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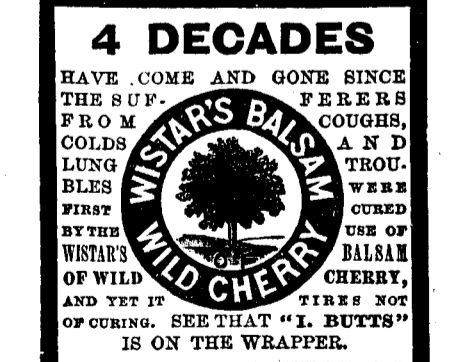
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All articles, contributions, and letters on matters pertaining to the editorial department should be addressed to the Editor, and not to any other person who may be supposed to be connected with the paper.

THE people of Canada are unhappily but too well used to hearing charges of the grossest corruption brought against their public men. Such charges are, to a great extent, the stock-in-trade of political orators of the stump-speech variety. When one of these in the course of a harangue accuses the leaders of the opposite party of misrepresentation, misappropriation of public funds for the reward of unscrupulous supporters, bribery of individuals and constituencies and so forth, little attention is usually given to the statements. It is assumed that they are either pure inventions or exaggerations and distortions of transactions which are capable of satisfactory explanation. But when a public man of the ability and standing of Sir Richard Cartwright comes before his constituents as one of the recognized leaders of a political party, and devotes a large part of a lengthy speech to formulating charges of the kind indicated; when he makes such charges openly, boldly and specifically, the case is altered. The country should demand an answer if none is voluntarily put forward. The three cases mentioned by Sir Richard Cartwright in his Ingersoll speech are seemingly definite enough to give opportunity for proof or disproof. To say nothing of the disgrace attached to the making of such charges, if unsubstantiated, or to bearing them if substantiated, at home, their publication in the leading political journals cannot fail to injure the reputation of the country abroad. Either Sir Charles Tupper did, or he did not, by misrepresentations, made in his capacity as a Minister of the Crown, divert a million and a half of the public money of the Dominion into an improper channel. Either the Dominion Government did, or it did not, cause a large sum of public money to be grossly misappropriated for the personal benefit of a member of Parliament, in connection with a New Brunswick bridge. Either that same Government did, or it did not, sell a large and valuable tract of Indian land to certain personal friends, at less than two-thirds of a cent per acre, such lands being shortly after re-sold for about a dollar an acre, to the great pecuniary gain of the persons concerned in the transaction and to the loss of

the public. The people of Canada have a right to know the whole truth in regard to such matters and should be content with nothing less. The fact of having publicly made such allegations, unless they are capable of the clearest proof, would, if the popular feeling were what it should be, make it impossible for Sir Richard Cartwright to remain in public life. If the charges are, on the other hand, capable of such proof, their effect should be to make it impossible for the men guilty of such acts to remain in public life. As a matter of fact, we dare say, little notice will be taken of the matter.

THE return of the Government candidate, as a result of the triangular contest which has been going on in Sarnia, will have surprised no one having a moderate knowledge of the local situation. Notwithstanding all the discussions of the past months there has been no upheaval of popular sentiment sufficiently acute to shake the position of Mr. Mowat and his colleagues in one of the old party strongholds. The strongest charges brought against them by the Conservative party organs and orators were those connected with the French schools and other educational questions. In regard to those it can hardly be denied that the action of the Department has been prompt and judicious, inasmuch that any footing left for partisan assault at this point is narrow and insecure. For prudential reasons, no doubt, the Conservative leaders and spokesmen refrained, in great measure, from serious attack on the most vulnerable point of their opponents' camp—its dealing with the Separate School question. In this respect the tactics of the Opposition, viewed from the standpoint of mere expediency, seem to have been singularly defective. They have gone far enough to arouse the fears of the hierarchy and insure the casting of a solid Catholic vote for the Government, without going far enough to lay hold of whatever strength there was to be gained from a campaign conducted on ultra-Protestant lines. Perhaps the most surprising thing in connection with the issue of the contest is the considerable vote polled for the Third-Party candidate. In all probability the voters of this party were detached from both the others to such an extent that its existence did little to affect the result in one way or the other. It operated largely, we dare say, as a Cave of Adullam, to which the discontented, disappointed and disgusted of both the old parties betook themselves, in company, no doubt, with a goodly band of sincere zealots and enthusiasts. The most discouraging feature of the case, to those who think serious reforms needed, is the evidence afforded that all things will remain for the present as they were. So long as the adherents of either party find themselves firmly entrenched in office, the prospect of great questions, such as some of those now coming to the front in Canada, being taken up by them in earnest, is exceedingly small. It is the old story. Those snugly settled on the treasury benches shun the risk involved in raising disturbing issues. They prefer to be left to enjoy quietly the sweets of office, and to avoid the necessity of discussing new and troublesome problems. On the other hand, the old party, in this instance, lacks aggressive leadership, and its Conservative instincts and record are both against great agitations. The Third Party not only is without leaders in whom the public have confidence as politicians or statesmen, but has made itself weak, if not ridiculous, by the absence of the sense of proportion displayed in both its platform and its methods. Evidently the great reformers, who are destined to bring about a revolution in Canadian politics and morals, have not yet come forward.

IN an address before the Club National, a week or two since, Premier Mercier is said to have made use of the following significant words: "Let us hope that these principles may never be misunderstood, and that we may not be called upon in any of our Provinces to have recourse to reprisals, and to remind the majorities who may be unjust that there is a minority which stands in need of protection." Being asked by an Associated Press agent if these words were intended as a threat to the Protestant majorities of the other Provinces, Mr. Mercier is said to have replied, "Not as a threat, but surely as a warning to the majorities in the other Provinces." Explaining his meaning more fully, he went on

to say, that "Equal Rights must apply to the minorities in every province, and that if the Federal Act is to be applied in some other province against the rights of the minorities and to the abolition of their separate schools where they exist by law, he could not see why the same rule should not apply to the minority of the Province of Quebec." The principle on which he seeks to base this dictum is "that the minorities have no rights because they are French or English, Catholic or Protestant, but that they have rights because they are the minorities, entitled to be protected and to enjoy the same rights as the majorities." This is well put. No fair-minded person can refuse to accept such a principle. The question is—and it is undoubtedly a question of the gravest importance—Is Mr. Mercier's application of it a fair and valid application? The comparison immediately suggested is that between the Provinces of Manitoba and Quebec, and Mr. Mercier's inference seemingly is, if the words "in every province" are correctly reported, that should Manitoba proceed to do away with the Catholic Separate Schools which have been established by law in that Province, Quebec would be justified in doing away with the Protestant Separate Schools which have been established by law within its domain. Taking our stand for a moment upon this ground, it is obvious that Mr. Mercier's argument begs the question in at least two important particulars. It assumes, in the first place, that the minorities in the two provinces stand in the same relation to the respective majorities in regard to the schools in question. With this we deal below. It assumes, in the second place, that the legal standing of the respective Separate Schools, in relation to the British North America Act, is the same. On this point it is sufficient to refer to a communication from Mr. F. Beverley Robertson, of Winnipeg, in a former number of this paper, and our comments thereon in a subsequent number. It is true that Mr. A. E. McPhillips, of the same city, controverts, in our last issue, Mr. Robertson's argument. But Mr. McPhillips' reasoning fails, if we mistake not, at the crucial point. Its conclusiveness turns entirely upon the question of fact, whether Catholic Separate Schools existed in "practice" in Manitoba before the union. But that question of fact is, it is clear, not merely whether schools were in operation under the direction and control of the Catholic Church, but whether these schools were in any way recognized as part of a public school system and aided by public funds. No one in Manitoba, so far as we are aware, proposes to forbid the Roman Catholics, or any other body, to establish and support Separate Schools. The question is simply whether such schools shall be recognized as part of the educational system of the Province, and be aided as such from the public chest. Hence, unless it can be shown that Catholic Separate Schools existed in such a form and sense—and this Mr. McPhillips will hardly attempt—it clearly follows that the abolition of those now existing could not possibly be construed as a taking away of any privilege possessed even in "practice" before Confederation.

LET us test Premier Mercier's principle on a higher plane. The man who would assent for a moment to a proposal to deprive the Catholic minority of Manitoba, or Ontario, of a single right secured by law or custom to the Protestant minority of Quebec, would be a sorry specimen of an "Equal Rights" advocate, or of a Protestant. It is true, as is often declared, with perhaps unnecessary emphasis, that this is a British country, and that the rights of English-speaking subjects must be secured in every part of it. It would be intolerable, for instance, that the English-speaking minority in Quebec should be placed by law at any disadvantage, or deprived of any right or privilege, as compared with their fellow-citizens of French origin. But French-Canadians are also British subjects, and it would be just as intolerable, in the eyes of all true British-Canadians, that a French-speaking minority in any Province of the Dominion should be placed by law at any disadvantage as compared with their fellow-citizens of English origin. And the same statement, *mutatis mutandis*, may be made with equal emphasis in regard to the rights and privileges of Catholics and Protestants respectively. The vice in Mr. Mercier's reasoning lies in his

failure to recognize the difference in kind between the public schools of Catholic Quebec and the public schools of the Protestant provinces. The latter are in principle and practice essentially secular; the former are to all intents and purposes religious and Catholic. Any religious exercise or instruction in the public schools of the Protestant provinces is so arranged that the children of the Catholic minority are not required to be present. But the public schools of the Catholic Province of Quebec are so completely under clerical control and so pervaded by Catholic ideas and influences, that to shut up Protestants to the use of them for the education of their children would be equivalent to compelling them to have their children educated under the guidance of the Catholic Church. No good Catholic can, we think, deny this, for it is the avowed and cherished principle of the Catholic Church that all education should be under the direction and control of the clergy. The result, in brief, is that by the abolition of the Separate Schools in Manitoba and Ontario Catholics would be deprived of no right enjoyed by Protestants. Both would be placed upon the same footing in regard to secular education, and religious education would be left, in the case of both, to be provided for by the respective Churches, as is now the case in New Brunswick. Will Mr. Mercier attempt to maintain that the same result would follow in Quebec from the abolition of its Separate Schools. If that can be demonstrated, all reasonable Protestants will say "Let them be abolished." Otherwise, Mr. Mercier's equal-rights argument falls to the ground.

TO what extent the charge of mediævalism so frequently brought against our fellow-countrymen of French origin is a just one, is a question of too much importance to warrant hasty conclusions. It may be true that the religious ideas of the average *habitant* are, to some extent, those of the middle ages. It is doubtless true that he is behind his English-speaking neighbour in education and enterprise, that his methods of agriculture are more crude, and that his standard of living is much lower. But to institute, on these bases, a comparison between his condition and that of the wretched serfs of feudalism, into whose hopeless existence scarcely one ray of intelligence was permitted to enter, is, to say the least, carrying our Protestant and Anglo-Saxon prejudices rather far. To go still further, and to hint, as a leading Ontario journal recently did, that Quebec may yet be the theatre of a second French Revolution, seems to us preposterous. When, a century ago, the down-trodden populace of France rose against the tyranny and oppression which for long centuries they and their fathers had endured, they pressed, through bloodshed and terrible atrocities, toward the goal of self-government. The attainment of this boon, after years of apparent defeat, was the reward and the justification of the Revolution. The people of Quebec are in full possession of self-government. They are not groaning under the pressure of an oligarchy. Their farming classes are proprietors, not tenants or serfs. The universal suffrage for which the sansculottes of Paris clamoured is practically theirs. If their ecclesiastical system is in part a hierocracy, it is a hierocracy on democratic lines. In other words, the Roman Catholic Church enjoys its peculiar powers and privileges in the Province of Quebec simply and solely because it is the will of the people that it should enjoy them. When our French compatriots wish to abolish ecclesiasticism in their Province, they have simply to record their mandate at the ballot-box and the thing is done. That the day when they will do so is not far distant there is some reason to hope.

IT is, perhaps, useless to hope for any very radical change until Quebec obtains a better system of public education. We are loth to believe that the statistics of illiteracy in that Province are so alarming as is often asserted. This is a point on which the educational reports of the Province do not shed sufficient light. We have, however, never seen it denied that a considerable proportion of the French Canadian people are unable to read and write, having either never learned, or else forgotten through want of practice. Nor could a different result be expected under a system which makes knowledge of "the three R's" subordinate to knowledge of a church catechism. The innate capabilities of the French-Canadian people are great. Dorion and Joly, Chauveau and Fr chet te, Laurier and Chapleau, and scores of other brilliant natives of Quebec, are living examples of what they are able to accomplish in literature, statesmanship, and oratory. But so long as elementary education is controlled in the interests of a church the mass of the people will not

attain to the level that, under better conditions, has been reached by their fellow Canadians in the other Provinces. If our Quebec contemporaries would frankly recognize this disability, and bend their energies to its removal, they would render their Province a greater service than they can do by indiscriminately branding as Francophobes and haters of the Catholic Church all who point it out. We are glad to see some signs of an awakening. In his recent speech before the Club National at Montreal, Premier Mercier declared that the people of the Province were demanding better educational facilities, and that it was the intention of his Government to grant them. We hope that the Premier was sincere in this utterance. It seems impossible that he can be at heart an Ultramontane, and we believe he will yet come to regard the sacrifice of his Liberal principles to greed for office as the great mistake of his life. None the less if he takes measures to modernize and render more efficient the school system of Quebec, he may yet cover a multitude of political sins by his agency in uplifting his compatriots to a higher plane of intelligence.

WE have complied with the request contained in Mr. Wiman's letter in another column, and have carefully re-read the documents he has kindly sent us. THE WEEK can have no interest to serve in misrepresenting Mr. Wiman or any other public man, and it certainly has no desire to do so. In the paragraph, a portion of which Mr. Wiman quotes, we selected two sentences which have been often used by hostile critics, with others of a similar kind, in support of the contention that he is insincere in his strong expressions of opinion before Canadian audiences that Commercial Union would not necessarily tend to Annexation, and that before American audiences he utters sentiments of a very different character. Most of our readers will, no doubt, have read the report of Mr. Wiman's evidence before the Senate Interstate Commerce Committee, and perhaps also that of his lecture in St. Paul, at the time of their first appearance, but they may, like ourselves, have forgotten the connection in which those now threadbare sentences occurred. Perhaps we cannot better serve the ends of justice than by reproducing portions of the paragraphs in which those sentences are found, and leaving it to the candid and discerning to judge between Mr. Wiman and his critics in the matter. The passage from the *St. Paul Globe* reads as follows:

"The independence of Canada from a fiscal point of view gives her an enormous advantage, and if England did refuse to permit her to take the step in the direction of unrestricted trade with the United States, nothing could occur in the whole history of the connection that would so soon sever the relations that exist. But no such thought is in the minds of the people of Canada. Those in Canada or England who look deepest consider that a contented, prosperous and great people, trading with their best customers without restriction, are much more likely to be loyal to existing conditions than a people hemmed in and isolated, and their country forever doomed to be bound up in swaddling clothes. On the other hand, there are Americans who believe that with enlarged trade and social intercourse, and with the attractions of the great republic freely and fully opened to this country in the north, it could not longer resist the attractive forces which here prevail towards a political absorption. These great problems may well be left for the future to take care of."

The other quotation is taken, it appears, from the *New York Herald's* ten-line report of Mr. Wiman's evidence before the Senate Committee above referred to. The part of the official report of that evidence which includes the sentence most nearly resembling that in question is as follows:

"The Canadians are very loyal, but they want to sell what they can to America and buy all they can, if cheaper than from England. Commercial Union is regarded by some as a short cut to Annexation. Others regard Commercial Union as a preventive of Annexation. If you have faith in the attractiveness of the institutions of this country, perhaps you can thus win Canada; they may want, however, to govern themselves. The future must take care of itself."

TWO things we feel in candour bound to add in reference to the foregoing. First, that the passages above quoted can scarcely be taken as fairly representing the general tenor of Mr. Wiman's utterances on those two occasions in reference to the point at issue. That general tenor was, we are free to admit, that all thought of Canadian annexation in the present or the near future might as well be banished from the American mind. Second, we have been strongly impressed, in re-reading the evidence before the Interstate Commerce Committee, with the fact that Mr. Wiman did on that occasion render a signal service to Canada and Canadian railroads, by putting before the

influential American senators the present facts and views, which were manifestly new to them, and by which they seem to have been considerably impressed. The extent of Canada, her great natural wealth, the benefits conferred on the United States by her trade and her railroads, and above all, the sturdy independence of her people, their loyalty to their own institutions, and the utter futility of any attempt to coerce them into annexation—all these were set forth with a clearness and force which had undoubtedly much to do with warding off the threatened embargo on international railroad commerce. All this we may say as a matter of personal justice, without in the least committing ourselves to any approval of the scheme of which Mr. Wiman is so enthusiastic an advocate. We have never concealed our opinion of the mutual commercial benefits that would result to the two countries from unrestricted intercourse. But there are surely higher considerations than any pertaining to trade. There are stronger obligations than those which impel a people to seek to extend their commerce and increase their wealth. It has always seemed to us clear that it is useless to talk about Unrestricted Reciprocity between Canada and the United States on any other terms than those of Commercial Union. Mr. Wiman evidently does not believe it possible on easier conditions. But the dream of the Commercial Unionist is, as Mr. Wiman himself plainly states, to lift up the barbed-wire fence which now runs across the centre of the continent, separating the two nations, and "to place it right around the continent," having first made it uniform in height with that which protects the coast of the United States from foreign traffic. Not only so, but, as he also admits, the height of this fence must thereafter be regulated by the American Congress, as representing the larger nation. Until, then, Mr. Wiman can persuade the Canadian people, to whose independence of spirit and thorough-going loyalty he testifies, that the latter of the two things thus involved in Commercial Union is consistent with their own self-respect, and the former with their duty to the Mother Country, all purely commercial advantages will be paraded in vain. By these two tests he may judge of the magnitude of the task he has undertaken.

AN important decision, bearing on the legality of "trusts," was recently rendered by the New York Supreme Court, in the case of the Attorney-General of the State against the North River Sugar Refining Company. A decision had already been pronounced in a lower Court, to the effect that the charter of the Company had been forfeited by the relinquishment of corporate responsibilities involved in the formation of a "trust." The case was carried before the Supreme Court on appeal. That Court now declares that it is clear that the purpose of the Trust was to make money by destroying competition, controlling the product, and regulating the price, and holds that a jury would be justified in concluding that the Trust was designed to promote its interests by limiting supply and advancing prices. To conclude otherwise would be, the judgment says, "to violate all the observations and experiences of practical life." The Court declares that a combination intended to remove competition, and increase the cost of the necessities of life, "is subjected to the condemnation of the law, by which it is denounced as a criminal enterprise." It is thought probable that the case will be taken to the Court of Appeals. But for the present the usefulness of this particular Trust is gone. Moreover, the judgment pronounced is based on principles so broad and inclusive as to be, if sustained, of general application. There can be no doubt that it will lead to an immediate renewal of the warfare against Trusts all along the line in New York, and probably in other States. The case of the great Standard Oil Trust, the colossus of its species, will, it is said, be taken up next, and suit will be brought against one or more of the New York corporations associated with this Trust.

