# CANADA'S FUTURE.

## The Governor-General on the Prospects for Canadian Nationality.

## DIFFICULTIES IN THE WAY.

### Widest Measure of Provincial Independence Highly Necessary.

### NO SHOW FOR THE FENIANS.

Speaking at the banquet given in his honor by the St. James Club, Montreal, on Thursday last, the Marquis of Lansdowne said the fabric of society is more solid in Canada than it is in Britain, because wealth and land are more equally divided. He said:

Here then, gentlemen, in the even distribution of wealth, and particularly of landed property, and in the general diffusion of comfort, in your system of local government and in your arrangements for public education you have those buttresses likely to give strength and solidity to that of which I have spoken as the fabric of society in Canada, and to render her people prosperous, contented, intelligent and well qualified to look after their own business. (Applause.) We have been speaking of the social fabric of the Dominion. There is, however, another fabric which we must not lose sight of—one for the strengthening and consolidation of which all good Canadians are ready to put forth whatever of energy and ability and patriotism they possess—that is the fabric which we should, I suppose, speak of as the political or national fabric of Canada. Perhaps I shall seem to you more courageous than discreet if I tread for an instant on ground which is scarcely so firm as that over which I have travelled till now. Well, sir, I suppose no Englishmen would be so sanguine as to say that we have no weak points in our national system at home, and I am inclined to say with regard to Canada that he would be a bold man who would maintain that there was no possibility of weak points being disclosed by experience in

THE NATIONAL SYSTEM HERE.

It would indeed be strange if it were otherwise. There are several considerations to which unless we wish to be fatuous we cannot shut our eyes. In the first place we have to bear in mind that the foundations of our national system here were laid only seventeen years ago, and that we have been adding to and altering the structure ever since. The mortar, so to speak, has scarcely had time to harden, and the strength of the building to stand the autumn gales and the frosts of winter has scarcely had a fair trial yet. Another consideration of which we cannot lose sight is this, that the builders set themselves a problem in national architecture greater than any which has yet been solved by mortal statesmen, that of creating out of diverse elements scattered over the face of this immense continent a nation fit to take its place among the great ones of the earth. If we want to realize the task which we have set ourselves we have only to look at the map of the Dominion and to consider the distances with which we have to deal, and the extent of the territory over which our five millions of inhabitants are scattered. Lay your rule upon the scale and see how far it is westwards from Ottawa to Winnipeg, and again from Winnipeg to Victoria, or eastwards from Ottawa to Halifax or Prince Edward Island; look at the physical barriers which we have to overcome—mountain ranges loftier and wider than any in the world—lakes and wildernesses vast enough to separate empires! Will the heart at the national capital be strong enough to pump a stream of national life into the extremities on either ocean? Will the collective aspirations of your people be strong enough not only to overcome these physical difficulties, but to efface differences of race, differences of creed, differences of material interests more formidable perhaps than mountain chains and inhospitable deserts. If we wish to gauge the magnitude of the problem let us ask ourselves what are the influences which in history have given solidity and unity to the nations of the world. They are, I think, three—geographical propinquity of the parts, the fear of foreign invasion and identity of interest. Well, gentlemen, as to geographical propinquity, I am afraid we must admit that in spite of all that railways and telegraphs can do for us, we can never, geographically speaking, hope to be a compact nation. Then, sir,

THERE IS THE FEAR OF INVASION.

