

Commerce Commission. That champion of the McKinley tariff says: "We must make war on Canada all along the line, until the Canadian people elect a Government that will reverse Sir John Macdonald's policy. We do not want to conquer Canada by force of arms, but we must make war upon her commercial, transportation and industrial interests, until the people insist upon meeting us half way in a scheme of adjustment. Ultimately we want, and must have, Canada herself." Nothing could be more candid. It may be doubted, however, whether Senator Cullom's policy will profit much from this unguarded display of "spread-eagleism." In vain is the net spread in the sight of any bird. The United States require the timber, hides and food-stuffs of Canada even more than the Canadians need the protected and, therefore, costly manufactures of the States; and the impatience of the American working classes under the oppression of the new tariff must offer very serious difficulties to the carrying out of the war declared by Senator Cullom. Above all, the people of the Dominion have enough of the British spirit left in them to resent the attempt to persecute them into a surrender which would have no more enticing reward than the bestowal upon them of the privileges of Texas.—*Manchester Examiner*.

## THE NEW LEARNING.

ON Psychological Phenomena she spoke out with decision about the Ancient Mystics and the modern ones as well; She discussed the Stellar Theory and the Tripartite Division,  
And the character of Shelley, and the Theosophic Smell.

Anon she touched on Politics, on Egypt's vanished splendours,  
On Aryans Euripides, and Rousseau's moral tone;  
She quoted scraps of German, using freedom in her genders,  
And she mentioned Renan's latest with an accent all her own.

I listened and I marvelled, for I've scholars known in plenty  
Who've struggled all a long life through to master one domain,  
And here I found a maiden fond of dancing, pretty twenty,  
Whose province was all learning, and who found it smooth and plain.

I loved her, and to love her was a liberal education;  
I shyly dared to ask her how I might grow wise as she.  
I was but a humble Wrangler, so I spoke with trepidation:  
She marked it, and she sweetly smiled and thus encouraged me:

"Oh, the matter's very simple! You have but to do as I did:  
Go and hear extension lecturers, peruse the monthly Stead;  
Join a Furnivall Society or two, by them be guided,  
Of proper names and tendencies repeat all you hear said.

"Two lectures on the Cosmic Soul and three on Man's relations,  
One on Dramatic Genius in England, Greece and Rome,  
A Tudor Exhibition and a Story of the Nations,  
With a visit paid to Stratford or the Robert Elsmere Home,

"Will make you almost perfect in the ways of the New Learning,  
That teaches us to talk of things we scarcely know by name;  
But you mustn't waste your time on books, like persons undiscerning,  
Except about the washing bills and sins of men of fame.

"Browning? Read him?" I've not read him, but I've heard a well-known critic  
Give his views about Sordello to the Ladies' Culture Classes;  
And a magic-lantern picture at last Tuesday's Analytic,  
Showed the meet 'twixt the lover and the wife in 'Pippa Passes.'

"Now try this plan and quickly 'mid the wisdom of the ages,  
You'll learn the true enjoyment that the love of culture brings,  
Find our Being's real inwardness before you in the pages  
Of the Shilling Oxford Primer on the Origin of Things."  
—From the *St. James Gazette*.

## THE ART OF FICTION.

I AM very fond of the London *Spectator*. I have read it for nearly thirty years. I read it even in the days when it loved with a more than human passion a certain statesman whom it now loves no longer. I still read it even when the intelligence of that rare animal, *Felis Communis*, or the Domestic Cat, occupies most of its columns. I read it even when it indulges—which is not infrequently the case—in an article, written apparently by an elderly lady living in the country who has never even been to London, on a subject requiring special knowledge. Last week there was such a paper—a delightful

paper—perhaps all the more delightful because I myself inspired the text. This was the occasion. I wrote a little paper for the *New Review* at the editor's request, mildly pointing out as the result of my experience of twenty years, that nearly all young novelists suffer from ignorance of the *technique* of their art; that there are a great many things connected with the machinery of fiction writing which everybody must learn somehow, and which could be taught at the outset, so as to save the young writer a great deal of disappointment, loss, and vexation. Now comes the paper from the dear old lady in the country. "Nonsense," she says, quite gravely and more kindly, "the thing cannot be taught. There is no art to teach. The thing comes by nature. All a novelist requires is the knowledge of reading and writing; all the rest is spontaneous and comes by instinct; the poet and the novelist write because they are born to write; they write as the skylark sings. Art? there is no art; all is genius—heaven-born genius; there needs no study, no workshop; all is born with the man!" Dear old thing! and she means it all, too. She is so much in earnest about it. Consider. The "Art of Fiction" requires a successful writer to know such things as construction, proportion, selection, the proper use of dialogue, emphasis, the strength of situation, dramatic effect, climax, anti-climax—a whole string of things—do these all come by nature? Or, again, take the poet. Is he born with a knowledge of metres, rhythm, different kinds of verse, the history of verse, the modern fashion of verse, the things he himself may attempt, and all the rest? Yet listen to the lady of the *Spectator*. "He wants," she says, "nothing but a knowledge of reading and writing." It is really charming that we have still a paper with us which can, and will, give us papers so pleasant and so old-world.—*Walter Besant*.

