

If we are to judge by the erratic behaviour of Emperor William of Germany on various occasions, we should say the Statesmen of Germany would have a rather difficult task to keep in his favor, but there has been evidence of late to show that Chancellor Von Caprivi has succeeded very well in so doing. As a mark of his appreciation of the Chancellor's skill in managing the new commercial treaties with Austria and Italy the Emperor has bestowed the title of Count on General Von Caprivi, and took the opportunity at a party given at Potsdam on December 18th to warmly congratulate the new Count upon his success in the Reichstag. The Emperor referred to these commercial treaties as the commencement of a new economic era, and said that the treaties had fortified the Triple Alliance, and strengthened the prospects of peace. The treaties are regarded far otherwise from this by France and Russia, against which countries they are directed. The *London Spectator* in an article on Commercial Wars points out some of the dangers of this tendency to cripple the trade of certain countries by means of tariff exactions. It says:—"To manipulate tariffs in order to drive hard mercantile bargains, is one thing. It is quite another to prosecute a political quarrel by means of duties. It is this form of hostility—a commercial war with the ruin of the enemy, not the supposed enrichment of the nation imposing the duties, as its object—which we fear is about to break out in Europe." . . . "They (the treaties) are a form of hostilities without bloodshed, which, if Lord Salisbury and the German Chancellor know what they are talking of, is going to play a great part in the history of the world. Prince Bismarck talked of a war of horse, foot and artillery, in which the winner would make the loser *saigner à blanc*. It looks as if the statesmen of the future would try to bleed the enemy white, not by arms, but by tariffs—to get up a boycott against her rather than assault her openly." There is food for thought in these reflections, and we ask whither are we tending?

The undertaking of great engineering works without adequate consideration of their cost, would appear to be such foolishness that sensible business men would refuse to have anything to do with such schemes. The Panama canal, M. de Lessep's splendid failure, is an object lesson for all enthusiasts, but it is to be feared that enthusiasts—and by such all great works are undertaken—are not made of impressible stuff, and they go right on with the attempt to realize their visions, just as if success had crowned others before them. We regret to say that the Chignecto ship railway appears likely to share the same fate as the Panama canal and be abandoned half-way to completion. Funds have given out, and Mr. Ketchum has been unable to induce the Government at Ottawa to assist the company in any way. The collapse of this undertaking cannot be regarded as anything but a blow to the whole country, for it has become widely talked of and the progress of the work was being closely watched by engineers all over the world. In all likelihood every newspaper on the continent has at some time since the commencement of the work made reference to it, and in many of the more important journals extensive illustrated articles have appeared, thus making the undertaking of more than national importance. In the County of Cumberland and all the country in the vicinity of the railway, its abandonment will be severely felt; for it is impossible to gather together large bodies of working men and their families, and after a time suddenly deprive them of the means of livelihood without causing great distress. This is borne out by the action of the Cumberland County Council last week, when it was unanimously resolved to send a petition from the Municipality to the Governor-General, impressing upon him the disastrous consequences that would be attendant on the collapse of the ship railway enterprise, and to express their hope that some way be devised to prevent that blow being given to the interests of the country. We hope, indeed, that there will be some means forthcoming to aid in the completion of the undertaking, for even should it never make an adequate return for the enormous outlay, it would be better to have it finished and put in operation than to have the money that has already been expended hopelessly sunk for all time.

Mr. J. G. Colmer, C. M. G., writing in the *Fortnightly Review* for December, discusses the question—"How is it that with all the great advantages Canada possesses there are so many Canadians living in the United States?" and finds the reason to be that before Confederation, when Manitoba and the North-West had not become accessible; before the manufacturing industry of Canada developed its present activity; and before the urban population began to expand at its recent satisfactory rate, many of the rising generation of Canada in all classes of life, went to the United States, as great inducements were held out to them, and it afforded better chances of success in life than they could find at home. The boundary line between the two countries is invisible; the same language is spoken, and it was but natural that with great opportunities opening in the States, large numbers of Canadians should flock there. The writer goes on to say that there is little emigration to the United States from Canada now compared with former times. This, he says, has been proved by inquiry made by the Canadian Government a few years ago, and that the Washington statistics are not reliable. He also refers to the coming back to Canada of numbers of settlers in Dakota, and thinks that the National Policy, the construction of the Canada Pacific Railway, and the consequent consolidation of the Dominion have been instrumental in keeping our people at home to a greater extent than formerly. As an offset to the Canadian

population in the United States he mentions the fact that there were 77,000 people born in the United States included in the census 1881, and there are probably more at the present time. All these facts he considers are natural consequences of the continuity of the two countries, and of the considerable trade done between them. Referring to the fact that the Canadian census returns show only an increase of 504,601, while the immigration statistics published annually indicate that over 886,000 new arrivals landed in the Dominion in the same period, he says:—"This seems rather startling, but it is to be feared that very little reliance can be placed upon the emigration and the immigration figures published by any country, although they are prepared with the best intentions, and in no country is greater care taken than in Canada." This view of the matter of population and our inter-relations with the United States is decidedly cheerful, and we only hope the author's surmises may be correct.

