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NYE AS A NATURALIST.

Cincinnati Furnishes Some Zoological Thoughtlets—O'Hoolihan's Views on Divers Subjects.

Seeing the Elephant—Sad Tale of a Fight with Flames—How Four Souls were Saved.

[Copyright, 1892, by Edgar W. Nye.]

Cincinnati has one of the most attractive zoological gardens in the United States, the fauna displayed there being of an unusually robost and attractive quality. Fondness for a close study of animal life has ever been a characteristic of mine, and on arrival in any city of considerable size I register, send up my luggage and inquire at once for the zoological gardens. Soon afterward you may see me engaged in studying the sloping shoulders of the giraffe or the low, retreating forehead of the crocodile.

AT THE ZOO.

Professor Louis Agassiz, with whom I have lectured a number of times to standing room only, divides the earth into three fauna, viz.: 1. The arctic. 2. The temperate. 3. The tropical. The arctic fauna was homogeneous, and embraced the northern extremities of the several boreal continents down to the isothermal zero. Possibly I do not make myself quite plain, but a little thought will make this perfectly clear. The arctic fauna embraced those animals which, like the polar bear, prefer a strictly meat diet during the winter, exhibiting a strong repugnance to oatmeal and adhering to their heavy jaegers the year round.

The arctic fauna also embraces the walrus, the penguin, and the pemmican. The salt horse and Cincinnati quail are also found as far north as the utmost limit of exploration and human vertebrate.

Rodentia and pachyderms do not do well in the arctic fauna. The season is too short. I would never take my pachyderms too far north. Insectism does well here, and some gallinaceous birds, notably the penguin and the toboggan, but pachyderms and articulata are very seldom found here.

Cincinnati has two good specimens of the polar bear. This animal is found in the extreme north, subsisting mainly on kippered herring and young explorers. The white or polar bear can sit for hours on a cake of ice without taking cold. What a wise arrangement of nature this is which enables the polar bear, even when heated and perspiring after a long, hard chase after an explorer, to seat himself on an iceberg with impunity while eating his explorer. This animal is also enabled to go for days without food. Last winter, for instance, is said to have been a very severe one on arctic fauna. Toward spring, it is said, thousands of arctic animals were driven from their usual haunts by cold and hunger, many of them barely eking out a wretched existence by licking the axlegrease off the north pole.

The polar bear, however, pulled through without great suffering and in very fair condition, while thousands of other arctic animals died off, owing to the fact that curiosity regarding the open polar sea is apparently falling off, and the carnivorous animals of the polar region are now often seen to pause and look at each other as who should say:

"Don't it seem to you that it is getting to be a pretty long time between polar expeditions?"

About the only real merit attached to the arctic regions, it seems to me, is the fact that there is said to be absolutely no malaria there and very few mosquitoes. On the other hand, the tropical fauna must continually grapple with a very malarial climate. The very *sine quinine* of a climate, as it were.

The tropical fauna is represented in the Cincinnati zoological collection by a number of good specimens, among others a pair of chimpanzees, called Mr. and Mrs. O'Hoolihan. Mr. O'Hoolihan is somewhat below the medium height and resembles the late Mr. Crowley, of New York. Mr. O'Hoolihan has a pale gray eye and John C. Calhoun whiskers.

In politics he favors a republican form of government with a Democratic majority. Socially he is rather liberal, and would no doubt lead a double life if he had not been placed where his actions are constantly under the public eye, as it were. One of the most touching pictures I have ever seen, I think, and one well worthy of the brush of a Rembrandt or a McDougall, is that of Mrs. O'Hoolihan on a Sabbath morning fussing around among Mr. O'Hoolihan's John C. Calhoun whiskers with a fine comb.

Mr. O'Hoolihan favors the election of senators directly by the people, and also urges that in this day of popular prices for good entertainments that seats in the senate are too high. He would favor making them ten, twenty and thirty cents.

