

## VICTIMS OF MONACO.

The enormous gains of the Monte Carlo gaming tables are a direct incentive to play in all countries, and we are not surprised that no less than thirty-seven illicit tables were recently found open at night in and around Nice during a single police raid. For several years previous to the formation of the "International Association for the Suppression of the Gaming-tables at Monte Carlo," the clear profits of the Casino were over 25,000,000 francs per annum. The Prince of Monaco receives 250,000 francs yearly for the concession, besides a share in the profits, and considerable supplementary sums; and as the expenses of the Casino and entire principality are defrayed by the bank, the sum annually lost by players cannot have fallen below fifty million of francs! The receipts have fallen off considerably since 1887, but it is estimated that fully 30,000,000 francs have yearly found their way over the green tables into the coffers of the bank. What losses and misery does this sum represent! How many, tempted to play in the hope of "luck" and sudden wealth, have gone on and on till ruin and disgrace have stared them in the face! How many dependent wives, children, and relatives have been reduced to absolute poverty in a day! And, alas! how many have committed self-murder to escape the shame caused by their own folly.

While desirous of avoiding anything approaching sensationalism, we venture to quote the following paragraph from the "Colonis Etrangère," a paper published in Nice: "An Englishman allowed a train to run over his neck; a Russian blew his brains out; a young Bavarian fired a couple of bullets into his chest; a Pole shot himself in the middle of the gaming saloon at Monte Carlo; a well-dressed stranger shot himself at the Hotel des Empereurs, Nice; a merchant poisoned himself at the Hotel de la Garde, Cannes; an Austrian of distinguished family blew out his brains in a shed at Segurance, Nice; a lawyer threw himself from the top of the rock Rauba Capen into the sea, Nice; a German officer shot himself in the ear; a Hollander poisoned himself; a Dutch nobleman shot himself in the garden of his villa, Monaco; and a widow fifty-five poisoned herself at the Hotel des Deux Mondes, Nice; she had sold her last jewel to try and recover her losses at Monaco. A German shot himself on a seat, a few steps from the Casino; an Englishman hung himself on the Ponroad; a gentleman shot himself before the Café de Paris, close to the Casino; and a young Russian shot himself at the Casino door."

The "Times" reports the circumstances of a young German of good family shooting himself the Thursday after losing at the gambling tables; and a young Englishman of good family, whose father held a high position in the House of Lords, told the writer last week that he had lost a fortune in Monaco, and was a beggar, on the world, and that he seriously contemplated suicide as the only way of escaping misery and shame. The writer had a list of fifty more suicides before him, the direct results of gambling at Monte Carlo. What sorrow and distress these violent deaths have entailed upon helpless victims! Many of our readers visit the Riviera as a winter resort, and we entreat them to dissuade persons from going to Monaco "just to see the place." Though Monaco be "even as the garden of the Lord," the cry of it is grea, and its sin very grievous, even as Sodom and Gomorrah.

It is gratifying to find that the International Association has succeeded in drawing the serious attention of the great Powers to the subject of public gaming at Monaco. Almost the entire press of the United Kingdom is in favour of the movement, and the leading Continental press lends hearty co-operation. The question has already occupied the consideration of the French Chamber of Deputies and Senate, and the Italian Parliament and German Reichstag have denounced in indignant terms the continuance of an institution so fruitful in crime, misery, and death. The subject will be brought before the English Parliament.—*The Christian.*

## CHINESE ASTRONOMY.

By the vast majority of the people of China the sun is regarded as the "yang," or male principle in nature; the name they give to it is 'ai yang, or "great male principle." The moon, being the weaker in light, is termed 'tai ying, or "great female principle." The two are supposed to be husband and wife, and the stars the numerous off-spring. Others think that sun and moon are both females. A tradition written in Chinese, the hieroglyphics of which I have recently been endeavouring to transmute as to idiom and character into our English, runs something on this wise:

All the stars are the children of the moon; in the beginning the sun also had many little ones, just as the moon. Afterwards the sun and moon met and considered, saying: "Our heat and light, combined with that of the stars, is too powerful; how can men endure it? Much better kill them" (the stars). They decided to eat up each her own children. The moon, being deceitful, concealed hers, but the upright sun, according to the contract, devoured her progeny. In the day, therefore, there are now no stars. The moon, seeing the sun devour her children, again caused her own to appear, seeing which the sun quickly became very angry, and pursued the moon with murderous intent. From that time to this she pursues her without ceasing, even to coming very near, desiring to bite and kill her. This is the cause of the eclipses.

I add another, which is partly my translation: Primarily there was a woman, who whilst attending a feast, was confidently addressed by a person standing behind her. He said, "I love you." It was already dark, and the woman did not know who it was. She left the feast, dipped her hand in soot and came back. She then smeared the cheek of the person who had thus spoken to her. When the lamps were lighted, she stared at him and discovered that it was her own brother. Greatly terrified, she fled; the brother followed. He pursued her even to the uttermost parts of the earth; then the woman leaped into space and became the sun. Her brother leaped after her and was changed into the moon. This is the reason that the moon always follows the sun. Sometimes the moon exhibits a dark shadow;

it is turning her cheek that was soiled at the feast, long before, towards the earth.

