

Something for Electors to Consider.

Mr. Monet who represents Laprairie in the House of Commons, told his constituents last week that he decided to retire from public life. The reason given by Mr. Monet for retirement should challenge the attention of every thinking elector. He said that while a Liberal he might not be able in the future, any more than in the past, to endorse everything proposed by his leaders, and yet he could not feel free to oppose them in the next Parliament if he should accept assistance from the party election fund in securing his return thereto. If he were rich enough to refuse in future as he has refused in the past, any assistance from the party funds, he would remain in public life and combat that which he finds bad in the two political parties of the country; but as he is not in this position, he feels the only honorable thing for him is to retire.

Mr. Monet's statement puts in plain language facts which have been more or less generally understood for some time past. It is an expensive matter to run an election campaign today. What may be called purely legitimate expenses—hiring of halls, printing, livery bills, and so on, may easily run into hundreds of dollars. If to this be added the expense of paying organizers, the outlay may reach the thousands. Few are in a position to stand the smallest outlay necessarily involved, because there is no profit for an honest man in the moluments of a member of Parliament. The neglect of his own business and the expense involved in attendance upon legislative duties fully offset the indemnity received. Under these circumstances, the choice of representatives is restricted to one or two classes: (1) very rich men, who are practically out of business; (2) men who are recouped from outside sources for their outlay in securing a seat in Parliament. Today the recouping is done almost wholly from a central fund, controlled by the party organizations and made up by contributions from those who have favors to ask in the way of legislation. Men whose expenses are paid in that way are, as Mr. Monet says by implication, the bond slaves of the party organization, and the party organization, again, is the creature of the corporations which provide the funds for its maintenance. That is the position of things today, and these things will continue until the people of each constituency realize the necessity of themselves paying the legitimate expenses of those they place in nomination. When they are prepared to do this they will control the members elected. Until this is done control will remain in the hands of the corporation. —Toronto Sun.

Knew She Was Right.

There were only two passengers on the car—a man and a woman. The woman asked the conductor if that car still turned down Charles Street. "It does not," replied the official; "the Carey Street car goes down Charles Street; this is the Guilford Avenue car." "I beg your pardon," said the lady passenger with emphasis, "this car has as a sign on the front 'Carey St. and Fort Ave.' else I would not be on it. I looked very carefully before I got on, of course, and the sign is there." "No, it isn't," said the conductor feebly. "Oh, but it is," replied the lady passenger. "I assure you I can read quite well, and I could hardly make a mistake when I so particularly noticed the sign. I am afraid, my good man, that you have got the wrong car. Perhaps they got mixed in the barn or something of that sort, but wherever this one goes, or whatever the explanation, the sign 'Carey Street' is on the front of it." The conductor looked dazed. "Now, I want to go down Charles Street," went on the lady. "What are you going to do about it? Will you take this car over the route its sign says it ought to go or will you go all the way through town misleading innocent people into boarding it and then taking them where they little expect to be taken?" This was putting it up to the slave of a tyrannical corporation so strongly that the slave turned pale. "I'll have to go over the Guilford Avenue route, m'm," said he, "but I will give you a transfer to the Carey Street car and you can take it at Charles Street." "Very well," said the lady, grandly, and as if she washed her hands of all further responsibility in the matter. "I'm already on one Carey Street car, but I'll take another." Then she accepted the transfer with an air and got off, and the conductor and the man passenger, who had been an interested listener, made a rush for the front of the car to look at the sign. It read "Guilford Avenue," and the letters were quite plain. "Well, I'll be blessed," said the conductor. "She had me scared." But the lady never looked back. —[Baltimore News.

To Restrain Missionaries in Africa.

Springfield Republican: The German Kolonialbund has addressed to the Imperial Chancellor, Count von Bulow, a petition praying for the establishment of a system of State supervision and control of missionaries in German colonies. It suggests that in view of the troubles caused among the natives by varieties of doctrine, the Government should

assign separate spheres of influence to the different missionary societies, and that encroachment or trespass by the members of one society upon the sphere of another should be prohibited. Moreover, the Bund asks not only that circumscribed districts shall be strictly preserved, but that the further extension of missionary efforts be subject to the discretion of the authorities. This demand for the control of missionaries by the State is attributed to the charges of cruelty towards the natives which they have preferred against the German settlers in South West Africa. When these charges were repeated in the Reichstag Count von Bulow took occasion to say: "Much as I respect the missionaries, I can only express my regret that they should have chosen for advancing these charges a moment when so many Germans have fallen victims to savage barbarism. . . . The place of the missionaries is by the side of their countrymen. I can neither admit their right to a position of neutrality between the Germans and the Hereros, nor can I concede to them the office of accuser or of judge." Whether Count von Bulow will follow up his rebuke of the missionaries by imposing limitations and restrictions upon their activity remains to be seen.

