

parade and ostention of his achievements, and the English papers are agape with astonishment at the manner in which he recounts his exploits in the field. The London "Chronicle" says of his book:—

"We are all with Col. Roosevelt when he praises his men; we are less complaisant when he praises himself. We have never before met such vanity in print from one who was notoriously a brave soldier." The London Academy is impressed by the volume's illustrations. It remarks of these: "With what intrepidity the Rough Rider faced the camera's mouth! The gallant Colonel, hand on hip, frowns at us from the frontispiece. We find him again at page 8, on horse back; at page 38 full face; his war horse figures at page 128; the Colonel himself and his men group themselves at page 168; at page 196 he visits Col. Turner; at page 234 he bids his Rough Riders farewell, and nothing but the fact that the rest of the book is needed for appendices saves us from moving incidents on his return to the irksome privacy of peace."

An American newspaper is unkind enough to endorse the English critics by remarking: "Teddy Roosevelt's vanity is as exquisite as that of a peacock."

**After Many Years.**

Cape Breton is at last receiving the attention it has always deserved from the capitalists of the New World. In the summer of 1885, an Englishman canoeing through the Bras d'Or Lakes, in recording his impressions of the journey, referred to the coal, which, at Point Aconi, and all over the mineral strewn island of Cape Breton, crops up in inexhaustible quantities, as certain some day to prove a source of wealth to the owners of the land. Since that time the formation of the Dominion Coal Company has given small fortunes to the former mine owners of this remarkable island, and has made a permanent paying industry of coal mining in Cape Breton.

And now, as the natural result of the immediate proximity of iron to the coal, another large company has been formed, and the long-neglected island of Cape Breton is to become a veritable hive of industry. At present, Sydney, C. B., is rejoicing in the presence of the representatives of capital to develop its resources. Senator Geo. A. Cox and Elias Rogers, of Toronto, Sir William Van Horne, President Shaughnessy, of the C. P. R., Hon. Dr. Borden, minister of militia; Hon. David MacKeen, W. B. Ross, R. B. Angus, E. S. Clouston, general manager of the Bank of Montreal, B. F. Pearson, the celebrated Nova Scotian promoter, and others are reported as having joined Mr. H. M. Whitney at South Sydney, for the purpose of viewing the site for the Dominion Iron and Steel Company's extensive works. The party will also proceed to Newfoundland to inspect the iron mines at Belle Isle. Mr. William Macmaster, of the Montreal Rolling Mills Company, is also reported as saying that it is the intention of his company to lo-

cate there as soon as a convenient site can be secured.

As the arrival of these gentlemen was made the occasion for a great display of bunting, it is evident that the people of Cape Breton are delighted to have the treasures of their island unearthed if only after many years.

**Sunday Cars and Drunkenness.**

The curious claim of Ottawa's Chief of Police, that the Sunday car service has been the blessed means of reducing corner loafing and drunkenness in that city, will doubtless be carefully investigated by the opponents of the Sabbath street car service. Chief of Police Powell is reported as saying that the Sunday car has had the effect of "very materially reducing the number of corner loafers on Sunday nights, especially in the neighborhood of hotels and saloons, and of drunks brought up at the Police Court on Monday morning."

He even goes so far as to give the Sunday car credit for the fact that "there was only one case of drunkenness" to be dealt with at Ottawa last Sunday morning. We are glad to think that the days of corner-loafing are passing away, and that only one citizen of Ottawa hiccoughed through the sweltering hours of last Sunday. At the same time we dread lest this pretty story of reform effected by the introduction of the street car may be spoiled by any evidence of an increased consumption of liquor in places where the corner-loafer is conveyed to by the Sunday car. We should be sorry if such is the case.

Meanwhile, it is pleasing to reflect that the Sunday car service has enabled thousands of the sons of toil to journey with their wives and children away from heated cities, and to enjoy, if only for a few brief hours, the green fields and fresh air of the country. True Christianity is not so tetrical, or so harsh, as to bar us from innocent, much less from wholesome and useful pleasure, such as human life doth need or require. And, if the Sunday car may serve to good purposes of this kind, then it is not intrrenching upon the quietude and piety of the Sabbath.

ENGLISH CRANKS.—Strong as our expressions of opinion upon the subject of vaccination may have been, they are fully endorsed by dozens and dozens of insurance journals. Among others, the editor of the "Daily States" of New Orleans, which paper always contains an excellent column of items of interest to life and fire managers, says:—

"Three years ago the centenary of Dr. Jenner was celebrated in England. In that same year the people of the old city of Gloucester, who had insanely repudiated vaccination, were called upon to face a fearful epidemic of small-pox, five thousand cases occurring in a population of forty thousand, with a high percentage of deaths. Meanwhile, other English towns, where vaccination was universal, remained practically exempt, as usual. This brought the old fogies to their senses, and the antis recanted almost to a man. Nevertheless, there is a body of cranks in England now raising a great outcry against vaccination."