

# THE WEEK

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# THE WEEK.

Vol. X.

TORONTO, FRIDAY, AUGUST, 25th, 1893.

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## THE WEEK:

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at their peril, how far were the two nations from the possibility of going to war over a question of seals? The argument in question fails too, to take account of the moral difficulties, the human passions and prejudices involved. It is not a question of what the two governments could do but of what they would do. The fact that notwithstanding the presence and influence of the arbitrators from other nations, the United States and Canadian representatives of the Board respectively voted yea and nay on the question of regulations which were the product of the best wisdom of all concerned, and which made a verdict possible, may suffice to show how much probability there was that a mixed commission could have been formed, or could have reached an agreement if formed. In view of such considerations we see no reason to hesitate to regard the Paris decision as a triumph of the principle of international arbitration.

The prospect for the unconditional repeal of the Sherman Silver Act by the United States Congress are probably brightening. The progress of events makes it more clear that this is the one thing that must be done. The attempts to secure conditions, such as the fixing of a new ratio between gold and silver, seem really to be helping on the President's policy of unconditional repeal, by showing the impossibility of agreement upon any such ratio. The proposal of Senator Bland and a few supporters to change the ratio from one to 16 to one to 20 is denounced by the populists, who say that that or any other change of ratio would be a giving away of the whole principle for which they are contending. They want a larger volume of circulation, not a larger silver dollar. The change of ratio proposed would, they say, and the argument suggests volumes, add one-fourth to the national debt and to all private debts. Even if the opposition of the populists, who are not very strong in voting power, were disregarded and the principle of a change of ratio conceded by the pro-silver leaders, their cause would be pretty sure to suffer shipwreck in the attempt to determine what the new ratio should be. Perhaps the chief danger to the cause of repeal now arises or may yet arise from the fact that the tension of the financial situation has been somewhat relaxed by the change which has taken place in the direction of the gold current and the return of a considerable sum from England and other European coun-

tries. Some are ready to infer, that as the monetary situation has begun to improve without the repeal of the Silver Act, the repeal of that Act cannot be the *sine qua non* it has been represented to be—a hasty and unwarranted conclusion of course, since it is pretty clear that the prospect of the repeal of that Act is one of the chief influences in promoting a return of British capital, and any change in the situation which would make repeal doubtful would quickly check the inflow and reverse the current of foreign gold.

Curiously suggestive is the statement of Mr. Edison, reported in the Review of Reviews, to the effect that he hates the products of his own inventive brain—when once they have taken shape and passed into general use. "Anything I have begun," he is quoted as saying, "is always on my mind, and I am not easy while away from it until it is finished, and then I hate it." And again, in response to an ejaculation of the astonished and incredulous reporter: "When it is all done and is a success, I can't bear the sight of it. I haven't used a telephone in ten years, and I would go out of my way any day to miss an incandescent light." Strange as the fact may at first seem, it becomes far less surprising on a little reflection and comparison with individual experience. It would be interesting to learn the mental history of various individuals in regard to such matters. There would, we fancy, be found to be no lack of sympathy and similarity with Mr. Edison's experience. What hard-working journalist, for instance, does not often turn with a tired feeling, which is not far removed from disgust, or even loathing, from the printed representation of that which may have cost him much toil and weariness. No doubt the same thing is constantly taking place in the minds of other workers as they come in contact with the finished products of their industry. The old adage, "familiarity breeds contempt," has a new application in such cases. And yet there must be many exceptions, or what becomes of the stories we have so often heard of the delight which authors and others have taken in the work of their own brains or hands. As we have said, a chapter of experiences, drawn from living, representative men and women, in this regard would be full of interest. Here is a chance for some industrious interviewer in want of a job. If he should find Mr. Edison's case characteristic of many, and should feel the need

### CURRENT TOPICS.

An influential English paper ridicules the idea that the result of the Behring Sea Arbitration can be regarded as a triumph of the principle of international arbitration. It contends that it is absurd to suppose that the two nations could have gone to war about so small a matter, and that the dispute could have been more speedily settled and better regulations drawn by a commission of representatives of the two nations. This begs the question. It assumes, in the face of the facts of history and of human nature, that great nations go to war only over great questions. When the President of the United States gave instructions to the commanders of its vessels in the North Pacific to seize sealing animals wherever found in the Behring Sea and Lord Salisbury responded by saying in effect that they would seize British or Canadian vessels under such circumstances

of drawing a moral, he might perhaps find in the facts a fresh confirmation of the familiar truth that it is not so much in achieving as in pursuing that the restless human mind finds its chief satisfaction.

This week will bring the end of the Sunday-car controversy in this city. That will be a relief to all concerned. Of late the discussion has become heated and acrimonious, a pretty sure indication that private interests and personal prejudices have too large a place in it. The resolutions adopted with so much unanimity, at the meeting of influential citizens which was held on Friday evening last, may probably be regarded as showing the point towards which the thoughts of the majority of citizens are converging, irrespective of their personal views and convictions on the abstract question. It is coming to be more and more clearly seen that the matter has not been properly brought before the citizens, and that the vote to be taken on Saturday, though there is now good reason to hope that it may result in accordance with the defeat of the ill-considered movement, cannot be relied on as an expression of the deliberate judgment of the citizens. The fact that the Company, the corporation which, above all others, has large pecuniary interests at stake, and that all the influences which this powerful Company can wield are naturally brought to bear to effect the result for which it wishes, seriously discredits what should be purely a citizens' movement. The more the thing is thought about, the clearer will it become, that it was grossly improper and a reproach to the city to permit any interested corporation to pay the costs of the discharge of a civic function. Then the absence of the proper safe-guards against fraudulent voting will deprive the vote of its legitimate value as an expression of the opinions and wishes of the citizens, and very likely render it legally worthless. No doubt the shortest and best way out of the muddle will be for all citizens who have a proper regard for the dignity and self-respect of the city, to unite in voting down the proposition now so irregularly submitted to popular vote. This they may do without prejudice to the matured opinions which any may have in regard to the propriety and desirability of a limited car service on Sunday afternoons during the hot months.

The determination of the British Government to closure the report stage of the Home Rule Bill at the close of the current week is a bold, we might almost say desperate measure. A new precedent in the matter of shutting off debate will thereby be created, a precedent which Mr. Gladstone himself admits is fraught with danger to the future working of parliamentary institutions. Both parties declare that the evil is real and regrettable.

They differ only as to which party leaders are to blame for it. With Mr. Gladstone and his Cabinet it is a choice between alternatives of which the other was the postponement of the Home Rule Bill until another session, with no guarantee that the same obstructive tactics would not then be again resorted to. The aim of the Opposition, whose real leader seems to be Mr. Chamberlain, rather than Mr. Balfour, is evidently to prevent, if possible, the Government from gaining popularity by introducing any of the radical measures of reform proposed for the Autumn session. They, therefore, compel the Government either to change its purpose in respect to the carrying out of the Newcastle programme, or to incur the odium of having still further curtailed the freedom of debate. Opinions will, we dare say, vary largely in accordance with party predilections as to which is the lesser evil: the further extension of the use of the closure, or the frustration of the Government programme, and so of all legislation of importance, by the process of obstruction. The people are no doubt shrewd enough to perceive that the cry that the measure is being forced through without opportunity for debate is a mere pretext, as the time spent during the second reading and in committee would have been ample for a pretty full discussion of the whole Bill had discussion been what was really wanted. Nor does the smallness of the Ministerial majority materially affect the merits of the case, as it is clear that a much smaller minority might resort to the same tactics and obstruct all legislation which they did not like, for an indefinite period, but for the application of the closure or some similar expedient for limiting debate.

The fact that Canadian banks have been practically free from the troubles which are afflicting those of the United States has naturally attracted the attention of financial critics among our neighbours and led to discussion of the cause or causes of the comparative stability of our monetary institutions. An attempt has been made by one authority to explain the fact on the ground that Canada's exemption is due to its system of branch banks. By means of their branches, it is argued, the managers of a few leading banks, which control the whole system, are in a better position than American bankers to have exact information about the true state of affairs, and consequently to anticipate and prevent so great a collapse of credit, as that from which business in the United States is now suffering. It can readily be understood that the branch system has great advantages for guarding against or meeting such an emergency. If, instead of being enabled in case of need to fall back upon the strong central banks, each small institution in the county were obliged to provide

itself with ample reserves against a time of stringency, it is evident that a much larger sum-total of reserve funds would have to be held, than is necessary under the present arrangement. But though something is undoubtedly due to the superiority of our system in this respect, the N. Y. Nation is clearly right in maintaining that the primary difference between the two countries is that Canada "is not exposed to a change of standard, and hence her fabric of credit is not impaired." The Nation and other journals in the United States cannot render a better service in the present crisis than by keeping the attention of their readers steadily directed to the fact, that whatever allowance may need to be made for the operation of secondary causes, the one great cause of the existing distress is the distrust created by the fear in regard to the currency. So long as there is any danger that the views of those Senators and others in positions which enable them to influence legislation may prevail, who maintain as a Nevada Senator did the other day, that the Government of the United States has "robbed the people of gold and given the creditor the preference when the option belonged to the Government," which, being interpreted, means that the Secretary of the Treasury ought to have redeemed the new Treasury notes with depreciated silver, instead of with gold, so long will foreigners hesitate to invest new capital, and hasten to withdraw that already invested, from the risk of being obliged to accept its return at the rate of fifty or sixty cents to the dollar. So long too will local banks and corporations and individual citizens of all classes, hoard the gold which may come within their reach as a safeguard against a possible evil day.

Under the operation of the "Anatomical Education" Act, as administered by Mr. Ackland, the good work of educating the children of the people seems to be making very hopeful progress in England. According to Mr. Ackland's speech in moving the education vote in the House of Commons two or three weeks since, this instalment of a free school policy has added about 120,000 to the average attendance at the schools. As about twenty-five per cent of the children of school age still absent themselves, the average is not yet satisfactory. Comparison with our own schools in this respect would, however, be misleading, as the age of compulsory attendance begins at five in England. Mr. Ackland claims probably on good grounds, that no better infant schools are to be found in the world than those of England, but it is admitted that there is much room for improvement in equipment and in methods of teaching in the higher departments of the public elementary schools. Mr. Ackland has, it is told, insisted upon using the premises of the education department to provide school premises healthier and pleasanter

Acc. and to... deal in... him to... be ha... excuse... to hav... sidered... This p... to up... (hurch... been f... tenden... ing ele... the far... and in... this ne... upon t... tributio... million... less, co... approp...  
Apr... elucati... Mahaff... tary, n... not acc... the bea... hood... the fac... wrong... chief ca... element... too mu... taught... ary to... as nov... with it... a mista... view re... which... doubt a... demonst... that th... within... will giv... rison f... at the... combin... subj-ct... manual... that the... mo an... manual... schools... not see... doubt t... five an... the best... manual... to test... educator... even the... has facu... being m... mechan... service... and to... to give... speak, a

Dec. 25th, 1893.]

grooves of development during the whole life of physical toil. It would be a sorry day for the country and for humanity when the educators of the masses should be instructed that their highest aim is to make from the flexible material placed in their hands a mere mechanic rather than a man,

THE BEHRING SEA ARBITRATION.

Two distinct issues may be said to have been involved in the Behring Sea Arbitration. The immediate and practical object was, of course, the settlement of the claims of the United States, to exclusive rights in Behring Sea, or at least to exclusive ownership of the fur-bearing seals in it. So far as this aspect of the case is concerned, the arbitration must be considered largely successful. It often happens that the verdict of a court or board of arbitrators displeases both parties, or fails to satisfy either, and this fact is said to be a proof of the substantial justice of the award. In this instance the arbitrators have done better still. They have managed both to please and to displease both parties and, and so far as can be judged at this stage, to please and displease both in about equal measure. Great Britain and Canada, on the one side, are well pleased that the broad questions of maritime right and jurisdiction have in every case been decided unequivocally in favour of their contentions. The extraordinary claims of the United States to special jurisdiction in Behring Sea, and to exclusive ownership of the seals upon the high seas adjoining because of their supposed nativity on United States territory, have been declared baseless. So far the victory is unmistakably on the side of the British advocates and diplomats.

On the other hand, the United States is pretty clearly the winner so far as the chief practical object in view is concerned. It is not at all likely that the United States Government and its representatives are seriously disappointed in having been unable to make good before the tribunal their claim to special jurisdiction in Behring Sea, beyond the customary three-mile limit. As the London Times observes, the United States, as a nation ambitious of becoming a great maritime power and with every facility for achieving this aim, must feel that in the long run she has more to lose than to gain by a recognition of any limits to the right of free navigation. A strenuous effort was made, and perhaps with stronger hope of success, to induce the arbitrators to recognize a right of property in the seals, after they had gone beyond the territorial limits recognized in international law. The claim was not destitute of a certain plausibility, but is too easily reduced to the absurd for its recognition by a grave and learned court to be possible. But though the arbitrators withheld the boon with the right hand, they gave at least a considerable portion of it with the left, in the regula-

tions which they established for the protection of seal life. The prohibition of pelagic sealing within a sixty-mile zone around the Pribyloff Islands, while ostensibly and no doubt really intended as a precaution against the extermination of the animals, is, in effect, a recognition, or at least a protection, of the exclusive claim of the United States to the seals which breed and feed their young within the limits of that habitat. But while this regulation will undoubtedly operate so as to secure to the United States a considerable part of the practical benefit sought by her representatives, and while it will no doubt operate to the disadvantage of Canadians interested in the business, it cannot be shown to be partial or unfair on that account. Interests and prejudices aside, it can hardly be denied that there is a certain substratum of justice in the claim of the United States to some kind of ownership in the seal which, having its home and breeding ground on United States territory, may have temporarily crossed the three-mile limit in search of food for itself or its young.

With reference to the other regulations, it is impossible, in the absence of more definite information as to matters of fact, to predict with any certainty what will be their effect upon the future of pelagic sealing. We are told, on the one hand, on what purports to be the authority of experienced sealers, that the time remaining after the expiration of the close season will be altogether too short to make it profitable to fit out vessels for the business and that, therefore, the enforcement of the regulations will mean the destruction of what should be a legitimate as well as profitable industry. We are told on the other hand, on what seems to be equally good authority, that the month of August covers pretty nearly the whole period of profitable sealing and that the freedom of the seas during that month will speedily result in the destruction of the industry by the extermination of the seals. One authority tells us that the prohibition of capture until the end of July will effectually protect the young throughout the period during which they are dependent upon their mothers for food. Another affirms the opposite and predicts the destruction of the species as the result of hunting in the month of August. Opinions seem to be equally contradictory as to the effect of the limitations of the use of firearms, some maintaining that profitable seal-hunting cannot be carried on under the prescribed conditions, others that methods can be readily adjusted to the new regulations so as to prevent serious loss from this cause. Certainly, if it be true, as we have been so often told, that unless instantaneously killed, the seal at sea invariably escapes, and that consequently but one in ten or one in five of those shot are taken by the hunters, it is high time that the practice were prohibited for the sake both of charity and of economy. It is not

and to improve methods of teaching. His zeal in regard to the former has subjected him to much hard criticism, especially as he has gone so far as to insist that "the excuse of poverty can no longer be allowed to have weight as against alterations considered necessary for the health of scholars." This policy seems to have brought him into unpleasant contact with some of the Church schools whose equipments have been found to be very defective. The tendency is clearly in the direction of making elementary education more and more the function of the State, as it is in Canada and in so many other countries. Of course this new policy adds largely to the demands upon the national treasury, the State contribution being this year more than thirty millions of dollars. This sum is, nevertheless, considerably less than half the annual appropriation for the support of the navy.

Apropos of the subject of elementary education in Great Britain, Professor Mahaffy, writing in the Nineteenth Century, maintains that the British schools do not accomplish what they ought, or give the best preparation for manhood or womanhood. He is, probably, right in regard to the fact. We have no doubt that he is wrong with regard to what he deems a chief cause of the fact. He thinks that the elementary schools fail because they attempt too much. He would limit the subjects taught in primary schools to "those necessary to a life of manual labour." That is no novel opinion. We are very familiar with it in this country. We hold that it is a mistaken opinion, from whatever point of view regarded. Taking the very low aim which the expression suggests and is no doubt meant to convey, we believe it to be demonstrable from reason and experience that the broadest range of studies fairly within the grasp of the child's capacities will give him on the whole a better preparation for earning his bread on the farm or at the work-bench than can be given by confining his attention exclusively to the manual labour." It may, in fact, be denied that there are any such subjects, as many a man and woman earn their living by the manual labour who are not indebted to the schools for even "the three R's." We do not see how any thoughtful person can doubt that that which most broadens the view and quickens the intelligence affords the best preparation for even a life of manual labour. But it ought not surely to be lost sight of either by the State or by an educated man like Professor Mahaffy, that even the man who lives by manual labour has faculties which render him capable of being much more than a mere machine or mechanical drudge, and that the highest service which can be rendered both to him and to the State of which he is a citizen is to give these faculties such a start, so to speak, as may send them spinning along the

easy to see the logical bearing of the distinction which is made between Behring Sea, outside of the prohibited zone, and other parts of the North Pacific, in the permission to use shot-guns in the latter and not in the former. On the whole, however, it is fair to assume that the arbitrators did not prepare and adopt the regulations without the fullest consideration, in the light of all the evidence attainable, and that substantial justice has been done in the premises. The indications are that both parties will accept the result with hearty good-will, though there may be considerable grumbling on the part of those on either side whose personal interests may be, or may be supposed to be, unfavourably affected.

This brings us to the second point, which must be dismissed with but a remark or two, though it would be easy to enlarge upon it. To a certain extent, not only the rights of the two nations in the Behring Sea and the North Pacific were at stake before the Paris tribunal, but the principle of international arbitration itself. The eyes of the lovers of rational and peaceful methods of settling international disputes not only in Great Britain and the United States, but all over the civilized world, followed the course of proceedings at Paris with more than ordinary interest. On two preceding occasions important questions between these two Anglo-Saxon nations had been settled by somewhat similar references and, though on both occasions the awards were accepted and the difficulty ended, at least for the time being, in neither could the result be said to have been completely satisfactory. That the damages which Great Britain was required to pay in the Alabama case were excessive seemed clear from the fact that a large sum remained unclaimed in the United States treasury after all claims had been fully satisfied. That the amount awarded to Canada by the Halifax Commission in consideration of certain fishery privileges granted to the subjects of the United States was excessive is, it is claimed, proved by the fact that substantially the same privileges have since been granted without any money consideration. Hence the dissatisfaction of large numbers, first on one side then on the other, with the outcome of these two experiments, had caused international arbitration to be regarded with distrust by many in both countries. Under these circumstances the third case became in an important sense a test case, so far as that method of settling disputes between the two nations is concerned. If the result prove, as seems now in every way probable, fairly satisfactory to both parties, the principle of arbitration may be considered to have been established on a firm basis between the two countries. It is hard to conceive of them as ever again resorting to war for the settlement of any dispute which may arise. Such a result is a boon to both nations and to the world, compared with which the ownership of all the seals in the Pacific would be a bagatelle.

