

ABOUT THE FRENCH ARMY.

M. URBAIN GOHIER'S EXPOSURE OF ITS CONDITION.

"No Better Than in 1870"—Army and Navy Departments Declared Corrupt in Every Branch—Gohier's Present a: Another Interesting Phase of the Present Crisis in France.

Sensation succeeds sensation, and crisis follows crisis, with such rapidity in France just now that it is almost more than the casual reader can do to keep track of them all.

Corruption is alleged to have crept into every branch of the public service, and the several departments of justice, war, the navy, and in fact, every administrative branch of the government, appears to be permeated with most peculiar conditions.

In the crowd of dramatic exposures which have marked the past year in France, a scathing denunciation of French army methods by M. Urbain Gohier has escaped the attention which, in less troublous times, it would have received to the full.

These exposures, however, are none the less startling, and his persecution, now in progress, for the authorship of "L'Armée Contre la Nation," is one of the most interesting phases of the present crisis in the Republic.

A very interesting resume of the contents of the book is given by the Paris correspondent of the London Chronicle. This correspondent writes:

M. Urbain Gohier is a reformer and a satirist combined. There is little reason to doubt that his cruel exposures are true. The general thesis of the volume is not incriminated. M. Gohier has in a few sentences managed to commit the legal offence of dishonouring, not only the army, but the fleet. All that he has compiled has been repeatedly affirmed by M. Edouard Drumont, M. Paul de Cassagnac, and by organs of widely different political schools of thought. Another exceptional feature is that of M. Lockroy, now Minister of Marine, and one of the prosecutors has written letters of approval, which strongly militate against his governmental opinion.

"VIVE L'ARMÉE!"

M. Gohier, in his preface and first chapter, endeavours to show that in France the cry of "Vive l'Armée!" is a deceiving shibboleth, which has been monopolized by a set composed of names, around which there is no genuine lustre of patriotism. The writer is not afraid to mention these and the list at the end of the book is as full as it is significant. I give one characteristic passage in the opening portion of the volume:

"Amongst them are the partisans of hidden procedure. 'Vive l'Armée!' The arguments used in camera are a positive insult to the army. We do not dare pronounce the word Germany. We quote the name of the Russian alliance, and other specious shams concerning the martial revival in France, or the re-constitution of our army, are written in letters of blood. Our forefathers celebrated their victories. We are vain-glorious over our defeats. This may be described as the apotheosis of surrender, of desertion, and of treason. We had better be satisfied with victories gained during the manoeuvres and with invincible conquests on paper. We shall thus be only ridiculous."

FRENCH BARRACK LIFE.

If French barracks life answers the description of the writer, there will be little hope for the rising generation of "piousness." Referring to the true soldierly spirit, he says:

"Our barracks do not give it. They are schools of every filthy vice, of idleness, of sneaking and lying, of unclean debauchery, moral cowardice, and drunkenness. The surprising vitality and progress of every regiment is in the Anglo-Saxon race requires no ingenious explanation. It arises in part from the fact that it escapes the degradation and corruption of 'la caserne.'"

The other passages on this subject are too plain-spoken, systematic, and praiseworthy to be only noticed. We commend. In a word M. Gohier trumpets forth that France sends the best of her people into garrison towns with the freshness of youthful purity upon them. They return to their homes soiled, vitiated and stupid.

OFFICERS CONDEMNED.

The officers receive their need of condemnation from the author. He compares the want of education, narrow horizon, and moral depression of the French officer with his German competitor, who reads the numerous French books in his library, while the military hierarchy of France is ignominiously ignorant of German literature, and even of the language. M. Gohier's authorities lie in the extracts from reports by such experts as Generals Thomsen and Galliffet and M. Joseph Reinach. The correspondence of Admiral Courbet on the officers of the French navy has been made to withdraw from circulation. The Caffarel, d'Andlau and Thibaudin periods receive a passing mention which only goes to accumulate the terrible indictment. And once more follows a string of names, with charges of inquiry appended which no duel or criminal libel suit could wipe out. After this book, the offence of insulting French commanding officers appears to be an extinct species. A whole chapter is devoted to stories of "brigandage," and the prostitution of that so-called "Star of the Brave"—the Legion of Honour.

STORY OF MADAGASCAR.

The sad story of the Madagascar campaign is told in language which appeals to popular opinion. The real conqueror was "Ever," and in comparing results with those of the Ashanti and other British expeditions, the startling figures of one in three deaths

against one in sixty shows, according to the writer, that the so-called conquest was a murderous and pestilential snare, founded upon two financial projects, which he names.

Another and a higher percentage is mingled with the mismanagement of the gunboats. At that period M. Félix Faure, was Minister of Marine, Felix Faure by gross official neglect or deliberate omission, caused the death of thousands of soldiers perished miserably and unnecessarily.

"Selfish ambition," he concludes, "jealousy, in its basest form, fabulous ignorance, infatuation, criminal sequaciousness—nothing is changed in the higher command of the French army since 1870. We no longer have the same soldiers but we have the same class of chiefs."

THE FLEET ALSO.

