

We use the New York Outlook's summary of the arrangements which are being made towards exploring the lands of the Antarctic Circle. They are, that the proposed English expedition has received the support of the Challenger's geographer, Dr. John Murray, and also of Admiral Sir Erasmus Ommaney, and that the "Prensa" of Buenos Ayres announces that a Norwegian ship has made important discoveries near Graham Land. This is an outpost of that vast region which bears no trace of land flora or fauna. By some narrow avenues or entrance through the apparently unbroken ice-wall guarding the region, Dr. Murray hopes to force his way to the land-mass which he claims is not less than 4,000,000 miles in area, and having mountain ranges whose peaks tower from 2,000 to 10,000 feet high. An ice sheet covers all the land and extends out into the sea, where it finally ends in the before-mentioned steep and impenetrable cliffs. This is the reason why Victoria, Graham, Enderby, and all the other lands discovered about the Antarctic Circle have not been explored. In lands within the Arctic Circle, and up to the 82nd parallel of latitude, there are found flowers and butterflies, but in the Antarctic region, owing to its low summer temperature, there is no trace of land vegetation or animal life. On the contrary, in the Antarctic seas, so says Dr. Murray, the fauna "is apparently more abundant and more peculiar than that of any region on the ocean's bed." It was in this service, rather than in land exploration, that the Challenger expedition was a success, for "the great bone bed of the world, lies on the floor of the Antarctic Ocean. In one haul the trawl of the Challenger brought up, besides many other bones, more than 1,500 giant sharks' teeth. In addition to new facts relative to land and sea, another service which further exploration might accomplish in the South Pole region would be in clearing up the ignorance about the origin and distribution of Antarctic drift-ice, and of atmospheric pressure in those high latitudes. Modern improvements in sledge traveling, collapsible boats, and other paraphernalia may in time do as much to familiarize us with the Antarctic as with the Arctic region.

Progress in England.

In England the attempt is now becoming general to reduce the number of licensed liquor houses. Not only is the Church of England Temperance Society's bill now before the country limiting the number by more than one-half, but the Government local veto measure, to enable any locality to outlaw them altogether, is now also "practical politics." The various local corporations are also working practically in the same direction. The Metropolitan Board of Works, within the last seventeen years, has acquired 153 public houses, at an enormous cost, and of these 108 have been closed as licensed places. The London county council, with a larger number of persons in its jurisdiction than is in the Province of Ontario, has in two or three years acquired twenty licenses at an expense of \$130,000, and closed them all. Even at that great financial loss the leading members of the council, like Lord Rosebery, delight to make boast of the fact, feeling that the taxpayers are gaining more by closing the places as liquor shops than they are losing in the shape of revenue that can be got out of them for that purpose.

The Logic of Facts.

Whatever mere theorists may see fit to argue about moderate drinking as "true temperance," and however well it may suit the purpose and fancy of some ministers and other leading men, yet to talk about "setting a good example by a moderate use, and not the abuse," of alcoholics of some kind, the hard-headed men of practical business affairs, with large actual experience, have been well convinced by the logic of facts that even moderate drinkers had better be avoided. The life insurance companies are now nearly all conducted on the safest and surest business principles, and there is scarcely one of them left that does not now greatly prefer a risk on a total abstainer to a moderate drinker, while a good number are refusing all but total abstainers. It is not "mere sentiment" with them. Their business experience has demonstrated that such live longer, have better health, and are much less subject to accidents. The railway companies of the county are also conducted on hard-headed business principles, paying little heed to mere sentimentalism. Years ago nearly all persons connected with such roads drank, more or less. Every year's experience demonstrated that the more drinking the more accidents, neglect of duty, business inefficiency and loss of net profits in business. It began to be the rule to drop off all who were in the habit of drinking.

Now the rule on all the leading and best conducted roads is not to employ any person who is in the habit of drinking at all. That rule has been found to be safest and best by actual experience. To-day a young man who applies for an important position on the Grand Trunk or Canadian Pacific is likely to be ruled out at once if it is known that he drinks moderately, even if in so doing he may follow the example of his own minister. Total abstainers are selected as a rule, and in most instances now the young men are required to sign a pledge of total abstinence before they are employed at all. Theorists may argue as they like about "true temperance," but the successful men of affairs know that entire abstinence is best. Prohibition simply means total-abstinence for the entire people. Practical experience will demonstrate that it is the wisest policy.

