

A CANADIAN JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND LIFE.

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Saturday, May 28th, 1887.

{ JOHN CHARLES DENT,
Editor and Proprietor.

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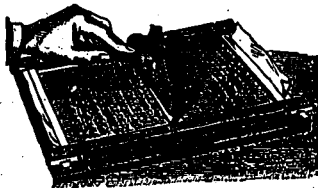
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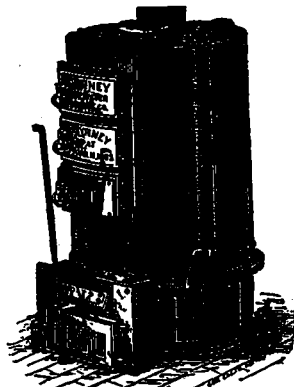
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Editorial Notes.

CONTRIBUTORS' MANUSCRIPT.

THE editor once more finds it necessary to call the attention of contributors to the announcement at the head of the editorial page, to the effect that rejected contributions cannot be returned by post, even when stamps are enclosed for that purpose. The number of MSS. received is so great that even the most cursory examination of them involves much time, and to undertake the return of these by post would be to incur a thankless obligation to no purpose whatever. Contributors whose MSS. may not be found suitable for publication must either call or send for them.

THE ANNEXATION CRY.

SOME of the Canadian papers seem determined to fasten upon Erastus Wiman a deep-laid design to bring about the annexation of Canada to the United States. All sorts of rumours, some of which are unquestionably far wide of the truth, are in the air. One of these is to the effect that an arrangement has been come to between Wiman and Mr. Bunting, of the *Mail*, whereby the former is to carry half the capital stock of the late Conservative organ, in return for which the *Mail* is to give itself over to the advocacy of Mr. Wiman's projects. There has unquestionably been a good deal of *rapprochement* of late between the two gentlemen referred to, but whether it bears the interpretation sought to be put upon it is a question which probably cannot be answered by anyone except the parties concerned. Assuming the truth of the rumour, some of the extraordinary utterances of the *Mail* during the last few months are fully accounted for. In any case, we fail to see the justice of some recent ferocious attacks on the *Mail's* policy. That paper is a purely commercial institution, and has a right to dispose of itself in such a manner as, in the estimation of its proprietors, will conduce to its success. And in so doing

it would be acting precisely as its rivals would act under similar circumstances.

THE O'BRIEN RIOT.

It is much to be regretted that Mr. O'Brien was not allowed to march quietly out of Toronto, just as the King of France, with his ten thousand men, marched up the hill—and then marched down again. He would then have accomplished nothing but the easy, if not graceful task, of making himself ridiculous. It would have been clearly seen that the sympathizers with violence and intimidation were a minority in Toronto. He would have injured the cause of Home Rule in this country, but that could not be avoided in any case while the leaders of that movement persisted in sending their most indiscreet champion to exhibit the weakest side of their case, to the exclusion of any other. The two great meetings in the park sufficed to show that Toronto had no sympathy with disloyalty, and no desire to listen to slander and vituperation. The *vox populi* which Mr. O'Brien worships, and which is the breath of his nostrils, declared against him, and unfortunately did not stop there. They proceeded to acts of violence which lowered the fair fame of Toronto, and weakened the force of the verdict they had helped to pass. The weight of Toronto's rebuke to agitation would have been much greater if it had been altogether dignified, and the law-loving citizens are entitled to sympathy in having lost the effect of their dignified protests by the violence of a few roughs. As for O'Brien himself, he certainly deserves no sympathy. He was probably willing, if not anxious, to have his tall silk hat re-baptized with brickbats as a crown of martyrdom, for any person of ordinary prudence would have scented danger in the unanimous deprecation of violence by the speakers at the anti-O'Brien meeting. Had the mob been encouraged by any leaders of weight, or deliberately organized for mischief, the agitator could not have escaped with his life, but as it is he will certainly make the most of the advantage given him. We may take to ourselves the lesson of charity, and in future cease to wonder at the occasional disorders of Ireland, where such provocation to violence as that given by O'Brien is an every-day occurrence.

THE CRIMES BILL IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

THE debates, or rather obstructions, which continue to impede the progress of the Crimes Bill, have little variety or interest to offer by way of compensation for their inordinate length. It is still debated whether Mr. Gladstone is gaining converts for the Nationalist party by his earnestness and persistence, or losing them by the countenance he gives to the obstructive tactics he so bitterly condemned when

they were used against himself. One thing is certain: the breach between the Gladstone Liberals and the Hartington Unionists is steadily widening. The leaders are no longer on friendly terms, and there is every probability that this section of the House and the influence they carry is permanently lost to the Liberal party.

THE FISHERIES.

It appears probable that our fisheries will be protected this year at least as thoroughly as they were in 1886, and that war with the United States will not be the consequence. The Retaliation Bill has been duly labelled "buncombe," and laid on the shelf by President Cleveland, whose really remarkable common sense would not appear so very remarkable if it were not so strongly in contrast with many of the precedents of his office. An American statesman of high position must be clever, and he may be profound, but good, sound, ordinary common sense is the last thing the American public would expect from a man of eminence in public affairs. He is expected to keep that commodity for his own private use, and in all public matters to act with such brilliancy and originality as would convince even his valet; if he had one, that he is a hero indeed. Or, failing so to distinguish himself, he is expected to do just what the public neither expects nor likes, of course under the pressure of party exigencies, and to be excused accordingly by his party friends and duly abused by his enemies. Mr. Cleveland has broken a precedent, so long set and so religiously followed, that his first term will probably have passed before the public have recovered from their astonishment, and they will give him a second term just to watch what he is capable of doing. So remarkable a phenomenon as the only President, since Washington, able to rise above the conditions surrounding him, deserves careful study, and the newspaper reports of the President's sayings and doings are more worthy of attention than the long articles the *Century* is monthly devoting to Abraham Lincoln, who was just as much a hero or a martyr as was King Charles I. He was simply an honest man, who conscientiously used his abilities to the best advantage in a position of difficulty far beyond the capacity of any ordinary statesman.

PARLIAMENTARY HUMOUR.

THE budget debates have been generally business-like, but occasionally enlivened by flashes of wit and touches of extravagance. Mr. Mackenzie's geniality seems to increase with advancing years, and his innocent enquiries as to the duties to be levied on new portfolios and K.C.M.G. collars set the House in a roar. Mr. Cartwright's criticisms were as severe as the public had a right to expect from that source, but he made only one notable miss and one palpable hit. His laboured proof that the burdens of taxation and mortgage are equal to the value of all the farming land in Ontario proves nothing, for Henry George's millennium has not yet arrived, and land does not bear all the fiscal burdens of the country. His best hit was a comparison of the finance minister's brilliant prophecies of North-West progress with the actual facts of the case. To this no reply

was possible, the mountainous extravagance of the Government having produced little more than the proverbial mouse in the way of results.

UNSPORTSMANLIKE SPORT.

SEVERE, but not altogether unjust, was the witty Frenchman who pictured his ideal Johnny Bull rising on a fine morning and saying "This is lovely weather. Let us go out and kill something." Yet the true sportsman always has liberal notions of the "law" that each species of game is fairly entitled to, and recognizes fully the wide distinction between slaughter and sport. Battue-shooting is not sport, but Canadians cannot afford to throw stones while even worse practices prevail among themselves. Shooting game out of season is the most prevalent, and is not nearly so unpopular as it ought to be among the outside public, who seldom take the trouble to inform against offenders. The terrible slaughter of moose which has almost exterminated that noble game ought to be checked by the recent prohibition of all moose hunting for three years, but nothing can save large game to satisfy the curiosity of future generations but the creation of more national parks like those of Yosemite, Banff Springs and Muskoka. The fact that so many governments are taking steps in the right direction, and assuming that the people they govern have some sensibilities finer than those emanating from their stomachs, shows a trend in the right direction, but there is still something to be done in the way of educating the popular will up to a strict enforcement of game laws. Witness the recent wholesale destruction of fish by dynamite in the river Thames, by which illegal haul hundreds of fishermen will probably lose a good day's sport this summer.

POLITICS IN FRANCE.

THE defeat of the French Ministry on their Budget estimates indicates that the French people are at last beginning to weary under two such intolerable burdens as the interest on their debt and the army estimates. If the prudent and economical, who really form the majority in France, could not have found means to voice their murmurs, there would have been little prospect of stability for the republic that has now lasted longer than the rule of Napoleon I., and which stands third in order of duration among the different governments that have existed since the Revolution. The difficulty of forming a new ministry is one likely to be often met with in a Legislative Chamber divided by more than one principle, and therefore not readily and necessarily divisible into two main bodies—a majority and a minority—like the British House of Commons. There the difficulty is obviated by means of coalitions which have reduced four essentially independent parties into two main divisions.

