SEIZED WITH PARALYSIS COULD NOT WALK

Most Extraordinary Cure Effected by the Use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

To have the nervous system paralyzed, to be unable to walk and scarcely able to talk, and then to be completely cured, is not a usual experience, but Mr. Hyatt tells in this letter what he passed through. Doctors told him his case was hopeless, and when they gave up he turned to Dr. Chase's Nerve Food and obtained complete cure.

Mr. Avery Hyatt, blacksmith, St. Anns, Lincoln Co., Ont., writes: "I am a blacksmith by trade, and ten years ago became afflicted with paralysis. I could not walk or read or write, and could talk with difficulty, so that it was a hard matter to understand anything I would say. Being only a young man, I was nearly discouraged. Two doctors told me it was brought on by overwork, and that my case was hopeless.

"One day my father read about Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and advised me to try it. I bought 12 boxes, and when the fifth was used I saw that I was getting better. By the time the 12 boxes were used I was cured. I am well and strong and working every day, thanks to Dr. Chase's Nerve Food."

This statement is certified to by Mr. Elmon J. Hodgkins, J. P.

No ailment is more dreaded than paralysis. And yet how few people realize that paralysis of the nerves is only the natural result of neglected nervous troubles.

At first you do not sleep well, have nervous headaches or indigestion, find yourself easily irritated and annoyed, can hear noises which in good health you would never notice. You do not consider yourself sick, and yet you lack the usual energy and vigor and feel out of sorts.

Restore the nerves by using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. 50c a box, 6 for $2.50. All dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

A RED CROSS APPEAL TO THE FARMERS.

Our country, with its allies, is waging a great war for justice, for the protection of small nations in the enjoyment of their rights, for continued and growing freedom, and for the maintenance of its pledged word of honor. Much destruction and desolation are being caused. Lives are being lost by the thousand. Canada's first contingent is now in the thick of it. Some will fall sick; many may be wounded; some will pay the last full measure of devotion to their country and its cause.

The Red Cross Society exists to succor the sick and wounded in war. The need of Red Cross service is great and growing greater as the war goes on. The price of progress towards lasting peace is very, very dear. It cost lives, homes, health and much besides. Canada's part in the process of payment, through giving for Red Cross work, is mercifully light and easy, even when all have given to the extent of really feeling it.

The soldiers and sailors pay the price exacted by the desolating struggle from week to week. What they paid in blood and did in sacrifice a month ago was not enough for them. Shall we say it was enough for us? What they are doing and suffering and achieving have put aside, for the time, all their thoughts and plans for individual welfare, comfort and safety. They don't hesitate to establish precedents. But they are precedents of heroic sacrifice for our country and its cause, for our principles and ideals that they may be upheld.

Farmers, individually as well as through their institutes, clubs and cheese and butter factories, are in a position to help very greatly. Their business does not suffer from the war. Prices of nearly all farm products have gone up. While labor is scarce there is time to think of the boys at the front and to send the Red Cross Society a gift to be spent for the sick and wounded.

Farmers are generous in sentiment and generous in giving when their hearts and heads point the way. This is a case when they do so point clearly, persuasively and urgently. In this crisis, in the lives of nations and in the lives of stricken soldiers, none can pray too much, do too much or give too much.

I appeal to farmers to send me sums from $1 to $50, during the first week in May. Every $50 provides one additional hospital bed with the giver's name over it. By sending me about $10,000, you would serve your country well, bring credit to yourselves, and make all of us very proud of you. For the sake of the wounded boys, make the gift substantial. It will be an investment towards the recovery of some Canadian soldier who stood in our stead that our cause might be upheld.

Faithfully your friend
JAS. W. ROBERTSON,
Chairman,
Red Cross Society at Ottawa.

Ask for Minard's and take no other.

PRAYER SOLDIERS WANTED

The following card issued by the Brotherhood of St. Andrew of St. Matthew's Church, Winnipeg, speaks for itself: Will you not enlist, carry out the request, and induce others to do likewise? "Will you enlist—we want 3,000,000 praying soldiers. You can enlist and fight right at home. Objects for prayer—For removal of all which keeps us apart from God, that we may fight on God's side and win His victory in this terrible war. Or for removal of all vices which may offend a merciful God. Or for complete removal of the liquor traffic as beverages—as a menace to our soldiers and citizens, whether in war or peace.

"I."

