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# WOMAN'S REALM.

NEW OCCUPATION FOR WOMAN.  
The Complicated But Remunerative Business of Home-Making.

A new occupation has been added to an already extensive list of what is politely termed woman's work. It is the complicated but remunerative business of home-making. None of the sentimental domestic train your children and the hired girl as they should go business, but a combination of the talents of interior decorator, art collector, and past mistress in the refinements of housekeeping. The idea, like inventions, began with the mother of necessity. A woman who was known among her friends as having "such a knack" in arranging her little home was forced by ill-fortune to give it up. She lived, not in a shoe, but in a flat of minute dimensions, and it was the most fascinating spot in the big, overpowering city which must here be nameless. Whoever saw the flat was enraptured with it. But its occupant had to give it up and store or sell all the treasures, and dissipate the evidences of taste which made it home in the best sense of that abused word. Friends said, "Let the place furnished," but one day somebody came along and said, "Sell it out to me. I'll pay you what you ask and take the lease. Everything here suits me down to the ground." This transaction gave birth to the "idea." Another individual, who wanted to set up a cosy little apartment, hearing of this clever labor-saving scheme, also engaged the woman to seek out another flat and to furnish it precisely "to suit herself." No suggestions were offered, but a suitable sum fixed on, with the request that the place might be ready for the new owner's occupancy on such and such a date. From this tiny commission others followed, and now this home-maker declares she is in her element, and only one part of her business distresses her. For, as soon as the home is exactly as she wants it, with all the dainty touches laid on to her satisfaction, she must abandon it, and her client steps in and reaps all the benefits. Surely an original means of earning a livelihood.—Boston Herald.

### Self-Defense For Women.

A Pennsylvania girl of nineteen recently gave a tramp a lesson which is likely to last him for some time. He attempted to rob her while she was enjoying a rest by the roadside after a ride on her wheel, and she told him to depart. He treated the proposal with scorn and started to seize her, when she caught his hand and gave it a twist that enlightened him. She then delivered a blow on the point of the chin which landed him on the grass, and he was only too glad to get away. It is an unfortunate fact that most country places are not as safe for lone women as they were a generation ago, and for many of these it is something of a problem to know what to do about it.

This particular girl had taken lessons in boxing from her brother, and studied the science of self-defense. Such knowledge is a fairly good substitute for strength when one is obliged to enter into a physical argument with an antagonist who has only brute force and no brains behind it. Of course, the experience of this girl might have had a very different termination had she encountered a ruffian with both science and strength, but as it was she gave her assailant the surprise of his life, and undoubtedly saved herself from an attack which would have been intensely disagreeable.

It is not likely that any woman will rashly take such risks, but it might be a good thing if more of them were prepared to defend themselves. In such cases the surprise is half the battle. Stray scoundrels do not expect a woman to understand boxing, though they are not wholly unprepared to see her pull out a pistol. One woman engaged in philanthropic work, which took her into some dangerous places, carried a paper of red pepper in her pocket, and on one occasion flung it in the face of an assailant. Before he could recover from his surprise she had escaped.—New York News.

### The Average Mother is Unselfish.

While it is a common theory that, no matter what the father and husband may be, the mother and wife must rise superior to her environments, the fact remains that the home is as much the man's as the woman's, and he is relieved of none of his responsibilities because society assigns it to her as her special province. No man has a right to shirk his duty to his children because, perchance, he has a good wife and they have a good mother. The wife and mother rules by love, if she rule at all; the father and husband may rule by authority as well as love. The wife and mother who finds that her love is losing its influence over her children requires, but is too often denied, the disciplinary authority of the husband and father. The wrecks of children may be traced oftener to the failure of the husband to come to the assistance of the wife than to any fault of the latter.

