

THE NIGHT.

A tremor, a quiver,
Through her ran
As over the river
The dawn began.
She drew her veil
Over her eyes,
And her face grew pale,
As she watched the sun rise
She faded, turned
To a ghost, was gone,
As the morning burned
And the day came on.
With veiled, sad eye,
And face still wan,
She waited nigh
When the dusk began.
With her tears of bliss
The earth was wet,
And soothed with her kiss
When the sun was set.
And with stately pride
She sat on her throne
Of her empire wide
When the day had gone;
And her robes she spread
With their sable hem
And crowned her head
With her diadem.
And the mute Earth saw
That a queen was she,
And gazed with awe
On her majesty.
W. M. McKeacher.

THE GOPHER AND HIS WAYS.

Only More Settlers Will Ever Rid the Country of the Pest.

Those whose lines have been cast in places where the Canadian gopher has its haunts bear no tender recollections of this tiny quadruped, which has so strong a predilection for the farmer's wheat. The creature belongs to a family of rodents, the various species of which are scattered all over North America. One branch rejoices in the possession of cheek-pouches, but the Canadian variety has no such adjuncts, and is an offshoot of the Californian family. It is met with all over the vast prairie lands, and attains a length of, perhaps, ten or eleven inches on the average. His hair is of a light brown hue, with white breast. Here and there one may see a gopher with black spots, but this type is by no means so common as the other. The hind-quarters are largely developed, and the little creature is often seen squatting on his hams, the while he utters a plaintive squeak. The teeth are powerful, especially in front, while a bushy tail swings behind. The gopher is a burrowing animal, and makes its nest of grass or anything soft. They exist in their millions, and are a great nuisance to the settler who grows wheat. By abstracting the sap or juice from the stalks a few score of gophers will soon render useless a tract of wheat land, and one can trace their depredations from the dull, lifeless appearance of the part preyed upon. Poison will kill them, traps will thin their numbers, but progress in that direction is almost inappreciable, owing to their countless array, and they breed very fast. The only way by which they will be exterminated lies, as in the case of many other pests, in the filling up of the country with settlers.

Home For Cats.

If all goes well Toronto in the near future will have a home for lost, strayed, and homeless cats. The idea has been growing for some time, and recently received an impetus from a number of cat lovers, who concluded that the universal pet animal is not receiving the credit and care it deserves.

Nearly every home has a feline of some sort or other. It guards the household Penates, as it were, from whatever depredations the numerous flocks of rats and mice might commit. Those who visited the show at the Exhibition saw his and her majesty decked out in regal splendor, reclining on cushions of silk and satin.

These animals are well looked after and have homes and loving ones to care for them. But what of the thousands of homeless pussies, who stray outdoors, sleep in alleyways, on fences, or on the roofs of houses? What of those numberless ones who know not where the next meal will come from, unless it be from a friendly milk bottle on a doorstep or a careless sparrow or robin? What of those who become old in service? Is it right that they should be tied in a sack and drowned in the bay, or that some wretched urchin should be given a dime to get rid of them?

These are the questions the Home for Cats will solve. It will be patterned after the London Institution and Home for Lost and Starving Cats, which has been solving the perplexing problem since January 22, 1906.

English Trade Loses.

During the last twenty years English trade with Newfoundland has been steadily year by year declining, whilst Canadian and American trade is, on the other hand, annually increasing. Improved communication both with the United States and the Dominion by the Reid railway and steamers has had, of course, its effect. England gives Newfoundland slow steamers once a fortnight; Canada has swift trains and fast steamers every day. Both Canadian and American agents are much more pushing than their English confreres. Canada has a commercial agent in St. John's.

Chinese Wives.

A question as to whether Chinese wives of white men are liable to the \$500 head tax on landing in Canada has been raised by the arrival on board the steamer Empress of India recently of two British engineers who have been working on the Canton-Kowloon Railroad, bringing Chinese wives. They held that their wives should be considered as taking the husband's nationality, and consequently not be amenable to the tax. The question has been referred to Ottawa.

Died at One Hundred and Five.

Mrs. William Beatty died recently at Maple Hill, Merivale, aged 105. She read without glasses until a year ago and was never ill until last August, when she fell, prostrated with heat, and fractured a limb. She leaves 48 descendants.

OLD TIME FORCEPS.

When the Thing Was Turned Something Had to Give Way.

And speaking of teeth reminds me that the country doctor had to draw them when they ached. The dentist's artistry had not attained the elevated plane it occupies today, when everybody's mouth shines like the inside of a communion cup. I honestly believe the modern dentist has more different kinds of tools than even a sanitary plumber, and that's a whole lot when you come to count them up. The modern dentist hates the worst way to draw a tooth. Nevertheless if the modern dentist must draw the tooth he has a particular forceps for a particular tooth, and a cruel hearted and cold looking thing it is too. It puts you so in mind of a successful financier. When you brace yourself in the iron chair and take a tight grip on the arms of it and make up your mind you'll try to stand it and he gets that forceps well under the gum and—wait a minute! I feel so kind of faint! Laws! Why didn't I mind my mother when she told me not to crack hickory nuts with my teeth? Well, anyway, you know he'll get the tooth out without doing more than take the whole top of your head off, and that only in a figurative sense.

