

THE TIE THAT BINDS.

It is a blessed thing to hear the British lion purring in "accents sweet and low" at the fierce American eagle and to listen to the great bird's cooling back like a dove as he preens his feathers and wonders what he had better do to the unappreciative Castro. The understanding that has been reached is so real that the wrongs of poor old Ireland cannot affect it. The tail that was wont to be twisted and tied into innumerable knots at election time lies upon neutral ground straight and imposing, an occasional quiver passing along its length, and out at its impressive extremity conveying a message from the noble head to the appreciative bird of freedom that all the world may now stand by and see justice done to the weakest among earth's nations. The eagle hath given expression to the "new diplomacy" and the lion hath accepted in a becoming spirit. The retirement of Mr. Joseph Choate from the position of ambassador at the Court of St. James, a position which that talented gentleman has filled so ably and with such manifest advantages to the nation he represented and to the nation to which he was accredited, has called forth many expressions of appreciation of what he has accomplished and of regret that he has decided to retire—expressions which are not confined to the public men or the press on one side of the ocean. The New York Post says: "The farewell dinner to Ambassador Choate, in Lincoln's Inn, was perhaps the most remarkable tribune ever paid to a representative of this nation. It had a double character; the great barrister had already been honored by an election to the Middle Temple; his hosts of the bench and bar dwell rather upon his services as an ambassador. His tenure, though diplomatically one of the most routine characters, has been personally very acceptable to both our state department and to Downing street. He has continued the work of reconciliation with perfect dignity and tact, and his ambassadorship has made for a better understanding between the two governments and the two peoples. This has been due to his responsiveness to direct and simple dealings—a procedure for which he gave the credit to Lords Salisbury and Lansdowne, and for which he coined the happy phrase, "modern diplomacy." And in fact, the present habit the foreign offices have of saying what they mean, and meaning what they say, with never a card up any sleeve, is as far as possible from the traditions of Metemich. Ambassadors like Mr. Choate have made the franker method possible."

IN THE GOOD TIMES COMING.

There will be some magnificent estates to divide up in the United States when the people are educated up to the point of realization of the injustice and inequality of the existing economic system. When we think of the grand potlatch the Astor properties now increase as never before. Land values in the neighborhood of New York in the last five years have jumped 50 and 100 per cent. The city's population grows at the rate of 100,000 a year. In many sections New York has been largely reconstructed; new headquarters of retail trade and business have developed; public improvements initiated since then—tunnels, bridges, subways, railroad terminals—aggregate in cost not far from \$300,000,000. There has been a general movement of corporations toward New York; practically all the newly organized combinations, for example, have located there. When John Jacob Astor died, in 1880, his estate, inherited by William Waldorf, was estimated at \$150,000,000. If it were worth that then, it is worth \$500,000,000 now. The estate of William Astor, who died in 1892, inherited by the present John Jacob, was generally placed at about \$65,000,000. If that were an accurate figure, it must now aggregate at least \$100,000,000. The combined Astor fortune thus increases with accelerated momentum. In fifteen or twenty years, at the present rate of progress, it will have reached the billion mark. And then it will go on even faster, until the ordinary mind is appalled at the portentous figures. We have seen that the \$2,000,000 invested by John Jacob has multiplied at least two hundred times in one hundred years. (It has reached a conservative estimate, \$450,000,000.) If the same rate be maintained for another century, the Astor fortune will attain the unimaginable total of eighty billions. We stand aghast at such a possibility; but not more so that would have John Jacob's contemporaries had they foreseen the present reality. In 1830 John Jacob Astor was the only man in New York who was worth a million dollars.

ROOSEVELT AND THE BEASTS.

