

TRUTH ABOUT CANADA

No Trouble Finding a Job. "When Y' ken Y'r Business"

"I am going to close this letter with an example worth while," wrote an Englishman to his cousin in Canada. "I met a young Scotsman named Willie, hailing from Glasgow, the other day. While he was in Canada at the C.P.R. moving-picture show at the Glasgow Exhibition and became fired with Western fever. He landed in Winnipeg without a friend and with very little money. He had been in a piano house at home. Arrived, he applied at the McLean Rand Company on Portage Avenue. 'What salary do you want?' said the manager. 'It's work I'm thinking about, maister!' says the Scot. Within an hour he was rigging up an old tin-pan piano which had lost most of its heart and most of its tone as well. But Willie went at the old rattle-bang-thing in a way that showed he knew his business, and to be brief he stayed with McLean and Company one year. Then he saw that the mechanical piano was coming to the fore, but knowing nothing of the 'inards' of the machine, he took some of the money he had saved, went to Toronto, was engaged by a piano-machine factory, worked there six months, went back to Winnipeg, found his place filled at Mac's, walked into Lindsay's piano house, and was taken on at an advance of five dollars per week over and above what he had been getting. In Willie's own words: 'My sister came out then, she got work at the big Massey-Harris house, office work, with good pay. We took a comfortable flat, we live there happy and contentedly, we have a fine piano and we'll be glad to have ye' call on us.'"

"How does the pay for work compare with the Glasgow pay, Willie?" I asked.

"It's just double," he says. "And how do you compare living?" says I.

"You pay more for luxuries!" says Willie, "but otherwise I am thinking it's just as cheap livin' in Canada, as anywhere else, an'," said he meaningly, "there's no trouble about findin' a job when y' ken y'r business!"

"Willie," says I, "can I tell your story to a newspaper?"

"Aye," he said, "some of the Glasgow folk'll know me fine."



THOMAS MOTT OSBORNE
philanthropist, reformer and millionaire, who entered Auburn penitentiary as a convict in order to find out how a convict lives and is treated.

MICROBE EATS METAL

This Bacillus Has an Action on Iron and Steel

Although science knew a hundred micro-organisms that devour the human tissues and cause all sorts of maladies, and also many that eat plants, roots, dirt, wood, and clothing, it had never been imagined that there was one capable of eating up bits of steel and iron. Yet a discovery made by E. M. Mumford, an English student, showed that this is the case.

This species of bacillus varies in its digestive action upon iron and steel compounds according to whether it acts in the presence or absence of air. When oxygen is present the iron is precipitated by the germs as iron bog-ore, while in the absence of oxygen no iron salts are formed. This iron-eating germ is a short microbe about one-thousandth of an inch long. It grows readily on potatoes and then looks greenish-brown in color. It also colonizes in milk, gelatine, and agar.

A Happy Family

The belief that the mouse is the natural enemy of the cat does not always hold good. On the farm of William Wilson near Quebec is an old tabby, the property of his grandson Edgar, who is responsible for overhauling this popular belief. Edgar entrusted a litter of white mice to the care of the cat. The cat offered no objection, and from the first day they got along without a hitch. The cat and rodents share their food, and form a very happy little family. The fact that heretofore the cat had been a noted "mouser" caused considerable comment.

THE ANIMALS' HEALTH

Dwellers in the Toronto Zoo Make Good Patients

"A long way the healthiest animal here," said Mr. F. Goode, superintendent of the Riverdale Zoo, Toronto. "Is the elephant. We have had her about ten years, and she has only been sick or sorry once in the last five years, and then she had only a slight cold."

Speaking generally, Mr. Goode was of the opinion that the denizens of the Zoo made good patients. The great majority of them, he was convinced, are more insensible to pain than are human beings. And they have nothing like the same apprehension of death or suffering. To this rule, however, he made some exceptions. A sick monkey, he said, was one of the most pitiful sights of the world. To see a monkey die was pitiful in the extreme. It showed just the same kind of feelings as a human being does.

"I should say that the leopard is the most delicate of the animals we have here. He has a shorter coat than either the lion or the tiger, and a cold wind affects him. We lost a leopard two years ago from pneumonia. That is really the chief disease of which we stand in dread. On the whole we are extremely free from illness at the Zoo."

"Black and brown bears give very little trouble. They are naturally strong. And when they are feeling not quite up to the mark, they will drink cod liver oil freely out of a cup."