AMONGST the week's news are reports of two events of considerable political importance, which have recently taken place in Central and South America, respectively. We referred not long since to indications that from time to time have appeared, showing that the central and southern portions of this continent were becoming increasingly sensitive to the influences brought to bear upon them from the more progressive countries of the world, and that responsive movements and tendencies were making themselves apparent. We know too little as yet of the character of the operating causes which have brought about the sudden and somewhat unexpected revolution in Brazil, to be able to judge to what extent the change is in the direction of liberal ideas and general progress. If the

reports published up to date may be accepted as reliable, the Monarchy has been abolished and a Republic proclaimed with very little tumult and no conflict. The people who can peacefully effect such a revolution must be either far advanced in the knowledge and use of constitutional methods, or singularly apathetic in political matters. The case, so far as at present known, seems to be one in which the people have been led to depose a mild and somewhat popular Emperor, in order to forestall coming events and prevent the accession of an unpopular successor. There can be little doubt, we suppose, that the change, if not a direct outgrowth of the recent abolition of slavery, is, at least, closely connected with that event. While the action of the Government in emancipating the slaves not only commanded the approval of the civilized world, but was probably endorsed by the sentiment of a majority of the Brazilians themselves, it is quite probable that the mode in which the change was brought about may not have been very wise or statesmanlike. Complaint is made that the Government gave the land-owners insufficient time in which to adapt themselves to the new order of things, and that, as a consequence of their inability to procure free labour, they, in many cases, lost their crops of the past season, and were impoverished in consequence. The refusal of the Government to even consider the question of indemnification no doubt more deeply embittered the former slave-holders, and led them to join the Republican ranks. This may seem, in itself, an illogical sequence, but it is, in part, explained by the statement that the Crown Princess, Dom Pedro's heir-apparent, took credit for having been the chief agent in bringing about the sudden manumission. Señor Castelar, whose opinion is worth something on such a point, is said to scout the idea that the emancipation had anything to do with the revolution, since, he asserts, the promoters of the one were the chief agents in effecting the other. As to the future, it is quite too soon to attempt any broad generalizations, or even to assume the stability of the new form of government. It is probable, however, that another has been added permanently, whether for good or for ill, to the list of American republics.

THE movement in Central America above referred to is of a different, and perhaps more auspicious, or at least less ambiguous, kind. Every one is more or less familiar with the history of the frequent quarrels which have marked and marred the history of the petty republics of Central America. It is pleasing to learn that a movement is now in progress for the federation of all these feeble but belligerent bodies under one central authority. The Central American Diet, a body composed of delegates from the different States, has been sitting at San Salvador for the purpose of devising means to bring about a community of mercantile and political interests between the republics. Considerable progress seems to have been made. A plan submitted by Señor Lainfiesta, the delegate from Guatemala, met with the hearty approval of the other delegates. The scheme proposed is, as sketched by the *New York Examiner*, "a unification of Central America in the eyes of the outside world," under the name of "The Republic of Central America." The headship of the government will be vested in a president, whose term of office shall continue for one year, and who will be selected in successive years from the five contracting republics in turn; the order of succession to be determined by lot. Each republic will send to the seat of government one representative. The whole number will constitute the president's council. The duties and powers of the executive will be essentially those of the United States system, the chief difference being that his appointments must gain the consent of the Council, whereas with the United States the appointments are ratified by the Senate. That difference, it will be observed, goes a good way in the direction of responsible government, the Council referred to being representative. The five republics will be given unrestricted freedom in all matters relating to their individual welfare, questions relating to foreign affairs alone being adjusted by the president of the greater republic. There will be freedom of trade and navigation between the States. Señor Lainfiesta does not, however, propose that the amalgamating process shall stop with the confederation thus outlined. He looks forward to a "federal," or, as we should say, legislative, union, as the final goal. So much is this a part of the scheme that the Diet has provided in the provisional plan for a constituent assembly, to meet in 1890, and sooner if possible, whose duty it shall be to draft a constitution and set up a federal government. Should even the first of these statesman-like proposals be carried into effect, it can scarcely

fail to inaugurate an era of prosperity and peaceful progress among these hitherto turbulent communities.

THE question of the federation of the Australian colonies has been brought once more to the surface by the proposal of Sir Henry Parkes, Premier of New South Wales, that a convention of delegates from the different colonies be called to consider the matter. The prospects of success for the movement are, perhaps, better than ever before, because the motives which make for union are becoming more imperative with the lapse of time. The necessity for demolishing the tariff barriers which the colonies, with the exception of New South Wales, have erected against each other; the desirability of some uniform militia system, with provision for centralization of authority for defensive purposes; and the great advantages to intercolonial trade that would accrue from harmony of purpose and action in the construction and management of railways are among the economical considerations which render a federal union almost a *sine qua non* to Australian growth and greatness. There must be, moreover, in the case of contiguous colonies whose populations are of the same Anglo-Saxon stock, with the same institutions, traditions and modes of thought, very strong impulses of a sentimental character tending towards union. On the other hand, very serious difficulties, both practical and theoretical, will have to be overcome before the end is attained. Where colonists have lived for a length of time as distinct communities, pursuing selfish and divergent policies, the task of harmonizing conflicting views and interests, to such an extent as to make even a federal union possible, is no slight one. It is well known, too, that there are amongst the Australians sharp differences of opinion as to the ultimate destiny of the country. It is possible, however, that these questions may not be seriously involved in the present proposal. Whether Imperial Federation, Independence, or the perpetuation of the Colonial system is regarded as the goal to be kept in view, all may perhaps agree that federation is a desirable first step. The progress of the movement will be watched with interest from all parts of the Empire, and Canadians will not be the least earnest in wishing for their fellow-colonists an harmonious arrangement and a prosperous issue.

PHILOSOPHY AND THEOLOGY.

WE are glad to find that our comments on the recent appointments to the Chairs of Philosophy in the University of Toronto have received somewhat more of attention than is generally accorded to criticisms of that kind. We want, in particular, to draw attention to the letter of a correspondent which appeared in the last number of *THE WEEK*. We are pleased to see that our correspondent expresses a general agreement with our own remarks; and we, on our part, can sympathize largely with his sentiments. At the same time we are not sure that we can go the whole way with our correspondent, and this is a matter of so great public importance that we have no hesitancy in returning to the subject.

Two things we must premise, both of which, however, were noted in our previous article. One is, that we have no kind of interest or prejudice in this question. We are simply desirous that the best possible appointments should be made to the professorial chairs in our universities, and that no difficulties should be thrown in the way of those who have the responsibility of making such appointments. The second thing we should hardly have referred to, but for the fact that our correspondent emphasizes his own opinion "that Mr. Hume's being a Canadian should not militate against his appointment." We are not only in agreement on this point with our correspondent: we have insisted that, other things being equal, a Canadian ought to be preferred. There is no reason whatever for supposing that the ministers did not accept this principle. It is, therefore, totally unnecessary to insist upon it.

But we are now coming to something more serious. Our correspondent says, "We held, second, that philosophy should be taught for its own sake, and not because it falls in more or less readily with this or that system of theology. Now it is notorious that a good deal of the opposition to Mr. Hume came from theological professors who wished a philosophy taught that would readily adapt itself to their theological principles." This is a very serious accusation, and it certainly should not be made unless it can be sustained by "infallible proof." Indeed, we can hardly bring ourselves to accept the statement in all its length and breadth.

At the same time we cannot conceal our own opinion that theological considerations are not to be disregarded. It is quite true that the University of Toronto is a secular institution, and that no religious or theological qualifications are required in those who are candidates for any teaching office. But he must also remember that this is a Christian country. There is a sense, we are told, in which Christianity is the law of the land. And we doubt whether any Minister could stand who should appoint an avowed atheist even to a professorship of Natural Science. Is it then a matter absolutely unimportant whether the professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy is a Christian, or a theist or an atheist?

We know absolutely nothing of the religious opinions of the two gentlemen who have been appointed to the two chairs. We are merely dealing with the argument and position of a respected correspondent, as that position is described by himself. We are doing so because it appears that he is the representative of many others who share his opinions, and we believe that we are expressing the sentiment of an overwhelming majority in this Province when we say that the appointment of an infidel professor of philosophy would be regarded by the public as an unpardonable outrage.

Our correspondent will probably declare that it was very far from his meaning that no regard should be paid to the religious opinions of a candidate. But he will probably admit that his language naturally bore this meaning. We need hardly add that we are animated by no sectarian bias in offering these remarks. We wish no more than our correspondent that a theological test should be applied to the candidate for any professorship; but this is quite compatible with an unwillingness to appoint anyone to a post of such importance as that of a teacher of the sciences of knowledge and of duty who might use his position for the purpose of overthrowing the foundations of Christianity or even of Theism.

We do not propose to argue with our correspondent the orthodoxy of the late Professor Young or the heterodoxy of President McCosh. Dr. Young is but little known to the general public, however highly he may have been valued by his own pupils. When his lectures are given to the world we feel perfectly certain that they will add to his reputation. Dr. McCosh, however, is already a man of world-wide fame. His writings would do discredit to no living author; and, when we hear his philosophical system spoken of as having a dogmatic basis, we wonder whether such a notion is derived from what he has written.

On one point we are constrained to say that we feel very deeply the force of what our correspondent has urged, when he speaks of "the vice inherent in a system of political appointments." He says it is "written on the face of the appointments that they were made to escape the difficulty of offending the friends of either candidate;" and he adds, "That is surely not a defensible principle of appointing." This is putting the matter very mildly. It would be a monstrous thing, if it were true, that ministers should be coerced by political considerations into appointing to a professorship a candidate whom they thought unworthy of the office.

But we fear that our correspondent here has given expression rather to the outcome of his own disappointment and surprise than proceeded upon any sure ground of knowledge. We should be slow to believe that the Attorney-General or the Minister of Education had done anything to incur so grievous a reproach.

At the same time, it is clear that our correspondent has hit a blot in our Provincial University. We do not believe that there are many men who would be thought worthy to govern this province, who would appoint unfit persons to office merely because they belonged to their own political party; but it is quite possible and very far from unlikely that persons in authority should be unconsciously biassed, and even consciously influenced, by such considerations. But what is the remedy? Really we should say that, in such a case, it would almost be better to pass a "self-denying ordinance" that all the professors should be chosen from some locality outside the Dominion, where party politics could not be taken into consideration; but we fear that such a "desperate remedy" would find little favour with the objectors on the present occasion. What, then, is to be done? In the denominational universities of the Province—Queen's, Trinity, and Victoria—the professors are chosen by the governing bodies. Is there any chance of such a system being adopted for the University of Toronto? Is it desirable that it should be adopted? We hesitate to answer.

LONDON LETTER.

NOTES BY THE WAY : AT LITTLE GIDDING.

IN how many of Ruskin's musical essays does he not speak, and admirably, on the use and value of books! Perhaps he tells us too often what we have heard before. It may be he introduces us afresh to truisms we met years ago at school, then in their plain dress hardly noticed, now tricked out by him in brocade gowns and sparkling fringes, very brilliant small figures, but truisms for all that. And perhaps (do you recollect Heine says of the Literary Woman, that she writes with one eye on her manuscript and the other on a particular Him?) it would be better if he allowed his thoughts occasionally to stray from those young girls for whose instruction he fashions these melodious arrangements of words, and for whose gentle smiles of approval he seems so much to care. Still his company is never to be despised, and indeed I think, in "Sesame and Lilies," for instance, it is to be courted. For there are honest paragraphs in plenty there, sufficiently free from "evil fragments—ill-done, redundant, affected work," and there is less of that distressful repetition of the Pharisee's thanksgiving (with which many of our critic's pages are disfigured) and there is more of that neglected virtue, Humility.

I wonder how, in a temperate mood, Ruskin would have criticised "John Inglesant," that book of which once men spoke continually, till one was weary of the sound of its name, and which nobody mentions now at all, and scarce anybody reads. There are the books of the hour, says Ruskin, and the books for all time: those that should be read as one reads a newspaper, and those that must be shrined in niches like priceless statues. Did "John Inglesant" deserve the immense amount of applause it gained, applause which included the grave compliments of that statesman who earlier discovered "Ellen Middleton," and later "Robert Elsmere"; or does the *magnum opus* of Mr. Shorthouse merit the neglect into which it has fallen? There was no justice I think in the first extraordinary success: there is no justice in the present neglect. Forget the misleading reviews then, and remember only the pleasure (for it was a pleasure, though a mild one) with which one read of Inglesant's adventures in England and Italy, and for the sake of Mary Colet come with me to Little Gidding this many-coloured autumn afternoon to see the scene, so little altered, of Inglesant's first love.

Some miles from a station, forgotten, unvisited by tourists, stands the chapel of the Ferrars among the woods and meadows of Huntingdon, with its sluggish streams. If you except the church described by Lamb in one of his letters, there is never another place of worship to be found so lonely in all the length and breadth of Great Britain. It is a quarter of a mile off the high road, in the centre of a green field. No neighbours' houses are near beyond the cottage in which the great keys are kept; no village; no life, except the dignified circling of the rooks; no sound but their cry one to another. The author of "The Temple" has been here before us, you remember, on a visit to Nicholas Ferrar: and Charles the Martyr drew rein at this wicket more than once; Isaac Watson must have come to gather materials for his charming notice of the Protestant nunnery in his life of good George Herbert. Wait only in the graveyard before we unlock the door. The woods have remained enchanted since the cruel civil wars, and and if we could see—ah! if we could only see—we should find them peopled still, I think, with those mournful Shades who once upon a time lived here their sad colourless lives—lives bounded on all sides by the grey church walls. But our eyes are not strong yet, and the fire-coloured foliage screens, mysterious paths leading away and away, screens to the figures of those young girls in their friar's habits, those saint-like lads, old before their time, those mourning widows, who passed their spring and summer, autumn and winter, wholly untouched by the sounds of the great world beyond the quiet country meadows, dreaming only of the land among the stars. Close by the porch is the stone that lies over Nicholas Ferrar, dead in 1639, before the worst of the King's troubles began. There must have been some sort of special arrangement that he should be buried at the door of the church, for the monument is in an awkward position standing across the narrow gravel path. You cannot fail to find it, though no name is cut, for the memory of "Saint" Nicholas is as fresh about Little Gidding as ever, and the tomb which stray pilgrims have visited these last 200 years is perfectly well known. Sometimes a young gentleman from Oxford University will find his way here, and, yearning after a Higher Life, will on returning to his cottage set his hours in the order which Ferrar followed, and arrange his cramped oratory (for there are private oratories: witness the humorous "Life of a Prig: by One") on the pattern of Ferrar's chapel. But generally, says my guide, of the very, very few who come, ladies form the principal part, who quote Shorthouse at the wicket, and Herbert among the graves in the grass.

Inside, the church has some sweet and interesting features. The oaken stalls in the small nave are arranged sideways like seats in a choir, so that Inglesant from his niche cut in the stone wall of the chancel had an uninterrupted view of Mary Colet in her grey gown. Then there is the finest brass font, with a crown-like cover, and a beautifully wrought foot; and you can see the original eagle from which John Ferrar daily read the lessons, and here and there you come to the little brass plates which pathetically record the death of various members of the family from Gidding Hall, and you find the name occasion-

ally spelt as it is pronounced—Farrar. The altar is decked with autumn flowers, which must be, one would think, the work of spirits, for we met no one, and saw no sign of any human being along the lanes. And there are prayer books lying about, so service must still be held here, though probably less frequently and not of so ornate and fervid a description as in the time of the nuns. But who comes now? Are the birds the only congregation? as Lamb suggested at Hollington. Does the Bull toll the Bell, as in the nursery rhyme, and when Cock Robin is treacherously done to death, is he given Christian burial by his fellows in this lonely little chapel in the woods?

The stained-glass window was destroyed at the time when the Puritans surrounded the Hall and wrecked it; but lately, when the church was put in order and repaired, a new window was set up, altogether different to the one noticed by Inglesant. Beyond that everything must be pretty much as it was when the Ferrars took their last look at the beloved sanctuary from which they were driven by the narrow, hard Parliament-party of the district. One wonders what became of the members of that large family when they were turned into a world of which they had no practical knowledge. Mary Colet, they tell you, died in Paris of a fever; but of the rest of those black-robed brothers and sisters there is no record.

Mary of Scots came by here one afternoon on her way to Fotheringay Castle, which lies ten miles off as the crow flies. There is no stone left of her prison, for James pulled it down when he came to the throne, giving away all the oak linings of the rooms, and the fittings of the great hall where she was executed, and the stalls in the private chapel, and the grand carved-oak staircase up which she went so wearily. These things are ornaments now in many an inn and rambling country house, and are preserved with the greatest care. In Fotheringay village is the old Tudor inn, very picturesque, with an inner yard, where the headman from London slept the night before the execution. They show you his little room above the grey archway. The Parish Church, which Mary never attended, boasts odd-shaped monuments in honour of two Dukes of York and their wives—monuments raised a hundred years after their death by their pious descendant, Queen Elizabeth, who was down in these parts so that she might test with her own eyes the actual strength of the castle in which her cousin Mary was to be confined. Before spending her money on the tombs Elizabeth was desirous of seeing if her ancestors were really there or not. So she had the coffins dug up; and found the local gossips had told her true. And she had one of the coffins—that of Dame Cecily of York—opened for further confirmation, and found round that body's neck, on a thin gold chain, a Pardon from Rome, written on a tiny parchment scroll, slipped into a case, and so beautifully written that every word could be read with ease, and was copied by the county antiquarian who was on the spot.

At Little Gidding my autumn wanderings end. The restful, peaceful country life becomes something of a weariness after a time—after it has ceased to be required as a medicine—and a true-born Cockney cannot be counted forever among the lakes. To-morrow will see me far from the "plaguey monotonous green of the trees," examining Barnum's Mermaid with a critical eye, or applauding the stage clouds and sunshine of "The Dead Heart."

WALTER POWELL.

UNDER THE WEATHER.

It does not really matter much, I ween,
How lower the heav'ns or what may be their hue,
Glad eyes will give the grayest skies a sheen
And tearful eyes will dim the brightest blue.

Give me a heart at rest and I'll defy
The darkest sky that e'er November lent,
The bounding of my pulse to mo lify
Or to abate my measureless content.

Life's path is *not* illumined from without,
Though that indeed may do its little part,
Small worth the skies that compass us about
As long as there is sunshine in the heart.

ESPERANCE.

THE POSITION OF THE PULPIT.

ARCHDEACON FARRAR, in the November *Forum*, has stated, with the frankness natural to him, the claims, or some of the claims, of the modern pulpit. His statements are in favour of positive truth, candour, and simplicity everywhere on the part of the preacher, and he thinks, rightly, that the humblest orator may yet find an unlimited sphere of activity and abundant opportunities of martyrdom in setting his face, as a flint, against oppression and falsehood, robbery and wrong, without invading, as it must be admitted too many incompetent pastors do invade, the domains of science and of biblical criticism.

That Archdeacon Farrar's paper is characterized by common sense as well as a genial and affectionate Christian warmth goes without saying. Yet, highly important as such preaching he advocates is, highly necessary and beneficial and manly, men and women of to-day require something beyond it. That Life and Death and Deity and Judgment are the great platitudes of our existence, and cannot be held up to us in relentless images too often,

that morality, and morality, and still morality, is, and must be, the proper, if not the only, theme of the preacher: that by the side of the tremendous realities of sin and consequence and responsibility and will, everything else falls away—is all true.

Nevertheless, men are so constituted that the mere dogmatic presentation of these threadbare facts, Sunday after Sunday, palls upon them till finally they lose their value. Their importance fades. The pulpit degenerates into a mere machine, warranted to run for twenty minutes, as in the Anglican Church, or for an hour and a quarter, as among the sects. In the one case, the pulpit stupefies, in the other, it excites. But rarely in either case does it interest. Now, why should not the pulpit be capable of interesting intelligent, well-read men and women, students, mechanics, workers, toilers of all kinds—those who go forth to their labour daily until the evening, and to whom the Sunday services might be made interesting, even as the Sunday rest is helpful and recreative?

