

LOVE'S UNREASON.

Down the path, with fragrance laden all the air, there went a maiden
And a youth walked there beside her—youth a girl might well adore,
And as they went, slowly walking, heads together, lowly talking,
He declared that he had never, never loved before;
And she knew his declaration, made with calm deliberation,
Without fear or trepidation—was a fib, and nothing more.

As their voices low, were blending, and their heads together bending,
Love a keener zest was lending—gilding all the landscape o'er;
And so shyly then he kissed her, for what mortal could resist her?
And she blushed and said she never, never had been kissed before;
And he made no contradiction, but he knew her blushing diction
Of unkindness was a fiction—was a fib, and nothing more.

But, her eyelids shyly drooped—Oh! the wiles and ways of Cupid—
Though he was not much more stupid, pray, than either me or you,
Were so wet, like jewels glistening, that they could not be deceiving,
And he found himself believing what he knew could not be true;
And though firm was her conviction of the element of fiction
In his all love-laden diction—yet she did not say him no,
For while reason kept resisting what he said, her eyes were misting,
And her heart kept on insisting that each word of it was so.

—J. W. Foley, in the New York Times.

A Fence For Paravgrad.

By E. W. THOMPSON.

You may always see plenty of prairie-chickens in the Doukhobor villages of Saskatchewan. In February, 1907, they became extraordinarily numerous in Paravgrad, an outlying hamlet. One morning the pretty birds were strutting on almost every earth-covered, grass-grown roof, and picking in every straw-littered yard among the domestic fowl. So the gentle vegetarians of Paravgrad knew that many wolves must be ranging the neighboring scrub prairie.

The winter had begun very early and brought uncommonly deep snow. No January thaw lessened the accumulation. It lay so dry and light in the forest, northward and eastward, that wolves could not catch their usual prey.

Out on the great plains the snow was packed closely by the wind. In February starving hordes came out of the forests, and scattered in small bands over many leagues of prairie.

Paravgrad village consists of forty log cabins ranged in parallel files, twenty on each side of the street. As a protection against wolves, the hamlet was fenced all round with barbed wire. Its strands passed from cabin to cabin, and were clouted on the corner logs. The fencing was impenetrable by wolves, but only five feet high. Wolves might jump over it.

There was not a gun in Paravgrad. Doukhobor religion prohibits taking animal life. Pitchforks were plenty, but no man or woman there would use one as a weapon. These people are consistent with their creed to a degree inconceivable to any person who does not know them. They would think it blasphemous to kill a chicken for broth for a sick person. They will not kill or trap rats. But they stop up rats' holes. If the vermin then die, these casuists say, "That is the will of God."

They pamper all their domestic beasts. Companies of Doukhobor men and women have often drawn plow, harrow or wagon—to rest their horses. They use steam and gasoline motors in agriculture as much as possible, to spare animals from labor. Wolves would not leap over the Paravgrad fence in daylight. But they might come over at night, unless it were heightened. In that case the stock animals would be safe, because under cover. But what of the beloved prairie-chickens, peculiarly dear to the villagers, because their mere presence certified Paravgraders to be kind and devoted vegetarians? These birds will not go under roofs at night. They then shelter themselves in straw or snow on the ground. If wolves came over the fence they might kill "God's chickens."

This fear quite appalled the young brothers Vianovitch, Simeon and Alexis. So frightened were they that they resolved to drive seven miles to the railway flag-station of Podavsko, where trains pass bi-weekly, for a sleigh-load of barbed wire, enough to raise the village fence two feet more. "But the wolves," said the elders. "That must be as God will," said Simeon.

"Yes—it is right to go for the wire," said Alexis. It was perceived that they had a "leading." Still, a good deal of counsel was imparted to them by the elders. In consequence, they reached Podavsko about noon with a sleigh-box tightly packed with straw, a lot of loosely twisted straw ropes, and the whole covered with quilted bed-comforters.