These, and hundreds of others, only awakened feelings of pity in our hearts for the poor people who are so ignorant in matters pertaining to our solar system. But when we consider their ignorance of our system of salvation through Jesus Christ, and the ideas they entertain on religious subjects, our hearts bleed. Their system of religion is by far more false than their ideas of astronomy; their priests more immoral and corrupt than their astrologers. Through the means of a Christian world, the true light of the Gospel of peace is to shine in this poor benighted land.—*Christian Observer.*

## HOW IT FEELS TO BE INSANE.

I was once insane, and I often muse over my experience. There are, of course, many kinds of insanity. Some mental disorders take place so gradually that even the closest companions of the victim are at a loss to remember when the trouble began. It must have been this way in my case. One evening, after an oppressively hot day, when I experienced more fatigue from the heat than ever before or since, I sat in my porch fanning myself. "This arm that is now in motion," I mused, "must one of these days be dust. I wonder how long will the time be." Then I mused upon the evidence I had of immortality. I could do things that other people could not accomplish. I had gone through battle after battle, and though bullets sang and struck around me thick as hail, yet I remained uninjured. I had passed through epidemics of yellow fever. My idea gained strength as I mused, and I was convinced that I should live forever. No, this cannot be, for death follows all men alike. Yes, I am to die like other men, and I believe that it is my duty to make the most of life; to make money, and enjoy myself, and to educate my children. I wanted to be rich, and I began to study over an imaginary list of enterprises. At last I hit upon radishes. They should be in every store. They should be dried and sold in winter. I would plant fifty acres with radish seed, and people all over the country would refer to me as "the radish king." I would form a radish syndicate, and buy up all the radishes, and travel around and be admired. I hastened to the house to tell my wife that she was soon to be a radish queen. At the breakfast table I said:

"Julia, how would you like to be a radish queen?"

"A what?" she exclaimed.

I explained my plan of acquiring great wealth, and during the recital she acted so curiously that I was alarmed. I feared that she was losing her mind. Finally she seemed to understand. She agreed with me, but told me not to say anything about it. After breakfast I saw her talking earnestly with her father, and I knew that she was explaining to the old gentleman how she intended to pay his debts when I became known as the radish king. The old man approached me with much concern, and told me that I needed rest, and that I must not think of business. Pretty soon I went out to inspect my radish kingdom. Looking around, I saw the old man following me. From the field I went to the village. I approached a prominent citizen who had always been my friend, and told him how I intended to become rich. He seemed grieved, and I saw at once that he was contemplating the same enterprise. It seemed mean that he should take advantage of me, and I told him so. He tried to explain, but he made me so mad that I would have struck him if my father-in-law had not come up and separated us. I tried to calm myself but could not. Those who had been my friends proved to be my enemies, and I was determined to be avenged, but before I could execute my will I was seized by several men. My father-in-law did not attempt to rescue me, and I hated him. I was taken to gaol; my wife came to see me, but she did not try to have me released. I demanded a trial, but no lawyer would defend me. Then I realized that the entire community was against me. I became so mad that my anger seemed to hang over me like a dark cloud. It pressed me to the floor and held me there. Men came, after a long time, and took me away, I thought to the penitentiary. One day a cat came into my cell, and I tried to bite it. She made the hair fly, but I killed her. I don't know how long I remained there, but one morning the sun rose and shone in at me through the window. It seemed to me the first time that I had seen the great luminary for months. A mist cleared from before my eyes. My brain began to work, and suddenly I realized that I had been insane. I called the keeper, and when he saw me, he exclaimed: "Thank God!" and grasped my hand. I was not long in putting on another suit of clothes, and turning my face towards home. A physician said that I was cured, and everybody seemed bright and happy at my recovery. I boarded a train, with a gentleman, and went home. My wife fainted when she saw me, and learned that I had recovered my mind. I asked for my little children, and two big boys and a young lady came forward and greeted me. I had been in the asylum twelve years.—*Col. Weekly, in Arkansas Traveller.*

## MEAN PEOPLE.

One of the oddest things in the world is the fact that mean people do not know that they are mean, but cherish a sincere conviction that they are the souls of generosity. You will hear them inveighing loudly against a neighbour who does not come up to the standard of a generous man, and decrying the sin of hoarding and withholding, without being sensible in the least that they are condemning themselves. They are usually people who are not in the habit of self-criticism, and if they were not amusing, they would be the most aggravating class alive. Moreover, they are generally people who are not only willing to receive, but who demand a great deal at the hands of others; yet the example of their friends in giving and lending never seems to strike them as at variance with their own line of conduct, and if by any chance they part with a farthing, it appears to them a more magnanimous act than the founding of a hospital by another. The mean person must be brought

to a lively sense of the need before opening her purse; as for beggars, she disapproves of them altogether; they are as pestiferous as the mosquito, in her eyes, and ought to be legislated out of existence.

