

ENGLAND'S GREAT CHAIN.

A Route by Which She can Circumnavigate the World.

We scarcely think any apology is necessary to the readers of this journal for publishing the article given below: It is taken from the New York Morning Journal. Originally intended as an eye-opener to citizens of the United States, it will be equally a revelation to many Canadians, a majority of whom after reading the article will probably have a greater appreciation of the resources of their own country and of the great Empire to which it belongs, as well as of the important part Canada is bound to play in the future in all things appertaining to the well-being of that Empire.

"I am sure it will be the wish," wrote the Marquis of Lorne in 1886, "of all patriotic men, be they British or Canadian, that the backbone of the Dominion (the Canadian Pacific Railway), may, year after year, draw ever increasing profits. Troops and freight may thereby be sent by a route 1,200 miles shorter than any other to China and Japan. Mail service, if sent over by this way, will be greatly accelerated, and none but British ground and none but British ships need be touched from London to Hong Kong. It is a noble work nobly performed."

It will be observed that the clever Marquis, in summing up the advantages which would result to England's policy of Imperial Federation from the creation of the Canadian Pacific Road, puts the transportation of troops first. He does it unconsciously, but he means exactly what he says. Troops are thought of first—freight next. These words become significant to-day, in view of the tremendous preparations which England has been making for the past few months, and is making now, for the completion of her Iron War Chain Around the World—that world in every quarter of which some portion of what she is pleased to term her "Empire" is located. The words are significant, and invite our close attention to the fact that within ten years Great Britain has done the greater part of the work of completing this war chain, and rejoices over it as over no other fact in her recent history.

Why does she rejoice? Because unimpeded by any legislation or action on the part of the most powerful nation on this continent, she has been able to forge the strongest link in her imperial armor. While millions of Americans have been complacently believing that England's policy was a gradual loosening of her hold on everything upon this continent, she has, on the contrary, been grasping the territory north of us more and more closely to her, literally with hooks of steel. Instead of indicating any idea of gracefully retiring some day to the fastnesses of her northern islands, she has placed her leonine paw upon the whole splendid domain north of our boundaries, and has said: "Here I am, and here I remain. This is my highway to the Orient. Here I may and will do as I please. My war chain is to be followed by my trade chain, and I will draw to my highway the trade of the country which a century ago rebelled against me."

Great events are quickly accomplished in these modern days. It seems but yesterday that we heard that Halifax and Bermuda were to be united by a submarine cable. It seems but a month or two since the announcement was made that a fast line of ocean racers was to be put on between England and Canada. It seems only a few months since we were told that a fast steamship line, enormously subsidized by England, is to be put on between Vancouver on the Pacific coast and Yokohama and Hong Kong, running our American line from San Francisco off from the seas.

We said "Goto: shall these things be?" And while we were contemplating our broad expanse of territory, lo! these things are! They have been accomplished. The cable unites the island fortress of Bermuda with the historic fortress of Halifax; the steamships which may at any moment be transformed into heavily-armed cruisers are ready to plough the seas, and an English general announces that he is going to make a "trial trip" of 1,200 soldiers from Hong Kong via Vancouver and the Canadian Pacific Railway to Bermuda. Four days after the Bermuda cable is laid to Halifax he makes this announcement. So eager are the builders of the Imperial policy of England to see whether the new machine works perfectly.

A reporter who has interviewed many men of national prominence on this subject, obtained the following views from an American statesman who does not care to have his name appear at present:

"The war chain of England is complete," he said. "But why," say some, "do you call it a war chain? Is it not simply a series of facilities for increasing trade; and is it not natural that England should fortify its own possessions from time to time?" "Let me answer the first question first. It is a military one. It is also a trade chain, because always follows in the track of preparation for war. But pray rivet your attention upon one very important point in this matter. In these modern days of intense international competition the nation which imposes its trade is the one which gets the most trade. You must not only manufacture good goods, but you must thrust them upon the attention of the buyer. You must place them under his very nose. You must carry them to him in your own ships. You must convince him that you are strong enough to follow him up and make him pay if he tries any tricks, and it is wonderful how this plan works. A nation which follows this plan of imposing its goods must always be prepared for attack. If it pushes into outlets where there are strong rivals and manages to get a temporary advantage over them it must be prepared to make it permanent."