All this stuff they loaded on top of the reels of barbed wire, much to the wonder of Michael Kelly, the station agent. He watched them drive homeward on a trail through scattered patches of dwarf willow and poplar. About two miles out of Podavsko the horses showed nervousness. Evidently wolves were near, hiding in the scrub. But the Vianovitches saw none until they were nearly out of the scrub, within two miles of home, and aware that they might soon see the smokes and roofs of Paravgrad across "rosebush" plain.

Now the wolves drew nearer. Occasionally one could be seen sneaking from clump to clump. There was no estimating how many might be in the band. The boys, bred in Russia, and acquainted with immemorial traditions of how wood-wolves act, expected a rush soon.

But they assumed that the brutes would pack and howl before making it. So the elders had foretold.

But the Vianovitches concluded not to await the chorus. This turned out to be sound judgment, since no warning howls were given. Perhaps they might have come had Alexis not lighted a straw rope.

Its flare, in broad, sunny daylight, was less visible than its smoke. Immediately much angry snarling was

heard from both sides of the trail. Then, as if they had packed suddenly, eleven monstrous timber-wolves ran out into full view on the track about one hundred feet behind the sleigh.

Simeon quickened the pace. Alexis flung out burning clumps of loose straw. Before reaching the first of these, the wolves sprang away on both sides, with furious yowling. They vanished in the bushes, still yelling, and reappeared fifty yards in front of the team.

Perhaps they would have rushed in, but Alexis immediately got down, straw torch in hand, and went in front of the horses. The wolves stood hesitating, and again silent.

To sacrifice the horses was no more in the minds of the young Doukhobors than sacrificing their children is in the mind of an ordinary American father. It was pretty clear that the horses could not escape unless freed from the sleigh. They stood trembling, but although in

dire terror obedient and trustful of kind masters.

Simeon got down, also with a straw torch. They stripped the horses, except of the collars. Then they led them straight to the wolves.

Again the brutes sprang away on both sides. Instantly the boys slapped their horses, shouted at them, and stood watching. It never occurred to them to ride away on the team. Doukhobors seldom learn to straddle horses; they think that would be to impose on them. And the Vianovitch boys would have considered it very wicked, anyway, to burden their dumb friends, and so lessen their chances of safety.

When the horses started galloping, about half the wolves were racing towards the sleigh, the others watching the boys. But all ran after the horses, howling in full cry.

Simeon and Alexis ran back to the sleigh. Knowing just what they meant to do, there was little talk between them.

"They will be back in ten or fifteen minutes," said Simeon. "You mean if they don't catch the horses?" "No fear of that. Our men will see the horses coming. They will hurry out to save them. Then the wolves will turn back to us." The boys spread their loose straw in a wide circle about the sleigh. They kept four torch ropes burning while they pitched out every reel of the barbed wire except one.

Then they loosened the ends of two coils. They wove the wire all round the top of the sleigh-box, turning it twice around each of the six side stakes. Next they tied down the top strands by strands passing down and up again, holding the horizontal wires in connection with the uprights of the runners.

Then they hurried to weave the barbed wire crisscross over the box, securing it to the upper and end strands, not by passing it continuously under and over and back and forth, but by tying it on the top or round-the-box strands. The bars assisted well to hold the stiff, loose loops in place.

Before the job was done back came the wolves, furious. Both boys stopped work. They went about the straw circle, firing it with their torches. When it blazed well they returned to the crisscross.

A few moments later the wolves were ranged at a respectful distance round the blaze, yelling and howling madly in their daunted rage. So long as the straw circle might hold out to burn, the boys knew they could work securely.

"Now, brother, got in," said Simeon. Alexis stepped into the gap left un-filled by crisscross work. He drew his form carefully down. When he vanished the wolves set up so wild a cry that Simeon feared they would leap the now smoldering circle. In-

stead of stepping in after Alexis, he went about the ring of straw, kicking the under part to the surface, so that all blazed more fiercely than before.