In the first place, let the fact be conceded that the pulpit does not so interest and attract either the working masses or the instructed and cultivated classes as it should. The ordinance of preaching, which might, if properly and intelligently, as well as spiritually, conducted, become the *sacrament* of preaching, is not understood, not respected as it should be. It is entered upon by the veriest tyro at speaking and novice in knowledge of the world, and one great evil is the fact that every ordained clergyman is expected to write and read sermons whether he has ability for composition and declamation or not. A law unto himself is even the newly-fledged curate, yet it is supposed that the most enlightened congregation will listen to him with toleration, if not delight. But under such a *régime* as this, what mental progress can be made, nay, what spiritual progress? Are we, in truth, so constituted that while the spirit is being fed, the mind can occupy itself with something else, the body meanwhile existing in a third medium self-opposed to the other two? That we are so constituted is the pity of it, and it should be just in this dilemma that religion hand-in-hand with sense and intellect, should interpose its strongest forces. The preacher's opportunity is tremendous. So is his responsibility. He has, week after week, what other men, thinkers, poets, philosophers, reformers, would give their lives to have, only once. Yet, in face of this opportunity, this responsibility, the average preacher does more to alienate the average congregation than, to do him justice, he ever faintly realizes.

To this statement it has always been easy for the Church to make sufficient answer. The Church has no business with the State. It has no business with matters secular. It has no business with the world intellectual, the world artistic, the world of work. This is the tradition. Is it also the truth? Is it also wisdom? The question is as old as any query we can name, relative to the religious life. It has never been settled, probably it never will be. Occasionally it is revived, discussed, ventilated, only to be dropped, relegated, dismissed. There would appear to be little or no improvement in our churches. The department of the sermon is one in which the interference of the layman is not wanted, and, to tell the truth, laymen seldom feel inclined to interfere. There is still, in these latter days, much reverence and respect entertained among thinking people for the clergy—a body of men whose faithfulness to duty, cheeriness, hospitality, sincerity and good humour invite admiration from all. Many a layman, who will uphold in the vestry certain points of ritual or doctrine contrary to the teachings of his spiritual pastor and master with firmness and conscientiousness, will shrink from ever expressing any derogatory opinion of a sermon. The divinity that hedges even ordinary incumbents about precludes anything like serious discussion of these weekly homilies, some of which, however, are calculated to send the layman home in a frame of mind which only the emphatic utterances of a Drummond can adequately depict. He—the layman—a busy man all the week, working in a shop or in an office from half-past eight or nine to six o'clock every day, with hardly time for meals, certainly no time for self-improvement or culture, if we except a few hours on Saturday and an occasional half-hour in the evenings—how he would welcome on the Sunday morning a sermon which should challenge his wasted faculties, kindle his imagination, arouse his tepid emotions, and bring home to him some of the beauty, the order, the symmetry, the purity, the grandeur of the natural and intellectual world as well as of the spiritual. A sense—deep, awful, intense—of sin and his own frail nature, a sense of his own moral responsibility, a conviction of his inherited and original character, prone to fall at any moment—all this is necessary; and he should receive, by all means, this all-important impression, since, by the side of the dread reality of Sin, everything else counts as naught. But should he receive nothing else? Is there, truly, no balm in Gilead? If he ask, in his ignorance and in his hurry, for bread, must he only receive a stone? And if, instead of these presentations of sin and heredity and consequence and wrong, he be met only by antiquated and ponderous inferences, built upon isolated texts of doubtful meaning, vain theological pretensions and so-called infallibilities of rite and doctrine, who is to blame if the once familiar pew sees him less than of old and he finally becomes a backslider, and "it is well known that the recovery of the backslider is one of the hardest problems in spiritual work. To re-invigorate an old organ seems more difficult and hopeless than to develop a new one; and the backslider's

terrible lot is to have to retrace with enfeebled feet each step of the way along which he has strayed." *

In the second place, it would not hurt the pulpit if it did interest people. The pulpit would not suffer. It would not lose dignity, nor would the preacher suffer. He might, it is true, have to run the gauntlet of criticism thrown down by Fogeydom, and he would require marvellous tact and reticence in arranging his subject-matter, so, that, on the one hand, he might not approach too near a lecture or mere secular address, or, upon the other, proffer too sentimental or flowery a discourse. But with a very little extra trouble even the average divine might transform the sermon, habitually dry, conventional and sometimes disconnected and puerile, into homilies worthy of the closest attention. It is no light or trivial thing to appear in a pulpit, under the very roof of the consecrated House of God, and to speak to one's fellow-men, some of whom are cultivated, earnest and enthusiastic, as others are illiterate, suspicious and slow, of the great things of this world and the next. Towards this end should the preacher muster all his strength, all his mind, all his mental resources and gifts of sympathy, tact, alertness and common sense, as well as his most heartfelt humility, his deepest sense of unfitness, and his most absolute reliance upon God.

And in the third place, is it not perhaps a mistake, engendered by years of custom, to demand an original sermon once or twice a week from a hard-worked incumbent of a growing church and increasing congregation? Can any practical suggestion be thrown out which may fit the situation and be of use to the pulpit worker?

There may be several, but there is one, certainly, which, if carefully and prayerfully tried, might prove of incalculable benefit to both pastor and congregation. The divine should realize his own importance. Not alone the Bible, but the entire literature of the world, the whole history of the human spirit, are his to choose from, for illustration, for example, for instruction, for encouragement.

Should he make a new departure, and one day read from his pulpit a sermon by Robertson or Macleod, by Stopford Brooke or Theodore Mûnger, would he receive commendation? Why not, even if he occasionally substituted an essay by Charles Kingsley, or Thomas Chalmers, or Julius Hare? As Archdeacon Farrar says, "Let the modern preacher adapt himself to the changed conditions of our modern life," learning tolerance and modesty, and endeavouring to the best of his power to preserve some freshness of thought.

Freshness of thought, most important to the jaded intellects, the wearied bodies that "sit under" the rector or the curate as the Sundays slip by. The priesthood was formerly the enemy of progress. Let it not be so now. Let the divine do what the priest would never consent to do—interest and devote the minds of his people at the same time that he is seeking to impress their souls. Even supposing the schoolmaster to be abroad, most ordinary men and women have very little leisure for reading, and they would doubly and dearly appreciate that sermon and that preacher through whose influence new and interesting truths might be presented to them—perhaps for the first time. To create a high standard of thought and live up to it should be the duty of every working and preaching pastor, and where he has neither high original gifts nor the leisure to improve those he has, it should be considered only proper and legitimate that the aid of greater minds than his own should be called in. Supposing that the preacher chose the text, "For he that wavereth is like a wave of the sea, driven with the wind and tossed. For let not that man think that he shall receive anything of the Lord. A double-minded man is unstable in all his ways,"—where would be the unfitness or degradation of accompanying it by extracts from one of the most powerful essays ever written, that on "Decision of Character," by John Foster? A moment's reflection would satisfy the congregation that however unconventional the step, it was at least sensible, and it would not be long before similar attempts were undergone, revealing pleasant phases of thought and increased usefulness in the preacher. Some occasional variety, such as this suggested, would go far towards creating for the pulpit that position it should eventually attain, and guard it from grave errors of dictatorial dogmatism and theatrical display.

THE SONNET.—X.

IT will be rather as a disciple of Newman and a composer of hymns than as a follower of Wordsworth and a writer of sonnets that Frederick William Faber will be chiefly remembered; though his rank in the second regard is high. The influence of Wordsworth came upon him in his youth when sojourning in the Lake District, and the effect which the young parson produced on the old poet is thus recorded by Mr. Aubrey De Vere in Wordsworth's own characteristic language:—"I have hardly ever known anyone but myself who had a true eye for Nature, one that thoroughly understood her meanings and her teachings. There was a young clergyman, called Frederick Faber, who resided at Ambleside. He had not only as good an eye for Nature as I have, but even a better one; and sometimes pointed out to me on the mountains effects which, with all my great experience, I had never detected."

Faber's first book—a description of his foreign travels—was appropriately dedicated to Wordsworth in 1841. Four years later he joined the Romish Church, and sacri-

ficed in great measure his poetical aspirations to the more serious services of religion; but in his hymns he was yet enabled to exercise his great gifts. We reproduce here as connected with the classical sonnets now under consideration his verses addressed "To the Four Religious Heathens," viz., Herodotus, Nicias, Socrates, and Seneca. In these he has broadly depicted the leading characteristics of the great heathens selected by him as worthy of being termed "religious," and though diversity of occupation and circumstances operated on each life—producing thoughts, acts and final issues thoroughly distinct—there was a common ground of lofty morality, of truth and honour, on which Faber could very properly base his sonnet-series.

The influence of religion on Herodotus is apparent throughout his works, in the tender way he treats of myths and legends, which he himself cannot accept as truth, and in his careful recording of the forms of foreign worship that came under his notice; moreover there is apprehended beneath all his writings that suggestion of a divine cause whereby human events are unrolled and to which the human heart is drawn. Herodotus seems fully to have appreciated religion in the light of one of its modern definitions, as "that feeling which falls upon man in the presence of the unknown." The sonnet of Faber reads as follows:—

I. HERODOTUS.

Converse in fear, during the time of your sojourning here.

He was a mild old man, and cherished much
The weight dark Egypt on his spirit laid;
And with a sinuous eloquence would touch
Forever at that haven of the dead.
Single romantic words by him were thrown,
As types, on men and places, with a power
Like that of shifting sunlight after shower
Kindling the cones of hills and journeying on.
He feared the gods and heroes; and spake low,
That Echo might not hear in her light room:
He was a dweller underground; for gloom
Fitted old heathen goodness more than glow;
And, where love was not, faith might gather mirth
From ore that glistened in pale beds of earth.

In the above we have a beautiful and accurate mountain effect in the last two lines of the octave, which must have delighted Wordsworth, and which has called forth the following from Mr. Ruskin:—"On the Yorkshire and Derbyshire hills, when the rain-cloud is low and much broken and the steady west-wind fills all space with its strength, the sun-gleams fly like golden vultures, they are flashings rather than shinings; the dark spaces and the dazzling race and skim along the acclivities, and dart and dip from crag to dell, swallow-like;—no Graiaæ these,—gray and withered: Grey Hounds rather, following the Cerinthian stag with the golden antlers."

These phenomena have been seen by all mountain dwellers; but it is only after attention is called to them by the real seer that their wonderful beauty is learned. Attention must be called to the "light room" of Echo—a most poetical thought.

Nicias, the rich aristocrat of Athens, was remarkable for his high moral character. Probity and honour were regarded as the prime duties of life, and neither his wealth nor his political influence could tempt him from the path of right living. Had he been as successful a leader of men as he was a governor of himself the disastrous consequences of the second or Sicilian act of the Peloponnesian war might not have occurred. Faber, however, deals with the religious character of the man and the superstitious clouds that hung over the placid lake-depths of his soul.

II. NICIAS.

In all these things Job sinned not by his lips, nor spake he any foolish things against God.

Nursling of heathen fear! thy woful being,
Was steeped in gentleness by long disease,
Though round thine awestruck mind were ever fleeing
Omens, and signs, and direful presages.
One might believe in frames so gently stern
Some Christian thoughts before their time did burn.
Sadness was unto thee for love; thy spirit
Rose loftily like some hard-featured stone,
Which summer sunbeam never makes its throne,
E'en while it fills the skirts of vapour near it.
One wert thou, Nicias! of the few who urge
Their stricken souls where far-seen death doth hover
In vision on them, nor may they diverge
From the black line his chilling shadows cover.

The third heathen, Socrates, was trained as a sculptor; but destined to become one of the most remarkable of that class of men, who, believing themselves especially chosen as divine instruments, abjure everything that does not tend to assist them in their appointed work. Simple and virtuous was the life of this old heathen, and although he left no writings, a crowd of followers preserved his teachings, and many schools were founded on the record of his deeds and sayings. Faber's sonnet reads thus:—

III. SOCRATES.

Of making many books there is no end; and much study is an affliction of the flesh.

Thou, mighty heathen, wert not so bereft
Of heavenly help to thy great-hearted deeds,
That thou should'st dig for truths in broken creeds,
'Mid the loose sands of four old empires left.
Motions and shadows dimly glowing fell
On thy broad soul from forms invisible.
With its plain grandeur, simple, calm, and free,
What wonder was it that thy life should merit
Sparkles of grace, and angel ministry,
With jealous glimpses of the world of spirit?
Greatest and best in this—that thy pure mind,
Upon its saving mission all intent,
Scorned the untruth of leaving books behind
To claim for thine what through thy lips was sent.

Seneca, the last of "The Four Religious Heathens," was a contemporary of Christ and his followers. Like Nicias, he was very wealthy and very pious, and further-

more was endowed with a deep philosophical cast of mind. The influence of the early Church is apparent in his writings and not a few allusions and phrases were in all probability directly inspired by Christian doctrine. On account of this tendency in his writings some of the first fathers of the Church claimed him for a Christian and doubtless it was due to the reflection that the repute of such a convert would prove of great value, that the letters alleged to have passed between him and Saint Paul were forged. Of this heathen, Faber wrote as follows:—

IV. SENECA.

When Peter came, his shadow at the least might overshadow any of them.

Off in the crowd and crossings of old Rome
The Christ-like shadow of the gifted Paul,
As he looked forth betimes from his hired home,
Might at this Gentile's hurrying footsteps fall,
When, from his mournings in the Caesar's hall,
Spurred by great thoughts, the troubled sage might come.
Some balmy truths most surely did he borrow
From the sweet neighbourhood of Christ, to bring
The harsh, hard waters of his heathen spring
In softening ducts o'er wastes of pagan sorrow.
As slips of green from fertile confines shoot,
Into the tracts of sand, so heathen duty
Caught from his guided pen a cold, bright beauty,
Where flowers might all but blossom into fruit.

In the "Inferno," Dante refers to "Seneca morale."

It will have been observed that Faber prefixed to each of the above sonnets a text from the Scriptures, and the series was also preceded by another, applicable to the whole: "Arise, O Lord, let not man be strengthened; let the Gentiles be judged in Thy sight."

So far as the structural qualities of these four sonnets are concerned, that on Herodotus is written in three quatrains and a closing couplet; two are composed of a quatrain, a couplet and two quatrains following—a form uncommon to meet—and that on Seneca is made up of a sestet followed by two quatrains. The series is therefore very irregular; although it has been remarked that Faber's sonnets are, as a whole, regular in form. His celebrated sonnet, "On the Ramparts at Angouleme," is also irregular in construction. We are inclined to believe that Faber lost much in the beauty—if not in the strength—of his sonnets when he left the beaten paths to attempt structural flights of his own. His rhymes are not always beyond reproach in their arrangement, the last four lines of the "Seneca" sonnet having such a repeating series as—shoot—duty—beauty—fruit.

Of the four examples given we prefer personally that on Herodotus, the beauty of the second and third quatrains especially enforcing the Wordsworthian influence and love of nature upon our attention; but the latter quality is somewhere present in each sonnet.

A sonnet which was greatly admired by Wordsworth takes us back to the "Scottish Petrarch." The poem which directly inspired Drummond to the following effort has not been identified; but there is no doubt of the sonnet-model which he used as the mould for his thought. The Hawthornden sonnet was a favourite also with David Laing, who wrote of it thus: "For solemn grandeur, it may be compared with the best of Milton's sonnets." Laing could not discover the work on "Irene" which the sonnet particularly referred to, and remembering that few men knew more of bibliography than the Scottish antiquary, it is rather unlikely it will ever be found. There can be no doubt, however, of the subject of the poem. Irene was the poor Athenian girl whose beauty raised her to the throne of Leo IV., Emperor of the East. Of the extraordinary career of this woman, now a saint in the Greek Church, it is not necessary to speak. The sonnet-model referred to is written by Sir Walter Raleigh (given in our third article). Drummond's sonnet reads thus:

BEFORE A POEM OF IRENE.

Mourn not, fair Greece, the ruin of thy kings,
Thy temples ragged, thy forts with flames devoured,
Thy champions slain, thy virgins pure deflowered,
Nor all those griefs which stern Bellona brings;
But mourn, fair Greece, mourn that that sacred band
Which made thee once so famous by their songs,
Forced by outrageous fate, have left thy land,
And left thee scarce a voice to plain thy wrongs!
Mourn that these climates which to thee appear
Beyond both Phœbus and his sister's ways,
To save thy deeds from death must lend thee lays,
And such as from Mœneus thou didst hear:
For now Irene hath attained such fame
That Hero's ghost doth weep to hear her name.

The repetition of words in a sonnet is a delicate matter to attempt; but the mention of the moschus-like "mourn" at the beginning of each quatrain is in the present instance most suitable and most effective.

The last two lines may be compared with the lines in Raleigh's sonnet:—

All suddenly I saw the Faery Queen
At whose approach the soul of Petrarch wept.

Drummond no doubt knew this sonnet and drew upon it for accommodation, as was his custom.

In a recent number of the *Spectator* Mr. Joseph John Murphy has the following sonnet on Virgil, founded on the two quotations prefixed and dealing with the different views of life expressed therein. The reference to Dante happily connects the argument between the translated passages and supplies the link between the spirit of old pagan philosophy and the "human sympathy for human woe," which is the grandest doctrine taught by Christ. Dante cries to the shade of Virgil:—

Poeta, i'ti richieggio
Per quello Iddio, che tu non conoscesti,
Acciocch'io fugga questo male, e peggio.

* "Natural Law in the Spiritual World." Henry Drummond, F.R.S.E.

The clear conception of God was manifested to human thought in the flesh a few years after Virgil died.

VIRGIL.

*Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas,
Atque metus omnes et inexorabile fatum
Subiecit pedibus strepitumque Acherontis avari.
Sunt lacrymæ rerum, et mentem mortalibus tangunt.*
Virgil.

Happy were he who could attain to know
Causes of things, and underneath his feet
Set fear and fate, and the unreturning flow
Of all-devouring Acheron. Oh! unmeet
Such tearless Stoic calm for thee, the sweet
Half-Christian poet of the pagan age,
Whom later times esteemed a wizard sage,
And Dante as his guide rejoiced to greet;
Tender as woman, and as childhood pure!
Not thoughts like those shall in his mind endure
Who learns aright the lore thy genius brings;
But human sympathy for human woe,
And words of thine which tell that "tears must flow,
And hearts of men are touched by mortal things."

SAREPTA.

THE SCHOOL QUESTION IN MANITOBA.

IT is a curious anomaly that the first fruits of the Equal Rights movement should have appeared in this Province, where the agitation itself failed to take root. There has been no spontaneous outburst of Protestant indignation—no crowded mass-meetings listening to the denunciatory eloquence of leaders in the anti-Jesuit crusade, and passing vigorous resolutions condemning the non-interference of the Federal authorities with the objectionable legislation of the Quebec Assembly. Mr. Dalton McCarthy spoke on the subject at Portage-la-Prairie, and was well received; the Orange Order have passed a few strongly-worded resolutions; a few ministers have made the question the topic of discourses; but there has been no such general uprising as has been witnessed in Ontario. And the reason is simple. Manitobans are not likely during the present generation to forget the doctrine of Provincial Rights which was drilled into them by eight years of unceasing agitation against the exercise of the central authority. It is not that they are any the less Protestant than their brethren in Ontario, that the Manitobans have failed to join in the great political upheaval which has surprised and dismayed the politicians. It is because they see imbedded in the principles of the movement the assertion of a doctrine which they combated strenuously for years, and from which they suffered severely. Manitoba in the past wanted to build railways to develop her resources—a desire which certainly was not on the face of it treasonable or hostile to the interests of the Dominion. The majority from Quebec and Ontario joined hands to prevent us. They knew nothing of the circumstances of the case, nor could they be induced to acquaint themselves with them. It was enough for them that they had decided that Manitoba should build no railroads. Against that glaring and galling injustice Manitoba struggled for years, and with ultimate success. With so recent an experience it was not to be expected that Manitoba would join in a movement which is the outcome of the refusal of the Dominion Government to veto a Quebec Act acceptable to a vast majority of the people of that Province, but repugnant to an influential section of the people of Ontario. Manitobans fought in the past for the right of attending to their own business in their own way. They require no assistance either from Ontario or Quebec; nor, on the other hand, do they desire to assist in regulating the internal affairs of those Provinces, which naturally fall within the scope of their own Legislatures.

