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THE CHARLOTTETOWN GUARDIAN

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"THE LATEST NEWS

CHARLOTTETOWN, CANADA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 7, 1911.

FIRST OF ALL"

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THE GUARDIAN'S WEEKLY SHAKESPEARIAN SERMON

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Ignorance is the curse of God.
Henry VI., Part II., Act IV., Sc. 7.

Ignorance is the curse of God! There are no limitations to this expression. It is not one of the curses. It is the curse; the evil from which all other evils spring. At first sight this might seem somewhat extreme, but a little reflection will show that Shakespeare was right. A glance back over history will prove this. The nations steeped in ignorance have been the most brutal and barbarous. Where illiteracy prevailed sin and disease found excellent breeding grounds.

During the long period from the fifth to the fifteenth century Europe was intellectually in Stygian darkness; the little learning there was, was hidden in castles and monasteries. The Dark Ages is the name fittingly given to that period of ignorance. Cruelty was a common practice and superstition prevailed. It was not until the literature of the Greeks and Romans, the explorations of the daring navigators of Spain and France and England had made the world, ancient and modern, known to mankind, that the darkness was, in a degree, dispelled.

What does the Renaissance mean? A new birth! A birth to light and life. Man in the fifteenth century was born again. Science and art and literature worked together to dispel the darkness that brooded over the earth. Shakespeare had no doubt about the nature of ignorance. There was "no darkness but ignorance"; ignorance was "gross and miserable"; it was "the common curse of mankind." He was enormously in advance of his age. Writing at the end of the sixteenth century and early in the seventeenth, he had apparently completely broken away from the superstitions of his time. With a seer's insight he saw into the heart of things, and on every great question spoke as profoundly as does the advanced thinker in the twentieth century. It would be impossible to mention any question of vital importance to the individual and the state on which he has not uttered words of wisdom. He was a veritable lightbearer, a dispeller of darkness, showing kings and peasants, the rich and the poor, their duty.

Where ignorance is there is the curse of God. Illiterate Turkey is unspeakable Turkey; ignorant Africa is darkest Africa. Nations that remain illiterate drop behind in the race. Unless the mind is fed with healthy food the whole being becomes degenerate. A man may live frugally and grow strong, but if he starve his mind he becomes a slugard, a butterfly, a brute. Such beings are mere cumbers of the ground. They are either cast into outer darkness, or become mere hewers of wood and drawers of water for those who have been careful to cultivate their minds and keep abreast of the learning and wisdom of the ages.

The Anglo-Saxon has attained the highest degree of cultivation. England and her colonies have been in the van and in the battle against "gross and miserable ignorance." The United States stands at the highest point of civilization. It is true that in England and Europe there are many minds who are preeminent in philosophy, science and art, but in the United States every man has equal opportunity. Learning is general; ignorance there is, but it is the exception. Superstition exists, but it is in the outlying corners where ignorance is still making a stand. What knowledge can do is better illustrated in the United States and Canada than in any other countries. The enslaved and superstitious inhabitants of Europe come to America. They are seeking a new material world; they find a new spiritual world. The Pole, the American, the Turk, the Russian, the Italian, is not long in discarding his old idols. Oppression has kept him in gross ignorance. Freedom, a sense of equality with other men, lifts him to a higher plane. The shackles of ignorance drop from his wrists, the light of knowledge beams from his eyes. In the second generation it is hard to distinguish the American of European extraction from those of native-born parents. Education is a great leveller.

It is only of recent years that knowledge has been able successfully to storm the forts of ignorance. It was not until the astronomer's glass explored the heavens, the geologist's hammer wrested earth's secrets from her, that the world and the universe were truly known. Both had been objects of dark superstition. The scientist turned his attention to the close study of plants and animals. Physical knowledge led to a higher spiritual knowledge. A God of fear became a God of love. The great forces of the world were studied and harnessed and knowledge turned the desolate places of earth to flowering gardens.

There is still much to be done. Ignorance is at work among nations building battleships and raising tariff walls. Ignorance is at work everywhere. Strikes and lockouts, tyrannous capitalists and destructive mobs, are equally the outcome of ignorance. Hasten the time when arbitration between nations and men will be the rule, when the ignorance that makes for loss will give way to a knowledge and wisdom that makes for gain!