Simeon took two more turns at crisscross work. Then he got in where Alexis lay working, passing strands underneath the top, from corner to corner, using wire from the reel that had been left in the box. Both pairs of hands hurried in this work and in closing the gap.

Meanwhile the wolves raged in bewilderment. What had become of those boys? The human scent could not pass the smoke circle. "Poor things!" smiled Alexis. "They think they've lost their dinner."

"I can't pity them much. They're flesh eaters," said Simeon.

The day was bitterly cold, twenty-eight degrees below zero. But the boys were clad in sheepskin coats, and two pairs of thick woolen stockings with felt boots outside. Also they had five heavy woolen bedquills.

As they no longer saw smoke drifting they know the wolves would soon come within the straw circle. When the leader jumped in his howl sounded like a boast. Then the whole company joined him. The boys heard nosings, sniffings, clawings, snortings about the sleigh. Perhaps the wolves feared a trap. Or perhaps the bars along the top and sides kept them down. At any rate, it seemed quite a while before Alexis, looking up, saw a mouthful of white fangs, and two fierce eyes glaring down on him. The leader! As he saw the boys, he yelled, and sprang up on the crisscross.

The next moment a rival joined him, just as the paws and long legs of the leader came through the barbed netting. He sprawled. As the bars tore his legs and under body he screamed with anguish and fear. The second wolf tried to get away, but down came his legs, too. Pandemonium broke loose on the crisscross. That pair fought one another with teeth. Then one got his scrambling

legs out, all four free at once. He rolled off, and yelled more wildly as the sharp points pierced his sides and back. But he had escaped the rack. A moment later the other got free also.

Drops of blood fell on the face of Alexis. Wiping them off he spoke remorsefully: "Poor creatures—they were torn!" "It was the will of God," observed Simeon.

There were more sniffings, clawings, yells of disappointment round the sleigh. Then the pack seemed to draw off for conference.

"An elders' meeting!" chuckled Simeon.

"It is wrong to laugh at dumb animals," said Alexis, but he could not help smiling a little.

The pair felt safe now. They did not know Canadian timber wolves. A stunning chorus suddenly arose. Then there was a rushing sound and a battering along the box. Another moment and the whole crisscross top seemed to be falling down under a weight of scrambling bodies and tearing legs.

Some of the wire side loops slipped and then really became tight. The wirework bent down so far that claws, struggling to escape, came scratching on the boys' bodies. But the bars were doing their iron duty. Just as it seemed that the top would cave in the whole gang got off, frantic and bewildered.

"I wish the brethren would hurry," said Alexis, anxiously. "The wolves may try it again."

"Let us try to strengthen the wire top, brother."

"I don't mean that I am afraid, brother. The cover is good yet. But the poor things don't know any better. And they suffer so."

"Yes. Perhaps some may bleed to death. But we shall not be guilty."

"I am not sure about that. We might have stayed at home."

"No, no, brother. The fencing is needed. Think of those wolves getting at our dear little prairie chickens!"

Again the wolves came pressing about the box, smelling, yelling and seeming to criticize one another angrily. Then in an instant they went scurrying away. A loud shouting of men came nigh. The brethren of Paravgrad, knowing that wolves would not attack a large company in daylight, had started on the road as soon as they opened the wire gate for the Vianovitch horses.

Before night had long fallen the barbed fence about Paravgrad was seven feet high. In the Saskatchewan sky stars appeared, as ever, greatly dilated. Vast auroral phantasms shifted their colored and shining banners.

"Heaven is pleased to-night, brother," said Alexis, proudly, "for the dear chickens of our Lord are surely safe."—From Youth's Companion.

London's "Living in" System.

New Interest in the Homes For Shop Employees.

One Firm Has Announced Its Intention of Paying Better Wages and Letting Its Workers Live at Home—Low Pay Not Evened Up by the Accommodation.

