

THE WEEK'S NEWS

CANADIAN.

A Swiss colony is to be formed on Lulu Island, at the mouth of the Fraser river, B. C.

Hon. J. M. Gibson has been elected president of the Dominion Rifle Association.

The report is current in Ottawa that Mr. J. J. Foy, Q. C., of Toronto, will be appointed Deputy Minister of Justice.

The Commercial Cable Company proposes to lay a third cable from Canso, N. S., to Waterville, Ireland.

The Toronto branch of the Irish National League passed a resolution endorsing Mr. Gladstone's home rule bill.

A branch of the Imperial Federation League has been formed in Woodstock, comprising the leading men of the town.

Ten farmers of Oxford county have withdrawn a month past left wealth valued in the aggregate at \$122,000.

A Canadian Club was organized at Hamilton on Wednesday night, with Mr. Langford Evans as president.

A test case of the Manitoba school question is being prepared in the Department of Justice for submission to the Supreme Court.

Among the rumours current in Ottawa is one to the effect that Mr. Frank Smith will be among the Canadians who will receive knighthood next spring.

Robert Best, a patient at the Hamilton Lunatic Asylum, was drowned in a pond, while working in a quarry near the asylum grounds.

The Department of the Interior has issued an order that in future all immigrants must be landed at Quebec instead of Montreal. This decision has been arrived at owing to the want of accommodation at Montreal.

The members of the Women's Christian Temperance Union of Winnipeg recently debated in that city the question of granting the franchise to women, and the ladies on the negative side presented some very strong arguments in opposition to the proposed privilege. The members of the Local Legislature supposed them to be in earnest, and now they are anxious to tell the statesmen that they were only speaking for argument's sake.

The British warship Hyacinthe is coaling at Victoria, B. C., and taking on a full supply of stores. It is said she is to sail with sealed orders, and it is supposed she is going to Honolulu.

A motion to further restrict Chinese immigration to British Columbia by increasing the poll tax from \$50 to \$500, was defeated in the British Columbia Legislature on Friday by only one vote.

A young man named Thomas Easterbrook was kicked in the face by a runaway horse which he was driving at Tweed, Ont., on Saturday, and had his jaw bone broken in two places, besides being otherwise injured.

Mr. Robert Fallon, of London township, left his team untied at Geary's creamery on Saturday, and while he was inside the horses started off. Mr. Fallon ran after them for a mile, when he threw up his hands, fell down and died.

A whim on the part of a prisoner in the gaol in Napanee, Ont., who sought to relieve the tediousness of his leisure moments by singing hymns, is said to have created a genuine religious revival among many other inmates of the prison.

At a meeting of the Quebec branch of the Dominion Alliance, held in Montreal, it was stated that in 1891 the number of licensed places in Montreal exceeded by 157 the total number of licensed places in the eleven cities of Ontario.

Mrs. W. C. Mackay, of London, Ont., died on Sunday morning from an overdose of chloral administered by herself. She had obtained a prescription from a family medicine book, and did not understand the character of the drug she was taking.

Premier Greenway, of Manitoba, thinks the money received from the sale of Manitoba school lands should be used for educational purposes in that province instead of being held by the Dominion Government, which declines to advance to the Provincial Government from the fund the sixty thousand dollars required for the erection of a Normal school building.

BRITISH.

England will send two delegates to the cholera congress at Dresden.

The strike of cotton spinners in Lancashire has been settled by a compromise.

Right Hon. A. J. Balfour, the Opposition leader in the British Commons, is suffering from influenza.

Ireland sends annually 40,000 tons of eggs—some 640,000,000 in round numbers—to England alone.

A bill has been introduced into the New South Wales Legislature to restrict the admission of Syrian peddlers, on the ground that these destitute aliens are becoming a public evil.

The Midlothian Liberal Association has adopted a resolution declaring that Home Rule for Scotland is a necessary condition to granting Home Rule to Ireland.

It is probable that England will order a naval demonstration to take place shortly in the neighborhood of Honolulu as a protest against the annexation of the Hawaiian islands to the United States.

United Ireland, the Parnellite organ published in Dublin, expresses the opinion that the new Home Rule bill is inferior to the measure of 1886, which Mr. Parnell did not regard as a complete settlement.