Some of our American friends seem disposed to resent the levity with which the Times devil post-lauze treated the prowess of President Roosevelt as a hunter. We cannot understand why Americans should be so sensitive. The President was evidently raised up, like his brother ruler William II, to amuse as well as to govern the principal portion of the world. Nothing we can say will detract in the slightest degree from the glory of his feat in meeting single-handed and slaying a great, many black bear, hungry, ferocious and belabored from his long winter fast and sleep. It was a deed worthy of the original pioneer Roosevelt who laid the foundations of a strenuous family in the wilderness which is now the home of millions of prosperous and happy people. But the ridiculous aspect of the case is appealing and compelling to those who have not been taught to revere the presidential office. Accompanied as the president is by a small army of retainers, guarded as he is by a corps of detectives, assisted as he is in his search of game by all the expert guides and woodsmen to be found in Colorado, it would be an astonishing thing if he did not shoot something. Hence we do not see that the fate of one luckless bear and fearsome bob cat should be made the subject of columns of comment in all the newspapers of this magnificent continent. People of British origin have not been taught to regard their rulers as exempt from criticism. No person is sacred when the scribbler takes his pen in hand. Many years ago when the present King of Great Britain visited India on a hunting trip Punch gave vent to his feelings in a satirical rhyme. "Our Prince Has Killed a Pig." That "poem" found favor in the eyes of Americans and was widely quoted in the United States. There is still a spark of humor left in the hearts of Englishmen, and there is no doubt that the deeds of Roosevelt as a hunter will be fittingly celebrated over there. Nor do all American newspapers regard the expedition with becoming gravity. A writer in the Milwaukee Sentinel thus anticipates the sightings created in the wild animal world when the news was carried by wireless telegraph to the highest mountain peaks that Roosevelt was on the warpath: "Vay op in the mountains dia sunlight ban shining. And Nature, ay tai yu, ban dandy to see. But all of dese grizzlies, yu bet dey ban whining. And jumping around yest lak lightning, by yeel. Ay bet yu dey teak how dese bullets ban humming. Ven hunters com looking for someteng to

papers published in places which are envious of the pinnacles of righteousness to which Toronto has climbed allude sarcastically to the sayings of this evangelist. The Hamilton Times, an unregenerate and sceptic, remarks: "Rev. W. R. Newell, a preacher who comes from saintly Chicago to convert the Sodomites of Toronto, says all great preachers hold to the idea of a literal burning hell and a God who delights to witness the tortures of his fallible creatures. According to the Globe, he declared that there was 'more of hell on Jesus's lips than on any of His preachers,' not excepting the Puritans. And that there might be no misunderstanding what he meant, he explained hell as a place, not where men were annihilated, but where after being raised from the dead, and clothed in indestructible bodies, capable only of suffering, they would be tormented ceaselessly on into the ages of the ages. And then he gave out a hymn praising the infinite love and tender mercy of the Creator! Doesn't it sound like a story of past centuries when men for the love of God and solicitude for their fellows' souls imprisoned, starved, tortured, murdered those fellows, thinking, or pretending to think, they were serving God? This Newell may be 'a great preacher,' but he should have lived hundreds of years ago."

Work at Baltimore.

Dr. Osler remained at the university of Pennsylvania until October, 1889, when he was invited to create the chair of Professor of the Practice and Principles of Medicine at Johns Hopkins Medical School, Baltimore. At that time the methods of instruction in the matter of original research by the students of Johns Hopkins, which were in the line of the university's teaching in America, were attracting world-wide attention. Dr. Osler's reputation had, at that time, placed him in the front rank of medical men, and seeing the great field that lay before him in Baltimore, he took up his residence in Baltimore, so as to be near the scene of his work. His success at Johns Hopkins immediately attracted world-wide attention. He soon took a place in the very front rank of the greatest medical men of his time. In 1898 he was elected dean of the medical faculty. Apart from his numerous duties at the school his practice was not neglected. His propensities that he was compelled to adopt a system as strict and arbitrary as governs the management of a large corporation. Once a week he takes his class through the various cases that come to him, and the cases they meet. He quizzes the boys, and seeks to impress upon each the various indications and phases of each case, and does it in such a manner as to create a lasting impression. Adored By His Students. The greatest privilege known to the students comes with each Saturday evening, when they go in a body to his beautiful home, and there sit about a miniature table, and he takes the boys by the hour upon various subjects. He has a charming way of getting at each student's ambitions, and from the vast fund of his experience contributes many a fine practical lesson. Dr. Osler's magnificent library is ever open to the demands of his class. It is no wonder that he is idolized by "his boys," as he affectionately calls them. The famous phlegm is as free as air in his most democratic gentleman of his day. But he loves to dress well, and does. He is extremely particular about the fit of his garments, and has a love for fresh ties and immaculate white shirts. Dr. Osler is not one who believes in all work and no play. He frequently speaks to the students in this vein: "Do not become too deeply absorbed in your professional studies, for the greatest success in life depends as much upon the man as the physician. The more you see of life outside the narrow circle of your work the better equipped you will be for the struggle of the medicine. It is to be your calling, see to it that you have also some intellectual pastime which will keep you in touch with the world of art or letters. Cultivate other pursuits, in moderation, outside of your profession. No matter what it is, have an outside hobby. When tired of anatomy, refresh your mind with Oliver Wendell Holmes, Shelley, Keats, or Shakespeare. Dr. Osler's hobby is the running down of first editions of old books. He will chase one of the species across the continent, and never rest until he has got it. One of his chief delights is to rummage through the old book stores of London. The result is a rare collection of the most famous books of the earth. At the present time Dr. Osler is engaged upon the gigantic task of editing an edition of the "Encyclopedia of Medicine." The series is to comprise 20 volumes. Six have been completed.—London Chronicle.