"That is what England's war chain means. That is its end, aim, purpose. Now, follow this a little further, and see where it leads. This iron war-and-trade chain (let us call it so) has been created for a double purpose, of course. One purpose is the complete emancipation of England from the territory of the United States for any of the uses of a through route of one of the long sections of the round-the-world channel in which the great international currents of commerce flow.

"You must admit that this has been achieved. The other purpose is naturally the great increase of facilities for hurrying troops from one side of the world to the other, in case of a great war.

"Now, let me suppose a case. Let me suppose that actual naval warfare were engaged in by the United States and Great Britain for the settlement of the vexed seal fisheries

question. Let me suppose that Russia espoused our cause and that a very pretty little fight were on. Do you not see England sending by her fast vessels regiments of troops from Bermuda and Halifax, rattling across the Canadian Pacific Railroad to Vancouver, and then away again in warships, to land on our coasts or to worry Russian settlements? Evidently. And in such a case, what would be our duty? Would we not be fatally bound to make an attack upon her war chain of steel and iron, along which it is the knowledge of this fact and of the other fact that everything is possible in the politics, and that great war invariably grows out of the clash of great trade interests, that has prompted England to hasten the completion of her great war chain?

"If I were an alarmist I might also point out the ease with which, in case of hostilities between Great Britain and the United States, England could transport armies from India and armies from the British Isles, along the new war-chain route, and drop them off at convenient points opposite our northern frontier, where they could make excursions and end of trouble. But my aim is not to borrow trouble nor to excite the imagination. It is simply to point out the more important things rendered possible by the creation of England's war-and-trade chain. And right here let me take into momentary consideration that one which is the most important of all."

"At the time of the completion of the Canadian Pacific Road, a Chicago writer, reviewing the enterprise, wrote thus: 'The Canadian Pacific has been built as a national highway, and to develop the region through which it passes. Travel and freight traffic between Europe and Asia are to be diverted from the long all-sea route and from the railways now reaching the sea at Portland and San Francisco, and the trains of the Canadian Pacific and the fast steamers Vancouver and China and Japan will offer all possible inducements. There is no fear that American railroads will not hold their share of Transcontinental business against this new rival, but it is not unlikely that rates may be materially reduced in the struggle. The suggestion that this ambitious railway may also reach over and take business right from under the eyes of American roads seems comical and yet it appears to be apprehended.'

"Comical? So it seemed to the Western writer in 1886. I wonder how it seems to him now, after the pulling away of trade from American railroads by the Canadian Pacific has become a notorious fact, and has even been the subject of long investigation by a Congressional committee. It is scarcely comical now, and if present progress in the same direction is maintained, five years hence it will be still less comical than the most sanguine temperaments have ever been able to consider it. When our first transcontinental lines were built, what infinite congratulation there was over the fact that the commerce of the world was to flow along the channel created by the railways across our great republican domain! How loudly we talked about the guarantees of international peace offered by the fact that England's mails and much of her vast commerce with the Orient would pass through our territory. The Canadian Pacific had not been thought of then, and, indeed, the Northern Pacific was only a nebulous dream. Our illusions lasted a long time. But it is hard work to cherish them any longer."

"England's War-and-Trade Chain has changed all that. England has forged herself a steel road, independent of us, right across the American Continent which will pretend to dominate, and she is arming it heavily at every point against us and against our trade. Her war-and-trade chain is part of an immense mechanism to crush out American competition, and to fight America, insists upon struggling to retain, perhaps to dominate one day in, the markets of the world."

"In 1880 the work of constructing the Canadian Pacific Railway, which had been blocked or retarded by local Canadian jealousies, was surrendered to a private company, England, with a gigantic subsidy, behind the enterprise. I say behind it; the support was not open, yet it is clear that Canada never could have done the work alone, and subsidized it with \$25,000,000 in money, besides as many millions of acres of land."

