THE DURHAM CHRONICLE

IS PUBLISHED
EVERY THURSDAY MORNING
AT THE CHRONICLE PRINTING HOUSE, SARAPRAXA STREET
DURHAM, ONT.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES . . . . THE CHRONICLE will be sent to any address, free of postage, for $1.00 per year, payable in advance—$1.50 may be charged if not so paid. The date to which every subscription is paid is denoted by the number on the address label. No paper discontinued until all arrears are paid, except at the option of the proprietor.

ADVERTISING RATES . . . For transient advertisements 8 cents per line for the first insertion; 3 cents per line each subsequent insertion—minion measure. Professional cards, not exceeding one inch, $4.00 per annum. Advertisements without specific directions will be published till forbid and charged accordingly. Transient notices—"Lost," "Found," "For Sale," etc.—50 cents for first insertion, 25 cents for each subsequent insertion.

All advertisements ordered by strangers must be paid for in advance.

Contract rates for yearly advertisements furnished on application to the office.

☞ All advertisements, to ensure insertion in current week, should be brought in not later than TUESDAY morning.

THE JOB : : DEPARTMENT Is completely stocked with all NEW TYPE, thus affording facilities for turning out First-class work. . . .

W. IRWIN,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Standard Bank of Canada

Head Office, Toronto.
G. P. REID,
Manager.

Capital Authorized	$2,000,000
Paid Up	1,000,000
Reserve Fund	600,000

Agencies in all principal points in Ontario, Quebec, Manitoba, United States and England.

Durham Agency.

A general Banking business transacted. Drafts issued and collections made on all points. Deposits received and interest allowed at current rates.

SAVINGS BANK.

Interest allowed on Savings Bank deposits of $1 and upwards. Prompt attention and every facility afforded customers living at a distance.
J. KELLY, Agent.

Medical Directory.

DR. JAMIESON, Durham.

Office and Residence a short distance east of Knapp's Hotel, Lambton Street, Lower Town. Office hours from 12 to 2 o'clock.

DENTIST.

DR. T. G. HOLT, L. D. S.

Office:—First door east of the Durham Pharmacy, Calder's Block.
Residence.—First door west of the Post Office, Durham.

Legal Directory.

J. P. TELFORD.

BARRISTER, Solicitor, etc. Office over Gordon's new jewellery store, Lower Town.
Any amount of money to loan at 5 per cent. on farm property.

G. LEFROY McCAUL,

BARRISTER, Solicitor, etc., McIntyres Block, Lower Town. Collection and Agency promptly attended to. Searches made at the Registry Office.

Miscellaneous.

JAMES BROWN, Issuer of Marriage Licenses, Durham Ont.

HUGH MacKAY, Durham, Land Valuator and Licensed Auctioneer for the County of Grey. Sales promptly attended to and notes cashed.

JAMES CARSON, Durham, Licensed Auctioneer for the County of Grey Land Valuator, Bailiff of the 2nd Division Court Sales and all other matters promptly attended to—highest references furnished if required.

FURNITURE

UNDERTAKING

Prices Cut.

A FIRST CLASS HEARSE IN CONNECTION

Embalming a specialty.

JACOB KRESS.

--- TO ---

Farmers, Threshers and Millmen

AT THE BRICK FOUNDR

--WE MAKE--

Furnace Kettles, Power Straw Cutters, Hot Air Furnaces, Shingle Machinery, Band Saws, Emery Machines, hand or power; Cresting, Farmers Kettles, Columns, Church Seat Ends, Bed Fasteners, Fencing, Pump-Makers' Supplies, School Desks, Fanning Mill Castings, Light Castings and Builders' Supplies, Sole Plates and points for the different ploughs in use. Casting repairs for Flour and Saw Mills.

--WE REPAIR--

Steam Engines, Horse Powers, Separators, Mowers, Reapers.

Circular and Cross-Cut Saws Gummed, Filed and Set.

I am prepared to fill orders for good shingles.

CHARTER SMITH,
DURHAM FOUNDRYMAN

LIFE IN THE GREAT CITY.

Strangers Spend the Days in the Stores and in Sight-Seeing.