The London Standard calls the Home Rule bill a "colossal monument of ingenious futility," and ridicules especially the financial proposals. It says the unity of the country would rest on a basis of whiskey and brown stout.

Hon. Arthur Stanley's condition continues to improve. Lady Stanley is now with him.

The Imperial supplementary Civil Service estimates contain an item of £20,600 for the compensation of Behring Sea sealers for losses due to the delay in arranging a modus vivendi in 1891.

Emigration circles in Great Britain are much perturbed by the action of the Canadian steamship lines in raising emigrant rates twenty-five per cent., at a time when there are indications of an unusually large flow towards Canada.

The Larvis, shipbuilders at Birkenhead,

who are furnishing the World's Fair with models of Atlantic steamers since they were first run between New York and Liverpool, have offered a model of the rebel cruiser Alabama, which was built at their yard, but the offer has been declined.

UNITED STATES.

President Harrison has gone duck shooting.

The Walker failure at Youngstown, Ohio, is said to have ruined Governor McKinley.

There has been sleighing for 60 consecutive days in Utica, N. Y., and the runners go well yet.

The United States Senate Committee on Foreign Relations has favorably reported the Hawaiian treaty of annexation.

One thousand depositors in Rockafellow's broken bank at Wilkesbarre, Pa., will only get 5 cents on the dollar.

The important announcement is made that Mrs. Cleveland will not have her inaugural gowns made to be worn with crinoline.

It is announced that the Chicago and North-Western railway will elevate all its tracks within the limits of Chicago, at an expense of \$24,000,000.

President Harrison shot a rabbit on Saturday and violated the game law. The sheriff took no action, but simply laughed when told of it.

Mrs. Griggs, a native of Nova Scotia, and wife of Mr. Henry J. Griggs, manager of the New England Dressed Beef Company, committed suicide in Buffalo by stabbing herself in the neck with a pair of scissors.

Wallace Bruce, of Poughkeepsie, United States consul at Edinburgh, has been elected to succeed the late John Greenleaf Whittier as life corresponding member of the Scottish Society of Literature and Art of Glasgow.

A special from Washington states that the financial situation has not improved, and that the United States Government may be forced to the expedient of putting bonds on the market to retain the integrity of the reserve.

It is understood that the Propaganda in Rome has decided that Mgr. Satolli shall make his official residence in Washington.

It is reported from Washington that the Hawaiian treaty is not likely to be ratified by the present Congress, as the Senate has all the work it can do between this and the inauguration of Mr. Cleveland.

A passenger train on the West Shore railway, running between New York and Rochester, was derailed about a mile east of Palmyra, N. Y., at ten o'clock the other morning, and fell down an embankment eighteen feet high. One of the two engines and the coaches were badly smashed, and three passengers were killed and fifteen injured.

Mr. J. Sterling Morton, who will be Secretary of Agriculture in President Cleveland's Cabinet, says there are only 40,000,000 acres of timber left in the United States, and this supply is being used up at the rate of 25,000 acres a day. He will suggest legislation compelling railways to plant trees along their tracks, from which they can supply their own wants.

GENERAL.

Mild spring weather has prevailed in Germany lately. Already fields are becoming green and shrubs are budding.

Baron Bleichroeder, the richest banker in Berlin, and one of the richest men in Germany, is dead. He leaves a fortune of 1,000,000 marks.

The returns of the French Board of Trade show that during January the imports decreased 105,205,000, and the exports increased 3,571,000, as compared with the corresponding month last year.

The floods in Germany and Austria are reported to be doing a great deal of damage to property. A special cablegram says the losses will amount to millions of marks.

Signor Grimaldi, Italian Minister of Finance, says the Monetary Conference will probably not reconvene next May, as the European Governments are convinced that nothing will come of it.

Two old women in a remote district of Russia were detected in the act of stealing a child, and subsequently confessed to having killed and eaten a number of children whom they had kidnapped. The two female cannibals were burned to death by a mob of peasants.

Tennyson's Vision.

