

We are almost inclined to think with a recent writer that literature is a disease which affects a large number of people. The *Quarterly Review* says that eight hundred novels a year are published in England! Of these very few survive more than a few months, and it is doubtful if there is any good reason for their production.

By the courtesy of Mr. Carroll D. Wright, Commissioner of Labor, Washington, D. C., we have been put in possession of the three parts of the Sixth Annual Report of the Commissioner of Labor for the United States—a work consisting of an immense amount of statistical matter relating to the cost of production of iron, steel, coke and limestone, divided into three sections, cost of production, wages, and the efficiency of labor in the industries named, and the cost of living of families whose heads are employed in the industries named. The Seventh Report of the Department will deal in a similar manner with textile and glass industries.

It is so unusual for any person or corporation to pay out more money than the law requires of them to settle their just debts, that the action of Jarvis Street Baptist Church, Toronto, in voluntarily paying its share of the city taxes, amounting to about \$1,100 a year, notwithstanding its legal exemption, appears somewhat remarkable. The subject of the exemption of church property from taxation has been discussed before in these columns, and we will not re-open the question again at this time, but we would like to draw attention to this action on the part of the Toronto church mentioned above. It appears to us that there is a great deal to be said in support of it.

The British South African Colonies have, during the past two decades, rapidly grown in number, extent and importance, and considering their climate and great resources, it needs no prophet to foretell the success of a great African Empire in which British civilization and British laws shall be paramount. A leading figure in South African politics is the Hon. Cecil J. Rhodes, and to his energy and foresight is due the credit of much that has been accomplished by the British in South Africa. Already the whistle of the steam locomotive is heard at a distance of 1300 miles from Cape Town, and despite the Boors and the Portuguese, British Rule is gradually being extended northward. Zambesi is the latest territory acquired, and it is under the control of a British African Company. Its soil is fertile, its climate salubrious, and its immense resources, especially in gold, known to be of great value. Canada, Australia and South Africa are wonderful instances of the rapid growth of greater Britain.

All lovers of their fellow-men and those who firmly desire to see our race emancipated from the curse which follows the excessive use of alcoholic beverages are now watching with keen interest the work going on in Dr. Keeley's sanitarium at Dwight, Ill. Dr. Keeley claims that he has discovered a complete cure for dipsomania, and certainly the testimonials he has received would indicate that his treatment has proved successful. Dr. Keeley regards dipsomania as a disease, and in his treatment of it he claims to counteract the effect of alcoholic poisoning and drive out of the system all desire for strong drink. Six hundred patients are now receiving the regular treatment in the Dwight Sanitarium, and as fast as those who are pronounced cured leave the establishment, others take their place. For the sake of the sufferers we sincerely hope that the discovery is genuine, but there are many who discredit it and regard the doctor as a quack, and his cure as sublime quackery. However, the weight of testimony is so far in favor of Dr. Keeley's cure, and in common with our readers we shall watch with interest the outcome of the experiment.

We shall soon have to get a new calendar. There is only one leaf left on ours, and we fancy many of our readers will find theirs in the same denuded condition—that is if they have been making use of them. This falling of the leaves reminds us that the year is growing old, that Father Christmas will shortly make his annual visit, bringing joy to the hearts of the little ones, that winter is here, and that we are having the shortest, darkest days of the year. In looking over the list of remarkable events, etc., in December, we find that a number of celebrated people can claim it as their birth month. The Princess of Wales was born on the 1st, 1844; Thomas Carlyle, on the 4th, 1795; General Sir Redvers Buller, V. C., on the 7th, 1839; Gen. Rt. Hon. Sir Henry Ponsonby, on the 10th, 1825; Ven. Archdeacon Denison, on the 11th, 1805; the 25th is kept as the birthday of the Saviour of mankind, the greatest festival of the Christian year; and on the 29th, 1809, William E. Gladstone was born. Among those who have died we find the names of Prince Albert and Princess Alice, Isaac Walton, the "Gentle Angler," and others of less note. November days can scarcely have been said to be dark and drear this year, for some of the weather has been perfectly lovely, but it cannot be expected to continue so this month. At any rate we have the prospect of brighter, longer days in the new year, which we hope will come in as merrily as this one did, so long ago it seems now. In connection with birthday months we remember that the gem for December is the beautiful blue turquoise, of which the poet—what poet we cannot tell, says:—

"If cold December gave you birth,
The month of snow and ice and mirth,
Place on your hand a turquoise blue,
Success will bless whatever you do."

Here is a hint for those who wish to give suitable and acceptable gifts to friends born in bleak December.

