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THE TRIP HAMMER.

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The Trip Hammer.

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INDEPENDENCE.

HERE comes a day in the life of every man when he feels that the time has arrived when he must cut loose from the parental roof tree and go out into the battle of life on his own account. To some this period comes earlier, to some later. The same is true in a measure in the life of a nation. Sometimes the departure is precipitated by unexpected or unusual causes; sometimes is delayed until the separation comes to pass naturally, as the only proper course to be pursued. Has that day begun to dawn on Canada? We are told that it has; that from every quarter the cry for independence is beginning to arise and that its clamour must soon fill the land. We are told

so; whether those who tell us are trustworthy, is another matter. On the supposition that they are, it will be well for those who are joining in the cry to be sure of their ground. Independence is a grand thing, both for a man and for a nation, if it can be truly and honorably achieved, and if it be a reality when gained. But may it not sometimes happen that the cost at which it has been purchased has been too great, and that it is only a sham after all? We confess our inability to see how, on the whole, Canada would be the gainer if to-morrow were appointed as the day when, at a given signal, the flag of England should disappear from Canadian flag-staffs forever, and in its place should rise the ensign of Canadian Independence. There can be no question as to what we should lose; what should we gain? First, the right to elect our own Governor-General, President, or whatever we might choose to call him. We may have this privilege this year if we want it. At least, that is our opinion. If the government and people of Canada were to make the request to-morrow, we believe it would be granted. If we think the privilege such a desirable one, why do we not ask for it? Second, our young men would fill positions in the service of the country, civil and otherwise, now usurped by outsiders, aristocratic friends and connections of vice-royalty and its train. No doubt there are positions in the gift of the government so filled, and perhaps if none but Canadians were eligible, there might be room made for a number of young fellows, who, as things are, will remain on the farm, become doctors, lawyers, school-teachers, mechanics, dry-goods men, grocers, book keepers, etc., or will haply blossom forth into that indispensable flower of modern society—the bank clerk. No doubt if some of these could be supplied with niches in the perfumed temple at Ottawa, where their finer natures would be more thoroughly appreciated, the country on the whole would be the gainer. And yet we have heard it remarked by coarse people, that it is only a poor ambition after all which sees its high-water mark in some aristocratic (?) position in the Parliament buildings at Ottawa, where it can serve its country three or four hours a day and draw its salary

regularly every month;—that there are other shrines more worthy of the homage of the youthful pilgrims of this land, than that which exists in the Mecca of the Civil Service. Then we should make our own treaties, without reference to the interests of Great Britain; should appoint our own ambassadors, and, of course, have our own standing army. If we were thirty millions of people, instead of five millions, these would be strong points in favor of independence; but we are not thirty millions. Being five, are we in a position to compel observance of treaties, supposing them made? Are we able to take upon our shoulders the enormous expense attendant upon the appointment of ambassadors, their trains, attachés, etc., to the courts of the world? Are we willing to take the necessary steps to defend our shores from the aggression of a foreign enemy without or the assaults of foes within, and, if willing, should we be able to do so with success? If so—if we feel ourselves in a position to say—kindly and tenderly—to our Motherland,—“We thank you for the past; for the fostering care with which you have watched over our childhood and our youth, but we have now arrived at man’s estate and we must say farewell. We thank you that, when we were weak, you lent us your strong arm on which to lean. Now that we are strong we must stand upright;—the world is calling to us to take up our burdens, and we must go. The children you have reared beside these Western seas are one in heart, one in interest, strong in the knowledge that there is no discordant note in all the harmony of our Confederation; so strong in the certainty of our unity and of the indissoluble nature of the ties which bind us together, that we can form an unbroken line of loyal Canadians from the Straits of Northumberland to Vancouver Island, and, whose watchword shall be for the new land, even as it was for the old—

“Come the four quarters of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them.”

“And so we say farewell. With all love and reverence for the memories of the past—with unclouded hopes for the future.” If we are sure of all this, we say—if our judgment tells us that it is all true—if we are able to take upon ourselves the burdens of a separate nationality, and to feel safe in doing so, why, let us go, as no doubt we may go, with our mother’s blessing.

But if there are doubts—doubts of our strength,

of our unitedness, of our oneness of interest—if there are fears—fears that the severance of those ties which, radiating from the Motherland, bind us to her as the common centre of our loyalty and allegiance,—might allow us to drift apart and be broken to pieces on the rocks of discord and diverse interest, then we should not lightly brush those doubts and fears aside. We have now an assured position. We have always the strength of England at our back, should we ever unfortunately need it. We cannot be more free than we are. We enjoy our share of the prestige of the British nation, no light matter. We have our portion of the heritage of the past, of Britain’s glory and her renown. We make our own laws, spend our own taxes at our own sweet will, with no one outside our own shores to clamor for a share. If we are not free, it is not England’s fault: if we are not prosperous, we can lay the blame on no one but ourselves: if we are not happy and contented, our unhappiness, our discontent must proceed from some cause or causes within ourselves, which, instead of being lessened or eliminated by dissolution with Britain, would perhaps only be intensified and rendered doubly active by such a separation. Let it not be written over the tomb of Canadian Confederation—

“We were well—we would be better,
And—here we are.”

FRANCOPHOBIA.

WE do not remember having seen this word before, although it is the name of a disease not by any means new in Ontario. Now that we have written it we do not like the appearance of it. It has a bad look about it which no one will like who wishes to see Canada prosperous, happy and united. It is unhappily true that here and there among the press of Canada there are to be found newspapers badly afflicted with this malady. They are not among the most influential, it is true, much less are they leaders of public opinion, but if it be true that even the most obscure person is possessed of a modicum of influence, the daily reiteration by some of our Ontario papers of ill-considered and defamatory opinions concerning our French Canadian brethren; must certainly tend to stir up feelings between the peoples of Ontario and Quebec of an extremely undesirable nature. We have at least one of these journals in Toronto. The *News* has Francophobia in a most virulent form, and if we are to judge from the increasing vindictiveness of its utterances from day to day,

