FIGHTING "JOE" MARTIN.

His Life and Battles.

Halton County Farm Boy, Normal School Student, School Teacher, Lawyer and Politician—A Radical From Away-back.

The cablegram which brought to thousands of Manitobans and their sympathizers in older Canada, the news of the success of D'Alton McCarthy in his fight for national schools in the Prairie Province, mentioned the name of a man who has been foremost in Manitoba's fight for provincial autonomy.

"Joe" Martin was given well-deserved praise for his part in the struggle. To the skill of the able lawyer he added the convictions of the patriotic citizen, and doubtless, were the truth known, the man who took the Government's large fee was much aided by the ex-Attorney-General in the preparation of his brief. The abolition of Separate schools has been Martin's desire for years. It was the rock upon which, say his enemies, he wrecked his political future, but it has not been shown that Martin is possessed of any violent desire to remain within the circumscribed arena of Manitoban politics. Now that this great question has been settled as far as the Provincial Legislature is concerned, the little Parliament can safely return to the heated discussion of grants to colonization railways and of the salaries of immigrant agents. Little else have they to talk about in the dreary days of a North-west winter. The two score members loaf easily through the session, happy in the consciousness that the stock on their farms is wintering well, and that the well-filled silos are unthreatened by that "souring" which is the terror of the prairie agriculturist.

At Portage la Prairie Joe Martin, no longer working for an unthankful people, fattens his bank account. His law practice is a large one, he knows the personal affairs of most of his clientele, and is, if need exist, ready to advance them money at legal interest upon next summer's crops. When the farmer in the country about the Portage needs ready cash he goes to Joe Martin, well knowing that he will get it from the rich lawyer with less trouble than from anybody else.

A HALTON BOY.

It was in Halton county that Joe Martin was born, some 40 years ago. His parents were farmers, but it did not take long for their son to find that there were easier modes of life than wresting a living from the soil of fertile Halton. He worked summers and put in his time during the winters at the village school. By the time he was sixteen he had decided upon law as his profession, and, as did many before him, and as have many since, he took up school teaching as the means to an end which was not far distant. In those days Ontario had but one Normal school, that at Toronto, and to this city he came. He was just such a raw country boy as the old institution's walls have often awed, but he was determined to "get there." That obstinacy which has characterized him through life, first became evident when he became involved in a serious controversy with the Principal, Rev. Dr. Davies, regarding his right, and the right of the men students generally, to engage in conversation with the lady students There was at that time a very stringent law against any intercourse between the two classes, and Martin writhed under the enactment which forbade him to pass the time of day to a fellow scholar. His attitude set the principal against him, and for a time his expulsion was talked of. Finally, however, he agreed to observe the ordinances, and the storm blew over.

SCHOOL TEACHING IN OTTAWA.

There are many young fellows in Ottawa to-day who remember the time when the short, dark young man taught school in that ill-defined district which is known in the Capital as "out New Edinboro' way." The little building in which he wielded crayon and ferule has been replaced by a big red brick school house, but the time is not so far remote that many of his ex-pupils cannot well remember the time when the school master used to walk down the road to Rockcliffe after school hours, and, disrobing in the heavy-branched cedars that clothe the Ottawa's precipitous banks, took a header in the River's swift current. As an athlete he was a distinct failure; in fact he never saw any reason in pursuing a ball all over a ten-acre lot, but his love of the water was strong, and his dips were daily.

But the six hundred dollars a year which the future apostle of provincial rights was paid by the Ottawa School Board went mainly in the purchase of law books. In four years he passed his final examination, and in 1882 was called to the bar. Then he set out for Manitoba, where he has lived since. Settling at Portage la Prairie, after a brief stay in Winnipeg, he soon built up a law practice which was the envy of his rivals. The money which he made he salted away where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, in Manitoba farms and Winnipeg town lots. When the boom came along he unloaded, and when it was past, leaving hundreds of financial wrecks behind, the astute Martin bought back much property for half the money he had got for it.

NOW IN THE LEGISLATURE.

In 1883 he was elected to the local legislature for Portage la Prairie, which he represented until he voluntarily left the legislative halls. In 1888 Greenway made him Attorney-General, and it was then that he became famous. His speech in introducing the bill for the abolition of Separate schools is accounted the greatest oratorical effort ever made in Manitoba.

