything outside of a boarding-house."

STRIKING GRATITUDE.

A lawyer in a Western American town interested himself in the case of a man accused of murder. As a result, the culprit, who had had much provocation, got off very lightly.

Six months afterwards a man, armed to the teeth, appeared in the lawyer's office.

"Are you Lawyer Blank?" he roared.

"Yes," was the reply.

"And are you the fellow that helped Dingo Jack at Court?"

The lawyer, thinking his time had come, again answered: "Yes."

"Well," said the man with the gun and knives, "I'm Jack's pardner, an' I've come to pay you. I haven't any money, but I'm a man of honor. Anybody in town you don't like?"

The other assured him there was not; but the man looked incredulously, and said—

"Put on your hat, and take a walk with me. See anybody you don't like, just point him out and I'll pop him."

LIKELY.

Caller—"Do you believe a child inherits the mental qualities of his parents?"

Mr. Modest—"Well, my boy makes some very brilliant remarks sometimes."

When the husband reigns the wife does a lot of storming.

A woman and her opinions are soon parted.

ON THE FARM.

EFFECT OF RUSTY CANS ON MILK.

A late bulletin of the Wisconsin Agricultural Experiment Station, gives some valuable information on rusty cans, and their effect upon milk for cheese making. The bulletin points out that cheese makers are not able in all cases to control the coagulation of the milk with rennet. This difficulty is traceable to three sources: viz., the strength of the rennet extract used, the quality of the milk obtained from different cows, and the condition and kind of utensils used. The last is of most concern just now. Previous work at the Wisconsin station has shown that the use of copper, nickel and iron vessels has a deleterious effect on rennet action. In bulletin 102 the effect of iron and rusty cans, cans or vats is considered.

In the experiments conducted the milk was placed in iron dishes and rusty tin pans and was allowed to stand for definite periods. The rennet time for the coagulation of 50 cubic centimeters of such milk with a standard solution of one cubic centimeter of a one per cent. commercial rennet, at a temperature ranging from 87 to 80 degrees Fahr., was then observed. Milk in glass beakers were run as controls under similar conditions. The time was noted at the moment the milk just thickened.

The results showed that it required from one to sixteen minutes longer for the same milk kept in the rusty pan to coagulate than in case of the milk kept in the glass beaker. The acidity of the control milk was always higher than that kept in the rusty pan. This difference, however, was not great enough to account for the differences in retardation. Every time that this experiment was repeated, the milk in the rusty pans gave evidence of a retarding influence on the rennet action compared with that in the glass beaker.

Milk that had been allowed to stand in iron dishes for several hours had a peculiar bluish grey color, indicating the presence of iron in solution. The maximum quantities of iron dissolved in the milk ranged from one to one and a half pounds for every thousand pounds of milk. The lower acidity supports the view that the acid of the milk acts upon the iron, and finally causes it to pass into solution. The iron lactates thus formed will increase the solids of the milk, and the retarding influence on rennet action may at least be partly due to this cause.

Milk comes in contact with iron in the form of rusty cans or poorly tinned utensils, in practically all creameries and cheese factories. The quality of the milk will, to a large extent, depend upon the kind of utensils into which the milk is poured, kept, and finally hauled to the factory. The degree of influence of iron on milk will depend largely upon the temperature of the milk, the length of time kept in the cans, and the amount of exposed surface.

FASTS FOR FOWLS.

Whilst an occasional starve is probably an excellent thing for both humans and poultry, there are three times in the life of a fowl when a 24 hours' fast is to be specially recommended. These occasions are important to fattening. The first is on confinement in the coop and on confinement in a reoop immediately after birth. Before death, the first of these is that Nature has provided the new-born chick with sufficient nutriment for about thirty-six hours, and any food taken during the first twelve hours or so is probably distinctly detrimental to its well-being. Fasting before death ensures that the crop and intestines shall be emptied of food, and thus prevents decomposition taking place. Another good reason is that the flesh of fowls thus fasted is better, being less liable to the hardness often found in birds killed shortly after a meal. Thirdly, a fasted bird is much more easily drawn, and the intestines being dry and compact, come away cleanly.