the disease is approaching a crisis when it must either subside or destroy its victim. We trust for the benefit of all parties that the former may be the result. We hope we may be allowed without being thought disloyal to Ontario, or indifferent to the liberty of the press, to advance the opinion that in the matter of the late libel suit, in which the editor of the *News* was charged with defaming the officers and men of the 65th regiment, of Montreal, the former gentleman is far from being blameless. Those who read the article in the *News* will remember that it was most infamous—an article which even if true should never have been published. Cowardice, brutality, drunkenness, filthiness of the most abominable description, were all attributed to the men of the 65th as natural characteristics, regarded by both officers and men as matters of course, to be expected every day and all the time. If it was a gross libel, and there is no trustworthy evidence to the contrary, who can blame the Colonel and Major of the regiment for desiring to punish those who were instrumental in holding them and their soldiers up to the scorn and derision of their fellow-countrymen as cowards and filthy persons, who disgraced by their beastly actions the uniform they wore? The people of Toronto should remember this before judging too harshly the citizens of their sister city of Montreal. On the other hand, there is no doubt that the promoters of the action against Mr. Shephard made a grave mistake when they insisted on opposing a change of venue in the case. It is a most absurd thing, to our thinking, that a citizen of Toronto, for an offence committed in Toronto, can be dragged away a distance of three hundred miles to stand his trial simply because his accusers are residents of a city at that distance. If Mr. Shephard had robbed or murdered in Toronto a man from Montreal he would have been tried in Toronto, and it seems to us the height of nonsense that because he committed a newspaper article instead of a murder a different procedure should rule. Then the assault on Mr. Shephard as he left the court room after receiving the sentence and fulfilling the requirements of the law, cannot be denounced in language too strong. But we must remember that the attack was not in any way instigated or encouraged by Major Dugas of the 65th, the prosecutor. A hot-headed lieutenant, named Normandeau, whose brains are probably none too weighty, was the offender and prime mover in the affair, and his action was promptly repudiated and atoned for as far

as possible by Major Dugas and other gentlemen present. These things, however, have to some extent elevated the editor of the *News* to the dignity of a martyr, and have added weight to his otherwise harmless diatribes against French Canadians. We have no wish to do the editor of the *News* an injustice. He may be quite honest in his opinion that the Province of Quebec is occupied by an inferior race of people who are filled with a violent hatred of Ontario and everything English, and if he thinks so perhaps he has a right to say so. If he thinks they are cowardly, unclean, ignorant, no doubt he has a right to let the world know it in proper terms. The proverb of the "foul bird" to the contrary notwithstanding. But we would suggest to him that he set himself to learn more about their history and present condition before he condemns and reviles with such unmeasured scorn. We are no apologists for ignorance or vice where it exists, and no doubt Quebec has its share. But we believe the French Canadian people as a whole to be an honest law-abiding people. In learning, in polite literature, in arts, in sciences, the better classes have no reason to fear comparison with the same class in Ontario or any other country, and while we cannot deny that the ties which bind them to the land of their forefathers are still strong, (who shall upbraid them for it) we also believe that they are loyal to the throne of Britain and to the Confederation. Instead of endeavoring to sow the seeds of discord let the press of Canada, both French and English, try to make the people better acquainted with each other so that each may profit by what he finds in his neighbor worthy of emulation. Let Englishmen, Irishmen and Scotchmen, who love the memory of the old land, remember that Frenchmen, too, have had a parentage; an ancestry not unworthy; traditions not to be forgotten—memories to be revered as noble as any that history records. Let us not deny them the right to hold these memories sacred, but let us rather esteem them the more that holding them so they can still bear true allegiance to our common country and our Queen. And in forming our judgment of any people let us not be so unwise, so unjust as to single out the worst and the lowest and speak of a whole province as bad and low.

 VETERANS.

MR. MYRON JOHNSON.

FOR so quiet a man as Mr. Johnston is, his selection of a birthday was somewhat singular. We are all aware that March is the rudest and most boisterous

month of the whole year, and generally attains his roughest mood on the last two or three days of his existence. And yet the calm and quiet Mr. Johnson chooses the last day but one, the 30th, to step forth from the unknown, across the dim horizon of this lower world. It must have been that the year 1831 was one of those rare years when March behaves himself in a gentlemanly manner and goes out like a lamb. This is a brief method of saying that Mr. Johnson was born on March 30th, 1831. And as he first saw the light in or near Bennington, Vermont, he is consequently entitled to the appellation of a "Green Mountain Boy." Mr. Johnson was born on a farm to which his father had retired after a successful business life. He received the rudiments of an education at the public school of his native town, after which he attended the high school at Manchester, Vt., until he was about 15 years of age. So successful had he been in his studies that even at that early age he was appointed a teacher in one of the schools of his native town, which position he filled in a satisfactory manner for two years. Having always a taste for mechanics, he made up his mind at this time to learn a trade, and apprenticed himself to a firm of carriage-makers in Bennington in 1848, being then in his 17th year. Here he remained four years, becoming thoroughly familiar with his vocation, and laying the foundation of that extensive knowledge which has enabled him to assume with credit to himself and profit to his employers the position he now holds. In March, 1852 he decided to test the value of his four years of hard work and at the same time add to his stock of methods and ideas. In those days some of the finest carriages in the States were made in the South where the timber in some parts was perhaps equal to any in the world. Those were the days when money was plenty in the land of the palmetto, when to own a cotton or a tobacco plantation was equivalent to being a small king, and the aristocratic planter was the practical ruler of the land. Fredericksburg has seen some stirring days since the one in 1852 when our hero, leaving behind the yet snow clad mountains of his native state, entered the boundaries of the "Old Dominion" in quest of fortune. "Old Virginny," famed in song and story since the days of Randolph of Roanoke for the fertility of her soil, the brightness of her skies, the chivalry of her sons, the beauty and devotion of her daughters. In those old days it was the one ambition of the Northern girl to ensnare the heart of some Croesus of the South, and forthwith to enter upon a charmed existence beneath the magnolia and the palm; with slaves to do her lightest bidding and the choicest luxuries of the "sunny south" forever at her call. Mr. Johnson will pardon us we know for thus turning his biography in a sort of fairy tale, for he himself was then in fairy-land—that fairy-land occupied but once on earth by us poor mortals—the dear Elysium of our love's young dream. Mr. Johnson we have said, entered the old Dominion in search of fortune; and he found it. Not perhaps in gold and silver, yet still he found it—in the form of a Southern girl—the best fortune any man can find, a good wife, to whom he was married in 1855. Would that our printer were not the inexorable despot he is! How gladly would we recount else, some of our hero's experiences in the South in the days of slavery and the underground railroad. Of negro auctions where the poor darkeys were made to stand on barrels for

examination as to their points, to be forthwith knocked down to the highest bidder—of the "poor whites." Of coon hunts by the light of the moon—of—but really we must get away from the South at once.

