

An additional source of danger to human life has been discovered by Dr. Maljean, a French Military Surgeon. This time it is musicians who are threatened. The doctor has discovered that the germs of consumption may be dormant in a wind instrument until they find a congenial soil for fresh growth in the larynx or lungs of some unlucky player whose phagocyte protectors are unequal to the work demanded of them. For the benefit of the uninformed, we may state that phagocytes are the natural enemies of microbes, and have only recently been discovered. It is to be hoped that brass bands will not become extinct because of the danger that may lurk in a cornet or trombone. In order to preserve musicians alive Dr. Maljean recommends sterilizing the instruments by plunging them in boiling water, or filling them with a five per cent. solution of carbolic acid. This would probably not injure the musical tone of the instrument, and would in one respect render it purer. But this struggle with microbes is getting weary-some.

The Secretary of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, head office, Toronto, has issued an attractive little pamphlet which invites any person directly interested in any branch of Canadian manufacture or industry to become a member of the Association. The objects of the Association are:—To secure by all legitimate means the powerful aid of both public opinion and Governmental policy in favor of the development of home industry, and the promotion of the interests of Canadian manufacturers generally, to enable manufacturers in all branches to act together as a united and organized body whenever action on behalf of any particular interest, or of the whole body, is necessary; and to promote direct trade with such countries as may offer profitable markets for Canadian manufactures and productions. The pamphlet is adorned on the front of the cover with a wreath of maple leaves, and on the back with the Canadian Coat-of-Arms, and quotations from Scott, Shakespeare and Goldsmith. On the inside a picture, comprising several objects of interest, arrests the attention. A locomotive and train, miscellaneous lot of machinery, sheafs of wheat, a beaver, and a ship, are presided over by a female in Greek drapery and wearing a helmet on her head. Turning to the end we find the Union Jack hung out over some verses sounding its praises. Altogether Mr. Nicholls' pamphlet is patriotic in tone, and will be of interest to manufacturers all over Canada. We find, however, the name of only one Maritime Province man on the executive committee list.

Now that apples are bringing high prices, our apple-growers are exposed to a peculiar danger. If a few unscrupulous and grasping packers yield to the temptation to mix windfalls and worthless fruit with their good apples, the penalty will fall on all the producers of the Province, and Nova Scotia apples will be brought into disrepute. Last year there were unpleasant rumors to the effect that a few barrels of our fruit, opened in London, were found to consist of extra apples on top, and a mixture of windfalls, old horse-brushes, and cabbage stalks, below. Of course, these were isolated cases. The great majority of our farmers are scrupulously honest from principle, and most of the rest not less so from policy. The man who is guilty of a fraud such as that we have mentioned is no less a fool than a knave. He injures himself in the long run as much as his neighbors. The ginseng trade of Canada, which used to be one of great volume and immense profits, was literally annihilated by the frauds which were practiced in connection with it. Our ginseng gatherers grew too greedy, and sent out worthless and adulterated stuff; and presently the demand for our ginseng ceased. The heathen Chinese, who highly prize the medical properties of ginseng, was not content with the Canadian substitute, and hence the demand for this root was irreparably injured. As the whole Province is profoundly concerned in the reputation of our fruit, it might be well if some efficient system of inspection could be adopted by which our apple-trade would cease to be at the mercy of some avaricious petty grower with little interest at stake and still less self-respect to maintain.

The feelings of an educated Christian Chinese lady, on visiting Canada, must be very complicated when she finds herself hurried through this Christian land in bond like a bale of merchandise. And this has happened in Canada. The members of a Woman's Missionary Society, which recently met in Montreal, regard the law in relation to the Chinese as an outrage, and a remonstrance was, we believe, drawn up and presented to Sir John A. McDonald. The Chinese problem is without doubt difficult to solve, as Chinese problems or puzzles usually are, but the *Toronto Week* makes a suggestion which may perhaps be fruitful of good results:—"We observe," it says, "that the people of San Francisco propose to push the policy of exclusion to its logical extreme, by expelling all Chinese from the city and county, on the ground that their presence imperils the health and morality of the community. If the description given of their filthy, vile and criminal habits is true, or approximates truth, there is certainly a demand for vigorous measures. But why may not both this difficulty and the closely related one, caused by Chinese cheap labor, be met by the enactment and enforcement of such regulations in respect to modes of living as the laws of sanitation and morality demand? No Christian sentiment could be outraged by forbidding, for instance, that more than a certain number should occupy a house of certain dimensions, or by compelling conformity, in other respects, to the outward requirements of health and civilization. Such laws might, if necessary, be made to apply to all citizens, irrespective of race. They would, if strictly enforced, go far to cure the wage difficulty, by rendering it impossible for Chinese laborers to live on the miserable pittance which now suffices them in their crowded dens. Such regulations would also tend to check Chinese immigration, without the invidious and unjust distinction of the obnoxious poll tax."