A despatch from Washington says:—Rev. Dr. Talmage preached from the following text: "And Solomon numbered all the strangers that were in the land of Israel."—2 Chron. ii. 17.

If, in the time when people travelled afoot or on camel back, and vacillation from city to city was seldom, it was important that Solomon recognize the presence of strangers, how much more important now, in these days, when by railroad and steamboat the population of the earth are always in motion, and from one year's end to the other, our cities are crowded with visitors. Multitudes of them come into our morning and evening services. I am conscious that I stand in the presence of many of them to-night. I desire more especially to speak to them. May God give me the right word and help me to utter it in the right way.

There have glided into this house those unknown to others, whose history, if told, would be more thrilling than Booth's tragedy, more exciting than Nilsson's song, more bright than a spring morning, more awful than a wintry midnight. If they could stand up here and tell the story of their escapes, and their temptations, and their bereavements, and their disasters, and their victories, and their defeats, there would be in this house such a commingling of groans and acclamations as would make the place unendurable.

The hotels of this country for beauty and elegance are not surpassed by the hotels in any other land; but those that are most celebrated for brilliancy of tapestry and mirror cannot give to the guest any costly apartment unless he can afford a parlor in addition to his lodging. The stranger, therefore, will generally find assigned to him a room, without any pictures, and perhaps any rocking chair! He will find a box of matches on a bureau, and an old newspaper left by the previous occupant, and that will be about

ALL THE ORNAMENTATION.

At seven o'clock in the evening, after having taken his repast, he looks over his memorandum book of the day's work. he will write a letter to his home, and then a desperation will seize upon him to get out. You hear the great city thundering under your windows, and you say: "I must join that procession," and in ten minutes you have joined it. Where are you going? "Oh," you say, "I haven't made up my mind yet." Better make up your mind before you start. Perhaps the very way you go now you will always go. Twenty years ago there were young men who came down the Astor House steps and started out in a direction where they have been going ever since, and ten million years from now, if you should meet them on the highway of eternity, you would find them going in the same direction, only faster.

"Well, where are you going?" says one man. "I am going to the Academy to hear some music." Good. I would like to join you at the door. At the tap of the orchestral baton, all the gates of harmony and beauty will open before your soul. I congratulate you. Where are you going "Well," you say, "I am going up to see some advertised pictures." Good. I should like to go along with you and look over the same catalogue, and study with you Kensett and Bierstadt and Church and Moran. Nothing more elevating than good pictures. Where are you going? "Well," you say, "I am going to the Young Men's Christian Association rooms." Good. You will find there gymnastics to strengthen the muscles and books to improve the mind, and Christian influence to save the soul. Where are you going? "Well," you say, "I am going to take a long walk up Broadway, and so turn around into the Bowery. I am going to study human life." Good. A walk through Broadway at eight o'clock at night, is interesting, educating, fascinating, appalling, exhilarating to the last degree. Stop in front of that theatre and see who goes in, Stop at that saloon and see who comes out. See the great tides of life surging backward and forward, and beating against the marble of the curbstone, and eddying

DOWN INTO THE SALOONS.

What is that blotch on the face of that debauchee? It is the hectic flush of eternal death. What is that woman's laughter? It is the shriek of a lost soul. Who is that Christian man going along with a phial of anodyne to the dying pauper in Elm Street? Who is that belated man on the way to a prayer-meeting? Who is that city missionary going to take a box in which to bury a child? Who are all these clusters of bright and beautiful faces? They are going to some interesting place of amusement. Who is the man who shoots across Broadway from alley to alley? He is the murderer! He has whetted his knife until it will cut a hair, and it jingles in his filthy pocket. Who is that man going into the drug-store? That is the man who yesterday lost all his fortune on Wall street. He is going in for a dose of Belladnnoa, and before morning it will make no difference to him whether stocks are up or down. Who is that young man hastening along? He is going to rob his employer's till, if the coast be clear, and no Christian young man meet him and take him off in another direction. I tell you that Broadway, between seven and twelve o'clock at night between the Battery and the Union Square, is an Austerlitz, a Gettysburgh, a Waterloo, where kingdoms are lost or won, and three worlds mingle in the strife.