Increasing One's Height.

Ways of increasing her height are a constant study to the short woman. When alone she is happy, but when in the company of full-sized persons her lack of height troubles her. To look her tallest at all times she should observe some simple general rules. The cut and length of her skirt are most important. An ankle length skirt will apparently take off several inches from the height, while one that just touches the ground in front and is slightly trained at the back will add an equal amount. But beware of the really long train. If too much of it lie on the floor, the wearer will look dwarfed and insignificant. This is a point very apt to be overlooked. The best materials to give height are either plain ones or those with a tiny stripe running lengthwise. A trap for her eye and her judgement are wide effects of any kind. Full skirts and baggy sleeves must have been introduced for the downfall of the too short woman, so dumpy do they make her look; and yet one cannot be out of the fashion, so the only thing to do is to modify both as far as possible, and avoid over-full effects. One way to counteract the wide appearance is to wear a stole that reaches to the hem of the skirt. The eye is attracted immediately to this, and its long straight lines are prominent enough to give an impression of height, notwithstanding the fullness of the gown. To wear a cape over a full skirt is fatal, and wide belts must necessarily be eschewed. A long waist gives even the smallest woman a semblance of height, and a narrow belt, especially if fashioned into a point in front, considerably lengthens the line from shoulder to waist. It would be better for her were the present styles of millinery changed. What she really needs is height in her chapeau. Flat hats present no small difficulty; but in these days, when fashion decrees we must wear them, it is quite possible to adjust the trimming flatly and raise the hat itself on a bandeau, so that the flat effect is minimized. A very small hat is a mistake, giving an idea of insignificance; and a large one is no better, making the small wearer appear all hat. Safety lies in the medium size, trimmed in a quiet, unostentatious fashion. But, however carefully you gown yourself, a large part of the advantage to be gained is lost unless you also carry yourself properly. It is possible for even a little woman to be so up-right and hold her head so prettily that she will appear absolutely majestic, and that without the least suggestion of stiffness. A well carried head will give an additional two inches to the height.

The Decay of Family Life.

Family life, such as our mothers and fathers knew, is rapidly decaying under the influence of modern conditions. There seems to be a communistic tendency in the times. When a young couple marry nowadays they seldom have a thought of founding a home in the old-fashioned and lovely sense; that is, a house by themselves, where they may be independent of neighbors and may rear children—plenty of them—without let or hindrance. They either go boarding or take up residence in a more or less pretentious apartment house, where they sleep on a folding-bed, cook on a gas-stove and do light house-keeping with the aid of a feather duster. Many had results flow from the communistic mode of living which is now the fashion. The cramped quarters are a deterrent on productivity. Boardinghouse and apartment-house families do not have families, or have only one or at the very most two children, and those sickly and spoiled. Children reared in hotels and boarding-houses are usually pert and ill-mannered, old beyond their years and not pleasant company for sensible persons. Their bringing up is artificial like that of flowers in a hothouse or kine in a stable.

There is an indescribable but very real charm about an old-fashioned home where the mother and father are surrounded by their boys and girls, where there is no card of printed rules for tenants, where the head of the family is a king, sovereign in his own right and doing no obeisance either to vinegary landlady or domineering janitor. It is pleasant to see the children rising, like steps of stairs, from the baby to the adolescent girl or boy who is just finishing school and thinking of the future. Children are trouble enough, but in a thousand ways, known only to parents, they repay all the trouble. Cynical bachelors sneer sometime at the father of a dozen children, but in their secret hearts they envy him. He is living the natural life, he is obeying true instincts, he is enjoying the simplest yet the sweetest pleasures that nature provides.

And, as the years pass, and the children in the course of events depart from the parental abode to make their way in the world, the memory of their childhood home remains with them, a fond recollection, scenting the past with a sweet and subtle perfume, as lavender scents a trunkful of treasured laces and linens. A home is necessary to give a boy or a girl a right start in life. It supplies associations that are of the first importance in the development of character. It is as integral a part of a sound educational system as the grammar school. It is the best of kindergartens for home training, which teaches the boys to do errands and chores and the girls to help in the housework, and lays the foundation of a practical, self reliant character.

Fable of the Reformer Who Was Elected.

An Earnest, Talkative Gentleman with a High Forehead and a Sweet Voice who was putting up a \$5,000 Front on a \$1,000 Salary, seeing that Corruption was Rife and that things were Going to the Dogs, generally concluded that it was his Duty to give a Part of his Time to the Cause of Reform.