"The close of 1885 found the company in possession of not less than 4,315 miles of line in the world, extending from Quebec and Montreal all the way across the continent to the Pacific Ocean, 3,060 miles. Eight hundred more miles were added in the next three years. One line was extended eastward from Montreal across Maine to a connection with the railway system of the Maritime Provinces, affording connection with Halifax and St. John's. Another was completed from Sudbury, on the main line, to Saint Ste. Marie, at the outlet of Lake Superior, where a long steel bridge carries the railway across to a connection with the two important American lines leading westward; and the whole line is earning profits of \$6,000,000 annually."

"All this does not permit of any illusions as to a pacific annexation to the United States by mere attraction of gravitation in the course of time, does it? If Canada alone had constructed her railway merely for the purpose of binding together her provinces and unifying her domain, the illusion might remain. But when we see either end of the line guarded and fortified by the most aggressive trader in the world; when we see every nerve of that gigantic power strained to compete against us to prevent the rebirth of our commerce on the seas, and by powerful existing steamship lines impossible, in our farther adherence to our illusions would be silly, if not criminal."

"The greatest of submarine cable layers is reported to have said in conversation the other day concerning the new cable from Bermuda to Halifax: 'Military? Of course, it is military, and almost exclusively so. Its commercial uses can never be of sufficient importance to pay for its construction.' 'Of course it is military; it puts England's war chain into instant communication with the War Office in London, and enables a man with his finger on the telegraph key to move huge masses of men and ships at either end of that great war chain, stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast.' 'At this moment England is working as hard upon the fortifications of her vast naval station on St. George's Island in the Bermudas as if she apprehended immediate war. Presently the garrisons there will be occupied by men brought through Canada

from Hong Kong. At Halifax, where the vast harbor extends sixteen miles inland, the work of fortifying is as brisk as it was in the old Napoleonic times, when it was chautanen travelled in convoys, protected by armed ships. All through the Dominion, wherever a point in the war-and-trade chain has strategic importance, it is carefully strengthened."

"And Vancouver, the war chain's terminus on the Pacific coast? Here is a town confessedly the rival of San Francisco, and built for the purpose of taking away its trade, growing up under the shadow of fortifications and great guns, and protected by an armed fleet, always on duty at a station only a short distance away. Vancouver was a wilderness in 1886. To-day it is a city, with miles of streets and docks, and steamship lines to China and Japan—all part of the war chain. The fast subsidized English steamers sails every fifteen days for Japan. They take a route 800 miles shorter than that of the steamers from San Francisco. They are getting the trade in tea and silks. And England, continuing to fortify with feverish activity, seems to say: 'Yes, we are getting your trade and diverting the world's trade from your highways; and what are you going to do about it?' 'That is the question. Uncle Sam is thinking it over. Meantime England goes on testing the strength of her war chain.' 'If she were to do in South America one-eighteenth part of what she has done in Canada, Uncle Sam would long ago have knocked the chip from her shoulder.' 'But in Canada, I reckon, she's sorter to hum' says Uncle Sam."

Baldness.

Baldness is a rare infirmity among ladies. Doubtless reasons because they are their own hairdressers. Occasionally the hair falls out after severe fevers, as typhoid, but it is usually restored without treatment. Some ladies seem to have inherited a tendency to baldness. Thinning out of the hair also occasionally occurs in consequence of constitutional ill health. Probably no better "hair restorer" has been found than cantharides. A simple, and perhaps as good as any other tincture, is made with one ounce of the gum and ten ounces of water. This should be well rubbed into the scalp every day. Quinine has some reputation as a hair tonic. The usual proportions are two drachms to a pint mixture should be made up by a druggist, who will need to add a little dilute sulphuric acid, and a few drops of some perfume oil will render it more agreeable. It would be well, also, to add to each pint of the mixture two or three ounces of glycerine. Apply this tonic once or twice a day. A rapid gain must be expected from the use of any hair restorative. Even the best of them are not likely to have any noticeable effect until after they have been persisted in for several months."

Girls Should be Good Swimmers.

