alluring and throw over immorality the fascinating influence of gorgeously tinted pictures born of a fertile and skilful imagination, should be passed unnoticed, while works which are the product of the noblest minds and are aimed solely at the overthrow of evil should be so fiercely assailed. We have not far to look, however, for the reason. It is the reform germ that startles ultra conservatism as a frightens [illegible]. Like the tones of an alarm bell at midnight fall the [illegible] thoughts of a [illegible] age with strong moral enthusiasm upon the ear of the [illegible] of the past as well as the [illegible] of evil. Thus it was two thousand years ago when the great simple and sublime Teacher of Galilee assailed the scribes, pharisees and hypocrites of His day. Conservatism at first content to sneer at this "friend of publicans and sinners," and to draw aside her cloak lest she might be contaminated by His touch, soon became alarmed. The impulses of a new truth rang in His teaching. She recognized the presence of an uncontrollable disturber.

THE NEW MEN.

In judging a work or a life from an ethical point of view, the wise man will gauge his conclusion by the influence exerted, the moral or immoral force that is exhibited. Judged merely by the standards of polite society in His day the great Nazarene was what we would term a tramp, a crank, an impractical dreamer, a disturber of the peace. But in His life of self-denial, in His moral courage, and in his deeds of love and mercy we behold the grandeur of perfected manhood. And from His words of truth, wisdom, and tenderness which ring down the ages, many of the noblest lives which have blossomed along the pathway of the centuries have received a broader and richer vision of life, have caught an inspiration born of the skies, have imbibed strength, which has enabled them to serenely endure tortures unnameable, and which mark the highest altitudes of heroism. I repeat there is but one test by which we can measure a life or a book, the impulse, the spirit, the essential germ which is its motive power.

WHAT MEN THINK OF WOMEN.

An American gentleman has been collecting opinions from his countrymen on the important subject of women. He asked Mr. James G. Blaine what he thought of them, whereupon the Secretary smiled and asked to what sort of women his interlocutor referred. The smile immediately vanished when his questioner remarked that he was asking about the women who mount the stump to make a political speech. "I hate that sort of women," said Mr. Secretary Blaine and he evidently meant it. But as to women in general, when he had recovered from the disturbing idea of the stump oratress, he declared that a perfect woman is the noblest thing on earth, and that she is nearest perfection when most womanly. ~~The next person interviewed~~ on the subject was an individual described as a political war horse, Mr. Murat Halstead. He declared that five generations of women, from his grandmother to his grand-daughter, had loved him. In return, he asserts his belief that men are inferior to women in everything save physical strength. Mr. Chauncey M. Depew thinks there is no such beautiful work of God under the arch of his sky as an American girl. He said a kindly word for the "superfluous women" whom the irreverent call old maids. Russell Sage, on being questioned, at once rushed into the practical side of the matter. Did he understand the querist to ask what he thought women were good for? Some of them made good housekeepers, he thought, but most of them neglected their opportunities and had missions or spheres. Asked if the position of women had not greatly improved since his boyhood, he remarked that they had now better chances to show off. Banker Henry Clews objects to Wall street operators of the female sex. As speculators he says, women have been an utter failure. Only in the matrimonial line can women become successful speculators, being too impulsive and impressionable to succeed in matters of finance. These are hard words, but an antidote is given in the outspoken admiration expressed by Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll, who said, among other things, that it is because women are so much better than men that their faults are considered greater. Mr. Henry M. Stanley sent a written reply to the question. He has never, in the whole course of his life, met a woman, from the flat nosed female of the tropics to the snow white divinity of New York, who had not a touch of romance, a romance that cheers the cheerless, softens the insensible, and renovates the withered. But Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson is still worse. He writes that he never had much toleration for women. Now, toleration is the word we apply to a nuisance, or at the very least, something so disagreeable as to call forth our powers of fortitude. This is very ungallant of Mr. Robert [illegible] Stevenson. He adds that it is [illegible] he may not understand women. [illegible] this may will probably agree with him. The writer who collected opinions asked only men whom he describes as "brainy men." They do not appear to have thrown much light upon a problem that has exercised men since the days of Adam.