Mr. O'Hoolihan also favors the free and unrestricted coinage of silver, together with a more rigid rule regarding its absorption by those who already have some. His theory is that the government should offer a certain percentage of premium to those who now have money, and by that means ascertain truthfully what amount each citizen has. Then it should announce that it had made a slight error as to the meaning of the law, and turn right around with what silver it has and what it can coin by means of a new brick and tile machine which will make money as fast as a big factory can make carpet tacks, and even up the whole thing so that all mankind may start in square again.

Mr. O'Hoolihan favors also the apportionment of brains in the same way if possible, otherwise the able men would fool the other folks out of their money again in a week, and all this apportionment would have to be gone through with again. He does not know yet very fully how he will even up the gray matter business, but he thinks it can be done. He claims that when surgeons are able to open the skull of a foolish person that has failed to grow, thus giving room to the brain so that the idiotic, by having a gore or a gusset put into a skull, have been able to almost think inside of a week, whereas they formerly did not know enough to ache when they got hurt, he thinks the day is not far distant when the man who knows too much may be made to "whack up," as it were, with the mental pauper. Proper officials will go around with a brain tester for people to think against, and by means of a graduated scale the official can tell whether a man knows more or less than the law allows.

In this way the smart Aleck who knows it all, and who tells his parents how to grow up to be good men and women, will be compelled to fork over some of his ability to the poor fellow who has failed as a sand pounder.

Mr. O'Hoolihan favors more rigid marriage laws, especially requiring those who marry to refrain from shooting each other within the first year, and also restraining them from publishing their divorce proceedings, so that children are liable to get hold of them. He believes in having suitable places, with sanitary plumbing connected with them, where people may go to get their divorce business and soiled linen attended to.

Asked his opinion regarding English humor as compared with Irish and American humor, he said:

"The English humor of to-day is of a restful character and used mostly as a means of relaxation. In the days of Thackeray and Dickens Englishmen seemed to enjoy a mirth provoking humor of the American order, it seems to me, but now it runs largely to puns and petty larceny. It is a sadder humor than ours, a good style to adopt during Lent. English humor with sulphur and treacle can do no harm, I think.

"An Englishman came over on a Cunarder the other day, and the passengers put the customs officers 'on to him' because he seemed to have swollen up so rapidly the day before reaching New York. But how do you suppose he got out of it? He told the officers that the day before he landed the passengers got him to talking on the tariff, and before he had an idea what he was doing he had enlarged upon it!

"He turned out to be the song and dance editor on the staff of Punch, who was coming over to America for his health, also for the purpose of organizing a school of what is called Whitechapel humor, which is quite popular in England now."

The Cincinnati zoological works possesses the tallest and handsomest giraffe grandiflora that there is in America, so I am told. It can easily eat out of a third story window, and belongs to Rescue Hook and Ladder company, No. 3, of Cincinnati.

THE ELEPHANT WAS NOT FEELING WELL

The elephant was feeling very poorly when I saw him. His skin looked dry and feverish. When he walked his overalls rattled together like tin clothes fastened together with wire.

The mandrill is a strange looking beast with a brief but spirited tale. It has a blue nose, but flushes easily if taken by surprise. It then goes and buries its face in its hands in an embarrassed way, erroneously thinking that it is secure from view.

It was on board a train between Wheeling and Pittsburg the other day that I heard a sad tale. It was told to me by a refined Kentucky gentleman who was selling ballot boxes under the Australian system. He said that he could also provide voters when it was desired. He said that nothing for years had called forth so much genuine ingenuity as the Australian ballot system, not only on the part of those who wish to defeat its operations and effects, but on the part of those who wish to make the successful ballot box booth, etc., so as to be the official manufacturers of voting furniture. He told me of a Swiss gentleman from Tell City, Ind., who has perfected a portable booth, ballot box, guard rail, rope and six chairs, all of which fold up into a space 31½ inches thick, and the package does not look larger than a good sized atlas.

This gentleman was attending church a few weeks ago when the shrill cry of fire burst forth on the street of the village. The pastor had been unusually interesting in his talk and unusually strong in his vigorous attacks, especially upon gambling, drinking and the desecration of the Lord's day. Every one was greatly interested, for the pastor's heart was in the work and his burning words were listened to with rapt attention, for his language was as powerful as it could be without violation of clerical etiquette and the statutes in such case made and provided.