What is this thing that I call "I".
Which rules my work and play;
Which tells me when to laugh or cry,
When I should frown or smile or sigh;
Which conjures spirits low or high,
Commands me, aye or nay?
I would that some day I might see
What sort of creature "I" may be

The things I know—that are not "I";
The lore I've made my own
Is still apart. There seems to lie
Some deeper thing that's strong, yet shy
And still eludes me, though I try
And will to live unknown.
It never yet has shown to me
What sort of creature "I" may be

The things I do—they are not "I",
Nor are the words I say.
"I" seems all searching to defy;
I sometimes think the answer night,
But though I pierce and probe and pry
"I" still will have its way.
And see to hoard with impish glee
The knowledge of what "I" may be.

The mirrored face—that is not "I";
There something deeper, much.
Though sometimes just in passing by
The glass I think a glimpse I spy.
Ah well—it may be, ere I die
I'll hear or see or touch
The "I" and come at last to see
What sort of creature "I" may be

"What beautiful hair Miss Goldy has!" Yes; she doesn't have to economize in anything."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Protecting the Horses.

An officer on the retired list tells of a raw recruit just enrolled in a crack cavalry troop of our army. He was paying his first visit to the riding ground.

"Here's your horse," said the instructor. The recruit advanced, took the bridle gingerly and examined his mount with great care.

"What's it got this strap around it for?" he asked, pointing to the girth.

"Well," explained the instructor, solemnly, "you see, all our horses have a keen sense of humor, an' as they sometimes has sudden fits of laughter when they see the recruits tryin' to ride, we put them bands around 'em to keep 'em from busting their sides."—New York American.

Keep Minard's Liniment in the house

LET US DO OUR DUTY.

(New York Sun)

Dr. William C. Farabee, the director of the exploring expedition which under the patronage of the University of Pennsylvania is studying the country along the border of Brazil and British Guiana, reports the existence of a benighted tribe of savages who "have never seen a white man," and betray "no sign of civilization." How degraded these creatures are is shown by one sentence from the Farabee statement:

"No metals of any kind were used by them, and they were happy, though entirely cut off from the rest of the world."

They never saw a white man, they work no metals into shrapnel cases or containers for the conveyance of chlorine gas to the lungs of their fellow men; they possess the authentic stump of the Tree of Life, fortunately pertrified and thus rendered immune to the ravages of time; and yet the barbarians have the audacity to be happy!

Clearly, the advanced peoples of the world owe a duty to these our lowly brethren. It might be fulfilled by entrusting their education to a select party of Belgians, who are to-day peculiarly fitted to speak convincingly of the advantages derived from direct contract with Kultur.

LIQUOR AND MORPHINE HABITS

Are diseases, not vices, and therefore curable. Patients are under my personal care and receive their treatment in ordinary hospitals as ordinary medical cases.

D. H. ARNOTT, M. D.
226 Queen's Ave., London, Ont.

Aesop in Mexican Guise.

Here is a story with a moral which is a popular favorite in Mexico:

"Juan," said the father, "I will die pretty soon. All I can leave you is the little burro and a single bit of good advice. This is 'never attempt to have people satisfied with your conduct.'"

"Why?"

"Come and see."

Both the old man and Juan heard the burro, and began the old man.

"How stupid," the men said "Why do they not ride the burro? No doubt the burro will ride on them to-morrow."

Both the old man and Jpan heard this. Then the old man said:

"Now, look here, my son; jump on the burro and I will drive him."

They reached another town. People who saw them exclaimed: "The old man must be crazy and the boy is a 'sin verguenza.'"

"Did you hear that?" the old man questioned.

"Yes, father."

"Well, now I will ride the burro and you will drive him."

Another road was reached. Three men were passing by and one of them said: "Never in my life did I see such a man; he is riding on the burro and lets the poor little boy march on foot. That is atricious."

"Did you hear that?"

"Yes, father."

"All right, jump on the burro and we will both ride home."

They followed another trail, and on their road they met a number of people who came in the opposite direction, each one upon a burro. Upon seeing the old man and his son riding the burro they exclaimed: "These must be savages. When shall we have a society for the prevention of cruelty to animals? Look at that stupid old man and his son riding together on that poor burro!"

"Did you hear that?"

"Yes, father."

"Well, never from now on try to have people satisfied with your conduct."—New York Sun.

Remarkable Water.

