

The baccarat scandal has left every one connected with it pretty well besmirched. In the expressive language of slang, their name is mud.

We observe that the article on "Two Canadian Poets" in the *Canadian Presbyterian*, which we referred to a short time ago, has been disowned by Mr. Archibald Lampman. In a letter to that paper he says the article was made up of extracts, taken without his knowledge, from a lecture delivered to a literary society in Ottawa, and was framed in such a manner as to convey a very erroneous impression of the form and intent of his lecture. At any rate, the article was interesting and well written, and attracted a good deal of attention.

Royalty, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, is being born at Shoen Lodge; it is dying at Camberwell workhouse. This institution is already noted for inmates with a title to fame. Now one more celebrity may be added to the list, for an aged woman, named Caroline Guelph, has just joined the ranks in the "big house." This old lady, who has resided in the neighborhood of Peckham for some years, claims Royal relationship, as a daughter of his Majesty King George IV. Caroline Guelph is now seriously ill, and is not expected to recover.

A peculiar fatal accident occurred at Tempelhof, Germany, on Tuesday of last week. While a party of Grenadiers were being exercised by the Emperor at morning drill, a vivid flash of lightning, followed by a deafening thunder clap, startled and half blinded the men on parade, and hurled a number of them to the ground. The officer in command and three soldiers were picked up insensible. Two of the latter died, the others were seriously injured, and a horse also was killed. The despatches do not say that the day was otherwise than fine, and leave us to infer that the stroke was a thunderbolt out of a clear sky. It is thought that the rifles and bayonets of the soldiers attracted the fatal fluid.

The exploit of the Salisbury, N. B. girl, Clara Wortman, who was supposed to be lost in the woods, and had between two and three hundred men searching for her for a week, must have proved very trying to the tempers of her friends. The young woman was not lost, but had donned male attire and hired out as a laborer on the farm of Byron McLeod, near Penobscus. She had been reading trashy stories, which excited her mind, and she assumed the name of the hero of one of the books. Miss Wortman appears to stand badly in need of correction—a sound spanking would be likely to remove all further desire for romance of the kind she has just been indulging in. The rage of the searchers must have been unbounded when the girl turned up all right. Parents should have some oversight over the literature allowed their children, but in many cases the mothers at least, if not the fathers, are just as fond of sensational stories as the children are.

Rumors that come by way of New York are not always to be credited, but if it is true that Sir Wm. Gordon Cumming has decided to write a book about the baccarat case, there is something interesting in store for a good many people. It is said that in this book he will deal particularly with what he has termed the "rascality" of Lycett Green; the manner in which the Prince of Wales keeps secrets; his candid opinions of the hostess of Tranby Croft; the true and only reason why he was called upon to sign "that document;" how the Prince of Wales plays the roll of banker; why he carries his own baccarat apparatus about with him; the nonsense that occurred among the party on both nights of the play; and last, but not least, Lady Broke's reason for breaking her promise to the Prince of Wales that she would not utter a single word about the affair to a human being. With these live and interesting headings for his chapters he ought to make a howling success of his literary venture.

The *Toronto Week*, in discussing the pros and cons of the Government situation, says:—"Many of the best citizens, both in public and private life—those whose judgment is held above the swirl of party feeling—realizing that the country is on the verge of a political crisis, and that the most momentous consequences may be involved in the events of the next few months, would, we believe, be heartily glad were a coalition of the best elements in the two parties possible. Such a coalition, capable of sinking all minor considerations, and devoting itself in singleness of purpose to the task of solving the problem of the country's destiny, might do a work for its future well-being, second only, if second at all, to that which was achieved by the Fathers of the Confederation. But in the present state of party passion, such a thing is, we fear, too much to hope for." This is, indeed, an Utopian dream. We entirely agree with the *Week* in believing a coalition of the best elements of the two great parties of Canada would be advantageous to the country, but until the lion and the lamb shall lie down together, we do not expect to see it accomplished.

It appears to be the fashion to "pitch into" the Prince of Wales for his share in the baccarat case. Unfortunately, the most ardent admirers of His Royal Highness are unable to exonerate him from all blame in the matter, but it seems to us that a good deal of the present indignation is quite uncalled for. The Prince of Wales, in comparison with other men of his house, is almost beyond criticism, although he falls far short of the excellence of his father, the late Prince Consort. He has been all his life a pretty hard worker, constantly attending to state and public duties, and per-

forming many of the offices that would naturally devolve upon the Sovereign without himself enjoying the splendors of a throne. He has been an acknowledged favorite among the people, and it is scarcely likely that they will fail to forgive him for getting found out in this matter. As to his carrying the apparatus for baccarat about with him, it is probable that the Prince is, as people in his own station as well as in others often are, a little particular about having things to suit them. It is regrettable that the Prince was connected in any way with the scandal; we do not like to see Royalty showing flaws, and in the present time the purity and correctness of Queen Victoria and her daughters throw into relief any faultiness on the part of the male members of the family.