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The hangman who hanged Birchall has been frozen out of the Toronto Hunt Club. For what reason, I should like to know? Is he any more unworthy of respect than the judge and jury, or any one else who had to do with or approved of Birchall's hanging? What absurdity is this? To approve the hanging of a man and then refuse to associate with the man who does the hanging. If the hangman is not respectable, neither is the Government that hires him. If the Government is respectable, so is the hangman. There is no logical escape from these conclusions. —Twentieth Century.

# ABOUT WOMEN.

## THE SEX'S STRUGGLE FOR INDUSTRIAL AND POLITICAL RIGHTS.

Woman's Disabilities as A Worker. How Low Paid Female Labor Injures Male Toilers. Miscellaneous Items.

Mrs. Ella M. Mahler of Washington, D. C., has given a free scholarship in her School of Physical Culture to the Woman's Press Association of that city, to be bestowed by the Association upon some worthy woman or girl.

Mrs. May Sewall Howell has been appointed by Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton to represent the National American Woman Suffrage Association at the National Council of Women, which will meet in Washington next February.

Miss Alice M. Megan is the school supervisor of Thomaston, Me. She has full authority over all the public schools of the town, and has discharged the duties of her responsible position so well that after a year's service she has been reelected for another term.

Mrs. Annie Baxter, of Jasper County, Missouri, has just been elected County Clerk. She was nominated on the Democratic ticket in a Republican county, which makes her success the more noteworthy. She is the first woman elected to this office in the South.

Mrs. Mary Gould Eckhart passes triumphantly that test of practical capacity, the ability to keep a hotel. She owns the largest caterer's business in the western division of Chicago, manages it herself, and is noted for the invention of new and popular designs in favors and dishes.

Mrs. Ida A. Harper, of Terre Haute, Ind., who is well known in the West as a vigorous and versatile writer, and who achieved journalistic distinction as the successful managing editor for several months of a political daily, the Terre Haute *News*, has accepted a position on the editorial staff of the Indianapolis *Daily Evening News*.

The unveiling of a noble equestrian statue of Joan of Arc in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, is evidence that we have in America at least one monument to the most romantic character in history. It is also an evidence of the widespread interest re-awakened in the Maid of Domremy. In the Fairmount Park statue the maid is represented in full armor, bearing aloft the sacred oriflamme of France and riding—yes, riding astride. Perhaps this is a concession not only to historic fact but to the present fad for ladies riding the cross saddle.

Mary J. Holmes, the novelist, or, as she [illegible] [illegible] is [illegible], the novelist—strongly protests against another Mary J. Holmes writing books under her own name. It is certainly something of a misfortune to have some other woman write under your name, and yet it seems to me that it would be a greater misfortune to the other woman not to be allowed to use her own name as she may see fit to do. If the other woman insists upon being just plain Mary J. Holmes on the back of her books, Mrs. Holmes No. 1 might call herself "the original Mary J. Holmes"—which would be original and quite taking.

It is pleasant to know that we have in this town a regularly constituted body known as the Society for Political Study by which women acquaint themselves with the workings of politics. There is no earthly reason why women should not be well up in the study of how we are governed, for upon that question depends the welfare of the entire family. Politics touches us at all points. It involves the way the streets are kept as well as the prices we pay for the necessaries of life; it involves the way our public schools are run as well as the Indian question, and so forth, and so forth. Nothing covers the ground, in human affairs, so completely as politics, and why should not the women understand all about it and make their influence felt whenever a wrong is perpetrated?—*The N. Y. Epoch*.