But the agitation begun primarily to secure the disallowance of the Jesuits' Estates Act has broadened until it includes the cognate question of the use of the French language and the recognition of the Separate Schools. In short, despite of denials, the agitation at least, in respect to nine-tenths of its supporters, is a British movement against the French and a Protestant movement against the Catholics. In a province so overwhelmingly English and Protestant as is Manitoba, this phase of the agitation was certain to awaken many responsive echoes. There had been for a long time a feeling, created originally by the wasteful expenditure of former administrations in the matter of French printing, that it was only a question of time until the use of French as an official language would have to go in this Province, and when last summer the local government decided to abolish the dual language system their decision met with popular support. With a small French population constantly dwindling in respect to its percentage of the aggregate population, it was a useless waste of money to print all the Government documents in both languages, particularly since, as was inevitable from the condition of things, a knowledge of English is absolutely indispensable to every French Canadian who desires to participate in the slightest degree in the commercial, political and social life of the Province. The Legislature will undoubtedly ratify and approve the action of the Government in abolishing French as an official language. The agitation against Separate Schools is of much more recent origin. In this matter the Government certainly did not respond to a popular demand, but on the contrary, took the initiative itself. The first word uttered against the present school system with its recognition of Catholic schools was by Hon. Joseph Martin, Attorney-General, in an interview in the press. He there announced his desire to see the present dual system of education supplanted by the institution of national schools. The seed fell on fruitful ground; the suggestion was applauded by large numbers, and very soon the Province was in the throes of an agitation, the end of which cannot be foreseen.

Briefly speaking, the present system of education in Manitoba is one of complete separation between Protestants and Catholics. The Catholic schools are controlled by an appointed Catholic Board of Education and supported exclusively by Catholics. The Protestant schools are on precisely the same footing. No Catholic can be taxed to support a Protestant school, nor a Protestant taxed for a Catholic school. So reads the law; but yet in a round-about way Protestants do contribute to the support of Catholic schools. The latter are run much more cheaply than the Protestant schools with respect to building appliances and teachers' salaries, with the result that the Government grant to Catholic schools represents a much larger ratio to the total cost of maintaining them than does the aggregate Protestant grant to the aggregate Protestant expenses; and as these grants are made from the common funds of the Province it is evident that to a very limited extent Protestants do help to maintain Catholic schools. Statistics show that for each dollar that goes to support Catholic schools the Government supplies fifty-five cents, leaving forty-five cents to be supplied by the ratepayers, while only a sum of thirty cents out of every dollar spent by the Protestants on their schools is supplied by the Government. This injustice is not, however, the inevitable outcome of the system, but is rather an incident of its administration.

At the first blush, it looked as though Mr. Martin would have little difficulty in executing his drastic changes; but time is developing difficulties, and the Government will find the solution of the problem an intricate and difficult task. After the abolition of Protestant and Catholic schools, what then? Secular schools, says Mr. Martin, decisively. If only the Catholics were opposed to this change we would soon have secular schools; but unfortunately for Mr. Martin's plans the Protestant Churches seem to find the prospect almost as distasteful as do the Catholics. The Bishop of Rupert's Land, the leader of the Episcopal Church, and the Rev. Dr. King, Principal of Manitoba College, who holds, not by official position but by the right of intellect, a similar position in the Presbyterian Church, probably the most influential denomination in the Province, have both recently delivered utterances on this subject, and they agreed with remarkable unanimity in their opposition to Separate Schools, and their assertions of the necessity of religious teaching in the national schools. Other clergymen have taken substantially the same ground in their pulpits and in church Courts, and there is no doubt that the Protestant clergy of the Province are practically a unit in their demand for the continuance of religious teaching in the common schools with which it is proposed to supplant the present denominational institutions. Of what nature is that religious instruction to be? Some of the demands, stripped of their verbiage and put into plain English, mean the establishment of Protestant schools to which Catholics will have to send their children whether they like it or not, if they wish to avail themselves of the state system of education. This would be so glaring an injustice to a minority that it could not be justified to the fair-minded men, who probably comprise a majority of the people of the Province. The difficulty would be largely solved were the Protestant and Catholic religious authorities to agree on a common course of religious instruction as Dr. King has suggested; but few believe that any common ground can be found for two schools of religious thought so inherently antagonistic as Catholicism and Protestantism.

With the Catholics and a by no means unimportant wing of Protestants opposed to any fundamental change in the present system, which has certainly worked very well for the past fifteen or sixteen years; with the Protestant clergy and those they represent upholding the abolition of Separate Schools, but insisting on religious teaching in the proposed common schools; with many calling for the establishment of purely secular national schools—with all these conflicting influences it is plain that the Government has troublous times ahead.

But if it were all plain sailing for the Government so far as the people of this Province are concerned, it would still leave a serious constitutional question awaiting solution. Whether the Manitoba Act safeguards the rights of the minority to schools of their own is a moot point with the lawyers. The provisions of the British North America Act with respect to Separate Schools are too well known to require quoting here; in effect they continue the rights to Separate Schools enjoyed by the minority by law at the consummation of the union. But in the Manitoba Act the provision reads differently. Clause 22 gives the Manitoba Legislature exclusive authority to make laws relating to education subject to the following condition:—

"Nothing in any such law shall prejudicially affect any right or privilege with respect to denominational schools which any class of persons have by law or by practice in the Province at the union."

Note the words "by practice," which are not to be found in the B.N.A. Act. Prior to the entrance of Manitoba into the Confederation there were no schools in this country recognized by law, but the Episcopalians, Presbyterians and Roman Catholics had denominational schools, conducted either by the clergy or under their supervision and maintained by voluntary aid. Obviously the object of the framer of the Act, Sir George E. Cartier, was to give State recognition to, and to perpetuate the system of, denominational schools. The contention of some that the words "by practice" were inserted to safeguard the rights of the denominations to continue their distinct schools on the voluntary system is far-fetched; such a provision is not necessary in a free country. No; the meaning of the words

is plain on their face; but whether they effect the purpose for which they were intended and erect a custom into a vested right is something that the Courts can alone authoritatively decide.

Suppose the Province of Manitoba abolishes the Separate Schools, and the Courts hold that their action affects the rights of the minority as conferred upon them by the Constitution, what will the Dominion Parliament do about it? It is not only its privilege, it is its duty, in such case to step in and rectify the wrong; and such an action would inevitably lead to a conflict between Provincial and Dominion powers, with all the strain on the bonds of Confederation which that implies.

I trust that I have made it plain, even in the limits of this brief article, that the Manitoba Government has set in action forces which have already at this early stage in the agitation passed beyond its control; and the outcome lies in the inscrutable future.

JOHN W. DAFOE.

Winnipeg, November 11th, 1889.

MONTREAL LETTER.

THE Montreal Young Women's Christian Association has inaugurated this winter a new work, which it appears will add one more to the substantial list of powerful agencies it has established in our midst. Besides the boarding, employment, visiting, and religious departments usually connected with Christian Association work, the Montreal Y.W.C.A. has a Helping-Hand Society, for teaching the young to cut and make their own clothing; a Day Nursery where children may be left in the morning by women on their way to work and taken home in evening, and where they are taught, and in needful cases fed and clothed; a Working-Girls' Home, for women temporarily out of employment, which is also used as a Convalescent Home in connection with the Hospital; a Diet Dispensary, for supplying nourishing soups and jellies to the worthy poor; and a Kitchen Garden, for teaching children the principles and practice of household management. The need for educational classes of the highest efficiency and still of moderate expense has now led the Association to open evening classes, which in the short space of six weeks have assumed such proportions that the Committee seems at a loss whether to go on or to stop. The new Committee had the good fortune to start their work on a business basis, and the result has had the effect of calling the attention of the benevolent to the fact. The very highest teachers were secured for dressmaking, millinery, shorthand, French, German, book-keeping, elocution and type-writing. The teachers made their own terms. The fee was put as low as could be consistent with independence. The rooms of the Association, used during the day for meetings, are in the evening quickly converted into class-rooms. Members of the Committee preside at each class to advise and encourage where necessary, and now, it seems as if the new work had been running for years. The astonishing number of over 500 young women have applied for the various classes, and the teachers report that the work being done by the students is of the most satisfactory and thorough character. Each week seems to bring a new want to the surface, and the demand is at once supplied. A class in theory of music, with practice in part-singing, has by special request of students, been added, and last week a School of Home-Nursing was announced. This branch is under the management of Miss Alice Stone, who comes with the highest testimonials from the schools of nursing in Edinburgh and Manchester, and each lecture is accompanied by practical instruction. The number of young women of all ranks who are flocking to this important department of woman's work has suggested to the Committee the necessity, not only of dividing, and repeating the course, but of conferring with the medical men and the governors of our hospitals about the establishment of a permanent training school for nurses. Miss Stone is a handsome and attractive woman, a perfect lady, and an enthusiast in her profession, and has thrown around the most despised but essential details of nursing the dignity of true art.

"To him that hath shall be given" is receiving still another illustration among us. On one hand we find a Woman's Christian Association, with a small voluntary committee starting in the space of six weeks evening classes in eleven different subjects, with a roll of over 500 students, all running so smoothly and so business-like that any day we may hear of a twelfth—or a twentieth; planned, inaugurated, and carried out in a good-sized parlour. On the other our young men, with a Christian Association building in hand, and another in course of erection; with clubs for lacrosse, cricket, snow-shoes, gymnastics, yachts, canoes, and a hundred other recreations, and at the back of the mountain an Athletic Club House, where they may warm themselves, refresh themselves, and amuse themselves, going a-begging from door to door for its rent. Two or three years ago a prospectus was issued of a scheme for the establishment of this Club House where all the clubs of walkers, climbers, drivers and cyclists might find fires and coffee, billiards and chess in winter, and shady picnic groves, tennis, and croquet in summer. Prior to this movement, the fires and coffee, the billiards and chess were provided gratis by the proprietor of a rendezvous where intoxicating beverages might be had, not gratis. The new company put the scheme of its prospectus into execution, and the young men flocked round the Athletic Club House. But coffee and fires with billiards and chess which were charged for did not pay as well as the fires and the chess which went gratis, and the Club

House was compelled to admit that it could not pay twenty shillings in the pound.

On the property there is a liability of \$20,000, part of which is a floating debt pressing for payment. A hotel syndicate is on the alert to step in. The result is an outcry from parents, temperance workers, and philanthropists. Tom, Dick and Harry have rushed to the public press with a dollar apiece, and forgot to prevent the right hand from knowing about their left-handed generosity. The clergy preached from their pulpits. The Y.W.T.U. received an official deputation, and an official statement urging a dozen of the churches to come to the front with \$1,000 each and a guarantee each of 100 annual members' subscriptions of \$1. The directors of the Club House held a meeting, to which the public were invited, at which it was stated that the deficit was incurred in completing the building and through lack of support, about as unbusiness-like a confession as could have been given by a board of directors composed entirely of harmless old maids. Hundreds of young men have been availing themselves of the privileges of the house without becoming members. And still outsiders are preached at for their want of public spirit in allowing the property to be sold for a paltry deficit of \$20,000, and are expected in addition to guarantee its future support upon a financial basis. Three committees were appointed—1, on the floating debt; 2, on the mortgage, and 3, on the future; and the sale has been postponed for two weeks. It has actually been advised that "the ladies" should take up the question and carry it to a successful issue. The poor women! who have no gymnasium for themselves, no club house, no lacrosse, no snow-shoes, no cycling, no yachting, no nothing. Alas! our poor young men!

The Philharmonic Society has this winter received a new life from its incorporation. The practices take place weekly and are a source of genuine delight to the members. Three concerts are arranged for the season and in order to secure the very highest foreign talent for the resources at the disposal of the society they will be given all in one week. For the first, Mendelssohn's "Elijah;" for the second, the "Damnation of Faust," by Berlioz; and for the third, Rossini's "Stabat Mater" and "Daniel before the King," by Mr. C. A. E. Harris, are being prepared. Mr. Harris is one of our local musicians and composers, and much interest hovers around this, his most pretentious production. The "Messiah" will be given about Christmas time to a popular audience—a departure which, I trust, may grow into something of the nature of regular monthly or weekly "Pops." The society numbers 200 voices, and the subscription of \$10 entitles to two tickets for each of the three concerts.

At an important quarterly meeting of the Montreal General Hospital, the first since the proposed amalgamation with the Royal Victoria, the governors decided to proceed with improvements and enlargements which had been postponed on account of the possible amalgamation. The expenditure for the enlargements, so long-considered and so urgently needed, is estimated at \$60,000. The difficulty of securing successful city collectors for the annual maintenance of the hospital has caused a very sensible diminution of revenue. Miss Rimmer, who has presided over the hospital for the past eleven years, has been compelled to resign her position owing to failing health.

The superintendents of Bands of Hope held a conference, at which the new medal competition was explained. Mr. Demorest, the well-known prohibitionist, of New York, claims the credit of originating the novelty. A silver medal is competed for and awarded to the best temperance elocutionist in a given district. The silver medallists then compete for a gold one, and the bearers of the golden trophies buckle on their armour for one of diamonds. The idea has taken root very widely in the United States and even in Great Britain.

A curiosity has been added to our journalistic life in shape of an Hebrew sheet called "Die Zeit," intended for our Jewish compatriots.

Our municipal authorities are so slow in recognizing and carrying out what is necessary for our harbour that the Canadian Pacific Railway has taken pity on them. A special train has been put at their disposal to take them over the West. A nod is as good as a wink to a blind horse.

VILLE MARIE.

PARIS LETTER.

AMONG the several very interesting exhibitions that the 1889 International has next to crowded into the background is the Historical Exhibition of the French Revolution, held in one of the halls of the Louvre. Although under sentence of immediate closing, it will likely enjoy a reprieve. Tons of literature, including the imaginative, the distorted, and the exact, have been published on that epoch of Franco-cosmopolitan history. Three hours passed in the examination of these authentic souvenirs of the 1789 Revolution will convey to the mind a greater amount of fact-knowledge, than the piles of learned lumber published on the event during one hundred years.

This Exhibition beat no big drums to call the crowd. Its aim was serious, not frivolous. In the collection of relics displayed, the visitor almost feels to be in touch with the actors and the victims of the tragedy, which opened on 5th May, 1789, and ended on the 18 Brumaire, when the Directory was abolished. Some extend the tragedy to the establishment of the Empire, while others adhere to the commonplace, that the Revolution has not yet run its course. The Exhibition Committee has brought

together the dispersed signs and objects contemporary with the Revolution. The loans have been generous and extensive, not only on the part of the French themselves, but on the part of foreigners. The eyes have thus the material image, completed and corrected, of what historians labour to convey to the mind. Every object relates its own tale of admiration or of honour; of love or of hate; of joy or of sadness. The souvenirs are a vast object lesson of the Revolution and the First Empire, neither grouped to illustrate theories nor to suggest apologies. There is complaisance for no party, materials for no legends, but the scoria and the chrysalis of transformation attendant on the creation of a New France.

Only original and authentic documents are given. The souvenirs are classified chronologically, the sole system of grouping practicable, and each period of time where a lacuna more or less occurs, has been filled up by duly certified copies of documents and paintings illustrative of that period. The lacunæ are very few and far between. There are paintings of edifices and scenes; portraits painted and engraved; caricatures, autographs, and posters; flags, arms, patriotic faience, furniture, utensils, costumes, and family relics of every description. The entrance-hall is devoted to the precursors of the Revolution; the busts of Voltaire and Rousseau; portraits of Montesquieu, Diderot, Washington, and Montgolfier. In a recess on the staircase, leading to the principal *salle*, is an altar of the country, contributed by Rheims, with a group of Liberty, from Sevres.

All the portraits and busts of Voltaire are good, and the likeness is faithfully preserved from his early manhood to his decline. The picture representing him writing in his study, is excellent. Rousseau and Thérèse Levasseur eating cherries is full of reality; there is affection without passion; philosophical lore. She none the less, later, eloped with an ostler. The pocket-book of Diderot, with his portrait in medallion and bordered with flowers, is an artistic gem. At the present time, when navigable balloons and smokeless powder attract so much attention, the picture of a balloon fight is an actuality. Each aerial ship carries 100 guns, and the latter are worked by steel springs or bows, and crews of 1000 men. Naturally alongside this picture is one representing the globe reduced to smoke. The compartment devoted to Louis XVI. and his family is rich in mementoes; the portraits are fine. The King's indicates nothing wicked, but perfect *ennui* of the rôle of royalty. His writing was wretched and ever unsteady. Marie Antoinette always suggests frivolity; she was only truly noble, aye, heroic, when a prisoner and a victim. Her penmanship was of two kinds—the hasty and careless, the careful and the neat. No spidery writing then existed, the copy was bold and Roman, alike for the both sexes. The letter paper had neither crest nor initials, and would be considered very common to-day. Every letter was commenced as close to the top edge of the sheet as possible. The ink was good, as it is still Nubianally black. There is on one sheet a collection of the signatures of all the members of the royal family, including those of the Dauphin and his sister on the pot-hook and hanger lines.

A curious autograph letter of His Majesty to the Archbishop of Paris, dated August, 1788, prescribes public prayers to be celebrated that the Queen may become *enceinte*. Boys will admire the tiny jack-plane the king worked with. The toilette of the Queen on ball day is so voluminous as really to require courtiers some hours to walk round it. The English engravings of Marie Antoinette leave much to be desired. The pictures of Her Majesty at dairy work at the Trianon only represent her looking at the cows milking. The portrait of Louis XVII., aged ten, in the Temple prison is sad; he was costumed not unlike lads to-day. The statue of his sister, later Duchesse d'Angoulême, is a splendid work of art. You can divine in her teens what Napoleon said of her, that she was "the only man in the Bourbon family."

The portrait of the Princesse de Lamballe, whose head was subsequently carried about on a pike, is not beautiful; she had a thin and hollow skinny nose, like Voltaire's. The likeness of Abbé Edgenorth is fine; he was the scaffold confessor of Louis XVI., only he never said, "Son of St. Louis, ascend to heaven," nor was he at that moment dressed as a priest, the clergy being then compelled to wear ordinary citizen garb. The clock belonging to the boudoir of Marie Antoinette was simply in brass. The carving, representing the Dauphin gardening, is clumsy; the boy has a rag-picker's basket on his back, attempting to storm the stump of an old tree.

The souvenirs of the Constituent Assembly are sensationally interesting; they cover the period May 5, 1789, to September 30, 1792. The busts of Mirabeau show, that he was deeply pockmarked; but only about the lower parts of the jaws and chin. His nose tended to the right. Models of the Bastille, pictures of the attack on it, etc., are very numerous. The relics would make the fortune of a Tussaud Museum; there are the paraphernalia by which Latude effected his escape, and the key of the tower in which his cell was situated. The women of Paris carrying heads of the Royal guardsmen on pikes is a sickening picture.

