

Canadian, subject to none of these restrictions. The consumer is paying more than 100 per cent. If the duty and restrictions were removed American oil could be purchased for eighteen cents in Russell. The census returns, Vol. II., page 188, show that the number of men employed in Canada producing oil is 177 and refining it 167. Production is ten million gallons, according to the trade and navigation returns. In the United States it is well known that coal oil is sold in all parts to consumers at prices varying from nine to twelve cents a gallon, wine measure, according to locality. At our boundary it is twelve cents, and in free trade England it is fifteen cents. Will the editor of the *World* continue to justify laws that compel farmers of this western country to pay forty-five cents a gallon for one of their prime necessities in order to maintain employment for 344 men in Petrolea, when for less than half that amount they could purchase their coal oil under free trade. The case does not end here, however. Suppose that free trade entirely stopped production in Petrolea, which I doubt, refining is still open to Canadians. We could under free trade import our crude oil and under free trade do the whole of our refining in Canada, maintaining the same number of men employed in our coal oil industry without any tax on our light, which in this northern country means a great deal. Which is of the most importance to Canada, these fertile western plains or the Petrolea oil wells? Compare the value to the trade of the country of \$8,400,000, the product of 20,000 farmers on our North-west farms, with ten million gallons of coal oil at the Petrolea oil wells, the product of 344 men, at six cents per gallon. The member for East York would depreciate the value of the greater to enhance the value of the less. Will that insure national progress? Under present conditions one bushel of wheat will not purchase one gallon of coal oil in Manitoba. "Come off your perch," Mr. *World*; if you were to run your paper on those lines where would you be? If you had to pay as much for the ink in your daily edition as you pay for the printing of it, where would your men be? Where do you want to land the farmers of Manitoba by maintaining protection? In bankruptcy? Launch out into the markets of the world under free trade and the value of the product of our 20,000 farmers will be \$16,800,000 by the increased consuming power of the city of Toronto and other centres, and you will have a twelve-page edition, and don't forget that the man who changes his mind justly has more brains and courage than the man who obstinately persists in a wrong course.

C. A. BOULTON.

Shellmouth, Manitoba.

LAURA SCHIRMER-MAPLESON.

Obit. 1894.

The night-wind sighs in the branches
Its infinite plaint of unrest,
Making moan to the spaces of sleep,—
Afar, thro' the sable of silence
That hearse the dew-drops of dawn,
Or the rhythmic rustle of rushes.
The sweet-scented vespers of weeds,
On the lip of the waters that trembled
Yet cling to the lip of the day,
Stretches vaguely a spectral sphere.
Uncertain and pallid and cold,
A quiver, a pulsing, a tremor,—no more:
Wan light by the lee of a limitless shore!
"Dead! dead!" is the whisper that wakens
The day by the reaches of reeds;
"Dead! dead!" is the sigh in the branches,
The wail thro' the wastes of the weeds:

The dawning has shed all her silver;
The purple gives place to the pearl;
The wind dies away in the branches;
The moan has gone out with the night;
The strings of the rushes are shaken
By jubilant fingers of day;
The matins of lilies, uprising,
Supplant the weed-vesters of eve;
And the cheek of the waters has crimson'd,
Has blush'd to the kiss of the sun,
Her lover, her hero, her god as of yore,
That paces the sands of the limitless shore!

"Dead! dead!" comes the voice of the waters,
The wavelets caress'd by the light;
"Dead! dead!" is the dirge of the dawning,
Redeem'd from the ceremonies of night!

At rest, as a soul over-wearied,
With all that is restful and pure;
The Night-wind that sighs and is silenced,
The rushes that rustle and rest,
The wild water-lilies that open
And thrill to the touch of the breeze,
Yet close to their vespers at even.
Secure in the dawning again;
White-chaliced, to burst from their charnels,
And proffer their incense anew,
Tossing the sweet song of the morning once more,
When sunlight returns to the limitless shore!

"Dead! dead!" in her splendour of beauty;
"Ah, me!" comes the dirge of the wave;
"Dead! dead!" yet her mission accomplish'd,
Say, who is the victor, O grave!

A. H. MORRISON.

CORRESPONDENCE.

UNA VOCE POCA FA.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

Sir,—In its issue of the 2nd of February, under the caption of "Music and Drama," in that part which relates to "Madame Adelina Patti," and more particularly to the song, "Una Voce Poca Fa," THE WEEK claims that it was expressly composed by the immortal Rossini for Madame Patti. This is a mistake. The "Barber of Seville," which contains the song referred to, was composed by Rossini in 1816, not for Madame Patti, but for the then celebrated prima donna Signora Isabella Colbran, of the San Carlo in Naples, whom Rossini subsequently married. Madame Patti, although not in the prime of her life, was not a diva in 1816.