Anything which renders less complete the physical development of women is so plainly prejudicial to the health of the nation, that sooner or later there must be some strict regulations concerning the provision of seats in factories for working girls. While, however, the members of the Government are thinking about a new Factory Act, the girls are suffering from the lack of rest and the standing posture, which many of them occupy for ten or twelve hours at a time. Dr. Murt, whose experience in the East-end makes his observations peculiarly valuable, has just told me that he has had to attend a considerable number of patients whose sufferings were easily traceable to the fact that they had to stand all day long in a heated atmosphere without change of any kind. Indeed, he says that enemia is invariably produced if women remain for ten hours a day in a standing posture. They should never stand for more than three hours at a time, and in every factory relays of workers should be provided, so that each girl may have a quarter of an hour's rest between times.—*Labor World*.

A CRITICISM OF BELLAMY.

Ella Higginson writes in the *West Shore*: A striking illustration of the power and tenacity of contemporaneous thought and custom is unconsciously given by Edward Bellamy in "Looking Backward." In his description of woman "emancipated," as he found her after his long sleep at the close of the twentieth century, he causes Dr. Leete to say that the women of that advanced age are as guiltless of coyness and coquetry, and as free to tell their love to the object of their choice, as are the young men themselves. All this Mr. Bellamy—or Mr. West, as he is in the story—accepts as the proper thing for the [illegible] of the twentieth century. [illegible] way and easily drops [illegible] its [illegible] calendar in [illegible] [illegible] scene with [illegible] he makes her, the [illegible] stand with downcast eyes [illegible] blushing while he tells [illegible] any ordinary, modest [illegible] was meant to [illegible] [illegible]. Mr. Bellamy [illegible] original thinker, yet [illegible] he keeps a little [illegible] dedicated to our good [illegible] wish to so entirely [illegible] of future ages shall [illegible] the maidens he doesn't [illegible] for himself as one of those [illegible] ridiculous youths.

A CLERKING INJUSTICE.

A grievance has arisen between the male and female clerks of the London Post Office Savings Bank, the cause of which is thus explained by the *Labor World*. One is bound, however, to admit that the men have a grievance, as every one has, when he finds it out. Their memorial to the Postmaster General states that while the female clerical staff has been rapidly increased, no additions whatever have been made to the male staff since 1886. This stops promotion among the men, and makes the work to be done by them very much harder. Would any one care to know the reason why women clerks are preferred? The question is easily answered. I inquired some months ago into the difference in the rate of pay with the result that I was presented with a table which just now should be of especial interest. Here it is:

| Salaries | Men. | Women. |
| --- | --- | --- |
| Clerical Staff | £70 to 250 | £65 to 80 |
| Superior Clerical Staff | 260 to 340 | 85 to 110 |
| Supervising Staff | 310 to 400 | 120 to 200 |
| Heads of Depts | 625 to 700 | 215 to 400 |

The difference in the salaries is of such magnificent proportions that when it is remembered the women do exactly the same work with equal ability and equal dispatch, the action of the authorities is easy to understand.

DISILLUSIONIZED.

I sat for one whole day recently in a railway car, opposite the loveliest woman I ever saw, and what was better, her manners were as perfect and as charming as her face and figure. It was a pleasure to me only to look at her clear, gray eyes, her dark gold brows and hair, her lovely color, her warm lips, her mobile, perfect smile and her soft, white throat. "Now, don't admire her too much," I said to my impressionable heart; "she can not be as [illegible] as she looks. Every [illegible] has a [illegible] [illegible]." But, [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] for with all her beauty of face and figure, her charm of manner and conversation, her a [illegible] [illegible] she was utterly [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] But alas! [illegible] I found the [illegible] [illegible] She [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] the middle of it and [illegible] with a little laugh that grated [illegible] "But it will take you past the poorhouse, and I know you do not want to be [illegible] by a glimpse of the [illegible] wretches who live there."

I have been not only past the poorhouse, but in it, and in [illegible] of the [illegible] [illegible].

She looked up at him and laughed, and her laugh had lost all its music, and her eyes all their light for me.

"Do you mean it?" she asked, "or is it one of your detestable little jokes? What could take you to the poorhouse?"

"I went to see the poor people there," replied the gentleman, blushing. "There is so much misery there, that a few flowers and fruits cheer those sad hearts wonderfully."

