

How It Feels to Drown.

It is only natural that men should indulge a somewhat morbid curiosity regarding the sensations of those who are just about to pass from this world to the next. Perhaps, fortunately for us, the dying man usually does not experience the full measure of such characteristic sensations till he is too far gone ever to return and describe them. In one class of cases, however, this rule does not hold good. The drowning man may be and often is resuscitated after he has completely lost consciousness and has, as far as his own feelings are concerned, stepped upon the threshold of the next world. The British Medical Journal, Oct. 13, in an article on the subject recalls the fact that there are several authentic records of such experiences.

One of the most interesting is that of Admiral Beaufort, as described by himself in a letter to Dr. Wollaston. When a youngster he fell overboard in Portsmouth Harbor, and before relief reached him had sunk below the surface. All hope had fled, all exertion ceased, and he felt that he was drowning. We give his account of his sensations in his own words:

"From the moment that all exertion had ceased, a calm feeling of the most perfect tranquility superseded the previous tumultuous sensations—it might be called apathy, certainly not resignation, for drowning no longer appeared to be an evil. I no longer thought of being rescued, nor was I in any bodily pain. On the contrary, my sensations were now of a pleasurable cast, partaking of that dull but contented sort of feeling which precedes the sleep produced by fatigue. Though the senses were thus deadened, not so the mind; its activity seemed to be invigorated in a ratio which defies all description, for thought rose after thought with a rapidity of succession that is not only indescribable, but probably inconceivable by any one who has not himself been in a similar situation. The course of these thoughts I can even now in a great measure retrace—the event which had just taken place, the awkwardness that had produced it, the bustle it must have occasioned, the effect it would have on a most affectionate father, and a thousand other circumstances minutely associated with home were the first series of reflections that occurred. They then took a wider range. In short, the whole period of my existence seemed to be placed before me in a kind of panoramic review, and each act of it seemed to be accompanied by a consciousness of right or wrong or by some reflection on its cause or its consequences; indeed, many trifling events which had been long forgotten then crowded into my imagination, and with the character of recent familiarity."

"Two minutes did not elapse before he was hauled up, and he found the return to life much less pleasant than drowning. Admiral Beaufort adds that he had heard from two or three persons who had a similar experience that their sensations had closely resembled his own. Sir Benjamin Brodie relates the case of a sailor who had been snatched from the waves and lain for some time on the deck of his ship insensible, who on his recovery declared that he had been in heaven, and complained of his restoration to life as a great hardship. In a well-known passage of the 'Confessions of an English Opium Eater,' De Quincey relates that he was once told by a near relative that 'having in her childhood (aged 9) fallen in a river, and being on the very verge of death but for the assistance which reached her at the last critical moment, she saw in a moment her whole life, clothed in its forgotten incidents, arrayed before her as in a mirror, not successfully but simultaneously, and she had a faculty developed as suddenly for comprehending the whole and every part.' An American gentleman, Mr. C. A. Hartley, has recently given an interesting account of his sensations when drowning. He lay at the bottom of a river in a state of semi-consciousness, in which he saw his relatives and friends all about him with their eyes full of tears. All the events of his life, from infancy upward, passed slowly before his mental vision; he felt that he was drowning, and he remembers thinking, unlike Clarence, that he was not pain to drown. He was able even to speculate whether his body would be found, and he pictured his own funeral, and fancied he could hear the earth thrown on his coffin. He had sensations of the nature of tinnitus (ringing of bells, etc.) in his ears, and he had visual perceptions of the most marvelous combinations of colors. Next all was peace around him; he had a peculiar feeling of well-being in a medium of a temperature neither too hot, nor too cold. Then he felt himself as if raised from the earth, and floating in space, and looking down on the world spread out at his feet. Lastly came mere darkness and oblivion till he found himself stretched on the river bank and being subjected to the disagreeable process of restoration to life. It will be noted that all these accounts agree in two points, namely, the apocalypse of the past life even in its minute details, and the absence of any unpleasant sensation. On the whole, the popular idea (which in such matters is never wholly wrong) that drowning is a pleasant form of death is confirmed by the testimony of the few who have practically reached

the bourne of the undiscovered country and yet returned to tell the tale."