My little niece, five years old, went to visit an aunt who lived on a large farm. Among other improvements on the place was a deep water well, the water of which tasted of sulphur. Upon being asked about her visit on her return home she said, after telling of the many individual things she had seen: "It was all fine, mamma, but the water tasted cowy or piggy or sumthing."—Chicago Tribune.

The Housekeeper

When cleaning a corset, it should be allowed to stand in cold water two hours before laundering.

An olive oil bath is very fine for a palm or fern. Put two tablespoonfuls at the roots of your palm or fern and you have no idea—unless you have tried it—what the improvement will be.

A bill file with its point protected with a cork is a useful little object to hold a spool of carpet warp for crocheting.

To make ferns, geraniums and nearly all house plants grow, put a teaspoonful of ammonia in one quart of water (lukewarm) and water the plants with it. This should not be used more than twice a week.

If the teapot becomes musty, put a lump of sugar in it before putting it away. It will smell sweet when you want to use it.

If the seats of caned chairs are sagged down, wash well on the bottom side and when nearly dry rub the bottom over with water in which a little glue has been dissolved. Let them dry bottom side up.

To remove grease spots from delicate colored silk, take a lump of magnesia, and rub it went on the spot. Let it dry, then brush off and the spot will be gone.

A crack in the range can often be repaired by using a filling made of wood ashes and common salt moistened with water. This will prove hard and lasting.

To singe the pin feathers from a fowl, lay it in a pan, pour alcohol over it and set this on fire. The blaze will remove the fine feathers without injuring the flesh.

Cold slaw is greatly improved by the addition of a few leaves of parsley shopped fine with the cabbage, or two or three stalks of celery chopped with the cabbage. A rich mayonnaise should always be used for slaw, unless a French boiled dressing is preferred.

Get More Vim! Renew Your Strength

If you are tired, nerveless, sleepless, have headache and langour, you need Dr. Hamilton's Pills; they tone the stomach, assist digestion, brace you up at once. Taken at night—you're well by morning. Sickness and tired feeling disappear instantly. Vim, spirits, hearty health, all the joys of life come to everyone that uses Dr. Hamilton's Pills. No medicine so satisfactory. Get Dr. Hamilton's Pills to-day, 25c. per box at all dealers.

"A Poor Poet."

One afternoon Browning went to call on Lady Kinolch and missed his way. A lady was standing on her doorstep, and he asked her to direct him to the house. She could not tell him, but offered to look it up in the directory and took him into the house, produced a directory, and together they found out what he wanted to know, and then she came out to the doorstep again so that she could point out to him the direction he had to take. He thanked her, went down the steps, hesitated and then turned and came back to her, saying: "Perhaps you would like to know to whom you have been so kind. I am a poor poet, and my name is Robert Browning."—Westminster Gazette.

Minard's Liniment used by Physicians

Midwinter Hog Feed.

The most economical food for pigs farrowed in late summer to be marketed in midwinter, is millfeed and wheat-bran slop, in connection with grass and clover pasture. When the pasture fails, pour the slop over fine-cut clover hay, mixing in a few handfuls of flaxseed meal; this makes a rich and nourishing food. In cold weather scald the hay. The last feeding month give ear corn after the slop is eaten.

A MYSTERY CLEARED.

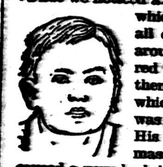
(London Advertiser)

A scientist has discovered that the hobble skirt was the vogue in the time of Moses. This may explain why it took the Israelites so long to cross the desert.

BABY'S FACE MASS OF ERUPTION

Spread Over Head and Neck. Caused Disfigurement, Burning and Itching. Cuticura Healed.

1 Hibernia Ave., West Toronto, Ont.—"First we noticed a rash on our child's face which soon began to spread all over his head and then around his neck. It was in red patches on his face, then pimples began to form which broke and matter was running from them. His face and head was a mass of eruption and it caused a very bad disfigurement, also burning and itching.



"We were recommended to try Cuticura Soap and Ointment. In about six weeks they completely healed." (Signed) Mrs. Wm. Tucker, Feb. 19, 1914.

Sample Each Free by Mail

With 32-p. Skin Book on request. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. D, Boston, U. S. A." Sold throughout the world.

Beating the Game of War.

(Buffalo News.)

It is in the order of things that every new invention for warfare—each more terrible than the last one—is presently offset by an invention to neutralize its effect. The two activities run parallel.