"And," she said, and now there was a sneer on those lips that took all their loveliness away, "such wretches could appreciate flowers or care for fruits."

And I would rather, then, that she had been plain and homely, if only her heart could have been kind.—*Ella Higginson*.

SHE HAD BEEN POOR HERSELF.

A friend showed me a plain-made gown the other day, and mentioned the price the milliner had charged for making it.

"Why," I exclaimed thoughtlessly, "she over-charged you! That is entirely too much for a plain gown."

"I know it is too much," said my friend, gently, turning aside her head, "and I was right-down indignant at first, and had a great mind to tell her so, too, but somehow"—here my friend took up her new gown and made a great feint of examining it—"somehow, all in a moment, I remembered that once, years ago, my beloved sister was very poor and she took in sewing. Her rooms were small and dark and dingy, and she did her housework and took care of her baby, besides the sewing. I remembered how she used to sit on sultry summer days, stitching, stitching, while the dust from rich women's carriages rolled through the windows into her pale, worn face, and how she used often to sew until midnight to finish a ball dress for some gay society woman, soothing the baby when it cried, and laying its little [illegible] lips to her tired breast—and how"—here my friend bent very low indeed, over the new gown, and I noticed her fingers were trembling in an odd way—"how many and many a time, when she did go to bed, I, a little child then, tossing in my dreams, would hear her moan all through the [illegible] hours of her troubled sleep. And the woman who made this gown was [illegible], too, and her rooms were [illegible] and stifling. She was pale and [illegible], and she coughed often and put her hand to her chest, and the baby was there, too, cross and ill. So, somehow, all in a moment, as I have said, I remembered my sister. The hasty protest died on my lips, and I handed her the money without a word, recalling how rich women had haggled with my sister over her charges, and how I, as a child, had hated to open the door and push them out to the street. I am afraid we do not remember such things as often as we should"—and something that looked like a glistening pearl dropped on the new gown. I do not know whence it could have come unless from my friend's violet eyes.

---

A LABOR LAY.

We are the toiling millions, we,
A righteous war we wage
Against the knaves who'd rob us of
Our rightful heritage;
Who'd grind us down with iron heel
And keep us slaves for aye.
Let mark ye tyrants, one and all—
You've seen your strongest day.

We dare assert our manhood now,
Your powers dare dispute
To treat us now like purchased slaves
And class us with the brute.
Earth was not made for you alone,
[illegible] was never by Him ordained
That drones in indolence should be
By others' toil maintained.

That by his toil should each man live,
Was the Divine decree;
And from this God created law
Immunity claim ye.
Of finer essence are your souls?
Is yours superior clay
To ours, that you were made to rule,
And we but to obey?

Oh, masters, we have human souls
And feelings too,
And have as keen a sense of wrong
And pain as you.
And bound in solid unity
To-day we boldly stand
To fling to earth our fetters all,
And slavery's hateful brand.
And in His name this earth who first
Made free alike to all,
We soon shall win our rights as men,
And burst your iron thrall.

MICHAEL M'GRATH.


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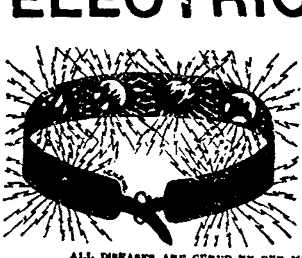

