

The competitors may dress themselves as they please, and be of any age and weight; one man is 80 years; plenty boast of 60 summers; but the majority are aged from 25 to 35. There are civilians and soldiers, postmen and acrobats, globe trotters and telegraph boys. One man in flannel costume is accompanied by his dog; a second sports a new tourist's outfit; a third swears by his old clothes; eight out of ten carry a stick; one man is inseparable from his umbrella—he hates railways as they kill pedestrianism, and he must walk 46 miles a day to preserve his health. The majority wear flannel caps with a descending flap over their necks; the Stanley or Indian army hat has many admirers. There was one man, 26 years of age and weighing sixteen stone, who had a knapsack and something like a Robinson Crusoe outfit; his aim clearly was to resemble Falstaff by "larding the lean earth" as he walked. A few competitors were in blue smocks. There was even a waiter in shirt-sleeves and bare-headed, who evidently thought no more of doing 267 miles than of bringing up a bottle of wine from a cellar.

One of the happiest and most popular events of the week has been the visit of some 90 sanitary inspectors from the United Kingdom, in response to the invitation of the *Société Française d'Hygiène*. They were accompanied by their active chairman, Mr. Hugh Alexander, and met in Paris by their honorary president, Dr. Richardson, the eminent London physician, on whose shoulders the mantle of Sanitary Chadwick has fallen, and who did not hesitate to personally assist in bringing the delegates and the French hygienists into touch for the advancement of a common cause, not alone of international, but of universal, salubrity. The visit was a continuous object lesson, where the comparison of plans and the weighing of ideas were guided by the light of practical experience. The visit has enabled the delegates to mark the advance their country has made in sanitation, and what yet remains to be done, while sympathetically attracting the French to push boldly forward on the same successful lines.

And France, that is, her Hygienists, did receive her British guests right royally; it was more than a technical reception, it was a positive fraternization with which the Government had nothing to do. Let peoples, not Governments, cement alliances, and the latter will never be broken. Dr. de Pietra Santa, the veteran sanitary reformer, the Chadwick of France; Messrs. Joltrain, J. de Pietra Santa, and also Dr. Nicholson, Paris correspondent of the *London Academy*, and who writes and speaks French like his native tongue, received the delegates on their arrival. Next day a meeting was held, presided over by Surgeon Péan, the first surgeon in France, who was aided by Dr. Richardson, where a few papers on practical sanitation were read. Then commenced the series of visits to the several municipal sanitary establishments: that for the gratuitous disinfection of bedding materials, where the several processes and precautions employed were rehearsed. Then the night refuge was visited—one of the total of ten in Paris, and where 250 houseless of the male sex are sheltered three nights consecutively, once every two months; their clothes being fumigated, and themselves soaped and hosed. The dépôt for the ambulance vans is well organized; in case of accident or the recognition of a patient suffering from a contagious disease, the telephone at once summons the van, conveys the patient to hospital, and the bedding to be fumigated. Diphtheria is the prevailing and most deadly infectious disease, the result of unsanitary homes, and perhaps of heredity.

The visit to the sewers was extremely interesting and instructive, and was rendered more so by the zealous attention of the young and able engineer, M. Georges Bachmann, *chef* of the sanitary service of Paris. It was a new world for the visitors railing and sailing in subterranean Paris. To exhaust the inspection of the sewer-system involved a visit to the suburbs of Asnières, where the exit of the sewage into the Seine is effected, save that portion, about one-fourth of the total, which is tubed across the river to irrigate soil on the island of Gennevilliers, devoted to the culture of vegetables, fruits and nursery gardens. The excess of sewage, after percolating through the soil, drains off into a pure stream, with only a slightly saline flavour. This suburban excursion was by boat, and was agreeably enhanced by an excellent lunch; appropriate international speeches, full of warmth and sterling earnestness, and instrumental and vocal music followed.