Martin's manner, both in the House and in private life, was abrupt, almost brusque, and consequently, he never made many friends. He is one of those men who have a very proper appreciation of the value of their own society, and was seldom seen in company.

BLUNT IN SPEECH.

It cannot be said that his speeches were characterized by either diplomacy or regard for tradition. If he had anything to say about a man he said it, and when the Speaker "called him down" he grunted a retraction. Once, in 1886, he made use of remarks which were nothing less than offensive. The speaker called upon him to retract, but the obstinate Joe would not retract worth a cent. Thereupon the House —the Conservatives were in power in those days —passed a motion requesting the Speaker to reprimand Mr. Martin, and then adjourned. Next day the galleries were crowded and the House was filled. Everybody wanted to see how Martin would take the reproof. The Speaker had his little speech prepared, and all was ready. But the culprit with the utmost disregard of the day's programme, neglected to show up. Messengers were despatched to implore him to come and be reprimanded, but their search was in vain. Consequently the case was enlarged for a day, and the House adjourned. Upon the succeeding afternoons Martin was absent, but finally he reappeared, and, it is said that the Speaker, having almost forgotten the nicely worded reproof which he had memorized, made but a lame attempt at a reprimand.

BLACKBALLED AT "THE KLEB."

Between Acton Burrows, at one time Deputy Minister of Agriculture,, and Martin, there was great enmity. Rightly enough, Martin thought Burrows could not act as Deputy Minister of the province's most important department and run the Winnipeg *Tribune* at the same time. He said so every session when the item for Burrows' salary came up in the estimates; and he also objected to Burrows advertising himself at the expense of the province by having his name and official title printed upon the wrapper of every pamphlet that went out of the Government printing contractor's office. Burrows bore Martin's none too mildly expressed remarks until one day in the House his enemy undertook to object because Burrows had had cut on his wife's tombstone an intimation to the effect that she had been the "wife of Acton Burrows, Esq., Deputy Minister of Agriculture." Then Burrows got out his knife and sharpened it for his enemy's benefit. He had not long to wait for an opportunity of using it. Martin indirectly allowed himself to be put up for membership in the Manitoba Club, Winnipeg's swell social organization. Burrows happened to be a director of the institution, and he pulled wires to such effect that Martin was blackballed. Then there was a tremendous rumpus. Martin's friends vowed that they would resign, and start another club, and Burrows' party sweetly told them that they were quite at liberty to do so. Martin was implored to allow his name to be posted a second time, but he very sensibly refused. His consent would have been nuts to Burrows, who would certainly not have allowed to pass an opportunity of turning the knife in a green wound.

And now Martin, his great work over, has returned to his law books, and Burrows, who has long since been out of the Government employ, runs a weekly paper in Winnipeg. Martin's friends affect to believe that he will some day return to active politics, but he says he never will and experience has shown that he generally means what he says.

Fast Trains Are the Safest.

Superintendent Darlington of the Pennsylvania lines is of the opinion that fast trains are the safest, and unless there is a defect in the track an accident seldom happens to them. "Our No. 7," says he, "is known to be an exceedingly fast train, and every one keeps out of its way. At Knightstown, for instance where our fast trains pass through at nearly sixty miles an hour, no one has ever been hurt. The people know the trains cannot be stopped in a second and govern themselves accordingly. It is in towns where there are slow ordinances that the people are hurt. They know the trains are compelled to run slow, and take their time about getting across the track. The experience of railroad men is that fast trains are the safest. In the event of cattle on the track it is better, too, to hit them hard than easy. I was on the engine of a freight train once when we ran into a flock of sheep. The animals were huddled together around the bell wether, and my hair began to rise. I thought surely we would be thrown from the track. The engineer put on a full head of steam and struck the flock at great speed. The engine threw the sheep to one side like chaff. Had he tried to stop or run slowly the engine would have been derailed."

Two years ago a cow was seen in the middle of the Monon tracks in front of the train. The engineer tried to stop, and the result was the locomotive was derailed and the engineer killed. A few months ago the writer was riding on an engine on the Chicago division of the Pennsylvania, and a herd of cattle got on the track. The train was running almost forty miles an hour, but when the engineer saw them he "threw her wide open" and went into them at full seventy-five miles an hour. No damage was done except to "muss up" the engine extensively. The engine man was asked why he had thrown on the extra speed. His reply was that, had he been running slow, it was eight chances to ten that he would have left the track.