## THE ATTACKS ON THE CHURCH AND THE CLERGY.

In this nineteenth century, echoing to Browning's trumpet-notes:

"God's in His heaven,  
All's right with the world!"

or, whispering, with Tennyson, where most it doubts:

"Strong Son of God, immortal love,  
Whom we, that have not seen thy face,  
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,  
Believing where we cannot prove,"

there are yet to be found a few, who, losing sight of the plain teachings of evolution, maintain a studied attitude of opposition to the Church or of antagonism to religion. These itinerant iconoclasts, offering nothing save an utterly discredited philosophy, to replace that which they are fain to destroy, and assuming a world-annihilate every creed, shut up every temple, silence every priest. The burden of their loud-mouthed protest is "clerical domination" and the "opposition of the Church to all reforms." Being but little acquainted with profane history, still less with the great documents that tell of the world's struggle to know God, they misinterpret the one and seek to dismiss the others with an ill-timed jest or sneer. Such men the ages to come will willingly let die. Never will they be more than camp-followers—often a source of danger while the conflict rages, seldom really useful after it is over—these fault-finders who make so noisy a show of their "freedom from superstition," as they call it. Mankind needs not too much unbelief—"a little leaven leaveneth the whole lump." It has always been the believers who have fought the battles of reform and thus will it be long as the world lasts. Hard is it for him who believes not in God to believe in man.

"Man is a religious animal," said the sage of old, and none spoke more truly. The most searching investigation has failed to make known the existence upon the face of the globe of a people, however savage or barbaric, in whose thoughts and actions are not to be discovered the seeds, which, after countless centuries had run their course, blossomed in Jesus of Nazareth. The evolution of religion—for the world is nearer God with the rolling years—tells of man's steady progress, of the purification of his thoughts, of the uplifting of his soul.

The "medicine man" and the shaman—still to be seen amongst the lowest races—have given place with us to a Beecher, a Phillips Brooks, a Spurgeon, a Cardinal Manning. The rude secret wigwam, around which gathered in awe and trembling the savage populace, has been succeeded by the splendid churches and noble cathedrals of modern Christendom, whither all may repair who list, with minds unawed nor cowed by superstitious fears. The birch-bark scroll, the rude notes of the magician, have disappeared before a Bible representing the ripest thoughts of the most religiously-minded people the earth has known.

To condemn the Church, then, is to condemn man himself, to condemn society, which is the expression of his aims and aspirations and the improvement of which is the best measure of his usefulness in the world. In ruder ages, the Church was rude; when man was cruel and rapacious, his creature, the Church resembled its maker; when he fell, it fell, and when he rose it rose with him. The Church has never

been worse than the worst of the men amongst whom it has existed, nor is it ever better than the best.

For all the crimes that may be laid at its door, for all the injustice it has at times condoned, for the corruption and profligacy it has winked at or overlooked, for all its errors it has been guilty of, the Church, since the dawn of human history, has been perhaps the greatest power for good in the world, one which on the whole has steadily tended to advance and up-build the race. If the Church has had its Smithfields and its St. Bartholomews, its *auto-da-fes* and its massacres, it cannot be denied credit for the noble services performed by it in the Dark Ages when, spurred on by the Church militant, the people of Europe went forth to battle against the Saracen and saved the home of liberty and progress from the eclipse of barbarism that threatened to obscure it for ever. Do we remember "Bloody Mary" and the Spanish Inquisition? Let us never forget how those brave old prelates stood shoulder to shoulder with the barons of England at glorious Runnymede, forcing a reluctant king to sign the charter of her liberties.

If the Catholic Church burned Bruno and tortured Galileo, it was the light of faith—the hope to bring unknown nations to the fold of Christ—that guided the daring Genoese over the storm-tost western seas to make known to men another hemisphere. It is the same light that has led the Jesuit fathers to leave scarce a corner of earth unvisited, and with untiring zeal to study the history and languages of the peoples with whom they have dwelt, and to leave behind them monuments which the scientific world can never be too grateful for. If to the governments and to the people of the Old World the "Society of Jesus" has been the servant of darkness and a subverter of human liberties, to science, in the New World, its members have contributed material of inestimable worth.

The priesthood of this Church may have been justly charged with profligacy and moral misconduct, but we cannot blink the fact that it has always stood firm for the sacredness of the marriage tie. It was this Church that we saw, a short time ago, refusing to condone the offence of a great political leader, who sought with the cloak of patriotism to cover up his lewdness and by putting forward his services to his native land to excuse his crime against society and civilization. Had it not been for the Church, Parnell might have won and once more would it have been recorded that public services were held to atone for private crimes.

If Luther and Melancthon thought Copernicus an "arrogant fool" and a "mischief-maker," and even failed to discountenance the burning of heretics, we may not hide the fact that by them were laid the foundations of modern European liberty. That against which which they protested has been shorn of its temporal power.

If stern and relentless John Calvin had Servetus put to death, if his followers have sought to make religion a thing of gloom and fear, the facts remain that the Reformer made a new Geneva and that the strict morality of his Church is still a world-wide influence for good—and a needed one. If the old Puritans of New England burned witches, persecuted Quakers, fasted in and out of season, or even refused to kiss their wives on the Lord's Day, we cannot help admiring their nobility of character, their tenacity of purpose, for we know that it was Massachusetts, the home of

Cotton Mather and Miles Standish that created the American Republic, and we feel instinctively that from the same good Puritan stock is coming that new strength, which ere long will sweep away Tammany and monopoly, with their attendant corruption and degraded political conceptions. Their spirit lives to-day and animates the great commonwealth whose foundations they humbly laid in the name of religion.

Has the Church gone to war unjustly, prayed for the success of the unworthy, or taken sides with the oppressor? Her atonement is to be found in the patient nuns who in plague-stricken cities, in hospitals and lazarettos, and upon the field of battle itself, have cared for the wounded and the dying, in the thousands of noble servants of their Master, whose succour and alms-giving have lightened the burdens of life to untold multitudes and whose kindly words have wreathed with a smile the lips of those whom death had already in his grasp. Such deeds out-weigh the ill-spoken words of a haughty prelate, the jingoism of a misguided bishop. Hard indeed must his heart be, who will not let the mantle of the Church's charity cover these her sins.

They are in error who magnify the mistakes the Church has made, they are wrong who dwell upon the disagreements between the sects. The good that she has done for mankind, the points wherein all denominations agree, these are the really useful topics for consideration. Churches, creeds, beliefs, men will have while the world stands. The abolition of the Church is as chimerical a project as the abolition of society. A few may imagine that they have emancipated themselves from all religion and act in accordance with that state of mind, just as another few succeed in persuading themselves that society is no longer of use to them, and in reducing themselves to a condition of life resembling that of our rude ancestors of the prime.

That men styling themselves reformers should advocate the crippling of the Church or its abolition is matter for wonder and astonishment, for she possesses, more than any other human institution, the things most needful for success. Her social machinery is admirably suited for propagandism, in her service are the most eloquent orators of the age, art and music have been her devoted servants and to her call the corners of the earth still respond. Social reformers then should emphasize the good the Church has done, though they cease not to condemn as outspokenly as ever the evil that may accompany or hinder that well-doing. Let them awake to the fact that the Church is moving on, let them bend their energies to the task of helping it along, of remodelling and embellishing it, until, like the grand and majestic structures, in which its truths are proclaimed, and which its faith has inspired, the creed of the Church shall be the embodiment of all that is good, that is true, that is beautiful in the thoughts, beliefs and aspirations of men.

*In hoc signo vinces.* Let this, the maxim of new Rome, be their motto, not the old worn-out *Carthago delenda est.* I am not a bond-slave of the Church, for I have broken many a lance with orthodoxy, but I am not of her enemies. With the most advanced pickets, her most venturesome scouts, with the vanguard whose place, to-morrow, will be taken by the great bulk of the army itself, there patiently to toil until:

"Our new Atlantis, like a morning star,  
Sifters the murky face of slow-yielding night,  
The herald of a fuller truth than yet  
Hath gleamed upon the upraised face of man,"  
until at last the veil shall be lifted and "every man's work made manifest."

Then shall men no longer "see through a glass, darkly," but, seeing the hidden links that bound the centuries together in the chain of progress, shall know what he now knows whose prophet-tongue proclaimed the truth: "By the light of burning heretics Christ's bleeding feet I track,  
Toiling up new Calvaries ever with the cross that turns not back.  
And these mounts of anguish number how each generation learned  
One new word of that grand *Credo* which in prophet-hearts hath burned  
Since the first man stood God-conquered with his face to heaven up-turned."

ALEX. F. CHAMBERLAIN.

### THE SILVER QUESTION.

In 1863 silver coin rose rapidly to a premium in the United States, approximating that of gold within 10 per cent. It went out of general circulation, and the resulting scarcity of change was supplied in part by the issue of fractional government currency for 10c., 25c. and 50c. Before this issue, however, there was a very large amount of "shin-plaster" currency in local circulation. In Jefferson County, N. Y., where the writer then resided, several merchants of Watertown and surrounding villages issued printed notes for fractions of a dollar, payable at a local bank in sums of \$5 and upward. But not infrequently another use was made of this currency. The issuers found it a convenient mode of raising the wind, at a time when speculation was rife, to sell their fractional notes in sums of \$50 to \$100 at 5 per cent. discount. The large purchases of Canadian cattle and horses for army supplies enabled the American buyers to "work off" immense sums in silver coin among our farmers. The plethora of this currency became in the course of years so great as to be styled "the silver nuisance." It was not abated until an effort was made to buy it up and ship it to the United States. The result was satisfactory. The pressure of an inferior unbankable currency on the internal exchanges of the country was becoming a serious hindrance to trade.

The lesson that an inferior currency drives out a more valuable one was practically demonstrated. The same thing is going on under our eyes daily. American coin is coming into circulation more and more. No proper effort is made by the authorities to discountenance the use of what is not value but a mere token. It is true that this currency is refused at banks and government offices, but that is not enough. This is not a question of comity or friendship. American silver coin consists of a fractional part in intrinsic value of the various denominations, the other part of the value is simply its conventional current value, which it may lose any day. Not only is Canadian silver subject to a large discount in the United States, but even the bills of Canadian banks are, when tendered, never taken without a large discount. It is very much to be questioned if the American silver coin here in circulation represents Canadian produce bought to any material extent. It is more likely to be to a large extent the representative of Canadian money obtained for it by brokers.

The necessity for a sound and abundant silver currency is felt not only in the United States but in Canada. The Southern Pacific Railway king, C. P. Huntington, touched a remedy by no means insignificant for the employment of a sound silver currency when he suggested that bills of less than \$5 denomination should be withdrawn from circulation. No one complains in England of the scarcity of small change in the absence of any bank note for less than five pounds sterling. The gold sovereign takes the place of our \$5 paper money and the smaller gold coin competes with silver in public favor, most people preferring silver for current use to half-sovereigns.

Not only is there a large loss to the community and a gain to the government by the destruction of one and two dollar bills, but the loss to bankers by the displacement of their circulation, through the means of the small Dominion notes, is objectionable. The banks appear to take the way in which they are treated in this matter without protest. An abundance of unbankable coin in circulation facilitates small exchanges with the result that the larger denominations of money in bank bills must be sought for banking purposes.

The ratio of silver coin to gold in circulation is the indeterminate quantity in the problem presented to the United States to India and more than indirectly to Great Britain and her colonies. It is self-evident that the prosperity of a people whose earnings are daily represented by small sums of money required to be paid at short intervals, must in a great degree depend upon the intrinsic value of the current coin of the country. Such is the condition of the people of India. The narrow limit between enough and want in the lives of the teeming millions of India's toilers is easily effaced by the use of a coinage of depreciating value. More than any danger from Mohammedan or Hindoo fanaticism is to be dreaded the infliction of the least wrong upon the industrial rights of the population. Then the ryot and the peasant will, in the thrice-armed panoply of a just ground for quarrel, present a front which may well make Britain's Imperial rule of India a questionable possession.

It is idle to say that because gold is the accepted standard of value, being in itself value, silver can in no case become of fixed value so long as its worth is liable to the fluctuations caused by its immense production. This disturbing cause will always bear a definite relation to, and can be more or less readily checked—largely checked—by the value given to silver tokens by Governments. An enormous impetus was given in silver mining in the United States by the purchases under the Sherman Act.

The ratio of silver coin-tokens to gold to be put in circulation for the uses of internal exchange will be best regulated by the convention of English-speaking countries. The interests of Great Britain in this question indicate the desirability for a convention between the United States, Great Britain, India and the Asian, African, and Canadian Colonies. Money of uniform value in this mighty confederacy is a necessity of our civilization.

Mr. Rothwell, the chief editor of the New York Engineering and Mining Journal, has been foremost, and, in fact, the first to advocate the institution of an international clearing-house for regulating the proportions of bi-metallic currency. He is the son of the

late Rev. Mr. Rothwell, for many years rector of Amherst Island, near Kingston. Though indented with prominent American interests, he is evidently free from that bias which sometimes distorts the vision and disappoints the aims of the great movers of opinion in the United States. Our great neighbour has, in common with our mighty mother, one indivisible interest, far above the plane of tail-twisting politics, in settling the value of the small coin of the commonwealth of industry. *Parva Diva moneta* is the divinity of the hour. Mr. Rothwell hopes for his scheme general acceptance on the continent of Europe. Such a result will be certainly desirable. Its proportions, however, will satisfy the English-speaking confederacy of nations if confined to their respective countries. It will be the herald of better and greater things, the full significance of which it is impossible to estimate.

J. BAWDEN.

### A BUDDHIST'S REVERIE.

O swift-winged time,  
Bearing to what unknown estate—  
What silent clime,  
The burden of our fleeting years,  
The story of our smiles and tears,  
And lifelong fate.

O vanished days!  
Their golden light can none restore?  
Those sovereign rays  
That set o'er Western seas to-night,  
This tranquil moon that shines so bright  
Have paled before,  
Returning in their time—but oh!  
The radiant light of long ago  
Returns no more.

This little Pearl  
Of water born, shall year by year  
Imprison in its tiny sphere  
These fleeting tints, whose mystic strife  
And shadowy whirl  
Of colour seem a form of life;  
Nor ever shall their sea-born home  
Dissolve in foam;  
But this frail build of love and trust  
Sinks into dust.

J. W.

### PARIS LETTER.

The Siamese question is viewed as removed out of the sphere of international complications, the sole point that opinion was interested in. Might being right—when was it ever otherwise—in Cathay as in Europe, Siam at once knuckled down. By so doing she has saved herself from being absorbed by France—and England, while sparing the world a probable big war. After all, France in point of territory gains little, while Siam will be all the better in consenting to France's occupying her hinterland and its wild tribes. It is an additional burden for France, and means an expenditure of more men and money. An increase in her commerce in Cochinchina would pay her better than an augmentation of territory. They are the Germans, Chinese, and English, that monopolize the trade of France in her own colonies in the Far East. It is to be presumed that there will be no difficulty in raising the blockade, when Siam has accepted the full ultimatum of France, and the latter is at liberty to occupy the ceded territory by Siam. As to the cash compensation of two millions of francs, the money can be readily obtained with the Bangkok customs dues. Siam is now secured in her independence by England and France, so has no need of a navy or an army beyond what is necessary

for police and general order wants. The King still reigns over a territory double the area of the British Isles, and has nearly seven millions of subjects more or less loving. And the exportation of rice by English firms, and the importation of British goods, will be brisker than ever, as the Siamese escape expense and headaches for the future, respecting the Cambogians and Annamites. France for the police, England and Germany for the trade.

Rivers are a moving highway, and so long as the Mekong remains free, international traders need not give themselves any trouble whether the road be the platonic property of France or Siam. The main point is to keep it open and exempt from revenue-making taxes. The mouth of the river will be of little commercial value, if the head waters leading into the Chinese markets cannot be controlled. English Burmah sending spurs into the river, and so protecting its free navigation and open to all, is a salutary check on prohibitive transit rates, for the latter can be met by reprisals still more prohibitive. It is then not clear what advantage France obtains, so long as she cannot land-lock the watery way. There can be no difficulty then in the frontiers between Tonquin and Burmah—some 200 miles being delimited between France and England. It should not be forgotten, that the peninsular shape of French Indo-China leaves it at the mercy of any maritime power. As to the Chinese claim for their part of the Mekong, the Celestials may be entrusted to look after their frontiers, and what is the profit and loss of the whole imbroglio? Security of Siam from being "protected," an increased naval force on the part of England in the Far East waters, always equal to that of France and Russia united; augmented drainings on men and money for France, and a powerful push given to English public opinion towards the Triple Alliance. The Siam question will have no effect on the general elections; there is not much glory in compelling Siam to capitulate while England controls the free navigation of the Mekong, and the blockade has no *raison d'être*.

There is no electoral fever in the country and but very few quasi-public meetings. As for the poster professions of faith placarding walls, they attract chiefly from the diversity of the colors of the paper; all the gamut of shades has been utilized. Disraeli observed, that in his parliamentary career he listened to many speeches that had changed his convictions, but never his vote. Neither poster, speech nor journal, will alter the minds of the voters. The latter are of two classes, the extremes and the moderates. The advanced candidates do not regain lost ground, and they remain in the clouds; up in a balloon, in a word. The moderates are definite and practical; state what can be effected by legislation. They promise no slices of the moon, and avoid wind-bagism as if the cholera. They admit the right of converted monarchists to rally to the constitution, for there is liberty of conscience in France. Their sincerity will not be kept long untested. Those who desire to remain monarchists, can do so, but they must state the fact this time for the constituencies. No more hoodwinking the voters, no more putting the flag in the pocket. The Comte de Paris is expending heavy sums of money to keep his party afloat—being fossils they sink. As for the Bonapartists, they are never mentioned and in any case are as poor as church mice. The

Socialists do not appear to be in danger; they rant and foam, but such will disappear in the ballot boxes. The closing of the Labour Exchange for sedition and disobedience of the law, has been a terrible blow to the wild politicians. Now they have nowhere to lay their heads, and their thunder is of the stage kind. Demagogues must be converted in order to live.

The maintenance of a Russian squadron in the Mediterranean will be a conclusive reason for England there augmenting her fleet, tightening her grip on Gibraltar and bestowing more attention on Tangiers and Ceuta. Not that the Russian navy is a serious foe; its boys in blue are marched directly from the plough to the mast. The Russians would have to depend on France for a harbour of refuge, and that only for twenty-four hours, if France and England were at peace. That move of Russia will not facilitate the British evacuation of Egypt.

M. Charles Malo is one of the most authorized writers on military questions in France. Examining the new military law just voted in Germany, he says, "it is a weapon of the most redoubtable character that was ever made." He adds, that France has her last man now enrolled in her system of conscripts, while Germany can add 231,000 more soldiers to her army every year than France. Further, the increase in the male population in Germany is double that of France so that by the end of the present century the reserves of France will be one half less than those of the Teuton. Solution for Frenchmen—*increase and multiply.*

The weary season has set in of distributing the annual prizes at the lycées and collèges to the "big, bigger, and biggest gooseberries;" the floods of oratory on these occasions are torrential. However, it makes the young people happy—and their parents—to return home with a cab laden with gorgeously bound premium books, and crowns, and diplomas. This sad fact—for France—has been demonstrated this year at the general competition of the prize pupils of all the collèges—that where physical exercises were most cultivated, that has led to a serious falling away in intellectual ability.

A globe-trotter who has resided in Siam, supplies some interesting facts respecting Bangkok. The principal thoroughfare is "Oriental Avenue." There is neither theatre, concert, nor any place of amusement in the capital; only at the clubs and legations can Europeans meet. English manners and customs dominate; the sole European drink is "whisky and soda;" breakfast at ten, tiffin at two, supper at nine. Clothing, as far as possible approach the state of nature ideal. The cab regulations are curious; a vehicle with two fast trotting little ponies, is ten francs; the driver, if he runs over any pedestrian, incurs no penalty, as the inhabitants are bound to keep out of the way. The military band plays every afternoon; the national anthem of Siam is "God Save the Queen." Then there is a variation on the Russian hymn, and an "O'er the hills and far away."