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**Isaac Radford**, 35 Adelaide street east—Butterfly Belt and Insoles cured him of Inflammatory Rheumatism in four weeks.
**Samuel W. Abbott**, Millichamp's Building, cured in six weeks, Rheumatism in knees and feet—Knee Pads and Insoles.
**A. E. Caldwell**, Engraver, 71 King street, City, [illegible]
**J. McQuaig**, Grain Merchant, cured of Rheumatism in the shoulder after all others failed.
**Jas. Weeks**, Parkdale, Sciatica and Lame Back cured in fifteen days.
**W. J. Gould**, Gurney's Stove Works, City, not able to work for three weeks, cured in four days—Sciatica.
**Mrs. J. Swift**, 87 Agnes street, City, cured of Sciatica in six weeks.
**C. C. Rockwood**, 16 Bulwer street, City, cured of Lame Back in a few days.
**Mrs. Geo. Planner**, City, Liver and Kidneys, now free from all pain, strong and happy.
**Miss Flora McDonald**, 21 Wilton avenue, City, reports a lump drawn from her wrist.
**Josiah Fennell**, 287 Queen street east, City, could not write a letter, went to work on the sixth day—Neuralgia.
**Mrs. Wm. Bennett**, 14 King street west, City, after years of sleeplessness now never loses a wink—Butterfly Belt.
**Mrs. S. M. Whitehead**, 578 Jarvis street, City, a sufferer for years, could not be induced to part with our Belt.
**Mrs. F. Stevens**, 120 Logan St., City, Blind with Rheumatic Inflammation—cured in three weeks by Actina, Butterfly Belt and Insoles.
**Geo. H. Lucas**, Veterinary Dentist, 168 King street west, had dyspepsia for six years, entirely cured in eight weeks—Butterfly Belt and Insoles.
**Richard Hood**, 40 Stewart street, City, used Actina three months for a permanent cure—Catarrh.
**Alex. Rogers**, Tobacconist, City, declared Actina worth $100—Headache.
**E. Riggs**, 220 Adelaide street west, City, Catarrh cured by Actina.
**John Thompson**, Toronto Junction, cured of a tumor in the eye in two weeks by Actina.
**Miss E. M. Forsyth**, 18 Brant street, City, reports a lump drawn from her hand, twelve years standing.
**Senator A. E. Botsford** advises everybody to use Actina for failing eyesight.
**Miss Laura Grose**, 166 King street west, City, Granulated Eyelids, cured in four weeks—used Actina and Belt.
**Mrs. J. Stevens**, 82 Tecumseth street, City, Rheumatism in the knees, spent three weeks in the hospital, eye-opener [illegible]
**Mrs. M'Laughlin**, 84 Centre street, City, a [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
**Giles Williams**, Ontario Coal Co., says Actina is invaluable for Bronchitis and Asthma.
**J. H. McCarthy**, Ag't N. P. & M. Ry., Austin, Man., Chronic Catarrh and Catarrhal Deafness for seven years, entirely cured by Actina.
**Thomas Johnson**, New Sarum, suffered with Weak Lungs and Asthma—Lungs strengthened and Asthma cured.
**Mrs. Beard**, Barrie, Ont., cured of Catarrh of [illegible] years standing—Actina and Insoles.
**Rev. R. W. Mills**, Brandon Corners, Ont., entirely well, had Catarrh very bad—used Actina and Insoles.
**H. S. Fleetwood**, a wreck mentally and physically. Cause nightly emissions. Perfectly cured.
**Thomas Guthrie**, Argyle, Man., says our Butterfly Belt and Suspensory did him more good than all the medicine he paid for in twelve years.
**Thos. Bryan**, 541 Dundas street, City, Nervous Debility—improved from the first day until cured.
**Chas. Cozens**, P. M., Trowbridge, Ont., after five weeks, feels like his former self.
**J. A. T.**, Ivy, cured of emissions in three weeks. Your Belt and Suspensory cured me of Impotency, writes J. A. I would not be without your Belt and Suspensory for $50, writes J. McG. For General Debility your Belt and Suspensory are cheap at any price, says S. M. C. Belt and Suspensory gave H. S. of Fleetwood, a new lease of life. E. E. G. had no faith, but was entirely cured of Impotency.
**W. T. Brown**, 73 Richmond street west, City, Varicocele, tried several doctors; all advised the knife. Cured in six weeks with Butterfly Belt and Suspensory.
**John Bromagem**, Varicocele, cured in five weeks—Butterfly Belt, Suspensory and Insoles.
**Reuben Silverthorn**, Teeterville, was almost a wreck. Entirely cured by the Belt and Suspensory.

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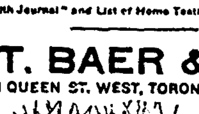

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