KING'S SON NOW IN DESTITUTION.

BERLIN, Jany. 5.—Perhaps the most tragic figure in Europe is a youth of 20, who is the son of a king and is yet reduced to a most abject beggary and destitution. This boy is George Obrenovitch, and he is the son of the late King Milan of Servia. From an early age he was the center of diplomatic conspiracy and political plots until, after the death of his royal father, his breakdown ensued, and for the last year or two he has been leading the life of a penniless adventurer.

The circumstances of George Obrenovitch's birth were peculiar in the extreme. His father, King Milan lived very unhappily with his wife, Queen Natalie, and after a series of noisy scandals which shocked the entire civilized world, this royal couple were separated in 1888. A year later King Milan addicated from the Servian throne in favor of his infant son, Alexander, and went to Paris to plunge into the dissipations of the life of the French capital to forget his own trouble and drown care.

During his period of residence in Paris Milan met and fell in love with a young Servian woman, Miss Artemesja Johannovies, the daughter of a plain Servian citizen, who had established himself in the building trade in Constantinople.

Opinions differ as to whether King Milan made this woman his wife. According to one version the wedding ceremony was performed in Paris by a Servian priest. If this version be true, Miss Johannovies became the legimate wife of the exiled King, so that their son, George, born in March, 1890, would have to be regarded as legitimate. Anyhow the boy received the family name of the Servian royal family of that period and King Milan notified his large circle of friends of the birth of his son.

According to another version the marriage service between King Milan and Miss Johannovies was never celebrated, in which case young George would be merely an illegitimate scion of this royal dynasty.

Subsequently King Milan remarried his first wife, Queen Natalie, but those who maintained that he was legaly married to Miss Johannovies declare that their union was dissolved, in order to enable, for political reasons, the reconciliation between the King and Queen. About the time that King Milan remarried Queen Natalie, Miss Johannovies was married to Mr Christies, the Servian minister in Vienna, who made her his wife in response to Milan's request.

On the question whether or not George Obrenovitch was the legitimate son of King Milan turns a very important point in connection with the succession to the Servian throne. The comprehension of morganatic marriage by most European countries which dispossesses the child of such an unequal union from succession to the throne, does not exist in Servia, where any woman legally married to the King becomes the Queen, so that the child of a peasant girl might succeed to the throne. The founder of the Obrenovitch dynasty was a swineherd, and the founder of the Karageorge dynasty, which now occupies the Servian throne, began in equally humble circumstances.

If George were the legal son of King Milan, he would have become the legal heir to the Servian throne after the assassination of his half brother, King Alexander, in 1903. Many adherents of the Obrenovitch dynasty, who are continually plotting to drive the Karageorge family from the throne of Servia, insist on regarding George as the legal occupant of the throne of their country.

At an early age he thus became a dangerous person in the eyes of successive occupants of the Servian throne. Paid assassins have been hired on various occasions to murder the boy, with that absolute disregard of morality which is characteristic of Balkan politics. Possibly he may yet play a prominent part in the future struggles centering around the throne of Servia.

At present, however, George lives in the deepest destitution. His father left him no fortune, and those of his father's friends who took charge of him in former years are now dead. For the last two or three years he has been earning a precarious living by appearing on the stages of fifth-rate music halls in various parts of Europe.

But even this mode of gaining a pittance met with serious obstacles because the Servian government raised objections on the grounds that young George exhibited himself on the stage in the character of a pretender to the Servian throne, making Servia ridiculous in the eyes of the world. Several governments have, therefore, prohibited George from appearing on the stage, and have expelled him from their territory as an undesirable alien.

Driven from land to land, and finding stage engagements difficult to obtain, he has sunk from grade to grade, until he is now reduced to singing songs in disreputable cafes in some of the smallest towns in Europe, and collecting small coins in his hat after his performance.

The fate of this son of a royal father is truly tragic.

COST OF FLYING.