Since the recent decision of Messrs. Swan and Edgar, managers of a large London department store, to abolish the "living in" system among their shop assistants, this much discussed matter has once more aroused public interest, writes the London correspondent of the New York Sun. Then, too, a lately produced play discloses in its opening act a dreary picture of the discomforts and even privations of the unfortunate shop girls who are victims of this system which provides English employers with an excuse for paying meagre salaries on the ground that they board and lodge their employees.

Of course, the living in arrangement is, like many other established English customs, the survivor of a former successful and advantageous system which changes in life and times have rendered useless.

Years ago, when traveling was slow and cumbersome, when the retail grocer and dry goods merchant were men of modest means but good standing, the living in system was undoubtedly an advantage for both employer and employees. The shop assistant was then called an apprentice. For a definite number of years he was bound or apprenticed by his parents to a master who agreed to initiate him into all the mysteries of the shop, to instruct him in the details of buying and selling, and to lodge and board him in a manner suited to his station. The agreement was almost always well kept. The apprentice became an integral unit of the family, living with them, eating with them and sharing all the joys and sorrows of their family life. Of course, no payment was given for his work, and after his time of service was up he either stayed on as a sort of partner or started in for himself on the same lines.

Time has brought far different conditions into existence, and yet with English tenacity the theory is maintained that workers in shops should share living places under the jurisdiction of shop owners. Distances are no longer great. Six cents and twenty minutes will take any one to London's most faraway suburbs by underground road. Men and women, boys and girls would be able to have family life and still perform their duties in stores adequately, yet there are scarcely any establishments where a large enough wage is paid so that the recipient can afford to live anywhere except under the roof provided by the master.

The high cost of living, the uncertainty of labor, the dread of illness and the poor return for thrift compel the parents of the class from which shop boys and girls are drawn to see that their children are enabled to bring home weekly a few shillings toward the household exchequer. In order to do this the boys and girls must accept board and lodging given by their employers.

A few weeks ago in the Sun an article appeared on shopgirl life in New York. An attractive picture was drawn of the sitting rooms, dining rooms, social clubs, etc., at most stores; of the care taken of them when they are ill, and of the liberal wage paid them for their work. In contrast to this it may be interesting to know something of the shop life of the courteous, gentle voiced English shopgirl who always charms Americans with her politeness and patience and who manages to look neat in her black gown despite the trying conditions under which her daily toilet is made.

In the first place, if she is a newcomer, she may be giving her services for the first month without any wage. If this is not the case she considers herself lucky to have \$1.25 a week, and when she does achieve as much

as \$2.50 or \$3 she is indeed doing well. If she rises to be head saleswoman of the department she will perhaps get \$4. She is told when she takes her place at the store that this small salary is so much clear gain, as her bed and food are provided for her, but she soon learns that fines are numerous and very often entirely in the hands of the shopwalker, so it behooves her to keep in his good graces lest she is fined two cents here and three cents there, for arriving behind the counter two minutes late, for wearing a piece of jewelry, for talking in the dormitory, for doing many and various things, until her \$1.25 is reduced to half its proportions at the end of the week. She begins her morning in the store at any time from 7 to 8; that depends on where she is employed. To fortify her for the day a breakfast is furnished of tea, bread and butter or gruel. When dinner time comes she has fifteen minutes recess to eat what is provided, and that in a room crowded with her fellow workers, who are all calling out, bolting their food and rushing lest they should be fined for lateness when they arrive at the counter. At 4 o'clock she has another fifteen minutes in which to take her weak tea and bread. When the store closes at 7 and the last bit of work is accomplished by half past she has a supper of bread and cheese. Then she may go out if she likes until 11 o'clock. If she comes in five minutes late she is fined, and in many places if she is fifteen minutes late she cannot get in at all and spends the night on the streets with the thoughts of the next day's probable dismissal to enliven the hours. If she does not wish to go out she may retire to a dreary, unheated sitting room, with accommodations for so few girls that she would too many stay home the same night bed is the only refuge for those who cannot crowd into the room.

