

THE WEEK

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

CURRENT TOPICS.

The cable brought us the other day an announcement which will seem incredible to most. It was to the effect that the Liberal-Unionists were in consultation with some of the Home-Rule leaders, with reference to a proposed new scheme of Home-Rule. The scheme, as described, seems premature rather than incredible. The more far-seeing of the advocates of Home-Rule for Ireland have from the first foreseen that the enactment of such a measure would be but the prelude to a Home-Rule, or federal system for the other parts of Great Britain. According to the cable-gram, the *Speaker* claims to have found out that a new Liberal-Unionist measure is to be projected based on this federal principle. Local self-government is to be given to England, Scotland and Wales at

the same time as to Ireland, two great Provincial Councils being established in England, and one in each of the other divisions. It is highly improbable that the Liberal-Unionists are as yet prepared to turn their backs on their Conservative allies, who certainly are far from prepared to accept any such measure. It is not unlikely that the *Speaker* has been deceived in this matter, but, should the present scheme miscarry, nothing would be less surprising than to see a new Unionist Home-Rule Bill, under another name, drawn on some such lines as those foreshadowed in the *Speaker* article. Failing to carry their own scheme, the Gladstonians ought to accept such a measure with alacrity, as it involves pretty nearly the same features as their own.

However good his intentions may have been, President Cleveland has not covered himself with glory in the Hawaiian business. When the news of the demand made of the Provisional Government in his name, by Minister Willis, was first announced, we ventured to say that it was incredible that the President would have gone so far, did he not intend to go as much further as might be necessary for the accomplishment of his purpose. The incredible happened. President Dole, of the Provisional Government, having flatly refused to comply with the demand solemnly made in the name of the President of the United States, Mr. Cleveland, realizing, probably, that he had already stretched his constitutional powers to the fullest legitimate extent, if not beyond it, coolly proceeded to hand the matter over to the Senate, and wash his hands of further responsibility. Thus, having got the business into a humiliating muddle, he left the Senators to make the best of it. What they will do remains to be seen. The result of this and other serious blunders, such as that made in the nomination of Mr. Hornblower to the vacancy on the bench of the Supreme Court, have seriously injured President Cleveland's prestige. Nevertheless, it is highly probable that he acted in both cases from good motives. But in the one case it is doubtful whether his strong desire to do what he deemed an act of national justice did not lead him to overstep constitutional bounds. It certainly did lead him to play a double part in his dealings with the Provisional Government. In the matter of the appointments, his real aim, probably, was to set an example of the use of the appointing

power independently of party precedents. But he reckoned without his host in his first nomination, and it is doubtful whether Senatorial jealousy of its patronage may not lead it to refuse its sanction to his second nominee.

Recent cablegrams credit the British Government with the intention of announcing on the re-opening of Parliament a startling naval programme. Their scheme involves, it is said, the commencement this year of an addition to the fleet, the ultimate cost of which is estimated at seventy million of pounds sterling. The magnitude of the figures almost takes away one's breath. And yet, when we consider the enormous cost of a single battle-ship of the latest type, we find that the number of vessels which can be built, even for that vast sum, is not very great after all. Where is this rivalry going to end? France and Russia will no doubt respond to the challenge with fresh efforts, if they are really determined, as they appear to be, to make their combined navies equal or superior to that of Great Britain. But the question is manifestly one neither of costliness, nor of size or number of the ships produced. What kind of ships are to be constructed? That is the main question. Evidence is daily accumulating that some of those new sea-monsters upon which the British Admiralty has placed its chief reliance are likely to prove unseaworthy and unworkable. This means that millions on millions have been expended in experiments which have resulted in failure. What guarantee can the nation have that the next attempt will prove any more successful. That such mistakes should have been made in construction seems almost incredible, since one would suppose it possible to determine beforehand the question of sea-worthiness and other qualities, by means of carefully constructed models, with almost absolute precision. But it seems impossible to dispute the fact. Whether the French and Russian ships are more reliable cannot now be known. The simple truth seems to be that all the maritime powers are spending immense sums in the construction of vessels which the first naval engagement may prove to be unmanageable or otherwise useless, if not self-destructive. The most hopeful feature of the case is that so long as no one can foresee how the new engines of war are going to act in time of trial, all parties will be very slow to enter upon a contest whose possible issue is so uncertain and so fearful.

The offences that are being so persistently charged against the Ontario Government by the Opposition press and by some at least of the candidates of the Patrons of Industry, can scarcely be regarded as capital crimes, yet some of them are distinctly at variance with the Liberal principles professed by Premier Mowat and his colleagues. For that and other reasons the discussion is having a good deal of effect upon public opinion. We refer particularly to the question of payment by fees. In the matter of appointments it is quite unlikely that very many thoughtful electors will be ready to declare in favour either of local appointment or of local election of officers, most of whose duties are, after all, provincial rather than municipal. Of course, if in any case it can be shown that the duties performed are purely municipal, it would be impossible to dispute the justice of the demand for local appointment and control. This would involve, logically, local payment of salaries. But payment by fees does not necessarily mean local or municipal payment. A good deal of complaint has been made in reference to the appointment of license inspectors by the Government, but it would be obviously unfair to hold the Government responsible for the success of either a licensing or a prohibitory act, while denying it the right to choose its own agents and officers to enforce the law. The effectiveness of the Government's defence on this count of the indictment depends, obviously, upon the question as to whether the primary responsibility for the duties performed rests upon the Government or the locality. But the system of payment by fees seems to us much more illogical, if not indefensible. We do not mean that the collection of fees may not be the best and fairest means of raising the money. But the payment of the officials employed, or of their chief, by fees by no means follows as a necessary consequence. Let those who use the Government officials by all means pay for the service, but let moneys thus received go into the public chest, and let the officials themselves be paid, like others less favored, fair and reasonable remuneration for their services.

The dangers which still beset the Wilson Tariff Bill will be greatly increased if, as seems now probable, the Income Tax be made a part of it, so that the two must stand or fall together. The Income Tax proposal finds many enemies among Democrats as well as Republicans. Yet, theoretically, as we have before said, a graduated income tax, such as was originally proposed, seems to us to be one of the fairest forms of direct taxation. The chief objections are to its inquisitorial character and to the temptations to fraud which it presents. As to the first, it is difficult to see how any direct tax can be imposed and made to bear fairly upon the citizens in proportion to their means, without being

liable to the same objection. The Government agents must ascertain, as nearly as may be, the amount of each individual's property or income before they can estimate his share of the common burden, under any circumstances. Whether any form of direct taxation can involve more of the inquisitorial element than is inevitable under either a protective or a revenue tariff, let anyone judge who has ever had his own, or seen another's trunks and boxes, overhauled by a customs official. But it cannot be denied that in eliminating gradation as a feature of the proposed tax, those who have the bill in charge have greatly injured the measure from the logical point of view. No reason can be given why an income of \$4,000 should be taxed and one of \$3,000 exempted which is not equally valid in favor of taxing an income of ten thousand dollars at a higher rate than one of five thousand. The principle of gradation is involved in the exemption of the smaller incomes. Moreover, the increase of the rate of taxation in proportion to the size of income would have the effect to some extent of imposing a check upon the acquisition of immense fortunes, which is admitted on all hands to be one of the serious evils of the time. A peculiar incident in connection with the proposal to begin with four thousand-dollar incomes is that the man whose income is a trifle less than four thousand would really be better off than his neighbour with exactly that amount of salary.

Free wool, free coal, free iron ore, free lumber, free sugar. Such are some of the net results of the long tariff debate in the House of Representatives at Washington. Important reductions have been voted upon many other commodities, but in regard to these great staples of commerce and industry the logic of free-trade has done its perfect work. Of course the Senate has yet to be reckoned with, and it is very likely that it may modify or reverse the action of the House in regard to some or all of these articles. But none the less the action of the more popular branch of Congress shows that an immense stride has been taken in the direction of commercial freedom. The debate had many interesting episodes. It brought out many strange opinions. Among the most remarkable, not to say pitiable, was the anxiety displayed by a number of the speakers lest the lowering or removal of this or that duty might benefit Canada. In some cases this may have been the outcome of narrow prejudice or dislike. In others it was probably the offspring of fear lest such concessions might retard the growth of the annexation sentiment, which, in the face of all observation and experience, they still believe can be created or fostered by a hostile tariff policy. But no doubt most of those who used the argument in question did so in consequence of their belief of the absurd theory that whatever

one party in a business transaction gains must be lost by the other. In this belief it was, we charitably hope, that certain Representatives went into elaborate calculations to show that such and such reductions would benefit Canada to the extent of so many thousands or hundreds of thousands of dollars, as if this were any proof that they might not benefit the United States to a still greater extent. But the light is spreading. The progress made in the direction of sound commercial principles is greater than could have been thought possible within the time, three or four years ago. Whatever obstruction may result from Senatorial action may retard but cannot block the wheels of progress. Another five years, it is pretty safe to predict, will see a vast and mutually profitable increase of trade between these two Anglo-Saxon peoples. Both will one day be heartily ashamed of this double-tariff-wall period of their history.

The visit of Prince Bismarck to the German Emperor at Berlin, his reception by the latter, and the popular demonstrations on the occasion were dramatic enough for Paris. Much speculation has been indulged in touching the supposed significance of the event. One does not care to be suspicious or cynical in such a case. The veteran statesman does not seem himself to have given way to any effusive emotions. Nor is there any reason for doubting that the Emperor was honest enough in his manifestation of delight at the successful completion of the formal act of reconciliation which he has for some time been trying to effect. It is easy to believe that he has often found cause to regret, from personal feeling as well as on grounds of public policy, the long estrangement which has resulted from a course upon which he at first entered seemingly with a light heart. No doubt the great leader and popular idol did not accept his displacement with the submission which may have been expected from the intense loyalty of an old soldier. A good deal of embarrassment has resulted from time to time from his outspoken criticisms of Imperial proceedings and policy. There is, so far as appears, no reason to suppose that the event has any political significance, other than that which belongs to it as an evidence of the Emperor's anxiety to consolidate all the strength of the empire for the struggle in which it may at any moment be involved. As to the future, it seems unlikely that either can ever so far forget the past as to make the resumption of the old cordial and confidential relations in any way possible. Bismarck, in particular, is not the man—indeed his grave bearing on the occasion deemed so auspicious may be taken to indicate—to let bygones be bygones so far as to forget, even though he may forgive, the treatment he has received at the hands of the young monarch who was so concealed

RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION IN THE SCHOOLS.

An agitation of considerable strength is being carried on by an influential section of the priests and prelates of the Roman Catholic Church in the United States, on behalf of a scheme for denominationalizing the public schools. The general idea, which has not, so far as we are aware, taken definite shape, is that a system similar to the Separate School system of Ontario be adopted, so far as the Catholic part of the population is concerned, under which the public money given in aid of the schools shall be apportioned among the denominations, and the management, so far at least as religious instruction is concerned, placed in the hands of the clergy of these denominations. The New York *Independent* of the 11th January contained a symposium on the question, in which a large number of the most prominent Catholic clergymen in the Republic expressed their views, some at considerable length, others briefly. All are substantially agreed with regard to the justice and desirableness of the denominational plan, though opinions differ as to the wisdom of attempting to make it a practical issue at the present time. A good many of the writers see clearly, as anyone who reads the newspapers and accepts them as tolerably correct indices of the state of public opinion, may see, that the trend of popular sentiment is so strongly against any such compromise as to put it utterly beyond the pale of practical politics.

The discussion is not without its interest for Canadians. It may be specially commended for the consideration of those amongst ourselves—a minority neither small nor uninfluential—who are still in favour of definite religious instruction in our public schools. It is impossible to deny that a very strong case may be made out in support of the proposition that in this way only can the great truths of religion be brought home to multitudes of the children growing up in our land, and that, in the absence of such instruction, effective moral training cannot be, at least, has not hitherto been imparted. It cannot be denied that so far the moral results of the extension and improvement of our public school systems have fallen far short of realizing the expectations of the more enthusiastic advocates of these systems. To those who believe, as most of us do, that not only the fundamental principles but the operative motives in any effective system of moral training are to be found only in the great doctrines and facts of the Christian religion, this can hardly be a matter for surprise. The only hope of better results must be based on faith in the efficiency of the voluntary religious agencies, in reaching the children of all classes in the schools, a faith which there is too much reason to fear will not be realized in fact for a long time to come. In the meantime it is not only possible, but

there is too much reason to believe the actual truth, that large numbers of children are growing up, spending longer or shorter periods in our schools, and passing out into the struggles and temptations of life, utterly destitute of any clear ideas of the great truths of Christianity, certainly without having ever had these truths brought home to their conscience and hearts by definite, personal instruction.

The lack is obvious and lamentable. The earnestness and anxiety of those who believe that it could be supplied by compulsory religious instruction in the schools are natural and, from their point of view, commendable. The main question for all who are believers in the religion of the Bible, is whether such instruction in the state-supported schools is practicable and can be made effective. The majority of Protestants, in both the United States and Canada, have come, probably, to the definite conclusion that it cannot, for two reasons.

The first, and in the minds of many, the chief of these reasons will be suggested by the movement above described as going on in the United States. Probably a large majority of those who would like above all things to have the great truths of evangelical religion taught in the schools, would most strenuously object to giving liberal appropriations from the public funds for the purpose of having what they regard as the errors, the superstitions, and the mischievous principles respecting the relations of church and state and the limitation of the freedom of the individual conscience of that church, held and practised by the Roman Catholic clergy, taught with the sanction and under the authority of the national Government. But it would be manifestly unjust and impossible for the Government to make a distinction, refusing to one religious body the privileges and powers which it confers upon others, save upon the assumption that the State, that is, the Government of the day, has the ability and the right to distinguish infallibly between religious truth and religious error—an admission which neither Protestant nor Catholic would for a moment make. Then again, to what extent shall this subdivision of the schools on the denominational principle be carried? It is often assumed or implied, in discussions of this kind, that there are only two great divisions of the Christian religion, the Catholic and the Protestant. But, as every one who will give a little thought to the question may perceive, this is very far from the fact. Amongst the almost countless sects into which the so-called Protestants are divided, there are a number whose tenets are scarcely less as widely divergent than those of Catholic and Protestant. The Methodist, Presbyterian, or Baptist would almost as soon surrender the religious teaching of all his children into the hand of the Catholics as into those of the ritualists of the Church of England. We are not sure that the same may not be said

to suppose that the empire could get along without its master-builder. On the other hand, it can hardly be claimed that the Prince's own speech and conduct during the long quarrel have been wholly in keeping with the dignity and calmness which might have been expected from the man of iron. Even the admiring populace must have discovered that there is a considerable admixture of a very human kind of clay in the national idol.

While it would be unwise to place too much confidence in the newspaper reports of what they allege to have transpired at the P.P.A. Convention in Hamilton last week, it is pretty evident that the general effect of that gathering has been to weaken rather than to strengthen the hold of that society upon the popular imagination, as well as to lessen the dread of it felt hitherto by both the old political parties. In the first place, the overdone and somewhat absurd injunctions of the Grand President, in his circular calling the Convention, regard to the profound secrecy to be observed, had a distinctly hollow ring, which it is not hard to detect. When this was followed by the shallow expedients resorted to by many delegates of recording fictitious names and addresses at their hotels, together with the multiplied tilings, the watchwords, and other devices so ostentatiously used to prevent the access of any but properly accredited delegates to the meetings, the impression of awe and mystery which were evidently aimed at, soon began to be superseded to some extent by a growing sense of the childish and the ludicrous. The old adage that, in the popular mind, everything unknown is held to be magnificent, describes a trait in human nature which, judiciously used, may be made effective, but carried too far, it leads to reaction and defeats its own ends. In addition to the weakening effect of overdoing the mystery part of the business, the study of the *personnel* of the Convention, which no device could prevent, seems to have gone far to disillusionize the minds of those who came in contact with its members—a process which was helped materially by whatever became known of the real work of the Convention. In all probability the decline of the movement may be dated from certain, at all events, that the adherents of this time forth, while those who have honestly deprecated the injustice and bigotry of the organization, will henceforth take it less seriously, if they do not wholly cease to trouble themselves with its doings. In short, the organization now stands pretty clearly revealed as the offspring of misrepresentations and machinations of certain dis-appointed aspirants for office or notoriety, acting upon the religious prejudices of certain classes of honest but narrow-minded fanatics.

with substantial truth of the members of the evangelical sections of the Church of England itself. Hence to propose to subdivide the public schools on sectarian principles is to reduce the idea of denominational management under State supervision to the absurd.

But, to our thinking and, as we believe, to that of many who have pondered this great problem, the objection above hinted at rather than stated, insuperable as it would probably be found to be in practice, is not theoretically the strongest against any and every system of religious instruction in state-supported schools. We may suppose—and it should require no great stretch of Christian charity to do so—the representatives of all the great evangelical bodies consenting to hold in abeyance their distinctive sectarian views so far as to enable them to agree upon a method for imparting religious instruction in the schools which would not involve the minute subdivisions above assumed to be necessary. This would greatly lessen the practical difficulty in the way of establishing the denominational system. They might even become reconciled to the concurrent endowment of Catholicism for the sake of the introduction of extended religious teaching in Protestant schools. But the schools must be still state schools. All modern political economists are pretty well agreed that state-endowment must be inseparable from state-supervision and control. The Government which bestows the people's money must be responsible for its proper use for the purpose for which it is given. The Government which gives annually large sums of money for the teaching of religion in the schools is bound to see that religion is taught, that true religion is taught. This implies that it must be able to distinguish between the genuine and the spurious in religion. It is bound, therefore, also to see to it that the teachers who receive its authorization are qualified to teach religion as well as grammar or arithmetic. The impossibility of meeting the views of the many who regard religion as something experimental and vital, instead of a mere doctrinal or ethical system, by relegating religious teaching to the control of a Government some or all of whose members may not be religious men at all, in their sense of the word, some of whom may even be avowedly agnostic or atheistic, is sufficiently obvious.

Here, as before, we can but suggest the difficulty, leaving it to the thoughtful reader to follow out the idea until its full force and significance are realized. There is, of course, nothing new or original in these suggestions. We have endeavored merely to put some of the difficulties which beset this most abstruse problem afresh. To all who give the matter the consideration it merits it must be apparent that this question of national elementary education is as yet far from being solved. The only present hope seems to be in a great increase of

zeal and activity on the part of the churches, in the work of giving voluntary religious instruction to all classes of children.

ASTRONOMICAL REVIEW OF 1893.*

The men of ancient Greece taught the fable of the Sphinx, a monster who lived on a mountain peak near the city of Thebes. She received from the Muses certain dark, mysterious riddles, which she propounded to wayfaring travellers whom she captured, and if they could not solve and interpret these riddles, then she fell upon them, as they stood appalled with their failure, and tore them to pieces. The Thebans, to rid themselves of this plague, offered the kingdom to the man who could guess her riddle, for that was the only way the Sphinx could be destroyed. Œdipus, a far-sighted, thinking man, though lame in his feet, inspired by so great a reward, took up the challenge and presented himself to the monster, who directly asked him, "what creation that was which being born four-footed, afterwards became two-footed, then three-footed, and lastly, four-footed again." (Œdipus replied it was man, and explained his answer. He then slew the monster, and laying the carcass upon an ass, led her away in triumph, and so became king of Thebes.

In this fable the Sphinx is Science, throned on a towering height because hard to understand, a lofty and mysterious creature, looking down upon the uncultured crowd from a pinnacle, and a monster because looked at by the ignorant, and made by the gulf of distance a fearful wonder. The Muses of mere theory give their speculations to the Sphinx, that is, to the test of practice which incites to thought and action the minds of men, and thus staggers and harasses them. Œdipus, the lame and impotent man, conquers the Sphinx. Those who were conquered approached the solution of the problem with headlong haste and inexperienced zeal, but the conqueror, slowly, deliberately and thoughtfully. When the monster was conquered her carcass was laid upon an ass, for there is nothing so lofty or abstruse but, after being made plain and intelligible, it may be received by the dullest comprehension. The reward was a kingdom, and so he who conquers science acquires dominion and wears a diadem brighter than that won by arms. "The pen is mightier than the sword." It was so taught by the philosophers of that rude age—long before Bulwer created Richelieu; and thus the march of science and discovery was by these ancient men taught by this beautiful and ingenious apophthegm.