Too much, we believe, is said of the shortcomings of women in these days. Those mothers and wives who are neglectful of their homes constitute the minority. The average American mother is serious, unselfish and loving. If this were not the case we should not have, as we have to-day, a higher average of young manhood than any other country on earth. The assumption that wives and mothers are mainly to blame for the waywardness of children

is neither reasonable nor fair. It is due usually to a few exceptional cases which, because of their exceptional character, deeply impress the observer. In general woman's devotion and love do not change as the child grows old, save for the better.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

### Children and Kissing.

Children should be carefully instructed and have it early impressed upon their minds to give and receive kisses only to and from those they love and who love them. Even then some restraint is obligatory upon adults who are not perfectly well and in the case of a man who uses tobacco. Children and adults are alike subject to contagious and infectious diseases from kissing, and this possibility should be a caution against the fashion of promiscuous kissing. Several cases of smallpox resulted from this indiscriminate kissing of a lady who was thought to be only slightly ailing. Do not express your sympathy for the sick by kissing. Parents should never allow their children to be kissed by strangers, and children should be prohibited from kissing each other. Influenza or the epidemic form of catarrhal fever is undoubtedly transferred from one child to another oftentimes by the contact of kissing. Scarlet fever, measles, chickenpox, whooping cough, mumps and diphtheria are often communicated in this way.

### Squares and Diamonds.

While discs and medallions will undoubtedly hold good, they will find strong rivals in the newer squares and diamonds. These will be in cloth, heavy net and velvet, adorned with braid, embroidery, appliques or stitching. They are set on tight together or in designs in which only the corners meet. A lovely new dress of green cloth shows them in white cloth, edged in black cross stitch scrolls and a dainty sprinkling of French dots. One in mode more on suit lines, has a row of velvet diamonds two shades deeper. One of these serves to catch each pleat of the skirt at about the knees. They may figure very well on fragile costumes. As seen in a frame of applique they are decidedly graceful. Simulated squares and diamonds will be seen, too. A collar of velvet is marked off in these shapes by means of strapping or braid.

### Chains of Sea Shells.

Far Western women have adopted a new fashion—the wearing of shell necklaces and chains. The shells are tiny and iridescent, and come from the South Sea Islands. The San Francisco jewelers, who are directly responsible for the fad, say that the delicately formed shells suitable for my lady's neck are extremely rare, and that natives grovel in the sands for days to obtain a small handful. In California and the arid States the shell chains have become popular instantly, even without the approval of New York fashionables, and they may reach here by autumn.—New York Press.

### A Dainty Stock.

A certain pretty girl has made for herself one of the prettiest stock collars! And it is one which any girl who is at all clever with her needle can copy. The material used was white liberty satin. Around the top were two rows of French dots in black, then a row of baby ribbon, of a dainty pink, edged with black. Just below these are two more rows of dots, then another double row of dots, making three double rows of dots and two of ribbon. The decoration comes a little below the middle of the stock. It is both dressy, becoming and dainty.



Semi-blind embroideries have superseded all other kinds in favor.

Pilet lace, both black and white, is the popular fancy of the hour.

Stock collars with a decided downward point in front are very popular.

Veil beads of jet sewed on bias folds of black satin make very effective garniture.

Henry VII. and Mary Tudor are two of the coming shapes in cool weather headgear.

A line of braid an inch wide at each seam of the skirt is quite fashionable at present.

White cotton fringe is the extremely novel yet chic trimming used on the side of a beige linen blouse.

Taffeta costumes are favorites for autumn and are made comfortable by a cloth or knitted waistcoat.

Hats of soft white felt trimmed in wings and scarfs in black and white are to be the popular autumn headgear.

Garlands of small artificial flowers held together with bebe velvet ribbon effectively trim mouseline evening gowns.

The double veil effect—that is two veils in one—one to wear over the face and one over the hat, has only had very moderate success.

The effect of slenderness that is rather counteracted by the universal basque is given to the autumn jackets by strapping the seams in the back with bias bands of the material.

The exceedingly loose coats, a sort of combination of cloak and coat, that were considered too extreme in the spring are now in high favor, since Milady has become more accustomed to them.