CHECKMATE TO WILLIAM.

THE Rev. William Inglis has been so effectually sat upon by the Synod of Toronto and Kingston that the public have probably heard the last of him and his grievances for some time to come. This is well, for he had come to be generally regarded as a nuisance which it was highly desirable to abate. On the 5th inst. he addressed a letter to

the Moderator, assigning certain reasons for "dropping" his appeal. His letter was quite unnecessary, as everybody connected with the Synod knew perfectly well that he was afraid to prosecute his appeal, and that he would find some pretext or another for not proceeding with it. His communication, as we learn from the *Presbyterian Review*, was received with derisive laughter, after which he was permitted to withdraw his appeal. This chosen but most unsavoury vessel has probably gained wisdom in the school of experience during the last few months, and it is not likely that he will think fit to intrude himself or his affairs upon public notice again for many a day.

HENRY GEORGE'S DIFFICULTY.

THE great land reformer, or, to speak more correctly, the man who will be great when his land reform is effected, has been among us, and some of us have heard him. Not all of us. Not so many as should have listened, considering that many of us have not read his books, and that some have only a vague notion that he is a mild kind of Socialist—perhaps a communist in disguise—or only a very-much-diluted Nihilist. To speak plainly, all such persons are neglecting a plain duty they owe to society and themselves: the duty of informing themselves fairly on a public question before it becomes a party question. Having once entered the latter stage, every chance of calm consideration and fair discussion will be lost. In partisan literature the truth will be told, but unfortunately more than the truth—the amount of error and unessential verbiage spread over the gist and truth of a controverted idea being like the proportion of sack to head in that famous old tavern score of which all of us have heard. It is therefore our bounden duty to acquire a competent knowledge of the subject while it is yet debatable, for the time may soon come when all will be eager to talk, but when none will be willing to be convinced. The rapidity with which the Knights of Labour have spread their organization over Canada may assure us that if once the Land Nationalization question takes root in the United States it will quickly become a living question here. Mr. George has already been a candidate for the mayoralty of New York, and has polled a large vote. Nothing now keeps his theories in the background but their undeniable corollary that when all the taxes are paid by the land, protection must cease to exist and free trade will become universal. The workmen of America are strongly in favour of protection, and as long as they remain united neither capitalists nor farmers can carry a vote in favour of free trade. But protectionists assure us that before long the keenness of home competition, aided by the use of the best machinery and the most economical methods, will reduce American products to the price of importations from Europe. When that time arrives, workmen will vote to throw down the partition wall of custom houses that now hedges in the Atlantic coast, and ask for a chance to compete in the markets of the world. If Commercial Union should become an accomplished fact, Canada would be obliged to go with the States. If not, there is little doubt that our manufacturers would be strongly influenced by the example of our prosperous neighbours.

No one can tell how long or how short may be the time when American industry will be able to go alone, without the leading-strings of protection; and whenever that time arrives we may venture to predict that Henry George's theories will become a subject of serious discussion to the many who now ignore them. The vote of the manufacturing classes will by that time probably be stronger than that of the farmers and land-owners, and these classes will be selfishly inclined to consider so tempting a proposal as that of shifting all taxes, to the shoulders of the land-owners. The increase of mortgages upon land, too, is even now beginning to effect the transfer of land to the capitalist, and gradually alienating it from the tillers of the soil, who will therefore have less interest in resisting the change. Business men and manufacturers, too, will see a prospect of evading most of the taxes that now fall on them, for they will pay very little in comparison with the present scheme of taxation; first, because the land used by them is small in value compared to the capital otherwise invested; and second, because Henry George proposes to tax only the value of the land itself, and not the value of any houses or other improvements placed upon it. Even the farmer will find his cleared, fenced and improved land only rated at the value of equally fertile wild land in the same position, and at a valuation very much less than land in cities, which has a value derived from its position independent of any improvements made upon it. The agriculturist, then, might be induced to join the ranks of the land reformers on finding that his land taxes would be much lower than those of town land-owners, and thus Henry George, if he should live to see that time, would be left to fight the capitalist owner of land alone. The latter would be the only one personally interested, the selfish interests of all other classes being either antagonistic or nearly neutral, and his only friends would be those who object as a matter of principle to the sacrifice of vested interests. Protection, then, as we take it, is the only great barrier in the way of Henry George's scheme, and if that were once removed he would see a hope of ultimate victory. But it is quite probable that the present apostle of land reform may not live to see that barrier removed, and must leave his mantle for the shoulders of those who may fight the battle of the future with better hopes of success. Protection has taken firm root in Canada, though not yet ten years naturalized in our soil. The political battles of the future are likely to be fought only upon tariff details, and not on the broad principle of free trade. The Reform party already shows symptoms of common sense and adaptation to circumstances. Even if circumstances should change; if Canada should become self-supporting in staple manufactories, national jealousy and commercial selfishness would unite to keep up the barriers long after they had ceased to be useful as a protection to native industry. At present the outlook is not rosy for Mr. George's theories, and yet we repeat that a competent knowledge of them ought to be part of the intellectual stock-in-trade of every man—at any rate of every young man—who desires to be so well acquainted with the present aspects of thought on political and economic questions as to be prepared for what the future may bring forth.

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JOHN CHARLES DENT,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Room U, Arcade (Victoria St. entrance), Toronto.

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PARLIAMENTARY DEBATES.

PARTY journalism is often justly blamed for captious and unnecessary criticism of opponents, and for blundering and insincere attempts at defending party coadjutors. The fictions embodied in Parliamentary procedure and rules of debate have long helped to keep the debates of the House of Commons at a higher level than the wordy combats of newspaper hacks, but it is becoming more palpable every session that restraining decencies are losing their hold, and that our great representative body is degenerating from the true spirit and form of its great prototype in its best days. That model of all representative assemblies in Great Britain is now struggling for its very existence in the choking gripe of closure and obstruction. But our experience is different and Canada's statesmen have not just now to deal with questions involving issues of such gravity as the Irish Gordian knot. Yet our Parliamentary debates have been marked, at intervals during last session and the present, by episodes tending to lower not only the characters of individual members but the dignity of the whole House. The debate on the manner in which the returns of the recent election were gazetted furnished a strong instance of this. In the first place the matter was comparatively a trivial one. The neglect and delay might have been quite accidental, and it could not operate to the detriment of any member who had a clean record and a good defence against any possible election petition. Yet, to read some of the speeches, one might imagine that Magna Charta had been violated and the Bill of Rights endangered. The debate ended with an anti-climax more humiliating to the Clerk of the Crown in Chancery and his friends than anything the Opposition could do—the reading of his letter of explanation. Probably in a whole library of public documents no letter could be found written by a gentleman and a man of business that would cause the writer to cut so contemptible a figure. No whining schoolboy could produce anything equally destitute of grammar and sense, and looking, on the face of it, so much like a "shuffle." Of course it may be a perfectly truthful statement of the case, but it looks so much like a confession of carelessness or incompetence that most men would have preferred to confess the truth of the accusation of partiality, and to brave the consequences. No one likes a subordinate who has the habit of making lame excuses. Nothing is so destructive of dignity on the one

side and temper on the other; but as in this case the House has very little of either to lose, it may, and we hope will, let the matter drop.

Book Notice.

THE CANADIAN BIRTHDAY BOOK. Compiled by Seranus. Toronto, C. Blackett Robinson.

In the entire lack of a comprehensive collection of Canadian verse, this Birthday Book will doubtless be welcomed by some readers. The selections are drawn from many sources, and, generally speaking, they have been judiciously made, so far as the limitations which the compiler set herself would permit. Much good verse has thus been rescued from undeserved oblivion and given a new chance for fame through her efforts. Further, the work is valuable in calling attention to the quantity and quality of French-Canadian poetical literature. Among our English-speaking people M. Louis Fréchette has hitherto been looked upon as the embodiment of this literature, and his reputation among them is due rather to the honour conferred upon him by the French Academy than to a knowledge of the comparative merits of our French writers.