How few men there are who know how to keep the Lord's Day away from home. A great many who are consistent on the banks of the St. Lawrence, or the Alabama, or the Mississippi, are not consistent when they get so far off as the East River. I repeat—though it is putting it on a low ground—you cannot financially afford to break the Lord's day. It is only another way of tearing up your government securities, and putting down the price of goods, and blowing up your store. I have friends who are all the time slicing off pieces of the Sabbath. They cut a little of the Sabbath off that end, and a little of the Sabbath off this end. They do not keep the twenty-four hours. The Bible says: "Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy." I have good friends who are quite accustomed to leaving Albany by the midnight train on Saturday night, and getting home before church. Now, there may be occasions when it is right, but

GENERALLY IT IS WRONG.

How, if the train should run off the track into the North River? I hope your friends will not send to me to preach your funeral sermon. It would be an awkward thing for me to stand by your side and preach—you a Christian man killed on a rail-train travelling on a Sunday morning. "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." What does that mean? It means twenty-four hours. A man owes you a dollar. You don't want him to pay you ninety cents; you want the dollar. If God demands of you twenty-four hours out of the week, he means twenty-four hours and not nineteen. Oh, we want to keep vigilantly in this country, the American Sabbath, and not have transplanted here the German or the French Sabbath. If any of you have been in Paris, you know that on Sabbath morning the vast population rush out toward the country with baskets and bundles, and toward night they come back fagged out, cross and intoxicated. May God preserve to us our glorious, quiet American Sabbaths.

Now you are in this hotel, and it is Sabbath morning, You wake up and say to yourself: "Whatever others may do, I am going to have a day of rest for my body and for my soul." Go out and find a church somewhere. You will find something just suited to your taste in architecture, music and preaching—something certainly between St. Alban's and the plain Quaker meeting-house. Go in. If the sacrament is spread, without being asked, if you are prepared, sit down at it. My children, coming into the dining-room, never ask me whether they can sit at the table. They know they have a right to sit there. And when my father spreads a table, I have a right to sit at it. It is my table as much as his. Join in the singing, that is if the choir will let you! And listen to the preaching, and feel at home. Christ on the banks of the East River is just the same Christ as on the banks of the Rio Grande. And then having found the Sabbath day the best day in the city, find the Sabbath night the best night of all the week. I think it is. Saturday night is a good night. We come home and put off our toils, yet the limbs ache and

THE HEAD IS HEAVY;

but by the time sabbath night has come, we are rested. We have been all day in Christian society, and elevated thoughts have been going through our mind, and when the evening service comes, and we assemble in church, there is not a great deal of difference between earth and heaven, and the angels of God flying to and fro can hardly find the boundary line between the two worlds, and our departed kindred seem to come down through the twilight, and we all clap our hands in glee and say: "It is good; it is good to be here."

And so men come to the verge of city life and say: "Now, we'll look off. Come, young man, don't be afraid. Come near, let's look off." He looks and looks, until after awhile Satan comes and puts a hand on each of his shoulders, and pushes him off. Society says it is evil proclivity on the part of that young man. Oh, no, he was simply an explorer, and sacrificed his life in discovery. A young man comes in from the country bragging that nothing can do him any harm. He knows about all the tricks of city life. "Why," he says, "didn't I receive a circular in the country, telling me that somehow they found out I was a sharp business man, and if I would only send a certain amount of money by mail or express, charges prepaid, they would send a package, with which I could make a fortune in two months; but I didn't believe it. My neighbors did, but I didn't. Why, no man could take my money. I carry it in a pocket inside my vest. No man could take it. No man could cheat me at the faro table. Don't I know all about the 'cue-box,' and the 'dealer's-box,' and the cards stuck together as though they were one, and when to hand in my checks? Oh, they can't cheat me. I know what I am about." While at the same time, that very moment, such men are succumbing to the worst Satanic influences in the simple fact that they are going to observe. Now if a man or woman shall go down into a haunt of iniquity for the purpose of reforming men and women—if, as did John Howard, or Elizabeth Fry, or Van Meter, they go down among the abandoned for the purpose of saving souls; then they shall be God-protected and they will come out better than when they went in. But if you go on this work of exploration merely for the purpose of satisfying a morbid curiosity, I will take twenty per cent off your moral character. O strangers,

WELCOME TO THE GREAT CITY.

