

THE WEEK

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THE WEEK.

Vol. XI.

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

CURRENT TOPICS.

We observed last week that we could not see how it is possible to justify on moral grounds the resolution of the City Council decreeing the reduction of salaries of its employees without notice, and even making the reduction retroactive. We did not believe that they could, "without serious disregard of right, carry out the policy proposed." We are not surprised, therefore, to learn that the Mayor is advised by professional authority that the resolution of the Council is illegal, and cannot therefore be carried out. The Council certainly did not establish its wisdom or gain prestige by its hasty and ill-advised action at the outset of its career. Still, the motive was probably good and the impulse in the right direction. This experience will teach it the wisdom of making haste slowly.

It is evident that the army of advertising agents who make it their business to travel over all lands and affix their hideous pictures and grotesque legends to every natural or artificial wall or other surface where it is likely to be an offence to the eye, have had their day and will shortly find their occupation gone, in Great Britain. Last year saw the formation of "a National Society for checking the abuses of public advertising." The Society has already six hundred or more energetic members. Branches are soon to be organized in the provincial towns. A Bill has been drafted by Mr. Edward Boulnois, M.P., who is acting in concert with this Society, to be called the "Advertisement Regulations Act." Among the provisions of this Bill is one for the absolute exclusion of any kind or sort of advertisement, or of "advertisement stations" from any "arable land or pasture land, woodland, garden, public park, common, inland or tidal water, foreshore or any part of the same, . . . or any tree, rock (or any part of the soil) . . . or at any railroad station distant more than 200 yards from the nearest booking-office." Provision is to be made for the removal of advertisements and "sky-signs"—beyond the reasonable and necessary professional or business signs attached to buildings—from streets, commons, and other public places. A somewhat similar Bill is already before Parliament, whether emanating from the same source we do not know. It provides for the prohibition of advertisements in public places in rural districts, and for the protection of pillars, posts, gates, fences, walls, hoardings, trees, "or any other thing whatsoever," that is visible to any person, on any "highway, main road, footpath, bridle path, railroad, canal, navigable river, or any place open to the public." If the British have been slow to move in the matter, it is evident that "thorough" is to be the word in the end, and that that end is not very far off.

Recent European despatches seem to indicate that Premier Crispi has pretty nearly succeeded in quelling, for the moment at least, the disorders in Sicily. In overawing the mobs of the island with a much stronger force than would ordinarily have been deemed necessary in dealing with so small a population, he has shown how well he understands, being himself a Sicilian, the fierce and fearless dispositions of his fellow-countrymen. It is said that

he will not remain satisfied with suppressing the manifestations of popular unrest, but will deal with the causes as well. So far as we can gather from various sources of information, the chief causes of the poverty and starvation which have led to the disorders are two—a merciless landlord system and the *Ostroï* tax. Owing to the old-time despotic rule, under which the men who worked the large estates were not permitted to live on them, the greater number of the three millions or so of inhabitants are collected in towns, though their occupations are agricultural. In addition to the ordinary taxes, which are oppressive enough, the *Ostroï* is a special tax levied by the municipalities upon everything which comes within their gates. Under this system the farmer who works his farm at a short distance from the town is actually compelled to pay taxes on the produce which he himself has raised when he brings it to his own home. Wheat, grapes, olives, flax, all must pay, in addition to all general taxes, their share towards the revenue of the little town in which he lives. How oppressive and exasperating such an impost must be can readily be imagined.

But the worst evil under which the poor Sicilian groans, or rises in mad insurrection, is probably the outcome of the peculiar landlord system under which he lives. There are, it appears, in most districts, no tenants, the vast farms of the absentee owners being cultivated by bailiffs, whose efficiency is gauged by their success in keeping wages at the lowest possible figure. These farms generally belong, not to individual landlords but to family *coparcenaries*. Under a system of compulsory division at death, they, or rather their products, for the estates themselves are not divided, are divided among the *coparceners*. These never reside upon their estates. The *Spectator*, from which this part of our information is derived, says that they would be compelled to live under police protection if they did so, a fact which of itself speaks volumes. The products being thus sub-divided and the *coparceners* non-resident, it may readily be understood that such a thing as a voluntary reduction or remission of rents is almost unknown. The condition of the Sicilian farm labourer, thus ground between the upper and nether millstones, must be anything but enviable. It is clear that to put down the riots by force is at best but a temporary expedient. Radical reforms are imperatively necessary. Whether Crispi's

strength and statesmanship are equal to the task of making and carrying out such reforms, remains to be seen.

We last week made a statement in *The Outlook*, one of the most reliable journals in the United States, the basis of a paragraph commenting on the condition to which many of the industries of the Republic have been reduced under the McKinley tariff. The statement in question was that the Kesbey & Mattison Company, of Ambler, Penn., a firm of manufacturers of chemicals, had posted in its works a notice requesting those of its employees who were in sympathy with the Wilson Bill to hand in their resignation to the superintendent. It now appears, from a retraction in the next number of *The Outlook*, that the president of the company has published an explicit denial that any such notice has ever been given by the company, or that any discrimination is made regarding either the political or the religious opinions of the employees. Thus it appears that the statement was a deliberate forgery, though *The Outlook* had the authority of the *Public Ledger* of Philadelphia, a very reputable journal, for its publication. There ought surely to be some way of discovering and visiting with condign punishment the perpetrator of so criminal a slander of the good name of a firm.

Ample and lamentable evidence is not, however, wanting, of the ruin that has been wrought, let us hope but temporarily, by the protective system in the United States, in making the industries of the country so largely dependent upon the uncertain props of high protection. The paralysis of industry, which is now producing such untold distress throughout the whole nation, and especially in its manufacturing centres, whatever its origin, is now undoubtedly being perpetuated by the uncertainties of tariff revision. How this effect is produced is easily seen. Apart from the cruel tactics of those manufacturers who have shut down, or have restricted operations, for the sake of effect while the Wilson Bill is under discussion, there are many with whom it is, no doubt, the part of common prudence to refrain as far as possible from paying high duties upon any considerable stock of materials, knowing that a short time hence the value of these materials will be reduced by just the amount by which the tariff on them is lowered. Meanwhile the partisans at Washington go on with their debates as if every legitimate argument had not long since been used over and over again, and as if the whole nation were not impatiently and painfully awaiting their decision. Some of the arguments used are decidedly amusing, as showing the lengths to which fondness for an opinion or loyalty to a party will sometimes carry a man. For instance, a Massachusetts repre-

sentative, the other day, actually took the ground that it would be a curse to the country if foreign nations would give the people all the cotton and woollen goods they needed for nothing. Another Congressman, confronted with Mr. Wilson's hard question how protection could be the cause of high wages when only about five per cent. of the workmen of the country were employed in protected industries, tried to get over the difficulty by replying that it was obvious that the employers of the ninety-five per cent. of unprotected labor must pay wages as high as those of the protected workmen, else their employees would leave them and go into the protected industries!

It is now stated, on what seems to be reliable authority, that on the expiration of the contract of the Education Department of Ontario with the three firms which have hitherto had a monopoly of the publication of the School Readers, the right of publication will be given to all competitors. That is to say, the Department which holds the copyright—subject, it seems, to the prior claims of publishers whose consent was not asked to the use of selections from copyrighted works controlled by them—will sell plates without distinction or reserve to all printers and publishers who will give some guarantee that the books will be put forth in good style and quality. This is, so far, as it should be, provided that the danger of combination can be guarded against. But that will be a real danger, nor is it easy to see how it can be effectually prevented. The trouble is that the one set of books and that only is authorized, so that any combination to maintain or increase prices cannot be met by the substitution of other books. While we cannot deny the force of the argument from public economy, and must admit that parents ought to be protected in some way from frequent and capricious changes of text-books, it is, on the other hand, clear that the style and quality of text-books will never be raised to a very high level so long as there is monopoly in their production. Under the present system, however free the competition may be made in the mechanical reproduction of the one authorized set of books, there is no inducement whatever for competent writers to prepare, or enterprising publishers to produce, better books intrinsically. It is superfluous to add that the question of the contents of these books is of vastly greater importance than that of their mechanical features, and that competition in improving such contents is much more desirable than competition in getting out the one stereotyped text in the best manner.

Apropos of the text-book question, it is to be hoped that, the remarkable article in the *Globe* a week or two since, calling for special legislation to set aside the rights of British copyright holders, so far as the Government and the schools are

concerned, was not approved by the leader of the Government, even though it may probably have been "inspired" by the Department of Education, in a moment of annoyance. It is undeniable that the action entered at this eleventh hour, on behalf of a British firm, is vexatious in the extreme. But if the action prevails under the copyright law, there is nothing to be done but to repair the original omission on the best terms possible. Should the prosecuting firm, or any other in a similar position, prove not amenable to reason, a movement to get out a new set of Readers, with all selections from authors whose copyright holders would not give cheerful consent, omitted, would probably soon settle the question. It is highly improbable that any such copyright holders would refuse as unique an opportunity to secure a free advertisement of their wares. The experience of the former Superintendent of Education, in New Brunswick, in getting out a similar series of Readers is in point. He as wisely as courteously took care, we are informed, to ask the permission of the copyright holders of the works of every author from whom he wished to quote, and such permission was, in every instance, if we are not mistaken, cheerfully given. But even if it were practicable, which seems to us exceedingly doubtful, the method of overcoming the difficulty proposed by the *Globe* would be unworthy of any administration. "Leave is light." The only honorable way to procure it in such a case, is to ask for it. When a Government begins to legislate away the property of citizens in its own interest, it will be time for citizens to look well to their rights and liberties.

"Fairplay Radical" returns to the charge with an array of facts and statistics of formidable length. With most of them we were already quite familiar. They have appeared and re-appeared in various forms in the anti-Home Rule journals. As to their conclusiveness in establishing the two propositions which they are adduced to prove, few of our readers, we venture to believe, will be nearly so well satisfied as is our correspondent. The first proposition is, in brief, that the contracting-out clause added by the Lords to the Employers' Liability Bill were not in opposition to the wishes of the majority of the workmen of Great Britain. It will be observed that the proposition is now so much milder than that laid down or implied in our correspondent's first letter that its identity would be hard to establish. The question was originally one of fact. In reply to the statement that the Lords were actually carrying out the wishes of the workmen, we referred to delegations from large and influential bodies of workmen who waited on Lord Salisbury in opposition to the amendment. We pointed also to the most significant fact that at the first bye-election in a working men's constituency (Accrington) the Con-

servative candidate, who had at first supported the contracting-out amendment, was forced by the stress of popular disapproval to "wobble," as the *Spectator* said; in reality, to change his attitude in regard to the question. It now pleases our critic to ignore these troublesome occurrences, notwithstanding his evident fondness for facts, and in order "to avoid a waste of valuable space," to fall back upon the *a priori* argument. As we dealt with this phase of the subject in our previous note, we will also save space by simply requesting the reader, if he feels the need of any further argument on the question, to ask himself whether it is not almost self-evident that to pass an Employers' Liability Bill for the protection of workmen, and then permit employers to contract themselves out of its provisions, would be mere child's play. We will dismiss the subject by reminding our readers that in interviews with workmen's representatives since the amendment was passed, Lord Salisbury has spoken in terms which, though indefinite, left the impression that the amendment may not be insisted on by their Lordships.

Our critic's second thesis, which he congratulates himself likewise in having proved, is "that the majority of the Home-staying Irish are either strongly opposed to or indifferent to Home Rule." Why, herein is a marvel, indeed! Is there such a thing as a Home Rule Bill? If so, where did it come from? Who wanted it, seeing that the Irish did not? Whence came the demand for it, real or fictitious, which has kept the whole British nation in a political ferment and well-nigh paralyzed the House of Commons for so many years? By what magic did Mr. Gladstone so far persuade the majority of the electors of the nation, after so many years of discussion, that this was the very thing needed to restore contentment to Ireland, the power of legislation to Parliament, and unity to the nation, that they gave him a majority of thirty-four for the express purpose of enabling him to enact a measure which, as we are now told, the majority of the section affected do not want, and to which, as "Fairplay Radical" would be the first to remind us, the majority of the English representatives are opposed? Is there some peculiar expression, "the home-staying Irish," or is it simply intended to remind us that under the peculiar conditions existing in the island in which, as "Fairplay Radical" assured us in his first letter, the Irish tenanted has advantages greater than those enjoyed in any other country, about half the population have emigrated within the last forty years? Of course, we all know that it is only "the home-staying" Irish who have votes. The fact that the great majority of them are very poor and that those who are not the "home-staying" Irish seem to have a good deal of money to

send them, suggests that their poverty cannot be wholly the result of racial weakness or wickedness. As we are anxious to save as much as possible of our space for other topics less threadbare, we merely suggest this strange problem of an effect without any adequate cause, which our critic sets before us. Those who take the trouble to think it out will perhaps conclude that "Fairplay Radical's" statistics, as he interprets their meaning, prove a good deal too much.

We can hardly take our leave of the subject without one or two additional remarks. Our critic still charitably assumes that we read on but one side of the question, mysteriously alludes to the misconduct of some "leading Canadian" daily, and proceeds to his chosen statistics. He will pardon us for saying that it was quite unnecessary to inform us, or our readers, that a large majority (though by no means all) of the Protestant and some of the Catholic clergymen, landholders, officials and others of the wealthier classes, who have so long been dominant in Ulster and some other localities in Ireland, are bitterly opposed to Home Rule. It is but according to human nature that they should be so. It is true, too, that these represent that "education, enlightenment, leisure, high station and political experience," which Mr. Gladstone cannot deny are "to a great extent"—mark the qualification—arrayed in the opposite camp. It is not unnatural that these, too, having themselves—as we could prove, did time and space permit, by another array of statistics showing the way in which civic offices and emoluments are distributed in the cities in which these "classes" are supreme—so long disregarded the rights of those not of their faith and order, should dread retaliation under an Irish local legislature, and should be unwilling to trust even the very strong guarantees which have been provided in the Home Rule Bill against every form of political injustice. For the full understanding of the situation it would be necessary not simply to take a few statements showing the present state of things in Ireland, but to recall the history of the unfortunate Irish from the day of the conquest until now; to inquire into the means by which Protestant ascendancy was gained and has been held; to ascertain how the landlords, who are not "home-staying," have acquired and used their property; to study the ways in which, and the means by which those whose supremacy is threatened by Home Rule have kept the government in their own hands and ruled the country "by the centralized systems of Westminster and Dublin Castle." Into all these facts, which lie at the very core of the Home Rule question, we cannot enter. Our critic need not have gone into statistics to prove that influential and excited individuals and bodies have threatened rebellion in case of the passage of the Home Rule

Bill. Whether they will be so infatuated as to carry out their disloyal threats and what means will be necessary to compel their submission to the authority of Parliament and the nation, we do not know. The crucial question is, in our humble opinion, simply that of right and wrong. If the Home Rule Bill is finally passed, as we have very little doubt it will be before five years, in some shape, whether under a Liberal or a Conservative administration, it will be because a majority of the British people believe it to be a just and statesmanlike measure, in full accordance with British principles and traditions, and the only means whereby a real and lasting union of the two peoples can be effected. When this is done, no British Government or Parliament will hesitate to use all the means necessary to give it full force and effect. To argue that a measure desired and constitutionally enacted by the majority of the nation must be abandoned because a prejudiced or self-interested minority threaten rebellion, would be to throw up the reins of constitutional authority and give place to anarchy. It would be to render representative government impossible. The wonder is that a "Radical" of any type should seem to regard government by the people, that is by the majority, as undesirable or impossible when objected to by certain "classes."

EFFECTIVE VOTING.

It would not be easy, we think, to find an honest, thoughtful Canadian citizen who is satisfied with our present method of electing representatives to our Parliament and legislatures. The strong objections to the system lie upon the surface. Not only are all great questions of legislation and policy determined by a simple majority, often a small majority, of the representatives chosen—this is perhaps a necessary evil under any representative system—but not infrequently, in fact almost invariably, there is a marked disproportion between the numbers of supporters of the respective parties among the electors, and the numbers of their representatives in Parliament or legislature. Everyone knows, for instance, that neither in the House of Commons, nor in the Provincial Assemblies, does the relative strength of the rival parties correspond at all nearly to that of the adherents of the two parties respectively in the constituencies. No one supposes, for instance, that there are one hundred and thirty-five supporters of the party now in power at Ottawa, for every seventy-five opponents of that party, in the Dominion, or that there are fifty-seven supporters of the party now in power in Toronto for every thirty-one opponents of that party, in Ontario. Yet those are about the proportions existing between the representatives of the respective parties in the two Houses. Nothing could more strikingly illustrate the unequal and unfair results of the present

electoral system than the figures last alluded to. In both Federal and Provincial politics the parties are designated by the same names, "Conservative" and "Liberal," and it is reasonable to suppose that the lines of division to a large extent correspond. Yet this Province, which, judging by the division of parties in its own legislature, contains almost twice as many Liberals as Conservatives, judged by the same criterion at Ottawa, contains more than twice as many Conservatives as Liberals.

The chief cause of these startling results is, of course, the "gerrymandering" of constituencies in favor of the one party by the one Government and in favor of the other party by the other Government. It also not infrequently happens that in half-a-dozen or a dozen constituencies the parties are so nearly balanced that the successful candidate is elected by a very few votes, yet the voters on the losing side are just as effectually disfranchised as if the majority against them were counted by thousands. This chance may tell on one side or the other, but it is clear that it presents a great temptation to the use of illegitimate and corrupt means to procure the few additional votes needed to turn the scale. In this kind of work the party in power has always a distinct advantage, if unscrupulous enough to use it.

Now it is very evident that the person, who, under such circumstances, can devise and bring forward a new method of voting which shall have the double effect of securing proportionate representation, or, in other words, rendering every vote or nearly every vote cast effective in procuring the election, if not of the candidate who is the first or even the second choice of the voter, yet of some one who represents his views, and at the same time of rendering the "gerrymander"—that meanest product of American democracy—useless, such person would well deserve the title of benefactor of his country. Such a method the advocates of the various forms of what is called "Proportional Representation" claim to have discovered or perfected. There are, as we have intimated, various forms of this system as wrought out by different persons or parties, but all may be regarded as but so many modifications of that famous Hare system. The essential feature of each is the single transferable vote.