A day's starve, immediately after cooping a bird to be fattened will ensure a good appetite at the start. Many birds, especially somewhat wild ones, will reject a meal if offered soon after confinement, and will finish up by refusing food of any sort, be it ever so tempting. So much is being continually written about feeding fowls that this short article on starving, may perhaps come in like the occasional fast to man or bird as a refreshing novelty, and to such should prove useful. This has the advantage of being advice easy to follow, for whatever excuses may be offered for neglecting to feed scientifically, the laziest can hardly find any trouble in starving a fowl.

THE FEEDING VALUE OF BRAN.

Properly used, the feeding value of bran is a very different thing to the value of bran as food. As a poultry food, by analysis, bran has a place very near the bottom of the list, and many poultry-keepers, not

ing this, avoid its use; but, even considered as a food, it abounds in body-building elements and bone and feather-forming materials, and, at its price, compares favorably with other food-stuffs as value for money. Good, sound, broad bran has, however, a very great feeding value, apart from the actual food it contains for what may be called its mechanical action. Besides giving necessary bulk, it divides the finer and more expensive meals, and so digests them more fully to the digestive process.

A mash composed of one part (by weight) of bran to four parts ground oats or barley-meal is more thoroughly digested, and in every way more economical, than one of all meal. The best way to make use of bran is to soak or scald a sufficient quantity some hours before, and to dry it off with meal when required. By this method the bran is softened, and to some extent, predigested. If not sufficiently soaked, the roughness is apt to irritate the bowels and cause scouring.

SIZE OF BABYLON.

Much Wild Conjecture Swept Away by Recent Explorations.

The report of the German Oriental Society on the extensive explorations carried out on the ruins of ancient Babylon, which has just been issued under the editorship of Dr. Friedrich Delitzsch, is a document of more than usual interest, says the London Chronicle.

Perhaps one of the most astonishing discoveries in the field of topographical research has been the tracing of the walls of the city of the ascertainment of the true size of the great city. Wonderful descriptions of the size of Babylon have been given, based chiefly on the hearsay evidence of Herodotus, in ancient times, and the theories of the late Dr. Oppert. These writers made the city a vast parallelogram, surrounded by a wall fifty miles long and a hundred feet high, with one hundred gates, and bisected by the Euphrates. According to them the area was about as large as London and Paris together, or some forty square miles. All this wild conjecture has been swept away.

The exploration of the walls commenced at the Babil fort, and here was found a wall twenty-five feet thick, with buttresses every six feet. The line of the wall was traced to the southeast, until it bends to the west and the great quay on the bank of the river is pierced by tall towers decorated with friezes of lions and dragons in encaustic tile work. On the north it was traced to a street bank. The whole enclosure covered an area of a little over one square mile, or roughly that of our City of London.

In the Ksar or "palace" mound were found the remains of two great palaces, one built by Natupalassar, the other by Nebuchadnezzar. Both were most complex in plan, containing hundreds of rooms for the accommodation of retainers, officials in the royal family. The two palaces are separated by a street. The later or new edifice is on the eastern side and consists of several groups of chambers arranged around quadrangles separated by strong walls and gateways. The largest of these is a royal quadrangle, entered by a double gateway.

On the south side of this square is the northern facade of the royal audience chamber or Selamlik. This facade was forty feet wide and had been richly decorated with floral designs in enamelled brick in yellow, white, blue and black. The audience hall measures 60 by 170 feet and on the south side is a deep alcove with a dias in front, where the royal throne was placed.

What a historic chamber this is! Here Nebuchadnezzar had sat and received homage on his conquest of Jerusalem. Perhaps in this very chamber Belshazzar's feast was held and the plaster covered walls had received the terrible message. Here Cyrus the Conqueror was enthroned in June 538 B. C., and perhaps in this very chamber Alexander of Macedon held the fatal revels after his overthrow of the Empire of the East.