Fire, however, had broken out in the hotel near by, it seemed, and so in the midst of his eloquent and fearless battle against these vices he broke off suddenly to aid in saving property. He formed a bucket brigade, and aided by the four other pastors, who had also hastened to the scene, a line of pails soon extended from the nearest pump to the ladder running up the side of the building.

For hours the good man fought the flames without ever pausing for breath. The hook and ladder company did the awearing while he carried water. They pulled down ivy vines, ate hotel pie, filled the air with imprecations and ever and anon rolled up their sleeves to see if their muscles had grown any since they last examined them.

Finally, seeing that the hotel could not be saved, and that a little cottage near it was threatened, the pastor said: "Let us save this little home at least. Put blankets on the roof and keep them wetted. Work with a will, boys, and we may save this little 'cot' even though the hotel perish."

Finally, after hours of struggle in the choking smoke and heat and discouragement, the flames died down and, surrounded by ruin and wreck, the little house stood by itself safe and unscathed. The pastor went in to see if everything still remained unharmed and to receive the thanks of the occupants. There was no one there, but on the table, face down, were four unusually good hands, running all the way from the straight to the bobtail flush, while in the center of the table stood the tempting jackpot, and near by, on a sideboard, a tall receptacle with willow environments containing spirits, arranged and dramatized by a gentleman named Pepper.

The cottage was what is called in that country a "Speak Easy."

A "Speak Easy" is not a moral place.

The pastor put on his coat and princess vest and went home, and as he went some one heard him say: "Whoso is simple, let him turn in hither. He that reproveth a scorner getteth to himself shame, and he that rebuketh a wicked man getteth himself a blot."

BILL NYE.

CHANGE OF AIR.

When we consider how great a boon and a restorer, far transcending all drugs, is change of scene and air, it seems worthy of discussion whether we should not supply the hospital physician with far greater facilities than he now possesses for prescribing it; whether, in fact, every hospital ought not to possess as a matter of course country and seaside homes under its own management just as it now dispenses for itself every other kind of medicine. A striking illustration of the unsatisfactory nature of an arrangement under which hospital patients needing change must seek the good offices of an independent institution was afforded when, as happened when a well-known convalescent institution—now happily conducted upon more righteous principles—refused to allow a hospital to subscribe upon the ground that the latter would want to make use of its privileges! When it is stated that a payment of 7s. per week is required of each inmate in addition to the production of the letter, making a total weekly contribution of 10s. 6d., which is almost, if not quite, an equivalent to the cost of his food, the unreason of the refusal becomes still more apparent. In the more enlightened future, which we venture to think hospital work has before it, we may be sure that the physicians will be enabled to order "change" like any other medicine, and convalescent wards will be considered as a part of the needful equipment of every medical institution.—Hospital.

COST OF CHILI'S WAR.

The Chilian Congress has issued a statement of the amount of money expended by the late dictator, Balmaceda, in his effort to sustain himself in power:—The dictatorial issues amounted to 20,642,952 dols. in paper, and 774,358.50 dols. in subsidiary coinage, a part of two-tenths fine and part with a reduction of 20 per cent. in the weight. In December 1890 the banks' issue did not exceed 20,285,000 dols., the Government issue was reduced to 21,287,616 dols., while the metallic reserve had been augmented to close upon 4,000,000 dols. Such was, briefly, the financial position of the Republic on the eve of dictatorship, which, to sustain itself, spent 20,000,000 dols. at the disposal of the Treasury in the Republic and in Germany; contracted debts for 9,000,000 dols. more; made use of nearly 1,500,000 dols. of the metallic reserve; and issued in illegal paper money and debased coinage a total of 21,417,310 dols. As the report states:—"These acts, viewed in their financial aspect, mean a loss to the Republic of upwards of 20,000,000 dols. and an increase of debt of upwards of 45,000,000 dols., of which last amount upwards of 20,000,000 dols. is in paper." These figures do not include the expenditures of the Congressionalists in overthrowing Balmaceda.

