

# THE WEEK'S NEWS

## CANADA.

A rich find of gold is reported from Beaver harbor, N. S.

Ottawa's population is placed by the city assessors at 43,229.

Within a few months Halifax has lost \$4,000,000 by fire.

From 150 to 200 cars of grain daily are passing through Winnipeg.

The apple crop in West Middlesex this year is the largest ever known.

There are 793 students attending McGill University, Montreal this term.

Two Chinamen were fined in Hamilton on Monday for desecrating the Sabbath.

A cargo of copper recently carried out of Lake Superior was valued at \$610,000.

Gillette, a forger, sentenced for 10 years, has escaped from Stony Mountain penitentiary.

A cable despatch says one Canadian shipper of eggs to England has made £1,000 profit on a single shipment.

Henry Vantven, a veteran of Lundy's Lane, died on Tuesday at Battersea, near Kingston, aged 97 years.

The Manitoba School Act has been disallowed by the Supreme Court. This decision will be appealed to the privy Council.

Joseph Harkness has been found dead near Carberry, Man., under suspicious circumstances.

James Markle, while deer hunting with two other young men near Riverview on Friday, accidentally shot himself dead.

The sealers of Victoria, B. C., are preparing a claim for damages from the Imperial Government on account of the sealing prohibitor.

The four-year-old daughter of David Gillespie was trampled to death by cattle on her father's farm in the Township of Fitzroy on Saturday.

Up to date 98 cases of smallpox have been reported to the Quebec Provincial Board of Health. Of these cases ten are reported recovered and nineteen dead.

Col. Engledine, of England, is favourably impressed with British Columbia for the Scotch crofters, whom the Imperial Government will assist to emigrate.

The Canadian Pacific railway returns for September show the gross earnings to have been \$1,835,658, and the net profits \$725,284. In September, 1890, the net profits were \$712,002.

A petition praying for executive clemency for Pattenden, found guilty of having murdered Annie Rodney near Winnipeg, has been presented to Sir John Thompson.

The 60 clerks of the Department of the Interior who received extra pay in violation of the Civil Service Act have been fined a month's pay, which will be deducted in two instalments.

In a judgment delivered by Chief Justice Sir Francis Johnson at Montreal the principle is laid down that a liquor licensee must have knowledge he is selling to a minor before he can be convicted under the statute.

At the meeting of the Grand Trunk Railway Company, held on Monday in London, there was a general feeling expressed in favour of making some arrangement with the Canadian Pacific Railway company by which rates can be maintained.

Mr. B. B. Osler and Mr. Christopher Robinson have been retained by the Dominion Government to prosecute the members of the firm of Larkin, Connolly & Co. on the charge of defrauding the Department of Public Works.

Mr. Nicholas Flood Davin, M. P., is very jubilant at having obtained Sir Adolphe Caron's signature to an order for the issue of scrip to the North West home guard who served during the recent Riel outbreak.

Alex. Chisholm, the Winnipeg merchant convicted of debauching girls under fourteen years of age, was on Tuesday sentenced by Chief Justice Taylor to seven years in the penitentiary and twenty-five lashes.

## GREAT BRITAIN.

Right Hon. A. J. Balfour has been elected chancellor of Edinburgh University.

Some ladies of Cork have sent to Mrs. Parnell in America, a wreath made of laurel, ivy, shamrocks, and violets, from her son's grave in Glasnevin cemetery.

Sandringham Hall, Suffolk residence of the Prince of Wales, was damaged by fire on Monday to the extent of £15,000.

The Prince of Wales will celebrate his fiftieth birthday on November 9 at the Marlborough house. Quite an interesting family party will gather at that time.

Sixteen thousand ship mechanics in the north of England have gone on strike on account of a dispute about overtime.

Mr. McDermott, nephew of the late Mr. Parnell, horsewhipped Mr. Timothy Healy in Dublin yesterday because of some insulting remarks made by Mr. Healy regarding Mr. Parnell's widow and sister.

Another mutinous outbreak on the part of the 3rd Battalion of Grenadier Guards in London is reported. They complained of the quality of the food served to them, and their complaint not meeting with attention they threw their food out of the windows of the barracks on the public streets.

The British poacher is now being followed by the electric search light. A light several miles away recently detected and identified a couple of them.

