

SCIENTIFIC.

ABOUT LIGHTNING RODS.

Many accidents are upon record which have been due to the bad construction of lightning conductors, churches being the most notable sufferers from this cause. The history of St. Bride's Church, London, affords a curiously complete illustration of the need of lightning conductors for lofty buildings and of the need also that those conductors shall be good ones. On a Sunday afternoon in June, 1764, an intensely vivid flash of lightning struck St. Bride's steeple. The metallic weather vane and the iron bars by which it was supported safely conducted the current some distance down the steeple, but at the spot where the bars terminated a number of huge stones were shattered into fragments. Other metal work afforded a broken path for the current, but the intervening stone-work suffered great havoc. Ninety feet of the steeple had to be taken down entirely, while great and expensive repairs were required for the rest. Many years afterward the steeple was again struck, and although a lightning conductor had in the interval been erected, it was so faulty in construction that at various points the church was once more damaged. In the storm on July 15 last, St. Bride's third time proved an attraction to electricity. Fortunately, upon this occasion the church itself was uninjured. The conductor conveyed the current to earth, but the contact was insufficient. There was a bad joint just below the spot where the rod entered the ground, and, as the dissipation could not take place with sufficient rapidity, a number of flagstones and a portion of the earth was torn up and sent flying to some distance.

RESTORATION OF LAKE MOERIS.

The recent overflow of the Nile, it is said, destroyed about \$3,000,000 worth of property. The Khedive is just now making a tour of the country to inspect the ravages of the flood and to satisfy himself as to the feasibility of the project for the restoration of Lake Moeris, proposed by Mr. Cope Whitehouse, and approved last year by the Egyptian Minister of Public Works. This lake, which is described by Herodotus as being 450 miles in circumference and 300 feet deep, was for centuries believed to be mythical. Some years ago, however, Mr. Whitehouse discovered a great depression, southwest of Cairo, and 300 feet below the level of the Nile, which is now believed to have been the ancient bed of the lake. The present project is to restore the canal leading from the river, which is said to have been dug by Joseph, and thus utilize the lake for the purpose of receiving the Nile's surplus floods and storing them for use in the dry season. The danger from inundations would thus be removed and an immense reservoir for irrigating purposes created. It is estimated that the cost of the work would be only \$5,000,000, and an offer has been made to the Egyptian Government to accomplish it by private enterprise.

A French scientific man, named Le Bec, says that civilized man is gradually losing the sense of smell, and that, through disease of its functions, the nose itself must finally disappear.

It is computed that the death rate of the world is 67 a minute and the birth rate 70 a minute, and this seemingly light percentage of gain is sufficient to give a net increase of population each year of almost 1,200,000 souls.

A professor claims to have discovered that a grain of alum in a gallon of water will reduce the colonies of bacteria—if the water is sufficiently infested—from 8,100 to about 80, and that the remaining bacteria will be the large ones and can be easily taken out by filtering. The required amount of alum, he says, is too small to be detected by taste and is not harmful to health.

With the aid of science, even the desert of Sahara is becoming inhabitable and colonization is encouraged. The Lower Sahara is an immense basin of artesian waters, and the French are forming fresh oases with skill and success, so that the number of cultivated tracks is increasing rapidly. After a period of thirty years forty-three oases have 13,000 inhabitants, 120,000 forest trees between one and seven years old, and 100,000 fruit trees.

Inventors not only find in the growing uses of electricity a field for their ingenuity, but they are turning their attention to devices made useful in consequence of the electrical inventions. For instance, one of the latest patents is a holder for keeping the telephone earpiece up to one's ear without having to tire the arm holding it there. Another new invention is an arrangement for winding clocks so that they require no attention for a year. The device is part of the clock itself. Still another is an anti-magnetic shield for watches to protect them when worn near dynamos or in other places where they would be ruined by the electric fluid.

San Salvador has had a very brief season of quiet, if the Panama news be correct, since its last previous revolution, which occurred in the spring of 1885. At that time President Zaldivar, who had distinguished himself by successfully resisting the invasion of Barrios, was compelled to resign his office by the revolutionary party, headed by Menendez. The latter also quickly defeated the forces of Figueroa, who had succeeded Zaldivar and established himself in the presidency. Now a revolution has in turn been excited against Menendez, who has steadily lost his popularity, and is accused of imprisoning, beating and forcing into the ranks of the army some of the sons of the best Salvadorian families as a punishment for political opinions and offences. The reported defeat of the Government forces at La Union makes the situation serious for Menendez. President Bogran is equally unpopular in Honduras, where he is accused of plotting to secure his re-election in next month's balloting, while the bold seizures of authority by President Barillas in Guatemala threaten trouble there. The outlook for Central America just now is rather stormy.