Nowadays any ordinarily active man, on deciding to learn to fly, may achieve his ambition in less than a moment's time provided he is prepared to spend some money upon the project. If he is content to acquire the art of airmanship without actually owning an aeroplane of his own, it will cost him $200, or slightly more. Should he buy a machine his expenditure may be £500 or £1,000, according to the make and reputation of his aircraft. To such a stage of practicability has human flight already attained. And it is not surprising, in view of recent achievements in the air, that many sportsmen—mostly young men of leisure—are now discussing, and for the first time, the buying of aeroplanes and the adoption of flying as a new and very exhilarating form of motoring.

The first thought of a man who is thinking of becoming an airman is naturally this. How much does an aeroplane cost? Upon this point precise details are now available. A Farman biplane, such as M. Paulhan and Mr. GrahamefWhite steered in the memorable London-to-Manchester flight, and fitted with the famous Gnome motor—to which both airmen owed so much of their success—now costs £1,120.

The aeroplane, when ready, is delivered to the purchaser at Mourmelon, and he must then buy a very large wooden crate to pack it in, if his intention is to bring it to England. This packing case—its size may be gauged when it is remembered that the biplane measures close upon forty feet from one wing tip to the other—will cost nearly £50. The carriage of the flying machine from France to England will involve an outlay of another £25. Should a would-be airman decided to buy a monoplane, or single-surface machine, instead of a biplane, such as the Farman, he will find that the cost of a Bleriot type craft, fitted with a three cylindered Anzani engine — the same pattern of aircraft and motor as that with which M. Bleriot flew across the Channel—is £480. Delivery of such a monoplane as this may be made almost immediately.

But the pronouncement of experts should be cited as regards the use of monoplanes and biplanes from the novice's point of view. They say, that the beginner learns to fly more easily and more safely upon a biplane than upon a monoplane. The reason is that when a biplane begins to lose its balance in their air it heels over far more slowly than a monoplane, thereby giving its pilot more time to altar his levers and bring it again upon a level keel.

Upon the question of how much damage a man is likely to do his machine in learning to fly Mr. Grahame-White has made a valuable statement. "I am perfectly certain," he said, "that by first taking a pupil up with me as a passenger in a Farham machine and showing him how to manipulate the hand control level and the foot-rod operating rudder, I can teach him to fly without the slightest damage being done to the aeroplane. Afterward, when he makes his first ascents alone, there is a risk of injury to the apparatus by an injudicious descent. But it all depends on the man. Lightness of touch is needed in flying — that and level-headness. The ideal pupil would learn to fly in a day almost, and become a proficient airman without breaking a skid or a stay."

The damage that can be done by a bad descent was indicated to me, rather quaintly, by one airman of experience, who contends that "you can smash up a machine apparently quite badly, and yet the repair bill will not be more than £100. An awkward landing, causing the breaking of a skid or several wooden stays, will not cost more than two or three pounds."

After a man has learned to fly at some training aerodrome, and is ready to take his machine home with him, he should have ready for his use a field at least 200 yards square for the run along the ground which is necessary to gain the impetus by which to soar into the air. As he becomes more expert less manoeuvering room will be necessary. He must also erect a shed in which to have the aeroplane housed. This he can build for £100. An elaborate hangar with a concrete floor and a small repair shop in one corner of it may cost £300 or £400.

To a beginner who is not well acquainted with aeroplane motors the services of a special mechanic will be essential. The salary of a reliable man—one who thoroughly understands the delicate "tuning up" process necessary every now and then with aeroplanes—ranges from £3 to £5 a week. Two or three odd men are generally necessary, at the commencement of each flight, to assist in manoeuvring the aeroplane from point to point.

The actual cost of flying while in the air, varies enormously according to the engine used. "On my Farman, with the Gnome motor," Mr. Graham-White once said, "I find I use four gallons of petrol in an hour's flight. At 1s. 2d. a gallon this represents 4s. 8d. Then there is quite a gallon and a half of special lubricating oil to add to this, representing a cost of 7s. 6d. Thus the total cost of an hour's flight is 12s. 2d. During an hour I should have traversed forty-five miles. Therefore the cost of my flight would be slightly less than 3 1-4d. a mile. Some other motors consume more petrol, but far less oil. It is a question of construction and power. But when the aeroplane is quite a practical machine, flying will be far cheaper than motoring. There will be no heavy tire bills and no wear and tear from the vibration of the roads.