The directors of one of the principal railway companies in Great Britain are considering the proposal for the entire removal of the class system.

Rev. Samuel Cotton, a rector at Carnogh, County Kildare, is accused of treating the children of an orphanage of which he had charge with great neglect and cruelty.

Owing to continued resistance in Northamptonshire to compulsory vaccination it is said that the authorities there have decided to drop all prosecutions against any who may refuse to obey.

Mr. Patrick McDermott, the McCarthyite candidate, has been elected without opposition to the seat in North Kilkenny rendered vacant by the death of Sir John Pope Hennessy.

Almost the last official act of Lord Mayor Savory, of London, was the laying of the corner-stone of a French Protestant church. As the Lord Mayor is descended from a Huguenot the act was spoken of as especially befitting.

## UNITED STATES.

Snow fell all day Monday in South Dakota. Terrible destruction is being caused in Indiana by forest fires.

The Minneapolis mills last week turned out 205,720 barrels of flour, beating all previous records.

Eggs are being smuggled from Canada across the St. Lawrence in large numbers. Two hundred cases of Spanish fever have developed among the cattle in the Cincinnati stock yards.

The University of Chicago has purchased by cable from S. Simon, of Berlin, a library of 280,000 volumes, paying therefore \$450,000.

The miners of Tennessee are liberating the convicts who are employed in the mines. There are now at least 500 convicts at large in the neighbourhood of Knoxville.

Sitting Bull's cabin has been bought for \$1,000, a 2-year-old steer and two silk dress patterns, and is to be exhibited at the World's Fair in Chicago.

G. W. Dunn, the California naturalist, has collected over 70,000 insects belonging to the horn-winged family, 5,000 of the cricket tribe and about 4,000 butterflies, and numberless rare plants and animals.

At a Farmer's Alliance mass meeting at Bucksport, Ark., on Wednesday evening, the discussion became so heated that the speakers and their friends resorted to firearms, and five men were killed and several wounded.

At Lapeer, Mich., Mrs. Emma Miller became jealous of her sister. The other day she asked her husband, in the presence of the sister, to choose which woman he would like with. Miller chose the sister, whereupon his wife shot herself fatally.

The Astor family have a million sterling invested in English securities. The founder of the family, John Jacob Astor, left the injunction in his will that the family should always continue the investments in the English funds and in English securities that he had himself commenced. The sons and grandsons have always respected this command.

## IN GENERAL.

The epidemic of influenza continues in Australia.

The population of Greece is increasing at a greater ratio than that of any other European country.

A beauty show in Melbourne, Australia, was wrecked by a mob because the style of beauty did not meet expectations.

The crops in Italy are all above the average yield. Italy has not been in such a prosperous condition for many years.

Cable despatches state that England is experiencing sharp frosts, and that snow has fallen in Hamburg, where the temperature is 7° below the freezing point.

A despatch from Yokohama says that, according to an official estimate, 4,000 persons were killed by the recent earthquake, 5,000 were injured, and 50,000 houses were destroyed.

One of the largest hospitals in the world, containing accommodation for from 1,000 to 1,500 patients, has been opened at Constantinople, Turkey.

Paris publishes 1,998 papers, of which 105 are illustrated journals and twenty-one are devoted to the theatres.

Advices received in Berlin state that 350,000 German colonists in Russia are suffering from famine.

A letter from Starodoub, Russia, asserts that during the recent anti-Semitic riots there five young unmarried Jewesses were so barbarously outraged and maltreated that they have since died.

## A Product of the McKinley Bill.

There has been quite a sensation in Washington, D. C., during the last few days on the subject of artificial eggs. A person who claims to have invented a process for making them—patent newly applied for—has been exhibiting samples and giving them away about town. Some dozens have been served in the clubs, boiled, fried, poached and scrambled, and the general verdict is that it would be impossible for anybody to distinguish them from real ones. Externally they look exactly like the sort laid by hens. Break the shell of a raw specimen and the contents flop into a glass in as natural a manner as possible, the yolk and white unmingled. It has been claimed that no imitation eggs could ever be made to "beat up" for cake, but these do perfectly.