May you find Christ here, and not any physical or moral damage. Men coming from inland, from distant cities, have here found God and found him in our service. May that be your case to-night. You thought you were brought to this place merely for the purpose of sight-seeing. Perhaps God brought you to this roaring thundering city for the purpose of working out your eternal salvation. Go back to your homes and tell them how you met Christ here—the loving, patient, pardoning and sympathetic Christ. Who knows but the city which has been the destruction of so many may be your eternal redemption. A good many years ago, Edward Stanley, the English commander, with his regiment, took a fort. The fort was manned by some three hundred Spaniards, Edward Stanley came close up to the fort, leading his men, when a Spaniard thrust at him a spear, intending to destroy his life; but Stanley caught hold of the spear and the Spaniard in attempting to jerk the spear away from Stanley, lifted him into the battlements. No sooner had Stanley taken his position on the battlements, than he swung his sword, and his whole regiment leaped up after him and the fort was taken. So may it be with you. O stranger. These city influences which have destroyed so many and dashed them down forever, shall be the means of lifting you up into the tower of God's mercy and strength, your soul more than conqueror through the grace of him who hath promised an especial benediction to those who shall treat you well, saying: "I was a stranger and ye took me in."

LIGHTING PU NIAGARA.

The Effect at Night Is More Inspiring Than in Daylight.

An experiment made a little while ago at Niagara Falls proves that it is possible to illuminate the great cataract so perfectly that the scenic effect is even more awe-inspiring than in daylight.

A complete marine search-light apparatus was set up in a large boxcar. A little marine engine, attached to the search-light, was operated by steam from the locomotive.

The night was very dark and cloudy when the operator adjusted his thirty-inch lens to the brink of the Horseshoe Fall and turned on his hundred thousand candle-power light. Suddenly the great cataract was dazzling. The monster ice formations, the stalactites and the stalagmites surrounding the Horseshoe were radiant in the strong white light. The mist rising from the gorge looked like myriads of diamonds.

After testing the light at Falls View station the car was run down opposite the American Falls, where an equally successful test was made, the features of the scenery being brought out even more strikingly than in ssunlight, since the surroundings were hidden in darkness. Of course this light had to be operated from a fixed plane, in this case the road-bed of the railroad. When it can be placed at varying elevations, and describe more of an arc, the results are expected to be still more satisfactory.

This opens a new field for railway enterprise. Probably before many years leading lines will illuminate picturesque places along their routes. The Grand Canon of the Rockies will be strung with electric lights. Observation-cars on night trains will be crowded, and it will become part of the duty of porters to wake up passengers who wish to see the Horseshoe Curve at one a.m., or Lake Michigan at midnight.

FIRE! FIRE!! FIRE!!!

The room was on fire, and at the window stood a fair and lovely creature. Frantic with horror, he pushed through the people and called upon the firemen to save her.

Stand back, roared a policeman, forcing him back into the crowd again.

Stand back, shouted the man, and see a fellow-creature perish before my eyes?

To his disgust the crowd gazed on in apathy. Wretches! he shrieked, pointing to the poor lady at the window. Are you blind? And with a mad rush he had dashed up the stairs and seized the lady round the waist and had borne her to the outer air in a few seconds. His agitation and the heat caused him to nearly faint, but he had just enough strength to place her in the arms of a policeman, amid the shouts of the crowd. But good gracious! What was that? Did his ears deceive him? Instead of a great cheer for him, a tremendous roar of laughter greeted the heroic act! He glanced at the lady he had rescued from a fiery fate, and the reason of their mirth was at once apparent, and amid the laughter of the unsympathetic crowd he fled. He had rescued the milliner's dummy!

SOON GOT RID OF THE PATIENT.