If she goes to bed she makes her way to a cold dormitory with anywhere from fifteen to thirty beds in it, a toilet table at each end and a washstand with two small pitchers of water. She has one nail on which to hang her things, and a bath is out of the question. If she drops off to sleep she is soon awakened by her returning roommates, who are girls from all parts of the country and of varying characters. She may go home from Saturday afternoon to Sunday evening, or if her family live too far away she may go where she wishes. Also her Sunday privileges include lying in bed half an hour later, and permission to buy herself something extra to eat, which will be cooked for her if she can give a modest tip.

Of course there are stores where things are better managed than this, but there are many others where things are far worse. In one department store the housekeeper admitted that for the week's food she allowed \$1 a head.

The moral side of the question it is just as well not to dwell upon. Where 1500 persons—men and women, boys and girls—are lodged as they are at one huge store, not much attention can be paid to what they do or where they go. A fashionable West End shop gives the girls latchkeys, and no questions are asked if they are late unless it happens too often.

Dr. Clifford, a well known preacher, aroused greatest indignation and vehement denials from owners of big department stores not long ago by a speech he made in which he said: "Nothing has been more mournful than the accounts I have had to hear of the practical impossibility of living a true and worthy life in the conditions offered in these huge establishments."

Petroleum in Australia.
The discovery of petroleum in the Boonah district of Queensland, Australia, is reported in the Queensland. It is asserted that crude petroleum, a heavy black oil, has been found in a well 100 feet in depth and within two miles of the town. On a farm five miles from Boonah holes are said to show a volatile oil, probably kerosene, at a depth of 130 feet. There are said to be other indications of oil in several parts of the district, notably Harrisville. While "payable oil" is yet to be found, indications are said to be that the field will be productive when operations on a large scale are begun. It is expected that if "payable oil" exists it will be found at depths varying from 500 to 750 feet. Prevailing rocks are sandstone, limestone and conglomerate, with belts of ironstone. This is said to be the same class of country usually associated with the petroleum fields in the United States.—Consular Report.

Steam Shovels on Panama Canal.
At the beginning of the year the Isthmian Canal Commission had erected and ready to work sixty-nine steam shovels. Nine of them were forty-five-ton shovels, with buckets of a capacity ranging from one and a half to one and three-quarter cubic yards. Sixty of the shovels were at work on January 1.

Output of British Shipyards.
The product of the British shipyards amounts to twenty or twenty-five per cent. of the world's output.

Extermination of Mosquitoes.
Consul William Henry Bishop, of Palermo, Italy, transmits the following information relative to experiments made by the chief of the sanitary service at Gaboon, French Africa, with the cactus as a substitute for petroleum for the extermination of mosquitoes in warm climates. The thick, pulpy leaves of the cactus, cut up in pieces, are thrown into water and macerated until a sticky paste is formed. This paste is spread upon the surface of stagnant water, and forms an isolating layer which prevents the larvae of the mosquitoes from coming to the top to breathe and destroys them through asphyxiation. It is true that petroleum can do the same service, but in warm climates petroleum evaporates too quickly and is thus of little avail. The mucilaginous cactus paste, on the contrary, can hold its place indefinitely, lasting weeks, months, or even an entire year; and the period of development of the larvae being but about a fortnight, it has the most thorough effect.—Scientific American.

Was Instructor to King Carlos.
Miss Mary Woodman, of Woburn, Mass., was instructor to the late King Carlos of Portugal in English, history and painting. She has in her possession a number of mementoes given her by the family, and when she left Portugal she was promised a title of nobility should she ever return.

Disinfecting Pigeons.
The tribe of pigeons is peculiarly liable to disease. We believe it to be a fact that a large majority of the pigeons in London are consumptive or diseased in some way or another.—London Outlook.

And Other Places.
If every manufacturer were compelled to live within the shadow of his own mill chimney Manchester would be a much better place than it is.—Lloyd's Weekly.

Contentment.
By DAVID SWING.