Still, all books of this class are open to a serious objection. It is of course a graceless task to attempt to show that what has been done might have been done better. But this is precisely one of the chief functions of the reviewer of a growing literature. Indiscriminate eulogy harms both writer and reader, and in every way injures the cause which the over-benevolent critic has most at heart. Mediocre books of native writers have been so unduly puffed in Canada that when a really good book is written people are incredulous about its merits. The author's chances of success are thus greatly lessened, and a serious injustice is done. The growth of a native literature cannot be forced by any such hot-bed methods, and it is time the attempt were given over.

The fault of this book from a literary point of view is the exceedingly fragmentary nature of the selections. Perhaps it will be said that this was necessary from the very nature of the work which the compiler set out to accomplish. If this be the case the necessity is greatly to be deplored. It cannot at any rate be said that a birthday book was itself at all a necessity. Most earnest readers of this collection would probably have been more than willing to dispense with the birthday pages entirely. Looked upon as a work of art, a perfect poem is an organic unity from which no part can be taken without injury to the whole. Though no perfect poems have been written in Canada, it is likely that most of our poetic writers had an ideal of the kind referred to before them as they wrote. They made their work as nearly perfect as they were able. A much more satisfactory view of our literature therefore would be obtained from a collection of complete poems, even if fewer writers were represented. A shattered Venus is better than none, no doubt, but let us not therefore wilfully break up our statuary for convenience of packing away, or for other

trivial reasons. It has been said that such a collection of verse as is here spoken of would not repay the cost of publication—would not sell, in fact. This may be doubted, but even if true it is not sufficient justification for the publication of a quasi-literary work if its chief merit were to be like that of the famous Yankee razors that were not made to cut but to sell. It is a degradation of our literature thus to submit it unnecessarily to the mercenary conditions that govern the sale of soap and candles. As we were to have a birthday book, however, it would have been an advantage if the compiler had stated even the names of the poems from which the extracts were taken. This could have been done without loss of space by putting them in small type at the left of the author's name, and in the same line with it.

Objection may be taken to some of the statements made in the critical notices of writers that are appended to the collection. Charles Pelham Mulvany (not "Mulvaney") wrote verses poetic, tender or clever, but he can hardly be said to have been "a brilliant and powerful poet." It is said by the critic also that the writings of Alexander McLachlan "contain some of the finest abstract thought that Canadian literature possesses." This opinion will probably stagger some of Mrs. Harrison's readers. Of a living Toronto writer the critic says that he "has published one or two volumes of verse." Surely if the matter were worth referring to at all it was worth while to be definite when the knowledge could have been so easily obtained. If it is permitted to descend to the trivialities of verbal criticism, the observation may be made that it is a somewhat irregular way of speaking to describe Miss Crawford's verse as "instinct with a *breadth* . . . surpassed by few living writers." Nor can it properly be said that "Mr. Watson's untimely death should render his powerful and imaginative verse particularly *important* to us." And by no means could the Birthday Book, or any other book, "achieve the position of a complete anthology of Canadian verse."

Of course no two persons will quite agree as to what poems should be inserted and what omitted in a collection of this kind. Yet there are some omissions which are not easy to account for. Such, for instance, is Mrs. Moodie's "Indian Summer." With the possible exception of James Russell Lowell's poem on the same subject there has never been written any poetical description of this charming season at all equal to Mrs. Moodie's. The admirers of Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts will be disappointed, too, by the absence of his strong, vigorous, patriotic poems "Canada," and the "Collect for Dominion Day." Both of these appeared not long ago in American magazines, and to them Mr. Roberts has given the place of honour in his new volume.

There are some verses in this collection, too, that might well have given way before Mr. W. W. Campbell's "Orpheus" and "A Canadian Folk-Song." The latter poem appeared in *The Atlantic Monthly* two years ago. It was copied in many Canadian journals, and universally admired for its vigour and picturesqueness. Among those who have written occasional poems of high merit, and who are yet not

noticed in this book at all, might be mentioned Mrs. Rothwell, E. G. Garthwaite, and the young university poets Phillips Stewart, F. H. Sykes, and W. J. Healy.

The mechanical work on the cloth edition of the book is good on the whole, and reflects credit on the publishers, though the lettering on the cover is too gross for the style of the volume. But in the interests of honest bookmaking a most emphatic protest is called for against advertising the leather covered edition of the book as "morocco" when in reality it is nothing more than a poor sheepskin imitation.

A. STEVENSON.

Poetry.

FRENCH WITH A MASTER.

TEACH you French? I will, my dear;
Sit, and con your lesson here.
What did Adam say to Eve?
Aimer, aimer—c'est a vivre.

Don't pronounce the last word long;
Make it short to suit the song;
Rhyme it to your flowing sleeve,
Aimer, aimer—c'est a vivre.

Sleeve, I said—but what's the harm
If I really meant your arm?
Mine shall twine it (by your leave),
Aimer, aimer—c'est a vivre.

Learning French is full of slips;
Do as I do, with the lips;
Here's the right way, you perceive,
Aimer, aimer—c'est a vivre.

French is always spoken best
Breathing deeply from the chest;
Darling, does your bosom heave?
Aimer, aimer—c'est a vivre.

Now, my dainty little sprite,
Have I taught your lesson right?
Thou what pay shall I receive?
Aimer, aimer—c'est a vivre.

Will you think me over bold
If I linger to be told
Whether you yourself believe
Aimer, aimer—c'est a vivre?

Pretty pupil, when you say
All this French to me to-day,
Do you mean it, or deceive?—
Aimer, aimer—c'est a vivre.

Tell me, may I understand,
When I press your little hand
That our hearts together cleave?
Aimer, aimer—c'est a vivre.

Have you in your tresses room
For some orange-buds to bloom?
May I such a garland weave?
Aimer, aimer—c'est a vivre.

Or, if I presume too much,
Teaching French by sense of touch,
Grant me pardon and reprove!
Aimer, aimer—c'est a vivre.

Sweetheart, nò! you cannot go!
Let me sit and hold you, so—
Adam did the same to Eve!
Aimer, aimer—c'est a vivre.—Theodore Tilton.

ONE of the officials of the public library in Chicago states under his own signature in the *Chicago Tribune* that the books which are circulated from the library are so defiled by all manner of obscene and filthy writings on the margins that he questions whether the library does not do more harm than good. According to his statement, what Chicago needs is the abolition of the public library and the enlargement of the Bridewell.

COMMERCIAL UNION BETWEEN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA: A DISCUSSION.

NOVA SCOTIAN ARGUMENTS AGAINST COMMERCIAL UNION.
(*The American.*)

THE discussion on the question of Commercial Union between the United States and Canada which is being carried on through the columns of *The American* will have a tendency to bring out all obtainable information bearing on this important subject, and finally present it in such shape that the public will be able to judge of the question in its largest light. This may be a step toward discovering how a majority of intelligent citizens really look upon the proposition to remove all commercial barriers between the English-speaking nations of North America. So far, this question, of such vital interest to every resident of Canada, and so widely important to millions of Americans, has not reached the stage where the average man is likely to take it under serious consideration. The papers in all sections of the Dominion have had a great deal to say about commercial union. These arguments, for and against, are almost innumerable, and usually attractive enough when one does not hear the other side. But, as a rule, these expressions do not come from those who are in a position to comprehend the magnitude of the proposed business revolution, or of the questions which will demand answers immediately after it has been brought about. Some of the articles that have recently appeared in Canadian journals, presuming to show why this radical change should be effected at once, are surprisingly vague and illogical, and many effusions presenting the opposite view are equally general, inconclusive, and wide of the real mark. On the one hand, fishermen, farmers, lumbermen, and miners, seem to desire commercial union; on the other, manufacturers and a large proportion of wealthy merchants do not want the custom-houses abolished, or any reduction of the duty on American goods, except in a few instances. The first class is undoubtedly the most numerous; but the latter is the most influential. Thus far the Canadian money kings have been able to control the views of the leaders in both political parties. Both of the classes mentioned argue from their respective standpoints, and neither is able to look the question squarely in the face and decide upon it after studying its full import.