Sufficient fabric to recloothe the planes of a Farman machine costs about £40 Minor renewals involve little expense. With careful handling, experts agree that an aeroplane should last quite a long time—certainly longer than a year.

For the man who wants to learn to fly first and to buy an aeroplane afterward, a flying school offers itself. For 100 guineas at one such school he can learn to pilot either a biplane or a monoplane; for 150 guineas he can acquire control over both. His other expenses would be a fifty-pound deposit against damages to the machine and a payment of £10 to insure against third-party risks for a period of two months.

TEMPTATIONS OVERCOME THROUGH THE PRINCE OF PEACE

On Christmas morning the Rev. Dr. William B. Wallace, pastor of the Baptist Temple, Third Avenue and Schermerhorn Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., preached a notable sermon on "The Prince of Peace." The text was from Isaiah ix:6: "His name shall be called Prince of Peace." Dr. Wallace said:

"Who shall ascend unto the hill of the Lord, or who shall stand in his holy place?" Only that man who by his motive and action is worthy. The name in our text suggests a kingly position. Where is the one to occupy it? Here are royal garments. Who shall wear them? Here are kingly titles. Who shall assume them? Here is a throne of power and glory and blessing. Who shall sit upon it? There is but one among all the sons of men who may venture to take unto himself this high position. That one is He whose birth we celebrate today.

Jesus Christ is the Prince of Peace, first of all because He incarnates peace. There is a great deal of peace literature. Men have sung about it and men have written poems about it, and men have delivered addresses about it, and men have discussed theories about it. Jesus Christ is not a literature about peace. He is a life incarnating peace. Just as He is truth and love, he is peace. Sit down and read the story of His life and you are bound to feel that you are in the presence of one whose peace floweth as a river. Temptations came to Him as they come to us, but no matter how subtle and how strong they might have been, Jesus always bore Himself as the Prince of Peace. Where the average man would be disturbed and restless and excited and overcome, Jesus Christ stood calm, collected, self-possessed, the incarnation of peace. Sorrow met Him as it meets every man on earth's highway, but sorrow did not rob Him of His high title. He loved life and friends as well as any man that ever lived upon the earth, but when He faced the fact that He must die and that He must leave those who were dear to Him by ties of blood and by ties of affection, He was not disturbed. Still He wore the same calm face, still His voice was without a quaver. So much a prince of peace was He that His disciples, tossing like barks upon a stormy sea, He could speak words of cheer and consolation.

Jesus Christ knew what pain was. No pain that you or I may ever bear can possibly compare with the sufferings which He knew in the Garden of Gethsemane and on the hill of Calvary. When we see Him emerging from Gethsemane's awful pain, the light of perfect peace was on His face, and when on Calvary's cross we hear Him pray, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do," we know it is no crown of thorns which He deserves to wear, but the crown of everlasting peace.

As you read your Bibles you will note that peace is conditioned. In Proverbs, iii.:17, we read, "The ways of wisdom are ways of pleasantness and all her paths are paths of peace." When wisdom and folly came and called to the Child, the Boy, the Man of Galilee, wisdom was always His choice. The psalmist sings, "Great peace have they that love Thy law." Jesus loved the law of His Father. His constant prayer was, "Father, glorify thyself, not as I will, but as thou wilt." In the prophecy of Isaiah, chapter xxvi., verse 3, we read, "Thou will keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee, because he trusteth in thee." Jesus tested and approved this great promise. With His mind centred on Jehovah, there was no storm strong enough to rob Him of His peace.

Second—Jesus Christ is entitled to the name of the Prince of Peace because He imparts peace. Last summer I camped beside a lake in the Adirondacks. Some days there would come windstorms that would beat upon the waters of the lake with such tremendous fury that where a little while ago a little child might row in safety, a strong man would venture almost at the risk of his life. There are some people who are like those windstorms upon the mountain lake. When they blow upon our lives they disturb our rest; where before there was a stretch of water shimmering, beautiful in the sun, now there are angry waves. Some days beside that lake in the mountains we saw the restless waters of the morning hour transformed into a sea of glass. The sun broke through the angry cloud, blue sky stretched above the waters, winds died down to perfect silence, and the lake became soothed and still. Some folks there are, and thank God you and I have met them, that are like the shining sun when they come into our lives. We can say the dayspring from on high has visited us. Where yesterday there was storm today there is rest.