The animal world has been very much to the fore these last few days. The "kangaroo boxer" has been travelling between Marseilles and Paris, looking for its owner, and the latter for the pugilist. The railway company not knowing what to do with it send the boxer to the Zoo Gardens, as a pound. When the



order came for the animal's release, it had rounds with no less than five guardians at once, striking below and above the belt simultaneously, till the forepaw was wounded. An artist from a travelling show, finding his bear drew no money, hired a cab and took *bruin* inside with him; the bear accepted coins and cakes, dropped the former in the bottom of the cab, but swallowed the other contributions. Nearly all the small boys of the city followed the cab. A policeman arrived and took the showman and the bear to the police office; the latter was closed; he ordered to drive to another office, got on the seat beside the driver, but the cab overturned, and the boys were in hysterics of delight. At last the bear and his owner were marched to the pound between two policemen, the boys singing, "Tara-ra, Boom," etc, and bars of the Russian hymn.

The actress Madlle. Tomsen was telegraphed to Lille, to instantly book for Marseilles to fill a role; the journey lasted 36 hours; she studied and rehearsed her part in the train; dressed for it, and a carriage waiting for her, deposited her in the green room as the curtain rose.

In the dyeing factories of the leather for gloves, the operatives knead the color into the kid skin, by means of their feet, and that was the very same plan adopted by the Ancient Egyptians for their embalming colored cloths.

Z.

### JACK BEVINGTON'S LESSON.

A stormy night in Waterford, the wind and rain rushing and roaring wildly, in all directions at once, as it seemed to the young officer who, with forage cap pulled well down over his eyes, and military cloak buttoned closely round him, was walking rapidly through the empty streets; he paused before a pretty ivy-clad house and rang the bell; he was shown, by the servant who opened the door into a pleasant, old-fashioned drawing-room. A tall, fair girl was standing by the wide, open fireplace, one slender, well-arched foot resting on the low fender. The long, straight folds of her black velvet dress, with the "elbow sleeves," and "square-cut" bodice of the period, were most becoming to her perfect complexion and shapely figure. The large, soft eyes of "Irish grey," with long, black lashes, were bent upon the glowing logs, in deep thought; while her hands twisted and turned a paper, which, when roused by the opening of the door, she slipped into her pocket, murmuring "Not for money—not if my heart should break," and turned to greet the late, but evidently expected visitor, a tall, fine-looking man, in uniform. Rain-drops were glittering on the short waves of his hair (brown, with glints of gold in it), and there was a look of eager admiration in his handsome, velvety, brown eyes, as he advanced to meet her, which quickly changed to one of harassed anxiety. "Well," he said, as he held her hand closely for a moment, "we sail at daybreak, storm or calm; the men are already on board, and I must be off in two hours: what shall we do in those precious two hours the last of my really happy ones for many a day?" A slight quiver passed over the girl's lovely face, which he was too much absorbed in his own trouble to observe. "Will you let me have the pleasure of singing once more to your perfect accom-

paniment?" said he. She seated herself at the piano, saying, "All your own music has been sent back to be packed, you know; but perhaps you can find something among mine." He turned rapidly over a pile of songs. "Ah! here is the little Rubinstein, as you always call it, shall we have that?" he said, as he placed it before her. A soft pink flushed into the fair rounded cheeks, her pretty hands trembled a little as she began to play, then the full soft notes of the beautiful, well-trained tenor voice floated through the room, "O fair, and sweet—and holy"—voice scarcely steady even here—

\* \* \* "I feel that I'd fain be laying my hand upon thy hair, praying that God aye would keep thee, as"—here it trembled off into silence, as did the accompaniment—a pause—then, almost roughly, he said, "I have no voice to-night, I shall make a confounded fool of myself if I go on," and he turned to the fireplace. A long silence followed—she still at the piano with head drooping somewhat, he with elbow on the mantel-piece, and head resting on his hand. At last he flung himself into the easiest chair, and still too much absorbed in himself to notice that she, too, was distressed, said, "Do play the 12th Nocturne (Chopin), I want to take away with me the sound of its last chords." She, saying nothing of how the unfinished "little Rubinstein" would be echoing in her sad heart for so long a time to come, began to play with exquisite grace and skill that lovely bit of Chopin. It may be doubted if he heard it to advantage, such a storm was raging within him. "What a fool I am," he thought; "what an unmitigated fool! £800 a year, besides my pay! about enough to keep me in gloves and ties, brought up as I have been. What an idiot to have lingered in her sweet presence day after day, until I have brought myself to this pass! What a misfortune to be a younger son! I must go before worse comes of it."

Ever after, to him, the music of the 12th Nocturne was associated with keenest, bitterest pain. The last sweet chords were played. He said softly: "I cannot thank you; but I shall never forget it." She lingered a moment at the piano, to hide the discomposure of her face, then, one hand in her pocket crushing the before-mentioned paper, she turned to the little tea-table, and busied herself with its delicate china and dainty little tea-pot and kettle. "Come," she said, "you must have some tea, before going out into the storm; I wish papa would come; he said he would try to be back early, in time to wish you good-bye; but a doctor's movements cannot be depended upon, even when there is no terrible storm to delay him." It is noticeable that neither ever used the other's name—it was always simply "you." He drew a chair near, and took his cup from her hands, and looking thoughtfully at her, said, "I met your cousin Bertie (an officer in the same regiment) flying through the storm 'on the wings of what's-his-name' to see the fair Emily for the last time before we leave; he asked me to tell you that he has sold 'Heart's-delight,' and the 'Grey Friar' to the Duke—and was on his way to be comforted by the smiles of a still dearer 'Heart's-delight,' so I suppose that is an engagement. Great heavens! What an ass he must be!—they will be as poor as rats; he won't be able to hunt, or shoot;—he will have to give up his club, and he has already given up the races at— and his share in Herriot's yacht. What an insane idiot the dear old fellow must be!"

Silence unbroken reigns for some moments, then—"tell me—is he not a fool to risk matrimony under such circumstances? Must he not regret it before the honeymoon is well passed?" A look of haggard wretchedness is on his handsome young face, as he gazes with eager, longing eyes at the lovely girl beside him; he put his hand upon the round white arm, and repeated "tell me." A flash came from the soft grey eyes, and raising her queenly little head proudly, she said quickly "a fool indeed, possibly—but not such a fool as the girl who would accept such a sacrifice from a man—if he looked upon it in that light; but Emily knows that Bertie is as strong and as unselfish as herself, and that he loves her well enough to know that she too, must sacrifice something for him, and each rejoices in doing so for the sake of the other. See, Captain Bevington, it is eleven by this clock, which is rather slow, your time is more than up; it is too late for papa to come now; I must say good-bye to you for him, as well as for myself." "Margaret," the name came hoarse and low. Again the little quiver in the sweet young face, an unconscious movement upwards, quickly repressed, of the small hands, as if they could have clasped him, as he bent his head. "I wish to Heaven I had—more to offer you," trembled on his lips; but he pulled himself together in time, and changed the words to "more money;"—they had such a feeble, contemptible sound even to himself. She looked at him with a touch of scorn, and said quietly—"Good-bye, Captain Bevington, I wish you well." The next instant he was gone.

She stood a moment exactly as he left her, then slowly sank into a chair, covering her white face with her cold hands, and moaned piteously "Oh poor Jack! Oh what shall I do? What shall I do?"

II.

In the cabin of a somewhat undesirable-looking steamer, even at her moorings on that wild night, as she is swinging and straining uncomfortably, every curtain and swinging tray is in lively motion, there is a constant jingling and creaking. "If it conducts itself in this way in harbor, in the name of wonder what will it do outside?" So speaks, half aloud, the solitary occupant of the cabin—a lady, young and winsome, though not exactly pretty. She is seated at the creaking table, in a creaking stationary chair; a book is open before her. Suddenly the door is thrown open, a howling blast rushes in, followed in unseemly haste by Captain Jack Bevington. After a short, but severe struggle, the door is once more closed, and the handsome captain, recovering his breath, proceeds to disentangle himself from the confusion of cloak, cape and sword, and to join in the mirth of the lady. His mirth did not last long; he asked a few questions as to the whereabouts of people and things: She told him that all who could, had gone to their berths, hoping to be asleep when the real horrors of the journey began; but Charlie, being on duty, was busy settling the unfortunate women and children—who would have a terrible time of it, she feared. The tone of his voice had struck her as being unusual; she glanced keenly at him and added, "but I am sure there something wrong with you, Jack, are you not well? Can I get you anything?" "No, thank you—even you can do nothing for me, Mary, good and true friend though you are—neither you nor

Charlie can undo what I have done, or give me back the happiness I have lost." "Oh Jack, surely Margaret cannot have said no!" "I have not asked her to say yes. I could not make up my mind to go in for penury, like Bertie Clare. What could I do as a married man, upon £800 a year, and my pay? But I am utterly wretched. I shall never see anyone to compare with her, if I live to be a hundred years old; it is too late now for regrets."

"Did you instruct Margaret in your views?" asked Mary, in a slightly chilly tone. He replied by giving her a short sketch of what had passed. When he had ended, she turned upon him with indignant blue eyes flashing through tears of anger. "Jack," she exclaimed, "I am not going to spare you; it would not be true friendship, at this time, to fear hurting your feelings, or seeming hard—you know I am fond of you; but I shall speak out. Don't you see that, even by your own showing, you have not had one thought for her, it is all your sorrow, your loss: it is your hunting, shooting, gloves, ties, cigars and club, which would have to be given up! Do you suppose she could feel anything but contempt for such intense selfishness? You are wrapped up in self, as not even to be aware that there is anyone or anything else that ought to be considered. Could she have an ounce of womanly dignity in her, and not dismiss you quietly as you say she did? Why, Charlie and I have £500 a year and our pay, all told, and we both have to do without lots of things we like; but you just ask Charlie if he would exchange me and 'Charlie, boy,' for all the gold of the Indies, and you know just what I feel!" Captain Bevington looked at her in mute amazement. The torrent of words ended, and the excitement passing off, she put her handkerchief to her eyes and sobbed out, from behind it, "Forgive me, Jack, dear old friend, do forgive me, I am so fond of Margaret, you know." His keen sense of justice already made him see the truth of her words; it seemed as if a mist were withdrawn from his eyes, and he saw himself as he must have appeared in the eyes of Margaret Douglas, and could better understand the meaning of what had passed in the doctor's drawing-room. "Mary," he began, "have I thrown away my whole life's happiness?" But just then the door again burst open, and Mr. Bernard entered. "Why, Mary, are you still up? It's an awful morning! we are just off. The pilot says the sea is like a whirlpool outside; but we are only a transport, and a 'left wing,' so what does it matter? I am nearly frozen, it's like the middle of winter on deck. What's that you have there, Mary?" "Only my Japanese tea-pot; I coaxed the steward to get me some boiling water, and I brought a bottle of cream with me. The tea keeps hot all night in this pot; you had better have some before the ship does more than creak and groan." And she proceeded to pour it out. "You'd better hurry to your berth now, Bevington," said Mr. Bernard, "or you will have the mortification of being obliged to say 'excuse me if I give it up,' as the gentleman did of the conundrum; for I assure you the ship will have no child's-play of it to weather this gale." Captain Bevington promptly followed this advice: he had intended to "think it all out," but alas! the antics of that unhappy vessel were beyond description and precluded any attempt at thought of anything beyond the miseries of the moment. As soon as

the shelter of the land was passed, she began to execute a sort of delirious dance, her bows apparently pawing the air; as she rose to the crest of a wave, she would tremble from stem to stern, as if in terror of the frightful plunge to follow—when it came! every suffering passenger felt like "Tom Brown" when tossed in a blanket, as if his interior economy had remained behind on the roof of the berth. The next instant they almost welcomed the conviction that she could never right herself from the fearful roll, and that all must find an immediate and watery grave. But she was a staunch little ship, if an unsavory and uncomfortable one, and after what seemed an interminable battle with the fierce elements she at last steamed slowly into dock once more—this time on the Scotch side—and before nightfall the gallant "left wing" had joined the "right wing," in its new quarters.

A few days later, Captain Bevington, having decided upon an application for three days' leave of absence, and a run back to Waterford by the quickest route, for the purpose of seeing Miss Douglas once more, sauntered into the ante-room to take a look at the papers. An officer seated at a table handed him one, saying "Have you seen this, Bevington? it appears to concern a charming friend of yours; what a pity it had not occurred before we left, you will be for hurrying back at once!" It was the announcement of the death of Col. Archie Douglas, V.C., late of the — Regiment, with a short notice of the many actions in which he had distinguished himself, and stating that he had left the whole of his not inconsiderable wealth to "his niece Margaret, daughter of his only brother, Walter Douglas, M.D., of Waterford." Captain Bevington sat with the paper extended between himself and his friend, trying to recover from the shock he had received, before speaking. "Miss Douglas is to be congratulated," he said at last. His voice sounded strangely in his own ears, his heart throbbed heavily; but outwardly there was not the smallest sign of his intense feeling. As soon as he could leave without attracting attention, he withdrew to his room, and there gave way to bitterest reflections. He realized that, through selfish considerations, he had lost the only girl he had ever really loved, for to ask her now to marry him would be an insult to her, and as he saw once more, in imagination, the sweet, sad face at parting, he felt that he might then have won her. He remembered too, with keen self-reproach, a remark of his fair young mother (who died while he was yet a lad at school), "Jack, darling, beware of selfishness; all wrong and folly seem to me to begin in it. The man who is tempted to drink, or gamble, to get into debt, or to give way to a sulky or an ungovernable temper, or otherwise cause grief to those who love him, would do none of these things if he did but consider the welfare and happiness of others, he would thus learn to deny himself." He had been impressed at the time, by her earnestness, because of his tender early love for her; but time and circumstances had weakened the impression, and now he had, by careless extravagance, involved himself in debts, which would, he knew, be a serious inconvenience to his father, if he applied to him to set him free, as he had already had too much to do in that line for his eldest son. He had also, as he now realized, caused grief to sweet Margaret Douglas, and, what must be even harder to bear, to one of such natural

dignity, mortification and the pain of feeling contempt for one for whom she had so warm regard. And he winced inwardly as he remembered the quiet scorn in the usually soft eyes.

We need not intrude further upon his reflections and regrets; it is sufficient to say that he made up his mind firmly at once to take his affairs in hand; to deny himself all unnecessary expenses—to part with one horse—perhaps two—to smoke a pipe instead of cigars, as a rule—to give up various expensive amusements; and so, by degrees, pay off the debts without troubling his father. He also determined to try how it would feel to be more considerate of the good and comfort of others than of his own, as opportunity offered—which he expected would be seldom—and was surprised to find the (often unpleasing) frequency with which the opportunity came. He hoped thus to make himself more worthy of the esteem of Margaret, if he were fortunate enough to regain it;—for as regards her, the end of his reflection was that she was far too noble a girl to marry for anything but true love; therefore, if she remained single long enough for him to get free of debt, and to prove, to himself, that he had profited by his severe lesson, and was honestly learning to be more worthy of her—then he would endeavor to win her, in spite of this unfortunate money. If, in the meantime, she married, he should know for certain that he had been mistaken in thinking it possible that she had deeply cared for him.

### III.

Three years later—years not passed in luxurious ease and amusement, but in steadfast, self-denying striving against the most serious defect in his character. He had, from the first, been the pride and ornament of his regiment. He had now won the sincere respect of all who knew him, and the debts were things of the past. The regiment had gone abroad on leaving Glasgow, and he had been through a short term of active service in which his bravery and skill had been conspicuous, but a severe wound, and the fever consequent upon it, greatly reduced his strength and had obliged him to return home on sick leave. He was now at the shooting-lodge of Mary Bernard's father, where he had been invited, in the hope of recruiting his health. He and the Bernards travelled up together; (Charlie and Mary had been left behind with the depot when the regiment was ordered abroad.) On arrival they found no one at home; so Charlie said he would "stroll out and take a look round," and Mary said she intended to remain in her room and rest until her father came home. In reality she had certain plans to consider and arrange, and was glad of the opportunity quiet time. Captain Bevington, left alone, went into the cozy drawing-room, turned over some books, looked at the pictures, tried the piano, and finally settled himself on a cushioned window-seat, over-looking a glorious prospect. Being still far from strong, somewhat fatigued after the journey, he fell asleep. He was roused by voices close to him; being behind the curtains, it was evident that the speakers were unaware of his presence. One—a man—was saying, "Then I suppose, dear, it is no use my pleading for him before I write? He is really a fine fellow, and 'well fixed,' as the Americans say." His feelings may be more easily imagined than described when the well-remembered and loved voice of Margaret Douglas replied, "Papa, dear, you know you don't care about the 'fixings' any

more than I do. I am sorry for him, if he cares really, but I am so tired of people who want my money. If we could only publish far and wide the fact that I am bent on carrying out Uncle Archie's wishes to the utmost, and only intend to spend enough myself to keep his place up properly, perhaps they would not trouble me so, tell him that, papa." "Dear, that would make no difference to him, for he loves you." "Then tell him the truth, as you know it, papa; that I can never care for anyone in that way—never again—" and her voice broke off suddenly. "Don't cry, my darling," said her father, tenderly, "you shall not be asked to marry anyone you don't care for; and Meg, if all I hear be true, we ought to be proud of the friendship we felt for one who, under really adverse circumstances, has developed such true nobility of character—even if at one time he may have allowed a thin crust of self-love to grow over it." "Papa, dear, how good you are to identify yourself with your foolish Meg so beautifully! I can never love you enough for your dear love and kindness to me, ever since the night of the dreadful storm, when you found me a little sad at heart."

"You have been my brave and cheerful Margaret ever since," said he, kissing her, and smoothing her bright hair. "Good-bye, my pretty one. I must write that unpleasant letter before I dress. You, I see, are ready."

"Yes, I dressed early, so as to have time for a talk with Mary Bernard before dinner." The Doctor left the room, and Margaret seated herself by the fire. Then Jack Bevington (eavesdropping Jack!) slipped from behind the curtains, and went quietly, through the deepening shadows, to the piano, and to the ear of the astonished listener once more the soft notes of the "golden tenor" floated through the darkening room, and the words of the "little Rubinstein" stole tenderly to her ears—"Oh! fair, and sweet, and holy,"—this time to its lovely end. In the deep silence that followed, he rose and came gently to her side. She had drooped her fair head upon her hands, and they were moist with tears. "Margaret," he whispered, "can you forgive me?" She bent her face, still shaded by the slender hands, upon those held out to her entreatingly.

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Some minutes later, Mary Bernard, coming to the door, heard low voices speaking and saw the fire-light flickering upon the two figures. She turned, and closing the door very softly, she flew away to Charlie's dressing-room, and flinging herself into his arms, cried, "Oh! Charlie, I am so glad—it is all right, I'm certain! Jack and Margaret are in the drawing-room together and all my plans have succeeded; though I could not think how best to arrange them, they have arranged themselves!" Her husband looked fondly at the glad, flushed face, and said, "Of course, Mary, what you take in hand must succeed. Now perhaps we may both take time for a look at 'Charlie, boy,' and tuck him in his little bed."

Shortly after, the dressing-bell rang, and Jack Bevington coming upstairs met Charlie coming down. He grasped his hand, saying, "Where is Mary, Charlie? I must see her before I dress and tell her that I am the happiest man alive, and it is all due to her!" and they turned to find that happy little woman. All three then went to Margaret to rejoice with her. Afterwards Charlie said to Mary, "Well, wife, I never expect to see anything

more perfectly lovely than Margaret Douglas this night; nor any people more perfectly happy than she and Jack Bevington."

IV.

It was the evening before the wedding. Jack, Margaret and Mary were together in the drawing room of Dr. Douglas' house in Waterford; they were just about to separate to dress for dinner. "Jack," said Mary, "by this time to-morrow you will have got over the 'now at last my own' stage—that comes when the carriage drives off and he clasps her hand." Charlie forget that part of the performance in the tribulation of having left his cigarette case behind, as he thought; but I had it in my bag, so he clasped it instead, and said only, "What a brick you are, Mary!" Now, don't you disappoint Margaret, I assure you I have hardly got over it yet. Well, I am off to dress." "So am I," said Margaret, "but, Jack, wait one moment, I have something to show you." She ran away; but quickly returned, holding in her hand a crumpled letter.

