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SECTION

AN HOUR WITH THE EDITOR

ABOUT RICHES

A well-known wealthy and influential resident of New York, speaking to an acquaintance said: "I met your friend W. yesterday at lunch. I thought he was only a rich man, but he is something more." To get rich is money is not a very difficult thing. It is not the consideration of the cost of money that is the important factor, but the reason why more people do not possess wealth is their preference for something else. If a man's humblest day labor determines to amass property and will subordinate everything else to that end, he will succeed, unless accident prevents. The truth of the matter is that most people do not place the accumulation of wealth as the chief aim of their lives. There are other things that are worth more than money, and it is simply theoretically, but actually for the purposes of everyday life. This would be a very hard world to live in if we all were striving to get rich and made the heaping-up of dollars the measure of their success. The man who asked Agassiz, the famous geologist, why he was not rich. His reply was that he hadn't the time. A similar observation was made by one of the members of the British Association, when that distinguished body of men visited the famous geologist. In a conversation about electrical appliances he mentioned a few things in common use which he had invented. In reply to the suggestion that he ought to be a rich man he replied: "I suppose so, but you see I have had no time to bother about that." The men who were enabled by the railway policy of Sir John Macdonald to undertake an enterprise which, amplified under this admirable business management, made them millionaires, were no abler than the great Canadian statesman. He might have been just as rich as they were, but wealth was not his desire. What is true in the wider affairs of mankind at large is true in the narrower details of life, to a very much greater degree than most of us think or than appears at first sight. Perhaps it is true of each of us in an extent which we ourselves do not realize.

It is strange how an idea has developed in connection with religion that economy is a virtue and open-handedness a vice. So far as the teachings of the founders of the religion are concerned, to be in the other extreme, the policy of laying out treasures on earth is pointed out; the uselessness of worrying over the petty details of life is taught; the advantage of seeking first of all things "the kingdom of God" is shown; the proper utilization of our advantages is inculcated; but nowhere do the Gospels encourage the heaping up of riches, but rather the contrary. Yet how very often do we hear parsimony extolled as a virtue and liberality as a sin. This article is intended to emphasize the somewhat reasonable thought that there are better things than money. Two men, both of whom would be known to many Colonist readers if their names were mentioned, one the leader of a great political party and the other a very successful business man, were once in conversation. They had had many sorrows come into their lives, and after they had spoken of them and how their careers had been influenced by them, the former said: "Let us resolve that in future no day of our lives shall pass in which we do not make some one happier because we live." Here is an admirable rule of conduct. It does not imply that we shall be foolish or Quixotic in our efforts to help our neighbors, but only that we shall think of others every day. When once this habit has been acquired it is surprising how easy it becomes. At first it may seem a little difficult to keep self from obtruding. Self is a good deal like a sore finger. It is always getting in the way. Train it to keep out. Even if you have no higher object in life than to get rich in power, you will find that too much of self is a heavy load to carry.

To get back to the beginning. Wealth is a good thing, but he who is only a rich man is not enviable. Wealth coupled with generosity, which means not simply lavish giving, but a broadness of mind, nobility of soul and wideness of effort, is one of the most valuable of all things, and the man who has the two combined is a king among his fellows. It is hard for a rich man, says the Gospel, to enter into the kingdom of God. Hard, but not impossible. Hard because the effort necessary for the accumulation of wealth is likely to dwarf those qualities of the heart from which alone we can derive true happiness; hard because the ability to gratify our passions and appetites very often leads to excess, but because the care of riches may prevent the pursuit of those pleasures which alone are worth what they cost and which bring forth happiness as their fruit; hard because they are apt to create in a man an exaggerated sense of his own importance, but not impossible. Indeed, wealth, rightly employed, may not only broaden the sphere of a man's usefulness, but may enlarge his capacity for enjoyment, may win rewards that cannot be measured in the coin of the realm. For the kingdom of God is not in

some far-off corner of His universe to be reached only on angels' pinions at some indefinite date in the future. It lies around us. And that kingdom of our own hearts; it is in the hearts of those who love us. Another kingdom we can all gain, no matter whether our bank account is big or we have only enough money for our daily wants. From day to day we can make deposits in the treasury of love, and we will find that the interest is paid regularly and at compound rates. It is good no doubt to be rich; it is good no doubt to be powerful; it is better to lay up treasure in the hearts of those around us. There are some who can accomplish these things, but not many. All of us can do the last.

