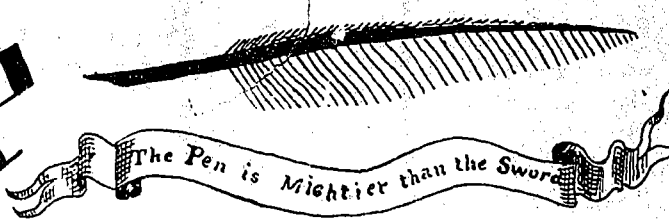


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P. 150

The Pen



A Literary, Historical and Critical Review.

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PRICE, 2 CENTS.

In proportion as subscriptions come in we will increase the size of our paper. Friends desirous of more reading matter know what to do in order to secure it. We have the material, all we need is the space; and each dollar will help in procuring that.

EDITORIAL SUMMARY.

In an early issue we will commence an original and heretofore unpublished Canadian story. It is a tale of Canadian shanty life; a record, half romance half history, of a period and of men that will soon be forgotten. The pioneer days should not be allowed to sink into oblivion.

We are exceedingly grateful to the many friends who have so far encouraged our venture. It could scarcely be expected that merchants would sign advertising contracts with only a prospectus and a blank sheet of paper before them: yet a glance at our columns will show how heartily the mere idea of such a publication has been received. The timid and careful, those who feared it might not be a success, and helped to realize their own fears by withholding assistance when most needed, will soon be glad to enjoy the benefits of THE PEN'S circulation.

As the subscriptions are what we mostly depend upon for a fair start, and as they are payable in advance, we would once, and for all time, beg of our friends to forward them to our address and to do so without further solicitation. A careful note will be taken of all who promptly come forward at this juncture to aid in firmly establishing our review; and they may rely that their generosity will not be forgotten as the months roll on.

We do not wish that this number should be considered as a regular sample of THE PEN. The first issue has its many difficulties, that once mastered re-appear no more. The amount of matter that each column contains, the division of the subjects, the arrangement of the pages, the

trimming, cutting, adjusting and re-fixing that forbid a perfectly systematic review must all vanish for the future. It is easily understood that much has to be omitted in this number that otherwise would appear in proper place; some features of the publication are more extended than is consistent with space; others are too curtailed to suit the editor's views and aims. But "Rome was not built in a day"; however, once built she became the Eternal City.

As it is practically impossible for us to write to all our friends throughout Canada, we beg of each one to accept a copy of THE PEN in place of a letter, and to lend us at once a friendly hand by sending us all the subscriptions that he, or she, can secure. Timely help will always be remembered. We also ask that our friends read our advertising columns and note the various cards, the addresses and names, so that they may know where to bestow their patronage. In future no references will be made on this page to ourselves or our business.

THE PEN commences its career almost at the eve of Christmas. It is a season of enjoyment, peace and "good-will." In again addressing the public of Canada we wish to convey the sincere expression of our most kindly sentiments, and to unite with each household in a full participation in all the joys and blessings of the h' time.

A boxing match, or prize-fight, between two "sporting characters"—Barry and Croot—took place the other day in London. Croot was killed by Barry. Columns of the press had details of the twenty rounds fought; a few lines only announced the fact that the life was beaten out of one man. Are we gliding back to the days of barbarism? or has the inhuman appetite of the masses become so ravenous that a great and most influential institution of this century—the press—finds it necessary to pander to its brutality? O, Tempora! O, Mores!

Chief Justice Davie, of British Columbia, and County Judge McDougall, of Ontario, hold very different views on the question of divorce. The former would have it restricted to the Senate; the latter would have it under the jurisdiction of the County Courts. It is difficult for us to see how any two opinions could exist in the minds of learned and Christian men upon the subject. The incorporation of the Mormons is objected to in the Northwest, on account of their belief in polygamy; divorce, carried to its logical results, is merely the door to the temple of polygamy. The age will yet learn this truth, at the expense of domestic happiness and family security.

Shade of Louis Kossuth! How the old patriot would rejoice to witness the disgraceful scenes that recently took place in the Austrian Legislature! But if the revolutionist of fifty years ago has vanished from the scene, Herr Francis Kossuth, his son, succeeds him, and is as ready as ever was the father to stir up the spirit of independence in the breasts of Hungarians. The compact between Austria and Hungary seems to be drawing to a close; statesmen of the former country are standing over a volcano. That a crash is coming needs not the eye of a seer to perceive. What will be the result of the upheaval none can predict.

It is remarkable that about twice in each hundred years some political earthquake rocks the nations of the old world, and in the vibrations and convulsions that are felt, thrones totter, crowns fall, systems vanish, and new combinations arise. Towards the close, and about the middle of the century are these shocks experienced. One hundred years ago—1797-98—France, Austria, Italy, and almost every continental Country passed through the fiery ordeal of revolution. Fifty years ago—1847-48—Italy had an insurrection, France has a revolution; the effects of these out-bursts were felt from end to end of the continent. We are now approaching the close of the

nineteenth century: are there signs along the horizon that indicate a repetition of what fifty, and of what one hundred years ago was the order of the day? It would be unwise, to say the least, to ignore, to under-estimate the present uneasiness and insecurity.

An extraordinary character is the Emperor of Germany. It may not be "according to Hoyle" for humble mortals to criticise a personage of such exalted rank; but, with all due respect, we can only conclude that he is either a genius or a madman. If the former, he must have some wonderful plan in his brain, and the omnipotence of his kingdom must be its aim; if the latter, it is time that the serious and solid elements of the country combine to prevent him from making her a laughing-stock abroad and a wreck at home. His last move regarding the navy is in keeping with all his other flights of fancy, or ambition. It is easy to draw up gigantic schemes as long as the people pay for the experiments. It would seem as if Germans were getting weary of so much bombast—it is costly and dangerous.

There is still some serious talk about the Manitoba school question. Many are under the impression that it will again occupy the public attention; Hugh John says it will not be taken up by any party. A section of the press has declared it to be "a dead issue," and has chanted a *Libera* over it. But where a vital principle has existed no obsequies can prevent a resurrection. That the minority purposes carrying on separate schools is evident from the fact of collections being made for that purpose on all sides. And as long as the Catholic schools will have to depend upon subscriptions, so long will the question be kept alive.

How comes it that statesmen, writers, and legal lights, who have busied themselves with the study and explanation of this *Educational* question, have not considered it from any standpoint except that of *Instruction*? *Instruction* is only a factor in educa-