Heterodoxy appears to be getting in a large amount of work in all the churches just now. The narrow lines of creed cannot hold men of independent thought, and the breaking away from them of numbers of men and women of good repute is one of the notable signs of the times. Germany is the birthplace of the "higher criticism," and from there the current has grown wider as it travelled to Britain, and has finally reached this country. The Orthodox lift up their hands in horror at the bare idea of refusing to be bound to what has been instilled into one from the cradle up as the only way of salvation, but when we compare the churches of the day, and their members and adherents with those who make no such professions of righteousness, we cannot say that they are always shining lights. The danger in the present wave of thought is that scores of people, ever ready to take up with anything new, will readily make a fashionable cant of imitating the men who become notable from their heterodox views. Truth lies deep, and there is every reason to suppose that the men who risk their positions in the church rather than act a lie, are in a better way to find it than those who meekly await the signal to follow some one else in their form of religion. The Bible is more than any man has ever been able to thoroughly grasp, and if men differ in their interpretation of parts of it, who is to say who is right? So far as the churches are concerned, they have a perfect right to exclude from their communion men who conscientiously differ widely from the theological belief of the denomination, but the frequent secessions from such bodies speaks the spirit of the age for independent thought and belief, which will not be downed by putting any premium on intellectual self-deception. There can be little doubt, that out of this nettle, danger, we shall pluck this flower, safety. The freedom to think and believe as they like cannot do the people any harm—and it is fast coming to that. It is well also for the path breakers of this movement, that the thumb-screw and the rack are not now brought into operation, and that the stake can claim no more victims. The only tortures broad-minded clergymen, who give expression to their real sentiments, have to fear, are the thumb-screws of ridicule and the racks of suspense they have to endure while their cases come before the church courts for trial.

The barbarism of the check-rein appears at last to have attracted the attention of our humanitarians, and the announcement was made some days ago that the S. P. C. A. intended to prosecute any persons found using it. Time and again we have called out against this needless torture of the horse—one of man's noblest friends among the brutes. The obnoxious fashion—for it was little else but a fashion—has been blindly followed by scores of people who never had sense enough to see the discomfort they were giving the unfortunate animals in their possession, and the result has been that many a horse that otherwise would have been free from vice has had his temper ruined by the check-rein. We have spoken before of that excellent little story "Black Beauty," which has done so much for the horses' cause. In it the horse tells his own story, and describes the different kinds of masters he had been in the possession of. A wide circulation of this book has already been achieved, but all the people who ought to have read it have not yet seen it. In regard to the check-rein, we rejoice to see that Queen Victoria has shown herself not unmindful of the need of a change in the pattern of the harness of the horses of her mews. An order was recently given to have the bearing reins taken off the royal harness, and unless human nature has greatly changed we shall soon see the new order of things finding its way down to the masses, and the horses of common people will be emancipated. Everyone knows how hard it is to carry a load without bending forward; how then can a horse be expected to do his work easily with his head tightly held up by the bearing rein. Blinkers or blinders are another evil, but they will have to be more gradually abandoned, because the horse that has been accustomed to them would perhaps not be able to go without at once. The use of blinkers has always appeared to us particularly foolish. A horse with his vision so interrupted, and constrained to look right before him, is often frightened by objects which he can only partly discern, whereas, if he could only look squarely at them, he would see no cause for alarm. Why did the Creator place a horse's eyes so that he could look to one side or the other if it were not well to do so? Man sometimes thinks he can improve on Nature, but he does not often succeed in doing so. It is true in this matter, as in many others, that with what measure we mete, it shall be meted to us again, where we treat our dumb servants best, they will render us the best service. "Evil is wrought by want of thought, as well as want of heart," says Hood, and we believe that in many cases of abuse, thoughtlessness is as often the cause as heartlessness, but when the cruelty of a practice is clearly pointed out, there remains no excuse for the perpetrator. The action of the S. P. C. A. will, of course, be an additional inducement to people to treat their horses in an humane manner.

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