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is without exception, the Best Remedy for relieving Mental and Nervous Exhaustion; and where the system has become debilitated by disease, it acts as a general tonic and vitalizer, affording sustenance to both brain and body.

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## Art Notes.

Italy, as I suggested last week, is no longer the training school for the painters of the world; and one reads with complacent pity of the pains to which our ancestors were put to reach what has ceased to be the Mecca of the student. Reynolds counted himself very lucky when his friend, the Admiral, asked him to sail across the perilous Bay of Biscay, and thence to the Mediterranean; whereas to-day we think it a hardship to cross the channel and take the train to Paris. There was no half-hearted study in those old days as Reynolds' history will show. The young painters were few. They were men of marked genius, and they had the quality inseparable from genius—the capacity for taking pains. The admirable "Discourses" of the first President of the Academy indicate that he studied with extraordinary diligence the works of the old masters—their spirit, their style, technique, and the minute details of method. How much more superficial is the student of to-day! He has a fair academic knowledge of the proportions of the human figure; and he can paint a bit—as they understand painting in the schools—and he imagines that he knows more than Giorgione, who sometimes drew a trifle amiss; and could instruct Titian who was guilty of the round-about method of "glazing."

The student of music looks upon Italy—so I understand—much as the young painter does. Germany is his shrine, and Italy is to him the tomb of an obsolete class of music, wherein the aria—a sweetly cloying melody—dominates an obvious and simply harmonized accompaniment. He knows more about the science of his art than Verdi. He has

wandered in those labyrinthine mazes of modern harmony from which one extricates oneself without the guiding voice of melody; and he despises the tune-making schools. But, for my part, the painting and sculpture of Italy has always seemed to me immeasurably superior to its music; but, of course, I am not conspicuously qualified to judge of its performances in the latter art. Be this as it may, since the inspired days of Grecian sculpture, no country but Italy has as unquestionably held supremacy in the fine arts. During a period of about three centuries, from Cimabue and Giotto down to the decadence under the inflated academicalism of Giulio Romano and the Carracci, and the sentimentality of Carlo Dolce and Guido Reni, Italy was the acknowledged leader in the art of design.

Ruskin insisted so fiercely upon this fact that he was led to belittle the art of other countries. He was never quite just to Holland, nor to England (before Turner), nor to Spain. The towering figure of Velasquez seems to have escaped him, and Vandyke he sneered at as the painter of "gentlemanly flimsiness." If I were to attempt to indicate in brief form the relative merits of the schools I should certainly be inclined to lay stress on the masterly realism of Holland, with such men in the ranks as Hals, Rembrandt, and the consummately clever, if less significant, Terbourgh and Teniers. I should place Durer, as a designer in black and white, above any of the Italians; and, with Velasquez as its only representative (for I agree with his verdict on Murillo), I should rank Spain in the forefront of portraiture. In short, I should recommend the student who has time and money at his command to learn his science in Paris, and then to make a tour to the Hague, Rome, Venice and Madrid; and should urge him strongly to return to our English National Gallery and see if there is not something to be learned from Gainsborough, Reynolds, Crome, Turner and De Wint; but I was forgetting, the De Wints are at the South Kensington Museum.

E. WYLY GRIER.

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Caledonia, N.S., Gold Hunter.

Faith leads many to believe, yet when one has experienced anything and has reason to rejoice, it is far stronger proof than faith without reasonable proof. About four miles from Caledonia, along a pleasant road, passing by numerous farms, lives Rev. T. J. Butler, the parish priest of this district. Reports having come to the ears of our reporter about a wonderful cure effected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, he called on Mr. Butler to seek information on the subjects. Mr. Butler spoke in very high terms of the Pink Pill, and said they had saved him untold suffering, and perhaps saved his life. The reverend gentleman felt a little hesitancy at giving a public testimonial at first, but after our reporter remarked that if one was really grateful for a remarkable cure, he thought it was his duty to give it publicity for humanity's sake, he cheerfully consented. His story in his own words is as follows:—"I was led to take Pink Pills through reading the testimonials in the papers. I was troubled with an abscess in my side and had tried many different medicines without avail. I took medical advice on the subject, and was told I would have to undergo an operation to cure it which would cost me about \$100. At last I determined to try Pink Pills, but without a great feeling of faith of their curing me. One box helped me and I resolved to take a three months course and give them a fair trial. I did so, and to-day I am completely cured of the abscess in my side through using Pink Pills, and I always recommend friends of mine to use Pink Pills for diseases of the blood. As Father Butler is well known throughout this country his statement is a clincher to the many wonderful tes-

timonials that have appeared in the Gold Hunter from time to time. On enquiring at the stores of J. E. Cushing and N. F. Douglas, it was found that Pink Pills have a sale second to none. Mr. Cushing is being asked if he knew of any cures effected by them, replied that he heard a great many personally say Pink Pills had helped them wonderfully. If given a fair and thorough trial Pink Pills are a certain cure for all diseases of the blood and nerves, such as rheumatism, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus' Dance, nervous headache, nervous prostration and the tired feeling therefrom, the after effects of la grippe, diseases depending on humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. Pink Pills gives a healthy glow to pale and sallow complexions and are a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, and in the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of any nature. Sold by all dealers or sent by mail, postpaid, at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N.Y. Beware of imitations and substitutes alleged to be "just as good."

## The September Reviews.

In the Nineteenth Century the post of honour is given to the Hon. Mr. Justice Ameer Ali, who, in an ably written paper, controverts the article on "Islam" in the last issue of The Quarterly. He speaks with horror of the Armenian incidents, and points out that it is the Turk rather than the Mahomedan who has earned the indignation of civilized mankind. Sir Alfred Lyall follows with a paper on "Permanent Dominion in Asia." It is written with great literary charm and deep thought. He shows that there are various forces and circumstances which are tending to check the advancing tide of European predominance in Asia. The third article is on "The Romantic and Contemporary plays of Thomas Heywood," by Algernon Swinburne. Anything on the Elizabethan dramatists by Mr. Swinburne is always welcome. He praises the plays of Heywood for their unpretentious elevation in treatment of character. Our men of affairs will read with interest Captain Lugard's paper on "New British Markets." He deals with tropical Africa. What he has to say of the effect of Mohammedanism on the negro is most interesting. The effect is to raise him a little above the chaos and the superstition of the pagan, but there arrests development and leaves him with no higher aspiration the victim of bigotry and exclusion. Other articles are "Africanists in Council," by A. Silva White; "The Kutho-Daw," by Prof. Max Müller; and "The Present Condition of Russia," by Prince Kropotkin.

The Contemporary opens with an anonymous article on "Macedonia and the Macedonians." The writer regrets that the problem of Turkish rule in Macedonia was not settled at the Congress of Berlin, and on the lines suggested by the Treaty of San Stefano. This treaty would have emancipated all the Christians who inhabit the extensive territory that lies between the Black Sea and the Adriatic to the south of the independent Balkan States and to the north of what is still the Turkish Empire, raising them to the level of an autonomous principality tributary to the Porte, and thus practically resuscitating the Great Bulgarian Kingdom of eight hundred years ago. Mr. W. T. Stead contributes a paper on "Jingoism in America," in which he quotes many of the politicians of the United States to show how firm a hold the Munroe doctrine has taken on the minds of the people. August Weismann discusses "Heredity," Vernon Lee "Literary Construction," and Cayo Riccio "Crispien's Administration," and Laird Clowes "A Scheme of Electoral Reform." "The Church's Opportunity," by Canon Barnett, will interest Churchmen in Canada. Herbert Spencer discusses learnedly of "Biographer, Historian, and Man of Letters."

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