## A SERMON FOR SUNDAY

AN ELOQUENT DISCOURSE ENTITLED "THE DEVIL."

The Rev. Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman Treats a Forbidden Subject in a Novel Manner—Why Men Are Disposed to Laugh at the Prince of Darkness.

NEW YORK CITY.—The following readable and timely sermon by the Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman, the best known evangelist in the country and one of the most popular pulpits of New York. It is entitled "The Devil," and was preached from the text: "And the Lord said unto Satan, Whence comest thou? Then Satan answered the Lord and said, From going and fro in the earth, and from walking upon the sea." Job 1: 7.

This is a forbidden subject. We generally speak of him who is the subject of my sermon with a smile, and yet it is a subject which ought certainly to be perfectly familiar. We have all had some experience with him who is the author of our distress, and who is responsible for every cloud that hangs over our heads. He is the author of the sin that has cast itself upon the sky of our life, and yet I doubt not that there are very many of us that could not give a word for the name of the author of our troubles. There are very many who scout the idea of a personal devil at all, and this view is much more general than we think. Can you understand how it should be so? Satan is a master stroke of policy to direct our minds from inquiry concerning his true character and the methods by which he governs his kingdom. Sometimes, one of the greatest teachers in the vehicle of darkness that he may blind the minds of those who do not believe the light of the Gospel of the glory of Christ should be seen in the world. Do you believe, "In whom the God of this world hath blinded the minds of them which believe not, lest the light of the glorious Gospel of the glory of Christ should be seen in the world." 2 Corinthians 4: 4. And sometimes to those who do believe he transforms himself into an angel of light, and he is the author of our sins. "Men do not believe in me because they have not seen me." John 1: 18. "They've forced the door of the broadest creed."

To let his form pass through. With ten hundred in his hand, foot, To a fiery dart from his bow, To be found in earth or air to-day, For the world has voted so. "But who is mixing the fatal draught That palsies heart and brain, And leads the hier of passing year Who sows the tares in the fields of time, Who blights the bloom of the land to-day With the fiery breath of hell? If the devil is not, and never was, Who's somebody rise and tell? "Who clogs the steps of the toiling saint, And digs the tares in the fields of time, Wherever God sows His wheat? The devil is voted not to be, And, of course, the thing is true; But who is the king of those that work? The devil alone should do it. "We are told he does not go around Like a roaring lion now; But whom shall we hold responsible For the everlasting row? To be heard in home, in church and state, To be the author of evil, the fountain of the devil, by a unanimous vote, Is now where to be found? "Won't somebody step to the front forthwith, And make his bow, and show How the sands and crimes of a single day Spring up from the blackness of now? The devil is fairly voted out, And of course the devil's gone, But simple folks would like to know Who carries his business on? The other day in Brooklyn a woman threw herself out of the window of a five-story building to escape the brutal tortures of her drunken husband. She left her little child in the hands of a fatherless, that husband was in the clutch of the one of whom I speak at this time. Would you make light of such a foe as this? The opening chapters of the Bible give us a picture of a happy pair in Eden, peace, purity, perfection and beauty everywhere prevailed. God looked upon it and said that it was very good, when suddenly all was changed. Sin appears; the curse is everywhere; trouble begins and rolls high like the mighty waves of the sea, until the world is wreathed in the blackness of the darkness of despair. No wonder that we feel like crying out again and again in the words of the text, "And the Lord said unto Satan, Whence comest thou? Then Satan answered the Lord and said, From going and fro in the earth, and from walking up and down in it." It is of such an adversary that I speak, and he is not a subject for jesting. He has for the past ten years been laboring in the interests of men, but somehow during the past three months he have been upon me as a special burden. He has been breaking breaking cries and their sobs of despair, and it is with the memory of these tears that have run like rivers, and the cry of many a man who feels himself to be lost as he said, "Is there any hope," that I bring to my readers this message.