The Flower-Matching Game.

And extraordinary trial, known as the Judicial Gambling Case, has just come to an abortive conclusion at Tokio. What lent unusual interest to the case was the fact that the defendants accused of illegal gambling were the President and six Judges of the Supreme Court. The alleged offense with which they were charged consisted in playing cards in a teahouse with some of the dancing girls of the capital for partners.

Owing to the high position of the accused and the fondness of the Japanese for euphemisms, the case was known in polite circles as the "flower-play matter," because the game of cards in which the Judges are supposed to have been indulging was the Japanese game of "hana-awase," or "flower matching," so called because the cards bear representations of various kinds of flowers which have to be brought into couples by the players. Owing to the grave scandal occasioned by such charges being preferred against the very administrators and interpreters of the law, strenuous efforts were made to hush the matter up, but the accused Judges, especially Judge Kojima Iken, the President of the Supreme Court, declared their resolve to have the whole matter throughly sifted.

The most eminent counsel on the Japanese bar were retained, and a special tribunal, called an Admonition Tribunal, was opened in the Administrative Court for the purpose of conducting the investigation. The inquiry, which was conducted with closed doors, had resulted in the court pronouncing the defendants to be beyond the reach of prosecution. As an instance of the extraordinary excitement caused by the whole affair, it may be mentioned that the recent resignation of Viscount Tanaka of the Ministry of Justice was rumored to be in consequence of the ex-Minister considering the occurrence of such a scandalous incident during his tenure of the Portfolio of Justice too disgraceful to be consistent with his remaining in office.

FRESH DISCOVERIES ON MARS.

Prof. Keeler of the Allegheny Observatory Makes Interesting Observations.

A new steel tube for the great telescope in the Allegheny Observatory at Pittsburg was mounted Sunday afternoon, and Prof. Keeler is much pleased with the improvement in his pet instrument.

The new tube, fifteen feet long, was made by Mr. Brashear. Sunday night was spent by Prof. Keeler in another study of Mars.

The atmosphere was pellucid, and the planet was seen in unwonted splendor. Prof. Keeler is giving particular attention to the markings on the planet.

He devoted himself on Sunday night to a certain spot, of which he made a map which, when compared to-day with the plan of Schiaparelli and another map of the planet, both made in 1883, showed that great changes are taking place.

The spot viewed was on the border of the great Southern sea where on the old map, there was a well defined inland lake surrounded by a circular rim of land, on the one side jetting into the ocean, and on the other separated from the mainland by canals.

At present this round island, with its little lake in the centre, has divided into two islands, each having a central lake. This has taken place in four years, and denotes rapid alterations in land and sea.

But this is not the only change observable. The land on Mars appears of a clay color, while the ocean shows a watery green. The outer rim of land around the lake closest to the sea does not reveal a clear yellowish tinge, but is becoming gradually green, showing that the ocean may be overflowing the land.

Out in the sea beyond this point, there was, four years ago, a bright little island, one of the most distinct spots on the martial landscape. This island has grown considerably in size, and begins to take on the proportions of a continent.

As the ocean retreats from it and leaves its surface larger and larger, the water encroaches correspondingly on the low parts of the main land.

The Presidential Campaign.