"Another present, dearest?" said he, smiling. "How my queen must be loved and respected! I never saw such variety in the 'sorts and conditions' of gifts and givers."

"Is it not delightful?" cried Margaret, looking radiantly happy. "I value them so much, because so many of them are given as tokens of love of Uncle Archie, to Uncle Archie's niece;—but Jack, I have a confession to make: you know that now everything is arranged for the carrying out all Uncle Archie's plans, you will not be much the wealthier for all that has come to me, but you do not know that I had this letter in my pocket the night the regiment left here. I felt tempted to show it to you then, but somehow I did not—could not." He took the offered letter and read it, then he took her gently in his arms and said, "Thank Heaven, my Margaret, that you did not. I feel that I can never be sufficiently thankful for the lesson of that most bitter time; if I am ever so little less unworthy of 'my brightest jewel,' it is due to you and Mary, who, under higher guidance, set my unworthiness plainly before my eyes. Together, love, we will try to lead the higher life, and to show through our love to others, our deep sense of the love that has dealt so tenderly with us." A. H.

OTHER PEOPLE'S THOUGHTS.

In his "History of Civilization," that work which has been alluded to as a "gigantic failure," but which we may at least consider a marvellous attempt—Mr. Buckle makes some very arbitrary generalities. Of these his remarks on the influence of food, climate and natural surroundings may be taken as a fitting illustration. On the importance of the first and second, that is to say on the physical side, volumes have been written. The value of the third has not been ignored, but the æsthetic has naturally enough yielded precedence to the physical.

To say that civilization depends upon any one of these influences, or upon the three combined, is a generality which many would combat in favour of this or that individual. The evidence concerning food and climate however is ample for the defence, and were the effects of different scenery upon the surrounding inhabitants to be studied with the same minuteness, it is possible that we would make classifications of men and women quite other than

racial. For mountain, forest and river impress upon their dwellers a stamp that is not the product of political frontiers.

But more forcible than the influence of mountain, forest or river has been the influence of the sea. To attempt to determine the importance of this influence upon the imagination would be to sum up what is best in nearly every phase of art, and even then to have left much unsaid. In poetry alone what deathless voices still ring suggestive ever of wave music. Shelley and Byron speak of the sea voicing those vague thoughts which lie in the breasts of smaller souls, dormant and inarticulate.

There are many phases of the sea, and each has found many voices. These voices, however, have tended to express two general views, the strength and mystery or the beauty and joy of the sea. The strength and the mystery is the side which appeals more particularly to this century, and in Victor Hugo it has been shown in all its resistless fascination. In "The Toilers of the Sea" this is no longer an inanimate force; it is personified, a very monster of cunning—one might almost say of genius. Horror and dread, and above and beyond both, unfathomable mystery. What is it, why is it, this monster laden with suggestions of evil? It is calm now and smiling, but does the calm stifle the death-wail or the smile banish the horror of whitening bones? No! it is an implacable, malignant foe to be fought with and conquered by man. A mystery that can contain nothing but sorrow; one that can only be unfolded by infinite toil. It is the sadness of the age which has given this view, which has pictured the sea in the light of its own sorrow. But there is another picture drawn in another light.

In the old Homeric days when simple men found in the complexity around them a simplicity at once calm and beautiful—in these days also men paused and looked at the sea. They called it "hoary" and "barren," these Greeks, but withal they loved it. "Wine-dark," "deep-sounding," and again with "innumerable laughter." Yes, they loved it, in spite of the death it brought; in spite of the mystery it held. In the old days, before Socrates had told men that sleep was sweeter than life: before the mocking whisper of Aristophanes had bidden men look inwards; before Euripides had taken up the burden of life, showing the actual, and feeling all its pain—then men looked at the unknown and felt that it was beautiful as well as powerful, and grasped intuitively that if it was beautiful it must be good. And from the heart of this mystery there appeared to these Greeks a wondrous image beautiful and strong as their own fair minds. From the sea there arose a woman, foam-tossed and radiant: it was Aphrodite, goddess of laughter and love. And in this picture the mystery is lost in the beautiful; it is art at its best and it is religion—both at their best are inseparable. A novelist has expressed it in words that are almost poetry, but the sentiment is hardly modern, hardly English.

Like a star in the seas above,  
Like a dream to the waves of sleep,  
Up—up—the incarnate love—  
She rose from the charmed deep.

Justice claims what is due, polity what is seemly; justice weighs and decides, polity surveys and orders; justice refers to the individual, polity to the community.—Goethe.

## THREE SONNETS.

I.

Self-interest doth hold the world in thrall,  
So say the modern pundits; that were well  
If honour came not in the case at all  
And all mankind were bound to buy and sell.  
If courage, love of country, faith, the call  
Of high endeavour had no tale to tell,  
The world, in truth, were but a trader's stall  
Set out with base commodities to swell  
The swindler's hoard: the Anglo-Saxon race,  
Chief merchants, hucksters, clamorous and  
loud,  
Immodest, soulless calling to the crowd  
To buy their wares and seek no other place.  
Napoleon's 'land of traders,' overflowing  
The greed of gain on all the world bestowing.

II.

And thou, Columbia, greatest child in sooth,  
The chiefest sinner in that sordid crew,  
Hast thou fulfilled the promise of thy youth?  
Is this the work thou didst set out to do?  
Hast set thy foot without remorse or ruth  
On all those higher dreams thy founders drew  
From out the strife with man and lands uncouth  
Seeing o'er all a glimpse of heaven's blue?  
The tired world looked to thy virgin field  
To breed a race of men—not millionaires  
Blind to all higher aims, the hopes, the fears  
Of struggling poverty, and grimly steeled  
To their own ends: Oh! thou may'st yet be  
free,  
Whate'er thy faults, mankind hath hope from  
thee.

III.

There gleams a star: the wave smote Calliôpè,  
Forged through the tempest to the open main,  
Saved from the shock of that insatiate sea  
Scourged into madness by the hurricane.  
Saved; with a message that should solacethee,  
Columbia, for thy loss, a nobler strain  
Runs through thy sailors of stern bravery  
Than prompts the merchant's sordid greed of  
gain.  
The cheer that from the Trenton's ship-wrecked  
crew  
Rang through the storm, shall echo through all  
time.  
Their epitaph, far truer than the rhyme  
Graved on a lying headstone, for they knew  
No hope; but cheering with their latest breath,  
Went down the weltering seas to wreck and  
death.

BASIL TEMPEST.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## RAILWAY KILLING.

To the Editor of The Week:

Sir,—In your free and independent columns—honorably exceptional in this regard—I have remarked the earnest recurrence of articles in protest of the neglect of railway authorities to provide against accidents, with loss of life, at level crossings. Almost every day, in Canada, we have accounts of such accidents, on rural as on urban crossings; each, in itself, most harrowing. The dead tell no tales! In nine cases out of ten, we hear no more of the matter. The dead bury their dead: *i. e.* bury at some poor family's expense, in doomed silence of grief, and poverty oft; poverty too low to raise its hand, or even cry for right: while the ruthless killer is allowed, by condoning authority, to walk forth in unmarked Cainhood in the high places of our world.

As to the question of legal liability, in civil damages, in such case, there can—I take it—be no reasonable doubt; the courts having by general concurrence so ruled. The difficulty, generally, is in the proof; all the survivors in the tragedy usually being of the other side. In such case the poor widows' and orphans' cause must stand over to the last great day of account; as to which, however, corporations (having no soul) have no fear nor regard: "Thou shalt not kill;" "Life for life," is to them a dead letter. There are many things in the complex nature of modern civilization, from Capel Court to "The Lobby," which, inherently wrong and pernicious, yet have the

egis of a "multitude," (e. g. corporation) "to do evil." I do not pretend to explain the anomaly but simply state the fact.

When Stephenson, with his "Rocket," was asked in Committee of the House of Commons in England, by a member (Dr. Lardner): "What would happen in the case of a cow on the track against a rush, say, of fifteen miles per hour by his monster?" the answer was, simply, "It would be bad for the cow." Exactly! "Bad for the cow" and, at the time, no provision thought of—none provided, at least; not even a "catcher" ("cow-catcher") then. Amongst its first victims was a valuable statesman (noble Huskisson) worth, to the nation, ten thousand "cows."

And so, to this day, is the callousness—the Cain-like "Am I my brother's keeper?"—of railway government; in Canada, at least.

About fifty years ago—forty-five, to be precise—Canada, in introducing a railway system, had a specific provision in her statute *ad rem* for railway, or rather highway gates at level crossings. This, under pressure from railway interests of the day was repealed in the next session. What the law on the subject since has been I do not know. Practically, from general experience, it is obviously a dead letter, or at least, totally inefficient.

But it is not only at level crossings, but in other specially dangerous parts, such as curves, in cuttings, bridges, trestles, tunnels, high embankments, steep grades, etc., there ought to be special provision against danger. In law—as I understand—railway companies are held to not only ordinary, but to extraordinary—all possible—care against danger to life, and property, in the exercise of their special franchise; such care being *quoad* the public, and all private and other interest trenching on by such franchise, the price, or of the very price and consideration of such privilege.

The mechanical appliances—such as automatic gates or bars, signals, etc., may entail extra cost; but this may be compensated by saving in damages, judicial or conventional. In any case, in face of the default in this regard on the part of railway companies, and of the persistent injury to life and property of the public from such default, it is for the government, and failing the government, for the legislature to enforce a remedy.

The power is there: the means there: and it is simply criminal not to use them to such end. "*Salus populi; suprema lex!*"

Aug., 1893.

VIATOR.

## THE DAWN OF DESIGN.

One sometimes meets with the opinion in print that primitive man possessed an inherent taste for art. The impression has arisen from incised designs of animal figures having been found among the relics of human handiwork in those caves in the south of France which were inhabited by men at an epoch cotemporary with the mammoth. Examination of the evidence does not however, permit the view to be entertained that "a taste for art" was generally diffused, nor, indeed, that a conception of art was possible to earliest minds.

The vital element of representative art is the power, by means of line and curve of sufficient proportion and accuracy, to convey from one mind to another a perfect idea of the form and action of the living factors in any occurrence which it is desired to commemorate, such ideas having a harmonious mental delight as their primary aim.

Confining our remarks to pictorial representation, but including *cavo relievo* and low bas-relief, which are but pictures drawn with a stylus, it is open to enquire at what stage of the world's progress the element above described became discernible in whole or in part. Byron was right in saying "painting is the most artificial of all arts," and, being so, it demands an observance of its rules to be worthy of its name.

Classification of the mimetic remains that have survived from the earliest centuries of the world may be divided into (1) Mechanical, or single figures idly copied in outline as one would fashion any other toy; (2) Narrative, which may be subdivided into decorative and monumental; and (3) Ideal, to the early stages of which we owe the personification of the supposed attributes of God. The first-named may have been at the vague period of several thousand years before Christ; the second we may safely say from about 4,500 up to 600 or 500 B.C.; and the third since then, through many stages of development (some of them crude enough), to the present time.

The specimens of single figures of animals from which the opinion has been too hastily deduced that a taste for design was diffused among earliest prehistoric humanity, are too well known from published engravings to need linear reproduction here. The principal are a few rude scratches on a piece of ivory tusk found in the cave of La Madelaine in France, and intended to represent a mammoth. This was done, without doubt, in the later days of that animal. The graving tool could only have been a spiculum of flint, and the lines are drawn with uncertain hand. In like manner the outline, on a small scale, of a cave-bear found in Masset cave is, doubtless, cotemporary with the model. In this specimen the outline is bolder, but the proportions are clumsy. In a cave of the reindeer period at Thayngen, in Switzerland, in which among the debris were found no remains of dogs or other domesticated animals, two small pieces of deer-horn were discovered, on one of which is incised the outline of a seated fox, one inch in height, and a seated forest bear, one and a half inch, both well done. From the same cave was taken what is considered the best prehistoric etching in the shape of a grazing reindeer, three by one and a half inches, with marks on the quarter that may stand for dappling or shading. Some of the outlines found elsewhere are sufficiently barbarous, but portions of the profiles of reindeer, auroch or bison, and horses resembling Iceland ponies, as also of a fish like a perch, are recognisable. It is observed that all these, including horses, are of animals of the chase, and consequently familiar to the daily life of the designer. Almost all are drawn *statant* or *sejant*. Speaking loosely, the total number of fragments on which any attempt at design is made does not exceed perhaps fifty or sixty in several hundred thousand relics of palæolithic and neolithic handiwork now in collections. This proportion does not indicate a diffused taste. Of course it is likely that such figures were sometimes outlined in pigments—ochre or the juice of berries—and have perished. Further, it is reasonable to hold that from the ranges of animals limned—mammoth, cave bear, reindeer, horse, and auroch—having only appeared at successive epochs, the few specimens of their portraiture that exist were produced at long intervals in a wide extent of time.

Now, no industrial work is ever done without object, if it were only to pass the time or to show one's skill. These outlines on small scraps of horn or stone could serve no object in the life, such as we know it was, of primitive man. Moreover, not everyone of a hand would have even the limited skill to produce them; but some comparatively intelligent savage, whose hand had acquired a certain facility from marking pictorial directions on

routes of travel, would be likely enough to amuse himself in some of the enforced torpor of savagery by idly making figures in some more durable medium than pigment on a rock face, or pictographs of direction with a stick on the sand. Such custom of pictorially showing the way is universal among wandering hordes, and, it is said, among tramps and vagabonds. We find one of these guide-posts in the *Great Divide*, a Colorado, U.S., paper of June last, from a painted rock recently observed, and of which we venture a translation: "Two bands of us went towards the west, early morning, in the time of faint sunshine (February), and the remainder in a body, at night, in the first quarter of the wet moon when the wild-geese came (March)."

This crude species of symbolical or pictorial guide-post is not to be confounded with designs intended to narrate and preserve an anecdote. The latter is, however, derived from it. This last we shall call Narrative design. A single figure is not sufficient for its requirements. No events occurred in primeval life except hunting incidents—not now referring to somewhat later time when population had increased and clashing interests produced wars. Naturally, therefore, we should look for hunting adventure in earliest "pictures," and accordingly we find it so. To indicate a hunting event, there must be at least the quarry and the hunter, with his assistants, if any. Something may be vaguely gathered historically as to date even from these rude scrawls. The use of the bow and arrow makes it plain that the time of production was later than the palæolithic age, and the presence of a dog still later. Another fact strikes us forcibly—namely, that in the earliest pictures the human form is represented nude. The first known representation of man's form, still extant, one inch in height, on a butt of deerhorn, found in the Madelaine cave, is nude. Others, much later, are likewise *in cœrpo*, leaving room for the inference that as late as the time when man had attained skill enough to express thoughts by pictured signs, they went naked. From this might be made further deductions as to climate and habit, but not necessary here. Perhaps the next consecutive step in design is that observed in rock etching in Algeria, from which region it is conceded the cave-dwellers came.

Unlike as it appears—from the animal's claws—this may represent a lion hunt. Two other Algerine cuttings are given by Nadaillac, in both of which the human figures are nude. Compare such with an outline painting, thirty feet by seven feet, in durable colours, red, yellow, and blue, discovered some six months since on the inner wall of a "corral," or space enclosed by monoliths, in San Luis, Obispo county, California. The enclosure has evidently been a keep of some forgotten tribe, and the incident some memorable hunting scene. The one-horned hunted animal resembles most a rhinoceros (if the picture can be supposed to bear such antiquity), and that the true rhinoceros once roamed the Pacific coast is proved by a skull having been found within one hundred miles of the spot. The figure is scarcely a tapir, nor a mammoth, while the toes preclude it being a champion "dun cow" or bison, and the presence of the remarkably wooden dog shows that the drawing, although old, was done subsequent to the taming of wolves (coyotes) as aids to man. The similarity of the feathered head-gear to modern Indian *chevelure* carries a shade of suspicion, and,

therefore, by way of hedging as to remote antiquity, we admit it is not wholly impossible that the design may have been the work of some idle cowboy or of some aborigine within a few centuries past.

It is to Egypt that we naturally turn for the development of pictorial art, and there we find it—a wanting! Egyptian mural and monumental embellishments cannot, however be called prehistoric, inasmuch as they themselves were designed to record the incidents of history. Whether they became prevalent in remote antiquity before or later than the building of the first pyramid is not important to the question, but throughout twenty-two hundred years down to at least the twentieth dynasty, when a renaissance, or rather an antenatal indication of true pictorial art became perceptible, there remained one unchanged pattern of low type, unimproved over the earliest, either in outline or colouring. This inferiority may be understood by referring to the social system that changed so slowly, or not at all, during the nation's life. Although caste did not obtain, the bonds of class were strictly drawn. The people, as distinguished from the privileged ranks of royalties, priests, nobles and high military officials, were so strictly divided into classes that the system attracted the notice of Greek travellers. Herodotus makes seven different grades; Diodorus Siculus five—namely, reckoning downwards, land stewards, artificers including painters, herdsmen, boatmen, and fishermen. Occupation was in a great measure hereditary, descending from father to son. While architects, embracing sculptors, stood at the very top of cultivated intellect, artificers, classed as tradesmen-decorators, were the picture-producers. Neither their imagination nor their execution ever escaped from the tyranny of a cramped conventional school. It would seem as if the original models adopted in a rudimentary stage of drawing had been irrevocably cast in a mould and brought out ever afterwards, when there were walls to embellish, during a period of two millenniums, unaltered and unimproved although architecture and its lithic accessories had advanced to a high degree of dignity and æsthetic taste. To an eye possessing the slightest quickness of perception or accuracy of observation, such defects must have been glaringly patent. Walter Crane, in the *Fortnightly Review*, justly says, "The artistic capacity and sense of beauty must be fed by the contemplation of beauty, or both will in time perish." The public eye in Egypt had no chance of self-education, hence the sense of beauty and accuracy of form perished, or had never been evoked. While decoration in one unchanged monotony, absolutely without diversity of design or colour, had been before the eye from time immemorial, it excited no sentiment of any kind more than an old *rococo* wall-paper in a country house does in the inmates who have seen it from infancy. Its unlikeness to nature ceases to appear. Perspective seems to have been above the grasp of the mere mimetic mind, which fact is inexplicable when the vista of columns in great temples was ever before the spectators. Grouping, balance, and a central point of interest (whether pyramidal or not) were equally beyond the painter's conception. The skeleton at an Egyptian banquet has become a stock simile, but Egyptian painters showed an utter unacquaintance with the articulations of the human framework and consequent play of muscles. More-

over, studies were made not from the nude but from clad models, thereby giving undue clumsiness of trunk and elongation to the limbs. Attitude was almost always represented in profile, with both feet, even in processions, flat on the ground. Heads were the least incorrect part of the figures, yet the eye is always as if full-face although the visage is in profile, the ear invariably too high and generally too large. Still life is rarely used as accessory. Interiors are indicated by a fald-stool and a vase. Landscape is ignored, or the barbarism is used of fish in the rivers to show which is water and which land. With all this, however, occasionally, but infrequently, a glimmering of caricature peeps out, indicating a desire to get away from the conventional. In the case of animal figures, especially those of the chase, the same effort at escape is apparent. Nor is this difficult to understand. The glimpse of a wild animal is momentary, and the play of its muscles greater than in man, hence it impresses its idea instantly, and with greater force on the mind. This is shown in panels of greyhounds and gazelles, horses at speed, and the like; but in mixed compositions—if they can be so called—the elements of relative harmony are sadly wanting. As to religious paintings and the figures of the gods, it is the absence of cultured fancy that produces distorted dreams, and these came in with idol worship. They were the outcome of crude attempts to personify attributes.

