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AN Hour with the Editor

ENGLISH SOVEREIGNS

Henry VI. was king of England for thirty-nine years. He was amiable, pious and weak-minded. At one time at least he was insane. He inherited this tendency from his grandfather, who was King of France. During these years he was for the most part king only in name. First his uncles and afterwards his wife, Margaret of Anjou, ruled him. He had two kingdoms, England and France, when he was nine months old; before he was forty years of age he had lost both. By the will of Henry V., Duke John of Bedford was declared Regent of France, and Duke Humphrey of Gloucester Regent of England; but Parliament was not content to accept the regency, and Gloucester had to be content with the title of Protector. We herein see the extent to which parliamentary government had already advanced. During this reign the status of the House of Lords became defined. Previous thereto the right to sit in Parliament, though not exercised by all freemen, was claimed by them, but as a rule only some of the abbots and some of the earls were summoned to its meetings, and not by any means always the same individuals. In the reign of Edward III. and of those of his successors down to the time of Henry IV., new titles were created; namely those of duke, marquess and viscount. While the holders of these several titles differed in rank, they were gradually conceded equality as members of Parliament, and here we find the origin of the title "peerage." The various titles were only honorary, and so they remain to this day, wherein they differ from similar titles on the Continent. All members of the peerage, or British nobility, stand precisely upon the same footing, except for the distinction of precedence. It also came to be understood at this time that the sons of peers were commoners, which is not the case with foreign nobility. For illustration, we may take a familiar case. The eldest son of the Duke of Devonshire bears the purely honorary title of Marquis of Hartington, but during his father's lifetime he is as much a commoner as the humblest servant in the household, and as a commoner he is eligible for election to the House of Commons. So with the children, male and female, of all the other grades of the nobility. They are all commoners in the lifetime of their fathers, and all of them remain so except the individual who succeeds to the title. This definition of the status of the Lords, which was not brought about by any specific act, but was the result of evolution extending over several reigns, carried with it another important thing. It led to an understanding of the respective limits of the powers of the sovereign and parliament. What is called the prerogative now came to be settled, and the prerogative means those things which are lawful for the king to do without the consent of Parliament. The definition was perhaps not as accurate as it might be, and indeed even now its limits are not absolutely defined; but the existence of the prerogative was fully recognized in the reign of Henry VI. It was not because of anything done by the King, nor was it directly due to anything proposed by his ministers, but during the reign of the sixth Henry the form of the government of England was settled closely along the lines upon which it rests today. This may be a convenient place to state what these lines are. Anciently, the assembly of the freemen was the sovereign power in the state. To this there succeeded after the Norman Conquest an indefinite understanding that the barons and the bishops were to be regarded as the advisers of the King. In the reign of Edward II. a statute was passed distinctly asserting that the Commons had the right to be consulted in all matters relating to the welfare of the state. The House of Lords retained to itself as the King's advisers judicial functions; the Commons possessed the right of petition. The Commons did not enact laws at the outset. It presented its views to the King in the form of petitions, and these were put into the form of laws by the Lords, and in respect thereto the Commons were not consulted. From the Lords the measures passed to the King, who changed them as he saw fit. The reign of Henry VI. saw all this completely changed. It saw the Commons originating legislation, the Lords taking their share of this duty, and the King bound to proclaim the decision reached by the two Houses without any alteration.

Thus we see the origin of expressions used in respect to the highest court of appeal and in Acts of Parliament. When a case goes before the House of Lords, or in colonial matters before the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, the judgment always is in the form of advice to the sovereign. This is a relic of the old days, when the King administered justice in person under the advice of the barons, whom he summoned to assist him. So in Acts of Parliament, these begin with the statement that His Majesty by and with the advice and consent of the Lords, Spiritual and Temporal, and the Commons, enacts whatever the statute may be. Thus today we preserve the forms which to our ancestors four and a half centuries ago meant the culmination of generations of struggle. Sometimes people are disposed to make light of these ancient usages, but when we reflect upon what they stand for, we see that they are of the greatest significance, and that they ought to be cherished accordingly. The word "consent" in the enacting clause of a new statute only found its place there after three centuries at least of constant effort by the people of England, baron and commoner alike, who inherited from Saxon ancestors the tradition of popular supremacy. Many brave men laid their heads on the executioner's block to get that little word of two syllables into the enacting clause, and it is upon that word that the whole system of popular government as it exists in the British Empire, rests.