It is amusing and instructive to watch from this side of the border the trend of political events in the United States during a presidential campaign. No sooner is a candidate in the field than his attitude toward Great Britain becomes a matter of surpassing public interest. His views on United States relations with France, Germany, Russia, or the Central and South American States, are all of fifth rate importance as compared with even a suspicion that he is favorable to the maintenance of peaceful relations with Great Britain. In fact all questions of foreign or domestic policy are made secondary to this all-pervading, blind and unreasoning prejudice against the British, which gives color to every presidential campaign. The political readers recognize its force and govern their conduct accordingly. A presidential candidate in France who was admittedly in the pay of the German government would not be received with more hostile demonstrations than a presidential candidate in the United States who was suspected of having a friendly feeling for "the mother of nations." This spirit of hostility to Great Britain is encouraged not only in the press of the republic, but the very fountains of knowledge, the school readers, the school histories, and the various publications prepared especially for children, are all poisoned, apparently with no other object except to keep this feeling of animosity alive from generation to generation. The prejudice, thus early instilled into the minds of the youth, is fostered in later life by the frenzied appeals of political leaders on the platform and in the press; until at the present time the United States can only be accurately described as a nation hostile to Great Britain. Even the "bloody shirt" is less effective as a campaign appeal than a shrewd canvass which recognizes the existence of this intense hatred and jealousy of Great Britain. The democrats are now, by the fortunes of war, the chief sufferers in consequence. The Yankee elector is urged to vote against the particular policy that is presumed to be in favor in Great Britain; and, strange as it may appear, in three cases out of five, he votes accordingly without regard to the effect of that policy upon his own personal or political interests. In the present campaign the alleged hostility of the British people to the McKinley tariff and their interest in the success of the democrats will lose Mr. Cleveland many votes. The argument which is built up on this foundation is very simple, but doubtless on that account all the more effective.

For instance, G. W. Smalley in a recent issue of the New York Tribune says: "From the moment the democratic convention declared for a revenue tariff, and practically for free trade, the British manufacturer became a hot partisan of Cleveland. He well knows that a tariff which did not discriminate in favor of the American manufacturer would discriminate in favor of the British manufacturer. The law is inevitable. It cannot be otherwise. He therefore divides his hatreds. He hates the republican and loves the democrat. That is a qualification to be kept in mind when you are considering the state of British feeling toward America. Just so far as you, or any considerable portion of American citizens, are ready to sacrifice American interests to British interests, just so far does the love of the British manufacturer extend." The intelligent (?) elector is further informed that the British free trader not only hates the republican, of whom in fact he knows very little, but that: "He heard with joy, with a selfish and inhuman delight, of the Homestead riots. Not that he wished anybody any particular harm, but that he would have looked on complacently had the Carnegie mills been wiped off the face of the earth." Of course, this representation of the British elector as an inhuman monster, who gloats with fiendish delight over the massacre at Homestead, does not strike the average Yankee as an absurd caricature; for from early boyhood he has been taught to believe that John Bull is tyrannical, bloodthirsty, and above all actuated by a morbid desire to aggrandize at the expense of the United States. The result of this sort of education is that the United States is so extremely sensitive to what is presented as British criticism and British sentiment, that a candidate for public office in the republic can hardly be elected, though he possess all other political qualifications and be the embodiment of all the virtues, if he should receive an appreciative notice in an English journal of high standing. In fact, a wag only recently suggested what is perfectly true, that if two or three London and Toronto daily papers should conspire together they could make or mar the fortunes of either of the presidential candidates by merely publishing laudatory notices of the one or the other of them for republication in the United States.

THE RISE AND FALL OF VOICE.

Once no Living Thing Had One, and the Same Will be True Again.

There was a time in the history of the world when even the animals had no voice. There were no sounds or noises but those made by the winds whistling about mountain tops and howling through primeval forests, or of the waves dashing on shores absolutely silent and dead. The animals of those geological epochs, being in the plastic state preceding the development of the osseous structure that now gives form and comeliness to the human body, were just beginning to breathe the external air with a gentle respiration. Ages, it should be said epochs, were passed in this manner, in the course of which the habit of respiration developed the lungs. Then the use of the throat essential to the taking of food produced those organs necessary to speech, which are called the pharynx, glottis, and larynx. It seems that Providence, as a matter of supreme convenience, made the same passage serve for eating, speaking, and breathing, although another arrangement was possible, like the respiratory apparatus of the grasshopper, which is placed at the sides. This is one of the very few exceptions to the rule which applies in common to man and most animals.