Nebuchadnezzar speaks of richly decorated palaces and temples, but the one prevailing feature of all the buildings was the dull, monotonous brickwork, void of decoration. If gold and silver and precious stones, cedar and cypress wood, had been used, all disappeared long ago.

END OF FAMOUS A

FATE OF SOME GENIUSES IN THE PAST.

Pitiful Endings to Exceptionally Brilliant But Unfortunate Careers.

That "Ouida" should have died as she did in poverty and loneliness, an exile, though a voluntary one, from the land of her birth, was an undoubtedly pitiful ending to an exceptionally brilliant career. Equally sad has been the fate reserved for some literary geniuses in the past.

Richard Savage, the gifted poet, died in a debtors' prison at Bristol, after enduring the pangs of semi-starvation for years. Chatterton, driven desperate through hunger, poisoned himself at the age of eighteen. Swift, died mad, as he had all along predicted he would. Dr. Dodd, whose "Beauties of Shakespear" is well known, was hanged for forgery. George Gordon, after suffering hardships that embittered his whole existence, died just as fame was beginning to be assured to him.

Edgar Allan Poe, whose "Raven" has been adjudged the finest piece of fugitive poetry in the English language, and to whom also, long the credit of having invented the detective story, drank himself to death in the prime of his life. Robert Tannahill, the Scotch vernacular poet, author of that wonderful lyric, "Jessie, the Flower o' Dunblane," was driven by want to

TAKE HIS OWN LIFE.

Everyone almost is familiar with the story of Otway having been choked with a piece of bread which he devoured in the rage of hunger. There is reason to doubt the accuracy of this, but there is no question about his having miserably poor and destitute.

Stow, the famous antiquary author of the "Survey of London" became in his old age a beggar, asking alms from door to door "through thirty-six streets." Wycherley, from being idol of society, fell to depths of destitution, eventually consigned to Prison for debt, where seven years. Colton, many years in a debtors' prison, eventually died

Robert Burns, writing only fourteen days before his death, imploried his friend Cunningham to use his influence with the Commissioners of Excise in order to get his salary raised from £35 a year to £50, "otherwise, if I die not of disease,

I MUST PERISH WITH HUNGER."

Llorente, the learned and talented historiographer of the Inquisition, was glad, during the close of his brilliant but unfortunate career, to hire himself out for a few southerly nights to keep watch over the dead bodies at the Paris Morgue, and died eventually of starvation. Camoens begged his bread from door to door, until compelled to take refuge in an almshouse, where he died.

It is told of Ben Johnson that when, in his last illness, King Charles sent him a small sum of money, he returned it. "He sends me so miserable a donation," cried the dying poet, "because I am poor and live in an alley. Go back and tell him his soul lives in an alley."

Very sad was the fate of Ulrich von Hutten, one of the greatest writers Germany has ever produced. Unable to earn a living, he was reduced to tramping through the country, begging food and shelter from the peasants. One bitter winter's night he was refused both and next morning was found

FROZEN STIFF AND COLD.

in the drifting snow outside the village. "The only thing he died possessed of besides the rags he wore," says his biographer, Zuinglius, "was a pen."

St. Simon, the celebrated French author, who wrote "The Reorganization of European Society," was twice driven by want to attempt his own life, and, although he died a natural death in the end, it was amongst the most lamentable surroundings. "For fifteen days," he said, writing to a friend just before the end came, "I have lived upon bread and water, without a fire; I have even sold my clothes."

SHREDDED Start the Day Right by Eating SHREDDED WHEAT for breakfast with milk or cream and a little fruit. It is a muscle-building food, easily digested by the most delicate stomach. Puts Vim and Vigor into tired nerves and weary brains. SOLD BY ALL GROCERS