

THE WEEK

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CURRENT TOPICS.

The orators and press of the Dominion Opposition are inquiring anxiously, and not unreasonably, what the Dominion Government is going to do about the stupendous Curran Bridge frauds. It cannot be that the Government will attempt to satisfy public indignation by the dismissal of a couple of the minor culprits, while allowing the principal offenders to go unwhipt of justice. While it is right that all who were in any way connected with or cognizant of the affair should be punished, it is tenfold more imperative for the sake of justice, for the vindication of the good name of Canada, and for the prevention of such frauds in the future, that the chief organizers and managers of the conspiracy, those into whose pockets the money filched from the public chest has gone, should be not only dismissed

from all connection with public affairs but prosecuted to the full extent of the law. Surely there can be no great difficulty in determining who these guilty ones are, or in bringing home to them their guilt before a judicial tribunal. Nor is this all that is, or ought to be, necessary in order to satisfy the outraged sentiment of the people. It is incredible that frauds so bold and upon so large a scale could have taken place had the business of the department been properly managed and the rigid oversight which the public have a right to expect been exercised. Somebody in officialdom must have been either very stupidly or very conveniently blind. Where is the flaw in the official methods? Who is the culprit in the departmental ranks? The Canadian people must be not only long-suffering but easy-going beyond all peoples under the sun, if they do not insist that something effective shall be done, some thorough purgation wrought, as a pledge of better things in the future, before they allow this disgraceful affair, with its heavy robbery of their hard-earned funds, to pass into the limbo of forgetfulness.

The proposal to connect the Great Lakes with the Atlantic Ocean by means of artificial water-ways of such depth and magnitude that large ocean-going steamships may pass, with their cargoes, from the Atlantic to the very heart of the great North American continent, and return laden with the grain of the western prairies, seems at first thought a wild dream of some hare-brained enthusiast. But the people who live in these days of transcontinental railways and Suez and Manchester canals have learned to be not in haste in denouncing any proposed enterprise simply because of its magnitude. Everyone who gives a little attention to the matter must admit that such an enlargement of the existing canals, themselves almost world-wonders in their earlier days, is not only theoretically possible, but is after all but a question of money and labor, and engineering skill, and thus resolves itself into one of advantages to be gained, in other words, of inducements offered. It is well that a convention of those on both sides of the line who are so far interested in this stupendous project as to be disposed to inquire into its feasibility, is to be held in this city at an early date. It is to be hoped that a large number of thoroughly representative men, men of large business ability, and men of demonstrated scientific knowledge and skill, may come together and discuss the whole project

calmly and as thoroughly as may be, and that good reports of the proceedings be circulated as widely as possible.

It is, of course, obvious that there are a good many questions to be asked, before committing ourselves to any such project, besides those pertaining merely to its feasibility from the engineering and financial points of view. Is it clear that commerce would flow freely and without interruption along the new channel, after it had been opened up at enormous cost? Would the saving in the expense of carrying effected by the change be so large as to insure the ready use of the new water-way? Would the owners of the great ocean carriers find it to their advantage to add to the length of time consumed in the ocean voyages the days necessary for traversing the slow length of the canals? Thus it will be seen that the views of experts in ocean freighting will be as necessary in the consultation as those of merchant princes and railway experts. To our mind the proposed international character of the project, to which some seem disposed to take exception, is one of its greatest recommendations. The thing would be a fine example of international common-sense and goodwill. The joint construction and use of such a marvel of engineering skill and western energy would, in itself, afford no slight pledge of continued peace and goodwill between the Canadian people and their Republican neighbors. But that the two peoples should be able to work together harmoniously and heartily in the construction and management of such a mutual undertaking seems to us, we confess, almost too much to hope for.

There is, probably, no part of the Dominion on which the “National Policy” has pressed so heavily as on the Prairie Province and the Territories. From no other quarter were the protests so loud and emphatic a year or two ago. It was not wonderful, therefore, that the people of Winnipeg and its vicinity came out in immense and enthusiastic crowds to listen to the gospel of free trade proclaimed by the eloquent leader of the Opposition. A crucial question, in regard to which there has been much difference of opinion since the close of the Parliamentary session, is whether and to what extent the few tariff reductions made in the revision of the tariff have satisfied the supporters of the Government who were previously on the eve of revolt in the North-West. Some of these declare that the tariff agitation in that sec-

tion is now dead, having been given its *coup de grace* by the reduction in the duty on agricultural implements, and other minor modifications. It would be a striking, though scarcely a surprising tribute to the indestructible vitality of party loyalty, should the event prove that the agitation could be quelled by so meagre a concession. It would, of course, be unsafe to base any very serious conclusions on the enthusiasm called forth by the visit of Mr. Laurier, the fame of whose eloquence is sufficient to ensure him a large audience and an attentive hearing in any part of the Dominion, under any circumstances, but certainly the avidity with which his Winnipeg audience seem to have drunk in his bold avowal of free-trade principles does not favour the idea that the tariff question is settled in Manitoba.

With all his silvery eloquence, Mr. Laurier does not seem to possess the power of varying the form and language in which he clothes his ideas, to so great an extent as might be desirable in one who has the difficult task of speaking on the same topics night after night, in the presence of the ubiquitous newspaper reporter. A little more fertility of resource and originality in the way of putting things would improve his speeches for the newspaper reader, though they might not materially add to their effectiveness with the audiences addressed. And the latter is, of course, the main thing. Many who have been curiously or anxiously waiting to hear his promised deliverance on the school question, will have been somewhat disappointed to recognize the familiar form, clothed in almost the same language, with which they had become well acquainted on the floor of Parliament and elsewhere. This utterance certainly puts the question in a nutshell. If the Manitoba schools are really what they purport to be, public schools in which there is no religious teaching, the doctrine of Provincial rights proclaimed by Mr. Laurier does the rest, and the Catholics have no just cause of complaint. If, on the other hand, the schools are really Protestant schools, under the guise of public schools, if there is religious teaching in them, then the Catholics are grievously wronged in being compelled to send their children to such schools. This way of putting it curiously ignores what we have always understood to be one of the chief grounds of complaint by the Catholic prelates, viz.: that there is no religious teaching in the schools, and that they are therefore "godless." Mr. Laurier still fails to satisfy our curiosity as to which of the two hypotheses he believes to be the true one. It is pretty safe to say, however, if we may venture to read between the lines, that the Roman Catholic prelates will find little comfort in his words, and that the Manitoba Government and people would have little reason to dread interference in the matter should Mr. Laurier become Premier.

When we are told, as a reason why certain admitted evils in Government administration cannot be cured, that they are inseparable from party government, one is naturally led to inquire whether it is absolutely beyond question that party government is so lovely in itself and so happy in its workings that it must be held to as a system inseparable from all responsible government. There are some reasons for suspecting that the party system is just now undergoing a trial such as it has not hitherto been subjected to in Anglo-Saxon communities. Whether we turn our attention to the Mother Country, to the United States, or to our own Dominion, we find ominous indications of revolt from the absolutism of party, such as have not, we believe, been seen at any previous period, at least within the recollection of men who are still in active life. In Great Britain there can hardly be said to be any longer two great parties. The Liberals, whose leaders happen at the moment to occupy the Government benches, are even now less a party than a combination of parties, somewhat loosely banded together, some of which are even now breathing forth threats of open revolt. On the other side, we find an Opposition made up of two very distinct parts, one of which may be pretty closely compacted as a party by the cohesive power of a common self-interest; the other simply held in a precarious alliance by the very uncertain bond of a common antipathy to a given radical measure. In the United States, we have just seen the publicly avowed pledges of one of the old historic parties broken by the revolt or treachery of certain of its own members, while it is well known that in regard to the one transcendent political question of the day both the old parties are hopelessly divided. In Canada, in both Dominion and Provincial politics, the process of disruption, if not of disintegration, in both the old parties is going on before our eyes, and no one can now foresee the end.

What do all these movements betoken? We dare not prophesy. One thing is, however, clear. They plainly indicate the weakening of the old party cohesion. A peculiar and suggestive sign of the time is that, whereas it used to be no uncommon thing to hear a politician of the old school avow that he was first and above all loyal to his party, there is now a marked tendency to be ashamed of such a sentiment as a principle of action, and many candidates at the polls and members in the House pride themselves on being independent rather than party men. This change, which is coming over the spirit of politics, may be in part due to the fact that broad lines of cleavage in regard to the great principles of government no longer exist. Such a thing as a genuine Tory of the old school, for instance, is now very hard to find. A few probably still exist in the circles from which the House of

Lords in England is recruited, but apart from some special question, such as graduated taxation, or Home Rule, which appeals directly to self-interest, old-fashioned Toryism can hardly be said to be surviving as a political dogma even among the landlord classes in England. The old issues which divided Whig from Tory were generic and consequently capable of almost universal application to legislative measures. In such a principle alone is to be found the life-element of a persistent partyism. When all legislators alike profess to desire to work in the direction of progress and for the greatest good of the greatest number, and differ only as to specific measures, that life-element no longer exists. The up-break into individual fragments or small and ever shifting parties is inevitable.

Of course, change, even from that which is admittedly bad, is not necessarily for the better. The up-break of the party system might conceivably be followed by transition to a new one, in which the two old parties would be replaced by a dozen new factions, each fighting for its own fad, or holding out for its own terms. The French system is ten-fold worse than the British and American. The trouble is that in such a case the old is not dead but simply obscured by having the new grafted on to it. It is a party system still, and likely to be ten-fold more dangerous to political honesty, true patriotism, and sound statesmanship than even the old. To something like this there is some reason to fear that politics may be drifting in each of the Anglo-Saxon communities which we have named. What is really wanted in order to cure the great corrupt and corrupting influences which have crept into, or rather were inherent in, the old party system, is to abolish, not multiply parties in the legislatures. It is probable that this good time, should it ever come, will be heralded by two preliminary changes, the substitution of some broader system for the present sectionalism and localism in the choice of representatives, and the substitution of election by the legislatures, for appointment by a party leader, of a body of men to carry on the government. But these questions are too large to be entered upon here. Perhaps, too, they are too far off to be of present interest as topics of discussion. Meanwhile the old system is changing before our eyes, and it behooves every good citizen to do what he can to insure that the change shall be for the better, not for the worse; evolution, not degeneration.

MR. GOLDWIN SMITH AND CANADIAN LITERATURE.

The last number of THE WEEK was graced by a letter from Mr. Goldwin Smith replying to the question, "What is the matter with Canadian Literature?"—a question asked by a correspondent of one of our contemporaries. Mr. Goldwin Smith answered the question at some length and in an eminently characteristic way. When Major Wellington de Boots was asked how he managed to gain such a

reputation for bravery, he replied that it was by bounce, "by tremendous bounce." There is no bounce about Mr. Goldwin Smith, but there is an assumption of superiority and cock-sureness that is much more effective than any amount of bounce. It is almost irresistible, coupled, as it is, with a gift for arranging his material to suit his own view, which is well-nigh matchless. And then how charmingly he writes! It all looks so innocent of purpose, the conclusions appear so obvious. To think otherwise than Mr. Goldwin Smith seems so absurd. We have no doubt that he believes everything he says about Canada. His sincerity and honour are above suspicion. But he is hopelessly out of touch with everything Canadian, and is constitutionally and mentally unable to understand the country and the aspirations and genius of the people. His letter is made up of a succession of statements nearly everyone of which sounds to a Canadian ear like a wilful exaggeration. Half truths are more dangerous and damaging than lies, and in the hands of a great master of the literary art, and one, moreover, who sincerely believes them to be whole truths, the effect on the ill-informed must be disastrous in the extreme. Why should Mr. Goldwin Smith—a modern Hamlet—delight in throwing a big squirt of ice-cold water on every little sprout in Canadian life which gives evidence of underlying warmth and vitality? The attitude he assumes towards all Canadian desires and enterprises, if shared in by our people, would mean eternal stagnation. There is nothing new in his present letter. It is but a repetition of statements often made before, statements which, if not always entirely refuted, have been so dealt with as to rob them of their chief significance. To Mr. Goldwin Smith Canada is but a political expression, nothing more; there will never be a Canadian literature; there is no literary unity; there are two languages; deserts divide Canadians into four insignificant, more or less illiterate divisions which have no dealings with one another, and delight chiefly in photographic appeals to personal vanity. In short, everything is as bad as it can be, and there is no use trying to make it better. The Englishman scorns the Colonist and will not look at a book bearing a Colonial publisher's imprint; and as soon as a Canadian gains some literary reputation he bids a long farewell to everything native, and warbles only on the boughs of John Bull or Uncle Sam. And because he warbles in foreign lands his warbling is not Canadian "in the local sense." As for periodical literature, Canada has no chance against the competition of Yankee publications full of pretty pictures and costly contributions.

We are quite prepared to admit that the Colonist is handicapped in the literary world, but it is quite possible to exaggerate the difficulties of his position. He is too apt to distrust himself and his fellow-Colonists in an intellectual way, and to

magnify the productions of other lands. Hence his tendency to neglect native writers and native journals. And this tendency is ministered to and fostered by those very superior Colonials who affect everything that is foreign and scorn everything Canadian. For such people we have no place in Canada, and the sooner they remove themselves the better for the country at large. Amongst this class we do not rank Mr. Goldwin Smith. He may scorn things Canadian, but it is difficult to find anything that he does not scorn. To him there seems to be nothing left that he may admire and praise. It is most unfortunate. With his splendid genius, he might have given that impetus to Canadian literature and Canadian life and aspiration which is needed, which is bound to come, which has already come in a degree, and which nothing can check or destroy. Perhaps it is not strictly accurate to say that there is a national feeling in Canada, for a Colony is not a nation; but there is a Canadian sentiment strong and vigorous and animating, and this sentiment must and will find expression in native production and from a native press. What we want is men of faith and generous feeling, not belittlers and dismal sceptics. Canadian literature is all right. There is nothing the matter with it beyond what time will rectify, as is ably shown by our correspondent "Canadian." A little more self-confidence, a just and equitable arrangement of the copyright laws, and fewer cynics and pseudo-Canadians—these are necessary conditions for a healthy native literature, and we will have them by-and-by.

THE RULE OF DEMOCRACY.

"My notion of Liberal politics is this—that we should always be on the lookout for every new idea, and for every old idea with a new application, which may tend to meet the growing requirements of society. Hitherto I have seen the leaders of the Liberal party like men standing on a watch-tower, to whom others would apply and say, 'What of the night?' but 'What of the morning and of the coming day?' Where are you standing? Nowhere, but sitting on the fence, perpetually thinking on which side of it you will put your feet down in order to collect votes and unite the cabals of the different parties in the House of Commons."

The above extract from a portion of the Duke of Argyll's speech in the House of Lords, in the course of the debate upon the Evicted Tenants Bill, as given by Mr. G. W. Smalley in the *N. Y. Tribune*, is very suggestive in regard to the divergencies from a common point of view which have led to the division of the Liberal party in Great Britain. If we may take the Duke of Argyll as a representative of old-fashioned Liberalism—and it is probably not unfair to do so in all matters except those which touch too closely the property and privileges of titled landlordism, in regard to

which it would perhaps be too much to expect him to rise above all hereditary caste influences—it is easy to see that Liberalism of that type is one thing, Radicalism, or Democracy pure and simple, another and quite a different thing. The Duke's Liberalism is of the type which believes in "leaders" who actually lead, and of course, in followers, who actually and submissively follow. This comes out very clearly in the passage which we have quoted. The first question, if we are to try seriously to reach his standpoint and grasp his idea, is, who are the "We" who are to be on the watch-towers, looking out for the new ideas and the possibilities of new applications of old ideas? The whole shape and complexion of his Liberalism depends upon the answer to this question. Are they in any literal sense "representatives," and if so, are they—to adopt, for the moment, Mr. Gladstone's expressive classification—representatives of the "masses," or of the "classes?" And whence do they derive their rights of leadership? Are they born leaders, or hereditary leaders, or self-constituted leaders, or leaders chosen by certain ruling guilds? Leaders chosen by the people they can scarcely be, unless they are prepared to consult the views and wishes of the people, for the people will hardly be persuaded to choose leaders to thwart or ignore their own views, or to do all their thinking for them.

This question raises the previous one, which used to be much debated, with reference to the true position and functions of a member of Parliament or of Congress. There are, it was said by some of the old writers on political questions, two kinds of agents. It is the duty of agents of the one class to carry out the instructions of their employers to the letter, without regard to their own ideas as to what is better or worse. Their duty is simply to obey orders, leaving their employer responsible for consequences. The other kind of agent is the one who is employed on account of his professional skill, and instructed to do a certain thing, while the manner of doing it is left entirely to his own superior knowledge. Are political leaders the servants of the people in the former or in the latter sense? It is not necessary for us to attempt to decide this question here, in either way. We may, however, observe that the leader of the later kind is not necessarily destitute of principle or honesty. He may be supposed to know, at least in a general way, the views of the people whose representative he is, and to have been chosen as their representative because he was in hearty accord with those views.

Our present object is not to discuss the questions at issue between the Old Liberalism and the New, or between Liberalism and Radicalism, or even between Liberalism and Conservatism, but simply to point out what seems to us a strange want of perception of logical consequences in the minds

of dissentient Liberals of the type of the Duke of Argyll, when they cry out that the new is not like the old, that they never meant anything of this kind, that the pace has become altogether too fast for them. Nothing is easier, we think, than to show that the New Liberalism is the logical outcome, the developed offspring of the Old. The Old Liberalism stood on its watch-tower and, as it observed what was going on in the minds and lives of the people, yielded a point here and gave a modified approval there. It heard, for instance, mutterings of discontent from the people in view of the limitation of the elective franchise, and it said, "They are right. The franchise is too low. Here is a class of men who are intelligent and patriotic, and who ought to have some voice in the choosing of those who shall make and execute the laws which govern them. We will cautiously extend the franchise." Again, Ireland was in a state of disorder, amounting almost to anarchy, caused, largely, by the unequal distribution of land, and the hardships in the shape of excessive rents, etc., which absentee landlords were inflicting upon the wretched peasants, who still competed fiercely for the possession of the small allotments, on terms which hardly sufficed to enable them to keep body and soul together. The old watch-tower Liberalism said, "The crime is great and smells to heaven. Desperate diseases require desperate remedies. The circumstances warrant us in interfering, for once, with freedom of contract between landlord and tenant. We will appoint a land commission, empowered to correct the more glaring cases of injustice and to compel heartless landlords to grant to their tenants fair rents, fair allowance for improvements, and fixity of tenure." And so the Old Liberalism went on, abating grievances, reforming abuses, curtailing excessive privileges, and above all extending the franchise, many of them, no doubt, looking forward to a time when all the more glaring causes of complaint would have been removed, and they could "rest and be thankful."