"Beavers are healthy, as well as industrious. But they fight like fury. Where a male and female are together, and have a family, and found a colony, they are all right. But put in a strange beaver among this colony, and they will kill him inside of twenty-four hours. They will cut his tail off, and tear holes in his back. And all this will be done under water. Beavers can stand any amount of pain. I have known a beaver badly mauled, and gangrene set in until half of him was really dead. And yet he would still keep on diving."

A Winged Ambulance

A hunter of North Battleford, told a story about a goose which he wounded and which was apparently about to fall to the ground. It was actually supported by two of its mates, who, upon seeing the predicament flew underneath the bird in distress so that their wings on the upward flap would reach the injured member of the flock. In this way, remarkable to relate, the three geese—the ambulance and the patient—reached the river in safety.

While the hunter could easily have picked off the whole three geese with the second volley, he was prevented from doing so by the remarkable demonstration of brotherly kindness in the care of the injured goose. The ingenious method which was employed by the members of this ambulance corps seems to prove conclusively that sometimes a goose is not a goose!

A fire which resulted in a large house at Westport, New Zealand, being burned to the ground was caused by a fly which escaped, a burning mass, from a gas jet into which it had flown and alighting on the window curtains set them ablaze.

INDIAN BREWERIES

A Mounted Policeman Found Many of These in the Far North

One of the mounted Canadian police, who patrol great stretches of almost uninhabited land in the northwest, discovered a band of Indians, who had breweries and were making "fire water" constantly for their own use, east of the Hay River, and 600 miles from civilization. The Hay River is a thin black line running through the white terra incognita south of the Great Slave Lake.

The patrolman made a personal investigation and found a happy lot of Indians among whom "fire water" was quite as common as it used to be down in Kentucky. He found that nearly every "buck" was the proprietor of a "brewery," and that life south of the Great Slave Lake was one long and joyous spree.

A strange white man had sold the secret of making "fire water" to the Indians, and they were making a "brew" of potatoes, hops, sugar and yeast, which, when allowed to ferment, was strong enough to cause intoxication. During the warm summer months the Indians raised potatoes for this brew, but in scarcely any instance could they be persuaded to grow anything for food.

Hotel Don'ts

Don't carry a big roll—there's a safe in the office if you must carry a roll.
Don't fold big yellow-backs outside little green-backs.
Don't fancy hip pockets are safe as a bank.
Don't think watches won't go if worn loose on a fob.
Don't get the notion you're as swift as an auto.
Don't allow strangers to persuade you they're old friends.
Don't take it for granted your coat is well tethered.

OPTICAL TELEGRAPH

This Serves as a Telephone for Deaf People

An optical telegraph intended to fill the place of the telephone for talking with a deaf person has been invented by a deaf and dumb married couple. It consists essentially of a keyboard, as in a typewriter, through whose keys single electric currents pass. In each circuit is included an incandescent lamp with a flat surface, bearing a letter of the alphabet or a Roman numeral. Pressing any key causes the corresponding lamp to glow. Thus words and sentences are spelled out and numbers are formed.

"The keyboard can be operated as fast as that of an ordinary typewriter, so that with practice communication becomes very smooth and rapid. Each station, of course, must contain both a sender and a receiver, and these may be in different rooms or in houses a long distance apart."

The instrument can be conveniently used for conversation between a deaf person and a normal person who is ignorant of the finger language. The silence with which the device is operated is a very important point in its favor. This feature might make it especially useful where quiet or secrecy in transmitting information is desirable, as in sending war news or secret instructions in business houses.—"Literary Digest."

Wood Buffalo In the North

"There are fully 500 head of wood buffalo west and north of Fort Smith, which is on the Great Slave river, in the extreme northeast corner of the province of Alberta," said A. J. Bell, guardian of 3,000 Indians of the Yellow Knife, Dog Rib, Chipewyan and Cariboo Eaters tribes. "The buffalo in the northern district have every mark of resemblance to the bison of the plains, but constant living in the heavy timbered country has made them much wilder and unapproachable than the prairie buffalo. As these animals are protected, no killing being permitted, there should be a rapid increase in their numbers."

Dr. Mizutaro Studied in Canada

Dr. Mizutaro, who was inaugurated president of the Aoyama Gakuin, the Methodist college in Tokyo, is a graduate of Victoria College, Toronto. He is said to be one of the brainiest men in the Christian church in Japan and one of the most popular preachers, especially to young men.

Distressing Headaches

Headaches are largely the result of disordered kidneys.