What invasion have we to fear? Our kinsmen on the other side of the line hold relations with us which will, I trust, never be less friendly than they are to-day. If a difficulty arises between us it is promptly and cordially adjusted. An occasional suggestion from within or from without in favor of a voluntary alteration of our nationality seems to fall so flatly that we cannot depend upon these as a means of keeping our national enthusiasm at boiling point. But, gentlemen, I am forgetting we are threatened with an invasion, and the invaders have been kind enough to give us ample notice of their intentions, of the plan of their campaign, of the numbers in which they will enter our territory, and of the names of their commanders, who appear to be almost as numerous as the rank and file. (Great laughter.) Let us not judge these self-declared foes too hastily. Their demonstration is, perhaps, after all, not without its usefulness. I am convinced that if a passing breeze of impatience should flutter in the Northwest, if the great Province of Manitoba experiences a little perhaps not unnatural anxiety to emerge post haste from her minority, in which I believe no one desires to retain her an hour longer than is necessary, no surer means of counteracting that passing disaffection could be found than the threat of disloyal interference from without; an interference which I have no doubt whatever her sturdy settlers would be the first to resent and resist. (Loud cheers.) Well, gentlemen, if we are not to count on geographical proximity or on the fear of invasion to counteract any centrifugal tendencies which may manifest themselves, can we count upon identity of interest? I trust that we can, but even here we must admit that only experience can solve the problem and that it is necessary to look cautiously ahead. The wise relegation to the different provinces of the widest measure of independence with regard to the management of their local affairs will, I should hope, go far to remove any causes of apprehension from this source. He would, however, be a courageous prophet who would predict that occasions would never arise when there might be a divergence of

LOCAL AND FEDERAL INTERESTS.

A great English novelist once complained of the custom of never prolonging the story of a three-volume novel beyond the marriage of the hero and heroine, and he published a most humorous prolongation of one of Walter Scott's most famous novels, introducing his readers to Ivanhoe and Rowena as a married couple, no longer surrounded by the glamor of romance, but face to face with the humdrum of domestic existence. The story went on to show that Ivanhoe as a husband was not conspicuous for domestic virtues (laughter), and that Rowena as a wife parted company with those amiable qualities which had rendered her so lovable as a maiden. (Renewed laughter.) I am not sure at what moment it will become possible to describe the Dominion as emerging from the honeymoon of federation, but when it does the trial to which it will be exposed will not be diminished by the fact that in this case Ivanhoe will have half a dozen Rowenas to reckon with. (Loud laughter.) It is quite impossible to say what may not happen if fifty years hence one of them should insist on "bossing the whole establishment (roars of laughter): if another should carry on a flirtation with a cousin across the road; if a third should be always asking for more pin money, and a fourth should openly allege incompatibility of temperament and threaten proceedings in the Divorce Court. (Laughter.) Whether these things will happen or no must depend upon the temper and wisdom and patience of the people of this country! I say the people of this country (applause), because it seems to me that it is rather upon them than upon their rulers that the future depends, rather upon the different members of the federal body than upon the central power which directs them. Will the dominating sentiment hereafter be national or local, Canadian or Provincial? That is the question which will have to be answered by the thrifty farmers of this Province, by the dwellers on the rich slopes of Ontario, by the hardy fishermen of the Maritime Provinces, by the inhabitants of our great Pacific Province and by the sturdy pioneers of the Northwest. (Applause.) Against any centrifugal force which may come into play each and all of these have something to oppose—the determination of your people to be something more than a fortuitous aggregate of Provinces without national life, or national statesmanship, or national aspirations, or national policy, or national culture, or national precautions for defence (loud applause), the determination that the British Empire shall have in North America not a mere collection of outlying settlements, but a great colonial power resembling the mother country in its love of free institutions, a source of strength rather than of weakness to the Empire. (Great applause.) That is the determination which brought you to federation seventeen years ago, which has led you to submit to sacrifices of local convenience, to undertake national works greater than have been undertaken by any young community in the history of the world; that is the determination which lies on the threshold of your national life. May you have wisdom and strength to adhere to it; and if difficulties or dangers should ever beset your path, may you feel that your common allegiance to the old country, which has always regarded a strong and united Canada as the brightest ornament of the Empire, is a source of strength and solidity to yourselves. (Great applause.)

### An Accommodating Preacher.

Miss Flora Stewart, a Ritchie County, Virginia, lady, young and handsome, was engaged to be married recently. Her wedding clothes were prepared, the day arrived, and the preacher was on hand, but one thing was lacking to make the nuptials a success, and that was the bridegroom. This important personage failed to put in an appearance. It happened that the preacher was a single man, with an eye for beauty and a heart for love, and the damsel was youthful, comely and susceptible, so the minister offered to fill the place of the absent groom. The offer was accepted, and the two hied to Parkersburg, where the connubial knot was tied, and Miss Stewart became Mrs. James Barker.

