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## NOT A DRY VOLUME ON THE WHOLE SHELF

Miss Higgins' Fount of Knowledge  
Satisfied Many Thirsty Souls.

Boston, March 25.—Former President Elliot said he could place on a five-foot shelf enough books to weigh a man with knowledge.

The police say that Miss Annie Higgins who keeps a boarding house on Tremont street, has a five-foot shelf with enough alleged books to give several men a load, and there is not a dry book on the shelf.

The police say, too, they have often visited Miss Higgins. They suspected her of running a "speak-easy" they found she was running a read-easy, so to say. Policeman Mantell and some others searched Miss Higgins' house for the stuff that steals away men's brains today. Not a drop did they find until they were about to leave.

Then Mantell, an omnivorous reader, took down a bulky volume entitled "Forbidden Fruit" from the five-foot shelf. With an inviting click the book opened displaying a flask of brandy. Plainly "The History of Our Country" was one of the most popular in the shelf; it contained three empty flasks. "The Lives of the Saints," too, looked from its thumbings, as if too, were popular among the Higgins elite. "The People's Home Physician" and "Robinson Crusoe," containing bottle cocktails had not lacked for friends either.

A volume "Cotton Gin" by Ely Whitney, its inventor, had not been read very thoroughly, perhaps on account of the brand of gin it contained.

Miss Higgins was arrested and her library confiscated.

Here is a list of other interesting volumes, but no man can absorb them all. They embrace many fields of learning; history, poetry, medicine, law, science, and so on.

"Rum people I Have Met"  
"Biography of Gambirinus."  
"History of La Grande Chartreuse Monastery."

"Is Bacchus a Myth?"  
"Hot Scotch Ballads."  
"Her Liquid Eyes" "Moonshine on the Mountains" and other love sonnets.

"Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes."

"Father, Dear Father, Come Home with Me Now."—Poem.  
"The Morning After" or "A Peep Into the Future."

"Inspiration: A Prophecy."  
"Carbonic and Ice as a Fire Extinguisher."

"Hydrocephalus, Elephantiasis of the Cranium and Other Big Heads."  
"Juices, Including Corn and Grape."  
"The Metallurgy of Hot Coppers."  
"Is Alcohol a Food?"  
"Jamaica as a Winter Resort."  
"Tanglefoot Tales."  
"Cakes and Ale."  
"William J. Gaynor on Mugs."  
"The Side Door in Architecture."  
"How to See Things."  
"Dream Life."

"The Great Sahara," by Oppenheimer & Kiely.  
"Confessions of an Ex-Tank."  
"Goats and Chamolis" by Bock.  
"The Joy of Living."

## MRS. MARY BAKER AGAIN IN TROUBLE

LaJunta, Col., March 23.—Judge E. W. McDaniel of the Otero County Court recently rendered a decision holding B. D. Messenger and wife guilty of "neglect" in failing to call a physician to attend three children, after three other children in the family had died. It is said that followers of Mrs. Mary Baker G. Eddy will carry the case if necessary to the highest court in the land to have a final decision regarding the legal status of Christian Science healing.

Gray Montgomery, an officer of the Christian Science Church, gave out the following statement: "B. D. Messenger is not a Christian Scientist, but after losing three children in the care of physicians he finally when the three remaining children were stricken, turned wholly to Christian Science treatment."

## THE PRINCE'S TOUR.

Programme of the Prince of Wales' South African Visit.

The Prince of Wales has received a draft informal programme from South Africa regarding the forthcoming royal visit. It is understood that until after the receipt of an invitation from the Union Government no details of the tour will be officially arranged. It may be regarded as certain however (Reuter's Agency states) that the Prince will sanction the following main features of the visit:

The Prince and Princess will go to South Africa by the west coast route in a chartered liner. The vessel selected will be accompanied by an escort of warships. The departure from England will be towards the end of August and the port of debarkation will be Durban.

The capitals of the four provinces and the capital of Rhodesia will be visited, and probably there will be a visit to the Victoria Falls.

The first Union Parliament will be opened at the end of the tour, immediately before the departure of the Prince and Princess for England.

The Prince of Wales will hoist his standard in the new Union-Castle liner Balmoral Castle for his visit to the Cape. The vessel will be commissioned as one of His Majesty's ships for the occasion and will be escorted by a first-class armoured cruiser.

The Balmoral Castle, 590 feet long, 13,000 tons, and 12,500-h. p., was launched by the Fairfield Company, Clyde, on November 13th last.

## CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

Seymour: "Can your dachshund stand on his hind legs?"  
Ashley: "Yes; but I never let him; he's too apt to hurt himself."  
Seymour: "Hurt himself? How?"  
Ashley: "By bumping his head against the ceiling."

"Drink, Pretty Creature, Drink."  
There are enough to make the shelf look ten feet long; enough to content even an omnibus reader: If he wants more let him take home "Ten Barrooms in One Night" get in his smoking jacket and slippers and fill himself with it.

## SUBMARINE WITH FINS

Boat that is Able to Rise or Sink When Not Under Way.

A submarine that will sink or rise in the water at will, without forward or backward motion was recently demonstrated by Mr. H. Middleton, its inventor, in the swimming bath of the Northampton Institute, E. C. It was only a 7ft. model, but it fully bore out the claims made for it. Mr. Middleton worked out the idea some time ago, but has now brought it to perfection.

The submarine is provided with two "fins" on each side, as well as a propeller. No rudder is wanted, as the propeller shaft can be turned at an angle, directing the boat to port or starboard. The fins consist of curved flexible metal plates, and, like the propeller, they are driven by electric motors running from accumulators.

The submarine model can be propelled by the motion of the fins alone, and it then appears exactly like some large fish swimming gracefully. By bending the fins into the correct position the boat goes under and travels at any depth below the surface. There is no "porpoise" motion, as in so many actual submarines when running under water.

The most interesting feature of the boat is its ability to "sink or swim." It was loaded with weights and sank to the bottom of the bath; then the "fins" were set in correct motion for rising, and in a few seconds it had come direct to the surface of the water. By working the fins at a different angle the submarine sank like a stone. The whole of the movements were governed by electricity.

## SKIRT HANGING.

Finish the skirt all but the hem, put it on and adjust it properly. Take a yard stick, place one end on the floor close to the feet and allow the stick to rest against the front of the skirt. Mark where the top of the stick comes on the skirt with chalk and move the stick along to the side, being careful to see that it is always vertical and not slanting, and mark with chalk again. Proceed in this way until a circle of chalk is completed around the skirt. The skirt is now marked an even thirty-six inches from the floor. Take it off and place it on a table and with the yard stick mark off the desired length below the circle of chalk. For instance, if you want your skirt two inches from the floor, lay the yard stick on the skirt with one end at the line of chalk marks and at the other end chalk two inches less than a yard. This makes a perfect hanging skirt.

## QUEEN CREAM BISCUITS.

Two cups of sifted flour, half a cup of cream, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one of sugar and a half saltspoonful of salt. Mix the flour, sugar, salt and baking powder together, then add the cream and one well-beaten egg, mixing all together with a silver knife.

Handle the dough as little as possible while making it into round cakes. Bake in a hot oven for about ten minutes. This quantity will make a dozen biscuits.

"Going to hear that lecture on appendicitis today?"  
"Naw, I'm tired of these organ recitals."

## JURY SAYS IT IS NOT A SWEAR WORD

Little Word of Four Letters Does Not Mean "Condemned"—It is quite Proper.

New York, March 25.—According to a verdict brought in Tuesday by six men sitting as a jury before Justice of the Peace James H. Belethe, in Morristown, N. J., "damn" is not an oath, or a "swear word" such as is prohibited by the Vice and Immorality act of New Jersey.

Surrogate David Young who was on trial for saying that Mrs. Nellie Fitzherbert of Dover "talked like a damn fool," acknowledged he had used the expression, but his counsel insisted that such an expression was not swearing. The jury agreed with him and acquitted Young.

Mrs. Fitzpatrick testified that she was in Mr. Young's office in Morristown recently to get a copy of a will in which she was interested. She read the copy and told the Surrogate that it was not a true copy. He offered to bet her a dollar that it was a true copy. She took the bet and put up her dollar.

The copy was compared with the original and it was shown that in the copy the word "not" was out completely altering one of the provisions of the will. She won her bet.

Later Mrs. Fitzherbert visited Mr. Young's office again and taunted him upon losing the bet. She told him that he "was all right, but in the wrong place." He became angry and said:

"You talk like a damn fool."

Mr. Young said that he had great provocation and merely wished to add emphasis to an assertion. The expression was merely an adjective intended to convey the idea that Mrs. Fitzherbert talked not only a fool, but like a very big fool—like very much of a fool. He did not mean that she was a condemned fool.

## BURGLAR PROOF GLASS

(Edward Bartlett, in the 'Technical World Magazine'.)