The devil is certainly not a myth. I shall give his names in a little while and call your attention to the fact that they are all found in the New Testament, so this is not an Old Testament delusion carried down to the present time, as some would have us believe. For almost all the information concerning him we are dependent upon the New Testament Scriptures. The Old Testament is strangely silent, and you will find that if you read in the Old Testament the account of the temptation and fall in Eden, then the trouble of Job, then the numbering of Israel by David, and the vision of Joshua, the high priest, and Satan contending with him, you have the four places where Satan is definitely mentioned in the Old Testament. The evidence of his existence are everywhere to be seen in the Old Testament, but these are not in direct statements. This does away with the position of many people who are disposed to say a good deal about the Satan myth, which had its rise in the infancy of our race, when the human mind was exceedingly childish and credulous. The devil is the author of evil, the fountain of weakness, the adversary of the truth, the corrupter of the world. He planneth snares, soweth error, nourisheth contention, disturbeth peace and exciteh affliction. I am sure there is never greater glee in hell than when a church quarrel is engendered, nor when peace is driven away from heart and home by the face of a storm of contention. This is a word picture of him, but we must have more.

It is quite plain that Satan had some connection with the earth before man appeared. He is now supposed to be a fallen angel. If this supposition is true then the New Testament references would seem to indicate that pride and envy were the cause of his fall. When God said, "Let us make man, and let him have dominion over everything that we have made," the envy began, and as another has suggested this seems to be the true fact when we notice the devil's position in the temptation of Christ. Matthew 4: 8-9; "Again the devil taketh him up into an exceedingly high mountain, and sheweth him all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them, and saith unto him, All these things will I give thee if thou wilt fall down and worship me." It is as if he were making one last great effort to overthrow the Master and rule the world. Certain direct statements are made concerning him by our Master. No stronger one can be found than that which is recorded in John 8: 44, "Ye are of your father, the devil, and the lusts of your father will ye do. He was a murderer from the beginning, and abode not in the truth, because there is no truth in him. When he speaketh a lie he speaketh of his own, for he is a liar and the father of lies. He is a terrific foe, and in the interests of all young men who desire to be true and like Christ I lift up my voice against him.

The Rev. W. G. Moorhead, D. D. has given us a list of his names as recorded in the New Testament Scriptures. This list is as follows: Abaddon—Revelation 9: 11. Accuser—Revelation 12: 10. Adversary—1 Peter 5: 8. Angel of the Abyss—Revelation 9: 11. Beelzebub—Mark 3: 22. Belial—2 Corinthians 6: 15. Devil—Matthew 4: 1. Dragon—Revelation 20: 2. Great Red Dragon—Revelation 12: 3. Evil One—Matthew 13: 19. Enemy—Matthew 13: 29. Father of Lies—John 8: 44. God of This World—2 Corinthians 4: 4. Liar—John 8: 44. Murderer—John 8: 44. Prince of this World—John 3: 21. Prince of the Power of the Air—Ephesians 2: 2. Satan, Serpent—2 Corinthians 11: 3. Strong One—Job 1: 21. Spirit of Evil Working—Ephesians 2: 2. Tempter—1 Thessalonians 5: 5. Notorious criminals have a certain number of aliases by which they are known to their partners in crime. They carry certain names because they have committed certain things, so all these names mean something; as they are applied to the devil do you not see the character of his disposition, energy and power. He is Apollyon because he is a destroyer. He is Abaddon because he is destruction itself. The Man Murderer because he is the assassin of the Race. The Great Red Dragon because of his bloodthirstiness. The Serpent because of his craftiness. The Tempter because he is a deceiver. Some years ago in the city of Philadelphia there stood outside of one of the saloons a woman clad in rags, who once had lived in one of the best homes in that city. She had a little baby in her arms and an older child was tugging at her skirt. She rapped upon the door and when it was opened she said, "I want my husband." The husband was called out. He had once been of great reputation, a man of talent, had provided for his wife and children all that money could buy, and now he is shorn of everything except the mere semblance of manhood. "Devil do you want?" he said, with an oath, and she answered, "I want you to come home; the children have had nothing to eat and they are crying, and I want you, and the man who had sworn to love and care for her drew back his arms and struck her. The baby fell from her arms, the elder child ran shrieking from her side. Is he not a destroyer with such a picture set in your mind, and this is but one of the multitude. His names are enough to terrify us, so that we would, while we may, escape from sin.

