

The Tragedies of Politics.

On the shore line of every County, almost of every Township, you may find them—the wrecks thrown upon the beach by the stormy sea of politics. A strange assortment of craft they are. Some of the smaller ones had the Township Council as their intended haven, while others, of greater build, were at one time pointed for the more important harbors furnished by the County Council, the Legislature, or even the Dominion Parliament. To-day they all have a common resting place in the beach of forgetfulness. No matter how proudly they may have borne themselves at one time, at present they are wholly forgotten, and their one-time existence is called to mind only when the time comes for removing a shattered hull wholly from public sight.

Names? Do you want to be told the names of some of these ships which have passed? In that case it will be necessary to drop metaphor and resort to plain speaking.

Hon. William Macdougall at one time shared with George Brown and John A. Macdonald the foremost place in public life. He was for many years a member of Parliament, for a time a Cabinet Minister, and was once named as Lieut.-Governor of what is to-day one of our chief Provinces. The last twenty years of his life were spent in retirement at Ottawa, reflecting on the vanity of human ambition. In the National Policy campaign of 1878, the man whom the believers in the new gospel delighted most to hear after John A. himself, was J. J. Hawkins, who is now remembered only by a few old personal associates in the city of Brantford. Davy Greighton, for years slated for the position at present held by Hon. J. A. Matheson, is shelved in a little office in Toronto. Poor Casey, of West Elgin, impoverished by politics and the follies to which politics so often lead, after holding his riding for his party for twenty years, was almost at death's door and on the verge of want before the friends he had served so long provided him with a place. Uncle "Dick" Tooley, the only man who could have carried East Middlesex in the campaigns in which he did carry it, and whose popularity was as wide as the Province itself, is now in actual need of the comforts which could be easily provided by the money he spent for his party.

But why go on? Why call up more unpleasant memories? It was necessary to do so much in order to point the moral. That moral is that while life in a self-governing community demands the faithful performance of such public duties as clearly come in one's way, the man is a fool who allows ambition to carry him into politics for their own sake. This involves a sacrifice of home comforts, neglect of family associations, and the fleeting joys which come from the excitement of combat and triumph are purchased at too high a price in the bitterness that is the inevitable accompaniment of the reflections brought on by popular forgetfulness when the period of enforced retirement comes. There are a few who have reached the end, while still in the full tide of political prosperity; but, for one whose life ends at such an opportune moment as in the case of Sir John Macdonald, there are a thousand who suffer the pangs of political death before the physical and brings relief.—Toronto Weekly Sun.

Why is Japan Borrowing?

That there is something of mystery about Japan's new \$150,000,000 4 per cent. loan, announced this week, and to be brought out shortly at London, Berlin, and New York, is generally admitted. The last loan of \$150,000,000 was floated at the end of last March; the bulk of subscriptions paid only six weeks ago, and it was officially stated, at the time of its issue, that it would suffice for Japan's war requirement during the rest of 1905. This was indeed a reasonable supposition; for Japan has raised, since the war began, \$500,000,000 from public loans, in addition to which, as its lately published Government year-book shows, \$187,000,000 has been appropriated from increased taxes and other revenue operations.

If the war has averaged \$1,000,000 daily, this would cover a period running close to the end of the present calendar year. As a matter of fact, Japan has not yet drawn heavily on the balances accruing from the loan of three months ago. None of the prior loans, issued at home or abroad, this year or last, can be redeemed until 1907; therefore the new borrowing does not appear to be for redemption purposes. In fact, the supposition as to redemption plans has been that Japan would borrow, on her public credit only, to take up the foreign loans with a special lien on the revenue—a provision which has been rightly considered, by Japan, as humiliating. Yet this new \$150,000,000 loan again offers the tobacco monopoly as a pledge.

There are several possible explanations.

The London theory seems to be that the new loan is designed to impress Russia with the sight of Japan's high credit, and thereby hasten peace. Such a policy, regularly practised, would lead to rather foolish finance; but it is conceivable. It may be that Japan's agents have warned her that the late autumn money market will not be as favorable as the "July disbursement period." This would, however, hardly explain a seemingly complete change of plan.

Finally, it may be alleged that Japan needs more funds at home; and it is true that gold coin in circulation in Japan decreased 65 per cent. last year, and that gold reserved against the Bank of Japan's largely increased note issues fell from \$40,660,000 at the close of 1903 to \$8,630,000 at the end of 1904. But the odd fact in this connection is, that Japan abroad has huge sums to her credit in New York and London, yet does not draw on them. How would she be any better off if such balances were doubled?

Torpid Liver Indigestion

THE MOST COMMON ILLS OF LIFE AND HOW THEY ARE CURED BY

DR. CHASE'S KIDNEY-LIVER PILLS.

Slow passage of the food through the intestines, where the most difficult part of digestion takes place, is the usual cause of indigestion.

As a result of this delay, the food ferments and the digestive organs are filled with gas, giving rise to such symptoms as belching of wind, rising of sour taste in the mouth, smothering sensations in the chest, pains about the heart, heart palpitation, headache and dizziness.

To overcome these distressing symptoms the liver must be awakened to action by the use of such a medicine as Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

Once the liver is active there is a good flow of bile, which, as Nature's own cathartic, quickens the pace of the food through the intestines, removes the food impurities, and restores good digestion and the regular action of the bowels.

Stomach medicines are of no avail in this, the most serious form of indigestion. Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, bring prompt relief and cure thoroughly because of their direct and specific action on the liver.