If we are to investigate this matter upon an international basis, where we will find the only ground from which a final decision can be reached, we must consider the respective wants and preferences of Canada and her gigantic neighbour. In the first place, we see a young country still trammelled by the difficulties which beset all infant nationalities. The expenses incurred that the country's resources may be developed have rolled up an enormous public debt, and this weight hangs like a millstone about the neck of the Dominion. Canada may be a youthful Titan, but all her strength is required to carry this load and at the same time support her enormously expensive civil service. With the present revenue it is nearly impossible to meet obligations as they become due, and any change which would tend to materially contract this income must occasion national bankruptcy. How would the revenue of the Dominion be affected by commercial union? The large sums received from duties on goods imported from the United States would be totally lost, and we cannot doubt that many Canadian manufacturers would suffer to a serious extent, without a counterbalancing advantage to others. Thus, the country would not only lose the frontier tax, but also experience a severe reduction of internal revenue. It is also evident, that, with a free entry of Yankee productions many of our heaviest merchants would be unable to retain a large share of their most valuable trade. The present monetary situations of Canada and the United States are such that whenever their interests come in contact upon anything near equal chances, the smaller country is bound to suffer. With no other defence save that provided by distance the Canadians cannot hope to hold their own. The advantages which unlimited commercial intercourse with American traders would bring to Canadians who are not in any way connected with our manufacturing, must be considered as very great, but hardly sufficient to offset the loss that would fall upon the national revenue. These are some of the strongest arguments which may be urged against

commercial union, and their force is generally admitted by those who are earnest advocates of a national reciprocity. As for the Americans, whose factories are usually able to turn out more productions than they are able to dispose of, we cannot blame them for wanting additional markets, and a free swing through Canada to them would certainly be a great advantage.

But there is another and more potent reason why the portions of Canada west and north of New Brunswick should hesitate before removing all restriction to the introduction of American merchandise. The maritime provinces are distinguished from the rest of the Dominion, because, as has often been proved, their most important interests are separate. In the true Canada one may observe the germ of nationality. But the Atlantic States exhibit no qualities which could make them full portions of such a country. If the Dominion is ever to become a nation in the fullest sense of the term, it will only find elements of weakness in the people residing in that part of its territory from which the rest of it is partially separated by the obtrusive prominence of Maine. The union between these sections was never either natural or happy, and the quicker a complete separation is brought about, the better it will be for both parties. If the Canada we have designated becomes commercially united with the Republic, a firm protective tariff against the rest of the world will be the natural sequence. These new world countries would thus enter into an offensive and defensive business alliance against the goods of other nations, and practically exclude the greater part of that which is produced beyond their own borders. On such a foundation only one structure can be erected. When the interests of all occupations have become the same as they would be if there were only one country, an absolute and permanent business union has been accomplished; and the road upon which we travel to reach this stage will certainly lead us onward to a political consolidation. For Canada, commercial union with the United States, means the annexation of Canada to the United States. The more thoughtful and reflective statesmen on both sides of the line see that such an end is not desirable. Under an honest government Canada will have every prospect of increasing in population and national strength, until the time when in the natural course of events her people have reached the position that will entitle them to rightfully demand independence. There is a certain amount of annexation talk in some Ontario and Quebec papers; but the real sentiment of these provinces is clearly unfavourable to any such movement. Judging from the most reliable accounts that come from the States, we should say that the bulk of American people are not anxious for Canada to become a part of their country, which is already extensive enough to suit the most ambitious. Some ten or fifteen years ago, the citizens of Chelsea, Massachusetts, by a large majority voted in favour of annexation to Boston. But the gentle citizens of the "Hub" saw through the business, and by a most emphatic verdict at the polls, refused to accept the gift of the town while it was staggering under an enormous municipal debt. If Canada should ask for admittance to the Federal Union while bending under its present immense obligations, our Yankee friends might wisely invite her to stay at home, and explain that their shoulders are already burdened with all the national debt they care to sustain.

ADDISON F. BROWNE.

Halifax, N.S., May 11.

A Lesson in Practical Anthropology.

SIR C. W. WILSON, in a paper read in the British Association, on "The Wild Tribes of the Soudan," after describing the tribes and their clans, with their divisions and alliances, remarked that it was interesting to observe how thoroughly General Gordon had understood the situation in that region, and at once pointed out the remedy. When he left England, his instructions had been to proceed direct to Suakim, open up communication with the supreme sheik of the Hadendowas who had taken no part in the rebellion, and isolate and crush Osman Digma by raising against him the surrounding tribes, whose sheiks he knew personally. There can be little question that if this policy had been carried out early in 1884, before Sinkat fell and Baker Pasha had been defeated, it would have been successful. But, unfortunately, General Gordon's plans were changed and he proceeded up the Nile.

A READER OF CHEAP BOOKS.

THE clock in the City Hall tower said it was 5.02; my watch told me it was 5.04, and, with great respect for the venerable clock that has beamed upon me like a full moon so often in the comfortable hours between midnight and daylight, I had more confidence in my watch, for I had compared it that morning with the clock in the ferry house (which never was known to vary the breadth of a compressed hair) and found it right. So, with only 11 minutes to catch the 5.15 train for New Jersey, and with the Broadway sidewalks crowded, and the roadway blocked with teams, I had no time to spare. Going part of the way down Cortlandt street, and then sheering off into Liberty street, I found myself a mite in a crowd of hurrying men with bundles and packages, all bent upon catching that same train, or similar trains, for Jersey and home. It seemed as if all New York had moved across the North River. Could there be anybody left in the city, when all those people were gone? Would the theatres be empty that night, and the hotel corridors and the streets be deserted? But it always seems so in a crowd in New York, as if there could be nobody left to be anywhere else.

It was a Saturday evening and a very bad one. Hardly evening yet by the clock—only a few minutes after 5—but evening beyond dispute by the darkness; by the little patches of foggy light around the lampposts; by the gas jets burning in all the stores. Though in midwinter, it was a foggy evening, with a chilly rain falling and treacherous icy spots hidden beneath slush and water on the sidewalks. A nasty evening to be hurrying over slippery, crowded pavements in the city; a beautiful evening, though, to reach home early and find dinner on the table, and a fire in the grate and an easy chair in front of it, and slippers warming on the fur rug. Reaching the corner of West street I learned that I was in good time without the trouble of looking at my watch again; for there were two young gentlemen in front of me, walking arm in arm under the same umbrella, and when they reached the corner, and were in the glare that shines through the big windows of the saloon there situated, one of these young gentlemen stopped and said to the other:

"Let us go in and have something to keep out the wet."

"We will miss the train," the other replied.

"Oh, no," said the first, looking at his watch, "we have plenty of time; we have nearly two minutes."

I was so occupied in thinking about this cheerful custom of standing up in front of a shelf and pouring down strong waters and then hurrying across the street to catch a boat, all within the space of two minutes; that I nearly walked between the wheels of a truck in West street. In the ferry house about as many wet and steaming people were gathered as could well gather, and every second was bringing more. Among them was a gentleman of middle age who lives in a town not far from mine and whom I knew to be on his way to as beautiful, cheerful and comfortable a home as there is in all that land of homes called Central New Jersey. Chance, or fate, or any lucky thing you will, threw us together in the crowded room, and we were about to push our way nearer the gate when he said:

"Wait till I go up to the news stand and get something to read over Sunday."

"You will not have time," I told him; "the gates are just about to open, and there is such a crowd about the news stand you will hardly be able to reach it."

"Oh, there's plenty of time," he replied. "Why we have nearly half a minute yet!"

It had surprised me before to hear two minutes called "plenty of time" but "nearly half-a-minute" beats the record, as they say in the sporting newspapers. And in that half minute he did push his way through the crowd in front of the news stand, and run rapidly over a pile of cheap books standing there, and select one, and buy a handful of evening papers, and pay for them all, and still we had a few seconds to spare.

"What in the world do you suppose all those people read, who were pushing up to the news stand?" he asked me, when we were comfortably seated in the ferryboat.

"Newspapers, I suppose," I told him.

"Yes, of course, they all read the papers," he replied, "but not half of that crowd about the news stand were buying newspapers. Most people buy their papers before they start for the ferry. I have often noticed that the crowds are bigger in front of the piles of cheap books than in front of the place where the newspapers are. A man generally has his papers in his pocket when he leaves his office; but the ferry house is the last chance to secure other reading matter, for that day at least; and every evening, but particularly on Saturday evenings, they must sell enough cheap books to stock a library."

"Well," I said, "I see you have been buying one of the cheap books yourself. Perhaps you can judge from your own selection something of what other people read."

"I just picked up a little story of adventure," he replied. "It is the hardest matter in the world for me to find anything I care to read in all those heaps of paper-covered books."

"You ought to be able to find almost anything you want among them," I told him; "for they include nearly everything under the sun, and some things that seem to have been born under the influence of the moon."