THE GREAT WINDS

When Columbus was on his memorable voyage, which resulted in the discovery of America, he observed with satisfaction, and his sailors with awe, that the wind blew steadily for many days together from the eastward. The venturesome commander hoped that the wind would carry him to India; the sailors feared that they would never be able to reach home again in the face of it. Columbus had passed, in the Northeast trade wind. If he had gone a little further south he would have sailed into an area of calms and fitful winds, the " doldrums," as sailors call them, the home of the waterspouts, of which phenomena we shall have something to say on another page. The doldrums passed, if his voyage had been still further south, Columbus would have encountered another persistent wind, also blowing from the eastward, and what we know as the Southeast Trades. What is the cause of these great winds, the first named of which has played so important a part in the history of mankind? Possibly the cause is not absolutely determined, but there is an accepted explanation of them, which may be given. The heat of the sun in the tropics rarefies the air and causes it to ascend. This creates a partial vacuum, which the adjacent air flows in to fill. If the earth were stationary, the air currents would be directly from the north and south, but as the earth is revolving from west to east, these currents get a westerly set, that is, they lag a little behind the movement of the solid globe. Hence they form two north-easterly and southeasterly winds, respectively. Perhaps it may be well to mention here that an air current is called by the name of the quarter whence it comes, and a water current by the direction in which it flows. Thus the Gulf Stream is a north-easterly current, but a wind flowing from it would be southwesterly. There are many influences qualifying these great air currents, such as the configuration of the land, the varying effects of heat over land and water, and the others, but speaking generally, it can be said that the Trades, as these persistent air currents are colloquially called, are a part of the regular system of atmospheric circulation. These Atlantic trade-winds are substantially confined to the region lying between 30 deg. north latitude and 30 deg. south latitude. The area of calms lying between them varies in width. Sometimes the Southeast Trades extend north of the Equator and almost into the domain of the Northeast trades, so that a vessel will hardly have time before picking up the other. This does not often happen. When it does, the effect upon Europe seems to be to cause a dry summer, for the narrower equatorial calm belt the less the evaporation and the fewer the waterspouts, and hence the less the moisture in the clouds which find their way to the north.

SAPPHO

Sappho, or Sappha, as her name should be written so as to give the equivalents of the Greek letters, which she herself used in spelling it, lived about the year 600 B.C. Her home was in the Greek island known as Lesbos at that time the centre of Greek culture and refinement. She was of the Aeolian race, concerning the origin of which substantially nothing is known. These Aeolians peopled several of the islands in the Aegean Archipelago and founded twelve cities in Asia Minor. They paid great attention to literature, and in Lesbos, this reached a height of development which has never been excelled in respect to the expression of the passions and all that is beautiful in nature. Women were specially eminent. Women's clubs were many and at first devoted to the study of the arts, but later they invariably theme upon which they dealt, whether they conveyed its emotions in song, painting or sculpture. There is no record of another community like Lesbos, for nowhere else do we find a people given up wholly to the study of the beautiful. Its fate was disastrous. Gradually the baser passions gained the upper hand, and to quote from Synnoda's "Sappho and the Aeolian Stock," "the fruit of the passions was bitter and rotten. Lesbos became a by-word for corruption. The passions, which for a moment had flamed into the gorgeousness of art, burning their envelope of words and images, remained a mere furnace of sensuality, from which no expression of the divine in human life could be expected."

a region of comparative calm, and south of that is the realm of the greatest of all the winds, the great "Anti-trade," or "passage" winds; a mighty current, which encircles the globe. The writer just quoted, and whose delightful treatment of the subject has been followed in this article, describes this great current as follows: "A wind that, in my own small experience, has enabled a ship to run five thousand miles at an average rate of twelve knots an hour, a ship that is propelled solely by the wind. A wind so steady, both in force and direction, as to require scarcely any trimming of the yards for a week at a time, but withal fierce, so strong, that everything aloft needs to be of the best, and the courage of the master correspondingly high to take full advantage of it. A splendid wind for a strong ship and a brave man, but a terrible wind for a weak vessel. The winds of the Pacific Ocean possess a character of their own. They can in a general way be divided into the same classes as the Atlantic winds, but they are much less constant, subject to greater extremes of violence, and more frequently broken by fierce storms. In the South Pacific, where there is a vast expanse of almost unbroken water, the Southeast Trades are broken by periods of calm, occurring at unexpected intervals, and tempests of frightful violence. With-in the Tropics the Pacific trade winds blow with considerable regularity, but they are liable to be interrupted both on the American and Asiatic coasts with storms of uncertain character and great violence. North of the region of the Trades is a region somewhat similar in character to the North Atlantic, where the winds are uncertain in their direction and storms are often violent. The same cause which deflects the Northeast Trades in a westerly direction has its effect over the Pacific, and the northerly winds, which sweep down over Alaska, are diverted towards the west, and thereby the northern islands of the Japanese archipelago and eastern Siberia, although in the same latitude as our own province of British Columbia, are rendered almost unadapted to settlement."