In December, 1855, he again came north and entered the Agricultural Implement business in the employ of Walter A. Wood, of Hoosick Falls, N. Y. whose specialty was then the Wood Reaper and Mower. Remaining there until 1862, he took a notion to come to Canada, and first entered the employ of Mr. H. A. Massey in that year at Newcastle. The first Wood Reaper ever manufactured in Canada was made by Mr. Massey about this time from patterns brought over by Mr. Johnson. In 1864 the works at Newcastle were destroyed by fire and pending their restoration, Mr. Johnson entered the employment of the Joseph Hall establishment at Oshawa, where instead of a few months, as he intended, he remained eight years, purchasing a property and thinking he had at last found his home. Larger inducements being offered, however, by a Hamilton firm he reluctantly parted with his Oshawa property and made his debut in the "Ambitious City" with L. D. Sawyer & Co. of threshing machine fame. Here he remained for six years when he returned to Newcastle and thence, with the Company, he came to Toronto in '79 as foreman of the wood department, which position he now holds. Mr. Johnson has seen his ups and downs like other men, but when he has been down for a moment he has disarmed Misfortune by laughing in her face and immediately arising to his feet in spite of her. Genial and hearty always; unpretentious, unassuming, an adept in everything that pertains to his calling yet modest withal—good natured, obliging and full of consideration for his men, he could not be otherwise than popular, as he deserves to be, with all who enjoy his acquaintance. Place him in the woods with his rifle in his hand, or by the side of some swiftly running stream among whose cascades and sinuosities the trout lies hid, and he is a boy at once, with all a boy's enthusiasm shining in his eyes and lighting up the snowflakes which have fallen, very gently, on his beard and on his hair—place him there, we say, and leave him and he will bring home pictures of fish he has taken that would do honor to the discoverer of the Sea-Serpent. Stories of squirrels which, springing from tree to tree, have been astonished on alighting to find themselves minus their heads—decapitated in the air by his unerring ball! In view of the foregoing it is unnecessary to explain that he is a Young Liberal. He believes in Manhood Suffrage; has an extremely low opinion of "strikes" and fears that the tendency of trade unionism is to level downwards instead of upwards; to place the man who is a skilled workman, and who can always command good wages, on a par with him who is incompetent. But he does not press these opinions upon others, believing that every man is entitled to his own.

Having come to the end we feel that we have done the subject of our sketch but scant justice, although we have overstepped our usual bounds. Let all our readers interline for themselves the good they know of him and then the record will be to some extent worthy. As it is we feel that we have left much unsaid.

Obituary.

HART POWELL.

MR. HART M. POWELL, who died at his brother's residence in Edgar, on Wednesday, Sept. 9th, was born at Cobourg, Ont., in June, 1859, and was therefore in his twenty-seventh year. In 1880 he went to Winnipeg, where he was engaged in business until December, 1884, when he returned to Toronto and took a position in the office of The Massey Manufacturing Co. In March, 1885, he was taken ill and was obliged to relinquish his post for a short time, as it was then hoped, but as it has now proved, forever. He placed himself under the care of his brother, Dr. N. A. Powell, of Edgar, where everything that medical skill and careful nursing could do for him was done, but all without avail. He was seized with typhoid, which left his system in such a debilitated state that he became an easy prey to consumption, from which he died. His funeral took place from his parents' home in Cobourg on Friday, Sept. 11th, his remains being followed to their last resting place by a numerous company of friends. Many graceful and elegant floral tributes were placed upon his coffin, the last sad offerings of his numerous circle of relations, friends and acquaintances in different parts of the country; some from his native town, some from Toronto, one from his office associates, and many others. The funeral services were conducted by Rev. Wm. Williams, pastor of the Methodist Church, Cobourg.

Mr. Powell was a most estimable and most exemplary young man. Though only a short time in Toronto he had made many friends who grieve to think that he should be taken from their midst in the very spring time of his years. He was a young man of high purposes, who had planned to do much with his life, and, no doubt, had he been spared, would have proved himself a useful man in the church and in the community. And yet when in June last he was informed by his physician that his chance for life was small, that in fact his recovery was almost impossible, he was enabled by the faith that was in him to acquiesce uncomplainingly in the dread fiat which brought all his soaring hopes in sorrow to the ground. During his long days of suffering his patience and fortitude

were unwavering, and his thoughtfulness for others always manifest. The gentle lady who was his constant attendant bore truest testimony to the lovable qualities with which he was endowed by nature when she said of him, "Hart was a good boy, and everybody loved him." And the words of the minister who visited him often, who was by his bedside when he died and closed his eyes, "How beautiful would death be if all deaths were like his," should be a never-failing spring of comfort to those who mourn for him. Thus, while we express to his parents and nearer friends our most sincere sympathy with them in the grief they feel when they remember that they shall see him no more, there can be nothing but delight in the thought that he is safe—that they shall see him in a fuller life when this poor life below, "drops from them like a withered husk."

CONTRIBUTED.

LETTERS FROM AN ESCAPED LUNATIC.

MENTIONED in my last letter that I had been grossly deceived by an untruthful Mariner and entrapped into the custody of the authorities of an asylum for the insane. But I am thankful to say that they were not able to hold me long. Whether I climbed down the lightning rod or tore my bedclothes into strips, and swung myself to the ground it matters not. I escaped, and once more breathed the free air of Heaven. But alas I was in a strange land, among a strange people, without means and habited in the garb of the madhouse. Well knowing that if the morning light should find me in the city I should immediately be re-consigned to limbo I struck out boldly through the silent streets for the country. I fully determined that I should for the present travel incognito, for my painful experience told me that if I would remain free I must say nothing of my birth or of the wrongs I had suffered in the struggle for my own. The first beams of the sun found me miles and miles away from the city and as the dawn advanced, moving first with shining feet along the summits of the distant hills, then gradually descending until the valleys and the plains were flooded with light and warmth, I began to realize that this was not England, that I was a poor creature far from home and friends, in the land of the stranger. For although the scene was one of great beauty it was so different from the beauty of my native land that it seemed for the moment almost repulsive. Where were the trim hedgerows, the leafy lanes, the vine embowered cottages, the ivied towers past which I had been accustomed to wander? "Not here—alas they are thousands of miles away and I shall see them no more." Such were my thoughts as I stood in the fresh early morning, tired, cold and hungry at the edge of a magnificent wood and saw the new day springing up about me. Before me stretched a range of noble hills whose sides were clothed in dense and almost unbroken