From century to century, from year to year, men ambitious for conquest and the dominion that knowledge gives, but with hesitating and humble approach, have solved the problems of the Sphinx—Science—and have presented the results to the less instructed and less gifted, and thereupon they have become stamped with the emblems of royalty.

The progress of Astronomy has been a progress of triumphs. The astronomer has ever lived; he never dies. The palaces of Babylon, the plains of Shinar, the temples of India, the pyramids of Egypt, the schools of

* Annual Address delivered by Vice-President John A. Paterson, M.A., before the Astronomical and Physical Society of Toronto, on 9th January, 1894.

Greece, the deserts of Arabia, the rude cloisters and roofless temples of Druidic and Scandinavian mythology, have been his observatories. From age to age the torch has been kept blazing. When Copernicus laid it down, Tycho picked it up and passed it to Galileo, who, in turn, gave it to Kepler, and then Newton took it, and so the light has grown until the hands that are reached out to grasp the torch circle the world. The watch towers of science now cover the whole earth, and the sentinels keep an unbroken vigil; they are under the shadow of eternity. No star or nebula can ever set; if it escapes the piercing gaze of one astronomer, it will meet the far-reaching scrutiny of another, and if any is so far buried in the depths of space that no human eye can reach it, then the eagle intellect of man has contrived means whereby the orb, or fiery haze, can record its own existence and measurement on a photographic plate. God's revelation of a Redeemer was complete nineteen hundred years ago, but the revelation of his wisdom and power as shown in the Bible of the heavens around us is not complete yet, it grows from century to century, and we read the hieroglyph more clearly blazoned on the sky as each January ripens into the following December.

We of the year 1894 are highly privileged. We stand on the crest of Science's continued accretions. Below us are the slopes that have led up to the apex through many a dark valley of disappointing theories, that once cast a rainbow glamour round about; o'er many a rock of brain-wearying problems, that yet have brought a noble fruition; across many a river that has swept down false but once cherished discoveries, and sifted the golden grains of Truth from the sands of error. Under the light of the first centuries we stand, while above us yet tower the unscaled heights, enveloped in the mists that the human mind is yet to scatter. The mass of accumulations is growing into order every year; with every advance in knowledge some apparent disorder becomes orderly, the disjointed becomes jointed. No matter how exceptional a fact appear, when closely studied and mastered, it quietly takes its place as a link in the endless chain of law; it becomes at once the effect of some antecedent cause, and the cause of some subsequent effect.

The year 1892 boasted of the discoveries of the fifth satellite of Jupiter and Nova Auriga. The year 1893 has not had its remarkable discoveries, nor its prominent scientific events, but it has borne its share of interprising those wondrous rhymes of the universe, which Nature sings to all her children. The arcana of the sky are still being searched and its mysteries are year by year being revealed.

I. The giant member of our system has been receiving much attention from Mr. W. H. Pickering at his Arequipa Observatory in Peru. The mighty Jupiter, presenting as he does a system within a system, invites constant study, and under the watchful eye of Professor Pickering, more of the Jovian secrets are being revealed. Laplace's "ring theory" of evolution, first enunciated, has under modern observations developed a series of exceptions, as "exceptio probat regulam," the theory has become more thoroughly established. As applied to Jupiter, the following positions are enunciated:—

(1) Jupiter was formerly surrounded by a series of rings similar to those now surrounding Saturn.

(2) The direction of rotation of these rings was direct like that of the planet.

(3) By some force, whose cause is not explained, they were shattered, their components uniting, but still retaining the same orbit.

(4) Like the original rings, each satellite consists of a swarm of meteorites, their consolidation having been intercepted by the enormous tides produced in them by their primary.

The propositions are inductively established by various observed facts, all of which in turn are entirely consistent with these theories, and therefore it is concluded that the theories are true and scientific. These facts are the small density of the satellites, the retrograde rotation and elongated shape of the first, the small density of the first, as compared with any of the others; the regularly recurring changes of shape of the discs of the other satellites, caused by a rotation about their major axes, and others, which time forbids me to mention. The Jovian system has therefore bodies that appear egg-shaped, and go through at regular intervals changes of shape from elliptic to circular.

Pickering concludes that if the rings had been solid bodies, each moving as one piece, their outer edges would evidently have moved faster than their inner ones, and had they later been shattered by some cause and converted into one or more satellites that each satellite would have had a direct rotation like the ring from which it was framed. If, however, the rings were composed of meteorites, as has been shown is necessarily the case with the rings of Saturn, their inner edges would travel the faster, and upon their breaking up, resultant satellites would all have a retrograde rotation, and so Laplace stands impregnable. Extending the same reasoning to the solar system, Pickering concludes that the earth and all the planets at first had a retrograde rotation, and being thus in a position of unstable equilibrium, the axes of rotation through immense cycles slowly shifted into the present position of stable equilibrium. So, at one time, terrestrial objects now situated to the south of us would have been found under the northern stars, the sun rising in the west and setting in the east, while the stars moved backwards in their nightly courses. This change of rotation from the retrograde to the direct, is exemplified in the curious instrument known as the gyroscope. It is satisfactory to us to know that we are living in an age when there is nothing retrograde about our mother Earth, that she is stable and moving in a satisfactory manner without a jar of continent or swirling spill of ocean, and "direct" in her orbit.

II. As far back as 1891, attention was called to a suspected variation in the latitude of certain places where accurate observations for latitude had been undertaken, and investigation was forthwith commenced, but the honor of the discovery of the way to apply the key and open the lock was kept for 1893, and the discoverer was Mr. S. C. Chandler, of Cambridge, U.S. He has proved the occurrence of periodic changes in latitude and more particularly of a rotation of the geographical round the astronomical pole in 427 days. It had formerly been an accepted dogma that the axis of rotation of the earth revolves

relatively to the axis of figure in a direction from west to east in a period of 306 days. This motion of the axis of rotation would of course reveal itself in a change of latitude as determined by celestial observation, and the phenomenon was generally referred to as the "10 month period in latitude." But now we must speak of the "14 month period in latitude," for so Mr. Chandler has discovered after discussing an immense amount of observations, 33,000, taken in 17 observatories (four of them in the southern hemisphere), with 21 different instruments and by nine distinct methods of observation. Prof. Newcombe turned his attention to it, and he found that a very plausible assumption as to the elasticity of the earth would account for a 14 month period. The old 306 day period was based upon the hypothesis that the earth is an absolutely rigid body; but, as a matter of fact, the fluidity of the ocean plays an important part in the phenomenon as does also the elasticity of the earth, and it is very satisfactory to find that theory and observation can thus be made to harmonize with what is, at all events from the theoretical point of view, a very important matter. The expression, then, "as solid as the earth," may be a misnomer; we may, after all, live and move and have our being on an immense rubber ball, so to speak, that changes its shape. However that may be, we may write Q. E. D. after the proposition that the axis of rotation of the earth revolves round the axis of figure from west to east in about 427 days, the distance between the axes being about a quarter of a second of arc, or 25 feet on the earth's surface.

How marvellous is the skill, patience and ingenuity of man to detect such an infinitesimal irregularity as a motion of a globe 24,000 miles in circumference round an axis that, if it could be located physically, would jut out through the surface only 25 feet from what we call the North Pole, giving our earth a very slight sort of wobbling motion, or, as she is our mother and therefore a lady, we should better say undulating motion, and watched as she floats through space in her graceful swing, on one side by the fiery god of War and on the other by the goddess of Beauty. It is of course needless to remark that this erratic twist is entirely different from the nutation of the earth's axis, which completes its stately nod in nineteen years or thereabouts.

For this discovery Mr. Chandler was awarded a gold medal.

III. The roll call of the asteroids still continues to increase. Since Bode's law showed a gap between Mars and Jupiter and observation in that belt of the sky commenced, 346 have been discovered, and in 1893, 50 of this number have been catalogued, and thirty-eight of these fifty are credited to one astronomer, Mr. M. Charlois, of Nice. These pigmy children of the sun are so numerous that the stock of distinctive names has been exhausted, and only one of these new strangers has been named, and he is Dembowska, which name indicates surely that the brain has grown weary of inventing names. Only one of these asteroids in 1893 was discovered without the aid of photography.

IV. The year 1893 has its share of new comets. Rordame comet, discovered on 8th July simultaneously at two places, Alta, Iowa, and Salt Lake City, Utah. Rordame was the Salt Lake City observer. Telegraphic announcements were made

from both places simultaneously. It appeared in the twilight of the N. W. sky as a hazy third magnitude star with a tail of about 1°. Its motion was very rapid owing to its proximity to the earth, and its direction to the S. E. soon carried it out of sight. Photography showed the tail to have four distinct branches, with an outward spiral motion.

Finlay's comet of 1886, revolving in an ellipse with a periodic time of nearly six and three-quarter years, was searched for on the morning of 17th May by its original discoverer at the Cape observatory; and, true to its covenant to observe its law and period, it crossed the field of view of his telescope on time.

Holmes' comet belongs to 1892, but it chose 16th Jan. 1893 for a display of unusual behavior. Instead of proceeding in its course, minding its own business, as a well-trained comet ought to do, at 8.10 o'clock that evening, right before Prof. Barnard's eye, it commenced to grow and grow until at 10.45, puffed up with pride and self-importance, it became nearly twice its original size. It first registered 29m. 4s. in the micrometer wire, and ended with a registry of 47m. 9s. Barnard says, "This is certainly the most remarkable comet I have ever seen." In explanation of the genesis and growth of this comet, S. J. Corrigan, of St. Paul, Minn., offers a theory of a collision between two asteroids. The first effects of such a collision would be to expand the volume of the resultant body, some of the matter whereof would be thrown entirely beyond the sphere of attraction due to the mass of said body. This matter thus diffusing in space appeared as a rapidly expanding nebulous envelope seen shortly after the discovery of the comet. But probably the greater part of the matter did not pass beyond the sphere of attraction, and, if so, it must have fallen back towards the centre of gravitation of the mass. As expansion and separation of the matter diminishes the brightness of the nucleus, so must the attraction above described have increased the brilliancy thereof, producing the effect observed. The fall of this matter must have generated heat, and so the nucleus became truly a flower in the sky, generated by heat, and growing from bud to blossom by heat.

Holmes' comet is within the belt of asteroids, and it yet is a question whether Holmes discovered a comet or a new asteroid. If a group of asteroids could separate from common origins, may not re-unions or collisions be also possible?

V. The total solar eclipse of April 16th last, excited the greatest interest. Two British expeditions went forth, one to West Africa and the other to Brazil; two French expeditions were stationed on the West African coast. The American discoverers, under Prof. Pickering, were located in Chili. The study of the solar corona made a substantial advance. Whether the corona is subject to rapid changes of form or not will no doubt be answered from comparison of the photographic plates taken by the observer. One result is already obtained, viz., that the corona shares in the general rotation of the sun's disk. Photography here asserts her claims as the most wonderful weapon of discovery, since the inventions of the telescope and spectro-scope, with which astronomy has been equipped. The corona has never been photographed without the accompanying eclipse, and if there was no camera, we should yet know little; for all we know of

the corona is told in the speeding moments of an eclipse, and strong must be the nerve and clear the judgment of the astronomer who can make his observations during the critical moments of darkness with an undisturbed mind. Fortunately, however, for astronomy, "the camera has no imagination, and the discoveries of the photographic film, however numerous, are not of a nervous character."

VI. The Hungarian astronomers send their contribution to 1893—late photographs of the moon, developed by the astronomer-photographer of the Pesth Academy, exhibit some unaccountable peculiarities. The plate shows hundreds of walls or embankments, seemingly about 200 feet high and from 125 to 200 yards in width on top. They run parallel to each other, and appear to be from 1,000 to 1,300 yards apart.

VII. The systematic study of aurora has received in 1893 a new impetus, as we know Dr. M. A. Veeder, of Lyons, N. Y., has given large attention to this study, and he has formed a plan, in which our Society has taken its own part, by which observers in the United States and Canada may cooperate systematically in observing auroral displays. It is confidently anticipated that it will become possible to give a simple and complete explanation of the entire magnetic system of the globe and of the changes which it undergoes.

VIII. The year 1893 has given birth to a new engine of discovery, the great Yerke's telescope, the 40-inch Chicago telescope (4 inches larger than the monster Lick refractor), of which we received a full account from our corresponding secretary, Mr. G. E. Lumsden, not long ago. The total weight is 75 tons, and when pointed to the zenith, the object glass will be 72 feet up in the air, about as high as a seven-story house. What it will discover for us we will watch and chronicle with interest.

IX. God buries His workers, but the work goes on. A noted man, on the 28th May last, lowered his arms in life's conflict before the 85th year of his age had closed, and entered into his rest—the Savillian Professor of Astronomy and Director of the Oxford University Observatory, the Rev. Chas. Prichard. It was not till he was 57 years old that he took any active share in astronomical research or gave signs of that energy and zeal that characterized his later years. We regret that in our own University of Toronto there is no astronomical observatory and no equipment, but we learn that the old university of Oxford possessed none till 1870. We trust our University will not let centuries go by, as did Oxford, before she becomes a student of the stars. For his photometrical research, Prichard received the gold medal of the Royal Astronomical Society in conjunction with Prof. Pickering, who had been engaged in stellar photometry about the same time. He determined the paradox of 30 stars of the second magnitude while at Oxford, and thus went far in the solution of a great cosmical problem. For this he received the medal of the Royal Society. Other problems were engaging his indefatigable zeal when he was called upon to solve the great problem of death and immortality.

Thus time drifts on: the firmament is old but never ages, and the science that seeks its secrets and writes its story is old but yet ever has the bloom of youth upon her cheek. The research of 1893 is closed, and we almost hear the not-far-off triumphs of

1894. Man's active hand still works, his busy brain still throbs, his restless heart still beats, for yet more glorious results, and these will yet fill historic pages and make it lustrous.

PARIS LETTER.

At Warina—unlike the case at Fontenoy—it was *Messieurs les Francais* who fired first, but uninvited, on the English. This being now an acknowledged fact, it would be chivalrous on the part of France, not to be trying to wriggle out of the responsibility, or the possibility that the calamity occurred in an hinterland, not within a ring-fenced territory. Then again it is being urged that when the English marched their expedition to clear the Sofas, or pillaging tribes out of the Sierra Leone territory, that the French drove in there, they ought to have notified the French that the Campbells were coming. Query: did the French themselves notify the English that they were advancing into the bowels of the English territory? Lieutenant Maritz, the commander of the 1,500 French Colonial soldiers, admitted before dying, that the blunder of the collision was solely due to him. Surely the dying words, collected by an English officer, doubtless in presence of witnesses, ought to satisfy the French, and lead them to at once ask England what compensation she demands. Louis XIVth would have done so, and the Third Republic will not allow itself to be surpassed in making chivalrous reparations, by the souvenirs of the sun king? It is time for France to settle down in her African possessions and develop them; to be always on the war path in the promotion of civilization, would induce even philanthropists to pause, about the pace being too continuous.

The weather continues to be very treacherous; cold wave succeeds cold wave, as the ice floes follow each other down the Seine; the "jumps" to cold snaps continue to kill off the poor and needy, whose stomachs are empty and backs next to bare. The distress is very rampant; the churches are filled from morn to night by congregations of indigents, that the love of warmth makes pious.

The most complete indifference continues to reign respecting the elections for renewing the one-third of the Senate. Since the Upper House showed fight, showed its teeth in a word, it has met with more respect. It will not be a mere registration office for the Chamber of Deputies, but will have its own life, its own legislative say. Then the once tall talk about revising the Senate by abolishing it, has died away. It is not a fifth wheel in the state coach. The Senate was always a Turk's head with the radical party, a main plank in their platform. It is possible that for the future that home of the Fathers will be blessed, not anathematized, because in the elections just held, several radicals have been elected to the Senate. Indeed for some, it has proved a veritable hospital for incurables, a political hospice; the case of poor M. Floquet for example. His admission to the Senate implies immediate intrigues to oust M. Challemel Lécour from the presidency of the Senate. It seems to be also a kind of Pool of Bethesda for the maimed in public life. The late Jules Ferry, who was considered dead and buried as a public man, came up one morning, Jack-in-the-box like, as full-blown president. But he had talent, Floquet has it only moderately. Ferry never had any Panama spats, Floquet has,

but these apparently do not count. By the death of M. Waddington the Senate has one wise man less.

The Anarchists are quiet, biding their revenge time perhaps. The *Debats* is not a Boulevard journal, and it states, contrary to the general opinion, that the recent arrests and domiciliary visits, have enabled the police to seize papers, establishing a wide-spread organization amongst the Anarchists in France and on the Continent. This is unpleasant news for the timid when at their toast and tea, and will make the sceptical keep their eyes open when they attend crowded churches, or places where men most do congregate. But till Vaillant be tried nothing in the way of business is expected from the Anarchists. A secular and royalist journal are fencing and sparring over the origin of anarchy in France; one lays it at the door of atheism, the other at that of religion. They have now strayed into the Gospels, and are handling the history of Dives and Lazarus, the former was a typical capitalist, and was damned accordingly; the poor as a compensation are spared association with him in his warm quarters; they are taken to Father Abraham's bosom. The poor then ought not to hate the Rothschilds. No Christian, it is asserted, can be an Anarchist, hence the latter escape Papal excommunication. During this Byzantine discussion, some Anarchist may be preparing his saucepan of explosives to blow up both Dives and Lazarus—for his order makes no distinction between persons.

Whether first commence the Grand Trunk railway from Algiers to Lake Chad, with a junction at Timbuctoo, or the line of 2,500 miles from Saigon up Annam, Tonkin, and to the Wall of China? All these schemes are launched—on paper. But the promotion men have not appeared, and not even the snout of a guinea pig is discernible. The last idea to come into the mind of a peasant is, that of wasting a single franc in any colonial enterprise, unless the dividends be clearly stated, and guaranteed by the State. The peasant will in the majority of cases, act on the advice of the local banker, or the Governmental department Treasurer, as to the nature of the investment he ought to patronize; since these fiscal Gamaliels do not recommend Tonkin coal mines or Congo cotton groves, it is to be concluded the ventures are risky, hence why no private capital finds its way to the new lands. The State has not cash to spend in the development of its colonies; all it can obtain is for the maws of the army, navy, public works and free education. This being the case, France must depend upon the intelligent foreigner to reap all the material advantages her acquired territories may yield.

Paris just now has need of all the loose coins she can obtain to relieve the reigning distress; her celebrated races are subsidized by the Municipal Council chiefly, and by the railway companies and private subscriptions. Gambling, in the way of betting, is tolerated on the race courses, and machines of guillotine design are constructed to receive and totalize the bets, and to cut off hopes when the race is run. On the contents of the pools, the Government levies a three-per-cent.—sweet simplicity—to endow provincial racecourses, and keep up breeding studs. Reformers have claimed, that as charity begins at home, the Government ought to refund a portion of its three per-cent. to relieve the

city's poor. The receipts of all places of amusement in Paris are taxed ten per cent. to support the indigent.