Among the Chauncy collection of autographs recently sold in England was the original warrant under which Bunyan was arrested for the third time and imprisoned for six months, during which time he is said to have written the first part of "The Pilgrim's Progress." The warrant is dated "March 4, 1674-5," and is signed by twelve justices six of whom were members of Parliament, and three of whom had originally committed him for the previous twelve years' imprisonment. Bunyan in it is described as a "tynker."

Sport with Dog and Gun.

Mr. W. Tallman, of New York, has probably had as wide a range of experience and is as thoroughly familiar with the ways of birds and dogs as any sportsman in the country. He says: "The birds most hunted with dogs are prairie chickens, quail, woodcock, and partridge. The shooting usually begins in September, when the birds are in coveys and are feeding in the cornfields. You go after prairie chickens, in a farm wagon and take two or more dogs, setters or pointers. You want dogs that will range wide and keep well ahead of the wagon. As you may get over a good many miles of prairie during the day, you will stay in the wagon until your dogs find the birds. When a dog points, you drive up as close as you think proper, and either alight and flush the birds or stay in the wagon and shoot them as they rise. Early in the season, before they have been shot at much, a wagon can be driven pretty near them before they fly. They will take short flights, and it is easy to follow a covey and bag nearly the whole of it. When the birds are plenty it is no difficult thing to just about fill a wagon in a day's shooting. Much depends upon the dogs. They must be steady, because they may have to point some time before you get to them. Badly broken dogs would flush the birds in their impatience. The prettiest part of the sport is the work of prettiest broken dogs. When one dog points birds the others will stop and point him, and all will stand motionless until the birds rise. While ranging they also watch one another, so that one may not interfere with the other's work."

"The prairie chicken or pinnated grouse rises easy and has a steady flight. It is not difficult to shoot them, and it becomes rather dull sport. Almost anybody can kill them in the open country. In the corn fields it is a little quicker work, but while a sportsman accustomed to Eastern shooting thinks it almost useless to go into the corn after birds. Late in the season the chickens go in packs instead of coveys, and take long flights, and then it is harder to get them. But prairie chicken shooting can not compare with quail shooting. In the South where quail are plenty yet, the shooting is comparatively easy. You go on horseback in wide country and find the birds in coveys. The dogs range ahead, and if they are steady and your horse is used to the work, you ride up to and ahead of them when they point. If you get only two or three birds out of a covey you are satisfied, because you can find any number of coveys during the day, and are sure of getting a good bag. In the North, however, quail are not so plenty, and, as you may not find but one or two coveys in a day, you must do more thorough work. You don't use a horse in this shooting. Twenty years ago the quail were found in low brush, and would rise above it when flushed, so that the shooting was comparatively open. But they have become educated, and taken to the wooded hillsides. Their flight is very sharp and swift, and they frequent thick cover. When flushed they go straight away like bullets. You see where they drop, but they are likely to run on the ground and fly again, and then it is hard to find them."

"The best woodcock shooting is after the first frosts in October. The birds are in the cover until August, when they scatter and feed at night in the corn fields. Then comes their moulting season, and they take to the brier patches. In August and September you don't find them. After the frosts they begin their flight South. If the cool weather comes on gradually, the birds linger along the route, but if the frosts are sudden and severe the shooting lasts only a few days. The woodcock then are found among the white birches and on side hills, where the shooting is difficult. Their flight is very sharp. You hear a whistle of wings and just catch a glimpse of a small object whizzing among the trees. There is no time to look along the barrel of your gun and take aim. You just fix your eye on the small, whizzing object, throw up the gun, and let drive. Perhaps you get a bird and perhaps you don't. A man who had never shot anything but prairie chickens would lose sight of a woodcock before he was half ready to fire. Although the woodcock is hard to hit he is easily killed when you do hit him. After the woodcock have gone and the leaves have fallen from the trees partridge shooting begins and lasts well into the winter. Early in the fall the birds go in large coveys, but later they get scattered and go singly. Of course they are shot a great deal before snow flies, but the real sport is in the first winter months. Then you must know the ground pretty well, because the birds take rather long flights and are not so plenty that you can let one go and feel certain of finding another."