foliage totally unlike anything I had ever seen. Here and there a broad gap ran up the hillside filled with wide expanses of meadow or yellow grain shining in the sunlight like seas of emerald and gold. At my feet ran a swift river whose waters were clear and cold as those of some mountain torrent fresh from the home of the glacier and the regions of eternal snow. Broad fields spread out on every hand, and behind me were the "dim cathedral aisles" of the forest stretching away between majestic maples and elms, carpeted with the leaves of centuries—silent and solemn as some deserted castle whose rooms wore always a look of waiting—waiting for some one who never came and who never would come. The sunlight tripped gaily over the dark foliage of the hillside, bounded into the valley, shot shafts of gold into the bosom of the river, sifted down through the maples and elms, tracing glorified patterns on the leafy carpet or dancing like elves of old amid the shimmering verdure of the trees. It was a grand, a noble scene. But it was not home, it was not England. For it was painfully evident that here nature and man were not in harmony. What were those serpent-like barriers that divided the fields? Ah me how ugly they were, how out of keeping with the mountains and the woods and the river. And see yon field of blackened stumps—you bare ugly building with its barer and uglier outbuildings. "This is, I presume, the dwelling of the wild Indian who, as I have often heard in England, inhabits this country. Well I have also heard that he is a hospitable savage and perhaps he may prove kind to a poor fellow who is in much need of kindness at the present moment." So meditating, and strongly impelled by hunger, I approached the dwelling from whose chimney I now saw a faint blue column arise straight as an arrow into the summer air. Before doing so, however, I took the precaution to remove the greater portion of my raiment lest even here it might betray me. In all the representations of the red man of the forest I had ever seen he was either clothed in a blanket or had just laid aside that useful appendage. "He might feel insulted if a strange visitor were to call on him in full morning costume, I reasoned, therefore in deference to his feelings I shall go plain." So I stripped off all but my shirt and trousers, turned the latter inside out to conceal the rather ostentatious pattern favoured by the asylum authorities, subjected my head gear to the same process and having surveyed myself in the stream, like a nymph, and being satisfied with my modest, unpretending appearance, I set off, as I before remarked toward the house with those dreadful gnawings at my stomach which hungry men will understand. There are several kinds of gnawing—there is the gnawing of the organ of digestion, just alluded to; there is the gnawing of conscience which I fear some people know little of, their conscience being too small for sensation, there is the gnawing of remorse for ills committed and unatoned for, and this is not a pleasant feeling to have. But the most exasperating, excruciating gnawing I have ever experienced is that which seizes a hungry man in search of a breakfast, by the calf of the leg and holds on and shakes and gnaws as did that saffron colored bull-dog which, dashing up behind me like a silent thunderbolt, caused his teeth to meet together in that portion of my anatomy just as I laid my hand on the gate latch of the wigwam. This was a state of things I had made no provision for. I had come in good faith in search of a meal, and here was I about to furnish a

meal in my own proper person for a wretched quadruped whom it would be the grossest flattery to denominate a dog. I endeavored at first to reason with him, doing violence to my better nature by pretending to regard him with feelings of affectionate admiration and childish trust, but he had evidently outlived all foolish sentiment in matters of business, which he clearly imagined this to be. When I had exhausted my vocabulary of tender and endearing epithets in vain, I began to get indignant and resolved to fight. "If I can once get your neck within my clutches, you infernal beast," I hissed, "you will never attack another traveller." He was quite prepared; seemed in fact to anticipate this frame of mind as being his usual experience, and had made his arrangements accordingly. His whole demeanor also seemed to undergo a change. While I had been patting my disengaged limb and addressing him as "poor fellow," "nice old dog," "poor old Rover," "poor doggie," "poor old Watch," etc., his countenance had worn, so far as I could observe it over my shoulder, an expression of unqualified disdain; but now as I began to circle round in the hope of getting hold of some portion of his vile carcass he seemed to realize that there was a prospect for some amusement after all, and became at once another animal. His eye shone with a new light, his tail stood more erect, his muscles began to quiver with the excitement of anticipation, and as he gaily swung himself round the circle of which my leg was the centre his whole being seemed permeated with emotions of unmitigated enjoyment. I now began to feel that there is a point in the affairs of men when silence ceases to be a virtue and that I would be justified in alarming the electoral division if possible; and having observed that the cry of "Fire" and "Murder" always produced a satisfactory result, if properly used, I selected that particular form of yell. I surprised even myself, and I am quite certain from the anxious look which settled down on the countenance of the dog that even he had grave doubts as to whether his engagement included fog horns and cyclones one of which he decided he had got hold of in mistake. The result was happy. The fence rails had scarcely ceased to vibrate from the fierce concussion of the tornado when the whole family of the chateau came rushing round the corner of the edifice with consternation depicted on their faces and seemed much disappointed when they found it was only me and not an earthquake as they evidently expected.

"Why, what in all tarnation is the matter of you?" shouted the oldest individual of the party, whom I immediately set down as the owner of the dog.

I calmed, or seemed to calm, the furious spirit which urged me to seize the nearest weapon in reach and deal death and destruction on every hand on being thus addressed. "I will be calm," I said to myself, "I will be cool; nay, I will even be facetious," so I replied.

"I merely called round to see if you didn't want a dog. I've got him here."

"I see you have," said the bucolic barbarian with a tobacco perfumed chuckle; "want to sell him, eh?"

"Yes, I will sell him cheap, and you can take delivery now," said I with an unearthly smile.

"He seems to be strongly attached to you, now aint he, it would be a painful parting."

"Now look here my friend," said I, "I'm growing

desperate and if you don't call off this infernal brute in two minutes I shall not be answerable for the consequences. Call him off, confound you!

I had noticed a middle-aged female among the party when they had first approached and also that on seeing how matters stood she had immediately rushed back into the house. She now re-appeared armed with a red hot poker with which I decided in my own mind she intended to attack me *a la* Baillie Nicol Jarvie.

"Hurry up, Mirandy" said the old man, "or Julius Cæsar'll hev his leg off, sure!

I was glad to find that the incandescent agitator was for the dog and not for me.

"Ye see, stranger, when Julius Cæsar once gets holt thar aint nothin on top o' earth 'll make him let go 'cept a red hot poker; so hold on one minnit an' we'll hev ye loose, that is if yer bound to part with the dog!"

"Burn his infernal head off, shouted I, "thrust the iron down his throat—don't mind me, cauterization is just the thing for my case, don't mind me—never mind the trousers—scorch his eyes out" Oh—at this point I quietly fainted away.

Yours truly,
G. R.

SELECTED.

THE TRAINING OF CHILDREN.

BY RICHARD A. PROCTOR.

THE principle of heredity has now been generally accepted, but many of the conclusions which follow from it seem to have been little thought of by many of those who most fully accept the principle itself. Among the most important of these may be mentioned the changed view of parental duties and parental responsibilities which presents itself when we consider how the character of each child born into the world depends almost wholly on influences derived from the child's parents. In old times, men's ideas respecting the training of children, the duties of children to their parents, and the duties of parents to their children, were comparatively simple. The child's mind was regarded as a blank page on which anything could be written that the child's teachers might desire. The child's good qualities were regarded as involving merit which deserved reward; the child's bad qualities were regarded as involving offence which deserved punishment. The duty of the child to its parents was held to be very distinct and definite, while beyond the duty of maintaining the child, the parents' responsibility, according to old-fashioned ideas, was limited to the inculcation of moral and social duties (by precept rather than by example), and the employment of a system of rewards and punishments for the development of the child's good qualities and the correction of its bad ones.

CHILDREN VERY UNLIKE.