Having experienced the air in underground Paris, the delegates naturally desired to visit the Eiffel Tower; all save thirty-seven of them ascended to the third storey, when they desired to mount to the attic, reserved by M. Eiffel for his private use. M. Eiffel was at that moment doing the honours of his attic to a visitor. The latter, as the delegates could not speak French, translated their request to M. Eiffel, who immediately signed the necessary permission to peep into the attic sanctum. "I like dear Old England, and we all owe her so much!" added the volunteer interpreter, who was no other than King Oscar of Sweden. The delegates then gave his Majesty three cheers, the first ever heard on the summit of the tower, and that must have sent that observing astronomer, M. Jansen, on the hill of Mendon close by, to consult his seismograph. The visit to Paris wound up by the French Hygienists entertaining the delegates at a magnificent banquet at the Grand Hotel, where the eminent Surgeon Péan presided and delivered a felicitous speech, to which Dr. Richardson replied in excellent French and in equally happy terms. The visit has attracted much notice among

the French, who there see that the hand and the heart of England can be reached and gripped wholly apart from speculative politics and politicians.

The Fête de Fleurs was not a pecuniary success this year; as a rule the weather ever mars it, and this is the more regrettable, as the object, exclusively under the auspices of the press, is intended to raise funds for the families of those whose bread-winners have perished in the rescue of victims of accidents.

The visit of President Carnot to Nancy has had for effect, to demonstrate the sagacity of the French in their relations with their neighbours, the Germans, while demonstrating their own strength in the common sentiment of patriotism. Since the crushing out of Ravacholism, the disturbers of the peace wisely hide their diminished heads. The trip to Nancy was also remarkable for the failure of another noisy minority to breed complications by displaying Russian flags. The Roman Catholic clergy, whose attitude many were anxious to note, proved that they had thoroughly accepted the common sense doctrine and orders of the Pope, not to mix up politics with religion. Z.

CANADA.

YOUNG men and Nations mark ye well,
Freedom is Heaven, Dependence Hell.

My Canada, to thee I cry,
A wanderer from my country—I
Self-exiled, my parental tie
Clean cut, shall love thee till I die.

O wake thee, Canada!—God please!—
From lethargic and slothful ease
Shake thee! The flaming future seize;
Flaunt now thy banner to the breeze.

While maunderers whine of country old
And call thee "child," and bid thee hold
Her petticoats, let this be told:
Thy children wander from thy fold.

Does the strong son, valiant of pace,
Sit in the dust and hide his face;
Cling to his mother, shirk his place
In the world's stern and vigorous race?

Long hast thou sought the languid lane
Of dull dependence; long hast fain,
Mistakenly, declared it gain
To drowse the day, supine, inane.

Look at thy past in England's trail!
Thy history, 'tis a pigmy tale;
Thy noblest Song, a baby's wail,
Laughed at by Nations free and hale.

Nor epoch-doing, foul nor fair,
From thy lean record pages stare,
Weak monotint! Unflecked thy hair
By the clear, bracing frost of care.

Responsibility's the nerve
That stirs the world, makes bold reserve,
Drives fear from man so that he serve
At cannon's mouth, nor ever swerve.

Art thou a suckling still to creep,
Contented, when thy neighbours leap;
Dependent still to snore and sleep
While equals sow and spin and reap?

God save! In manhood's stalwart stay
Thy feet are set, thy glorious day
Is far past dawn! See how the ray
Of sun long high illumines thy way.

Arouse! from pealing spire and dome
Fling out thy flag, that all who roam
From the Atlantic to Pacific foam
May tread an independent home.

Broad-breasted land, whose giant girth
Spans, sea to sea, the half of earth,
Wake to a day of power and worth!
Wake to thy heritage by birth.

JAMES BARR.

THE ARCHIC WOMAN—III.

AS the reader is already aware from Madame Lalage's letter, we had a dinner at her house on the evening of the day the deputation was introduced to Mr. (now Sir John) Abbott by Mr. Dickey, M.P. It was one of the most interesting dinners which has ever taken place at Ottawa. "Yes, the Prime Minister received us well." "With two Prime Ministers with us we should soon have the franchise throughout the Empire." "Our trampled sex." "Exquisite." Over expressions of this sort the voice of Glaucus soon imposed itself as he said:—