A new reform has been launched, that for weaning away Frenchmen from cafés to pass their evenings in the bosom of their families. This is love's labor lost in advance. A café is a positive home for thousands, and a present necessity for but too many. It is a cheap place of amusement for those who cannot afford going to a theatre, as they can meet friends and play cards, dominoes, etc., read the newspapers or engage in games of billiards. A pater-familias comes to his café, after driving with his family, as he repairs to his club. As well expect a leopard to change its spots, as the café frequenter his habits. If he can afford it, he will pass one evening in the week with his wife at the theatre. As a rule, the most domestic inhabitants in Paris are the Jews; they rarely if ever indulge in amusements without their families sharing in the joy. But café life has within the last fifteen years been altogether changed. It is supplanted by the *brasserie* or beer salon. Gambrinus has overthrown Bacchus. It is beer, but without skittles, that apparently constitutes life. The richest industrial in Paris has just died, and he made his millions by representing German brewers, till ultimately, it was his own, not the brewer's name that stamped the house. "Pousset" is the name of the deceased; he commenced life penniless, and was a schoolmaster. He was on the eve of going to Japan, as a professor of French, when he was struck with the circumstance of so many wine and beverage shops, and all coining; in five, certainly in ten years, the owners of these establishments had made a sufficient fortune to retire from business. Why ought not he also to succeed? He opened a humble establishment, and sold there the beer of a first class Munich house; clients flocked; he opened a second, a third branch, and they too proved Golcondas. He was now in a position to aim high; he had capital. He henceforth went in for palatial *brasseries*, or cafés; he fitted them up in a Renaissance style of his own; in place of marble tables, he had tables in carved wood with seats to match; he dispensed with the immense wall mirrors, and replaced them by tapestry; the large plate-glass windows had to give way to the colored glass windows of the middle ages that shed a subdued light in the interior. When an important firm failed he bought the premises and opened in due course his modern café, but where beer was the dominant beverage.

But any other kind of drink could be had. No billiards were connected with the establishment; smoking was permitted when the smoker pleased. However, in connection with the beer sales were the materials, chiefly for lunches and suppers, where ham and cold meat largely figured, and more especially the famous *moussou* or ox snout sliced as slender as a pine apple; the Frankfurt sausage was flanked with *choucroute* and the poultry with truffles. Rye bread generally was served, or those confection open-worked biscuits, powdered with saffron to whet the appetite and produce thirst. In each establishment was a mural portrait of beer-king Gambrinus, and it was Pousset himself who sat for the god. His establishments at present rule Paris, and are quietly but surely killing the ordinary cafes that are trying before yielding up the ghost to attract clients by supplying music, vocal and instrumental, and kindred Music Hall attractions, but as the law

threatens to make these houses pay ten per cent. on receipts, they cannot survive the competition for any length of time.

A curious trial is to come off. Some sportsmen were in a village tavern at *déjeuner*, when one of them, taking out a bank note for 100 francs to lend to a friend, let it drop into his cup of coffee; one of the dogs made a snap at it, drinking, as was its habit, or trick, the coffee at the same time. The owner of the dog was called upon either to pay the 100 francs or kill the dog and extract the note, he would do neither; the dog was placed in the custody of the police, charged doubtless with abstracting a bank note.

Patriotism runs wild; an advertising dairyman in Paris announces, "French milk from French cows."

THE VIOLET.

(From the German of Goethe.)

A violet in the meadow grew,
Unknown and hidden far from view,
It was a tender violet.
A shepherdess came here one day,
Whose step was light and heart was gay,
This way; this way,
She came this way and sang.

"Were I the loveliest," thought the flower,
"Of all that grow in Nature's bower,
And not a little violet,
Then might I gently be caressed
And worn upon my true love's breast
For but one little hour."

But ah! but ah! when came the maid,
She did not see the flower displayed,
But trod upon the violet.
It sank in death full willingly,
And, dying, murmured tenderly,
"My love, tis she,
Beneath whose feet I die."

W. W. EDGAR.

Toronto, January, 1894.

CANADA FROM AN ARTIST'S POINT OF VIEW.—III.

The close of the last paper brought us to the eastern boundary of Ontario at Lake St. Francis, on the St. Lawrence, and before entering on the details, artistic and otherwise, that make up the grand Province that now finds homes of comfort and often of luxury for thousands whose lives were beforetime full of hardship and striving, it may be well to take a short general survey of the land we are entering upon.

The largest (except British Columbia) of all the Provinces of Canada, Ontario, contains about two hundred and twenty thousand square miles; it may be said to be triangular in shape, the southern side or base stretching along the northern shores of Lakes Ontario and Erie to Windsor, opposite Detroit, thence north-westerly along the east side of Lake Huron, taking in Grand Manitoulin Island, along the eastern and northern shores of Lake Superior to Pigeon River, then still to the north-west along Rainy River and Lake to Lake of the Woods; turning almost due east along English River, Lakes Lonely and Joseph and Albany River to James Bay; due south through the Nipissing District till we strike the Ottawa, and to the south-west along that till we reach the St. Lawrence again.

Great varieties of rock, of soil, and of climate are to be met with, but the Laurentian system of rock predominates, its ridges crossing our rough triangle transversely in

two directions form the three principal watersheds, and what with the unnumbered lakes varying in size from many square miles to one or two acres and the numerous rivers, there is "water, water everywhere," but luckily all of it (except that of Toronto Bay) fit to drink. From the highest Laurentian lake, Abettibi, nine hundred feet above the sea level, all the way down the connecting streams and rivers, often joining and connecting hundreds of lakes, to the ocean, there are great numbers of waterfalls and rapids, with the concomitant advantages of water power enough to run all the machinery that could reasonably be required by the inhabitants, providing electric light and motor power, and finding diversified subjects for sketches and pictures for more artists than are likely to want them. The peninsula enclosed by Lakes Huron, Erie and Ontario, with the Ottawa River, seems, much of it, like a different country. On a lower level, with undulating swells of fine arable land, mostly old settled farming districts long cleared of woods, its rivers shallow and small, each appearing to have dwindled down from a more imposing grandeur to its present size and occupying but a tithe of its former bed, it offers a thoroughly rural and pastoral aspect, presenting us with pictures of comfortable farm-houses with fine barns and large orchards, and reminding us more of man and his doings than of nature in its wildness and picturesqueness, such as lies a few hundred miles to the north and north-east.

"Pleasant it is when woods are green and winds are soft and low," to float on the bosom of the noble St. Lawrence and watch the moving panorama on either hand past the busy town of Cornwall, past Morrisburg, Prescott and Brockville till we come to the varied picturesqueness of the Thousand Islands, and after threading our way through the charming channels, where all kinds of canoes and pleasure boats with tourists trolling, boys racing, ladies reading novels and knitting, meet us as we go by, we are almost compelled, if at all artistically inclined, to stay over at one of the island hotels and get a few sketches of the fairy-like scenery, but as for the fishing we leave that to those who enjoy pulling out huge maskingnonge and pike, for after trout fishing with the fly in the northern rivers the trolling business is a weariness of the flesh, and the fish caught seem, from a culinary point of view, hardly worth the trouble of catching and cooking.

But every one to his taste, and there will be fishing parties and no doubt cakes and ale, however straight laced some of us may be, and, by the way, fish stories too; this fact anyone can verify who will sit out on the hotel verandah on a summer's evening, and listen to the conversation of the guests. It is a good thing that there is no fear of the sport failing, for the fish come down from the lake, and according to the reports the biggest that are caught are mere minnows to the monsters that are hooked and get away.

Of Kingston, at the head of all these lovely spots, its military school, its defences, and its historical record much could be said, but somehow it is not so picturesque as some places of less note despite its situation. It is known as the "Limestone City" and the country round and to the north bears evidence of the fact, and much of it is of little use, the soil being too shallow for anything but poor pasture. Some of the escarpments of rock make subjects for sketching,

and along the Rideau Canal, which stretches from here to Ottawa, many quaint bits may be found.

Not far off is Amherst Island, to be noted chiefly as the residence of Mr. Daniel Fowler, the first water-color painter of Canada. His works obtained a gold medal at the Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia, and his still life, especially his flowers, are hardly to be excelled. English by birth he has long made Canada his home, and owns a considerable part of Amherst Island, where he has lived for many years. His drawing is always firm and good, his light and shade vigorous and effective, and his color is strong and masterly in its arrangement and contrasts. Many of his works are in Montreal, but most perhaps are owned in Toronto, where the late G. A. Gilbert took great pleasure in making him known.

Now advanced in years, he paints no more game or flower pieces, much to the regret of his fellow-artists of the Royal Canadian Academy and the Ontario Society of Artists, but he still produces some excellent and delightful landscapes, mostly drawn on the spot, on the island itself.

Napanee, on the river of that name, is a delightful little place for an artist, with some fine old willows along the river, old mills and many pretty bits. Almost to the north lies Harbor Lake, on the Canadian Pacific Railway, and here the scenery is very rocky and picturesque.

Still along the shore of old Ontario we pass busy Belleville, well named from its situation, and Trenton, with its river dammed up till it looks like a lake, its big mills, and nice little town a good walk from the railway. Westward again, we come to Cobourg, and near-by Port Hope, with its fine residential hill overlooking the Lake, and its busy railway yards, the terminus of the Port Hope Railway. Then along a comparatively flat country, passing Oshawa, a rising town, and Whitby, perhaps a falling one, but having its own charm and its own pretty little river, where the salmon fry were introduced a number of years back to see if it were possible to re-stock these streams which, although so far from the sea, were at one time the haunt and breeding place of the sea salmon.

And now we begin to approach Toronto, in some respects the most favored city in Canada, if not in America, and one of the most progressive. But before we enter its boundaries we notice what an excellent tract of farming land we have been travelling through ever since we left Prescott and the limestone region; all along the lake shore we have seen no rock of any kind, and fine farms with good substantial buildings abound and bear witness to the bounty of nature and the prosperity of those who settled this region. Just west of Whitby is a settlement of Quakers and their proverbial thrift is plainly discernible in their buildings and surroundings. They, like all the farmers in this lake section, take pride in having good, well-bred horses and cattle. Some of them keep the pure breeds and take prizes with them, not only in Canada, but wherever shown in the United States. As in most good farming districts, no very striking landscape features are seen, but a few miles east of Toronto a very peculiar series of cliffs abut on the lake, their feet being washed by the waves; although they are angular and precipitous they are not composed of rock, but of very compact clay and in consequence of the action of the severe frosts of winter upon

them they lose large masses every spring, and take on exceedingly grotesque forms which vary from year to year and make one wonder how far they projected into the lake in the long years gone by, as they lose ground and recede so many feet every year by the frost action.

One huge square cliff of which I made a moonlight study many years ago used to be known as the Dutch church and resembled very much a lofty tower, but has since crumbled away and lost its fine bold outline. These cliffs being so accessible to the Toronto artists, have been often sketched by them, but are not so highly appreciated now as formerly. From these heights on a summer day, a fine view of Toronto and the Bay with the Island and lighthouse can be obtained; it has been painted by H. Perre and on a larger scale by M. Hannaford, both formerly members of the Ontario Society of Artists and now deceased. Toronto, however, is not seen to the best advantage on a nearer approach from the east, as the high land sweeps away round to the north and then runs parallel to the present bank of the lake as far as the Humber valley, enclosing the city in a rough semicircle of what was once the old bank of the lake, so that the city proper is built on what was once the lake bed, at about the time perhaps when the water from the upper lakes came down the Dundas Valley into Lake Ontario and Niagara Falls did not exist. Entering the city from the east we see the oldest and the poorest part first, for naturally the first settlers built along the lake front and when the bay was sheltered by the island from the sweep of the waves: for although placid as a mill pond nine-tenths of the time, storms will occasionally happen even on the best intentioned lakes and a long continued south-east wind does send in some good wholesome rollers on the sandy shore. Some of the older houses still exist, and where they have been pulled down comparatively small buildings have replaced them, as those, whose success in business enabled them to do so, soon erected finer houses to the north and west, and Jarvis street, running north from the market which was evidently considered the centre of the earlier city, began to be considered a fashionable thoroughfare, as the northern portion of it still is in spite of the rivalry of St. George and Bloor streets with their suburban offshoots.

And a most delightful abode for an artist Toronto must have been in its earliest days considering that it still possesses such picturesque surroundings. On the south lie the Bay, the Island, and the Lake for marine painters who, however, are exclaiming "Sic transit gloria mundi" over the disappearance of the old schooners, all of which it appears are being altered by new-fangled rigging and transformed into some other kind of craft that does not pose so artistically in the nautical painter's view. To the east lies the lovely valley of the Don, still beautiful above where the civic mind has tried to improve it and the railways have bridged and abridged it; enough, however, is left to show how beautiful it must once have been. Farther north or north-east are beautiful groups of elms, hill sides covered with trees of every kind reflected in the winding streams, broad meadows of lush grass laid up for hay or dotted with deep-breathing serious eyed cows oppressed with the anxiety of supplying Toronto with milk, and conscience smitten, perhaps, when thinking of the Don water. Picturesque, although they be almost hidden among trees—paper

mills are more useful to the city editors, than beneficial to the streams that wash the pulp. And what a place it must have been for wildflowers. Even yet when all summer the city population conduct periodic raids with basket and trowel there remain, if you go far enough, myriads of trilliums and the lovely wild phlox (*subulata*) worthy from its graceful beauty, scent and delightful color to be the national flower. And what delicate hepaticas in every little shady nook and sanguinaria, so fragile and so evanescent, blooming among the dead leaves and the moss with its one leaf coming up to open and enclose it as it dies like the martial cloak that shrouded the hero on the plains of Corunna; and later on, among the long grass waiting to be cut and sharing in its fate, multitudes of the lovely Canadian lily that the writer used to gather in great handfuls where now the Don Brick Co. presses the very soil itself into its service and stamps away from Monday morning to Saturday night on every brick the famous name of "Don."

Coming from the west and passing along a few miles north of the city to where it joins this beautiful stream is a tributary nearly as large as itself. It crosses Yonge street at York Mills about four miles from the present northern limit of the city and occupies a valley in some respects more beautiful than the one just noticed, inasmuch as it is more unsophisticated and still contains remains of the ancient forest, while little of it is cultivated but remains chiefly as pasture for cattle and sheep. In one of these fragments of the old time cedar swamps there are yet to be found specimens of the noble orchid *Cypripedium Spectabile*, *Cypripedium Pubercescens*, and *Cypripedium Parviflorum*, but they are unfortunately doomed to extinction now the electric cars run from the city to York Mills, and picnics with botanical accompaniments of basket and trowel are the order of the day. In the same wild wood there are yet ruffed grouse and in the season woodcock and snipe, and in the winter the snowy owl may be occasionally heard crooning from the tree tops. But the farmers are erecting placards and warning the sportsmanlike school-boy that no shooting is allowed, and I occasionally see some fresh arrival from the Old Country out with a rifle, positively a rifle, and I believe looking for bear, and have great pleasure in warning him of the tremendous penalties for trespassing and shooting out of season; he is generally easily frightened and glad to get safely home and I go on sketching with a clear conscience.

Of York Mills itself, the most picturesque village within many miles of Toronto, I must confess to an admiration amounting to affection. It seems to me it should be to Toronto artists what Barbizon is to those of Paris, but I think few of them are acquainted with it and have perhaps seen it only from Yonge street, being unacquainted with the highways and byways that surround it, the paths through the woods and by the river, the groves of beeches and elms that lie off to the east, and the winding valley, of which peeps are seen by going up the hill to the north.

Close to Toronto it is as primitive a village as it was perhaps almost before Toronto was a town, for it is said to be older, its water power having attracted early attention. Its one store is as usual a universal store, selling a little of everything required by man, and has a postoffice as well, and long may it be before it is swallowed

by the all-devouring city and its place occupied by residences of the *nouveaux riches*.

T. MOWER MARTIN.

AN INCIDENT OF '37.

It was in the year 1837, and the air was filled with rumors of trouble throughout all that vast territory from the great lakes on the west to the wild clasm of the gloomy Saguenay on the east, then called Upper and Lower Canada, but now known as Ontario and Quebec. The bitter discontent of an oppressed and misruled people, had ripened into the evil fruit of sedition and rebellion in many quarters. Where the yoke of the Family Compact bore heaviest the rebellious feeling was most deeply rooted, the murmurings of what was coming had penetrated to the wilds on the shores of Lake Huron, Georgian Bay and Lake Simcoe, and the pioneers were in a state of doubt and perplexity as to what it all meant. Along the frontier settlements of Huron, Erie and Ontario, the issues were better comprehended and the hardy settlers, whose powerful arms were clearing away the dense forests of Ontario, had already paused in the work of civilization and ranged themselves under the banner of the Government or with those who plotted for an uprising, which to some of the better class meant only improvement in the mode of government. But there were other and bolder spirits who looked toward the United States, and already saw this young country throwing its lot in with the Republic to the south. These men had already established communications with kindred spirits across the line, and were being goaded on to open rebellion by the promise of support from the Americans which never came and should never have been relied upon, when the honor of a friendly nation was concerned.

I was a boy of fifteen years, pretty stout for my age, the result of long boat rows in summer, and a daily trip to and from school or market, on skates in winter time. My parents lived on the pretty little islet opposite Kingston harbor in Lake Ontario, called by the English, Amherst Island, and by the French, Isle aux Tanti. Reports of danger to the Government buildings and stores at the old capitol of Canada, had caused the authorities to concentrate much of the available force there, and most of the able-bodied men on the Island had gone to serve in the ranks of the military. The old men, the boys and the women were left to guard the property of the settlers against the raiders who subsequently came across the lake and ravaged the homes of Loyalists on the exposed parts of the shore of Lake Ontario.

There was a strong military element on the Island, especially where old soldiers had taken to farming, but who never forgot the excitement, the changes and the discipline of their early life. Their stories of battle, parade, and all the pomp of military life told the appreciative hearers, had thrilled our imaginations and infused into our hearts a longing to stand in the serried ranks of glorious war. Thus it came about, when an old veteran near my home suggested the formation of a home guard corps, the proposition was hailed with enthusiasm by all the boys in the district. The veteran was appointed captain, we enrolled ourselves to the number of a respectable company under his command, and, figuratively speaking, flew to arms, when the

authorities of Kingston, acting on the recommendation of some one, furnished our formidable corps with a stand of arms and accoutrements. There is an instinct in the Anglo-Celtic breast which beats in harmony with the tramp of marching men, and fires at the sight of flags and arms. What young soldier but has not swelled to larger proportions, when he donned the equipments of a warrior, and strutted before those whose office is to weep over him when he goes to battle, and to welcome him when he returns victoriously. Ah the pride which blossomed in my soul when I buckled on the quaint old straps and belt, and picked up the antiquated old firelock with which I was to defend the lives of our sovereign's most loyal subjects, and support the dignity of the throne and crown. My comrades were principally youths of my own age or a little older, but in the ranks beside the boyish faces were some hoary old heads, whose wrinkled brows had felt the blast in every part of the globe; under those stern old brows still glowed eyes which had seen the fierce fires burn on the ramparts of Badajoz, had followed the eagle as he was slowly forced back across the Pyrenees, and had looked out over the bloody plain where the great Napoleon saw his almost invincible legions broken into flying mobs of hopeless men. And those old eyes brightened, and the bent forms strengthened when the little parade was formed and we were ready to be instructed in the art of marching and of handling our weapons. It was as if the cradle and the grave were being robbed in defence of our adopted land, but it was not the first time when youth and old age had been called upon to save to Britain the greatest of all her magnificent colonies, and we can hope that they will ever be ready to respond as cheerfully should the necessity be dire.

Our officers were trained men, and in a very short time they had reduced their material to a reasonable state of military capability and subordination. They had successfully corrected a tendency among the rural youngsters towards carrying their muskets like hay forks, and had got so far as to be able to practise them in the bayonet exercise without fear of impaling their comrades in rear or front. Matters were in this satisfactory state of progression when orders came that the authorities expected the arrival of an emissary of the rebels, who might come across the lake in a boat from the American side, for the purpose of conveying despatches to the disaffected near Kingston. Our captain was requested to detail squads of his force to guard the main roads which crossed the Island, and to suffer none to pass without the password or equivalent authority. This looked like active service, and I was not sorry when I was detailed to form one of a squad of men and a sergeant, who were directed to mount sentry on one of the roads. We formed a little camp and settled down to business. Two men mounted guard and marched backwards and forwards by the hour. It was tedious, but we were soldiers, and were impressed with the greatness of our responsibility for the safety of our rulers at Kingston.

We did not have long to wait. In the afternoon of the next day it came to the turn of John Brown and myself to do sentry duty. We were both mere boys in years, but our hearts were loyal and they felt as big within us as those of full grown men. I marched backwards and forwards so straight and stiff that my back soon ached,

and I noticed that my comrade was cultivating a similar military air. Around us the grass was brown, the flowers were withered before the approach of winter, the gorgeous foliage of the stately maples shimmered in the rays of a hot autumn sun, and threw a grateful shade over the ends of our beat. It was a beautiful Canadian autumn day, and across wide fields and rolling hills came the sound of animal life and the twitter of birds.