Perhaps there is no simpler or more promising form of this general system than that so ably advocated by Miss Spence, of South Australia, a valued correspondent of THE WEEK, who has devoted many years and much ability to the advocacy of the system in Australia. As Miss Spence herself visited Ontario a few months ago, and no doubt made many of our readers familiar with the scheme of which she is so able and enthusiastic an advocate, it is the less necessary that we should go into details, in re-

spect either to the special features of the scheme, or to the arguments by which it is supported. Suffice it, for the present at least, to say that under this scheme the constituencies or districts would be made large enough to return eight or ten members each and each voter would be allowed to vote for as many candidates, up to this number, as he would like to see in Parliament. But his vote would count for but one, and that, the first man on his list who needed the vote and for whom it could be made available. To borrow an illustration from Miss Spence, herself, "It is like the subscriber sending a list of six books to the circulating library by a messenger—he having a right only to a single book. He writes the names of books in the order of his preference, and the first on the list which can be got the messenger brings. He does not expect more than one book, and in like manner, though the voter may have marked with the figures 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, the six names of men he approves on his voting paper, his vote tells only for one man."

The mode in which the surplus votes, that is those which a given candidate receives over and above the quota necessary for his election (which quota is obtained by dividing the total vote cast by the number of representatives to be chosen), and the ineffective votes, that is those cast for any candidate or candidates who do not receive the quota necessary to election, are disposed of, so as to make them effective in the election of other of the candidates preferred by the various voters, is thus illustrated by Miss Spence, in one of her papers upon the subject:

"In taking a poll after every meeting at which I lecture, with the enclosed voting paper to elect six out of twelve candidates, there is a limit of six put on the choice. But in point of fact nobody wishes to vote for more, and many vote for fewer. After the papers are collected the votes are called out by the first votes and handed to the twelve scrutineers who offer their services from the audience. These are added up and the whole number divided by six. Any candidate who has a sixth part of the votes given is elected. One or two may have more than this quota, and after setting aside the requisite number for his return, the remaining papers are allotted according to their second choice. After the surplusage is dealt with we take the man who has the fewest first votes, for whom it would be impossible to make up a quota, and distribute his votes to the second, unless the second is already in, when we take the third if he can use it. Thus we work up our minuses through the six lowest on the poll, always taking the lowest man for distribution till we make up generally five full quotas and one approximate quota so far above the seventh man that there is no question that he is the choice of the meeting. As a rule the first choice is effective in two cases out of three, so that the single

vote without the transferable vote would be an immense improvement on the present methods, but the transferable vote gives that accurate measure of the proportional strength of the two main parties and of outside parties which is so desirable. The contention as to the element of chance with regard to surplus votes must be met by laying down strict rules which apply to all. I feel certain that in large electorates there is no chance, but certainty."

The two main advantages claimed for this system are that it will give representation to minorities, whose members are virtually disfranchised under the methods at present in use, and that it will effectively dispose of the "gerrymander," bribery, and the spoils system. That it would go far to accomplish the second class of benefits seems clear. It would also undoubtedly give representation to a variety of opinions and interests which are not represented under the present system. Whether and to what extent this would result in real advantage to the cause of good government and promote sound legislation may be open to question. It would certainly enable the advocates of such opinions and interests to have special representatives in the legislature or Parliament. It is conceivable that in certain cases, in which these representatives were men of great ability, and the causes they respectively represented were capable of being sustained upon their merits, the presence of such advocates in the representative assembly might facilitate the securing after a time of the requisite legislative majority. But such cases would evidently be exceptional. Every case would have to be decided by a majority of the whole body of representatives. Whether the effect of the presence of a number of representatives, each returned as the special advocate of some new idea, possibly of some impracticable "fad," would be to save the time and increase the efficiency of the legislative body, or the opposite, is a question upon which there is room for difference of opinion. There is some cause for fear that a new evil would arise in the shape of arrangements and combinations among the representatives of various of these minority interests, which would be no less detrimental to good legislation and honest government than some of those methods which were to be superseded. Is it at all clear that the new system, under which every notion or project, as soon as it had attained a little strength, would be discussed in Parliament, would be better than the old, under which the real victory of any such innovation has to be won among the people themselves, outside of Parliament, before it can be legislated upon? These questions are merely tentative, our aim being rather to place the subject before our readers for their serious consideration than either to support or oppose the general principle of proportional representation. Certainly the need of some radical reform is obvious and pressing.

THE TORONTO ATHLETIC CLUB.

The proper care and cultivation of the body is essential not only to the full enjoyment of physical life, but to the proper and efficient discharge of its mental, moral, and spiritual duties. It was the father of Dr. John Brown, famous as the author of "Rab and His Friends," who, during his last illness, brought on by unwise and careless neglect said, "If God spares me I shall hereafter preach the salvation of the body as well as the soul." Who can say how much the various departments of knowledge owe to the bodily vigour and physical stamina of the athletes of the intellect? Professor Huxley, in his fine tribute to his friend, Professor Tyndall, in the last number of the *Nineteenth Century* says of him: "My friend's exploits as a mountaineer are sufficient evidence of his extraordinary physical vigour." This physical vigour played its part in Tyndall's studies of glacier action and formation. One does not need to go far for examples of the signal benefits conferred by physical culture. Who does not remember the stalwart Bishop Selwyn. It was but the other day that Sir Richard Webster, Q.C., of Counsel in Behring Sea case, visited Canada. Both of them were in their day noted English athletes. Over the archway, in the hall at "The Grange," are emblems of the chase showing that the learned author of the "Political History of the United States" went cheerily to follow the hounds, and not without success. Have we not seen him too, not many months gone by, playing a goodly game of tennis, at seventy. What gives to England's Gladstone, at his advanced age, his marvellous staying power, if it be not his active physical exercise? We do not argue for excessive training, such as enabled the famous Captain Barclay Baker, in early days in Ceylon, after a cup of coffee with tightened waist belt, on foot to follow the hounds and deer from morning till night; nor the strength of the Italian athlete who was afraid to take his baby in arms for fear of crushing it with an unguarded caress; nor yet that of Thomas Topham, who carried a sleeping sentry and his box so gently that he did not wake him till he less gently dropped him over a high churchyard wall. But we do urge the absolute need of moderate physical culture for all. That keen observer and philanthropic writer the Earl of Meath, in "Social Aims," comments on Lord Wolseley's demand for "men with large chests instead of large heads" for the army, and later on says, "It should never be forgotten that the mind is not likely to be healthy unless the body is in a sound condition," and again, "Physical strength is almost as much required in the peaceful contests of everyday life as in wars." For ourselves, we have throughout life found the benefit, to mind and body alike, of early gymnastic training never

wholly discontinued. The opening of the Toronto Athletic Club on Monday evening last, shows Toronto to be possessed of one of the finest and best equipped institutions of the kind on the continent. In it there seems to be lacking no essential department of physical culture, or provision for mental recreation, that could fairly come within its scope. From the huge swimming bath below stairs to the far huger gymnasium above, the appliances are of great variety, and the material and workmanship almost surpass expectation. For winter, skating is afforded in one of the largest open-air rinks in Canada, while during summer, for tennis and other seasonable games, ample provision is made. In some respects there are details yet to be completed. The prudence of the directors in consulting economy at the outset, is in this respect commendable. The Club House, with its equipment as it stands to-day, reflects the greatest credit on the Board of Directors, of which the Hon. John Beverley Robinson is President, and Captain Greville Harston Secretary-Treasurer, and which is composed of men of excellent standing and repute in the community. The architect of the building, Mr. E. J. Lennox, has also just cause to be proud of his work. The attendance on Monday evening could not have fallen short of four thousand persons, young and old. The entertainment provided was enjoyable, with one marked exception—the excellent part and chorus singing of the Toronto Lacrosse Club Minstrels was but poor compensation for the filthy jests of some of their number. There is a *real and well understood* distinction between a blackguard and a gentleman. We are no sticklers for a straight-laced prudery, but why, we would ask, cannot some three thousand people, including even clergymen, and mere lads, in their number, be entertained or amused without obscenity which is at once distasteful and degrading. Common decency at least should be observed on such occasions. We were glad to hear Mr. Suckling, President of the Toronto Lacrosse Club, publicly protest against such conduct, and Lieutenant-Governor Kirkpatrick honoured his high office when he with proper dignity emphasized the *Virtus, in Vis, Vigor, Virtus*, the motto of the Club. Nor were signs of disapproval lacking in the audience. Of course it would be very unfair to hold the directorate of the Athletic Club, or even of the Toronto Lacrosse Club, responsible for what must have been done without their previous knowledge or consent. With proper safeguards the Toronto Athletic Club will prove a power for good in our midst, and will enforce the need, as it will exemplify the gain, of physical culture. The directorate and officers are a guarantee of its efficiency and standing, and its influence on athletic culture will not be confined to Canada, much less to Toronto.

CAIUS JULIUS CAESAR.

"The black-eyed Roman, with
The eagle's beak between those eyes which
ne'er
Beheld a conqueror, or looked along
The land he made not Rome, while Rome be-
came
His, and all theirs who heir'd his very name."
—Byron.

The character, the faults and the virtues of such a Roman are surely worthy of our closest study. His praises have been sung in all tongues, and yet with his death did he atone for but one of his many faults. This man was considered by the Roman people to hold their very existence in his hands. When on one occasion he said, "I have lived long enough, either for nature or for fame," the eloquent Cicero satisfied his innate desire for flattery, by replying in brilliant words of praise: "Long enough for nature, perhaps, if so you will, and, I will also add, if so you like, for fame; but what is the most important point, certainly too little for your country. For who is so ignorant as not to understand that in your safety his own is involved, and that on your single life depend the lives of all?" Surely a man who thus held in his own hand the whole civilized world must be great and noble, and the time spent in contemplating his character will not be spent in vain.

We have several word-portraits of this "mightiest Julius," and in order to form a true picture in our own minds, let us study each one, and then compare one with the other. Let us look first at the Caesar of Shakespeare, and see how he was drawn by him, who understood human motives and human actions better than any other mortal; after we have studied his character we naturally turn to the Caesar of Plutarch, and then to the Caesar of the Roman historians. We are struck throughout by the remarkable differences between these portraits, and we try to offer an explanation. In this way we may be able to form a true idea of the greatest Roman.

The Caesar of Shakespeare is not a character to be admired. He figures only in one drama, and is then not exactly the hero. Indeed, the interest is not centred in one man, but it seems to change with each succeeding scene. In reality the hero's name could not appear in the "Dramatis Personæ"—it is Rome, our sympathies lie with Rome. Certainly Shakespeare does not wish them to be with Caesar. He appears in but three acts, and seldom does he touch a sympathetic chord in our nature. We are compelled to take two views of him, the physical and the mental, and each is as revolting as the other.

Cæsar is physically infirm. He has lost his early vigor and strength. He impresses us the first time he comes upon the stage, with the fact that he is troubled with deafness:

"Come to my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
And tell me truly what thou think'st of him."
Under a little excitement of his nerves he loses his self-control, and faints. When the crown was offered to him and his refusal was the subject for applause, in the terse words of Casca: "He swooned, and fell down at it; he fell down in the marketplace, and foamed at the mouth and was speechless." He is the victim of the falling sickness or epileptic attacks. In fact, everything is done to make him assume a low position in our eyes.

Cæsar is mentally infirm. He appears only to utter some grandiloquent speeches,

or by some few words to reveal to us the baseness of his nature. When his wife, in the presence of his servant, entreats him to remain away from the Capitol, this "Imperial Cæsar said :

" Danger knows full well
That Cæsar is more dangerous than he.
We were two lions litter'd in one day,
And I the elder and mere terrible ;
And Cæsar shall go forth."

But a moment later, when the boy leaves the room, he merely says :

" Mark Antony shall say I am not well,
And for thy humor I will stay at home."

This shows not only the cowardice, but also the meanness of the man. Upon recognizing his pettiness in stooping to such measures in order to deceive a servant, we are forced to ask in surprise : " Is this the Cæsar ' that did awe the world ' ? " We have a splendid example of Cæsar struggling between his pride and his fears in his interview with Decius Brutus, at his own house. It is not through bravery that he accompanies Decius, but it would have hurt his pride too much to refuse ; he was simply shamed into going. This scene gives us such great confidence in the insight into human nature which Decius possesses, that we will accept without question his delineation of Cæsar's character in another instance :

" But when I tell him he hates flatterers,
He says he does, being then most flattered."

But we have his own authority for some of these base qualities. He is suspicious :

" I do not know a man I would avoid
So soon as that spare Cassius."

Such men as he be never at heart's ease
Whiles they behold a greater than themselves,
And therefore are they very dangerous."

He is boastful beyond endurance :

" The things that threatened me
Ne'er looked but on my back ; when they shall
see

The face of Cæsar, they are vanished."

In his comparison of himself with the polar star, this boastfulness is coupled with the most marked superciliousness. We have the authority of Brutus that he was ambitious ; and of Cassius that he was superstitious :

" For he is superstitious grown of late,
Quite from the main opinion he held once
Of fantasy, of dreams and ceremonies."

But let us look for some redeeming qualities. What does his friend Mark Antony say of him in his glorious funeral oration ? This :

" The evil that men do lives after them,
The good is oft interred with their bones ;
So let it be with Cæsar."

He says :

" I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse."

Yes, but with what spirit ? " Ay, there's the rub." According to Casca : " . . . but, to my thinking, he was very loath to lay his fingers off it." He does state, but merely state, that he was faithful and true to his friends. And is this all his greatest friend and most devout admirer could say in his praise ? Yes, this is all. And so Mark Antony in his funeral oration, sought more to stir up the people against Brutus and Cassius and to win them over to himself than to sing the praises of Julius Cæsar. Surely this is too harsh a view ; let us turn to the historian for these redeeming qualities.

Plutarch's Cæsar is suspicious : he does not like the appearance of Cassius. He is ambitious : he passionately desired to become king. He is superstitious, headstrong and revengful. He is king in all but name ; he knows his power well, and endeavors to impress it on all those with whom he comes in contact. He panders to public opinion, and is an actor to his nearest friends, concealing from them his real thoughts. It is plain that we must look to some more favorable source for these good characteristics. Plutarch's portrait is little better than Shakespeare's.

We turn to the Roman historian. At once we recognize the difference of the view. We read the " Pro Marcello " of Cicero, the grandest panegyric ever delivered, and we wonder at the virtues of the man. But this oration was delivered with an object in view and we must not place too much reliance in the flowing sentences of the speaker ; for this historical portrait presents to us many evil points in Cæsar's character. As a citizen, as a man, his good qualities are not the most numerous. He was, however, amiable and courteous. His generosity was one of his most marked characteristics. He was always considered a faithful and true friend, and one who would brook no baseness or meanness of nature. He was often most fastidious in his tastes and frequently overbearing in his manner. All agree that his moral qualities did not by any means equal his intellectual qualities or his force of will.

It is Cæsar the soldier that is most generally known. He is considered, however, to have been inferior even to Pompey. He never exposed his men to unnecessary danger, yet he was utterly regardless of the lives of the enemy. The charge against him of needlessly wasting human life was not made without good foundation. Yet, it is said, when he had prisoners of war, they were always kindly treated, except when he deemed them incorrigible. His discipline was perfect, but it was always obtained without the loss of the soldier's love.

Let us look at Cæsar as a man of letters. When we study his Commentaries, we are struck at once with the unaffected diction and the perfect artlessness of narrative. He says everything that is essential and nothing that he says could be omitted without serious loss. His Latin is the purest and simplest ever written. Never is the smoothness broken, even in the recording of the greatest feats of generalship and daring, by one sentence of self-praise. Some writer has said that he surpassed Xenophon, and his equal is only to be found in Tacitus. Indeed, even as an orator, Cicero says he is the superior of those who practised no other art.

But it was Cæsar the politician who reached the highest pinnacle of fame. He was at an early age the recognized leader of the popular party. He, however, did not enter into the schemes of his followers for self-advancement. He devoted himself to the people, and introduced measures to better their condition. He was forming in his mind the huge design of revolutionizing and making a regular code of Roman law, and of distributing the *publicus ager*, when the " cursed steel " of Brutus cut him off, without his having completed any of his grand schemes.

And so we see that Cæsar was a man like ourselves ; his good and evil characteristics blended in fair proportions. But Cæsar lived in an atmosphere tending more to develop to an enormous extent his evil

propensities than to foster his redeeming qualities. He returned from his conquests, and was borne in triumph through the streets of Rome ; he was treated like a prince in every respect, and truly was a king, in all but name. He was accustomed to the flattery which royalty must endure, and is it a matter of surprise that he afterwards expected it ? In his latter years he grew to be almost unbearable, and totally different from the time when he used to be natural, simple and popular. Truly there is something in this view of Cæsar, which strikes some sympathetic chord in our nature.

We cannot but recognize marked differences and marked resemblance in these three portraits. The likeness is especially striking between the first two. We must look upon Plutarch as a Greek historian—one who has no sympathies in common with a Roman. His views are bigoted naturally, and Cæsar can scarcely expect justice at his hands. As an authority, he is not of much value ; he, like Livy, wrote history as he thought it should have been, or, like Shakespeare's Brutus and Cassius, tried to mould history for himself. As one writer has said, he supplied not only the skeleton, not only the sinews and muscles, but also a great part of the clothing-flesh of which Shakespeare's Cæsar is formed. He drew the outlines of the grand portrait and Shakespeare but added the colors—added those colors, however, with such skill, that the dead figure of the historian seemed to move and live, and have sympathies in common with us. The dramatist did something more than throw a poetic garb over the historian's character. And so we find in the poet's Cæsar, the evil characteristics magnified, and they appear to us more marked and revolting.

But we naturally ask : Why did Shakespeare thus paint the great Roman ? He could easily have found a time in Cæsar's life which would present a more pleasing picture to us. We would accuse the dramatist of prejudice, if his other plays did not prove the contrary. In them he is " the conquering Cæsar," " glorious star," " the mightiest Julius," " Imperial Cæsar," or " broad-fronted Cæsar." It is thus that young prince Edward, afterwards Edward V, is prompted to speak of him :

" That Julius Cæsar was a famous man :
With what his valour did enrich his wit,
His wit set down to make his valour live.
Death makes no conquest of this conqueror,
For now he lives in fame, though not in life."

And in " Cymbeline " we hear Cloten sing his praises with these words :

" There may be many Cæsars
Ere such another Julius."

From these few instances it is quite evident that we must seek elsewhere for the poet's reason.

Shakespeare recognized in his surpassing wisdom, that a great historical drama could be written with Rome for its hero. He chose to symbolize Rome, in some measure, by the greatest man her walls ever encompassed—Caius Julius Cæsar. He recognized, however, that he could not represent in Cæsar all good qualities, lest Rome cease to be the hero, and a Roman take her place : lest the interest cease to be historical and become personal. In this desire to preserve the historical interest, we see the dramatist's reason for following his source Plutarch, so closely. He wrote of the personal disorders, and so he must represent

PARIS LETTER.