The inventor says that his eggs are, chemically speaking, a precise reproduction of nature. Corn meal is the basis of their material. The white is pure albumen, of course, while the yolk is a more complicated mixture of albumen and several other elements. Inside the shell is a lining of what looks somewhat like the delicate, filmy membrane formed by the hen, while the shell itself is stated to be made in two halves, stuck together so artfully that no eye can discover the joining. The very germ of the chicken, with unnecessary faithfulness of imitation, as one might think, is counterfeited.

The eggs are made of various shapes and tints. One will be able to buy, as soon as they are placed on the market, counterfeited pullets' eggs or eggs laid by elderly hens, likewise select white eggs or dark-colored eggs, according to choice. Most surprising of all they will be sold for only 10c a dozen and they never get rotten. To confectioners and others who use large quantities of eggs the yolks and whites will be sold separately, put up in jars and hermetically sealed. In this shape they will also be convenient for household employment.

For the purpose of gaining advertisement for these preparations it has been suggested that the inventor may have conceived the plan of distributing real eggs in the guise of artificial ones. This is certainly not the case, however, because there are certain points which render these artificial eggs distinguishable as such. For instance, the lining is evidently made of some sort of silk like tissue, and one can see that it is woven. The shell is said to be cast, in halves out of a lime composition, the lining being put in and filled and the two halves thereupon joined together.

Man's love for his sweetheart is often nearly two-thirds jealousy of some other fellow.

An old woman asked a sailor where her cow had gone. The sailor replied—"Gone to the devil, for what I know." "Well, as you are going that way," said the old woman, "I just wish you would let down the bars."

## BRITAIN'S GREAT MEN.

### An Estimate of the new Leader of the Commons.

BY GEO. W. SMALLLEY.

If Mr. Balfour read the papers he might or might not be gratified by the eulogies poured out on him these last few days. But he does not read the papers. That is one of his peculiarities, and one that may account, in part, for the distinction of mind which he preserves amid the confusions and ignoble influences of political life. Emerson said: "If we should give to the great writers, to Milton, or Bacon or Wordsworth, the time we give to the papers—but who dare speak of such a thing?" I know not whether Mr. Balfour is a reader of Emerson, nor whether he ever spoke in public of such a thing as his omission to read those sources of intelligence—and of other things—which we call newspapers. But his view and Emerson's are in effect the same, and I imagine no public man of his time has known so little of the contents of the press from day to day as Mr. Balfour. Of course he loses something by this abstention. It is conceivable that he may also gain something. In most matters there is a balance of loss and gain, and Mr. Balfour long since satisfied himself that for him there was more to be gained in other quarters than in the daily press of England. Had his lot been cast in America his view might have been different. That is a matter of speculation into which we need not now enter.

But what I wish to point out is that Mr. Balfour's power of not reading newspapers may be a key, or one key, to a very original and interesting character. The conception of public life without newspapers is individual; entirely peculiar to him, I imagine. I know of nobody else in England who holds it or practises it. The reading of newspapers may be likened to the use of intoxicating liquors, of which so many people take more and more; hardly anybody abstains altogether. I mean hardly anybody in public life in this country; a few fanatics excepted who are hardly in public life. So engrossing are the occupations of those who have the conduct of affairs that many find little time to devote to newspapers. You may often hear a Minister who is questioned in the House of Commons about some story in a paper make answer that he has not seen it. He reads, as it were, by proxy. The journals of the day are read for him by one of his private secretaries, and marked, or extracts from them laid before him; extracts which refer to his own department of business.

If you travel up to town by rail any morning you will see how the Englishman of the period reads his paper. He toils through it with a conscientiousness which is admirable; all conscientiousness is admirable. He reads only one, but he reads that thoroughly; editorials and all, and the beholder wonders in what condition his mind must be when the operation has been accomplished, and the last word reached. Does he digest this multifarious mass? But such an inquiry takes us too far. I want the newspaper reader of the railway only as a contrast, and he would be just as good a contrast if he had been caught in a club or at his own breakfast-table; best of all perhaps at the latter, where he absorbs all this printed wisdom into his system, very much as he does his coffee and boiled eggs.