It seems almost beyond belief, but the latest statistics show that there are 71,287 lepers in Bengal, 13,944 in Madras, and 13,842 in Bombay. The lepers in the native States are not included in these totals.

The Dean of Rochester, at a recent Church Congress, made a strong appeal to the Prince of Wales to use his influence in society to do away with gambling and betting. This would be a laudable undertaking for His Royal Highness, and it is thought by those who know the extent of his influence in upper tennor circles that it would have a great effect in checking the gambling craze which permeates society from the aristocracy downwards.

John Ericsson, the great Swedish engineer and inventor, whose *Monitor* has revolutionized the course of naval construction throughout the world, had in 1870 the audacity to criticise rather sharply some views concerning naval affairs propounded by the present king, at that time heir-apparent to the throne of Norway and Sweden. Ericsson died in the city of New York on March 8th, 1889, and it is only a short time ago that his remains were conveyed in one of the United States' finest warships to his native land, there to receive the honor due from his countrymen to a distinguished man and to claim a last resting place. He was buried in Stockholm on September 13th, honored by two nations, honored as no Swedish man before him has been honored, but the *Christiana Dagbladet* states that although the king was present in the city he took no part in the solemnities. This the Swedes think, and rightly, does the great name of Ericsson no harm, but that, on the contrary, a sore spot in the king's honor has thereby been quite needlessly laid bare. No reason is given for the king's absence except the statement that Ericsson had dared to differ from His Majesty's opinion twenty years ago. It does not seem quite fair to take it for granted that the King would neglect to honor Ericsson's dead body by his presence at his obsequies on this account, for if that were the case he would probably have neglected him in his lifetime—which he did not do—Ericsson's genius was recognized by the King of Sweden, who conferred upon him various honors, and on his last birthday, July 31st, 1888, sent a special messenger with his congratulations. As is well known, other monarchs were not slow to supplement these honors. The Emperor of Austria conferred a special gold medal upon him in recognition of his attainments in science, and he was the recipient of the Grand Cross of Naval Merit from Alphonso XII, of Spain, as well as the thanks of Congress and of State Legislatures. However, as the statement comes from Sweden, and as that is a far cry, we can do nothing but wait for it to be verified.

Two weeks ago we referred to the Russian Government's promise of speedy reform in the judicial system of Siberia. In a late number of *Lucifer*, an English magazine, there appears an article which is calculated to make us pause in the midst of our expressions of righteous indignation over the treatment of Siberian exiles. Without doubt there is ground for all our passionate anger against the Russian Government; but it would seem that we of English race have little room to pride ourselves upon our superior humanity. The writer who so mercilessly exposes the beam in our own eye is Madam Blavatsky, the prophetess of Theosophy. If Madam Blavatsky confined herself to statements and opinions of her own, we might take refuge in a complacent incredulity, for we know that this brilliant woman is prone to give to airy nothings a local habitation and a name. But she supports her statements by the testimony of trustworthy witnesses. She frankly adopts the *tu quoque* method of argument, expatiating upon the public whippings of women in England, not abolished till 1817, and upon the brutalities not long since enacted in Trafalgar Square, when women were knocked down and kicked by the police, and men and boys clubbed to death. This all strikes us as very wide of the mark, the former abuse having been done away with, and the latter having taken place under special and passing circumstances such as differentiate the case sharply from the Siberian atrocities. But when our keen accuser brings up the treatment of Australian and Tasmanian natives by British Colonists, and quotes such responsible authorities as Bertillon ("*Les Races Sauvages*") and Charles Lumholtz ("*In Cannibal Countries*") in support of her arraignment, it behooves us to look sharply to our defence. The natives of Tasmania in 1803 numbered about six thousand. In 1872 they were pronounced extinct. According to Bertillon they were simply exterminated, as remorselessly as if they had been rats. The bounty on the head of an adult Tasmanian was five pounds sterling, on the head of a baby two pounds. When this was found insufficiently speedy, a hunt was organized, with the Governor at its head, and the natives were driven into deep water and shot, or poisoned with arsenic, till some of the colonists were able to display fine collections of their victims' skulls. The testimony of Lumholtz in regard to the atrocities practiced on the Australians is still more damaging, because more modern, and coming from a more friendly observer. According to this Swedish admirer of our race, to kill a native of Australia is the same as killing a dog in the eyes of a British Colonist. A squatter in Long Lagoon became famous for the number of blacks he got rid of by the aid of strychnine; and there was even, a while ago, a sort of Sunday hunt-club, composed of young men from the cities, who took their recreation in slaughtering with their rifles the helpless natives. "The English Province of Victoria," concludes Lumholtz, "raised on the black man's lands, soaked through and through with his savage blood and fertilized with his bones, will blossom the more luxuriously for that." If our readers turn to a terrible poem, "The Dog Guard," by the late John Boyle O'Reilly, they will find an independent corroboration of Madam Blavatsky's charges, such as may well discourage the complacency with which we are wont to formulate our pet axiom—"Scratch the Russian and you find the Tartar."