For this reason the world is pardonably curious concerning Fessenden's perfection of a submarine wireless. The present war has developed nothing more destructive than the submarine and anything that gives the surface ship something of a chance against its hidden foe is certain to be a factor in the preservation of life and property.

Unlike most of the "improvements for killing"—though the term sounds paradoxical—the Fessenden oscillatory signal device serves both contenders in turn. It gives both hearing and speech to the submarine, making it independent of the surface, and it enables the surface ship to spy below and seek out the hitherto hidden dangers. It is, in addition, an iceberg alarm, underwater wireless telegraph and, under favorable conditions, a wireless sea telephone.

The warning vibrations have been received a distance of thirty-two miles and the importance of the apparatus is emphasized by the declaration that hardly any submarine could be operated successfully against a battleship equipped with the Fessenden signal.

Gradually the inventive genius of man, which has ever been war's strongest ally, is proving treasonable to its trust.

Minard's Liniment Co., Limited.

Dear Sirs,—Your MINARD'S LINIMENT is our remedy for sore throat, colds and all ordinary ailments.

It never fails to relieve and cure promptly.

CHARLES WHOOTEN.
Port Mulgrave.

Tax On Hats.

Not only have hats at various times been subject to taxation, but have even been made the subject of special laws. Thus in Henry VII.'s reign none was allowed to sell hats at a larger price than 20 pence or caps for more than 2s 8d.

Some compensation, however, for this interference with free trade could be found in the fact that in 1571 on Sundays and holidays every one above seven years of age was required to wear a cap of wool of English make under penalty of 3 farthings' fine for every day's neglect.—London Chronicle.

Minard's Liniment Lumberman's Friend.

Inca Relics.

Before taking leave of Cuzco, Peru, we want to see the very interesting collection of inca relics in the private museum of a Peruvian doctor who has devoted many years of his life to Inca research. Ranged round the walls were mummies which had been taken from rock tombs. All had been buried in a sitting posture, and judging by the horrible expression of agony on the parchment skin I should imagine that some of them—prisoners of war, I was told—had been entombed alive. The horror of those mummied faces and the awful contortions of the skeletons haunted me for a long time, nor shall I ever forget the sight.

One or two of the skulls bore evidence of skillful surgery, star shaped pieces of bone having been cleverly fitted in to repair damage done by the star shaped stone weapons of the period. I did not measure those I saw in the museum, but one of the aforesaid stone weapons which we brought back to England from Cuzco measured four inches from point to point across the top—a truly formidable club.— Wide World Magazine.

THE POWER OF KINGS.

(Minneapolis Tribune)

If the power of kings is not reduced to a plane of subordination to the will of the people as a result of this appalling exhibition of its reckless and wicked abuse, there will have to be another war to destroy it altogether. And if it must be, it will come soon.

PLENTY OF FOOLS.

(Rochester Herald)

It matters little what doctrine a man teaches, provided a man has a doctrine which he dares to proclaim boldly. If he can proclaim this doctrine not only bodly, but eloquently, he will have followers no matter what the doctrine is.

Washing mirrors with warm suds, dusting with whiting in a muslin bag, and polishing with chamois.

AN OLD NORMAN CUSTOM.

The "Cry for Justice" Still Survives in the Channel Islands.

An interesting and unusual revival of an ancient Norman custom occurred at Guernsey not long ago when Daniel Sebire, jurat, justicier elect of Alderney, whose election the royal court annulled because he had been sentenced to a term of imprisonment some years ago, raised a clameur de haro, or a "cry for justice," against a fresh election by kneeling bareheaded at the entrance of the courthouse and exclaiming: "Haro! Haro! Haro, a l'aide, mon prince, on me fait tort!" (Help me, my prince! They do me wrong).

The clameur de haro, an ancient Norman custom, still survives in the Channel islands. The appelant must, on his knees and before witnesses, raise the cry that acts as an injunction until the alleged tort or trespass has been passed on by the court. If the trespasser continues he is liable to arrest and punishment. Although the clameur is still legal in the Channel islands, recourse to it is very rare, and there has been no instance of it in Alderney for two centuries. It is, however, a very effective procedure.