Because they positively cure the most common and frequent ills of life Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are invaluable as a family medicine. One pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at all dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto. Portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, on every box.

"The Perfect Woman."

In a discussion among some friends recently we were in dispute as to the four requisite qualities to be found in the finest type of woman. A thought these were the necessary charms: (1) A sense of religion; (2) an affectionate disposition; (3) a high reverence for maternity; and (4) docility of temperament. On the other hand, B required: (1) Beauty; (2) high spirits; (3) intelligence; and (4) an affectionate disposition. B reminded A that he had not asked for intelligence in his perfect woman, to which A replied that he didn't require it. B laughed this attitude of mind to scorn, and said that he knew a case at that moment in which such a woman as A described was slowly boring her husband to death, and actually driving him from home by her inanity—the case being all the harder for the husband because he realized and appreciated the good points of his wife. A retorted by saying that he knew a case in which such an intelligent and high-spirited woman as B described had turned her home topsyturvy by knowing more than her husband did—that the husband had been slowly but surely relegated to the background, and the wife's "affectionate disposition," instead of being dutifully concentrated upon her husband and family, had gone abroad for its satisfaction, and expended itself upon man and woman kind generally. The argument was of the sort that came to an end, and it was agreed that the question would be sent to the editorial tribunal for settlement, in the hope that a formula for "the perfect woman" might be evolved.—[“R. D.,” in Harper's Weekly.]

There is a story of a home-loving farmer who started for the West and came home "to spend the first night." This was a question of sentiment; but another man, quoted by the Philadelphia Ledger, had a more practical reason for seeking cover. He had been hired by a close fist farmer, who believed in burning the candle at both ends. The first morning the new man was called at three o'clock. About fifteen minutes later he came down stairs with his bag in his hand. "Ain't you goin' to work?" asked the farmer in surprise. "No," was the disgusted answer. "I'm goin' to hunt up some place to stay all night."

To My Wife.

On a mist-ridden ridge of the mountain
Where the chamois and tur live alone
Lies a hunter who watches the fountain,
And the stars watch the hunter, mine own.

There's just room for his rifle beside him,
Just room for his guide at his feet;
Some two dozen inches divide him
From death and eternity, sweet.

The mountain with gray hoary fingers
Points up to the heaven above;
He kneels to his God first—then lingers,
And wistfully dreams of his love.

The torrent that rages beneath him
Just makes itself heard in a moan,
While the thunder-clouds, stooping, enwreath him
And curtain his pillow of stone.

The lightning that gleams on his face, girl,
Finds a smile born of thinking of thee;
And the storm wind that swept o'er the place,
Took a love message over the sea:

For soft grows the pillow of stone, dear,
All the mountain with beauty is rife;
There is nothing for him to bemoan, dear,
Who can trust in his God and his wife.

—CLIVE PHILLIPS-WOLLEY.

Canadians In England.

Yorkshire papers just to hand give long accounts of the visit of the party of Canadian manufacture to Bradford, where the party had a most enthusiastic reception. The mayor and corporation met the Canadians at the station, and escorted them in grand state through the main thoroughfares, which were decorated with flags and streamers and lined by thousands of cheering people. They visited some of the great manufacturing establishments in the city, and were afterwards entertained at luncheon.

The Mayor of Bradford, in giving the toast of 'The Visitors,' said they were not strangers, but 'some of our own people,' who wanted to know what the feelings of the people of the Old Country were respecting themselves. He was convinced that what they had seen would enable them to realize the one great truth that old England meant 'Empire first and our particular affairs afterwards.' He knew, he added, that Canadians desired to be a strong nation, and demanded independence in order that she might achieve her own work. He also knew that the one ambition of the Dominion was to remain forever a part of this great Empire, under one king, and to take their part and fight shoulder to shoulder with the Old Country, as in the last war.

Mr. S. Morley Wickett, who replied to the toast, said that from King Edward to the populace nothing had exceeded the good will which had been shown them. They had been made to feel that the Empire was a common heritage. The progress of every part of the Empire was essentially a condition to the permanence of the Empire, and a policy of mutual confidence seemed to be the open sesame of the imperial future.

Mother (looking at Johnny reproachfully) Where have you been this afternoon, Johnny Johnny (uneasily)—Sunday school. Mother Then how is it you smell of fish and are so wet? Johnny (desperately)—Teacher told us the story of Jonah and the whale.

"I heard him call you 'Duckie,'" announced the small brother. "Well, what of it?" demanded his sister, defiantly. "Oh, nothin' much," answered the small brother. "I was only thinkin' maybe it's because of the way you walk; but it ain't very nice of him."

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Suppose your bowels failed to move for a week or ten days. Don't you know you would be quickly prostrated? It is just the same, differing in degree, when your bowels do not move at least once a day. You know you soon become languid and tired, your blood gets bad and you feel unwell and sick all over. You should have a full, healthy passage daily. Don't let serious conditions develop. Smith's Pineapple and Butternut Pills will drive bowel poison out of your system and establish regularity. They are purely vegetable, and cure in one night. We will send you a generous sample of these pills Absolutely Free, sealed and postpaid, that will convince you beyond doubt of their wonderful curative properties. Address, W. F. Smith Co., 185 St. James Street, Montreal, Canada.

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of the North American

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An increase over 1903 of \$645,935.....	\$35,630,188
Insurance in Force.....	\$35,630,188
An increase over 1903 of \$3,065,095.....	\$1,504,063
Income.....	\$2,700
Payment to Policy Holders.....	\$561,136
An increase over 1903 of \$137,918.....	

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