"It is remarkable," said a well-known teacher in a natorium at Philadelphia recently, "how the women, especially the young ones, are developing their ability and skill as swimmers. We have had this season nearly one-third more pupils than we had at this time last year, and many of them are turning out splendidly. I don't want any better scholar than a plucky girl who is not afraid of the water and goes into it with the determination to learn how to swim. This class of learners are away up in the majority, and it is a rare thing to find a timid young woman, or one who wants to retreat after the first few lessons. As a rule they are as enthusiastic as they are vigorous, and they quickly take to all the various styles of swimming and floating. You must remember that a girl has, in proportion to a man, a larger expanse of chest than buoyancy permits. They have come to know this, which perhaps accounts for their growing fearlessness in the water. Just teach a courageous girl the proper motion of the arms and legs, and you have in her the making of a good swimmer."

A Rule of the Plains.

I saw a girlish looking woman holding her husband's arm as both were enjoying the gorgeous spectacle on the platform in the Madison square garden the other night. I could not help conjecturing what a flood of memories would have risen to her mind had some one rushed into the amphitheatre and shouted the single word, "Injun!" The couple were an army officer and his wife, and though you may not all know it, that means that more than once he has been pledged to shoot her at an instant's notice. It is the rule—the humane law—on our plains that when the savages are on the war-path and a husband and wife are traveling in their country the husband shall kill the wife the moment it becomes evident that she must otherwise fall into the hands of the redskins. Terrible as it is to think of slaying your wife and only fancy what noble women those wives out there must be, no man would hesitate if he knew that by doing so he would save her from indignities that make death at once a trifle and a joy.—[Chatter.]

The Charm of Good Manners.

No one who has any appreciation of grace and beauty in nature or in art can fail to recognize the claim of fine manners in an individual. We rejoice in them as we do in a lovely sunset view or a beautiful piece of architecture or a fascinating poem, for their own sake and for what they express; but even beyond this they have another attraction in the magnetic power they exert upon all beholders in setting them at ease, in sweeping away shyness, awkwardness and restraint, and in stimulating them to the expression of whatever is best worth cherishing within them. It is manners, whether it be in the home or the social circle, in the workshop or the counting-room, in the visit of charity or the halls of legislation, has an immediate effect in reproducing itself, in diffusing happiness, in developing the faculties and in eliciting the best that is in everybody.

MEAGRE SATISFACTION.—Creditor: "Then you refuse to pay? Have you, then, not a particle of honour left?" Debtor: "Oh! certainly, if that will satisfy you."

A meeting of the inhabitants of Heligoland was held on Monday, at which a grateful farewell address was adopted to the Queen of England.

Isosomy, the great English stallion, earns \$9,000 a year in fees.

The Power of Little Things.

Mr. L. A. Bennett writes: "You have many times heard of Carisbrook Castle, in the Isle of Wight. For many reasons this ancient pile has a very special interest to us, and a great many visitors go to see it. Some of you may have been amongst the number; but if not, it is possible that you have never heard of a wonderful old Roman well which is one of the curiosities of the place. The well is very deep indeed—so deep that the lighted lantern which our guide let down to give an idea of the distance appeared to mere speck of light before it reached the water. A patient-looking donkey draws up the water from the well when it is required. For many years it has been the habit of visitors to drop a pin into the well. How I think you will be very much surprised to hear the result. Some years ago the old well was cleaned out, and how many pins should you think were found in it? No less than thirteen bushels! Think for a moment what an immense number of pins it would take to fill even a quart measure; and then try to let your imagination multiply the number 416 times, and you will admit that the number is almost incredibly large. Can you imagine that the tiny pins dropped ever have amounted to so many? I am sure you will not. I heard the story I doubt not, but when I asked the guide about it, he assured me it was true. 'Of course, there was some little mud amongst them,' he said, 'but after as much as possible had been removed there still remained more than thirteen bushels of pins, stuck as closely together as they could be. Ah, it was a strange sight!' 'How could they amount to so many?' 'Don't know, I am sure, ma'am excepting that, you see, people continue to do so.' 'Oh yes, ma'am.' We dropped our pin in towards the next thirteen bushels, and turned away, thinking that we had seen a new and striking example of the power of little things. The power of little things is a power which is underrated, but one which we would like to impress upon our young readers. 'Only a pin' we say; but have we ever paused to wonder what becomes of the thousands and thousands of pins which are being made day by day? 'Only a pin!' Yet it takes ten men, we are told, to complete even a pin. 'Only a pin!' Yet it is bad enough to need a pin and not to be able to find one. 'Only a minute!' But how often does the wasted minute grow into the wasted hour? And under the pretext, 'only a minute' the golden weeks and months have been frittered away which might have been, and ought to have been, turned to good account. 'Only a glass!' And yet, perhaps, that one glass has proved the first step towards a drunkard's grave. 'Only a word!' Who shall tell the untold misery, the years of wretchedness and blighted affection, which have resulted from the unkind and hasty word? 'Only a penny!' 'Only a sixpence!' And the extravagant wish has been indulged, until the habit grew strong in the young spendthrift, and he would blush to know how large an amount has been squandered in self-gratification; whereas a little self-control would have reserved it for some worthy or generous purpose. The power, the influence for good and evil of little things, it would be difficult to over-estimate, yet how many realize it too late. Time, talents, opportunities for usefulness, opportunities of acquiring knowledge—all these should be improved day by day. Too many are waiting for some great event to arouse them to action, but the happier and better way is to go steadily on in the way of duty, seeking daily in God's strength to take up our share of the burden of life, and to lighten as far as may be the burden of others. Even a child may do this. Even a child is known by its doings. The promises of God's Word are as truly meant for every Christian child as for Christian men and women. Go forth into the world as a little Soldier of the Cross, fighting the battle of sin and with Satan, in the strength of the great leader, Christ Jesus. Remember always, seen in the light of eternity, nothing appears trifling which affects our character or our influence with others."