The chapter on the fleet summarises in readable form all that was said during the injuries at Toulon, of which M. Lockroy was one of the prime movers.

There is little of a novel character in the Gohier version of the events which preceded and followed the armistice during the first Zola trial is stigmatized as an aggressive and factious revolt against civil society and a free democracy. Its logical ending, if not for in France. The writer incidentally quotes the following counsel on this head, given by the late General Faidherbe, Grand Chancellor of the Legion of Honour:

"The First Republic, wrote the General, ordered all commanding officers to be shot who dared to revolt against the civil power. In such cases no indulgence and no pity could be admitted. Where would France be if she would soon be neither army nor navy?"

M. Urbain Gohier adds: "This is probably what we shall see if the present group of factious generals is to remain unpunished, and if the few who remain with hearts in their bosom do not try to merit the glory of Vaneau."

REMARKABLE AUCTION BIDS.

Instances Where Insignificant Articles Have Brought Large Sums.

The Zola sale in France, at which a little table was sold for more than 250 times its value, recalls many instances of remarkable bids at auction sales.

Zola's table was worth £416, but the first bid for it was £1,280, and the auction became probably unique in the annals of sales by being closed after a single bid.

It was not the first time that a table has been sold for such a remarkable sum, though it is probably the first time that such an article has fetched such a big price. Cicero's table was put up to auction after his death, and the highest bid was £750. Another historic article for which an enormous price was paid was Watso's purple robe, which Nero bought for £6,800. The habit worn by Charles XII. at Pulstowa was sold for £2,000, and a cup used by Napoleon went for thirty-seven guineas. The hat which Napoleon wore at Eylau was keenly bid for at an auction by thirty-two persons, and was knocked down at £75.

Mr. Quaritch, the famous bookseller, recently advertised two of his rarest volumes for sale for £10,250, a sum which may seem ridiculous to some readers. Mr. Quaritch, however, once bid £4,900 for a Latin Psalter and another for a Mazarin Bible at an auction sale.

Five hundred and forty guineas for a snuff box suggests that the bidder was verging on madness, but a snuff box from the Emperor of Brazil's collection was once knocked down at this price. Another, supposed to have belonged to Marie Antoinette, sold for 320 guineas, bids of 50 and 100 guineas being quite common at snuff box sales.

A vase in the British Museum was knocked down at 1,000 guineas, and two violins—a Stradivarius and a Ruggieri—were sold at a sale for £760 and £1,280 respectively. A violin bow by Tourte was sold for £44, and the autograph of Sir Isaac Newton once drew a bid of £64. An admirer of George IV. a few years ago bid £18 for a walking stick which belonged to the King. A silver penny of William the Conqueror was sold nine years ago for £32, and a half crown of the reign of Queen Elizabeth went for £44.

Lord Fitzharding once bid 4,500 guineas for a calf at Lord Dunmore's sale. The previous highest price for a bull was 1,000 guineas, bid at a sale at Kettton. Lord Fitzharding's bid was the highest ever made in England.

A LITTLE BOY'S PRAYER.

Little Archibald was saying his prayers the other evening, while his mother was stroking his curly head and thinking of something else. Suddenly it struck her that the child had wandered from the text of the supplication that he had been taught to repeat.

"What is that darling? she interrupted. Go over that part again. Give us this day our daily pie and cake, and forgive us."

"Why, my love, that isn't right; the surprised mother broke in; that isn't what mamma taught you to say. I know, little Archibald replied, but I don't want any more daily bread. I'd rather have pie and cake, and when we're prayin' for things you might as well ask for what you want the most."

AN IMPORTANT MEETING.

Mr De Cash—"Very sorry, my dear, but I can't accompany you to-day, I must attend a meeting of the board of directors of the Happy-Go-Lucky National Bank."

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MONEY-EARNING PAIR OF LEGS.

A Guest Who Caused Commotion at a Hunting Party.

Here is a rather amusing incident in the artistic career of Sir Francis Grant. When that portrait painter was at his zenith he had a hunting box at Melton. An inquisitive Scotch baronet was invited there for the hunting. Sir Francis had another guest, as it appeared, on a visit. He was a full, flat old man, who took snuff and looked the other way when the table talk ran on hounds and horses. The sight of a fox's brush awoke no enthusiasm. He seemed to take no earthly interest in anything but his snuff and his meals.

The Scotch baronet at last could contain no longer his excited curiosity. "I say, Grant," he said, "what motive have you in keeping Mr. X. on a visit? There are so many good chaps who would like to come down here just now. My fellow-guest does not seem to care a farthing for the things you are so keen on. I find that he does not know the difference here, I have a thoroughbred and an Irish hunter, nor does he look a person to buy your portraits."

"You are puzzled, my dear fellow," returned Sir Francis, "to know why I keep him here. I brought him down for his legs."

"For his legs. You see, I am doing a full length of the Duke of Rutland, the late. He is weak in the knees and shrunk in the limbs and lazy. He is not at all the trouble of sitting, but he has exactly like a few dollars. The poor fellow is glad to earn a little money, and to be out at grass here for a short time."