In 1790 the Champ de Mars, on which the Exhibition is erected, was a marsh. It was decided to hold the *fête* of the Federation there on the 14th of July of that year. Every inhabitant, without distinction of class or sex, was there invited to dig and carry earth to raise the soil; duchesses trundled barrows, elegant ladies carried earth in market baskets that labourers filled for them; those who could not be utilized danced and sang for the workers. A splendid painting records the animated scene, bustling as a

Frith's "Railway Station." A number of the placard is given, offering fifty louis to "anyone who can indicate an honest member of the people who had gained anything by the Revolution." The carriage in which Louis and his family entered Paris after their arrest at Varennes has a hearse-suggestiveness—eight armed soldiers on the box, five doing duty as footmen. As a work of art the miniature representing Louis wearing the Phrygian cap and draining a bottle of wine is well executed.

The portrait of Dr. Guillotin, professor in the Paris School of Medicine, and the proposer of the machine called after him—an honour that brought on his death from chagrin—shows him to be the gentlest of men. There is the model of the machine he submitted to the Assembly, and his plan for working it. When the culprit's head was through the full moon, and over the trough into which it later was to tumble, the clergyman was then to hear the confession; that finished, he made a signal to the executioner, who, with a sword drawn, and head turned aside, was to cut the string—a veritable Damocles sword—and let the knife descend. *Nous avons changé tout cela.*

All the great men of the Revolution wrote bold, large hands, save that their signatures ended with the inartistic cable coil. A curious "willow" pattern for a service of porcelain consists of a model of Mirabeau's tomb. There is a pocket-knife of Louis XVI.; the prison night-shirt he wore on the scaffold; the snuff-box in copper out of which Sanson, the executioner, invariably took a pinch before letting fall the knife of the guillotine; a proclamation to arrest any person guilty of indecency in religious edifices; a passport allowing travellers to voyage, after getting their hair clipped and promising never to take arms against Louis XVII. or the Catholic religion; a morsel of cambric dipped in the blood of Marie Antoinette.

There is a poster dated 24th March, 1794, giving the market prices of provisions in Paris; veal and pork were then—money same value as to-day—eighteen sous per pound; beef and mutton, sixteen. No lamb was obtainable; however, a note stated this was no loss, "as lamb tended to the degeneration of the human race;" butter was thirty sous per pound, and cheese the same; eggs, fifteen sous per dozen, and milk seven sous the pint. The portrait of Barère fully justifies all the severities of Macaulay, who represents him as the last of men. The Carnot collection is very interesting: Lazare, the "organizer of victories," wrote a hand that his grandson, the present President of the the Republic, imitates. Lazare's mother was a very handsome woman, and lived in the happiest of villas at Nolay; her husband looked a sleepy peasant, always in night cap. There is Lazare's gold watch, with hands marking the hour, the minutes and the seconds; it was made by the king's watchmaker. His pocket-knife was a tremendous implement; it had the redeeming feature of having a corkscrew; his spectacles recall the bull's-eye lights of a ship; his pencil case could in a pinch serve as a bludgeon. The sword of honour—the "weapon of peace"—is highly ornamented with precious stones. One portrait of Lazare, designed by his grandson, represents him in costume of "Director." It would suit the first dozen of archbishops to be encountered.

Pass from the Marat relics to Charlotte Corday. How carefully her letters are written, and full of politics, not love! She could not have been a peasant girl. There is her card table, her favourite coffee cup, and her spinning wheel. Prince Roland Bonaparte declined to lend her—skull. Another interesting lady is Lucile, wife of Camille Desmoulins, the Paul and Virginia of the Revolution. Her wedding ring lies beside her bridal sash in fawn-coloured ribbon; her watch chain and seals, her work basket, her paintings, a vest she was embroidering for him, till the guillotine rendered it unnecessary. There are several true lovers' tokens. The letter from Camille to his father, on his marriage, is affecting. The last razor Camille used is also exhibited. Z.

A new spirit has taken possession of English thought. It has received, perhaps, its most perfect expression in the declaration of William Morris: "I do not want art for the few any more than education for the few or freedom for the few." But the new movement does not end in the attempt to popularize art. It has set about a far more difficult undertaking—the popularizing of university education. From being the "citadels of conservatism," the "homes of lost causes," the "last refuges of worn-out creeds and customs," the universities are being brought into contact with the people, and into harmony with the spirit of to-day. The movement began some some twenty years ago, and was in part the work of woman. Walter Besant says that women never invent; they simply develop the suggestions of men. In this case, however, the suggestion came from the woman. The Ladies' Educational Association in a number of cities arranged for free evening courses of lectures for the benefit of the working classes and of young men engaged in work during the day. The popularity of these was such that the difficulty became to find lecturers, and application was made to the authorities at Cambridge. After a long delay the universities, in 1872, appointed a syndicate, which was empowered for two years to try the experiment of instituting lectures and classes in a limited number of cities, and appointing examiners to test the work. Two years later the lecture courses in certain cities had gained such a place as educational institutions that they were made permanent by the establishment and endowment of local colleges.—*N. Y. Com. Advertiser.*

OPINIONS alter, manners change, creeds rise and fall; but the moral law is written on tablets of eternity.

THE LYRICS OF DR. OLIVER WENDELL
HOLMES.

LYRIC poetry is expressive of the warmest and tenderest emotions of the heart. Whether patriotism, love, or conviviality be its theme, it breathes the spirit of true feeling and passion, and wins the soul to its idol. It is doubtful if America has produced a greater writer of lyrics than Dr. Holmes. His broad humanity, genial heart, and patriotism, have furnished him with an inspiration which constitutes the very basis of all true lyrics. Mere verse rhythmically builded without poetic moment is but a poor substitute for the real life-pulsing lyric. In Dr. Holmes' lyrics you find both fire and finish, and a delicacy of treatment peculiarly his own. There are not in the English language many more beautiful stanzas than the following, entitled "Under the Violets:"

Her hands are cold, her face is white;
No more her pulses come and go;
Her eyes are shut from life and light.
Fold the white vesture, snow on snow,
And lay her where the violets blow.

But not beneath a graven stone,
To plead for tears with alien eyes;
A slender cross of wood alone
Shall say that here a maiden lies
In peace, beneath the peaceful skies.

And gray old trees of hugest limb
Shall wheel their circling shadows round,
To make the scorching sunlight dim,
That drinks the greenness from the ground.

When o'er their boughs the squirrels run,
And thro' their leaves the robins call:
And, ripening in the autumn sun,
The acorns and the chestnuts fall,
Doubt not that she will heed them all.

At last the rootlets of the trees
Shall find the prison where she lies,
And bear the buried dust they seize
In leaves and blossoms to the skies,
So may the soul that warmed it rise!

If any born of kindlier blood
Should ask: "What maiden lies below?"
Say only this: "A tender bud,
That tried to blossom in the snow,
Lies withered where the violets blow."

It would be difficult to find a finer patriotic lyric than "Old Ironsides." It has the ring of true genius in it. There is a martial breath of heroic resolve running through the stanzas which reminds one of Campbell when at his best. It is also important in a well-conceived, well-constructed lyric of patriotism that in no part of it should its spirit weaken. Step by step the intensity should grow till it reaches a very climax of heroic action at the close. Let the reader then examine along this line the following verses, and see if "Old Ironsides" does not fulfil all the conditions of a great lyric:

Ay, tear her tattered ensign down!
Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky;
Beneath it rung the battle shout,
And burst the cannon's roar:
The meteor of the ocean air
Shall sweep the clouds no more.

Her deck once red with heroes' blood,
Where knelt the vanquished foe,
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,
And waves were white below,
No more shall feel the victor's tread,
Or know the conquered's woe:
The harpies of the shore shall pluck
The eagle of the sea!

O better that her shattered hulk
Should sink beneath the wave;
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
And there should be her grave;
Nail to her mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the god of storms,
The lightning and the gale!"

But it is as the dean of great occasions that Dr. Holmes has said his best things in the lyric strain. Across a span of sixty years the silver-haired minstrel of the class of '29 has warmed the hearts of old class comrades with memories of Harvard interwoven with touches of pathos and bits of philosophy—the product of a nature in full sympathy with his fellow-man. There are, indeed, Priests and Levites of literature born into greatness upon whom has been laid the consecrating hand of genius, but they pass us by and leave our griefs to be healed by some good Samaritan who pours the oil and wine of a sympathetic heart into our wounds. Dr. Holmes is one of these good Samaritans of literature. He is ever doing a good in verse. The sunshine of his nature chases the shadow. It is no wonder that he is prized for his good fellowship. Under his whitened locks of eighty winters there still throbs the youthful heart of spring. Hear him embalm in verse the desire for perpetual youth wedded to the joys of mature years. The poem is commemorative of the class of '29, and is entitled "The Old Man Dreams."

O for an hour of youthful joy!
Give back my twentieth spring!
I'd rather laugh a bright-haired boy,
Than reign a gray-beard king.

Off with the spoils of wrinkled age!
Away with learning's crown!
Tear out life's wisdom-written page
And dash its trophies down.

One moment let my life-blood stream
From boyhood's fount of flame!
Give me one giddy, reeling dream
Of life all love and fame!

My listening angel heard the prayer,
And calmly smiling, said,
"If I but touch thy silvered hair
Thy hasty wish hath sped."

"But is there nothing in thy track
To bid thee fondly stay,
While the swift seasons hurry back
To find the wished-for day?"

"Ah, truest soul of womankind!
Without thee what were life?
One bliss I cannot leave behind:
I'll take—my—precious—wife!"

The angel took a sapphire pen,
And wrote in rainbow dew,
"The man would be a boy again,
And be a husband too."

"And is there nothing yet unsaid,
Before the change appears?
Remember all their gifts have fled
With those dissolving years."

"Why, yes;" for memory would recall
My fond paternal joys;
"I could not bear to leave them all—
I'll take—my—girl—and—boys."

The smiling angel dropped his pen,—
"Why, this will never do;
The man would be a boy again,
And be a father too!"

And so I laughed,—my laughter woke
The household with its noise,—
And wrote my dream when morning broke,
To please the gray-haired boys.

Again, take Dr. Holmes' class poem, "Bill and Joe." How truly it portrays the college fellowship of boyhood days. Where, I ask, are titles and honours remembered when "gray-haired boys" meet in the playground of college memories and exchange the cool drops of eventide for the dews of morn:

Come, dear old comrade, you and I
Will steal an hour from days gone by,
The shining days when life was new,
And all was bright with morning dew,
The lusty days of long ago,
When you were Bill and I was Joe.

Your name may flaunt a titled trail
Proud as a cockerel's rainbow tail,
And mine as brief appendix wear
As Tam O'Shanter's luckless mare;
To-day, old friend, remember still
That I am Joe and you are Bill.

You've won the great world's envied prize,
And grand you look in people's eyes,
With Hon. and LL.D.
In big, brave letters, fair to see,—
Your fist, old fellow! off they go!
How are you, Bill? How are you, Joe?

You've worn the judge's ermined robe;
You've taught your name to half the globe;
You've sung mankind a deathless strain;
You've made the dead past live again;
The world may call you what it will,
But you and I are Joe and Bill.

And shall we breathe in happier spheres
The names that pleased our mortal ears:
In some sweet lull of harp and song
For earth-born spirits none too long,
Just whispering of the world below
Where this was Bill and that was Joe?

No matter: while our home is here
No sounding name is half so dear;
When fades at length our lingering day,
Who cares what pompous tombstones say?
Head on the hearts that love us still,
"Hic jacet Joe. Hic jacet Bill."

But a few weeks ago, and the genial, witty and human-hearted Dr. Holmes stood upon the threshold of his eightieth year with the warm beams of fame beating upon his brow, while from the two continents came showers of tributes and messages of congratulation which told that the silver-haired minstrel had "love, honour and troops of friends." From the land of the Maple Leaf, rich in the promise of poetry, we, too, join the choir of praise, and pay homage to Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes as one of the most gifted and lovable of American poets.

Walkerton, Ont.

THOMAS O'HAGAN.

THE FLOUR MOTH (EPHESTIA
KUHNIELLA).

AT a time when the milling industry of Canada was limited to the work of grinding with the end of supplying the local demand for flour and feed, the use of the various grades of wheat and other grains, obtained from the area of country in the neighbourhood of different mills, was all that seemed necessary. As, however, means of transit such as railways and waterways has increased, milling industries have developed to such an extent as that large mills have to go to distant parts of Canada or the United States for their supplies in response to the demands upon their business, as regards both quantity and quality. With transshipments of grain from outside regions there have been introduced not only the grain products of varying quality, but there have also been at times associated with such importations the seeds of plants and the eggs of insects peculiar to these countries, and which have grown amongst or have been parasitic upon the various grains with which they have been introduced. In addition to weeds and insects, at times injurious, introduced in this manner, we find that insects feeding upon and peculiar to these grains have at times been imported through the development of those branches of business which utilize either the raw grains or the milled products of starchy foods, especially adapted to children's foods, such as tapioca, cornmeal, semolina, etc. Other means of distribution of these insects foreign to Canada is found in the transshipment of flour in bags, and the return of said bags, which may have been for a time stored in a ship, granary or store-house, etc., infested with such insects.

In an article on "Screenings" in the Report on Injurious Insects for 1889, published by the Agricultural Department of the Privy Council of Great Britain, Miss

E. A. Ormerod, the entomologist, says with regard to the Hessian Fly:—

"Another possible method of introduction was transmission in chaff and rubbish from foul corn imports, and this probability was greatly strengthened when we found that the 'flax-seeds' were detached from the straw in great numbers by our threshing machines, and that, in the process of cleaning the corn, these 'flax-seeds,' or chrysalids, were thrown down with the light weed seeds and rubbish. We thus learnt that they could be detached, and thus we arrive at the point that where corn is sent over foul, with the chaff, dust, rubbish, etc., still in it, to the amount to which it often comes, that it is highly probable that if the crop out of which the corn was threshed was infested by Hessian Fly the infestation will be imported, and will be spread abroad by distribution of cheap screenings.

"But beyond what may happen as to introduction of this one special crop-pest, in addition to the weevils, beetles, etc., which it has long been known infest imported cargoes, as well as granaries on land, it appeared that in what may be called the 'crop rubbish' thus imported there was broken straw, masses of caterpillar-workings, and bits of broken ears, with other impurities quite suitable for transmitting crop-insect infestation, besides other matters, such as ergot, weed-seeds; infested crop-seeds, as maize, beans, etc.; besides a large admixture of bits of dry dirt and stones, and also some amount of coal, iron, or large nails, and wire."

It further appears that foreign grains, and the ships which have carried them, as, for instance, those from southern Russian ports, Egypt and India, are not only dirty as regards dust and earthy products, but also contain chaff and other unwinnowed products, as well as the eggs or other stage of the insect pests which infest them. Thus a correspondent is quoted in the above mentioned Report as saying regarding barley:—

"The Egyptian is the poorest. . . . It often comes full of weevils and mites, and is sometimes not so well cleaned as this sample, being more 'taily' or having the tails broken off it in abundance, and sometimes particles of straw. The debris taken out of Indian wheat is the chief source of danger of carrying insect-life or spreading it. The manure of pigs fed on swill is a fruitful source of weeds afterwards."

Again—"Thus Russian can never be depended on as a basis for first-class flour. It is a pity that it is so; because if the English miller could get Russian wheat clean, America could not injure her so much by her shipments of flour." And again:—

"The poverty of the growers will not allow them to use expensive cleaning machinery, while again the keen competition among shippers tends frequently to the receiving grain direct from the grower in bags, and shipping it right on by vessel, instead of, as formerly, taking their purchases into warehouse, and cleaning and mixing the various small lots into one uniform bulk. This especially applies to California, where much of the wheat, if not all, is threshed off the field and bagged at the same operation, shipped in same bags of various qualities, often full of straw, etc., and then piled on the quays and bulked in Liverpool on arrival."

From other observations contained in the letters quoted in Miss Ormerod's report, it appears that the unnecessarily dirty character of many of these grain cargoes has caused representations to be made by Chambers of Commerce, as at Bombay for instance, in those countries from which exports are sent, with a view to checking these admixtures of dirt and other impurities; while combinations of importers and millers have taken measures to stop such adulterations by having grain inspectors and a scale for establishing standards of price according to the quality of a cargo, as regards impurities.

These facts have caused Miss Ormerod to remark:

"Therefore, as it appears that the absence of refuse in the corn cargoes would not injuriously affect the importers or millers, but, on the contrary, that clean cargoes would be preferred, it is allowable to draw attention, agriculturally, to the great risks that are run by purchase of what is (or in all probability may be) infested refuse, and thus in various ways allowing noxious insects, eelworms, fungi, or weeds to gain a footing."

The information which we gain from these various quotations of the modes by which the interests of English millers and agriculturists are endangered amply illustrates the position occupied by Ontario millers in relation to the duties, which the growing demands of their business lay upon them, of protecting at once their own industries and the high position which Ontario grains hold with regard, not only to quality of the kernel, but also to freedom from dirt and refuse. Canada barley has long held a foremost place in the foreign market; while in the numerous quotations received by Miss Ormerod from English merchants and millers, it will be seen that not a single reference is made, amongst the many countries mentioned, to Canada as being a source of impure grain.

But to protect ourselves against such possible evils, knowledge of the dangers to be avoided, the avenues by which they approach, and the means by which they are to be opposed, is essential.

To this end the Public Health branch of the Department of Agriculture of Ontario, under instructions of the Minister, the Hon. Charles Drury, has issued a bulletin to the millers of Ontario, informing them of the existence of an imported insect pest, known to entomologists as *Ephestia kuhniella*, and at the same time describing its appearance and habits. In the interests of the important

milling industry the Department trusts that all millers, merchants or others will, at their earliest opportunity, supply it with any information which is likely to lead to the detection of the presence of this pest in any places at present unknown to the Department, and of any other insects whose presence is found injurious to either grain, flour or machinery. The following facts have been gathered through the investigations which have during the past six weeks been carried on with reference to the extent of prevalence, of the ravages and of the entomological characters of *Ephestia Kuhnella*.

The following statement is made by the manager of the mill in this Province in which the pest first appeared :

"The first appearance of the *Ephestia Kuhnella*, or flour moth, that we remember seeing was during the month of March last, 1889. The moth was seen flying about near a steam pipe in the basement of the mill and near the w.c. Little attention was paid to it, as from appearance it did not indicate any danger. In April there was an appearance of a few moths on the different floors of the mill, even at the top, but still there was nothing suspicious. In the month of May we were troubled with a few worms in some of our goods, and in June more of them appeared. In July they increased rapidly, and then we began to suspect they were from the fly which we had seen in the mill during the previous months, and which was steadily increasing in numbers. About the middle of July we shut down for a day or so; took the clothing from our bolting reels, and cleaned it and washed the inside thoroughly with soft lye soap and lime. We did the same with the elevators. When we started up again every corner and part of the mill had been thoroughly cleaned, as we supposed, and we commenced to work again, but after about four days we found our bolting reels, elevators, etc., worse than before. They were literally swarming with webs, moths and worms, even inside the dark chambers of the reels. We shut down again, and made a more thorough cleaning by washing, etc. While this was going on we found there was no use to try and clear ourselves of the pest, as the mill walls, ceilings, cracks, crevices and every machine was completely infested with moths, cocoons and caterpillars, and there was no use going on. It then occurred to us that a plague like one of the plagues of Egypt was upon us. The moth was different to any of which we had had any knowledge or experience, and we decided to apply to the Dominion Government for relief and assistance. We addressed the Government entomologist, Mr. Fletcher, and sent him samples of the moth, caterpillars, webs, etc., and received a prompt answer which considerably alarmed us. This letter was followed by others almost daily from Mr. Fletcher and a visit from Professor Saunders on the 17th of August. Mr. Fletcher visited us also on the 27th of August; but in the meantime Mr. Blue, the Assistant Minister of Agriculture for Ontario, visited us and took in the whole situation. It was explained to Mr. Blue that the Dominion Government had been appealed to by us, through Mr. Fletcher, the Dominion Government entomologist, for assistance and remuneration for the loss we had sustained. Mr. Blue, considering it to be a matter with which the Local Government had to do, brought Dr. Bryce, the Provincial Medical Inspector, and submitted the matter to the Government for action. Afterwards Dr. Bryce and Professor Fletcher came together, and finally the whole matter was left in charge of Dr. Bryce and the Provincial Board of Health.*

"In the meantime we took down the machinery and subjected it to steaming. Every part was thoroughly steamed. The mill was swept down and subjected to sulphur fumes. The walls, ceilings, etc., were cleaned, and elevator spouts and loose wooden work burnt up. Paper bags and hundreds of dollars worth of goods were burnt in the furnace, while the other bags, elevator belts and cups were boiled for hours in a chaldron of water. The machines and all parts that were not destroyed were then burnt by means of a kerosene torch, which flamed and smoked through and around every part of them until we considered we had everything clean and ready for putting together again.