In colour, defects were equally glaring. Patches of vivid primary colour, irrespective of beauty of form, have an attraction for the vulgar, but in such rude ornamentation the effect is more distracting than gorgeous. Egyptian colours were certainly vivid enough, but the range—a kind of distemper with gum as a medium, on a white ground—was circumscribed, and did not embrace crimson, purple, olive, orange, or lilac. Half-tints were unknown, hence the vital element of shadow is a wanting, thereby excluding such pictures from the domain of true art. Male countenances were depicted of a flat reddish hue and female of a saffron brown, showing a wider difference of tint than probably existed between the sexes. Folds of drapery were indicated by lines of brown or yellow. The vital want—as it was among all early peoples—was absence of individuality of design; that is to say, of diversity. This could scarcely be blamed on the producers. Pictures to-day on the walls of the Academy address themselves to the prevailing taste of the time, thereby indicating to posterity what particular phase was prevalent in the year or the decade, and demand in that special taste will produce an over-abundant supply. The very low standard of scenic effect which from time immemorial satisfied the Egyptian public, showing an utter want of exaltation and an absence of the sense of beauty, demanded nothing better than they had continually before their eyes. Hence, after all, designs by "artificers" were not a criterion of their own aspirations, but remain a gauge of the public taste that received them. Herein is no trace of artistic craving, and in this view art did not dawn in Egypt until after two millenniums of wall-painting, and in its first glimmering was extinguished by foreign invasion of the kingdom. And, truly, art proper cannot be looked for until, with large population, general culture, and consequent grasp of mind, the mimetic has passed into the

ideal. Not until twenty dynasties had reigned was there an approximation to this condition in Egypt. War scenes on a large scale then first appeared, showing multitudes of figures, still with conventional defects of drawing, but exhibiting considerable spirit. This was not until about the thirteenth century, B.C. Rawlinson says—"It would seem that the acmé of art was coincident with the decline in morals." For art's sake we must regard this as a *non sequitur*. In succeeding reigns art in all branches almost totally disappeared, and in B.C. 527 Cambyses, the Persian, conquered Egypt. In B.C. 322 the country fell under Greek sway, so remaining until it became a Roman province about the time of the Christian era, and distinctive Egyptian art in all walks ceased.

We have deferred remark till now regarding what, on the surface, would strike as the most remarkable contradiction between Egyptian pictorial and glyptic art. From time as early as can be followed, or about the fourth dynasty, sculpture in the round was executed with skill, form and proportion being preserved in all intended points of view, while pictorial designs were of the most rudimentary. In other words, sculpture in the round was the outcome of mathematical calculation, while pictures, whether done by the brush or in *cavo relievio* with the stylus, were the work of the upholsterer. Further to vary the simile, architecture, of which sculpture was a component part, was the ambition of kings; ornamentation the trade of dealers. The two products were the issue of different grades of mind, and were addressed to different eyes. The structure of society was at first autocratic, and afterwards, to a great extent, hieratic. Learning was confined to the highest social class. Architects, usually of princely or priestly rank, stood high above all other masters of applied erudition, and to the designs of these highly educated men Egypt is indebted for her architectural celebrity. They had the grasp to perceive that sculpture was not a mere ornamental accessory of architecture, but the completion of its thought. For this reason we have in Egyptian statuary a grandeur, poise, and dignity that offer a humiliating rebuke to the feeble lines of the brush. As early as the fourth dynasty, already referred to, nobles affected portrait-statues at a time when painted portraits were unknown. To sculpture we owe the long series of Egyptian kings, necessarily executed with a fidelity that would make their features recognised by the common people, yet retaining individual expression and a general air beseeeming kings. Whether life-size, heroic, or colossal, the same qualities are preserved, and even in composite colossi as the sphinx. The study is interesting, but the subject of this paper is pictorial, not glyptic.

As regards the other peoples of remote antiquity, the same observations apply. Until M.M. Rassam and Sarzec's recent discoveries of life-size statues showing much skill in design, or probable date as early as Egypt had any to rival them, materials were scarce on which to form a just impression on Akkad-Babylonian art. Diodorus says the walls of Nebuchadnezzar's great palace were ornamented with coloured pictures of hunting scenes. Designs on clay cylinders of King Sargon's time, B.C. 3800, show less conventionalism than those of early Egyptian, but are less smooth in execution. Some impressed vignettes and engraved gems certainly show greater

play of fancy than cotemporary Egyptian, but nothing as yet justifies the belief that an appreciation of the merits of pictorial design was ever conspicuous as a characteristic of the public. Assyrian pictography (using that convenient term in a wide sense), discloses an advance on the part of the designers over their predecessors the Babylonians, yet still falling into like errors of drawing as the Egyptian. The human-headed colossi, with which archaeological museums have made us moderns familiar, show much of the reserved strength of the sphinx, but copies of ordinary life are almost all flat and squat. The sentiment addressed by the sculptured colossi was that of awe, and, doubtless, excited it, but it does not follow that a pleasant æsthetic sensation was universally diffused by coloured wall paintings. Persian art showed further advance. Taking as an illustration a photograph from Persepolis of a procession bringing gifts to Cyrus, about B.C. 525, well-drawn figures of the camel and the humped ox are proportionate to the stature of their attendants, the human figures—still in profile, and with both feet flat on the ground—being, with one or two exceptions, no longer wooden, but having diversity of outline and expression. It is hard to refuse them the rank of artistic. A general taste for such art might well have been general among the luxurious and sensuous public of the Persian capital, but it was a taste that had blossomed from roots which had been slowly growing through the preceding twenty centuries. In India and the farther East pictorial representation, though older than historic time, had never greatly outgrown the conventional stiffness of early efforts.

The world had long wagged before there came a general diffusion (that is to say, appreciation of and pleasure in) the visible presentment of ideas through the medium of line and colour, and longer before the rules for such presentment were formulated into what deserves to be called, by pre-eminence, art; not, indeed, until some time, long or short—centuries probably—before Apelles, about 350 B.C., exhibited his picture of Anadyomene in the Academy at Athens. The demand for paintings was great, the fancy price of fifty talents, equal to £12,000 sterling having been offered at least once for a specimen on the easel of Protogenes. No conventional daub or defective drawing would pass where the whole populace were connoisseurs of the human form, from witnessing it constantly in its proportions and attitudes in the gymnasium. Here, then, only in Greece, we have the required conditions. A people sufficiently numerous, keenly sensitive to impressions, with eye cultured to accuracy, the ranks of life so little removed from each other politically that one idea pervaded all with equal intensity, and one impression diffused itself through all. Therefore, in a country that had alike the natural elements of beauty and severity, and socially, a people vivacious and cultured, the standard of taste was uniform, universal, and of the highest. Hence art was born of the Hellenic Athene.

So far, then, from a taste for the pictorial being native to primeval man, we find that not until the sciences had made large strides did the first principles of representation dawn on the mind. Had taste for art in itself been inherent in the men of the caves—*i.e.*, common to humanity—it must have developed under the favourable conditions of Egyptian civiliza-

tion. Thus is another venerable superstition as to man's inherent qualities set aside.—J. Hunter-Duvar, in *The Reliquary*.

### THE POETRY OF D. G. ROSSETTI.

If Rossetti had never written a line of poetry we could well imagine some discriminating critic exclaiming, as he wandered through a collection of the artist's pictures, "If Rossetti had only been a poet!" Yet now that he has been a poet, and a very considerable poet too—for we have Mr. Ruskin telling us that he is, in his opinion, greater as a poet than as a painter—there are not a few persons who turn away from his poetry with disappointment, and, in order to justify the original and dignified conception which they had formed of him in his dual character, take refuge in the recollection of the influence he exercised upon his friends, upon contemporary art, and through art upon the life of the nation.

It is no ordinary character that Mr. Holman Hunt draws for us when he describes this poet-painter at work in his studio, or amongst those intimates to whom he so rigidly confined his acquaintance. "A young man of decidedly foreign aspect, about five feet seven and a quarter inches in height, with long brown hair touching his shoulders, not taking care to walk erect, but rolling carelessly as he slouched along, pouting with parting lips, staring with dreamy eyes, not looking directly at any point but gazing listlessly about. . . ." But this "apparently careless and defiant youth" would prove on closer acquaintance "courteous, gentle and winsome, generous in compliment, rich in interest in the pursuits of others." Under the trials of studio work, we are told—and, indeed, can well believe—he manifested at times an "uncontrollable temper"; but "when his work did not oppress his spirits, when his soul was not tormented by some unhappy angel-model—frightened out of its wits in turn by his fiery impatience—he could not restrain his then happy memory of divine poetry." At such times he would chant in a voice "rich and full of passion" . . . now in the "lingua Toscana" and again in that of the "well of English undefiled."

At the time of the formation of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, Rossetti had, according to his friend Mr. Hunt, "a greater acquaintance with the poetic literature of Europe than, perhaps, any living man." Moreover, he was essentially a "proselytizer." Himself steeped in poetry, he wished to give a poetic form to the life of his contemporaries. Failing in this, he resolutely excluded from his sympathies all that in the life of the age appeared to interfere with this ideal life. A man who thought that "people had no right to be different from the people of Dante's time," and considered the pattern of a curtain or the form of a chair a matter of greater importance to mankind than the Evolution Hypothesis or the doctrine of Conservation of Energy, must certainly be credited with a highly artistic temperament, but more than this is required to make a poet. Undoubtedly a personality more essentially "poetic" than that of Rossetti has seldom or never been presented to the world. But for the composition of great poetry a personality is not enough. Byron had that, but Matthew Arnold does not therefore include him among the "glorious class of the best." These are endowed with an extended range of vision and a

knowledge of the heart of man sympathetic almost to clairvoyancy. Byron was wholly concerned with the life of the period, and of that he could only see one aspect, the narrowness of the majority of "respectable" people; and his criticism of life was confined to an exposure, not always in the best possible taste, of their prudery and hypocrisy. The fact that he made himself the principal character in all his poetry, and that he invariably asserted the discontent which formed the burden of his song to be universal and inevitable, whereas it was in truth the reflex of his own unhappy experience, justified Macaulay's taunt that "never was there such variety in monotony as that of Byron," and seriously endangered his claim to be called a great poet. Similarly the circumstances of Rossetti's life, and the fierce concentration of himself into the life of art that made him as Ruskin said "the chief intellectual force in the establishment of the modern romantic school in England," prevented him from attaining that wide comprehension that calm and level attitude of mind, which can alone afford a basis for an adequate criticism of life.

But there is another test of poetic value—the possession or not of that quality of "earnestness" on which Aristotle, and after him Arnold, insists. "Genuine poetry," says Arnold, "is composed in the soul." "Composed in the soul," here at least we have an unmistakable characteristic of the man who wrote

O dearest! while we lived and died  
A living death in every day,  
Some hours we still were side by side,  
When where I was you too might stay  
And rest and need not go away.  
O nearest, furthest! can there be  
At length some hard-earned heart-won home,  
Where—exile changed to sanctuary—  
Our lot may fill indeed its sum,  
And you may wait and I may come?

Here, I say, we have a good assurance for our belief in the genuine character of Rossetti's poetry. But before we consider its import, let us first note those aspects in which he has no claim to excellence. By thus limiting our expectations we shall be in a better position to judge of his real merits.

In the first place, we cannot expect in Rossetti's poetry an interpretation of life such as we find in the "world" poets. No one would think of writing of him as Pope writes of Homer, that "it seemed not enough to have taken in the whole circle of the arts, and the whole compass of nature." Or as Sismondi writes of Dante, "That great genius conceived in his vast imagination the mysteries of the invisible creation, and unveiled them to the eyes of the astonished world." Or as Johnson did of Milton, that "he had considered creation in its whole extent." Or as Dryden of Shakespeare, that he "of all modern and perhaps ancient poets had the largest and most comprehensive soul."

Rossetti is also deficient in what Goethe calls the "architectonics" of poetry. His chief work, "The House of Life," is a mere sonnet-sequence—a series of individually perfect but entirely independent pieces. Not only is he deficient in this faculty of construction, and generally in the sense of proportion so conspicuous in the Greek poets, but that which Aristotle calls the "very soul" of poetic composition, the plot or story, is of necessity absent from his works. Possibly he thought that this function of the poetic art belonged

more especially to fiction in the nineteenth century. It is at least certain that he was not wanting in power to portray actions. Nothing could be more essentially dramatic than the death of William the Atheling in "The White Ship."

He knew her face and he heard her cry,  
And he said, "Put back! She must not die!"

God only knows where his soul did wake,  
But I saw him die for his sister's sake.

While that his eye was no less keen for scenic effect than that of a Greek tragedian is shown by a score of passages in his longer poems; not to mention a whole class that are nothing but pictures rendered into poetry. But the poetic afflatus is too intense ever to last longer than is barely sufficient for a single episode. The flames of the sacrifice burn so fiercely that they consume the very altar upon which they are offered.

Neither is there any decided trace—to turn from the matter of his poetry to his manner—of the "fascinating felicity" of Keats; still less of the supreme genius of Shakespeare, who was "naturally learned"; in whom were present "all the images of nature" which he drew "not laboriously but luckily." Apart from internal evidence, we have Michael Rossetti's account of his brother's poetic method. According to him, Dante Rossetti was a "very fastidious writer." He wrote, indeed, out of a large fund of thought "which would culminate in a clear impulse or (as we say) an inspiration"; but in the execution of his poems "he was heedful and reflective from the first, and he spared no pains in clarifying and perfecting."

Even if we narrow the comparison and ask what was his comprehension of the life of the age, Rossetti's poetry appears equally inadequate. Of his want of sympathy with its scientific aspect I have already written. As his brother remarks, "he was anti-scientific to the marrow." But this is in itself an insufficient reason for the entire indifference, apparent in his works, to the progress and travail of humanity. It does not excuse the fact that there are in his poetry no lines instinct with the pride of material progress, such as Tennyson's:

Not in vain the distance beacons. Forward,  
forward, let us range.  
Let the great world spin for ever, down the  
ringing grooves of change.

No cry interpretative of its spiritual unrest such as Browning's "Truth at any cost"; no figure sympathetic to England's life such as Arnold's "Weary Titan." The reason lies solely in the limitations of his own temperament. The exclusive spirit which was shown in his choice of associates and in his manner of life is equally manifested in the choice of his poetic sphere. Just as Rossetti's nature was concentrated into a single phase of the life of art, so his poetic thought is limited to a consideration of that passion which appeared to him to offer most scope for the study of the beautiful in the life of man.

But within this sphere Rossetti's poetry rings true. This limitation once recognized, and there is an end to our disappointment. We feel that by his poetry a door is opened for us into the "soul's sphere of infinite images," and that, of all the poet voices, his voice is most near to that sweet utterance which, in his own unequalled line,

Is like a hand laid softly on the soul.

Dante had striven by his "Vita Nuova" to give an altogether higher and more spiritual conception of the passion of love to his mediæval contemporaries in his great epic; while Virgil acts as his guide, it is Beatrice that inspires and encourages him in his moments of despondency. Rossetti, following in the steps of his master, likewise interprets the passion of love. In so doing he has brought into his considerations the fuller knowledge and the wider spiritual experience of the nineteenth century. Not only has he by his poetry widened the gamut of human passion, but he has introduced half-tones to which the mediæval ear must naturally have been deaf. In particular he has approached a problem of peculiar and special interest at the present time—the endurance of an earthly union under the changed conditions of a future existence. The consideration of this question was deepened by the circumstances of his marriage. His own enjoyment of wedded life had been brief. In such love he recognized the purest and most perfect of human passions—an influence which above all else raised the spirit of men's action. To think that this relationship was only for earth, when it was in truth a foretaste of heaven, revolted his ardent nature, and in his poetry he has endeavoured so to interpret the earthly manifestations of this passion as to demonstrate its fitness for the sphere of heaven. To prove the truth of this belief is the desire of his heart, a desire continually and eloquently poured forth throughout his poetry.

Your heart is never away,  
But ever with mine, for ever,  
For ever without endeavour.  
To-morrow, love, as to-day;  
Two blent hearts never astray,  
Two souls no power may sever,  
Together, O my love for ever!

When such a motive has a chief place in the presentation of the theme, it follows that Rossetti's conception of the passion of love is essentially elevated. The passion which he portrays as existing on earth is, indeed, that of a man keenly alive to all sensuous beauties, but this human passion is dominated by the spiritual element which is the basis on which the doctrine of the continuity of love rests. For him Love's throne was not with "Kindred powers the heart finds fair," Truth, Hope, Fame, Oblivion, Youth, Life, Death,

but far above  
All passionate wind of welcome and farewell  
He sat in breathless bowers they dream not of.

To portray the manifestations of love in its most perfect form, with the most subtle feeling and the richest imagery, to introduce an element of spiritual interpretation, to assert its continuance in the after-world, is his chosen task. For that task he possessed the fullest equipment. To his passionate Italian nature and his unequalled appreciation of the beautiful he added a spirit of devotion so deep that it led him upon his wife's untimely death to bury in her grave the volume of poems he had ready for publication. He is never tired of asserting the supremacy of Love. Sometimes it is Love's power to discern and reward the true soul on which he dwells. So Rose Mary, after she has passed through scenes of conflict in which the electric atmosphere is lightened ever and anon by flashes of lurid lightning, ultimately triumphs over the Beryl-stone, and hears the voice of Love saying:

Thee, true soul, shall thy Truth prefer  
To blessed Mary's rose-bower:  
Warmed and lit in thy place afar  
With gerdon-fires of the sweet Love-star  
Where hearts of steadfast lovers are.

Sometimes he magnifies the greatness of the spiritual principle by an assertion of the littleness of the human vehicle.

I, what am I to Love, the lord of all?  
One murmuring shell he gathers from the sand,—

One little heart-flame sheltered in his hand.  
Yet through thine eyes he grants me clearest call

And veriest touch of power primordial  
That any hour-girt life may understand.

In the presentation of his theme he has extended the usual resources of poetic art by methods more especially suggested by his artistic genius. In particular he has employed the principles of Pre-Raphaelite painting with extraordinary skill to heighten and sustain the human tension by a contrast with the calmness and unconcern of Nature. This aspect of his poetry is one that is so important that an exact example may be pardoned. When Alöyse the Bride tells her "sad prelude strain" more than once the stillness of the chamber is broken by sounds borne in from the outside world. And we are told that once Amelotte

Heard from beneath the plunge and float  
Of a hound swimming in the moat.

What a touch is that! how, in our perception, the darkened quiet chamber, the sad low voice, the open casement, are all illuminated by the plunge of that hound in the still water of the moat in the hot midday.

The trick Rossetti has of representing both mankind and material objects in a pictorial or conventional form; his unconscious assumption in his poetry that the reader is conversant with the principles and even some of the technical aspects of art, is sometimes vexatious. But we may laugh now at the petulance of the "Quarterly Reviewer" who wrote of Rossetti's characters, "The further off they get from Nature, the more they resemble mere pictures, the better they please . . ." the poet and his school. We have at least learnt to be grateful for Rossetti's picture-poems and poem-pictures. The distance from which we look back upon his poetry is too short yet to allow us to see it in just perspective; but already his name has won an honoured place among the poets of the century. Let him answer the critics in his own words:

Around the vase of life at your slow pace  
He has not crept, but turned it with his hands,  
And all its sides already understands.  
And he has filled this vase with wine for blood,  
With blood for tears, with spice for burning vow,  
And watered flowers for buried love most fit;  
And would have cast it shattered to the flood,  
Yet in Fate's name has kept it whole; which now  
Stands empty till his ashes fall in it.

—W. Basil Worsfold, in Nineteenth Century.