But how could this Old Liberalism have been so short-sighted as not to perceive that it was making innovations, conceding principles, establishing precedents, which would inevitably carry with them much wider consequences than those immediately contemplated. Tried by the standard of sound political economy, the interference of Parliament to change the relations between landlord and tenant either were right or they were wrong. We need not now attempt to decide that question. But the principle once granted, whether right or wrong, carried with it the possibility, may we not say the certainty, of all future land acts, evicted tenants bills, and whatever else has been and may yet be declared essential to the settlement of the land question in Ireland (and in England and Scotland). This settlement, be it observed, can be permanently made only on a basis satis-

factory to the majority of an universal-suffrage electorate, no matter what violence may be done in the process to the old notions of the rights of property and the privileges of hereditary classes.

This term "universal suffrage" is the key to the whole process. So long as it was tacitly taken for granted that the chief function of legislation and government was to provide for the protection of property, and that property was the thing to be represented in Parliament, the course was clear. But the moment the Old Liberalism began to admit in a cautious and tentative way that it was men, not property, that constitute the State, and that the franchise was a prerogative not of property but of citizenship, that moment the car of legislation was started on an inclined plane down which it has been gliding with accelerated speed ever since. Property and manhood are two things so distinct in kind that there can be no permanent coalition between them such that the franchise shall belong partly to the men, partly to the property. The two elements will not mix. One extension of the franchise, on the new basis, leads to another. There is no stopping place short of manhood suffrage, pure and simple. This goal is now in sight, in the one-man, one-vote, and one-vote, one-value, watch-words. The Old Liberalism should not complain of this. The clear-sighted among its leaders must surely have foreseen the end from the beginning of franchise extension.

But given universal suffrage, and what follows? Universal suffrage is democracy, and *Demos* is no respecter of persons. His ideas of the rights and duties of property, are also very different from those of owners and occupants. Just as surely as a Parliament, or a House of Parliament, which represents wealth and rank, will legislate in the interests of property and privilege, just so surely will a Parliament representing simple manhood legislate in the interests of labour and the masses, doing violence to the old ideas of the rights of property and embodying in legislation entirely new conceptions of its duties. Our point just now is that the Old Liberals should have foreseen the consequences when they set the ball rolling, and hence should not now complain. To suppose that the leaders, especially those whose environments and traditions tend to conservatism, are going to continue to lead, and to rule without having the people with them is unreasonable. Leaders may yet wield tremendous influence, but it will only be as they gain the confidence of the people and convince their judgments. They will have to come down from the watch-towers, and, mingling with the people, seek to understand them and to help them upwards.

But what of the future? What will be the end? That we do not here undertake to say. We are not without hope. We believe in optimism. But one thing Old

Liberals and New, and Liberal-Unionists, and Conservatives should all unite to do. They "must educate their masters!" The future depends upon what kind of masters these are.

MR. GLADSTONE ON HERESY AND SCHISM.

Mr. Gladstone, with that astonishing versatility which is, perhaps, the secret of his sustained mental vigour, has once more turned his attention to theology, the subject which of all others possesses the greatest fascination ever his mind, and has contributed an article to the *Nineteenth Century* for August on the seemingly uninteresting subject of "Heresy and Schism." Before we read very far we find that the motive which gave birth to his essay is a desire to contribute something to the all-absorbing question of Christian unity, and therefore the theoretical discussion of the nature of Heresy and Schism issues in a practical appeal to Christian men.

It may not be known to all the readers of *THE WEEK*, that Mr. Gladstone is, and throughout the whole of his long career has been a decided and consistent High Churchman. It is this fact which lends a remarkable interest to the article before us. For although the phraseology is that of the Anglo-Catholic, the ideas are those of orthodox latitudinarianism.

The question is thus stated: Assuming our Lord to have founded a visible church with an apostolical ministry, which He intended to be perpetuated throughout the ages, what is to be done with those who deny the authority of the church, and separate themselves from her ministrations? The answer to this question involves a discussion of the nature of Heresy and Schism. At first, the nearness to Christ and the Apostles made "the unity of the church a fact as patent to those who came into contact with it as the unity of the sun in heaven." The application of our Lord's rule, "if he refuse to hear the church let him be unto thee as the Gentile and the Publican," was easy. So long as the church was pure the command to "hear the church" was perfectly reasonable. But the corruption of the church itself weakens its authority, whilst its divisions engender doubt as to its whereabouts. With the utmost sincerity of purpose, one can well understand the perplexity of a modern seeker after the true church, when confronted by the claims of Greek, Roman and Anglican Catholicism. The sin of schism cannot now be easily assigned to any body of Christians. "The guilt of any offence," says Mr. Gladstone, "varies inversely with the strength and clearness of the evidence which establishes its criminality, and surely it is not to be denied that the evidence which condemns Heresy and schism has been greatly darkened, and therefore greatly weakened since the days of the apostles."

Mr. Gladstone thinks this to have been the case, even in the days of Arianism, and other heresies of the fourth and fifth centuries, but the difficulty of ascribing guilt to schismatics has been steadily increasing since the division of the churches of the East and the West in the eleventh, and the convulsions of the Reformation in the sixteenth century.

Mr. Gladstone is very much impressed by the solidity and stability of modern as compared with ancient sectarianism. Of the Gnostic, Arian, Donatist, and other schisms he says: "When we compare their

meteoric passage over the scene with, the massive, and by no means merely controversial Protestantism of Northern Europe, are we not led to the conclusion that there must be some subtle difference in the causes which have issued in such a signal contrariety of results."

The question is further complicated by the consideration of the frequently superior *Christianity* of the sect to the church. "I must admit," he says, "that at periods not wholly beyond my memory, and in appreciably large portions of the country, it has appeared as if the hands principally charged with the training of souls for God, were the hands mainly or only of Nonconformists." Again he writes: "I have seen and known, and but too easily could quote the cases in which the Christian side of political controversies has been largely made over by the members of the English church to the championship of Nonconformists."

These and similar considerations have convinced Mr. Gladstone that some modification of the doctrine of Heresy and Schism is called for, and he seeks for justification of such a view in the pages of Holy Scripture. Here he finds that modification of the laws of religion is not infrequent. He accuses the stringent law of the Old Covenant against not merely the worship but the manufacture of any visible representation of Divine things, a law which has never been abrogated in so many words, but whose modification is witnessed in every stained glass window of our churches. Other examples will occur to the mind, in commenting upon which Mr. Gladstone writes less like the author of the "Impregnable Rock of Holy Scripture," and more like a reverent critic. "Scripture is not a stereotype projected into the world at a given time and place, but is a record of comprehensive and progressive teaching, applicable to a nature set under providential discipline, observant of its wants which must vary with its growth and adapting thereto in the most careful manner its provisions."

History therefore suggests the need of the recognition of a distinction "between the facts of Heresy and Schism as they stood in the apostolic age, and the corresponding facts as they present themselves to us at present," whilst Scripture affords a sufficient justification of such a distinction. There remains yet another weighty consideration to be cast into the same scale.

Divided Protestantism, renouncing church authority altogether, has nevertheless preserved in the face of great difficulties, the fundamentals of the faith, viz., the doctrines of the Trinity and of the Incarnation. "When I consider what human nature and human history have been, and how feeble is the spirit in its warfare with the flesh, I bow my head in amazement before this mighty moral miracle, this marvellous concurrence evolved from the very heart of discord." Undenominational religion has thus without the aid of apostolic ministry, and "valid" sacraments, preserved the citadel of faith. The conclusion is obvious. Must not these theories belong to the sphere of the non-essential? Are they not rather of the scaffolding than of the very Temple of God itself? The doctrines of the Trinity and the Incarnation "constitute the very kernel of the whole gospel. *Everything besides that clusters round them, including the doctrines respecting the Church, the Ministry, the Sacraments, the Communion of Saints, and the great facts of eschatology is only developments which have been embodied in*

the historic Christianity of the past, as *auxiliary* to the great central purpose of redemption."

Mr. Gladstone's utterance is the more impressive coming as it does from the most distinguished Englishman of the age, so soon after the encyclical of the Pope. It is, perhaps, accordant with the spirit of Teutonic as compared with Latin Christianity, that it should come from a layman, and be printed in a secular magazine. It is not a little remarkable that the Papal encyclical breathes the spirit of St. Peter, whose cautious and halting universalism would have admitted the Gentiles only through the gate of Judaism, just as the Pope to-day demands the submission of the free spirit of Teutonic Christianity to the fetters of his ineffectual infallibility; whilst, on the other hand, in the last quotation from Mr. Gladstone's article, as well as in its whole drift, we seem to hear the echoes of the all-comprehensive catholicity of St. Paul, the apostle of the Gentiles, to whom is dedicated the cathedral church of the Metropolitan City of the world.

HERBERT SYMONDS.

Ashburnham.

MONTREAL LETTER.

The wharf-rat leaned against the dyke railing and smoked his black clay with an air of contentment peculiar to the fraternity which lounge, eat and sleep by the spot where the commerce of the land and sea meet. He gazed down upon the laborers struggling with casks, boxes, steel rails and tin plate with an air of pity. He scanned the smoking funnels and thanked his stars he was not a stoker, five decks down, handling coal in a torrid atmosphere, breathing dust. He espied Jack scraping the main-royal of a sugar ship, hanging by his teeth, as it were, in a blazing sun, and blessed his mother that he had not been born at sea for he might have been a sailor. It puzzled him to see that old man with bent back, hoe in hand, scraping the dirt and garbage into little heaps by the railroad track and he considered the youth who pitched it into the cart to have been born under an unlucky star. He whiffed his pipe and took a broad view of the opposite shore of the river where, from daylight to dawn, men worked the land and went to bed tired, poor unfortunates. "Well, I spose h'evry man 'as 'is trade—mine's good enough for me. I h'aint got good clog, to be sure, but they're cheap and I h'aint no alderman." Why should he worry? If his clothes are scant the sun is warm and it will always shine, for there is not a cloud in the sky to-day and there is no to-morrow. He is not particular as to what he eats, and as to sleep, well, what is better than down under the dyke? It is airy but water under tight, each crack and crevice filled with oakum, and bed-clothes would only smother him. Why should he worry? He has no taxes to pay, the old man with bent back and hoe in hand sees to that. Then who would charge a man rent for the privilege of sleeping under the dyke? It makes him laugh to think of those fellows working down there having to pay water taxes and having to buy fuel, food and clothing. How they perspire. His pipe has gone out and he taps it on the rail to see if there is any more tobacco in it. A small pyramid of ashes forms there and he sweeps it away with his hand. His pipe is empty. But why worry? "'Ere's a likely lookin' gent comin' along. Say

mister, beggin' pardon, sir, but could you give a poor man a few cents, aint 'ad nothin' to eat to-day."—"Yes, sir, I 'ave tried, but the labor market seems to be pretty well crowded in this 'ere city, sir."—"Yes, sir, but they only give one night's lodgin' free."—"No, sir, h'aint taken a drop for weeks."—"Will try, sir."—"Yes, sir."—"Thank ye."—"God bless ye, sir." The old man with bent back, hoe in hand, scrapes away and the wharf-rat looks down upon him with contemptuous pity and wonders why.

Five ships of the North Atlantic Squadron sailed into port one fine evening recently and announced their arrival with a booming of guns. They steamed up the channel in perfect order and manoeuvred through signals by command of Admiral Sir John Hopkins, whose flag flew from the mainmast of the "Tartar," it having been transferred from the "Blake," which owing to her great size was left at Quebec. The "Tartar" leading, she was followed in order by the "Tourmaline," "Canada," "Magicienne" and "Partridge." A formal welcome was extended by the mayor and aldermen and the fleet put itself into snug shape for a week's visit. In the morning Jack set to and holy-stoned the deck until it was like a dancing floor, polished the brass to a dazzling brightness, painted the hull black and the funnel buff, tarred the rigging and oiled and worked the guns and then went aft and said his prayers. The citizens crowded the wharves and waited to go aboard, but Jack was not yet ready to receive them. He hauled in his washing from the yards and stays, took off his working suit and put on the regulation uniform (down below of course), shaved, polished his boots, took a good big chew of fine-cut, looked pleasant and said, "Come on." The crowd was curious, Jack was happy. He was attention to the ladies and pleasant to the gentlemen. He showed them the whole ship from stem to stern and from bridge to keelson. He solved to them the mysteries of the torpedo, the hotchkiss and Nordenfeldt, gave them a peep at the engines, the magazine and small arms, boxed the compass and introduced them to "Billy" the mascot. Then Jack went ashore and took possession of the town. He walked our streets, his arms akimbo and his bell-shaped trousers flopping in the breeze. He showed the landlubbers how to drill and use the cutlass. The city turned out the fire brigade to parade in his honor and he returned the courtesy by giving an exhibition of the search-light in the harbor by night. It was a pleasant week for both the citizens and the jolly Jack Tars and when the time came for the fleet to weigh anchor and leave, the crowd in the harbor watched the stately ships drop down the current with feelings of regret at having to part. It was the largest fleet of warships that ever appeared in this port and many people came from the neighboring towns and cities to see it.

At last, after a stubborn fight, the gamblers who have heretofore been carrying on their nefarious business with impunity have been compelled to retreat, leaving their machines behind them. Public opinion was too strong for them, and the wheels of justice were so moved as to inflict the operators with heavy fines and to cause the destruction of the wheels of fortune in the public square. The instruments were beautiful and costly, but the High Constable's axes were unmerciful and in a very short time they were in fragments. These instruments

belonged to only one set of gamblers who were recently arrested at a race course, but the authorities will not stop at that but will arrest and punish those gamblers who carried on the business at picnics and other places of amusement within the past few weeks. These results have not been reached through the city police authorities, as might be imagined, but through the efforts of the Citizens' League, with the consent and co-operation of the Provincial Government. It was pointed out to the Hon. Mr. Taillon that it was utterly impossible to get the Superintendent of Police to do his duty in the matter, and he was asked for the sake of law and order to assist in stamping out the evil. The Government expressed its willingness to assist in the crusade against gambling and to bear the expenses of raids and trials. This is bad for the gamblers but it will be good for the young man who places his hard-earned money at the mercy of the gilded wheel.

Mr. Norman Murray was sentenced to pay a fine of five dollars and costs for disturbing the St. Jean Baptiste procession last July. Mr. Murray protested that it was an outrage on the liberty of the subject, and said he would not pay the fine even if it were only one cent, but would appeal to a higher court. When the time expired for Mr. Murray to pay the fine a bailiff called on him, at the instance of the Deputy Recorder, for it, but he refused to pay it. Mr. Murray was arrested and taken to jail and set to work at breaking stones for the corporation. He remained all night in jail, but when his friends came to hear of his incarceration they paid the fine and released the stubborn Scotchman. He is determined to test the validity of the Deputy Recorder's judgment in his case and through the medium of posters on the board fences he calls upon the public to assist him to that end. He proposes to engage a Protestant lawyer, an Irish Catholic lawyer and a French-Canadian lawyer, and take the case to the highest court in the land if necessary.

About fifteen thousand people attended the recent lacrosse match between the Capitals of Ottawa and the Shamrocks of this city. It was a good clean game of lacrosse and the Shamrocks won after a hard tussle. The championship of 1894 therefore comes to Montreal and as far as the game is concerned the season is practically over.

A. J. F.

SKY SHIPS.

At Stadacona half the sky
Was crimsoned with the sunset's dye ;
The river streaked with gold,
The broad St. Lawrence, in the pride
Of countless forests by his tide,
Out to the ocean rolled.

They stood on Stadacona's steep
And gazed toward the boundless deep,
Did Donnacona's braves,
In awe they looked, these savage men,
To where within their piercing ken
White wings bore o'er the waves.

In wonderment they peered, and still,
The wings all weird came fleet, until
They flung full on the view.
And Donnacona, he, the wise,
Said these were spirits from the skies
Sent by the Manitou.

The night crouched in the flapping sails ;
The wind disturbed the woods with wails ;
The river dirged amain.
And Donnacona dreamed that night
The world thro' all the year was white ;—
In sleep he sobbed for pain.

Toronto.

W. T. ALLISON.

WAR IN COREA.

The present conflict between China and Japan for dominancy in Corea is admittedly on all hands not well understood. The region has hitherto been considered, by us of Europe and America, as essentially Asian ; and in its remoteness and isolation, as a wild with no special economical resources to attract general foreign commerce. So far as we know, the people of Corea, though estimated at fifteen millions, are scarcely a nation, lacking as they do the ordinary organization of elements for national life and function. Under such conditions it is obvious that, in general international interests, so long as they claim to a distinct autonomy, and strive for a distinct nationality, while at the same time interfering with no other, they should have the protectorate of national powers—one or more—more immediately by contiguity or vicinage or material interests, concerned in such national development.

It is on this ground, we understand, that China and Japan—both in intimate commercial communication with these Coreans for many centuries back—claim to such protectorate. Hitherto, say for a thousand years back, these two powers, with a consensus of amity redounding to their credit, have with but little interruption exercised that protectorate with every fostering care, and with all loyalty to the national aspirations of the people of Corea. What the present difficulty really is that has precipitated the present struggle, it is impossible for us to say. To impute mere lust of conquest—"jingoism"—to either belligerent would scarcely be reasonable, in face of the time-honored principle—reaching back of the centuries of all European record—of peaceful development of each ; for as China is, so she has grown ; in natural development ; in peace and not war. So it may be said of Japan ; though, from special causes incident to her position and character as an insular and maritime power dependent, for material necessities in her national life, on commerce with Coreans and other peoples, continental and insular, in her seas, she has had at times to resort to arms. Thus, as her history tells us, has she had war with Corea ; but, though ever victorious, never has she put the foot of her conquest on the neck of the recalcitrant. Her policy, even in such times and in spite of aggravating provocation, has ever been in true and gentle protectorate to her feebler neighbour.

As to China, the Korean relations have been until lately on the same footing, though with less debt and obligation than to Japan. Whether or not the policy of China now is aggressive, we have not in evidence. As a matter of fact, the present ruling dynasty of China is Tartar, of the North—Mantchurian—and really foreign (in strict national autonomy) to the Chinese people. That fact is suggestive at the present juncture.

But more suggestive still is the fact that the necessities of Russia, in connection with her trans-continental railway, force her to seek a suitable terminus south of her present possessions on the Pacific ; and that Corea, with her thousand miles, more or less, of coast between her and China, alone presents such harbourage. Vladivostok (her present chief harbor in those *parages*) is—as well known—ice-bound in winter. So is the whole Russian coast there. She, in fact, has no winter port in the Pacific. In the meantime, besides her comparatively large fleet in those waters, she is starting

one of eight or nine of her largest fighting ships from Cronstadt for the seat of war.