If the French glassmakers continue their present experiments to the logical conclusion we shall perhaps one day be able to live in glass houses and throw as many stones as we like. Science is merciless, and it pauses no more at shattering old proverbs than it does of depriving boyhood of one of its chief destructive pleasures—that joyous conjunction of brickbat and window pane that has relieved the feelings of many a young savage pent up in town. The experiments have not yet progressed so far as that but something has been accomplished in the way of making life harder for that close-practitioner, the burglar.

The idea originated in Marseilles, which has troubles of its own in the way of criminal depredations. One day, a little more than a year ago, there was an apparently organized outbreak of cambrio-leurs in some of the principal streets of that city. In broad daylight, and in crowded thoroughfares, the windows of more than a dozen jewelry shops were smashed and objects of great value were successfully made way with. Some of the thieves were captured, and some made their escape, but the lesson remained, to the terror of jewelers and all others who made a practice of displaying valuable goods in their show-windows.

France is a country of iron shutters. The streets of a French city after eight or nine o'clock in the evening have the appearance of a place besieged, or at least infested with robbers and marauding bands. Every shop presents a curious aspect to American eyes, with its shutter let down to cover windows and doors with a sheet of iron that sledges and crowbars could scarcely penetrate. These precautions, which are taken in similar fashion in all private houses of every kind, even to the sixth floor windows of apartment houses, and the great walled-in residences, are partly a survival of the Middle Ages and partly a necessary resistance to the attacks of criminals, who are nowhere so bold and persistent as in France. But it was a new thing, and terrifying, not to be able to display valuables in show-windows even in broad day.

Mistress—I saw the baker kissing you this morning, Susan, and in the future I shall take in the bread myself.

Susan—'Twont do no good, mum; he promised to kiss nobody but me.

"How about going to the theatre tonight?" inquired the young lady.  
"What, and miss seeing the new comet?" responded the economical young man.

Her father (sternly)—Genevieve, you are engaged to some young man. Herself—Oh, father, how did you discover my secret?

Her Father—The ga bills for last Her Father—The ga bill for last quarter is suspiciously small.

Teacher—What are the three personal pronouns?  
Pupil—He, she and it.

Teacher—Give me an example of their use.  
Pupil—Husband, wife and baby.

## DR. OSLER'S GREAT RECORD AS TEACHER OF MEDICINE

Distinguished Canadian Who Wields a Wide Influence—  
Has Been Connected with McGill, John Hopkins and  
Oxford Universities.

(T. P.'s Weekly, London)

People who are inclined to despond about the decadence of the old country and its small chance of success against the rising young giants of the world may profitably remember that Britain has always had an extraordinary faculty for absorbing new blood to refresh her old strains. The most composite nation in the world has kept its energy alive by never-ceasing alien immigration. We are doing it now more vigorously than ever. Oxford has been galvanised into new life by the advent of two hundred picked young scholars and athletes from over seas, who are leaving their imprint upon every field they enter. When Oxford had to fill that most venerable of Academic chairs—the Regius Professorship of Medicine—she defied all precedents and brought over William Osler from the Johns Hopkins University of Baltimore. It was simply the wisest appointment of our generation, a daring raid upon the new world to remedy the deficiencies of the old. As long as we are capable of that sort of thing we need not despair of ourselves.

### A GREAT TEACHER.

For Osler is the greatest medical teacher of his time. He has been teaching all his life, moving on from one field to another, and at every step bringing an inspiring influence to bear upon the organization that has been fortunate enough to detain him for a time. The details of the career of a successful man are generally dull enough reading. In Osler's case they are so remarkable that they may be recited as they stand without sounding like an extract from a catalogue. They are an epic of labor and achievement. Born sixty-one years ago in one of the little Ontario townships, William Osler was the sixth son of an English clergyman, a Cornishman and a Cambridge graduate who went out as a missionary in 1837. Young Osler went to Toronto for his education. Montreal and London followed up the work that Trinity College, Toronto, had begun, and then he came across the Atlantic to add a European polish to the comparatively rough teaching he had acquired in his native land. University College, London, and the Medical Schools of Berlin and Vienna brought him in line with the most advanced medical knowledge of the day. At twenty-five he was summoned to Montreal as Professor of the Institute of Medicine at McGill University. For ten years he worked there and built up a reputation as a teacher and inspirer of others that soon spread far beyond the limits of the city. He was over in Europe on a vacation when he got a letter asking him to stand for the professorship of Clinical Medicine at the University of Pennsylvania. He took it for a hoax, and did not answer it till corroborative evidence came. In his own words:

Dr. Mitchell cabled me to meet him in London, as he and his good wife were commissioned to 'look me over' particularly with reference to personal habits. Dr. Mitchell said there was only one way in which the breeding of a man suitable for such a position in such a city as Philadelphia, could be tested; give him cherry-pie and see how he disposed of the stones I had read of the trick before and disposed of them genteelly in my spoon—and got the Chair.