One of my patients, said the hard-worked doctor, was a fussy old lady who fancied herself afflicted with every disease under the sun. One day I chanced to meet her in the street when she immediately began to run through a long list of complaints from which she believed herself to be suffering. I was in a hurry, as an important case was waiting for my treatment, and I resolved to teach this old fidget a lesson. First I took her hand and felt her pulse. It was in splendid condition, as I expected. Then I told her to close her eyes and put out her tongue. When she had done this I stole off on tiptoe and turned the first corner. How long she remained in this attitude I can't say, but since then she has never troubled me with her imaginary ailment.

EXCUSABLE.

First Sheep—But the young folks are so giddy and thoughtless! They don't consider the future!

Second Sheep—Oh! well, my dear, you can't expect a young lamb to spend all its time thinking of roast mutton!

CANADIANS IN WEST AFRICA.

Major W. C. Heneker and the Officers of the Third West African Force Enjoying a Meal After a Hard Day's March.

The West African expedition now progressing towards Benin City is of especial interest to Canadians, because its commanding officer, Major Heneker, is a Canadian son of Mr. R. W. Heneker, of Sherbrooke, Que., and the transport officer is Lieut. W. F. W. Carstairs, formerly a captain in the 56th Prescott Battalion Canadian militia. The expedition started from Old Calabar for Benin City early in February, and had, up to recent advices, a very hard time of it. Lieut. Carstairs, under date of Immertermiga, March 25, said: "For the past two weeks it has been fight, fight, fight, every day, but we have wiped the enemy out or nearly so. I was wounded on the 20th inst. in the right forearm and left leg, but am happy to say, that I am fast recovering." In another letter from Ekisiga, on February 14, Captain Carstairs, said: "We have just captured this town of about 30,000 or 40,000, without a single casualty. We expect to add at least 4,000,000 people to the empire in this expedition."

The scene of the above illustration is laid in the Ubiom country to the north of Opobo, in Southern Nigeria. A truculent tribe had closed the mail route, and threatened to kill any white men and soldiers who appeared. Major Heneker was ordered to take two companies, one seven-pounder, one Maxim, and one rocket tube, and to proceed to the place, and there bring the tribe to its proper state of submission. This was achieved with twenty casualties only, after twelve towns had been attacked and destroyed.

While not as exciting in the way of sensational incidents as Sir Frederick Hodgson's journey to the coast from the Ashanti capital, this expedition, in which Canadians have figured so prominently, has been of great value to the Empire, and proves once more how capable the Sons of the Maple are to do any work that they may be called upon to do in behalf of the flag and the extension of the Empire.

MEN WHO FED THE GUNS.

WHAT WAS DONE AT THE ROYAL ARSENAL AT WOOLWICH.

It Never Failed but Kept Steadily Supplying the Soldiers in South Africa—A Great Strain for This Noble Corps.

With the end of the South African campaign apparently within sight, the country has already commenced the bestowal of its honors and rewards, says the London Express. It has been a hard and anxious struggle, and the men who have been at hand-grips with the foe deserve full recognition, of their valour at the hands of a grateful nation.

But the supreme attraction of the battlefield is not unlikely to contribute to an injustice against which we should be on our guard. For a long time now our strained attention has been fixed upon the South African veldt, where so many of our friends have fallen. We have watched with eager interest and admiration the achievements of our special heroes—Rundle, Hunter, French, the valiant men of the English shires and of the great colonial Empire over seas, and many another gallant name, resolved that when the happy day arrived they should not lack their reward.

But there is one corps of which the country has never heard the name. It has never been named in despatches or held up to public applause and approbation by ubiquitous specials, but nevertheless, it has fought on against heavy odds unknown and unrecognized, doing work in default of which Great Britain could not have maintained herself against her foes, and must have lost her place among the nations.

This corps is Sir Henry Brackenbury's, which has fought the war from the Royal Arsenal at Woolwich. They have worn no uniform or insignia but their shirt sleeves, and their only weapons have been their hard, toil-stained hands, with which they have done a service to the country which it would be very difficult to overestimate. Few people, indeed, realized the peril of our position at the outbreak of this miscalculated war. Short of ammunition, stores and equipment of nearly every kind when the struggle was actually upon us, had it not been for the heroic and almost superhuman exertions of the Royal Arsenal disaster and defeat could have been our only portion.