The Contest in South Huron.

Our temperance friends in South Huron are deeply interested in the contest now in progress in that riding. One of the candidates, Mr. M. T. McLean, is the editor of that well-known excellent newspaper, the Huron Expositor, a journal which has always advocated every moral reform, and is always ready to denounce evil of every kind. The columns of the Expositor have always been open to advocate the cause of temperance. In fact, so fearless has Mr. McLean always been, that during the Scott Act agitation in Huron a few years ago an attempt was made to burn one of his buildings in Searforth. Personally Mr. McLean is strongly in favor of prohibition, and has stated that he will spare no effort to promote the will of the electorate as expressed by the plebiscite last January. This is one of the few ridings in Ontario where the contest lies entirely between temperance on one side and free whisky on the other. Although Mr. McLean is the Liberal candidate, he has pledged himself to place prohibition before party every time. Such men as Mr. McLean are unfortunately too few in Parliament. The temperance sentiment has always been strong in South Huron, but unfortunately some who are loud in their professions at other times seem ready to forget that their sincerity is now on trial. The liquor interests have united to a man against Mr. McLean on account of his temperance principles, and are expressing the hope that, with the assistance of a few weak-kneed temperance electors, who in the hours of an election contest forget their principles, they may succeed. The defeat of Mr. McLean in South Huron would be a severe blow to the cause of temperance. It is stated that the Conservative candidate, Mr. Wiesmiller, has given the tavern-keepers a written pledge, which they are now exhibiting where it will assist them, in which he faithfully promises to vote against temperance measures. The same questions were submitted to Mr. McLean and he refused every effort made to induce him to compromise, telling the deputation which waited upon him that he had always advocated the temperance cause, and that nothing would tempt him now to make any concessions to catch the liquor vote. In the face of such faithfulness to principle how can any consistent temperance man vote against Mr. McLean? They simply cannot if they are consistent. The electors of South Huron can rest assured that many outsiders will watch their action on the 26th.

Chauncey Depew a Convert.

Mr. Chauncey M. Depew, the able American business man and after-dinner speaker, has signed a petition favoring woman suffrage. When he was asked if he had always been in favor of women voting he said: "Well, I think I must be content to be in the light of a convert. I have seen the error of my ways. That is, I think that times have changed. Woman herself is different in some respects from what she used to be. She owns a large amount of property, upon which she is taxed. She has become a great industrial factor. She has a right to say how she shall be taxed, and under what laws she shall conduct her business. I think the beginning of my change of opinion was in Wyoming a few years ago. I was traveling through the State and met a great many prominent men. I asked them about the workings of woman suffrage, and heard nothing but praise for it. I found out that my old ideas about all the horrible things that would happen to the home were unfounded. I think that woman has a right to the suffrage, and that giving it to her will do good rather than harm; so I signed the petition.

SORRY HE SPOKE.—"Well, why don't you say that you wish you were a man?" asked Mr. Potts during the little discussion he was having with his spouse about some matters of domestic management. "Because I don't wish anything of the sort," s'e retorted. "I only wish you were one."

The great lung healer is found in that excellent medicine sold as Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. It soothes and diminishes the sensibility of the membrane of the throat and air passages, and is a sovereign remedy for all coughs, colds, hoarseness, pain or soreness in the chest, bronchitis, etc. It has cured many when supposed to be far advanced in consumption.

**The Plebiscites.**  
(From the Vanguard for May.)  
Full returns have now been received of the voting of the different Provinces. The result is an indorsement of the principle of prohibition to a greater extent than was anticipated by even the Prohibitionists. In every case very large majorities were polled. As our readers know, the voting had no immediate legislative effect, being simply a declaration by ballot, of the electors, of their favor for or disapproval of the total prohibition of the manufacture, importation and sale of intoxicating liquor. The dates of voting were: Manitoba, July 23, 1892; Prince Edward Island, Dec. 14, 1893; Ontario, Jan. 1, 1894; Nova Scotia, March 15, 1893.