As to other naval powers there, they all are woefully weak ; even Britain having only a few third and fourth-rate vessels of war in those waters—among them, as largest and nominally most effective, the notable *Resolution*—so rattled to pieces from defective construction as to have to turn back to port twice for repairs at starting from England. For years past, from the Governors (in charge) of Hong Kong downwards, to the many wailing ones of British drowned in naval service in those seas, have there been complaints of such "Chinese" neglect. In any case, as matters now are in this connection, Russia stands to win in those waters. Britain has no port in those seas save Hong Kong (a thousand miles from the seat of war), and, possibly, in a way, her whilom abandoned one of Port Hamilton, a few miles south off the extreme point of the peninsula of Corea. Port Hamilton is only the inner water of three islets (small and high, rocky) fit only for temporary refuge and totally incapable of affording ship supplies of food, wood, fuel and other necessaries, besides fresh water. Near it, about twenty miles south-east, is the beautiful island of Quelpert, about twenty miles long, ten or twelve broad, forest clad from shore to mountain top, without visible town or sign of habitation, but, presumably, with abundant sources of supplies of food and necessaries for ships. Its situation is a most commanding one relatively to Northern China, Corea and Japan. So far as it appears (N. B.—The writer thus describes from account, direct from one who sailed about it, in whale fishery, several days) it is a "virgin isle," without a harbour or even smoke visible. To what power it belongs seems a question. Should (as possible ; if not probable) Russia seize it, it would most probably give her command of the Asiatic Pacific with railway terminus at Fusan, or some other port of Corea.

Then, on her simple "*Sic volo, sic jubeo*" would she solve, to her own behest, not only Behring Sea, but all other Northern Pacific—yea, all Asiatic "difficulties," with the nations of the world. Such a forecast may seem wild ; but the readings "between the lines" of the hour on our page of "orders of the day" point that way. Should (as possible) Cossack and Demos (France and U.S. of A.) combine for the fray, what shall stay them ? Is Britain to stand (or fall) alone ? What of allies for her ? What of her navy ?—her kettles (top-heavy) of iron—floating coffin caskets !! *Eheu ! Eheu ! tempora mutantur.*

BRITANNICUS.

THE GERMANS AS PSYCHOLOGISTS.*

Of the people of modern times the Germans stand in the forefront as adepts in Psychology. Almost every German is by nature a metaphysician. Almost every German reads into the natural objects and forces which surround him, intelligence and soul, and draws from them intellectual and spiritual lessons. Most races and subdivisions of races have passed through general spiritual phases, when they have formed or been influenced by their mythologies.

With most of them, however, the influence has ceased, and that which was once its source survives solely in the roots of words known only to perhaps a diminishing class of scholars.

* Read before a Musical Club at St. John, N. B.

ars. The English-speaking people of America have absolutely no mythological folk lore, unless we apply the term to the mixed collection of this kind of knowledge which has come down from the Indian aborigines and the varied classes of European immigrants. The witches of Salem were of the same kind exactly as their sisters of the same period in England and the witch of Endor; creations of the Puritans, accustomed to read the Scriptures literally, and ever looking for extreme manifestations of evil in material form.

But it is otherwise in Germany, and, while the nations of that country hold their own among the practical workers of everyday life, they are yet conspicuously dreamers, inspired by the past as well as the present and mayhap the future.

It is not then surprising that from among the Germans Wagner has risen, nor that, with his personal genius, he should stand pre-eminently as the arch mystic of the harmonies.

Recognizing his mission at an early age, he sought eagerly to acquire a knowledge of all that might serve his purpose. Naturally he first quaffed from the never failing springs of classic Greece, imbibing the influences of the Psyche, but, with the deep earnestness of his nature, rather absorbing the yearnings of the Prometheus, and intensely overcome by the profound passion of the great tragedies. With Goethe he watched on Walpurgis night, with dilated pupil, the devilish efforts of the evil one to compass the destruction of a soul. With Shakespeare he joined in the relentless analysis of human motives, and soared beyond the clouds, upborn by heaven-aspiring if not heaven-born emotions.

Art he saw and sought in all its phases, and knowledge of varied kinds he aimed to acquire to aid him in his purpose.

But viewing the varied methods for conveying ideas to human intelligence, it was not long before he recognized that each lacked something.

In music he condemned the mass and oratorio because in them valuable accessories were discarded, while in opera there was a want of real earnestness, of profound purpose.

In pictures and poetry there was no sound, in statuary no color.

Hence he conceived the idea of gathering together the varied arts in their most perfect form, assigning to music the supreme command, and using all for the development of some great lesson or the imparting of some all-absorbing idea.

In glancing over the list of subjects selected by him for treatment it is easy to see how faithful he has been to his intention, and in studying the results we cannot but admit that they are consistent with his plan. Rienzi, for instance, as a mere title, proclaims its nobility. The Niebelung's Ring exalts the higher love above lust for gold; Tannhauser proclaims the victory of purity over erotic passion; and in Parsifal we are carried into the very highest mysteries of the Christian faith and are taught to recognize the amplitude of God's goodness and power.

From a simply artistic point of view it is difficult to select illustrative scenes from these without attempting some description of something more than the selection.

The temptation of Parsifal in the garden of Klingsor, first by the girls in some respects almost indistinguishable from the surrounding lovely flowers, and then by the enchanting Kimdry is generally considered among the most beautiful.

The Niebelung's Ring, comprising the Rhinegold, The Valkyr, Siegfried and The Dusk of the Gods, each a distinct piece, abounds in marvellous situations.

Of these the most striking is the opening scene of the Rhinegold where the Rhine maidens, pursued by Albrich, the detested king of the Niebelungs or gnomes, are barely visible in the waters of the river, so dark green that they are almost black, till suddenly they are transfused by rays so bright that the treasure which the maidens guard is exposed.

Thanks to the munificence of the King of Bavaria these wonderful works of art are produced at Bayreuth at a theatre containing the many ingenious, curious, and beautiful accessories which they require.

With reference to Wagner's distinctly musical composition it was termed by himself and it is well styled the music of the future.

He aims at perfection, and, despising the restraints which lack of popular appreciation and the canons of a timid art would impose, he daringly attempts combinations and contrasts of sound which have aroused the uncompromising hostility of many and the wonder of nearly all.

But a Wagnerian school has gradually been brought into being, and is every day increasing in number, and in the knowledge that to comprehend the master, even though effort is required, the greatest effort is worthy of the object sought.

Appreciating this, the managers have concluded that this Club cannot be fairly said to be attempting to accomplish its mission without joining, however humbly, with those seeking to understand and interpret some of the work of a seeming dead though really living genius.

The selection for this evening is the overture to Tannhauser which necessarily must be imperfectly produced without orchestral aid.

The plot and moral of this opera are comparatively simple. The old, yet ever youthful-appearing Venus, displaying all her beauties, and employing all her blandishments and enticing arts, seeks to charm and then destroy Tannhauser; the sweet and pure Elizabeth, by her goodness and by her prayers alone, seeks to save him, and eventually succeeds.

It is the old and never-ending struggle between light and darkness, life and corruption, good and evil, Satan and Christ. And every instrument arrays itself under the one banner or the other, while individual sounds are combined in aiding one or other of the combatants.

No one employs so freely as Wagner the musical motif to illustrate, to intensify, or preface the embodiment of the purpose or desire. We all know what it is to associate a perfume with a memory or even a person. And what the odor here accomplishes, is gained by the composer by the motif. In the midst of the confusing sounds of instruments, enticing, persuading, threatening, the motif seizes upon the attention; the pervading thought or purpose masters all; or, like the dominant rhyme in a sonnet serves to guide amid distraction.

I cannot conclude without using a very singular and weird selection, which I think is known to few of those present, which well illustrates the idea at which I have hinted, of musical instruments becoming factors of good or evil. In this particular instance evil triumphs; in the Tannhauser, happily, it is otherwise.

PAGANINI AND LISZT—A CONTEST BETWEEN THE VIOLIN AND PIANO.

(Translated from *Le Bien Public* for St. John Telegraph.)

We notice in the curious souvenirs of a dilettante published by the *Temps*, under the signature of Charles Rollinat, a strange story. It is a recital of the execution of the Sonata in F Major of Beethoven by two mysterious artists; the one, quite young, is a pianist of genius; the other, thin and spare, of angular features, sombre and worn out with age, plays the violin.

We shall see what a sonata can affect under the manipulation of these great artists.

The piano commences. The young artist plays the sublime work with that passionate enthusiasm which characterized his talent. He educed out of it a hymn, a prayer, a sursum corda borne on the wings of faith, hope and love. These broad and long drawn out chords resemble the sounds of the organ swelling through the silence of a cathedral over the heads of the faithful, kneeling worshippers. The effect was general and profound.

The violin afterwards repeated exactly the same theme. The first passage, "fa, mi, mi," struck out by the powerful tone of the unknown, pierced the audience as with an electric thrill and forced from all parts a cry of stupefaction. Three sounds had sufficed to annihilate the fame of all previous violinists.

But stupefaction was followed by fear as the artist developed his haughty inner thought, and when to the phenomenal power of the sounds was superadded a corroding expression of revolt and impiety, it was a contemptuous defiance thrown to the piano. To the religious aspirations of the latter, the violin replied with brutal jests, and answered its prayers with blasphemies. Then commenced a terrible struggle between the two instruments, a dialogue sufficient to cause the angels to shudder.

"Grace and pardon," sighed the Piano.
"Hatred and violence," growled the Violin.

"Believe in God."
"I believe in self."
"Hope in Jesus Christ."
"I hope in death."

"Brother," said the Piano, in supplicating tones, "wherefore this ferocious despair? Why doubt the goodness of God? If thou art unhappy, let us pray together; let us weep together; and thou shalt be consoled. Whence can this cruel hatred arise that removes thee so far from me? Are we not children of the same Father who is in Heaven? How canst thou blaspheme the Creator, who has given thee with thy life a spirit to know Him and a heart to love Him?"

"I recognize thee," growled the Violin, "thou cringing voice of Abel, thou indolent shepherd and favourite of Jehovah. Thy nature is always to cringe before the observer, whoever he may be. Thou art the eternal sneak, as I shall always be rebel! I shed tears of repentance! Rather should I be nailed to a tower as Prometheus, my father, than utter a cowardly prayer."

A shudder of horror issued from the piano, and the struggle was renewed with more intense energy. A frightful struggle, as if between heaven and hell, between an angel and a demon. The angel was defeated. Suddenly there appeared on the contracted

face of the young man a new expression of pride and impiety, whilst that of the dark unknown flashed with a smile of triumph. The lightning bow swept the chords with a flourish of savage joy. The eyes of the two artists flashed rays of light, one blue and the other black, and the pianist and the violinist, like two rebellious spirits, began to blaspheme in concert and to cast furious defiance towards heaven.

At that moment a violent blast drove in the second window with force. The curtains torn from their settings, floated like white wings over the heads of the virtuosi. The piano and violin still continued to play. Vivid flashes lightened the dark outline of the violinist, showing his cadaverous features and his long fingers, like snakes running over the strings, and the ghastly paleness of the young man, his fair hair erect with fear, his eyes fixed and glaring.

The piano and violin still played. A clap of thunder, deep and prolonged, shook the hall and was followed by a heavy shower of rain and rattling hail of such size that it shivered all the glass in the windows. The piano and violin played the finale of the sonata with fury.

At the last bar, when several chords broke, the exhausted young man ceased and fainted at his seat.

During the time that some were proceeding to his assistance, the mysterious virtuoso had disappeared.

The younger of the two artists—he who had fainted—was Franz Liszt; the other was the great Paganini.

I ALLEN JACK.

GLIMPSES AT THINGS.

THE UNIFICATION OF THE EMPIRE.

The paper of most interest to Canadians in the twenty-fifth volume of the "Proceedings of the Royal Colonial Institute," is Sir Charles Tupper's "Canada in relation to the unity of the Empire." It was read before the Institute on the 8th of last May, and, as will be remembered, evoked sharp criticisms, which are fully reported in the volume now before me. As Sir Charles Tupper's views on the subject have been pretty well advertised, I shall devote my space chiefly to presenting the arguments of his critics.

Admiral Sir John Colomb observed in the course of his remarks:

"There is a true and a false Imperialism, and I say it is a false Imperialism for our great colonies to refuse to look their obligations in the face. It means peril and disaster in the time of war. The other point I wish to make is this—that if Canada were to join the United States, . . . or to become an independent nation, she would have to pay for defence far more heavily than she does now. . . . Switzerland has a population of under three millions; Canada has a population of five millions; Switzerland has a revenue of three and three-quarter millions; Canada has a revenue of seven and a quarter millions; on defence Switzerland pays £1,200,000 a year, while Canada pays only £282,000 a year. . . ."

I pass the consideration of the Canadian Pacific Railway. I admit that that was a great undertaking, for which Canada deserves every credit. But who is going to defend that line in case Canada is attacked by the United States. ("Canadian troops.") What, 5,000,000 people alone against 60,

000,000? Has the gentleman studied war? I say that that railway has added to the responsibilities of the Empire . . . for an invading army getting possession of it could dominate Canada from one end to the other. . . ."

It is not by fine phrases and grand perorations that this empire is to be preserved, but by facing the facts. . . ."

Two portions of the Empire desire, and rightly desire, to improve their communications, and with that view seek to establish a cable and a mail route. Now, these portions of the Empire—Canada and Australasia—have an aggregate population equal to that of Scotland, Ireland and Wales all put together. They have a revenue nearly equal to about one-half the total revenue of the United Kingdom, and they have a sea-trade nearly double that of Russia. They come and ask us to find a considerable portion of the money, and base their claim on the ground that the work would contribute to the safety of the Empire in time of war. Now, a cable and a sea-line cannot defend themselves, and I ask, does it show hostility to inquire who is going to pay for the defence? . . . We are asked to subsidise a line of fast mail steamers in order to create a new line. But the reason we subsidise such steamers is in order to take them off their routes when war breaks out—not to keep them on the lines, but to take them off. . . . That being so, away goes the theory that there will be this alternative route in war. . . ."

I see nothing in the paper to recall to the minds of the loyal people of Canada the fact that they have great Imperial duties to perform."

Mr. R. R. Dobell, who generally agreed with the lecturer, observed: "I am glad Sir John Colomb wishes to strengthen those bonds (between the Colonies and Great Britain), because the last occasion I heard him speak I thought there must have been many Sir John Colombs when Great Britain lost the Colonies that now form the United States." This seems a little hard, considering that Admiral Colomb has always been willing to couple imperial representation with all taxation for imperial purposes. Towards the close of his speech Mr. Dobell remarked: "Never since the world's history began has there been such an example of a country which has expended blood and treasure to establish and strengthen her colonies and then hand the heirship of them over to the inhabitants. To Canada Great Britain handed over the fortresses and crown lands and all the money she had expended for 100 years, without asking one penny in return; and quite recently she handed over to a mere handful the colony of Western Australia—a country which may be valued by millions. I would desire to crush and stamp out sentiments such as those expressed by Sir John Colomb about the colonies not being prepared to do their utmost for the defence of this great Empire. My own impression is that there is not a man in Canada to-day who would not be prepared to spend his life and fortune to maintain the honour and dignity of this great Empire."

This confident outburst does credit to the heart of Mr. Dobell. Yet Hon. Joseph Howe, who was quite as loyal and nearly as sanguine as Mr. Dobell, agreed with Sir John Colomb that it was true statesmanship for Britain to have a definite contract or compact with her colonies and to cease leaning on presumptions. "Suppose this policy

(of partnership between the colonies and Britain) propounded and the appeal made, and that the response is a determined negative," wrote Howe, who felt that full imperial citizenship was the proper pendant to the responsible government which he had won for his province. "Even in that case it would be wise to make it (the appeal to the colonies). . . . But I will not for a moment do my fellow-colonists the injustice to suspect that they will decline a fair compromise of a question which involves at once their own protection and the consolidation and security of the Empire. At all events, if there are any Communists of British origin anywhere, who desire to enjoy all the privileges and immunities of the Queen's subjects without paying for and defending them, let us ascertain where and who they are—let us measure the proportions of political repudiation now, in a season of tranquillity, when we have leisure to gauge the extent of the evil and to apply correctives rather than wait till war finds us unprepared and leaning on presumptions in which there is no reality."

Among several other eminent men who took part in the discussion at the Royal Colonial Institute was Mr. G. R. Parkin, the apostle of federation, who values the whole Empire more than any part of it, and has declined a safe nomination for the Imperial Parliament that he may be able to fight more freely and effectively for his great cause. "Now," he asked, "why has the Dominion been able to spend these immense sums in the directions indicated (on internal improvements) instead of giving a larger part of it to military and naval defence? Because, in the good course of Providence, she like other British colonies, was under the protection of the mightiest power that ever held a shield over a people, and which practically said, 'You need not spend your money in preparing to fight; we leave you free to develop your enormous resources.' . . . Incidentally we have been doing our best to build up the Empire. But the time must come when every Canadian must ask, 'How is our flag and our extending commerce protected?' The question I have asked is, 'Do you pretend that we are (not?) to take part in the defence of the Empire and pay for the army and navy?' and in almost every large Canadian town I have declared that I would be ashamed of the name of Canadian if we were not willing to take the responsibility of our increasing growth."

In his speech closing the debate, Sir Charles Tupper made this important explanation: "When I referred to the services Canada has rendered to the unity and strength of the Empire by various measures taken since the confederation, I mentioned them not as a full discharge of the obligations of Canada to the Empire, but as an earnest and as the best possible evidence of what she would be prepared to do in the future." I have italicised these words the better to disprove a cruel suspicion that Sir Charles was preparing, for supposed party expediency, to betray the grandest cause he ever espoused.

F. BLAKE CROFTON.

Whosoever commands the sea commands the trade; whosoever commands the trade of the world commands the riches of the world, and consequently the world itself.—Sir Walter Raleigh.

PARIS LETTER.

Beyond recording the English telegrams from the seat of war, and avowing that all is incomprehensible, the French express no opinion in the Jap-China war. True, France has no trade of any consequence in the Far East, and she cannot afford to fall out with the Celestials. However, the impression commences to crystallize, that they are the Japanese who commenced the war, and that their fast cruisers so sweep the Chinese seas, that they may carry a broom at their mast-head, as did once Admiral Tromp in the English Channel. But if any of the Western Powers decide to indulge in protecting territories and peoples in the extreme East, be assured France will be a volunteer in that philanthropic work. Everywhere, save in Egypt, she succeeds in trampling on the horns of John Bull—West Africa, the Belgian Soudan, Chantaboun, Madagascar, etc., to wit. And why? She knows her own mind, and is resolved to have what she wishes. That policy ever succeeds; it was the programme of Cromwell and Palmerston too. Russia remains mysteriously quiet and England indulges in masterly inactivity, while a war, of no justifiable nature, is allowed to break out, and that may envelop the world in its flames. Be assured, that in the course of events, China will make up for lost time. In the interior, they are British and American traders who suffer by the bickerings of the Yellow race.

Beyond chronicling his warm and triumphal reception in England, the French observe something like silence respecting Emperor William's reception. In private circles the opinion is, that the friendship between the two countries implies preparations against possible rainy days. Every Government is right and at liberty to so act; that forms the basis of the "understanding" between France and Russia. The cold douches that Bismarck administered in his day—with Jules Ferry especially—so English foreign policy, have now been replaced by the more genial sun-baths arranged by the Emperor. The diplomatic atmosphere everywhere—from Morocco to Siam; from the Congo to the Corea—is highly charged with intrigues and diamond-cut-diamond relations. They will continue as long as the bloated armaments for peace will be kept up-to-date.