THE ARSENAL NEVER FAILED.

It was neck or nothing. An unprecedented effort was called for, and, as Sir Henry Brackenbury said with all solemnity at the recent Arsenal dinner in London, "Thank God, gentlemen, the Arsenal never failed!"

The men were exhorted by their chiefs to rise to a great occasion, and work as though upon the individual exertions of each one depended the safety of the great army in South Africa. Right nobly the workers responded to the call. Not a man or boy but felt that his labours would contribute in a material degree to the success of the struggle in which the country and his "pals" at the front were engaged. They put their backs into it as never before, and toiled with a devoted and anxious enthusiasm which is known only to those who knew the Arsenal during the critical time.

From morning till night the work went on, and through the night till morning came again. There was no cessation on holiday or Sunday, The beginning of 1900 saw them labouring for all they were worth, and the greater part of the year came and went and still they were "putting their backs into it."

Like the army at the front, they had their casualties, their dead and wounded, victims of the stern strain of the contest that was being maintained at all costs. One of the principal managers, though warned by the doctor that he would kill himself, if he did not take a rest, preferred to die at his post, rather than leave it at that time of trial. A member of the crew of one of the War Department steamers sustained an injury to his leg while loading up for a run down to one of the depots on the river. The wound was severe, but forgetful of every personal consideration in his anxiety to do his duty with the rest, he refused to report it, and went on his last voyage. On his return the wound was past all cure, and he was carried into the hospital to die.

UNBROKEN STREAM OF SUPPLIES

These are only instances of the spirit that was abroad. Time passed on and still the firing line at the front were hard at work with rifle and gun, but still behind, in never-failing support, the great machine shops of the Arsenal stamped and thundered and roared with unfailing energy and iron determination, sending forth an unbroken stream of supplies to maintain the fight 7,000 miles away.

But if the men did their duty nobly the Arsenal staff—heads of departments, assistant officers, masters and foremen, were burdened with a responsibility, which, at times, must have seemed well-nigh insupportable. We have only to imagine what would have happened had there been any breakdown in the supply of ammunition at any time during the conflict. Think of an army without cartridges, driven back upon the guns of the fleet at sea!

HE KICKED HIMSELF.

Last Sunday, said the clergyman to his congregation, someone put a button in the collection bag. I won't mention names. I will merely say that only one individual in the congregation could have done so, and I shall expect the said member, after the service, to replace the button with a coin of the realm.

After the service a well-to-do, but close-fisted individual sought an interview with the clergyman in the vestry.

I—er, he began hesitatingly, must apologize, sir, for the—er—button incident, which, I can assure you, was quite an accident. I happened to have the button in my waistcoat pocket, together with a shilling, and took out the former by mistake, However, sir, here is the shilling.

Thank you, said the clergyman, taking the shilling and gravely handing him the button.

By the bye, sir, said the close-fisted individual, I cannot understand how you should have known that it was I who—er—committed the much-to-be-regretted mistake.

I didn't know, replied the clergyman.

Didn't know? But you said, sir, that only one individual in the congregation could have done so.

THEY WERE SAFE.

A punctilious lady was married to a happy-go-lucky man with a notorious disregard for all matters of dress. He was going off on business for a week, and his wife packed in his bag six shirts, exacting a promise that he would wear a fresh one every day. He returned home in due course, and the good housewife proceeded to unpack the bag. Lo! not one of the shirts was there.

What's the matter, John? she asked in great perturbation. Where are all the shirts I gave you?

John protested that he had followed orders and put on a clean one every day, but what happened to them he did not know. He retired downstairs to think out the problem. Ten minutes later an excited face was thrust into the room. and a happy voice rang out:

I've found 'em my dear; I've found 'em! The whole six shirts are safe! I've got 'em all on!

HEARTILY APPROVED.

Suddenrich—What do you think of a college education for a young man?

Friend—What do you think of making of your son?

Oh, nothing in particular.

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

PATENTS

TRADE MARKS
DESIGNS
COPYRIGHTS &C.

Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. Handbook on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents.

Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive *special notice*, without charge, in the

Scientific American.

A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, $3 a year; four months, $1. Sold by all newsdealers.

MUNN & Co. 361 Broadway, **New York**
Branch Office, 625 F St., Washington, D. C.

IT IS NOT HEREDITARY.

DRUNKENNESS NOT TRANSMITTED FROM PARENT TO CHILD.

Evil of Environment a Strong Factor in the Spread of Drunkenness—Important Report on the Subject of Inebriety.

It is now eighteen months since the Society for the Study of Inebriety appointed a special committee to consider the relation of heredity to inebriety, says a London letter. The committee was composed of five physicians, two surgeons, a professor of bacteriology, an army surgeon, and five general medical practitioners. Eighteen months have been spent in investigation. The report of this committee has just been published and it is signed by nine of the fourteen members, some of whom have made comments, while one has sent in an independent report. The reference to the committee was in these terms: to investigate the conditions under which the tendency of drunkenness is capable of transmission to offspring. It does not appear to be contended that inebriety is in itself hereditary, but that a capacity or tendency to it is heritable.

The report declares that the inebriety of an individual depends upon three conditions—the first being an inborn capacity for enjoying the sensations which alcohol produces, and the second and third being acquired—personal experiences of the pleasures of alcohol and the increased delight which continued indulgence confers in the case of the inebriate. That one drunken generation often succeeds another suggests a hereditary taint. The committee adds that there is no evidence that acquired characters of any kind are heritable. This appears to have been a much debated question.

Popular opinion has taken for granted that the acquired characteristics of parents are likely to be inherited, and, of course, "temperate reformers," well-meaning, but often ignorant and misguided, have not been slow to urge upon the public that each man's drinking is pretty sure to produce for him a generation of children who will become drunkards. If this be not true the temperance reformer, who is generally in favor of entire abstinence rather than of temperance, must bear a heavy responsibility for the vast amount of mental torture which he has inflicted on the moderate drinking citizen.

INFLUENCE OF HEREDITY.

The last word of science, however, as declared by teachers of physiology, biology and botany, is a very definite assertion that no instance of the hereditary transmission of an acquired characteristic has ever been demonstrated either in the animal or the vegetable kingdom. If this be a fact a man can only transmit to his son the hereditary taint with which he was born, and if a man having no inborn tendency to excess yet acquires drunken habits his progeny are in no more danger than are those of his neighbor, leaving out of consideration the effect of environment on youth. It is not denied that drunken parents who become thus mentally and physically weak are liable to have children who are degenerate—weak in body and feeble in mind; such persons, in fact, as under propitious circumstances tend to become paupers, criminals, epileptics and drunkards. The point which is denied is that the drunkard's child has the specialized tendency to become inebriate rather than vicious in some other direction.

It seems probable that the question of environment is of more importance after all than that of heredity, and a man of strong will is just as likely to exercise it in the gratification of his desire as in the contrary direction. If a man of powerful will finds that alcohol gives him pleasure he will take good care to repeat the experience. The habitual drinker is one to whom alcohol brings enjoyment, either as positive pleasure or cessation of pain, whereas the voluntary abstainer is one, who from constitutional peculiarity, finds little pleasure in alcoholic exhilaration. Alcohol weeds out from every race individuals who most enjoy and indulge in it. The races of Southern Europe, who have had the longest experience of alcoholic drinks are now more temperate than the British, the Scandinavians and the Russians.

The committee is of opinion that the continued abuse of alcohol tends to render a race less innately prone to inebriety than it would otherwise have been, this result being brought about by the elimination of the drunken unfit and the survival of those with a weak tendency to alcoholism.

EPITAPH AND PUN.

One evening at a small party which included the two friends, Douglas Jerrold and Charles Knight, the author-publisher, the talk turned on epitaphs.

As they were walking home together, Knight, half lightly and half in earnest, asked the wit to write his epitaph for him. Jerrold made no answer, but when they came to the parting of their ways, he suddenly said:

I've got your epitaph.
Well, what is it?
Good Knight!

Out of 100 European emigrants 570 go to the United States, 280 to South America, and 105 to British Colonies.