Cæsar as working against the best interests of the city. Such an action could not pass unpunished, and consequently we see Brutus and Cassius, with the other conspirators, taking it upon themselves to rebuke Cæsar! Their motive was patriotic and noble, but their means were far from right. Had their action been wholly commendable, they would have become heroes. And on the other hand, lest these men might centre the displeasure of the audience in themselves, some good excuse for their action was given: Cæsar is represented to be both physically and mentally infirm. But as Cæsar was punished, so must the deeds of Brutus and Cassius be avenged. Rome herself, could not do this, but Cæsar, the spiritual Cæsar, was her avenger. Brutus recognized it at the very first, that it was the spirit of Cæsar with which they are contending:

"We all stand up against the spirit of Cæsar
And in the spirit of men there is no blood;
O, that we then could come by Cæsar's spirit,
And not dismember Cæsar."

But Brutus did not see that Cæsar's spirit would remain unharmed, even though Cæsar died. He little thought that the great triumvir would become a
"... dead but sceptered sovereign, who still
"... rul'd
Their spirits from his urn."

But it was Cæsar's spirit which proved all-powerful in the end—not the spirit with which Brutus strove, but that spirit cleansed by death. The meanness and baseness of Cæsar's character and his bodily weakness and infirmity, were but symbols of his spirit; and as these disappeared with death, so his spirit changed completely. Antony, over the body of his friend, thus prophesied:

"And Cæsar's spirit ranging for revenge,
With Ate by his side come hot from hell,
Shall in these confines with a monarch's voice
Cry 'Havoc!' and let slip the dogs of war."

And so it was. But Brutus was given personal warning at Sardis, when the spirit appears with these words:

"Thy evil spirit Brutus
To tell thee thou shalt see me at Philippi,
Aye, at Philippi."

And the noble Roman, looking on the face of his dead friend Cassius, recognizes his mistake:

"O Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet!
Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords
In our own proper entrails."

Although we sympathize with Brutus, we cannot but rejoice when, vanquished by Cæsar's spirit, he runs on his sword, with these words:

"Cæsar, now be still;
I killed not thee with half so good a will."

Jan. 4th, 1894.

A. B. GAHAN.

NOTE.—Professor Dowden in his "Shakespeare, his Mind and Art," gives an explanation of the drama, resembling the above as far as Cæsar's spirit is involved; his examples, taken from the play, to substantiate the theory are not, however, so numerous. Dowden borrowed the idea from a German commentator.

As the untaught accident is guilty of what we wildly do, so we profess ourselves to be the slaves of chance, and fleet of every wind that blows.—Shakespeare.

We do not like our friends the worse because they sometimes give us the opportunity to rail at them heartily. Their faults reconcile us to their virtues.—Hazlitt.

Farmers demand the sliding scale to be applied to cereals and cattle imported into France; pending the realization of their wishes, that india-rubber arrangement is being acted upon by the weather department; one day fair, the next foul, and between both, all varieties of fog. Old people are being killed off like flies; naturally they must expect to be called home some day soon, when they top the three score and ten. The wooden but campers-out, along the Boulevards, doing fair business, have seen worse seasons; the cold has told on fingers and toes, as they are not allowed to have fires in their wigwams. The display of toys of a new type was poor; children, four to eight years of age, think differently—an affair of taste. Mechanical insects, and of the beetle order, were very general, and seemed to be as prolific as locusts or Pasteur's microbes. Some of the toy and trifle venders are rich, since no less than ten of the shanties were deemed worthy of burglars' attentions, who like kings have their "rights," where there is nothing. One ephemeral householder, who indulged in screams like a peacock, alleged he was robbed of 2,000 worth of cutlery and plated ware: possible, since many established shop-keepers rent a hut, stock it with goods, and run it by one of their assistants. If the weather were fine, more business would be done. And to think, there are eighteen standard almanacs published in France, telling beforehand, the weather for every day in the current year; and no two agree. Yet not one of them can prophesy when the British will evacuate Egypt; the French, Siam; or the Germans, Alsace. The street beggars were plentiful during the holidays; all the *cours-de-miracle* sent out their curios. The new plan of accepting gifts, in the way of bread, meat, groceries, etc., by societies, to be distributed to their poor, has worked well; so has the society for lending small sums of money, discreetly and without interest, to help the life-wounded regain their feet and retake position in the battle of life; it saves hope—a cheap, but necessary medicament. Soup kitchens did their work well; in the first line, was the Salvation Army's big boiler, and free bedding, and where in addition "the poor have the Gospel preached to them."

Empowered by the new laws, the authorities have inaugurated the new year by a *coup de police* against all suspected of militant anarchy in Paris and the provinces. The bag net does not appear to have yielded any remarkable haul. The moral effect, however, of being suddenly pounced upon, must be productive of good. But no organized net-work conspiracy has apparently been discovered. The Anarchists, like the Nihilists, are not gregarious; they live, move, and have their being on the one-man system of action, dangerous and not dangerous at once. A good deal of explosive powder of several international types was discovered, and some embryonic bombs. It is as well to have these ugly matters picked up. No quarter must be shown to the regenerators of society who massacre the sexes of all ages, guilty of no offence—without pity; everywhere it must be made hot for them. Vaillant, who bombed the Chamber of Deputies, will be tried in a few days; his execution will proceed as quickly; then society will wait anxiously to see if the Anarchists will reply. The memoirs of

Ravachol—if they do exist, and be not a *fumisterie*, reveal from the alleged "advanced sheets" nothing but the Newgate Calendar literature; the wretch claimed to make his own laws, and to rob and kill according to his ideas of recasting humanity. Observe, he always fared sumptuously after committing a crime, whether that of robbing the dead of their souvenir trinkets, or murdering the innocent. Sawny Bean, not Captain Macheath, was his model.

The trial and verdict of the rioters—Franco-Italian—16 of the former and 1 of the latter, known as the Aignes-Mortes affair, will not promote the resumption of amicable relations, so overstrained, between France and Italy. It was a collision between the salt-harvest men, who come every year for some weeks, to scrape the salt from the marsh-beds, and stack it for exportation. The workmen belong, nearly all in both cases, to the submerged tenth classes. But that is no reason why they should slaughter one another. The origin of the row was due to an Italian washing his soiled linen in a barrel of the imported drinking water, when recriminations were followed by blows and nationalities took sides. At first, the French workmen were in the minority, but they sped the fiery cross and the surrounding inhabitants flocked to the scene, armed with firearms, pitchforks, bludgeons, and other peace-makers. The customs officers and local police did their best to save the Italians, and ran great danger themselves, till the military arrived. The retreat of the Italians was secured, but over 50 Italians were ill-treated, and eight killed under circumstances of great barbarity. This was in last August. Of course international hates and jealousies heated the blood on both sides. *Eh bien*; the French jury acquitted all the accused despite the glaring proofs of their culpability and the admission by some of their guilt. The Italian press is at boiling point at such a verdict, and relations are delicate between the two nations. There are several societies in Paris for promoting unity, fraternity, etc., between the Latin races: what are they doing now?

The French are perfectly satisfied that England will have her big new navy all the same, because the nation is awake and on the alert respecting the Franco-Russian amity. Britain naturally must take her precautions. Now the first precautions consist in counting upon herself; that secured, she can pick her allies in Europe, but must be on straight terms with China, Afghanistan and Turkey. The French demand that their naval reserves consist of men trained annually on board warships, for a certain period, and not be mere land-lubbers. M. Lockroy has no confidence in vessels completely armour-plated; the French ships have only a plating 5 feet above and 5 feet below the floating line; they are vulnerable then by artillery and torpedoes respectively. Admiral Vallon has no confidence in the "ram," and no more French warships will be constructed with that horn—too often, of a dilemma. The success of sea fighting in the future will depend on superior artillery and velocity of sailing. Of course what one side can do the other can attempt. Audacity, strategy, and good seamanship are qualities not to be overlooked. What is the Russian fleet dodging at in the Levant? The snub that the G.O.M. administered to the resuscitated Arabi Pasha party, will do a great deal of good. It is with the Sultan, not

the Khedive, that England will treat for the evacuation of Egypt when that psychological moment arrives.

M. Flourens concludes that Germany and England have jockeyed France out of Central Soudan, and regards the negotiations at Berlin as only a mere blind. He forgets to explain that the Niger Co. only opposed M. Migon's "scientific" explorations, when he resorted to political poaching on that company's preserves, and for so doing, his own Government recalled him. The position of France is anything but enviable in Madagascar; Deputy de Mahy attributes the non-success of France to manage the Malagasys, to the domination of the Protestant missions—English, American and Norwegian—that have plenty of money, and are reaping rich harvests of converts. With all this, the English Government has nothing to do; but civilization will not allow the missionary work to be undone, so long as it keeps within the law. Oppose it by other missions—that competition or rivalry would be fair; but to ask voluntary contributions from France to proselytize the Hovas, or to solicit a parliamentary grant of two million francs to send out Catholic missionaries, that solution would never "catch on." There is no doubt French influence is waning in the island. To send a military expedition would be costly and perhaps fraught with international dangers. As to Siam, the buffer situation is the same; the question is being asked, if England, or other nations, enjoy the most favored clause in that treaty, can they not insist on enjoying all commercial privileges that may be accorded to France? If the latter were free trader, what annoyances she would save herself. Demanding double or triple import duties on corn, live stock, wines or derivatives of all these, to say nothing of wool, will not ameliorate the unpromising commercial and industrial situation of France; abolish her McKinleyism—safety that way lies. Deputy Paulin Mery has formed a league to rescue France from the foreigners who reside and trade in the country, while paying all imposts the same as French subjects, and respecting the laws. M. Mery is dissatisfied with all these reciprocities; he insists that all work be retained for the French, and that only French manufactures and products appear in the shops. But, if other realms retaliate, how can France work off her surplus out-puts? Why, China is more liberal than this; she accords "foreign devils" special settlements, and even trades with them.

The *Maison du Peuple* is the Home or Shelter of the reddest of Red Republicans, who are not actually Anarchists, since they repudiate dynamite and bombs. They seem to have for speciality, to overthrow all churches, or rather creeds. The *Maison* is situated on the slope of Montmartre; above it is the cathedral of the Sacre Cœur in process of erection. The "Reds" want to abolish the latter, even before completed. Formerly, crusades were undertaken to uphold churches, now the aim is the contrary. The adherents of the *Maison* "baptize" their children there, distribute bon-bons to the assistants; the sponsors undertake that the little stranger will be reared a good atheist, etc. No special organization is required for all this; once the new-born is registered at the mayor's office, the parents are free to bring up the babe either Christian or atheist. While on matters religious: an agitation is on foot to see that the churches, like the theatres, offer all the facilities of escape in case of fire.

At the rate the population is dying out, the burial, not the baptismal service, ought to be in most request. In 1892 the diminution of the inhabitants was 20,011, while the augmentation of the population of Germany was 676,000.

Hard times; a real marchioness and a ditto countess, not belonging to the demimondian nobility, have been arrested for keeping gambling houses. Formerly the *Pension de famille* was the favorite rendezvous for games of chance. But all is not barren from Dan to Beersheba; a coal man, running a small shop, which in addition to coal, firewood and *charbon*, sold cheap wine, newspapers, bon-bons and toys, has just sold his interest for 75,000 frs.

All business has not been bad during the expired year; there have been serious "drops" in the price of shares of many companies; however, not so for dynamite; as compared with 30th December, 1892, the shares of the dynamite company have risen 5 fr. Now Greek public funds have lost 127 fr. during the twelvemonth and the Corinth canal 149 fr.

The *Verité* is a religious journal, and appears on Sunday, but a fat heading declares that the paper is wholly composed and worked off the previous Saturday.

The astronomical cannon of the Palais Royal has ceased to be fired off at noon, by the sun. Scientists allege, we know, that the "orb of day" is cooling down—children go all the same and admire the pillar where the artillery was wont to be fixed; the feeding of the sparrows does not compensate for the decayed institution; these audacious feathered friends will fly to take a crumb of bread out of your hand, but will not allow salt to be placed on their tails. Russians will please note—the salt and bread scheme here fails. But olive branches must have a legend, hence, why babies, if good, are permitted to be brought to view the equestrian statue of Joan of Arc, before the Tuileries, and the tail of whose steed wags, it is said, when *un Anglais* passes by. It is a new adaptation of the *caveant consules!*

TEN YEARS' CAPTIVITY IN THE SOUDAN.

If anyone imagines that, in this so-called prosaic age one, must resort for exciting tales of adventure and sensational episodes of horror, either to fiction or to past history, he has only, in order to find out his mistake, to take up the simple, unadorned narrative of ten years' captivity in the camp of the Mahdi, endured by an Austrian missionary, Father Ohrwalder. The story, as it stands, is taken from the manuscripts of the narrator, written while the events of that decade were still fresh in his memory, and is edited by Major Wingate, Director of Military Intelligence for the Egyptian Army, and himself author of a book entitled "Mahdism, and the Egyptian Soudan." Events follow each other so rapidly in this rushing age that one thing crowds out another; yet many of us still vividly remember the sudden and mysterious rise of a strange power called "the Mahdi," appearing with the abrupt and lurid brilliancy of a comet on the dark horizon of the remote and unknown Soudan. They have not forgotten how his rapid subjugation of the surrounding Arab tribes, to his savage military despotism, gave rise to alarm for the best interests of Egypt and the "dark continent"; and how gallantly General Gordon offered to throw himself into the breach

and undertake to endeavor single-handed to mediate with the ferocious insurgents. As well might he have attempted to tame a pack of raging tigers, by going unarmed into their den! We still remember the eager fitting out of the expedition, its enthusiastic start, the long months of suspense, during which we watched its terribly slow progress—the hoping against hope,—until the close of the tragedy and the fate of the hero were known beyond a doubt. To all who have not forgotten these things, the revelations contained in this volume will be of the most intense though painful interest. In its pages we learn from a thoroughly trustworthy source, the true history of the Soudan, during the miserable years of the undisputed sway of a despotic savage. Through the eyes of the narrator, we can look into beleaguered Khartoum and see Gordon, surrounded, harassed, almost heartbroken, by treachery everywhere, yet bearing himself always as the hero he was, and still putting an unwavering trust in God, and in the expected succor which arrived, alas! just two days too late! Seldom has a sadder, more heroic story been written in blood and tears! It is a picture which redeems much of our modern faithlessness—worthy of being set side by side with the *Morte d'Arthur*, or the quest of Sir Galahad. In the country which produced a Gordon, the age of chivalry is not yet extinct.

But we must keep some of our admiration for the hero—for hero he is—whose ten years of peril and suffering are so simply and unostentatiously recorded in the volume, "Ten Years of Captivity in the Mahdi's Camp," which is as exciting and as fascinating, despite its gloom and horror, as any novel of adventure could possibly be. Had Father Joseph Ohrwalder, of the Austrian Mission, not been a man of high and heroic mould, resolute in action and unshaken in faith, we should never have had this other true tale from his pen. He scarcely ever brings himself or his troubles into the foreground, except when this is necessary to his narrative; though, indeed, one would gladly see more of the man himself, and hear more of the details of the strange abnormal existence dragged out during those long lingering years of captivity. But his personality is strongly felt all through, and the reader can hardly rise from the perusal of the book, without feeling as if he had been sitting with a friend, and gaining from him, in a fireside talk, these vivid glimpses of the reign of terror which, under this modern Attila, has desolated the Soudan.

Father Ohrwalder tells us that he went out to his mission at Delen, in the northern part of the Soudan, in the year 1881, with all the bright hopefulness of a young man looking forward to a life of usefulness in his chosen career. At that time, under the sway of Mohammed Ali and British protection, commerce and civilization were free to penetrate the country hand in hand, and where they went, the missionaries of Christianity could also go. Just ten years later he came back, saved "so as by fire," from a land of horror and darkness, where, lated by war, and deluged with blood, where still, hundreds of human beings drag out a wretched and precarious existence, crushed under the heel of a heartless and merciless despot.

Delen, Ohrwalder's station, was among the mountains, which rise near the boundary of Kordofan, the first province overrun by the African Attila. At the time when we first began to hear of El Mahdi

a fanatical dervish who had emerged, in all the odor of sanctity, from his mountain retreat, and was rallying the ignorant Arabs to his pretended crusade, Father Ohrwalder was quietly toiling at the brick-making and house-building and other rough work which every missionary to such a land must be ready and able to undertake as no unimportant part of his missionary work. The storm-cloud was gathering and approaching, but no one imagined it so near or so black, until one day some wandering Baggaras made a descent in the immediate neighborhood, killing a number of the native soldiers, and taking away captives and spoil. These latter were recovered by a gallant Arab Sheikh named Roversi, who, like Abraham of old, pursued the robbers and brigands and brought back, not only the captives, but a number of the robbers' own horses, to the great rejoicing of the people. Had there been a few more Roversis at that critical moment, the fate of the unhappy Soudan might have been altogether changed. But such staunch leaders were rare indeed there, and, notwithstanding this temporary relief, the mission party were soon forced to feel that their only prudent course was to escape from the scene while escape was possible. Giving to their Nubian friends all their property except what they could carry away, they made an attempt to depart, which might easily have been successful, but for the disaffection and cowardice of the sixty or seventy soldiers, on whose escort they had to depend. As these men refused to move, there was nothing for it but to place themselves under the protection of a certain Mek Omar, a local Sheikh, who was already on the side of the Mahdi. It was like walking into the lion's den, but it seems to have been the only thing they could do, and they were soon on their way to the headquarters of the Mahdi. He had pitched his camp near El Obeid, a garrisoned town under the command of a brave but ill-fated general, Said Pasha. The little mission party, consisting of Father Ohrwalder and two *religieuses*, soon found that they had fallen among thieves, being speedily robbed by the Arabs of all their valuables, including even Father Ohrwalder's outer clothing. In the great heterogeneous camp to which they had come, everyone had to look out for himself, and the refugees had to sleep in the open till the Father could put up a temporary shelter. Brought before the Mahdi, they were, one by one, asked to choose between Moslemism and immediate death. "Death!" was the resolute reply of each, and they expected nothing else. "Have you not seen my army?" the Mahdi significantly enquired. Nevertheless, whether impressed, in spite of himself, by the bearing of these noble captives, or still hoping to have the *prestige* of the ordinance of Mohammed requiring remorse leniently than they had expected, and, though often threatened with instant death and, on one occasion, commanded to bow their heads for the fatal stroke, their lives and persons were at least on the whole respected, though they had at times to submit to gross indignities from the rough barbarians, and were frequently in imminent danger of starvation.