## SUEZ CANAL TRAFFIC.

TRAFFIC in the Suez Canal continues to expand, and now the gross tonnage of vessels using it is about ten millions, and it is interesting to note that Britain continues to own a preponderating proportion of that tonnage. Last year, according to *Engineering*, 3,389 vessels traversed the canal, and, curiously enough, the numbers were practically equally divided between outward and homeward vessels. At the Port Said entrance, 1,694 vessels passed in, while 1,695 entered the canal at Suez. This total has thrice been exceeded. In 1885 the maximum was reached at 3,624 vessels, and has not been equalled; while in 1888 the number was 3,440, and in 1889, 3,425 vessels. The tonnage, however, shows a steady expansion. It is well known that the average size of English sea-going steamers is increasing, and this is satisfactory for the canal authorities. It does not affect the dues paid for transit, and admits of a larger tonnage passing within a given time. It is found, for instance, that while the number of vessels passing in 1885 was 240 more than in the past year, the tonnage now is nearly half a million greater; in other words, the average size of vessels in 1885 was about 1,750 tons, and it is now over 2,000 tons. The transit receipts show clearly the growing popularity of the canal route to the East. In 1869, the first year of the canal, the receipts totalled only £2,076; in the year following they were £200,000; in 1872 they reached £656,300, and five years later this sum was more than doubled. Between 1880 and 1882 there was a great forward movement, the total being increased to £2,421,832. Since then the progress has been neither so steady nor so great; but during the past three years the upward movement has continued, the total last year being £2,680,436. Of the total tonnage, Britain owns nearly 78 per cent. There has been a great development in the number of vessels using the canal at night, and navigating by the electric light. Of the total number passing through the canal last year, 2,836 went at night, or 48 per cent. The number per month varied from 276 in December last, to 209 in August. In 1887 the night passages were 395, or 12.6 per cent. of the total; in 1888, 1,611, or 47 per cent.; in 1889, 2,445, or 71.5 per cent. According to Consul Burrell, from whose report to the foreign office these figures have been taken, the average time of transit has been reduced to 24 hours 6 minutes, against 25 hours 50 minutes in 1889, 31 hours 15 minutes in 1888, and 36 hours in 1886. By night with electricity the passage takes a shorter time than by day, the average last year being 22 hours 9 minutes; in 1889, 22 hours 30 minutes; in 1890, 22 hours 34 minutes. The shortest passage last year was 14 hours 15 minutes by electric light, and the fastest on record. For the transit with electric light the great majority of the vessels obtain the apparatus from different shipping agents at a uniform rate of £10 for the transit.—*Science*.

WE cannot prevent our thoughts from coming any more than we can keep birds from flying over our heads, but we can keep them from building nests in our hair.—*Lorenzo Dow*.

PARSEE and philanthropy are synonymous terms in India. It is just reported from Bombay that a wealthy Parsee gentleman in that city has placed 150,000r. at the disposal of the Government, to be used towards the construction of a charitable institution to be called after his name. There are three or four schemes submitted to Government, the selection of which has been left entirely in their hands.—*Colonies and India*.

## FROM TORONTO.

## WEAKNESS, POOR APPETITE.

The following is from a prominent business man of Toronto, Mr. W. H. Banfield, in business at 80 Wellington Street West, as machinist and die maker, and residing at No. 14 Montague Place:

"TORONTO, April 18, 1891.

"One of my children was afflicted with general weakness and poor appetite, and I got a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla to see if it would have a beneficial effect. I am glad to say that it has done more than was claimed for it. I might also say that all my family enjoy the benefits of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and we are glad to recommend it to others." W. H. BANFIELD.

## FOR THE BLOOD.

"TORONTO, April 18, 1891.

"Having tried Hood's Sarsaparilla I wish to state that I have found it excellent. I have used about four bottles and have proved the virtue of it for the blood and appetite. I have found no equal to it and cheerfully recommend it to others." F. LOACH, Engineer for W. H. Banfield, No. 80 Wellington St. West, Toronto.

## BELIEVES IT UNSURPASSED.

"TORONTO, April 17, 1891.

"From my own experience and from the experience of others to whom I have recommended Hood's Sarsaparilla, I have proved it to be one of the best blood purifiers and Spring medicines extant. I believe it to be unsurpassed by any other remedy on the market." D. L. JONES, 345 College Street, Toronto.

## HERE IS A POINT

To remember—Hood's Sarsaparilla is a modern medicine, originated by thoroughly competent pharmacists, and still prepared under their personal supervision. Every ingredient used is strictly pure, and is the best of its kind it is possible to buy. All the roots and herbs are carefully selected, are ground in our own drug mill, and from the time of purchase until Hood's Sarsaparilla is prepared, everything is watched to attain the best possible result.

A BOSTON photographer tells a story of a young man who came into his studio one day, and asked nervously if he might have a little conversation with him. The visitor was painfully ugly, and, after some awkward blushing and indefinite allusions, he asked the artist if he supposed he had among his samples a picture of any young man who looked like him, but was better looking. "What do you mean, young man?" asked the photographer. "Well," he replied, making a clean breast of it, "I am just engaged to be married. The young lady lives out West. She is going home to-morrow. She says she thinks I'm so good she doesn't mind my being homely, but she wants a good-looking picture to take home with her to show the other girls."

"A STITCH in time saves nine," and if you take Hood's Sarsaparilla now it may save months of future possible sickness.

STAND YOUR GROUND.—When you make up your mind to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, do not be induced to buy some other preparation instead. Clerks may claim that "ours is as good as Hood's" and all that, but the peculiar merit of Hood's Sarsaparilla cannot be equalled. Therefore have nothing to do with substitutes and insist upon having Hood's Sarsaparilla, the best blood purifier and building-up medicine.

HAWKING and spitting, foul breath, loss of senses of taste and smell, oppressive headache, etc., are the results of catarrh. Nasal Balm offers a certain and speedy relief and permanent cure from these miseries. Thousands of testimonials speak of its wonderful merit. Try it; sold by all dealers.

## That Tired Feeling

Whether caused by change of climate season or life, by overwork or illness, is quickly overcome by

## Hood's Sarsaparilla

Which purifies the blood, creates an appetite, and gives mental and bodily strength. It really

## Makes the Weak Strong