The votes polled for and against prohibition are as follows:

Province.	Votes Cast for Prohibition.	Votes Cast against Prohibition.	Majority for Prohibition.
Manitoba.....	19,637	7,115	12,522
Prince Edward Island.....	10,616	3,290	7,326
Ontario.....	192,459	110,720	81,739
Nova Scotia.....	43,756	12,355	31,401
Totals.....	266,498	133,580	132,918

In the Province of Ontario, the women whose names were on the municipal roll were permitted to vote. Twelve thousand four hundred and two of them voted for prohibition, and 2,226 against. All the other votes recorded in all the Provinces that voted are men's.

The Legislature of the Province of New Brunswick has not submitted the question to the electors of that Province. Instead of doing so, the Legislature, by a unanimous vote, adopted the following resolution.

The Provinces of Quebec and British Columbia and the Northwest Territories have not spoken. It is probable that prohibition sentiment in them may not be quite so strong as in the Provinces in which plebiscites have been taken. There are well-informed persons, however, who express confidence that majorities would be given in favor of prohibition in all of these places. It is, no doubt, absolutely safe to assume that the Dominion majority of electors favorable to prohibition, is over 100,000.

No government, no party, no policy, no proposition ever received so overwhelming an indorsement by the electorate as that which has been received by the proposal to totally prohibit the traffic in intoxicating beverages.

Mr. Gladstone's Religion.

Canon Scott-Holland, the popular preacher at St. Paul's, contributes to Goodwill, London, a sketch of the recent Prime Minister of England, in which he says: William Ewart Gladstone is the last of the "old men," the last of the earlier generation, of the great heroic breed. Carlyle, Browning, Tennyson, have passed away; and now the only survivor is preparing to depart. "There were giants in those days." They were cast in a large mould. We feel very small now. And the new names do not ring in our ears with trumpet-tones, nor carry with them grand histories. The old order passes, it is drawing to a close; we feel chilly, and forlorn, and deserted. The old man goes. And yet, if we were to sum up, in one word, the full impression of Mr. Gladstone's character and presence, it would not be his age that we should speak of. Rather, we should say that he carries with him, in spite of his years, the fresh simplicity of a child. He wins us still, as a child wins us, by his guilelessness. Never was any child more transparently open to all the influences that cross his path. Intellectually, no doubt, he is subtle and skillful in logical refinements, and wonderful in parrying inconvenient inquiries. But in moral character every mood and impression is visible. His face, in its quick changes, tells the whole story; he suspects nobody, conceals nothing; he shows you the whole man in plain daylight. He does not seem to know what guile is. And, again, his total unworldliness is the temper of a child. "The world" has singularly failed to touch him. All his judgments on men are perfectly simple, spontaneous, plain. Out they come without a suspicion of being colored by after-thoughts. They are quite fresh and untainted, and free from every hint of self-consciousness. Perhaps it is the child, too, in him, which gives him his amazing power of giving himself up wholly to one thing at a time. He is absorbed; for the moment you would think that there was nothing else in the world that he had ever cared for or thought about, except just that one thing that happens to engage his attention. So a child, in its simple kind-heartedness, can give itself over to a single interest. Certainly it is the child in him which throws itself, with such complete enjoyment, into the simplest home pleasures.

Anything will satisfy him; he asks for nothing but the plainest bill of fare. A walk, a picnic, a family expedition, these are real events into which he puts all his heart. All the little domestic fun that grows out of such things is thoroughly in his vein.

And his seriousness, his earnestness, have they not in them the note of the child—the child, overwhelmed with the solemnity of things, with the awful wonder of the world, with the tremendous importance of what is said and done? It is in a child's eyes that one often sees the strange and serious awe

which is so characteristic of this old man's face.

And his religion—so deep, so pervading, so obvious, so instinctive in him—seems to go back, far behind all the man's questions and perplexities. It is utterly undisturbed. It springs out of the natural convictions of the heart, with that simplicity and directness which belong to those who have never traveled far from God.

It is not the religiousness to which a man has fought his way by desperate struggles; but rather the religiousness which would be our natural habit, if only we had kept our first freshness.

Not a Woodsman.

James Russell Lowell was, as every lover of his poems knows, a close and accurate observer of nature. In his recently published correspondence his delight in birds and blossoms, in the recurring seasons, and the sweet cycle of the flowers, is no less evident. He jokes happily over the pigs and poultry of his Elmwood home; he marks their progress and celebrates their perfections, while of his early peas he declared with humorous envy: "I wish I could be planted every year and come up so fresh!"