The picture drawn by Father Ohrwalder of the huge, barbarian camp, is most graphic. The thousands of straw huts and campfires, extending as far as the eye could reach, the frightful clamor, the noisome stench that filled the air—the constant

"noise of the warrior, and the sight of the garment rolled in blood," all are placed before us in a few vivid touches. The siege progressed slowly, only broken by occasional successes of the besieged. Said Pasha at one time gained a decided advantage in a victorious sally, and, had he only pushed his advantage by pursuit, might have driven the Mahdi to the mountains and turned the whole tide of the war. Again and again, indeed, it seemed as if just a little more decision and dash at that early period of the war, might have saved the doomed land, but the fortunes of war seemed throughout on the side of the Mahdi, who, of course, claimed every new success as a divine endorsement of his prophetic mission. At length, the town of El Obeid, led by its disaffected merchants, surrendered to the Mahdi, and the brave little garrison, after suffering during months of close siege and starvation, were at length forced to do the same; those who escaped with life becoming captives—including the missionaries at El Obeid, who had thrown in their lot with the garrison. Father Comboni, and two more "Sisters" after suffering from the brutality and rapacity of their savage captors were added to the little group of Christian prisoners, making, like the others, an unhesitating choice between Moslemism and death; while they, too, seemed shielded by an invisible hand from the impending stroke, which perhaps would have seemed to them almost preferable to the endurance of the sufferings and indignities inflicted by the human brutes about them. It is only wonderful that the two "Fathers" and two of the "Sisters" should have lived through all the exposure and privations which they endured, to make an eventual escape. It is sometimes questioned, whether, in our times of little faith and easy-going self-indulgence, Christians could be found capable of the heroic self-sacrifice—the faithfulness unto death, which have illuminated the pages of our martyrology. Let this little obscure mission-party answer for many others who "have not bowed the knee unto Baal!" Faith has not fled the earth yet!

But Father Ohrwalder troubles us very little with his—or their—personal affairs. Throughout the book, indeed, we read them chiefly "between the lines." The captives had reason to be thankful when, after the destruction of El Obeid—the huge camp broke up, and the Mahdi and his troops took their slow way towards ill-fated Khartoum, and entrenched himself at Omdurman, on the opposite bank from Khartoum, which was then by many authorities deemed impregnable. The disastrous annihilation of Hicks Pasha and his army, though inevitable, considering the heterogeneous composition of his dispirited force,—the difficulties of the route, and most inadequate supplies,—was a new triumph to the impostor and a new blow to the hopes of the captives. The story of this brave commander's defeat is a tragic one—all the more tragic, when we find that he lost much time in digging wells in vain, with an unknown spring within a short distance of his suffering army! The ruin of the expedition was ensured by the dastardly desertion of a young German, Gustav Klootz, who had been a personal servant to a war-correspondent, and who, on being brought before the Mahdi, disclosed the desperate condition of the unfortunate little army—all which Father Ohrwalder, with a heavy heart, was forced to translate to the despot. Klootz gained little in the end by his treach-

ery, which only prolonged his life for a few miserable years of captivity, with a wretched death and a coward's grave at the end of it. And during the whole campaign, such miserable traitors were perpetually compassing the destruction of the brave men who might have otherwise succeeded in their noble endeavour, and playing into the hands of the fanatical tyrant, whose arrogance and self-confidence increased with every success, and who believed, with some excuse, that the very forces of nature were fighting in his favour.

In this time of general dread and gloom, the hearts of the captive Europeans were at least temporarily cheered by the tidings of General Gordon's arrival in Khartoum, feeling certain, as they did, that he would not be there without English bayonets to back him. Five hundred of these would have worked wonders, says Father Ohrwalder, in turning the tide of war and strengthening such resistance as was occasionally attempted in vain, by the brave but unfortunate Nubians, King John of Abyssinia, and other ill-fated African patriots. No sooner did any brave leader arise to oppose the tyrant than treachery at once conspired with brute force to crush the gallant attempt. The powers of evil seemed in league with the Mahdi, and, for the time, they seemed to triumph over the powers of good. The tragic story of Khartoum is written in the hearts of many, but perhaps its full tragedy was never before so fully known. In the light of the revelations of this volume, it seems nothing less than madness to have let Gordon go as he did, with nothing but his high courage to sustain him, into such a den of wild beasts as was the Soudan then! But no one at home was fully aware of the gravity of the situation, and General Gordon's personality was so exceptional that it was no wonder if it impressed others with even an exaggerated belief in his power, and his Chinese record strengthened the impression. Even Stanley, the African explorer, arriving in England in the summer of 1884, declared that Gordon was perfectly well supplied with stores and ammunition, and quite strong enough to meet the Mahdi—that he could easily leave Khartoum if so disposed by any one of three routes, and that he only required to act like a soldier, as he believed he would, to settle the whole difficulty. Father Ohrwalder shows us how far wide of the truth were such conjectures. Gordon had to deal with a fanatic, intoxicated with success and slaughter, at the head of a force of some two hundred thousand barbarians, thirsty and keen for Christian blood. The Mahdi treated his summons to surrender with scorn, even though he seemed somewhat impressed by Gordon's declaration that "he had only to stamp his foot and five hundred English soldiers would spring up." If that could only have been verified in time! but the Government had its hands full with many troubles and complications, and even calm observers like "Bystander" in *THE WEEK*, while admitting the difficulty of Gordon's position, could not blame the Government, which "naturally and properly hesitated to risk the life of a British force, and with them the honour of the British army, in any desperate adventure." Father Ohrwalder believes, however, that if even a small force had been at Gordon's side, he would have had no difficulty in keeping the Mahdi at bay, till a stronger one could come and break his power altogether. But, as he gradually realized the isolated position of the Gener-

al, beleaguered in Khartoum, with dispirited native troops about him, and treachery everywhere, hope would have changed to despair but for the still cherished faith in the eagerly expected English relief expedition which should rescue Gordon and drive the usurper back to his native wilds.

But everything seemed against the brave hero in Khartoum, and the heavy hearts watching in suspense at Omdurman. The tragic fate of Colonel Stewart—fully narrated here—was a heavy blow to Gordon, who had sent forth Stewart in the little steamer *Abbas*, in the hope that he might make his escape, and make known his desperate position in Khartoum, and the urgent need of prompt succor. But the little steamer was driven on rocks by stress of weather, and Stewart and his companions fell victims to the treachery of Suleiman, a pretended Sheikh who feigned friendliness and offered succor. The despatches he carried encouraged the besiegers, by revealing the weakness of the garrison, and also seemed to paralyze the ardour of the relief expedition, whose arrival Gordon was so anxiously expecting. At another time, a whole English mail for Gordon was intercepted, and Father Ohrwalder was again called upon to interpret the contents. The river was rising, too, and the White Nile made a serious breach in the city wall, which, owing to some unexplained cause, was not repaired, though it was the only weak point in an otherwise impregnable fortress. Whether it was owing to treachery on the part of Faragh, who was in command there, or to an oversight on the part of Gordon himself, or both, it proved a fatal neglect. The tidings of the victory at Abu Klea, quickly received in the Mahdi's camp, only hastened his attack on Khartoum, as he feared lest the expedition, which to Gordon seemed so strangely slow in its progress, might yet arrive in time to rescue his expected prey. Gordon's situation had indeed been desperate. Deceit, embezzlement,—treachery of all kinds, were perpetually thwarting his best plans and sickening his noble heart. The Greeks in the city were almost the only persons on whom he could count. For them he had planned a means of escape, in case of the worst, having a small steamer lying near, in which he intended that they should leave the moment Khartoum was taken; and they had planned to carry him forcibly off in this event. But through the infatuated apathy of the Greek Consul, this plan was thwarted, as he resisted all persuasion to go on board on the evening before the fatal assault. Months before, the Austrian Consul Hansal, who tried to escape with Stewart, had declared: "We hope that the English will energetically push forward into the Soudan, or we shall be lost. Our condition is desperate." The side-lights thrown on the sad story by Father Ohrwalder are pathetic in the extreme—as the following quotations will show:—

"The survivors of Khartoum have said to me, 'Had we only seen *one* Englishman, we should have been saved; but our doubt that the English were really coming, and the fear that Gordon must be deceiving us, made us discouraged, and we felt that death would be preferable to the life of constant war and daily suffering we were leading during the siege.'"

"Gordon was almost superhuman in his efforts to keep up hope. Every day, and many and many a time during the day, did he look towards the north from the roof of the palace, for the relief that never ar-

rived. To further strengthen the belief of the people in the speedy arrival of the English, he hired all the best houses along the river bank, and had them put in order for their occupation. He was sure they would come—but when? The time was pressing. How eagerly he searched the distant horizon for the English flag he longed to see, but every day he was doomed to disappointment. The troops were famine-stricken, and began to lose heart, while the enemy without the walls only grew bolder in anticipation of the plunder they hoped so soon would be theirs, while their hundreds of *noggaras*, (wooden drums,) never ceased beating in Gordon's ears, night and day."

"The Mahdi only made up his mind to attack when he heard they had delayed at Gabat. He did not begin to cross over his troops till Jan. 24th, and it was not until Sunday night that the crossing was complete. When the first news of the victory defeat at Abu Klea reached him, he wished to raise the siege and return to Kordofan. *If the English had appeared at any time before he delivered the attack, he would have raised the siege and retired.* Indeed, it was always his intention to re-visit El Obeid before he made the attack. Even to this day, people in the Soudan cannot understand the reason for the delay. Some say the English General was wounded at Abu Klea and was lying insensible, and those acting with him did not dare to undertake any operation till he was sufficiently recovered to give his orders."

However it happened, the delay was fatal, and the force so long and wistfully expected, and which might have been in time to rescue one of the noblest lives of this century, arrived at last only to find Khartoum sacked and desolated, and the lives of most of its inhabitants sacrificed to the bloodthirsty fury of the insurgents.

It was on the night of Sunday, Jan. 25, that the first ranks of the Mahdi's troops forced their way through the breach in the wall, which was the only weak place in the fortifications. They soon found their way to the lovely palace gardens, and then into the interior, where Gordon came alone to meet them, doubtless as calmly as he would have descended to any other audience. The tragedy was soon over. A huge spear quickly pierced his heart, and mercifully ended all the pain and suspense that for long months he had borne, as well as spared him the sight of the slaughter that speedily deluged the place with blood. He would have cared little for the indignities shown to his own remains, but the page is a painful one to read. Nevertheless, though the barbarians gloated over his death with savage glee, the Mahdi regretted that he had not been taken alive. Doubtless he would have liked to see for himself what manner of man this was, and, if possible to secure him as a convert to the "true faith." Father Ohrwalder tells us that his bravery and generosity were acknowledged by all, and that his voluntary self-sacrifice won the adoration of even his bitterest enemies, who were wont to say that "if he had only been a Mohammedan, he would have been a perfect man."

The story of the pillage and massacre of Khartoum is one we do not care to dwell on. Of the few survivors, some never recovered from the horrors of the scenes through which they passed. Only when *ten thousand lives* had been sacrificed to savage lust for blood, did the Mahdi bethink himself of calling a halt. The once fair city was wrecked and reduced to heaps of ruins. Father Ohrwalder is not inclined

to consider Faragh the traitor we have been accustomed to consider him, as he was himself killed early in the attack; but it seems at least strange, that while the besieged knew, from the movements of the besiegers, that an assault was impending, there seems to have been no special guard at the breach, and very little opposition to the entry of the assailants. But the cause of this strange oversight will never be explained. Two days after the fatal tragedy was completed, with what must have seemed to the captives the very irony of fate, two English steamers appeared in the distance, and their occupants could be seen eagerly looking to discover what was the state of matters at Khartoum. They were not long left in doubt, for the barbarian hordes trooped down to the shore, with wild yells of "Death to the English." Seeing that they were too late for the end in view, the British troops withdrew, determined to risk no lives in what would have seemed a fruitless conflict. Yet it might have been worth while, had they known all we know, to have risked the issue, and directed what might have been an effectual blow to the power of the heartless tyrant.

We cannot linger on the picture of the miseries of the country under the unchecked sway of the victorious Mahdi, and his still more cruel successor, Abdullah. It is something of a satisfaction to know that the excesses of the Mahdi, who now gave himself up to a life of self-indulgence, brought his life to a premature close, within a few months after the murder of Gordon. But he was at once succeeded by one of his khalifs, Abdullah, a man of great energy and ambition, and more consistently heartless and cruel than the original usurper. Mohammed had occasional gleams of kindly impulse as his treatment of Father Ohrwalder seems to show. Abdullah ruthlessly crushed down everyone who stood in his way. The unhappy fate of King John of Abyssinia, who had been looked on as a possible check to his progress, is another tragedy. So is the story of the attempted escape of a mountain chief named Ghazil, who with many other mountaineers were forced to leave their homes, and come to live in what to them was captivity, near the tyrant. His own tribe, the Baggaras, Abdullah favoured, but even to them he was severe enough if they crossed his purpose. Like his predecessor he posed as a prophet, and his followers were styled the "Ansar," or helpers, to whom he frequently made orations in the mosque, presence at which was rigidly enforced, on pain of severe penalties. Oppression and rapacity crushed down the unhappy people, and, to add to their misery, a plague of locusts, a plague of mice, and a long protracted famine, wasted the country, when the coarsest food rose up to a fabulous price, and thousands perished of starvation. "It seemed as if the entire Soudan lay under a curse. The people knew it too, and looked upon it as God's righteous judgment on them and the evil deeds that they had been prompted to do, at the instigation of a wicked and false Mahdi, which proved at least that conscience was not dead within them." Father Ohrwalder and the sisters who survived through all this misery, had their share of the sufferings as well as others, indeed how they managed to exist through it all is a mystery about which we should have liked fuller information. The good Father had to resort to some manual occupation to earn his poor and scanty meals, and he constructed a rude hand-loom for making the ribbons which were much

used on the dress of the "faithful." He found it a hard and exhausting labour for one who had not been accustomed to it in early life. The sisters managed to earn their scanty living by needle work. And employment was at least some relief to the misery of those slowly dragging years. Father Ohrwalder's picture of the state of society in the big barbarous city of Omdurman might well convert an anarchist, and make us all thankful that, while our legislation may not be perfect, or justice always perfectly carried out, we live in a land of constitutional liberty, achieved through ages of conflict, and which some madmen would throw away. Even here however, there was of course by no means complete anarchy. The disorder was only the reverse of a grinding despotism. Thieves might pursue their calling for a long time with impunity. But there were spasmodic attempts to crush out thieving with terrible severity; and the description of the prison, and the fate of brave men in it is sad enough. To quote Father Ohrwalder again, "The old days of rejoicing have vanished; all is anguish and fear; no man's life and property are secure, everyone has perforce to break the laws which are, the most of them, quite impracticable, and are in constant fear of spies, who are everywhere. There is no security, justice or liberty, and happiness and content are unknown." The personal interest of the narrative centres in the thrilling description of the eventual escape of Father Ohrwalder and the two surviving sisters, through the energetic intervention of the ecclesiastical authorities at Cairo. Father Comboni had been rescued before, and Father Ohrwalder had to witness his departure with a sad heart, so far as he himself was concerned, but at last the scarcely-hoped-for deliverer came, in the shape of an Arab, who had undertaken the perilous exploit for a generous reward. Camels were secured with all secrecy. For once, there was no treacherous betrayal. Under cover of the darkness, the little party, consisting of two Arabs, Father Ohrwalder, the two sisters and a little girl under his protection whom he would not abandon, rode out of Omdurman, and, by the most unfrequented paths, bent their course northward. The suspense and weariness of the long and fatiguing journey on their camels, with few halts to rest, little food, and often little water, and at one time the imminent danger of discovery and capture, are vividly set before us, and great is the reader's relief when, faint and exhausted, they at length reach the little hill-top fortress, on which floated the Egyptian flag, a sign that they had escaped beyond the jurisdiction of Abdullah. After a sorely needed rest there, they again pursued their journey through the desert, to Korosco, where they took steamer to Assouan on the Nile, thence the train to Cairo, where they were joyfully welcomed. Here Father Ohrwalder wrote down his reminiscences while fresh in his memory, and Major Wingate arranged them in this fascinating and exciting volume which will be eagerly read by all within whose reach it may come. A cheap edition would, no doubt, have a larger sale. We cannot close without quoting Father Ohrwalder's plea for help to rescue the unhappy Soudan. "How long shall Europe, and, above all, that nation which has first part in Egypt and the civilizing savage races; how long shall Europe and Great Britain, watch unmoved the outrages of the Khalifs and the des-

truction of the common people?" When we remember that it is one of the richest and most fruitful countries in the world that is thus laid waste, and that the main avenue by which commerce and civilization could reach the interior from the Mediterranean is thus blocked up, such an appeal might well awake a response, and unite the strength of civilised nations in a crusade for the true interests of humanity. Meantime, it seems as if Gordon's heroic sacrifice had been made in vain!

While the tragedy of Khartoum was being enacted, Canadians were enjoying the splendours of one of our finest winter Carnivals. An apparent coincidence in the date of the final act of the drama, with the mimic storming of the ice palace, suggested to the present writer the appended lines, which at that time appeared in *THE WEEK*, and may be read again with interest in connection with this sketch of that eventful period.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 23, 1885.

[January 28 and 29 had both been given as the date of the fall of Khartoum.]

MONTREAL.

Beneath the clear Canadian winter night
What holds our spell-bound gaze?—
A wondrous castle filled with lambent light
From battlement to base,
And, round about its glittering crystal halls,
In martial pomp arrayed,
Torch-bearing thousands stand, and storm the
walls
With mimic cannonade.

Fast flash the hissing rockets to the sky,
Fast fall the harmless showers
Of coloured stars, while fiery serpents fly
About the crystal towers.
But see that lurid radiance wake, and grow
To bathe the turret high—
The castle seems to burn with fiery glow
Against the moonlight sky!

'Mid clouds of smoke and glare of crimson
light
We think it shakes and falls—
When lo! they pass, and clear against the
night
Still rise the pearly walls;
Still its pure radiance gleams undimmed and
fair,
Still do its lustrous towers
Seem fitting shrine for Balder sleeping there
Till spring awake the flowers!

KHARTOUM.

It was a *parable* we smiled to see;
To-day we read it true
In shock of hell 'gainst faith and purity.
For little then we knew
That far away, where Nile's mysterious flood
Winds through his storied lands,
Khartoum had fallen—England's noblest blood
Had drenched the desert sands!

The Christian knight, most dear to Britain's
heart—
As faith outweigheth gold—
Had fallen—done to death by traitor art,
As Balder died of old;
And clouds of lurid smoke and streams of gore
Met our sad, tear-dimmed sight,
Where we had looked to see the wrong of yore
Fall conquered by the right.

But patient! for we know God's great designs
Are wrought not in a day;
Through clouds and darkness still His purpose
shines
And shall shine on for aye.
And, through long ages, owning firm and clear
The brotherhood of man,
Humanity shall hold the memory dear
Of Gordon of Soudan!