Special to THE COLONIST.]

REDFERN FASHIONS.

The Modern Pessimist a Whitened Sepulchire—He says "Nothing is Like it Used to Be."

But he Does'nt Want it to Be—Fashions of 1830 Revived—Sporting Costumes.

New York, May 1892.—How awfully fashionable pessimism is in this our era. We deplore everything and yet don't try to alter anything, we think everything about as bad as it can be, and lurking behind all this croaking humbug, seems to whisper that very few people want it changed.

A few revolutionists,—viz.—people who are not in the charmed circle of fashionable life, but just near enough to see others enjoying themselves,—want it all altered. Those who are in the game shake their heads and say that nothing is like it used to be and that it is useless trying to attempt to reproduce the past, but it is noticeable that they don't advocate reform. Oh, there is no sort of whited sepulchire like the cheerful pessimist of the nineteenth century.

Conversation, they say with a air of cheerful resignation, is a lost art. Since the days of Madame Recamier, and her contemporaries it has gradually but surely degenerated. And yet these same mourners of the epigramatic past, talk to each other with a slangy brevity worthy of a schoolboy.

Letter-writing they mentally weep over as well. So much so indeed that the letters of the past are printed published and bound in morocco, vellum and calf as specimens of something lost and gone forever: something that they admire tremendously and yet they patronize the messenger boy and the telegraph offices and write their curt messages in the fewest possible words.

Then they say that the novels now are not literature. Scott and Macauley they say are worth reading, but our modern writers—Pshaw!—and yet while Scott and Macauley stand unread on their library shelves "The Duchess" and Zola lie in well thumbed copies on their dressing tables. Of course they all attack dress. It is irrational, grotesque, unhealthy and unpicturesque. At the same time the sale of corsets, high heeled shoes, and trailing skirts goes on and the buyers are the modern pessimists.

Authorities on fashion tell us that the fashions of 1830 are to be revived for wear this year. The hat every one knows well, the crown like an inverted tea-cup and the brim rather wide. The crown encircled by a wreath of flowers and the whole set back on the head. Strings are not to be worn by the best people, as the most fashionable style of hair dressing will not admit of them. Skirts are still narrow and scanty, with trains which though all object to yet all wear. Bodices have eccentric revers, smart yokes, and above all corselets of lovely materials. Waists are nearly all round. Sleeves droop from the shoulder, and are very wide and full to the elbow and from thence tight to the wrist. Quantities of satin ribbon will adorn the summer gowns, and the gold and silver trimming that has been worn in such profusion is beginning to be seen less and less.

Our illustration shows two costumes that between them combine all that is most fashionable.

The standing figure wears a gown of fawn colored crepon with a Figaro jacket of shot fawn and green silk. The corsage is made with finely drawn pleats which come to a point at the top and bottom and are somewhat formal in appearance. The vest portion is also full and satin ribbon is used as a trimming for the corsage. The edge of the skirt is trimmed with the shot silk edged with a narrow galoon trimming. The sitting figure wears a gown of light summer silk. The bodice is made in Directoire style with large revers and an abundance of chiffon arranged carelessly between them. A wide Empire belt is worn with this costume and a narrow frill of the material runs round front drapery and up the side. The sleeves are very full and are caught into a large puff above the elbow.

LE BARON DE BREMONT.

KEEPING A DIARY.