An eminent Gladstonian who will some day lead the remains of the Gladstonian party has a theory that the influence of the English press is slight, and the influence of the leading article, or editorial, slighter still. He is a man who finds pleasure in paradox. But if he really held the view which it amuses him to maintain in the presence of journalists, he might be asked to consider the newspaper reader of the kind just mentioned; him and his ways. If he studied him he would as soon think of saying that his coffee and boiled eggs had no influence on his physical system as that his newspaper had no influence on his mental system. Later in the day the same man pours out to his neighbor what he has gathered; each of them imparts these same views to the other, and neither of them suspects that his own or his friend's wisdom is not entirely spontaneous and original. His thinking has been done for him, and done so cleverly that he fully believes he has done it himself. There is a story that Southey was once describing to Mme. De Stael the distribution of his time; so many hours of reading before breakfast on one subject, and so many hours writing, and then more reading, till the whole day was gone. "And pray, Mr. Southey," inquired the Frenchwoman, "when do you think?" The same question might be put to the kind of reader I have been describing.

Mr. Balfour, it may be imagined, does his thinking and much else during the hours when the Philistine is having his done for him. Upon his first entry into public life his opponents derided his gifts as academic. They thought him a man of books, and, what they despised still more, a mere thinker, a man to whom metaphysics were more than the machine; and another John Stuart Mill, and a lesser. It was long before he troubled himself to disturb this notion. He took no very active part in the business of the House or even in the conduct of those affairs which the Fourth Party of which he was a kind of honorary member, made their own. He was thought indifferent if not indolent. He was in no hurry. He seemed to care little for the reputation to be gained by debate. He spoke none too often, and rather negligently. The observer in the House, he who took note of novelties, might sometimes hear a flashing sentence which fell from Mr. Balfour's lips in a tone very unlike the deliverance of the average debater; a sentence equally incisive and ill-uritative. The manner was gentle, easy, impassive as if the object he had before him in speaking were hardly worth an effort. This manner misled the House, which is jealous and tolerates nothing like neglect of its own good opinion, and demands conformity of its own standards. It changed very gradually. It was never really flung off till Mr. Balfour became Irish Secretary, and even then the manner changed less than the man.

There was a point of likeness between him and a very different personage, Lord Hartington. Both of them wore the same armor; neither cared one straw for the shafts which the Irish brigade launched against them. It used to be matter of complaint against Mr. Balfour that he showed too plainly his contempt for the calumnies and insults which the Irish showered upon him as they had upon every previous Irish Secretary, and will upon his successor, and, I suppose, upon all Irish Secretaries to the end of time. The Irish are deficient in imagination, and slow to perceive that their

Saxon foe may really despise accusations which he and they know to be the offspring of political animosity. Presently, however, they discovered that they had met their match in debate and more than their match. If the new Secretary had ever been indolent he had woken up. Serious duties had fallen upon him, and in the presence of serious duties the dilettante element in his character vanished. The intellectual energy and the courage which he had heretofore applied to the problems of the closet were now seen to be equally capable for the market-place and the forum. Mr. Balfour became the most formidable debater whom the Irish had had to confront in that office. They had set themselves to exasperate him, and they ended by being themselves exasperated. They could not make him angry and they were angry because they could not. The power of polite repartee was a greater power than the mere abuse and vulgar invective which it was employed to meet. A storm of insulting personalities raged about him. The Irish had met nothing quite so disconcerting before as this nonchalance of bearing, united with the capacity of easy retort upon those who beset him. Mr. Forster, Sir George Trevelyan, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, each in his own way, had proved not perhaps unequal to the contest, but sensitive. It was possible to inflict pain on all of them, and possible for none of them wholly to conceal the pain he endured; heroically but visibly. Mr. Campbell Bannerman puzzled them by his stoicism—the stoicism of a tough nature on which mere taunts fell harmlessly—but his attitude was purely defensive, and he had no talent for making his foes suffer otherwise than from the failure of their attacks.