FIDELIS.

Caesar was Rome's escape from communism. I expect no Caesar; I find on our map no Rubicon. But then I expect to see communistic madness rebuked and ended.—Prof. Hitchcock.

THE REVOLUTION IN BRAZIL.

The last letter of this series was closed about 10.30 a.m. on Saturday, the 11th November, at which time the fusillade from the *Trajano* and some sailors in the towers of the Customs building situated on the Ilha Fiscal (or Ilha dos Ratos) became very hot, and caused the city to become speedily deserted. Buildings everywhere were struck by the hail of rifle and Nordenfeldt balls, and many people were wounded and not a few killed. Many shots fell in the Ouvidor itself, and some persons were killed there.

During the entire day a fierce fire was maintained against Villegaignon from the forces all around the littoral. The sound of rifles was as incessant as on a sham fight day in Canada, and so far as can be learned, was just about as deadly to the forces engaged. The poor citizen suffers—some two hundred hit the dust. The Government forts also pitched their shot and shell into Villegaignon. The S. A. artillery has a penchant for shell, and uses them on every possible occasion.

From a house on the Morro do Castello, ruined by a shell fired during the early part of the revolt, a splendid view of all that was going on could be obtained. The Fort Gragoata, on the Nictheroy side of the bay, fired some shots at the monitor *Javary*, and she replied from one of her big 9-in. Whitworths. The shot was a daisy and raised a huge column of dust—the garrison must have felt "kinder sick." The house from which this view was obtained at the time, was hit several times by rifle balls, and one young man had his arm broken by a ball passing through it. Saturday night, Sunday, the 12th, and Monday, the 13th, were all the same—fierce fighting all the time, with hardly an intermission—again many people wounded and killed by the projectiles of the "assassins of the black squadron of the pirates," as the *Paiz* and *Tempo* call the brave men who are staking their lives for what they consider right.

On Sunday morning the shore front was swept by rifle and machine and rapid cannon firing from the *Trajano* and Ilha Fiscal. Villegaignon was pounded all the time. At night this fort fires at the Gloria holophote; each time the bar of light touches the fort they fire. It is just like putting a match to a string of gunpowder.

On Monday a small shell fell into the Candalaria church and did some slight damage to the sacred objects there.

On Tuesday the 14th all was comparatively quiet—only an occasional boom of a cannon out on the bay—now and then the shriek of some projectile rushing overhead—the rattle and pop-pop-pop of the rifles as some insurgent launch passing by would offer a target to the soldiers guarding the water front. The town was empty of people and the streets deserted. Most of the business houses opened for the forenoon.

The *Aquidaban* had a washing day, in order, probably, that the sailors might have clean clothes for the coming morrow. The ship was almost hidden under the great number of lines holding the clothing up to dry.

Wednesday the 15th of November—the fourth anniversary of the cruel expulsion of the mild old Emperor, and the establishment of this great and glorious Republic—passed in absolute quiet. Not a gun was heard. The forts and ships all dressed in honour of the day, and the Vice President

was the happy recipient of congratulatory telegrams from all over. These were duly published the next day.

On Thursday the 16th, some fourteen steam launches of the foreign fleet, under the convoy of the Italian gunboat *Andria*—, made a careful and complete exploration of the bay between the forts and the anchorage—for torpedoes, but failed to find anything of a suspicious nature.

This was done in consequence of the Captain of the Port publishing a notice saying that some barrels and other packages floating around the bay were suspected to be torpedoes from the fleet. Notice was sent to the Italian Admiral, who called a meeting of the commanders of the foreign fleet. They asked Mello if he knew anything about the matter. He immediately denounced it as a lie, and asked that an exploration be made. That day, Friday the 17th, Saturday the 18th and Sunday the 19th, were all the same. It is getting monotonous to repeat it so often, but Villegaignon was pounded as usual, and replied with big guns and small arms, both to the forts of the bar, and to the National Guards on shore. The tram service was suspended several times. It is now said that the heroic sailor, who climbed up with the flag at Villegaignon, was not killed or even wounded.

During one of the engagements Villegaignon pitched two lovely shells right bang into fort Lage. One shell hit an iron door fronting Villegaignon, and burst it in, the shell exploding afterwards. The next from the same gun hit the water and ricocheted in, also bursting. It was reported that these two shots killed no less than seventeen men. They came from a 9-in. gun, and weighed about 450 lbs. each.

We continue to read the most harrowing accounts of the state of Rio. Truly the special correspondent is a fearful and wonderful creation. One day last week while watching Villegaignon with a telescope, no firing was going on at the moment, two sailors could be seen playing. There is a swing in the fort and one of the men climbed up and got on it. Then the other thought he would like a turn, so he climbed up and tried to pull the first one off. Finally they both fell to the ground, and commenced to pelt each other with sand. Then an officer came out and called them to attention. They with some others then went to one of the big guns, loaded it, and fired at Santa Cruz. In a few minutes there was a general engagement going on.

The large gun, at Sao Joao, known as the "Vovo" or "Grandfather," was struck by a shell from Villegaignon, and disabled. The gunner who was serving the gun was smashed up. The piece was repaired, and on the 19th was again at work.

On Monday the 20th the firing went on constantly. While at the Consulate about 1.30 p.m. a very hot engagement took place between the troops at the arsenal of war and the men on a couple of launches. Your correspondent did not linger long in the locality.

The *S.S. Galicia*, of the Pacific Steam Nav. Co., was expected on the 20th, and the *Racer* went out to convoy her in. It is said that the officers of the *Riachuelo* and the *Benjamin Constant*, now in Toulon, are having great dissensions among themselves about half of them being in favor of Mello and wishing to join him. Of this sort of thing outsiders will probably be better informed than we are here. The Government only admits telegrams favorable to itself.

The special correspondent of the *Times* sent home a cable to the effect that the Revolutionary Committee in Rio had, on the 7th inst., decided to hoist the Imperial flag and declare for the old regime. The *Paiz* wrote a remarkable article on this subject.

Work has been pushed on the *Almirante Tamandare*, and she will be, as the Brazilians say, able to walk in a few days now. When she gets under weigh and can use her fine six-inch rifles, we may expect new developments in the situation.

On the 20th, an act of bravery was performed by a sailor from the monitor *Javary*. The man left the vessel in a small row boat, and alone, notwithstanding the heavy fusillade from the troops along the water front, he rowed to Villegaignon, and remaining there some time, went back again!

On the 21st, much firing went on in Nictheroy, and the troops kept up a fusillade on Villegaignon. In the city all was comparatively quiet during the morning, with business houses all closing about 2 p.m.

After that time your correspondent, while walking up the Ouvidor, was met by two friends who said that an Englishman had just been killed in the Carioca Square, and that it was said to be George Seaton. The body had been taken into a drug store in Goncaloes Dias, so we immediately went to see if it were really so. Passing the sentry, we found that it was, indeed, too true. The poor old man had been struck by a ball on the right breast, high up, and died in a few minutes. We sent for a friend of his who had known him for years, and was living in his house, and after arranging the necessary police formalities, we got permission to remove the body. Crashley sent up a coffin, and when we had got the body washed and wrapped in a clean sheet, six of us, his friends, carried him down the Ouvidor and put him in Crashley's carpenter shop. The funeral took place the next day at four o'clock, and was attended by a number of people. He was buried in the English cemetery at the Gamboa, in the same grave with his first wife, who met her death by the accidental discharge of a revolver some eight years ago.

Even the quiet little graveyard has been visited by shot. Many monuments are scarred, and some have been knocked over.

George Seaton was for some time in Halifax, N.S., where he married his first wife. Previous to that time he had been in the navy. He was chief steward of the *St. George* when she was burnt off Montevideo. He had also been in a very large brig called the *Atalanta*, formerly on the Halifax station.

Poor fellow! God rest his soul; for a whiter man was never made, and his heart was as big as a bullock's.

On our way to the cemetery we heard that the *Javary* had just been sunk, and on returning we found that it was true. One can scarcely believe she has been sunk by the Government guns. Her armor was too heavy. An eye-witness of the sinking says that she commenced to sink at about 11.30 a.m. and that not a shot hit her until she was submerged at the bow. It is evident that some of her plates must have opened under the discharge of her heavy guns. She was built in '74 and has been in bad condition for a long time. Her sister ship, the *Solimoes*, was lost, with all hands, about eighteen months ago, while on her way to Matto Grasse to crush a revolution which had broken out there.

When the *Javary* commenced to go down her crew hoisted the flag at half-mast, and fired rifles to attract the attention of the *Aquidaban*. Help was sent at once, and the crew immediately began to save all they could, and succeeded in getting all the gatlings and rifles on the launches.

An effort was made to tow the vessel into shallower water, but she was too heavy for the tugs, and the attempt was abandoned. Some time after the crew had been taken safely off, the *Aquidaban* began signalling, and the *Javary's* men returned to her. By this time her bow was well under water, and she had such a heel over that the piles of shot on her deck began to roll into the water. In spite of this, however, her gun crews went to their stations, and for some time maintained a fire against the Castle hill, from which place they were being much annoyed by the riflemen. Her heavy guns were fired twice just before she went down. One of these big shells hit the office of the City Improvements Co., on the Praier Lenter Luzier, and damaged it greatly. Several people were wounded, and some killed. Just after the turret guns had been fired the crew again left the sinking monitor, and a few minutes after her bows went down, her stern rose into the air, and taking a nearly perpendicular position, the *Javary* slowly disappeared from sight, her deck bursting just before she went down in about seventeen fathoms of water. Is it not likely that she will ever be raised.

The 23rd was generally observed as a holiday, being the second anniversary of the successful naval revolt under Admiral Mello, by which the present ruler of Brazil, Marshal Floriano Peiroto, was placed in power. All the Government buildings were dressed in bunting, and in some of the public squares bands played.

The day, however, closed with a fresh bombardment of Villegaignon by the Government forts. The entire shore line at Nictheroy was engaged fighting the fleet.

Yesterday was also a day of combat. To-day heavy firing is going on at Nictheroy, and the smoke of battle hangs over the whole place.

Many more people have been hurt in Rio, and the number wounded and killed now reaches some hundreds. Formerly it was customary to walk on the shady side of the street; now we do not mind the sun, but select the side best protected from the balls of the "black squadron of Admiral Mello," as the papers say.

The danger increases every day. It is, unfortunately, a really perilous thing to move about the town at all. Of course, when the chances are averaged, any individual has a small chance of getting hit.

Rio, November 25th, 1893.

ON LAKE ST. CLAIR.

Twilight, and only one lone, waning gleam
Within the golden regions of the west;
The low, dull land, dim drawn as of a dream,
Fades silently upon the water's breast,
While far across the plains the night wind
plays
And brings faint odours of the reeds and
musk;
From somewhere deep within the inland haze
A whip-poor-will cries loud across the dusk.
The dreaming hours seem borne on swallow's
wings,
But passion for new life yet uncaressed
Untunes this calm that comes, but never
clings,
Until the peace is grown a wild unrest.

ARTHUR J. STRINGER.

MY LIBRARY.

Time and space are but the inverse measures of the force of the soul."

I am in the heart of infinity to-night. The vast universe is spread around me, beneath and above. I stand, as it were, like a dead star around whose unseen form the kindred plants are gliding. The deep is filled with sounds and forms. Here gleams a landscape from the summer-world, there are dim, snow-capped mountain summits: here is a darkness! roaring of the mighty sea, yonder are earth's lofty halls. Glimpses of the cosmos whirl and flee before me under the touch of a divine enchanter, until the wild spell overcomes me, and my own soul is lost into its vastness.

You say there are four walls around me. I deny it. You say that I am of a certain age. I deny it too. For just now I am not in the room before you—I am out exploring the unpopulated and populated wilderness of nature, in company with those who know the intricate paths better than I; turning wherever chance or will may lead, wandering over the alike impalpable present and past, out to the verge of nothingness. No check can stay me, only infinity can exhaust my explorations. Time cannot hold me. I am three thousand years old to-night! Aye, eons older. I am present as the stars whirl out of their ruddy cloud-vapors, I watch the universe unroll itself into the breast of the Eternal; and I behold their dead orbs lost in the last great darkness. I am of no age, of no place; but part and parcel of the great unsolved and unsolvable mystery of nature.

Do you wonder whence I am given this power to sweep away the barriers of the material? Come with me and I shall take you into the presence of a great enchanter, whose magic wand can transport you to the strange, far-off realms of thought. Here are my books, these objects covered, some with the skins of dead animals, others with the web of plant fibres. Look at those black ink marks on their surface. Ah! your eye is following the cabalistic symbols and a spell is falling over you from those mystic signs, until the cold print on the dusty pages turns to a splendid picture, until you feel the imperial presence of other spirits in communion with your own, and the material has faded away like the mirage on the cloud, and the uncertain forms of dreams and thought come out from shadow into substance and life.

Then these are not materials upon this wall, they are presences of thought. And how they sport with time and space. The lights are thrown across the shifting ages with lightning speed, and we are with them everywhere. We can hear the English skylark in the twilight heavens, and watch the conquering Roman legions ring out the wild pæan of victory. We can wander with Jason to the portals of the sunrise, hunting for the golden fleece, and whirl into the roar of modern London. We can listen to the wild sweet notes of Ossian amid his northern warriors, or to the sublime passion of Shakespeare. Each book is a voice; a heavenly strain of music caught from the dreamy heart of nature, and it waits but the touch of the finger-tips across those ivory keys to bring out a world of melody, of song that is a revelation of truth and life. And every tone in this vast harmony is a thrill from the depth of some human soul, beat into music by the failing heart-throbs of mortality.

There are those of us whose lives are bounded with the little space of daily action, who never look beyond their to-morrow nor behind their yesterday, and whose knowledge of the universe is no more than the gossip of the little street. Their lives are in truth as ephemeral as the insects of autumn, because they have not reached out into the inner heart of things, where God has meant their minds to go. They do not know that even now for a spell it is in their power to put on incorruption and be with the uncorrupted. They do not know that every soul, however dull, may be open to the influences of nature; because "the heart in him is the heart of all. Not a valve, not a wall, not an intersection is there anywhere in nature; but one blood rolls uninterruptedly an endless circulation thro' all men, as the water of the globe is one sea." Let them but feel this truth and then, but not till then, they can touch lips with life.

Then this little room, with its four walls, is the portal to pure joy. These are the magic keys that open the eternal doors to you. But let us not linger on the threshold. Step out into the great light that fills the cosmos and part those darkening curtains from your eyes to catch the full glow. This is the mystery of life. Behold you stand in the lapse of time. "You see eternity behind you and before you. The all-encircling, mysterious tide of force, thousand-fold, billows shoreless on; bears you too along with it—you are but part of it. From its bosom rises and vanishes in perpetual change, the lordliest real-phantasmagory, which men call *Being*: and ever anew rises and vanishes—returning back to the unknown, beckoning you their mute farewell. You wander by the parting spot; cannot hear them; they are far, how far!" It is a sight for angels and archangels."

But perchance you are tired and sorrowful to-night. The shadow of the death angel's wings has swept around your path. Tears in your eyes are dimming the glory of the prospect. Listen; there is the tone of divinity in a song for you.

"O fear not in a world like this,
And thou shalt know ere long,
Know how sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong."

Ah yes! my library is not a vacant, lonely room; for there are spirits here that stand on equal footing with you on the fields of life. You and I should never feel the thrill of desolation, no matter how far friends may be away, while the greatest and best of this world speak to us in our own tongue. And though the trials of life be hard, and though there be care upon your shoulders—if the light of childish joys be lost in the passing years; here, in communion with God's oracles, you may find a deeper place in the attainment of wisdom. Till,

"Haply the river of Time,
As it grows, as the towns on its marge
Fling their wavering lights
On a wider, statelier stream—
May acquire, if not the calm
Of its early mountainous shore,
Yet a solemn peace of its own.

And the width of the waters, the hush
Of the gray expanse where he floats,
Fresh'ning its current and spotted with foam
As it draws to the ocean, may strike
Peace to the soul of the man on its breast,
As the pale waste widens around him—
As the banks fade dimmer away—
As the stars come out, and the night-wind
Brings up the stream
Murmurs and scents of the infinite sea."

Strathroy. JAMES T. SHOTWELL.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MISJUDGING BRITISH POLITICS.—II.

To the Editor of The Week:

Sir,—In your issue of January 12th I stated facts qualifying some statements in "Current Topics" in THE WEEK of December 15th relative to the political conduct of the Peers. It was also observed that the allegations objected to had partly resulted from hearing one side only. There were also general observations as to the disposition on this side of the Atlantic to accept as facts the positive assertions of ill-informed, non-representative, or heated partisans. I proved that the alleged opposition of the Peers to the working-classes was the reverse of the fact, and that carrying out the appeal of the 228,000 working men, to be protected from the Gladstonian Liberals, was the opposite of oppression. In refutation of other statements objected to, I showed—quoting facts in support—that the House of Lords, by throwing out the Home Rule Bill, had saved Ireland from the horrors of civil war.

Your leader-writer, in your issue of January 12th, substantially—although courteously—reiterates his original opinion as to the facts.

To avoid a waste of valuable space, I briefly re-state my views on the Employers' Liability Bill.

THESES.

That the legislation of the Conservative and Liberal Unionist Peers in carrying out the urgent appeal of the working-men was not oppression, nor was it in opposition to their wishes.

The Bill as altered by the Lords enacts that where any body or organization of working-men vote by ballot in the proportion of two to one for the present system to be continued, that then their wish shall be carried into effect so far as they are concerned. Therefore, if in any organization or union 199 vote for the present system, i.e., the one desired by the 228,000 skilled workmen; and 100 vote for the one which passed the House of Commons by the scanty majority of 19, then the provisions of the Gladstonian Bill will be the rule. There must be 200 out of 300 voting in the affirmative to take the union out of the proposed Act. Thus the Conservatives and Liberal Unionists decided that before allowing any body of men to contract themselves out of the Act, there must be an overwhelming majority in favor of so doing. They further safeguarded their interests by granting exceptional powers to the Board of Trade.

To call such safeguarding legislation opposition to or a disregard of the welfare of working-men is surely a departure from common-sense. If the Lords' safeguarding enactment becomes law, the actual working would be that some organizations would adhere to the old system, and others to the new one; and that the attempt of the new unionists to break up the old unions would be defeated.

HOME RULE ILLUSTRATIONS OF "MISJUDGING BRITISH POLITICS."