III. His Personality. It is true that very many people scoff at the idea of a personal devil, but the following statement has been made by a most distinguished Bible scholar, namely, "Every attitude, habit, action, walk and sign which indicate personality has been predicated of the devil and cannot be explained away. The argument that would rob the devil of his personality would rob God of His, and if as men say, these attributes simply mean the principle of evil then on the same ground of interpretation the Bible may mean anything or nothing."

Just a word or two about his work. He begins in a very slow way and his influence is most insidious. As a fisherman, when he has a great fish on his hook, lets out the line, so the devil may swallow down the hook, and he more surely caught, even so the devil, when he has a poor sinner upon his hook, does not at the first, treat him roughly, but stretches out his rod, line and all, that he may make the sinner of him, and hold him the faster. Not long ago in the Tombs a man who had been a brilliant lawyer awoke from a stupor of days, and shaking the door demanded of those who came to answer his summons why he was there. They told him the charge of murder. "For God's sake," he said, "do not send me to the work house; at least, do not let my wife know that it will kill her," and they told him that it would kill his wife he had killed. I have written these few words concerning one who can take a man with brightest future and greatest reputation, and make him a murderer of his own home's joy. This is his work.

V. His Doom. He may be overcome in the New Testament. "Resist the devil and he will flee from you." James 4: 7. He said, "It is written," and then, "It is written again." There is but one weapon that can make him afraid, and that is the sword of the Spirit, which is the sword of God. There is a legend of Luther that during a serious illness the evil one seemed to enter his sick room, and looking at him with a triumphant smile unrolled a vast roll which he carried in his arms. As the fiend threw one end of the roll on the floor and the unwound itself with the impetus he had given it Luther's eyes were fixed on it, and to his consternation he read there the long and fearful record of his own sins, clearly and distinctly enumerated. That stout heart quailed before that ghastly roll. Suddenly it flashed into his mind that there was something not written there. He said aloud, "One thing you have forgotten; the rest is all true, but one thing you have forgotten, 'The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanse us from all sin.'" As he said this the "Accuser of the brethren" and his heavy roll of "lamentation and mourning and woe" disappeared together. If you would know his final doom you have but to turn to Revelation the 20th chapter and read the first three verses. And I saw an angel come down from heaven, having the key of the bottomless pit and a great chain in his hand. And he laid hold on the dragon, that old serpent, which is the devil and Satan, and bound him a thousand years. And cast him into the bottomless pit, and shut him up, and set a seal upon him that he should deceive the nations no more till the thousand years should be fulfilled, and after that he must be loosed a little season. From such a foe as this may God deliver us now.

## FAIRY STORIES.

Ah, how we used to like the dear Old fairy tales our mothers told; Although we knew they ne'er were true, We used to gladly hear them through; We loved the gentle Princesses And Princes brave and bold— We heard them o'er and o'er, but still The stories ne'er grew old.

Ah, how we like to hear the dear Old fairy tales sweet women tell; Although we know they can't be true, Still, still they thrill us through and through— A pretty woman's flattery Still makes man's bosom swell; He knows 'tis but a fairy tale, But oh, he likes it well.

—Chicago Record-Herald.

## HUMOROUS.

"Her face is her fortune." "Well, she wouldn't be very rich if she were two-faced."

"She ran into my arms once in a dark hallway." "The hallway must have been dark."

Little Girl (after seeing many queer beasts at the Zoo)—"But there aren't really such animals, nurse, are there?"

