

flags to wrap the world around. The school children have waved it joyously everywhere, and many a time in some lonely country house I have seen a man or woman or little boy come to the door of the cabin as we hurry by, and wave the starry banner in greeting to our train."

So may it be in Canada. The unity of the Empire and the maintenance of our British institutions and connection is pregnant with good or ill to the world, and it is more than folly, it is criminal, to treat disruption in a flippant or indifferent manner. No better words than those of Colonel Howard Vincent, M.P., could be used to sum up this great question: "For the United Kingdom the stake is a past expenditure of fathomless treasure, the investment of £2,000,000,000, an annual trade of £200,000,000, markets under our own flag of unlimited extent; our very existence as a great nation, as an industrial community, as Mistress of the Seas. For the Colonies the stake is an inexhaustible supply of capital so long as there is the guarantee of security afforded by the solidarity of the whole, markets also spread over the globe, the prestige of Imperial power and the solid advantage of powerful fleets."

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Toronto.

NAME THEORIES.

IT is a curious thing that this money-grubbing nineteenth century, which prides itself on being practical and realistic and is ashamed of tears or sentimental expressions, should be also an age of romantic names. Anyone looking over the roll-book of a large school or college, or any similar record of names, will find in it a fair sprinkling of Elaines, Cordelias, Ethelwolds and Corydons, or, at least, of names somewhat like these, while Percy, Roland, Gladys, Hilda and Beatrice easily outnumber Susan and Martha, Peter and Dick.

Of course a reaction will some day bring us an era of Kezia and Keren-happuch, with an occasional Jashubilchem. I came upon a sermon by Dr. Talmage the other day, written with the intention of consoling and encouraging people who start handicapped in the race of life; among others, those afflicted with such names as the Jewish ones mentioned, but I believe too fine a name to be an equal misfortune. If a Gwendolen or Guinevere does not happen to be beautiful, can you expect her to be useful? And it is rarely that a man with either a very high-flown or a very uncouth name makes a brilliant success in life. "Thady O'Flynn" or "Patrick O'Rafferty" would need all the power of the Irish vote to be elected President of the United States, but "Edgebaston Rochester Fotheringham" would, I believe, have even a worse chance. You will find that most people, if they have a choice, prefer a safe and solid mediocrity of name for the persons with whom they do business, probably from an unconscious impression that the characters of the owners will be equally free from embarrassing or dangerous originality (which is by no means sure to be the case). It would be rather interesting to ascertain if the "John Smiths" in the penitentiary records bear the same proportion to other names as they do in the Directory.

It seems quite reasonable to think, like Miss Botay Trotwood, that "it would be much easier to have been born a Jackson, or something of that sort," than with such a "South Sea island" name as "Peggotty." Few people can help forming an idea of the person from the name, and that certain characteristics are associated with certain names or classes of names can be pretty well proved from fiction. "Margaret" is almost invariably dowered with height and force of character, and generally with beauty and goodness. F. Marion Crawford's "Countess Margaret," Mrs. Gaskell's "Margaret Hale," and Mrs. Alexander's "Margaret Grantham" will serve as specimens. The latter lady suggests well the contrast between "Maggie" and "Margaret." "Helen" is very often similar in character to Margaret, but not so strong nor so invariably good. There are, of course, almost as many varieties of "Maries" in fiction as in real life, but I cannot recall a single frivolous or giddy Mary, and few unamiable ones. "Nelly," a favourite name with Walter Besant, is usually of a gay and rather impetuous disposition, and "Hetty" and "Kitty" have generally something of the same character. Everyone must remark the different expectations formed of "John" from what we look for in "Jack," and it is odd that while "John" is generally a good boy, and "Jack" very often a bit of a scape-grace, "Francis" is much more likely to be a villain than "Frank," in fiction, at least.

Many authors have a favourite name, which they are prone to repeat; Anthony Trollope has more than a dozen "Maries," and D. Christie Murray is very partial to this name. Jean Ingelow's favourite (or most often-repeated) name is certainly John, and the Rev'd S. Baring-Gould has a remarkable fancy for giving his female characters names which begin with J. It is a curious circumstance that a bad heroine has nearly always a fine name, while the good ones may have quite simple and common names; it is not rare to find charming heroines called Jane or Susan. With heroes it is quite otherwise; man evidently needs more to make him heroic, especially in the hands of modern novelists, and derives assistance from a name such as Guy, Bernard, Kenneth, Basil or Geoffrey. I will almost defy a veteran novel-reader to find a Peter or Jacob with any romantic pretensions; Anthony Trollope's "Phineas Finn" and "Jonathan Stubbs" merely prove the rule, being certainly so called out of pure contradic-

toriness. Dickens and Thackeray hardly ever made heroes in the modern sense, but Bulwer "went in" for both fine names and heroes extensively. George Eliot is, I think, the happiest of all novelists in giving thoroughly characteristic names, without a tinge of caricature, and this is another proof in support of my theory that the name affects or expresses the character. (My friends say that, like the lieutenant in "The taking of Lung-Tung-Pen," I am too fond of "the ourisin," but will anyone maintain that Arthur Donnithorne could have acted as he did if his name had been Joseph? Or that Caleb Garth could possibly have been called Francis? George Eliot knew better.)