Not very long ago, the habit of keeping a daily record of the events of ordinary life was supposed to be a very virtuous one, and likely to be of great service to growing youth. Parents and guardians would explain that, like the account-book the diary served to inculcate methodical and careful habits, possibly they also imagined, in the fondness of their hearts, that it would exercise a restraining influence, and that the youth under their care would be persuaded by it from doing those things which he would be ashamed to record. Unluckily, it was easier for human nature to refrain from recording than from performing actions of a doubtful character, and the influence of the diary in that respect was very negative indeed. An American humorist, Mark Twain, gives in one of his books extracts from a diary which he was compelled to keep as a boy. After a very short-lived attempt to write that which might be pleasing to the eyes of his friends, he contented himself with the following concise summary of the day's doings: "Got up—washed—went to bed," which statement he repeated daily, with an occasional omission of the washing. Some children there must have been to whom the labor of keeping a diary was a pleasure; indeed, while it was in vogue, the practice was probably responsibfe for the making of a great many prigs. To-day, happily for those who are young, the keeping of a diary is no longer considered an obligatory and necessary part of education, and only those keep diaries whose will it is to do so. Apparently the people who do go through this trouble are a great deal more numerous than one would have thought. One can understand the diary that is kept with a definite purpose by travellers and officials; but it is difficult to imagine why so many people lead perfectly dull and uneventful lives, should be at such pains to record day after day their trivial doings and impressions. One would think that the perusal of such records in after years would be a task before which the bravest heart would quail. Now and again it may happen that a forgotten date or a name may be remembered by reference to a carefully kept diary; but it is rare that such a remembrance is of any use or importance. More curious still, however, must be the frame of mind of these people who not only record their actions of every day, but who write down day after day, at considerable length, their thoughts and such confidences as they would not make even to their dearest friends. They use the diary as a confessional. It is a disagreeable thing to say, but we doubt whether the man or woman ever lived who made an honest use of that confessional. No man or woman would ever dare to lay bare, not the wickedness—for of that they would be much less ashamed—but the hopeless stupidity and barrenness of their every-day thoughts. At the best, they write what is palpably insincere, and written for some other eye than their own; at the worst, their wit gives their confessions a spurious air of frankness and truthfulness. Their confessions, which they make in private, are really meant for the public, and upon every page they pose and posture before the eyes of all the world. Even when such a diary is started with an honest motive, it generally manages to seduce its writer from the path of sincerity, and unconsciously leads him to try and deceive himself. The diary, published a few years ago, of a young Russian lady, which created a great sensation at the time and was hailed by its readers as an extraordinary and most interesting revelation of the inner workings of a human soul, seemed to us to be a very fair type of such confession-books. As a piece of literary work, it was admirable; *somme document humain*, it was worthless.

OUR OTTAWA LETTER.

A Prolonged Session in Prospect—the Liberals will Fight the Redistribution Bill.

The B. C. Lieut.-Governorship not Definitely Fixed—Press Reports Criticized.

[From Our Own Correspondent.]

OTTAWA, May 14.—Although it was stated positively, yesterday, that the Grit caucus had decided that the Redistribution Bill should not be unduly opposed, and this information came from such positive sources that there seemed no possibility of doubting it, yet my own impression is that the chances are this decision will be knocked on the head, and that the Liberals will strenuously oppose the measure. It may be that the report has been circulated with a view to lulling the Conservatives into a false feeling of security. Hon. Mr. Laurier informed an intimate friend of mine, to-day, that the Liberals would undoubtedly fight, which may be taken as a plain intimation that the hot sweltering days of summer will see Parliament in session. The Grits, however, are, clearly not at one as to the line of action which they shall take. Some are anxious to let well alone, believing that, if they accept the Redistribution Bill as it is, they will avoid a worse evil, which may possibly overtake them. In other words, the feeling among Conservative members is that the bill is not radical enough, that more "hiving" should be done in Western Ontario, Eastern Ontario and what is known as the Quebec District in the sister Province, although, I am glad to say, this feeling does not extend to all members on the Government benches. The bill, which is at present before Parliament, is as fair to one side as the other. The gains and losses which either party may make are about evenly balanced, but if the radical amendments suggested are incorporated the Grits would undoubtedly be the sufferers. I believe that Sir John Thompson honestly desires to treat his opponents fairly, but there is no telling to what lengths Grit obstruction may drive the ministerialists. The more the Grits kick the worse the measure will become for them. The talk in political circles just now is Goldwin Smith's editorial in the Mail of Wednesday in which he scathingly denounces the bill.

CAREY CASTLE'S COMING TENANT.