During the reign of Henry VI., England, lost France, or, to state the matter more accurately, the King lost the crown that his father had gained for him. The English people took only a half-hearted interest in the contest. When Joan d'Arc raised the siege of Orleans, there were less than 4,000 Englishmen in the field. Their great strength lay in the prestige gained at Crecy, Poitiers and Agincourt. Even the small force that remained in the country might have saved it to England, if it had not been that the Duke of Bedford was superseded in his command by a less capable leader. But troubles were growing too thick at home to permit much attention being paid to affairs abroad. The first symptom of popular discontent was the rebellion of Cade. John Cade, better known as Jack, was an Irishman by birth, and, like many of his fellow-countrymen, an adventurer of a daring type. He served in France with distinction, and seeing his way clear to further adventures in England, he landed in Kent and declared himself to be a representative of the House of Mortimer, which claimed the crown by virtue of descent from a daughter of Edward III., who was the senior of either John, from whom the Lancastrians claimed, or Clarence, from whom the Yorkists derived their title. Cade was nothing but an imposter, but the Kentishmen rallied to his standard, and London opened its gates to him. The citizens grew tired of the excesses of his followers, and he was driven from the city and slain. The measure of success, which attended his rebellion, if it may be so dignified, greatly encouraged the hopes of the Yorkists, and doubtless led to the Wars of the Roses, although the conflict did not begin until five years later. This struggle played such an important part in the development of modern England that it will be dealt with in the next article of this series.

THE JEWS

The history of the Jews, using the name now as distinct from Israel, is the most remarkable of any of which we have a record. Even a slight familiarity with it leads one to wonder, not that they are scattered abroad among all the nations, but that they exist as a distinct race. The part which they have played has been often a tragic one, but the quality which shines out most conspicuously in all their vicissitudes is their remarkable powers of recuperation. No matter to what depths they were driven by oppressors, they regained prosperity quickly whenever the oppression was removed. The position, which they occupy in England and America, they would attain to in the course of one or two generations in any part of the world, if given the opportunity.

We saw in the preceding article of this series that after the death of Solomon the kingdom was divided between his son Rehoboam and the Ephraimite Jeroboam, the former reigning over the tribes of Judah and Benjamin, and the other tribes giving their allegiance to the latter. This was in 975 B.C. Israel was overthrown in 720 B.C., and in 586 B.C. Nebuchadnezzar took Jerusalem by storm and carried captive to Babylon the better element of the population. During the 317 years which elapsed between the death of Solomon and the overthrow of Jerusalem, the history of the kingdom of Judah was one of almost continual strife. There was war with Israel, and sometimes the two kingdoms were in alliance carrying on hostilities against their neighbors. We are told in the Book of Kings of an attempt made by the King of Ethiopia to conquer Judah, and that he came north with an army of a million men, only to meet with ignominious defeat. But Judah was far from being invariably successful, for it was laid under tribute at different times by the Egyptians, the Assyrians and the Babylonians. The expedition of Nebuchadnezzar, which annihilated the kingdom, was undertaken because the Jews interfered with the free course of trade between Babylon and the Mediterranean coast. After Jerusalem was taken, the Babylonian monarch resolved to put an end to all Jewish aspirations of nationality, and for that purpose followed the example set by his predecessor, Sargon, in the case of the kingdom of Israel. He selected the ruling classes, the artisans, merchants and best farmers, and carried them to Babylon. Under his rule the condition of these exiles was somewhat arduous, but not especially so; but when Cyrus, the Persian, overthrew Nebuchadnezzar, one of his first steps was to ameliorate the condition of the Jews. He was led to do this doubtless by his desire to secure their loyal support in a land, where he, like them, was a stranger. So favorably situated did the Jews become, that when, at the solicitation of Daniel, permission was granted to them to return home, only comparatively few of them, and those the more humble, availed themselves of the privilege. The others remained in Babylon, where as late as A.D. 700 their descendants were living in large numbers and in a state of prosperity. Some of them migrated into China, where they were well received. The first party of returning Jews numbered 40,000, and they were under the command of Zerubbabel, who claimed descent from David. This was 52 years after the destruction of Jerusalem. There were two other large migrations from Babylon to Palestine. One was led by Ezra and the other by Nehemiah. Doubtless there were smaller migrations, for at a very early day after the return of Zerubbabel's party many of the Jewish cities had been rebuilt. During the reign of Darius the prosperity of the Jews was great, although politically they were insignificant. For some years they remained subject to the Persians, and so unimportant were they regarded that Alexander the Great did not find it necessary to send an army against them on his great expedition for the conquest of Asia. They sub-