Are our homes homelike? is a question which it would be well for us all at the present day to consider. As far as the material furnishing of the house goes, no doubt it is more luxurious than formerly, and we cannot find fault with the home in this direction as long as the necessities and decorations do not exceed the bounds of rationality and make of the dwelling a mere show-place in which one is afraid to move for fear of wrecking some valuable nick-nacks. Such a spun-glass house is not a home in the proper sense, and this style of furnishing we think calls for warning. It does not follow that the elaborate drawing-room is the most comfortable apartment in a house. Such all must admit. Comfort and luxury are far from inseparable. But what really determines the charm and pleasantness of our abodes is the wife and mother. The old threadbare saying, "What is home without a mother," applies with just as much force now as formerly, every jot as much if not more. It has been asked of late where are our children's mothers—our wives? Whither shall we look during the day for many of those whose love and inviolate care is the true basis of a real home—the women who, like the long-sought stone, are capable of turning the rough and dull dross of a mere dwelling into the pure, glittering gold of a happy home? An answer has elsewhere been given which applies more or less to all places—"On the streets, at teas, luncheons, dinners, in the shops, travelling abroad, or away for an 'outing,' at Browning Clubs, Faith-cure Seances, Women's Right Meetings, Ibsen Reunions, Meredith Mornings, Blavatsky Circles, Indigent Female Rescues, Arriving Emigrants' Shelters, Mothers' Meetings, Church Sociables, Jewish Refugees, Bulgarian Bazaars—anywhere, everywhere, except at home." Remember the Priest first christens his own child, and that charity should begin at home, but of course ought not end there. It should not be *us*, but *ours*; then *theirs*. If everyone is for those they love, then God will be for all. It is said that man now has need of two wives—one for society, philanthropy, religious culture, art and science, and one, the dearest, for himself. If women but realized what a sacred and important office is theirs, and how capable they are of creating either a home of love or a mere den of unhappiness—what a difference!—they would bestow more attention on those who love them dearly, and manifest less desire to receiving the flimsy protestations of good-will which society extends to its hoodwinked devotees.

The Hargreave pearl case, which has been a nine-days-wonder in London, presents some such startling features as to call for more than ordinary condemnation of wrong-doing. Here was a young girl, delicately reared, who in the most unconcerned fashion purloined her friend's jewels for the purpose of converting them into cash. She perjured herself in an equally regardless manner, and when it was whispered that she was suspected of the theft, brought action against the Hargreaves for slander. She married her young husband with her crime hanging over her, and not only did she put on a bold front before officers of the law and others, and most successfully bamboozled them, but she basely deceived the man who loved and trusted her. One moment of hesitancy before the world or one moment of true womanly feeling with her husband would have brought the theft home to her, but with the firmness worthy of a noble end she stood by her gigantic lie until it was proved against her. There has been suggested no adequate motive for this terrible wickedness, and the whole affair remains as great a mystery as ever. Like Lady Macbeth, Mrs. Osborne appears to be composed of undaunted metal; she can possess no sense of right or wrong, and such a web of deceit as she wove would not disgrace the most practiced and abandoned criminal. The painfulness of the case has been greatly added to by the report that since her flight Mrs. Osborne has become a mother. If there is anything in the doctrine of heredity what chance of possessing any good tendencies will this child have? The wretched woman who has brought disgrace to her husband, of whom all speak in the highest terms, and to her kind-hearted brother, Captain Elliott, and others of her family, well deserves the social obloquy that will be her punishment, but she appears to have escaped the ordinary doom of criminals of her ilk. It is said that the bank notes she received for the gems and endorsed with her maiden name, are coming to light here and there. They were paid out chiefly in liquidation of dressmakers' and milliners' bills and if it really was for this purpose Mrs. Osborne ruined her whole life should not the lesson be taken to heart by many women who think of extravagance in dress as a very light matter? The portraits of Mrs. Osborne which have appeared in various illustrated papers show a face of a very low type, and all the fine and stylish garments she wears do not assist in the slightest degree to lend her any distinction, a daw in peacock's feathers is what she appears to be. The only light in the whole sad picture falls on her husband, Captain Osborne, for whom much sympathy is felt.

K. D. C. Restores the Stomach to Healthy Action.

K. D. C. Acts Like Magic on the Stomach.

K. D. C. The Greatest Cure of the Age.

K. D. C. The Dyspeptic's Hope.