Mr. Balfour had only to be himself. He is tall and slim, with long legs and his long legs were for awhile an Irish grievance. The Parnellites—all the Irish were then Parnellites—accused their owner of "sprawling" on the Treasury Bench. The awful accusation has again been heard since the late Secretary has become First Lord of the Treasury. Dr. Holmes said that the American was the only person who knew what to do with the small of his back, and he sits on it. I am afraid Mr. Balfour did as much, and when this feat had been accomplished, his legs seemed to become their own masters; they wound themselves into knots and unwound themselves, and assumed various angles to the rest of his body, and each attitude was to the angry Irishman on the watch for evil meanings an attitude of offence. The worst of it was that these contortions occurred while the attack on him from the Irish benches was hottest, and while every nerve and sinew in his body, legs included, ought to have been strained and tense to meet the storm. What business had an Irish Secretary's lower limbs to be amusing themselves while the Irish patriot was proving the Irish Secretary to be a monster of cruelty and iniquity? No doubt it was provoking. It was more provoking still when the same legs were called on to support the weight—no very great weight—of their rightful master; when he was in House of Commons phrase, on them and meeting the hurricanes and whirlwinds of Parnellite rhetoric with a calmness and a polished serenity of deportment, which did more than anything else to convince the patriotic and anguished Irish soul that the hurricanes and whirlwinds had been got up in vain. If I may be forgiven for saying so, there was in the treatment which both Mr. Balfour and Mr. Parnell accorded to the representatives of Ireland something equally hateful to these representatives. Mr. Parnell was their superior, and there is, on the whole, nothing which the inferior soul so much resents as superiority.

## Sentences of Wisdom.

No man who knows himself is proud.  
Any work is hard work to a lazy man.  
Every good man builds his own monuments.  
Beware of people who do not love children and flowers.  
There is nothing sadder on earth than an unhappy child.  
The devil loves to hear the man who won't pay his debts talk in church.  
The praying doesn't mean much when the pocketbook won't say amen.  
The less religion people have the more they insist upon others having.  
Babies in Christ sometimes die because they are fed with watered milk.  
People who expect to praise God in heaven ought to begin to do it here on earth.  
If you want to bring down the sinners outside of the church shoot at those in it.  
The man who professes to be a Christian ought to work continually at the business.  
Some people, when they pray in public, push every window in heaven shut to begin with.  
The devil don't care how much religion people get if they wait until they get away from home to practise it.  
The man who is a man never quits work and goes to whittling because somebody tells him the sun has spots on it.  
The man who doesn't love his brother on the other side of the earth doesn't love his brother on the other side of the street.  
There are people that claim that they are willing to do anything for the Lord who never think of going to church on a rainy Sunday.  
There are women who sometimes think Sunday that they have religion, but when the clothes line breaks down Monday they find out that they haven't.

## THE SALVATION ARMY.

Following is the special report of the field state of the Salvation Army on September 12 last, just issued by Commissioner Rees:

	Corps.	Out- posts.	Officer's
Great Britain.....	1,381	152	4,723
France and Switzerland.....	125	77	440
Sweden.....	128	47	488
Norway.....	57	1	204
United States.....	425	65	1,303
Canada and New Found- land.....	273	73	1,054
Australasia—			
Victoria.....	368	513	1,107
New South Wales.....			
Tasmania.....			
Queensland.....			
New Zealand.....	74	108	248
India and Ceylon.....	124	127	487
South Africa.....	54	4	181
Holland.....	48	15	181
Denmark.....	41	—	123
Germany.....	20	3	74
Belgium.....	8	—	53
South America.....	11	6	44
St. Helena.....	1	1	2
Finland.....	9	1	22
Italy.....	5	4	14
Totals.....	3,692	1,197	10,745

## WHAT THE BAND PLAYS.

### The Heroine of Annie Laurie a Young Lady 200 Years Ago.

In truth, the heroine of the beautiful song, "Annie Laurie," was a real flesh and blood woman, writes "E. C." in the Lowell Courier. Her portrait hangs in Maxwellton house alongside that of her husband Alexander Ferguson of Craigdarroch, both being the work of a contemporary artist, "nameless here forevermore."

She is represented as slim and graceful in figure, with delicately-cut features, dark eyes, high forehead and a profusion of hair, combed back and intertwined with pearls. It would be unfair to judge from the old canvas of the living fair one whose charms the world has been set a-singing.

In the Chicago Herald, a few years ago, a writer signing himself "J. C. McGavin, Racine, Wis.," daringly endeavored to humbug the world as to the identity of "Annie." His story, in brief, was to the following effect: He said that he was raised on the next farm to Annie's father, James Laurie, that she was born in 1827, that she was 17 years old when the song was written, that one Wallace, foreman on the farm, fell in love with Annie, was discharged, went to his home in Maxwellton, took sick on the night of his arrival and wrote the song on his death bed, at which Annie waited till he died.

All this was pure invention. There are two versions of the song—an old one and a modern one.