"But on the 19th of September the Local Government passed an Order in Council compelling us to take more stringent steps, or rather ordering the Provincial Board of Health to take immediate steps for the suppression of the pest. This Act was approved of by His Honour, the Lieutenant-Governor, who signed the Order in Council, and on the 20th September we received an order from Dr. Bryce which stated that before placing our machinery in position we should subject it to a thorough disinfecting process in a strong room so arranged that steam under pressure might be drawn or driven into it.

"In compliance with this order we at once constructed a tight steam-box 6 ft. wide, 6 ft. high and 12 ft. long, and

* Mr. Blue communicated the appearance of the pest to the Provincial Secretary on the 25th of August, and after referring to the dangerous nature of the insect, as seen in its ravages at the infested mill, said: "I am convinced that the stamping out of the pest is a matter of very great importance to this Province, and to this end prompt and vigorous action is required. I am not clear, however, whether action in the case rests with the Local or with the Federal authorities. This is a question upon which the law officers may be consulted. If in their view the Dominion Government alone has power to act, you will doubtless report the fact to the Secretary of State; but if the power and responsibility rest with the Local Government, it is desirable that whatever steps may be deemed advisable in the premises should be taken forthwith." The matter was referred to the Attorney-General's department, and upon its advice an Order in Council was passed directing that the matter be "forthwith referred to a committee of three members of the Provincial Board of Health, and that these, with the Secretary of the pest, adopting such measures immediate steps for the suppression of the pest, pursuant to the provisions of the Public Health Act." [Ed.]

attached a steam-pipe to it from the boiler. In this box we put every machine, and even our mill-stones and iron rollers. This process was very expensive and took up considerable time, as we were over a week at the process and were delayed in the placing of our machinery. The Board of Health visited us in a body during the time this process was going on and pronounced it a success. This was all done not only in our own interests, as was pointed out in the letter of 20th September from Dr. Bryce, but in the interests of the public health and commerce of the country.

"Having now got to the position which enables us to go to work again after two months' loss of time, and the loss of machinery, fixtures, stock and expense, we have arranged for remedial measures to prevent the reappearance or for the destruction of the pest should we ever be again attacked. We have erected a steam standpipe, with hose or other connection on each flat of the mill building. By shutting up all doors and windows of each flat and turning on the steam simultaneously to each floor the whole building can be filled with hot steam sufficient to kill anything. This will rust all bright parts of the machinery, but to remedy this we intend using oil on them, should we ever be under the necessity of resorting to the measure.

"Another purpose of this steam standpipe will be in cold weather to let on sufficient steam to moisten every thing and part of the building at night, and then throw open the windows for the night and let the frost penetrate so as to kill any eggs or insects that may have become lodged in unseen parts.

"By these measures, with plenty of light, thorough cleanliness, a cold mill, and caution in taking stock and old bags, we hope to keep free of a pest which has given us so much trouble and loss."

With what rapidity the *Ephestia Kuhnella* develops under favourable conditions, nothing will better illustrate than the correspondence of a sufferer therefrom already published. When it is stated that a large warehouse, some 25 feet wide, 75 feet long and four storeys high, became literally alive with moths in the short course of six months, while thousands upon thousands of the cocoons were found adherent to the walls, joists, posts, ceilings, and in every nail-hole, cracks in floors, partitions, machinery, furniture, throughout the whole building; while in sample-boxes of cardboard, in small and large bags, in flour stored anywhere throughout the building, it was abundantly present, it will be understood what millers have to expect to encounter if they neglect the most vigorous measures to destroy the first moths which at any future time may appear on their premises. To illustrate further the difficulty of overcoming the pest, once introduced, it may be stated that several men have been at work in the building, from which our correspondent has removed his machinery, for over a fortnight in burning all woodwork, as flooring, fixtures, etc., sweeping down walls and destroying the rubbish, the walls thereafter having to be washed down and the floors scrubbed with disinfectants, while during the process many pounds of sulphur have been burned in order that the fumes may aid in the work of destruction.

We may now refer to the measures necessary for preventing its introduction at any future time into Canada, and for the suppression of this pest where now existing in this Province.

1st. The foreign source of the pest must be remembered. Klein calls it the pest of the Mediterranean, and that this is so seems proved from the fact that the almost certain avenue of its introduction to this Province was in milled goods, imported as children's foods, consisting of Italian semolina, Indian cassava and Brazilian tapioca. It seems an essential, if we are going to avoid danger from this source, that no goods or bags be allowed to enter Canada from Mediterranean ports unless they are first quarantined in a warm place for a number of months, thereby giving the ova, if present in them, an opportunity to hatch out.

2nd. All bags which have already been used for transporting grain, flour or meal, should be prevented entry into Canada unless subjected, under inspection, to thorough boiling or superheated steam. This, probably, is of all dangers the greatest, and one which the Dominion Government could carry out without any unpleasant delay or loss being the result.

3rd. Every miller in Canada, but especially those engaged in export and import trade, should make himself thoroughly acquainted with the appearances and characters of the moth at its various stages, and take means to at once destroy any individuals before they have had time to multiply. In this case a little prevention is worth many hundred times the same amount of cure. They may further facilitate the work of prevention by informing this Department at once of any outbreak and of the avenue by which the pest has entered. But assuming the pest to have been introduced, there are a number of points to be attended to.

(1) Destroy the moths. This can be done by closing the windows, doors or other apertures of the buildings, and, night after night until all evidences of moths have disappeared, burn sulphur by placing it in shallow pans upon a number of heated stoves, say small coal oil stoves, in different parts of the building and putting a match to it.

(2) Search for evidences of the larva or caterpillar in all packages, bags, etc., of flour and meal, and, wherever found, at once superheat the flour in a dry kiln. Spread it out in a thin layer so that the heat can reach it and the packages, boxes, etc., containing it.

(3) Under no circumstances sell this material to other dealers, whether to mills or produce stores, but have it treated with boiling water or steamed and fed to pigs.

4. Where webs have appeared, either in the packages of meal and flour, in the bolting-cloths and carriers, or in deposits of dust on ledges, along the walls, etc., it may be deemed certain that the larva has taken on the chrysalis stage. Hence it becomes necessary to make a close search in all these places for the cocoons or little masses of flour glued together, of say three-quarters of an inch in length. These swept down can readily be gathered up and burned.

It has, however, been already pointed out that owing to the habit which the larva has of retiring to some crevice, when not hidden in a package or deposit of flour, before passing into the chrysalis stage, we find them in innumerable places quite impossible to be reached by any brushing down process.

Two ways then only are left for overcoming this difficulty. The one that first suggests itself is that of waiting till the chrysalis is burst and the moth appears, and then to kill the moth.

This, doubtless, may be followed with good results, i.e., have the first moths appearing destroyed by hand and by subjecting the affected portions of a mill or building to repeated treatment with the fumes of burning sulphur every night when the works stop. If this be persistently followed out but little development of new forms will take place. It must be remembered that this work must be persistent and thorough; abundance of sulphur burnt, again and again, being the sufficient condition of success.

Where, however, the larvæ have as it were gained possession of bolting-cloths and carriers treatment with steam under pressure driven throughout all parts of the bolting-cloths, carriers and other machinery has been found very useful in lessening the inconvenience of the spinning of webs and thereby the clogging of the machinery. The walls, floors and ceilings may further be treated with advantage by first brushing down all dust and thereafter spraying them with a solution consisting of a drachm of corrosive sublimate to each gallon of water, by means of a gardener's force pump. Treatment with fumes from burning sulphur while parts are yet moist from this washing down will greatly aid in the destruction of any larvæ or cocoon forms which may be reached.

We have detailed at some length the history of the introduction and spread of a pest so serious as to cause alarm to all millers who have unfortunately had any experience with it, or seen the conditions existing where the moth has been introduced even for only a few months. We have illustrated the appearances of the insect, have given in detail its habits at different stages of its life-history, and the methods which have been adopted by ourselves or others for dealing with it at various stages, and have indicated the results obtained up to the time of writing. But much more is to be done. We cannot yet be sure that it has wholly disappeared from those centres where its presence is known; and it is only too possible that it has made its appearance in other mills and produce stores, where its limited prevalence, and ignorance of its character, have caused it to be overlooked. For assistance in discovering the latter we depend upon the intelligent observation of those most interested—the millers and produce men; for dealing with it in places where already known or yet to be discovered we promise such practical assistance as the great interests at stake demand and the means at our disposal make possible.

P. H. BRYCE, M.A., M.D.

Toronto, October 19, 1889.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. WIMAN ON THE DEFENSIVE.

To the Editor of THE WEEK :

SIR,—In your excellent paper of the 8th inst., reviewing the speech which I had the happiness to make at Toronto, you say "But what surprised us and must have disappointed the audience was that Mr. Wiman, in making these strong declarations of his political faith, did not deem it necessary to say a word in reference to the charges so plentifully made, and apparently so well substantiated, that in addressing American audiences he has taken ground precisely opposite to that above indicated. Did he or did he not say on one occasion, as reported in the *St. Paul Globe*, that 'Canada, under Commercial Union, could no longer resist the attractive forces which would prevail towards a political absorption;' on another occasion, as reported in the *New York Herald*, that 'Commercial Union is the only right road to Annexation,' and so on through the long list of quotations paraded by his critics? The statements, if so made, would not prove that such results would actually follow, but they would most surely prove that the chief advocate of Commercial Union must be sadly lacking in sincerity and other qualities of character which lie at the foundation of confidence."

I have so much respect for your good opinion, and believe so thoroughly in the sincerity which prompts your criticism, that I depart from my usual custom and take the trouble to meet the charges which the above paragraph contains. I send you herewith a printed report, from the *St. Paul Globe*, of the speech which I made in that city, and from which the quotation above is taken. I also send you the official report of the evidence taken before the Inter-State Commerce Committee, on which occasion it is alleged that I made statements referred to above, as

reported by the New York *Herald*. Do me the great favour to critically examine the whole of these two reports, and decide whether the tendency on both occasions was not to testify to the intense loyalty of Canada, and rid me of the accusation that I stated that Commercial Union would, in my opinion, advance Annexation. You are the judge between the people of Canada and myself on this point as to my sincerity and consistency in addressing audiences on both sides of the border. After you have decided perhaps other papers may cease to misrepresent me by giving quotations of sentences which I never uttered with the meaning attributed to them. Faithfully yours,
ERASTUS WIMAN.

314 Broadway, New York, November 18, 1889.

TRUE TALE.

NOT every senior wrangler leaving Cambridge or Oxford goes straight to a distinguished and lucrative post in the metropolis, nor in the large provincial towns either. There was an exceptionally gifted young fellow named Barclay, who left Cambridge once upon a time with, socially speaking, no prospects whatever, though possessed of immense mental powers. Verse had been his line, had he been fortunate enough to have pitched upon Oxford rather than Cambridge, where, it is well known, the professors are apt to slight Pegasus, and given to partially underfeeding him. But having no social prospects, being, in short, the only son of a poor country lawyer, without family, connection, influence, or fortune, he found it very up-hill work indeed, upon quitting the University, to procure just what suited him. Had the College authorities only known, they might have had in Barclay an ideal Professor, say, of Poetry, or Belles Lettres. Enthusiastic, devoted, rapt, sincere, careful and talented, he possessed all the qualities necessary to form a model Professor, especially as he added three minor virtues, absent-mindedness, untidiness and modesty.

But he was only "Barclay" and "Barclay" he threatened to remain, for he passed out from Cambridge into the great world almost unnoticed, save as "that clever fellow," or "that really remarkable lad"—killed, almost, by faint praise. And then the struggle began. People who have never struggled would curl cold lips, and shake dubious heads, if all Barclay's sufferings were made known, for sufferings such as his sound so simple, yet are so heavy to bear. Still, while he suffered, he grew a beautiful soul, and his mind grew and his gift, until a great rush and roar of thoughts came pouring seaward from brain to paper. And he wrote things crudely divine, chaotic splendours, refined extravagances, none of which caught eye or ear of prudent editors. But his soul still grew while his body starved, and he passed long nights in walking the respected streets or covering his largely written sheets until he knew one day that the force of nature could no longer go. Poor Barclay! Lounging in a very thirteenth and a half rate *café*, or rather workman's eating-house one day, he inadvertently picked up a paper, torn, greasy and old, but yet a paper, and his eye caught the cut and dried quatrains of an advertising poem. Stoves and House Furnishings were the burden of its song—and an idea came to him. If these things were ever paid for, ever in demand, why should he not try his hand at them? He could very easily run them off, he thought, he, a classic, a scholar, a king at Latin verse, a prince at English epic, and wildly swallowing some boiling thick black tea, sausage and plain bread, he tore back to his lodging and set to work.

He took up the *Times* and glanced down the drapers' column, thinking it would be easiest to commence with them. Whiteley, Peter Robinson, Jay, Dickins and Jones, Marshal and Snelgrove, all the familiar names stared him in the face, and he tried to choose from among so many famous caterers for clothes, one more suggestive than the rest. Finally, he decided on two, and began toying with metre and rhythm just as writers do before the correct medium is found. Simplicity, alas, was hard for Barclay, for he was essentially of the modern school, but here his classical knowledge stood him in good stead, and he very quickly though not altogether easily completed a neat little cube of verse, something between a sonnet and an acrostic. It counted eighteen lines, and contained a kind of word arrangement like a running cipher that he considered very happy indeed. For the second draper he chose a more lengthy style of thing, simple quatrains about twenty in number and playing upon the name of the firm. In due time they were sent off. Next, he turned his attention to various trades and different kinds of business, becoming quite a proficient in the ingratiating airs that seemed to be wafted from the very column itself. Hats, caps and millinery; brushes, soap and cocoa; medicines, mustard and pills; cereals, watches and waistcoats; he made studies of them all, and worked as hard over them as ever he had done at Latin verse, or modern erotic sonnets. But one day his first venture was returned. He had flown too high. This senior wrangler was politely informed that Messrs. — and — were greatly obliged, but were not in want of verses like the enclosed, in fact, were not in the habit of descending to such tricks for the better sale of their goods. This was a settler for the eighteen liner. And in a day or two back came the twenty quatrains with very similar regrets, or rather, mild denunciations accompanying them. But Barclay, possessed with the idea, wrote on and on, and little by little, verse by verse, he began to gain ground. It must be borne in mind that his stanzas were really first-class work, and they began

to attract attention in the papers. The *Queen*, the *Lady's Pictorial* first brought him into prominence though his verse still remained unsigned and his personality unguessed at. He formed the very best connections with "Beecham's Pills," and "Epps' Cocoa," and some one else's "Cod Liver Oil," and a new kind of *Corset*, and various other respectable and respected firms.

And not only did he work in verse, but also in prose, writing the most dainty and alluring little tales about infants' food and improved fireplaces, and automatic chairs, inkstands, bookcases, folding-beds—I don't know what all, many, many widely differing, but all interesting and highly respectable articles. One month before Christmas, the first which occurred after his singular change of fortunes, for I must not omit to say that for most of this curious penwork, Barclay was well and promptly paid, he received a polite letter from the *Graphic's* business department asking him to be good enough to call in person at the office to consider a plan for gigantic advertisements of certain important firms, in common with the artist who was to illustrate them.

Barclay hesitated, for he naturally wished to keep his incognito, and to go to the *Graphic* office as writer of its advertising poems was a step that at first filled him with humiliation and anger. However, his good sense soon reasserted itself, and resolving to adhere to his assumed name, "Mr. Josephs," he went down by the Underground one dull November day, and was immediately received by the business manager, who looked with some surprise upon the young and modest gentleman that presented himself as "Mr. Josephs."

"I thought you must be a Jew," remarked the manager, "from your name. I see you are not, though. Do you know, they are very clever, those verses of yours? Are you—ah—are you an educated man?"

Poor Barclay was confounded. "Yes," he muttered. "I have had a little education." He began to wish himself well out of this. At this moment the door was opened and a most beautiful young girl was shown in. Plainly, almost shabbily dressed, there was a colour about her appearance, a style, a fascination, which plainly said to Barclay, "This is the artist." A rich red scarf was knotted round her slim neck, and a wing of scarlet lay half against the gray of her hat and half against the dusk of her hair. Her jacket was a tight-fitting one of seal, worn golden-brown at the edges, and some touches of scarlet were on or about her gray skirt. Her eyes were soft and dark, and she had a striking and unusual poise of the head.

"Miss Valentine?" interrogated the manager, "pray sit down. Here is the Mr. Josephs who is going to furnish the story for Butler & Co."

"A story!" said Barclay, "a real story! Something longer than usual, I suppose."

"Yes," said the manager, much struck with the appearance of both his visitors, "the fact is, Mr. Butler, head of the great firm—soap, you know—has abruptly gone to South America. Large properties held by him in Brazil are threatened with something, I don't know what, and the full-page Xmas advertisement he always gives us he has put into my own hands. Now, I want something new, something handsome, something everyone will look at, stop to read, and not forget in a hurry. You can do it. You're the man. Write a tale—not necessarily about soap, you know, you're an old hand at this kind of thing, you know what I mean, and it shall be set up, printed, all around a central drawing by Miss Valentine, who undertakes that part for me."

Barclay stammered something and looked at Miss Valentine, certainly a most beautiful girl.

"We can confer, I suppose," he said rapidly, bending towards her.

"I shall be very happy," returned Miss Valentine, in the soft tones and easy manner of a lady, and presently the short interview was over.

But the conference alluded to by Barclay took place, and another, and another, till the length of each happy meeting seriously threatened danger both to the picture and the tale. At last, though, they were finished. Barclay had discovered that "Miss Valentine" was Glenn Leslie, a country clergyman's penniless daughter seeking to make her fortune in London and over the *Butler soap* they did what, I am afraid, the astute business manager of the *Graphic* saw they would do—fall in love.

And the tale and picture pleased, and for them the young strugglers were splendidly paid. The manager, indeed, recognizing uncommon ability in "Mr. Josephs," commissioned him to try his hand at an original tale for the midsummer number of the *Graphic*, which Barclay wrote over his own name this time, and about which the public went wild. And in due time both Barclay and his wife—once the unknown artist, Miss Valentine—made fame and fortune, all owing, as they often say, to Butler's Soap.

ENGLISH statistics give a notable decrease in their convict population during the last twenty years. The total number of convicts under sentence of penal servitude was 6,405 in July; twenty years ago it was 11,600.

