

## THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF CANADA.

THE Senate and House of Commons form one body of representative men, the Royal Society of Canada constitutes another. Last week the bodies came into juxtaposition. As the former was being prorogued, the latter was opening its yearly session, and on that day, Tuesday, the 22nd May, 1888, there was gathered in the Capital of the Dominion as able a set of men as any land could boast of, and yet the Royal Society is not as well known as it should be. Established in 1882, under the patronage of the Marquis of Lorne, it has now six years of life, and the last was its seventh annual meeting. The membership is eighty, divided into four sections of twenty in each. Two of these sections are literary, and two are scientific. The latter are truly the backbone of the Society, while the former may be regarded as supplementary; still there is good work done in all, and the character of the transactions is distinctly improving. The first section is of French literature, archaeology and history; the second, of English literature, archaeology, history and kindred subjects; the third, of mathematical, physical and chemical sciences; and the fourth, of geology, natural science and biology. In each of these sections there are men who have made their mark, whose names are known over the country, and this is especially true of the scientific sections. An essential condition of membership is that the candidate be the author of at least one published book, and have done literary or scientific work such as to command attention. It is safe to say that every one of the present members has done that, although, owing to the limited membership, several who have done as much, if not more, are not yet enrolled into the Society. Their claims, however, are not overlooked, and the eye of the Council and the sections are upon them to provide a seat so soon as opportunity offers.

The French are represented in full force. The Abbé Begin and Bois are famed for their erudition; the Abbé Verreau is one of the chief collectors of historical antiquities; and the Abbé Tanquay has grounded his reputation on his Genealogical Dictionary of Canadian Families. M. Chauveau needs no introduction to the readers of THE WEEK; Hector Fabre used to be the head of the *Chronique* school of Quebec; Faucher de Saint-Maurice is an accomplished stylist, and so is Napoleon Legendre. Fréchette, the poet, speaks for himself; Lemay is the translator of "Evangeline"; Sulte is poet and historian; Marchand excels in bright drama, and Marmette has written several stirring historical novels. The Abbé Casgrain is the author of a number of important biographies and historical studies. Decelles and Decages are learned essayists and Lusignan is a sparkling writer. Joseph Tassé is known by his standard work on the Canadians of the Western States, and Judge Routhier ranks among the best scholars of his province. In the English section, Toronto sends Dr. Daniel Wilson, an ex-president of the Society, and a host in himself; Dr. Withrow, the historian; G. Paxton Young, of the University; Charles Lindsey, the well-known author, and Colonel Denison, late president of the English section. Kingston is represented by Principal Grant, and Dr. Watson, of Queen's; Ottawa, by J. G. Bourinot, the Constitutional writer, and the Rev. Aeneas Dawson, and Montreal by Dr. Clarke Murray, of McGill; Professor George Murray, the poet and scholar; John Reade, author of *The Prophecy of Merlin*, and the writer of these lines. George Stewart, jr., one of the most prolific of our literary men; William Kirby, of Niagara, author of *The Chien d'Or*, and the old Celtic bard, Evan McColl, of Kingston, are also members of the second section.

In the scientific sections are met names of which any country might be proud. There are Carpmal, the "Probs." (but not "Old") of the Dominion; Cherriman, an authority in practical mathematics; Sandford Fleming, a light among engineers; Gisborne, of electric telegraph fame; Hamel, of Laval, and late president of the Society; Harrington, a pillar of McGill; Sterry Hunt, of American and European reputation; Sir William Dawson, equally known, and altogether one of the leading men of Canada, to whom may be associated his son, Dr. George Dawson; James Fletcher, the Ottawa specialist; Sir J. A. Grant; ex-President Lawson, of Halifax, one of our first botanists; Prof. Macoun, explorer and author; Penhollow, the botanist of McGill; Dr. Selwyn, Director of the Geological Survey, and J. F. Whiteaves, our chief palæontologist. The corresponding members are few, and chosen with great discrimination. Among them are Professor Bonney, of London; Camille Doucet, Perpetual Secretary of the French Academy; Francis Parkman, and Xavier Marmette, a French writer who has published novels with scenes laid in Canada and among its Indians.

Parliament allots every year the sum of \$5,000 to defray the expenses of publishing the Proceedings and Transactions of the Royal Society. The amount is not large and no burden on the exchequer, while it is sufficient to secure a yearly volume which may be called the best monument of the Society, and which in the course of time will be of exceptional value. The work, which is a folio, and a *fac simile* of the well-known volume put forth by the Royal Society of Great Britain, is an almost perfect sample of bookmaking, the paper, type, ink, and whole material execution being of Canadian manufacture, and reflecting honour on both printers and publishers. The proceedings of the past six years have thus been made public, but the number of volumes is only five, the first and second years having been put together. The issue of the work is necessarily limited, and the members now get only one volume apiece, but almost all the foreign learned societies are supplied, and in exchange furnish the Society with their publications. Thus the makings of a precious collection are already in hand, and steps will soon have to be taken to find storage for these treasures; and indeed the Royal Society must shortly have a local habitation.