Here is the poet's own account to Mr. James Knowles, editor of the *Nineteenth Century*, of how he was offered and accepted the laureateship: "The night before I was asked to take the laureateship, which was offered to me through Prince Albert's liking for my 'In Memoriam,' I dreamed that he came to me and kissed me on the cheek. I said, in my dream, 'Very kind, but very German.' In the morning the letter about the laureateship was brought to me and laid upon my bed. I thought about it through the day, but could not make up my mind whether to take it or refuse it, and at last I wrote two letters, one accepting and one declining, and threw them on the table, and settled to decide which I would send after my dinner and a bottle of port."

"His way of working was much less like 'work' than inspiration. 'I can always write,' he said, 'when I see my subject, though sometimes I spend three-quarters of a year without putting pen to paper.' When he did 'see' it his mind dwelt on it at all times and seasons, possessing him until he possessed and perfected it. Sparkles and gleams might flash out at any moment from the anvil where his genius was beating his subject into shape, but the main creative process, where the vision was condensed into art, went on when he had shut himself up in his room with his pipe. He would do this two or three times a day—his 'most valuable hour,' as he often told me, being the hour after dinner—and then, with his pipe in his mouth and over the fire, he would weave into music what things 'came to him,' for he never accounted for his poetry in any other way than that 'it came.' Many thousands of fine lines go up the chimney," he said to me, and indeed the mechanical toil of writing them down, made heavier by his short sight, was so great that it was easy to believe in the sublime waste—the characteristic profuseness of genius. When he came out from his room at such seasons he would often have a sort of dazed and far-off dreamy look about him, as if seeing 'beyond this ignorant present,' and such as Millais alone has caught in his great portrait, where he looks like the prophet and bard that he was."

HOW CRIME IS PUNISHED.

Within Grim Prison Walls.

Stroll Through the Central at Toronto—Modern Methods Compared With Old—The Hard Labor of To-day—What Convict Life is.

It is a satisfaction to reflect that most persons are acquainted with the outside of a prison only. The gloomy exterior perhaps calls to mind tales they have read or heard of sufferings endured by innocent and guilty alike, the endless task and pitiless taskmaster, the unpremeditated offence and speedy punishment, the dungeon and the lash, and it is with a shudder that they pass on, grateful that they know nothing further, but with an expression of pity for the unfortunates who do. In some respects, perhaps, this universal impression has had a beneficial effect, and to the weak and erring may have possessed deterrent qualities, but in this advanced and advancing age it is just as well to know that old time methods, even in respect to the prisons, have given place to broader and more humane ideas, and that a sinning fellow creature is not now subjected to the harsh and brutal treatment considered then, not only as a punishment but as a cure for crime.

IN THE DAYS OF LONG AGO

A governor of a prison was generally selected because of unyielding disciplinary qualifications displayed as an army officer or in some other capacity where men were controlled by and subject to him. Too often he was one of those martinets whose sense of justice was blunted in the blind determination to exact the most passive and abject obedience. The unfortunates given to his care were put to the meanest as well as the most laborious of occupations, such as stone breaking, oakum picking, etc., while the ignominious and useless treadmill was introduced as a sort of recreative variety. All this has been gradually but surely undergoing change, and in many instances has been transformed altogether. Interchange of ideas has accomplished wonders in serving to replace the slave driver with the humane disciplinarian. Instead of keeping to the surface the coarser nature of the criminal it is now the aim to bring out the germ of good that it is claimed is possessed by every man and to utilize it to his own end.

THE GENERAL BENEFIT.

To any one who has not inspected the workings of one of these sad necessities for, say, fifteen years, the change will appear little short of marvellous. This can truly be said of the Central Prison, the provincial institution on Strachan avenue, which, when visited the other day by a newspaper representative, had on its roll exactly 365 names of men incarcerated for terms of from three months to five years. A walk through the buildings under the patient guidance of Warden Massie proved a tour of more than passing interest.

From the office in the left centre of the main building, and over which presides Mr. R. M. Perse, the courteous and omniscient clerk, a heavily barred open gate in charge of an athletic uniformed Cerberus admits to the prison proper. The first observation of the prison cell is here made. They number four, and are tenanted by prisoners newly arrived. When these late comers have gone through a course of bathing and barbering and have been costumed in clean prison garb, they are allotted an apartment in the galleries so frequently described before. By this course of preparation and precaution perfect cleanliness is secured.