"Do you really believe that all men are born free and equal?" "Well, yes; except that some grow up to be equal to a hundred others."

"What do you expect to be when you become of age, my little man?" asked the visitor. "Twenty-one, sir," was the bright one's reply.

Tommy—Did you ever hear of a camel going through the eye of a needle? Bessie—Yes, an' I bet he got caught half way an' that's what made the hump.

"Well, why don't you say something?" asked the angry woman, after her long harangue. "My dear," replied her husband, meekly, "nothing remains to be said."

Interviewer—How do you account for your love of music? Drum Major—Well, when me father was young he was a furniture remover, and wan day a pianny fell on him.

Kind Lady—And you consider that you were born lucky? How can you think that when you can never find work? Breezy Ben—That is the very reason why I think so.

"This necktie," said the salesman, "speaks for itself." "Speaks for itself?" repeated the customer as he took in the loudness of the design: "I say that it positively yells."

"He was around trying to collect his bill again, I hear." "Yes, and I told him he could take it out in trade." "And wouldn't he do that?" "Not exactly; he seemed to prefer taking it out in trade."

Jack—I was cunning enough to liberate a mouse before kissing her. Tom—A mouse? Jack—Yes, because I knew she was going to scream and when her father rushed in I pointed out the mouse.

"Bridget," said the absent-minded author, "I can't have that cat in the room if it continues to yell so. Chase it out." "Yes, sor; but ye'll hav to help me, sor." "Why, where is it?" "Ye're sittin' on it, sor."

"So Jack deliberately kissed you last night," commented Miss Antique severely. "Well, I'd just like to see any man try to kiss me." "Why not select a near-sighted man and wear a veil," naively suggested the sweet young thing.

Pa—How did you get yourself in this condition? Fighting again? Willie—Yes, sir. "Didn't I tell you not to fight any more when I caught you fighting with little Tommy Green?" "No, sir; you told me not to fight with a boy smaller than myself."

"Do you see that man with the brown beard?" whispered the girl in the ping-pong tie. "Well, he fills me with bitterness." "Ah, an old flame?" spoke her dearest friend. "No, he is our family physician, and since we moved in the suburbs he forces me to take quinine."

The Choice of Two Evils. An ominous silence greeted Bobby's entrance. There was a wild look in his eye; his clothes were disarranged, and there was just a suggestion of blood about his mouth. Mamma frowned severely, and papa hid himself behind his paper.

"Ahem!" began mamma. Bobby squared his shoulders, and prepared for the coming attack. "Ahem! Don't you know, Bobby, that it's very wrong of little boys to fight?"

Bobby pretended to find a point of interest in the pattern of the hearth rug. "Haven't I told you, Bobby, that it's very wicked to fight?" demanded his mamma, in a tone that was meant to be sorrowful.

Thus challenged, Bobby fell back on argument. "He hit me first, mamma," he pleaded. "Ah, but that doesn't make any difference. Nobody loves little boys who fight."

Bobby pondered for a few moments and then his face brightened. "Is that so?" he asked. "Yes, my dear, nobody will love you if you are always fighting. And look at your clothes."

"Well," said Bobby, with slow deliberation, "then, mamma, I think it's better to be unloved."

Something between a shriek and a laugh escaped from papa as he fled from the room.—London Judy.

India's Many Holidays. Cawnpore has the proud satisfaction (or otherwise) of knowing that it has more bank holidays than any other big town in India. Omitting Sundays, Cawnpore last year had 33, Bombay 26, Calcutta 24 and Madras 20 official holidays. The amount, as far as Cawnpore is concerned, is thought excessive by many, for business reasons.—The Bangkok Times.

## SOUTH AFRICA UNATTRACTIVE.

Not Many British Workmen Likely to Go There. The workingman does not willingly go to a country where a colored and dependent race do the work, unless he is called to a position to supervise and direct them. There is thus next to no scope for agricultural laborers in South Africa, and even mine workers go there as captains and leaders, and not as mere laborers.

