

Pray, has he any higher illumination? Has he received a commission from the higher powers to make the world in the new?"

But then, most palpably in the sight and estimation of all men, Major Bond was one of the most whole-souled men in the city. So far from being a sour ascetic, who would shut out the sunlight, and kill the music of air and stream, he was a hearty, wholesome man of the world (in the best sense), who felt a deep joy in living, whose laughter was like a corial, who shook hands with the man at the corner, who had been a model soldier, and who interested himself in the lives and happiness of his fellows.

Only, he had the courage to demand the enforcement of law. He cherished high civic ideals. He had the unselfish desire to see Montreal not only prosperous, but wholesome.

The ridicule died out, and respect began to grow. The man was in earnest. But he was honorable; he was generous; he was a big-hearted fellow, after all.

As head of the League, he has never asked impossibilities. You cannot make men good in a day. You cannot evolve character by a formula. You cannot have prohibition by resolution. But you can ask men to conform to a plain law. You can demand of vice, in the interest of the young, that it shall not flaunt itself in the street. You can throw a mantle of protection round innocence. You can frown upon the disorderly and the vicious.

And you can do this without a superior air. You can do this and come at last to be respected by the very forces you are opposing. But you must have a gift. You must be very much in earnest. You must have moral courage. And you must be so human that you will sympathize with limitation, and never put your moral pocket-handkerchief to your nose, whatever the odor. One in a thousand, perhaps, can take a stand such as Major Bond has taken. 'Tis a fine thing to find the whole-souled man, the hearty humanist, with the courage to set forth purity as the loveliest thing in life.

Military Bands.

The rule of the militia department which prohibited militia bands in uniform from taking part in any other than militia functions has been rescinded and these organizations are now free to appear in their regular dress at any demonstration they may desire to take part in. The new order does not seem to be a particularly wise one, for under the change the band of the 63rd rifles may head the Orange procession on the 12th July, while the 66th may head the Irish Catholic societies on the 17th of March. The band of the H. G. A. will be free to add a picturesque feature to a cheering procession of Liberals, while the 63rd band may be seen leading an equally demonstrative crowd of Conservatives. It is

questionable whether an order which will permit of such scenes taking place is not a mistake. It certainly detracts from the dignity that should appertain to the uniform of the militia, and may very easily lead to unfortunate results. Militia uniforms should never be worn save when the wearers are under military discipline.—Editorially *Halifax Echo*, July 26th.

ODD USES FOR PAPER.

Horseshoes and Coffins Are Now Manufactured From Wood Pulp.

We have had the golden age and the iron age and various other ages but the present will probably be known as the wooden or paper age. Paper dress material masquerading as silk is the latest invention in the paper line and threatens to drive the silk-worm out of the business. Spruce sawdust, cotton or jute waste and alcohol are put into a machine and come out at the other end shining, delicately colored, rustling silks suitable for the most fastidious lady's gown. Of course this paper silk doesn't wear so well as the real fabric, but think how much cheaper it will be!

Enthusiastic paper manufacturers say the new woman and the new man will dine off paper dishes. It is not improbable that the hat of the future will be an indestructible paper affair impervious to fire or water. Over in Paris any enterprising milliner will be able to show you stylish bonnets and hats made entirely of paper, frame, trimming, ornaments and all. Parasols of paper do not seem to have been thought of yet, but satchels and trunks of paper are common enough. The paper trunk despite its frail sound is the despair of the baggage smasher. It refuses to smash.

So do paper car wheels. They have been in use for years on some of the most important railroads in this country. It must not be supposed that the wheels are made entirely of paper. This material only forms the interior shell. Having been subjected to terrific pressure it is moulded and firmly bolted to the outer rim which is of steel. Greater durability and lightness are claimed for these wheels, but don't let the idea of lightness lead you to get under one. If you do you may possibly have use for one of the paper coffins which are being turned out at wholesale by a firm at Westfield, Mass.