China the Fountain Head of Woman's Wrongs

Dr. Rachael Benn, writing from Tien-Tsin, China, to the Woman's Journal says:

"From whence came these false doctrines of woman's subjection? was a question with me unanswered till I came to live among the heathen. How many times, in the past four years' residence in China, have I exclaimed: 'O my prophetic soul!' as one relation after another between the sexes, which has always been presented to us in the delicate tints and shades of 'chivalric courtesy,' the natural protection of the weaker by the stronger, has flashed out in the prismatic colors of its origin!

Is the God-appointed place of woman 'the parlor, the nursery, the kitchen,' as a great educator once proclaimed from the Chautauqua rostrum? So teach the Chinese men—especially the nursery and kitchen. They believe that woman was created for the sole purpose of preparing their food and clothing and raising sons. Being an eminently practical people, and early make preparations for that purpose, binding the daughter's feet so that she cannot gad about; and to enhance her value in the matrimonial market they shut out all book knowledge, teaching her only to do the work inside of the house; and with no regard whatever to her wishes in the matter, they marry her when and to whom they please, and then shut her within a little bare court, out of which (while still young) she goes alone at the peril of her good name and the danger of her master's wrath.

Is it the wife's duty to obey, as said our Christian marriage ceremony till of late years? Here she does not even have the privilege of promising to obey. Her relatives bargain for her with the husband's relatives. In a gorgeous red chair she is carried to the house of her husband's father, and woe be unto her if she does not obey both husband and mother-in-law.

Do we deem woman the weaker sex? The Chinese go further, and claim that she is an inferior, made for man, not only intellectually, but morally weak. So they speak of her contemptuously, and keep her under close guardianship from maidenhood to comparative old age, in order to keep her virtuous. Most of the written and printed characters which have vile meanings, such as craftiness, deceitfulness, stupidity, and lust have the symbol for women somewhere in their make-up, while the character for adultery is three women. In the dual powers of nature from which spring all creation, light and darkness, heaven and earth—darkness and earth are female.

In stating the number of children in a family, only the boys are mentioned. 'The girls do not count they say, or else they say, 'We have so many children and so many ya-toes,' i. e., female slaves or servants.

We are taught that man is the born lawgiver, the governor. In China he is the lawmaker, the accuser, the witness, the judge, jury, and executioner. There are seven causes for divorce for the man—sterility and bad temper being two of them—and none whatever for the woman. If a wife kills her husband, she is to be executed by the slicing process, which consists of cutting off the flesh, as far from the vitals as possible, till death ensues. If a man kills his wife, there was no punishment till within a few years, and it is now only three months' imprisonment, and unless the wife's relatives dare to take the case in hand—which depends upon the wealth and influence of the husband's family—nothing is done.

For the general uses of life, the prismatic colors are not agreeable. Though the delicate tints of blue are becoming to almost any complexion, the deeper blue is very trying to the most delicate; and however grateful the escape from rightful responsibility by having it assumed by a 'natural protector' may be, even the Brooklyn restraints, and she who 'cares more for her privileges than her rights,' would not be pleased when the 'natural protector' becomes 'master' with the power to buy, sell, beat, or expel his property from her home, as his will or temper or those of his mother may dictate. These relations between man and woman look much better in the garments in which we have been accustomed to seeing them clothed; but when the dear name of husband becomes 'master and overseer,' and that of wife is changed to 'inside-of-the-house' and 'fire-lighter,' it is only the much-lauded 'head of the family' and 'household goddess,' in their plain heathen dress.

Let those who believe the subjection of women to be of Biblical authority explain why this Bibleless, heathen country—and all other such countries—should teach it and practice it to such perfection.

A Calendar for Our Enemy.

Kate Field suggests the following: This being the season of the year when calendar publishers are looking out for new ideas, I make bold to offer one which will at once enrich them and fill a long-felt want on the part of the public. Who has not felt at times the need of a suitable holiday gift for his enemy—something that shall represent the proper outlay on the part of the giver, be beautiful to the eye and acceptable to the taste, yet powerless

to confer any pleasure upon the recipient? Now I have thought of something which meets all these requirements. It might be called the 'Ready-Reminder Calendar,' if no better name were found, and its special mission should be to bring before the owner, from time to time, all those disagreeable duties of civilized life which most of us persistently strive to forget. I would make it of the 'tear-off' pattern, and each leaf should call to remembrance some universal bete-noir. To make this reminder still more effective I would put it in the form of an impertinent question; for instance: 'Have you paid your yearly visit to the dentist?' 'Do you know any duty calls?' 'Is your will just as you would like to have it?' 'When are you going to invite the Tedious Borelys to dinner?' 'Have you done your duty by your poor relations?' 'Is your pew rent paid up?' and so on, throughout, all the round of things which it would be well for us to do quickly, but which we put off from day to day as long as we can. As the painful part of such duties is not doing them, but remembering that we ought to do them, a calendar of this sort would be an inevitable and up-to-date instrument of torture.