Here is a whimsical passage from Jean Ingelow on the subject of name-characters: "She (Sarah de Berenger) said: 'I've a new gardener named David. Now we can hardly suppose that Providence interferes, when a child is called David, to change the colour of his hair if it is going to be black; but it is strange that you will find any man named David always has sandy hair, or, at any rate, light hair. . . . But that,' continued Sarah, 'is only one out of a number of names.' Does it result from the eternal fitness of things that a woman named Fanny (always in fiction, and generally in real life) is frivolous? . . . In fact, I believe it is the observation of this fact which causes people not to use the name half so much. Then again some names are quite gone out, because it has been observed that the girls who bore them always became old maids. Miss Grizzel, for instance; Griselda was once a favourite name—Miss Penelope, Miss Rebecca, Miss Tabitha. . . . I wouldn't call a son Lionel on any account, she continued, unless I wished him to go into the army; nor Robert, if I objected to his taking holy orders; nor Godfrey, unless I knew beforehand that he would be fat, and nothing I could do would prevent it; nor Gilbert, if I wished him to pay his debts."

I have myself seen some curious instances of a certain character or fate, following a certain family name, and, though no doubt mere coincidences, I think there are strong arguments for naming children after persons you would wish them to resemble; however, it is necessary to remember that, though we can all be good (perhaps), we can't all be great. Charles Dickens named all his eight sons after writers of note, and not one of them has attained fame. After all the perversity of human nature is such that the most carefully chosen name might appear to act by contraries; a namesake of Mark Twain might abhor jokes, or even a "Brigham Young" remain a persistent joker.

G. W.

PARIS LETTER.

THE Russian "Boom" is in full swing; nothing can parallel it save the Boulanger craze, or the Anglo-Franco alliance against the Muscovite in 1854. How long, it is asked, will the gush continue, or rather the unsigned alliance remain workable? Naturally till interests, not principles, clash. It is unfair to judge a young couple in their honeymoon by ordinary sub-lunary standards. Something has been done, something was in the air, at Cronstadt. We are told that the visit of the French fleet to the Baltic was one of intimate friendship; that to be made to Portsmouth will be simply one of politeness—a *bonjour* and an *adieu*! Under the Second Empire the *invités* to *Compiègne* were divided into series, based on the thermometer of friendship.

The crank about Russia is gaining the cool-headed classes. Soon M. B. H. Hilaire will be the only anti towards the union of the two Governments. Like Hugo he can say: if there be only one, I will be it. As there is no public opinion in Russia and only an official press, it is not easy to know what the boyards and mujiks think. There is no reason to doubt they will follow the sympathies of the Czar with the *Marseillaise*—that doxology of liberalism. As for the French there can be no question as to their sincerity; they wear their hearts on their sleeves; they have abducted Holy Russia; with her they now feel able to blow all the other powers and principalities into "an everlasting smash." The dual, like the triple, alliance claims to be the warder of the peace of the continent. Like the young lady over-guarded gentle peace may escape. The platform of the *triplice* is the maintenance of realm-boundaries as they exist; the *duolice* does not subscribe to that. Happily there is nothing cloudy in the pretensions of each, nothing hideable in the resources, strength and combinations of either. When will the peace-rivals come to blows?

Another serious attempt is to be made to apply the co-operative system among the artisan classes. It will be limited to consumption, as productive co-operation is next to an all-round failure in France. The Belgian plan, known as the *Maison du Peuple*, will be tried. It commenced operations a few years ago in a cellar, and now turns over annually millions; it sells the two pound loaf nearly three sous cheaper than the ordinary baker, and combustible from three to five frs. per ton below current prices. The bakeries are fitted up with all modern appliances, and an oven turns out 104 loaves of two pounds per seventeen minutes. The secret of success was found to lie in the society delivering the bread and firing at the residences of the subscribers who pay the porters in copper tokens, representing certain money equivalents. Every Sunday morning society collectors call on subscribers to exchange tokens against cash. These services are voluntary. The net profits are divided quarterly

among the members. As the new French tariff will cause a tremendous rise in food necessities henceforth, Parisian workers are right to prepare in time. Then the taxation is crushing. De Goncourt observes that Germany has one solid advantage over France in Alsace—the lightness of the taxation imposed.

