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1896

VOL. I.
HOME JOURNAL PUBLISHING CO.,
MANNING ARCADE, TORONTO.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY, 1896.

No. 10.
YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION, \$1.00
SINGLE COPIES, 10 CENTS.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

O RARE old Queen! O sage and diplomatic ruler!

Let the nations pause amid their fretfulness and jarring to look for a moment at the splendid figure of this aged British sovereign, this one woman-form bowed with years, silhouetted against the sunset sky of the nineteenth century.

How wondrous watchful she is of her people's interests; yet how wise in the ways of peace,—rebuking an irascible Kaiser, commending a Transvaal President, appealing to a savage Sultan, in close consultation with her own Government, and quick with words of appreciation and thanks to those who serve the nation.

The aged hands yet firm, the eyes clear-visioned, the judgment sure, the tactful word ever ready, the woman's heart always true.

O wonderful old Queen!—sovereign not of one nation only, but of the world—not until you have passed, with the century, into the shadows, shall we properly estimate your worth, and understand how man's brain and woman's heart have united in you, to make the greatest and most heroic ruler the nations have known.

THE fact that Miss Barton and her staff of nurses of the American Red Cross Association have been refused admission into Turkey, by order of the Sultan, is the most damning evidence that could be afforded of the past year's work of butchery.

If there were nothing to conceal, as the Sultan avers, there would certainly be no reason why admittance should be refused to a band of women whose only mission is one of mercy.

The Armenian episode is one of the darkest in modern history, and leaves a stain upon the annals of the Christian nations which only a like baptism of blood will wash away. No cry of a helpless people unheeded by its brother-men goes unavenged by God. The end is not yet.

THE word "suzerainty," brought so suddenly into vogue by the Transvaal difficulty, has caused considerable searching into dictionaries; even members of the press, who possess all knowledge, plus much that isn't knowledge, have turned a quiet page or two.

It implies apparently a dictatorship, with power of veto. British suzerainty over the Transvaal means that the former has her finger in the latter's pie to the extent of preventing it from going into the oven until she has examined and approved of the contents.

Great Britain may take six months to examine any treaty concluded between South Africa and any foreign power. At the close of that time, if the treaty can be shown to be

inimical to her interest, she can effectually veto it. And now we, who still stand somewhat in awe of the newest public press word, are wondering if France has suzerainty over Madagascar, the United States over Hawaii or Venezuela, Great Britain over Egypt. Has the Canadian Federal Government suzerainty over Manitoba or the reverse? and has a husband suzerainty over his wife?

The press were in need of a new word, "*fin de siècle*," "decadent" and their like having grown somewhat monotonous.

THERE is always more than one way of looking at a question. Possibly one of the weaknesses of these modern days is that we discover too many points of view. But, certainly, the *Pull Mall Gazette* deserves credit for its ingenious recognition that Great Britain owes a debt of gratitude to Emperor William for arousing the patriotism of the British nation, and thus leading to a better understanding with the United States.

Great Britain does not feel the burden of gratitude apparently. Her attitude toward Germany during the past month has been one of hearty indignation; while the white flames of English patriotism have burnt with ominous intensity.

IN this connection it is worth while to quote from a London cable dispatch to the *New York Sun* on January 12th:

There was a wonderful scene at Daly's Theatre last night when Mr. Hayden Coffin sang the new patriotic ballad, "Hands Off," by Henry Hamilton. The lines are spirited, beginning: "England, to arms! The need is nigh." And the chorus concludes:

England for her own, my boys,
It's rule Britannia still.

There have been some surprising demonstrations of popular feeling by this undemonstrative people of late, but never anything like the mad enthusiasm of that crowded house. A spirit which makes women weep, which makes men leap up with white, tense faces, and shout till exhausted, will not long be content with mere words of defiance. Then at the last, when the play was finished and the orchestra sounded the familiar strains, the whole company came upon the stage, and the pit, gallery, and stalls, rose up and attempted to sing "God Save the Queen."

I say attempted, for those raw, strained throats could not sing. They roared, and the harsh, unmusical chorus was more inspiring, more thrilling than any sweeter version of the great anthem ever given. Such scenes as this are more pregnant of meaning than flying squadrons or messages of Presidents and Emperors.

CONCERNING the relationship between Great Britain and the United States, which has been so much discussed during the past weeks, two directly opposite opinions are expressed by two strong and dominant parties existing in both countries. The one declares that the attitude of the United States toward Great Britain is one of intense jealousy and dislike, if not absolute hatred.

Even Conan Doyle, who is personally one of the most genial of men, expresses himself warmly along this line in a recent letter written from Cairo to the *Times*:

The present ebullition of bitter feeling is only one of those recurrent crises which have marked the whole history of the two nations. The feeling is always smouldering, and the least breath of discussion sets it in a blaze. I believe, and have long believed, that the greatest danger which can threaten our Empire is the existence of this spirit of hostility in a nation which is already great and powerful, but which is destined to be far more so in the future. Our statesmen have stood too long with their faces toward the East. To discern our best hopes as well as our gravest danger they must turn the other way.

The clever author asserts, moreover, that England herself is largely to blame for this bitterness, not merely by the War of Independence and that of 1812, but by her surly attitude towards the States in various later disputes.

The history of his country, then, as it presents itself to an American, is simply a long succession of quarrels with ourselves, and how can it be wondered at if he has now reached that chronic state of sensitiveness and suspicion which we have not outgrown ourselves in the case of the French?

THE other party refuses to entertain the thought of war between the two great English-speaking nations; declares that the feeling of the people on either side is against it; cries peace, peace; and asserts that the friction is but upon the surface; that below flows the blood of kinship which will leap only at the pulse of a common danger.

It will never be Great Britain against the United States, they say; but on some great day it shall be these two side by side and against the heathen world.

POSSIBLY the truth is a mean between the two views;—that while the best thought and wish of the people make for peace and co-operation; yet, since national life is as human as that of the individual, there is a possibility of passion or prejudice rising suddenly and obscuring the vision, which shall not become clear again until the heavy battle smoke has rolled away and revealed an awful carnage. It is in realization of this danger that a call has come from both sides of the water for an International Board of Arbitration.

"In this matter," says the *Century*, "the lead may well be taken by the representatives of that religion which is 'first pure and then peaceable.'"

Once established between England and America, such a system would gradually spread among the nations of Europe, and more readily because of the general conviction that another Continental war would show a climax of horrors. Sooner or later arbitration would be followed by disarmament, which is the logical sequence of no other premise, and yet will be the turning point of the Continent toward true democracy and progress.