The English Maid of Honor.

The English Queen has no difficulty in supplying vacancies in the ranks of the young women whom she selects to be her companions. They are always the daughters of peers who, if not themselves connected with the royal household, are personal friends of the Queen. A letter is sent to the parents of the young woman selected requesting the favor of her attendance at court, and the request is never refused. The social cachet is absolute, the salary is \$1,500 a year, and though existence is dull in court circles, it is endurable in the light of its ulterior advantages.

When an Honorable Miss or a Lady Somebody arrives for her first 'wait' she at once receives her badge as maid of honor. This is a miniature picture of the Queen set in brilliant, which she wears hung from a ribbon. Her duties are not severe—there would be less ennui probably if there were more to do—and consist chiefly in being on hand if wanted. Just before the dinner hour the maid of honor in waiting stands in the corridor outside the Queen's private apartments to receive her as she comes out. She carries a bouquet, which, on entering the dining-room, she lays beside the Queen's plate. Her place at this meal is next to the gentlemen on the Queen's right hand, unless royal guests are present, when she is differently placed.

After dinner, unless otherwise commanded, she retires to her own pretty apartments, but must be in readiness to answer a summons at any moment to go to the drawing-rooms to read, sing, play the piano, or take a hand at cards. The Queen, by the way, is fond of cards, and a small stake is always played for. Nor will the Queen touch any but freshly-coined money, so such members of the household as play with her have to be provided with coin that has never been in circulation. The maid of honor usually makes a brilliant marriage, and the Queen sends her for a wedding present an India shawl out of the perennial stock.

Colonial Women.

In the current number of the New Review, Mr. Gilbert Parker draws a pleasant picture of 'colonial women.' He maintains, and with much reasonableness, that the colonial woman is as well educated and as well informed as her English sister, though less 'smart' and 'up to date.' 'There is a keen sincerity in these colonial women,' he writes. 'They have not yet turned life into a game, its pleasures into a fever,' and he goes on to remind us that to be cultivated, well informed, and really broad-minded is a very different thing from being acquainted with the latest thing in fads or fancies or London slang, and that, with good literature available for all, colonials, whether men or women, have as good a chance of attaining culture as the English at home. He has not failed, however, to discern that what weighs most heavily on the colonial woman and proves the greatest bar to intellectual life is the burden of domestic work in districts where labor is dear and female helpers are scarce. In such districts women slave their souls out under the strain of work from early in the morning till late at night. The picture, Mr. Parker admits, is not a cheerful one, and he thinks that only the superior adaptability of colonial women enables them to go successfully through the ordeal.

'Hold Its Hands.'

Mr. William Canton, the manager at Messrs. Ishister's, recently published a delightful little book called 'The Invisible Playmate.' It contains the following counsel to young parents, to whom a baby is still a strange, perplexing, insoluble, and unmanageable mystery, and then embodies the principle involved in his advice in some tender and pathetic lines which are worth reproducing. He says: 'Accept for future use this shrewd discovery from my experience. When a baby is restless and fretful, hold its hands! That steadies it. It is not used to the speed at which the earth revolves and the solar system whirls toward the starry aspect of Hercules (half a million miles a day). Or, it may be that coming

out of the vortex of atoms it is sub-conscious of some sense of falling through the void. The gigantic paternal hands close round the warm, soft, twitching fists, soft as grass and strong as the everlasting hills. 'Hold Thou my hands! In grief and joy, in hope and fear, Lord, let me feel that Thou art near. Hold Thou my hands!'

If'er by doubts Of thy good fatherhood depressed, I cannot find in Thee my rest, Hold Thou my hands! These passionate hands too quick to smite, These hands so eager for delight, Hold Thou my hands!

