

No intelligent parent is unaware of the habits of his or her child. If they live in an oblivious condition, letting the youngsters do as they please, they must expect to see their children land in a reformatory, prison or penitentiary. The more the city endeavors to assume the parental control of children, the more parents will neglect this sacred office and the greater difficulties we must encounter. This century will not stand a curfew law, when the bell rings and children must go to bed or be gobbled up by policemen. The curfew rings in the home

nowadays, not in the market square, and the greatest evils of the hour are owing to the weak and miserable demand of parents that policemen and school teachers and Sunday school teachers, and preachers and priests and bishops, shall look after the children who are a reasonable charge upon the parents who begot them. I think as individuals and as electors we should resist any idea that parental responsibility shall be shouldered either upon the police commissioners or the Police Magistrate.—*Don, in Saturday Night.*

GEOGRAPHY.

INSIGNIFICANCE OF MAN.—Man has been styled the "Lord of Creation," and even people who do not claim that title for their race imagine that it holds an important position in the universe. Whatever may be the importance of man in the spiritual world, he is, it seems, of but small account materially even on this planet, which is his special habitation. A writer in the *Strand Magazine* has undertaken to prove that the population of the earth covers only an infinitesimal portion of its surface. Taking the number of people in the world as 1,480,000,000, he shows that every living person could be obtained in a square common less than twenty-two miles each way; each person of the 1,480 millions could have a square yard to stand on; and any expert cyclist could be left outside with his machine, and ride round the square containing the world's population in about three hours and a half for the $87\frac{1}{2}$ miles of boundary fence. Or the 1,480 million persons could each occupy a square yard of standing-room in Bedfordshire and then fill up only two-thirds of that county. They could be tucked away

down in Radnorshire, by a little squeezing, and leave all the rest of the world empty. Even the Isle of Man would hold nearly one-half of the world's population at one person to the square yard. This fighting, struggling, white, black, and tan, good and bad, very much mixed population of 1 480 millions could be packed in a cubic box measuring only 1,140 yards in width, 1,140 yards in depth, and 1,140 yards in height. Each person could be allowed 27 cubic feet of room inside such a box, and the box itself could be deposited when full in Battersea Park with a squeeze, in Victoria Park with ample room to spare, or in Hyde Park and not occupy much more than one-third of the ground space of that public resort. To emphasise still further the insignificance of the human race, when considered in its collective material aspect, the writer asserts that Mr. Chase, the cyclist, could, if left outside the above-mentioned box, run round it in about six minutes for the two miles and a half; or, a person accidentally left unpacked could stroll round the box and inspect it in one hour easily.