A MAN OF THE HOUR.

Dr. Osler, New Regius Professor of Medicine. It is difficult to name any great and far-reaching conquest of the mind which has not been given to the world by a man under forty. The effective, moving, vitalizing work of the world is done, between twenty-five and forty—those fifteen golden years of plenty, the best constructive period. To modify the only saying, a man is sane morally at thirty, rich mentally at forty and wise spiritually at fifty, or never.—Dr. William Osler. Dr. William Osler, of Baltimore, will shortly take up the duties of regius professor of medicine at Oxford University. Dr. Osler is fifty-five, and his constitution is that of a rugged kind that means longevity. Dr. Osler was born at Bondhead, Ontario, July 12th, 1849. His father was a clergyman of the Church of England, Rev. F. L. Osler. The son has always been a member of that church. His earliest school life was passed in Trinity College school in his native village, and then he went to Port Hope, Canada, for a term or two in a boys' school at that point. Later he entered the Trinity University at Toronto, where he took his academic degree. As a student in those early days, Dr. Osler was a hard worker during working hours, but when the time for recreation came, none were more enthusiastic than he in those pursuits. Dr. Osler was in no wise a precocious child, but he won the regard of teacher and fellow pupils alike by his honesty, industry and singleness of purpose, with which was combined a well-maintained ability to grasp the subjects as taught. Vaccination has been foreign to his character always. Love of Travel. In after life, when he taught, others, he has consistently maintained by precept and practice that to succeed one must do well what lies in his hands, without thought of what may confront one on the morrow. "Love to labor" has been one of his favorite mottoes, for his own as well as for the guidance of his students. He is a firm believer in doing one thing at a time and doing it well. After leaving Trinity University, Dr. Osler decided upon the medical profession as his life work, and he entered the office of Dr. Bonell at Toronto, as his assistant and student. Here he remained three years, and then entered McGill University, in Montreal, where he graduated in 1872. He then went to London, Berlin and Vienna, taking special courses in physiology and pathology. Upon his return to Canada in 1874, Dr. Osler was elected to the chair of the Institute of Medicine at McGill University, Montreal. Dr. Osler's reputation as a teacher spread beyond the confines of the Canadian university, and the bright star of his name had already appeared on the horizon before he rounded out the fifth year of his professorship at McGill. The first bright ray came in 1888, when he was elected a fellow of the Royal College of Physicians of London, England, and this was followed in 1884 with his selection as Galstonian professor there. Almost every summer Dr. Osler takes a trip abroad, and travels leisurely about the continent. This habit began at first back as 1882, and on one of his numerous visits to London he met Dr. S. W. Gross, of Philadelphia. Dr. Gross was at that time famous as a consulting physician, and was at the head of the Jefferson Medical College at Philadelphia. A strong friendship sprang up between Dr. Gross and Dr. Osler, and in October, 1884, the former sent for Dr. Osler to go to Philadelphia. He complied, and there was informed that on the recommendation of Dr. Gross he had been appointed to the professorship of clinical medicine at the university of Pennsylvania. Dr. Osler promptly accepted. A few years later Dr. Gross died. In May, 1893, Dr. Osler married his old friend's widow. Mrs. Osler comes from the best of the older families of Boston. She is a woman of more than usual beauty, and as charitable as she is beautiful. To her efforts largely the women of Maryland were interested in the fight that has been maintained against the dread tuberculous. Due to her efforts, many rich women were interested in the situation, and gave liberally in support of her project, to build and maintain in the Ridge mountains a number of model homes for consumptives, whose means did not permit the environment needed in their cases. Dr. and Mrs. Osler have one son.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