mitted without a murmur to his authority, and later, many thousands of them were removed to Egypt to people the new city of Alexandria. Ptolemy Soter, who became king of Egypt after the death of Alexander, sent an expedition against Jerusalem, which he captured, and from which he carried away 100,000 people, whom he colonized in Egypt. Then followed a remarkable movement. From Egypt as a centre the Jews spread all over Northern Africa, being received everywhere with the greatest cordiality and kindness. They rapidly acquired the culture of Greece, and there is hardly any doubt that between the years 300 B.C. and 400 B.C. they were the great leaders of the intellectual life of the countries around the Mediterranean. During this time Judea remained under the sway of the Ptolemies, and for the most part their rule was beneficent. Later their condition became intolerable under a mad king of Egypt. Expeditions were sent to ravage the country, the temple at Jerusalem was dedicated to Jupiter Olympus, and every means were resorted to in order to compel the people to resort to idolatry, but to their honor be it said, that by hundreds of thousands they accepted martyrdom in preference.

About the year 200 B.C., the Seleucidae, who were the dynasty that reigned in Persia after the death of Alexander the Great, when that conqueror's dominions were divided, drove the Egyptians from Palestine and incorporated it in their empire. They also extended their dominion over all Syria, and thenceforth the Jews were tributary to Syria as a vassal state of Persia. The Syrian oppression was intolerable, and a powerful effort was made to drive the Jews away from the worship of Jehovah, but, while many yielded under the influence of fear and oppression, the most of them stood firm, although they were compelled to flee from the country, or else hide themselves as best they could. Jerusalem was wholly deserted by its Jewish inhabitants, whose place was taken by the Syrians. Then began that heroic movement identified with the name of Judas Maccabaeus, although he did not originate it. After a severe struggle, the ancient faith was restored to its old place. Almost immediately a period of prosperity ensued; but it was interrupted by wars, and although the kingly office was restored, the nation never afterwards became independent. From the time of Pompey the Great the Jews were more or less under the suzerainty of Rome. In the great civil war the Jews espoused the cause of Caesar, which was opposed by nearly all the Asiatic provinces of Rome, and as a result they gained the sympathy of the great Roman. Herod the Great became king in 39 B.C. He was not a Jew, but an Idumaean, one of a race that had been subjugated by the Jews in 128 B.C., and compelled to accept the worship of Jehovah. Herod was declared king by Antony Octavius and the Roman Senate. The early part of his reign was very successful, but during the last nine years he was incessantly wearied by intrigues against him. This so inflamed his passions that he gave way to extreme acts of cruelty. The Slaughter of the Innocents, described in the Gospel of St. Matthew, was only one illustration of this. He seems to have been in a constant state of alarm, and saw in the reported birth of a child, who was to be King of the Jews, another of the many menaces to his crown. He died in B.C. 4. (It is to be remembered that the Christian Era does not date from the supposed birth of Jesus, but from an arbitrary period fixed at about four years after that event.) The last of the Herods was Agrippa. He was the last reigning Jewish sovereign. For more than a century previously the government had been administered by Roman governors. During the reign of the Emperor Claudius, the Jews were left much to themselves and became very prosperous. This led the more fiery spirits to dream of throwing off the Roman yoke, and the rebellion of the Zealots ensued. The story of this event is full of tragedy. At first it seemed likely to be successful, but the result was disaster, and in A.D. 70 the Emperor Titus, having overrun the rest of the country, laid siege to Jerusalem, which, after a heroic defence, he captured and levelled to the ground. Thus ended the history of the Jews as a nation.