All this is practically very little changed, though the absurdity and unfairness of the old system have been demonstrated over and over again in recent years. Children are not only unlike, instead of being like, as the old system implied, but unlikeness is their most

striking characteristic. Instead of its being probable that a well-chosen system of training will suit ninety-nine children out of a hundred, the chances are that no system of training could be devised which would really be suitable for any two children out of a hundred. The children of the same family differ strangely from each other. Though all their qualities are derived from the same source, the proportions in which these qualities have been received are so different that, as a rule, no two children, even in a large family, are closely alike in character. If this is so in one and the same family, as every one who has observed such families must have noticed, how absurd must be the attempt to select any system of training which shall suit scores of boys or girls, belonging to different families. With a recognition of the laws of heredity, the old-fashioned system of training ought in this respect to have been entirely altered.

THE YOUNG CHILD.

But not only has the position of the trainer and teacher of children been altered with the new lights under which character now presents itself, but the relations of the child to the parents and of the parents to the child have been entirely altered. In all the various stages of a child's life from babyhood to manhood or womanhood, the character, however much it may change naturally or be affected by external influences, is in the main a product of development. It is as hopeless to apply a system of rewards and punishments to modify the essentials of character, at any stage of child-life, as it would be to attempt to alter by an elaborate system of watering or manuring the fruit of the pear tree into the fruit of the walnut tree, or *vice versa*. Moreover, the character of the child at the different stages of child-life is very differently related to the parental character. In early childhood the character is not only remoter from the parental type, but partakes even of many of the characteristics of animal types. The very young child is in reality wanting in most of the essential attributes of human types of character, in most of the features which distinguish man from the lower animals. A baby is an engaging animal, but still it is little more than an animal. It cannot be said to reason, more at any rate than a clever dog or monkey seems to reason. It has no distinct ideas of right or wrong. It has appetites and wants, and nearly all that it does is ruled by these appetites and wants—at first almost wholly, later with such limitations as are suggested by the effects of experience, more or less consciously acted upon. The system of training appropriate at this stage of child-life, in fact the only system available, is akin to the system of training used for animals. The tender nurse and the loving mother may object to this statement; but she acts on this principle. Moreover, a parent can more fairly act in this way to the very young child than to one that begins to show peculiarities of character more nearly approaching to those of either parent, or of others of the child's near kindred. Parents can hardly feel responsible for those faults of character in the baby which, according to the principles of heredity, have not been directly handed down to the infant by them, but belong to much more remote progenitors. Similar remarks apply to the following stage of early childhood, the stage when the child resembles in character the savage rather than the mere animal. It is at these two stages, chiefly, that the old-fashioned system of training can alone be

adopted, though even at those early stages discrimination is required, because of the different degrees in which animal or savage peculiarities of character are recognized. Some babies are good little animals, though they have animal-faults which require correction; others, on the contrary, are bad little animals, and require for their own good (and even for their own safety) a severe system of treatment. So with young children a stage or so later. Some are very pleasant little savages, though they have some savage tricks which must not be encouraged, but checked; others are terrible little barbarians, and unless ruled with a rather strong hand will do mischief to others, and (probably) still more serious mischief to themselves. For these earlier stages of child-life, a system of training and, where necessary, of control and even severity, has to be adopted; and the only considerations to be attended to in selecting the most appropriate measures are those depending on the individual traits of character observed at this stage of the growing child's life. At this time it may sometimes happen that the old-fashioned system of severity, the old-fashioned doctrine that he who spareth the rod hateth his child, may be unfortunately appropriate. Even in the animal and savage stages of a child's life, however, gentleness and kindness are nearly always better than sternness and severity. Nearly always it is the weakness of the parent rather than the fault of the child which calls for correction, though correction falls on the child, not on the parent. The child sees examples of ill-temper and obstinacy, falls into obstinate and ill-tempered ways, and is presently punished, more because its faults excite anger than because, when wisely considered, they are held to require such correction as may lead to their being gradually eliminated from the character. It would be difficult to say what proportion of the faults of manhood have their origin at this stage of life, because the faults then springing into existence are afterwards commingled with those inherited from the parents or through the parents. But there can be little doubt that for want of patient and judicious training, and occasional correction, erring rather on the side of pity than of severity, many characters are seriously impaired before the inherited traits have begun to show themselves with any degree of distinctness."

THE LATER YEARS OF CHILDHOOD.

It is, however, later in life, in boyhood and girlhood, young manhood and young womanhood, that we recognize the more difficult part of parental training. Many parents, indeed, nay most, overlook the special considerations to which they ought to attend, now that the development of the law of heredity has made the origin of individual peculiarities of character clear; but this does not effect the argument. In every family we see, at one or another part of the child's life, the faults and good qualities of the parents or of other near relations showing themselves with greater or less distinctness. Faults may be so punished that the child conceals them: yet they are there. It very seldom happens that they are not at some time or other shown, in such sort that the parents can see what manner of man or woman the child will grow up to be. Now here a very difficult question of responsibility and duty presents itself. A father, we will say, recognizes in his child a fault which he knows to be inherited both from and through himself, in other

words, what is called a family failing. The consciousness that he himself has the fault does not in any degree diminish the annoyance caused by it; rather the reverse, seeing that faults in others are all the more provoking if we are ourselves liable to them. But the right to punish and the duty of punishment are curiously affected by consideration of the hereditary nature of the fault. I am, let us say, prone to violent fits of temper, or to moroseness, or to obstinacy; some fine day, a son or daughter of mine exhibits in a marked degree the same failing; which I know to be mine, which I know I have inherited, and which I equally know I have transmitted. I know that in his or her career my child will suffer from the effects of this family failing, unless every pains be taken either to eradicate it or to bring it under mastery, making of it a servant instead of a tyrant. Of old, my course would have been clear enough, though painful. I should have felt it my obvious duty to use correction of such degree of severity—and no more—as was necessary to compel my child to master his fault of temper. (Of course, I am considering here the case of a parent who recognizes his duty in such matters; one who does not would probably thrash his son or punish his daughter in such severe ways as might occur to him, with no other object but to get rid of the annoyance caused by the child's fault.) But when the parent recognizes the fault of disposition or of temper as in reality his own, though manifested by the child, the position becomes difficult and painful. A parent may be obliged by a sense of duty to punish his own fault in his child, being all the while conscious that for the existence of the fault in the child he is himself responsible. It is easily seen, too, that in the case of far-seeing persons (those farthest removed from the savage state), the sense of duty, or rather the feeling of doubt and difficulty in this matter, would extend further. The father who, knowing that some fault of temper has been a source of sorrow or misery to himself, feels that, let it have come how it may (not that he has any doubt whence it came), this fault in his child must be corrected, might very well consider that, since children could only be born to him at the risk of inheriting this source of sorrow and misery, it would not be well that children should be born to him at all. The old argument against Malthusian doctrines, that a child born into the world may possibly become one in the choir of heaven, singing God's praises everlastingly, so that all doctrines by which the number of such children may be diminished (as by late marriage, &c.) are sinful, might be met, even in the general case, by the answer that a child born into the world may possibly have a quite different future; but in particular cases the probabilities are so enormously against the happier and in favour of the less happy fate, that the argument (*if it is worth anything at all*) might be applied very effectively at any rate against early marriage. Be this, however, as it may, it is evident that due consideration of the doctrine of heredity should lead a parent who recognizes his own faults in his offspring, to be very careful and tender, however earnest, in his endeavour to eradicate such faults. When I hear of, or see parents harshly punishing their children for faults which they must know that they themselves possess and have transmitted to their offspring, I am inclined sometimes to wonder whether they will be able to look their children in the face in after years, when the real origin of such faults

has become as clear to the younger as to the older possessors of them. If the younger were not, happily, much more forgiving as a rule than their elders, how much might the peace of families be disturbed in after years by the recollection of past severities inflicted by parents on children for faults which would have had no existence but for the parents, and which the parents show in at least as marked a degree as their offspring. And, again, how singularly would the lives of young people be affected if parents considered carefully the precept, Let him that is without fault, &c.