Jesus Christ is the Prince among those who impart peace. You remember that incident in His life when He was slumbering in the boat that sailed the lake of Galilee. A storm came up, and His disciples grew nervous and perplexed. They called Him from His slumbers with the exclamation, "Carest Thou not that we perish?" Jesus arose calmly, as you remember, and with His "Peace, be still," rebuked the angry winds and waves, and changed mad Gennesaret into a peaceful lake.

That typifies the influence of Jesus Christ upon the souls of men. Among the manifold things that disturb us and rob us of our peace is sin—the consciousness that our lives are displeasing in God's sight breaks up our rest. Paul saw the law of God with its command, saw his own life fall short of what God desired, and in sheer anguish of soul cried out, "Oh, wretched man that I am! Who shall deliver me from the bondage of this death?" Whether men acknowledge it or not, sin has that effect upon their lives. There is no rest to the wicked. Only one way man can find the peace that his heart craves; if some one can go to him and tell him that his sins are forgiven, if someone can enter into his life and give him new energy to resist sin and perform righteousness, then peace will be his possession.

Jesus Christ does just that. This man forgives sin. This man energizes the soul for righteous deeds. Because he does this, He is the Prince of Peace.

The love of self is another source of unrest. When a man is all the while thinking about himself, worrying about his own sins and his own pleasures, and his own rights, peace will be as far from him as east is from the west.

Cristine Rosetti sings thus of self as a disturber of our rest:

All others are outside myself,
I lock the door and bar them out,
The turmoil, tedium, gadabout;
I lock the door upon myself and bar them out.
But who shall wall self from myself,
most loathed of all?
God harden me against myself,
This coward with pathetic voice,
Who craves for ease and rest and joys.
Myself, arch traitor to myself,
My hollowest friend, my deadliest foe,
My clog, whatever road I go.

This is where Jesus shows Himself the Prince of Peace. He helps a man to win a victory over himself, and the spirit of selfishness and self-love. He teaches him to think of others. He gets him to work to bring joys into other lives, and lo, the treasure of peace belongs to him.

The sorrows of our lives tend to rob us of peace. Can Jesus Christ come into a life where sorrow is and prove His claim to the title "Prince of Peace"? Aye, he can. He makes men who have lost property feel that they are rich if they have Him. He makes those who suffer bodily anguish rejoice if they have the companionship of the Crucified. He comes to the man who mourns because loved ones have been taken away and fills him with courage and with calm by the assurance of His sympathy, His presence, His help. When the poor, tired traveller stands alone to face grim death, he gives that traveller the peace that comes from assurance that death will never gain the victory; that for him their is life beyond the tomb.

Third—Jesus Christ is the Prince of Peace, in that He inculcates peace. Many of the teachers in the land today are specialists. They specialize in psychology, in literature, in mathematics, in science, in philosophy. The Great Teacher is a specialist. His specialty is peace.

A prince is supposed to command. The Magi brought their gifts to the new-born King, signifying by their acts that He who was born was born with authority.

We take our stand with them this morning, and again as Christians we recognize Jesus Christ as our Prince and our King. "Be at peace with one another." Let not your heart be troubled." These are His commands. As His subjects, let us do our best to execute them. Let us go to work, and cast out of our own bosoms those things that make for unrest, and so meet the conditions of His peace. Let us see to it that the homes where we dwell have Him for an ever present guest, and that His peace is shed abroad in all the dwellers there. Into the commercial world, with its strife between capital and labor, with its unrest and its discontent, let us go in the name of the Prince of Peace. Let us as Christians exemplify the Golden Rule, and let us value honesty and square dealing and brotherly love and sympathy more than a mere bank account or getting the best of a bargain, and help to bring in that day when strike and boycott and lockout and bitterness between employer and employed, when sweatshop and starving wage shall be mere memories of a dark past, and men by love shall serve one another.

A little while ago I attended a mass meeting of the ministers of Greater New York, in the Collegiate Reformed Church. The meeting was called on behalf of international peace. Speeches were delivered by Bishop Greer, Dr. Jefferson, Dr. Burrell and others. After due discussion, resolutions were adopted favoring an International Court of Arbitration, and that this day be known and observed in all our lands as Peace Sunday.