While at Ottawa during the meeting last week, the writer was one of several members who discussed the feasibility of this scheme. Government will be memorialized for a new building—very much needed—for the housing of the Geological Survey, the Patent Office, the Fisheries Col-

No one will think of defending drunkenness or excusing it or palliating it. But there is, at present, some danger of forgetting that it is only one of many evils which have to be dealt with by the philanthropist and the moralist. It is said that teetotalers are great eaters, that, in fact, they need to eat more than moderate drinkers. If this is so, then we think they should be aware of the dangers to which they are exposed. The liver may be ruined by gluttony as well as by drunkenness; and fullness of bread may depress the moral energies and aspirations no less than tarrying at the wine cup.

Nor are these the only evils which are rife at the present time. An eloquent voice has lately been telling the people of England that there is another vice, perhaps more common, certainly more destructive, than the vice of drunkenness: It is gambling. It is said that, this year, during the season at Monaco, fifty persons have committed suicide. Fifty persons have been made so desperate and hopeless—have been driven to such absolute despair—that they have taken their own lives. And how many have been driven to the borders of desperation—how many have departed with broken hearts, with lives withered and blasted, henceforth fit for no good purpose or work in this world?

But gambling does not take place at Monaco alone; nor is gambling carried on only under one form. It is easy—at any rate, whether easy or not, it has been found possible—to shut up the gambling saloons at Homburg and Wiesbaden, and elsewhere. But it is impossible to prevent the indulgence of the horrible passion in private. Ordinary men and women, we are told, and evidently with truth, know nothing at all of the madness which flashes up in the brain of the gambler. He can no more resist the fascination of the spirit of play than the drunkard can resist the power of drink; and the consequences of indulgence are said, and are believed, on good evidence, to be far more injurious than those which result from drinking. An excessive drinker is apt to become very much like a beast. A gambler is very likely to become something of a devil. It is quite true that the devil might pass in society where the beast would get turned out; but it would not be a comfortable thought that he was our near neighbour; and we may as well know that he is sometimes very near.

Shall we stop here? Is it only the men who stake their thousands at *rouge-et-noir*, or their hundreds at poker, who are to be reckoned gamblers? What shall we say of the reckless speculation which has invaded modern society in many forms and with disastrous effects? Is there no gambling in stocks or in banks, or in many kinds of commerce? If there is a legitimate risk in such undertakings, is there not also a risk which is excessive and illegitimate? It is indeed very difficult to say when many kinds of transactions become fraudulent; but it is generally agreed that this point is often reached long before the moment comes at which the law can take cognizance of the act as criminal.

Are we about to suggest the introduction of further legal restrictions as to the manner of doing business? Of course, it is necessary that the law should intervene to detect and punish all dishonesty and fraud that can be brought home to the perpetrator. But we confess that our hope in this matter does not lie in the making of new laws. Prohibition has not stopped drinking in Maine, and it has brought in a number of other evils. And no form or amount of legislation will quench the spirit of gambling or put an end to the practice. If we could chain up all the Bulls and Bears on the Stock Exchange they would speedily be at large under new names and in new forms. If the evil is to be cured, it must be in a different manner.

What is it that has made excessive drinking almost unknown in all good society? It has been no written law. It has been the growth of right opinion, of higher principles, of truer self-respect. Men have got to see that it is unmanly as well as immoral to steal away their senses by the excessive indulgence of their appetites. Let them get to see that gambling, in every form, is unworthy of a gentleman, that a man actually lowers himself by indulging in such a vicious practice, that he must lose his self-respect and the respect of his neighbours, and he will, in time, be cured of the disease.

When it was thought rather a fine thing to be "as drunk as a lord," and a man who was always sober was regarded as a milksop, excessive drinking was a matter of course. When a heavy drinker finds himself looked coldly upon or regarded with pity, he will not so readily indulge. So long, in like manner, as a successful gambler, who has only ruined others and not himself, is looked upon as a clever fellow who is to be made much of because he has become rich, so long will gamblers be grown in plenty. When society is better educated, and knows that every form of gambling is simply immoral, mischievous, ruinous—when honourable men shall agree to give the cold shoulder to the gambler as a dishonourable man—then the knell of gambling will be rung.

M. A.

It is with the favours of fortune as with too high health; that is to say, one is never so near being ill as when one feels too well, nor so near to being unhappy as when one is overwhelmed with happiness.

ONE of the most convenient articles to be used in a sick room is a sand bag. Get some clean, fine sand; dry it thoroughly in a kettle on the stove. Make a bag about eight inches square, of flannel, fill it with the dry sand, sew the opening carefully together, and cover the bag with cotton or linen. This will prevent the sand from sifting out, and will also enable you to heat the bag quickly by placing it in the oven or even on top of the stove. After once using this, you will never again attempt to warm the feet or hands of a sick person with a bottle of hot water or a brick. The sand holds the heat a long time, and the bag can be tucked up to the back without hurting the invalid. It is a good plan to make two or three of the bags, and keep them on hand, ready for use at any time when needed.