"Oh, Woman, Mother, Woman, Wife, The sweetest names that language knows." A mother's love is so divine that the roughest man cannot help but appreciate it as the crown of womanhood. However, Motherhood is looked forward to with feelings of great dread by most women. At such times a woman is nervous, dyspeptic, irritable, and she is in need of a uterine tonic and nerve, a strength builder to fit her for the ordeal. No matter how healthy or strong a woman may be she cannot help but be benefited by taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription to prepare for the event. "This is what one mother says: 'It is with the greatest pleasure that I add my testimony to your list of sufferers who have been helped the same as I have been,' writes Mrs. Wm. P. Young, of Trenton, Ontario. 'Last January I took a very bad spell, and was for ten days and nights suffering with pains in my head, neck and jaws, and had faint spells and heart trouble. Was taking five different kinds of medicine from the doctor all at one time; but the pain stopped but it left me in such a state with my heart and nerves it was not safe for me to be left alone. The medicine did good while I was taking it and then when I stopped I was as bad as ever. Could not do my housework at all, and stomach troubled me so I could not eat anything without having an uneasy feeling. The doctor pronounced the trouble nervous dyspepsia and womb trouble. One day I was looking in one of your little books and saw what your medicines had done for a good many sufferers, so thought I would give your medicine a trial. Had severe pains in back and over womb, and such bearing-down feelings all the time. I took five bottles of Dr. Pierce's Favor-



"MR. CHAIRMAN" Dr. Macnamara, M. P., in Pall Mall Gazette. The fatal mistake made by the average chairman is the constant delusion that he is "the speaker of the evening." I remember some years ago travelling five or six hours on a Saturday to address a conference of educationists—many of them, like me, had come from long distances—on what I styled "Joints in Our Educational Armor." The meeting commenced, so far as I can remember, at three in the afternoon, and trains had to be caught about five by the large number of rural teachers present. First of all, we began late—as meetings usually do. And then when we did make a start we wasted fifteen minutes or more with preliminaries, not the least formidable of which was the reading of a long scroll of "letters of apology" to which an acute local importance seemed, in the opinion of the secretary, to attach. By about half-past three the decks were cleared for that delectable hors d'oeuvre set forth on the agenda as the "chairman's opening remarks." He was a fluent and even pompous speaker, with a fine faculty for logical, well-sustained, and systematically developed elaboration—ore rotundo. He said the title of my proposed address had greatly attracted him by its suggestiveness, and, with indulgence, he would himself venture to say a few, a very few, words on "Joints in Our Educational Armor." Whereat the meeting—alas! it little knew that which it was bringing upon itself—cheered and murmured. So our estimable chairman plunged into his subject. By 4 o'clock he was getting well into his stride, and one or two of the audience, greatly daring, were beginning to scrape their feet upon the floor. This he cheerfully accepted as an indication of agreement, endorsement, and a hunger for more. (Curiously enough, five speakers out of six always take what the other people on the platform see clearly enough to be signs of impatience on the part of the audience as sympathetic approval in the least dejected, Colonel Harman rushed forward, with his rifle pointed to the weaponless officers. Not in the least daunted, Colonel Harman rushed forward, with his rifle pointed to the sepy charged home with the bayonet, stabbing the colonel deeply in the chest. Colonel Harman fell to the ground, and was carried off by the stretcher. Both men went to the ground, and it took four officers to overpower the sepy and take his rifle. By this time Colonel Harman, who had been in a swoon since he had first fallen, raised his head and asked: "Is anybody hurt?" The officers replied, "No, colonel." The colonel, after a moment, said: "Do you fancy I fancy I'm a little hurt myself," and dragged himself into a corner, he fell back dead.