AGNOSTICISM

Every now and then one hears some one exclaim, from the summit of his colossal ignorance, that there is no God. Did it ever occur to such people that what they may think upon such a subject is of absolutely no importance whatever. If God is, all the atheists, from "the fool" of whom David speaks down to the last convert to the doctrine of folly, cannot prevent Him from being, no matter how hard they may strive to believe that He is not. It would be as sensible to hold that by thinking the heavenly vault could be made to roll up as a scroll and disappear. There are honest agnostics, and for an honest agnostic one can have respect. An honest agnostic is a man who has attempted to solve the riddle of the Universe and has not succeeded to his satisfaction. When such a man says he does not know, his doubt is entitled to respect. Take the case of a great chemist, who may have devoted his life to investigation into that marvellous science. He has seen so many wonderful things that he is not able to set a limit to the possibilities of chemical action. If he has never sought to discern things spiritually, he is almost certain to become agnostic in respect to spiritual things. It is not easy to see how he could be anything else. The same observation holds true of deep students of any branch of physical science, and also of all who philosophize from mental bases entirely. A Deity cannot be found by the aid of a test tube or a microscope. Neither can He be discovered

by mental philosophy. The most that can be accomplished by such means is to push inquiry so far that there is no alternative left but to postulate the existence of a Supreme Power. But God is something more than power. If the Deity were only an aggregation of the law of gravitation, the cause of plant and animal life, the low of crystallization, the multiplication table, and things of that kind, He might well be dismissed from consideration, for such a Being would be utterly remorseless and unapproachable. But there is another side to our natures than that which deals with and responds to physical forces. If we seek Him in this domain, we shall surely find Him. He is not at all likely to be revealed in burning bushes, or in any visible or tangible form, but only to what the Apostle Paul called spiritual discernment, and no one who has not tried to discern a thing spiritually has the right to deny that it can be so discerned.

Most of the self-styled agnostics of these later days create a god out of their own conceptions and deny that he exists. They are quite right in their denial. The god in whom they refuse to believe is simply an exaggerated man, usually a reproduction of themselves clothed with omnipotence. There is no such god. But the God of the Christian has none of the attributes of man. Man may have a reflection of some of His. Of necessity He is indefinable. Of necessity He is incomprehensible. This thought presents no difficulties, for even physical science has taught us that there are many things both indefinable and incomprehensible. The God of the Christians is also the same in essence as the God to which humanity has instinctively turned in all ages. Doubtless superstition, ignorance and fanaticism have surrounded Him in modern times with attributes that are not divine, just as the same influences have always surrounded Him in other times with qualities absurd and utterly unrecognizable with the intelligent conception of a Deity; yet these things no more dispose of Him than a passing cloud disposes of the Sun.

But while God cannot be defined, His existence can be felt. He will make Himself known to those who seek for Him with the spirit. "God is a spirit and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit." So said the greatest of the Teachers, and hundreds of thousands, indeed millions upon millions, of men have been able to testify to the truth of this saying and to prove by their own personal experience that there is a Power that works for righteousness.

A Century of Fiction

XXVII.

(N. de Bertrand Lugrin)

Anthony Trollope

Anthony Trollope has been censured for seeming to put money-making before perfection of his work. There is no doubt whatever about this novelist's talent, but it was a talent that fell short of genius. The man or woman who makes books for the sole purpose of the pecuniary result those books are going to bring him or her cannot hope to produce anything of lasting merit. This is not alone true of novel-writing, it is true of every sort of work of the head or hands. No workman, from the day laborer to the statesman, can hope for meritorious results from efforts that have for their only incentive the wish to get the task done as hastily and as easily as possible, simply for the sake of the pay to be received. Love of the work itself, or at any rate the desire to do that work to the very best of one's ability, must be the paramount moving impulse, or else the task is only half done, and with no credit to the man who has done it. However, Anthony Trollope does not deserve any sweeping condemnation at all, for he wrote primarily because he felt impelled to do so for love of the work, and his first books were such bad failures as to daunt the spirit of most men from proceeding further in a literary direction. It was only after he had begun to meet with success that he showed the mercenary side of his nature at all. And this is scarcely to be wondered at. He was born in poverty, and his childhood was a sad one, "I was a shy and dirty lad," says he, "and felt frob babyhood the degradation of a poverty that placed me below the class to which I should have belonged." His earliest schooldays were spent at Harrow where he was sent when he was seven years old. One can imagine the sufferings of the sensitive boy in his shabby clothes, who was shunned by his playmates because of his patches and his lack of pocket-money. He inherited his literary bent from his mother, who, when the family fortunes were at their lowest, and the father had ceased to earn any money at all, and had completely lost heart, went, with three of the youngest children, to America and tried to establish a fancy bazaar in Cincinnati. This venture proving a total failure, she determined to write a book on her experiences in the new country so that her journey there might not prove entirely vain. This she did and called it "The Domestic Manners of the Americans." This work proved an unqualified success, and greatly encouraged, she wrote another novel which found a ready sale. From this time, for many years, she kept the family, sending her children to school, looking after their health and morals and inspiring them intellectually.