G. A. Sala says that he had a cook once who, on entering on her duties, was asked whether she understood the use of a salamander. "Perfectly well," she replied, t is to kill rats with.

A worthy old lady offers the following advice to girls: "Whenever a fellow pops the question don't blush and stare at your foot. Just throw your arms around his neck, and look him full in the face, and commence talking about the furniture."

At a meeting of the Howard Society in London last evening the announcement was made that the society was co-operating with American prison societies to promote a central bureau for criminal statistics at Washington. A letter on the subject from President Arthur was read.

"Do you ever expect to sit in the House of Commons, Mr. Bradlaugh?" asked a reporter of the famous English agitator. "If I could find out what Methusaleh lived on I could tell you better," was the cautious answer. "Is it true that you are willing to swear as the law requires?" "Swear! Egad, man, I've been doing nothing else for the last two years."

A PERFECTLY fiendish twist has been given to crime in Paterson, N. J. Six thieves with accordeons attacked a house after the manner of serenaders, and while the inmates, dazed and paralyzed by the sounds, were suffering the agonies of the doomed, the confederates of the gang plundered the house. When the enemies of society add accordeons to burglary it is time that lynch law became fashionable.

It is just one mile between Sault St. Marie, Mich., and the Canadian village opposite, yet mail communication between the two points occupies ten days. A letter posted on the American side goes first to Detroit, crosses to Windsor, where it enters the Canadian mails, and is then sent over Canadian routes back to the Sault, reaching the Canadian office there in ten days from the time it started.

## THE WORLD OF WOMAN.

### The Bees, Butterflies and Grubs of the Feminine Gender.

In Austria every lady, no matter how high her rank, learns to cook and keep house thoroughly with her own hands.

It has been proved beyond a doubt that Mr. Charles Reade's "Picture" was taken from the French of Mme. de Reybaud.

Two daughters of the Archbishop of Canterbury are among the students in the Woman's Hall at Oxford, England.

Lady Claude Hamilton, under the superintendence of Prof. Tyndall, is translating the "Life and Labors of Louis Pasteur."

The late Mrs. Arabella A. Wilson, of New Bedford, Mass., wrote the well-known verses, "A Apeel for Fresh Are to the Sextant of the Meeting-House."

Clara S. Foltz, the California woman lawyer, watches the proceedings of the Sharon divorce trial closely. She wants to know, you know.

The oldest house now standing in New Orleans is the building where the famous negro Voudoo Queen lived. In her last days, however, she renounced her gibberish and died in the Church.

A level-headed woman, speaking of lady dead-beats who quarter themselves on relatives and others, says: "As a rule, the ladies who scorn to earn money do not scorn to take it as a gift."

Ex-United States Treasurer Spinner says that women clerks count more accurately and rapidly than men; that they detect counterfeit money with more certainty, and that they are honester than men.

In Grass Valley, Cal., the little daughter of the Chinese interpreter goes to the public schools and she has nagged her father till she made him consent to let her dress like the American girls. She is 9 years old and speaks excellent English.

In Valparaiso, Chili, the street car conductors became cross-grained for some reason and did not give satisfaction. The company put young women in their places and now there is hardly a vacant seat to be had in their cars. The women have proved an immense success.

Near Fort Niobrara, Neb., lives Mrs. Miller, a successful woman farmer. She does all the work on her small place herself. Last year she raised 300 bushels of potatoes, 50 bushels of corn, 20 bushels of turnips, fed two hogs and her large family of children, and supplied her neighbors with "garden sass."

Emily Faithful is writing enthusiastic letters to London papers about women's work in California. At Fresno she found a track of land entered by four lady school-teachers. They worked it in partnership and planted in alfalfa, a vineyard and an orchard of apricots, nectarines and almond trees. They have been very successful.

There are brave women out West. A week ago Mrs. Alexander, of Denver, was walking along the street one evening when two rough men seized her and attempted to rob her. One clapped his hand over her mouth and tried to search her. Suddenly she bit his finger to the bone and he let her go in haste. "There," said she, "take my pocketbook." She threw it towards him and ran away, escaping. The pocketbook contained very little money, but Mrs. Alexander had on her person, besides, a gold watch and $30, which she, not the robber, got away with. It is a right good story.