"A little 'looney,' do you mean?" he laughed. "Well, some of them are. It has often struck me that a poor book must sell nearly as well as a good one in this cheap form, if it only has a good title—for people standing in a crowd in front of a counter do not have a chance to examine a book; they take their chances and consider that it's only the loss of a quarter at the worst. I'm afraid that I'm getting pretty nearly 'read out.' Sometimes I have to fall back on my own library and take down Scott or Dickens or Thackeray again, for I find that Dickens for the twentieth time is often more entertaining than a 'modern' novel just off the press. You know I read for amusement, pure and simple; if a book amuses me, I call it good, if it doesn't, I call it bad."

"You are very frank to admit it," I said.

"It is no more than the truth," he replied. "And it is the same, in my opinion, with nine-tenths of the people who read. Some people, of course, are amused or 'pleased,' if you choose to put it so, with books of a more solid sort. The ministers, for instance, read McCosh on *The Supernatural in the Relation to the Natural*, not because they believe that McCosh can tell them much about it, but because it amuses or pleases them. Doctors read the new medical works, nine times out of ten, because, being interested in the subject, the works interest them, and in a sense amuse them. If you look at it closely I think you will find that where one person reads for instruction, a hundred read for amusement. Sometimes, of course, we get instruction and amusement at the same time, as in the case of histories and some scientific works. Think of what you read yourself, and see if you do not read almost entirely for amusement. If you find that a book does not amuse you how soon do you lay it down?"

I was forced to admit not only that my own reading was almost wholly for amusement, but that most of my acquaintances had the same laudable end in view.

"I think that my case," my friend continued, "is the case of the mass of the American people, I read enough solid things in my early days, in school and college, to satisfy what desire I had for information. I am tolerably familiar with ancient and modern history, and know something of the classics. After a good day's work in the office I want something at home to interest and please me, in other words, to amuse me. Even the newspapers I read solely because they interest me, and therefore amuse me. So do most people, I imagine. So when I take up a book I want to find it as interesting, as amusing as possible. And it is the hardest thing in the world for me to find anything new that does amuse me. Has it ever occurred to you that there is nobody living just now who can write?"

"It has occurred to me," I replied, "that there are a great many people living just now who do write."

"They think they do," he went on, "but they don't. What would be the sensations of any reader of fiction, do you think, if he could go into a bookstore and buy a new novel by Dickens, or by Scott, or Thackeray? Do you think he would stop to look over the list for a work by any author now living?"

"He would be an exceedingly funny fellow if he did," I replied.

"No," he continued, "there are no Dickenses, no Thackerays just now—if there are, they don't write. Why don't some of you newspaper fellows, who always have your hand in, give us a new *David Copperfield*, or a new *Vanity Fair*?"

"I intend to some day," I told him, "but just now I really haven't the time. You know there is no newspaper man in the world, who isn't just about to write a novel, or thinking seriously of it, or picking out the characters for one; but we are always so busy. Besides there is no money in it, and time is money in Printing House Square. As long as the publishers can have a good English novel for the asking they can hardly be expected to pay much for an American one."

"That is true, to a certain extent," he replied, "but it applies only to works of an inferior sort. If an American will write a book that is entitled to rank with the two I have just named, he will not have any difficulty in getting his own price for it. You take a new *Copperfield* or a new *Pickwick* down to Harper's, or any of the other big publishers, and see how long they will hesitate to buy it. They cannot 'borrow' such things from England, because England is not producing any. As long as it is a question between taking wishy-washy English novels for nothing, and buying wishy-washy American ones for a price, of course they will continue to take the English ones. It is only a choice between two evils, both for the publisher and for the reader."

"My dear sir," I interrupted, "you cannot mean to classify all the current novels under the heading wishy-washy?"

"That term is a little ambiguous, perhaps, but still it describes pretty well what I think of them. Our novel writers, just now, are too infernally æsthetic (excuse the emphatic way I put it). They dig so deep into motives, feelings, and dispositions that they get out of the scope of fiction entirely. The æsthetic in art has spread into literature, and a bad mess it makes for us poor readers of fiction. I was very much amused the other day by somebody's description of George Eliot. 'Other writers,' this somebody said, 'describe bodies: George Eliot painted souls.' Precisely, and there are too many soul painters among our present novelists to my way of thinking."

"You do not object to character painting in a work of fiction?" I asked.

"Certainly not," he replied; "provided it is well done, and the characters themselves are worth painting. But I do not think that most of the characters in our new novels are worth the paint. If a character is a strong one, and well drawn, it is the best part of a novel. But a description of some every-day person, of his thoughts and desires, his mannerisms and eccentricities, be it ever so well done, is very stupid reading. I find more amusement just now in reading the opinions of some of our modern novelists about the great novelists of the past than in anything else they write. It is always amusing to see a slight young fellow flare up at a giant, and try to thrash him. We had an opinion from one of them not long ago, perhaps you remember, that the writings of Dickens would not be tolerated in this age. Well, perhaps not; it is barely possible that we have deteriorated to such an extent that we could not appreciate him. But there was something extremely funny about that, considering what people do tolerate in the pages of the modern novel."

Long before this we had left the ferryboat and taken our places in the train—that part of the train given up to smokers, emigrants and inebriates. My friend took a magazine from his overcoat pocket.

"Let me read you," said he, "(it is only a few lines,) what one of our modern novelists has been writing about Dickens. He is talking about Christmas literature, and it is almost a wonder that he will condescend to mention Dickens in connection with that subject: 'The might of that great talent,' he says, 'no one can gainsay, though in the light of the truer work which has since been done his literary principles seem almost as grotesque as his theories of political economy.' Now, if a man wants to read for amusement, where can he find anything more amusing than this? 'In the light of the truer work which has since been done!' Why, I have a Texas donkey out in my barn that would smile from the tip of one ear to the point of the other if I could

translate that sentence to him. But let me read you a little more of it: 'Very rough magic, as it now seems, he used in working his miracle, but there is no doubt about his working it. * * * The pathos appears false and strained, the humour largely horse play, the character theatrical, the joviality pumped, the psychology commonplace, the sociology alone funny.' His types of humanity 'were as strange as beasts and birds talking.' His ethical intention told for manhood and fraternity and tolerance, and when this intention disappeared from the better holiday literature that literature was sensibly the poorer for the loss.' 'It imbued subordinate effort and inspired his myriad imitators throughout the English-scribbling world, especially upon its remoter borders, so that all holiday fiction, which was once set to the tunes of the *Carol* and the *Chimes*, still grinds no other through the innumerable pipes of the humbler newspapers and magazines, though these airs are no longer heard in the politer literary centres.' Could a man ask for anything more amusing than that?"

"You are making that up as you go along," I said; "you do not mean to say seriously that you have been reading from the magazine you have in your hand?"

"Every word of it, my dear boy," he answered. "Every word is here just as I read it." And he showed it to me. "Do you think an ordinary person like myself would be using such high-flown words as 'commonplace psychology,' 'sociology,' and 'ethical intention?' It is all here, every word, from the 'light of the truer work which has since been done,' straight down to the airs that 'are no longer heard in the politer literary centres.'"

"Then from your own standpoint," I told him, "I think you ought to be thoroughly satisfied, for I do not know where you could find any more amusing reading than that."

"These few lines I have read you," he went on, "illustrate better than anything I could say what I consider the objectionable features of the modern novel and novelist. When I go home tired and get settled in front of the fire I don't care about being bothered with commonplace psychology, sociology, nor ethical intention. Ethical intention be hanged. What I want is a good story, to carry me out of New York and New Jersey for a while, and make me laugh, and perhaps make the children shed a few tears. And when I read to the youngsters to-night what I have just read to you I think there will be an outburst of indignation. Boz is too intimate a friend of my little ones, has sat with them too often around the fireside of a winter's night, for them to sit quietly and hear him abused. And I feel as warmly towards him as they do, for that matter."

"That is the true test, after all," I said. "If I could write a few books that would take such a hold upon the hearts of their readers as would make them indignant to hear me abused I should be willing to be thumped at forever by all the critics in the world."

"Hold upon the hearts!" he exclaimed. "Why, Drysdale, is there a household in all this land, a household, at least, where the people can read and write, where, if there should be a knock upon the door this stormy winter's night, and a cold, wet traveller should introduce himself by saying: 'I am the father of Little Nell and Agnes Wickfield; I am the friend of Mark Tapley, of Wilkins Micawber, of little David Copperfield, of Captain Cuttle, of Oliver Twist, of Betsey Trotwood, of Nicholas Nickleby, of poor Smike; I am the creator of the Artful Dodger, of Sampson Brass, of Barkis, who was willin', of Alfred Jingle, of Pecksniff, of Steerforth; I am the destroyer of Fagin, of Uriah Heep, of Quilp and of Squeers—is there a household, I ask you, where Charles Dickens would not be seized in loving arms and drawn in bodily and warmed at the fire, and feasted at the table and de-voured with the sparkling eyes of the children, and worried with the fond kindness of their parents?—and all this notwithstanding 'the truer work which has since been done?'"

