

bent, but supposedly for the purpose of effecting the rescue of Slatin Pacha, then a prisoner of the Mahdi. A full and particular account of Dr. Neufield's experience as a prisoner for eleven years, first of the Mahdi and then of the Khalifa, will make interesting reading.

The admiration being so openly and generously displayed by the press of the United States for Sir Herbert Kitchener's success in leading 23,000 men to Khartoum, is doubtless intended as tribute to the absolutely perfect equipment of the Anglo-Egyptian expedition. But when these friendly critics of the American press praise the British commander for that organization which was so lamentably deficient in the hastily equipped army recently sent to Cuba, they are forgetting that the great value and importance of the commissariat, transport, and medical departments was not realized by the British Government until a long succession of little wars conducted in all parts of the world had taught them a very useful lesson regarding the feeding, moving and doctoring of large bodies of men in strange countries and trying climates. So important have these formerly somewhat neglected and despised branches of the service become, that many of the best officers in the British army are now found in the commissariat and transport departments, and the work of the army doctors on modern battle fields has obtained for them fully deserved recognition and combatant rank.

A railway through Egypt to Uganda now seems a certainty, and following that may come the solution of the great problem of South African administration.

A Brave Printer.

Without knowing aught of the Lord Mayor of Belfast, it would be safe to say he realizes how great is the danger to any one engaged in the rescue of the drowning. From some of the ghastly stories told by the survivors of the French steamship "La Bourgogne," may be obtained a faint idea of the strength of the grip of a drowning dying man or woman. 'Tis worse than the clutch of poverty, and more difficult to shake off. But Patrick Morris, a Belfast printer, living in London, is one of the many plucky Irishmen who in the effort to preserve life thinks nothing of the possible peril to himself. He was present at the disastrous launch of the battle-ship Albion, in company with a number of merry-making Londoners. When the terrible accident occurred and the Thames claimed dozens of victims from the spectators of the launch, this brave Irish printer furnished those present with an instance of the heroism and self-sacrifice which when displayed on the battle field gains for its exponent the coveted Victoria Cross. Patrick Morris plunged again and again into the river, filled as it was with the poor drowning London holiday-makers, ready in their fight for life to clutch, cling to, and possibly strangle a rescuer, and each time he saved a life. Testimony to his bravery came from those

who know that, although any substance will swim whose specific gravity is less than that of the fluid in which it is immersed, there is slim chance of the swimmer when seized by a drowning person. The members of several swimming clubs subscribed for a gold watch, and the same was presented to Morris, of Belfast, by the Lord Mayor of that city, who very justly remarked that the cross so much coveted by soldiers had often been presented for actions less heroic than those of this Irish printer, at the launch of the battle-ship Albion.

Such a story may be said to have but little claim for space in the pages of a paper devoted to insurance and finance. But some of those saved by Patrick Morris from the slimy bed of old Father Thames were insured against death and accident, and, apart from this consideration, even practical business men will appreciate a story of pluck displayed without thought or hope of reward.

Brummagem Goods. We feel almost unwilling to credit this very strange story from across the sea. English papers record the success of two young men speaking French and German with an American accent in passing Confederate paper money in the city of Birmingham at a trifle less than the face value of same.

The bills were headed: "Two years after the ratification of the treaty of peace between the Confederate States and the United States of America, the Confederate States of America will pay ten dollars to bearer." They are dated Richmond, February 17, 1864, and signed A. Baker and C. Beale. At the present time the bills are, of course, valueless. The men are believed to have in their possession large numbers of the useless bills.

The reporter plaintively remarks "at the present time, the bills are, of course, valueless." Lest our Birmingham friends may entertain the faintest shadow of the most remote idea that, although valueless *at present*, these bills of the very much defunct Confederate States may some day be redeemed, we hasten to obliterate such false notions by assuring the Birmingham police that Jefferson Davis is dead, the so-called Confederacy merged in the greatest country on earth, and that the descendants of those Southerners who fought in the American Civil War and floated the Confederate scrip recently circulated in Birmingham, are not redeeming the money with which some ingenious tourists having an American accent are now paying hotel bills and also giving them in exchange for Brummagem goods.

Some months ago, we tried to call attention to a new industry in Canada—the importation of silver money from the Straits Settlements for circulation in the principal cities of the Dominion. Our warnings were disregarded. To-day every electric car in Montreal contains a placard cautioning passengers against