This part of the building suffered most by the fire of a few years ago and in redesigning it Mr. Massie displayed excellent judgment. Here is the library, judiciously, if not plentifully, furnished and in which the studious spectacled countenance of the convict in charge was observed benignly feasting over a favourite volume, and

THE SCHOOL ROOM

adjacent, where profitable evenings are passed by those who take advantage of it, and where religious services are also conducted when occasion requires. Further on are the tiers or galleries round which vigilant guards patrol at night watching throughout the silent hours the many little cells and their locked-in slumbering occupants until relieved at cockcrow, when with the precision of clockwork a fresh relay of officers assume duty. The convicts having arranged their cells with silent alacrity, fall into procession at the word of command, there are no laggards, and proceed with measured step to ablutions and thence to early morning labour. No word is spoken but by the officers. Prompt punishment follows disobedience and so rigid is the discipline in this respect that it is seldom that an infraction is reported.

Across the yard from the main building are the cookhouse, kitchen and officers' dining room. The appliances for preparing the meals are of the latest designs and are kept in perfect order and scrupulously clean.

PORK AND BEANS

with good wholesome bread baked by themselves, was the midday repast in process of preparation on the day of the visit. The menu is changed daily, but is always plentiful and of excellent quality. Hundreds of deserving men, women and children in this fair city would rejoice if they could have sat down to such a meal on that raw winter day.

To the south of the cooking premises is the first of the many comfortable steam heated shops wherein the convict labours easily for stated hours each day. Croquet sets to be played with by innocent lads and lasses later on were here being put together and painted by the silent prisoner. Children's waggons for summer and sleds for winter were receiving their gay coats from deft fingers, while rocking horses of dappled grey were being saddled with a neatness and despatch that would shame the average groom.

COMMENTING ON THE SKILL

displayed at this work, Mr. Massie said: "They soon adapt themselves to it, and if they do not, we remove them to something more suited to their tastes. Although the work is easy it requires a neat hand and light touch. The labour-saving machines of modern times give us the opportunity to take up employment of this kind. We receive all those things in the rough, and put them together and paint them here. Some of the convicts become very expert at it, but you can understand that it is never-ending instruction here. The average detention is not twelve months, a good deal less, in fact, so that we are always teaching, and always hoping that our teaching is not in vain."

The broom shop, a great room two hun-

dred feet long by sixty wide presented a busy scene. About a hundred convicts are employed. Here as in the binder twine factory, the machines do most of the work, the men merely attending on them. Nevertheless great care has to be exercised and a quick eye and steady hand is as necessary as at some

MORE INTRICATE EMPLOYMENT.

Among the many industries for which the Central Prison is now famous and which with the others is to be attributed to Mr. Massie's genius and enterprise, is the manufacture of iron bedsteads and wire mattresses. Commencing with a design for a prison cot which would do away with the mattresses hitherto in use, and which offered a convenient hiding place for implements, the persevering warden has gone on until now the demand is beyond his capacity. Some of his designs adopted for the provincial asylums, hospitals, etc., are most ingenious while the healthful as well as permanent nature of the structures commend them to notice without any preliminary explanation. The wire weaving process, which, of course, is incidental to the mattress making is a most interesting feature of this department. Contiguous to this building are the shops of the blacksmiths and tinmiths, and it was difficult to conceive that the lusty dust-begrimed fellows who wielded the anvil hammer or

Loved to see the flaming forge and hear the bellows roar, were convicts, jealously watched by Argus-eyed guards. Near by are the engine and boiler rooms, where three huge furnaces and a big Corliss engine are kept merrily moving to furnish the power and warmth to the buildings.

THE WEAVING SHOP

is probably one of Mr. Massie's greatest triumphs. He found great difficulty in starting it, from the fact that none would believe that he could make it a success, and for a long time the encouragement he sought was denied him. With characteristic perseverance, however, he continued to urge the feasibility of his scheme and finally was given permission to make a small beginning. The development and complete success of the undertaking has been his best vindication. Here are manufactured not only the clothing the prisoners wear here, but the blankets and cloths for all the institutions in the province. Some of the checks and tweeds turned out of this room would do credit to many a factory of skilled weavers.

Excellent work too, is turned out of the tailors' and shoemakers' shops, where were observed a number of lads apprenticed to those trades and who by the time their periods of durance have expired, will have something to face the world with.