And when at length, With darkened eyes and fingers cold, I seek some last loved hand to hold, Hold Thou my hands!

The Hamilton Scold and the London Election.

Among the humors of the recent campaign, not the least humorous has been the scolding of the Templar—a weekly journal published at Hamilton—against all and sundry of the men and women of London who would not vote against Sir Oliver Mowat by voting against his candidature. Scolding, did we say? One quotation, indeed, suggested that those who had not voted to suit our esteemed Hamilton contemporary should be 'cursed bitterly.'

If the sense of good humor were not uppermost, a controversialist might request the Templar to produce its credentials as accredited Cursus-Generals of all who do not happen to take its opinions at second-hand. A philosopher might here chime in and point out that a pen habitually lacking in good nature is as little likely to commend any good cause to many men and womanly women as a vituperative tongue. Whether it is moral indignation that disturbs the moral stomach of our esteemed Hamilton contemporary, or, unhappily, something in the nature of the fashionable new 'fixtured,' the vermiform appendix, we cannot say; but certainly sweetness and light have been for a considerable period strangers to the sanctum of our Hamilton contemporary.

The hallucination of Mr. Marter's Hamilton organ appears to be that the people of London should have voted against the Provincial Premier as a sort of reward for his having granted the plebiscite; for his pledge of legislation to the extent of what the courts might show to be within his jurisdiction; and for his many admitted services to the cause of moral reform during his 22 years' premiership! That is not the view of the people of London, as has been made manifest by the magnificent majority of 803 votes polled in favor of the candidate who pledged himself to uphold the hands of Sir Oliver Mowat.

Nothing whatever had occurred since Sir Oliver Mowat gave the plebiscite, and promised to abide by its mandate to the extent to which the courts should decide that the Province had legislative power—nothing, we say, had occurred that in the slightest degree made the duty of fealty to Sir Oliver Mowat less a duty on the 20th day of November than it confessedly was on the day that the Toronto Convention obtained and accepted the Provincial Premier's promise, and inferentially if not actually pledged him their support until he should prove himself untrue to the promises made.

What had Mr. Marter to offer? Mr. Marter could offer only an individual obligation, and he openly stated that he could not speak for his followers—and this after a two-days' caucus of his supporters had been in session at Toronto!

The people of London are not people of one idea. They have shown by large majorities in the past their interest in the cause of moral reform; but they honor Sir Oliver Mowat also as the man who has kept a surplus in the Treasury; whose Government erected a great public building without jobbery—the first time on record; who saved to this Province 100,000 square miles of valuable territory; whose Minister of Education carried off the international honors for the best school system on the globe; and who has given Ontario nearly a quarter of a century of good government which has made it the envy of the world.

Let us briefly recapitulate once more the situation as to the prohibition and license questions:

1. Sir Oliver Mowat granted a plebiscite, and promised to abide by it—to the extent of the jurisdiction that should be found to be his.

2. The question of jurisdiction is now before the courts.

3. It may be found (a) that the Dominion has the chief power to prohibit; (b) that the Provinces have the chief power; or (c) that the power is divided between the Dominion and Provincial authorities.

4. Meantime the Crooks Act—the best license law yet devised—is in force, and will be administered by Sir Oliver Mowat.

5. The public have much knowledge of Sir Oliver Mowat, and much confidence in both his integrity, his judgment and his statesmanship. There is well-founded confidence that he will do what is right and best, according to the circumstances of the case, when the courts finally indicate what those circumstances really are.

6. Without desiring to reflect on Mr.

Marter, no intelligent person would care to take the settlement of the prohibition and other large questions from the wise and experienced hands of Sir Oliver Mowat, for the purpose of placing them in the hands of a man of no experience in statesmanship, and who has yet to demonstrate his capacity and wisdom as a leader of men.



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The undersigned will receive tenders for supplies up to noon on Monday, Dec. 3, 1894, for the supply of Butcher's Meat, and for the following institutions during the year 1895, viz: At the Asylums for the Insane in Toronto, London, Kingston, Hamilton, Mimico, Brockville and Orillia; the Central Prison and Reformatory, Toronto; the Reformatory for Boys, (Penitentiary); the Institutions for the Deaf and Dumb, Belleville, and the Blind at Brantford.

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