But Anthony's experience at school where he remained until he was nearly nineteen, had

so humiliated the boy's spirit that even the bright change in their fortunes could never eradicate that first impression, nor make him forget that by the world at least a man is judged by the amount of his material wealth. His character does not seem to have been embittered, but his mind was imbued with a love for money simply because it stood for those things which to him meant so much, friends luxuries and social recognition.

His first position was in the General Post Office in London where he worked as a clerk for one hundred pounds a year. He followed this uncongenial occupation for seven years, making himself very unpopular with the public and his employees. He was then transferred to Ireland as a surveyor's clerk with a salary of five hundred pounds which to him seemed vast wealth indeed, and, as his own cheerfulness increased, his unpopularity diminished, and he was soon well-liked by all with whom he came in contact.

In 1847 he completed and had published his first novel. His mother was instrumental in bringing the publication out, but both it and his second effort were doomed to failure. Determined to succeed, Trollope continued to write, family persuasion to the contrary notwithstanding, and ten years later found him one of the most popular of British novelists. He was a most prolific writer and boasted of his twenty pages a week with two hundred and fifty words to the page. He wrote as a business; a business he found pleasant enough, but a business that meant the more work produced, whether very good or very mediocre, the more money. And this fact was very delightful to Trollope, and he frankly confessed that it was so. Had he sacrificed quantity for quality, there is no doubt but that his books would have served as a higher reminder of him. Besides his novels, which are many, he wrote an almost countless number of magazine articles and sketches, short stories and books of travel; he also did some editorial work for the Cornhill Magazine and the Fortnightly Review. He has produced some good characters, none of them very startling, and his stories, while not so much read nowadays, as they were twenty-five years ago, contain a great deal that is interesting, his choice of language is always good, and his vocabulary a rich one.

Trollope attained the desire of his life years before his death. He was an honored member of society; numbered as his friends many of the most gifted artists of the day; attained a large degree of popularity and earned a good deal of money. He was able to gratify his most luxurious tastes, among which was hunting. He had a fine stable of horses, and always followed the hounds with great enthusiasm. He died in 1882 at the age of seventy-seven.

It is difficult to make a choice among Trollope's novels, none of them is infinitely better than the others. All possess a certain amount of merit, though some are less deficient in this respect than others. They are tales abounding in human interest, much that is commonplace, but for that reason none the less worthy of being written about. Trollope never points a moral, but leaves it to the reader to find one if he may. His "Political Novels" are among those which have been most popular.

GOOD DAY FOR WAR

There was nothing in sight down the road. The major sat tilted against the wall of the general store reading yesterday's paper. It was a clear, warm day. Inside the store the postmaster could be heard sorting the mail, but without everything was still and peaceful. At last there was a clatter and a rattle, and from somewhere there appeared a negro driving an unpainted wagon drawn by a mule. He drew up with a loud whoa in front of the store.

"Major," he called.
No response.
"Major! Doan wan'ter 'sturb yo' major."
No response.
"Major!"

"Hello, uncle," he said. "What can I do for you?"

"Doan wan'ter 'sturb yo', major, but is dey any news in de paper?"

"No," said the major; "no, there isn't any news today. Yes, there is, too. There's a war between France and Morocco."

"S dat so?" said the negro. "S dat so, an' is dere really a wah, a fightin' and blood kill-in'?"

"A real war," repeated the major.

"Golly!" said the negro, gathering up his reins. "Whar did yo' say dat wah was, major?"

"Morocco," said the major, turning again to the sheet.

"Well," said the colored man, "dey suddenly has got a fine day for it. Gidap." And he clattered down the road.—Youth's Companion.

LORD DUFFERIN'S ANTIQUE

On Lord Dufferin's estate, near Belfast, there once stood a historic ruin, a castle which had been a stronghold of the O'Neills. One day Lord Dufferin visited it with his steward, Dan Mulligan, and drew a line with his stick round it, telling Mulligan that he was to build a protecting wall on that line. And then he went to India, feeling secure as to the preservation of the great historic building. When he returned to Ireland he hastened to visit the castle. It was gone. He rubbed his eyes and looked again. Yes, gone it certainly was, leaving not a trace behind it. He sent for Dan and inquired: "Where's the castle?" "The castle, my lord? That old thing? Sure, I pulled it down to build the wall wid."