Presently we heard the sound of an approaching horse on the road coming from the lake side. We halted close to each other, one on each side of the road, stood concealed and waited, speculating who the coming person or persons might be, and how we should receive them. The horse came rapidly on, and in a minute or so we caught sight of the occupants of the vehicle, as it came over the rise of the hill. When it had come within a few yards we advanced and ordered a halt, and were enabled to see the faces of the two persons occupying the seat. One was a young man not much older than ourselves, who acted as driver. His companion was a broad shouldered, strongly built man with a swarthy face and heavy mustache. His eyes were black and piercing and they quickly searched our faces as one of us, with as much gruffness as possible, demanded the password. The dark man whispered something to his driver, and the latter volunteered the information that he and his friend, who was visiting him, were taking a drive across the Island to see the Kingston shore. Under ordinary circumstances such an answer would have been perfectly satisfactory, but we had received instructions to get a more reliable explanation than that. I replied that we were guarding the road to prevent any rebels from passing, and that our instructions were to detain anyone who could not give the password or show that their business was proper. There was some whispering between the two for a minute and then the driver spoke again, and told us that it would be all right, that we were loyal, and as they did not have much time to spare, it would not do any harm to let them pass. This had no better effect upon us, and then the big man addressed us pleasantly, saying he was pleased to see such young soldiers so well trained, but that as he had been a soldier himself, he knew that under circumstances like these, travellers would not be detained by a sentry who could see that they were friendly, unarmed people, and were merely taking a pleasure drive. It was only a sentry's duty to stop suspicious people, and anyone could see that they did not come under that class. My reply did not add any to his pleasure, and I saw a stern look flit across his face, and his brow darkened as he told me it was all nonsense to detain respectable people in that fashion; we would only get ourselves into trouble by interfering with the liberty of British subjects. By this time we had made up our minds that they would not pass us without some other authority, so I told him that we would not let them proceed, and that they would have to come over to the guard-house and make their explanations there. A savage scowl spread over the face of the stranger, and he said something to the driver in a low, firm voice. The latter touched his horse with the whip and the animal moved toward us. I stepped forward to the middle of the road, and as he saw my movement the stranger yelled at me, with an oath, to get

out of his way, and seizing the whip lashed the horse which sprang forward. Only intent on stopping the party I dropped my musket and grasped the bridle, checking the animal up sharply. As I did so, looking towards the two men, the big man half rose in his seat, drew from under his cloak a big pistol, which he cocked as he drew it, and as he overbalanced forward with the sharp stop the horse made, he swept the muzzle of the weapon through the air, and as it levelled with my face he pulled the trigger. I saw the action, looked fair into the dark tube, and then I saw the hammer fly swiftly down, closed my eyes and waited for a sickening, paralyzing instant. The roots of my hair tingled, swift messages of fear sped through my nerves and stagnated the blood at my heart, a stream of confused ideas on cloudy wings poured through my mind, but the all-expected message did not come with the sharp click of the hammer. I opened my eyes to see my would-be murderer trying to recover himself from his position of hanging over the dashboard, his hands on the shafts of the vehicle and the harness of the horse, the pistol lying on the ground, and, best sight of all, John's bayonet glittering at his neck. The driver sat shaking with terror, his eyes glaring in their sockets, his numb fingers had dropped the reins and were clasped in silent entreaty at the sight of the bright steel and the ready pistol.

Our conversation had not been very loud up to this time, but the vigor of our lungs brought the rest of the squad over on the double quick. It did not take them long to comprehend the nature of the tableau. The terrified driver, the rage of the baffled stranger and the hysterical explanations of the sentries told them that something was wrong. Both the men were made to get out of the rig, and march over to the guard-house under the gentle compulsion of several bayonets. One of the squad was immediately despatched to headquarters with the report of our capture, and while he was away the sergeant ordered our prisoners to be searched. The driver offered no objections; he appeared to be too scared to even protest against it. Our plunder from this source was an old clay pipe, a little tobacco, a flint and steel. Then the big man was asked to contribute what he could. He consented with very bad grace, and threatened severe punishment upon us for this outrage upon a peaceful traveller. His actions did not bear out his claim to a peaceful disposition, and the sergeant ordered his clothes to be searched. The result of the search was not gratifying to his captors, as the articles upon his person proved to consist only of a black pocket book containing a little money, and some common-place papers, a pocket comb, a big jack-knife that might pass for a dirk, and some unimportant sundries. The prisoner smiled grimly at us, the sergeant looked rather crestfallen and he wore a perplexed air, while the two sentries began to feel rather uncomfortable over their "find." Then the captors and captured sat down to await the arrival of a higher authority.

Several times I stole a glance toward the stranger, whom I observed to be varying the monotony of a very malignant stare at us, by swift glances around the room as if calculating the chances of a successful dash for liberty. If he cherished any hopes of escape by such means, they were dashed by the arrival of our captain and some more of the company. The veteran looked over the big prisoner, who returned the

look with interest, while the sergeant reported the circumstances attending his capture. The moment the sergeant was through, he asked: "Did you search his boots?" I saw the prisoner start, and sweep another glance at the window and door. The sergeant replied that he had not thought of doing so. "Let it be done at once," was the order. Several of the squad stepped forward to assist at the ceremony, but their man was ready for them. He braced his powerful form for a struggle, and in an instant he and his would-be searchers were rolling in a heap on the floor. The sinewy, matured frame and strong arms were more than a match for the young muscle of his antagonists, but the odds were too many for him, and after a long struggle in which his clothes were nearly torn from his back, and the others suffered severely, he was held down while his hands were tied securely. He then lay still, only panting and grinding out oaths at the "cowards," who would attack a man like that. Then came the task of getting off his boots, as each foot was cramped inside to prevent the accomplishment of this act on the part of the searchers. Finally a sharp knife slit the leather down the sides and the trophies were in our hands. An examination with the eyes showed nothing inside, but a careful search by a sensitive finger produced a little crumpled paper from the top of the toe. A hasty examination of this by the captain showed that he had secured some paper of importance. Orders were given to stand the prisoners up and march them to headquarters. Here we passed the night, a careful guard being kept over our prisoners. In the morning a detail was made to accompany them across to Kingston, and I was fortunate enough to be one of the squad.

When we reached Kingston we found a company of soldiers drawn up to meet us, and with these acting as an escort, our island squad marched the swarthy man who wore suspicious boots, and the driver, up to the military headquarters. The older man must have laughed at the airs which the boy soldiers put on as they marched proudly up the streets. When the procession was admitted to the large room which served for trial purposes, we found the judge, a grey-headed old officer, with sharp eyes, awaiting the arrival of the men whom we had captured. He seemed surprised at the youth of the members of our squad, and paid us a gracious compliment, which made us feel as proud as peacocks. We were then dismissed and immediately became objects of interest to the soldiers and citizens of the town, who were very anxious to know the character of the capture.

We learned afterwards that the driver was a rather thick-witted young fellow from the other side of the island, who had been persuaded by the promise of some money, to drive the other over to the Kingston side. The prisoner proved to be an emissary of the rebels, bringing despatches from American sympathisers. The papers were of considerable importance. What became of their bearer I never learned, but it may have been he who was shot in an attempt to escape some time afterwards.

H. I. WOODSIDE.

Portage la Prairie, Man.

The poorest man may in his cottage bid defiance to all the forces of the crown. It may be frail,—its roof may shake, the winds may blow through it, the storm may enter, the rain may enter; but the king of England cannot enter.—*Chatham.*

MIKE.

Faring forth its house of clay,
Life immortal slips away
On the journey all must go,
To what dwelling none may know.

Not a flag to half-mast falls,
Not a bell in dolor calls,
Haply, not a tear is shed
When the world hears Mike is dead.

"Just a tramp," one mutters—"just
Something suiting well with dust,
Put the eye-sore out of sight,
Let our earth be sweet and bright."

Is it then a black disgrace,
That the bleak wind lov'd his face?
That the thorn still pierc'd his heel
At each turn of fortune's wheel?

"Man is man," they lightly prate,
"Man is master of his fate"—
Fate o'er-master'd Mike, what then?
Herds he nevermore with men?

Ah! cold world, if so ye knew
True from false and false from true,
Ye might say it so ye would,
"Mike we scarcely understood."

Flame within the flint may sleep,
Tough it true, to life 'twill leap,
Tough it false, however bold,
Black it lies and hard and cold.

Such a flint this world to Mike,
No hand taught his hand to strike
False and fierce and blind his stroke,
Till against that rock he broke.

Batter'd, shatter'd tempest-whirl'd
'Roundabout a reeling world,
Drifting, shifting to and fro
As the bleak wind chan'd to blow.

In that hulk of sodden clay,
Who might dream the tiny ray,
Drawn from fount of light above,
Lit a heart, the home of love!

Few that knew and less car'd much
How that flinty heart to touch
On its proper side to strike
Loving flame from crusty Mike.

Still that light long cherish'd there,
Sav'd him from the pit—despair,
Led him, grumbling thanks, away
From a careless world, one day.

Now what matters earth to Mike?
All its shadows seem alike,
Jeering word or bolted door
Surely trouble him no more!

'Though 'twas sad that shuffling thro'
Winter's drift and summer's dew,
Craving shelter, begging food,
Mike was scarcely understood.

Now he's gone where he may tell
All his story thro', and—well
Christ—the just—may call him good,
When at last, he's understood.

ROBERT ELLIOTT.

"Tamlaghmore."—Plover Mills.

MADAME ADELINA PATTI AT ROYAL ALBERT HALL.

A MEMORY.

Scientific men tell us, that "the air is a vast phonograph, a great library of words, spoken and sung by the human beings that have lived during all past ages, and that every sound made, every word spoken, produces a deep and abiding impression upon the mind and heart of our fellow creatures."

On my writing table lies a paper bound book, and on the cover is printed, "Royal Albert Hall—Madame Adelina Patti." The next page contains the names of the

artists who are to perform: "Madame Adelina Patti, and Madame Patey, Mr. Edward Lloyd and Mr. Barrington Foote. Solo Violin—Madame Neruda (Lady Halle) Solo Violoncello—Mr. Leo Stern. Harmonium—Dr. Louis Engel. Pianoforte—Miss Kuhe. Conductor—Mr. Wilhelm Ganz." Royal Albert Hall, London, is a structure of immense size, and very beautiful in architecture. Here it is that the greatest artists perform, and where the Royal family, nobility, and celebrities of England listen with rapt attention to some of the most wonderful selections that have ever been composed. On the evening of October 21st, 1889, the great Hall was thronged with people; they had come to see Madame Patti and hear her wonderful voice, and they were waiting in eager expectation for her to appear.

The concert was opened by the orchestra performing the overture "Egmont" by Beethoven.

The music was at first soft and low, resembling an echo of some distant sound; and then it rose higher and higher, floating through the air and filling the Hall with melody that was in turn pathetic and sweet; then loud, and grand, rolling and rushing, faster and faster; then ebbing and gently dying away.

The musicians were all excitement, fire and enthusiasm; the instruments rested upon their shoulders, their hands were bent down, the bows flew hither and thither; sending forth loud, clear, strains of music. The players were so rapt in the sound that they were rendering oblivious of all else. They were great musicians who had been struggling for years to excel in the art of music, and reach the place where they now stood. It was with a feeling of delight, and pride, that we listened to those beautiful strains that they were able to render with such power and feeling and which one would never tire of listening to when played with the inspiration that it needed when expressed in the music of those wonderful masters whose notes will never be silenced. One musical instrument may cause another to vibrate sympathetically with it, so the chords of the heart may be touched by the note of the composer; inspiring the musician with such sympathy, and feeling that he becomes unconscious of all else save that he is going over once again the very notes that the great masters of old picked out to be placed together in perfect harmony. While we are admiring and praising the musician, we are lost in admiration of the composer of the piece; and we wonder how he was able to form the notes in such order, to give forth the sound the musician renders, and we think—is there anything equal to the inspiration of a great musician or the genius which enables him to compose such music—the notes of which have struck the deepest chord of the heart.

Gounod's "Nazareth" was sung by Barrington Foote. The air was slow and sad; and the words were grave. The voice of the singer was strong and sonorous; the aria was rendered with great power and feeling. In the tone was grand and complicated harmony, and yet the sweetest melody. Madame Patey's voice is a rich contralto. She sang a recitation and air called "Armida dispietata" by Handel; ending with the words:

"On my misfortunes
Ah! let me cry,
And for my liberty
Ah! let me sigh!"

By sorrow broken
My chains may be!
Merciful heaven
Have pity on me!"

Every word of the song was felt, for the singer's voice was full of intense passion, and infinite tenderness.

Mr. Edward Lloyd sang an aria called, "O! Vision Entrancing" (Esmeralda) by Goring Thomas.

The beautiful strains were rendered with power, and spirit, and with exquisite finish, the words were smooth, and poetic; the air was grand, and bright; and after he had finished with the words—

"Oh! she is the star of my even,—
The sun of my day.
My angel in heaven,
To watch me and pray,"

the applause he received showed the appreciation with which the singer was held by the audience. Madame Patti stood before us in all her beauty and dignity; she was impressive, graceful and fascinating. Her dress was of rich black velvet; her gleaming neck and arms were wondrously white and fair; the diamond pendants, medals and jewels glittered and sparkled, until she seemed to me a blaze of light, and for a time she held us in silent admiration.

She was warmly welcomed and that welcome seemed to bring a gladness to her face. A charm lay in her manner, and a sweetness and graciousness that won all hearts. She was willing to sing, and anxious to please, and when she rendered her song beginning with the words—

"Alas! I did not think
So soon to see you faded!
You passed as swift as love,
Which lasted but one day,"

she held the audience spellbound. Over the Hall there was a hush, and the voices of the five thousand souls were silenced. The fans that had been gently waving to and fro ceased to move, and over the faces of the people came a look of expectation and pleasure.

The rendering was in Italian, the voice was rich and noble, and had lost none of its early delicacy and purity. Every word seemed to express a particular passion; sorrow, joy, hope, grief, humility, patience and resignation were there in turn. What was it that affected us so strangely? was it the sight of the singer standing before us in all her talent, beauty and power. The artist whose words we were listening to; or was it the music? The beautiful strains were sweet and pathetic, subdued and low, bringing the past before us in softened light, brightening the present, and teaching us to meet the future with hearts of trust and love.

She sang to us again; her song was "Home, Sweet Home." The heart of every one in the Hall was touched. Tears dropped slowly down upon cheeks, for there was weeping; the music, so wonderfully sweet and pathetic brought tender feelings to lonely hearts; all had one desire, one thought, and that was home, of the past, of the future, and of the present; homes that were far away in sunny Italy, in fair France, Germany, and far-off America. The faces of the five thousand souls looked thoughtful and sad. And the singer, what of her? did she understand the dead thoughts that she was quickening, did she feel the perfect note that she was uttering? Ah! yes she did, her face was tender too. She knew, she felt, she realized, and then she

quietly slipped away and there was silence, only the echo the beautiful voice left in each heart of "Home, Home, Sweet Home."

E. YATES FARMER.

A HEART'S LONGING.

Night was upon the lake and a keen wind blew out of the darkness between the black foundries which ranged the shore, and swept up the shadowy street where, about half-past seven o'clock, a woman turning the corner from a western street, appeared walking with the wind briskly southward. She was perhaps about thirty-eight, a pretty woman with deep grey eyes. Her gown was black and she wore a hat and veil black like the gown, and a long mantle of heavy beaver the color of dead leaves.

Several blocks up this same street some one had neglected to drop the blinds of the window. Looking into it from the side-walk one could see faintly through the white net curtains a fair woman and a child. The mother was young and the child about eight years of age. It was the latter's bedtime, and the mother after tying the silk ribbons of the child's soft pink night-gown, touched her lips several times to her hot cheeks and warm white throat, then drawing a comfortable low rocking-chair close to the fire-place she sat down and drew the child into her warm arms so that her head lay back upon her shoulder and cheek rested against cheek, the one full and brightly colored as a healthy child's always is, the other thinner and slightly flushed. The child immediately closed its eyes—eyes that were pure blue like blue wild flowers, and the mother gazed long at the fire that blazed and cracked and sent up smoke and red sparkles out into the frosty night. Presently a small cluster of violet and red flames appeared hovering above the end of a pine log like a violet humming-bird after honey. The mother aroused the drowsy child to show her the fire-bird, and together they watched its flutterings until it disappeared in a steady flame upon the log. The child dropped back her head again and the mother began humming some oft-repeated, old, sweet lullaby.

At this moment the woman coming up the street caught a glimpse of the light within and walked very slowly by the window, feasting her hungry eyes upon the child and the mother, and immediately, like the sudden rushing of storm-clouds, a great longing possessed her soul to be once more a child and rocked to sleep in a mother's arms. O Heaven! to be again a child.

Hot tears welled up from her heart, and drawing closer her heavy mantle, clapping the soft furred edges with one hand she dropped the other into her pocket, clutching in it something hard and cold. There was no light in the house on her return. It was so lonely. She did not take time to strike a light but went directly upstairs and on to the end of the hall where she felt about for a door-knob, then withdrawing her hand from her pocket she fitted the key which it held into the lock and opened the door. Closing it softly behind her as she entered the room, she groped her way in the darkness to a low bed and threw herself down upon it in a great passion of grief, nor did she cease weeping for some time.

But five months had gone by since in this little room and by this white bed, death had parted her from a gentle mother. The room had remained undisturbed, the very

dust that had fallen during the last few trebleous days lay yet upon the simple furniture. The daughter had jealously guarded it.

HELEN M. MERRILL.

CANADA AND THE AMERICAN CIVIL WAR.—II.

If the United States had cause of complaint during the Civil War, and they undoubtedly had when Southern refugees made Canada their base for attacks, the Canadian people also had good grounds to murmur at practices which had made life in the Canadian border towns rather precarious. Neither the United States nor Canadian Governments seem to have been responsible for these border abuses. When brought to their notice each Government seems to have used earnest, but unfortunately not always successful, measures to prevent this state of matters. It soon came to be looked on as a recognized fact that an able-bodied man in the Canadian border towns was liable at any time to find himself enrolled in the Union army *volens volens*. Many are the tales related yet of sons, brothers or fathers coaxed over the boundary line, stupefied with drink, and who on waking up found the bounty money in their pockets and the Federal uniform on their backs. Even from the interior, many who came on an innocent picnic to see the beauties of Niagara Falls never returned again to their rustic homes, but instead were recruited into the armies gathering fast to crush Lee and his hosts. At no point was this pernicious practice more prevalent than at Buffalo, situated as it is on the direct highway between the two countries and being also one of the centres for recruiting. The temptation seems to have been irresistible to daring men, eager to get their share of the bounty money. Here was a contiguous country where the inhabitants were cheerfully pursuing the arts of peace unmolested, whilst just across the line a grim struggle to save the Union was waging, and active men were being continually drafted into the army and hurried away to the front. There was no escape short of a substitute, and substitutes must be had in some way. Little wonder then that Canada, which the direct drain of men had not touched, was looked on as a happy hunting ground for the United States recruiting officers! Many complaints were made to the British Consul at Buffalo, Mr. Denis Donohoe and not always in cases of grown men either, for he writes the British Minister as follows:

BUFFALO, July 25th, 1864.