A Battle in the Surf.

While the bathers were enjoying a bath in the buff at Avalon, N. J., says the Philadelphia Times, a large school of porpoises made a dash up the coast behind the breakers. There were over one hundred of these slippery monsters so hard to catch in a net, and they never bite at a known bait. A good-sized porpoise will devour a bushel of moss bunkers or young drumfish at a single meal, and just now the surf is filled with small drumfish feeding at flood tide. The man-eating shark likes the same kind of diet and many a bloody conflict ensues between these robbers of the great deep when they meet on common feeding ground. In front of the hotel there is considerable depth of water and the porpoises came so near that many of them could have been reached with a fishing rod. Suddenly, as the school of porpoises were tumbling over each other in play a four-foot shark made a dash out of the water, pursued by a ten-foot porpoise. The porpoise succeeded in biting a piece out of the man-eater and made a vicious plunge at the shark in mid air, while the sea became red with blood. Both fish were in a duel to the death. Neither tried to escape. The shark was the swiftest in motion, but was an unequal antagonist. The porpoise would dive under him and strike him in the belly under the water, to the great discomfort of the man-eater, whose jaws were not big enough to make much impression on the tough hide of the slippery sea-hog. Three times they met in mid-air and struck each other as two bullets would but each other with their antlers. The porpoise slowly retired ten feet and with the swiftness of lightning struck the shark in the middle and ripped him open. The man-eater soon floated, dead, out on the sea, while the porpoise, badly hurt, followed his companion up Townsend Inlet.

Not a Kick, but—

Wise Mother (from head of stairs)—"My dear, I wish you wouldn't sit up half the night reading novels." "Pretty Daughter (from the parlor)—"Why, ma, I'm not reading. Mr. Lilliwhite is here." "Wise Mother—"Oh, I beg his pardon. I thought you had gone, Mr. Lilliwhite, and I was afraid my daughter was injuring her eyes reading. It seems I was mistaken. Probably the noise I took to be the front door closing was only the hall clock striking ten."

Dancing Birds.

There are human dances in which only one person performs at a time, the rest of the company looking on, and some birds, in widely separated genera, have dances of this kind. A striking example is the ruficolle, or cock-of-the-rock, of tropical South America. A mossy level spot of earth, surrounded by a well kept cleared of sticks and stones, and a cockbird, with vivid orange-scarlet crest and plumage, steps into it and, with spreading wings and tail, begins a series of movements as if dancing a minuet. Finally, carried away with excitement, he leaps and gyrates in the most astonishing manner until, becoming exhausted, he retires, and another bird takes his place.

