

AN AMERICAN VIEW

Of the Conference—A Move Towards Union of the Race.

In a recent editorial the Boston Herald, which may be said to represent the best thinking element in New England, treats at some length of the recent Intercolonial conference of Ottawa. The following extract from the article is decidedly interesting.

"The assembled colonists found that while their trade relations with each other were not in all respects as great as they might be (as, for example, the trade of the Dominion of Canada with the other British colonies outside of Newfoundland and the West Indies is less than one per cent. of its annual foreign trade) their people spoke the same language; that their institutions were much alike; that the same social, economic and political questions that were seeking solution in one colony were also problems for debate in others, and that, in fact, they had so much in common that they might easily have more, and could by degrees be brought into reasonably close ties of political relationship.

We dare say if the delegates, instead of assembling at Ottawa, had come together in Washington, that, with the exception of resolutions of devotion to the Queen, a serious of resolves, and many suggestions that were not embodied in the form of resolutions, could have been formulated not widely different from those that found place in the Ottawa conference. It could probably have been shown that the trade in the United States with the various British colonies was much greater in most instances than the trade of the colonies with themselves, and that, with the exception of England, there was no country which purchased more of the British colonies, or from which the British colonists purchased more, than the United States. It could also have been pointed out that the traditions of government were the same, the language was the same, the laws, civil and criminal, based on the same broad foundation, and, in fact, that with the exception of loyalty to the British crown and devotion to the British flag—a sentimental rather than practical consideration—there was little reason why the colonists should not join with the United States in promoting a great trade combination.

We merely refer to this circumstance as it illustrates the logical development of the idea which led to the Ottawa conference. The notion of imperial federation in England has given rise, as there is every reason why it should, to this broader conception of race affiliation. The English speaking people of the world are in no remote future to control its destinies. It is in vain that France, Germany and Italy have planted colonies outside of Europe, and that Russia has extended her borders so as to take in about half of Asia. The seed planting of a people was started by the Anglo-Saxon adventures long before these recent colonial extensions were made. The Spanish had their chance, but failed because of obvious weaknesses. The English speaking people have possession of the best portions of the world, and are utilizing these, and are increasing in the strength of numbers and wealth in a manner which does not admit of parallel. There are no great detachments of the English speaking people who each year become either Russian, German, Italian or French in their nationality, but not a twelvemonth passes that the English speaking race does not have its aggregate number increase by accessions from these foreign people, and, as we have said, the time is soon coming when, in consequence of the growth in numbers of the English speaking people, and because of their wealth, their intelligence and their broad and diversified possessions, they will be as distinctively the leaders of the entire world as the Romans were of the then known world eighteen centuries ago."

How to Treat the Baby.

It is the duty of every mother to learn all she can about the care of children, for a baby is the most precious treasure on earth. So, for the benefit of those who have not had as many years of experience as myself, I will tell of some things that are essential to a child's well being.

Baby's garments should be light in weight, warm in texture, and loose enough for comfort. Cover the entire body with a soft light flannel. The little dress should not be starched, as that would irritate the tender skin.

Very young babies will need a flannel shirt with sleeves reaching to the wrist, a flannel band, a sleeveless flannel skirt reaching a little below the feet, knit Saxony stockings, and a slip of cambric, muslin, or light calico. By slipping the sleeves of the shirt through the armholes of the skirt, then through the dress sleeves, the three can be put on as one, much to the baby's comfort. Of course these garments should open in the back. A white flannel sack, simply hemmed and worked above the hem with braid stitch in silk floss, is dainty and useful for cool mornings and evenings.

Keep the baby as quiet as possible. Do not allow every friend or acquaintance who calls on you to drag the little one from his cozy nest, to kiss and toss and rock him, until he is nervous and cross for the remainder of the day. Just imagine how our older folks would like to be treated in that way, when we were enjoying a nap.

The room in which the baby stays during the first week of his life, should be kept as nearly the same temperature as possible. Exposure to draughts of cold air, or sudden changes of temperature, are apt to bring on an attack of colic. A little forethought in this matter will save him many hours of pain and yourself much anxiety. If he should have the colic in spite of your precautions, put cloths wrung out of hot water on his stomach and bowels, and in severe cases, it may be necessary to give him a bath in water

as warm as he can bear it. Then wrap him in a flannel, keep his feet warm, and you will soon have the satisfaction of seeing him fall asleep.