A SAILING vessel of new construction has undergone a successful trial at Southampton, England. Its peculiar feature is the shape of the submerged part, which is that of a W, with the angles well rounded off. The two keels are of brass, and hollow, so that the water flows through them from end to end. The vessel possesses remarkable buoyancy.

ART NOTES.

MR. HENRI DE BESSE's concert is fixed for next Tuesday, the 26th. He should have a good house.

OVER three hundred pictures have been entered for the forthcoming exhibition to be held in the gallery of the new Academy of Music on King St. W.

MR. T. MOWER MARTIN has been exhibiting his Rocky Mountain and Vancouver sketches, taken during the past summer, at his studio 31 King St. E. They are shortly to go to Montreal.

MR. BELL-SMITH has returned from his sketching tour in the Rocky Mountains. He intends to go to New York to paint for the American Water Colour Exhibitions previous to his proposed visit to France.

MR. H. BARITA MULL is one of the latest additions to the local profession. He comes well heralded and will probably find his share of work, although Toronto is well supplied with musicians already. Mr. Mull makes a special feature of voice production.

THERE is also an Anglo-Australian Society, a body formed for the purpose of affording the Australian public the opportunity of becoming acquainted with contemporary English art and for the furtherance, culture and promotion of the fine arts in the Australian colonies.

CAN any one explain how it is that the Australian colonies shew so much more interest in the fine arts than the Canadian? Is it the climate that makes the difference, or why is it that large collections of the best European pictures have been exhibited in Melbourne and Sydney and that some of the best specimens have been purchased for the Melbourne National gallery.

A SOMEWHAT indignant article in the November *Magazine of Art* deals with the subject of the medals given at the late Paris Exhibition. According to this account English water colour art has been slighted, no water colour artist being placed on the jury, and as foreigners have "no clearer views of our national art than they have of our spelling—it is not surprising that a complete muddle was made of the awards." It is stated that the jury had to judge some five thousand works and that in one case a medal was awarded to an artist who did not exhibit at all. It is also hoped that the system of medal-giving which is so unsatisfactory will soon be abolished on both sides of the channel.

THE council of the Royal Canadian Academy met on Friday last and decided to hold their next annual exhibition in Montreal in April next. In answer to a proposal from the Ontario Society of Artists to join forces in erecting a gallery for art education they concluded that the Academy could not consistently localize itself in Toronto, as it is a Dominion institution, but would continue to advise and assist the local art societies as in the past by holding exhibitions in the principal towns of Canada, helping in the establishment of art classes, etc. The Ontario Society of Artists have thereupon decided to take immediate steps to proceed with the purchase of a site and the erection of suitable buildings, and it is hoped and expected that those of our foremost citizens who are aware of the backwardness of Toronto in respect of an art gallery and are desirous of promoting the welfare and interests of art will come forward to assist in this good object. To place this city artistically on a par with cities across the line of a like size has been a long desired end, for, while Toronto is known far and wide as an educational centre few among us are aware how poorly it compares with Buffalo, Detroit or even with Portland, Me., in the matter of art galleries.

TEMPLAR.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

AT the pupils' concert last Saturday in the Hall of the Toronto College of Music, the ensemble class recently formed gave the first public evidence of the excellent work which has already been done. The numbers given were a trio by Jadassohn, the piano part being played by Miss Florence Clark; a Gade trio, with Miss Sullivan as pianist, and a Sonata for violin and piano by Edward Grieg, played by Mr. Robert Mahr, the newly-arrived violinist, and Miss Florence Benson. The string parts in the trios were played by Mr. Torrington and Mr. Ernst Mahr the cellist. A number of other classical and modern chamber compositions are under study by the class, which is a large one, and composed entirely of advanced players, and the various pupils' concerts during the season will be made still further interesting by the production of these works.

WITH reference to Mrs. Scott Siddons, it is of course a little more difficult to pronounce upon her merits, or indeed to attempt criticism at all. One thing there is about this beautiful and talented woman which there has always been, and that is, that she speaks the English language. Undeified and correct, her pronunciation alone is worth going to hear. Secondly, she has individuality, a possession which is becoming rarer and rarer. And just so far as individuality creates mannerisms, as notably in the case of Henry Irving, does it offend some while it enchants others. Mrs. Siddons, therefore, rejoicing in an abundant and powerful individuality, has in the course of her career gathered mannerisms which here and there mar her reading. A want of repose is one of these, and in "Guinevere" this was very marked. A strong nervous tendency to keep going, compels her to hurry her execution of a part, no matter how true her conception of it may be. Thus in her Shakespeare selections, the stage directions, and names of the *dramatis personae* are so quickly followed by the speeches proper, that much of the effect is lost. Yet dignity and latent power were

not wanting in certain selections, as in "A Royal Princess," and "Henry VIII," while there was developed remarkable humour for a woman in the extracts from Mark Twain and Dickens. The three programmes contained a wide variety of contents, and Mrs. Siddons should be eulogized for choosing such superior readings as "Guinevere" and "Lady Godiva."

"BOOTLES' BABY," at the new academy, played to overflowing houses, and deserved all the appreciation and applause it got. The company was exceedingly strong. "Bootles," in the hands of Mr. Stevenson, was a fine delineation of a noble, placid, strong Englishman, gentleman to the core, unaffected and genuine. Garthorne, as "Lucy," took no liberties with a difficult part, but preserved decorum and naturalness, rarely falling into exaggeration, and never into carelessness. A cockney private made healthy fun, and the ladies of the company were equally pleasing. The two weakest parts were those filled by the villain Gilchrist, who had an atrocious accent, and was altogether an unlikely person to cause so much mischief, and the much-heralded little girl. Baby number one was delightfully well-trained and lovable, but the elder child was unattractive, and her utterance thick and faulty. But, taken as a whole, the play was one of the most original and pleasing ever seen in Toronto, well-staged, well-acted, pure, bright and amusing. As for the acoustics of the new building, they appear to be excellent and the lighting and accommodation are unusually good, but why such a drop-scene? In the name of the nineteenth century, why such a drop scene? The apotheosis of Toronto Bay, with the black smoke, and the little red flags of the *Empress of India*, surrounded by a nightmare of impossible flowers and festoons does not correspond with the quiet and correct furnishings of the floor and seats. Perhaps it is to be replaced shortly by another in better taste. The courteous and agreeable manager, Mr. Percival Green, is sanguine of the support of the public in his new venture, and there is no reason to doubt that it will be accorded him should he continue to engage such talented companies as the one which gave us "Bootles' Baby."

THE first quarterly concert of the season (1889-'90) by the students of the Toronto Conservatory of Music was held on Monday evening, 11th instant, in the Association Hall. There was such a large audience that many had to stand. The concert was opened and closed by selections rendered by the Conservatory Orchestra under the direction of Mr. Guiseppe Dinelli, and in spite of the fact that many of the performers were very youthful a very good result was obtained, much credit being due to the conductor for the able manner in which he kept his material together. The piano selections by pupils of Mrs. Edgar Jarvis, Mr. Edward Fisher and Mr. V. P. Hunt, were all much appreciated, especially the two numbers, Hummel's Concerto in A minor, and Beethoven's Concerto in C minor, given by pupils of Mr. Edward Fisher, which were presented with orchestral accompaniments on a second piano, together with a string quartette composed of Messrs. Bayley, Napolitano, D'Auria and Dinelli. This ensemble playing was almost perfect, the pianos and strings blending very well. Signor D'Auria's pupils furnished seven vocal numbers, all of which gave evidences of careful training; the presence of this distinguished maestro is being felt in our midst. Mr. S. H. Clark, the Conservatory instructor in Elocution, gave a most masterly rendition of Tennyson's "Revenge" and received a well-merited encore. Too much praise cannot be given to the management of the Conservatory for the way in which these concerts are presented, and the benefit to the students and their friends, of hearing high-class music rendered in an intelligent and finished manner, is no doubt very highly appreciated. This cursory report would not be complete without a brief reference to the fine performance of the pupils of Mr. Dinelli upon the violin and cello, which much enhanced the pleasure of the evening.

A SMALLER audience than his efforts deserved greeted Mr. G. W. Cable last week at the Pavilion. Had the scope of his reading been as clearly understood as it should have been, every individual interested in the French School agitation would have assembled to applaud the vernacularities of the young teacher, Bonaventure Deschamps, and the proficiency displayed by Claude and Sidonie. As it was, Mr. Cable need not have despised the few who did come out to greet him, and the truest evidence that he did not lay in the fact that his acting of "Grande Pointe" was as careful and painstaking as if the large building had been crowded by the fashionable and cultured audience that the daily press assigns to so many unworthy entertainments. It was singular to see how few, how very few of the reading and thinking people of Toronto were present on that occasion. Either Mr. Cable is unknown, or else when he was here before he did not make a good impression, or, to be candid, a literary entertainment is not popular. Yet Mr. Cable manages to amuse and interest the few who go to hear him. The story of "Grande Pointe" is surely familiar and needs no analysis here; however, it may be necessary to point out how the condition of education in Mr. Cable's Acadian villages approximates to that found in our own Lower Canadian settlements. Thus, from the first, a current of sympathetic thought was set going, and many allusions and remarks made in the course of the little story were received with due appreciation of their fitness and timeliness. Perhaps it was not altogether chance or individual preference that suggested "Grande Pointe" to Mr. Cable for his Canadian appearance. As for the literary grace and merit of the tale, it is all the author's own. The subtle quick changes of Acadian manner

and emotion, the quaint tongue, the intervals of description, the sketching in, though lightly, still faithfully, of five or six widely varying characters; in all this he is a master, for "to sketch well, is the attribute of a master." In elocution and dramatic presentation, too, he is almost as successful, but not quite. In the impersonation of G. W. Tarbox, the vulgar Yankee, Bonaventure the faithful school-teacher, even Maximian and the maiden Sidonie, his claims as a mimic are really remarkable, but it is in the quiet interludes of description or narrative that a want is felt. The author's own individuality is deficient, there is not enough of it. He has a way, too, of doling out his descriptive paragraphs—some of a very ordinary nature—with bated breath and infinity of gesture which would be more than sufficient for a Shakespearian soliloquy. For the rest it may be said that his appearance is modest and unassuming, that he possesses a skilled and unerring memory, and that his whole achievement, the conception of these delightful sketches, and his power and clearness in delineating them, denotes very high gifts indeed. It is to be hoped that if he reads in Toronto again, he will be greeted by larger and more representative audiences.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

JUST SIXTEEN. By Susan Coolidge. Boston: Roberts Bros.; Toronto: Williamson and Company.

This title gives its name to "just sixteen" pretty and unaffected little stories mostly adapted for young girls. Miss Coolidge is so well known as a writer of similar tales that anything like detailed analysis or criticism is superfluous here. The book makes a charming advance guard for the Christmas season and is written in that earnest and practical spirit which characterizes so much American matter ostensibly prepared for the young. "Who ate the Queen's Luncheon," and "Colonel Wheeler" are the most original of the tales, which deserve a warm welcome.

TWO CORONETS. By Mary Agnes Tincker. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Company; Toronto: Williamson and Company.

The author of "Signor Monaldini's Niece" has given us in "Two Coronets" a very superior if not remarkable book. Despite the apparent incongruities between modern Italian and modern New England life, the reader is charmed by a series of pleasant pen-pictures of men, women, and places in both countries, although there is nowhere any very strong or original presentation of character or analysis of motive, and certain recurrences of descriptions of interiors, dress, furniture and jewels weaken the progress and genuine trend of the tale. However as a whole, the book is a cultured and able effort, and shows how capable the elastic American mind is of perfect assimilation with the local colour and sentiment of foreign countries.

SELECTIONS FROM THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY. Edited by Graham R. Tomson. London: Walter Scott; Toronto: W. J. Gage and Company.

The compiler of this recent volume of the "Canterbury Poets" is a young Englishwoman, author of "The Bird Bride: and Other Poems." The translations include the names of Mr. Andrew Lang, Mr. W. M. Hardinge, John Hermann Merivale, J. Addington Symonds, Shelley, Ernest Myers, Sir Edwin Arnold, Edmund Gosse, Leigh Hunt, Alma Strettell, Dr. Richard Garnett and Mr. Goldwin Smith. The Greek anthology, it will be remembered, formed the solace of Dr. Johnson, who was in the habit of passing many a sleepless night occupied in turning portions of it into Latin verse. Longfellow called it the "saddest of books," since, "through it all—across the waste—among the roses—stalks Death eternal and implacable." The collection embraces only first-class work and reflects unusual credit upon Mrs. Tomson, who is, we understand, a fine classical scholar as well as a popular writer of pleasing verse. As a motto the compiler gives us these significant lines:

La vie est brève,
Un peu d'amour,
Un peu de rêve,
Et puis—bon jour!

La vie est vaine,
Un peu d'espoir,
Un peu de haine,
Et puis—bon soir!

It is impossible to pass by the exceeding hopelessness of the tone in all these little poems, cameos of description, but full of the stoicism and lack of spirituality which distinguished the Greek, as witness the following lines:

Having but little eaten, drunk but little,
And deeply suffered—after weary waiting,
At last now I am dead. Ye all are coming
Surely to this.

—Alma Strettell.

There are occasional lapses from the correct and careful form so much needed in translations from the Greek; for instance in this stanza, somewhat wanting, we think, in dignity.

It's oh! to be a wild wind—when my lady's in the sun—
She'd just unbind her neckerchief and take me breathing in.
It's oh! to be a red rose—just a faintly blushing one—
So she'd pull one with her hand and to her snowy breast
I'd win.

—William M. Hardinge.

THE CLAN MACLEAN. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke and Company.

A very interesting clan history has just been issued by Robert Clark and Company, Cincinnati. It contains a record of the Clan MacLean from its first settlement at Duard Castle in the Isle of Mull to the present period, including a genealogical account of some of the principal families together with heraldry, legends, superstitions, etc. It is written by a member of the Clan, Mr. J. P. MacLean who seems to have spared nothing in his effort to present a complete sketch of the Scotch branch of this important family. The work is a large volume of 480 pages, handsomely bound, profusely illustrated and written in an interesting style. The illustrations include maps, portraits, views of battle fields, castles, tombs, ruins and armorial bearings.

THE SECRET WAY. By Edward Bulwer Lytton. Illustrated by Frank O. Small. Boston: D. Lothrop Company. Price \$3.00.

While much of Lytton's work—chiefly of the ultra-sentimental sort—has attained and kept a kind of album-sentiment popularity, his really poetic and classic version of the handful of Greek stories published under the name of the lost "Tales of Miletus" never commanded in America, at least, any very extended audience. The single tale here selected for reproduction and illustration is the first of the original series. Its story is not unlike that of Morris' "Love is Enough," the central motif of both being a love born of the vision of a dream, and followed through wild chance and brave adventure to a happy issue. There is no doubt this fine, ringing and beautiful old story is richly worth reproducing, and in its new form should be one of the most popular gift-books of the season.

The illustrations by Frank O. Small add greatly to the value of the book. The bits of drawing of antique jewels, drinking vessels, armour and the like, which find place as vignettes, marginal ornaments and chapter-ends, being exquisitely faithful and felicitous.

LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

THE elaborate Ruskin bibliography now in preparation in England will be brought out in this country by John Wiley and Sons. The first part is now in the press of that house.

A COMPLETE edition of Sir Edwin Arnold's poetical works is coming from the press of Roberts Brothers. The author wrote a preface for the edition while he was in this country.

THE very interesting paper condensed for our columns this week and entitled "The Flour Moth" (*Ephestia Kuhnella*), is a portion of a Bulletin issued by the Ontario Department of Agriculture.

PROF. ALEXANDER, of University College, Toronto, sends us his very interesting inaugural lecture on "The Study of Literature," which breathes throughout the highest sympathy with all that is immortal and noble in English letters. The pamphlet is issued by Rowsell and Hutchinson.

MR. DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY, the novelist, who is now in Australia, has been visiting the slums of Melbourne. Having seen the worst that the antipodes can show, he writes to friends at home that he has nowhere met with the look of abject, hopeless poverty that is found in the east end of London.

BEGINNING with the coming year, the *North American Review* will be printed on a larger page. Among the attractions of the year is announced a "Duel between Free Trade and Protection," a great discussion between two Prime Ministers, the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone and the Hon. James G. Blaine.

THE very welcome announcement is made that Dr. Holmes will write a series of papers of reminiscence and characteristic reflection for *The Atlantic Monthly* next year. To indicate at once a certain likeness and unlikeness to the famous "Breakfast-Table" papers, he will call these "Over the Tea-Cups."

IN view of the unceasing efforts for the suppression of the African slave trade, interest will be taken in the announcement that Longmans, Green and Co. are about to publish an authorized life of Cardinal Lavigerie, the Primate of Africa, which will contain a full statement of the means by which he proposes to check this infamous traffic.

MR. GEO. MACDONALD, the Scottish novelist and poet, who during the past summer has been constantly lecturing and preaching in London, has just returned from a visit to his native Aberdeenshire, where he has delivered three lectures. He is in extremely good health—indeed he himself says he has never in his life been so well as he is at present.

DR. AMELIA B. EDWARDS delivered her first American lecture at the Brooklyn Academy of Music on the 7th inst., on "The Buried Cities of Egypt." She unfortunately had so bad a cold as to be unable to do herself justice. She is engaged to deliver a course of lectures at Columbia College in January, and has many appointments in New England.

WE beg to acknowledge with thanks M. Chauveau's pamphlet entitled "Discours Prononcé lors de l'Inauguration du Monument Cartier-Brebeuf, 24 Juin, 1889." A

poem, "Donnacona," is appended, and was originally published in 1861, in the first volume of "Soirées Canadiennes." M. Chauveau's literary ability is well-known, and the pamphlet is exceedingly well printed.

"SETTLING IN CANADA" in *Macmillan's* for November is by Alfred J. Church, who contributes "Criticism as a Trade: a Reply" to the *Nineteenth Century*, also of November. Both papers are straightforward and manly, the one on "Criticism" being a reply to some strictures made by Professor Knight against that class of professionals who combine to give notoriety, rarely lasting fame.

THE handsome prospectus of the new Canadian magazine to be called the *National* has reached us, and deserves a hearty and sincere welcome. The list of contributors includes all the best names among Canadian writers and professional men, and the aim of the directors is a thoroughly broad and patriotic one. The new year will, we understand, see the magazine fairly launched.

JOSEPH JEFFERSON, in the December *Century*, tells a curious story of a moonlight performance of "The Lady of Lyons" and "The Spectre Bridegroom" in a Mississippi barn. One old lady in the audience audibly insisted that the lovers in "The Lady of Lyons" should be "allowed their own way," and a stalwart young farmer warned the villain not to interfere again, "if he knew what was best for him."

BEGINNING with January 1st next, the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., will become one of the editors of *The Ladies' Home Journal*, of Philadelphia. The famous preacher will have a regular department each month, written by himself, with the title "Under my Study Lamp." His first contribution will appear in the January number of the *Journal*. Dr. Talmage's salary is said to be one of the largest ever paid for editorial work.

MISS BRODRICK, who is giving a series of delightful lectures on Egyptian history and antiquities at the British Museum on Saturday mornings, is one of the many English ladies who contemplate spending the coming winter in Egypt. She will find several Egyptian scholars there, including Mr. Petrie, whose recently imported treasures of Egyptian art now adorn the National Gallery, and Miss Charlotte Wilbour, an American lady "Egyptologist."