As a body of Christians, we ought to find ourselves in accord with such resolutions. In the name of the Prince of Peace, let us rejoice in the great peace movement. Let us be glad over the peaceful triumphs of international law, the peaceful ideals of conferences and congresses. Let us be glad that Andrew Carnegie had it in his heart to bestow $10,000,000 to advance the cause of peace. Let us work and pray for the time to come when our Secretary of War shall not be alarmed because of our weak national defences from a military standpoint, because our country shall be protected, as all other countries shall be protected, against war, by an international consciousness determinedly on the side of peace.

As followers of the Prince of Peace, let us understand, and so far as we have influence, let us help others to understand, the horrors of war.

While we understand and get others to understand the horrors of war, let us also understand and get others to understand the honors of peace. Right here is the trouble. We have not given the men of peace their due places. Among the causes of war William Ellery Channing mentions the love of renown. He says war will never cease while the field of battle is the field of glory. Let us understand that the path of duty, more truly than the path of battle, is the way to glory. If a man wants to manifest individual bravery he can do it without sword or gun or military dress and without going to some battlefield to play his part. Milton sang truly when he sang, "Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war."

The man who manufactures a useful article, who writes a good book, who sings an inspiring song, who paints a great picture, who chisels a noble statue, who makes some useful discovery, who leads an exempiary life, is as truly a patriot and deserves the honor of his country as any soldier who ever fought beneath the Stars and Stripes.

Jesus Christ is not the Prince of Peace by the power of dreams, but by the power of deeds. He was willing to work and willing to suffer and willing to die that He might bring peace unto man. Let us take our stand anew by His side today and pledge all our time, our money, our influence, our lives, in the name of individual and domestic and commercial and international peace.

Said Joseph Choate in an address before the Associated Chambers of Commerce in London: "I do not believe that, although friends, we shall ever cease to be rivals in the future, as we have been in the past. We, on our part, and you, on yours, will still press every advantage that we can fairly take, but it shall be a generous and royal rivalry, and all questions that may rise (may we not say so?) shall be settled by peaceful means, by negotiation, by arbitration, by any possible and every possible means, except that of war."

Mr. Choate's statement was received by that English audience with loud cheers. Let us work for the time when the idea of universal peace shall receive the cheers of all the nations.

Then, o'er Earth's war-field, till the strife shall cease,
Like Morven's harpers, sing your song of peace;
As in the old fable rang the Thracian's lyre,
Midst howl of fiends and roar of penal fire,
Till the fierce din to pleasing murmurs fell,
And love subdued the maddened heart of hell.
Lend, once again, that holy song a tongue,
Which the glad angels of the Advent sung,
Their cradle-anthem for the Saviour's birth,
Glory to God, and peace unto the earth!
Through the mad discord send that calming word
Which wind and wave on wild Genessaret heard,
Lift in Christ's name his Cross against the sword!
Still lives for Earth, which fiends so long have trod,
The great hope resting on the truth of God,
Evil shall cease and Violence pass away,
And the tired world breathe free through a long Sabbath day.

THE INFLUENCE OF THE Y. M. C. A.

Cities are judged nowadays, to a great degree, by the provision they make for the sick, by supplying hospitals, by the character of their schools, and by the way they support the various philanthropic institutions.

The schools of Charlottetown are such that any city might feel proud of them. The public buildings are a credit to the "Garden of the Gulf." It has several fine churches, and yet some of our churches are not as well housed as they should be.

The greatest asset of the city, Province, or nation is its boys and young men. It is money well invested which is used to throw the right influence around young men and boys. Better pay a man to keep a boy from falling than to pay a policeman to arrest him after his fall. The way in which cities of the size of Charlottetown are providing for their young men is shown in the following table of cities and the value of the Young Men's Christian Association buildings in these cities:—