M. Sardou has been reminded that his Madame Sans-Gene was not the wife of Marshal Lefebvre, but Therese Figueur, daughter of a corn-merchant, born in 1774, and who at the age of 19, took up arms to defend the Girondins, against the Jacobins; and that it was her old uncle, at Avignon, encouraged her to volunteer. Taken prisoner by the army of the Convention, she owed the saving of her life to her very witty and saucy repartees. In time she enlisted in a dragoon regiment, took part in the siege of Toulon, fought in several campaigns, was five times wounded, and had two horses shot under her. She saved the life of her general. In 1815, she was accorded a pension of 200 fr., after 22 years of military service, and married her playmate of school days, at the age of 44; they set up a boarding house; she died at the age of 85, and was interred with military honours. Every one can recall what Voltaire ranks as the most wonderful trait in the military life of Jeanne d'Arc. Louise was asked, how she managed to get on with her soldier comrades, who were aware of her sex; she replied that she always knew how to protect herself: "I remained faithful to the

flag of my regiment," where I enlisted as a simple *dragon*, and not as a *dragon de vertu*." Virginie Ghesquiere, who resembled her brother, as one pea does another, replaced him as a conscript, distinguished herself at Wagram, and took two officers of the English army prisoners in the Peninsular war. She was promoted sergeant for saving the life of her colonel; she was decorated with the Legion of Honor for bravery; Angelique Brulon, was equally brave and was promoted to the rank of sub-lieutenant. Marie Schellenick was present at 17 battles; was a sub-lieutenant, and decorated; she received six sabre wounds at Jemmapes, a bullet at Austerlitz, and a cannon ball at Jena; she was cited in an order of the day, for her heroism at Arcola. But the history of France from the Revolution, is full of such episodes. However, another class of women followed the army, as impedimenta. Strozzi, who commanded in Italy, ordered 800 of such camp followers to be thrown into a river. In 1760, Marshal de Broglie ordered the faces of the loose women to be dyed black; scourging, he said, was no use, as they came back. Napoleon adopted the plan of Marshal de Broglie towards the battalions of "femmes inutiles," who joined the army without permission. That was his contagious disease act.

M. Charles Malo, an authoritative military writer, asserts that of the tons of books published, to explain Napoleon's collapse at Waterloo, no satisfactory explanation has yet been given. Passing over what ordinary people conclude to be the explanation, superior skill on the part of Wellington and better fighting on the part of his *braves*, Malo seems to have hit the nail on the head, as to the Emperor's ill luck, when he attributes it, not to physical degeneracy or to mental decline, etc., but to his full consciousness that "the spirit of France was opposed to his resumption of power." In a word, the thanes had fallen away from him. He had lost his grip on the nation. France suffered from "fatigue" in 1815, as she did from "ennui" in 1848. Competent judges concur, that his campaign against the allies in 1814, to cover Paris, and his cracking up the inevitable preparations for war, after he violated his parole by escaping from Elba, and thus out-lawing himself, are among the most brilliant efforts of Napoleon's genius. Whether he wished it or not, he was bound to fight; when the allies at the Congress of Vienna were on the point of declaring war between themselves, they at once ended their squabbles, and within one hour unanimously declared war against Napoleon. The latter had only 128,000 men—this time all French; the foes nearest at hand were the English, with their auxiliaries, 106,000—of whom 36,000 British and the Prussians, 117,000. There were also converging upon Paris, 168,000 Russians from the Northern Rhine, 254,000 Austrians, 60,000 Piedmontese and 40,000 Neapolitans. Napoleon was being "run in;" knew he could not possibly escape. Generals January and February defeated Napoleon in Russia and General Impossible in Belgium.

What a pretty compliment the sister of Admiral Avelane pays France, and intended to kindle the embers of the Russian alliance. That lady, the wife of a Russian functionary, has come all the way from Holy Russia to the artists' village of Barbizon, close to Fontainebleau, in order to be confined, so that the little stranger would be able to be doubly French—born on Gallic soil and already possessing a French heart. The Russian ladies could not confer a greater

service on France than stocking the land with babies and so checking the augmenting depopulation.

The Theatre Francais had, during the Revolution, its up and downs, as startling as the constitution itself. On the 26th Sept., 1791, the King, Queen, their children and Madame Elisabeth, were present at a representation, and were frantically applauded—Louis XVI was hailed by the "gods" as the father of his people. Sixteen months later His Majesty was beheaded. Talma and Mdlle. Vestris were playing on one occasion in Voltaire's *Brutus*; this was the conversation exchanged on the stage *sotto voce*: "Talma, your arms are bare!" "I am dressed as a Roman." "Talma, you have no trousers!" "I'm dressed as a Roman." "Nasty pig!" said Vestris, as she gave Talma her hand, bowing to the spectators and both walking away in great anger. During a pit row, the Royalists stood up for the dignity of the stage, which a party wanted to degrade. Among the former was a young man deeply pock-marked, with a flat nose, of gigantic build and stentorian voice; the cry was, to chuck him out; this, after some time, was effected. Arrived at the guard house, he was asked his name; "Danton," was the reply. There were terrible quarrels between the artistes then; in May, 1790, the Abbé Gouttes was presiding one day over the assembly; he was implored to come and make peace in the troupe; he requested a deputy to take his place as president, went to the theatre—the first one he ever entered in his life and sat out the representation of the piece. This would resemble a bishop replacing the Lord Chancellor on the woolsack and quitting the presidency of the House of Lords, to go and occupy a seat in the pit of Drury Lane theatre to calm a dispute between the members of Sir Augustus's troupe.

Is war likely to be a necessity? France has so many conscripts this year that she does not know how to utilize them; she has too many soldiers and the cost of feeding and arming them is excessive. Only a good campaign can thin ranks. Even that solution is already crossed, since a deputy proposes that every man of legal age be compelled to take out a policy of life assurance—the scheme would bring in 100 millions frs. a year, a sum sufficient to build two iron clads—and essay Turpin's 36,000 bullet-gun.

TWO HISTORY-MAKERS.

Almost any sunny afternoon there may be seen in the fine woods surrounding an ancient estate, near the little German town of Friedrichsruhe, a slightly stooped but still massive figure, slowly pacing back and forth with a firm martial tread, though nearly eighty years have elapsed since that figure was first cradled among the hills of Magdeburg. A huge boar-hound is his sole attendant, and from time to time the animal, as if wishing to keep his presence in mind, pushes his powerful head, not insinuatingly, but forcefully against the rugged hand of his master, and is invariably rewarded with an approving word in German, spoken in a deep bass—the voice of a man accustomed to be obeyed without question. The dog's insistence causes the stroller at last to turn partly around, and as the sunlight falls full on the features we see what a remarkable face it is! Thick, overhanging eyebrows, bushy, straight across the nose, whilst a heavy cropped moustache

fails to altogether hide the firm lines of the mouth, and the chin is squareness itself. No milk-and-water character this, evidently, and those deep-set, large, clear-blue, German eyes never looked into other eyes that did not droop before their steady gaze. "A big man with an eye like a tiger," as Moncure Conway described his appearance. Each great wrinkle of parchment-like skin on that countenance seems to have a history, and yet the main impression we carry away is not of age but of strength—grim, earnest purpose. His uniform is buttoned up tightly to the throat, though the sun is warm, and to the respectful salutations of chance peasants he returns a correct military salute, whilst the hard lines on his strong face relax somewhat. We notice the few passers-by look back at the gigantic figure, and well they may, for that stout frame is Otto Edward Leopold, Prince von Bismarck, the re-founder of a great Empire, the man of blood and iron, the one master-spirit of our times, if doughty deeds are tests of real greatness, as indeed what other can there be.

Now, turn to another scene on, say, the same sunny afternoon, but in a different land—the land of Old England. A broad, well-kept lawn, with a sod such as is only attained by years of clipping and cultivation, stretches away in front of a mansion with the delightfully cosy look of an English home. In front of this comfortable home is a little group seated on the grass around an easy chair, the occupant of which is an old man also. His eyes are shaded so that we cannot tell what manner of man he is by those ever-truthful indicators of the inner soul, but, as he turns from one to the other of the little group, and addresses them with the easy, natural gestures of a born orator, instinctively we turn and seem to hear that wonderful voice. No elocutionist can imitate it, no art can improve it, for it is William Ewart Gladstone who is talking, and these are his children and grandchildren grouped around him, and this is his ancestral home, Hawarden Castle. Very tenderly, almost adoringly, they tuck his wraps about him, for the autumn wind is bleak, though the day is sunny, and this is not a life to be snuffed out before its time, for this man has played great parts in the world, many of them marvellously, most of them creditably, but alas! some of them—and those the very ones where real genius was sadly needed—very indifferently, if not badly. This man has led for years—and led successfully—a composite party through the intricate mazes of British politics—none more intricate—and compelled obedience through the sheer force of his own individuality. More difficult still, this man persuaded—nay, forced—an aggressive wing of eighty members to turn on their own great leader and rend him, on that leader who had first taught them how to be formidable. There is scarcely a great event, which has changed the map of Europe during the last half hundred years, that this old man in the easy chair has not been an actor in—and a prominent one at that. Yet it is measurably certain that the future Macaulay will not assign to him one of the highest niches in history. He will scarcely be bracketed with Cæsar, and Pitt, and Bonaparte, and Bismarck. And why? Because he has been a magnificently brilliant apostle of the creed of talk—palaver, the native African calls it—as opposed to action. No man has surpassed him in word pyrotechnics, no leader has been lamer in action at critical times. If all governmen-

tal difficulties could be explained away by smooth, easy speech, then William Ewart Gladstone would indeed be the very apotheosis of a heaven-born statesman. But unfortunately it is not so. As Bismarck said in the phrase, which has stuck to him ever since, "many of the all-important questions of the day are not to be settled by speeches and votes, but by blood and iron."

It is not to be desired, however, that were the votes of the English-speaking people taken, at the present time, on the question, "Who is the greatest man living," that Gladstone would get a vast majority. Not alone in the British Isles, but in the whole British Empire and the United States, he counts his admirers not by thousands but by millions. Have we not seen lately, the absolutely unprecedented spectacle of a deputation, representing the better elements of American life, visiting an ex-Premier of Great Britain, and in the name of that nation, which loses no opportunity to manifest their hatred of everything monarchical, inviting the aged statesman to visit America before his death? Not long ago I asked an advanced class in a Canadian school to write down the name of the greatest man in the world, and when their answers were handed in, they all bore the same name, and that name was Gladstone. He has so managed to make his exit from the public stage in a blaze of admiration—an admiration which it is hard to find sufficient grounds for—nor can I bring myself to believe that this false glamour will be enduring. His most ardent admirer, I take it, will not lay claim that his career has added strength to his nation, or increased the respect of foreign nations for England. No true lover of our great Empire can look back, with any feelings but those of humiliation, to the time of the Franco-Prussian war, when Russia taking advantage of that great struggle, announced in a blunt note to Mr. Gladstone's Government, that she would be no longer bound by the Treaty of Paris—that treaty for which England's blood and money had been poured out on the shores of the Crimea. Nor is it pleasant reading even now to scan over the feeble despatches and protests of England at that time, and Russia's calmly contemptuous replies. Speaking of this incident and its handling by the Gladstone administration, Mr. Justin McCarthy—surely a friendly critic—says: "It did not tend to raise the credit or add to the popularity of the English Government. We do not know that there was anything better to do; we only say that the Government deserves commiseration, which at an important European crisis can do nothing better." If this was an exceptional case, one might be inclined to think that Mr. Gladstone was simply unfortunate in being leader at that time, but we find almost invariably that it was during the terms of his premiership that strong foreign nations took occasion to press their demands on England, often in threatening tones. Take the abject apology, which Mr. Gladstone was literally forced, after his accession to power in 1880, to write to the Austrian Minister in London, explaining away his language during the Mid-Lothian campaign, when he had referred to Austria in contemptuous phrases, in order to win popular applause. The archives of Europe will be searched in vain for such another letter, by the leader of a great people addressed to a foreign power.

When Bismarck quitted Berlin at the bidding of his young Emperor, and resign-

ed the Chancellorship of the great Empire he had consolidated, *Punch* had a notable cartoon, which like most of *Punch's* work, exactly fitted the situation. It was entitled "Dropping the Pilot" and represented the German ships of State, stout and staunch, and forging ahead against the winds, and the young Emperor at the helm cocky and confident. Down over the side of the vessel the burly figure of Bismarck was climbing on a ladder to a small boat, preparatory to quitting the ship. The expression on his face was as stoically calm as when he humbled the Austrians at Sadowa, or received the sword of the broken Napoleon III. at Sedan, or entered the conquered Paris at the head of the German legions. The pilot who had made the vessel seaworthy was being dropped, but was he not still Bismarck, and why should he be downcast?

Again, when Mr. Gladstone resigned last year, *Punch* came out with another famous cartoon. It pictured Gladstone as an aged Knight, doffing the armour, dented with many a hard knock, in which he had given battle to all comers. Along the wall thickly hung with the armour of stout knights of old, he was hanging up his equipments for the last time, ere he sought the rest that his many a hard-fought battle entitled him to.

These cartoons correctly pictured the respective careers of the two men. Bismarck was the grim pilot, who shaped the course of Germany; Gladstone, the skilful parliamentary fighter of the English House of Commons; Bismarck, the man of action, with a steady, deliberate, purpose ever in view; Gladstone invincible in debate, but ever ready to shift as party exigencies dictated. Gladstone was constitutional, Bismarck resolute—some say pitilessly so. To sum up their life work, for each in all probability has finished, but the net results of their labours live on for good or ill, and may be seen of all men. When Gladstone first entered his nation's service, he found a great Empire, whose will was respected and feared by all nations, for Waterloo was not yet forgotten. He leaves indeed a great Empire still, but it has been despite him, rather than through his aid, for was not his final battle an effort to virtually separate an important part of the wide inheritance he found ready at hand? In what direction, tell me, has he consolidated and strengthened the British Empire? It would be vastly easier to point out where he has weakened it, by raising the demon of unrest in Great Britain itself.

On the other hand, Bismarck found Prussia only an influence—and not a preponderating influence either—in a loosely-joined nebula of States, "a continent of Brandenburg sand," Carlyle called the then Prussia. He left it not Prussia, but Germany, the greatest military power the world ever saw, able to fling off her enemies from her borders, like a huge mastiff attacked by terriers. To-day Germany is the arbiter of Europe; when Bismarck appeared she was playing second fiddle to Austria. He found a Prussia, who was considered of so little importance in the council of nations, that she was not even invited to the initiatory stages of the Conference of the Great Powers in 1856. He left a Germany that summoned the other Great Powers to meet in Berlin, to settle the Russo-Turkish war, in 1878, and over which Prince Bismarck himself presided. In the face of these done deeds—accomplished results—I have no hesitancy in pronouncing an opinion on which of the two remarkable old men, now fast hurry-

ing toward the final goal, will be pronounced by posterity a really great man, such as few centuries produce, and that man, I think, will be the recluse of Friedrichsruhe whom men name Otto Edward Leopold Prince von Bismarck.

C. M. SINCLAIR.

A JULY HOLIDAY WITH BLISS CARMAN.

That delightful Canadian poet, Bliss Carman, has been staying, like ourselves, with Professor Roberts, another Canadian poet, at King's College, Windsor, Nova Scotia, the oldest colonial university. He suggested that, instead of going on to Quebec by the Intercolonial Railway, we should run down to Annapolis—the old Port Royal of Champlain, LesCarbot, and the famous *Ordre de Bon Temps*—cross over to St. John, and go on to his home at Fredericton by the stately waterway of the St. John River.

The day that he took us across the Bay of Fundy two of our most rooted preconceptions were upset—we were pursued by a wall, and saw a waterfall turn round and run up. We were on the sea when a white wall, many feet in height, flew after us faster than our swift little steamer. It turned out to be one of the sudden fogs of Fundy, which roll up in this way. The other phenomenon we saw when Mr. Carman drove us out just before dinner to see the falls of the noble river from which St. John takes its name. These are, in a way, the most remarkable in the world. Through a gorge with angry black cliffs the river at low tide pours into the harbour in a huge cataract. And the tide, when its gets sufficiently high falls back over the wall of rock into the river. At certain states of the tide there is no fall at all, but a smooth river safely navigable by boats and rafts, the explanation being that there is a mere wall of rock running across the river in a closely shut-in gorge.

When the phenomenon was explained to me by Mr. Carman, and I saw the mad swirl as the huge volume of water poured over the cliff at the turn of the tide, I said that I thought it was very public-spirited of the citizens to preserve this wonder of the world when a dollar's worth of dynamite would blow up the barrier and make everything plain sailing. Then I learnt the origin and use of this *usus nature*. A volcanic upheaval elevated a strip of the New Brunswick coast, leaving the fertile country behind, lying round the state'y river with its tributaries and lakes, about the best land in Canada, below the sea-level. And if it were not for the double-waterfall the ravening tides of Fundy would turn the Garden of New Brunswick into another Zuyder Zee.

Few things in Canada impressed me more than St. John a city of spires built upon a lofty acropolis dominating one of the world's great harbours.

As we steamed up the harbour to the Market Slip below King-street, Mr. Carman reminded me that it was at the head of this estuary that La Tour built the famous fort from which he defied the superior authority of Charnisay, the representative of the most Christian king in Acadia, who lorded it at Port Royal. In the slow days of 17th century sailing ships the authority of the King of France was more or less shadowy on the other side of the stormy Atlantic; and La Tour and Charnisay were so much occupied with the former's struggles for independence that he did not hesitate to call in the aid of the English in Massachusetts.

For a long time La Tour maintained him-

self against the superior authority and power of Charnisay, and one attack on the Fort at the mouth of St. John during his absence was beaten off by his beautiful and spirited wife. But the second time he was away the attack was more successful, and Madame La Tour surrendered only to find, when the invaders had taken possession, the terms of surrender scornfully repudiated. Charnisay hanged every man in the garrison, and only spared Madame La Tour when he had subjected her to the ignominy of witnessing the execution with a halter round her neck and wearing fetters.

St. John, called at first Paratown, became in a single day a city of 5,000 inhabitants by the landing on May 18th, 1783, of the Loyalists, who, though they had been judges, lawyers, clergymen, doctors, and the principal merchants and landowners, preferred exile in the frozen wilds of Canada to living in the Revolted Colonies—known as the United States—under an alien flag. Mr. Carman's ancestors on both sides were among them; his ancestor on his mother's side, Jonathan Bliss, first Attorney-General, and afterwards Chief Justice of the Infant Colony, being the leading man among them.