My Lord—In my despatches of 23rd May and of 18th June, I had the honor to call your Lordship's attention to the proceedings of unscrupulous men in their efforts to obtain recruits for the United States army from amongst Her Majesty's subjects in Canada. I have now the honor to lay before your Lordship a statement of what appears to me to be one of the most heartless outrages that have been perpetrated by these crimps who are employed by the recruiting agents in kidnapping youths upon the Canadian side of this frontier. John Bland Allison, the boy in question, is an orphan, and was born on the 28th of August, 1848, in the Island of Barbadoes, his father being an officer in Her Majesty's service; up to the time of his disappearance from his home at Niagara, Canada West, he resided with his grandmother and aunt who are his guardians. He left his home on the 5th July,

and although advertisements were inserted in various newspapers, no intelligence was received by his friends of his whereabouts until his name appeared in a Buffalo newspaper of either the 13th or 14th inst. as having entered the United States service as a substitute. Your Lordship may imagine the sufferings of his family during the interval when there was no account of him and of the agony of those two poor ladies, his grandmother and aunt, who resorted to the expedient of having the river dragged expecting to find his dead body. Upon the 15th inst. a communication was made to me by his friends, and on consulting the recruitment list at the Provost-Marshal's office I found that he had been mustered into the United States navy for three years under the name of John Allison, his age being stated on the enlistment paper as eighteen years and two months. The petty officer, in charge of the naval rendezvous in this city, upon my producing evidence as to the boy's age, assured me that he would be given up to me, and that he was on board the United States steamer *Michigan*, at present stationed at Johnson's Island on Lake Erie. After twice telegraphing to the officer in charge of the *Michigan*, and demanding that he should be given up to me here, the boy was delivered to me on Saturday the 23rd inst. I enclose a copy of the statement he made to me. I regret to state that from the lists of substitutes which are now published in this city, and from information derived from various sources, I perceive that the number of British subjects, many of them boys under eighteen, enlisting into the United States service, is very much on the increase. How many of them are drugged in Canada and brought over to this side, it is impossible to say; but that a regular system is now organized by which men are passed over the frontier and kept in durance and supplied with liquor until they enlist into the United States service, I have no doubt whatever. The head constable of Niagara told me that he had a man in jail there for four days, who in that time had not sufficiently recovered his senses to be able to give an account of himself, and that he had been rescued from a man who was leading him over to the American side of the river. I heard another instance in which a man was drugged by a German on board one of the steamers between Toronto and Lewiston, and who upon coming to his senses found himself in the camp at Elmira with a United States uniform upon him. In this case the man escaped by bribing the guard, and was thirteen days in reaching his home and family in Canada. As long ago as the 18th November last the recruiting of coloured people in Canada was openly suggested in one of the newspapers of this city. The paragraph was as follows: "No one doubts that at least a regiment of colored soldiers might be raised within six weeks here in Buffalo, by employing proper agencies among the colored people of Canada, and such a help towards the filling up of the quota of Buffalo and the averting of another draught for her people is not to be regarded with indifference or neglected." That these sentiments were acted up to on this frontier I have no doubt whatsoever, and that the attention of the agents is directed to the white as well as the colored subjects of Her Majesty, I think the case of John B. Allison clearly proves. I have, etc.,

(Signed) DENIS DONOHOE.

The Lord Lyons,
etc., etc., etc.

The boy's statement attached to this report, if true, and there seems no reason to doubt its truth, showed that a most serious state of matters existed which called for prompt expostulation. This is his statement: "On the evening of the 5th of July I was at my home in the town of Niagara, C. W.; a man came up and spoke to me who was a stranger, and asked me the way to some street, and I turned my head around when I saw like a shadow, and smelt a very strong smell, and I presume that I became insensible, and when I came to my senses, I found myself lying upon a bed and there was a man in the room with me, but not the same one as mentioned before. I did not know where I was. He was looking at me and I asked him for a drink of water and he gave it to me and I closed my eyes as I was sleepy. When I recollect next I was in the car—I have some sort of recollection of passing places, trees, etc., and the man asking me did I feel better. I arrived at, I suppose Buffalo, but have no idea whether it was morning or evening. I do not think I was taken into a house but I was brought on board the gun-brat *Michigan*; the man I was with brought some papers and handed them to one of the officers. The officer asked me if I knew how tall I was. I said I did not know and he made me stand up against something and measured me and said, 'He will do.' The officer then told me to go forward. I remained on board the *Michigan* until about 12 o'clock on Thursday last when I was taken on shore and given in charge to a master of a propeller who brought me to Buffalo where I was given up to the British Consul."

Signed before me this 23rd of July, 1864.

(Signed) JOHN ALLISON.
DENIS DONOHOE.

Nothing throughout the Civil War caused such a bitter feeling in Canada as this system of crimping. It was felt to be nothing short of a national humiliation that citizens of a country not at war should be snatched away from their families and avocations to do service in a foreign quarrel. Nor was the course of the higher officers of the United States all that could be wished when these outrages were brought under their notice. Lord Lyons, writing from Washington to Earl Russell on August 9th, 1864, made use of the following pointed language in referring to the usual procedure in such cases:—

"The Secretary of State refers them to the Secretary of War, the Secretary of War orders an investigation or rather calls on the recruiting officers for a report. The recruiting officers protest that they never enlist any one except in the most cautious and scrupulous manner, that the allegations in the individual cases are altogether false, and that the enlistment was perfectly legal and correct in all particulars. No other evidence except that of the recruit himself can be obtained and the United States Government acts upon the report of its own officers and keeps the men."

Indeed the Canadian feeling became so acute on this subject that it was finally determined that if the United States Government did not restrain their recruiting officers' zeal, steps would be taken to arrest them. Lord Monck accordingly stationed special detectives along the frontier and several arrests followed. Among others two men named Dempsey and Burns were arrested at Sherbrooke, tried and convicted, Dempsey being fined four hundred and

fifty dollars and Burns was sentenced to six months in gaol. It was felt also that if these measures did not put a stop to these nefarious practices, other and more severe steps would be taken. Just at that time a war feeling might easily have been generated. Fortunately no such steps were necessary—the recruiting officers found that Canada was getting too hot for them and withdrew.

C. M. SINCLAIR.

NOTE.—In these papers on an important stage of our history, the author makes copious extracts from official letters, believing as he does that nothing brings out the true flavor of passing events like actual letters from actual people at the time.

C. M. S.

CORRESPONDENCE.

ONTARIO ARCHIVES.

To the Editor of The Week :

Sir,—Dr. Canniff's paper in *THE WEEK* of the 5th of the present January, will have been perused by your readers with great interest. It is sad that Ontario as a Province should lag behind the adjoining States of the Union, in the matter of collecting and preserving documents relating to the first organization and early history of the country; a volume of such documents properly arranged, edited, and indexed, issued annually by the Government under the auspices of Parliament, would be not a very burdensome charge on the revenue. It cannot be doubted that many papers of great value have been lost in the absence of such a provision. I have myself rescued from what would otherwise have probably been complete extinction, two manuscripts of considerable length and importance, namely, Major Littlehale's Journal of the first official exploration of the country from Niagara to Detroit, in 1793, and Governor Simcoe's letter to Sir Joseph Banks, narrating in 1791 the new Governor's ideas in regard to what should be done in laying the foundation of the as yet unformed Province of Upper Canada; but I do not feel that by simply having these documents printed in pamphlet form I have perfectly secured their preservation. Already both pamphlets are not readily to be met with, although I find they are occasionally asked for. Were they a portion of the contents of a volume of Ontario Archives, issued under the authority of the Government and Parliament, I should be more sure that they were safe for all future time. Similarly I indulge the hope that my History of the old French Fort, Toronto, may one day find an abiding haven in a volume of Provincial Archives. The Canadian Institute has done good service by occasionally including in the fasciculus of its proceedings a document relating to the early local history of Canada, but such document is necessarily mixed up with a mass of heterogeneous matter, so that it is not very accessible and is liable to be overlooked. Should the different County Councils of the Province be induced to compile, as is proposed by Dr. Canniff, a narrative of their municipal proceedings, since the time of their foundation, their respective records might legitimately find a permanent place in the official volume of archives to be issued annually by the Government, as is suggested. At the same time, the collections made by the Historical Societies of the several counties, carefully sifted and judiciously divided into sections, would likewise justly claim a place in the periodical volume. Finally, one word in regard to the form of the proposed volume. It is very desirable that it should be an octavo, so as to range conveniently on the shelves of a library with other volumes of that shape, and not a quarto, in which form it has become somewhat fashionable of late to issue volumes of a public character, as was unfortunately done with the semi-centennial memorial volume of Toronto in 1884, wherein much valuable matter was collected, but virtually buried and lost, in consequence of the unwieldiness of the book for purposes of reference. It should be added that a step has already been taken by the Ontario Govern-

ment in the direction above indicated. Under its auspices a very important work has been taken up by Dr. Hodgins, entitled a "Documentary History of Education in Upper Canada from the passing of the Constitutional Act of 1791, to the close of Rev. Dr. Ryerson's administration of the Education Department in 1876." Of this work the first volume will appear during the approaching Session of the Ontario Legislature; and it may be hoped that the completion of this work will be followed at an early date by the publication of a volume of Provincial archives.

HENRY SCADDING.

6 Trinity Square, Toronto,
Jan. 15th, 1894.

LEGENDS OF THE MICMACS.*

Probably our greatest Canadian scholar, having regard to the importance and durability of his work, was Dr. S. T. Rand, who died in the month of October in 1889. A classic able to cope with Mr. Gladstone in Latin verse, an accomplished linguist in modern tongues, so that he has been called the Canadian Elihu Burritt, a devoted missionary, who for forty long years laboured faithfully and successfully among the aborigines of Nova Scotia, Dr. Rand's lasting title to honor and veneration is that of the preserver of the Micmac tongue. He left behind him some 44 printed books and pamphlets and as many manuscripts, the greater number of which relate to the Micmacs, and among which are found translations of most of the books of the Bible into their language. After Dr. Rand's death, Professor Horsford, of Wellesley College, Mass., whose zeal for American Indian philology led him to found a department of Comparative Philology and an alcove of books on American languages in the college, bought from his executors a great quantity of manuscript, part of which is being prepared for publication. With Dr. Rand's dictionary of the Micmac language, published under the auspices of the Dominion Government, the readers of *THE WEEK* are familiar. As great a boon to scholars, especially to students of folklore, and much more generally interesting, is the work now under notice. In a handsomely printed and bound volume of 450 large octavo pages, prefaced with a portrait of the venerable author, are contained eighty-seven Micmac legends and traditions, which differ very widely from those of other members of the great Algonquin family. What Nenaboju is to the Ojibbeway, such is Glooscap to the Micmac, a superhuman and semi-benevolent being of infinite resources. To students of folklore, such as Mr. Charles Leland, Glooscap was a revelation when Dr. Rand first made known his history as taken from the lips of his native friends. Another generation or two may probably suffice to obscure the remembrance of these old traditions by supplying the Micmac mind with a foreign literature more easily transmitted. To such an extent has this been the case with the Iroquois, that it may be said practically there is no Iroquois folk-lore. It is too late now to attempt to recover what the French and American missionaries should have placed on record long ago. Dr. Rand's honest, manly piety never obscured his character as a scholar, his practical wisdom, his large-hearted humanity. The Micmac legends were worth saving, even by a missionary, so he saved them and added the story of Glooscap

* Legends of the Micmacs. By the Rev. Silas Tertius Rand, D.D., D.C.L., LL.D. Edited by Helen L. Webster, New York and London: Longmans, Green and Co., 1894.

to the epics of the world. The introductory chapters on the author and his works, and on the manners and customs of the Micmacs, by the accomplished lady editor, are all that could be desired. She pays the graceful tribute of the magnanimous living to the honoured dead. It is to be hoped that this volume will stimulate some of our missionaries to the Indians in the direction of collecting their stories of other days, so that in this respect Canada may hold her own with other countries possessing peculiar literary treasures. The volume, it should be added, is one of the Wellesley philological publications.

ART NOTES.

Another great artist passed away in the death of Matejko, the great Pole. He devoted himself mostly to historical subjects. Two of his pictures were exhibited at Chicago, and he was also a member of the Legion of Honor.

The clever art critic in the *London Speaker* makes the following very true remark: "A good deal of the idea is always lost as it passes from the brain to the canvas; it is curious to hear an artist explain his own work, for he always tells you of what he failed to put into it; hence the value and the interest of prefaces."

From Paris comes the news, that space has just been found in the Louvre for a collection of drawings by old German masters, among whom Dürer, Hans Baldung, and Cranach are well represented. It is also said that the Italian colony in Paris has contributed a thousand francs to the fund which is being raised by the inhabitants of Magenta for the erection of a statue in marble or bronze to the late Marshal MacMahon, who bore the title of Duke of Magenta.

The New York *Evening Post* tells of a woman who has accumulated half-a-dozen plaster medallions of famous people, all about the size of a silver dollar, and has made them beautiful by treating them till they look like antiques in old ivory. They are set in a long and narrow oblong of golden-brown plush and hung beneath a picture. The *Post* adds that plush with a short nap should be used for all panels and framing of this kind, and that soft leather in dark green or maroon is now frequently used for framing flat casts, because it is newer and will not catch dust.

In the January *Magazine of Art* Miss Helen Gimmern writes of the German sculptor, Adolf Hildebrand, who was born in 1847 at Marburg, studied at Munich, Rome, and Berlin, and for the last twenty years has lived in Florence. We give the closing paragraphs of the article, which deals with some very important characteristics of the artist's work: What strikes us chiefly after a review of Hildebrand's portraits, is that we hardly feel the material or the workmanship. It is the strong, pulsating life that pervades them, and shows through them, that attracts us, their uncompromising and yet tender truthfulness. It is not the striving of a certain modern school to represent its models in such wise as though they were impressions taken directly from the living flesh. The spiritual and inner character of the persons depicted have not been lost sight of; their idiosyncrasy, as it reveals itself through the envelope of the flesh, has been studied as carefully as the enclosure that holds it. One reason that this sculptor's work bears such a lifelike character, is that Hildebrand maintains, and with justice, that every plastic work that grows by degrees out of the stone after the pattern of a plaster cast, is no longer an original, but a copy. When we consider how, even the best copy fails to render the vigor of the original, we can grasp what is lost by the system of small squeezes, mechanical enlargement, and mathematical pointing. Hildebrand's workmen are very proud of never being allowed to go beyond a certain point in the work. "After we get there," they tell, "he says 'stop,' and does all the rest himself." Work done in this way is a perpetual exercise

for the imagination, that noblest of human possessions, which seems to be so much neglected in these days. The many modern appliances for making art easy, seem to bid fair to extinguish it altogether.

Miss Harriet Ford's name is a new and welcome addition to the list of Toronto artists; we believe she has recently returned from studying abroad and opened her studio here. She is represented at the Palette Club exhibition by four pictures, two very small open-air sketches, a more finished study entitled "My Friend," with scarcely sufficient composition to be called a picture, and "Blossoms" in a very light vein with little color, but much softness and breadth of treatment. Mr. E. Wylie Grier sends a portrait of Mrs. Boulton which is very strongly modelled. "Cecile," by the same artist, is a young girl in pink dress (we were told it would appear orange by daylight) who plays the piano, but as she looks at you with a sweet *spirituelle* face, it strikes you that she is not wrapped up in her music, but is thinking (perhaps) of you. The coloring of the flesh is rather gray in places. In Mr. William Cruickshank's "On the Field of Waterloo" are the same careful drawing and attention to anatomy as characterize "A Free Grant in Muskoka," but in addition to these good qualities the values are truer in the first named, the work softer, and a bit of story is told in the two old men who are carefully inspecting a skull just turned up by the plough. Mr. F. T. Challener has made a bold venture in "Golden October"—a pleasant break in both size and treatment from his usual work, and certainly adding the spice of variety to the whole. He gives us atmosphere and fresh, brilliant coloring, but the foreground is monotonous in tone, and we somehow expect more from the figure. "A Song at Twilight" is hung in a light rather too bright for the subject, so that it loses its twilight effect, but there is great harmony in the tender coloring as well as in the composition, slender though it seems. In "The Morning Lunch" the shade in the wheat stacks seems heavy, but the figure of the girl, who carries lunch to the workers through the sunny fields, is well given. Mr. Challener has three other out-of-door views of which perhaps "Where the Lake and River Meet" has a tendency to too great finish. Mr. Jacobi has shown greater freedom and softness in his charming water-colors than in the oil, to which the name "Backwoods" has been given. In "Dutch Interior," Mr. Bell-Smith has rendered with fidelity, but no sentiment, an interesting interior of a workshop where three men are making the wooden shoes worn by the peasantry. "Cascade" is a spirited water-color with fresh coloring; "Inglis Falls" is inclined to harshness, and "Children of Field Workers" is a water-color representing two children seated on grass, belonging supposedly to the workers in the distant field. Taken as a whole, the average of ability shown in this little exhibit is high; not a picture but has distinct merit, and several show genius in conception and technique. "The Modern Madonna," after being further completed and slightly altered, is to start in a couple of weeks for her journey across the water, and the next we hear of her will, we hope, be her admittance to the salon.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

Mr. Kuchenmeister, the violinist, will hereafter be found in his studio in the Nordheimer building, 15 King st. east.

Mr. Harry M. Field gave a piano recital in St. Joseph's Convent, last Saturday afternoon, assisted by Mr. and Mrs. Klengenfeld. Mr. Field played in his usual brilliant manner.

The grand operas "Der Freischutz" (Weber) and "Il Trovatore" (Verdi), now being under preparation by Sig. Leonardo Vegara and his pupils, are old established favorites and will doubtless be presented in an efficient manner. The chorus is said to be now singing with much vigor and spirit, and the soloists will be chosen from among the best of the Signor's pupils.

Mr. W. E. Fairclough, the genial organist of All Saints' Church, will give the fifth recital of the present year in the above church tomorrow afternoon at 4 o'clock. A most interesting programme will be performed, to which the public are respectfully invited. A collection will be taken up to defray the expenses.

Mr. Owen A. Smiley, the talented reciter, has been meeting with great success during the entire season thus far, and is looked upon as having unusual talent and individuality. There is a peculiar flavor about his originality which is both unique and rare, and he should with continuous study reach the very front rank in his chosen profession.

We are pleased to learn that the "Antigone" performance to be given early in the month by the University Glee Club promises to be of unusual excellence. Mr. Walter H. Robinson is training the chorus, and he has already succeeded in awakening the greatest enthusiasm amongst the members. Mendelssohn's music will undoubtedly be well performed on this occasion.

The piano pupils of Miss S. E. Dallas, Mus. Bach., gave a recital in the Conservatory Music Hall last Tuesday evening, to a large and well pleased audience. The programme was entirely chosen from the works of modern romantic writers, including Henselt, Liszt, Chopin, Grieg, Hollaender, Rubinstein and Paderewski, and were performed, on the whole, admirably. Several of the pupils exhibited splendid talent, and showed the exacting care bestowed on their advancement by their earnest and enthusiastic teacher. Recitals of this kind are always of much benefit to pupils, and incites them to study earnestly and certainly with more interest.

Madame Adelina Patti will again appear before a Toronto audience, and, we regret to say, for the last time, on Monday, February 5th, at the Grand Opera House. Those who have heard the greatest living singer, and those who have not, will be able to hear the prima donna in a song presenting extraordinary vocal difficulties, composed by Rossini expressly for Madame Patti. Its title is "Una voce poco fa," and it is taken from the opera "The Barber of Seville." She will also sing the new song "Serenata," composed for her by Posti. The second act of Flotow's famous opera, "Martha," will be rendered in costume by the great cantatrice and the entire company. The concert part of the programme will provide selections for other members of the distinguished company, which comprises Mlle. Guerinna Fabbri, contralto; Miss Louise Fangel, mezzo-soprano; Mr. Durward Lely, tenor; Signor A. Galassi, baritone; Signor F. Novara, basso; Signor Arditi, conductor; Signor Mascheroni, accompanist. The orchestra which accompanies the vocalist will of course be of superior merit. So large a place has Madame Patti filled in the musical world for the past quarter of a century that there is magic in her name as well as music of superlative beauty and charm in her exquisite voice. Those who hear Madame Patti on Monday evening will feel the power, so well described in our columns by Miss Farmer, which moved her English audience to tears long years ago.

LIBRARY TABLE.

THE CLOISTER AND THE HEARTH. 2 Vols.
By Charles Reade. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1894. 88.