The third reading of the Home Rule Bill was carried by a majority of 34 in a House of 670 members. Every member was accounted for either by voting, pairing or genuine illness. I illustrated the frequent misconception of facts by writers on this side of the Atlantic by showing that the House of Lords in rejecting the Home Rule Bill had saved Ireland from the horrors of civil war, quoting evidence in support of my views.

But your leader-writer now asserts that the Home Rule Bill "is demanded by the section specially affected," i.e., the home-staying Irish.

Before proceeding further I must observe that Canadians suffer under this disadvantage: that one of the leading Canadian dailies—a strong party organ seeking for votes—has for many years systematically closed its columns to unpalatable truths from the outside respecting Ireland, so that its readers have often been misled.

ANENT CIVIL WAR.

I quoted from the published appeal of 95 per cent. of the Irish Nonconformist ministers

—Presbyterians, Baptists, Methodists and Congregationalists, scattered all over Ireland, painfully dreading what Mr. Gladstone proposed for them and others—that Home Rule "would result in the all but certainty of civil war." Surely these educated men, scattered through Munster, Leinster, Connaught and Ulster, must be better acquainted with a simple matter of fact painfully affecting themselves than any one on this side of the Atlantic.

I also quoted from the Report of the Belfast Chamber of Commerce (see THE WEEK of September 8th, 1893) that "the Bill cannot be enforced in Belfast or Ulster except by coercion; by the force of the empire," etc. Also the statements of highly placed military and naval officers—apparently representing a large proportion of the officers—that if it came to using force they would not order their men to fire upon the Unionists. As additional evidence Mr. Daniel O'Connell, son of the Liberator, stated (see leaflet A 56 of the Irish Unionist Alliance, reprinted from the Kent Coast Times of April, 1893) "I would have you observe that the opposition is just as strong from the Catholics as from the Protestants of Ulster. (He evidently meant the Irish Catholics as a body.) If it should pass, it is very probable there will be bloodshed. . . . There would be no security for capital under Nationalist rule. . . . Everybody who has anything to lose is opposed to Home Rule. . . . Of my own family, Mr. Daniel O'Connell, of Derryane, and Sir Maurice O'Connell are strong opponents of the Bill. . . . The Irish farmers care no more for Home Rule than for the restoration of the Heptarchy, but they have got an idea that if they get Home Rule they will get the land for nothing. My father if he had lived now-a-days would have been a Unionist."

If there is such a thing as proving a case by evidence I submit that I have shown that Home Rule would in all probability result in civil war.

FURTHER DISPROOF OF THE STATEMENT THAT HOME RULE "IS DEMANDED BY THE SECTION SPECIALLY AFFECTED," I.E., BY THE HOME-STAYING IRISH.

Respecting the members of the Irish Anglican Church, the Protestant Archbishop of Dublin enquired of the Select Vestrymen scattered all over Ireland, and found that 1,190 were opposed to it and only 40 for it. In other words, 29 to 1 were against it.

See "Irish Declarations and Addresses on behalf of the Union"—price one penny—Irish Unionist Alliance, Westminster. This pamphlet gives the following reports against the Bill: (1) The General Synod of the Anglican Church; (2) the Conference of the Methodist Church; (3) the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church; (4) the Executive Committee of the Irish Congregational Union; (5) the Society of Friends (Quakers); (6) the Senate of the University of Dublin; (7 and 8) the Royal Colleges of Surgeons and Physicians; (9) the Graduates of Dublin University; (10) An address presented by upwards of 50 of the leading mercantile men of Munster, Leinster and Connaught; (11 and 12) the Dublin and Belfast Chambers of Commerce; (13) the members of the Dublin Stock Exchange—this address being signed by 63 out of a total of 66.

The pamphlet also states that in March, 1893, 207 meetings were held in Ireland to protest against Home Rule.

On the Irish average of five to a family, there are 55,800 Protestant families outside of Ulster, but notwithstanding gross intimidations—extending to threats of burning petitioners out of house and home—127,292 persons in the three Catholic provinces petitioned against the Bill. The total number of petitioners in the United Kingdom in favor of the Bill were officially reported as less than one thousand. Allowing 10 per cent. for Protestant failures to sign from sickness, absence, indifference and intimidation, there must have been 77,072 Catholic petitioners in Leinster, Munster and Connaught against Home Rule; or 154 openly avowed Catholic Unionists for every 100 Protestant Unionists. On the authority of a Catholic farmer writing to the *Irish Times* and quoted by the *London Spectator*, thirty other

Catholic farmers in his parish informed him that they were opposed to it, and he added that it was so dangerous to post his letter in his locality to the *Irish Times* (doubtless owing to the "village ruffians"), that he had to send it under cover to a friend at Liverpool. Evidently none of the 31 dared sign the petition. Of course those who have fair-sized or large farms are opposed to dividing with those who have small or no farms. In a paper of mine in THE WEEK of Feb. 13th, 1891, part IV of "The Truth About Ireland," I pointed out the relative lack of moral courage in the Irish Celts. If the law-abiding Catholic majority had more of that they could easily put down the "village ruffians," denounced by the R. C. Bishop of Cork.

In the *Fortnightly Review* for May, 1893, Professor Dowden dealing with "Irish Opinions on the Home Rule Bill," writes as follows respecting the Catholic petitions against the Bill: "Upwards of 120 eminent Catholics issued a public circular inviting their co-religionists to sign petitions against Home Rule. The list included peers, landowners, merchants, professional men, an ex-governor of the Bank of Ireland, and Mr. Daniel O'Connell, a son of the Irish Liberator. . . . But that the terrorism exercised by the Nationalists had been such that some refused to sign, stating that they would be burnt out of house and home if they ventured to do so."

Compare the 120 eminent Catholic Unionists with the insignificant fact that the Nationalists cannot find in all Ireland 86 self-supporting Irishmen to represent them in Parliament. Not 10 of the 86 own sufficient property to keep them, 41 earn a living and 35 have to be kept by outside doles. Note also the significant fact that the home-staying Irish refuse to put their hands in their pockets to find their supposed champions in necessities, but ask Americans and Canadians to do so. According to Mr. Edward Blake, of Toronto, they require \$45,000 per annum to keep them. This is rather more than a cent per head for the population of Ireland. To quote from Falstaff, "Call you this a backing of your friends?"

Mr. Justin McCarthy, the leader of the 77 McCarthyites, has publicly acknowledged that, failing remittances from abroad, the Home Rule movement would collapse.

According to the official report of the Committee on Public Petitions, up to the vote on the second reading there had been (including the Irish Catholics), 3,100 petitions with 970,263 signatures presented against it; and only 21 petitions with less than one thousand signatures in favor of it (see *Toronto Mail*, July 15, 1893).

These facts conclusively prove that your leader-writer is in error in stating that Home Rule "is demanded by the section specially affected," i.e., the home-staying Irish—also that the majority are (1) either strongly opposed to Home Rule, or (2) utterly indifferent to it.

INTELLIGENCE VERSUS MR. GLADSTONE.

Your leader-writer asks for the authority for the statement that Mr Gladstone acknowledged that the majority of intelligent men are opposed to Home Rule. See the *London Times* of July 1, and the *London Spectator* of July 2, 1892. Mr. Gladstone said at Edinburgh on the 30th of June: "You are told that education, that enlightenment, that leisure, that high station, that political experience are arrayed in the opposite camp, and I am sorry to say that to a large extent I cannot deny it." The editor of the *Spectator* who, apart from Irish politics is an admirer of Gladstone, says, "that is the sentence of an eloquent demagogue—not of a great statesman. It is very painful to have to speak thus of anything said by Mr. Gladstone." Mr. Gladstone has also repeatedly stated that it is a question of "the masses against the classes"—in plain English that he relies upon the less intelligent majority against the better instructed minority.

These facts conclusively prove that Mr. Gladstone confesses that the majority of the more intelligent are against him.

In the *Toronto Mail* of August 24, 1892, there is a quotation from a statement of the Irish treasurer of the Nationalist

funds—that just before the last dissolution of Parliament, he drew a cheque for £37 10s, but as there were no funds to meet it (and evidently no credit), it had to be held over; and he added that it was only the large sums that arrived a few days afterwards from America and Australia that enabled the Nationalists to meet the necessary election expenses. In plain English, in the absence of those foreign remittances, Mr. Gladstone would not have had a majority. Twenty-one contested seats in Ireland lost for lack of the requisite funds to deposit with the sheriff, etc., etc., would have left the parties equally divided.

CONCLUSION.

I therefore submit:

1. That I have proved that the Conservative and Liberal Unionist Peers, by carrying out the wishes of the skilled workmen, have not oppressed or acted against them.

2. Also that the majority of the Home-staying Irish are either strongly opposed to or indifferent to Home Rule.

Yours, etc.,

FAIRPLAY RADICAL.

Toronto, Jan. 16.

ART NOTES.

Through inadvertence we failed last week to notice the names of several of the artists whose pictures were sold in Hamilton lately. Among these are Mr. W. A. Sherwood, Mr. F. S. Challener, Mr. O'Brien and Mrs. M. H. Reid.

A most interesting and well illustrated article is that in the *Canadian Architect and Builder* on "Toronto Art Students' League." It gives a slight sketch of the career of this enterprising club and some account of its work and aims. The January number of this magazine appears in a very artistic cover, and throughout the work is of a high order.

A Raphael for sixpence is one of those strokes of luck that transcends the wildest dreams of modern collectors. According to a story current just now on the Boulevards, an amateur picked up the other day, for this modest price, a study in red chalk, which his instinct told him was a really good thing. On examining his bargain more carefully, he found that he had actually become the possessor of the great master's original design for his famous picture, "La Disputa del Sacramento," now in the Vatican. Certain marks on the picture indicated that it had been sold at a famous dispersal of works of art in the last century, and a reference to the catalogue verified the fact.

One feels there is a feast in store on entering the Robert's Art Gallery, where the Palette Club are holding their present exhibition. The work is representative of the best talent of our city, although the club does not include all our best artists. The attendance has been good all along, but especially so was it the first few days. The lighting of the gallery by electricity, although a great improvement on anything heretofore, is not perfected yet. The arrangement is such that the light is thrown on the canvases without striking the spectator's eye, but whether the defect is because it is not strong enough or because it is not sufficiently diffused, we do not pretend to say, only it will no doubt be remedied before long. On glancing around, perhaps one of the first things to catch the eye will be a canvas of fair size, dark and warm in color, tenderly pathetic in feeling—"At Close of Day" it is called. An elderly woman sits alone by her coal stove, on the table beside her are the dishes, which show she has just finished her evening meal. The room is lighted by a fluttering candle and the dull glow from the stove; in the drooping attitude and folded hands we feel the weariness of a tired worker. The brushing is broadly done, but we forget all about technique in the appeal to our sympathies. Besides this Mrs. Reid has an interior, "The Long Seam," in which the chief charm is the sombre, rich coloring of a low rafted room, contrasted with a glimpse of sun-

shine and green trees seen through the open upper half of three old-fashioned doors one sees occasionally. The figure of a little girl sewing completes the picture, but does not say much. Two groups of roses and a brilliant but softly tinted autumn landscape complete this artist's contribution, which is a distinct advance on anything she has shown before. Mr. Carl Ahrens has two canvases—a small one, "After the Rain," and "The Goose Girl." A grey sky, a misty landscape, through the dimness of which one sees a flock of geese driven by a maiden with a scarlet hood. The drawing of the geese is better than that of the little girl, who is somewhat stiff, but the most striking thing is the bright, very bright streak of light on the horizon where the clouds are breaking, while the scarlet hood of the child gives a touch of color to the whole. Mr. Ahrens is not strong in drawing, neither realistic or impressionistic, but he is poetic—and this is a charming little poem. Mr. Brymner's "By Hill and Dale" is rather heavy in color and not specially interesting in subject, but shows some good work. Mr. W. E. Atkinson treats a very prosaic subject with a good deal of feeling in "Port at Moonrise." The dark cluster of buildings on the wharf with their twinkling lights show against the soft twilight of a sky lit by the rising moon. A shady avenue, whose shade is pierced by the bright shafts of summer sunshine falling through the trees, is "Roadway at Point Aven;" and "Early Twilight" is a quiet scene simply and tenderly rendered. In some respects the most important picture of the exhibit is Mr. G. A. Reid's "A Modern Madonna." A humble interior, a young mother holding her babe, which she has just taken from its cradle and which nestles in her neck while she bends her head caressingly over it. The work is broad and strong, the figure is thrown into relief by the light from the window behind, a patch of sunlight from another window falls across the floor on the cradle and the figure of the young mother. This proves rather distracting, for involuntarily the eye is drawn to that brightness; then again one would like a glimpse of the baby, of the little downy head or of a tiny hand, so that one would be sure the bundle was not all clothes, but then the tenderness expressed in face and gesture of the mother almost make one forget the wish. "The Hod Carrier" is a solidly painted son of the soil, stolid and uninteresting, but very realistic. "Tristesse" is an ideal subject treated in a manner very different from the author's usual one, perhaps an example of earlier methods. Expressive of sadness the face certainly is, and the suggestion about it of an old master is furthered by the antique quaintness of the frame. The prosaic blaze of midsummer's day is given in one canvas, and the charm of a mist in autumn in another from the same brush. Mr. C. M. Manly also gives us a bit of autumn landscape, which however lacks force and realism; by the same artist are "Spring" and "Queenston," the latter a view on the heights with the monument in the distance, and in the foreground a figure crossing the fields. Mr. O. P. Staples shows excellent composition in his "Sheep," the action is good and the woolly texture well given. He is evidently more at home in this class of subject (animal) than any other, for in "Autumn" the figure is stiff and of water-colors—a rising storm in "Wind and Weather," a quiet river lost in the darkness of foliage over-hanging its banks and down which a canoe is being paddled, and in "Indian Summer" the subdued brightness of a late autumn. In "Retrospection," Miss S. S. Tully gives an ideal head with pensive eyes and pretty fluffy hair, strongly painted, but why "retrospection?" "Outskirts of the Village" is pleasing in color and treatment, good perspective in its gradations of tone. Miss Tully has several other landscapes and "Corner of an Old House, Etretat, Normandy." A. Curtis Williamson is a name not often seen at our exhibitions; we have wondered why and wonder again. Anyone who can do such solid work has no right to hide his light under a bushel, but might do better work still.

"Philomene" is the head of a modern damsel, veil, hat and all, solidly painted and well modelled. "A Brolles Interior" is a peasant house in which two women are at work; the color is dark and glowing, with the bright spot made by the light seen through the open window. Notice of the remaining pictures we shall be obliged to defer until next week.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

Patti and her company will appear in the Grand Opera House on the evening of February 5th.

A new "Pedal Method" by Albert Verino, pianist, and pupil of Leschetizky, has recently been published.

Miss Lillian Russel, the charming singer and actress, said to be the most beautiful woman on the stage in any country, was married last Sunday afternoon, in New York, to the baritone Sig. Peruginini (John Chatterton).

Mr. J. Lewis Browne, the recently appointed organist of Bond Street Congregational Church, gave an organ recital on Wednesday evening last, in St. Thomas Church, Huron Street, when he performed in magnificent style a select programme of classic and modern compositions, including two from his own pen, and one from the pen of Mr. Humfrey Anger. Master Caryl Hunter assisted by singing an aria from the Messiah, and Ambrose's "Abide With Me."

A most interesting recital was given in the College of Music, on Thursday evening Jan. 18th, by piano pupils of Mr. H. M. Field, assisted by Miss Reynolds, Miss Massey, Mr. Klingensfeld, violinist, and Mr. Ruth, violoncellist. Perhaps the most interesting numbers were Beethoven's Trio in C Minor, for piano and strings, Miss Topping, pianist; and Gade's Sonata in D Minor, for piano and violin, Mrs. Lee, pianist. The piano solos included "Tannhaeuser March," Wagner-Liszt, splendidly performed by Miss Mary Mara; "Polonaise," Liszt, brilliantly played by Miss Topping; Liszt's Rhapsody, No. 12, given with much technical skill and maturity of style, by Mrs. Lee, and Schubert's Impromptu in G and Moskowski's "Valse" in A flat, neatly rendered by Miss Birnie. Mr. Field can be congratulated on the success of these excellent pupils, and on the artistic results attained through his conscientious instruction. Miss Reynolds' songs were highly appreciated.

Association Hall was filled with a highly delighted audience on the occasion of Mr. Tripp's piano recital, last Monday evening, January 22. Such an audience must have been highly gratifying and stimulating to Mr. Tripp, for we do not remember ever hearing him play so well as on this occasion. He is also to be congratulated on the selection of his assisting artists, for no stronger attraction could have been secured wholly Canadian than the excellent violinist, Miss Noran Clench, and the robust and splendid baritone, Mr. Pier Delasco. Mr. Tripp and Miss Clench performed the Andante and variations from Beethoven's lovely but rarely played "Kreutzer Sonata," with beautiful balance of tone and artistic finish, and were obliged to respond by playing one of the variations again. The ensemble of this number was in all respects refined and finished, and was deservedly applauded. Mr. Tripp's solo numbers included the "Presto" from Bach's so-called "Italian Concerto," Chopin's B flat Minor Scherzo, Liszt's "Hungarian Rhapsody" No. 2, and a group of smaller pieces by Moskowski, Chamade, and Hollaender. These selections exhibited in no ordinary degree his endurance, and splendidly developed technic, for he has boldness, energy and brilliance on the one hand, and daintiness, crispness, and refined delicacy on the other. He was frequently applauded, and kindly gave an encore number, after his vigorous performance of the Liszt Rhapsody. The Bach "Presto" was a splendid specimen of distinct, rapid finger work, besides being thoughtful and scholarly. Miss Clench gave one solo number, Wieniawski's

"Russian Airs," which served to show her mastery of the violin. Mr. Delasco sang with great exuberance and ease Meyerbeer's "Invocation" (from Robert le Diable) and Mr. Tripp's rollicking and taking song, "The Salt Sea Foam." This song, no doubt, will become popular, for it is effective and breezy. Mr. Delasco likewise responded by singing an encore number. Mr. Tripp will probably give another recital during the season.

"THE EVOLUTION OF THE PIANO."

Mr. Steinert, the great instrument collector of Boston, on "Pianos."

From the Springfield Republican.