Mr. Carman only let us stay a few days in St. John. It was glorious summer weather, and he was anxious for us to be ascending the St. John River to Fredericton. "The St. John has been called the 'Rhine of America,'" he said, laughingly, "without any particular reason, except that it is a fine river." There were certainly magnificent stretches of water in it, such as the Grand Bay, nine miles broad, and the Long Reach, twenty miles long and three to five miles broad, lying between high shores of softly-rounded hills, some richly cultivated and some still forest. Puffing up the eighty-four miles from Indiantown, the suburb of St. John above the Fall, to Fredericton, in the comfortable *David Weston*, was our first experience of the delightful Canadian river trips Mr. Carman had told us about, where the traffic is not too great for the captain and passengers to form themselves into one large picnic party. "If you want any information, or anything else down to a shot at a shel-duck," said Mr. Carman, "all you have got to do is to go up to the wheelhouse." In the glorious Canadian summer without a cloud in the sky, with the weather just as warm as you like, a trip in a moderate-sized steamer is about as delightful a thing as one can imagine. There is plenty of incident in it. Mr. Carman had warned us that every now and then the river would be so choked with log-rafts, that we might just as well be in Polar Seas or the steamer be stopped off a mud-bank to wait for a slow little scow containing an old woman dressed in the fashion of a generation back and armed with some preposterous bundles, who would be recognized and treated as a personage by the captain.

All along the course of the mighty river, Mr. Carman pointed us out little places which have recorded themselves in the provincial history. Maugerville, he told us, was the first English-speaking settlement in New Brunswick, colonised from Andover in Massachusetts as far back as 1763, and the village of Maugerville was almost the only part of Canada that took the side of the rebels in the War of Independence; while the old Fort of Orinecto had stood more than one notable siege from the Indians. But for the most part the river was like a broad Devonshire estuary, with tiny hamlets and decaying piers dotting its banks at intervals, or like the long arm of Sydney Harbour,

known as the Parramatta River, with its broad stretches of shimmery water, its lush marshes and its trees, rising as it were right out of the water, though they are silvery alders here instead of shining mangroves.

Towards the end of a long day we reached Fredericton and stepped off the sunny upper deck, where we had feasted all day on the Canadian kindness to strangers, which we enjoyed in a special degree as nearly every one on board had known Mr. Carman from his childhood.

The day after our arrival Mr. Carman and a friend drove us through the dignified streets of the century-old cathedral town, which is New Brunswick's capital, to the Indian encampment which occupies the site of the old French village. First we passed the handsome little Gothic cathedral, standing on a mossy lawn, shrouded in stately elms, on the banks of the great St. John, looking for all the world like the Thames at Kew, with its broad sweep of silver water, and its environment of quaint old houses and English looking turf and trees. Then we sped by the House of Parliament, the home not only of the Upper and Lower Houses of the Province, but also of the Supreme Court, which, without its rather attenuated cupola, would be a pleasing and imposing building, and soon were abreast of the fine old English mansion, which is the seat of the Governors of the Province. Then at last we were in open country. It was up hill and down dale, and our horses would brook no pulling up; the air was the pure ozone which breathes after rain, and the road ran through a forest of flowers till we felt as if we had been drinking champagne.

A forest of flowers—such flowers; acres of golden rod, the firework of the fields, looking like those rockets which turn into palm-trees of golden fire; fireweed of a colour that has no parallel, except in the inferior raspberry ice cream which poisons children by Sunday Schools at a time. Marguerites, of course, there were, known locally by their less poetical natural history name, oxe-eye, snowing the meadows; and rich, red clover with an intoxicating scent, and glorious velvety purple spikes, called here wild-pea and self-heal, and buttercups, and the tall evening primroses with their sentimental shade of yellow.

The soil grows poorer, and the glorious flowers thinner, but there is one among them which gladdens our British hearts with a thrill of home, the little lilac blue-bell, known in England as the hare-bell, and north of the Tweed as the blue-bell of Scotland. Was the seed of it brought by the brave bonnetted boys of the 42nd Highlanders, who had

Gone to fight the French
For King George upon his throne,

and never came back home again, but settled on the banks of the winding Nash-waak?

Now that I have visited the scenes of the New World, where the "Lions" and "Lilies" fought out the old feud that the blood of Crecy and Poitiers and Agincourt could not quench, this old ballad has a new pathos for me.

But the soil is not too poor for the mullein to grow tall with its stately yellow spikes; and here and there is the yellow Canadian marguerite, looking something like the old country's corn marigold, with a great soft brown eye set in it. Soon we come to a little dell with a clear, gurgling brooklet deep down under over-arching trees

As soon as this brook escapes the shade of the trees it is bordered by grand bull-rushes, with unusually heavy cat-tails, and here and there a late purple iris—the purple flag or *fleur de lys*.

By the brook, too, grows the tall red valerian, regarded as a most potent remedy for various ailments, once by men and even yet by cats.

But we have no more time at present for flowers. We must hurry on to our Indian village, which we find some ten miles off, round a little wooden church devoted to the reclaimed Melicetes. Little knots are standing about, and a flag is floating half-mast high. Evidently some considerable personage is dead. We learn that the old chief, Francis Toomah, is lying in the church awaiting interment. After our kind-hearted guide has given a coin to each of the queer little papooses I steal in, and am confronted by a pathetic sight, not without its touch of the grotesque. The dead chief's coffin is wrapped in a coarse kind of black lining tied round it with ropes, and from one corner of the coffin, drip, drip, drip, on the floor splashes a ghastly fluid—dissolving blood. On one end stands an old pewter candlestick, with a stump of a dip guttering on its spike, and round the chapel stand six withered boughs of willow—the old Shakespearean willow—willow in mourning for the departed chief of a race of departed glory. The church itself has a pretty, fresh, white altar, with flowers. But through the flowers comes a fetid smell. To earth quickly with this poor dead shell of a dying species!

The sun is shining brightly now. Out into it, we hasten down to the broad, sparkling St. John, which has been our companion, with its sheen and whisper, all through this delicious drive. We cross on a ferry boat, driven by the oldest of Old-World contrivances—a horizontal horse treadmill.

The horse stands in a hole, and as he struggles forward to get out of it, the wheel recedes from under his feet and drives the shallow paddles. The two animals in this boat are patient enough to be managed by a negro boy and a little child. The big boy, with true negro laziness, collects the fares, and the little child steers, and eventually we are over. The negro directs us to turn off by the schoolhouse. We ask him how we are to know it. He says it looks like a dirty schoolhouse, and we feel that we understand him. We are not very certain of our way, but we do not care. It is so lovely. First it lies through the wood, like a bit of the New Forest—chequered light and shade on mossy turf; then we pass by a dirty schoolhouse (a Daniel! a Daniel!), when, to our delight, we see, for the first time, the glorious Canada lilies—like strayed revellers of tiger lilies, orange spotted with crimson, with their upright stems and graceful hanging bells reminding one of the columbine, the belfry of the fairies. These are down on the meadows that once were the bed of the river; and a boat lying among them high and dry, a hundred yards from the water, reminds us that the haughty St. John reconquers its ancient realm from time to time.

Now we climb again beside the railway, and find the hedge here snowy with elder flowers; there, glowing with the cones of the sumach, one can call them nothing but red-hot. We lose our way a few times of course, and come in two hours behind time. What of that? Our lungs are full of ozone

and our eyes have feasted on flowers. And as we crawl at the pace the law enjoins under horrible penalties over the curious half-mile-long wooden bridge which links Fredericton to St. Marys, we feel as if we had made a good meal of our day.

We had begun well, floating with a sensation of swimming in Mr. Carman's birch-bark canoe. Mr. Carman loves his canoe as King William the Conqueror loved the red deer, and dips his paddle with the hand of an artist and the satisfaction of a poet. What a dream it was to glide up the picturesque Nashwaak—our canoeist, six feet three in his stockings, towering in the stern, with fair hair bared to the wind and sun, now poling, now paddling with swift, deft strokes, now running up into some little natural cove to pluck a frond of the exquisite Canadian polypody, or the sagittaria, that queer plant whose leaves are arrow-heads, with barbs like Dundreary whiskers.

We cannot go far because the river is choked with King Gibson's huge rafts of deals, but it is a novelty to land on one of them and walk up the river, leaping from raft to raft. And we stopped before we leapt once too often.

Professor Roberts, the poet, was New Brunswick bred as well as Mr. Carman, and so was a man better known over there than either of them—Mr. Gilbert Parker; and the two first had for a headmaster Mr. G. R. Parkin, who is known all over the world as the exponent of Imperial Federation.

At Fredericton Bliss Carman took us to his home, and we learned the secret of much of the pathos which is so marked a note in his poetry, for his father, a brilliant lawyer who rose to be Attorney-General of the Province, died young, leaving Mr. Carman under the necessity of fighting the world for a living, and the ideal little home at Fredericton has often to stand empty. The home his father left him in the capital of New Brunswick is a dear old wooden cottage—cottage in the Colonies does not imply size, but style of architecture—with a wealth of creepers, and a garden run wild. When we were there the principal feature of the garden was an *emeritus* birch-bark canoe, which had carried him many a mile in voyages, half exploration, half picnic, up the mysterious and enchanting back waters of the great river. Now, alas! her stitches—she was a real Melicete canoe, sewn together with sinews—yawned, and she stood sadly in need of caulking with the resinous preparation they use. The house was entirely unoccupied. I doubt if it was even securely locked, the *prisca virtus* prevailing in that smiling land—if anywhere in the world.—*Douglas Sladen, in the Literary World.*

CORRESPONDENCE.

“WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH CANADIAN LITERATURE?”

To the Editor of the Week:

Sir,—Some one who is qualified to speak on behalf of Canadian literature should reply to the communication from Mr. Goldwin Smith on this subject, which appeared in the last number of THE WEEK. Meantime, if a journalist who has carefully observed during the past fifteen years, the gradual growth of Canadian literature, may offer an opinion, it would be that such pessimistic views must defeat their own purpose.

Those of us who were born and bred in Canada and who are ardently attached to our native country, may be accused of an optimism which a competent critic can easily dissect and expose—on paper—but in the end the

steadfast faith and undaunted courage of Canadians must conquer in the domain of literature as they are bound to do in other channels of energy. Canada, as it stands, is only a nation of yesterday. It is, for a time, necessarily overshadowed by the United States, which has a hundred years of history behind it, some of it very vivid and inspiring history. But as indifference amongst Canadians is being replaced by a community of feeling, as ignorance of the country and its possibilities gives way to knowledge and appreciation, so must events produce a distinctively national literature. It may not have earned that name yet, but once admit that we have “a fair list of authors” who have won a name in the literary world of Great Britain and the United States, and the inference may justly be drawn that the outlook is promising, not discouraging.

The practical difficulty is, of course, a real one and may not fairly be ignored. Our best writers often find it more advantageous to publish in a wider field. Many of their contributions undoubtedly appear in either a foreign periodical or in those of the Mother Country. The accumulated wealth of Great Britain and the United States is lavished on the magazines of the day to an extent which makes Canadian competition extremely difficult. But these facts all touch present commercial considerations, which cannot last forever, and do not, in the main, affect the real question at issue. If every literary hope or political principle were to be reduced to a basis of dollars and cents, then the gloom of those who regard without one gleam of confidence the prospects of a Canadian literature, would be well founded. The commercial instinct affects but does not control the impulses of any nation. If we are to believe the past, the highest literary work has not always been the best paid. You must look to other things for a true solution of the question, Are we to have a national literature? Is this country worthy of the love and admiration of its people; do its career and development afford them scope for great achievements; do its natural beauties and resources rise above the commonplace; has its history inspired them to great thoughts and nobler aspirations, and can confidence in the nation's future be maintained? Canadians, for the most part, answer Yes to these questions. Even in these days they have produced men like a Dawson, a Roberts, a Grant, a Lesperance, a Lampman or a Mair, whom they are not ashamed to name in any literary company. The literature of to-day has not so many geniuses that Canadians need cower before them. Having reached this stage of intellectual growth they are hardly prepared, as a nation striving after a national literature, to give up the ghost. They are doubtless prepared to bear with equanimity, the scepticism of the critic and the lack of fame which necessarily attaches to a young country.

There is hardly a Canadian writer who would not value a kindly word of encouragement from a man of letters like Mr. Goldwin Smith. It is a pity that they must continue to do their best without it.

Yours, etc.,
CANADIAN.

SHAKESPEARE.

To the Editor of The Week:

Sir,—Your good nature, good taste and good sense, of which you have much, will, I know, grant me a palm's breadth of space in your columns to further immortalize the immortal,—if that is not an Irishism. I hold much of the writings of Shakespeare to be inspired—at least equally so with the Apocryphal books of the Old Testament. Which latter the Church of England doth read for example of life and instruction of manners; but yet doth it not apply them to establish any doctrine. There are many others who hold the same opinion among your readers, and doubtless the following correspondence will refresh and please them. I wrote to the Rev. Prof. William Clark, of Trinity College, Toronto, and to the Rev. Prof. J. Clark Murray, of McGill College, Montreal, respecting the proper punctuation, etc., of a certain “inspir- ed” passage in the poet's works, and from

Szpr. 7th, 1894.]

these able critics I received the subjoined courteous and interesting replies. I wrote to these gentlemen as follows:—Dear Sir,—Might I presume on your intimate acquaintance with the works of Shakespeare and your well known courtesy to those seeking your aid, to ask you a question? To my mind, one of the finest passages in the writings of our poet is in King Henry the Eighth, act 3, scene 2, in the advice of Wolsey to Cromwell:

"Love thyself last; cherish those hearts that hate thee;

"Corruption wins not more than honesty.

"Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,

"To silence envious tongues. Be just and fear not:

"Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,

"Thy God's and truth's."

Now I am thinking of printing these lines on sheets of cardboard for wall mottoes. Will you kindly give me the correct punctuation of these verses; and also tell me, in brief, the meaning, according to your view, to be conveyed in the line—"Corruption wins not more than honesty." Pardon my trespassing upon your time, but I know that it is holiday time, or nearly so, with you at this season. Very truly yours,

RICHARD J. WICKSTEED.

To this Dr. William Clark replied as follows: My Dear Sir,—I have much pleasure in answering your kind inquiry. I quite agree with you as to the marvellous beauty of the passage you quote. With respect to the punctuation, yours is the same as that of the Henry Irving Shakespeare, except that this and all the English editions have a comma after "God's." Several editions have after "last" a colon, instead of a semi-colon. I prefer this pointing. Several editions have a full-stop after "fear not." I also prefer this. Some editions have a full-stop after "hate thee." I prefer your punctuation. "Corruption wins not more, etc." seems to be the converse of "honesty is the best policy," only expressed with more energy and elevation. The whole passage is a beautiful paraphrase of the gospel law of love and unselfishness, "He that saveth his life shall lose it; and he that loseth his life shall save it." We must die to live. You will see this thought beautifully worked out in Caird's book on Hegel (towards the end) in Blackwood's Philosophical Classics. Yours most truly,

WILLIAM CLARK.

Dr. Clark Murray answered as follows:—My Dear Sir,—I regret that your letter did not reach me before I left Montreal, as here (Cap a l'Aigle) I am away from all books, and I should like to have consulted a good edition of Shakespeare. But you have the Parliamentary library at hand; and though I do not suppose it is rich in Shakesperian literature, I have no doubt it contains one or two editions of the poet that are serviceable for ordinary purposes. As to the punctuation, there is a certain latitude in the practice of different writers and of different readers in printing offices; but I do not think that any material improvement would be made by altering the punctuation you have adopted.

With regard to the second line, I take it to be a paraphrase of the proverb, that honesty is the best policy. Corruption does not in the long run gain for any man more than can be won by honest dealings. I fear that you may find that you have done me an unmerited honour in according to me any particular Shakesperian scholarship; but it is the principal pleasure of my life to place at the service of others whatever information I have. Thanking you for your courteous expressions, I am, yours very truly,

J. CLARK MURRAY.

A RESIDENTIAL HALL.

To the Editor of The Week:

Sir,—It is gratifying to note the number of reputable journals concurring with you in the opinion that intellectual culture is not prejudicial to industrial pursuits. This higher education, now passing through the ordeal of discussion, has been participated in for the past

ten years by a small, but yearly increasing, number of the women of our Province. Their coming to undertake the secluded, arduous work of student life for the four years' course of the universities, at an age when social pleasures are most inviting, shows that they and their friends appreciate the benefits of advanced education and have no fear of undesirable consequences. Doubtless, too, when this application of extended mental training has been a matter of sufficiently long experience for a summing up of results, our educated women will be found not the less, but the more, disposed to sweep a floor or order the house as by God's laws.

We shall not need to wait for centuries more ere the character of its fruit be seen, although woman's advance to-day to share man's highest educational privileges is but the slow blossoming in this nineteenth century epoch of the seed divinely implanted at creation. The shaping of the fruit may be discerned while the petals are yet unfolding, and the indications so far do not justify the fear sometimes expressed, that injury to woman's health and a distaste for domestic duties would ensue from her pursuit of academic studies. The number of women graduated from our Provincial university is not yet very large, and the time is short, but the disposition shown by these few in the regulation of their lives indicates what is likely to be repeated with few exceptions by the larger numbers during the years to come. The present university women show all the signs of physical vigor in the energy with which they pursue tennis and other developing exercises. They go through the successive years of study and examination with fewer collapses than their sturdy brothers. Graduation over, they return with zest to the occupations of the home circle, bringing into it a world of new interests; some fill teaching positions, earning a livelihood as they would have been doing had they not received the higher education and the better equipment; others are finding happy anchorage in homes of their own. No regrettable departure from the established order is noticeable. On the contrary, a recent movement of these graduates towards the building of a college home for their successors in the undergraduate course, who must leave home to attend lectures, shows the enduring instinct in woman's breast that her fitting sphere is in conserving and extending home attractions. This is one small leaf upon the waters showing in what direction the tide of this higher education of women is carrying us. It is pointing to the safe harbour of more intelligent and therefore happier homes.

The dire prophecies as to effects on woman's character certainly pay tribute to the exceeding power of education. In the process of her mental training it was expected her emotions would atrophy and all the sweet charities of her nature wither. We should have a creature self-assertive, self-absorbent, altogether so self-centred as to have no distinctive womanly characteristics. The women graduates are giving us the earnest of better things in the exercise of their right royal womanly prerogative to make smoother for others, by removal of material hindrances, the road to learning. They show the grace of home benevolence extended to those whom they recognize they ought to love, and whom did they know they would so esteem, "instructed that true knowledge leads to love." Therein is the *esprit de corps* of higher education. We may see its power to deepen the feeling of obligation, to quicken the sense of duty, in the spirit of these graduates who are setting themselves to the task of sending on to others, bettered by their own sacrifices, the educational privileges opened to them.