Mrs. Hall, 81 Flora Street, St. Peter, St. Thomas, Ont., says: "I suffered for years with headaches of a most distressing nature. They would come on suddenly, and would last for days at a time. There were usually accompanied by spells of dizziness that would leave me unable to attend to any house duties."

My back was weak and caused me much suffering through the nights. I had doctored for years, but all to no avail. Nothing benefited me.



and my condition was gradually becoming worse. I learned of Booth's Kidney Pills. One box gave me a complete and lasting cure. I have not had a headache or dizzy spell since and I feel like a new person."

Booth's Kidney Pills are sold by all druggists, 50c. box, under a guarantee to refund your money if they fail to relieve any disease having its origin in the kidneys or bladder. Postpaid from The R. T. Booth Co., Ltd. Fort Erie, Ont. Sold and guaranteed by

Continued from page 3.

clutching him by the shoulders, 'that is all I want to know. The rest doesn't matter—not to me. Billie,' she cried, 'come and see Santa Claus. He has come again this year.'

There was a sound of precipitous descent upon the stairs and in another moment two people were in Trenchard's arms instead of one.

At the end of an hysterical quarter of an hour there was a tap on the door of the dark room where they were sitting and Yewger, minus his costume, entered the room.

"Trenchard," he said, in a half whisper, "I toddled in at dusk in the clothes of a washerwoman. Nobody knows I am here. If anything happens I think I know just what to do. Maybe I don't. At any rate, don't take a chance. The whole town—mind what I say—the whole town is looking for you. There isn't a man here who doesn't call you a traitor and the dirtiest kind of a thief—"

"A thief," echoed Trenchard. "Why do they call me a thief?"

[Continued next week.]

A poor man makes a good philanthropist—in his mind.

EMPIRE BUILDERS

Such Are Facts Whether of Words or of the Axe and Pick

Like the Greeks who made a distinction between the spoken word and the deed, the Englishmen who were above all practical men, who loved being and doing and the doing free life, said Mr. F. Benson, the great interpreter of Shakespeare's dramas.

A transatlantic railway builder was a great not a word of action, leader of a band who called out the word of action, making the word of action, not in terms of pick and ax and dredge, in tunnel and train, wedding east and west. He was one who could identify himself with the living principle of all things, who saw the relation between the particular and the universal, surely a practical man for our generation, and all generations to come, and that was the meaning of poet. A concrete example was given at the Stratford-Upon-Avon festival, where people were joined in a mighty realization of the brotherhood of man, not in the pink-blooded terms of the copybook heads, but with the vital intensification of national feeling and patriotism. Mr. Benson had a vision of a great empire of English-speaking people, of which Shakespeare's drama would be one of the chief links.

In a time of strikes, a striker told him how at Shakespeare's shrine he had gathered a sense of the harmony of life, and had seen the due relation of things. He added: "Shakespeare has shown me a better way than dynamite." Another man had prayed God's blessing on the Stratford Theatre. "It has shown me in Shakespeare's plays how we British became what we are, and how we may keep

SIGNIFICANT NAMES

There is a Marked Difference in Place Names in Ontario and Quebec

The place names of Ontario and Quebec eloquently reflect the historical background of the respective peoples. Journey through Ontario and you are confronted with names of counties, townships, towns and villages lifted almost bodily from England, as in Middlesex, Lincoln or York. Go through Quebec and we meet the names of French Kings, Governors and explorers, not to speak of innumerable saints held in close reverence by a devoted people. In Ontario we find in the nomenclature a solemn march of heroes, Governors, poets, philanthropists, statesmen, discoverers and martyrs, connected with the expansion of glory of England, such as Sir Isaac Brock, Sir Guy Carleton, General Haldimand, Governor Hamilton, Governor Hope, General Prescott, the Duke of Richmond, Lord Durham, Sydenham and Aylmer, Governor Simcoe, Sir Charles Bagot, Hinton, Collingwood, Wellington, Nelson, Raleigh, Hampton, Palmerston, Pitt, Harvey, Franklin, Wilberforce, and Macaulay, with such reminders of victory as Blenheim, Trafalgar, Vincent, Waterloo and Sebastopol.

In Quebec how different are the scenes called up by the names of cities, rivers, counties and parishes: Champlain, after the founder of Quebec; Chicoutimi, the first French Vicar; Montmagny, who succeeded Champlain. Two officers of the Carleton regiment, St. Louis and Richardson, perpetrate the Grand Monarch of France and his long-trusted Minister: Frontenac, Vaudreuil, and Beauharnois were three of the most able and energetic of the French Governors of Canada, while Bishop Laval, Generals Montcalm and de Lévis, Cardinal Richelieu, Charlevoix, and other celebrities are similarly remembered. As to the names of saints, the calendar and Acts Sanctorum seem to have been ransacked, and not even the most obscure result of canonization overlooked.