There are mothers in every community who cannot nurse their babies, and who would be glad to know of a good substitute for mother's milk. I had to depend on artificial food for my last baby, and we could find nothing that would agree with her except lactated food. It was her exclusive diet from the time we began giving it, until she was seven months old, and she enjoyed perfect health, with a steady gain in size and strength all the time. After that she ate a little rice, tapioca and occasionally a little baked potato in addition; but whenever there was any trouble with stomach or bowels a return to the exclusive diet of lactated food for a few days always corrected it.

A healthy baby needs very little tending, and it is better to allow him to lie in the cradle and amuse himself as long as he is satisfied, than to hold him. He should be accustomed from the first to having a drink of cold water every few hours. Begin by giving two teaspoonfuls at a time, and increase as he grows older. This will often quiet a restless baby at night, and I feel satisfied that many children really suffer from the want of it.—*Ere.*

By Hall on "Character of Man."

Why should I fetch the poor wretched infant out of the blind caverns of nature to shame us with our conceptions, and to make us blush at the substance, nourishment, posture of that which shall be man. There he lies, senseless for some months, as a heathen orator truly observes, as if he had no soul. When he comes forth into the large womb of the world his first greeting of his mother is with cries and lamentations, (and more he would cry if he could know into what a world he comes) recompensing her painful throes with continual unquietness. What sprawling? what wringing? what impotence is here? There lies the poor little lordling of the world not able to help himself while the new yeaned lamb rises up on the knees and seeks for the teats of her dam knowing where and how to find relief so soon as it begins to be. Alas, what can man do? if he be for a moment alone but make faces and die. Lord, what is man? This is his ingress into the world. His progress in it is no better. From an impotent birth he goes on to a silly childhood. If nobody would teach him to speak what would he do? And if the mother or nurse did not tend him how soon would he be noisome and nothing, where other creatures stand upon their feet and are wrapped in their own natural mantles, and tend upon dams for their sustenance and find them out even among ten thousand! yea, the very spider weaves so soon as ever it comes out of the egg. As soon as age and nurture can feoff him in any wit, he falls to shifts. All his ambition is to please himself in those crude humors of his young vanity. If he can but elude the eyes of the nurse or tutor how safe he is? Neither is he yet capable of any care, but how to decline his own good and to be a safe truant. It is a large time that our casuists give him that at seven years he begins to lie. Upon time and tutelage, what devices he hath to feed his appetite! what fetches to live.

Praising and Pleading.

Now, my religious friends, I continually hear you talk of acting for God's glory and giving God praise. Might you not, for the present think less of praising and more of pleasing Him? He can, perhaps, dispense with your praises; your opinions of His character, even when they come to be held by a large body of the religious press are not of material importance to him. He has the hosts of Heaven to praise him who see more of his ways than you; but you may be pleasing to Him if you will try; that he expected, then, to have some satisfaction in you; and might have, even great satisfaction—well pleasing—as in His own Son, if you try. The sparrows and robins, if you give them leave to nest as they choose about your garden will have their own opinions about your gardens—some them will think it well laid out;—others ill. You are not solicitous about their opinions; but you like them to love one another; to build their nests without stealing each others sticks and to trust you to take care of them. Perhaps, in like manner, if, in this garden of the world you would leave off telling your Master your opinions of him, and much more your quarrelling about your opinions of him; but would simply trust him and mind your own business modestly, he might have more satisfaction in you, than he has had these eighteen hundred and seventy-one years, or than he seems likely to have in the eighteen hundred and seventy-second.—*Ruskin.*

Thackeray on Parsons.

Mr. Thackeray wrote as follows: "And I know this, that if there are some clerics who do wrong, there are straightway a thousand newspapers to haul up these unfortunates, and cry lie upon them! while though the press is always ready to yell and bellow excommunications against these stray delinquent parsons, it somehow takes very little account of the good ones—of the tens of thousands of honest men who lead Christian lives,

who give to the poor generously, who deny themselves rigidly, and live and die in their duty, without ever a newspaper paragraph in their favour. My beloved friend and reader, I wish you and I could do the same, and let me whisper my belief, *entre nous*, that of those eminent philosophers who cry out against varsons the loudest, there are not many who have got their knowledge of the Church by going thither often. But you, who have ever listened to village bells or have walked to church as children on a sunny Sabbath morn'g you who have seen the parson's wife tending the sick man's bedside, or the town clergyman treading the dirty stairs of noxious alleys upon his sacred business, do not raise a shout when one of these falls away, or yell with the mob that howls after him."