#### ART NOTES.

This autumn is full of promise for the art lover. Our artists have, as usual, completely deserted the city, and only faint rumors have reached us of their whereabouts in all quarters. Most of them have received a new impetus from a visit to the World's Fair and the results of these months of work, "far from the madding crowd" will be seen before long at the various exhibitions.

We ought to be congratulating ourselves, or rather our artists, now that the report of awards has been made by the jurors on fine arts at the World's Fair. Although the number of works in oil in our department is only 118, five of these will be awarded the diploma

of the Exposition authorities and bronze medals. The names of the recipients are J. A. Fraser, for "A Highland November Morning"; G. A. Reid for "The Foreclosure of the Mortgage"; the remaining three being F. C. V. Ede, Sarah B. Holden and Robert Harris, but for what pictures is not known (to us).

Not a few American artists are known quite as well by the products of the pen as of the pencil and brush—artist-writers they have been called. Mr. George Boughton is one of these; Mr. Frederick Remington's recent essays have been almost as acceptable as his painting; Mr. F. D. Millet's articles, illustrated by himself, were a most delightful surprise to many; Mrs. Mary Hallock Foote is another of these fortunate ones; (we had almost said Mr. Joseph Pennell, but it happens to be Mrs. Pennell who does the writing, which is not quite the same thing) and now Mr. Edwin Lord Weeks is announced as having prepared a series of illustrated articles on the journey from the Black Sea to the Persian Gulf by caravan. He is the artist who accompanied Mr. Theodore Child on the expedition on which he lost his life. Any one who has seen the U. S. exhibit at the World's Fair will remember Mr. Weeks' pictures of oriental life "Two Hindoo Fakirs," "Three Beggars of Cordova," and others.

A writer in "The Point of View," the quasi-editorial department of *Scribner's*, says of Dr. Sargent's recent exhibition in Boston:—"A very remarkable exhibition was that lately held in a Boston studio, the result of Dr. Sargent's labours in measuring the bodies of over two thousand Harvard students. It consisted, besides his measurement charts, of two nude clay figures; the one representing the average or 'composite' of more than five thousand Harvard men at the age of twenty-one; the other the corresponding composite of the same number of girl students of divers colleges, measured at the same age. Reluctant gallantry gives place to veracity, and one admits that the young man is the finer figure of the two. Standing squarely, clean-limbed, strong-necked, he looks rather like a runner than a rower; but there is nothing sordid, nothing warped, nothing to indicate the deterioration of a civilization of too many wheels, the stunting, or the abnormal one-sided development, or the factory or of city life. When we come to the woman, we must—*glissons un peu*. A prominent artist locked her over from a professional point of view and refused to accept the statue as the ultimate model. Of course, said her creator; for that you would in fairness select a figure on the 80 or 90 per cent. line, not this, which meets exactly 50 per cent. of them all, and is half way from the best to the worst; or, to put it more precisely, is only the greatest good of the greatest number. He then naively explained her inferiority to the boy on a ground one hardly dare whisper—namely, that women students in colleges came from a class not equal, socially or intellectually, to that which universally sends its boys. Brutally to set forth the facts, the figure has more fragility without a corresponding gain in grace; the lower half is better than the upper; it is not that tight lacing has left evident traces (the waist is over twenty-four) but the inward curve of the back, the thinness of the body, lack strength and erectness of pose."

On the subjects of artists and photography Mr. M. H. Spielmann writes in the *Magazine of Art*: Mr. Sambourne's unlimited and candid use of photography is almost unequalled among artists; but that he makes a proper use of it is obvious from the fact that his drawings never betray that "sense of photography" which one often feels in looking at the work of certain painters. True, he may sometimes fail in his proportions; but that shows only the disadvantage rather than the benefit to be derived from the sun-picture by him who uses it. In the same way will Sambourne press figures from well-known pictures into his service, quite apart from the clever adaptation of famous canvases to the subject in hand, for which he has so great a special talent. At the back of his house is a paved courtyard wherein

his servant poses as every character under the sun while he is photographed by his master, who then runs inside to develop the plate and dash at his drawing. Or Mr. Sambourne will photograph himself, or the model; or he will get his friends to sit. When he was about to make the drawing of Lord Randolph Churchill as a sprite at sea on an egg-shell, he quickly made his little son strip and pose while he took a snapshot at him. His genius for realism is great. When he was illustrating Kingsley's "Water Babies," and required to see how such a creature would look in a bottle of water for Darwin and Huxley to examine, he bought a small doll, weighted it and sank it in a water-bottle, and so drew it with an amount of truth which would have been impossible had he merely trusted to imagination. I remember when he was engaged on his "Mahogany Tree" for the Jubilee number of *Punch*—one of the most popular drawings he ever made, showing the united staff toasting the paper—he had such a table duly laid for dinner in the courtyard with one person sitting at it to show the proportion, and photographed it from a window of the house at the necessary elevation. But for his love of realism he never could have done these things. But for his love of naturalism he never could have given us those wonderful studies of nature, such as his truthful drawing of water, and so forth; and but for this "Mr. Punch" would certainly never have printed one or two of his Norwegian sketches in which there was not, nor was there intended to be, the slightest humour or fun—nothing but a calm and respectful love of nature, the deep, sad impression of the artist as he watches the northern sun dip in sleepy majesty behind the western waves.

Amiel has said somewhere that a "landscape is a condition of the soul," and this has been generally supposed to mean that in a landscape which a painter places on a canvas he describes himself. As we thus see, in "The Deluge" or "The Diogenes," the noble and austere soul of Poussin, or in his "Battleground," the tragic and tormented soul of Salvator Rosa. But Amiel meant something else, and something less common-place and more profound. He intended to say that, independent of the poet or painter, a landscape has its ideal signification and its intrinsic value. He intended to say that for you as for me whatever the state of our souls, the view of the Bay of Naples will cause joy, and that the view of the North Sea, tumultuous breaking on the shore, will suggest horror. Far from being our "states of soul" which impose themselves on nature, it is the spectacles of nature which modify our "states of the soul;" and you will find few Werthers at the Bay of Naples, and still fewer Polichinelles at Spitzberg. In other words, Amiel intended to say that between nature and man there are affinities, "correspondences," a hidden accordance between the sensible and intelligible, as a philosopher would say, which are the relatives or correlatives of each other. Sadness or gaiety, sorrow or pleasure, love or weariness of life, light pleasures, bitter regrets are facts as we are; there is no human sentiment which does not translate itself in some aspect of nature and there become crystallized. This is what Amiel meant, and, in subordinating ourselves to nature, we need not fear that art will lose anything, either in its diversity or in its "humanity." You find a proof of this impersonality in Dutch art. None have ever painted more conscientiously, with more probity, not to say with more devotion, than those who are called the little Dutch masters, as Metzsu, Terburg, Pierre de Hooch, Van Ostade. None have ever cared less for "doctrines," for self-revelation, for these things which betray the individual, his private life or personal tastes. And, finally, none have ever shown more sincere sympathy for man, for the most unimportant occupations which make the course of daily life the most humble, or, if you choose, the most common; none have ever better loved truth and nature; that is, with a more temperate and, therefore, more profound love. They have given us excellent examples of impersonal, objective, naturalistic



art—naturalistic in being objective, and objective because impersonal.—*M. Ferdinand Brunetiere, in the "Revue Bleue."*

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

Why is it that so many novelists, ignorant of music, though otherwise clever, will not leave it alone, but insist on inflicting on us opinions and descriptions they would not dare to venture on in other arts? Here is a piece of clotted nonsense we have come across in Mr. Marion Crawford's "Witch of Prague." This is how that popular author describes an organ prelude (cap. 1, p. 2):—"Suddenly the heavy vibrations of a single pedal note burst from the organ upon the breathing silence, long drawn out, rich, voluminous, and imposing. Presently, upon the massive bass, great chords grew up, succeeding each other in a simple modulation, rising then with the blare of trumpets and the simultaneous crash of mixtures, fifteenth and coupled pedals, to a deafening peal, then subsiding quickly again and terminating in one long sustained common chord. Organists will please note this peculiarity. Music, especially as to its technical terms, when described in fiction—English fiction—is indeed a fearful and wonderful thing.—*Musical News.*

The following caustic remarks on Mr. de Lara's new opera are from the pen of the *Times* critic. In dealing with this work, it would be manifestly absurd to institute comparisons with the music of other dramatic composers. The melodies of "Amy Robsart" are a little less incoherent than those in Mr. de Lara's "Light of Asia"; now and then a "figure of accompaniment" is carried on through several strains, and it would seem that much of the ordinary stock-in-trade of the operatic composer has been acquired whether by unconscious assimilation or by deliberate study. From Mascagni extensive quotations have been made, not, of course, note for note, but with such palpable indebtedness that the resemblance is evident to the veriest tyro. "Romeo and Juliette" lends some of the more pleasing passages in the love music, and, by a curious coincidence, scraps of the Hungarian march, incorporated by Berlioz in "La Damnation de Faust," play an important part in the Kenilworth revels, as though to remind subscribers that one of the promised novelties of the season has had to be dropped. In this music there is neither colour nor character of any kind whatever, and the orchestration is often clumsy, and not seldom quite absurd.

The following interesting remarks on the subject of "Music and Words" we cull from the *London Musical News*: "Listening lately to the revival of "La Fille de Madame Angot," one could not but be struck by the conviction that no amount of genius in its representation could make or prove the music to be anything beyond charming. Here at all events was a burlesque operetta, in which the music did not go beyond the words. It brought to mind the interesting and ever open question, whether it is right that the music should be better than the words, or whether the illustration here given was the better thing. Many who have a strong feeling that music of a really high and pathetic order (say of the above kind,) is not a proper concomitant of comic opera where the words do not rise to that music, but are really only a pretty and trifling play upon the high mood which the music portrays. It is in the incapacity of the libretto-art (to put it that way) that the offence lies. Were the truly comic of comedy reached, a certain good and delightful music would be in place; but good comedy, although so often aimed at, is so rarely achieved—what happens is, that it is always and everywhere gravitating to the burlesque. Happily, the records of music present some examples to the contrary. In Mozart's "Nozze di Figaro" the music has the exact tone that Beaumarchais's delightful comedy demands for its due illustration; the sentiments expressed, the situations, and even the play of the words have been taken into account by the composer in writing his music. He has exactly caught the spirit of the play, and his genius has given us music which, though old at this day, still charms us by its grace and appropriateness. And much the same may be said of

Rossini's immortal "Barber of Seville," though perhaps here the humour is more boisterous and pronounced than in the score of Mozart. But it is genuine comic music, far removed from the burlesque type that the latter French school has—may it be said—inflicted on us. Some have maintained that it is impossible for music *per se* to have a pronounced comic tone, as apart from its association with words. But there are certainly instances to the contrary, one must be content with mentioning Mendelssohn's "Pedlar's song," and Bottom the Weaver's grotesque march, Rossini's "Largo al Factotum," and the list of conquests in "Don Giovanni," all irresistibly comic, irrespective of their words and associations. The conception and text of these true comedies is of the best, and they are properly mated to the best music; the life representation is real, and so is the music. What shall we say, however, when the music is better than the words? Surely better music does not raise worse words, but practically leaves the level of the "play" where it is. This, perhaps, is not the general view. Take Gilbert and Sullivan's operas. Many have maintained that in these examples the music is on the whole better than the words. But the supporters of these works say, "perhaps it is, but the better the music is, the more we like it." It is clear therefore that they do not touch the real issue. What we want is good comedy to fit good music. It is hardly too much to assume that the literary ability is generally so low that every attempt at good comedy produces a result that is really full of burlesque; or that (regarding Gilbert) is only extravagant and witty. Are we to take that as a true representation of comedy? There is much of Sullivan's art in connection with these works that suggests a truer comedy, rather than a mere accompaniment to an unreal or feeble play. Where you have a frivolous level of life, and its representations and amusements are similarly suggestive of burlesque, let music and words be of the same level. It may rightly be argued that in life, as it is, there is much burlesque. But in these "operettas" we have music which, being repeatedly better than what it represents, is liked all the more by the generality. That is the situation tersely expressed. You have briefly a low libretto raised by better music. Is that the best thing, all considered? If it is, it means that music is tending to raise our life and morals; that the emotion it inspires is the only refresher in a frivolous age. If this is so, it is either relegating all other things to a lower level than has hitherto been admitted as theirs, or that these things are but temporarily low, and that music is temporarily only in the ascendant. It shows how very unequal our composition is, when we cannot get words and music to fit each other except in some exceptional instance. Of late a good deal of attention has been directed to the condition of comic opera, and by "comic" is meant that portion of the opera realm in which something below the grand, heroic, or tragedy type is dealt with. It is certain that no works of this latter character hold the stage, nor does there seem any special demand for them. Manager after manager tries the experiment of giving them in London, and it seems never with success. Does not the fault lie chiefly in the librettos given to our composers to set! Never was musical scholarship, technical skill, and fancy in a more advanced condition than it is now. Rarely is a work produced without its book being immediately pounced upon; its impossibilities, the weakness of its construction, and the poorness of its diction all afford food for the critics. It is time for the authors of opera librettos to re-survey the position, and to make a fresh endeavor to produce fitting tales with natural situations and appropriate lines, which our composers can with better success illustrate in music.

Speech of a man's self ought to be seldom and well chosen. I knew one who was wont to say, in scorn, "He must needs be a wise man, he speaks so much of himself." There is but one case wherein a man may commend himself with good grace, and that is in commending virtue in another, especially if it be a virtue whereunto himself pretendeth.—*Bacon.*

LIBRARY TABLE.

ESSAYS FROM REVIEWS. By Dr. George Stewart. Second Series. Quebec: Dawson & Co. 1893.

We cannot wonder that the publication of Mr. Dawson's most interesting Essays on the American Poets should have led to the wish that he would give some more of his literary work to the public. In response to this wish he has re-published, from various magazines, the four essays contained in the present little volume—on Alfred, Lord Tennyson; Emerson, the Thinker, Adirondack Murray, and the History of a Magazine. The magazine is a quarterly periodical which Mr. Stewart created and managed about twenty-five years ago, and the story of it has much interest, if not great encouragement for such enterprises. The article on Adirondack Murray will tell most readers a good deal about a writer concerning whom they will be glad to have more knowledge. The papers on Emerson and Tennyson are excellent. The account of Dr. Stewart's visit to the great English poet, although telling us little that is not already known, is fresh and living, and therefore welcome. These essays are a good specimen of our best Canadian literature.

SWEETHEART GIVEN.—A Welsh Idyll. By William Tirebuck. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1893.

To every man is given now and then the vision of youth—indeed, to some, retrospection becomes the chief solace of life. The innocence, the bliss, the bright and buoyant spring time of early life, with what a subtle and beguiling charm do they not now and then revisit the hackneyed toiler in his later years? sweet as the breath of a spring tide flower or as the music of a far off chime they bring to the weary one a momentary joy that scarcely seems of earth, and is indeed suggestive of heaven. In "Sweetheart Given," Mr. Tirebuck has no doubt given us a picture, an idyllic picture it is, of perhaps the brightest memory of his early boyish life. The simple pastoral incidents of the quiet life on the old Welsh farm, and the joyous and pathetic memories which were associated with it shine out from the pages of the book with the verisimilitude of life itself. It is not every day that we are again brought face to face with the tender life of our early youth—nor are we often privileged to read such pure and altogether excellent English as this author has at his command.

NATURAL SELECTION AND SPIRITUAL FREEDOM. By Joseph John Murphy. Price 6s. London: Macmillan. 1893.

These essays have, for the most part, appeared in magazines and reviews, and are in every way worthy of being thus collected and preserved. They are characterized by clearness of thought and expression, and by a very fine critical discernment of spiritual questions, and will be distinctly helpful to those who take a living interest in the religious problems which are continually emerging. The first three are devoted to a criticism of Professor Drummond's famous book, and takes exception to his mechanical conception of human action. We believe that we have already in these columns offered a similar criticism of Mr. Drummond's opinions. In his fourth chapter the author discusses in a very interesting manner two parables, or rather portions of two parables, the elder brother in the Parable of the Prodigal Son, and the Labourers in the Vineyard. In the next essay we believe that the writer has gone too far in his criticism of the statement of Origin which Butler takes as the starting point of his Analogy. We believe that whatever is true in Mr. Murphy's remarks would have been accepted by Butler. In his sixth essay Mr. Murphy comes rather nearer Universalism than we like; but it is well that this mysterious subject should be fully discussed from every point of view. We would further direct attention to his essays on Predestination and on the Reality of Knowledge, and conclude by a cordial recommendation of the volume.

THE DREAD VOYAGE. Poems. By William Wilfred Campbell. Toronto: William Briggs. 1893.

Mr. Wilfred Campbell has a recognized position among our few, yet eminent Canadian poets; and his present volume will in no wise imperil that position, but will rather tend to secure it. Like all the poets of the present age he shows traces of the influence of Tennyson, and perhaps also of Browning; but he is far from being a mere imitator and echo—his poems show evidence of native poetic vision and power. The poem which stands first, and which gives its name to the volume, is far from being the most pleasant of the collection. It ends thus:

Hearts wherein no hope may waken,  
Like the clouds of night wind shaken,  
Chartless, anchorless, forsaken,  
Drift we to the dark.

The poem entitled "The Mother," is striking, but painful; but, although the pathetic is prominent in many of these poems, there are others which are joyous and hopeful in tone. Among these we may mention "To the Rideau River," and "In the Strength of the Morning." One naturally turns to "Sir Lancelot," partly appalled at the author's audacity, and partly desirous of knowing how he will prosper in the footsteps of the late Poet Laureate. Certainly the success of these verses is considerable. As regards the end of Sir Lancelot the poet does not seem to have followed the Tennysonian legend, but he may have other authorities to justify his course. The reader will notice, from the specimen we give, the influence of Lord Tennyson, and he will also remark the weak points in what we must call the imitation. We give the closing lines, after the record of the death of Lancelot:

Then spread such terror over all the foe,  
That gods did fight with them there, that they fled.  
And all that day the battle moved afar,  
Out to the west by distant copse and mere,  
Till died the tumult, and the night came in,  
With mighty hush far over all that waste,  
And one by one the lonely stars came out,  
And over the meres the wintry moon looked down,  
Unmindful of poor Lancelot and his wounds,  
His dead, lost youth, the stillness of his face,  
And all that awful carnage silent there.

This is good work; but is it quite wise to provoke the remark that it is Tennyson with a difference?

## PERIODICALS.

Electrical Engineering for August, describes the Brush Electric Light exhibit at Chicago, and a number of other important inventions. The index to current electrical literature is an important feature of this periodical.

Book Reviews for August begins with a short sketch of Sir M. Monier Williams, Boden Professor of Sanskrit at Oxford University. Pietro Ghisleri, Marion Crawford's latest novel is then referred to. The departments abound in interesting literary matter.

W. Fraser Rae, in the Westminster Review for August, combats the views of W. Laird Clowes and Captain Gambier, respectively, given in the Fortnightly, as to the disposal of the rock of Gibraltar. J. Castell Hopkins has a well-informed appreciation of Canada and the Canadian Pacific Railway in the same number. F. W. Grey's critical notice of "The Theory and Practice of American Popular Government" is also good reading.

Sir Robert Ball, F.R.S., contributes an excellent scientific article to the August Fortnightly on the wanderings of the north pole, but we should not omit reference to the very able opening article, being an answer to some critics, by Chas. H. Pearson, the author of "National Life and Character: a Forecast," a book which has attracted wide attention. Other capital articles of this issue are "The Serpent's Tongue," by W. H. Hudson; "The Limits of Animal Intelligence," by Professor Lloyd Morgan; "Thomas Paine," by Leslie Stephen, and Admiral Sir G. Phipps Hornby's "The Loss of the Victoria."