A limit to the beneficent power of education there is, it must be confessed, if no resource is found in all its stores than can transmute the high concept into the solid material necessary for its concrete embodiment. The alumni of the Provincial university may well be moved by a wholesome envy of the women graduates who are thus early called to the duty of self-help before breathing deeply the lotus air of governmental fostering,—called early too to seek a way for the crystallizing of their altruistic visions before these dissolve in the

thin cold air of worldly calculation. No great financial power is seen in reserve to promote their decisions, yet, into the counsels of these women the paralysis of doubt is not permitted to enter. As they recall the philippics launched against their admittance to lecture-rooms, from noble opponents who were conquered ere convinced, and remember the long, slow procession of petitions before their first purpose was achieved, they come with a firmer confidence to this subsidiary aim of fixing a residential hall on college grounds. The woman graduate sees her name written fair upon college records with the imprimatur of the university to her scholarship, and, as she reads its history in the pleasant days of idleness put from her to welcome long hours of laborious study, she realizes that its place there was not too easily won. She may well be jealous for the lustre of its setting and give herself no surcease of endeavour until her alma mater stands equal to other progressive universities in its equipment for her especial needs. From the spirit evinced, it may be looked for, that no woman graduate will rest content until at least one shapen stone from her hands finds its place in the graceful edifice that shall be seen to stand in college precincts, voicing the alumna's welcome to its homelike shelter for the young matriculant. Large benefactions may not come to encourage this work, but, by the quiet, magnetic drawing to her object of the good-will, the active sympathy and the willing contribution of the friends of education, the end will be attained. She will gather the material to her purpose in simple, unregarded ways, in unrecorded acts of service, from influences unrecognized or felt and forgotten, always in the sustained effort of the spirit that sweareth to one's own hurt and changeth not. When this women's residence is completed, the alumna will have a substantial result from the intangible forces that lie in education, and she may see the process in the figure of the myriad-crested waves, each rising to catch a beam of the friendly beacon light, each in turn surrendering it to its successor, until a broad and widening pathway of radiance extends far out upon the night-enshrouded sea. Yours truly,

VERNA.

A MILKING SONG.

I.

Along the path, beside the eglantine,
And at his heels old Rover,
Robin merrily moves where browse the kine
Amid the sweet white clover;
At the dim wood-edge strawberries shine
Set in many a tangle,
From the swamp ring the chime o' the milking
time—

The veery's cingle-clangle.
Hie there, Cherry!
Brindle, trudge along!
Bell, in echo, answer
Back the veery's song!

II.

Across the rippling, lush green oats
The meadow-larks are calling,
A thin cloud over the new moon floats,
The early dews are falling,
Yet Robin stays not to count the stars
That lightly gild the heaven,
For see, he's letting down the bars,
And home the cows are driven!
There no longer linger
Roan wi' the white face;
Daisy dear, remember
The old milking place.

III.

Who is tripping in twilight down the lane
Mint 'round her kirtle clinging?—
Lilting Love's most witching strain,
'Tis Marion lightly singing,
With fingers deft she flingeth the gate
Wide open to the herd,
And Robin is paid by the milking-maid
With a smile and a kind, kind word.
Gentle there, good Brindle,
Yield your milk to me!
So, so Cherry, spare your best
To serve for Robin's tea!

ROBERT ELLIOTT.

"Tamlaghmore"—Plover Mills.

ART NOTES.

D. Appleton & Co. announce that Dr. Mombert, author of "Charles the Great" and for a number of years American chaplain at Dresden, will issue this autumn "Raphael's Sistine Madonna," a critical and interpretative study, embellished with photogravures made after the original at Dresden, and the related paintings in the Barberini, Pitti and Bologna Galleries, for the first time printed together, in a quarto *edition de luxe*, containing also about sixty pages of letter-press.

Napoleon was at that time moderately stout. His stoutness was increased later on by the frequent use of baths, which he took to refresh himself after his fatigues. It may be mentioned that he had taken the habit of bathing himself every day at irregular hours, a practice which he considerably modified when it was pointed out by his doctor that the frequent use of hot baths, and the time he spent in them, were weakening, and would predispose to obesity. Napoleon was of mediocre stature (about 5 feet 2 inches), and well built, though the bust was rather long. His head was big and the skull largely developed. His neck was short and his shoulders broad. The size of his chest bespoke a robust constitution, less robust, however, than his mind. His legs were well-shaped, his foot was small and well-formed. His hand (and he was rather proud of it) was delicate and plump, with tapering fingers. His forehead was high and broad, his eyes gray, penetrating, and wonderfully mobile; his nose was straight and well shaped. His teeth were fairly good, the mouth perfectly modelled, the upper lip slightly drawn down toward the corner of the mouth, and the chin slightly prominent. His skin was smooth, and his complexion pale, but of a pallor which denoted a good circulation of the blood. His very fine chestnut hair, which, until the time of the expedition to Egypt, he had worn long, cut square and covering his ears, was clipped short. The hair was thin on the upper part of the head, and left bare his forehead, the seat of such lofty thoughts. The shape of his face and the *ensemble* of his features were remarkably regular. In one word, his head and his bust were in no way inferior in nobility and dignity to the most beautiful bust which antiquity has bequeathed to us. Of this portrait, which in its principal features underwent little alteration in the last years of his reign, I will add some particulars furnished by my long intimacy with him. When excited by any violent passion his face assumed an even terrible expression. A sort of rotatory movement very visibly produced itself on his forehead and between his eyebrows; his eyes flashed fire; his nostrils dilated, swollen with the inner storm. But these transient movements, whatever their cause may have been, in no way brought disorder to his mind. He seemed to be able to control at will these explosions, which, by the way, as time went on, became less and less frequent. His head remained cool. The blood never went to it, flowing back to the heart. In ordinary life his expression was calm, meditative, and gently grave. When in a good humor, or when anxious to please, his expression was sweet and caressing, and his face was lighted up by a most beautiful smile. Amongst familiars his laugh was loud and mocking.—*A Portrait of Napoleon: "Memoirs to Serve for the History of Napoleon I. from 1802 to 1815," by Baron de Méneval.*

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

It appears from European papers that Mascagni has signed an agreement with Abbey and Grau to conduct at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York, next spring, his operas, "Ratcliff" and "Cavalleria Rusticana."

Mr. Walter H. Robinson will resume giving lessons in Voice Culture at his studio 143 Yonge St., next Monday, Sept. 10th. Besides studying with Mr. W. Elliott Haslam, late of Toronto, and Mr. R. Thos. Steele, of Hamilton, Mr. Robinson has studied with Mr. Alberto Randegger, and Mr. Whitney Mockridge, of London, England.

The Wagner festival last week at Brighton Beach given by Mr. Anton Seidl and his forces was a great success. Richard Wagner is a name to conjure with even in the dog-days. And westward the course of his empire has wended its way. America is just beginning to understand the true Richard Wagner, thanks to Mr. Anton Seidl, his prophet on this side of the Atlantic Ocean.

The mythological ballet is out of fashion in France, and has been so for the past 50 years, but it seems to flourish still in Russia. They are preparing now for the immediate production in St Petersburg of a new ballet, entitled "The Awakening of Flora." The music has been written by Ricardo Drigo, who is also charged to compose a work of a similar character for the nuptials of the Czarewitch with Princess Alix of Hesse.

Julia L. Wyman, the excellent contralto, has just returned from Paris to remain in New York during the coming season. The young artist sang the part of "Dalila" under the personal direction of Saint-Saens in various cities of France. She also made a short tour with Mme. Chaminade, whose songs find such a marvellous exponent in the fair singer. Mrs. Wyman has been specially engaged to sing in Verdi's "Requiem Mass" at the Worcester Festival. She will also make a tour with the Boston Orchestra, the Thomas Symphony Orchestra, Anton Seidl's Metropolitan Orchestra and will be heard with the more important musical societies.

The London *Musical Times* referring to the recent Covent Garden Opera season, writes: "Not only have the French or French-trained singers once more proved their incontestable superiority over all comers as executants, but the French composers have asserted their predominance in the repertory to an extent that has been quite unprecedented. The season of 1894 has been pre-eminently a French season, no less than three important novelties—'Werther,' 'La Navarraise,' and, above all, 'L'Attaque du Moulin'—having been of French origin as against two Italian operas, 'Falstaff' and 'Manon Lescaut'; while amongst the stock pieces of the repertory, 'Faust,' 'Romeo et Juliette,' and 'Carmen' have fully maintained their popularity. As a producer of new operas, Germany has fallen hopelessly into the rear, having been represented at Covent Garden by only a single act opera from the pen of Mr. Emil Bach, while in Germany itself the operatic stage, if we exclude Wagner, seems to be almost entirely given up to young Italians or Scandinavians."

Says the *Musical Courier*: "Signor Sonzogno has at last been installed as im-

presario of La Scala in Milan; he has given up the subvention of \$40,000, but the municipality will provide the theatre, orchestra, ballet and stage hands. He will give next winter Mascagni's new operas, 'Ratcliff' and 'Silvana,' Massenet's 'Navarraise' and Franchetti's 'Azrael.'" Is it not almost time to stop talking about the composer's this or that and to absolutely disregard the main-spring, the inspiration of any composition, the librettist? Where would Mascagni be were it not for the unknown and disregarded authors whose dramatic story which inspired "Cavalleria Rusticana" was stolen? Where would Massenet's "La Navarraise" be were it not for Jules Claretie's story "The Cigarette?" Unborn. Where would Jules Claretie's story be were it not for Massenet? Just where it is now, one of the cleverest short stories ever written. How many composers have seen their work go under simply because the libretto had not inspired them? Why not give the man with the idea some credit as well as the man who works in it?

LIBRARY TABLE.

A CHANGE OF AIR. By Anthony Hope. New York: Henry Holt & Company.

To all who love a good tale we cordially recommend this book. It is quite equal to, if not better than "Zenda," by the same author, which was so favourably received by the public, and caused so much encomium on the part of the press in England as well as in America.

RECOLLECTIONS of a VIRGINIAN in the MEXICAN, INDIAN and CIVIL WARS. By General Dabney Herndon Maury. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

As a record of personal reminiscence nothing has appeared for a long time that comes up to this book. The field covered is most extensive, and the ground has been in part gone over by others, but General Maury's incidents are all new, and are put in a clear, terse style that lends additional charm to his narration.

HILL-CREST. By Mrs. Flewellyn. Toronto: Cooper & Co.

The author of this story is said to be a Canadian by birth, but is now a resident of Lockport, in the State of New York, in which State the plot of her tale is laid. It may be briefly described as the chief incidents and struggles in the lives of four motherless girls, well and interestingly told; and although we cannot commend the author's style, yet the moral tone of the book is unquestionable, and it ought to find a place in every Sunday school library.

THE UNBIDDEN GUEST. By E. W. Hornung. London: Longmans, Green & Co. New York: 15 East 16th Street. 1894.

This is an Australian tale written by one who knows Australia. Whether or not the author has grasped some of the universal characteristics of human nature or not, he has certainly painted in somewhat unnecessarily startling colours much, that if not artificial, is accidental rather than inherent. For all that, in the character of "Missey," who is herself the unbidden guest, we see something that resembles power, if not exactly the power of a great artist. This girl who smokes and swears conveys to us always the suggestion of a refinement of which she herself is unconscious. In the midst of every condition which would tend to annihilate it, charm is retained. With most novelists, certainly with most English novelists, "Missey" would be an unnecessary impossibility; in the hands of Mr. Hornung her peculiarities will be studied with interest if not

with admiration. The plot is well sustained and the author's style free from most phases of affectation.

THE NEW TIME: a Plea for the Union of the Moral Forces for Practical Progress. By B. O. Flower. Boston: Arena Publishing Company.

This book, from the pen of the able editor of *The Arena*, is composed of a series of papers which have, from time to time, appeared in the pages of that periodical. The subject is, and ought to be of great interest to all people; and we are grateful to the author for the large amount of valuable information he has gathered together and put into readable shape. At the same time we must confess we are unable to follow him in all the views and opinions he expresses—for instance, when he writes:—"Only education, justice and freedom can avert the shock and devastation of bloody revolution. Freedom which will be unknown until the greatest wealth-producing nation, the land which might be the most independent of all governments ceases to become, year by year, more and more hopelessly a debtor to the nations which are wealth-absorbers, and which, shorn of the power to thrive by craft, would no longer be in position to fatten off the wealth-earning peoples.

"A step toward this end will be taken when the United States demonetizes gold and makes her own notes, based on her actual wealth and the integrity of the nation, the only recognized legal-tender money; notes sufficient in volume to permit free exchange in a business carried on practically on a cash basis instead of the credit system, though not so great as to be impaired by representing more than a conservative per cent of the actual wealth of the nation."

Such rash statements and opinions as these detract very much from the value of the book as a whole.

PERIODICALS.

"School Excursions in Germany" is the name of the opening paper in the current issue of *The Century* from the pen of J. M. Rice; this interesting paper is followed by "Playgrounds for City Schools," by Jacob A. Riis, Joseph B. Bishop writes upon the "Price of Peace," Anna Fuller contributes a clever short story entitled "Jake Stanwood's Gal." Readers of this magazine will welcome the fifth in the series of papers entitled, "Across Asia on a Bicycle." M. C. W. Oliphant writes upon "Addison the Humorist." The fifth chapter of "A Bachelor Maid," by Mrs. Burton Harrison is reached in this issue. Amongst other interesting contributions we would mention "A Gentleman Vagabond," by E. Hopkinson Smith.

In the current issue of *Harper's*, Caspar W. Whitney treats upon that interesting subject, "Riding to Hounds in England," "The General's Bluff," by Owen Wisten is an amusing short story. "Early Summer in Japan" is the title of a contribution by Alfred Parson. Anna C. Brackett writes some pretty lines entitled "Within." Charles W. Warner's serial, "The Golden House," is continued in this issue. W. E. Norris tells the tale of "The Tug of War" with considerable animation. That popular writer, Brander Mathews, commences a serial entitled "The Royal Marine," an idyl of Narragansett Pier. Mary E. Wilkins contributes a pleasant sketch of "A New England Prophet" John White Chadwick discusses "The Origin of a Great Poem."

The stories and descriptive articles that are given in *St. Nicholas* for September will be sure to satisfy the most exacting boy or girl, and there is a wealth of amusing poems and accompanying pictures. Molly Elliot Seawell's serial, "Decature and Somers," has another instalment, and the pictures are exceedingly spirited. W. F. Hornaday has a graphic account of "A Wonderful Monster—The Walrus," which is profusely illustrated. "The

Wreck of the Markham" is a stirring and true story of the Nantucket Shoals and of the work of the Life-Saving Station, by Edwin Fiske Kimball, illustrated. Palmer Cox, in "The Brownies Through the Union," tells of the adventures of the funny little fellows in Kentucky and in the Mammoth Cave. The young readers will be especially interested in John W. Palmer's story of "A Little King with a Long Name," ten years of age, who ruled the dominion of Nepal some twelve years ago.

A continuation of Prof. James Sully's "Studies of Childhood" opens the *Popular Science Monthly* for September. The special subject of this paper is "The Imaginative Side of Play," and it shows, by means of many incidents, how strong is the power of "making believe" which children use in their plays and also throws some light on their behavior with dolls and pictures. The preparations that are being made for "Commercial Power Development at Niagara" are fully described by Ernest A. Le Sueur. The possibilities of this undertaking are enormous, and the prospects seem good for realizing a considerable portion of them. The paper is graphically illustrated. Under the title "Ethical Relations Between Man and Beast," Prof. E. P. Evans shows how the doctrine that the earth was made for man has fostered cruelty to animals. A new plan for reaching the North Pole is offered by Stuart Jenkins in an article entitled "Arctic Temperatures and Explorations." The writer gives his experience in enduring extreme cold as a Canadian surveyor, and presents details as to route, equipment, and time for a successful polar expedition. A fully illustrated paper about "Barbaries; A Study of Uses and Origins," by Frederick Le Roy Sargent, gives much interesting information. There is an article of charming interest, by the late Frank Bolles, on "The Humming Birds of Chocurua." Other good articles there are which make up the number.

The September number of *The North American Review* contains some articles of decided interest. The first place is given to a paper on the late Lord Chief Justice of England, by Lord Russell of Killowen, the present Lord Chief Justice. One would naturally expect a great intellectual treat from a combination of such illustrious names, but though the article is necessarily interesting because of the writer's exalted position, we venture to think it a rather commonplace production. Mr. W. H. Mallock deals with the significance of Modern Poverty, and whilst showing that it is the relative amount of poverty one must consider and not the absolute amount, he hits some pretty blows at Mr. Henry George and the Socialists. The great problem to be solved is not how to revolutionize our institutions in the interests of the unfortunate, but how to absorb the unfortunate into the society which Socialists are anxious to destroy. Three men of affairs write of China and Japan in Korea, Mark Twain comes heroically to the defence of Harriet Shelley, and Professor Blaikie discusses the Peasantry of Scotland. We commend to the earnest attention of all women, Mr. William Walsh's remarks on the Conceited Sex. Mr. Walsh seems to think that women are very far from perfection—especially the strong-minded and would-be intellectual kind—and has the courage to say so. Dr. Stewart, of Quebec, writes briefly of Restless French Canada. What he has to say is well worth careful consideration.

Brazilian grass never grew in Brazil, and is not grass; it is nothing but strips of palm-leaf.

Burgundy pitch is not pitch, and does not come from Burgundy; the greater part of it is resin and palm oil.

A thousand wrongs and abuses that are grown in darkness disappear, like owls and bats, before the light of day.—James A. Garfield.

LITERARY AND PERSONAL.

Mr. Jerome K. Jerome is said to be writing a play.

Mr. George Moore's next novel is to appear first in serial form in the *Idler*.

Mr. Thomas J. Wise has just begun publication, in the pages of the *Athenaeum*, of his "Bibliography of the Works of Robert Browning." It will afterwards be extended, and issued in parts to subscribers.

Mr. Shadwell, of Oriel College, will select from Walter Pater's papers such matter as he thinks it advisable to publish. It is also proposed that several of Pater's friends prepare a memorial volume from their reminiscences.

The *Idler* is to be edited henceforth by Mr. Barr. Mr. Jerome will retain his interest in the magazine, but his increasing work on *To-day* has led him to resign the editorial direction. Both editors' names will disappear from the cover.

John Muir, the well-known California naturalist, has written a book on "The Mountains of California," being a description of the mountains, glaciers, glacial meadows, forests, etc., of the Sierra Nevadas. It will be fully illustrated and will be published this fall by The Century Company in a 12mo volume of about 350 pages.

The Prussian Academy of Sciences has granted to Professors Zeller and Diels \$2,000 for continuing the publication of the writings of the commentators of Aristotle. Professor Zeller took leave of his classes at the University of Berlin, on August 2, with a speech in which he said that his health had always been so good that in his 110 semesters he had never missed his lectures for a single week.

Messrs. Charles L. Webster & Co. will at once publish "Max O'Rell's" new book, "John Bull & Co.," which deals with "the great Colonial branches of the firm, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa." If we may judge of the whole book from the Australian chapter, which we read the other day in *La Revue de Paris*, the author has abated nothing of the wit, the shrewdness, and the lively intelligence characteristic of his earlier writings.