We do not, however, always find the mean person among the rich; she is quite as likely to be poor; indeed, one of the great disadvantages of poverty is that it often obliges one to seem small—obliges one to think of the candle-ends when one would prefer to think of better things. Money does not make a person mean necessarily, or we should not all be struggling so desperately to obtain it; it ought rather to be a preventive. The disease lies in the disposition of the individual, and it is doubtful if any ulterior circumstance can eradicate it; and while in this view we may easily forgive her, we yet find her vastly inconvenient to deal with. If she is the employer, the mean woman is apt to get as much work from her servants for the least money as possible. On some pretext or other, she detains her seamstress after her regular days work is over, underpays her wash-woman, or exchanges old duds for clean linen; keeps the servant's fire low, or pays her wages with cast-off finery. Sometimes, indeed, it is the servant who gives poor work for liberal payment; sometimes it is the husband who dines sumptuously at his club, while his family sit down to spare diet; sometimes it is the landlord who obliges the tenant to make his own repairs or go shabby; sometimes it is the neighbour who borrows but never lends; the manufacturer who adulterates food or drugs; the step-mother who feeds the children on skimmed milk; the mother-in-law who grudges her son's wife the falls she has not been used to; or the daughter-in-law who makes her husband's mother feel like a stranger in her home. Indeed, meanness is such an unlovely trait that it is no wonder we all disown it.—*Harper's Bazaar.*

## BRIGHT COLOURS FOR AUTUMN.

It is quite evident that there is to be no toning down in the coming season; everything that is shown is bright with colour, and as decided as could be wished. Among the more prominent of the colours that are already shown as specially suitable to the approaching season, and those which will be the first choice for early autumn wear are the various shades of gray, some of which have blue tinges; others are of a pure silver shade, while others are mixtures of black or brown with white. Steel gray, with its bluish tone, which was once so popular, is revived again, and will be a favourite colour this season, beating, in fact, all the grays. Following closely after this comes the iron gray, then the smoke gray with its brown tone, and the granite or pure stone colour; turtle-dove is also another favourite shade of gray, and is shown in the new materials for both dresses and bonnets.

After this come the browns, blues, greens, and copper reds, with the always popular dark garnet and cardinal shades. The blues are most of them pure and simple shades, sapphire, marine, and azure, with some of the electric blues that show a gray ashen tint under that colour. In browns, which have appeared in force, there are the light shades in the natural tints of sandal-wood and of the castor beaver furs, while darker browns have reddish hues, and are called by the old-fashioned name of autumn leaf brown, which, by the way, are very different from the terra cotta browns of last season. Havana browns are seen again following up their success of the spring, and there is a good deal of the last season's copper colour also appearing. The dead leaf and chestnut browns have no gleam of red in their folds, but they are pure in colour and dark in shade, darker even than the seal brown. There are one or two shades of golden brown that are very pretty, and will be very becoming to almost every style of complexion and prettiness.—*Boston Advertiser.*

## "PAPA" AND "MAMMA."

An early instance which occurs to me is in the "Beggars' Opera," (1727), where Polly Peachum, I think it is, speaks of "papa." The modern change from "papa" and "mamma" to "father" and "mother" among the upper classes, which began about thirty years ago, seems to have been a reaction against a custom which had gradually crept in among persons of a lower grade. As soon as common people's children began to say "papa" and "mamma," those of a higher class were taught to say "father" and "mother." It was among my High Church friends that I first noticed this adoption of "father" and "mother." One does not see the connection, but truly such is the fact. When I was young "papa" and "mamma" were universal among what may be called the middle and upper classes of society, and to this day "ladies of a certain age" still use the words. King George III., about the year 1762, addressed his mother as "mamma"; so I find it stated in "Granville Memoirs." But I do not think that Charles II., unless he was speaking in French, ever addressed Henrietta Maria by that endearing name, and I feel tolerably sure that the Lady Elizabeth never called Henry VIII. "papa." On the other hand, I would observe that "papa" and "mamma" are fast being supplanted by the old original "father" and "mother." For ten, or perhaps for twenty years past, children in the upper and middle classes have, so far as my observation goes, been taught to say "father" and "mother"; and "papa" and "mamma," which are words of extreme tenderness to those of my generation, seem now to have sunk into contempt as a "note" of social inferiority.—*Notes and Queries.*

THE sheep ranches of California are usually desolate places. For the herders it is a terrible life, how terrible is shown by the frequency of insanity among them. Sometimes, after only a few months, a herder goes suddenly mad.

SURREY Chapel on leasehold ground cost \$25,000; its successor, Christ Church, on freehold ground, has cost \$320,000, of which the last remnant, amounting to about as much as Surrey chapel cost, has lately been paid off as commemoration of the centenary of the old place of worship.