"Two or three birds in a day's tramp ought to satisfy anybody who hunts partridge for love of sport, and that is about all he is likely to get. The partridge is a quick, sharp flyer, rises suddenly, and shoots away without any preliminary flourishes."

"In all this shooting the satisfaction to a sportsman does not consist in killing the birds, but in watching the work of trained dogs and in the exercise of skill both in finding the birds and in hitting them. After making a dog realize that you must be obeyed, the only thing necessary is to make him understand what you require of him. Setters and pointers are the breeds used in hunting birds."

"It is interesting to work in the field and shoot over a thoroughly broken and intelligent dog. He ranges just ahead, working up the wind, and when he scents the birds he stops, points with his nose in their direction, and becomes as motionless as a statue. If you know the dog you can tell very closely how far ahead the bird is. When the dog lifts his nose rather high and sniffs the air, the bird is quite a distance away. If he stands with his nose poked straight ahead, the bird is not far away. If he stands rigid, with his legs braced and muscles tense and his head turned to one side, the bird is lying closely by, perhaps within a yard of the dog's nose. I have known dogs to get excited and eager on a close point and catch the birds themselves, but a steady dog will stand perfectly still if the bird is within a foot of him. So long as the dog remains motionless the bird will not attempt to escape, but will lie still and watch him. Sometimes I have stepped forward and picked a bird up from the grass or out of a hole in which it was trying to hide. When the bird rises the dog charges—that is, he drops flat upon the ground and remains there until ordered to lie on or fetch dead birds. A good dog watches the birds that are shot and remembers where they fall. When ordered to fetch he goes quickly to where a bird drop-

ped, picks it up carefully to avoid tearing it, and brings it to his master. He will hold it in his mouth until his master reaches his hand out to take it. When the dog cannot see the birds fall, he can find them by scent. A keen-nosed dog can tell the difference between live and dead birds, and will not point the latter. If several birds have been shot and the dog has difficulty in locating them, he may be directed by motions of the hand. He keeps one eye on his master and goes straight ahead or to one side or the other in obedience to indications given. An old dog, well trained when young and carefully handled for many seasons in the field by a man who understands dog nature, will hunt as intelligently as a man and require little if any instruction. He will range wide in an open field and close in the brush, quarter up the wind, and never go over the same ground twice, charge at the rise of the bird, and seek dead as soon as his master gives a sign. Shooting over such a dog is perfection, and the filling of the game bag is of minor importance."

What a Boy in Manitoba Did.

The Manitoba *Free Press* contains the following account of a brave little boy's defence of a wounded brother, who was attacked by a cougar. John Rodenberger is a farmer who lives near Shelton's Point, W. T., and has four children—the youngest four and the eldest nine—go to school. The school-house is on the road between Big and Little Shookum Bays.

The other afternoon, while the children were going home, they were startled by an awful screech, and the next instant a big cougar launched himself from the overhanging limb of a big tree, right upon six-year-old Jesse, who was sturdily tramping behind the other children.

The little boy was dashed to the ground, and the heavy paw of the cougar peeled his scalp down over the right side of his face, and lacerated the cheek and ear. But the cougar had no chance to do further harm.

John Rodenberger, eight years old, had been walking just in front of Jesse, carrying a big bottle, in which had been the milk that formed part of the children's luncheon. He threw himself upon the cougar, grabbed him by the ear with one hand, and struck him with the bottle as hard as he could. The animal raised its head from its victim, and Johnny gave it another blow with the bottle. It reared to attack the brave boy, but another blow nearly knocked it over, and with a yell it turned and fled.

The children took the wounded boy home, and the neighbors set out to hunt the cougar. They found and killed it near the place where it had attacked the children. It was full grown, and measured nearly nine feet from tip to tip.

Vancouver Papooses.

The natives of Vancouver's Island are described by Mr. Stuart Cumberland as superior to other tribes along the Northwest coast. He praises the beauty of some of the children; but, owing to the manner of living, this beauty fades early. An Indian is old at thirty. Even the children seem older than they really are because of the gravity they maintain.