While the number of second and third rate novels yearly increases, those that deserve to be labelled A1 are as undoubtedly on the wane. The pitiable state of the German book-market is partly answerable for this result, since it has driven some of the ablest contemporary novelists, such as Sudermann, Gerhardt, Hauptmann, and Voss, to turn aside from their original and obvious vocation in order to write indifferent dramas, because these prove to be more remunerative than first-class novels. Veteran standard authors like Freytag, Dahn, and Spielhagen, who have been before the public for three or more decenniums, seem to labour under the delusion that whatever they now write must necessarily be worth reading, and that a writer who once has achieved fame has nothing further to do in order to keep it up but to go on producing with clockwork regularity a certain number of volumes per annum, whether or not these books are distinguished by any of those qualities which made the reputation of their earlier works.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

An essay of Emily Brontë, hitherto unpublished, will appear in the September number of the *Woman at Home*. It was found among the papers of the Héger family in Brussels.

We are asked to state, says *The Literary World* (London), that Mr. Gilbert Parker was neither a native nor resident of New Brunswick, as stated in an article a week or two back. He was born in Quebec.

Mr. George Augustus Sala is, we hear, making good progress with his long expected autobiography. It should, as at present arranged, form one of the features of the forthcoming autumn publishing season.

The Scribners announce Mr. Gladstone's translations of the "Odes of Horace, and the Carmen Sæculare," the fruits of some of the few leisure moments of his busy life. They will publish, also, J. A. Froude's "Life and Letters of Erasmus," which is arousing so much anticipatory curiosity.

The Edinburgh Edition of Mr. Stevenson's novels (Scribner) will contain some early papers of his, such as "The Philosophy of an Umbrella," "The Pentland Rising," written in 1866, his unsigned contributions to *The Portfolio*, and a part of the suppressed account of his voyage to the United States as a steerage passenger, "a journey," says *The Athenæum*, "which nearly ended the author's life."

Our Bubble is the title of a new publication, edited by Dr. Barnardo. Its object is to entertain and instruct young people and especially to awaken and sustain and interest in the work for homeless waif children. The magazine is issued in weekly and monthly parts, and is printed in colours. Several valuable prizes are offered to stimulate the industry and perseverance of its child readers. It is published at 279 Strand, W. C., London, England.

Leconte de Lisle, who has just died at the age of seventy-four, was one of the state-liest literary figures of the century. He has left behind him a considerable number of volumes, the chief of which are the "Poèmes Antiques" (1852), "Poèmes et Poésies" (1855), "Poesies Barbares" (1862), and his fine translations of Æschylus, Sophocles, Homer, Theocritus, Hesiod, Bion, and Moschus. In his time his influence has been very powerful over a large number of his contemporaries. But perhaps no one ever held so aloof from popular methods, or was so indifferent to popular applause.

"Westward to the Far East" is the very appropriate title of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company's new handbook, which describes in an exceedingly interesting and concise way how and what to see in visiting China and Japan. The book is beautifully illustrated, and, although the description is not elaborate, it will be read with keen interest, especially now that the difficulty with Korea has brought China and Japan under more prominent notice than hitherto. The work also contains "A Note on Korea," by Eliza Ruhamah Scidmore. At the end of the book is to be found a good number of words and phrases used in common Japanese speech, which may be easily learnt and will considerably assist the tourist in his dealings with shopkeepers, servants and coolies. This handbook would form a valuable addition even to a library.

G. P. Putnam's Sons add to their announcement for the summer season, as follows: Miss Hurd: *An Enigma*. By Anna Katharine Green, author of "The Leaven-

worth Case," etc, etc. This story, it is promised, will equal in interest any of the earlier works of the author of "The Leavenworth Case." Found and Lost. By Mary Putnam-Jacobi. This story forms the second number of the successful Autonym Library, in which library Mr. Crawford's "Upper Berth" has recently been issued. The Story of Venice. From the earliest times to the fall of the Republic. By Alethea Wiel. (A new number of the "Story of the Nations" series.) Cicero, and the Fall of the Roman Republic. By J. L. Strachan Davidson, M. A., Fellow of Balliol College, Oxford. The Flute Player, and Other Poems. By Francis Howard Williams.

From *The Literary World* (London) we cull the following:—

In 1882 Corea was still "the Hermit Kingdom," a land of mystery even to Orientals. In 1885 the capital, Seoul, was connected with Peking, and, through it, with the world, by the telegraph wire of civilization. But even the recent war, though war is always the best teacher of geography, has failed to give most people anything but a hazy notion of the land of indolence and poverty that is the apple of discord. A little book, which can easily be read in an hour, has been published by Messrs. T. Nelson & Sons to remove this ignorance. It is almost entirely extracted from Mr. G. W. Gilmore's "Corea from its Capital"; but an extra chapter on the present war is added. "Corea of To-day" has just the easy descriptive style that is suited to its purpose.

The "Miss Kipling," whose writings are beginnings to be "seen about" in periodicals, is a Mrs. Fleming, sister to Mr. Rudyard Kipling. She is a well-known figure in the smart set at St. Andrews.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

BACK TO TOWN.

Any delusions that may have beset the summer vacationer from the city about the intensity of his own gregarious instincts are apt to be widely dispelled about this time of year, when, after his month by the sea or in the country, he first strikes a considerable town. It need not be such a very big town, but only a city with the ordinary appliances of city life, with hotels that are real hotels, not summer hotels; with shops, newspapers and people. It is really pitiable to see the poor creature's satisfaction in finding the commonest appurtenances of urban existence within his reach. The most ordinary sights bear a friendly aspect to him. The members of the Salvation Army that he sees in the streets seem to him like old acquaintances. The cigar store Indians are his long lost brothers.

Poor degenerate creature that he is, after viewing God's creation for a month, man's poor appliances possess a new charm for him. The visions he had in June of the delights of a life-long communion with nature have faded out, and he rejoices that his lot has been cast in the haunts of men. Even his work, that he had come so to despise, has charms for him again, and he thinks with relief, and even with enthusiasm, of having a task to return to every morning, and of the set task which is to occupy his active hours and relieve him of the obligation to choose between rival forms of laborious amusement.—From the "Point of View," in the *September Scribner*.

Old Diamond Jewellery



It frequently happens that a piece of Diamond Jewellery which has become "passe" may either with or without the addition of new stones, be so remodelled as to become "a thing of beauty and a joy forever."

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Cor. Yonge & Adelaide Sts.

ENDURANCE OF EXTREME COLD.

The second week in January we received word that Mrs. Abrey was in Battleford waiting to join us in camp. She had come from Toronto and had travelled across the open country in the mail sleigh from Qu'Appelle to Battleford via Duck Lake and Carleton. Mr. Abrey immediately left with two horses and carioles (*i.e.*, toboggans with raised sides of rawhide), and one halfbreed. He carried no tent. The distance to Battleford from our camp was over a hundred miles, through an open country, with here and there clumps of small poplar and birch.

I went on with the line, and the third day after Mr. Abrey left us reached the shore of Frog Lake, a few years later the scene of a horrible massacre. The next morning the cook came bustling in with the breakfast, his shirt sleeves as usual rolled up above his elbows.

"The bottom's dropped out of the thermometer," he said with a laugh.

I hurried outside, and, sure enough, the spirit had deserted the tube, and lay inclosed in the bulb—that is, it was lower than 62° F. It was startling, but there was no getting around the fact. The news spread through the camp, and the men came crowding round to see the unusual phenomenon. One man ventured the opinion that we had got to the North Pole by mistake, but they looked upon it more as a joke than anything else, and were perfectly satisfied, because it meant a holiday. Mr. Abrey had made the rule that when the thermometer went below —30° F., we would not go on the line. We afterward came to the conclusion that there was nothing to prevent our working at much lower temperatures, but the rule once established it was impossible to alter it without creating discontent among the men. I went out that day two miles from camp on snowshoes, just to see how it would go, and, although it was cold at starting, I was warm enough before I got back.

The next night the thermometer went down to —58° F., and the third night to —61° F. Now, according to all precedent, we should have spent those three nights cowering with quaking hearts over the stoves, and using up the cook's fat to make

the fires burn. As a matter of fact we went to bed as usual and slept without any fires at all. Not only that, but we suffered no discomfort. The only unpleasant thing about it was turning out of one's blankets in the morning to light the fire, and that I admit was cold, but still nothing that a strong man could not stand with equanimity.

But what will be thought when I state that during those three days of extreme cold, Mr. and Mrs. Abrey were on their way from Battleford to Fort Pitt, and slept out without any tent, and without keeping up a fire through the night? If a Canadian surveyor's wife could do this, a Canadian surveyor can get to the North Pole.—*From Arctic Temperatures and Exploration, by Stuart Jenkins, in The Popular Science Monthly for September.*

"GREASING THE WHEELS AT THE WRONG END."

Passengers by the railways are fond of tipping guards and porters, although they seldom give a thought to the engine driver. A correspondent of the *Strand Magazine*, who has been interviewing some drivers of expresses, obtained from one of them a story illustrating this. It seems that a fellow employe, described as an old stager, saw a gentleman give half-a-crown to the guard with a request that he would do his best to make up for lost time, as he wanted to catch a particular train at a junction. When the junction was reached, the train in question was just steaming out of the station, whereupon the passenger, annoyed, went up to the driver and said, "I think, driver, you might have enabled me to get my train." "Ah, sir," replied the driver, "you greased the wheels at the wrong end of the train."

AN OPTIMIST VIEW OF LIFE.

The discussions on Church "Reunion" at Grindelwald having closed, the remaining month of the programme will be taken up by the Literary and Scientific Section, which was opened on Monday night by Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson, M.D., F.R.S., who said that in his view the way to "make the most of life" was to try to be healthy in body and mind. He put the health of the body first, not because he considered it of the greater importance, but because it led the way, naturally, to the consideration of the subtler or diviner part, the mind. He once knew an engineer who had charge of a large stationary engine, which had been at work about ninety years, and had had eight masters, seven of whom had died or become disabled. "Very strange," said the engineer, "that an engine should last so much longer than a man." But the engine was equable in its work, it never ran loose, it was bright as a new pin, true in its vocation, clean in every point, was served with the simplest food of its kind, had its furnace tubes kept clear, and drank nothing but water. So it lived on, while its masters died—a striking lesson. Presuming human beings are born of good and wholesome constitution, they are, except for accidental destructive agencies, in a fair way to live five times their maturity, that is, five times twenty-one years, the natural term of the anatomical life—namely, 105 years—a term few reach, but which is attainable as a matter of experience, and so attainable as a matter of natural law, that the majority of men and women, would attain it if

they lived properly. No person is well and happy who is pained at the sight of useful success in others, or who would rather dwell on the failures than rejoice in the progressive career of other men. Communion with man and nature lifts the mind above the jealous maunderings of the wayward, contributing new hope and new impulse to those who feel that they are making the most of life.

AN HOTEL MAN'S STORY.

THE PROPRIETOR OF THE GRAND UNION, TORONTO, RELATES AN INTERESTING EXPERIENCE.

Suffered Intensely From Rheumatism—Six Doctors and Mineral Springs Failed to Help Him—How He Found a Cure—His Wife Also Restored to Health—Advice to Others.

From the Toronto World.

One of the most popular officers at the recent meeting of the Masonic Grand Lodge of Canada was Rev. L. A. Betts, of Brockville, Grand Chaplain for 1893-94. While on his way to grand lodge Rev. Mr. Betts spent some time in Toronto, and among other points of interest visited the World office. It seems natural to talk Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to any one hailing from the home of that world-famous medicine, and incidentally the conversation with Mr. Betts turned in that direction, when he told the World that he had that day met an old friend whose experience was a most remarkable one. The friend alluded to is Mr. John Soby, for many years proprietor of one of the leading hotels of Napanee, but now a resident of Toronto, and proprietor of one of the Queen City's newest and finest hostels, the Grand Union Hotel, opposite the Union depot. The World was impressed with the story Mr. Betts told, and determined to interview Mr. Soby and secure the particulars of his case for publication. Mr. Soby freely gives his testimony to the good done him by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. A few years ago rheumatism with its attendant legion of aches and pains fastened upon him, and he was forced to retire from business. "For months," said Mr. Soby, "I suffered and could find no relief from doctors or medicines. The disease was always worse in the spring and fall, and last year I was almost crippled with pain. From my knee to my shoulder shot pains which felt like red-hot needles. Then all my limbs would be affected at once. Half-a-dozen doctors, one after the other, tried to cure me, but did no good. The rheumatism seemed to be getting worse. As I had tried almost everything the doctors could suggest, I thought I would try a little prescribing on my own account and purchased a supply of Pink Pills. The good effects were soon perceptible, and I procured a second supply, and before these were gone I was cured of a malady six doctors could not put an end to. I have recovered my appetite, never felt better in my life, and I give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills credit for this transformation. My wife, too, is just as warm an advocate as I am. A sufferer for years she has experienced to the full the good of Dr. Williams' invaluable remedy, and recommends it to all women." "From what trouble was your wife suffering?" asked the reporter. "Well, I can't just tell you that," said Mr.

Soby. "I do not know, and I don't think she did. It's just the same with half the women. They are sick, weak and dispirited, have no appetite and seem to be fading away. There is no active disease at work, but something is wrong. That was just the way with my wife. She was a martyr to dyspepsia, never in perfect health, and when she saw the change the Pink Pills made in me she tried them. The marvelous improvement was just as marked in her case as in my own, and she says that her whole system is built up, and that the dyspepsia and sick headaches have vanished. She, as well as myself, seems to have regained youth, and I have not the slightest hesitation in pronouncing the remedy one of the most valuable discoveries of the century. Let the doubters call and see me and they will be convinced."

These pills are a positive cure for all troubles arising from a vitiated condition of the blood or a shattered nervous system. Sold by all dealers or by mail, from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y., at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50. There are numerous imitations and substitutions against which the public is cautioned.

Watering garden plants, as commonly practised, is an absolute injury to vegetation, for the reason that it is not done plentifully enough. When the earth is dry and hot, the application of a little water only increases the heat and has a tendency to make the soil more compressed and drier than before. The most of our soils are more or less calcareous, and the action of the sun's heat has the same effect as heat upon limestone. The carbonic acid is expelled, and when brought in contact with moisture heat is generated, and unless sufficient water is applied to overcome the heat, vegetation suffers.—*Farmers' Voice.*

According to the *Engineers' Gazette*, the oldest mathematical book in the world, which dates some 4,000 years back, and was written in Egypt, contains a rule for squaring the circle. The rule given is to shorten the diameter by a ninth, and on the line so obtained to construct a square; and this, though far from being exact, is near enough for most practical purposes. Mathematicians have long been convinced that the solution was impossible; but it is only a few years since they were able to demonstrate this. A German professor named Landmann published in 1882 a demonstration which was accepted by the scientific world as satisfactory.

Experiments with glass building bricks were begun in 1891 by M. Falcomer, an architect of Lyons. These bricks are hollow, being blown like bottles, and are given forms—such as cubes, hexagons, etc.—that permit of ready laying. A bituminous cement, with a base of asphalt, is used with them. The bricks serve as double windows, giving protection against both cold and heat; they are good insulators of humidity and noise, and they lend themselves readily to the decoration of buildings, either by their form or their colour. Many applications are foreseen. The bricks are neater than marble in meat markets, and are especially adapted for bath-houses, hot-houses, hospitals, refrigerating establishments, and buildings in which absence of windows would be an advantage. A hot-house of glass bricks is of about ordinary cost, saves fuel, and resists hail.

A PROPHET OF UNIVERSITY EXTENSION.

We make the following extract from one of the letters of Sidney Lanier in the August issue of the *Atlantic Monthly*. Among the many "prophetic voices" concerning University Extension, we know of none quite so clear and sure as this:

"During my studies for the last six or eight months a thought which was at first vague has slowly crystallized into a purpose, of quite decisive aim. The lectures which I was invited to deliver last winter before a private class met with such an enthusiastic reception as to set me thinking very seriously of the evident delight with which grown people found themselves receiving systematic instruction in a definite study. This again put me upon reviewing the whole business of Lecturing, which has risen to such proportions in our country, but which, everyone must feel, has now reached its climax and must soon give way—like all things—to something better. The fault of the lecture system, as at present conducted—a fault which must finally prove fatal to it—is that it is too fragmentary and presents too fragmentary a mass—*indigesta moles*—of facts before the hearers. Now if, instead of such a series as that of the popular Star Course (for instance) in Philadelphia, a scheme of lectures should be arranged which would amount to the *systematic presentation* of a *given subject*, then the audience would receive a substantial benefit and would carry away some genuine possession at the end of the course. The subject thus systematically presented might be either scientific (as Botany, for example, or Biology popularized, and the like), or domestic (as detailed in the accompanying printed extract under the 'Household School') or artistic, or literary.

"This stage of the investigation put me to thinking of schools for grown people. Men and women leave college nowadays just at the time when they are really prepared to study with effect. There is, indeed, a vague notion of this abroad; but it remains vague. Any intelligent grown man or woman readily admits that it would be well—indeed, many whom I have met sincerely desire—to pursue some regular course of thought; but there is no guidance, no organized means of any sort, by which people engaged in ordinary avocations can accomplish such an aim.

"Here, then, seems to be, first, a universal admission of the usefulness of organized intellectual pursuit for business people; secondly, an underlying desire for it by many of the people themselves; and thirdly, an existing institution (the lecture system) which, if the idea were once started, would quickly adapt itself to the new conditions.

"In short, the present miscellaneous lecture courses ought to die and be born again as *Schools for Grown People*."

The law is a gun, which if it misses a pigeon always kills a cow; if it does not strike the guilty, it hits some one else. As every crime creates a law, so in turn every law creates a crime.—*Bulwer-Lytton*.

Whatever is genuine in social relations endures, despite of time, error, absence, and destiny; and that which has no inherent vitality had better die at once. A great poet has truly declared that constancy is no virtue, but a fact.—*Tuckerman*.

PUBLIC OPINION.

The Hamilton Spectator: While the Hon. David Mills puts forth the opinion that millions could be saved in the carrying on of the government of the country, the Hon. Mr. Laurier still adheres to his opinion that the Provinces should get bigger subsidies from the Dominion Government. It seems quite clear that the Liberal leaders are yearning for another period of annual deficits.

The Halifax Chronicle: At a meeting in London the other day of the Peace Association Sir John Lubbock gave some remarkable figures. He said one-third of the national income was spent in paying for past wars, one-third in preparing for future wars, and only a third was left for the government of the country. From these facts he drew the deduction that there will be no reduction of taxation until the principles of the Peace Association become much more popular than they are at present.

The Brockville Times: There have been more people leaving the States than coming in for a long time past. Outgoing steamers have been crowded with steerage passengers, but not so the incoming vessels. It is a pity they have not Sir Richard Cartwright in the States to enlarge on the emigration question and prove over and over again that the country is going to the dogs. As Sir Richard does not find in Canada at present enough cause for lamentation to please him, we might loan him to the Yankee for a time. Even if they forget to return our political Jeremiah it is a question whether his own friends would regret his loss.