"I think," I replied, "that it would be hard to find a household where Dickens would not be welcomed very much as you describe."

"But do you know," he asked me again, "of any of our modern writers—I mean writers now living—who have such a hold upon the hearts of their readers?"

I had to confess that I did not.

"These cheap books," he continued, "have made great changes in literature, and they are destined to make more yet. They themselves have changed, as you may have noticed, since they first made their appearance. Most of them started out as dime publications, and for some time they were sold at that price. But the price was too low. Even when the matter of the book was 'borrowed' from England and cost the publisher nothing, the expense of the mechanical work was too great for such a price. Now, as you know, most of the cheap editions are sold for either 20 or 25 cents. This allows a fair margin of profit to the publisher, even when he pays the author for his work; so there is every probability that the cheap editions will last. Perhaps you do not know how much a simple little machine has done towards making cheap literature possible—I mean the machine that binds pamphlets with a tiny bit of wire, much faster and cheaper than they can be sewed. I see that some of the publishers (presumably those who do not publish any 'cheap editions') complain that these cheap books are to be found even in the houses of wealthy people, 'who would not hesitate to pay \$150 for a single chair.' Why should they not be? It is a homely old saying, but a very true one, that what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander. The publishers will not pay in America for what they can get for nothing in England; why then should readers pay \$2 for what they can buy for 20 cents? I do not believe, however, that the cheap books interfere with the sale of well bound, handsomely printed books that will last. They rather help the sale of any book that is worth preserving."

"I almost suspect," I told him, "that you must have been in the publishing business yourself at sometime or other."

"No, I have not," he replied; "but I have a friend who is a publisher, and so, perhaps know more of the ins and outs of the business than I otherwise should. I think the cheap editions help along good books in this way: they give readers a chance to buy and examine them in the cheap form, and then, if they prove to be worth preserving, the reader buys a bound copy for his library, when most likely he would not have bought it if he had not read it. This, of course, is looking at the matter from the publishers' standpoint. For the public I think the cheap editions are a great boon. They give everybody an opportunity to keep informed of the literature of the day at small cost. Even the boys are reading them. Not long ago, if I called an office boy, I would see him stuffing some miserable dime novel, Indian story, or one of the flashy boys' papers into his pocket; now I frequently see them reading books of a much higher class, because they are equally cheap and equally interesting, even to a boy with any brains. If cheap works, by good authors, can drive out the wretched stuff that has heretofore been sold to boys and girls in this country, that alone is a sufficient excuse for their existence. I can tell you of another good work they are doing."

"What is that?" I asked.

"They are disgusting people with the nauseating Sir Charles and Lady Clare Marble Hall type of novel, in which impossible people who use ridiculously stilted language are put in ridiculously impossible situations, and eventually marry and live happily ever afterwards. Have you not noticed that very few—comparatively few—of such books are printed now? It is because the cheap editions have given people such a dose of them. The ordinary reader can stand so much of that sort of thing and no more. And the publishers are not slow in finding out what there is for demand and what there is not. Perhaps a few lovesick girls still read such novels, but hardly anybody else. It was only necessary for people to have a good dose of them, and they have had it. A few years ago I was kept in the house for several weeks by a trifling accident, and I took advantage of the rest to read Wilkie Collins entire, from the first thing he published to the last that had come out at that time. Though I am an admirer of Wilkie Collins and always take pleasure in reading his new works as they come out, I never was so tired of anything in my life. One of his deep plots and one set of his odd characters at a time are a pleasure; but take them all in a lump and one tires of them."

"Then what," I asked him, "do you consider has taken the

place of the novels you describe—of the Sir Charles and Lady Clare sort?"

"I will answer your question by asking another," he replied. "Do you know of any living writers of fiction whose works sell more rapidly in this country than those of W. Clark Russell, Robert Louis Stevenson, and H. Rider Haggard? A new book by any of these men is eagerly bought by tens of thousands of the readers of 'cheap editions.' For my part I should not stop to look at the title of any book that had one of these names attached to it; I should simply buy it, and carry it home to read. Now what do they write. Clark Russell's sea stories are tales of adventure, rather than novels. Robert Louis Stevenson's books, without an exception, as far as I can recollect, are all stories of adventure. Mr. Haggard's two books are made up of adventures of the wildest sort; and I wonder that either his works or Stevenson's are classed as novels. But they show what direction the public mind is taking. Unable to get works of fiction that can rank with the publications of a few years ago, and disgusted with the 'soul painting' of the present time, people fall back upon adventure. I have done it myself, and I know that a great many others have. If I cannot get a new *Waverley* or a new *Pickwick* or a new *Pendennis*, I am thankful for a good lively story of adventure. But here is your station. When you are up my way, come in and see whether I do not keep adding as many new books to my library as if there were no 'cheap editions' in existence." — *William Drysdale, in New York Times.*

THE REFLECTIVE IN LITERATURE.

THESE have been but few volumes of *pensées* or reflections on men and things published within the last five years that have made the world richer by their coming. It requires a rare combination of qualities of mind and heart to write a book of thoughts and reflections that will stimulate nobler thoughts in others. A clear, logical mind, a course of varied and deep readings, quick sympathetic observation, an individuality that rises superior to mere egotism, and a desire for the truth in all things, these rarely exist together. The strong temptation is to sacrifice the truth to brilliancy, to accept the striking at the expense of plainer, simple, yet nobler thoughts. It develops an almost morbid seeking after secondary meanings, turning and twisting the most simple phenomenon in order to torture it into a spiritual or moral truth. All things are made types of something else, and the most trivial commonplace are polished to appear original and brilliant, while the writer unconsciously cheats himself into believing this mechanical colouring of his thoughts with sentimental tints to be genuine poetry. It is not necessarily so, for sacrificing ideas to mere prettiness of expression is never poetry.

These diaries of nature and humanity, written in a neat running hand, consist chiefly of cheap tinted sentimentality sprinkled with exclamation and interrogation marks:—

SUNDAY.—How calm and beautiful the lake is this evening! Not a shimmer across its silver bosom, not a ripple, nor a sound. No motion, merely waiting! Glorious emblem of a joyous resting life. Am I happy? Can I rest calm and serene at night like this placid lake? Answer, my soul!

MONDAY.—I have just seen the first crocus, happy herald of the returning spring. As it lifts its pretty head to me while I gaze upon it, it seems to have some message, which it fain would tell. Where shall I be next spring, where the spring after, where in the long years that may follow? Alas, I know not, and yet, and yet, I know not why. How that rock shades and protects it! Yes, but its presence lends beauty to the grim old rock. Thus is not all the good we do in life meted back to us? Oh, that I could take this more fully to my heart!

WEDNESDAY.—How happy nature looked as I took my morning walk. I saw a pig trying to get under a gate; as the porcine thrust his nose under the sharp stakes, the staples hurt him and chafed him, yet he pressed on. Blind, foolish pig! Vainly seeking to war against the inevitable and cope with events beyond its strength! Oh, man; dost thou not often try to get under gates when thou canst not!

THURSDAY.—It is just two years ago to-day since Herbert left.

That day might be twin to this, the blue sky was then cloudless as it is now, not a breath moves the leaves. I recall so many trifles that then I did not notice. How wonderful is memory! how useful! Do the winds remember that day, and bear some message of it to Herbert, in far-off India? How pretty and poetic my thoughts are when I think of Herbert! Why?

FRIDAY.—I found a dead robin on the porch, this morning. It had probably fallen from the eaves. Mayhap it tried to leave the parent nest before its wings were strong enough. Weak little bird why did you not trust your mother, and tarry at home until you had permission to go? Am I wiser than the robin, do I always obey as I should? Alas, will my pinions ever be strong enough to bear me? Doubt! doubt! doubt! How can I see the light?

The musical sound of the phrases seems to imply a poetical feeling which really does not exist. Many respected critics have been deceived in their hurried superficial estimates of such writings and works not a whit more sensible than this fragmentary collection of rural *persées* have been praised as "delicate," "dainty," "brimful of love for nature," with all the standard adjectives made for such occasions. The world cannot have too many books of chaste, refined and exalted thought, yet mere air-blown fancies with no depth nor strength will never enrich our mental scope in the slightest.—*Book Chat.*

OUR LAST ROYAL JUBILEE.