"Horace says there are times when the people see what is right, and times when they err, which is about as safe a piece of obvious commonplace as anything that ever

was impressed by his stylus, or fell from the pen of Macaulay. However whimsical and impulsive the people may seem to be, their conduct is determined by laws as certain in their operation as those which govern the physical universe. Dogs love to-day with the same unchanging devotion as Argus. The lion is the same as when he entered the ark. Man to-day is very like Noah and his sons. Under the same external conditions human nature will always present the same phenomena. Thousands of years hence men will live in the midst of a splendid civilization in Africa, among whom we should find ourselves at home, and many hundred years ago lived men who would be at home with us to-day. Notwithstanding all our prating about progress, human nature is always the same. This may be humiliating, but it constitutes the charm of history, and were it otherwise, history would cease to be instructive. Politics can, therefore, be made a subject of scientific study. The knowledge thus gained may, like other knowledge, be turned to good or bad account, according as the statesman is animated by high or low motives. If he aim solely to do those he rules good in the highest sense, he will set himself a noble task, but one the people themselves will render difficult; if his end be purely selfish, he may succeed and even with happy incidental results; if his motives be mixed, as most men's are, partly self-aggrandisement, partly the benefit of the people, he is, if adequately endowed and equipped, and the opportunity comes, likely to be entirely successful and will do much entitling him to the just gratitude of the nation."

"But," said McKnom, "whatever may be his place in the moral scale, no man can for long rule a people unless he have the ruling faculty, which may be improved by education and study. His position and the nature of his mind have their peculiar temptations and dangers. The discovery of the leader or ruler is like so much that is controlling in human destiny the work of opportunity. It is clearly not the work of human insight, for it is positively ludicrous to see the doubt and distrust with which a man is regarded to-day whom to-morrow the distrusters crown. The foolish things of the world are chosen to confound the wise, and the stone that the builders rejected becomes the head of the corner."

"Bravo!" cried Gwendolen.

"Bravissimo," said Madame Lalage. "But we have heard enough of the archic man. Is there no man here gallant enough to propose the health of the archic woman?"

Up rose Rectus and said: "Madam Lalage, Mr. Lalage, ladies and gentlemen. I give you the Archic Woman," and he coupled it with the name of Gwendolen. We all drank the health enthusiastically. Gwendolen rose and said:—

"You must excuse me—I will"—and she laid her white hand on the old man's shoulder—"ask my dear friend, Mr. McKnom, to take my place."

The old man seemed touched. He stood up. There was a "wee drop" in that blue prophetic eye, but it was not wine. He seemed for a moment embarrassed. We cheered him. The look of tender sadness was replaced by a smile, and from the curious, classical, philosophical, phantastical and humorous recesses of his well-stored mind he poured forth with a cadent eloquence the following reply:—

"Now that women are becoming senior wranglers, doctors and barristers; want to vote and almost capture Lord Salisbury in England and Mr. Abbott in Canada; seeing that one of the first novelists of the day is a woman, as was one of the first of the last generation; seeing, too, that in all times they have made successful rulers of states; bearing in mind, moreover, that the female spider is the larger and fiercer insect and is wooed at the peril of death; that also the leader of the Buffalo herd was always, not a bull, as is ignorantly supposed, but a cow; and taking cognizance of the fact that women are the true aristocrats of social life, and exercise absolute sway in the drawing-room, not to speak of the terrible tyranny a woman can exert over a lover, and the dismal despotism she sometimes imposes on a husband; the historic memory, too, crowded with bloody wars, frays and battles and sieges, all for her, and taking no note whatever of the trivial duel in which many a brave fellow has closed his eyes forever because two fair orbs were all too fair to look on

*Glyceria nitor
Splendens pario marmore purius;*

and noting the great statesmen and warriors who have come to grief through woman's love, from Mark Antony to Parnell—may not the time have come for man seriously to consider whether, should the scope of feminine activity be enlarged, he shall be able to preserve even a shred of freedom? Talk of the secrecy of the ballot-box—let woman once become a politician and before her glance it disappears. Talk of bribery and corruption and undue influence—can a Minister of Justice devise legal chains for a woman's whisper, affix disabilities to her smiles, or measure the wreck of electoral independence her eyes can work? (Cheers.)

"Ere man (he went on lifting his right hand and pointing with the forefinger) is utterly disestablished and disendowed, discredited and disrowned, snubbed, subordinated and enslaved; on the threshold of his power's decay; touching that abyss of social and political revolution made imminent by the dangerous change in the sentiments of statesmen as to the true status of woman—that abyss where man 'the lord of creation,' shall lie and rise