The railroad train of the future is likely not only to have paper wheels but to run on paper rails. These are made entirely of paper and are formed in moulds under great pressure. They have been used to some extent in Russia and Germany and are said to be free from many of the defects of the ordinary steel rail.

Paper horseshoes are another European invention. Among the advantages claimed for them is that they maintain a rough surface enabling the horse to get a good grip on the smooth pavements. German paper-makers have put on the market a substance called "papier sculptor" which is used instead of clay for modelling. It is simply paper pulp kept soft enough to be worked.

Papier mache ceilings and wall decorations are very fashionable. They may look like leather or brocade or a thousand and one handsome embossed effects, but they are wood pulp just the same.

The housefurnishing departments in the big shops furnish interesting evidence of the extent to which paper enters into ordinary life. Paper pails and tubs are appreciated by the suburban dweller who hasn't "set" tubs. They are much lighter and easier to keep clean as well as cheaper than the old style. Water coolers are made of paper. So is the much-abused cuspidor.

Peach baskets, berry baskets and butter boxes are made of paper, and almost everything under the sun—say, which

used to come in pretty blue and white bags, oatmeal, crackers, ice-cream, candy, shoes, corsets, dresses—is sent home in a paper box.

In Japan, they say, some folks live in paper houses, and in this country paper boats are in use. Nor must the necessary sewer pipe be forgotten. Paper pipes for carrying water, steam or electricity are not uncommon. As conduits for electricity they are considered safe, even though the wire be not insulated.

SHOT A WHITE BULL.

Gen. Maury's Adventure That Landed Him in a Cactus Bush.

Gen. Dabney H. Maury, the war veteran, has a fund of anecdote and plenty of wit for spicing it, and his stories are listened to with much pleasure. His favorite tale is of his battle with a cactus bush:

"It happened when we were stationed in Texas upon the banks of the Rio Grande, and being a little anxious one day regarding a small speck I saw moving in the distance I determined to go softly forward to investigate it. I did not tell any one of my movements, fearing to be laughed at as a false alarmist. As I crept through the bush toward the moving speck it suddenly grew much larger, and I saw it was coming straight toward me. I had no field glass, but as I enjoyed an adventure I determined to meet the enemy, no matter what it was. So I stood boldly up and waited.

"In a minute it was in shooting distance of me, and then I saw it was a splendid white bull. Now, I was never afraid of Taurus, though I had had several experiences with him on the prairies, so, standing my ground, I let fly at him with my rifle again and again.

"I think I must have struck him, for he snorted and charged toward me. I shot again, the shot taking effect in his head. But my shot only angered him and gave him fresh strength. With a terrific bellow he lowered his head and made for me. I took one look at his horns, realized that there was not time to fire again and dodged him. I jumped to one side into a pile of underbrush and landed in the midst of a great cactus bush. Do you know what a cactus bush is? In its wild state it is a bundle of razors, newly sharpened and turned blade toward you, and I fell on top of twenty keen knives.

"I lay there until I could find courage to crawl through the blades, and, terribly cut, I crept home. When I told my story, my comrades did not believe me. 'Go over there half a mile, and you will find a white bull dead in the brush,' I said. He fell as I lay on the cactus points, and if I had it to do over again I'd take my chance with the bull."—*New York Recorder*.

A Reasoner.

"There, Willie," said the lad's mother, "is ten cents for you. Now, what are you going to buy with it?"

"Save it up to buy fireworks for the Fourth of July," replied the boy in a tone whose positiveness was almost defiant.

"Why, Willie, you know you are saving up your money to give to the heathen."

"Y-yes'm, but the Chinese are heathen aren't they?"

"Yes, dear."

"And the Chinese make the firecrackers, don't they?"

"I am told they do."

"Well, then, the heathen'll get my money just the same, so it's all right."

In Chicago.

Mrs. Avenoo—What a lot of literary and artistic geniuses you do call about you at your dinners, Mrs. Parvenoo.

Mrs. Parvenoo—Yes; you see, we have to get somebody to eat up the stuff, or the chef will get mad and leave.