

Civilian Portraits.

The New President.

The Association is fortunate in having obtained Dr. Rutherford for its President for the ensuing year when so much depends upon the thorough confidence of the government in the important questions that are to be discussed. Dr. Rutherford was born in Peebles, Scotland, in 1857, and educated at Glasgow High School and at Edinburgh. In 1875 he entered the Ontario Agricultural College, graduating from the Ontario Veterinary College in 1879. After practising for some time in Ontario and the United States, he was appointed in 1882 Veterinary Inspector for the Province of Ontario. Two years later, however, he removed to Manitoba. Here he took an active part in the Rebellion of 1885, serving in the field force of Gen. Middleton, for which he received a medal and clasps. In 1892 he entered the Manitoba Legislature, where he was instrumental in putting through much important legislation relating to agriculture. In 1897 Dr. Rutherford was elected to the House of Commons. While in the House he was one of the foremost to move for the creation of the Railway Commission, and for the inauguration of the improved methods of grain inspection and transportation which now prevail. In 1901 he visited Europe as a special commissioner to prevent the importation of tuberculous cattle into Canada. His present position of Veterinary Director General and Commissioner of Live Stock was entered upon in 1902. Since then his work is familiar history. Perhaps his best known achievement has been the practical stamping out of animal plagues in Canada — a work accomplished only by a most extensive organization and the exercise of the most skillful diplomacy with the several provincial governments. He is Honorary President of the

Central Canada Veterinary Association, a Past President of the American Veterinary Medical Association, and Chairman of the recently instituted International Commission for the eradication of bovine tuberculosis.

HER HAT.

By Von Ludwig.

Oh Kitty she is sweet,—
The sweetest thing on feet,—
If I could woo and win her
My life would be complete.
I love her, oh, so deeply,
But can never tell her that:—
For I know I'd never suit a girl
Who wears such an awful hat.

When I look into her eyes,
I feel that she's a prize—
But when she puts her hat on,
And I gaze upon its size,—
Although I love her dearly,
It is forced upon me that
I could never suit a girl
Who wears such an awful hat.

To chat with her's a treat;—
Her figure's trim and neat;
She is the idol of my heart,—
I could worship at her feet.
But oh! her hat's a nightmare
I can't get away from that,
Real brain I'm sure cannot exist
Beneath such an awful hat.

And so I curse my lot,
And wish that I was not
So weak about the heart,
And that Kitty had no blot.
But what's the use of fighting fate?
My reason tells me that
The real soul of a woman's
Indicated by her hat.

"What was the best job you ever did?" inquired the first barber. "I once shaved a man." replied the second barber. "Go on" "Then I persuaded him to have a hair cut, shampoo, facial message, singe, seafoam, electric buzz, tar spray, and tonic rub." "What then?" "By that time he needed another shave."—*Washington Herald.*