Here is a piece of the best possible advice for bashful men and women: Try to forget that you have arms, legs and feet. If you do not they will multiply until, to your consciousness, they are as numerous as the arms of the octopus and always in imminent danger of tying themselves in knots and throwing you down or making you do some awkward thing. Try to forget yourself in every way. Make no hasty movement, but after stepping inside the doorway pause and look around for the hostess, if you do not at once see her. Go to her directly, receive her greeting and then take another quiet glance around to see what course to follow to dispose of yourself pleasantly. Occasionally persons make the mistake in their embarrassment of detaining their hostess in conversation when other guests are coming in, obliging her to ask to be excused in order to give the latter greeting.

"Yes," said a fashionable lady, "I think Mary has made a very good match. I heard that her husband is one of the shrewdest and most unprincipled lawyers in the profession; and, of course, he can afford to gratify her every wish.'

Cannes, the noted health resort, is described by Dr. Ernest Hart in the *British Medical Journal* as a locality in which "gross irregularities and cruel offences against health and decency" are permitted to go on with impunity. The drains of one of the principal hotels corrupt a rivulet which runs through the most beautiful part of the town, and the public gardens have become permeated with miasmatic elements.

Fair Parisiennes with whom money is no object and who aspire to everything that is *pschutt* diversify the flowers they wear according to the time of day. In the morning, from 9 to 11 or 12, violets are the correct blossoms; from 2 to 5, mimosa is all the rage; hyacinths or primroses are considered dinner wear; and at dances, soirees, and, in fact, after 11 at night, gardenias, Cape heaths, white lilac or roses are permissible.

NERVOUSNESS.—There is really no case of nervousness that ever I met with that cannot be either cured or alleviated by attention to diet, avoidance of stimulants, the daily use of bath and friction with rough towels and flesh-brush; unlimited exercise in the open air, whether the weather be wet or dry, cold or hot, and pleasant society. Mixing with pleasant society is one of the very best means for the cure of nervousness. It takes one for the time being quite out of one's self, quite away from one's troubles and aches. It must, however, never be exciting society, for this sends the blood to the head and injures the very foundation of nerve-power. What do you tell me? You never take stimulants to excess? I doubt it; for tea, if too much indulged in, is a dangerous stimulant, and so is coffee. A cup of milk that has been boiled and allowed to cool would often do far more good than tea. Tea-drinking grows on one, and assuredly, when it does so, it shatters the nerves as irremediably as does wine, or even spirits.—*A Family Doctor.*

## A CURIOUS SECT.

### The Chicago Enthusiasts who Went to Palestine to Await Christ's Coming.

Chicago people have almost forgotten the commotion caused some years ago by an evangelist of the Moody type who suddenly abandoned the orthodox theories of heaven of gold and sapphire and began to preach Christ's reign upon earth. This man, Mr. H. G. Spafford, who lived at Lake View, and who had been a lawyer of some standing, gathered about him a congregation of theorists amounting to perhaps forty or fifty, who subscribed to his strange belief. In accordance with their theory, Christ was to appear for His final residence on Mount Calvary, and in order to be there on hand Mr. Spafford and his little band converted all their property into cash and sailed for the Promised Land. A traveller who recently visited Jerusalem in the interest of one of the missionary societies of the East states that she visited the house in which the Lake View community lived, and that she found them in good health and spirits, still firm in belief, and waiting with hope and resignation for the judgment day. This young woman, sent out from Boston, returned to that city a few weeks ago, and has written letters to friends in Chicago describing the way in which she was received, having been sick for several weeks at the house in which these people lived. Their dwelling is described as large and commodious—a neatly, but not elegantly furnished house—and fitted out with all the conveniences which the best civilization of the country can furnish. She says that about twenty persons are living under the same roof, and that all property is held in common. The house itself is perched upon the side of the mountain just without the walls of the Holy City, and presents a most strikingly picturesque appearance. Mr. Spafford, the leader of the community, is nearly 60 years of age, but is still hale, hearty and happy.