To many of our readers the words which we now quote will revive a pleasant memory of the past: "Not a day passes over the earth but men and women of no note do great deeds, speak great words and suffer noble sorrows." These are the initial words of perhaps the noblest, certainly the most artistic memorial which that worthy English novelist and dramatist, Charles Reade, wrought for himself with his pen. It is many years since this fine romantic story was written and first published, and its scenes and incidents are of a time now remote in history. Its interest, however, is still fresh and unfading. How truly refreshing is this good, old fashioned romance in con-

trast with present day realism and psychological analysis: a happy substitution indeed. It has been said, no doubt with much truth, that Reade's works are more popular in the United States than in the country of his birth. These volumes seem to verify the statement, and it is fitting that one of the oldest and most distinguished of American publishing houses should have put forth this sumptuous edition of Reade's masterpiece. Surely no higher tribute to the literary worth and sterling character of that strong and vigorous English writer could be devised. The superbly ornamented silken covers adorned with golden lilies are fit portals to the chaste and exquisite letterpress and artistically embellished pages which they enclose. Beautiful indeed are the softly toned frontispiece portraits of Reade, and of Erasmus, and most appropriate is the red lettered title page. The broad margin of the smooth, highly finished paper lends fine relief to the delicate print and delightful illustration. Here and there throughout the work, Mr. Johnson has sought to give artistic expression to the writer's conceptions, and surprising indeed has been his success. Delicate and refined is his work, yet by no means lacking in strength and character. These volumes form a literary and artistic treasure which it is a pleasure to behold—much more to possess. So chaste, so superb is their workmanship, that Paris, and the name of some famous French publisher, might well have been the last words on the title page.

VENICE AND OTHER VERSES. By Alan Sullivan. Toronto: The J. E. Bryant Co 1893.

Those who have the same pleasant remembrance with ourselves of Mr. Sullivan's "White Canoe" will rejoice to receive a fresh instalment of his poetic work, and they will not be disappointed. We have in the collection before us, evidences of the same high qualities which we discovered in his earlier poems. We find the same real and unforced interest in nature, the same width and depth of sympathy, and everywhere a fresh, breezy, manly utterance which is stimulating as well as attractive.

From the first poem in the collection we select two stanzas (not continuous) which no one could have written who had not seen and heard the sights and sounds of the lovely city on the Adriatic.

"Swift as a thought, and silent as a grave,
With smooth black sides and thin keen iron
prows,
The gondolas swept on, a thin lipped wave
Of silver ribbon gleaming at their bows;
So swift and silent that their passage seemed
As if men slumbering saw them where they
dreamed.

* * * * *
Then turn again into her solitudes,—
Things of to-day will faint and fade like
smoke,—
Drift through the darkened nooks where ail-
ence broods,
Let memory fall upon you like a cloak;
Venice will rise around you as of old,
Decked out in marble, amethyst and gold."

What will particularly strike many a reader of this booklet, is the universality of the writer's interest's. Thus there are writers of religious poems who can do nothing else, and who would be rather ashamed to print verses on ordinary topics alongside their devotional utterances. Mr. Sullivan is much too sincere and manly to be held in bondage by any such scruples. Several of his poems are deeply religious; yet in the midst of his volume he gives us one, and a very bright set of verses it makes, "To my Pipe." So again, there are religious men who will do honor to no form of faith but that which is their own. We imagine that there is no doubt about the "Protestantism" of the author of these verses; yet he shows that he can understand the picturesque side of the Roman Catholic religion, and even sympathize with some aspects of its faith and practice. We have something of this, but a good deal more of admirable and stirring poetic narrative in a very striking poem called "A Tale of the Drive."

"Dynamite Bell" is excellent work—we hope Mr. Sullivan will not be offended if we say—somewhat in the style of Bret Harte. By this we mean commendation, and not the imputation of plagiarism in any form or shape. We would mention, besides, a striking composition of a different style, "The Trapper's Death." Several of the poems are on Southern subjects to which full justice is done, both in the way of description and in that of historical associations. That we and the world will hear of Mr. Sullivan again, we have no doubt. And well as he has done, he has not yet touched his highest point.

DECHIFFREMENT DES INSCRIPTIONS DE L'ORKHON ET DE L'JENISSEI: NOTICE PRELIMINAIRE. Par Vilh. Thomsen. Copenhague: Bianco Luno-1894.

Some time ago we drew the attention of our readers to Professor Donner's volume entitled, "Inscriptions de l'Jenissei," in which the fact is revealed that in Siberia, in the neighborhood of the Yenisei River, there are ancient inscriptions in a peculiar character resembling most closely those of the Sinutic peninsula. Since the publication of Professor Donner's work, a new discovery has been made. The Finnish Archaeological Society of Helsingfors sent out Mr. A. Heikel during the years 1890-91 to look for other monuments than those delineated by the Helsingfors professor, and since then the Russian Government has similarly commissioned Dr. W. Radloff, eminent in Turkish studies. These explorers, leaving Siberia, entered Mongolia, and near the sites of the ancient cities of Kurakorum and Kara Balghasun, built by Kublai Khan, the Mongol conqueror, found inscriptions not only in the Siberian or Yeniseian character, but also in Chinese. As these were discovered in the vicinity of the Orkhon, on which Kurakorum stands, they are called "Inscriptions de l'Orkhon." Two volumes set these ancient documents forth. One is "Inscriptions de l'Orkhon recueillies par l'expédition finnoise, 1890, et publiées par la Société finno-ougrienne, Helsingfors, 1892." The other is "Atlas der Alterthümer der Mongolei, herausgegeben von Dr. W. Radloff, St. Petersburg, 1892." European scholars have not yet succeeded in reading the Siberian characters of the Yenisei and of the Orkhon, but they have read the Chinese of the latter region and have found that the Mongolian monuments pertain to certain princes of the Tuki, in the early part of the eighth Christian century. These facts are set forth in Mr. Thomsen's Preliminary Notice, and he afterwards proceeds to give phonetic values to the unread Siberian characters of the Yenisei and of the Orkhon. He is utterly astray in making them alphabetic, as they are, with the exception of the open vowel, all syllabic, and in a form of the liquid *m*, but he is far more wrong than right, and by his haphazard mode of progression cannot fail to lose his way. So far he has interpreted nothing, but so confident is he, like some students of Hittite, of eventually succeeding along his line, that he publishes his key for the world's benefit, which is kind, even generous. In the Transactions of the Canadian Institute, No. 4, Vol. II., Part 2, pp. 261 seq., will be found a Canadian's attempt to read the Siberian characters, which has the support of well-known Japanese scholars. The fact that the Siberian characters are found upon rock faces in parts of Japan, and on stones exhumed from ancient mounds in North America, serves to connect them with a race that formerly migrated from Siberia to Mongolia, thence through China to Korea and Japan, and finally to this continent. The Tuki, or so-called Turks, were part of that race. As a whole they were the Khitan. Mr. Thomsen's brochure is pleasantly written, and is a modest and scholarly, if unsuccessful attempt at the solution of a great problem. If the explorers whose discoveries he chronicles would only make Western Tartary their field, they would find the links uniting Buddhist India with Siberia, and thus help in furnishing a complete sketch of the history of the Japanese

people in migration. The Orkhon inscriptions form a valuable postscript to those of the Yenisei.

PERIODICALS.

The *Writer* for January has as usual matter of interest to literary workers, nor is information unalloyed with amusement as in the paper on dialect by Mary A. Denison.

The *University Extension Bulletin* is, as its title page sets out, "a Record of current University Extension Work." The editorials, short papers, notes, etc., are useful helps to those who are interested in the movement.

Electrical Engineering for January begins with an important paper by F. de Land on practical management of electrical plant and operations. Other papers deal with the telephone, the protection lantern, oil fuel and similar subjects of interest to engineers.

Christian Reid gives a Mexican colour to the first half of *Lippinott*, for February, in the story of that sunny land entitled, "The Picture of Las Cruces." Gilbert Parker's "Trespasser" in the vi, v and vi chapters by no means trespasses on his readers' patience, and Professor Boyesen does justice to "Norwegian Hospitality" in this pleasing number.

Knowledge, that excellent journal of scientific investigation and discovery, has in its January number some instructive papers and helpful illustrations. Mr. R. Lydekker in the opening paper of a series on "The Land of Skeletons," refers to animal remains found in the soil of South America. Bark-Boring Beetles, Comets, Telescopes, Solar Faculae, and other subjects are competently dealt with.

University Extension apparently has come to stay, and the two first papers in the journal of American Society for its advocacy show its practical tendency. David Kinley in the first deals with the solution of the subject to the workingman, and in the second Charles Zueblin treats of the lecturer and the laborer. Of Professor Sadler's important papers, the second deals with English County Councils in their relation to the movement.

Dr. Gibb begins the last number of the *Critical Review* with a review of more than passing interest of Liddon's life of Pusey. Dr. Gibb writes broadly and shows a well-grounded and critical knowledge of the man and the time. Here is a suggestive scrap for literary readers: "Pusey often spoke of Sir Walter Scott as a pioneer of the Oxford Movement through the new interest he created in the Middle Ages." Some twenty-six of the most important recent philosophical and theological works are fully noticed and many minor volumes are referred to in this number.

In the February *Century* will be found some good biographical material. There are two papers relating to Lincoln, one to Stonewall Jackson and a spirited sketch of Alma Tadema, the English artist, with a portrait. Two unpublished portraits of Washington also appear. A short paper by Lowell on "Criticism and Culture" is well worth the reading. Timothy Cole has a short contribution on Nicholas Maes, an old Dutch master. Many other excellent contributions of varied character stories, poems and departments, complete this enjoyable number of the *Century*.

Harper's for February is a feast of fat things. Even before reading the number a glance down the table of contents makes the reader revel in anticipatory joy. Both in contributors and contributions the number is strong and well varied. The literary skill of McLennan, Howells, Davis, Matthews, Eggleston, Warner and Hutton is wedded to the art of Du Maurier, Remington, Pyle—and these are by no means all in either class. Song and story abound, and solid matter is by no means lacking. Dr. Hoyman's paper on "Byron and the Greek Patriots" and the industrial paper, "A Bar of Iron," are both notable in their way.

Mr. J. G. Alger's contribution to the *Scottish Review* entitled "An Idyll During the French Revolution," is the first selection in *Littell's Living Age* of 27th January. Part II. of Eckster's tale "The Numidian" follows and is succeeded by Mrs. Crosse's sketch of Carew from *Temple Bar*. Alfred Austin's "The Garden that I Love," also appears in another instalment. In the poetry Swinburne's apostrophe "To a Cat" is reprinted from the *Athenaeum*. Swinburne evidently thinks more of his cat than of the memory of poor Mark Pattison, Symonds, Lowell and others, *vide Nineteenth Century*.

The *Magazine of Poetry* in its January number devotes itself to Buffalo. It is surprising with what tenacity this periodical grips life. Now, however, it can flit from city to city and find local purchasers for its variegated bouquets of poetic flowers. The absurdity of some of biographic claims is only equalled by the mediocrity of some of the writers. The first sketch—of David Gray—claims that his work "greatly resembles that of Poe." A gross injustice this to the memory of a commonplace poet. Bishop Cox does duty again, as do others, if we mistake not. This number is not devoid of merit, but there is too evident a desire to play to the gallery.

Mr. William J. Kingsland begins the new volume and January number of *Poet-Lore* auspiciously with the first of a series of extracts from unpublished letters of George Eliot. We cull a sentence: "So sweet an exercise as that of prayer for the loved, I cannot wish you not to possess; its results to yourself must be good, and your friend is not unmindful of the efforts of your love." Dr. Rolfe continues his examination of Shakespeare's Julius Caesar; Professor Henry Jones treats Browning as a dramatic poet; Maurice Maeterlinck begins a new play, "The Seven Princesses," and besides other interesting matter there are suggestions from a school of literature.

Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science for January, contain some well considered and important papers. Mr. Guilford Molesworth discusses "Indian Currency" at some length from the standpoint of the double standard. Professor William Draper Lewis, in his able paper on the adaptation of society to its environment, seeks to develop the theory of national prosperity. Mr. F. C. Hows argues, historically, for the application of the income tax to people of the United States. Mr. Lester F. Ward criticises the political ethics of Herbert Spencer, and M. Paul de Rousiers explains the present status as regards *Science Sociale* of the adherents of Le Play.

Where such a thing is by almost common consent scouted, Mr. J. G. Hibben, in the *International Journal of Ethics* for January, has the temerity to argue for the relation of ethics to jurisprudence. "After all," says Mr. Hibben, in conclusion, "Burke's fancy of an ideal state may not be merely a passing dream, but a fact manifoldly realized." Many other important topics involved in the term ethics, such as "The Moral Science and the Moral Life," "The Social Ministry of Wealth," "Old Age Pensions," and "Italy and the Papacy," are ably considered by Italian, American and English specialists, in this excellent number. The discussions and book reviews are also valuable accomplishments.

The contents of the current number of the *Fortnightly Review* are admirably varied. Politics head the list in an article on "The Ireland of To-morrow." Many will read with no little interest Mr. Coventry Patmore's appreciation of "a new poet"—Mr. Francis Thompson, namely. Captain Gambier contends that the honour of the discovery of America belongs to Jean Cousin. Professor Buchner writes of "the origin of mankind." There is also a most entertaining article on football as played to-day in England. The writer, who calls himself "E. B. Lanin" and who has written so much on the subject of Russia, contributes an article entitled "The Triple Alliance in Danger." These form perhaps the principal topics discussed in a capital list of twelve articles.

Mr. J. F. Hogan, M.P., in a thoughtful paper entitled "A New Imperial Highway," with which the January *Westminster* begins, gives utterance to these hopeful words: "It is a perfectly safe prophecy that the direct and regular line of steam communication between Australia and Canada thus auspiciously initiated will not be allowed to suffer any retrogression or interruption; that it is destined to increase in importance year by year." Mr. D. F. Hammigan writes in a top-lofty manner of the decline of romance and in about two pages seems to think he has reduced Mr. Rider Haggard and "Q" to very small mince-meat indeed. The two next papers are good reading: in the first, Mona Caird discusses some phases of human development and in the second "The Humour of Herodotus" is pleasantly instanced by Mr. Edward Manson.

That coming question, the income tax, in its varied applications is exercising our neighbours. In the January number of the *North American* the Hon. William L. Wilson considers its application to corporations. George W. Cable contributes an enjoyable paper entitled "After-thoughts of a story teller." "As the writer looks forward to the final conflict of passions, endeavors, and destinies to which his complicated correlation of imagined lives and loves has brought him, he knows that he has got to suffer and enjoy it all—all! before he can so produce it on the page that what he writes shall stay written," says Mr. Cable. Lady Jeune describes "Dinners and Dinners"; Dr. Briggs shows the relation of the Sunday School to modern Biblical criticism; Wagner's Influence, the Jew, and Intercollegiate Football are some other subjects considered in this number.

Professor Huxley, in the January number of the *Nineteenth Century*, pays a warm tribute to the memory of his friend the late Professor Tyndall. The tribute is all the more notable from the scientific eminence of the men and their intimate personal knowledge of one another. The great Manchester ship canal, of course, comes in for notice and Lord Egerton of Talton provides it. The King of Sweden and Norway writes a strong appreciation, from the historical and military standpoint, of his great predecessor in an article entitled "Charles the Twelfth and the campaign of 1712-13." "The Scramble for Gold" is the self-explaining title of two papers by Sir Julius Vogel and J. P. Hesline respectively. India is more particularly referred to. "Chinese Poetry in English Verse" is a not at all uninteresting contribution by Herbert A. Giles. Arthur Silva White argues strongly for fair play to Chartered Companies in Africa, and Prince Kropotkin has another of his able papers on Recent Science.

Canadian readers of *Blackwood* will naturally turn to Mr. Arnold Haultain's graceful, scholarly and imaginative paper entitled "A Country Walk in Canada." Replete with apt illustration, poetic allusion, philosophic reflection and expressed in diction and style that are by no means ordinary, Mr. Haultain entertains the reader for some ten pages. A son of the marshes has another nature sketch: "When the Night Falls." Mr. Andrew Lang is at home in writing "Ghosts up to Date." Sir Walter Scott's letters, lately published, are referred to in a capital paper. "Recollections of the Commune of Paris" is a sterling record of a stirring period. There are the customary serial and short story contributions and Sir Theodore Martin has an ode to "Prince Alexander of Bulgaria." As evidence of the disastrous results of strikes, Mr. Emerson Bainbridge's paper on the strike of 1893, with which the *Contemporary* begins, is conclusive. All concerned have suffered heavily. It is time these campaigns of commerce were abolished. Professor Cunningham has much to say in favour of a fixed living wage. Dr. H. Gellcken points out Britain's vulnerability through extended commerce and possessions in case of maritime war. Rev. H. R. Haweis has a good word for the Mormons. Mr. Alfred Russel Wallace argues for the preservation of the House of Lords. Mr. Walter Besant offers some sensible suggestions in his article on "Literary Conferences." One of them is in-

involved in this question, "Can we not, by refusing to notice worthless books in reviews, do much to stop the production of bad books?"

LITERARY AND PERSONAL.

Mr. F. Blake Crofton, Librarian of the Nova Scotia Legislature, has been suffering from a severe attack of grip, but is now convalescent, we are glad to say.

Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., of Boston, New York and Chicago, will soon publish The Sir Roger De Coverley Papers. This edition is made most attractive to teacher and pupil.

Samuel Laycock, the Lancashire dialect poet, well known in England, died recently. He learned the trade of cotton spinner, and educated himself by reading all the books he could buy or borrow.

Mr. R. T. Colburn, who has devoted much time to the study of the question, sets forth his plan in his recent essay on "Taxation of Large Estates," issued in the series of Publications of the American Academy of Political and Social Science.

Mme. Taine, it is said, is correcting the proofs of the last instalment of her lamented husband's "Origines de la France Contemporaine," the volume dealing with the clergy. M. Taine left it nearly finished. Only a couple of chapters are lacking.

Mr. Charles Fuller, Vice-President of the well-known publishing firm of Copp, Clarke & Co., whose death on Saturday was not unexpected, was a man of unbending integrity and estimable character; the death of such a man is a distinct loss to the community.

The first published work of Robert Louis Stevenson was a booklet in thin paper covers, entitled "The Pentland Rising," and brought out in Edinburgh in 1866. A copy of this small and now rare pamphlet was lately purchased by a bibliomaniac for forty dollars.

Mrs. Curzon's well-known work, "Laura Secord," has received public representation at Camington with marked success in both a financial and histrionic sense. It is gratifying that the strong literary work of this capable and patriotic Canadian authoress is receiving public recognition.

Messrs. Henry Holt & Co. will soon publish the second volume of Taine's "Modern Regime." This is M. Taine's last work and completes the treatise on "The Origins of Contemporary France," covered by his "The Ancient Regime," "The French Revolution," and "The Modern Regime."

The summer tourist who is familiar with the picturesque coast of Norway will be pleased with *The Swing of the Pendulum*, a novel by Mary Frances Pearl, which the Harpers are about to publish in their Franklin Square Library. The characters in the story are English, and a clever coquette is the heroine.

One of the quaintest and most original books of the year is soon to be published by Macmillan & Co., under the title of "The King of Schnorrers: Grotesques and Fantasies." It is by Issac Zangwill, who has made a life-study of the Jewish schnorrer or beggar, and who has entered an untrodden field in these sketches of types to be found in the London Ghetto.

A contemporary has the following item: As instances of swiftness in literary production it may be mentioned that Mr. Haggard does his four thousand words at a sitting; Mr. David Christie Murray thinks nothing of writing a three-volume novel in five weeks, and Mr. Henty has just been confessing to an interviewer that he produces his stories at the rate of 6,500 words a day.

An interesting contribution to the widely-discussed question of Church Unity will appear shortly from the pen of Prof. Charles W. Shields, of Princeton University, author of "Philosophia Ultima." It is entitled "The Historic Episcopate," and is an essay on the four articles of Church Unity proposed by the

American House of Bishops and the Lambeth Conference. It will be published at an early date by the Scribners.

Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich has contided to a writer in the *London Critic* that he may some day publish a small volume of literary reminiscences from careful winnowing of many memoranda that he has kept. Possibly it may develop into a large volume, after all, for he says: "I saw Washington Irving once when I was a boy, and that will make my narrative begin almost with the deluge."

Matthew Arnold's earliest piece of verse, the prize poem entitled "Alaric at Rome," is about to be reprinted in a private edition limited to thirty copies. It was originally brought out at Rugby in 1840, and only four copies are known to exist. The poem has never been reprinted, either separately or with Arnold's other works. The present edition will be a type fac-simile of the first.

From Constantinople comes word that the Sultan of Turkey has purchased two manuscripts containing two epistles ascribed to Mahomet the Prophet. M. Barbiman, a Frenchman, the owner of the manuscripts, received \$20,000 for his property. The manuscripts were submitted to the first authorities before the sale and were pronounced by all of them to be genuine. The contents of the epistles, it is said, may have great influence on the Mahometan world.

The late Professor Tyndall was dogmatic, and as ready, in the most friendly way, to teach Mr. Gladstone politics as to instruct Mr. Chamberlain in business matters. It has been unfairly said of him that he never had any doubt about anything, from home rule to spontaneous generation. So far as his rather small means allowed, he never let a case of distress go unrelieved; but he had a horror of appearing in subscription lists, and he accompanied every gift with the anxious message, "Don't say who it is."

The appearance of Dr. C. Ellis Stevens' "Sources of the Constitution of the United States," which is the first book wholly devoted to this theme of constitutional sources, is an event which will be looked forward to by scholars and by the public at large with genuine interest. Incidentally the work will be found to furnish an answer to Mr. Douglas Campbell's extreme position as to Dutch influences in America, that cannot be overlooked by any who would keep abreast of current controversy.

The *London Literary World* thus speaks of a well-known writer:—Rolf Boldwood, whose real name is Tom Browne, has for many years been a gold field's warden in the north-east of Victoria. Hence the brilliant local coloring in his novels, which have been unequalled in Australian literature since the publication of "Geoffrey Hamlyn." For years before he burst upon the English public as the author of "Robbery under Arms," he had been a contributor to the *Australasian* of charming essays after the manner of John Burroughs. He is the wittiest diner-out in Australia.

The general financial depression does not seem to affect materially the sales of new books by popular authors. Mrs. Burnett's late book, "The One I Know the Best of All," published by the Scribners during November, is already in its 11th thousand. Mrs. Earle's "Customs and Fashions in Old New-England," issued by the same firm, has reached its third edition within three months, while Robert Grant's "Opinions of a Philosopher" and Robert Louis Stephenson's, "David Balfour," both recently published, have obtained a sale of six and eight thousand copies respectively.

The Canadian Institute announce the following programme of papers and meetings for February: On Saturday the 3rd, "The Connection between the Organic and the Inorganic," A. B. Willmott, M.A. Saturday, 10th, "How Pictures are Evolved," T. Mower Martin, R.C.A.; "The Fluctuations of Lake Ontario," Kivas Tully, C.E. Saturday, 17th, "Mount Brown and the Sources of the basca," Prof. A. P. Coleman, Ph.D. Satur

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- PAPERS OF THE BOSTON BROWNING SOCIETY: Browning as a Dramatic Poet. *Professor Henry Jones.*
- THE SEVEN PRINCESSES. *Maurice Maeterlinck.*
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IT'S NEVER TOO LATE.

A STORY WITH A MORAL FOR THOSE WHO HAVE GIVEN UP HOPE.

A Mount Forest Man Thought His Case Hopeless—Urged by a Friend, He Made One More Trial For Health—The Happy Result.
From the Mt. Forest Confederate.

Mr. George Friday is a well-known resident of Mount Forest, and among those acquainted with him it is known that he has been a great sufferer from chronic bronchitis, accompanied by a bad cough that used to leave him so weak that he would lie down for hours at a time. Mr. Friday's friends had noticed latterly that he has regained his old time vigor, and in conversation with a representative of the Confederate a few days ago, he was asked to what agency he owed his renewed health. "To the same agency," said Mr. Friday, "that has accomplished so many wonderful cures throughout the country—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. For the past three years I have been so ill I have been able to do but little work. I doctored and tried many remedies with but little or no benefit, and at last I went to the hospital at Brantford, where I remained for some time, and while there I felt somewhat better. The improvement, however, was only temporary, for scarcely had I returned home when I was again as ill as before. I had spent a great deal of money in doctoring without benefit and I felt discouraged and began to look upon my condition as hopeless. A friend advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, but I had already tried so many alleged "sure cures" that I did not feel like spending any more money on medicines. Finally, however, I was persuaded to give Pink Pills a trial, and as you can see have reason to be thankful that I did. I purchased a box and began using them with grim hope of recovery. To my intense satisfaction I noticed that they were doing me good, and you may be sure it required no further persuasion to continue their use. After I had taken a number of boxes, the cough which had troubled me so much, entirely ceased, and I could eat a workman's hearty meal, and before long I was able to go to work. I am now in excellent health, and I believe that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have saved my life. I would not be without a supply in the house and I warmly recommend them to others who may be ailing.

The reporter called on Mr. Wm. Coleleugh, the well-known druggist, who said he was acquainted with Mr. Friday's case and had every confidence in the statement made. Interrogated as to the sale of this remedy about which everybody is talking, Mr. Coleleugh said that so far as his experience went, he knew the sales to be very large, and that the remedy gave general satisfaction. In fact although he handled all the best proprietary medicines, he finds Dr. Williams' Pink Pills the best selling remedies on his shelves.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are an unfailing specific for all diseases arising from an impoverished condition of the blood, or from an impairment of the nervous system, such as loss of appetite, depression of spirits, anemia, chlorosis or green sickness, general muscular weakness, dizziness, loss of memory, locomotor ataxia, paralysis, sciatica, rheumatism, St. Vitus' dance, the after effects of la grippe, all diseases depending upon a vitiated condition of the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysip-

day, 24th, "The Work of the Grosse Isle Quarantine Station," F. Montizambert, M.D., D.C.L.; "Garbage Cremation," J. H. Chewitt, C.E. In the Natural History—Biological Section—Monday, 5th, Papers by C. Armstrong and E. V. Rippon. Monday, 19th, "The Plants of the Hamber," Mrs. Gilchrist. The Botanical Sub-section meets on the 12th and 26th, at 394 Yonge street. Historical Section—Thursday, 8th, paper will be announced. Thursday, 22nd, regular monthly meeting. Geological and Mining Section—Thursday, 15th, "Actinolite, Asbestos and Tale," A. Blue, Director of Mines.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

"LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT."

John Henry Newman is more widely known and better loved as the author of the hymn, "Lead, Kindly Light," than as the leader of the Oxford movement or as a Cardinal of the Roman Church. Christians of all communions and of every grade of culture feel the charm of these musical words, and find in them a language for some of the deepest yearnings of the soul. Yet, to myriads the hymn is a source of painful perplexity. All thoughtful Protestants have asked, "How could one who thus sought the leading of God's light come at last to a Cardinal's chair? How can we harmonize such an appeal to the Father of Light with the writer's sincerity, and at the same time with the Divine faithfulness?" Roman Catholics, of course, are not troubled by any such questions. They say with exultation, "Observe how beautifully this prayer has been answered!" It has the plaintive cry of a human spirit wandering, as he truly felt, far from his "home," among wild wastes of heretical and self-trustful thought, yet longing for such guidance and peace as Anglicanism was unable to afford—such peace as he found only after years of unconscious rebellion by submitting to the Holy Mother Church. On the other hand, total disbelievers in Newman's subsequent history. In their view, a man who was capable of writing such verses, was already on the high road to the thick darkness of superstition. They tell us that Newman miserably abased himself, and renounced the manly duty of self-guidance, while saying, "Pride ruled my will." Their view is that one who could resign himself to walk without a determined goal or path, and was content to go plunging on "o'er crags and seas" without looking two steps ahead, was sure to go deeper and deeper into darkness; was just the man to follow any fen-fire which might raise a sickly light above its native morass; just the man to yield the government of his mind to his unquestioning obedience, and so a most likely individual to sink at last into such a bog of superstition as the Romish Church. For most of us, neither the Agnostic nor the Roman Catholic view is satisfactory; each may be allowed to quicken thought and suggest inquiry, but the mystery remains. Only the great Father of Lights can even now read all that was passing through Newman's soul when the lay gushed from his heart. Some of the perplexities are cleared away, however, by the fact that, when Newman wrote these verses, he was not, as multitudes suppose, a bewildered thinker, troubled by the deeper problems of spiritual religion, but had already abjured the right of private judgment and was a Roman Catholic in all but a few points on which he inconsistently continued to hold independent opinions for about a dozen years.

—Good Words.
God discovers the martyr and confessor without the trial of flames and tortures, and will hereafter entitle many to the reward of actions which they never had the opportunity of performing.—Addison.

Among many parallels which men of imagination have drawn between the natural and moral state of the world, it has been observed that happiness as well as virtue consists in mediocrity.—Dr. Johnson.

QUEBEC.

Quebec! how regally it crowns the height,
Like a tanned giant on a solid throne!
Unmindful of the sanguinary fight,
The roar of cannon mingling with the moan
Of mutilated soldiers years ago,
That gave the place a glory and a name
Among the nations. France was heard to
groan;
England rejoiced, but checked the proud
acclaim—

A brave young chief had fallen to vindicate her
fame.

Wolfe and Montcalm! two nobler names
ne'er graced

The page of history or the hostile plain;
No braver souls the storm of battle faced,
Regardless of the danger or the pain.
They passed unto their rest without a stain
Upon their nature or their generous hearts.
One graceful column to the noble twain
Speaks of a nation's gratitude, and starts
The tear that Valour claims, and Feeling's self
imparts.

Down the rough slope Montmorenci's tor-
rent pours,
We cannot view it by this feeble ray,
But hark! its thunders leap along the shores,
Thrilling the cliffs that guard the beautiful
bay;
And now the moon shines on our downward
way,
Showing fair Orleans' enchanting Isle,
Its fields of grain, and meadows sweet with
hay;
Along the fertile shores fresh landscape
smile,
Cheering the watchful eye for many a pleasant
mile.

—CHARLES SANGSTER.

OVER-EXERTION AT CYCLING.

There can be no doubt that bicycling is more calculated to induce foolish and reckless men to over-exert themselves to a dangerous degree than any other form of athletic exercise. The legs, being relieved from supporting the weight of the body, are left free to be used as the instruments for the putting forth of an amount of energy that becomes a severe tax upon the physical powers and upon various organs of the body, especially the heart and lungs. Where the weight has to be borne by the legs, as in walking, a weariness supervenes, which counsels or compels a cessation of effort before any dangerous strain occurs. In bicycling (says an expert) very severe exertion may be continued to an extraordinary extent without nature coming to the rescue of the overwrought system by a timely foot soreness or distress that admonishes the rider to desist. Excessive perspiration, as a result of severe exertion, has a very severe effect upon the constitution, which, in the case of men unaccustomed to hard, physical work, will often, in the end, break down under the protracted strain to which it is subjected. Attempts are constantly being made by ordinary riders without adequate preparation to emulate the feats of trained athletes. They will frequently endeavor to cover great distances against time, without taking the precaution of gradually leading up to such feats by a long course of steady practice and suitable living. The results are often very disastrous to those attempting such foolhardy experiments. No exercise, reasonably indulged in, can be more thoroughly beneficial than bicycling, though it must be admitted that many, who are never content unless they make a severe and ceaseless labor of it, have found their abuse of an unrivalled pastime anything but advantageous to their health.

Men of strong affections are jealous of their own genius. They fear lest they should be loved for its quality, and not for themselves.
—*Bulwer Lytton.*

If the poor and humble toil that we may have food, must not the high and glorious toil for him in return, that he may have light, have guidance, immortality?—*Carlyle.*

PUBLIC OPINION.

Montreal Gazette: The situation is one of restricted rather than of depressed business, and though it may not improve rapidly, presents features which indicate that with the recovery of trade in other parts of the continent, which, unfortunately at the moment appears to have sustained a slight check, there will be a quick revival in Canada.

St. John Telegraph: The United States tariff is likely to develop a good many puzzling questions for the Government of Canada, but none more so than the action of the House of Representatives in placing sugar of every grade on the free list. It will be interesting to see what Mr. Foster will do if this feature of the tariff bill is retained.

Ottawa Citizen: In our opinion it would be well if Protestants and Roman Catholics went to the same schools, joined in the same classes, mingled in the same games, and if provision were made for religious instruction by clergymen of different faiths at stated hours, or if this subject were left to the church and the home.

Vancouver World: The outlook for a lively and business-like session is encouraging, and once the Redistribution Bill is disposed of, many who are opposed to the Government on this question will become its most ardent advocates, when it is found that much of the fault-finding has been entirely unjustifiable and without the slightest cause whatever.

Canada Presbyterian: If an intolerant spirit, uncharitable judgments and unkind conduct are unlovely, unbecoming and reprehensible on the part of Roman Catholics towards Protestants, let us bear in mind that they are, to say the least, equally so when the case is reversed, and more so, because it is one of the boasts of Protestants that the liberty which they claim to think and act for themselves in all matters, they are willing to allow in the fullest extent to others.

Manitoba Free Press: Is it not worth while considering the propriety of some radical change in the methods of our higher education? There is no obvious reason why a university should not turn out high-class farmers, first-rate joiners, very superior builders, exceptionally good house decorators, as well as young men learned in the classics or with a knowledge of anatomy. It is pleasant to be familiar with the Greek and Latin roots, but in this country it is more useful to know all about those which grow in the ground.

Halifax Critic: Sight-seers who have visited the Imperial Institute in London are most enthusiastic in their accounts of the great exhibit from India. . . . When compared with the other colonies, Canada appears to the greatest disadvantage, very much in the light of "a poor relation." This state of things should not continue. Every week that passes while the Canadian exhibit is in its present condition is doing a permanent injury to the Dominion. The enterprise of our people should step in, and the small outlay necessary to prepare special exhibits would be found in many cases to be a profitable investment.

Hamilton Herald: If the cries from the Northwest and the professions of the Patrons are to be taken as indicating the feelings of the rural voters, they will not be satisfied with tariff reform on the half-shell, and yet if Minister Foster goes beyond that he will have the manufacturers banging away at him with both barrels. The situation is not a pleasant one for the Government, but it was wise in its way and day in waiting until the tariff problem was well threshed out in the States before calling the members of the House together. The U. S. tariff regulates the Canadian one, and the country is just in that shape that it can't very well help letting it, humiliating as it may be.

Life is like a game of whist. I don't enjoy the game much; but I like to play my cards well, and see what will be the end of it.—*George Eliot.*

CHARLES SANGSTER.

Charles Sangster, the poet is dead. He has for years past kept so much in the shades of retirement that many of the younger generation of readers will ask, who is Charles Sangster? And yet he long stood as our most representative Canadian poet. He was seventy-one at the time of his death, being born in Kingston in 1822. It is not too much to say that, among all the sad life-histories of English bards who battled with unpropitious fortune, poverty and neglect, there is scarcely one who has had a rougher or steeper path to climb, or faced unfriendly fate with a braver heart than he. Want of space prevents dwelling on the events of his life.

It is thirty years since the writer of this article wrote and published in his "Selections from Canadian Poets," the following estimate of Mr. Sangster's poetry:

"We are disposed to think that any just estimate of Mr. Sangster's poetry will assign him the first place among Canadian poets. Others may have written as well and as sweetly on some themes as he could have done; but no one has contributed so largely to enrich Canadian poetry. No one has attempted so much. No one has displayed equal freshness and variety of imagery in the treatment of national themes. Indeed, in the variety of subjects selected from the scenery, seasons and part history of this country, and in the success and originality with which he has treated them, he has no competitor whatever. His genius is more truly Canadian than that of any other poet of distinction in this Province. Mr. Sangster, while cherishing a loyal attachment to the mother-land, gives Canada the chief place in his heart. Her mighty lakes and rivers—her forests and hills—her history, religion and laws—her homes and liberties—her brave sons and fair daughters—are all objects of his most ardent affections, graven alike upon the pages of his poetry and upon the tablets of his heart. The most prominent characteristics of his genius are, a wonderful fertility of thought, which enables him to pour forth images and forms of expression with lavish prodigality;—an intense sympathy with nature in all her varied moods and forms;—and that peculiar freshness and originality of language that is the sure distinction of those to whom belong the vision and the faculty divine. Occasionally, too, we catch glimpses of a philosophic spirit, capable of grappling with the deep problems of the world of mind."

In some important respects he is still the most representative of our Canadian bards. It is not merely that his themes are Canadian, he lived in an atmosphere of Canadian sentiment, and everything he wrote is permeated with the free spirit of his country. His "St. Lawrence and the Saguenay," published in 1853, consists mainly of the descriptions and reflections which the scenery and history call forth from an imaginary voyager from Lake Ontario up the Saguenay. It contains 110 Spenserian stanzas, and has many fine pieces of poetic description. "Hesperus," published in 1860, showed growth and improvement. The poems of this volume showed finer literary culture and greater perfection in the poets art. There is ever the lofty faith in God of a devout worshipper in nature's temple. This spirit is seen in his prelude to "Hesperus":

"The stars are heaven's ministers,
Right royally they teach
God's glory and omnipotence
In wondrous holy speech.

"O heaven-cradled mysteries,
What sacred paths ye've trod!
Bright, jewelled scintillations
From the chariot-wheels of God.
When in the Spirit He rode forth
With vast creative aim,
These were his foot-steps left behind
To magnify his name."

—REV. H. DEWART, in *Guardian*.

Man passes away; his name perishes from record and recollections; his history is as a tale that is told, and his very monument becomes a ruin.—*Washington Irving.*

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SCIENTIFIC AND SANITARY.

Celluloid may be made transparent, and a sheet of it coated with silver constitutes an admirable mirror. This substitute for a looking-glass cannot be easily broken, but it is very inflammable, and needs to be kept away from fire.

The electric launches in World's Fair waters are likely to be introduced to the canals of Venice ere long. Steam craft have now been in use in the latter city for a year or two; but the smoke which they throw off is one objection to them, and they are so large that they cannot easily thread the smaller canals.

In the countless looms of cotton mills the shuttles are driven to and fro by what are called pickers. These are made of raw hide and cost 45 cents. It has recently been discovered by an experienced loom-fixer in Lowell, U. S., that tough paper, prepared by hydraulic pressure and then varnished, will make a better picker, and cost only half as much.

The practice of tapping trolley wires for the purpose of running motors in buildings along the route of street railways, says the *Electrical World*, has assumed considerable proportions of late, and the attention of the New England Insurance Exchange has at last been called to it, with the idea of taking some measures to prevent what is considered a dangerous use of electricity.

The enormous extensions of electric wire into buildings for lights and telephones of late have led to so many accidents that the fire insurance companies of Providence have raised the rates about 20 per cent. It seems to be necessary for the people putting up these wires to provide greater safeguards, especially in the burial of street wires, against the danger referred to.

It is believed that lightning is visible at a distance of 150 miles, but it is still in controversy how far away thunder can be heard. A French astronomer has made observations on the subject, and he declares it impossible for thunder to be heard at a greater distance than 10 miles. An English meteorologist has counted up to 130 seconds between the flash and the thunder, which would give the distance of 27 miles.

It is proposed to equip the lighthouse at Fire Island with the most powerful electric light so used in the world. Fire Island is off the southern shore of Long Island, about forty miles east of Sandy Hook, and is the first beacon usually sighted by transatlantic vessels approaching New York. The new light, it is said, will be of 240,000,000 candle power. The one nearest to it in intensity at present is that near Havre, France, which is of 130,000,000 candle power.

Some recent tests of the Howells automobile torpedo at the Newport station, U. S., showed that a speed of twenty-six knots an hour may be obtained over an 800 yard course. This is faster than the Government contract requires. Further experiments are soon to be made with this projectile. The severest test will be to discharge one from the launching tube of the torpedo-boat *Stiletto*. The Howells torpedo is the most efficient, self-navigating American device of its kind, and is the invention of a naval officer.