DON'T.

In Public.

DON'T neglect to keep to the right of the promenade, otherwise there may be collisions and much confusion.

Don't brush against people, nor elbow people, nor in any way show disregard for others.

Don't fail to apologize if you tread upon or stumble against any one, or if you inconvenience one in any way. Be considerate and polite always.

Don't stare at people, nor laugh at any peculiarity of manner or dress. Don't point at persons or objects. Don't forget to be a gentleman.

Don't carry cane or umbrella in a crowd horizontally. This is a common English trick, and a very annoying one to the victims of it.

Don't smoke in the street, unless in unfrequented avenues. Don't smoke in public vehicles. Don't smoke in any place where it is likely to be offensive. Wherever you do indulge in a cigar, don't puff smoke into the face of any one, man or woman.

Don't expectorate on the sidewalk. Go to the curbstone and discharge the saliva into the gutter. Men who eject great streams of tobacco-juice on the sidewalk, or on the floors of public vehicles, ought to be driven out of civilized society.

Don't eat fruit or anything else in the public streets. A gentleman on the promenade, engaged in munching an apple or a pear, presents a more amusing than edifying picture.

Don't obstruct the entrance to churches, theatres or assemblies. Don't stand before hotels or other places and stare at passers-by. This is a most idle and insolent habit.

Don't stand on car-platforms, thereby preventing the easy ingress and egress of passengers. Remember the rights and the comfort of others.

Don't forget to raise your hat to every lady acquaintance you meet, and to every gentleman you salute, when he is accompanied by a lady, whether you know her or not.

Don't stop your lady acquaintances in the street if you wish to speak to them; turn and walk by their side, and leave them with raised hat when you have done.

Don't neglect to raise your hat to a strange lady if you have occasion to address her. If she drops her handkerchief, and you pick it up for her, raise your hat. If in an omnibus you pass her fare to the conductor, raise your hat. Every little service of the kind should be accompanied by a distant, respectful salutation.

Don't be in haste to introduce. Be sure that it is mutually desired before presenting one person to another.

Don't in a walk, introduce your companion to every person you may chance to meet. Off-hand street introductions are rarely called for, and commonly serve no end.

Don't ask questions of strangers indiscriminately. Young women run risks in approaching unknown people with questions, and they should scrupulously avoid doing so. In travelling, inquire of the conductor or of some official; in the street, wait until a policeman can be found.

Don't be over-civil. Do not let your civility fall short, but over-civility is a mistake. Don't rush to pick up a man's hat; don't pick up any article that a stranger or companion may drop, unless there are special reasons for doing so. Be prompt to pick up anything that a lady lets fall, and extend this politeness to elderly or infirm men. But haste to wait on equals is over-civility; it has a touch of servility, and is not sanctioned by the best usage.

Don't rush for a seat in a car or at a public entertainment, in utter disregard of every one else, pushing rudely by women and children, hustling men who are older or less active, and disregarding every law of politeness. If one should, on an occasion of this kind, lose his seat in consequence of a little polite consideration, he would have the consolation of standing much higher in his own esteem—which is something.

Don't occupy more space in an omnibus or car than you require. In this particular women are greater sinners than men. One who has traveled a good deal in local vehicles declares that he has ascertained the exact arithmetical ratio of the sexes, which is as six to five—for, in an omnibus, a seat that will hold six men never accommodates more than five women.

Don't enter a crowded omnibus or street-car. There doubtless are occasions when one can not well help doing so, but many times the vehicle that follows will afford plenty of room. A person who enters a crowded public vehicle is an intruder, and has no rights that anybody is bound to respect.

Don't bustle into a concert or other entertainment after the programme has begun to the annoyance of others. Arrive early and be seated in time.

Don't talk at the theatre or at a concert when the performance is going on. To disturb others who wish to listen is gross ill breeding; but, unfortunately it is common with the very class who pretend to an exclusive share of good breeding.

Don't at any public performance make a move to leave the auditorium before the performance is over. Men who recklessly and selfishly disturb public assemblies in this way have the instincts of savages, not of gentlemen.

“LABOR AND KNOWLEDGE.”

THIS seems to be the motto of the men connected with The Massey Manufacturing Co. of Toronto, whose extensive establishment we visited during the late exhibition. Greatly impressed as we were with the grand facilities possessed by this Company for reaching the highest place in the former department, that of labor, we had greater pleasure still on being informed, and in seeing for ourselves that while seeking the highest excellence in the more practical or bread and butter phase of the question, the employes of this Company are also engaged in demonstrating that moderate pleasures and intelligent enjoyments are not inconsistent with strict performance of duty; that

to work and eat are not the full sum of man's existence. In pursuit of this higher object the Company has afforded its employes every desirable assistance. A large hall seating 800 people, and a smaller one seating about 300, are at their disposal for meetings, concerts, etc. A society called the "Workman's Library Association," was formed last season, and hopes in the coming winter to be even more successful than last in providing mental pabulum for the benefit of its members. There are also three musical organizations among the employes: first, the Band, whose playing on the Exhibition grounds was acknowledged to be among the finest, if not the finest, among the many bands from the city and from other parts of the country and the States; second, the Orchestral Society, and third, the Glee Club. These societies all meet for practice in The Massey Memorial Hall, and are endeavoring to attain to a high standard in musical matters. Last, and youngest, we have the *Trip Hammer*, a monthly publication issued by the employes and devoted to literature and the advancement of knowledge among its patrons, who are composed not alone of the employes themselves, but of people from Prince Edward Island to British Columbia. All this is an experiment, a problem, the problem of uniting labor with knowledge, and at the same time providing uplifting enjoyments for the lighter hours. We trust it may be worked out satisfactorily. With knowledge comes refinement, and with refinement should come a distaste for doubtful pleasures and low forms of recreation, a tendency to which among some, shall we say many, of our young people is one of the most discouraging features of modern civilization.—*Orillia Times*.