The progress of Natal is a most striking illustration of the unattractiveness of South Africa, since it differs from the inner table lands in naturally admitting a more varied agriculture and, being mainly a British colony, presents none of the difficulties which confront a British emigrant on entering among the Dutch-speaking people, with Dutch habits and Dutch customs. Yet Natal draws few immigrants from the United Kingdom, the total white population numbering only about 65,000, being less than the immigrants from British India who have come as traders as well as farm laborers, and again less than a twelfth part of the Zulu population, which has increased under our rule to an extent provoking some anxiety respecting the future.

It may be remembered in passing that the Natal whites themselves are jealous of the Indian immigrants. They have taken effective steps to prevent any further addition to their numbers. All this goes to show that, except so far as immigrants are drawn to the mining centers of the Rand, we must not expect any movement changing the character of the white population of South Africa.—North American Review.

Six Miles of Fish. Yearly, as the ducks and geese hurry South, leaving freshly frozen rivers and lakes in their wake, we read of the farmer who goes early to the slough on his farm to break the ice that the cattle may drink. How that farmer notices the lake dotted with clumps of feathers, which on closer investigation turn out to be mallards and canvasbacks, frozen solid in the ice. And when he has chopped them all free his two-horse wagon load is all the team can haul.

But down near New Orleans emanates the following with all the earmarks of truth: The high tides filled the sloughs with salt water and drove the buffalo fish into the freshwater canal. And there been a few of them only things would have gone well, but as it was, the canal was literally choked with them and the breathing room in the water giving out myriads of them turned belly up.

A pilot of the steamboat traversing the canal plunged his way through the dead and living fish alike choking his paddle wheels and finally running aground upon a solid mass of dead and alive fish.

The suffocating fish died. Darkies were hired to pitchfork them out upon the bank as they would throw hay, and lime was sprinkled on them. But this was slow and unsatisfactory, because they were six solid miles of fish in that canal. Something had to be done, and it was proposed to cut 100 feet of levee and let in sufficient water to sweep the fish into the Gulf. Another proposition was to station a number of large tugs in the river near the locks and flush the canal by pumping. I understand this latter plan was followed.—Forest and Stream.

New York Manners Surprise Londoner. The ordinary Londoner who has not had the good fortune to cross the Atlantic is wont to picture his American cousin wearing a goatee and a victim to the constant chewing of tobacco and liberal expectoration. On arriving in New York he is amazed to discover that the goatee is conspicuous by its absence, tobacco chewing unnoticeable and expectoration practically unknown. In this respect he finds the New Yorker far more cleanly in his habits than the Londoner, more especially on public cars and in public places. The unrestrained indulgence of spitting on and off the tops of 'buses and in railway trains, and the random chewing and smoking of tobacco in and around London are simply odious, and make traveling intolerable and oftentimes disgusting even to a smoker. Here the stringent prohibition against spitting in public places and the sensible regulation as to smoking are so thoroughly observed that traveling becomes a pleasure. If London would only copy the most admirable example existing in New York in this respect the English metropolis would soon be rid of a most unwarrantable and filthy habit.

Paradise for Hunters. To one who knows what the vast solitudes of northern Canada really means the dread of game extermination seems rather unfounded. The last census of Labrador gives it a population of one man to every 35 square miles. This can hardly be called an inconvenient crowding. There are almost as many persons in a strange East Side New York block as there are in the whole of Labrador. Why should game become extinct in this region? I must confess I can see no reason why the caribou and the bear and the other animals should not live out their lives just as they have always done. The numbers killed by man must surely be quite insignificant.

The same conditions obtain in northern Ontario, the greater part of the Northwest Territories, and a very large part of British Columbia. The date is far distant when there will not be sufficient game and to spare for the sportsman who is content to take the utter with the sweet and to leave behind the luxuriousness of the fashionable resort.—Grand Rapids Herald.