Let us be content with what we have. Let us get rid of our false estimates, set up all the higher ideals—a quiet home; vines of our own planting; a few books full of the inspiration of a genius; a few friends worthy of being loved and able to love us in return; a hundred innocent pleasures that bring no pain or remorse; a devotion to the right that will never swerve; a simple religion empty of all bigotry, full of trust and hope and love.

To such a philosophy this world will give up all the empty joy it has.

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CHILDREN SOLD AS FARM SLAVES.

Parents Take Them to German Labor Market, Where They Are Inspected Like Cattle.

The Friedrichshafen (Germany) correspondent of the New York World writes:

The child-labor market was held to-day—an institution a century old—which local newspapers declare is only a youthful slave mart thinly cloaked, and which, nowadays, arouses intense indignation in the frontier provinces of Austria, Switzerland and Germany.

As usual each year their parents brought here, from their homes in the outlying districts of the Tyrol, about 350 girls and boys, from eleven to fourteen years old, and sold their services to farmers for seven months, from April 1 to October 28. Ninety-nine out of every hundred of the children are thrust into this bondage by their parents' avarice. The farmers pay for a girl's services for the seven months about \$12.50. For a strong boy's work the princely sum of \$20.

The children were ranged early this morning in the market place, and all day long a crowd of farmers inspected them as if they were so many pigs or cattle, felt the muscles of their arms, poked them in the ribs to learn if they were fat or lean, meantime loudly discussing their merits or condemning their physical faults.

Some of the children had been sold last year or the year before; they had exchanged confidences; they shrank from the farmers who had been cruel to them, and stealthily tried to warn their younger companions of the fate that awaits them.

By dusk contracts had been signed for every unfortunate here. The fathers of some were tipsy by nightfall and cursing their luck that this girl or that boy is not larger and more muscular so that more money would have been paid for them.

To-night the child-slaves, with their new masters, are hurrying to the farms.

The terms of the contracts are harsh, providing that the children, regardless of sex, may work at "cattle herding, housework, stable and stall clearing, nursing children, feeding cattle, running errands and whatever else the master may require them to do."

"Good treatment" is included in the condition, but, according to a local newspaper which has conducted an inquiry, this clause is more often broken than observed, and many children return home crippled or wrecked in health by their master's brutality.

Next October 28, which is called "Packing Day," the little workers return here afoot and assemble at the Children's Society's headquarters, whence they are sent to their homes, there to await another seven months' bondage.

WISE WORDS.

Shall we weep for those who have done weeping? We rejoice in the belief that there is no impassable gulf between us and those who have gone before.—Channing.

Bodily senses imply their objects; the eye, light; the ear, sound; the touch, the taste, the smell, things relative thereto. Spiritual senses likewise foretell their object, are silent prophecies of the endless life.—Theodore Parker.

Our beloved never die. Do not admit their non-existence. The tendencies that follows them becomes for our hope a bridge reaching out from these mortal shores toward the imperishable land. You will see again all those you have loved; you will recognize them.—Charles Wagner.

We also have our calling of God, as truly as any ancient prophet; and round us also the tempest at times shouts, and beneath our feet the earthquake trembles, and about us the fire threatens to destroy. Well for us if, at such times, we can wrap our mantle about our face, open the eye and ear of the spirit, and hear the still, small voice within.—John Page Hopps.

That solemn moment in which, for those who have gone before and for us who are to follow, the eye of sense beholds naught save the ending of the world, the entrance upon a black and silent eternity, the eye of faith declares to be the supreme moment of a new birth for the disenfranchised soul, the introduction to a new era of life compared with which the present one is not worthy of the name.—John Fleis.

Love for self, sympathy for self, activity for self, do not produce life or the sense of life. No vivid or exalted sense of individual being can ever fill the heart of man until he escape from the curse of self-involvement, and spread his being over all the world.—Stopford A. Brooke.

Diseased Pigeons.
The tribe of pigeons is peculiarly liable to disease. We believe it to be a fact that a large majority of the pigeons in London are consumptive or diseased in some way or another.—London Outlook.

And Other Places.
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