### A Baby at the Masthead.

Not long ago an English lady took passage on a vessel bound from Kingston, Jamaica, to London. A large, strong and active monkey on board the vessel took a fancy to the lady's child, a babe about 2 months old. The monkey would follow the lady from place to place, watching her as she rocked and fondled her little one. It so happened on a beautiful afternoon during the voyage that a distant sail attracted the attention of the passengers. The polite captain offered the lady the use of his glass. She placed her child on the sofa and had just raised the glass to her eye, when a cry was heard. Turning quickly she beheld a sailor in pursuit of the monkey, which had grasped the infant firmly with one arm and was nimbly climbing the shrouds. The mother fainted as the monkey reached the top of the mainmast. The captain was at his wit's end. He feared that if he sent a sailor in pursuit the monkey would drop the babe, and escape by leaping from mast to mast. Meanwhile the monkey was seen to be soothing and fondling the child. After trying in many ways to lure the animal down, the captain ordered the men below, and concealed himself on deck. In a moment, to his great joy, he saw the monkey carefully descending. Reaching the deck, it looked cautiously around, advanced to the sofa, and placed the child upon it. The captain restored the child to its mother, who was soon satisfied that her darling had escaped without injury.

### Whittlings.

Don't forget, my snobbish friend, that you have got to die just the same as the rest of us, and you cannot bury yourself, either.

Next to a snow-storm, for a decided nuisance, comes a holiday, in a great city.

When a man does drop out of sight in a great city, you not only never hear from him again, but you cannot even find the hole he fell through.

It is the strongest possible argument for our immortality that nine of every ten human beings believe in it.

Politeness has no creed.

About half we know we guess at, and the other half, somebody has guessed at for us.

A man of a great deal of character cannot hide it. He will betray it even when he sneezes.

One of the strongest evidences to me of a hereafter is that we cannot prove it.

Every ladder has a top round to it.

Our characters we make, our reputations are often made for us.

It is no disgrace to be bit by a dog the first time, but the second time it is.

Very intelligent people carry a large share of their brains in their faces.

—*Zeke Fairchild, in The Manhattan for May.*

### Sleep as a Medicine.

The cry for rest has always been louder than the cry for food. Not that it is more important, but it is often harder to obtain. The best rest comes from sound sleep. Of two men or women, otherwise equal, the one who sleeps the best will be the most moral, healthy and efficient. Sleep will do much to cure irritability of temper, peevishness and uneasiness. It will restore to vigor an overworked brain. It will build up and make strong a weary body. It will cure a headache. It will cure a broken spirit. It will cure sorrow. Indeed, we might make a long list of nervous and other maladies that sleep will cure. The cure of sleeplessness requires a clean, good bed, sufficient exercise to produce weariness, pleasant occupation, good air and not too warm a room, a clear conscience and avoidance of stimulants and narcotics. For those who are overworked, haggard and nervous, who pass sleepless nights, we commend the adoption of such habits as shall secure sleep; otherwise, life will be short, and what there is of it sadly imperfect.

Little Jack—"Mamma's new fan is hand-painted." Little Dick—"Pooh who cares? Our whole fence is."

Charles Goodnight is a king among cattle kings in Texas, and has fenced in 700,000 acres with 250 miles of wire fence, at the head of Red River in the Panhandle. His ranch contains nearly 25,000 acres more than there are in the entire State of Rhode Island, and he bought the whole at from 50 cents to $1 an acre.

## BISHOPING A HORSE.

### A Horse Dentist Tells Some of the Tricks of the Trade.

"No; I am not going to do it, but I'll show you how it's done," said a horse dentist, to a *News* reporter yesterday afternoon. He had just finished an operation on the grinders of a mare that pulled on one line, kept her mouth open when being driven, slobbered all the time, and had got to acting ugly and vicious simply because some of her back teeth had sharp points which cut into the sides of her mouth.

"Now this mare is about 15 years old, but she could be fixed up so as to look like one of 7 or 8. You see, the only way you can tell a horse's age is by the teeth. The lower front teeth are the principal guides, the length of the upper ones going to show age; but you see that can be fixed easy enough by filing them off. These teeth—here the horse dentist opened the mare's mouth, showing the six lower front ones—don't come before a hoss is 5 years old. The ones before that age are colt's teeth. At 6 years of age each one of these has a cup.