Mr. Steinert judiciously made the oral portion of his lecture brief, knowing that a practical demonstration is much more effective than any amount of explanation. Five old instruments were used, representing without a break the development of our modern pianoforte. First of all came the clavichord, in use in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, for which Bach wrote his great fugues. It produced its tone by a direct blow on the string, not by a hammer but by a bit of metal that divided the string into unequal sections, the longer one of which alone was allowed to vibrate. As Mr. Steinert began to play a look of amazement spread over the audience, for the soft, sweet tones were barely audible even in that small hall. At first it seemed only a joke, a toy instrument, so callous have our ears grown from bombardment by modern musical artillery. But after listening for a few minutes and forgetting the orchestral thunders of the grand piano, this quaint little instrument came to have a singular fascination, aside from the romantic charm attaching to a clavichord to which generations long since buried had listened. Its tone had a delicate spiritual quality exactly suited to the formal, intellectual music of the period to which it belonged. To one who has heard Bach and Scarlatti so played a performance on the modern piano must always seem like a translation into a foreign tongue. For the concert-room the clavichord was useless, but for the study and the drawing-room it had a charm that was all its own, and one cannot help regretting that more brilliant and showy instruments gave it no chance in the struggle for existence. It is certainly infinitely superior to the concert instruments of its day, such as the harpsichord, and one does not wonder that it was Bach's favorite instrument. Even in comparison with our own ponderous pianos it has many merits not to be despised, and this would probably be a happier world if the piano had never been invented and our neighbors were all playing the clavichord. One can imagine what a shock it would have given the gentle Mozart if he could have looked up from his dulcet little instrument after gracefully playing his charming "Don Giovanni" minuet to a courtly circle of powdered lords and ladies, and could then have seen that distinguished Lisztian, Arthur Friedheim, sit down at a Steinway and pull out whole fistfuls of tortured chords and fling them at the audience. It is very likely that he would have thought the Mephisto waltz quite worthy of the distinguished personage after whom it is named. The other instruments were on the whole less interesting, for the spinets and harpsichords, plucked with wooden quills, give forth a dull, nasal, even tone that is not capable of any great expression, and the early pianos are too much like specimens that every one has seen, and—to his sorrow—heard, in remote country districts, to be altogether delightful. A concert harpsichord with stops like an organ, giving eight foot or four foot tones at will, was curious, however, and nothing could be more entertaining and laughable than an 18th century piano with orchestral accompaniments, one pedal banging the drum and cymbals, while others gave bassoon or flute quality at will. This instrument was lavishly provided with six pedals, and another, which was invested with popular interest from the fact that it was made by the Steins in 1816 for Beethoven, had five. It was not in very good repair, but it helped one to understand the sort of instrument for which Beethoven wrote. I

was a beauty, with its long triangular shape and its slender legs, and a connoisseur would covet it quite as much as any instrument exhibited. Of course, the instruments shown form but a small part of Mr. Steinert's collection, but they were enough to illustrate the development of the piano, which was clearly and admirably set forth by the lecturer.

The recital by Mr. Friedheim that followed the lecture was a startling return to modern times. Schumann's "Warum," too, was mechanically played, but in the Liszt numbers he showed himself the brilliant virtuoso that he is. In the "Erlkonig" he is superior even to Pederewski, and the "Mephisto" waltz was given with much fire. He was warmly encored, and played a Liszt rhapsody in a masterly manner. As a veteran orchestra prayer once said after hearing him play, "What he says about Liszt comes from headquarters." He has a rough, titanic energy that makes him a prodigious Liszt performer, and to some extent disqualifies him from more delicate work. But his rendering of the "Erlkonig" was a thing to remember.

LIBRARY TABLE.

THE WHITE CONQUERORS: A Tale of Toltec and Aztec. By Kirk Munroe. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Toronto: William Briggs.

Huetzin, the hero of the story and the only son of Thahuicol, the brave warrior chief of the Thascalans, encounters and escapes many marvellous perils at the hands of his enemies, the cruel Aztec priests and enraged citizens. He, and his father before him, swore to do all in their power to bring about the overthrow of the terrible sacrificial religion of the Aztecs and thus incurred the priests' undying enmity. Needless to say, "The White Conquerors" are Cortez and his brave companies, whose daring enterprize and indomitable pluck are aided by the friendship, succor and bravery of the young Toltec Huetzin. The story is full of moving adventures. In stirring words we are told of "the brave days of old" when the Spanish knights and their faithful men-at-arms, with the aid of a native power, established the Christian faith in an idolatrous land. Though an oft-told tale, it loses nothing in its treatment by this author, but a freshness is imparted to the historic facts by the interest chiefly centering round the lives, loves and deaths of those connected with the unconquerable little Thascalan Republic, which before and after the coming of the Spanish invaders, successfully defied the Aztec power. The volume is provided with suitable illustrations.

NIBSY'S CHRISTMAS, by Jacob A. Riis. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Toronto: William Briggs. 50c.

Devoted as this author has proved himself by previous works, to the interests of the poor, and a pitiful beholder of the wrongs needlessly inflicted upon them, he yet once more draws our attention, through the series of sketches in this little book, to the sufferings of the wretched inmates of the squalid and thickly peopled tenement houses and slums of New York. Would that we could take these scenes as common only to one great centre of our civilization. Sad are the scenes of death, starvation, brutality and roguery we are called to look upon, and happy is the end of Nibsy to that of "Skippy of Scrabble Alley," forced through his sad environment into the criminal classes. Here is how the author describes the resting place in death of those who alas! could find no resting place in life. "Far from the slumbering city, the rising moon shines over a wide expanse of glistening water. It silvers the snow upon a barren heath between two shores, and shortens with each passing minute the shadows of countless headstones that bear no names, only numbers. The breakers that beat against the bluff wake not those who sleep there. In the deep trenches they lie, shoulder to shoulder, an army of brothers, homeless in life, but here at rest and peace. A great cross stands upon the lonely shore. The moon sheds its rays upon

it in silent benediction and floods the garden of the unknown, unmourned dead with its soft light. Out on the Sound the fishermen see it flashing white against the starlit sky, and bare their heads reverently as their boats speed by, borne upon the wings of the west wind."

PERIODICALS.

Professor James A. McLellan has a paper of more than ordinary interest in the *Canada Educational Monthly* for January. The learned Professor applies a scientific method to the study of literature which is striking, suggestive, and, so far as we know, original.

Book News for January is accompanied by a portrait of the successful Canadian novelist, Mr. Gilbert Parker. The sitting posture gives a sense of repose, the well-poised and shapely head, the calm, clear eye, and the resolute yet refined expression bespeak no ordinary personality. There is also a short, bright notice of Mr. Parker in the number.

Probably most readers of the *Idler* for January—after a smile at the conceit of labelling the contents "February"—will apply themselves to Bret Harte's account of his first book at the beginning of the number and Raymond Blathway's characteristic paper on Dr. Parker in the "Lions in their Dens" series. Not that there is lacking good reading for "Idlers" on other pages. We might instance in proof of this Robert Barr's vivacious account of "The Folk's Play in the Tyrol."

Littell's Living Age of 20th January has for its first selection the important sketch of the Italian Senate, contributed to the *Nineteenth Century* by the Marchese F. Nobili-Vitelleschi. "Manette Audrey" is continued, and no article could be more timely or welcome than that of A. Patchett Martin, from the *National Review*, on Robert Lowe as a journalist. W. C. Sydney's pleasing power from the *Gentleman's Magazine* entitled "The Cradle of the Lake Poets" is also most welcome reading. There is also a beautiful poem by Swinburne, "Love and Sorrow met Me in May," in this number.

Two pretty couplets from the pen of Chas. Warren Stoddart, with fine accompanying illustration, grace the front page of the *Overland* for January. Milicent W. Shuinn's "Some Comments on Babies" is most readable and enjoyable. A somewhat unusual paper is that by Rabbi Voorsanger, in which he gives a modern Jewish view of Jesus of Nazareth. Captain Bray's article on Micronesia is an interesting record of travel and description. A. S. Hallidie writes of that strong, law asserting pioneer, W. T. Coleman. Many and varied also are the stories and poems.

"Encouragement," a pleasant poem by Edgar Fawcett, is the first contribution which is presented to the readers of the *California Illustrated Magazine* for January. Arthur Inkersley writes of the land of the Maoris. A stirring ballad is that by John Vance Cheney entitled "Jeff Dason of Cajou." W. T. Jordan's "Deer Hunting in the Sierras" is restful reading. One of the most, among the many, interesting articles in this number is that one on the Cactus by C. R. Orcutt. Mr. Macdonald continues his translations of the delightful poems of Adelbert Von Chamisso and the accompanying illustrations are superb. Space fails to refer to the many other contributions in prose and verse in this excellent number.

Charles Kingsley's name on the cover of *Onward and Upward* for January and the portrait of Father Lacomb within, recalls to mind most aptly the comment of Kingsley on the portrait of a dear departed friend: "It is a noble representation of a still more noble soul." This is indeed true of good Père Lacomb as those who read Mrs. Gordon's "Sketches in the North-West" from Judge Routhier's journal, will know. Surely *Onward and Upward* must find its way into every Canadian home—not alone for its gracious editor's sake, but because of its intrinsic merit and genial grace. To the poorest it will prove a boon and a blessing; to the richest—well,

they will be the better for its message, which they can hand to their poorer neighbors. We are pleased to see it is rapidly becoming acclimatized.

As usual, "My Note Book" in the January number of the *Art Amateur* is full of interesting gossip. The question is asked "Are J. McNeil Whistler, Mark Fisher and John S. Sargent—all American born and certainly not English taught—to be called English painters simply because they have enlivened by their talents the dead level of Royal Academy exhibitions?" The various exhibitions are noticed at length, including those of the Water-Color Club, of Cazin, of the Academy and The Architectural League. An interesting article is that on the two portraits (illustrated) of Mme. Gauthereau, also on German paintings at the World's Fair, and very helpful are the hints and instruction in water-color painting, painting of snow, painting of children, painting on tapestry, as well as other branches. China painting, iron work, and home decoration also receive attention. The colored illustration of a branch orange tree with fruit is beautifully reproduced and the accompanying designs and other pictures are quite up to the usual high standard of the *Art Amateur*.

LITERARY AND PERSONAL.

Each of the eight instalments of Mr. George du Maurier's "Trilby," the story now running in Harper's, will be illustrated with fifteen drawings by the author.

The February *Century* will contain an article on the English painter, Alma-Tadema, written by Mrs. Edmund Gosse, and very fully illustrated with sketches and pictures by Alma-Tadema and views of his beautiful London home. Mrs. Gosse is a sister of Mrs. Alma-Tadema.

Edward Burne-Jones, the English artist, whose work stands alone, has consented to the reproduction of a number of his most characteristic pictures and sketches in *Scribner's Magazine*. Cosmo Monkhouse, the distinguished English critic, who is in full sympathy with the subject, writes in the February number of Mr. Burne-Jones and his work.

Mr. Henry J. Morgan, of Ottawa, the well-known litterateur, and compiler of some of our most useful books of reference, has undertaken a work for which he is well qualified by taste, experience and peculiar fitness: the preparation and publication of "A Handbook of Canadian Biography." Mr. Morgan deserves every assistance and encouragement in the prosecution of his undertaking and we doubt not that he will exercise a just discrimination in selection as well as rejection in preparing a work that shall be truly representative of Canadian achievement, intellect and worth.

Messrs. Ward, Lock & Bowden, Ltd., the well-known English publishers, in their substantial and well-arranged catalogue of some 180 pages, offer a tempting list of books in great variety, including the respective publications of Messrs. Beeton, Moxon and Tegg. One of the most useful volumes mentioned in the catalogue is "Haydn's Dictionary of Dates." The *Times* has well styled it "the most universal book of reference in a moderate compass that we know of in the English language." The house has also an Australian branch: the American is located at 15 East 12th street, New York.

Mr. Bok, editor of the *Ladies' Home Journal* has been devoting some attention to Canada and has secured the Countess of Aberdeen to write for his magazine. The first prize in the *Journal's* musical series offered for the best waltz has been awarded to Mrs. Francis J. Moore, of London, Ontario. This waltz, Mr. Bok has named "The Aberdeen Waltzes," in honor of the Countess of Aberdeen, and it will appear in the February issue. Mr. Henry Sandham has prepared a series of covers for the *Journal*. J. Macdonald Oxley and John Lambert Paine have become contributors to the magazine and Mr. Clifford Smith of Montreal, has had his first American story accepted by this magazine.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

Edited by Capt. Pasfield Oliver. *Memoirs and Travels of Augustus Count De Benyowsky.* London: T. Fisher, Paternoster Square.
 A. Conan Doyle. *The Memoirs of Sherlock Holmes.* New York: Longmans, Green & Co.
 Henderson & Hagarty. *Bellum Gallicum, Books V. and VI.* Toronto: Copp, Clark Co., Ltd.
 Dr. Paul Carus. *Religion of Science.* Chicago: Open Court Publishing Co. 25 cts.
 Richard Garbe. *The Redemption of the Brahman.* Chicago: Open Court Publishing Co. 75 cts.
 Dr. Paul Carus. *Primer of Philosophy.* Chicago: Open Court Publishing Co. \$1.00.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

MEDICINE IN VEGETABLES.

Vegetables have direct effect upon the human system, and often combine rare curative powers. Spinach affords relief in kidney troubles, and the common dandelion, used as greens, is excellent for the same thing. Asparagus purges the blood. Celery acts admirably upon the nervous system, and is a cure for rheumatism and neuralgia. Tomatoes act upon the liver. Beets and turnips are excellent appetisers. Lettuce and cucumbers are cooling in their effects upon the system. Onions, garlic, leeks, olives, and shallots, all of which are similar, possess medical virtue of a marked character, stimulating the circulatory system, and the consequent increase in the saliva and gastric juice promote digestion. Red onions are an excellent diuretic, and the white ones are recommended to be eaten raw as a remedy for insomnia. A soup made from onions is regarded by the French as an excellent restorative in weakness of the digestive organs.

A NOVEL USE OF OXYGEN.

If there is one point more strongly impressed than any other upon the tyro in the use of oxygen and hydrogen, it is that he must be most careful to prevent any possible admixture of the two. The advice is most desirable, although it is well known that for explosion to take place the proportion of the mixed gases to each other must be within certain well-known limits. Outside those limits no explosion will take place. The knowledge of this fact underlies the novel application we refer to. At Huddersfield, Brin's Oxygen Company have erected oxygen plant for the purpose of supplying that gas to mix with the illuminating gas to be issued to the public. About six per cent. is added just before it enters the station meter, and is then stored in special holders. The Corporation gas is enriched to the extent of five and a half candlepower by this addition, a fact which is most singular when it is remembered that atmospheric air is looked upon as a deleterious adulterant of ordinary coal gas.—*British Journal of Photography.*

TO TEST DRINKING WATER.

In considering drinking water, says the *English Mechanic*, the only really important question is whether the water is or is not contaminated by sewage or decomposing water. It may be taken as a rule that very few samples of water are free from this, even after treatment by the best filters under the most favorable conditions, and the question in practice is not whether decomposing matter is present, but whether the quantity is objectionable or dangerous.

As a rough preliminary test, a solution of permanganate of potash is sufficient, and enough of this for a hundred tests may be purchased for a penny from any chemist. Make a solution of the permanganate in water of a strength which in appearance is about the color of port wine; fill a deep clear glass with the water to be tested, and add sufficient of the solution to color the water a faint pink. Cover it over and let it stand for three or four hours, and if the pink color has disappeared the water is doubtful.

JOY IN TWO HOMES.

A GENUINE SENSATION IN GREY COUNTY.

How Baby was Saved, and how a Young Lady Regained Health after Doctors and Friends had Given up Hope—Grateful Parents Speak for the Benefit of Other Sufferers.

From the Collingwood Enterprise.

Situated some fourteen miles from the town of Collingwood, on the border line between the counties of Simcoe and Grey, is the thriving village of Singhampton. It was the duty of the writer to visit this charming locality recently on a mission of more than local interest, and to Mr. Geo. E. Riddell we are indebted for the really startling facts elicited as a result of the trip. Having resided in the locality since boyhood, Mr. Riddell is one of the best known citizens in the village and his word is respected as that of an honest, intelligent man. He was found engaged in his work at Mr. Pearson's mills, and cheerfully went with the reporter to his residence where Mrs. Riddell was found with her little girl. The little girl is two years and 3 months old, very bright and intelligent. Her name is Lizzie Bell, but her parents informed the reporter that they call her the "Pink Pills baby," and they gave these reasons: When Lizzie was ten months old she was taken ill, the trouble being ascribed to her teeth, and so bad did she become that she was blind for two weeks. A doctor said there was no hope for her, and the parents shared his opinion, for the child was exceedingly puny and weighed only nine or ten pounds when a year old. Mrs. Riddell said, "We frequently could not help wishing the little one was at rest, so much did she suffer." Mr. Riddell about this time, heard of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and determined to try them. As baby continued taking these pills she began to grow well and strong, and has gone on steadily improving. "I think," said Mrs. Riddell, "that baby would long since have been in her grave had it not been for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I unhesitatingly recommend them as a most reliable remedy." Mr. Riddell said he had been ill for some time himself, feeling nervous, worried and losing his appetite. His left hand also seemed to be losing its strength, and his weight decreased to 132 pounds. He resolved to try Pink Pills, and in six weeks he regained good health and appetite, while his weight showed an increase of 32 pounds. He is enthusiastic concerning Pink Pills with good reason.

While in Singhampton the reporter heard much talk of another remarkable case, and being anxious that all the facts obtainable should be placed before the public he called at the home of Miss Ellen Cousins. The young lady was absent visiting friends, but her mother cheerfully gave the facts of this truly remarkable case. Miss Cousins was troubled with dyspepsia since childhood, and as she approached maturity other complications followed. At sixteen years of age she weighed 125 pounds, but her troubles so reduced her that she fell away to a mere skeleton of 56 pounds, and at this stage her trouble was aggravated by erysipelas in both legs. Medicines of various kinds were tried without avail until the doctor advised that none be taken and that the diet be carefully watched. Then another doctor who it was said had cured a girl similarly afflicted, was tried, but three months' treatment produced no good results

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JANUARY, 1894.

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 PAPERS OF THE BOSTON BROWNING SOCIETY: Browning as a Dramatic Poet. *Professor Henry Jones.*
 THE SEVEN PRINCESSES. *Maurice Maeterlinck.*
 THE IMPORT OF KEATS'S 'LAMIA' IN CONTRAST WITH COLERIDGE'S 'CHRISTABEL.' *Charlotte Porter.*
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and Miss Cousins was in such a condition that the family and friends sat up one night fully expecting death to ensue before morning. The spark of life flickered, and on the suggestion of a friend two boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were procured. After taking them a slight gain was noticed, and two boxes more were got, and since that time Miss Cousins has taken eleven boxes and has continually gained in health and strength and her weight has increased from 56 to 85 pounds. Mrs. Cousins said that they look upon Ellen as one raised from the dead, and they cheerfully recommend Pink Pills to all sufferers from similar complaints.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have a remarkable efficacy in curing diseases arising from an impoverished condition of the blood, or an impairment of of the nervous system such as rheumatism, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus' dance, nervous headache, nervous prostration and the tired feeling therefrom, the after effects of la grippe, influenza and severe colds, diseases depending on humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. Pink Pills give a healthy glow to pale and sallow complexions and are a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, and in the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of any nature.