Uncle Doc had one implement that did for every tooth, big and little, front and back. It wasn't a forceps; it was a turnkey. The real old folks know what that is and will say so with the cold chills running over them. But you've never seen one, and many a man that you would call old has never seen one. It's something like a canhook. The loosely riveted piece that curves slips over the tooth and catches on the inside; the solid cam bears on the outside gum; the operator turns the handle. Let's not talk about it. Something has got to give. Maybe the tooth will come out; maybe it will break off; maybe the jaw will fracture. All those are details. The main point is that if the operator twists the handle something has got to give, and that's all there is about it.—Eugene Wood in Success Magazine.

A GENTLE REPROACH.

Telling Retort of the Lamblike, Violet Eyed Beauty.

There is a certain young woman who is beautiful, with that childish, wistful, innocent looking, violet eyed beauty which reduces one-half the feminine world to tears, the other half to utterly helpless rage. We all know the type, but it is seldom given us to see it in such perfection. We usually associate it with a lamblike, appealing mentality that permits itself to be ridden upon—as soon expect a wood violet to turn and rend you.

A short time ago she was asked to a woman's luncheon and got herself up for the occasion in a way that made the result of her efforts a thing not easily forgotten. She arrived looking so lovely that there was little said among the guests for a few moments after her entry into the room. Perhaps she felt the silence. At all events, she turned to the woman standing nearest her and said in a childish voice, with ever such a little lisp and pretty southern accent:

"How well you're lookin' today!" It was a well meant civility from a young woman to an older one, who seemingly was unable to accept it as such and put up her lorgnette, sweeping the speaker from top to toe. What she saw was enough to disconcert a younger and prettier woman than herself, but even so one finds it difficult to justify her next move.

"Wish I could say the same for you," she returned, closing her lorgnette with a snap.

One or two of the guests were friends of the pretty woman and almost stopped breathing in order not to miss what they felt sure would come—and it came. The pretty one raised her eyebrows slightly, then said, with an air of gentle reproach:

"Why don't you lie like a lady, like I do?"—Reheoboth Sunday Herald.

What He Needed.

A sovereign would tempt many men, and when Plimkins, making a few purchases at the stores, saw one lying on the floor just by the counter he quivered with excitement.

Glancing around to reassure himself that none was looking, he quite accidentally dropped one of his kid gloves neatly on the coin and then dived. He got the glove all right, but still the sovereign remained.

A shopwalker approached him. "Good morning, sir," said the man, rubbing his hands together in the approved style, "and may I show you a bottle of our celebrated liquid glue, which sticks?"

—London Mail.

Woman's World

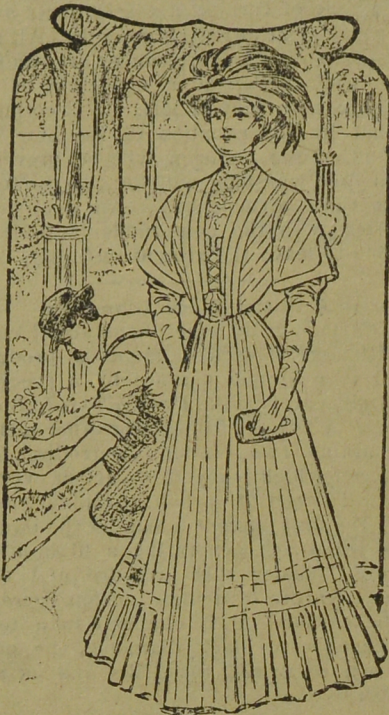
ONE WOMAN'S INFLUENCE.

Mrs. Ballis' Way of Helping Along "the City Beautiful" Idea.

What a busy homemaker can do to help in making "the city beautiful" is shown in the case of Mrs. Sylvia Chapin Ballis of Belleville, Ont., who is an earnest worker for civic improvement.

The work began in a small way. Having neighbors with children who loved flowers, she first drew the little ones into a combination for the beautifying of the rear yards in the block. Unsightly litter was all removed. Vines and blooming flowers were planted along the fences, and the former unsightly and untidy alley was made to blossom as the rose. It became a veritable little park.

The influence extended throughout the entire neighborhood, which entered into a fascinating contest for beautify-



MRS. SYLVIA C. BALLIS.

ing. A civic improvement society was formed to do for the whole town what the little group of neighbors had done for their own immediate environs.

Mrs. Ballis was formerly active in work for the deaf, being located at the School for the Deaf, Trenton, N. J. She has written a helpful text book which is much in vogue among this class. Last summer at the annual convention of American Instructors of the Deaf held at Morgantown, N. C., she was chosen as a member of the board of executive directors, being the first and only woman to be accorded this honor.

For Round Shoulders.

The fact that round shoulders are generally caused by an unsatisfactory physical condition was for a long time overlooked. Yet the truth of this theory may easily be proved by a mental summary of those whose shoulders are bent. You will find that not one on the list is a person of abundant vitality.