The Way things were Running was Simply Awful or Even Worse. When he saw a Large Gentleman with a Red Neck drawing a Salary for Looking Pretty who did not Fit the Part, it gave him a Severe and Shooting Pain.

How the Taxpayers and Voters could Stand for Such a Gang was more than he could see through his Gold Rimmed Glasses, and he said as Much When Called on to Speak.

Methods used by the Politicians to Hold themselves in Power struck him as being Worthy of the Sultan of Turkey or Some Such Autocrat with a Flexible Conscience and a Desire for Pelf.

Just why men who should be Breaking Rock for the state should be elected to Office he could not Quite make out, Particularly as there was a Line of Patriots who had Never Stolen Sheep ready to Sacrifice themselves on their Country's Altar.

His Line of Talk so impressed the Voters at last that one Fine Morning they Rose Up and Elected him to Office. "Now Surely," they said, "we will have Reform with the Bark on It."

Soon after he had Qualified for the Position a Suave Gentleman who was also a Reformer took him up on a High Mountain and offered him a Half Interest in a Public Contracting Firm for a Nominal Sum. He Accepted the Offer, as he could see at a Glance how by handling the Contracts himself he could Save the People Money. Moral—A Reformer is also Human.

The Two Pairs of Fetters.

Some years ago a fierce war waged in India between the English and Tippono Sahib. On one occasion several English officers were taken prisoners. Among them was one named Baird. One day a native officer brought in fetters to be put on each of the prisoners, the wounded not expected. Baird had been severely wounded and was suffering from pain and weakness. A gray haired officer said to the native official:

"You will not think of putting chains upon that wounded man?"

"There are just as many pairs of fetters as there are captives," was the answer, "and every pair must be worn."

"Then," said the noble officer, "put two pairs on me. I will wear his as well as my own."

This was done. Strange to say, Baird lived to regain his freedom—lived to take the city—but his noble friend died in prison.

Perpetual Motion.

The London "Daily Telegraph" has this to say of the American woman: "A state of perfect quiescence would be to the American woman of to-day an exquisite inferno. She is the chief exponent of that spirit which counts change and haste as progress. The automobile, noisy and jolting, but swift, is appropriate equipage. She revels in new clothes, new places of residence new forms of entertainment, and—thanks to the complaint divorce courts—new husbands. To settle down to a quiet life is to her the one unendurable horror of existence. She loves cities and detests the country, save when she can carry to her rural retreat diversions and companionship as exhilarating as those that the city affords."

Piles

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The Mission of the Daily.

The mission of a powerful metropolitan daily, as I see it," said the Great Editor's solemn visitor, "is to elevate and uplift humanity."

"Sure!" said the great editor. "To educate and improve the masses; to go into the thousands of humble homes with messages of blessings."

"You're lead right!" said the Great Editor.

"To enlighten those who need enlightening; to serve as eyes for the totally blind and ears for the intellectual deaf; to exert a healthful influence on the body politic and raise citizenry to the proud summit on which it should stand."

"You're next to the biz," said the Great Editor. "What is it, Marks?"

"Here's the schedule for to-morrow," the city editor, who had just entered the room, replied.

"All right; all right. I'll look it over." Slowly and thoughtfully the Great Editor read the schedule as follows:

Pugley and Bluffer Prize

Fight.....	13	columns
Mysterious Murder.....	4	columns
Beautiful Women Elopes.....	4 1-2	columns
Sensational Divorce.....	1 1-2	columns
Proceedings Educational Association.....	1-2	column
Society Events.....	1	column
Methobaptist Conference.....	3	inches

"It's all right, Marks," said the Great Editor; "it's all right. Of course you understand that if anything presses you can cut down on that conference. S'long!"

"As you were so justly and wisely remarking, sir, when we were interrupted, the mission of a metropolitan daily is to elevate and uplift hu—Oh! Gone, hey? Wonder what was his hurry?"

For the solemn visitor had sort of faded away while the Great Editor read the schedule for tomorrow's paper.—A. J. W.

Too Late.

Daniel Webster used to tell a story about an old woman who was very ill and went into a trance. They all thought she was dead, and when she opened her eyes her husband said in a surprised tone, "Why, Mandy, we thought ye wuz dead." The poor old woman looked at her husband a moment, and then she burst into tears. "And ye never bawled a bit," she sobbed. "Ye thought I wuz dead, and yer eyes wuz dry. Couldn't ye have bawled a little bit, Jabez?" The old man was deeply moved, and he did actually bawl then. But his wife said sadly: "It's too late now. Dry yer eyes. If I'd really been dead and ye'd bawled 'twould have done me some good. But it's too late now."

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By order,
FRED. GELINAS,
Secretary and acting Deputy Minister,
Department of Public Works,
Ottawa, July 22, 1904.

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