Birds seem to have been his favorites. "I am turned contractor of hammock-netting for the orioles, taking my pay in notes," he wrote to a friend. "I throw strings out of the window, and they snap them up at once. They sit in the cherry-tree hard by and warble, 'Hurry up! hurry up!' I never found out before just what they said, but if you listen you will find that this is what they first say. A vulgarity, I admit, but native!"

He characterized a cricket under his window thus: "He is a very melancholy cricket. I think he has been crossed in love, or had something that disagreed with him for supper, or written some verses that folks didn't like. It has just begun to rain on him, and I'm glad of it. I hope he'll get a thorough ducking, but all the waters in heaven can't wash the nonsense out of a poet, as he is."

But the great poet's natural history had its limits. The familiar vegetation of country grove and field, the birds that haunted his own elms and orchard, he knew well; but when he ventured farther from home he was sometimes at fault.

He spent some weeks one summer with a party of friends among the Adirondacks. While there he kept his eyes and ears open, and saw and heard much—far more than ordinary persons, not poets, would have been likely to see and hear. But he was brought into contact with men who saw, heard and understood more of woodland ways than he did; and their opinion of his powers was not wholly complimentary.

A friend of Mr. Lowell's, traveling in the same region some years after, fell in with a guide, an expert in woodcraft from his boyhood, whose conversation made this fact plain. Mr. Lowell's name was first introduced by the old woodsman, who, learning that his new acquaintance lived near Boston, inquired:

"Know anybody there by the name of Jim Lowell?"

The gentleman was about to reply that he did not, but remembered in time that he was acquainted with a Lowell whose Christian name could be rendered Jim by any person venturous enough to attempt such a feat. He therefore replied that he did. At once the guide began to pour forth copious reminiscences of Mr. Lowell, the point to most of which was the poet's incomprehensible failure to understand or notice some common object or phenomenon of the forest. He concluded his remarks by saying, not unkindly, but rather in a tone of half-contemptuous pity for a man with strangely little knowledge, but who should not be blamed for the defects of his education: "Fact is, he's a durned ignorant crutter!"

This opinion Mr. Lowell's friend had afterward the pleasure of reporting to Mr. Lowell himself; but he perceived with some amusement that the poet, though he enjoyed the humor of the anecdote, was none the less a little piqued at the slur cast upon his woodcraft.

Hebrew Resurrected.

Probably one of the strangest facts in the history of language is the resurrection of the Hebrew to life and activity as the language of a people and a country, after its death, which occurred 2,250 years ago. The Jews who returned from the exile were a small people and they were compelled to learn and employ the Aramic, the language of the country, so that the Hebrew was disused, excepting by the priests, as the Latin now is by the Catholics. But the language was preserved in the Old Testament Scriptures, and it was taught that the Scriptures might be understood, and this has been continued till the present day. Now the Jews are returning to Palestine from Russia, Poland, Germany, Italy, Spain and other countries, and cannot understand each other in these diverse languages, but they all understand the Hebrew of the Old Testament and employ it, so that Hebrew is again the language of the common people, and is heard in the marts of trade and in common use.

The Hebrews of Palestine employ it exclusively in their families, so that it has become again the mother tongue. In Jerusalem it died and in the same city after so many centuries it has come to life again. As was to be expected, the pronunciation varies, but this is corrected in accordance with the Arabic and other Semitic dialects. There is something marvelous in this restoration of, not only the people, but the language which they had practically lost 500 years before their dispersion.

Some National Dangers.

Abraham Lincoln, nearly 30 years ago, foresaw some of the serious evils which now menace the United States, and which may yet work more harm to the nation than even the great rebellion that occurred in his day. On one occasion he said:

"I see in the near future a crisis approaching that nearly unnerves me and causes me to tremble for the future of our country. As a result of the war corporations have been enthroned, and an era of corruption in high places will follow, and the money power will endeavor to prolong its reign by working on the prejudices of the people till all wealth is aggregated in a few hands, and the republic is destroyed. That crisis has now well-nigh culminated. While there are to-day great armies of tramps and unemployed, and over one-third of the entire people of the nation are without homes or lands of their own, a considerable number of millionaires have sprung up, and large corporations are monopolizing nearly every branch of business, crushing down all small competitors. It is said there are now in the United States over 4,000 men and women who count their wealth by millions, and some of them are now becoming the wealthiest people in the world. One-fourth of the entire wealth of the country is in the hands and under the control of this handful.