In a recent paper by Dr. Gilbert, of the United States Geographical Survey, the theory is advocated that lunar craters have in general been formed by the bombardment of the lunar surface by meteorites. This is based on the phenomena of the planet Saturn, the disk-like ring around which is believed to consist of an indefinitely large number of very small bodies revolving about the planet in parallel orbits. Dr. Gilbert assumes that a similar ring of minute satellites, once encircled the earth, these gradually becoming aggregated into a smaller number of larger satellites, and eventually into a single satellite, the moon, the craters marking the spots where the last of the small bodies collided with the surface, when they finally lost their independence and joined the larger body.

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ach, Nausea, Vomiting, Heartburn, Diarrhoea,
Colic, Flatulency, Fainting Spells, are re-
lieved instantly and quickly cured by taking
internally as directed.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that
will cure Fever and Ague and all other malarious,
bilious and other fevers, aided by RADWAY'S PILLS,
so quickly as RADWAY'S RELIEF.

25 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

RADWAY & CO.,

419 St. James Street, Montreal.

**RADWAY'S
PILLS,**

Always Reliable.

Purely Vegetable.

Possess properties the most extraordinary in
restoring health. They stimulate to healthy action
the various organs, the natural conditions of which
are so necessary for health, grapple with and
neutralize the impurities, driving them completely
out of the system.

RADWAY'S PILLS

Have long been acknowledged as the
Best Cure for

SICK HEADACHE, FEMALE COMPLAINTS, INDI-
GESTION, BILIOUSNESS, CONSTIPATION,
DYSPEPSIA, AND ALL DISORDERS
OF THE LIVER.

Price 25c. per Bottle. Sold by Druggists.

Minard's Liniment the best Hair Restorer.

A WOMAN'S BURDENS

are lightened when she turns to the right medicine. The chronic weaknesses, delicate derangements, and painful disorders that afflict her sex, are cured by Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. In bearing-down sensations, periodical pains, ulceration, inflammation, and every kindred ailment it's a positive remedy.



Madisonville, Hopkins County, Ky.
 DR. R. V. PIERCE,
 Buffalo, N. Y.: Dear Sir—Please accept my thanks for the good your medicines have done for me. I truly believe the "Favorite Prescription" saved my life; it is a sure and certain cure. I am having perfect health; I am stout and can do all my housework. Every invalid lady should take Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and Golden Medical Discovery.
 Yours,
 ROZZIE FUGATE.

PIERCE Guar-
 antees a **CURE**
 OR MONEY RETURNED.

KEEPS YOU IN HEALTH.
DUNN'S
FRUIT SALINE.
DELIGHTFULLY REFRESHING.

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

FOR THE TEETH & BREATH.
TEABERRY.
 PRICE 25 C.
 ZOPESA CHEMICAL CO. TORONTO.



A Common Error.

Chocolate & Cocoa are by many supposed to be one and the same, only that one

is a powder, (hence more easily cooked,) and the other is not.

This is wrong--
TAKE the Yolk from the Egg,
TAKE the Oil from the Olive,
 What is left?

A Residue. So with COCOA.
 In comparison,
COCOA is Skimmed Milk
CHOCOLATE, Pure Cream.

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR
CHOCOLAT MENIER
 ANNUAL SALES EXCEED
 88 MILLION POUNDS.
 If he hasn't it on sale, send his name and your address to
Menier,
 Canadian Branch,
 12 & 14 St. John Street, Montreal.

Ravens when on the wing spend much time striking each other, and often turn on their backs with a loud croak and seem to be falling to the ground. In fact, they are scratching themselves with one foot and have lost their centre of gravity.

BRONCHITIS CURED.

DEAR SIRS,—Having suffered for months from bronchitis. I concluded to try Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, and by the time I had taken one bottle I was entirely free from the trouble and feel that I am cured.

C. C. WRIGHT, Toronto Junction, Ont.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Magnesium is a metal one-third lighter and yet much denser and stronger than aluminium.

In South America they boast of a beetle that averages a foot in length and butterflies 14 inches from "tip to tip."

The great value of Hood's Sarsaparilla as a remedy for catarrh is vouched for by thousands of people whom it has cured.

The earth is now nearer the sun than at any other time of the year, the cold being the result of the oblique inclination of the sun's rays.

A cubic foot of new-fallen snow is said to weigh five and one-half pounds on the average, and have 12 times the bulk of an equal weight of water.

It is estimated that on our globe, which is inhabited by 1,500,000,000 human beings, there are 33,033,000 deaths every year.—*St. Louis Republic.*

FOR CHILDREN AND ADULTS.

Dr. Low's WORM SYRUP cures worms of all kinds in children or adults. It contains no injurious ingredients. Price 25c.

A postal system is about to be established in the Chinese Empire, beginning with the seaports. Within 10 years it may be extended throughout the empire.

Open as Day.

It is given to every physician, the formula of Scott's Emulsion being no secret; but no successful imitation has ever been offered to the public. Only years of experience and study can produce the best.

In some of the ancient temples of Egypt perfectly sound timber of tamarisk wood has, it is said, been found connected with the stone work, which is known to be at least 4,000 years old.

SPRING TIME COMING.

Before the advent of spring the system should be thoroughly cleansed and purified by the use of Burdock Blood Bitters, which purifies the blood and cures dyspepsia, constipation, headache, liver complaint, etc.

Japanese coal has found its way to Bombay. A quantity of it was lately delivered alongside in Bombay harbor, at prices ranging from 11 to 12 rupees per ton. The great Indian Peninsula Railway Company is trying some of it.

HIGHLY PRAISED.

GENTLEMEN,—I have used your Hagyard's Yellow Oil and have found it unequalled for burns, sprains, scalds, rheumatism, croup and colds. I have recommended it to many friends and they also speak highly of it.

Mrs. HIGHT, Montreal, Que.

CURED HIS BOILS IN A WEEK.

Oswaldus Norhigens, the artist, is said to have made 1,400 dishes that could all be stowed away in a common thimble. This must be true, for we are told that Pope Paul V. counted them with the aid of a pair of spectacles made by the dish artist.—*St. Louis Republic.*

The first needles that were made in England were fabricated in Cheapside, in the time of Queen Mary, by a negro from Spain; but as he would not impart the secret, it was lost at his death, and not recovered again till 1566, in the reign of Elizabeth, when Elias Growse, a German, taught the art to the English, who have since brought it to the highest degree of perfection.

DEAR SIRS,—I was covered with pimples and small boils, until one Sunday I was given $\frac{1}{2}$ of a bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters by the use of which the sores were sent flying in about one week's time.

FRED CARTER, Haney, B.C.

I can answer for the truth of the above.

T. C. CHRISTIAN, Haney, B.C.

Minard's Liniment cures LaGrippe.

Educational.

BISHOP STRACHAN SCHOOL

FOR YOUNG LADIES

Lent Term Begins Feb'y 11th, '94.

MONSARRAT HOUSE

1, CLASSIC AVE., TORONTO.
 BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES
 MISS VENNOR, PRINCIPAL
 (Late Trebovir House, London, Eng.)

A thorough course of instruction will be given in English, Mathematics and Modern Languages. Pupils prepared for University examinations. Classes in Swedish Carving will also be held twice a week.

MISS VEALS' BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES.

50 and 52 Peter Street, Toronto

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.

Resident, Native, German and French Governesses. A large staff of experienced Professors and Teachers.

MR. H. M. FIELD, PIANO VIRTUOSO.

Pupil of Prof. Martin Krauss, Hans von Bulow and Reinecke, solo pianist Albert Halle concerts; Richard Strauss, conductor, Leipzig; pianist of the Berlin orchestral tour in Canada, 1892; by invitation of Theodore Thomas, representative Canadian solo pianist at the World's Fair, Chicago. Concert engagements and pupils accepted. Address—105 Gloucester Street, or Toronto College of Music.

The aluminium yacht lately landed at St. Denis, built for the Comte Chabonne de la Palice, has a displacement of 10 tons. She is 40 feet long and weighs only about 1,600 pounds, while her masts and tackle will weigh another 800 pounds. She is a sailing yacht built for racing.

It is noted as a curious fact by Sir Samuel Baker that a negro has never been known to tame an elephant or any wild animal. A person might travel all over Africa and never see a wild animal trained and petted. It often struck Sir Samuel that the little children never had a pet animal.

AN EXCELLENT REMEDY.

GENTLEMEN,—We have used Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam in our house for over three years, and find it an excellent remedy for all forms of coughs and colds. In throat and lung troubles it affords instant relief.

JOHN BRODIE, Columbus, Ont.

A Liverpool jeweler has discovered a missing diamond brooch under very extraordinary circumstances. It had been deposited with him for repairs, but disappeared. One day a jomier came to do some work, and he discovered a rat's nest, wherein was found the brooch and several other articles of less value.

A statistical writer in the Edinburgh Review cites various authorities to prove that the wealth of the United Kingdom exceeds £10,000,000,000; that of France £8,000,000,000; that of all Europe, £40,000,000,000; that of the United States, £14,000,000,000. If we place the wealth of the rest of the world at £26,000,000,000, we shall arrive at an aggregate of £80,000,000,000. We should have, we may add, to multiply this vast sum 30,000 times before we reach the total to which, according to M. Jannet's ingenious authority, 100 francs accumulating at 5 per cent. compound interest for 700 years would grow—says an exchange.

QUIPS AND CRANKS.

How should weeping willows be planted? In tiers.

Why is a proud girl like a music-box? She is full of airs.

What three letters give the name of a famous Roman general? C. P. O. (Scipio).

"What's the difference between a baby and your old coat?" "Give it up." One you wear and the other you was."

"Ah, my little boy," said the condescending gentleman, "and what might your age be?" "It might be going on forty," returned the polite little boy, "but it aint."

She (enquiringly)—: Married yet? He (bitterly): No. She (bitingly): How surprising. He (suavely): Engaged yet? She (delightfully): Yes. He (revengefully): How surprising.

Drill sergeant, after having cussed a miserable-looking recruit for being dirty on parade: No, I'm not blaming you; it's your mother, for not having drowned you when you was young.

A lady advertises for sale a baboon, three tabby cats, and a parrot. She states that being married, she has no further use for them, for the reason that their amiable qualities are all combined in her husband.

"Where's the hired man this morning?" asked Mr. Pinkleton. "I don't know," said Mrs. Pinkleton, "but I presume, from the fact that it is a rainy day, he is getting out the hose to wash the side walk."

"What is your son going to do now that he has left college, Mrs. Spriggins?" "I dunna exactly. He's talkin' of goin' into law; but I've hern tell as how there's lots of money in bankruptcy, an' like to have him try that."

The lady had implied a doubt as to the statement of the dairyman. "Madam," he said, indignantly, "my reputation rests upon my butter." "Well," she replied, testily, "you needn't get ugly about it. The foundation is strong enough to keep it up forever."

A good story of a circus, which recently visited a Yorkshire town, reaches "Vanity Fair." A dog was advertised to play on a piano. When the time came for the dog to perform, he got on a seat and began playing. Suddenly a wag in the crowd shouted "Rats!" upon which the dog bounded off the seat. But the piano kept on playing.

A well-known doctor who dabbles in literature, recently published a poem. Shortly after its appearance he took down to dinner a lady celebrated for her mordant wit. "Well, Doctor —," she remarked, "so I hear you have taken to writing verse." "Oh, merely to kill time." "Indeed? have you disposed of all your other patients?"

Lady of the house (to cook, having discovered a policeman in the kitchen): You told me when you came here that you had no sweetheart. Cook: Yes, I told you so, and it's the truth, too. "Who, then, is the policeman in the kitchen if he is not your sweetheart?" "He isn't my sweetheart, indeed he isn't. He is only trying to be, and I don't know whether he will succeed or not."

During the session of a temperance meeting in a country town, one of the persons who occupied the platform was an enthusiastic deacon, who frequently interrupted the speakers by yelling—"Thank Heaven for that!" One gentleman was called upon, who rose and said:—"Ladies and gentlemen, I am heart and soul in this cause, and feel that it will be a great benefit to the people of this place—" "Thank Heaven for that!" yelled the deacon. "But, ladies and gentlemen," he continued, "I am going to say that it will be impossible for me to address you this evening—" "Thank Heaven for that!" said the absent minded deacon. And then the chairman took him out of doors and had two men to sit on him.

GOULTS,

ACETOCURA

**THE EXTERNAL REMEDY FOR
Rheumatism, Sciatica and
Nervous Diseases.**

Mention this Paper.

REV. ALEX. GILRAY,
College Street Presbyterian Church, writes:
Dear Sirs,—

It is with much satisfaction that I learn that you have decided to establish a branch office in Toronto, believing as I do, that the more widely your Acetic Acid remedy is made known, the greater will be the gratitude accorded to you for the relief experienced by many sufferers in Canada. We have used your Acid for over eighteen years, and are now prepared to state that it is worthy of a place in every family. We have found it thoroughly safe and effective and have commended it to many,—for which we have been thanked. We wish you success in your new quarters, as we feel sure your success will bring relief here as it has already done to large numbers in the old land and other countries. Much will depend on the patient and persevering use of the Acid as set forth in your little book.

ALEX. GILRAY, 91 Bellevue Avenue.
Toronto, 28th Nov., 1893.

For pamphlet and all information apply to
**GOULTS & SONS, 72 Victoria St.,
TORONTO.**

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT

An infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For Disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

— FOR SORE THROATS, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS, —

Glandular Swellings and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm. Manufactured only at

THOS. HOLLOWAY'S Establishment, 78 New Oxford St, London

And sold by all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

N.B.—Advice gratis, at the above address, daily, between the hours of 11 and 4, or by letter.

There are said to be twenty-one law firms in the United States that are conducted jointly by husbands and wives.

THE ADVERTISING

Of Hood's Sarsaparilla is always within the bounds of reason because it is true; it always appeals to the sober, common sense of thinking people because it is true; and it is always fully substantiated by endorsements which, in the financial world, would be accepted without a moment's hesitation.

Hood's Pills cure liver ills, constipation, biliousness, jaundice, sick headache, indigestion.

A man's full mental power is not reached before the age of 25, and the development of talent is most marked between the ages of 30 and 45 years

CLIMATIC INFLUENCE ON HEALTH.

It cannot be denied that the influence of climate upon health is great, and it is in recognition of this fact that physicians send patients suffering with pulmonary diseases to great distances for "change of air." But when the sufferer happens to be too poor to act upon the advice his lot is hard indeed. But it is not necessarily hopeless. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery can be had at any medicine store, and to it thousands whose cases were considered desperate owe their lives.

Up to a certain point in the progress of Consumption, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is a positive remedy. But delay is dangerous with Consumption. In all the conditions that lead to it, the "Discovery" is the remedy. With severe lingering Coughs or Weak Lungs, nothing acts so promptly. Every disease that can be reached through the blood yields to this medicine. The Scrofulous affections of the lungs that's called Consumption is one of them. For this, and for every other form of Scrofula, for all blood-taints and disorders, and all chronic Bronchial, Throat, and Lung affections, the "Discovery" is the only remedy so certain that it can be guaranteed. If it ever fails to benefit or cure, you have your money back.

Can anything else be "just as good" for you to buy?

Don't you believe it.

"Who and what Cures?"

**THE MANUFACTURERS OF
RADAM'S
MICROBE KILLER
"WILL CHALLENGE"**

The Manufacturers of any other (supposed) blood-purifying remedy, to show half as many actual cures made during the last five years as have been made by the "MICROBE KILLER" remedy.

"We Mean Actual Cures,"
"Not Mere Palliation of Disease."

Read the thousands of patent medicine advertisements carefully, and you will always notice that the subscribers to such testimony invariably state, "I have used one or two bottles of your elixir" and find myself so much better, I believe with a few more bottles I will be cured.

**You never see the Sequel to
such Testimony.**

All medicines, if foreign to one's system, cause a reaction and change at first, and which is generally believed by the patients to be a sure thing in their case, and none know this better than these medicine-vendors, who therefore take advantage of this state of affairs and ask their dupes to give their testimonials, well-knowing that later on they could not get them, when the counter-reaction has set in. This is never done by the makers of MICROBE KILLER.

**HEAD OFFICE :
120 KING ST. W., TORONTO.**

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COR. YONGE ST. & WILTON AVE.

University Affiliation for Degreees in Music.

Artists' and Teachers' Graduating Courses. Scholarships, Diplomas, Certificates, Medals, Equipment, Staff and Facilities Unsurpassed.

The faculty comprises eminent instructors. A Thorough and Artistic Musical Education by the most approved methods. Last year 650 pupils. Voices tested free of charge.

CONSERVATORY SCHOOL OF ELOCUTION, (H. N. Shaw, B.A., Principal.)

Elocution, Oratory, Voice Culture, Delsarte and Swedish Gymnastics, Physical Culture Literature.

NEW CALENDAR with full particulars of all departments mailed free. **EDWARD FISHER,** Musical Director.

AGENTS WANTED for our marvellous picture, The Illustrated Lord's Prayer and Ten Commandments, which is a creation of genius, a master-piece of art and an attractive household picture, beautifully executed in eight handsome colors; printed on heavy plate paper 16x22 inches. Sample copies sent by mail on receipt of 25 cts. Special terms.

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59 Queen Street East,
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Wedding Invitations,
"At Home" and Visiting Cards,
ENGRAVED OR PRINTED.
* *Correct in Style,*
* *and at Fair Prices.*
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Write for particulars to.....
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IMPERIAL BAKING POWDER

PUREST, STRONGEST, BEST,

Blood

should be rich to insure health. Poor blood means Anæmia; diseased blood means Scrofula.

Scott's Emulsion

the Cream of Cod-liver Oil, enriches the blood; cures Anæmia, Scrofula, Coughs, Colds, Weak Lungs, and Wasting Diseases. *Physicians,* the world over, endorse it.

Don't be deceived by Substitutes!

Scott & Bowne, Belleville. All Druggists. 50c. & \$1.

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PURE POWDERED 100%

LYE

PUREST, STRONGEST, BEST.
Ready for use in any quantity. For making Soap, Softening Water, Disinfecting, and a hundred other uses. A can equals 20 pounds sal Soda.
Sold by All Grocers and Druggists.
E. W. GILLETT, Toronto.

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FAMOUS **COD LIVER OIL**

IT IS INVALUABLE IN CONSUMPTION
**CHRONIC COLDS, OBSTINATE COUGHS,
WHOOPING COUGH,
PULMONARY AND SCROFULOUS COMPLAINTS
AND WASTING DISEASES GENERALLY.**

Cuticura

**Works Wonders
In Curing
Torturing
Disfiguring
Skin Diseases**

Sold throughout the world. Price, CUTICURA, 75c.; SOAP, 35c.; RESOLVENT, \$1.50 POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Sole Proprietors, Boston.

IF -- YOUR WEDDING CAKE

ORDER IS NOT GIVEN, CALL AT ONCE AT

HARRY WEBB'S,
447 YONGE STREET.

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THE LEADING UNDERTAKER.
Telephone 679. 347 YONGE STREET.

FRY'S
Pure Concentrated Cocoa
Is an Ideal Beverage.

SOME THINGS HE IS SURE OF.

RATES, the successful advertising manager for the great Indianapolis department store, says:—

"A Great Deal about advertising is uncertain, but some things I know. I know them so well that I wonder how anybody ever doubted them.

"One Thing is, that the highest-priced paper is likely to be the cheapest.

"Another is that advertisements in dull seasons and on 'off days' pay, and

PAY BIG.

BBB CURES DYSPEPSIA.

Dyspepsia arises from wrong action of the Stomach and is the cause of much misery and many diseases such as Constipation, Biliousness, Bad Blood, Headache, Burdock Blood Bitters is a prompt and effectual cure because it tones the stomach, aids digestion and renovates the entire system. Cases which seemed past hope have been completely cured by B.B.B.

LIFE WAS A BURDEN.

"Life seemed a burden, the simplest food disagreed with me, and I was in misery from Dyspepsia, but two bottles of B.B.B. entirely freed me from it," says Miss L. A. Kuhn, Hamilton, Ont.