THE autumn of 1809—and the loyal subjects of His Most Sacred Majesty George the Third were becoming daily more and more Jubilee-mad. It had required a vast amount of eloquence and persuasion, in the first instance, to work up the national spirit to the required pitch of enthusiasm, but, this once accomplished, our grandfathers held to their purpose with a tenacity which, under the circumstances, did them infinite credit. Truth to tell, the political and social outlook both at home and abroad was at its gloomiest at the very time when arrangements were being made for general rejoicings; and the man who could persuade himself that he meant what he said when he joined in the great thanksgiving services for "peace and plenty," must have been a very enviable individual. That the long-drawn-out Napoleonic wars were becoming a sore drag both upon the hearts and the purses of those at home; that the depression in trade, though temporary, was great; that the Portland Ministry had quarrelled and had sent in their resignation, after the failure at Walcheren had cost the lives of some twenty thousand of our soldiers, these were amongst the many thoughts which were stirring in the minds of the people that autumn; and a certain Mr. Waithman expressed pretty accurately the feelings of many thinking men when he declared that to waste money in bonfires, when the people were at their wits' end to pay their taxes, was opposed to his own notions of common sense. This was at the Court of Common Council which was held on September 15th to consider the all-important question of the celebration. If they merely wanted to forward the King an address, well and good; if the Lord Mayor chose to invite the Corporation to turtle and venison, he for one would accept a seat at table; but to ask an impoverished nation to spend more money was, in his opinion, ridiculous. The suggestion, he added, could only have been made to cover the disgrace of the ministers.

This worthy obstructionist was calmed down at last, and, through him, the bulk of the people, by hearing a fuller explanation of how the great day was to be kept. It was to be no question of giving; it was all to be getting. This of course put a different aspect on affairs. Every one suddenly remembered what a bluff, soft-hearted, hard-headed old Englishman had been reigning over them for forty-nine long years. They told each other long-winded yarns of how he had trotted (in a very unkingly but very lovable fashion) in and out of every cottage round Windsor or Kew, and how he gave to one old biddy "five guineas to buy a jack" and to another substantial help towards her boy's schooling, and so on. Old men who could relate, or invent, anecdotes of the monarch's young days were in high requisition, and their tales

fell on delighted ears. That with all his bigotry and with all his ignorance he had tried to do his duty in a brave uncompromising fashion, went for very little by the side of his own personal acts of kindness; and, once assured that the Jubilee meant no more than that the fatherly old king was arranging a universal holiday, the matter was taken up with zest and the enthusiasm spread like wildfire. Even the news that no single member of the royal family would be in town upon the great day could not damp the eagerness of the Londoners. It seemed to be pretty generally understood that it was more natural for the homely, popular king to spend it at Windsor, where every petty tradesman or chubby Eton boy was almost a personal friend, than in the capital, and no dissatisfaction was shown.

The morning of October 25th dawned clear and bright, and before even early risers had left their beds, London was roused by the joy-bells pealing madly from every church-tower and steeple. Every one was early a-foot, dressed as befitted so festive an occasion, and in recalling the scene it should be remembered that a crowd of nearly eighty years ago was better worth surveying from an artistic point of view than is one of to-day, while the many flags and banners which were being hung from every house gave a holiday appearance to the whole. All business was suspended by mutual consent, and every doorway and window was gay with ladies and children, brave in holiday attire, and wearing, for the most part, ribbons of garter blue, to which were attached the medals which had been struck for the occasion. The sovereign's head was represented in profile, and was declared to be an excellent likeness, while the obverse of the coin bore suitable legends and inscriptions.

The centre of attraction was now the Guildhall, where the Lord Mayor, gorgeous to behold in his state coach drawn by six prancing and beribboned greys, was joined by the members of the Corporation, and thence proceeded in solemn state to St. Paul's. The procession was swelled by several regiments of volunteers, and various city companies, and, with bands playing and banners waving, it was altogether a goodly show for the patient and delighted mob. St. Paul's Cathedral crowded, and every member of that crowd—from the sweet-voiced charity-children to the gruffest-toned verger—joining in the glorious National Anthem, must have been a thing to remember; and so too, though in another way, must have been the sudden desertion of the streets, as every place of worship—Roman Catholic, Protestant, Jewish, and Nonconformist—was suddenly carried by storm. Volunteers attended *en masse*, and, service once over, they made their way to Hyde Park, where they held a grand review, and fired countless *feux de joie*.

Meanwhile, a universal feeling was in active preparation. George the Third's Jubilee was altogether very typical of the time in which it was held. With one exception, there does not seem to have been a man, woman or child in the kingdom who did not consider that to eat a good dinner was the acme of human bliss, and to bestow one the highest form of Christian charity. One person was, indeed, so eccentric as to hint that the building of some almshouses would be a good way of commemorating the anniversary, but nothing came of the idea. As to imperial institutes, clergy houses, cottage hospitals, and the like, nothing half so unsatisfactory was even suggested. To prove a nation's joy by eating roast beef and plum pudding and drinking quarts of beer was pre-eminently British, and, therefore, to do anything else would have been flat heresy and disloyalty. So it comes to pass that in reading the records of this most auspicious twenty-fifth of October, one's mental horizon becomes darkened with myriads of plum puddings, and rejoicings under the third George take the form of one long perpetual dinner list. In every town and hamlet throughout England an ox was roasted whole, and the dinner was the one event of the day, Dunstable boasting itself the most loyal because at the town hall the diners sat down to table nearly a thousand strong. In all British ports our sailors managed enough rum to float a man-o-war; while in London itself some notion of the singleness of idea, as far as enjoyment went, may be gathered from the fact that the governor of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, in the goodness of his heart, ordered plum pudding and porter to every patient there!

The one exception amidst all this wasted money to which notice has already been drawn, was in the case of the poor debtors. Those unfortunate men were certainly given cause to bless the Jubilee, for not only all debtors to the crown were released, but the King headed a subscription for the remainder with 4,000*l.*, and his example was loyally followed by all classes of men, amongst the larger sums being 500*l.* from the Quakers and 1,000*l.* from the Corporation. All deserters from fleet and army were granted a free pardon; those confined for military offences were released; officers of both services received general brevet promotion; and all prisoners of war on parole were sent back to their own countries, with the exception of those poor wretches who happened to be French. This was as a matter of course at a time when the requirements of pastors and masters were fully satisfied by Paterfamilias taking young Hopeful on his knee, and repeating the accepted formula: "Be a good boy. Say your prayers, love your mother, and hate the French." It would indeed have been almost an insult to the unbounded patriotism which was then rampant to have helped any poor "Mounseer," and amongst these otherwise very general rejoicings I can find but a single instance. Messrs. Burridge, of Portsmouth, gave three-pence each to the Frenchmen who were on board the prison-ships which were quartered there, "in consequence," as they said, "of the humanity shown by Marshal Mortier to the British sick and wounded after the battle of Talavera." Let us hope that the kindly Mortier, who was then leading his victorious armies against the Spaniards, heard of the outcome of his good deeds, and rejoiced that his old soldiers had not been left entirely out in the cold.

Nightfall in London brought the revellers into the streets, which were lighted with thousands of little coloured lamps, while every coffee-house, public office, and building of any note, besides many private houses, were literally one blaze of light. Transparencies, showing the King under every guise, were exceedingly popular, and the streets were crowded with merry, jostling sight-seers who waited until the lights were extinguished before walking contentedly home with, it is to be hoped, a deepened sense of the national glory to balance the many inevitable headaches of the morrow.

At Windsor the day was passed in the humdrum, staid style which one would have expected under Farmer George. A whole ox was roasted, and the Queen, with four dandified sons and one rosy-cheeked daughter, went to inspect and taste this delicacy. The cooks wore new blue suits and white silk stockings, which appear to have created an immense excitement amongst the good people of Windsor. They cheered her majesty, the silk stockings, the bowing princes, and the roasting ox, and every one was exceedingly jubilant. The one touching incident in this somewhat prosaic picture is the absence of the good old king himself. It was only a year, remember, before his insanity was again openly declared, and the courageous little queen had probably good reasons of her own for keeping him not only from the Metropolis, but also as far as she could from the Windsor gossips upon such an exciting day as that of the Jubilee. He was visible at chapel, and again when they fired a *feu de joie* in the Long Walk and he rode past the men and responded silently to their salute, but this was all. Even at the grand *fete* which Queen Charlotte gave at Frogmore, where for once the etiquette-loving woman laid aside her notions of what was permissible, and invited not only the nobility but the tradesmen and their wives; and where for once, too, her sons merged their horror of the slowness of the Court in hearty enjoyment of the novelty—even at Frogmore the King did not put in an appearance. This unexplained absence is the one touch which redeems the whole useless and resultless pageant; and the thought of the old man wandering alone through the rooms of his palace holds more poetry than any or every grandiloquent verse which was written for the occasion, and echoed across the dinner-tables of enthusiastic and toast-loving subjects.