PAISLEY AMAZED

By the Extraordinary Statement of a Resident.

He Proves the Truth of His Claim—Says Dadd's Kidney Pills Absolutely Cure Diabetes—Gives Facts to Prove His Contentions.

Paisley, Jan. 2.—This most extraordinary and startling statement was made in public by one of our most widely known and prosperous men of business to-day:

"I walk about protected from the attacks of Diabetes just as securely as a suit of steel would protect me from the stings of a mosquito."

"What do you mean?" asked one of his friends.

"I mean that I am as safe from the agonies of Diabetes, so long as I use Dadd's Kidney Pills, as I would be from the sting of a mosquito, if I wore garments made of steel."

"That is quite true," put in another gentleman who was standing close by. "Let me prove it to you, by telling you of a case that occurred in this town from my own house, in this town."

"Mr. James Thompson, who is well known to most of us, suffered from an extreme case of Diabetes for several years. He tried nearly every remedy in the market, without effect. Noticing an advertisement claiming that Dadd's Kidney Pills would cure Diabetes, he began using them. Two boxes made a marked improvement in his condition and, continuing the use of the medicine he was fully restored to health."

"Now, when Dadd's Kidney Pills cure this case, they will cure any other case of Diabetes. I say this in all sincerity."

"If every person who is afflicted with Kidney Disease would use Dadd's Kidney Pills, they would recover health and strength so quickly and completely that they would hardly know themselves."

Dadd's Kidney Pills cost only fifty cents a box, at all drug stores.

COLORS FROM TAR.

Chemists have extracted from coal tar 16 shades of blue, 16 of yellow, 12 of orange, 9 of violet, besides shades of other colors too numerous to mention.

WINTER FUN.

The more d-stors a man has, the less certain are they what all his him, and the more certain are other people.

Of No Use to Him—Coal Dealer—At last I have found an honest man. Hawkins—Well, what of it? You can't use him in your business.

Friend—So the editor sends you his paper free? Post—Yes; he says I needn't subscribe if I won't contribute any more.

Nervous Employer—I don't pay you for whistling. Office Boy—That's all right, sir, I can't whistle well enough to charge extra for it yet.

She, having nothing else to say,—It's funny how we ever came to think so much of each other. He—Funny! It's positively ridiculous.

No Escape—We are worried about Julia; she got out of a sick bed to go to the matinee. How could she? She had to go; she had a ticket.

I hear our friend Meyer has married a phenomenally ugly woman. Yes, all his friends, as soon as they have seen her, want to borrow money of him.

Is there any difference between "sick" and "ill"? Why, it's just like this, the man who gets sick sends for a doctor, while the man who becomes ill summons a physician.

Miss De Style—Oh, Major! Did you ever go to a military ball? Old Veteran—No, my dear young lady; in those days I had a military ball to me. It nearly took my leg off.

The Medium—The spirit of your deceased wife is now here. Do you wish to ask her any questions? Newly-made Widower—Yes; tell her I want to know where she put my winter fannels.

A Play on Words—Yes, she said bitterly, you loved me then—and now! She paused and sighed, it is merely a passing passion, he calmly replied. I still love you now and then.

Talking about the play of "Hamlet" with Hamlet left out, soliloquized the melancholy looking individual, there are times when the omission would be a decided boon. He had just attended an amateur performance.

So you want to be my son-in-law, do you? asked the old man with as much fierceness, as he could assume. Well, said the young man, I don't want to, but I suppose I'll have to be if I marry your daughter.

In Ancient Greece—The Disciple—And you teach that we should bear pain and trouble without complaint? I don't think I could do that. The Stoic Philosopher—Nobody expects you to do it. That is merely our platform.

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If you are troubled with catarrh bronchitis or irritable throat, etc., send for sample bottle of our famous prepared for a snuff or a wash, nor an ointment, but a pleasant remedy which is carried by atmospheric air to every part of the throat, lungs and nasal passages and guaranteed to be an absolute cure. Address, N. C. Pulson & Co., Kingston, Ont.

SWEARING IN AUSTRIA.

In Austria a Christian witness is sworn before a crucifix, between two lighted candles, and holding up his right hand, says: "I swear by God, the Almighty and All Wise, that I will speak the pure and full truth, and nothing but the truth, in answer to anything I may be asked by the Court."

AN EXHIBIT OF GRASSES.

At the Ballbridge Horse Show samples were shown of grass lands dressed with Albert's Thomas-Phosphate Powder and that dressed taken from the farms of Mr. Flood, of the "Fox & Geese," and Mr. Ferguson, of Marlton, Baldoye. These samples set forth very strongly the value of the phosphate as a soil top-dress for meadows and pastures. The strong clover growth on the dressed portions was very convincing. It was lengthily reported in "The Farmers' Gazette," of Dublin.

SMOKING IN MANILLA.

Nearly everybody smokes in Manilla, it is a common sight, after sundown, to see a father puffing for a stroll with his wife and children, and every one of them over the age of 5 years smoking a cigarette.

THOMAS-PHOSPHATE POWDER

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