GERMANICUS.

Chatham, Ont.
NOTE.—The musical critic of THE WEEK is not responsible for the paragraph above referred to, which was taken by the Editor from an exchange, whose musical matter is deemed to be trustworthy. It was not seen by the critic until after publication.

ART NOTES.

Munkaczy has nearly finished the historic picture of Arpad, the national hero of Hungary. This painting is to be placed in the Hungarian House of Parliament. The work is faintly praised.

The Salon of Fine Arts at Santiago, Chile, closed its annual exhibition in the middle of December. It had been visited by a large number of people, and the works of many native artists were greatly admired.

We understand that the Royal Academy are considering the question of limiting the number of pictures to six for R. A.'s and Associates, and four for outsiders. It is not generally known that as many as sixteen have been sent in by one artist under different initials. Our own Ontario Society of Artists have, we believe, set a limit, which is to be ten, and are also going to be extremely critical as to the quality of work in the coming exhibition this spring.

Mr. Hovenden's "Breaking Home Ties," which, with his "Bringing Home the Bride," was among the most popular pictures at the World's Fair, has been very beautifully reproduced in photogravure, the plate being artisti-

cally worked up by etching, and is published by Klackner. The story told in each of these pictures is told so well, and appeals so strongly to what is best and tenderest, that, in spite of serious drawbacks in the technique, we do not wonder at their great popularity.

Those possessing old oil paintings, or paintings which they value highly, may be pleased to have a bit of valuable advice from Redgrave's, "A Century of Painting." Perhaps the best preservative for old pictures beyond dusting them with a feather brush, is to have them tenderly wiped with cotton wool about once a year, by the hands of some person qualified to do this with care and judgment. It is also necessary that the backs of all pictures, whether oil or water-colors, should be very carefully covered with painted cloth so as to exclude both air and dust.

The Leipzig *Das Neue Blatt* gives this account of some rather odd robberies: "It is not very often that the artist has to suffer from the thieves. One such case has nevertheless attracted much attention of late. Professor Franz von Lenbach has been robbed of over one hundred sketches, among which were several good Bismarck portraits. The sketches have been valued at 54,000 marks by a committee. The thieves were discovered through the sale of copies of these sketches which they offered as genuine, at the price of 50 to 100 marks. Francis Courtens, the celebrated Belgian painter, discovered that copies of his pictures were being sold as genuine. The pictures were traced to an art dealer named Van der Perre, who had the copies made by young artists and sold them at high prices. Van der Perre has been sentenced to six months' hard labor and a fine."

Some surprise has been felt in art circles at the resolution of the Salmagundi Club of New York, all of whose members are artists, to the effect that a specific duty of \$100 on every painting or piece of sculpture would be to the interest of art, shutting out, they believe, the deluge of cheap works, while it would be no barrier to the importation of the works of masters, which alone are of an educational character. *The Art Amateur* wisely points out that, "The educational influence is much more likely to be exercised through the possession of small, inexpensive pictures in the homes of the tens of thousands of persons of moderate means than through the distribution among a few private galleries. It would also keep out the works of many a talented young artist, for more than one masterpiece was not looked upon as such when first brought to this country, nor was its creator among 'the masters' at that time."

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

Dr. S. Jadassohn has recently published a new symphony.

Mr. J. W. F. Harrison has formed a class in the Conservatory for the study of church service playing, in all its branches.

Mr. Fred Warrington, the well-known baritone and teacher of singing, has opened a studio at A. & S. Nordheimer's.

A recital of vocal music was given in the Conservatory last Tuesday evening, the 13th inst., by vocal pupils of Mrs. Bradley.

Mr. A. S. Vogt has been elected President of the Canadian Society of Musicians, in place of Mr. J. E. P. Aldous, of Hamilton, who resigns.

As we go to press we learn with sincere regret of the death of Dr. Hans Von Bulow, the great pianist, which occurred on the 13th inst., in Cairo, Egypt.

The piano pupils of Mr. F. H. Torrington gave a recital in the Toronto College of Music one evening of last week to a large and well pleased audience. Vocal and other selections gave variety to quite an attractive programme.

"Antigone," with music by Mendelssohn is being performed in the Academy on the evenings of Thursday, Friday and Saturday, with special matinee on Saturday afternoon,