One thing there was, and only one, to sustain the character of the much vaunted "good old times." Ireland not only joined in the Jubilee, but found three days instead of one barely sufficient to express her overflowing devotion to the powers that were. Universal thanksgiving; reviews; public dinners, public fireworks, public balls; everyone asked everywhere, everyone—high and

low—responding eagerly; the King's health drunk with enthusiasm; all local magnates cheered to the echo. And following on all these good things, a certain magisterial notice which ought to be made a matter of history: "not a single individual was charged on the watch." One reads of such things with envious eyes, and the men of the Georgian Jubilee—these Englishmen who drank and swore, who held "foreigners" and "Popery" in equal detestation, and whose notions of a fifty-years celebration could rise no higher than freeing their poorer brethren from debt and giving themselves and their children an extra good dinner—they rise considerably in our estimation. In spite of their narrowness and ignorance they had brains enough to keep themselves and their fellow subjects in good order, and sense enough to prefer fighting a mutual foe to quarrelling amongst each other. The obstinacy, the pig-headedness of these grandfathers of ours is almost proverbial, but much as we may pride ourselves on the different and enlightened spirit in which we are proposing to keep our own Victorian Jubilee; this sore question of Irish loyalty should not be let slip. For it was this "obstinacy" which kept Ireland, this "pig-headedness" that saved the England of eighty years ago from the (then) un-English sin of vacillation; and if we would honestly seek the primal cause of our present trouble, we should find that in ridding ourselves of this, possibly, undesirable quality, it has only been to cultivate a process of thought which these ancestors of ours so wisely abhorred.

Thackeray closes his history of the Georges with an allusion to the Queen we all love so dearly, and as it was her Jubilee which suggested this chit-chat on that of George the Third, I cannot perhaps conclude better than by echoing the great writer's words: "The heart of Britain still beats kindly for George III.—not because he was wise and just, but because he was pure in life, honest in intent, and because according to his lights he worshipped heaven. I think we acknowledge in the inheritrix of his sceptre a wise rule and a life as honourable and pure; and I am sure the future painter of our manners will pay a willing allegiance to that good life, and be loyal to the memory of that unsullied virtue."—*Cornhill Magazine*.

MR. HOWELLS'S THEORY.

NECESSARILY the whole argument of the so-called realists is one that degrades. Every instance it cites must be one involving a descent toward, if not to, the level of man's basest relations with man and of his grossest attitudes before women. "Why," says Mr. Howells's theory, "this is what a certain class of men and women know of one another's souls. It is true to their dirty lives, therefore it is full of divine and natural beauty." Assuming the point of view from which the Zola "school" of realists look at fiction-making, Mr. Howells cannot afford to turn his back upon naturalism; for a minute description of how a brutal husband beats his wife is just as "true" as the description of a young girl's first dream of love, and therefore just as full of "divine and natural beauty," and an author must show no undue preference for either. In any event the heroic must be avoided.

Now, I dare say that every sane mind of mature proportions will admit that realism, properly so-called, is necessary to the best fiction. No character in a novel should transcend the limit of human possibility, if put forward as a strictly human character. Scott's and Shakespeare's and Hugo's do not, nor do Nathaniel Hawthorne's. But Mr. Howells is impatient with everything save analytical commonplace. He appears to be unaware (in his critical mood) that heroism is a human possibility, or that it has ever displayed itself as a verity in Homeric proportions. The soldier who rushes "to glory or the grave," for his country's sake, would be (in his eye) a Jack the Giant Killer, if put into a novel. The man who should stalk through a fiction as Napoleon I. stalks through a period of history would be condemned as an impossible character and his originator as a fibreless romancer by Mr. Howells, according to the standard of his theory. I do not speak here of Mr. Howells's novels, for they are pure, and although they are in the minor key of analysis, they are interesting and in a way strong; he makes them please by the force of a genius able to do wonders despite the hindrance wilfully thrown before it. But when he attempts to teach the art of fiction-writing, and to set

up his method as the only standard by which all others must be gauged, he lacks that reserve of perfect impartiality which gives greatest value to criticism. An extremist partisan is dangerous in proportion to his ability, his ingenuity, and his wrong-headedness. If Mr. Howells's theory is wrong, then is his teaching too dangerous to be passed over in silence. It would seem to me that between the extreme of visionary romance, on one hand, and the extreme of commonplace analysis, on the other hand, should lie the safe ground, and upon this ground is founded the romances of Scott, Hugo, Dickens and George Eliot, the plays of Shakspeare and of Bulwer, and the best lyrics of Tennyson, Burns, Wordsworth and Longfellow. I speak of this as the safe ground for the author, and it is the only ground upon which the critic can afford to stand.—MAURICE THOMPSON, in *The Independent*.

A New African Region.

THE Rev. David Asante, a native missionary of the Basle Gold Coast mission, Africa, recently visited during a journey of exploration the hill-country of Booso, where he says the temperature is cool, rains are frequent, and rivulets numerous. The country is thinly peopled by a population subject to goitre and extremely dirty, whose children and bachelors wear no clothing. Wives, being harder to get—by the process of wooing and winning their consent—than in most African countries are treated well. The fetich-worship is less subtle than on the coast, but the poison-ordeal is frequently resorted to, and accounts for the small population. When a person dies, a whole village sometimes submits to take an infusion of a poisonous bark. Quarrels are settled by resorting to the same dangerous arbiter, thefts are discovered by it, babies who cry much are made to swallow the infusion to prevent their growing up wicked, and parents who lose several children in succession take it in order that the cause of their affliction may be discovered.

Petroleum Products as Fuel.

THE residues of the distillation of petroleum have been employed in the Caucasus for several years as a combustible, and have appreciated from having no value in 1874 till they command a price six times higher than crude naphtha, which is now employed as a cheaper fuel. Naphtha has been considered dangerous on account of its explosive qualities, but it has been found that they disappear when the liquid has been exposed to the air for a few days till it has lost its volatile constituents, which compose about fifteen per cent. of its substance. Crude naphtha, right from the springs, is burned in the locomotive-furnaces of the Balachanskoi railroad, and there are no accidents. Naphtha is the fuel that develops the greatest quantity of heat, and it also possesses the great advantage of not containing sulphur or other injurious substances. Ninety per cent. of the

theoretic calorific power can be realized from it, while not more than sixty per cent. can be got from solid combustibles. In 1859, doubts were expressed in Russia as to whether petroleum could be used as a combustible; now it is employed exclusively on all the ships in the Caspian Sea, and only half as much of it is required as used to be consumed of coal. The maximum force to be obtained from petroleum is equivalent to two and a half times what coal will furnish; and experiments on the railroad from Baku to Balachan show that a given weight of naphtha will take the place of eight and a half times the weight of wood, although the theoretically calculated difference in calorific power is only as three to one. Petroleum is very conveniently introduced into the furnaces of locomotives with the injectors that are used; the combustion is very easily regulated, and the furnaces last well in the absence of sulphur, while no smoke, sparks or ashes are emitted.

Medicines and Digestion.

DR. ROBERT G. ECCLES lately called the attention of the Brooklyn Pathological Society to the importance of regarding the effect of medicines to be administered upon digestion. "We never stop," he says, "to question the wisdom of pouring into the stomachs of the sick, in the most promiscuous manner, drugs that inhibit, or check the production of life-and-health-giving pepsone. In all chronic diseases, the paramount consideration is that of the patient's nutrition. When we can not destroy the pathogenic micro-organisms outright, the patient's only hope in the struggle for life lies in the strength of his cells, and their power to triumph over their foes. The most important considerations at those times is digestion. To interfere with it, or check it, is in many cases criminal. When our remedies are incompatible with the gastric juice, the time of taking is likely to be of far more importance than the medicine itself. To weaken patients by the production of artificial mal-nutrition, gives their diseases the advantage over them, when a little more knowledge would have enabled us to aid the vital forces instead of handicapping them." The author described the properties of various remedies in this light, and gave accounts of a large number of experiments which he had made on the subject.

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July 26th, 1883.

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