The derivation usually ascribed to the form of the plea is curious. "Haro" is said to be an abbreviation of "Ha, Rollo!" a direct appeal to Rollo, the first Duke of Normandy, and the cry is thus traced back to the days when there were no courts and justice was personally meted out by princes. It is, however, more probable that "haro" is simply an exclamation to attract attention.

A similar custom, applicable only in criminal cases, was the Saxon clamor violentiae, which existed at the time of the Norman invasion.—Youth's Companion.

SAVED BABY'S LIFE

Mrs. Jos. Desrosiers, St. Alphonse, Que., writes: "I cannot say too much in favor of Baby's Own Tablets, as they saved my little one's life. Before giving him the Tablets he was greatly troubled with worms and was like a skeleton and cried day and night. The Tablets soon expelled the worms and now baby is the picture of health." Baby's Own Tablets also break up colds and simple fevers, cure constipation and indigestion and make the teething period painless. They are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

LIFE AND WAR.

Just a little patch of garden,
Just a baby fair and sweet.
Just a little curly head.
And a pair of sun-browned feet.

Just a little patch of sunshine,
Flowers beside a garden gate,
Where a small brown boy is standing,
'Cause for Daddy he must wait.

Just a little pillow, white and clean,
Waiting for a baby head.
Just a little mother, kind and true,
Then just a small boy in his bed.

Just some sunshine and a garden,
Just a happy girl and boy.
All their word is full of sunshine,
Sweethearts meant for life and joy.

Just a youth and grey-haired mother,
Is in pain that comes and goes.
Cross her sweet and aged features,
Sorrow does she seem to know?

Through the sunshine and the flowers,
Through the birdlings songs so sweet,
Measured, measured in the distance,
Comes the tramp of soldiers' feet.

Brave the youth and true his heart,
Broken though it fain must be.
"Good-bye mother! good-bye sweetheart!
'Tis my country calling me."

Just a youth in bloody battle,
Bleeding, dying, all alone.
Just a dear old lady waiting
With a sweetheart far at home.

Just a plain old village pavement,
Just the tramp of soldiers' feet
They are bringing home a hero,
Hear the measured heavy beat.

Just a Christ who died and suffered,
Bending from a mighty throne.
Just a soldier, weary, broken,
Just a child who wandered home.

Can't Sit On Barbed Wire.

"I reckon," said Farmer Corntossel, "as how mebbe barbed wire ought to be counted as one of the most useful inventions of the age."

"For what reason?"

"When there's a lot of work to be done barbed wire makes it impossible to sit on the fence and look on."

SIX PER CENT. Interest Return

SHORT TERM MUNICIPAL Debentures of Canadian City

WITH POPULATION OF 80,000

Assessed Value ... $134,886,425
Net Debt .... $ 7,708,966

City of Calgary
Alberta.

6% 3 Year Treasury Bills.

Price 100 and Interest

—Denominations $1000.—

Principal and Interest payable Toronto, Montreal, and New York.

The Public Utilities of this city show a surplus for 1913 of $178,000 over all expenses and after providing for interest and sinking funds.

Write orders at our expense.

JOHN STARK & CO.
24 Adelaide Street East
TORONTO

ISSUE NO. 19, 1915

MALE HELP WANTED—FEMALE

WANTED—GIRLS OF GOOD EDUCATION and character to train for nurses. Apply to Wellesley Hospital, St. Catherines, Ont.

FOR SALE.

SMALL WATER POWER AND FARM for sale—grist, shingle and syrup mill, also cotton gin, with forty acres of land; good house, natural dam, ample water power, price reasonable. Blackmar, Columbus, Ga.

PEERLESS, 7-PASSENGER CAR—would make dandy one ton truck. In perfect mechanical condition; $650. S. E. Loveridge, 31 Park Apartmetns, Windsor, Ont.

FARMS FOR SALE.

BALLURE, McNISH HOMESTEAD; 200 acres, Elgin County; rich clay loam soil, underdrained, well fenced; 25 acres beech and maple; original growth; 5 acres orchard; two storey frame house, seven bedrooms, parlor, sitting and dining room, kitchen and summer kitchen, two cellars; hard and soft water in house; bank barn 50 x 75; drive barn, shed; new house; five miles west of St. Thomas on Talbot Road; R. R. No. 1; telephone. Price $18,000; about one-third cash. Has been in present family 62 years. Write owners or John A. Moody, P. O. Box 428, London, Ont.