In other species all the birds in a company unite in the set performances, and seem to obey an impulse which affects them simultaneously and in the same degree, but takes a principal part.

One of the most curious instances I have come across in reading is contained in Mr. Bigg-Wither's "Pioneering in South Brazil." He relates that one morning in the dense forest his attention was roused by the unvoiced sound of a bird singing—songsters being rare in that district. His men, immediately they caught the sound, invited him to follow them, hinting that he would probably witness a very curious sight.

Cautiously making their way through the dense undergrowth, they finally came in sight of a small stony spot of ground, at the end of a tiny glade, and on this spot, some of the stone and some on the shrubs, were assembled a number of little birds, about the size of tomtits, with lovely blue plumage and red top-knots.

One was perched quite still on a twig, singing merrily, while the others were keeping time with wings and feet in a kind of dance, and all twittering an accompaniment. He watched them for some time, and was satisfied that they were having a ball and concert and thoroughly enjoying themselves; they then became alarmed, and the performance abruptly terminated, the birds all going off in different directions. The natives told him that these little creatures were known as the "dancing birds."

Work and Win.

The sweetest cherries, mind you, lad,
Grow highest on the tree;
And would you win the fairest fruit,
One thing I'll say to thee:
It falls not at the clicking gay
Of any idler's self—
You'll have to climb the rugged tree,
And gather for yourself.

'Tis vain to wait the fruit to fall,
Or pelt the tree with stones—
You'll have to struggle bravely up,
And risk some broken bones;
You only waste your time below,
And get indifferent pay—
If you would reach the ripest fruit,
Just throw your fears away.

'Tis with everything in life
That's worth the owning, lad—
With learning, wealth and character—
The best the good and great have had,
They come not at the nod or heft
Of any idle hand—
'Tis only those who bravely toil
May have them at command.

If, then you want the ripest fruit,
Just labor till you win;
But mind thee, boy, while up you climb,
Keep heart and hand from sin;
The best and grandest guerdon, lad,
If brought with wicked wage,
No peace and comfort yields at last,
But curses on your age.

Out of the Mouth of Babes.

Children are often capital judges of human nature. They lay their fingers by instinct on a person's most characteristic trait. The Spectator had a very charming friend whose great fault was that he was never in earnest; he treated life as a great piece of humor, and his entire conversation was made up of satire, irony, and badinage. The Spectator had another friend, aged five, who was in the constant habit of hearing this gentleman's conversation, and who was one day asked by the gentleman what his ambition in life was. "Well," said the little fellow, "I do not mean to be a fooling gentleman." No more acute criticism could have been made by the most discriminating adult mind. The Spectator has another friend, a clergyman of great repute and many-sided usefulness, who in former times fell into the way of rather large talking. He used sounding phrases which meant more to the ear than to the mind. This clergyman had a very bright boy whose fifth birthday fell upon a Sunday, and in the morning the boy was told by his father that he would be asked to say grace at dinner. Accordingly after the morning service, at the dinner table, the little fellow was requested to ask a blessing. He proceeded immediately to screw up his eyes and, imitating exactly his father's tone, said: "O Thou Power and Glory, we thank Thee for the Evil Spirit. Amen." The clergyman in question immediately withdrew from the table, perceiving at first only the humor of the situation, but perceiving later, with great clearness, the acuteness and point of the unconscious criticism of his own style. Perhaps, if parents realized more thoroughly how keen the eyes of children are and how retentive their memories, they would receive a new incentive to self-control.

A Determined Boy.

An English farmer saw a number of hunters coming on horseback. He did not want them to go over one of his fields, because the crop would be injured, and, perhaps, destroyed; so he put his boy at the gate, and told him not to open it. On came the hunters, and commanded him to open the gate. He refused. They offered him money. He would not take it. Then a noble-looking man rode up, and said, "My boy, I am the Duke of Wellington, and I command you to open the gate." The boy took off his hat, and said, "I am sure the Duke of Wellington would not wish me to disobey orders. I must keep this gate shut. No one can pass through but with my master's express permission." The Duke was pleased, and, lifting his hat, said, "I honor the man or boy who can be neither bribed nor frightened into doing wrong. With an army of such soldiers I could conquer the world."