

seems to be the only vocation. And it is no longer love songs, but "Essays on Ibsen" which to-day chant in the hearts of the young. After the age of lyric poetry, after the age of romance, we now find ourselves in the age of criticism. After Lamartine and Victor Hugo, after Balzac, Michelet and Flaubert, who dominated the literature of their times, there are two critics, Taine and Renan, who stand at the head of our literature.

It is painful to me to see literature thus attracting to itself the talent and taste of our young people. And if, according to the definition of M. Hatzfeld, criticism should be "only an opinion given on a work of art," it is even then difficult for me to comprehend its utility. For it seems to me that works of art are not made to be judged but to be loved, to please, to dissipate the cares of real life. It is precisely by wishing to judge them that one loses sight of their true significance. In the ideal humanity of which I dream criticism thus understood will have no place. But the uselessness of criticism is so manifest that the critics themselves, in their secret hearts, do not know how to evade recognition of this fact. In all criticism there is an entirely too visible partiality, at least with few exceptions.

In regard to those of our writers whom we call "our critics," I do not believe there is one of them who may be properly called a critic. To a certain extent even the nature of criticism has been changed, and according to the diversity of temperament and habits of thought, different new kinds of criticism have been formed, having but one trait in common: that they are all equally removed from ancient criticism, from that which pronounced opinions. The varieties of our contemporaneous criticism are too well-known to need enumeration. One knows how, under pretext of criticising, M. Faguet gives us solid and living portraits, collecting into a whole all that can be obtained of the significant details which go to make up the life, thought and style of an author. It is well known how, under the same pretext, M. Lemaître and M. France amuse themselves by treating all kinds in turn, giving us, at will, poems, narratives, or philosophic reveries, or interesting us still more with the thousand delicate graces which accompany the subtle changes of their impressions.

But all forms of criticism are to be valued only on account of the originality and talent of the masters making use of them. Some of these seem to me to have characters more settled, opinions more precise, and to be thus more easily defined. They are those whose aim is, not at all to judge of works of art, but to explain them, to show their real significance, to throw on them proper the light. In place of making of criticism a confession or a painting, they make of it, in a manner, a sort of history. They set works in their proper place in the times; and to aid us to comprehend them, they inform us of all the circumstances which preceded them, accompanied or followed their appearance. Thus understood, criticism is no longer criticism; but the title matters little, and it is easy to understand that such a manner of treating works of art may be very useful. The main thing for the critical historian is to know, among all the circumstances attending the appearance of a work of art, which should be noted and retained.—*Translated for Public Opinion from the French of M. T. de Wyzewa in the Paris Revue Bleue.*

## PUBLIC OPINION.

Ottawa Free Press: The path yet to be trodden by Mr. Cleveland is probably a thorny one. Whether Czar, President or constitutional Monarch, the head of state to-day occupies a position of anxiety and care, to say nothing of the responsibility, which is not altogether enviable. The man who like Mr. Cleveland stands fast to his duty will not have cause to regret his firmness if he has no better reward than the testimony of his own conscience.

Vancouver World: Our cousins from under the Southern Cross say that from the time they landed in this city until they reached Ottawa they felt at home and had repeated opportunities to prove the truth of the old adage that blood is thicker than water. There can be no doubt whatever that the gathering together of so remarkable a body of statesmen, each typical of the best life in the land from which he has come, can only result in drawing together the scattered dependencies of the Empire.

Montreal Witness: One after another the veterans of Canadian banking are departing from amongst us, leaving only the lustre of their untarnished names and the example of their public and private lives for the guidance and emulation of the younger generation. We have recently had to lament the death or retirement of several bankers whose names were household words, but none has in the general opinion gone with a better balance sheet or more sincerely and widely lamented than the late Mr. J. Murray Smith, whose tragically sudden death has shocked the city this week.

Halifax Chronicle: With a few comparatively unimportant exceptions the crops in every county in the Province present a fine appearance and give promise to an abundant yield. The hay crop in particular is exceptionally good and the fruit crop promises well. The promise of good crops, we need hardly say, form a bright edging on the cloud of hard times which has been hovering over our country for some years, and will afford substantial encouragement, not only to farmers, but to all classes in the Province, for the prosperity of all other classes is necessarily largely dependent upon the prosperity of the farmers.

St John Gazette: Canadians who live in the west and in Montreal, and spend their summers sweltering in the intense inland heat of this continent during the months of July and August are densely ignorant of the fact that down by the shores of the Bay of Fundy the weather is always cool. Occasionally there may be a day or two in the hottest of summer when the weather in St. John may be described as uncomfortable, but the occurrence is so rare that we, who live on the shores of this wonderful Bay of Fundy, have come to believe that the weather is never too hot in summer and seldom too cold in winter.

Vancouver World: Mr. Davie has developed a great interest in this immediate portion of the Province, and we hope that his good intentions will continue. We are convinced that, personally, he is much stronger here than he ever was before, and that the Government will be judged fairly at the end of the present term upon the record it makes for itself. We take advantage of this opportunity to congratulate the

## A BAD WRECK

—of the constitution may follow in the track of a disordered system. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery prevents and cures all liver and kidney diseases. It rouses the liver to healthy action, purifies the blood and allays congestion of the kidneys.



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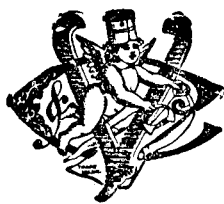
GEO. W. SWEENEY, Esq., of Haydentown, Pa., says: "I was for years hardly able to go about. I suffered from liver and kidney trouble, six different doctors treated me during that time but could do me no good. I give your 'Medical Discovery' the praise for my cure. Then, too, my wife had a bad case of Asthma which was cured by the use of that wonderful blood-purifier."

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Before the dinner given at Berlin by Sir Edward Malet in honour of the British officers, the Emperor William presented Colonel Tomkinson with a gold cigarette case, and Captain MacMahon and Prince Francis of Teck with similar cases made of silver. All three cases bore his Majesty's crest. The Emperor also conferred the Order of the Red Eagle, First Class, upon Prince Francis.

Chicago, Ill., U. S. A., Oct. 13th, '93.  
Gentlemen,—I find your Acid Cure, but I do not find your pamphlet. I expect to use your Acid Cure extensively this winter, in practice.

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The covetous man never has money; the prod gal will have none shortly.—Ben Jonson.

Hearts may be attracted by assumed qualities; but the affections are only to be fixed by those which are real.—De Mow.