Children, like little brown rabbits, were squatting about on the ground, appearing to be, even at that early age, too solemn and taciturn to romp or indulge in childlike games. When they saw me approach, they were off as quick as rabbits to their holes, and now and then I could catch them watching me with large, black, wondering eyes from behind a boat, a tree-stump, or a half-closed door.

Babies appeared to be plentiful, and, unlike those in other places, they seemed to be both healthy and well nourished. Their lungs were certainly of the strongest, and their appetites were truly prodigious. An Indian baby will yell at the slightest provocation—and, for the matter of that, without provocation at all.

It is also equally remarkable that a "papoose" will eat, or endeavor to do so, anything he can lay his hands on. Once, whilst I was endeavoring to make myself understood to a wrinkled squaw, a velvet-eyed youngster, with deft fingers, snatched a cigarette out of my hand and proceeded to devour it.

At first he seemed to like it, but he did not go on long with the job, for with a mighty yell, which would have startled anybody except an Indian out of his boots, and which drove me out of the room, he dispossessed himself of his spoil, whilst the ancient dame proceeded to fill her pipe with what remained.

How to Become Rich.

Gen. Benj. F. Butler advises all young men who earn more than the expenses of moderate living, to invest their surplus cash in property. "Nothing is as safe," he says, "for an investment, as improved real estate." "Nothing is likely to grow in value faster."

When a young man has a very little money, let him buy some property, according to his means, of improved real estate that is paying rent. He had better buy it when sold at auction, paying in cash what he can, giving his notes for the balance in small sums coming due at frequent intervals, secured by a mortgage on the property, and then use all his extra income in paying up those notes.

He will become interested in it and save his money to meet his notes, and he will directly come into a considerable possession of property, and hardly know how it came to him.

He says: "The rule I would lay down for a young man is, never do a mean thing for money. Be prudent and saving of your money. Be careful to have no interest account running against you, unless you have an equal or greater interest account running in your favour. Work diligently, and you are sure of a competency in your old age; and as early as possible, if you can, find a saving, prudent girl who has been brought up by a mother who knows how to take care of a house, and make a wife of her. She will aid, and not hinder you."

President Cleveland's journey to the Western and Southern States will cost him perhaps more than \$10,000. He has engaged a special train for the entire distance, consisting of an engine, a baggage and supply car and two palace cars. This train will convey him for about 4,500 miles.

Conviction is in itself a power. The man who is sure of what he says, gives assurance to those who hear him.

IN MEMORY OF BEECHER.

Sermon By Dr. Joseph Parker.

The Rev. Dr. Joseph Parker of City Temple, London, who is to pronounce the eulogy on Henry Ward Beecher in the Brooklyn Academy of Music Monday night, preached on Sunday in Plymouth church, Brooklyn, in the pulpit where his friend had stood for forty years. His subject was, "Not Here, but Risen." The sermon, which was delivered without manuscript, was largely a memorial discourse. It was, in substance, as follows:

"We have not assembled under ordinary conditions. For nearly forty years this particular Sunday—the first in October—has been signalized by the reappearance of an honored and illustrious pastor. In a sense full of mournful suggestiveness he 'is not here.' We feel, indeed, that he is not, without any words being spoken to remind us of the fact. We know it by the coldness, the loneliness, and the sense of desolation which is upon us all."

"In discoursing upon the mortality of man the preacher is apt to be regarded as speaking only that which is the veriest commonplace. To declare that man is mortal; that death has taken him out of our sight; that we must all die, is to be condemned at once as speaking truisms, trite and comparatively worthless. There are some men who have a genius for the degradation of all life to the level of the commonplace. They can soon run through all the miracles of life. Are there not some men who could walk through the loveliest landscape and see nothing in it, or who might see somewhat of beauty in it during the first pilgrimage, but afterwards everything would be common, familiar, and disregarded? What is true of the landscape is true of art. A hurried pointing out of the finger to some masterpiece and the whole miracle is gone forever. What is true of the landscape and of art is true also of what we are accustomed to regard as the miracles of holy scripture. They soon cease to be miracles to those who look upon everything with an eye which does not see the true unity and meaning of the universe. Having seen one miracle we want to see another, and having seen two we think we have seen all; and, unless miracles come upon us in showers, and thus cease to be miracles, our surprise lies unawakened. Beyond this there lies the possibility of outrunning even what is known as the inspiration of the bible itself. To many men the bible has become a book of commonplaces or a book of absurdities."