Robert Chambers wrote in 1829 that the song was written by a Mr. Douglas of Fingland, that Annie was one of four daughters of Sir Robert Laurie, first baronet of Maxwellton, that Sir Robert got his title in 1685, that the song was written, in its early form, about the end of the 17th century, that Douglas lost Annie, and that she became the wife of Ferguson of Craigdarroch. In the "Lyric Gems of Scotland," vol. i, p. 204, the air is attributed to Lady John Scott, author of "Douglas, Tender and True."

A few years ago, in the Glasgow Weekly Mail, the following extract from the family register of Sir Robert Laurie, in his own handwriting, was given by a correspondent: "At the pleasure of Almighty God, my daughter Annie Laurie, was born on the 16th day of December, 1682, about 6 o'clock in the morning, and was baptized by Mr. George Hunter, minister of Glencairn."

About seven miles from Thornhill, in Dumfriesshire, Scot., are "Maxwellton Braes" and house, famed in song as the home of "bonnie Annie Laurie." (Black's Pictorial Tourist of Scotland, Edinburgh, 1880. Page 158.) Near to the Braes is Glencairn, on the Cairn water.

Peter Cunningham, in his "Songs of Scotland" (London, 1835), quotes C. K. Sharpe in giving the genealogy of Annie as daughter of Sir Robert Laurie of Maxwellton. This may be considered as decisive of the spurious claims of J. C. McGavin's friend, Wallace.

There are, however, two versions of the song. Lady John Scott is credited with the composition of the air, now so popular in two worlds—certainly as popular here in America as in the country of its birth—sung by the Scottish brigade in the trenches before Sebastopol, sung, too, by our brave boys in blue as they cheerfully marched southwards to preserve the nation's unity, and to purify its flag in their best blood.

Lady John Scott has touched up and very much improved the whole song, which, in its better known modern form, first appeared about 60 years ago, and rushed at once into popularity that has endured to the present day.

A collation of the antique form of this deathless ditty with the modern version by Lady John Scott, will show how much it has gained in beauty and in sweetness by her artistic touches:

### Annie Laurie.

#### VERSION.

Maxwellton banks are bonnie,  
Where early fa's the dew;  
Where I and Annie Laurie  
Made up the promise true,  
Made up the promise true  
And never forget will I,  
And for bonnie Annie Laurie  
I'd lay down my head and die.

She's backet like the peacock,  
She's breasted like a swan,  
She's jimp about the middle,  
Her waist you woe! may span;  
Her waist you woe! may span;  
And she has a rolling eye;  
And for bonnie Annie Laurie,  
I'd lay down my head and die.

#### MODERN VERSION.

Maxwellton braes are bonnie,  
Where early fa's the dew,  
And it's there that Annie Laurie  
Gied me her promise true;  
Gied me her promise true,  
Which ne'er forgot will be;  
And for bonnie Annie Laurie  
I'd lay me down and dee.

Her brow is like the snow-drift,  
Her throat is like the swan;  
Her face it is the fairest  
That e'er the sun shone on:  
That e'er the sun shone on,  
And for bonnie Annie Laurie  
I'd lay me down and dee.

Like dew on the gowan lying,  
Is the fa' o' her fairy feet;  
And like winds in summer sighing,  
Her voice is low and sweet;  
Her voice is low and sweet,  
And she is a' the world to me;  
And for bonnie Annie Laurie  
I'd lay me down and dee.

### Just a Matter of Taste.

While passing down Yonge St. a few days ago a parson with grey hair so long that it rested on his shoulders, met a small boy with rather more than the usual amount of real estate on his hands and face.

Boy—Shine, Mr. Parson (indignantly)—You come near me. Go, wash your dirty face and I will give you nine cents.

(Hurriedly the boy crosses the street to the nearest water tap, splashes water on his face, wipes it with his coat sleeves and as hastily returns to the clergyman.)

Boy—(with outstretched hand), Give us the dime, old man?

Parson—(handing the coin to the boy) Here it is.

Boy—(handing it back) I don't want your money. Take it and get your hair cut.

1st Friend—I'm told our poor old neighbor, Jones, is dead.

2nd Friend—Yes, life insured?

1st F.—For one thousand dollars.

2nd F.—O, well, the loss is fully covered.

Bernhardt drinks stout, but she doesn't look it.

The married man is making fairly good progress when he is able to hold his own.