THE PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY

and measuring room, necessary adjuncts to the institution, were visited and the inspection proved very interesting, but if there is anything around the premises in which the warden takes a pardonable pride it is his greenhouse. This comprises a succession of compartments in which ferns, roses, tropical plants, flowers and foliage of rare quality and beauty are gathered in gorgeous profusion. This, too, is an illustration of successful perseverance. There was a very wall of difficulty raised up when the establishment of a greenhouse was mooted, but from a very small beginning Mr. Massie succeeded in accomplishing his desire, and the institution now possesses something within its forbidding walls that the visitor would least expect to find there. If the ladies of Toronto would but drive out to the prison and see the display, some of which is destined for the Chicago Exhibition, they would not only be repaid for the trouble but would gratify the Warden exceedingly. His great difficulty is to secure the right kind of men to assist the chief gardener. Convicts as a rule do not exhibit the taste which is the requisite qualification in the florist.

A HEALTHY CROWD.

Returning to the office, the visitor encountered the processions of prisoners on their way to dinner, and was struck with the tone of rude health which pervaded them all.

"We have comparatively little sickness here," said Mr. Massie. "So little that it's not worth speaking of. Regular habits and healthy surroundings soon tell their own story. There are worse places in the world, you'll admit, than the inside of a prison."

Yes, thought the visitor, but it greatly depends on the establishment and how it is managed. It isn't every prison that's a little world's fair, botanic garden and reformatory combined. If bad men cannot be made good here there is little chance for them anywhere else.

A NOTED LONDON MISSION.

The other Sunday night at the Charrington Mission, which is held in a long, narrow room double-galleried all around, the coughing (from the fog) was more like Fourth of July with conglomerate firecrackers, church bells and cannonading, than one would conceive as possible issuing from a merely human assembly.

Just a word about this Charrington Mission, which is a feature of the East End. Frederick Charrington belongs to a wealthy family of brewers. About seventeen years ago he began to do a sort of street missionary work in East London, near his father's brewery. His father threatened to disinherit him, but finally left him a share, though not a full share, in the business. Once, on being taunted on the street with wearing the blue ribbon—"What does it cost you to wear that blue ribbon?"—he was able to reply, "\$100,000." He sold out his interest in the brewery to his brothers, and built in Mile End Road—the prolongation of Whitechapel—the Great Assembly Hall, which had been projected, but never began, by Keith-Falconer. Every Sunday night 3,000 or more people gather at the evangelistic service of the mission, and its fellowship society, with the constant religious, educational and entertainment work centring at the Great Assembly Hall, make it a power for good in a district which contains a number of powers for evil. Charrington himself is a tall, finely built man whose rich, drawing tones convey somehow the impression of an intense enthusiasm and a certain lack of judgment. The Mile End Road, however, not to speak of other streets in London, is not overloaded with fanatics of his type.

The new treaty which has been made between Venezuela and Colombia is the first step toward a triple alliance, which is to include Ecuador. The alliance is to be formed for offensive and defensive purposes, but will not have any direct connection with the Panama canal question.

The Selfishness of Mourning.

The March Lippincott has a sensible article on the subject of putting on mourning for deceased friends. The writer characterizes this display of the emblems of woe as "the selfishness of mourning." It would seem, the article says, as if death were omnipresent enough to need no such frequent reminders as the display of crape and the unrelieved monotony of black in the dress of those bereaved. Because we have a private and sacred grief, why should we tell it to everybody as far as the eye can see? Why should we inflict the often-painful thoughts of death on the merchant in his business, on the children in the street, on our friends to whom we really wish no sad thoughts. If it be answered that the dress of "mourning" is so common a sight in city streets as to excite no interest, then, though the answer is wrong, it could yet be proved by it that the garb of grief is in this respect at least useless. On the contrary, however, many sensitive or nervous people and invalids are given an unpleasant and unwholesome shock by the awful black attire; and to pass it, or sit next to a voluminous mass of stifling crape, is to receive a chill like the damp of the grave. It seems, therefore, only Christian that we should spare others the infliction of a gloom which, in the presence of a greater gloom, or through the hardening of habitual use, we who wear the weeds of woe do not feel. When we come to consider "mourning" as a way of giving vent to our own feelings, there may be two sides to the question, but the brighter side would suggest its being done away with to a great extent, if not altogether. Shall we delegate our grief to our clothes? If there is "that within that passeth outward show," do not "the trappings and the suits of woe" seem a making light of the real grief by the very inadequacy of the expression? One will say that it relieves one from the intrusion of worldly pleasures or social enjoyment, from the temptation to forget our sorrow. What a sad admission! A real sorrow is life-long. A sorrow of the heart grows with our growth as we learn to appreciate our loss, and rightly viewed becomes one of our strongest and best of angels. Let us, then, not fear the forgetting of a real sorrow by the one who experiences it.