K. D. C. Restores the Stomach to Healthy Action.
K. D. C. Acts Like Magic on the Stomach.

From a note in a recent issue of the *Militia Gazette* we should judge that a severe blow has been struck at the whole volunteer system in Canada by the action of the department in discouraging volunteering by Civil Servants. At the annual inspection of the Governor-General's Foot Guards at Ottawa, on November 7th, the parade was only half the strength of the regiment, the cause being that those who failed to turn out were unable to get leave of absence for the afternoon from their employers, who alleged that they could not afford to have their business interrupted any more than the Government could. General Herbert expressed his disappointment, and asked for a special report on the causes of the poor turn out. The danger is that this feeling against letting employees off for Militia duties—the result of departmental interference with the enlistment of Civil Servants—will spread to all parts of the Dominion, which would be much to be regretted. Our Militia is not perfect, but it is a great pity that its development should be retarded by an unwise policy on the part of the Government. In order that public opinion may be heard on the subject, it is believed that a resolution is to be submitted to Parliament next session, either in the form of an additional clause in the promised Militia Act Amendment Bill, or of an independent motion.

Newfoundland is carrying on a very offensive policy towards a large portion of the people of the Maritime Provinces. The tax she imposed last year upon bait to our fishermen, while allowing fishermen from the United States to obtain it upon easy terms, was most unfair, and now she refuses to let our fishermen have it at all. This has aroused our fishermen to send a request to Ottawa that duties be imposed upon Newfoundland fish imported into the Dominion, but for good reasons this will not likely be done. The matter is to be brought before the Imperial Government, and it will then be decided what power Newfoundland has, if any, to enforce the Bait Act against the British Colonies. The fact that a large proportion of Newfoundland's catch is taken in Canadian waters should predispose the Newfoundland authorities to be friendly, but they must needs feel aggrieved, forsooth, and officially announce, that on account of Canada's opposition to their proposed convention with the United States, and the persistence of Canadian fishermen in supplying French fishermen with bait at St. Pierre, compels them in self-protection to continue the restrictions upon the sale of herring to Canadians! This bait business promises to become lively ere long, and we hope that the Government will do its best for our hardy fishermen who brave the dangers of this method of earning a living. It is not an easy life at best, but when so many obstacles are put in the way it becomes hard indeed for fishermen to obtain the means of subsistence.

The death of the Earl of Lytton, British Ambassador to Paris, which occurred last week, removes from the ranks of diplomacy, literature and statesmanship, one who held a high place in these walks of life. As a poet, under the name of Owen Meredith, the Earl of Lytton is known wherever the English language is spoken, more especially by that magnificent woman's poem "Lucile," which is so beautifully summed up in the following words:—

"The mission of woman on earth! to give birth
To the mercy of Heaven descending on earth.
The mission of woman: permitted to bruise
The head of the serpent, and sweetly infuse,
Through the sorrow and sin of earth's register'd curse
The blessing which mitigates all: born to nurse,
And to soothe, and to solace, to help and to heal
The sick world that leans on her. This was Lucile."

Being written by a man, we do not find this championship of the sex tiresome, as it must be confessed the aggressive femininity of some female writers proves to be. The production of Lucile, before the author was thirty years of age, convinced the reading public that Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton's son possessed no small share of the genius of his father, and the poem, which is full of quotable gems, at once took a high place in English letters. He was the author of other works, both in prose and poetry, but no one of them is so much appreciated as "Lucile." He early turned his attention to diplomacy, and studied foreign languages with a view to diplomatic service, which he first entered at the age of eighteen as an Attache at Washington, D. C., in 1848. He figured afterwards in every European capital of any importance, and it was while fulfilling his duties as Minister at Lisbon in 1876 that Mr. Disraeli informed him by telegraph that he had been appointed Viceroy of India—the highest office in the gift of the Crown. The important events of his administration include the Afghan war and the proclamation of Queen Victoria as Empress of India on January 1st, 1877. The spectacle of the ceremonial on the plains of Delhi, when surrounded by all the Princes of India, the important proclamation was made by the Viceroy, was the most gorgeous ever witnessed in the far east. In 1873 he had succeeded to the title of his father as second Baron Lytton, and in 1880 he was raised, for distinguished services, to the dignity of an Earldom, being created Earl of Lytton, of Lytton, in the County of Derby, and Viscount Knebworth, of Knebworth, in the County of Herts. It was while he was in India that an unsuccessful attempt upon his life was made. In April, 1880, Lord Lytton resigned the Viceroyship and returned to England, and took his seat in the House of Lords. In 1887 he became Ambassador to Paris, in succession to Lord Lyons, a post he held until his death last week. Lord Lytton was honored by nearly all the Universities conferring their most prized distinctions upon him, and the Queen made him a Knight Grand Commander of the Star of India, and a Knight of the Indian Empire. He married Edith, daughter of Hon. Edward Villiers, and will be succeeded by his eldest son, Viscount Knebworth.

K. D. C. The Greatest Cure of the Age.
K. D. C. The Dyspeptic's Hope.