The matter of the British Columbia Lieutenant-Governorship is still quiescent here, although, judging from the comments in certain British Columbia newspapers, the office has practically been filled. Some journals go so far as to congratulate Hon. Mr. Abbott on the choice he has made, although, as I have previously pointed out, no action will be taken on this particular question until after the session. Lest something should have happened to change this decision of the Government, I broached the subject to the Premier, this morning. He informed me that he had received stacks of letters in reference to the Governorship, but that his invariable answer to all had been, what I was the first to officially announce, that Governor Nelson would be undisturbed until the session of the Dominion House was closed. Beyond that the Premier did not care to say anything, but it was clearly to be seen from the observations he let fall that this matter was by no means so definitely fixed as some British Columbia newspapers imply.

THE HOUSE AND THE GALLERY.

One of the members of the Press Gallery was the unwitting cause of a two hours' discussion in the House, on Thursday. It arose over the publication of a despatch in the English newspapers, sent through Reuter's agency, on the subject of the debate upon Mr. McNeill's resolution in favor of preferential trade between Canada and Great Britain. A synopsis of Mr. Davies' amendment was transmitted to England, and, by the time it reached the editorial desks in the Mother Country, had become so changed that its own father did not know it. The Times had a lengthy editorial upon the debate itself, in which Mr. Davies' amendment, in its changed form, was slightingly alluded to and dismissed, as Mr. Davin puts it, with a wave of the hand. Mr. Davies stated that he had received, from Reuter's correspondent, a letter, in which all intention to pervert the truth was disclaimed, the mistake having occurred in "filling out" the despatch in England. Mr. Davies, however, neglected to inform the House that the correspondent, as soon as the mistake was discovered, had sent the full text of the amendment by cable to the English press. Upon this point Mr. Bowell quickly picked Mr. Davies up, and the member for Queens evidently did not relish the fact that he had been caught in the attempt to deal unfairly by the newspaper man. Then Sir Richard Cartwright got up, and in his usual vitriolic manner, intimated that he did not accept the correspondent's explanation. He thought the error was designedly made, and was simply a part of a general system of misrepresentation. Then up spoke the minister of militia. "The honorable gentleman is evidently thinking of his own letter to the Economist. He judges everybody by himself." "My letter speaks for itself," snarled Sir Richard, "and every word of it is true." There were loud jeers from the ministerial benches, and the knight of the rueful countenance from behind his goggles glared fiercely at the majority. Continuing, he said "it is not only true, but is known to be true by everybody in England, who knows what the people who are misgoverning Canada are doing." At this a perfect bedlam of jeers arose from the Government benches. Sir John Thompson was on his feet in less than a minute, whereupon the noise at once subsided. In a calm and dignified tone the leader of the House remarked, following up Sir Richard's outburst, "so true that Canadian stocks rose the next day." To this Sir Richard had not a word to say, while the Ministerialists simply yelled themselves hoarse with delight. After a few more speeches in which the methods of the cable correspondents generally were severely criticized, and in which the Dalziel's agency, which has sent out more lies about Canada during the past two years than any other known organization, came in for a great overhauling, the discussion closed. The point of the whole matter is, owing to the fact that the Ottawa liar has been loading up the American press with rubbish for a number of years, a bad impression has been created throughout the country, so that when an innocent error is made by a truthful writer, a wilful and wicked desire to distort the truth is attributed to him. Mr. Davies himself promptly accepted the explanation of the correspondent, but brought the matter before the House, in order that, public attention having been drawn to it, he might secure correction. Sir Richard Cartwright, blinded as he is by passion and disappointment, declined to accept any explanation at all, but what is most surprising of all, is that David Mills, who for a number of years past has been familiar with the routine of a newspaper office, should allow his party prejudices to run away with his better judgment, in order to injure a brother newspaper man.

PROVINCIAL ASSUMPTION.