IN the December *Lippincott's* William Shepard tells about "The Evolution of Famous Sayings," and shows how many famous *bon mots* and epigrams antedate the existence of the men who are generally supposed to have originated them. Henrik Ibsen, the Norwegian poet and dramatist, who is at present much in vogue, is handled without gloves by Maurice Francis Egan in a critique entitled "An Apostle of Frankness."

IN person Mr. Parkman, the historian, is somewhat above middle height, spare of body, nervous and sinewy in structure, and with the iron will that can meet danger and endure fatigue. He wears no beard, and his thin, thoughtful face is pleasant and attractive. In manners he is engaging, puts himself quickly into sympathetic relations with others, and easily adapts himself to every situation. He has been well described as having "a tough, sinewy physique, a resistant, calm, cheerful temper, and an indomitable perseverance and ambition." For six years he has been the president of the St. Botolph Club, one of the most popular clubs of Boston. He has also been for thirteen years a fellow of the corporation of Harvard University, and for about six years an overseer of the same institution.

"AMERICANS," the *Christian Union* says, *apropos* of a review of Dr. Abbott's last book, "are coming to be more and more an out-of-doors people, finding recreation and amusement in all kinds of out-of-door occupations. What they stand in greatest need of is a knowledge of nature and of natural life which shall open to them a new world of satisfaction and joy. Which is very true. No one can have failed to see the steady growth of the disposition of city people to live in the country nearly or quite the whole year round; and the literature represented by such out-door writers and observers of nature as Thoreau, Jeffries, Abbott, Burroughs, Torrey, Olive Thorne Miller, Mr. Ellwanger, and others is a definite evidence of popular interest in the subjects they treat." Jeffries was an Englishman, however, and his name is in this connection somewhat out of place.

THE *London Times* prints a letter signed by Grant Allen and others, announcing that an influential committee is about to be formed to secure subscriptions to the R. A. Proctor Memorial Fund. The affairs of Mr. Proctor have now been settled, and they regret to announce that "the total sum available as provision for his widow and seven children—four of whom are daughters, and one a little boy permanently invalided—is under £2,000. To the small income which this will produce there is to be added the £100 per annum, which is, however, granted only during Mrs. Proctor's life, from the Civil List. Temporary assistance has been already voluntarily rendered by several of the late Mr. Proctor's friends, and as others have signified their desire to assist, it has been decided to start a fund under the above name."

EXPERIMENTS are now being made in Italy upon this year's vintage in the electrification of wine. Fifty different sorts of wine have already been experimented upon, and the results have been very satisfactory. The wine is clarified, acquires a "bouquet," and is said to stand equally well transported by land or long journeys by sea.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

ANGEL LIGHTS.

FOR wee Estelle, sweet-faced and shy,
Beside my knee at close of day,
I traced the Dipper in the sky
And pointed out the Milky Way.
Her upturned eyes themselves were stars,
Agleam with softly lambent light,
And not from Jupiter to Mars
Was there a more bewitching sight.
"And now what of the starry height
Can you recall?" said I to her;
And thus explained sweet merry mite,
My infantile philosopher:
"Why, when the stars an' planets play,
Dod takes the dipper den, I fink,
To dip it in the milky way
An' dive the thirsty lights a dwink."
—From *Lippincott's Magazine* for December.

THE BISHOP OF PETERBOROUGH ON SOCIALISM, GAMBLING, AND BETTING.

SUMMING up a discussion on Socialism, the Bishop said they must be careful, while knowing that many of the advocates of Socialism held doctrines which were very dangerous, that they gave full credit to the nobility of motive and tenderness of sympathy with suffering and wrong which had stirred many of those persons. Christianity, however, made no claim to rearrange the economic relations of men in the State and in society, and he hoped he would be understood when he said plainly that it was his firm belief that any Christian State carrying out in all its relations the Sermon on the Mount could not exist for a week. The two leading principles taught were non-resistance and forgiveness of injuries. It would not be possible for a State to forgive all injuries, or to forgive all criminals. Neither could the English Government, in the event of a French army landing on her shores, afford to give that army a safe escort to London. It was perfectly clear that a State could not continue to exist upon what were commonly called Christian principles, and it was a mistake to attempt to turn Christ's kingdom into one of this world. To introduce the principles of Christianity into the laws of the State would lead to absolute intolerance. The law of Christianity was self-sacrifice, impelled by love; the principle of the State was justice, impelled by force. The State had to do justice between man and man, and to restrain violence; the duty of the Church was clear—namely, not to force Christian principles on the Statute-book, but to inculcate in the minds of men, both capitalists and labourers alike, to do unto others as they would others should do unto them; to infuse into the minds of men the great principles of justice, to try to make labour just towards capital, and capital just and fair towards labour. The Bishop then read a letter which he had received from the Leicester Nonconformist Ministers' Board, calling attention to the subject of betting, which was leading to the most alarming results, and suggesting united action on the part of the Church and Nonconformists, with a view to remedying this evil, which was widely spreading. He said he was much gratified to receive such a communication, and he was sure it would meet the hearty approval of the Conference. He heartily subscribed to the resolution proposed by Canon Hall, and he was anxious that the evils attending the great evil of gambling should be checked. But he did not arrive at that conclusion for precisely the same reasons urged by many of the speakers. There was another question which had to be considered, and that was, What were the means to be resorted to for checking this gambling? They must be always careful to distinguish between two questions—whether a thing was wrong *per se*, and whether it was or was not desirable to invoke the force of the State for checking the wrong. A thing might be very wrong in itself, and yet the State might have no business or right to interfere with it; and the State might interfere with things that were not wrong in themselves, but which might be injurious to the welfare of the community. He thought they must first settle the question whether it was wrong, but not with the view of settling whether the State was to suppress it. A thing might be no sin and yet it might be injurious to the State, and, if so, the State would have a perfect right to suppress it. The State had a right to protect its own existence, and if any practice was found injurious to the State it had the right to suppress it in the interests of its own life. The question was not whether it was a sin or not; the State had no business to punish sin, but to punish crime. Every crime was not a sin, and every sin was not a crime. If the State were to forbid their worshipping in their parish churches it would not be a sin for them to do so, but it would be a crime. If they said to him that the State ought not to interfere with gambling because it was not wrong, they were illogical and irrelevant, and they were equally so when they said that gambling was wrong, and that therefore the State ought to put it down. It did not follow that because a thing was wrong the State should step in; but whatever view he might hold as to the sinfulness of betting and gambling, he could cordially agree with the resolution that means should be taken for checking betting and gambling. He urged them in particular to have their own hands clean, and to do their utmost to encourage their hearers to resist the temptations of betting and reckless attempts to get money quickly.—*London Mail*.

A LEADER IN THE OXFORD MOVEMENT.

To many persons the name of Wm. George Ward is now unfamiliar; forty-five years ago it was on the lips of every Englishman, for he it was who brought the Oxford movement to a head, forcing the Anglican Church, through its mouth-piece, the Oxford Convocation, to acknowledge the contradictions and confusions in its doctrines. Ward was the son of a Tory member of Parliament, better known as the best cricketer of his time than as a politician; he was sent to Winchester School and Christ Church, Oxford; distinguished himself in the debates of the Oxford Union; was graduated on a fair level; then elected to a fellowship at Balliol, took orders, and taught mathematics. He had, as his college contemporaries testify, a wonderful skill in arguing—"Socrates," indeed, Professor Jowett calls him—could unhorse any opponent with his syllogistic spear; yet, in spite of this logical faculty, he had strange, barren patches in his intellect, caring nothing for history, and apparently blind to the deeper imports of Science. What did not interest him he ignored, saying, frankly, "That's out of my line." His moral nature was very sensitive, yet although he suffered from fits of morbid depression, he was the most jovial of companions. So that now, after nearly half a century, his son has been able to collect from Ward's associates, most of whom differed widely from him on the fundamental questions of life, such a series of tributes to Ward's character and ability—his acute and inexhaustible logical weapons, his loveliness, his candour, his magnanimity—as few other men of his time have inspired. Cardinals Newman and Manning on one side, Archbishop Tait, Dean Stanley, Jowett, Dean Church, Dean Lake, Clough, Gladstone, not to mention others from other sides, unite in expressing admiration for the straightforwardness, or affection for the personal attractiveness, of this man.

A SAGE'S BRAIN IN A FOOL'S HEAD.

MARVELLOUS TRIUMPH OF MODERN SURGERY.—THE MENTAL MACHINISM OF AN AGED SCIENTIST GIVEN TO A WEAK MINDED YOUTH.

What must be accounted the most remarkable surgical operation ever attempted is related with every appearance of truth by a writer in one of the leading papers of the United States. The brain of a man of science who had come almost to the end of life's span, was transferred to the skull of a young man, who, while endowed with great physical strength, was an imbecile. The operation was a success. But the subsequent developments are enshrouded for the present in a cloud of mystery.

Thousands of people in Canada are changing their brains slowly but surely. It is no surgical operation that is dulling their mental faculties. It is the grinding of their daily tasks, the worry of making a moderate income cover large expenses, and the thousands of sorrows, griefs, and anxieties which are wearing out the brains and nervous system of our best and brightest minds. Call a halt before it is too late. Remove the sleeplessness, headaches, variable appetite, pains in the back, and other nervous symptoms with that wonderful discovery, Paine's Celery Compound. Under the use of this grand nerve restorer, the brain will become clear, natural sleep will refresh tired mind and body, the food will properly build up the wasted muscle, and the nervous system will be vigorous and full of vitality.

This grand restorative cures nervous prostration, sleeplessness, despondency, nervous debility, dyspepsia, headache, neuralgia, paralysis, pains in the side and back, tired feeling, loss of appetite, numbness, St. Vitus's dance, palpitation of the heart and all diseases of the nervous system. Its large sale is well deserved, for it never disappoints the user. Thousands of testimonials from the best people in Canada prove the marvellous efficacy of this scientific health restorer.

TO MONTANA, OREGON AND WASHINGTON.

If you are going west bear in mind the following facts: The Northern Pacific Railroad owns and operates 987 miles, or 57 per cent. of the entire railroad mileage of Montana; spans the territory with its main line from east to west; is the short line to Helena; the only Pullman and dining car line to Butte, and is the only line that reaches Miles City, Billings, Bozeman, Missoula, the Yellowstone National Park, and, in fact, nine-tenths of the cities and points of interest in the Territory.

The Northern Pacific owns and operates 621 miles, or 56 per cent. of the railroad mileage of Washington, its main line extending from the Idaho line via Spokane Falls, Cheney, Sprague, Yakima and Ellensburg, through the centre of the Territory to Tacoma and Seattle, and from Tacoma to Portland. No other trans-continental through rail line reaches any portion of Washington Territory. Ten days' stop over privileges are given on Northern Pacific second-class tickets at Spokane Falls and all points west, thus affording intending settlers an excellent opportunity to see the entire Territory without incurring the expense of paying local fares from point to point.

The Northern Pacific is the shortest route from St. Paul to Tacoma by 207 miles; to Seattle by 177 miles, and to Portland by 324 miles—time correspondingly shorter, varying from one to two days, according to destination. No other line from St. Paul or Minneapolis runs through passenger cars of any kind into Idaho, Oregon or Washington. In addition to being the only rail line to Spokane Falls, Tacoma and Seattle, the Northern Pacific reaches all the principal points in Northern Minnesota and Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Oregon and Washington. Bear in mind that the Northern Pacific and Shasta line is the famous scenic route to all points in California.

Send for illustrated pamphlets, maps and books giving you valuable information in reference to the country traversed by this great line from St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth and Ashland to Portland, Oregon, and Tacoma and Seattle, Washington Territory, and enclose stamps for the new 1889 Rand McNally County Map of Washington Territory, printed in colours.

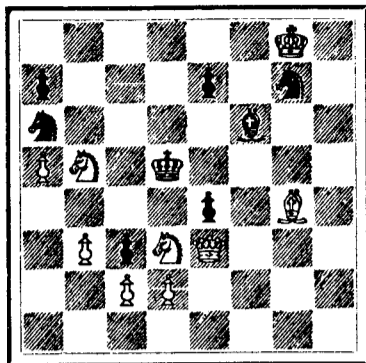
Address your nearest ticket agent, or Charles S. Fee, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, St. Paul, Minn.

CHESS.

PROBLEM No. 411.

By O. NEMO, Vienna.

BLACK.



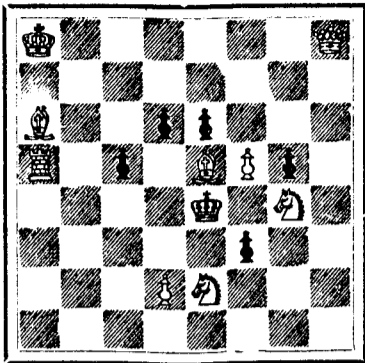
WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 412.

By H. CADMORE, London, Eng.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS.

No. 405.

- White. Black.
1. R x P B x R
 2. Q-Q 2 + K-B 4
 3. Kt x B mate. If 1. P-K 3 Kt x Kt
 2. Kt-K 4 +
 3. Q-B 8 mate. With other variations.

No. 406.

R-R 1

A PRETTY GAME PLAYED AT PHILADELPHIA

Shortly after the last New York Chess Club Congress, between Messrs. Bird and Shipley.

Abridged from International Chess Magazine.

H. E. BIRD.	W. P. SHIPLEY.	H. E. BIRD.	W. P. SHIPLEY.
White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1. P-K 4	P-K 4	13. Q x P	B-Q 3
2. Kt-K B 3	Kt-K B 3	14. Q-B 3 (e)	B x R
3. Q Kt-B 3 (n)	Q Kt-B 3	15. R x B	Q-R 5
4. B-B 4	B-K 2 (b)	16. P-K 5	B x P (f)
5. Castles	P-Q 3	17. Q x B	Q x B
6. P-Q 4 (c)	B-Kt 5	18. R-Q 4	Q x B P
7. B-K 3	P x P	19. P-K Kt 3	K R-K 1
8. B x P	Kt x B	20. Q-Kt 5	R-K 8 +
9. Q x Kt	Castles	21. K-Kt 2	Q-B 3
10. Q R-Q 1	Kt-Q 2	22. P-B 3 (g)	Q R-K 1
11. Kt-Q 5	Kt-K 4	23. R-K Kt 4	Q-B 7 +
12. Kt x Kt (d)	P x Kt	24. K-R 3	Q x P + (h)

And Black mates in two moves.

NOTES.

- (a) We consider P-Q 4 the strongest continuation at this juncture.
- (b) Not a good post for the Bishop.
- (c) The quiet development by P-Q 3 was the better course. If Black answered B-Kt 5 White could safely retreat Kt-K 2.
- (d) A hazardous venture. B-K 2 was his natural and best course.
- (e) He had evidently underrated the effect of Black's 15th move, or else he would undoubtedly have preferred Q-B 5.
- (f) Most likely White had overlooked this correct rejoinder in his calculation when he gave up the exchange.
- (g) If 22. R-K Kt 4, 22. Q-K Kt 3; 23. Q-R 4, 23. Q-Q 6, with a winning game.
- (h) Black has played remarkably well after the unsound sacrifice of the exchange on the part of his opponent, and he now finishes off with a brilliant surprise.

RADWAY'S PILLS

ALWAYS RELIABLE PURELY VEGETABLE.

For the Cure of all DISORDERS OF THE STOMACH, LIVER, BOWELS, KIDNEYS, BLADDER, NERVOUS DISEASES, HEADACHE, CONSTIPATION, COSTIVENESS, COMPLAINTS PECULIAR TO FEMALES, PAINS IN THE BACK, DRAGGING FEELING, etc., INDIGESTION, BILIOUSNESS, FEVER, INFLAMMATION OF THE BOWELS, PILES, and all derangements of the internal viscera.

DYSPEPSIA.

RADWAY'S PILLS are a cure for this complaint. They tone up the internal secretions to healthy action, restore strength to the stomach, and enable it to perform its functions. The symptoms of Dyspepsia disappear, and with them the liability to contract disease.

PERFECT DIGESTION.

Will be accomplished by taking RADWAY'S PILLS. By so doing DYSPEPSIA, HEADACHE, FOUL STOMACH, BILIOUSNESS will be avoided, and the food that is eaten contribute its nourishing properties for the support of the natural waste and decay of the body.

Price 25 Cents per Box. Sold by all Druggists.

Send for our BOOK OF ADVICE to RADWAY & CO., 419 St. James Street, MONTREAL.

Chronic

Catarrh destroys the sense of smell and taste, consumes the cartilages of the nose, and, unless properly treated, hastens its victim into Consumption. It usually indicates a serofulous condition of the system, and should be treated, like chronic ulcers and eruptions, through the blood. The most obstinate and dangerous forms of this disagreeable disease

Can be

cured by taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. **I have always been more or less troubled with Scrofula, but never seriously until the spring of 1882. At that time I took a severe cold in my head, which, notwithstanding all efforts to cure grew worse, and finally became a chronic Catarrh. It was accompanied with terrible headaches, deafness, a continual coughing, and with great soreness of the lungs. My throat and stomach were so polluted with the mass of corruption from my head that Loss of Appetite, Dyspepsia, and Emaciation totally unfitted me for business. I tried many of the so-called specifics for this disease, but obtained no relief until I commenced taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. After using two bottles of this medicine, I noticed an improvement in my condition. When I had taken six bottles all traces of Catarrh disappeared, and my health was completely restored. — A. B. Cornell, Fairfield, Iowa.

For thoroughly eradicating the poisons of Catarrh from the blood, take

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

saparilla. It will restore health and vigor to decaying and diseased tissues, when everything else fails.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Catarrh

Is usually the result of a neglected "cold in the head," which causes an inflammation of the mucous membrane of the nose. Unless arrested, this inflammation produces Catarrh which, when chronic, becomes very offensive. It is impossible to be otherwise healthy, and, at the same time, afflicted with Catarrh. When promptly treated, this disease may be

Cured

by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. **I suffered, for years, from chronic Catarrh. My appetite was very poor, and I felt miserably. None of the remedies I took afforded me any relief, until I commenced using Ayer's Sarsaparilla, of which I have now taken five bottles. The Catarrh has disappeared, and I am growing strong and stout again; my appetite has returned, and my health is fully restored. — Susan L. W. Cook, 909 Albany street, Boston Highlands, Mass.

I was troubled with Catarrh, and all its attendant evils, for several years. I tried various remedies, and was treated by a number of physicians, but received no benefit until I commenced taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. A few bottles of this medicine cured me of this troublesome complaint, and completely restored my health and strength. — Jesse Boggs, Holman's Mills, Alberman, N. C.

If you would strengthen and invigorate your system more rapidly and surely than by any other medicine, use Ayer's Sar-

apilla. It is the safest and most reliable of all blood purifiers. No other remedy is so effective in cases of chronic Catarrh.

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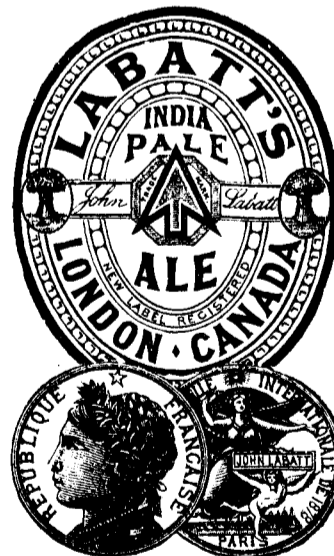
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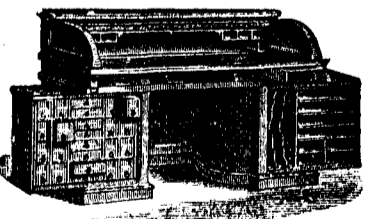
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