The reminiscences entitled "Amelia Opie," in Temple Bar for August, are an interesting

addition to literature. In her day Mrs. Opie held a position of no little prominence. Her novel, "Adeline Moberly," published in 1804, was called by the Edinburgh Review "The most pathetic and the most natural in its pathos of any fictitious narrative in the language." Among other articles of interest Temple Bar contains, are "The Portrait of Phillis Cromartie;" "Henrik Ibsen and Björnsterne Björnson" and "Marlow's 'Faustus,'" and with the serials "Diana Tempest" and "The Greater Glory," make up more than an average good issue.

An unusual amount of scientific lore in most comprehensive and readable form, is furnished by The Popular Science Monthly for August. Amongst its contents are: "Studies of Animal Speech," by Prof. E. P. Evans; "Learn and Search," by Prof. Rudolph Virchow; "Protection from Lightning," by Alex. McAdie; "Success with Scientific and other Meetings," by George Iles; "Professor Weismann's Theories," by Herbert Spencer; "The Colour Changes of Frogs," by Prof. C. M. Weed; "Why a Film of Oil can Calm the Sea," by G. W. Littlehales, besides a dozen more papers of value and interest, making up an acceptable number.

The August Contemporary is an excellent number. We mention some of its many good articles. In the opening paper on "Ethics and the struggle for existence," Leslie Stephen says: "If individual ends could be suppressed, if every man worked for the good of society as energetically as for his own, we should still feel the absolute necessity of proportioning the whole body to the whole supplies obtainable from the planet, and to preserve the equilibrium of mankind relatively to the rest of nature." Canon Knox Little in his paper, "Archdeacon Farrar and the Ritualists," gives the polemical Archdeacon some hard knocks. T. W. Rolleston writes attractively on "Lessing and his place in German Literature." Walter Besant's paper on "Associated Life" is also good reading.

"The Discovery of America," consisting of a review of recently published works on the subject, forms the initial article of *The Quarterly*. The terms "timely" and "able," aptly apply to this paper; and from it we cull the following suggestive passage:—"Until English colonists appeared on the west of the Atlantic, we must regard the New World as simply 'marking time'—for who was there, among its conquerors and rulers, so much as acquainted by hearsay with the ideas and the forces now shaping the world? From the landing of Columbus in Guanahani to the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers, there was no beginning made of the American history which has since gone forward as by an internal principle of development. All the Spanish-American chapter is but a prelude to the drawing up of the curtain and the play itself. It is true that the adventures of Elizabeth's time—and above all Sir Walter Raleigh—has secured the stage upon which that play was to be acted. And equally true it is that not the Pilgrim Fathers, but Lord Baltimore, who was no Puritan, and the disciples and friends of William Penn the Quaker, introduced on the American Continent those doctrines of toleration which are now the corner-stone of civilized politics. But the great movement of advance, by means of colonization and not of conquest, is for ever linked with the voyage of the *Mayflower*. The old, fierce Viking race, the sons of the primitive rock, men as hard as iron and pitiless in their stern strength to others, had now arrived, not in pursuit of knight-errantry but of freedom, which, though at first they kept it in their own grasp, they have, under the influence of the temper it breeds, at length consented to share with their fellows. And science has followed freedom, bringing gifts more splendid than all the golden hoards of Montezuma or all the silver mines of the mountains could have furnished. Peter Martyr was deceived when he uttered that famous cry, 'Ad Austrum, ad Austrum.' The North was to grow mighty and to prevail. Spain, Portugal, and even France—the so-

called Latin races—were all working towards an end which, if they could have seen it in the visions of the night, would have filled them with grief and amazement. The Indies themselves, on whose riches and abundance explorers had reckoned, were destined, like America, to become the prize of men bearing English names and carrying wherever they went English ideas. Not the language of Cervantes and Calderon, but the tongue of Shakespeare, was to be the mother-speech of generations yet unborn in the New World, as in that real Terra Australis of which men cherished so curious and so false a notion." The other contents of the issue embrace a discussion of "The Unionist Campaign," brought about by Professor Dicey's book, "A Leap in the Dark;" a clever article on "Book-binding;" a smart rejoinder to criticisms on a late criticism of Professor Freeman's remarks touching the Battle of Hastings, besides half a dozen more, equally able papers, making altogether a splendid number.

## LITERARY AND PERSONAL.

M. Alphonse Daudet is seriously ill and can no longer appear in public.

Mr. Gosse is to contribute a volume on the Jacobean poets to Murray's University Extension Manuals, edited by Professor Knight.

The appearance of Prof. Tout's *Edward I.* leaves Chatham, by Mr. John Morley, as the only volume remaining to complete the series of "Twelve English Statesmen."

As the business of the great publishing house of Messrs. Macmillan & Co. still continues to grow in New York, it will, on the 1st September, be transferred to the new and spacious six-story building, which has been erected by the firm at No. 66, Fifth Avenue.

Eminent American authors were early represented in the lists of Macmillan & Co. and since the organization of their New York agency as a separate firm, their lists of works by American authors, and works copyrighted in the United States, have increased both in number and importance.

What is the biggest sum ever paid for a single advertisement in a newspaper? The *Youth's Companion*, in one of its large special editions, was paid £3,000, we hear, for a page containing an advertisement of Mellin's Food. Surely there has been nothing to beat that. Tit-Bits at £130 a page is nowhere by comparison.

Maynard, Merrill & Co., Mr. Ruskin's authorized American publishers, announce for immediate publication, "The Elements" for Drawing in three Letters to Beginners, for which Professor Charles Eliot Norton has just written an introduction. This will be the twenty-second volume of the authorized Brantwood edition.

Mr. Lewis Morris inherits the poetic gifts he possesses—according to a writer in the *Cardiff Weekly Mail*—from his great grandfather, a Lewis Morris of the last century. There is said to be in the British Museum a collection of Welsh manuscripts by Lewis Morris the elder, consisting of eighty volumes. He was mineralogist, geologist, engineer, and musician as well as poet.

"Pierre Loti" has decided to devote himself to a new work, the plot of which will be laid in the Holy Land. To obtain materials for his "coloring" he will make a pilgrimage through Palestine, starting from Cairo as soon as the summer heat is over, and proceed across the desert to Jerusalem. There will be no Europeans in his caravan. His idea is to follow as near as he can the route taken by the Holy Family in the flight into Egypt.

Two important memoirs are promised in the autumn. Rev. Dr. Wright, who has been engaged for many years collecting material concerning the Brontë family in Ireland, is writing a memorial of that family based upon unpublished documents. Mr. Dykes Campbell is revising the memoir prefixed to his edition of

Coleridge's poetry with a view to its appearance as a separate work Messrs. Macmillan and Co. will publish the latter volume.—The (Boston) Literary World.

A death which passed almost unnoticed about a month ago was that of Mr. Alexander Lennox, a member of the staff of The Scottish Leader, who had begun to show brilliant promise as a writer. A selection from his papers, including short stories and various essays on social and historical subjects, is now being prepared by Mr. William Bayne, the assistant editor of Blackwood, and will appear in the autumn. Mr. Lennox's two contributions to the new Pall Mall Magazine—"A Son of Satan" and "The Manse Mystery"—will no doubt be remembered by several readers for their vigorous descriptions of Scottish life.—The (London) Literary World.

Edwin Lasseter Bynner, the well-known novelist, and at one time the librarian of the Boston Bar Association, died August 5, at his residence at Forest Hills, Boston. Mr. Bynner combined literary with legal pursuits. He took his degree of LL.B. at the Harvard Law School in 1867. He was the author of numerous magazine articles on early New England life, and of the chapters, "Topography and Landmarks of the Colonial Period," and "Topography and Landmarks of the Provincial Period," in the memorial history of Boston. "The Begum's Daughter" and "Agnes Surriage" have become known to many appreciative readers.—The (Boston) Literary World.

Mr. St. Clair Baddeley, author of 'Queen Joanna of Naples,' has ready for publication early next week a poem entitled, 'Tennyson's Grave.' It consists of eighteen stanzas, written in a variety of measures, and we are able to quote the concluding passage:

There, with the men he mourned, in England's breast,  
Our masters and his brothers—let him rest,  
Crowned with rare loveliness and length of days,  
Beyond all wreaths or roses, past all praise,  
Aloof all further honours as above  
Those human tears; but still within our love!  
Mr. Heinemann will be the publisher.

There is deep pathos as well as true poetry in Mr. Norman Gale's brief poem of two stanzas, entitled 'Parting,' which appears in this week's Christian World. Here is one of the stanzas:

Why, love, don't weep!  
My stay was long;  
Sweet twenty years  
Of smile and song.  
I shall but wait,  
Asleep, asleep,  
For you to come,  
Why, love, don't weep!

Mr. Gale's new volume of poems, 'Orchard Songs,' has just gone to press, and will appear in October.—The (London) Literary World.

The price of the oldest of existing archaeological magazines, The Reliquary, it is announced by Messrs. Bemrose & Sons, Limited, of London and Derby, the publishers, is to be reduced to the nominal sum of one shilling and sixpence per copy. Among the arrangements in progress for the current year may be mentioned: A series of papers by Mr. C. C. Hodges on "The Pre-Conquest Churches in the old Kingdom of Northumbria," carefully and thoroughly illustrated from plans, drawings, and photographs by the writer; papers on "The Trade Guilds of Chester and their Ordinances," by Mr. H. Taylor, F. S. A. and Mr. I. Hunter-Duvar, author of "The Stone, Bronze, and Iron Ages," will deal with Pre-Historic Art. Monuments and Monumental Brasses will receive careful attention, and annotated illustrations will be given of some notable examples not hitherto illustrated. Numerous names of other promised contributors, all of whom are known to be of marked ability, are mentioned and testify to a prospect of continued vigour to this most interesting of magazines.

Never educate a child to be a gentleman or a lady alone, but to be a man, a woman.—Herbert Spencer.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

A BISHOP ON SUNDAY AMUSEMENTS.

The Bishop of Manchester, addressing the clergy at Ashton-under-Lyne, upon the conclusion of his visitation of the twenty-four parishes in the rural deanery, referred to the subject of Sabbath observance. While he confessed to holding lenient and liberal views, especially with regard to the opening of museums and libraries on Sunday evenings, he said he could not help viewing with deep anxiety some of the most recent manifestations of Sabbathical relaxation. The boating and lawn-tennis parties of the rich, with their accompanying gay jests and boisterous mirth, and the late and elaborate dinner with which they concluded the day, represented a form of Sunday desecration for which no excuse whatever could be made. Those people not only themselves lost the benefits of a quiet Sunday, but showed a wanton and insolent contempt for the feelings of their pious neighbours. The poor man, too, instead of guarding the privilege of his day of rest, was often the very worst offender against the Sabbathical law. Those who made the Sunday nothing better than a day of riotous amusement, would soon find it a day of work. His lordship further warned the clergy against encouraging the institution known as "Pleasant Sunday Afternoons," which had also been called "Religious Free-and-Easies." Some churches, he said, had already found that these concerts were injuring the Sunday schools by tempting the children from their instruction; but once created, the appetite had to be satisfied under threat of desertion.

HOW SPIRITS TALK IN 1893.

"Did you leave your affairs in reasonable good order?"  
"Yes," said Brenton, trying to recollect. "I think they will find everything perfectly straight."  
"Tell me a little of your history, if you do not mind," inquired the other; "it will help me in trying to initiate you into our new order of things here."  
"Well," replied Brenton, and he wondered at himself for falling so easily into the other's assumption that he was a dead man, "I was what they call on the earth in reasonably good circumstances. My estate should be worth 100,000 dols. I had 75,000 dols. insurance on my life, and if all that is paid, it should net my widow not far from a couple of hundred thousand."  
"How long have you been married?" said the other.

"Only about six months. I was married last July, and we went for a trip abroad. We were married quietly, and left almost immediately afterwards, so we thought, on our return, it would not be a bad plan to give a Christmas-eve dinner, and invite some of our friends. That," he said, hesitating a moment, "was last night. Shortly after dinner I began to feel rather ill, and went upstairs to rest awhile; and if what you say is true, the first thing I knew I found myself dead."

"Alive," corrected the other.  
"Well, alive, though at present I feel I belong more to the world I have left than I do to the world I appear to be in. I must confess, although you are a very plausible gentleman to talk to, that I expect at any moment to wake up and find this to have been one of the most horrible nightmares that I ever had the ill luck to encounter."

The other smiled.  
"There is very little danger of your waking up, as you call it. Now, I will tell you the great trouble we have with people when they first come to the spirit-land, and that is, to induce them to forget entirely the world they have relinquished. Men whose families are in poor circumstances, or men whose affairs are in a disordered state, find it very difficult to keep from trying to set things straight again. They have the feeling that they can console or comfort

SCROFULA

Is that impurity of the blood which produces unsightly lumps or swellings in the neck; which causes running sores on the arms, legs, or feet; which develops ulcers in the eyes, ears, or nose, often causing blindness or deafness; which is the origin of pimples, cancerous growths, or "humors;" which, fastening upon the lungs, causes consumption and death. It is the most ancient of all diseases, and very few persons are entirely free from it.

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W. B. ATHERTON, Passaic City, N. J.

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those whom they have left behind them, and it is often a long time before they are convinced that their efforts are entirely futile, as well as very distressing for themselves.

"Is there, then," asked Brenton, "no communication between this world and the one that I have given up?"

The other paused for a moment before he replied.

"I should hardly like to say," he answered, "that there is no communication between one world and the other; but the communication that exists is so slight and unsatisfactory, that, if you are sensible, you will see things with the eyes of those who have very much more experience in this world than you have. Of course, you can go back there as much as you like; there will be no interference, and no hindrance. But when you see things going wrong, when you see a mistake about to be made, it is an appalling thing to stand there helpless, unable to influence those you love, or to point out a palpable error, and convince them that your clearer sight see it as such.—From Whose Bourne, by Luke Sharp.

## THE AFGHAN'S VALUE OF HUMAN LIFE.

I have often repeated a story (which, although true to the very letter, has always excited an incredulous smile among my American and English friends) which illustrates the very slight value which an Afghan places upon human life. On one occasion among my guests was an Afghan chieftain from Kunar, with a large retinue of servants. As my custom was, I invited the chief and his party to an evening entertainment in my library. I showed him a magic lantern; I explained to him the movements of the magnet. I sent shocks of galvanism through his stalwart frame; I illustrated and explained the method of the telegraph. The chieftain and his servants were all deeply interested. When the entertainment was over, the chief dismissed his servants and sought a private interview with me in my study. Drawing his chair near to mine, in a confidential mood he said: "Sir, it is very evident that you are a man of science, an alchemist, and a medicine man of high attainments. May I inquire if you have a poison which, if administered, will take effect about a week or ten days afterwards?" I replied, "I have no such poison, but may I ask for what purpose you want it?" Drawing his chair still closer to mine, in a low whisper, said: "I want to take the life of my enemy." I sprang from my chair with indignation, and exclaimed: "It is very evident that you do not understand the work and office of a Christian minister. I am not here to take life, but to save it." "Don't get angry, Padre Sahib," placing his hand gently upon my shoulder. "If you will only sit down quietly and listen patiently to my story, I will tell you the circumstances under which I want that poison; and then, after all, you will see that I am not the villain you take me for." "I am open to conviction," I said; proceed with your story."

He then related as follows: "Some time ago a mortal feud existed between myself and the chief of a rival tribe. For many years this man sought my life; but he never found me alone, nor could he seize me unguarded and unarmed. But one summer's night, when we were all sleeping in our beds in the open court facing my house, this man crept stealthily to my cot, and, raising his dagger, plunged it violently through the quilt under which he thought I was sleeping. It so happened that I was not sleeping in my cot that night, but my beloved child, a little maid of ten years, was. The villain's knife had pierced the heart of my favourite child! I sought revenge. I pursued the man over hill and dale, by day and by night, but I could not catch him. But one evening, when I was in my chamber alone, he came to me unarmed, and, casting his turban at my feet, begged that I would spare his life. The sight of my enemy, who was in our country esteemed a warrior of renown, pleading at my feet, touched my heart, and I forgave him. But," he continued, heaving a deep heavy sigh, "an Afghan never forgives. And when I saw you do those wonderful things, and felt those strange shocks of lightning pass through the nerves and sinews of my body, I thought to myself, this man is a man of science, and if he could give me a poison which I could put in the food of my enemy when I entertain him as my guest, and which would take effect a week or ten days afterwards, so that I never could be suspected, then I could take the life of the murderer of my beloved child, and yet keep my word and pass as a man of honour among my own people."

This story is perfectly true, and it illustrates that strange contradiction of character, that admixture of base treachery and impulsive sense of honour, with low meanness and great personal bravery, which, all combined, form that strange complexity of the Afghan character which is utterly beyond the comprehension of an Occidental mind. It perplexes the English ruler as well as the Christian missionary. —Thomas D. Hughes, in the Independent.

## PUBLIC OPINION.

Montreal Star: Hon. John Haggart has made an enviable name for himself as an administrator in turning the Intercolonial into a paying asset of the Dominion. A year or two ago this would have seemed an Utopian dream; but economical government is much easier than politicians pretend when it is directly to their interest to faithfully economise.

The Regina Leader: Some of the leading Scotch newspapers have lately awakened to the fact that a great injustice is being done by the exclusion of Canadian live cattle, and are condemning the action of the British Board of Agriculture in general, and of Mr. Herbert Gardiner in particular, in no measured terms. This is as it should be. So far after thousands of cattle have been slaughtered and strict examination of their lungs has been made by well qualified experts, not a single case of the dreaded pleuro-pneumonia has been proved to exist. The way in which Mr. Gardiner and his colleagues have pandered to the interests of a particular section of the community would seem to imply that the present Liberal Government are not above resorting to questionable methods in order to keep a hold on the fickle affections of the British agricultural population. Now that a healthy popular opinion is about to rise on the subject, we may hopefully look for a change; meanwhile, it is somewhat instructive for us to note what would seem to indicate a desire on a part of a Free Trade country to resort to methods of protection of a kind.

The Morning Chronicle, Halifax: A number of gentlemen of this city were discussing the various phases of the award just made at Paris by the Bering sea arbitrators. One gentleman, who is a well-known master mariner, pointed out as the most significant features of the award the fact that it was only binding on the subjects of two nations, namely, Great Britain and the United States, and that all other nations are in a position to ignore the terms of the award absolutely. Unless some method can be devised whereby the Paris award can be made binding upon all other nations the award will manifestly work a great deal of injustice to the subjects of at least one of the nations bound by it. The subjects of the great Russian nation are not restricted or affected by the award and it is highly probable the Russians will soon arrange to take advantage of their opportunities and vigorously compete with the subjects of the United States in the sealing operations in the Bering sea. Other Europeans will also doubtless seize the opportunities afforded them to undertake sealing operations in that locality without being hampered by the harassing regulations now to be enforced against British subjects, who cannot use guns or nets and who must recognize the three months' close season within what is called the territorial jurisdiction of the United States. Among commercial men in this community the feeling seems to be that Canada secures very little practical benefit as a net result of the labors of her representatives at the Paris arbitration. It was at first thought that the result was in the nature of "a drawn battle" and that "honors were easy," but the revised opinion, after a perusal of the details of the award, seems to be that while our country gets some share of the "honors" the astute nation to the south of us gets the material advantages.

## C. C. Richards &amp; Co.

Gentlemen,—For years I have been troubled with scrofulous sores upon my face. I have spent hundreds of dollars trying to effect a cure, without any result. I am happy to say one bottle of MINARD'S LINIMENT entirely cured me, and I can heartily recommend it to all as the best medicine in the world.

Bayfield, Ont.