The Church appears to have got into a mess and muddle with the Republic. Cardinal Lavigerie led the evolution of the Catholic party to sink their personal opinions on Monarchy and rally to the Republic; he was followed in this crusade by the Bishop of Grenoble, and the movement is well known to have the sanction of the Pope. The exodus Republicwards appears to hang fire. Royalists will stick by their phantom hopes and allow the clergy to go their own way. In the meantime they refuse their aid in money and other material assistance to such clergymen and parishes as join in the new departure. This collapse is said to be breaking Cardinal Lavigerie's heart. It has knocked the bottom out of his organization of Saharian armed monks. The Bishop of Grenoble attributes the refusal of the Republicans to receive the political converts, clerical or monarchical, to the influence of the Free Masons, and so calls upon the Catholics as a body to unite and force their admission into the strongholds of the present constitution. But what more can they do than what they have tried under the Duc de Broglie and the Boulanger fiasco? There is one fact that Republicans should ponder over, the increased attendance at the religious, at the cost of the lay, schools. France ought to imitate England and America in leaving education free, and at the same time allow her citizens to hold open air meetings. She might convert Russia then to these tolerations.

The International Congress of Tuberculosis has not produced any definite results in the way of curative treatment, nothing to which any consumptive patient in the doomed stages of the disease can cling to for hope. A *de profundis* was executed over Dr. Koch's tubercule, but there was no *Te Deum* chanted in honour of any certain cure. It appears that there are varieties of tuberculosis bacilli, but how rid the lungs of them is the question. The contagibility of consumption was re-affirmed and resolutions adopted calling upon the authorities to take charge of the disinfecting of premises where consumptive persons died, and to organize a severer inspection of meat and milk by veterinary surgeons. All milk intended for consumption should be first boiled, and no cow permitted to enter a city dairy unless provided with an official bill of health.

Henceforth all telephonists must be fifty-nine inches in height, and, of course, French. This stature is nearly two inches less than that required for conscripts. The mean average height of Frenchmen is a little over sixty-five inches—the tallest are in the north-east of France. French women measure less by two inches the average stature of the other sex. As atmospheres are redolent of census work, and discussion is taking place over the word "Demographie," the latter term, it may not be generally known, was invented by M. Guillard in 1855, and was the title he gave to his work where he treated as a science, with the aid of statistics, studies of human life in births, marriages and deaths, and the relations and results of these phenomena. The following may be timely facts: Eight per cent. of the population of France is illegitimate, and sixteen per cent. die before twelve months old. There is 47.8 of the population engaged in agriculture; 25.1 in industry; 11.5, commerce; 2.8, transport and marine; public force, 1.7; administration, 1.9; liberal professions, 3.0, and living on their money, 6.2.

Senator Jules Simon observes that England produces four times as many men as France, and that Germany bids fair to conquer the United States of America. France can to-day turn out five millions of armed men, but in twenty years, he asks, how many, in presence of her dying out population? The French do not build all their castles in the air; forty years ago the number of châteaux in the country was 20,000; at present the total is 22,300. It is only right to add that any farmhouse with a dovecot turret is dubbed a chateau. There are 311 manors existing that were erected in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries; 894 in the fourteenth and fifteenth; 3,114 in the sixteenth, and the rest in the succeeding centuries. Of the feudal edifices, nearly 3,000 have still draw-bridges, moats, etc.

A story is going the rounds of a Minister who mislaid his portfolio in a committee room of the Chamber of Deputies, and said to be full of important private papers, whose secrets were as well guarded as that of the baccarat scandal at Tranby Court. This recalls an anecdote when Lamartine was Minister of Foreign Affairs in 1848; he requested M. A. Houssaye and Hetzel, the publisher, to call on him. They duly arrived at the Hotel de Ville, and were shown into the Minister's private office, and begged to wait a few moments for Lamartine. The red ministerial portfolio lay on a table full, as was naturally supposed, of terrible state secrets, Europe being then in one vast boil and bubble. "Suppose we peep into it," said Houssaye. They did so; one pocket was full of newspaper cuttings, eulogizing Lamartine; the other contained numerous letters to the Minister from fashionable demi-mondians.

This is a terrible moment for colleges and schools, vacation speeches and distributing of prizes. As all the official lyceums' proceedings are ever as like as two peas, I decided to accompany a leading American educationist to Versailles to witness that ceremony at the Bertrand Professional and Industrial Institute. It is a live establishment, worked independent of State aid, so unobstructed and not compelled to follow Governmental procrustean