AT A BIG DINNER.

A young doctor who had never been able to smoke a cigar without feeling ill once attended a big dinner. When cigars were brought in he refused one. 'What! Not smoking?' exclaimed his host. 'Why, my dear fellow, you lose half your dinner!' 'Yes, I know I do, meekly replied the doctor, but if I smoked one I should lose the whole of it.'

When "treed" by a bulldog in Patchoque, L. L. William Rodgers, a mail clerk, shot a button down the dog's throat so as to shut off its wind almost entirely. While the dog was getting rid of the button, the mail-clerk made his escape.

Heaven is reached by a staircase—the other place by a chute.

David Pollock, who worked as a stone mason on the old State Capitol of Missouri when it was started in 1826, died last week in Fulton, Mo., at the age of 97.



What adds more to a good breakfast—what is more enjoyed—than a cup of good coffee?

What is simpler to make?

Why deprive yourself of this morning luxury when

Chase & Sanborn's Seal Brand Coffee

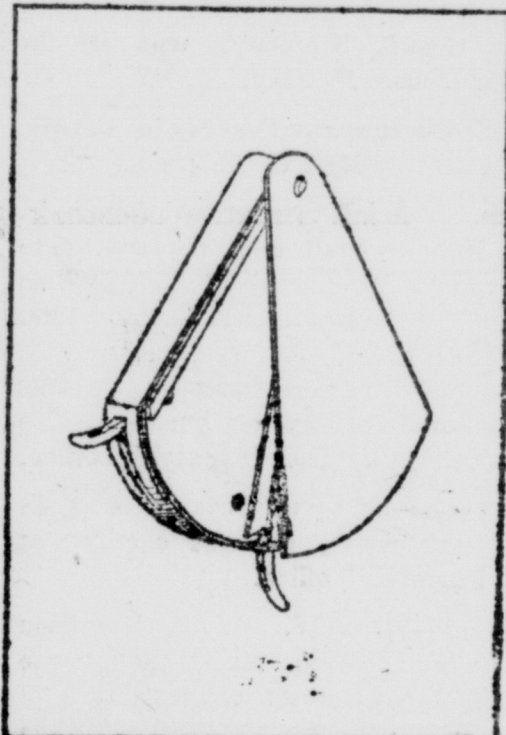
costs but one cent a cup?

CHASE & SANBORN, MONTREAL. 142

NOVEL LEMON SQUEEZER

Jaws Press in Upon Bisected Fruit and Drain it Dry.

An ingenious little lemon or orange squeezer that can be carried in the pocket has been invented. It is a compact device but will do its work just as thoroughly as one of general use. A flat wedge-shaped metal box has an outlet at the wide end. A pair of jaws are enclosed in the box with their inner ends pivoted on the same



EASILY CARRIED IN POCKET

pin that holds a swinging lid to the implement. The outer ends of the jaws have finger clips and a spring keeps them normally apart and resting against the sides of the housing. A lemon is cut in half and placed between the jaws, which are then pressed together and the lemon squeezed dry, the juice running into the tumbler or whatever receptacle is waiting for it, through the outlet already mentioned. When the squeezer is not in use the lid can be pushed over it.

WON BY PERSISTENCE

A Determined Blacksmith Succeeded at Last

The Scientific American related the following story of a determined blacksmith who was success by determined and intelligent effort:

"I am a blacksmith from Canada," he said. "I hammered this out on the anvil. It is going to be used instead of ordinary leather collars." It weighed forty pounds.

"How is a horse to carry this load around his neck and draw a heavy load as well?" he was asked.

"This is a little heavier than it need be," he explained. "It will be all right."

An effort was made to dissuade him from wasting money on a horse-collar that weighed forty pounds, but he was sure of his ground. Six months later the Canadian returned with another collar, an improvement on the original, and which weighed but fifteen pounds. Three times the man came back. Each time he brought with him a new metal collar, lighter and better than its predecessor.

Now, almost every fire-engine horse and omnibus horse in this country and in Europe wears what is known as the stamped metal collar. From forty pounds, the Canadian had reduced its weight to almost as many ounces. He has given up blacksmithing and lives in luxury in London.