300 ACRES, STOCK AND GRAIN farm; good buildings; 40 acres timber. Sixteen miles from Hamilton, main road; twelve thousand; easy terms. Also 125 acres; sandy loam; bank barn; frame house; other buildings; 18 acres good wheat; spring crop in ground; two miles from station; nine thousand for quick sale; possession at once. Farms all sizes for sale. W. B. VanSickle, 805 Bank of Hamilton, Hamilton, Ont.

TWO ADJOINING SECTIONS—SASKATCHEWAN—five miles from elevator; beautiful creek; for quick sale at assessed value. H. R. Harrison, Owen Sound, Ont.

EXCELLENT STOCK FARM FOR sale—510-acre farm in Southwest Georgia, 2 1-2 miles from R. R. level, well watered. Will subdivide to suit purchaser—cash or terms—$5.00 per acre. We can lend your money on property in any amounts to net you 7 per cent. We never lend over 50 per cent of value farm and city property. Blackmar, Columbus, Ga.

Some Guides to Poise.

Be polite, but not obsequious, not ridiculously affected.

Be economical, but not stingy, not penurious.

Be brave, but not foolhardy.

Be loving, but not soft.

Be clean, but not fastidious.

Be self-respecting, but not vain.

Be gentle, but not effeminate.

Be thoughtful of others, but not officious.

Be enthusiastic, but not gushing.

The motto of Solon, the wise, was "Meden agan"—Nothing in excess."

Some witty Frenchman said, "Our vices are our virtues carried to excess."

In the Apostle Paul's list of virtues, beginning with faith, the last is temperance; which did not mean in his language abstention from alcohol, but self-control.

So the crown of a good man is his power to limit his every force. He is above his pleasures, before his failures behind his ideals, apart from his sins and unconscious of his goodness.

Perfection is not for mortals. But we can have poise, its human equivalent.—Dr. Frank Crane, in Woman's World for April.

BETTER THAN SPANKING

Spanking does not cure children of bed-wetting. There is a constitutional cause for this trouble. Mrs. M. Summers, Box W. 8, Windsor, Ont., will send free to any mother her successful home treatment, with full instructions. Send no money but write her to-day if your children trouble you in this way. Don't blame the child, the chances are it can't help it. This treatment also cures adults and aged people troubled with urine difficulties by day or night.

Masked Women.

Upper class Swanill women wear curious masks, which are made of leather and beads in a wooden frame. The mask is derived from the traditional usage of Moslem women, who must keep their faces covered in the presence of men. For several centuries Arab traders have frequented this East African coast, and to their influence are due most of the civilized customs found to-day among the natives of the district. The clothing worn by these prosperous dames is of silk; their shoes are partly of silver, and they wear much silver jewelry. The Moslems of Zanzibar, by the way, are less facatically strict about religious usages than their brethren in Morocco and Turkey.—Wide World Magazine.

NEWSPAPERS AND THE WAR.

(London Advertiser)

We believe the newspapers as a whole have been truthful, and have sought to secure the best news at large expense. Thousands upon thousands of words of war news are printed each day in all Canadian papers. This costs money—far more money than ordinary news would cost—and it is beyond any valuation to the reader from an historical standpoint. If the public does not grasp the full import of the war news, then the published is doing his work in vain. Fifty years from now the newspapers of to-day will be treasured as historic documents. The man who does not read his newspaper thoroughly and encourage his boy to read it, and his whole family to read it is not serving his intelligence

For we assert that despite sensorships, which are more of a name than anything else, the public is getting masterpieces of reporting, and the master effort of the newspaper business for its casual perusal. About the handling of war news and the watchfulness and work consequent upon the never-ending possibility of tidings fraught with vast interest, there is nothing casual, believe us.

POLITICAL CRIME IS CRIME.

(Philadelphia Record)

The convictions at Terre Haute ought to have some educational effect upon the whole tribe of predatory politicians. It is time that the least scrupulous politican of that class should take notice that the people intend to have honest elections, and while they may occasionally be defrauded, the will not put up with it any more than they will put up with burglary and highway robbery. Political crime is crime, the men who commit it are as criminal as men who forge and swindle, and no man can practice political crime and maintain a different status from the man who commits financial crime.

A FORGOTTEN FACT.

(Guelph Mercury)

A newspaper, although filling a position of great importance and responsibility, is a private concern, and is run primarily to make a living for the men it employs and those who own it. This fact seems to be too often lost sight of.