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SATURDAY, APRIL 14, 1894.

ALL THE WORLD OVER.

"I must have liberty,
Withal as large a charter as the wind—
To blow on whom I please."

THE stone age, the bronze age and the iron age we have heard of; likewise of the Dark Ages, and other self-marking eras in human history. The golden age, also, has been talked of and dreamed of, and well-nigh every generation has imagined itself to be on the threshold of it. As for the present, it might with fitness be known as the age of engineering, or of electricity, both of which proud titles it has won by its achievements. Yet there is also a less roseate view to be taken of it, and another title to be given to it, based upon its too-evident frailties; namely, that it is an age of nervousness.

Such is the view taken by the famous psychologist, Dr. William Erb, of the University of Heidelberg. Nervousness, he says, meaning nervous excitement, nervous weakness, is the growing malady of the day, the physiological feature of the age. Hysteria, hypochondria, and neurasthenia are increasing with fearful rapidity among both sexes. They begin in childhood, if not indeed inherited. Minds are overburdened in school with too much teaching or misdirected teaching. The pleasures of social life follow, over-exciting the already enfeebled nervous system. Business life is made up of hurry and worry, and shocks and excitements. Society, science, business, art, literature, even religion, are all pervaded by a spirit of unrest, and by a competitive zeal which urges its victims on remorselessly. No man knows repose. The result is wreckage. The pharmacopœia is overcrowded with nerve tonics, nerve stimulants, nerve sedatives. The medical profession devotes its best energies to the treatment of neuropaths. And as a people we are, or are becoming, excitable, irritable, morbid, prone to sudden collapse through snapping of the overtense cord of nervous vitality.

This estimate is made by a careful observer in a nation that is reckoned comparatively phlegmatic and easy-going. That it applies with equal force to other nations and to our own is unfortunately not to be disputed with any degree of confidence. Nowhere are the rush and hurry and overstrain of life more marked than in this much achieving country. The comparative youth and freshness and vigor of our people enable them to do and to endure what would be beyond the power of an older and more worn-out community. Yet there is no disguising the fact that the pace tells even here, and often tells to kill. True, all the tendencies of the age are in that direction. Inventions, discoveries, achievements of science, all add to the sum of that which is to be learned, and widen the field in which there is work to be done. What we need to learn is, however, that all these things are for man, not man for them. If knowledge has increased, we should take more time for acquiring it, knowing that, with the consequent increase of power, we shall be able to achieve as much afterward in the shorter time as our predecessors did in the longer time their briefer study afforded. Greater ability should mean not only greater results wrought, but fuller repose as well. For it would be a sorry ending of this splendid age of learning and of labor to be known as an age of unsettled brains and shattered nerves.

More than once it has been my pleasant duty to testify to the efficiency of the Provincial police department as at present constituted and conducted, and now it falls to my lot to record a further proof of the executive ability of Supt. Hussey as well as the tact he displays in selecting officers and appointing them to various duties. What promises to be a satisfactory solution of the Savary Island murder has just been consummated in the arrest by Mr. Hussey and Special Officer Bledsoe of the long looked for Lynn, who was supposed to have been made away with after the other two men had been murdered. A blunder committed in the outset in conducting the inquest placed a serious obstacle in the way of the officers. The inquest was held at Vancouver instead of at the scene of the tragedy, and although it was apparent that murder had been committed, yet the delay thus occasioned along with the time which elapsed between the murder and the information reaching the authorities, proved a serious impediment in the way of the police. The circumstances of the case are still fresh in the public mind, and they point unmistakably to murder. With only the most slender facts to guide him, Mr. Hussey set to work on the case. A couple of men acquainted with the locality were detailed to make enquiries, with comparatively no result of any service. Eventually, Special Officer Bledsoe was assigned to the task, and, with the few facts already gained, he went North, where he spent the severest part of the winter among the Indians in their wilderness homes. Lynn and his wife, the principal parties wanted, were nowhere to be found, and, after an exhaustive search, Mr. Bledsoe returned, satisfied, however, from what he had learned, that Lynn was alive somewhere. Here it was generally thought that the matter was allowed to drop, but no; the Superintendent was still awake, and Officer Bledsoe had a little mission to execute across the Sound, in which excursion Mr. Hussey took part, the consequence being that the much sought for Lynn is a guest of the Government. The tact and ability with which this whole matter has been conducted is creditable in the highest respect to the officers who acted in it, for it is sure to go a long way, if not the entire length, towards clearing up another Stroebel case, only a far more serious one.

The eclipse last week, although not visible in this portion of the Queen's dominions, provoked quite a little discussion among a few of the local astronomers. Partial eclipses do not, as a rule, interest the ordinary man of business; as long as there is light enough for commercial purposes, things go on about as usual. The average business man is rather short on astronomy. It is too deep a science to go into curiously, so he lets it alone, as a rule, although there are a few notable exceptions. One of these is an old friend of THE HOME JOURNAL, Mart Egan, of the *Times*. Mart speaks Irish fluently, as a result of several years residence in the Emerald Isle, and it was during the time that he was U. S. minister to Ireland that he went in for spots on the sun. There was no end of argument at the Hotel Victoria, the other day, as to whether the first astronomical discoveries were properly attributable to the Egyptians or the Irish. A Vancouver man held that the Egyptians knew all about the regulation of the seasons by the sun, and had regularly established observatories long before the Milesians ever thought of Ireland, while Mart rejoined with a profuse use of Irish names of localities and eras, that astronomy was taught in colleges in Ireland long before Joseph secured his option on the corn crop of Egypt, and also that the government had established a mathema-