City	Population	Value of building and lot
Moncton, N. B.	12,000	$40,000
Brandon, Man.	13,000	90,000
Belleville, Ont.	10,000	50,000
Owen Sound, Ont.	12,000	22,000
Moosejaw, Sask.	13,000	60,000
Regina, Sask.	13,500	80,000
Redlands, Cal.	10,500	36,000
Riverside, Cal.	14,000	80,000
Santa Cruz, Cal.	12,000	30,000
Boulder, Col.	12,000	47,000
Ansonia, Conn.	13,000	48,000
Americus, Ga.	12,000	30,000
Crawfordsville, Ind.	10,000	37,000
La Porte, Ind.	12,000	75,000
Oscaloosa, Ia.	12,000	46,000
Bowling Green, Ky.	12,000	43,000
Adrian, Mich.	12,000	40,000
Cadillac, Mich.	10,000	64,000
Billings, Mont.	12,000	85,000
Fremont, Neb.	12,000	62,000
Hastings, Neb.	12,000	40,000
Keene, N. H.	11,000	40,000
Geneva, N. Y.	12,000	60,000
Johnstown, N. Y.	10,000	40,000
Saratoga Springs, N. Y.	12,000	65,000
Tarrytown, N. Y.	10,000	100,000
Coatesville, Pa.	12,000	70,000
Connellsville, Pa.	13,000	50,000
Punxsutawney, Pa.	12,000	48,000
Warren, Pa.	13,000	50,000

Average population of these cities, 12,266.

Average value of Y. M. C. A., $54,500.00.

Value of Y. M. C. A. property in Charlottetown on same basis, $8,500.

The building in this city is now the oldest in North America erected especially for the Y. M. C. A. The Association in this city needs larger and more complete accommodation. Can it be said that Charlottetown is proud of its position in the list of cities of the same size in North America?

A FRIEND OR TWO.

There's all of pleasure and all of peace
In a friend or two.
And all your troubles may find release
With a friend or two.
It's in the grip of the clasping hand
On native soil in alien land
But the world is made—do you understand?
Of a friend or two.

A song to sing and a crust to share
With a friend or two.
A smile to give and a grief to bear
With a friend or two.
A road to walk and a goal to win,
An inglenook to find comfort in,
The gladdest hours that we know begin
With a friend or two.

A little laughter, perhaps some tears,
With a friend or two.
The days, the weeks and the months and years,
With a friend or two.
A vale to cross and a hill to climb
A mock at age and a jeer at time—
The prose of life takes the lilt of rhyme,
With a friend or two.

The brother-soul and the brother-heart
Of a friend or two.
Make us drift on from the crowd apart
With a friend or two.
For come days happy or come days sad
We count no hours but the ones made glad
By the hale good times we have ever had
With a friend or two.

Then brim the goblet and quaff the toast
To a friend or two.
For glad the man who can always boast
Of a friend or two.
The fairest sight is a friendly face,
The blithest tread is a friendly pace
And, heaven will be a better place,
For a friend or two.

—By Wilbur D. Nesbit.

A WOMAN'S PARADISE.

A Wyoming jury, rather than return a verdict of murder against a woman charged with killing her husband and against whom the evidence was positive, has acquitted her.

The verdict is not unprecedented. The fact for remark is the frank avowal by the foreman that "we could not bear to think of sending a sobbing shrieking woman to the gallows."

Wyoming is a State distinguished for its chivalry and courtesy to the women. It was the first to grant the equal political rights and it allows divorce for a year's desertion or failure to provide. As now appears, it grants them more than equal legal rights on evidence of the possession by the woman in the case of the proper emotionalism. The fate of a woman defendant who bore herself with stoical indifference might be more in accordance with a severer justice.

But generally speaking, Wyoming must be considered a political paradise for woman, a condition no doubt explained by the fact that they are in a minority. The legal advantage of residence there should be expected to increase feminine immigration.

PRICES OF LIVE STOCK IN HOLLAND.

Consul Frank W. Mahin, Amsterdam, says: Recent sales on the live-stock markets in this district disclosed the following prices: Work horses $94 to $160; horses to be slaughtered for food, $24 to $40; ponies, $32 to $52; heifers, $54 to $80; bullocks, $58 to $70; cows, $56 to $128; oxen, $56 to $98. As the weight of the cattle is not stated inthe published reports of the sales, the price per pound is unknown, though experts in cattle sales may be able to form an approximate estimate.

The horses slaughtered for food include animals brought from England. There is considerable use of horse meat in this district. The retail price is about 6 cents a pound—one-fourth the price for similar cuts of beef.