Indeed, so generally recognized is the part which organic causes have to do with this deformity that the very first thing recommended by a physician appeared to in such a case is to take some invigorating tonic, such as quinine and iron. As a supplement to this prescription the patient is recommended to take as much outdoor exercise as possible—to do anything, in fact, which shall get the blood into circulation.

Among the very best outdoor exercises to take in treating oneself for round shoulders is walking. This should be done with head and shoulders thrown back, and a constant effort should be made to breathe deeply. A good plan to acquire the deep breathing habit while walking is to count six while you inhale and six while you expand the breath. If this is done regularly when walking the habit of expanding the chest and lungs becomes fixed. Horseback riding is another excellent means by which to correct this defect.

But all this will be of no avail if the patient persists in her inclination to bend over during the course of household pursuits. To effect a rapid cure the back must be held perfectly erect while reading, sewing or eating. One indulgence of the old easy habit of slouching over makes it all the harder to reform. When sleeping a hard mattress should be used by the woman with bowed shoulders, and at the most one pillow may be allowed. The cure will be much hastened, however, if no pillows are used.

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A DYING RACE.

Effort Is Being Made to Help Newfoundland Micmacs.

In a report to the Colonial Office, Sir Wm. MacGregor, Governor of Newfoundland, gives an interesting account of a visit he paid recently to the settlement of Micmacs, who are held by ethnologists to be a branch of the Algonquin Indians, at Bay d'Espoir, on the south of the island. There are only 23 families living on the reservation, consisting of 131 persons, and although Sir William doubts whether there is a single pure-blooded Micmac on the island, he is of opinion that the community in question is not likely to be absorbed in the European population for several generations. He therefore suggests that something should be done for the inhabitants.

The Micmacs are hunters and trappers, and are ignorant alike of agriculture, seamanship, and fishing. On the visit of the governor there were only two miserable cows in the settlement, and a few extremely wretched sheep, and he saw but one fowl and a "fame wild goose." The food consisted chiefly of flour, a few potatoes and cabbage, and caribou meat, while the majority of the people were in rags. Notwithstanding these obvious hardships, the inhabitants are generally healthy, the oldest man was 90 years of age, and the oldest woman about 80. The men are described as of good size and strongly built, clearly of mixed descent, and many being nearly like Europeans. The children, who are bright and clever, have all, without exception, very dark, soft eyes, straight black hair, and the nose much more prominent than in the Esquimaux of Labrador. Intoxicating drink is practically unknown in the settlement.

In religion the Micmacs are Roman Catholics, and they have a small church, which is decently well built and kept. Oddly enough, there is a large inscription over the entrance stating that spitting in the church is totally prohibited. The parish priest visits the community once a month, and in his absence one of the natives reads the service on Sunday. The last statement suggests a certain amount of education among these Indians. They have, in fact, a small school, carried on in a room 12 feet by 15 feet, with a stove and two little windows. There are 34 children on the roll, and the teacher, a woman of mixed race, who depends upon a small allowance from the priest and such fees as she can collect, was congratulated by Sir William on what she had been able to accomplish under the circumstances. Sir William MacGregor proposes to help the community by providing a more suitable location, supply seed potatoes and a few animals, and adding especially a good school for the young.

Infectious Diseases in Russia.

In no country in the world are infectious diseases so frequently mortal as in Russia. Children especially suffer, and diphtheria, measles, scarlatina and smallpox literally decimate villages and country towns.

COMMISSIONER OF PRESS.

Lord Minto to Revive the Office in India.

Lord Minto, in his capacity of viceroy of India, is about to revive the office of commissioner of the press at Calcutta, which was created by the late Lord Lytton in 1877, with a salary of \$20,000 a year, and suppressed on the score of ill-advised economy four years afterwards, according to a story from the Marquise de Fontenay.

Lord Lytton's aim in calling this office into life was to furnish the native press with constant, timely and accurate information in order to minimize its ignorant and uninstructed criticism of the Government and of the latter's measures.

The press commissioner was, as long as he lasted, the recognized intermediary between the Government and the press, the editors being informed that he was authorized to address them on behalf of the Government, and also to receive any reply to all enquiries and complaints.

Since the suppression of the commissionership, the native editor has been placed in a position of much difficulty, and has suffered from many disabilities.

Rarely possessed of any personal acquaintance with the high officials of the land, he has been ignorant of the real opinions and of the modes of thought of the ruling class. If a rumor reached him there has been absolutely no means by which he could assure himself of its truth or falsity. If he misunderstood or misinterpreted the meaning or motive of any public measure there has been no one to give him even a hint of his mistake, or from whom he could derive the slightest aid to a better understanding.

For in India there is no Parliament from the debates of which he might learn some of the curious bearings of

pellation, from which to obtain even the shadowy outline of truth regarding a fact or measure.

Since the days of Lord Lytton the organs of the native press have enormously increased in number throughout India, and at their doors lies the principal native unrest and discontent.

Lord Minto and his advisers at Calcutta have come to the conclusion that while some of the antagonism of the vernacular press of India is attributable to race hatred and to sedition, a still greater part of it may be ascribed to ignorance, which a revival of the office of press commissioner will be calculated to dispel.

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