CROSS-EXAMINATION.

UNDER the influence of judicious browbeating, the average witness in court can be so entangled as honestly to declare that black has always been white. The following dialogue is reported by an exchange.

Lawyer: "You say you know Mr. Smith?"

Witness: "Yes, sir."

"You mean that you are acquainted with him?"

"Yes, sir, acquainted with him."

"Oh, you don't know him? You are merely acquainted with him! Remember, you are on oath, sir. Now be careful. You don't mean to tell the court that you know all about Mr. Smith, and everything he ever did?"

"No, I suppose—"

"Never mind what you suppose. Please answer my question: Do you, or do you not, know everything that Mr. Smith ever did?"

"No—"

"That'll do, sir. No, you do not. Very good. So you are not acquainted with all his acts?"

"Of course—"

"Stop there. Are you, or are you not?"

"No."

"That is to say, you are not so well acquainted with him as you thought you were?"

"Possibly not"

"Just so. Now we begin to understand each other. If you don't know anything about Mr. Smith's acts when you are not with him, you can't swear you know him, can you?"

"If you put it in that way"—

"Come, sir, don't seek to evade my question. I'll put it to you again: When you say you know Mr. Smith, you don't mean to say you know everything he does?"

"No, sir, of course not."

"Just so. Of course not. Then you were not quite correct when you said you knew Mr. Smith?"

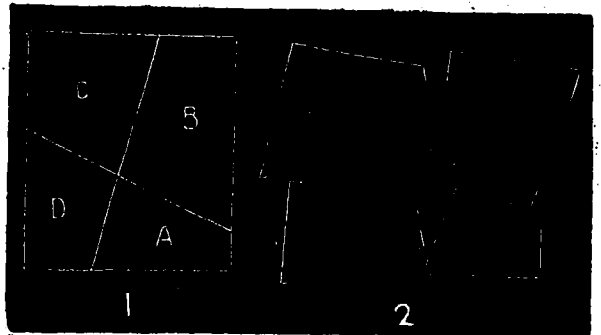
"No, sir."

"In point of fact, you don't know Mr. Smith?"

"No, sir."

"Ah! I thought so. That'll do, sir, you can step down."—*Youth's Companion*.

A MATHEMATICAL CURIOSITY.—Take a square of paper or cardboard, and cut it into four pieces, as shown in the engraving. It would seem a very simple matter to replace the pieces so as to form the square again; but, on trial, it will be found surprisingly difficult, and ten or fifteen minutes will usually be consumed in the attempt. It will be noticed that each piece comprises a right angle or corner piece, which would seem to be a guide to the formation of the



square; but the trouble apparently lies in an optical illusion, by which the eye is confused by the various angles of nearly the same dimensions, and rendered unable to judge accurately of their proper position in the square.—*Science News*.

A DUBIOUS TELEPHONE IMPROVEMENT.—An exchange comments thus on the announcement that a new telephone has been invented by which the crying of a baby may be heard at a distance of a hundred miles. "This is an application of the telephone which will make the most nervous individual desirous of interviewing its inventor with a shot-gun. Of the eighty-six millions or so of people who drag out an already troubled existence in this country and America, there may be a dozen or two who yearn to hear the yells of a baby a hundred miles distant; but we doubt it. A contrivance that would prevent the crying of a baby being heard at a distance of ten feet is what the sleepless parents of this country demand."—*Science News*.

DRINKING-HABITS AND THE PROBABILITIES OF LIFE.—*Le Journal d'Hygiene* publishes a comparative table of the probabilities of life for moderate drinkers and total abstainers. According to this, a moderate drinker at twenty years of age may expect to live 15.6 years; at thirty, 13; at forty, 11.6; at fifty, 10.8; at sixty, 8.9. The probability for total abstainers is, at twenty years, 44.2; at thirty, 36.5; at forty, 28.8; at fifty, 21.25; and at sixty, 15.285.

WORKMAN'S LIBRARY ASS'N.

The fall opening of the Works having been unavoidably delayed, the Workman's Library Association still continues inactive. We trust the coming month may see it well under way, all sails set and everything drawing. It is not the intention to drift—better remain tied up at the dock than that. The winter's trip will soon be commenced. We want every body on board, and a good lively crew of volunteers to aid in working the vessel. The officers of the ship will meet in the purser's room on Friday evening, Oct. 16th, at eight bells, when the prospects of the voyage will be discussed and sailing orders issued. Belay there. All hands to make sail. Lively now.

Our nautical acquirements having been for some time in disuse, we find ourselves somewhat contracted in the matter of orders, but will brush up and get our sea legs under us by the time the ship is commissioned. Bear a hand there. Up anchor—now lads lively—we think that's about it.

HISTORICAL DIARY.

SEPTEMBER.

1st....Hard frost throughout Scotland=Soldiery attacked by mob in Galway, Ireland.=The Allan Line Str. *Hanoverian* wrecked near Cape Race, Nfld.

3rd....Fifty Chinese miners killed by whites at Rocksprings, Wyoming.

5th....Dynamite explosion near Peterboro', Ont.=Spanish mob insult German embassy at Madrid.

6th....Major Aaron Stafford, the last officer of the war of 1812, dies in Oneida Co., N.Y.

7th....Mr. Stead, of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, on trial for the abduction of the girl Eliza Armstrong.=The Ameer of Bokhara abdicates=30,000 workmen strike in the iron mills of Lancashire and Newcastle-on-Tyne.

8th....Spain apologizes to Germany regarding insult to German embassy at Madrid.

9th....The verdict in the Riel case sustained by the Manitoba Court of Appeal=Terrific tornado in Ohio.

10th....Battle between the French and Hovas at Tarafat, Madagascar.

13th....China borrows \$40,000,000 for railroad purposes.

14th....The yachts *Puritan* and *Genesta* compete for the America cup at New York; *Puritan* wins.=John L. Sullivan fined in Cleveland for playing baseball in violation of the Sunday law.

15th....Jumbo killed at St. Thomas.=The remains of 300 Chinamen discovered in a cellar in San Francisco.=Cholera appears in Japan.

18th....Terrible prairie fires in Dakota.

19th....Mr. Gladstone issues a manifesto to his Midlothian constituents announcing continued leadership.

20th....Smith Organ Co.'s works at Boston burned, loss \$100,000.=The Princess of Wales founds a new English church in Copenhagen.=An Imperial medal announced for the North-West volunteers.=Roumelia seeks annexation with Bulgaria.

22nd....Archdeacon Farrar lectures in Toronto.

23rd....The yacht *Genesta* wins the 300 mile ocean race with the *Davutless*.=A magazine explodes at Port Arthur.=The temperance centennial convention meets at Philadelphia.=Seventeen persons crushed to death in the crowd at Nillson's concert at Stockholm.