Five years in Philadelphia made him the most popular man in the city, and the most efficient teacher in the University. And then he moved on again. "The test of the true American," it has been well said, "is the impulse to move on," and in this respect no truer American than Dr. Osler ever lived. This time his move was an epoch-making one. He was called to be Professor of Medicine in the Johns Hopkins University at Baltimore. In 1889 when he went to it the strangely named university was not even a name to Europeans. Now it stands in the first rank in the world as a medical school. Sixteen years of Osler's work were responsible for that elevation. It was at Johns Hopkins that he perfected his methods as a medical teacher, and gathered to himself the reputation that led to his final call to Oxford in the year 1905.

### A FRIEND TO YOUNG MEN.

It was the opening of the Johns Hopkins Hospital which had called him to Baltimore. There he found himself faced with a great problem of organization. It was universally expected that the newly-founded medical school would make a new contribution to higher medical education, and would not content itself with merely falling into line with the many over-voiced hospital schools of the country. Osler solved the problem by demanding from those who

entered the school a far higher standard of qualification than was known elsewhere, and by giving a fuller responsibility and ampler opportunities to the selected men who walked the wards of the Johns Hopkins Hospital. Withal, he had a unique capacity for inspiring enthusiasm and a selfless devotion to the art of medicine in those who worked under him. Perhaps the greatest of all his secrets was his attitude to the young men. In England unfortunately, our older men tend to often to suppress their juniors. They deliberately try to keep them in their places, to teach them their insignificance. A young man has to fight his way upward with little encouragement through a great deal of cold water. Osler would have none of this. He made it always his object to know and understand the young men, to find out the promising and earnest ones, to encourage them, and help them on with his cheery friendship. He does not wait for them to come to him; he seeks them out, and they freely help themselves from the stores of his knowledge and his sympathy.

### HIS WIDE FUTURE.

No harder worker ever lived. Scientific monographs do not lend themselves to verbiage, so it may be faintly realized what is meant by the fact that a partial record of his publications down to the year 1907 fills 'fifteen columns of the quarto catalogue' of the Surgeon-General's Library at Washington. His great book on the 'Principles and Practice of Medicine' has reached a seventh large edition. He has edited a 'System of Medicine' in seven volumes. He has written authoritatively on every aspect of the art of medicine which has come within his ken during his vast clinical experience. Even the best of medical men tend to narrowness in their scientific brilliance, but Osler is one of the two or three leading physicians who are men of really wide culture. He is a humanist of the great days of humanism, a scholar, a thinker, a public man. He is, incidentally, a passionate bibliophile. While still an American professor his lectures and addresses on general topics had become famous. With ample leisure he has been able to indulge this side of his activity by the publication of several fascinating volumes. 'Science and Immortality' (1904), 'Aequanimitas and Other Addresses' (1904), 'Counsels and Ideals' (1905), 'Thomas Linacre' (1908); 'An Alabama Student and Other Biographical Essays' (1908)—here we have in the mere by-products of a busy scientific teacher an output equal in quantity and quality to the product of a literary specialist.

### THE REAL MAN.

But when all is said the man is greater than his work. Osler might have had all his ability, yet he might have done little with it if he had not possessed also a personality of pure gold. The love of his fellows has come to him wherever he has wandered, and he has been a wanderer since his boyhood. An amusing passage from a valedictory oration delivered in New York before his departure for England gives some idea of the place he filled in the hearts of his colleagues. These are the words of Dr. J. C. Wilson:

"The remarkable thing is that the further he moves the more he is missed. There is no authentic record of the state of mind of that far settlement of Ontario which he left in early infancy, nor of the nature of the repast by which his departure was celebrated. But when he left Toronto there were tears and sorrow, and something to eat; and when he left Montreal the same, with singing; and when he took his departure from Philadelphia we had emotions we could not suppress, together with terrapin and champagne; and now that he is going to leave the country there is universal sorrow and the largest medical dinner ever cooked."

It has been his fate to give the most striking possible refutation of his own theory of old age, a theory, by the way, which merely sprang from an ebullition of post-prandial jocosity. At sixty-one he is a marvel of youthful vitality and elasticity. He brings with him into the musty lecture room and pedantic common-rooms of Oxford, a fresh breeze of virility and optimism and large humanity. He has shaken our old men, and sounded the charge to our young men, in the army of medicine, and by the charm of his personality, he has wrought new links to bind together the old world and the new.

Never take off tomorrow the collar you should change today.