A sorrow, then, being life-long, should not be restricted in its expression to a period of six months, a year, or two years, as fashion dictates in the various degrees of bereavement. The very idea of fashion in the realm of grief should make fashionable manifestations of its presence most distasteful to all sane and refined people. Fashion in sorrow must ultimately lead us to the insane, where feeling is unknown. To a certain extent there is at least a plausible excuse in the adoption of mourning emblems by those of extended social connections and duties. But the excuse limps in that it acknowledges that the hundreds of "friends" on the visiting list are, after all, not intimate enough with us to be able to remember our afflictions and exercise the proper forbearance. So the advocates of "mourning" would confess, first, that they mourn through the medium of their clothes; second, that they have to adopt mourning as a defence from the intrusion of their friends! As we have seen, the infliction of gloomy apparel on the public—whom we do not know, and who do not know us—is a violation of the Golden Rule. Fashions in mourning stationery, in mourning head-gear, in mourning livery—what a hollow sound they have! Does "mourning" help to keep alive the memory of the dead? Possibly, to some; but who of the dead would care for remembrance thus perpetuated, associated with sombre imagery? And must it be written that "mourning becomes" some people, and that it has been worn beyond even the fashionable period for that reason? What sense of grief, or the sacredness of sorrow, or the solemnity of death, is conveyed when a rosy cheeked person enveloped in crape comes into a street-car laughing and chattering with a companion? Is it not travesty? One cannot hope that the aged, accustomed to the usage, will abandon it at once; if it causes their grief to so display it, who would forbid them, who have lost so many of their life-friends? In the very old there is, if anywhere, an approach to appropriateness in the wearing of at least partial black. But the discarding of excessive mourning display may well be begun by the young and middle-aged. Especially let us not have children, spirits of joy and hope, masquerading in the hues of death. Why cloud their lives more than nature clouds them? In all but the very aged it seems as if some appropriate observance in neck-dress, the wearing of grays and browns, etc., rather than any gay colors, were as far as we could safely go without inflicting our grief on others. And if we are any more tempted to forget our grief or join in the dance, can we not safely leave these things to the heart? What conduct is above reproach that does not emanate therefrom? Away with hypocrisy in grief, as in anything else! If our friends rally around us sooner and beguile us more quickly from the temporary, natural shock of death, from a lonely vigil with death to which we have bled ourselves, will it not be better? The lesson of death has been often preached,—to be also ready. And to that end let the sorrow-stricken work yet more diligently while it is day. There is no truer balm for grief than self-sacrificing work for others. A relic of barbarism, perpetuating the spirit of the days when the mourner shaved his scalp, tortured his flesh, put ashes on his head, starved, made night hideous with wailing, and beating of drums,—let us gently divest ourselves of this custom of wearing entire black for the dead, and see if the world will not be brighter in spirit as well as brighter to the eye.

A Great Gold Yield.

A Port Arthur, Ont., despatch says:—W. H. Harris, of this town, has just returned from the Sultana mine, near Rest Portage, where he had been summoned to fix up the stamps in the Sultana mill, which had got out of order. As a test to find out if they were in a satisfactory condition, the stamps were started up and worked steadily for thirty-six consecutive hours. The result was electrifying. When the stamps were stopped, it was found that the rock operated upon by only ten heads had yielded the extraordinary amount of seventy-two ounces of gold amalgam, while a similar amount covered the mortar. The concentrates are worth \$200 per ton. The rock stamped was just the ordinary vein rock, taken as blasted out of the twenty-foot vein.