"The angel in the text is speaking of Jesus Christ, and in declaring that He was not in the grave he declared the sublime doctrine of the resurrection of the dead. Negation, even in its hugest denials, is only a gigantic cipher, an infinite emptiness. This text begins negatively, but ends positively, ends indeed in a tone of triumph. He is risen, and, therefore, is more here than ever, here in fuller personality, in richer influence, in tenderer sympathy. That which was local, limited, physical, disproportionate, or burdensome is not here, is forever done away, and the immortal quality, the radiant saintliness, the loyal spirituality, are alive forevermore. To be here in any bodily real sense is a greater wonder than to have risen into some higher and brighter sphere. To be here, indeed, is even more a painful burden. It is felt to be so heavy that men cry out: 'Whence came we? What are we? Whither go we? What is this burning, awful, fevered life, so full of ghostliness, so material yet so spiritual, so abject yet so august?'"

"We know somewhat of the difficulties of incarnation at many points of life. For example, we know how perilous it often is to be admitted to familiar intercourse with some men who have swayed us by their thoughts or thrown upon our whole life the spell of their genius. So long as they stand far off clothed with their spiritual house and working with their spiritual functions we gave them homage, but when they come near us we may be disappointed or surprised or annoyed, through some personal infirmity, some conceit of manner, some eccentricity of habit, and we may come to regret the day that ever we saw in the flesh the men who, by their genius, enchanted and blessed our lives. So dangerous is incarnation. The spirit always suffers through the flesh. Here and now they can never be united so as to cease all controversy and live a life of mutual understanding and appreciation. Incarnation in every form and sense of the term is an abiding difficulty. It is so, for example, in the matter of the expression of thought. Speaking of Jesus Christ, the angel said: 'He is risen.' That is really all we want to know. If we carry that word up to its highest significance it will suffice at once the reason and the imagination. It is the best word that can be chosen. It points toward a definite direction, but it makes no attempt to localize and define. Who can measure and state in plain figures the significance of this word 'risen'? The bible is wonderful in its choice of terms in describing the indescribable."

"On the basis of these reflections we are entitled to establish two or three practical suggestions. For example, the only influence worthy of cultivation and enjoyment is spiritual. That alone abides forever. We forget duty, we cease to remember the exact amount of wealth, pleasure itself is a vanished cloud, but thought, the mental energy that effected our intellectual life, the moral ministries that nourish and inspire the soul, these are remembered with a clearer memory, and they seem to be magnified day by day by a larger recollection. No man knows what he is really doing. We sit down in disappointment and say, 'The end has come, death is stronger than life,' while at the very moment God is working out some great miracle of love. We say of such and such a life, it ended cloudily, it never came to perfection, it failed almost at the last moment. We thus talk unwisely. Men shall come from the east and from the west, from the north and from the south, and shall testify that the life which we thought was fruitless abounded in all the fruits of the spiritual. Let us cheer ourselves with these words. Let us drink of this well by the way, and lift up our hands and be glad."

"The best testimony we can give to the influence of the dead is to continue and extend the work in which they delighted while they were yet with us. There is to be no more gazing up into the heaven. There are to be no fruitless tears. In crying for the absent we may in reality be indulging our own selfishness. There is no sorrow that is not divine and therefore not useful. The Lord is a risen Lord and we should know the power of His resurrection in such a degree as will enable us to feel that

they who are dead in Christ are alive in Him evermore.

"When we mourn our sainted dead it is our infirmity that mourns. Our faith rejoices, our hope sings, our love blesses festival, for we say that they shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. When we think of their joys we forget our sorrows and call upon all men to praise the Lord for His goodness in giving rest to His weary ones. 'Praise Him with the sound of the trumpet; praise Him with the psalter and harp; praise Him with the timbral and dance; praise Him with stringed instruments; praise Him upon the loud cymbals; praise Him upon the high-sounding cymbals,' for He hath opened the doors of heaven and made them glad who knew once the bitterness of infinite tribulation."