"What's a cup?"

"That's a little round hole in the end of the tooth with a black spot in it. When the hoss is 7 years old these cups disappear in the two middle teeth but remain in the two outside ones on each side. At 8 years the cups are only on the two outside teeth. After that age they disappear on all of them. That's why so many hosses 'just turned 8' are sold. When these cups are gone you can't tell how old a hoss is. Now, if we wanted to work this mare off on anybody for an 8-year-old, I'd just take this instrument, dig a little hole in each of these outside teeth, touch these holes with a nitric acid, file down the upper row of teeth to the proper length for an 8-year-old, and the job is done."

"Would that deceive an expert?"

"Certainly. He'd just open the mouth this way, glance at the teeth, satisfy himself she was an 8-year-old, and if she suited him in other ways and the price was satisfactory he'd buy her."

"Is there much of that kind of work done?"

"Yes; considerable. That's what we call bishoping' a hoss."—*Detroit News.*

### Peculiar Numbers.

The Brahmins are said to have invented the numerals—1 to 10—some time before the Christian era, and the Arabians to have introduced them into Spain, whence they spread all over Europe. They did not come into use in England until the beginning of the seventeenth century. In olden times there was a belief in the occult power of numbers, which were thought to express the harmonies of nature. Divination by numbers came from this belief. In a well known song Rory O'More declared tha "there's luck in odd numbers"—bad luck for some. In the numeral Hebrew cabala 2 was said to be the most imperfect. Cornelius Agrippa wrote that, therefore, on the second day of the creation the Almighty did not pronounce the very work of His hands to be good, and Rabbi Akkiva asserted that hell was made on the evening of the second day.

### Dull Times.

Canadian Hotel Keeper—I don't see how we are going to get along. The house is about empty, yet it is impossible to reduce expenses. Look over the American papers and see what the news is.

Hotel Clerk—I have looked over them, there has not been a big defalcation in the United States for two weeks.

Canadian Hotel Keeper—My stars! We will be ruined. I never knew the times to be so dull.—*Philadelphia Call.*

### One Way of Getting Free Advertising.

Philadelphia reporters are exposing Forepaugh's sacred white elephant as a painted fraud. They washed it with a sponge, a white substance came off, and the dark skin was exposed. This may be only a scheme of Forepaugh's to advertise the animal and draw a crowd. Thousands of people who wouldn't go out of their way to see a real white elephant will go to see whether this animal is painted or not.—*Toronto News.*

Some actors are more successful in drawing a cork than in drawing a paying audience.

Sleep is very healthful. There is nobody who knows this better than the hired girl especially in the morning.

Keep it in mind that the great object of study is to fit the mind for usefulness in life.

A little praise is good for a shy temper. It teaches it to rely on the kindness of others.—*Landor.*

A woman's heart, like the moon, is always changing; but there is always a man in it.

Mrs. A. W. Rollins, who died in Des Moines, Iowa, last week, left $75,000 to the American Home Mission Society.

The Duke of Buccleugh, who has just died in Scotland, was known wherever he went uncovered by a peculiar mark—a large wen upon the top of his head.

When you have a very strong attachment or a young lady you feel at times as though you could eat her, at least you say so; but just let her go off and flirt with some other fellow and you feel immediately as though you could chew her up.

FRESH PAINT.—The current belief among householders that the smell of fresh lead paint is noxious is founded on pretty general experience, but is opposed by the belief, equally current among chemists, that lead compounds are not volatile. A fact recently brought to our notice seems to support the domestic theory. The basis of the useful and popular luminous paint is known to be sulphide of calcium. Now, this compound, when unprotected by varnish, glass or some other impervious substance, is slowly acted on by the acids of the air, and sulphuretted hydrogen is evolved, which blackens lead paint. This is well known, and can easily be avoided by proper protection of the paint. But the curious thing is that unprotected luminous paint is found to be perceptibly blackened by the fumes from fresh lead paint. There seems to be only one possible explanation of this—namely, that a surface freshly covered with lead paint does actually emit some volatile compound of lead. We believe that many physicians could confirm this view from their own observations in regard to newly-painted houses.—*Lancet.*