24th....Peterboro' County adopts the Scott Act.=Spain's apology for insult to German embassy accepted.=Editor *Toronto News* convicted of libelling the 65th Battalion.=Prince Alexander of Bulgaria marches into Philippopolis with a cavalry force.

25th....The Pope agrees to adjust the Caroline Islands dispute between Germany and Spain = Wandering Spirit, the Indian who murdered Quinn, sentenced to be hanged Nov. 27th. A number of other Indians participating in the North-West troubles sentenced to imprisonment varying from 2 to 14 years.

27th....All the defendants in the Armstrong abduction case committed for trial.

28th....Serious anti-vaccination riot in Montreal.

30th....Two of the Montreal rioters sentenced to four months' imprisonment.=All the outbuildings on the Guelph Experimental Farm burned.

LETTERS AND QUESTIONS.

DOUBTLESS the many readers of T. H. have noticed that the question about tossing coppers given in August number did not receive attention in last issue, and have wondered why the solution was conspicuous by its absence.

About the best reason we know of is that the question editor was rustivating while the copy for September was in course of preparation, and just then was more interested in determining whether trolling or still-fishing is the best way to catch black bass, than in discussing the mathematical theory of probabilities involved in said question.

We fished both ways; but succeeding in getting only a few insignificant perch and cat-fish, came to the conclusion that they are both alike, bad, and the Otonabee, with all its magnificent possibilities for fishing, is not a good place to catch fish. That the fisherman did not understand his business did not occur to us for a moment.

If, however, we did not capture the finny tribe to satisfaction, there are some other things we did get, such as blisters, mosquito-bites, a vigorous appetite, and the capacity to enjoy a good night's rest.

Whatever we may have thought at the time we have, after a month's deliberation, concluded that our outing did not "cost more than it came to."

We will now take up the problem referred to and see what can be made of it. We know there are objections in the minds of some good people against the discussion of probabilities, on the ground that the theory of chances tends directly to encourage gambling; while there are others who take the position that there is "no such thing as chance," and to calculate chances is to deny the existence of an all-ruling Providence.

To these objections we reply that, apart from moral considerations, no such powerful arguments against gambling can be produced from any source as can be drawn from the mathematical analysis of the chances of a game; and the assertions concerning "chance" and "Providence" are evidently founded on a total ignorance of the nature of the science. Such objectors call to mind the Irishman who tried to smash Lord Rosse's great telescope because "it is irreligious to pry into the mysteries of nature."

Take an illustration, that of tossing a coin. Put H for head and T for tail. Now in one toss the result *must* be either H or T, and if the coin is not made so as to be more likely to fall on one side than the other (as is the case with loaded dice) *these events are equally likely*. To determine numerically the probability of either we must assign some numerical value to *absolute certainty*, say *unity*, so that a probability will always be represented by a proper fraction. Suppose that P represents the probability of H, then evidently P is also the probability of T, because they are equally likely to turn up. But one or the other *must* happen. Thus the sum of the separate probabilities must represent certainty. That is $P + P = 1$, or $P = \frac{1}{2}$. Thus we have assigned a numerical value to the probability of either H or T by finding what proportion each bears to certainty.

If however the coin be an unfair one such as is sometimes used for swindling, with H on each side, then in one toss we *must* have H or H, that is, H is *certain* or its probability is one. There is no possibility of T, therefore its probability is nought.

Suppose a "fair" coin be tossed twice in succession. The event *must* be one of the four, H

H; H T; T H; or T T; now all four are equally likely; but one *must* happen, hence the sum of the probabilities amounts to certainty or one, and each of the probabilities is represented by the fraction $\frac{1}{4}$.

Now what are the odds against H H in two throws? The probability of H H is $\frac{1}{4}$, that is, one case in four is favorable, hence three are unfavorable and the odds are three to one against it.

What are the odds against H in two throws? The probability is $\frac{3}{4}$ that is three cases out of four cases are favorable, and the odds are three to one in favor of the event. This is the question we set out to solve, and the answer is B can afford to give three to one that he can turn up head in two tosses and still be on equal footing with A.

While on this subject we will give one more instance, tending to show that if the theory of probabilities were generally known it would greatly tend to the discouragement of gambling.

A man at a horse race wants to make a "book" so as to win whatever be the result of the race. The method of making such a book is simple enough, and consists mainly in betting *against* each horse.

If three horses A, B, and C, are to start and he gets the following bets taken: 4 to 3 against A; 5 to 4 against B; 6 to 5 against C, his book stands thus:

$$\begin{aligned} \text{If A win he wins } & 4 + 5 - 4 = 5 \\ \text{If B " " " } & 3 + 5 - 5 = 3 \\ \text{If C " " " } & 3 + 4 - 6 = 1 \end{aligned}$$

Now to examine this case, suppose the correct odds have been laid against A and B, what ought in fairness to be the odds as regards C?

Chance of A winning is 3 out of 7 or $\frac{3}{7}$

" " B " " 4 " " 9 or $\frac{4}{9}$

Chance of A or B winning = $\frac{3}{7} + \frac{4}{9} = \frac{55}{63}$.

Hence the chance of C winning is $\frac{8}{63}$, and therefore the legitimate odds against C are 55 to 8, whereas our betting man got a simpleton to accept 6 to 5.

NOTICES.

NOTE.—Notices of Marriages, Births and Deaths are earnestly solicited from subscribers, and will be inserted free of any charge.

DIED.

POWELL.—On September 9th, at the residence of his brother, Dr. N. A. Powell, Edgar, Ont., Hart M. Powell, late with The Massey Mfg. Co., Toronto, aged 26 years.

EVENTFUL HISTORY OF TOMMY AND THE LION.

BY THE LATE RICHARD DOYLE.—See Page 111.

I.



Tommy, a bad Boy, who said 'Dont Care !

*To be continued from month to month till
the completion of the series.*

TRIP HAMMER SUPPLEMENT,
September, 1885.

EVENTFUL HISTORY OF TOMMY AND THE LION.

BY THE LATE RICHARD DOYLE.—See Page 111.

II.



He says it again!

*To be continued from month to month till
the completion of the series.*

TRIP HAMMER SUPPLEMENT,
September, 1885.

EVENTFUL HISTORY OF TOMMY AND THE LION.

BY THE LATE RICHARD DOYLE.—See Sept. No., Page 111.

III.



J. L. JONES,
WOOD ENGRAVER,
10 KING E. TORONTO.

A Lion lies in wait for Tommy - in consequence.

To be continued from month to month till
the completion of the series.

TRIP HAMMER SUPPLEMENT,
October, 1885.



J. L. JONES,
WOOD ENGRAVER
10 KING E. TORONTO

The Lion is going to be down upon Tommy

To be continued from month to month till
the completion of the series.

TRIP HAMMER SUPPLEMENT,

October, 1885.