When the upper part of the throat was in an advanced state of development the act of respiration began to be accompanied by certain inarticulate sounds, at first resembling the rough breathing of a person whose air passages are obstructed by a bad cold. Instinct soon taught the animal that these noises could be increased by forcing slightly the inspiration or expiration of the breath, or by contracting the muscles of the throat and so emitting the voice in a rapid succession of indefinite sounds. We have the right to suppose that the yelping of sea lions represents very nearly the human voice in its early stages of development. The sounds of the voice of the human being are, like those of all animals and of all instruments, the result of a vibration of chords, and are grave or acute according to the size of these chords. There is little reason to doubt that the first sounds made by animals were low down in the musical scale, but as the voice,

GUIDED BY INSTINCT,

was more and more used, either for the purpose of amusement or to inspire terror, they would naturally, in the case of many species in which there was a more pronounced development of the cranium, be made more in the head and become what we now call head tones. This change was more rapid in animals living on the land, the voice of those whose habits continued to be amphibious remaining much the same. There came in the course of time to be a great variety in the voices of animals, determined partly by their size, but generally by the circumstances in which they were placed. The different species of the feline race living in forests cultivated the higher tones. The lion adapted his voice to the vast desert spaces where he roamed and gained a scanty subsistence. The dog in his wild state probably confined himself to the lower notes of the scale and expressed his hostility only by barking. Since his domestication, having acquired a sort of human sentiment, he yelps and whines in the higher tones to express feelings that are but imperfectly understood. The cat imitates the high sopranos. The horse having a long neck and a head nearly as long, imitates in his neighing most of the modern tenors. The animals of the bovine tribe produce the voice from low down in the throat, only occasionally venturing on certain higher and exceedingly unnatural notes. A great variety of tone and compass is found among the birds, from the shrill scream of those of a ravenous kind down to the parrots, among which are found the bassos, baritones, and contraltos of the race. The singing birds combine the high and low tones with extraordinary flexibility of voice and a perfection of vocalism at which they arrived probably at a very remote period of the world's history.

Man inherited from his immediate ancestors, the apes and monkeys, a voice of considerable altitude, in which the lower tones were almost unknown. The monkeys chattered to their fellows from tree to tree in shrill head tones, the natural vocal expression of a weak and timid race, in whose physical formation the head had begun to hold an important place. The upper notes of the register were characteristic of the first men, as they still are of savage tribes and peoples, and of the half civilized members of modern society, whose voices have never been subjected to discipline. The voices of country people accustomed to

MAGNIFICENT DISTANCES

and conversation at long range are, if not keyed higher, oftener used in the upper ranges than those of city people, who feel obliged by the necessities of good breeding to moderate their tones. When a man is self contained he uses the middle and lower tones of his voice; when angry the voice mounts gradually to the head. If the gentler sex would oftener bear in mind the eulogies of Shakespeare and Scott of that voice gentle and low which is an excellent thing in woman they would more rarely have occasion to wonder why they have ceased to be attractive. The music of the Chinese, Japanese, and of all wild tribes is keyed high and sung usually in falsetto, the lower notes being obtained by drums, tom-toms, or some other instruments of the kind. Although their songs are far from agreeable to the ear, they still think they can sing, an illusion shared, it must be confessed, by a considerable number of persons in the most refined modern society.

These facts and suggestions contain probably the reason for the belief expressed by a French writer that the human voice is gradually descending the scale. High tenors and sky-scraping sopranos are more and more difficult to find, a great misfortune in these times when the Wagner operas demand such extraordinary vocal efforts. We have already endeavored to explain the awful consequences of this theory carried to its logical results. It has shown how the sopranos will gradually become contraltos; the contraltos tenors, regardless of sex; the tenors baritones, and the baritones bassos. It would be well if the misfortune ended here, but this is by no means all. When the whole human race is only able to speak in bass tones there will continue to be a depression of the higher of these, until one single dead level is reached, above which the voice will be unable to rise. To this unfortunate voice music in all its forms will long have been impossible. For a while a conversation, whose ghostly solemnity can only be imagined will be carried on, and then the vocal organs will cease entirely to exist.

PHOTOGRAPHS OF ROYALTY.

Many Are Sold—American Women the Most Frequent Buyers.

Those horsey young women who buy equestrian pictures of the Empress of Austria must find it difficult to reconcile the dashing horsewoman of the photograph with the grandmother of the suicide Crown Prince Rudolph's little daughter. The fact is that the Empress, now 54 and probably forever disabled from horseback riding, has not had a picture taken for the public since 1887. One of her earliest and least-known photographs shows her a young wife in riding habit, but as only her head and bust are visible and she does not wear a riding hat the presence of her favorite attire would hardly be suspected. Her latest photograph, now quite a quarter of a century old, represents her in court robes and crown as Queen of Hungary.