Experience shows that it was a good move on the part of the Government to refer the bulky Bill for the codification of the Criminal law to a joint committee of both Houses, as otherwise if the measure had simply been left with the House it would have been so tinkered at and changed that instead of a good measure inconsistencies and contradictions would have resulted. The committee at its session of yesterday stuck at a point where the question of Dominion or Provincial rights crops up. In 1890, Honorable Oliver Mowat, who has been a great champion of the rights of the provinces, disputing the control of the Dominion Parliament to confer sole jurisdiction in criminal matters, passed an Act conferring criminal jurisdiction on courts of sessions in the Province of Ontario. Seeing that there are doubts as to Mr. Mowat's right to assume this power a number of Ontario judges have declined to be bound by the Act, dreading suits for damages in the event of prisoners being falsely imprisoned under the statute. The committee therefore proposes to try and devise a means by which this question can be definitely settled.

COLONEL PRIOR'S DEPARTURE.

It was with feelings of the greatest regret that many Members of Parliament said good-bye to Colonel Prior to-day. Your representative leaves here to-morrow (Sunday) evening for Toronto, and will depart from there for British Columbia on Monday night. Colonel Prior has worked energetically on behalf of Victoria, in conjunction with his colleague, Mr. Earle, since the opening of the session, and now that business engagements require his presence in Victoria, Mr. Earle will be left alone to watch Victoria's interests. In Mr. Earle's hands, however, your citizens need have no fear that their interests will be neglected. From time to time, it has been my privilege to chronicle, in the columns of the COLONIST, what your representatives have been doing in Victoria affairs in particular and British Columbia matters in general, in conjunction with the other members from British Columbia. On Provincial questions the greatest harmony appears to have prevailed. The members have pulled well together, and on those subjects in reference particularly to which joint action was needed they have stood shoulder to shoulder. Colonel Prior informs me that he does not expect to return to Ottawa this session.

INCREDIBLE CRUELTY.

The following London telegram shows what tortures are inflicted upon helpless children by parents who are not uneducated or of the lowest class.

Mrs. Montague has lost her right to be considered the most inhuman woman of the day. The report of the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Children, which was presented at the annual meeting today, wrests this reputation from her and makes her share with dozens of other women her notoriety for unheard-of cruelty. One can scarcely believe that such cases of revolting brutality as are related could have occurred. Not merely poor and coarse people have been interfered with, but the society also cites innumerable cases against families of clergymen, military men, lawyers and "gentry."

The sufferings of the four little Montague children from the continuous and inhuman cruelty of their own mother are painfully illustrated in the following disclosures. Bruises were inflicted on them, beatings and screams were heard from Mrs. Montague's bedroom, where the punishment was generally inflicted, and cries of "Oh, don't mother, don't." There were cuts on their faces, heads and feet. The punishment also included confinement in a dark closet for long periods without food, and sometimes without clothing. They were made to walk barefooted outside the house, were tied to a tree and dragged along head downward. Their bodies looked as though they had been scourged, their clothing and bedding were saturated with blood and their bath sponges were covered with blood. They were deprived of food for the merest trifles; they were kicked across the stable and their hands were put on hot pipes in the stable.

At last conduct such as this cut short the existence of the youngest child in that tragedy of hunger, nakedness and confinement in a dark closet, and not till then were these deeds of darkness brought to light.

Some characteristic cases which are cited by the society are worthy of notice. For example, punishing a child by putting pins into its nostrils; putting lighted matches in a child's nostrils; biting a child's wrist and burning the wound with lighted matches; burning the limbs of a seven-months-old baby till they bled; keeping a baby in the cradle for weeks till fungi grew around the child as a result of rottenness; shutting up for hours in a dark closet a two-year-old child; tying a rope around a boy 6 years old, dipping him in a canal, bringing him up, and when he has recovered dipping him in again and repeating the operation time after time; keeping a child in a cool cellar till its flesh became green; tying cords tightly round a child's thumb and then tying the extended arms to the foot of a bedstead and beating the child with a thornbush.

It is satisfactory to note that in most of these cases punishment of some sort was inflicted upon the offenders. Students of human nature will be interested in knowing that many culprits pleaded in excuse their sense of the importance of moral discipline and their pious regard for the souls of their victims.

Housekeepers, refurnishing in the spring, should not fail to call at Weiler Bros., 51 to 55 Fort street.