RONALD McINNES.

## A PLEA FOR FICTION IN THE PUBLIC LIBRARY.

Novels are not by any means solely entertainment. Fiction is educational, and some of it is the most effective teaching the world has ever seen. What is there in the Old Testament to compare in moral effect with the beautiful legends in which it abounds? Which have most furthethered Christianity, St. Paul's philosophical treatises or the simple tales, the parables, told by the Master himself? Who had the most to do with the new birth, the renaissance, of learning in the Middle Ages? May not Boccaccio with his vicious stories well contest that honour? From whom have the English reading people learned the most of the days of chivalry, from Hume or from Sir Walter Scott? Show me the historian of Queen Anne's time who has painted the epoch as well as Thackeray did it in "Henry Esmond." Ask the world whence it has learned most French history, and it will answer, "From Dumas." But fiction has done more than clothe the dry bones of history with flesh and blood. Its noblest work has not been in making facts more attractive, but in making facts more forceful. To "Nicholas Nickleby," more recent reforms in private school conduct. To "Bleak House" and other of Dickens' works may be ascribed the strongest impulse of late years for more intelligent treatment of the poor. Whatever progress towards civilization the world is slowly forcing on Russia is due as much to what it has learned of Russian life from Tolstol and Tourguenef, as to any other single cause. And on our own side of the water we have the greatest of all illustrations of the potency of fiction for national good in the story of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." All the statesmen of the century must rank behind Harriet Beecher Stowe when we ask who did most to blot out the curse of slavery.—Robert Luce, at Scarsville, Mass.

## A NEW FORM OF POLICY.

It is doubtless within the recollection of a great many of our readers when life insurance could only be obtained on the life plan, under which the insured pays premiums for the term of his life, and in case of his death the full amount of the policy becomes payable, whereas, of late years, several new systems (such as the tontine and the semi-tontine) have been introduced, under which are combined the elements of protection to a man's dependents in case of his death, and a desirable investment for himself if he lives to the end of the investment period.

The latest form of policy offered to the insuring public of Canada is that of the investment annuity plan.

Under it, should death occur within the first ten years the policy becomes payable in equal annual instalments; if after that, and within the investment period selected with the first instalment, there will be payable a mortuary dividend of the eleventh and subsequent premiums paid thereon.

This form of policy contract should commend itself to intending insurers, as under it a much lower premium is chargeable than on the other plans of insurance on account of the payment on the face of the policy being extended over a period of twenty or twenty-five years.

The company that issues this most desirable form of insurance is the North American Life Assurance Company, 22 to 28 King st. west, Toronto, from whom full particulars can be obtained by applying for the same at their head office or through any of their agents.

## A CURE FOR DYSPEPSIA.

Dyspepsia is a prolific cause of such diseases as bad blood, constipation, headache and liver complaint. Burdock Blood Bitters is guaranteed to cure or relieve dyspepsia, if used according to directions. Thousands have tested it with the best results.

Ask for Minard's and take no other.

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CREAM TARTAR



# BAKING POWDER

PUREST, STRONGEST, BEST.

Contains no Alum, Ammonia, Lime, Phosphates, or any Injurious.

**E. W. GILLETT, Toronto, Ont.**

The Crown Perfumery Co's  
INVIGORATING  
**LAVENDER SALTS**

Regd. Trade Mark. Regd.

**INVIGORATING LAVENDER SALTS**

ON SALTS OF LAVENDER (precipitated)  
These Salts are the most agreeable deodoriser that exists. By leaving the stopper out a few minutes the apartment will be purified, and the air rendered strongly invigorating and refreshing.

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**THE CROWN PERFUMERY COMPANY**  
177, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON.

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BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS  
Genuine in Crown Stopped Bottles

Sold by Lyman, Knox & Co., Toronto, and all leading druggists.

## WEST-END BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES.

No. 2718 St. Catharines St. West, Montreal.

This school, conducted by Miss Lawder and Mrs. Rice, has been well and favorably known for the past twenty years, and will be re-opened on Thursday, September 14. An efficient staff of teachers is employed, and while all the English Branches, Latin, and Mathematics are thoroughly taught, Music and French receive special attention. The number of resident pupils is limited, and every effort is made to make school life as home-like as possible. On application to Miss Lawder, at above address, circulars will be sent and further information given, if required.

FOR THE TEETH & BREATH

# TEABERRY.

PRICE 25 CENTS

ZOPESA CHEMICAL CO. TORONTO

### SCIENTIFIC AND SANITARY.

A factory at Anniston, Ala., is making the pipe for a 30-inch water main between Jerusalem and Joppa.

Apparatus which can be used for warming a building in winter and cooling it in summer, is being introduced into two immense Methodist churches, one in Pittsburgh, and the other in Allegheny, Penn.

Dr. Barus, an extensive experimenter, is strongly in favour of the thermo-electric method of measuring high temperatures. He believes the best couple is one made of platinum with an alloy of platinum and Iridium or rhodium.

Some one asks, How do you estimate an engine's horse-power? The answer is: Multiply the pressure per square inch by the square inch of area of the piston, and then multiply this result by the number of feet the piston travels in a minute. Finally divide by 33,000.

The first man to run a locomotive with cast iron, instead of forged driving wheels, was Julius D. Petsch. This was in 1830. He was a practical machinist, and set the engine up himself. She was built at the West Point Foundry for service on the South Carolina road.

Mention has been made of experiments in Pennsylvania with aluminum horse-shoes. An Ohio man writes to the Metal Worker to say that such shoes are quite often used for racehorses in his neighbourhood (Trumbull County), and on clay roads they seem to give good satisfaction. The maker buys the material in size and shape to suit himself, and hammers them out cold.

An Englishman has patented a method of drying and purifying houses with damp walls. He employs a chemical hygroscopic substance, such as calcium chloride, which is exposed in buckets or basins, or in perforated metal casings fitting between shallow earthenware or metal vessels. The room or building is carefully closed during the drying operation. It is claimed that the calcium chloride withdraws and destroys all bacteria and germs with the moisture.

A new system of applying the jacket to large steel cannon, invented by William Sellars, is about to be tried at the great naval gun foundry in Washington. Usually the jacket, after being heated, is removed from the furnace and then slipped on over the immense cylinder. By the new plan the jacket will be kept under the heating influence and the inner section will be thrust into it. Meanwhile a stream of water will be conducted through the tube to keep it cool.

A Bavarian aeronaut named Koch, has a scheme for a new guidable flying apparatus, and the Bavarian Ministers of the Interior and Education, think enough of him and of it, to make him a grant of sixteen hundred marks, to enable him to carry out his ideas. He has described his plans in a pamphlet entitled "Free Human Flying, as the Preliminary Condition of Dynamic Aeronautics." He will first, acquire the necessary skill himself, and will practice over the Lake of Constance. The Prince Regent of Bavaria is much interested in the matter.—New York Sun.

The mountains of South New Zealand possess some remarkable glaciers. The largest is the Tasman, eighteen miles long, and one or two in breadth. It is three miles longer than the famous Aletsch glacier in Switzerland, and descends three thousand feet nearer the sea level than the glaciers of the Alps. The rainfall on these New Zealand mountains in places averages 120 inches per year, and is the occasion of the extent of the glaciers. The lower part of the Fox glacier is overhung with tree-ferns, and a hot spring with a temperature of one hundred degrees, issues near its base. A similar phenomenon is found at Mt. Ruspeln of North New Zealand, where a boiling lake is found surrounded by the snow and ice of the mountain summit.

### Unlike the Dutch Process No Alkalies

—OR—  
Other Chemicals  
are used in the preparation of  
**W. BAKER & CO.'S Breakfast Cocoa**



which is absolutely pure and soluble.  
It has more than three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, and EASILY DIGESTED.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.  
**W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.**

## RADWAY'S PILLS,

An Excellent and Mild Cathartic.

Perfect Purgatives, Soothing Aperients, Act Without Pain, Always Reliable and Natural in Their Operation.

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse and strengthen.

### Radway's Pills

For the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Bilioussness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Purely Vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals, or deleterious drugs.

### DYSPEPSIA.

DR. RADWAY'S PILLS are a cure for this complaint. They restore strength to the stomach and enable it to perform its functions. The symptoms of Dyspepsia disappear, and with them the liability of the system to contract the diseases. Take the medicine according to the directions, and observe what we say in "False and True" respecting diet.

Observe the following symptoms resulting from diseases of the digestive organs: Constipation, inward piles, fullness of blood in the head, acidity of the stomach, nausea, heartburn, disgust of food, fullness or weight of the stomach, sour eructations, sinking or fluttering of the heart, choking or suffocating sensations when in a lying posture, dimness of vision, dots or webs before the sight, fever and dull pain in the head, deficiency of perspiration, yellowness of the skin and eyes, pain in the side, chest, limbs, and sudden flushes of heat, burning in the flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above named disorders.

Price 25 cents per box. Sold by all Druggists, or, on receipt of price will be sent by mail. 5 boxes for One Dollar.

**DR. RADWAY & CO., - MONTREAL.**

Information worth thousands will be sent to you.

**Be sure to get "RADWAY'S"**

### RHEUMATISM IN THE KNEES.

Sirs,—About two years ago I took rheumatism in the knees, which became so bad that I could hardly go up or down stairs without help. All medicines failed until I was induced to try B. B. By the time I had taken the second bottle I was greatly relieved, and the third bottle completely removed the pain and stiffness.

Amos Becksted, Morrisburg, Ont.

Minard's Liniment is used by Physicians.

**THE WAY SHE LOOKS**



troubles the woman who is delicate, run-down, or overworked. She's hollow-cheeked, dull-eyed, thin, and pale, and it worries her.

Now, the way to look well is to be well. And the way to be well, if you're any such woman, is to faithfully use Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. That is the only medicine that's guaranteed to build up woman's strength and to cure woman's ailments.

In every "female complaint," irregularity, or weakness, and in every exhausted condition of the female system—if it ever fails to benefit or cure, you have your money back.

There is only one medicine for Catarrh worthy the name. Dozens are advertised, but only the proprietors of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy say this: "If we can't cure you, we'll pay you—\$500 in cash!"

**MISCELLANEOUS.**

It is said that the state attire of the King of Siam is worth over \$1,000,000. He has three hundred wives and eighty-seven children. He is forty years of age.

You don't know how much better you will feel if you take Hood's Sarsaparilla. It will drive off that tired feeling and make you strong.

Professor Sayce states that the term Sinaitic Peninsula, applied to the region between the Gulfs of Suez and Akaba, is a misnomer, all the evidence available proving that Mount Sinai really stands somewhere in the ranges of Mount Seir, the exact site being still unknown.

**HISTORY OF 15 YEARS.**

For fifteen years we have used Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry as a family medicine for summer complaints and diarrhoea, and we never had anything to equal it. We highly recommend it.

Samuel Webb, Corbett, Ont.

The Encyclopaedia Britannica is a fairly bulky compendium of human knowledge, but what shall be said of the Great Chinese Cyclopaedia, published in the reign of the Emperor Kanghe? It consists of 5,000 volumes. Only 100 copies were completed, of which the British Museum possesses one.

**VIGILANT CARE.**

Vigilance is necessary against unexpected attacks of summer complaints. No remedy is so well-known or so successful in this class of disease as Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. Keep it in the house as a safe-guard.

Among a party of pilgrims who arrived at the Troitzo-Sergievski Monastery in St. Petersburg recently was a hale and hearty man of 113 years of age. He had tramped a distance of some eighty-five miles, and showed no weariness, while many of his more youthful companions were much distressed by the journey. His age was properly attested by baptismal papers he carried with him.

**MINING NEWS.**

Mining experts note that cholera never attacks the bowels of the earth, but humanity in general find it necessary to use Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry for bowel complaints, dysentery, diarrhoea, etc. It is a sure cure.

Two little girls, Gertrude and Ethel Hedger, who are wards in chancery and heiresses to \$100,000 each, were recently arraigned as vagrants in a London police court. Their fortunes are so securely locked up in chancery that by no process of law can any of the money be obtained until the children are of age. They are at present practically destitute, and unable to procure decent surroundings, clothing or education.

**SUMMER WEAKNESS**

And that tired feeling, loss of appetite and nervous prostration are driven away by Hood's Sarsaparilla, like mist before the morning sun. To realize the benefit of this great medicine, give it a trial and you will join the army of enthusiastic admirers of Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Sure, efficient, easy—HOOD'S PILLS. They should be in every traveller's grip and every family medicine chest. 25c. a box.

Dr Bowdler Sharpe suggested in a recent lecture on the geographical distribution of birds before the Royal Institution of London that there was once a great continent with its centre at the South Pole, now submerged under 2,000 fathoms of ocean. It embraced, he said, South America, Madagascar, Mauritius, New Zealand and Australia; and thus is explained the existence of the cognate-struthious birds that now exist, or once existed, in those countries.—*New York Sun.*

**A PERFECT COOK.**

A perfect cook never presents us with indigestible food. There are few perfect cooks, and consequently indigestion is very prevalent. You can eat what you like and as much as you want after using Burdock Blood Bitters, the natural specific for indigestion or dyspepsia in any form.

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Re-opens on Wednesday, Sept. 6th.

**MISS VEALS' BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES.**

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English, Mathematics, Classics, Modern Languages, Art and Music. Pupils prepared for entrance to the Universities, and for the Government examinations in Art. Home care combined with discipline, and high mental training.

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Graduating courses in literature, languages, music, fine art, commercial, science, elocution. Faculty of University graduates. Specialists in art and music, certificated teachers, etc. Building and accommodations unsurpassed. University affiliation. Prepares for junior and senior matriculation. Re opens Sept. 7, 1893. B. F. AUSTIN, A. M., B. D., Principal.

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Destroy health and happiness, sleep and domestic felicity by drinking impure water?

Sir Henry Thompson says the only safe water to drink is mineral, and



**St. Leon**

has been shown by analysis and experience to be the best water yet discovered. Don't endanger life by drinking filthy water. Get a jar of St. Leon at once.

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For berths in First-class or Tourist sleepers, or seats in Parlor Cars and full particulars, call on any agent of the Company.

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**DUNN'S FRUIT SALINE**

**DELIGHTFULLY REFRESHING.**

A safeguard against infectious diseases. Sold by chemists throughout the world. W. G. DUNN & CO. Works—Croydon, England.

QUIPS AND CRANKS.

The spider is the happiest when his life is hanging by a thread.

A "distant relative"—the girl who has promised to be a sister to him.

The girl with pretty teeth can laugh heartily at the most ordinary joke.

Bertie — I tell you, that girl's a knowing one. Colonel Costick — Have you proposed to her?

Nell: Mr. Sappy never loses his wit. Belle: Humph! How could Mr. Sappy lose his wit?

"Your cook is a very handsome girl." "She is. She mashes the potatoes by simply looking at them."

Hardhit — And so you're to be married? Who's the lucky one? Miss Highheels — Give it up! Ask me a year f now.

"Pay as you go," is a pretty good rule to follow, but the man who arrives at a hotel without any baggage must pay as he comes.

She — Isn't it wrong of the crowd to shout? He — Why shouldn't they shout? She — Well I understood the umpire to say "No bawl."

You can make the enemy more miserable by tickling his feet with the feather of satire than by pounding him with the sledge hammer of coarse abuse.

Polite clerk: You want a book of old poems, sir? Well, let me see, sir, what I shall give you. Have a Chau-cer? Gruff old patron: No; I don't chew.

Seasick passenger: Oh, doctor, can't you give me something to cure me? Same passenger later: Oh, doctor, can't you give me something that will kill me?

"I was in the country last Sunday and we tossed up a penny to decide whether we should go to church or go swimming." "Ha! a case of cleanliness or godliness!"

A musical dictionary defines a shout to be "an unpleasant noise produced by overstraining the throat, for which great singers are well paid, and small children well punished."

"These flowers grew in our own garden, Miss Blank," he said, as he presented them to her. "Oh! then they are home-made, aren't they?" "Oh, yes," he said, "they are home-made."

Harduppe—There are no three letters in the language which sound so musical in my ears as L.S.D. De Stoneybroke—I think I prefer the letters o-o-f. They're more oof-ious!

The Captain—Given him a feed, Jinx? Groom — Cert'ny, Captain; when gen'lman calls on the mas'er I allus looks arter their 'osses; Lor' bless yer, Captain, I'd no sooner think o' forgettin' a gen'lman's 'oss than a gen'lman 'd think o' forgettin' me. (And the Captain, who has a reputation for meanness, this time can't get out of it.)

A PHILOSOPHICAL FAMILY.

Amelia has pimples, and sores in the head, From humors internal her nose has grown red; She's a boil on her neck that is big as a ball, But in other respects she is doing quite well.

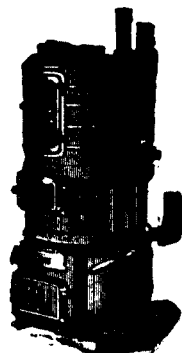
And pa has dyspepsia, malaria and gout. His hands with salt-rheum are all broken out; He is prone to rheumatics that make his legs swell, But in other respects he is doing quite well.

And ma has night-sweats and a troublesome cough, That all of our doctors can't seem to drive off; She wakes every night and coughs quite a spell, But in other respects she is doing quite well.

There is nothing like philosophy to help one bear the ills of life, but in the case of this family what is most needed is a good supply of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It would cleanse Amelia's bad blood, cure pa's ailments, and check ma's cough. The "Golden Medical Discovery," by its action on the liver, cleanses the system of impurities. It cures humors, ulcers, boils, scrofula, salt-rheum, erysipelas, and all kinds of sores and swellings. The only guaranteed blood-purifier.

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FAMOUS  
COD LIVER OIL  
IT IS INVALUABLE IN CONSUMPTION  
CHRONIC COLDS, OBSTINATE COUGHS,  
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PULMONARY AND SCROFULOUS COMPLAINTS  
AND WASTING DISEASES GENERALLY.

**Burdock BLOOD BITTERS CURES CONSTIPATION.**  
Constipation or Costiveness is an annoying and dangerous complaint caused by irregularity of the bowels, which produces disastrous results to health, causing biliousness, bad blood, dyspepsia, etc. B.B.B. acts perfectly to cure constipation and remove its effects. If you have never tried it, do so now.  
**IT NEVER FAILS.**  
"Was very bad with Costiveness, and one bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters cured me. Would not be without it."  
Mrs. Wm. Finley, Jr., Bobcaygeon.

Keep Minard's Liniment in the House.

## BAD COMPLEXIONS

Pimples, blackheads, red, rough, and oily skin, red, rough hands with shapeless nails and painful finger ends, dry, thin, and falling hair, and simple baby blemishes are prevented and cured by the celebrated



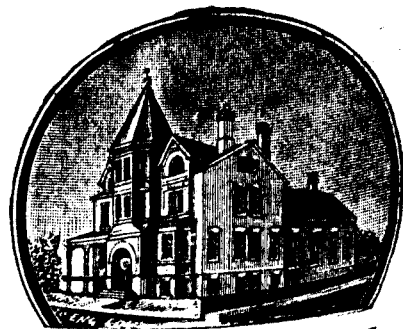
### CUTICURA SOAP

Most effective skin-purifying and beautifying soap in the world, as well as purest and sweetest of toilet and nursery soaps. The only medicated Toilet soap, and the only preventive and cure of facial and baby blemishes, because the only preventive of inflammation and clogging of the pores, the cause of minor affections of the skin, scalp, and hair. Sale greater than the combined sales of all other skin and complexion soaps. Sold throughout the world.  
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"All about the Skin, Scalp, and Hair" free.



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Back Aches, Kidney Pains, and Weakness, Soreness, Lameness, Strains, and Pains relieved in one minute by the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster, the only pain-killing strengthening plaster.



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