On the other hand, for every thousand millionaires there are over a million people landless and homeless, and such an army of tramps and medients is rising up such as there is in no other country. This disproportion between the rich and the poor is growing greater every year. A crisis must surely come, and it begins to look as though it was very near at hand.

The "corruption in high places," such as Lincoln foresaw with trembling, is something deplorable to-day. The Senate at Washington is said to have become largely a body of wealthy monopolists, even to a greater extent than the House of Lords in England, and numbers of the senators are now charged with making themselves wealthy out of changes brought about by their own legislation in the tariff, currency legislation, and other ways. In New York, Chicago, and other great cities, even the municipal officials have gorged themselves and fattened on plunder. Several have been sent to prison, but the evils are apparently growing worse and worse.

That the money power is being successful in its "endeavor to prolong its reign" is now being well demonstrated in the great struggle for tariff revision. Nearly three years have passed since the majority of the nation gave its verdict against the present high protection tariff, and almost two years since the protective party was totally defeated and a party professing free trade principles was elected to power, but "the money power," whose interests are best served by that system, has as yet prevented any change in these laws.

Whether any tariff changes will be effected at all at Washington seems to become every day more doubtful. The money power has the nation by the throat, and whether it will relinquish its grasp until it and the nation are in a death struggle remains to be seen. No events in the late great civil war seemed more ominous to the very existence of the nation, as a republic at least, than the events of to-day.

Canadians may well take lesson by these events. With us powerful corporations are being enthroned, such as may well cause us more serious apprehensions than they have. We have had an era of corruption in high places truly disgraceful to the country, and the worst feature of it is that the masses of the electors have shown but poor inclination to drive parties implicated from place and power. With us the money power is making great and successful efforts to prolong its reign, while the thousands are its victims in some way. Surely the times require that the best energies of our best men should be put forth in an earnest manner in the interests of the Canadian people.

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An Eastern Parable.

The wild old Hassan sat in his doo when three young men passed eagerly by.

"Are you following after anyone, my son?" he said.

"I follow after Pleasure," said the eldest.

"And I after Riches," said the second. "Pleasure is only found with riches."

"And you, my little one?" he asked of the third.

"I follow after Duty," he modestly said.

And each went on his way.

The aged Hassan in his journey came upon three men.

"My son," he said to the eldest one, "methinks thou wert the youth who was following after Pleasure. Didst thou overtake her?"

"No, father," answered the man, "pleasure is but a phantom that flies as one approaches."

"Thou didst not follow the right way, my son."

"How didst thou fare?" he asked of the second.

"Pleasure is not with riches," he answered.

"And thou?" continued Hassan, addressing the youngest.

"As I walked with Duty," he replied, "Pleasure walked ever by my side."

"It is always thus," replied the old man. "Pleasure pursued is not overtaken. Only her shadow is caught by him who pursues. She herself goes hand in hand with Duty, and they who make Duty their companion, have also the companionship of Pleasure."

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RECOGNIZED A BROTHER.

If the common notion is well founded, janitors are among the men who need no exhortation to magnify their office.

One of them was absorbed in a book the other day, according to Good News, when his wife said:

"What are ye readin', Dennis?"

"O'm readin' th' history of Napoleon Bonaparte. Moy! moy! what a janitor he would ov made!"

THOS. SABIN, of Eglinton, says: "I have removed ten corns from my feet with Holloway's Corn Cure." Reader, go thou and do likewise.

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Junior partner—How so?

Senior partner—He was in the office with his wife this morning, and she didn't get a chance to speak for ten minutes.

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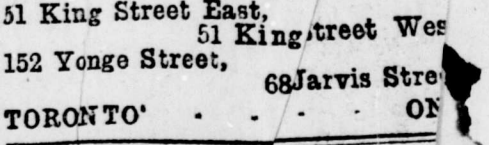
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