After the photographs of British royalties those of German and Austian sell best, the Russian next, and perhaps the Italian next, though there is a steady demand for royal babies of all nations, including especially the little Queen Wilhelmina of Holland in frocks and the tiny King of Spain in velvet garments that upon other than royal legs would be called knicker-bockers. The rage for collecting royal photographs which grows here and is found not among persons of foreign birth but among native Americans, takes many odd turns. Some collectors buy only photographs of royal babies, and of course acquire a large stock of Queen Victoria's abounding progeny. The last addition to this gallery is the Fife baby, with father and mother looking down upon the mite of royalty. Those who do not care for babies buy royal beauties. The Princess of Wales, who no longer pretends to the charms of youth, does not show the Empress of Austria's unwillingness to be photographed with increasing years, and she reappears year after year in the very gowns the orders for which a famous tailor of this town loyally preserves in a sacred album. Reigning sovereigns are the special objects of other collectors, while still others gather in anything from the loftiest autocrat to the humblest and most hopeless of pretenders. Of the latter the Bourbons and Bonapartes are the most popular. One very mild pretender, Mr. Iturbide of Mexico, who refuses to stir about his title, has the good taste to keep out of the picture shops. There is some demand for his photographs, but dealers in such things say that they have tried in vain to obtain it here and in Mexico.

No royal beauty has had a greater sale for the past two years than the Baroness Vesara, the victim of the Austrian Crown Prince. Her picture in half a dozen poses has sold enormously in the United States and over most of the civilized world, but it cannot be bought in the Austrian empire. Portrait sellers complain that Germans alone among resident foreigners can be depended on as purchasers of royal photographs. The Italians purchase few of the Italian royal family, though they and people of all nationalities buy photographs of smiling Pope Leo and the late Pope Pius. The French care little for pictures of their pretenders and scarcely more for those of their Presidents. The small German royalties are purchased chiefly by their former subjects resident here, save when some Teutonic princekin weds a British or Imperial German princess, when the collectors and public begin to take an interest in Pumpernickel.

Republican rulers excite small interest, and since Dom Pedro fled from Brazil no ruler on this side of the Atlantic has been a good sale with the photograph dealers. Even the bronzed soldier face of the picturesque Diaz of Mexico is in small demand, and it is only where there is some such excitement as that of the Chilian trouble that the Presidents below the isthmus are objects of interest.

STORM ADDS ITS TERRORS TO THOS OF CHOLERA IN RUSSIA.

The Hospital at Nijni Novgorod Partly Blown Down—A French Gunboat Fires On an African Mail Steamship.

A St. Petersburg despatch says:—The horrors of a frightful storm have been added to the misery and suffering caused by the cholera at Nijni Novgorod. The storm was one of the most frightful that has visited that region. It came sweeping over the town with a force and fury that many buildings were unable to resist. The cholera hospital was full of patients, many of them in a dying condition. As they heard the roar of the hurricane some of them actually died of fright. The terrible noise of the approaching storm was soon followed by the storm itself, which crushed in a large part of the cholera hospital like an eggshell, hurling the beds and wooden walls into a mass of ruin. From the debris came the shrieks and groans of the victims, a number of whom died while the work of rescue was going on.

Other buildings were also crushed, and the tents of the traders who had remained, notwithstanding the cholera, were scattered, with their contents, in all directions. The wretched people of Novgorod have had all the courage driven out of them by this latest visitation, and many of the superstitious declared that the Almighty had determined to destroy the city on account of the wickedness of the people. Those who could fly have deserted the place, while the people who remain can be seen in crowds at the shrines and in the churches, praying for the mercy of heaven.

The cholera epidemic appears now to be assuming a milder character throughout the affected region. A telegram from Nijni Novgorod received by the Nevosti states that the number of patients there is decreasing rather than growing, while the convalescents are more numerous. Prof. Anrep, who was sent to report upon the outbreak, declares that the cholera has generally appeared in a mild form, and is each day becoming less malignant.

Why destroy present happiness by a distant misery, which may never come at *all* or you may never live to see it, for every substantial grief has twenty shadows, and most of them shadows of your own making. —[Sydney Smith.