The Ottawa Citizen: If the Duke of Argyll had had the Grit party in Canadian politics in view, he could not more faithfully have pictured their position than he did when, replying to Lord Rosebery in the House of Lords the other day, he said: "Hitherto I have seen the leaders of the Liberal party like men standing on a watch tower to whom others would apply and say not 'What of the Night?' but 'What of the morning and of the coming day?' Where are you standing? Nowhere; but sitting on the fence, perpetually thinking on which side of it you will put your feet down in order to collect votes and unite the cabals of the different parties in the House of Commons."

The Manitoba Free Press: The English have never quite recovered their equanimity since an American yacht, with a real centreboard, had the unparalleled audacity to beat the vessel which bore the person and the fortunes of a Royal Prince. We have it on the authority of eye witnesses that not an Englishman or Englishwoman dared to cheer the *Vigilant* after her indisputable victory, and the mere mention of a centreboard has ever since caused them acute pangs. Even the usually sedate and diplomatic prince was a little testy when Mr. Gould said "centreboard" to him the other day. It is rather hard to be forced to admit that a principle which you have condemned is triumphantly practical.—*American Exchange*. This would be more applicable to the case if the facts of the case were reversed. As the *Britannia* has beaten the *Vigilant* about two to one in the races sailed it would seem that Mr. Gould rather than the Prince of Wales should be the testy one.



ALL THE STRENGTH and virtue has sometimes "dried out," when you get pills in leaky wooden or paste-board boxes. For that reason, Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are sealed up in little glass vials, just the size and shape to carry about with you. Then, when you feel bilious or constipated, have a fit of indigestion after dinner, or feel a cold coming on, they're always ready for you. They're the smallest, the pleasantest to take, and the most thoroughly natural remedy. With Sick or Biliary Headaches, Sour Stomach, Dyspepsia, Jaundice, Dizziness, and all derangements of the Liver, Stomach, and Bowels, they give you a *lasting* cure.

Headache; obstruction of nose; discharges falling into throat; eyes weak; ringing in ears; offensive breath; smell and taste impaired, and general debility—these are some of the symptoms of Catarrh. Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy has cured thousands of the worst cases,—will cure you.

THE OBJECT LESSON OF THE STRIKES.

Probably no reasonable man is disposed to deny that the employment of great aggregations of labor by great aggregations of capital has in it the inevitable possibility of abuses—the wise man would probably add, on both sides; and he would certainly add, not to be entirely settled by any science which altogether ignores the human element in the question. We are in the period of discovery in this matter; just before its great discoverers, let us hope; and everybody is trying it with his nostrums, as mediæval doctors did disease before intelligent medicine and hygiene. But surely, what the strikes did, if anything, was to add another to the many proofs that no cure can be effected by any systematic interference with the liberty of the individual. It is never safe to dogmatize on what the wisest still hold to be in debate; but probably it would be the nearest approach to safe dogmatizing to say that only that degree of organizing and combining will ever be permanent or successful which secures the best opportunity for the individual's development; and the moment it does more and despotizes him it loses its power and reacts like any other despotism. This is the theory of all successful government, and not all the plans of Socialism or Trades-unionism when they go beyond it, will ever change the result. There is only one permanent despotism: "Nature is not democratic, nor limited-monarchical, but despotic, and will not be fooled or abated of any jot of her authority by the protests of her sons." Whoever forgets that society is an aggregation of individuals, and that you cannot permanently change its insistence on the pursuit of its needs and wishes, or the nature of those needs and wishes, without changing individual human nature by easier and slower processes of education than those of Mr. Debs, seems to be in danger of this "pertness." It is Emerson, of course, who says this about Nature. Probably one could in no way so merit the derision of earnest Populists as to sit in the East and quote Emerson at them; yet surely, even by a Populist this may be read with benefit.—*From the "Point of View," in the September Scribner.*

Make up your mind to the prospect of sustaining a certain measure of pain and trouble in your passage through life. By the blessing of God this will prepare you for it.—*J. H. Newman*.

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SCIENTIFIC AND SANITARY.

The Broken Hill Mine in South Wales, Australia, whose output of silver for a long time averaged over 200,000 ounces per week, has recently made an extraordinary record. For the week ending June 2 the yield was no less than 675,913 ounces of silver, 1,822 tons of lead and 575 tons of copper, the total value being about \$533,000.

Electric welding has been used to remedy blowholes in defective castings by first drilling or chipping out the defect; and then heating the casting around the blow-hole in a gas or oil-flame blast. Scraps of steel are then introduced, and the electric arc is applied to melt them. The result is said to be a perfect joint, without seam or flaw of any kind. The practical value of such a method is apparent.

In Berlin there are several electrical victorias run by storage-batteries, and guided by a man who sits in the driver's seat. In Paris there are also three or four steam and electrical carriages which are permitted by the authorities to travel over the streets. They apparently work with smoothness and certainty, roll along swiftly, and only frighten a few horses. In New York City there are two electric carriages which occasionally arouse the sightseers on Fifth Avenue and in Central Park; but there is no general demand for conveyances of this kind.

M. Girard, chief of the Paris municipal laboratory, in late researches concerning the bacilli of cholera and typhoid fever, has once more proved the efficacy of acids in destroying microbes. He finds citric acid to be the most useful and powerful of all. One gramme, he says, added to a quart of tainted water, will destroy all the microbes that may be in it. Consequently, he recommends the use of natural lemonade as an excellent beverage at all times, and especially during epidemics. If necessary, a little bicarbonate of soda can be added as a means of neutralizing the acidity of the lemon.

The warm climate of India often makes the ordinary precautions against the undue expansion of rails in a railway track quite useless. For instance, it is stated that on a portion of the Rajputana Railway several miles of the permanent way were laid with Belgian rails which were all right in the morning, but exhibited a serious change during the heat of the day, the rails deflecting in and out fully three inches in a length of twenty feet; yet the expansion plates used had been increased from $\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ and even $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch, but to no purpose. Perhaps the numerous derailments recently reported may be attributed to the same cause.

Although the sugar-cane has been known and cultivated by man for thousands of years, its seeding has never been observed until 1893, and then, by a strange coincidence, it occurred and was noted by competent observers in widely separated points. Java and the British Indies. Some of the seeds were sent from both points to Barbadoes, and planted with extraordinary results. Scarcely two of the seedlings were alike, and the differences between individual plants were so great as to make the latter scarcely recognizable as belonging to the same species. One in particular is described as having long roots springing from every joint in the stem. In the ordinary cane these roots spring from the lowermost,

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 For particulars, address **The Rectory, Uxbridge, Ont.**, or E. A. McCreith, Esq., LL.D., Toronto General Trusts Co., Toronto.

and occasionally from the second or third joints above the earth. It is said that many new and superior varieties will result from this planting and that possibly some may be produced that will seed regularly.

It is now proposed to make ice by allowing natural gas to expand from its high initial pressure down to, or near, that of the atmosphere. Nature having done all the preliminary work of compression and cooling, the gas is ready to absorb heat from its surroundings immediately upon being released from confinement. All that would be necessary would be suitable coils or chambers into which the gas could be allowed to expand. It has been calculated quite plausibly that, with an ordinary gas-well, furnishing 1,500,000,000 cubic feet per day, about 50 tons of ice could be turned out daily at an expense of about 50 cents a ton. The gas, of course, after use would retain all its virtue for heating, and could be used, as at present, in manufactories and in private houses. In a certain way, therefore, this plan may be regarded as a proposal for affording something for nothing; a desideratum to which many in this world are constantly looking forward.

Bell Telephone Company,
 Walkerton Agency, May 15th, '94.
 Dear Sirs,—I sold your Acid Cure for 20 years, and during that time I never heard of a case that was not relieved and cured by its use. I have recommended it in bad cases of Eczema, Ring-worm, and never knew it to fail (when properly used) to effect a cure.
 Yours truly, W. A. GREEN.
 COURTS & SONS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Ouida deduces from history the facts that men of genius are fine, handsome fellows. So they are, as a rule; witness Tennyson, Musset, Scott—the strongest man of the Rough Clan—Marlborough, Goethe, Bonny Dundee, Burns, Longfellow, Sir Henry Taylor, Napoleon, Shelley, Byron—a gallery of beauties. The Popes and Voltaires are the exceptions.

A new journal for the study of questions pertaining to Africa, especially the problems of the christianization and civilization of the Dark Continent, has been begun by the German *Evangelischer Afrikaverein*, and is published in Berlin under the title of *Afrika*. It promises to be one of the most reliable journals of its kind, its first number containing articles from such authorities as Grundemann, Merensky, Muller, and others. It is a monthly, costing 2 marks.

One of the two new Academicians, M. Albert Sorel, is descended from a sister of Charlotte Corday, and therefore also from Cornouille. The first cause of M. Sorel's successful candidacy was his clever book on Madame de Stael, which so gratified her grandson, the Duc de Broglie, and her great-grandson, the Comte d'Haussonville, that they determined to show to M. Sorel their appreciation in a magnificent way. They therefore won to his support the "party of the Dukes" in the Academy.

A German paper publishes particulars of the shells discharged by the Germans against the French fortresses in the war of 1870-71. Strasburg heels the list with 202,100, whilst Belfort received 112,500; Paris, 110,300; Thionville, 16,600; Neuf-Busach and Fort Mortier, 11,200; Verdun, 8,900; Soissons, 8,400; Bitche, 7,100; Mezieres, 7,000; Toul, 6,700; Montmedy, 6,700; Longwy, 6,400; Metz, 4,900. Others follow with 3,000 down to 100. The grand total reaches 521,000 shells.

The unveiling of the remarkable statue of Alain Chartier in the Rue de Tocqueville, Paris, recalls an anecdote concerning him. His works were so much admired that one day Margaret of Scotland, wife of the Dauphin of France, afterward Louis XI., in passing through a hall where Chartier was lying asleep on a lounge, stooped and kissed him tenderly. When the lords of her suite expressed their surprise that she could have kissed such an ugly man, the Princess replied: "It is not the man I kissed, but that precious mouth from which have issued so many witty sayings and virtuous sentences."

Up to the present only seamen-gunners who are qualified as gunnery instructors have been eligible for the posts of captains of turrets in our battle-ships, but we are glad to see that the Admiralty have now taken a more sensible view of the qualifications necessary for this rating, and that seamen-gunners of the first class who are expert shots, and who show marked intelligence and ability, may be selected in future to qualify in the gunnery schools as captains of turrets with the rating of petty officers first class. While holding this rating additional pay at the rate of 3d. a day will be granted.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

Renewed efforts are being made in Germany this year to introduce a fish ration for the army. The experiment is being tried in the regiment of Guards. Similar

attempts have failed hitherto in consequence of the difficulties of transport, but technical arrangements have been made by which it is hoped that the supply of fresh fish can be kept up and sent to long distances inland even in the hottest weather. If these prove to be successful, on one or two days a week most regiments will have the benefit of a fish meal. This, it is hoped, will be a popular as well as an economical measure.—*Army and Navy Gazette*.

Several instances having been brought to the notice of the Government of India in which expenses incurred on account of military escorts accompanying political officers proceeding on tour within or beyond the frontiers of India have been charged to the military estimates where no provision for such expenses existed in those estimates, the Government of India has requested that it may be informed in future, as early as possible, by the authority demanding the escort, of every case where a military escort is considered necessary, detailed information being at the same time furnished as to strength of escort, amount and nature of transport required, and the approximate estimated cost involved.—*Broad Arrow*.

A PHRASE.

Dr. George Stewart has in the last *Atlantic Monthly* a pleasant little paragraph in which he attacks what he calls that "unpleasing and un-English" phrase, "it goes without saying." Dr. Stewart comments with regret upon the fact that this expression is found in widely circulated magazines, and that it frequently appears in the ordinary newspapers. He says:

Cela va sans dire, of course, we can all understand. In French it is not meaningless, nor is it inelegant. As the French use it, it has a widely different meaning from the English version. There is no genuine equivalent for it in any language out of France, where it originated. Dumas uses it with good effect in *La Comtesse de Charny*, and other writers have followed him. The literal translation as we have it is not effective, it grates on the ear, and there is nothing strong or helpful about it. To my mind it rather tends to weaken the force of the text. Why not say at once, and be done with it, "it is an evident fact," "it is a natural conclusion," "it is a truism," "nobody disputes it," "it is admitted." But what "goes" without saying? Can anybody tell?

The fact that this objectionable phrase has attained the popularity which Dr. Stewart admits that it has attained proves that it supplies a long-felt want, and is just the expression people were waiting for. There may be no actual English equivalent for *Cela va sans dire*, but what we would like some doctor well skilled in language to inform us is whether other languages have any genuine equivalent for "it goes without saying." If not we are sorry for them, while we rejoice that the English language is so much ahead. There may be objection to the use of that little word "it," but the substitutes suggested by the learned contributor to the *Atlantic Monthly* have that word. As for "goes" it is a most useful and expressive word: a thing that doesn't "go" is not worth saying. "It,"—the fact indicated—"goes without saying" is a simple and expressive and forcible way of saying that "nobody disputes it," and is quite as good as "it is a truism," a fact, we think, that goes without saying, even though we say it.—*From the St. John Globe*.

Black lead is not lead at all, but a compound of carbon and a small quantity of iron.

German silver was not invented in Germany, and does not contain a particle of silver.

Electric melting of metals, notably cast iron and steel, as produced by a new German process, is said to have some very great advantages. In crucible steel the new process shows an economy of fuel of more than half, which, for metal so difficult of fusion, is a favourable result.

Ottawa Citizen: Why do people write illegibly on hotel registers? In business a man ordinarily exercises a certain amount of care in the delineation of his signature. But even the person who most affects the distorted array of characters which passes among some for the sign manual of distinction, rarely manages to conceal his identity so securely in his regular signature as he does in the inscription of his name on a hotel register.

The Montreal Witness: In commenting upon President Cleveland's letter on the tariff a few days ago we remarked upon "the unwonted floweriness" of its expressions, and quoted the phrase "the deadly blight of treason has blasted the councils of the brave in their hour of might." It appears that President Cleveland is indebted to Tom Moore for those lines, which are almost word for word as they appear in "The Fire Worshippers":—

Oh, for a tongue to curse the slave
Whose treason, like a deadly blight,
Comes o'er the counsel of the brave,
And blasts them in their hour of might.

Mr. Cleveland no doubt supposed that these very suitable words were so familiar that a paraphrase of them would no more need to be credited to the author than lines from the Bible or Shakespeare.

The psychology of the weather is suggested by Dr. T. D. Crothers as a promising subject for study. He says, in *Science*: "Very few persons recognize the sources of error that come directly from atmospheric conditions on experimenters and observers and others. In my own case I have been amazed at the faulty deductions and misconceptions which were made in damp, foggy weather, or on days in which the air was charged with electricity and thunderstorms were impending. What seemed clear to me at these times appeared later to be filled with error. An actuary in a large insurance company is obliged to stop work at such times, finding that he makes so many mistakes which he is only conscious of later that his work is useless. In a large factory from ten to twenty per cent. less work is brought out on damp days and days of threatening storm. The superintendent, in receiving orders to be delivered at a certain time, takes this factor into calculation. There is a theory among many persons in the fire insurance business that in states of depressing atmosphere greater carelessness exists and more fires follow. Engineers of railway locomotives have some curious theories of trouble, accidents, and increased dangers in such periods, attributing them to the machinery." Dr. Crothers adds that the conviction prevails among many active brain-workers in his circle that some very powerful forces, coming from what is popularly called the weather, control the work and its success of each one.

QUIPS AND CRANKS.

Lady: I must tell you that we are very early risers. Irish Domestic: Well, ye won't dishturb me, mum; I shlake like a top!

Sniggins (angrily): Do you know that your chickens come over in my yard? Snooks: I supposed they did, for they never come back again.

"This beef-steak is so tough, the knife won't go through it." Restaurant keeper (shouts): Waiter, another knife for this gentleman."

Mistress: How is it that I saw a soldier hugging you in the kitchen last night? Maid: I don't know, ma'am, unless you were peeping through the keyhole.

Old bachelor: Do you expect to marry, or do you prefer to keep your liberty, Miss Van Sand? Miss Van Sand: What a funny question. I intend to do both.

"Your wife's new gown is a perfect dream," said Mrs. Kickshaw to Mr. Dimmick. "I think it must be," replied Dimmick. "I had a nightmare when I saw the bill for it."

A New York divorce lawyer's advertisement thus reads: Hymeneal incompatibilities as a specialty carefully adjusted. 'Tis slavery to detain the hand after the heart hath fled.

Wife: This is the third time you have come home tipsy this week. Hubby: D-don't be so p-pessimistic, my dear. You should think of the four nights I come home sober.

Aunt: So Teddy, I hear you were flogged in school to-day. Ted: Yes; but it didn't hurt. Aunt: But you cried? Ted: Oh, I did that to satisfy the teacher. I know what pleases him.

Mistress (angrily): See, Bridget, I can write my name in the dust! Servant (admiringly): Oh, mum, that's more than I can do. There's nothing like eddication, after all, is there, mum?

Mistress: How is it one never hears a sound in the kitchen when your sweetheart is with you of an evening? Servant Girl: Please, ma'am, the poor fellow is so bashful yet; for the present he does nothing but eat.

"Allow me, mademoiselle, to present this to you? No, no, I do not wish to accept a present." "It is a volume of my poems." "Ah, that is different. I could not have permitted you to give me anything of value."

"How true it is, my dear," observed Blifkins, who had been in a deep reverie, quite in the Shakespearian vein "that the good which men do is often interred with their bones." "I s'pose," snapped Mrs. B., "that there's so little of it, they don't think it worth keeping."

"Mary, I'm tired of your carelessness; look at that dust lying around, in the corner, and even on the furniture. It is six months old, at the very least." Mary (stiffly): Then it's no fault of mine, mum, for I've only been with you three months. It's the last girl you should blame, not me.

Doctor (to patient): What ails you? Patient: Indeed, I don't know. I only know that I suffer. "What kind of a life do you lead?" "I work like an ox, I eat like a wolf, I am as tired as a dog, and I sleep like a horse." "In that case I would advise you to consult a veterinary surgeon."

A lady in San Francisco engaged a Chinese cook. When the Celestial came, among other things she asked him his name. "My name," said the Chinaman, smiling, "is Wang Hang Ho." "Oh, I can't remember all that," said the lady. "I will call you John." John smiled all over and asked, "What your namee?" "My name is Mrs. Melville Langdon." "Me no memble all that," said John. "Chinaman he no savey Mrs. Membul London—I call you Tommy."

Miss Gladys (severely): Bridget, your manners are not good. You should not come into the room so suddenly when Mr. Callalot is passing the evening with me. Bridget (disgusted): Suddent! And is it suddent you call it, an' me wid me ear to the blessed kay-hole a full three-quarters of an hour!

"I am not rich," he said, "but if the devotion of a true and tender heart goes for anything with you, dear Clara—" "It goes well enough with me, Mr. Spoonbill," interrupted the fair maiden with a pensive look on her sweet face. "But how will it go with the butcher, the baker, the grocer? Those people must be considered, you know."

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