Thus we see that there are really four great winds, the Northeast Trades, the Southeast Trades, the Westerlies of the North Temperate Zone, and the Westerlies of the South Temperate Zone. There are two great calm zones, namely, the Equatorial "doldrums" and the zone of the South Temperate Zone, lying north and south of the zones of the Westerlies. A vast region of variable winds, but in the Northern Hemisphere at least, it is characterized in winter by a great air current from the north, which, as we have seen, is deflected westward and lowers the winter temperature of northeastern Asia, and we may add that of Labrador, Quebec and all the great region lying around Hudson Bay. It is probably to the westerly set of this great atmospheric current that the cold winters of Eastern Canada and the cold winters of England are to be attributed. We shall deal with some other aspects of this subject in a future article.

A CONTRIBUTION

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"Yes," replied the woman. "Come around next Saturday night and meet my husband."—Philadelphia Ledger.

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The lad scratched his head, looked inquiringly at the ceiling, but gave no answer. "Look here," said the gentleman, "supposing I first gave you five rabbits, and then afterwards gave you another four. How many rabbits would you have altogether?" The boy turned his eyes upwards again for a moment and then cried out confidently: "Just ten, sir!" "Ten, you dunce!" said the inspector, sharply. "How ever do you make that out?" "Coz, sir, I've got a rabbit of my own at home!"

Where's This Place?

Canadian Courier

The following advertisement in a Toronto Canadian daily does not highly favor the city referred to:

FOR SALE

To any persons, Firms or Corporations finding it Absolutely Necessary to locate in— we offer our Four Storey Basement Brick Factory Building 40x100 feet, 240 and 242—on a street, at less than half what a similar building could be built for at present.

Our reasons for offering to sell are that manufacturers are heavily taxed on their real estate, machinery and stock. Labor, both skilled and unskilled, is scarce. Fuel is high, cost of living very high, and the city coun-

ty is a bad place to live in. Before the advertisement was published, the advertiser took place in "Hello, grandpa." "No answer." "How do you feel, grandpa?" "No answer." "After a few minutes' silence." "Glad to see you, grandpa!"

Of all the productions of that age the works of Sappho are pre-eminent. She wrote much, and sang her beautiful lyrics to admiring audiences. Only fragments of her work have come down to modern times. There is good reason for supposing that they existed in complete form a thousand years after her death, about which time her poems and all the other ancient lyrics were hunted out and destroyed by Gregory Nazianzen, a zealous advocate of Christianity, who laid claims himself to poetical genius. Two of her complete poems have come down to us. One is a hymn to Aphrodite, the goddess entitled "the Beloved." Neither of them are long,

THE STORY TELLER

What They Use It For

Among Prescott's biggest industries is a distillery and a casket factory and it frequently happens that in seasons when rolling stock is scarce, coffins and whisky are shipped in the same car.

Recently one of the delegates to the W. C. T. U. convention in Cornwall noticed this proceeding while the express train was at Prescott station. "See," she remarked aggressively, "the brazenness of Satan! He ships his poison and the coffin for his victims in the same car."

"Oh, no!" replied a Prescott citizen who had just boarded the train, "that car is going to a town where they have a sanatorium. You see they use the whisky to stop the coughin'!"—Saturday Night.

Absent-Minded

Madame Susan Grand, like many other literary people, is very absent-minded, so much so, in fact, that the following story might be doubted were it not told by a friend of hers. This lady one day called on the popular authoress and found her greatly agitated, with a large book open before her.

"What is the matter?" asked the caller, anxiously.

"Oh, I've lost my pen," replied Madame Grand, "and I must find it in order to finish my story so that I can catch the post."

Then she paused, and began to laugh. "Why," she exclaimed apologetically, "I believe I was thinking of it among the 'p's in the dictionary'!"

For M.P. Only

Matthew Parkinson, the discoverer and interpreter of Canada's one hundred and forty-six poets, is a Presbyterian, and comes from Huron county. Besides these distinctions, Mr. Parkinson is also somewhat of a humorist. For some time Mr. Parkinson has been a member of the Toronto board of education, and recently one of his constituents was urging him to run for alderman. "No," said Mr. Parkinson with a confidential air. "The fact is that from this onward I am going to devote my energies to nothing else than M. P."

"What! Member of Parliament?" said his friend.

"Oh, no," replied the ex-school trustee blandly. "Mat Parkinson."—Toronto News.

Sponges to Save Champagne

"The champagne makers of Reims buy a lot of our sponges," said a wholesale dealer. "They squeeze champagne out of them. They must squeeze in the year's course 1,000,000 bottles of champagne out of sponges. Mystified, aren't you?"

"But there is no mystery about the matter," the dealer explained. "A sponge is powerful stuff, it breaks the strongest bottles and in the past all bottles of champagne that broke its bottles and escaped were lost."

"Now, though, they pack the champagne in clean sponges and every day for two days go over the plant and any of the bottles have broken they squeeze into casks the wine that the sponges have retained."

"This wine, clarified, refined and bottled again, makes a very good second quality drink."

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