to hear me to-night. "Seeing that I have very many opportunities of addressing you, I will not to-night. I am warned that a chairman's function is to occupy the chair and not... These, and the like, are—notwithstanding the fact that the audience usually at once endorses them with enthusiastic indications of approval. I remember watching with impish amusement the gallant struggle which a Midland mayor made with it. He tucked it gallantly again and again, and again, until he was quite exhausted. I remember that he cut the Gordian knot with "Dr. Mac-er-a-well—the learned doctor." Years ago chairman used to have, and come do now, terrible trouble with my name. To this day three out of every four chairmen who come to me, and of course, murder it by bringing the accent forward a syllable. But this is venial, indeed, beside the gentleman who introduced me as "Dr. Mac Maria" or beside him who gave me out to a wailing audience as "Dr. Mac-Dounera." I remember watching with impish amusement the gallant struggle which a Midland mayor made with it. He tucked it gallantly again and again, and again, until he was quite exhausted. I remember that he cut the Gordian knot with "Dr. Mac-er-a-well—the learned doctor." There is at least one chairman in the world who will go down to his grave contented with a certain November evening some eight or nine years ago I came on the platform either mad or drunk, or both. I had undertaken to speak on a Friday night at Norwich (Ipswich, I forget which), going on to Ipswich (or Norwich, as the case may be) to deliver an address on the following night. I worked up all the facts and figures I wanted about each town, pinned the leaves of each sheet of notes together, and put two sets of notes into my pocket, and started for Liverpool street. Arriving at my destination, I went to an hotel and thence to the meeting. Sitting half woe-gathering while the chairman was introducing me, I flashed through my mind that I didn't know which town I was in, Ipswich or Norwich. (This sounds incredible; but any one who has had to travel up and down the country making speeches sometimes two or three times a week in different centres will know how very far from being impossible it is.) I hung on to every word the chairman was saying to see if in any way mention the name of the town or in any other way gave me some indication of my precious whereabouts. But no! He sat down, calling upon me to deliver my address, and leaving me just as much in the dark as when he got up. Before I got up I lent over to him and whispered, "Excuse me, I will explain afterwards." But it is Ipswich or is it Norwich?" He looked at me as if I were sprouting horns under his very nose, and with inoffensive scorn muttered, "Why, Ipswich, of course" (if it really was Ipswich). I know he thought I was, as I say, either mad or drunk, or both.

WHEN BABY SMILES When baby smiles mother knows he is well and happy. When he is cross, alling and fretful, she gives him Baby's Own Tablets, and finds that there's a smile in every frown. These Tablets cure all little ailments of childhood, such as indigestion, colic, constipation, diarrhoea, worms and simple fevers. They make teething easy, and promote natural sleep and repose, and are guaranteed not to contain one particle of opiate or poisonous stuff. Mrs. Robt. Dean, Tisdale, N. W. T. says: "I find Baby's Own Tablets a perfect medicine for little ones, and always keep them in my house." You can get the Tablets from your medicine dealer or by mail at 25 cents a box by writing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

THE DOG CLUB WINNERS FOR Exhibition Under the four... toria City... day. It was... ful from eve... of the local... Wednesday... auspicious c... large number... ly fine quali... fanciers were... hospitality, a... courtesy of... committee. H... When the Thursday the... cocker spani... Barker comm... ribbons amo... hull, Boston... and tan and... dshunds, D... spaniels. In the for... very keen. I... see Prince, o... this city, sw... again. But... such high qu... winner was... given. Princi... cipal winners... superb motio... of Jan Ridd... France, prote... judge in any... limit and ope... lyarnet Deip... Kloeher, M... Springs. Aft... ing the bench... three dogs br... ful examinat... the judge. The... very terrivi... close contest... case the only... his own to a... Kemeels, of... the limited c... was awarded... classes. War... terrier, owned... sweetest, but... very kind, and... all the princip... Following w... winners: Puppy Dog... Brumwell, R... our chivalry... Limit Dogs... Blue, H. M. B... Open Dogs... Commando, H... also. Winners' D... Fabry, Sam... Commando, H... Open Dogs... Watkins, Port... Puppy Bitch... Robinson; 2nd... Open Bitch... beam, F. E. V... Local Bitch... Robinson; 2nd... Open Dogs... Frank E. Wat... Winners' D... Sunbeam, Fra... Reserves—Ledy... Best Bull... beam, F. E. V... Best Local... Robinson. Boston Ter... shimer, Seatt... Fox Ter... Puppy Dog... ence; 2nd, Bea... Novice Dog... K. Harley, S... tain, Geo. F... Reserves—T... Limit Dog... O. K. Harley... Young Blizzar... Robt. Rimson... Reserves—F... Dictator, W... Open Dogs... C. K. Harley... Pucey, Speedy... 2nd, Revelry... Joe, W. E. O... W. R. Jones... Local Dog... ence; 2nd, Die... Florence. Novice Bitch... Set, C. K. H... Charm, Geo. F... Limit Dog... Set, C. K. H... Dot, J. K. An... Open Bitch... K. Harley, S... Reserves—M... J. R. Saunders... Local Bitch... ers; 2nd, Dot... Winners' D... Set, C. K. H... Speedy, J. G... Winners' B... C. K. Harley... Mrs. J. J. Bos... Best Local... ence; 2nd, Vex... Fox Ter... Puppy Dog... Morgan. Open Dogs...