A Great Poet.

Ethelbert F. H. Cross, who has an article in the last number of The Week, on the great German poet, Heine, writes: "The sad history of the closing portion of the life of Heine is too familiar to require repetition. For the eight years immediately preceding his death he was confined to his bed suffering from a most painful disease, and partially paralyzed and partially blind. The story of his last appearance abroad has been thus told in Weissner's 'Reminiscences of Heine': "Through the streets of Paris the crowds were moving, swayed by their leaders, as by a storm, hither and thither. The poet, half-blind and half-paralyzed, dragged himself along by help of a stick, tried to get out of the bustle of the streets by taking refuge in the Louvre near by. He entered the halls of the palace, which in those turbulent times were almost empty, and soon found himself in the large space on the ground floor where the antique gods and goddesses are placed. All at once he stood before the ideal of beauty, the smiling, enchanting goddess, the marvellous work of some unknown artist, the Venus of Milo. Startled at the sight of her, moved, struck, almost horrified, the sick man staggered back and dropped in a chair, and hot and bitter tears ran down his cheeks." This is the whole of the story. The beautiful art that he had sought for, fought for, feared for, stood there before him like an angel, and he, too, stood before her—a wreck. The vision of beauty filled his eyes and blinded him. He thought of himself, aged, worn, palsied, dying, and art, the true love of his soul, living but lost. All life long he had sought for a loveliness earth holds not; through all lands, in all the corridors of art, in history, in philosophy, and in the world he wandered, peering into the homes and haunts of men, forever on his lip a sneer of scorn at the pitiful mediocrity about him, forever on his brow a wrinkle of unavailing thought and forever in his eye the strange far away look of one who seeks for something earth cannot give.

No dead thing is so terrible in death as the corpse of an ideal. The shattered hopes and golden dreams of youth look strangely, sadly desolate in death. And after they are slain we will not bury them nor yet believe them really dead, but hold them holiest then. Their ghosts come back to haunt us in the night. Lifeless, but beautiful they flutter round us on the downward slope towards the final darkness. Spirits of hopes unrealized, spirits of faiths unsatisfied, spirits of yearnings unaccomplished, spectres of perished dreams, these are our companions in the journey into the dust. No one hoped more than Heine. No one aspired as much as he. He hoped for liberty, he hoped for art, he hoped for civilization, he hoped for love, he hoped for the crowning of truth, he hoped for the coronation of beauty; and in a little while, when the perfume had fled from the flower, and the music had gone from the harp, and the spirit had died in the creeds, and the light of the stars had gone out, and he lay on the verge of the valley of death, his hopes come back to haunt him in his night. And so he lay on his bed and saw with sarcastic bitterness that the world survived his absence. What had become of the gold-tipped arrows of his wrath, what had become of the angry darts of cynicism he had hurled among his foes? Had the wounds all healed, had darkness and night prevailed, was his life spent entirely in vain, and was his fury wholly unavailing? "Do you think they are dead, do you think they are forgotten?" he feverishly inquired of visitors regarding his books. Had he written his books in vain? Not entirely in vain if in the temple of the human mind the shadow of ancient error grows fainter day by day, and wherever the arrows of his divine scorn fell on the convictions of men the rotten husks of thought drop off and wither and fade and die. Not entirely in vain had he sung, if often, when the twilight clasps the earth in dusk and falls in quiet restfulness on German homes and hearts, when the snowflakes gently fall upon the cottage roof, and old Father Rhine rolls his waters without and the fitful fireside flames within fall on the tearful eyes of those that lift the harp to sing a song that touches human hearts, through the ivied lattice of the German cottage there bursts the melody of perfect song, and fathers and mothers and men and maidens twine their arms around each other's necks and sing the songs of Heine."

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DRUGS.

The great "Fathers of Confederation" have mostly disappeared from the stage of action, but their work endures and their names are recorded in the undying pages of Canadian history, and there will endure as long as the national life which they were the means of founding. Sir John Macdonald, Sir Alexander Galt, Hon. Joseph Howe, Hon. George Brown, are dead, but on the foundation which they laid so broad and deep, the young Canadian nationality is gradually developing and enlarging and realizing the high hopes which were the fond dreams of these great statesmen.—*Regina Leader.*

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