Mrs. Beecher and Mrs. Parker sat together in the pastor's pew. The church was never more crowded. In the evening Dr. Parker preached from Acts x. 6. The oratory of Dr. Parker is simple and unaffected. There is an occasional betrayal of English idioms in his speech. As a rule the opinions of his hearers were favorable to him, and it was predicted by some that a call would be extended to him by the church. Dr. Parker has declined to say whether he would or would not accept a call.

The Worth of His Money.

There was once a man who, in return for some services tendered the town, was given a pass over a certain toll bridge. He had used it freely, but apparently with no great amount of gratitude, for, on the day when he supposed it to expire, he resolved to make the most of his privileges.

Inviting a boon companion to accompany him, he drove back and forth over the bridge all day long, varying this monotonous occupation by derisive remarks addressed to the keeper. The toll-taker said nothing, but looked as if he knew more than he chose to say, while he kept an exact tally of the number of his neighbor's trips.

Next day a bill for toll was presented to the man who had so abused his privilege. "I haven't got it!" he said, emphatically. "No, you don't!" he said, emphatically. "I haven't got a pass to-day, but yesterday I had one. It run out at twelve last night, and I didn't go near the bridge after ten."

"Are you pretty positive your almanac ain't out of order?"

The other regarded him with scorn. "Look here," said he, producing his pass, "this stops August 10th, and"—an alarming doubt began to creep over his features. "And yesterday was the eleventh," reiterated the keeper, again smiling and tendering his bill. "Folks have to be mighty particular not to make any mistakes about dates, in legal matters, you know."

The bill was paid and the man who got the worst of the affair has not only resolved to consult the calendar in future, but also to avoid being "as funny as he can."

Peter the Great and Comedy.

It is related that Peter the Great, strolling incognito through a camp, came upon a party of non-commissioned officers and grenadiers enacting a comedy. All at once his brow became clouded. In the piece a soldier, in the uniform of his guard, commits at a certain moment a robbery. Nevertheless, he allowed the play to proceed; a court-martial was summoned on the stage and the thief is sentenced to death. The spectators, composed of officers and men, showed the most lively concern in the performance, and laughed at the grotesque contortions of the condemned culprit. The amateur actor played his part very well. Here came the squad that is to execute him. "Fire!" orders the lieutenant, and the amateur dropped down dead, his breast pierced by seven bullets. No make believe—but dead indeed. Whereupon the Emperor dropped his incognito and addressed those assembled:—"A soldier of my guard who committed a robbery must die. If he did not steal, why did he boast of it and soil his uniform? It is I who ordered the loaded rifles to be given to the men. I henceforth forbid my soldiers to play the trade of mummies, or—" The Czar did not complete his sentence. But the drift of it was understood by all.

Housekeeping in Mexico.

The hotels in Mexico are so bad that those who have to remain there any length of time invariably go to housekeeping, and can thus live as comfortably and economically as anywhere in the States. There is no aristocratic quarter in Mexico, and it is fashionable not only to live on a business street, but to have a saloon or a meat market on the ground floor. Everybody lives in flats; the houses are usually three stories high, and the top floor is considered the best. It will rent for \$100 a month, while the second floor rents for \$41. When a house is to be let in Mexico the owner sticks a newspaper in the window. Servants are cheap and plenty, and you are pretty sure to have several descendants of the Aztec kings about the house if you hire one, for it is the rule here that the whole family go with the father and mother when they go out to service. Your cook brings her husband, her children and pretty near all her relations, and they are fed from your table and sleep under your roof. The husband may be a shoemaker or a saloon-keeper or a hackman, but he lives where his wife works. There are usually enough rooms in the house for them all, and the only food they want is plenty of beans and what is left from your table.

A little girl who wanted to describe the absent-mindedness of her uncle said: "His remember is so tired that he has to use his forget all the time."

There is an old legend which declares that Scotchmen are to be met with everywhere and further that when the North Pole is discovered a Scotchman will be found comfortably seated on the top of it. Canadians, it would seem, are becoming as omnipresent as the sons of Auld Scotia. The last place in which they have been found is Melbourne, and they are there in such goodly numbers that they have formed a Canadian Society. It is interesting to read that at the last meeting of the society the acting secretary read letters of apology from Canadians of position in Melbourne and the suburbs who were unable to attend, and announced that communications had been received from Canadians resident in other colonies making enquiries. Hon. Simon Fraser, member of the Legislative Council of Victoria, is president of the Canadian Society.