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These pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ontario, and Schenectady, N.Y., and are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and wrapper, at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50. They may be had from any dealer, or will be sent by mail on receipt of price.

PUBLIC OPINION.

Regina Leader: We think, however, that there are features of what has been known as the national policy, that might with advantage be altered. We think that the farmer has to be considered and we believe that the way to protect him is to give him all that enters into his production as cheap as possible.

Quebec Chronicle: The British, or at least the London press, ought to maintain a Canadian bureau of information in one of our large cities, and take despatches every day, or whenever there was anything happening of an interesting character. The present system is actually scandalous and stupid. Perhaps Lord Lorne's remarks may have a good effect.

Brantford Expositor: The great difficulty is to devise means by which the publisher may be protected against legal freebooters, and at the same time justice may not be denied the poorest man in the land who is the victim of the newspaper libeller. In view of the fact that the criminal law is always available for the latter class, there seems good grounds for urging that the civil law should greatly protect the honest publisher in the discharge of duties that are largely public in their character.

Montreal Herald: The membership of the Peace Society is growing year by year, and the latest victory of which they can boast—for peace has her victories as well as war—is the settlement of the Behring Sea dispute by an international court of arbitration. Still it must be confessed that the work which lies before the society is of an up-hill character. The growth of militarism among the eighteen countries comprised in the continent of Europe during the last quarter of a century is appalling.

St. John Telegraph: We believe that Canada, with the assistance of Great Britain, could still be successfully defended as it was in 1812, although we do not believe that there is any child now living whose term of life will extend long enough to witness a contest such as Sir George Chesney undertakes to discuss. The war of 1812, while it imposed a severe strain on Canada, was ruinous to the United States, because it utterly destroyed the commerce of that country, and the same result would follow any new attempt on Canada, unless the Americans build a navy sufficiently large to obtain the command of the seas.

Vancouver World: That, in the face of adverse influences, we should have avoided a drop and scored a distinct advance is as remarkable as it is satisfactory. If the situation points a moral, that moral is that for the future we eschew, more carefully than in the past, the stimulating draughts which, as we know from the experience of Australia and the United States, bring in their train discomfiture and disaster. It is possible that during the present fiscal year we may exhibit a slight falling off in the aggregate of our trade, for prices are low, and the demand, owing to congestion abroad, is not brisk.

Manitoba Free Press: The huge waste, in addition to the misery, caused by strikes has so moved men to indignation at their folly and wrong, that the principle of arbitration is becoming generally adopted. The settlement of the coal difficulty in England, after a loss to the men and employers of thousands of pounds, has established a valuable precedent in that land of precedents. The circumstance of a minister of the crown being chairman of the board gives a constitutional weight to the principle of arbitration that ought to prove very useful in the future, and prevent any more resort to the ultima ratio of labor.

SORE THROAT CURED.

DEAR SIRS,—I had a very sore throat for over a week and tried several medicines without relief until I heard of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, which I tried with great success. I think it a fine medicine for sore throat, pain in the chest, asthma, bronchitis, and throat and lung troubles.

MARIA MIDDLETON, Bobcaygeon, Ont.

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How often it happens that the plain cheap son-in-law who exacts no bonus, and even in some cases contributes to his wife's support, turns out in the end to be really more valuable and satisfactory than the bankrupt loafer-prince who costs a million or two at the start, and all that he can lay his hands on afterwards. —Harper's Weekly.

The Japanese Government has for some years past projected the establishment of steel works. Up to the present there has been only one steel making plant in Japan—that at Sakai, in Izumi province—which was established by Mr. Moriyama Moriyuki, ex-director of the Osaka mint, in 1889. The steel manufactured here is said to be of the best quality, but its proprietors have so little capital that they cannot extend the works. Several native noblemen have now taken up the matter, with the result that works are now being built in Osaka for the Japan Steel Manufacturing Company, which are to have the latest improved machinery, and to manufacture different qualities of steel from the native ores.—Engineering and Mining Journal.

Some persons follow the dictates of their conscience only in the same sense in which a coachman may be said to follow the horses which he is driving.—Whateley.

If you would relish food, labor for it before you take it; if you enjoy clothing, pay for it before you wear it; if you would sleep soundly, take clear conscience to bed with you.—Franklin.

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for machine pulleys of the same material.

Buffalo claims to have more miles of streets
paved with asphalt than Paris, Washington,
or any other city in the world.

Compressed air has been found more effi-
cacious in cleaning cushions and upholstery in
railway cars than beating, and makes the
work less costly, according to *Locomotive
Engineering*.

M. Boutan, a French scientist, who is a
practiced diver, has succeeded in taking a
photograph of his surroundings when standing
on a bed of the Mediterranean at Banyuls-sur-
Mer, near the Spanish border.

The senior class at Yale numbers 185 stu-
dents: of these 54 wear glasses, the necessity
of such aids to vision having, in 25 of the cases,
arisen since the students entered the College.
The average age of the members of the class
is twenty-two.

The next meeting of the American Medi-
cal Association will be held at San Francisco,
on the first Tuesday in June, 1894, instead of
on the first Tuesday in May, in order to per-
mit of a discussion of the Code by the various
State societies that meet just before the meet-
ing of the National Association.

The bee works harder than most people
would believe. There are about sixty flower
tubes in every head of clover, and only a tiny
morsel of honey in each. In order to get
enough sugar for a load the bee must visit
about six thousand different flowers, and each
bee makes, on an average, twenty trips a day.

A prize of \$50,000 has been offered by the
Metropolitan Traction Company of New York
City for a system of street car propulsion
which will be superior or equal to the over-
head trolley, without possessing the objection-
able feature of the trolley for crowded
thoroughfares. The president of the com-
pany, Mr. John D. Crimmins, says that the
general idea is to encourage some sort of un-
derground trolley system.

Dr. William C. Braislin shows that in
negroes the nasal canals are wider, shorter and
less deep than in other races, and thereby less
protection is afforded the lungs. The author
believes that the African nose, being adapted
to a tropical climate, is not suited for the
colder climates, and that in this lies the great-
er susceptibility of the negro to consumption
and other diseases depending upon irritating
qualities in the atmosphere.—*Science*.

Chlorine in liquid form is now being man-
ufactured by Messrs. Pechiney & Co., of Salin-
dres, in France, and at the Rheinania Works,
at Rhein, near Mannheim, in Germany.
The gas is liquefied by subjecting it to a pres-
sure of 50 atmospheres (750 pounds) to the
square inch and stored in strong iron vessels
holding 120 pounds each. It is delivered from
these vessels either in the liquid or gaseous
form, and can be used in bleaching. It is
said to be as economical in use as bleaching
powder, while it has some advantage over that
product.—*Scientific American*.

The English rival to the Eiffel Tower of
Wembley Park will probably be completed by
the end of next year. Wembley Park lies be-
tween Neasden and Harrow. The tower has
a general resemblance to that of Eiffel, but is
more pointed and slender. The total height is
1,150 feet—that is, 175 feet higher than the
Eiffel Tower. Its weight will be 7,500 tons,
which is less than that of the Eiffel Tower.
The four legs which support it are founded in
concrete to a depth of 75 feet, and stand 300
feet apart. The entire work is of steel. The
tower will comprise three platforms at heights
of 150, 500 and 950 feet, the first being about
200 feet square. It will contain a concert hall,
shops, restaurants and side shows. On the
second platform there will be similar attrac-
tions but on a smaller scale, and on the third
a post and telephone office. At the peak there
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DELIGHTFULLY REFRESHING.

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

FOR THE TEETH & BREATH.
TEABERRY
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A Common Error.

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

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

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

A Residue. So with COCOA.

In comparison,
COCOA is Skimmed Milk CHOCOLATE, Pure Cream.

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR
CHOCOLAT MENIER
 ANNUAL SALES EXCEED 88 MILLION POUNDS.

If he hasn't it on sale, send his name and your address to
Menier,
 Canadian Branch,
 12 & 14 St. John Street, Montreal.

Be very slow to believe that you are wiser than all others; it is a fatal but common error. Where one has been saved by a true estimation of another's weakness, thousands have been destroyed by a false appreciation of their own strength.—Colton.

TORONTO TESTIMONY.

DEAR SIRS,—Two years ago I had a bad attack of biliousness and took one bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters, and can truly recommend it to any suffering from this complaint.

MRS. CHARLES BROWN, Toronto.

MISCELLANEOUS.

With the Bank of England, the destruction of its notes takes place about once a week, and at 7 p.m. It used to be done in the daytime, but made such a smell that the neighbouring stock-brokers petitioned the Governors to do it in the evening.

Within the large house in Washington occupied by Archbishop Satolli there is not a woman to be seen. All the servants are men, speaking Italian, and only his interpreter talks English. M. Satolli has but one fad, and that is a fondness for birds.

It is the experience of workers among the poor in New York that the wonderful size and number of our generously endowed public charities is wrongfully used by men of moderate means as an excuse for not doing their share of relieving poverty and distress.—New York Herald.

Scrofula, whether hereditary or acquired, is thoroughly expelled from the blood by Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great blood purifier.

A Boston newspaper man speaks of Hon. Josiah Quincy as the best listener he ever knew, and says that he is not always giving interviews nor speechifying on all occasions, as some men do, but he "saws wood, and his woodpile is a big one."

HAGYARD'S PECTORAL BALSAM.

HAGYARD'S Pectoral Balsam cures coughs, colds, hoarseness, bronchitis, asthma, whooping cough, and all bronchial and lung troubles. Price 25c. per bottle, or five for \$1.00.

Some three hundred and odd cats are maintained by the United States Government, the cost of their support being carried as a regular item on the accounts of the Post Office Department. These cats are distributed among about fifty post offices, and their duty is to keep rats and mice from eating and destroying postal matter and canvas mail sacks.

Not that Kind.

Scott's Emulsion does not debilitate the stomach as other cough medicines do; but on the contrary, it improves digestion and strengthens the stomach. Its effects are immediate and pronounced.

Three out of four of all the electors of Prince Edward Island who voted on the prohibition plebiscite were in favor of prohibition, and the total majority in its favor was 7,200 in a total plebiscite vote of under 14,000. The city of Charlottetown gave a majority of 300 for prohibition, and only two districts, we believe, gave majorities against prohibition.

PERFECTLY CURED.

SIRS,—I have been greatly troubled with headache and bad blood for ten or twelve years. I started to take Burdock Blood Bitters in July, 1892, and now (January, 1893), I am perfectly cured.

HUGH DRAIN, Norwood, Ont.

The obituary columns of a London paper on the morning of December 12th contained thirty-five deaths of persons over seventy years old. One of them was a centenarian, three were over ninety, and twelve over eighty. Twenty of the thirty-five over seventy; the centenarian, two of the "nineties" and seven of the "eighties" are women.

GORED BY A COW.

A fine colt belonging to Mr. Peter Lindsay, of Nixon, Ont., was badly hooked by a cow. Two bottles of Hagyard's Yellow Oil cured it. This invaluable remedy should be in every house. It cures cuts, sprains, bruises, burns, and all pains and aches in man or beast.

A San Francisco special to the New York Tribune says: C. Preble, a young German, has just reached here from Vladivostock. He crossed Siberia, following almost the same route taken by Kennan in his inspection of Siberian prisons. He found the chief danger to travellers was from vagrant convicts, who roamed the woods in winter. He thinks Vladivostock is destined to be the great trading port of the Orient.

Educational.

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 Full English Course Languages, Music Drawing, Painting etc. For Prospectus etc., apply to **MISS GRIER,** LADY PRINCIPAL, WYKHAM HALL, TORONTO

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A fully equipped residential Boys' School. Besides the Classical and Science Courses, for which the College has long been famous, a thorough Business similar to the one adopted by the London (England) Chamber of Commerce is now taught—eight exhibitions entitling the winners to free tuition are annually open for Competition. Winter Term begins January 8th.

For Prospectus apply to The PRINCIPAL, U. C. COLLEGE, DEER PARK, TORONTO.

MR. H. M. FIELD, PIANO VIRTUOSO.

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

The St. Louis Republic says: It is a well-known fact that the "bolts of Jove" seem to have a special spite at certain spots, and that the old saying, "Lightning never strikes twice in the same place," is as false as most of the old proverbs are. The writer knows a tree that has been struck by lightning five times since July 3rd, 1881—a gate-post standing within two rods of that tree having twice been struck since the same date.

ALTOGETHER DISAPPEARED.

GENTLEMEN,—About two months ago I was nearly wild with headaches. I started taking B.B.B., took two bottles and my headaches have now altogether disappeared. I think it a grand medicine.

EVA FINN, Massey Station, Ont.

The memory of Rebecca Gratz, who lived in Philadelphia to the age of ninety, and was said to have been the original of Scott's Rebecca in "Ivanhoe," is to be perpetuated by a bequest of over \$100,000, which was recently received by the Michoe Isreal Congregation of the City of Brotherly Love. The money was left in trust by Hyman Gratz to keep his sister Rebecca's memory green, and it is only since the death of the trustee that it has passed to its destination.—Harper's Bazar.

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

QUIPS AND CRANKS.

The editor is the only one who gives the devil his dues.

A nine days' wonder—A kitten wondering when it is going to see.

The astronomer's business, in spite of the dull times, is looking up.

It always follows that a rare picture is sure to be considered well done.

Mrs. R. says she never has coast for breakfast, but always "fresh-airiated bread."

Schoolmistress: And now, who was Joan of Arc? Infant phenomenon: One of Noah's family.

Some men will try to get the upperhand of you even if they have to do it by underhand methods.

Askham: How did Robinson get that game leg of his? Tellings: He once went pheasant shooting.

A vigorous young man expends enough energy in one football game to saw a whole cord of wood.

"I thought Belle was to marry the Kentucky Colonel!" "No; the engagement is broken off. She asked him to drink her health in a glass of ice water."

Chiefly the sea-shore has been the point of departure to knowledge, as to commerce. The most advanced nations are always those who navigate the most.—Emerson.

It is related by a Buffalo newspaper that, not long ago, Bishop Cleveland Coxie sent for a reporter and said: I should like to correct the proof-sheet of my prayer. You newspaper men and the printers are so unfamiliar with prayer that you are pretty sure to lunge it up badly.

Chemist: You'll have to be very careful in measuring out the doses of this, sir—the slightest overdose might prove fatal! Hadn't I better make it up in separate doses for you? Little Penbeck (who is having a prescription compounded for his wife's mother): Oh, it doesn't matter—don't be too particular—it's only for a—er—animal, you know.

She (gently): I am afraid I do not love you enough to be your wife, but I shall always be your friend, and sincerely wish for your happiness. He (moodily): I know what I'll do. She (anxiously): You surely will not do yourself an injury! He (calmly): No, I will find happiness. I will marry someone else. She: Horrors! Give me another day to consider, dear.

During the performance of an overture recently, one of the musicians having a trumpet part to play, played too low, which the leader observing, cried out: "Louder, louder!" No attention being paid, he repeated his command so often that at length the indignant German, in an agony of passion and exhaustion, threw down his trumpet and turning towards the audience, violently exclaimed: "It is very easy to cry 'louder! louder! louder!' but vere is de vind?"

"AM I MARRIED OR NOT?" asked Mr. A., despondently. "I declare, my wife is so nervous and irritable that I don't stay in the house a moment longer than I can help. My home isn't what it used to be." "Mrs. A. is suffering from some functional derangement, I presume," said B. "Yes, she has been an invalid for years." "Exactly. Her experience is that of my wife, but she was cured by Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Get this remedy for Mrs. A., and the happiness of your home will soon be restored." Mr. B. was right. For prolapsus, painful periods, irregularities—in short, all "complaints" peculiar to the female sex—the "Favorite Prescription" is a sovereign specific. Rupture, or Hernia, permanently cured, or no pay. For Pamphlet and references address, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N.Y.

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 And sold by all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.
 C.P.—Advice gratis, at the above address, daily, between the hours of 11 and 4, or by letter.

The *New Free Press* of Vienna believes that Russia's object is to put an end to the stoppage of the Dardanelles by Turkey and to obtain supremacy in the Mediterranean. The Austrian organ adds: "Let England take care. It is that country which is the aim of Russian ambition, that is working to destroy her naval supremacy in the inland sea."

CATARRH IN THE HEAD

Is undoubtedly a disease of the blood, and as such only a reliable blood purifier can effect a perfect and permanent cure. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best blood purifier, and it has cured many very severe cases of catarrh. Catarrh oftentimes leads to consumption. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla before it is too late.

Hood's Pills do not purge, pain or gripe, but act promptly, easily and efficiently. 25c.

The amount of iron ore brought down to Lake Erie during the season just closed aggregates 5,333,061 gross tons, as compared with 6,660,734 tons the previous year, and 6,874,664 tons in 1890, the banner year. The shipments to the furnaces this year were 3,353,148 tons, as compared with 3,584,428 tons in 1892. The total lake shipments of ore this season were 5,836,749 tons and the all-rail shipments, which are not footed up until the end of the calendar year, will probably bring the total up to not far from 6,500,000 tons.

The most striking features of the business of the North American Life Assurance Company for 1893—its most successful year—are:—(1) A handsome increase in new business, showing the efficiency of the agency staff; (2) a continuance of its favorable mortality, an evidence of the care and skill of the medical staff; (3) a substantial increase in interest receipts, which, coupled with prompt payment, is a strong proof, especially in such a year as 1893, of the skill and sound judgment of its financial department.

The company had the unusual experience in life insurance of having interest receipts more than sufficient alone to meet all claims for 1893 under its policies, both life and endowment; (4) the unexcelled addition to its assets (or the put-by for the year) of over 58 per cent. of its income, after having met all expenses and payments to its policy-holders, thereby greatly increasing its ability to meet all obligations as they mature, an essential requisite of wise and prudent management; (5) the largest edition yet made to its net surplus to policy-holders, now aggregating the relatively large sum of \$297,062, a fact which should be very gratifying to its policy-holders.

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, etc.

"TRUTH HURTS NO ONE."

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IS A CURATIVE!

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Because Evidence Under Oath Has Demonstrated This To Be So.

Anyone selling a medicine can obtain testimonials, but not everyone can furnish sworn testimony under a searching "Medical Cross-examination" given before a

"Judge and Jury"

as to the curative value of a medicine. **RADAM'S MICROBE KILLER** has stood such a test with success, and those who will read this testimony, to be had upon application in pamphlet form, will learn thereby that a truly scientific and medicinal discovery has been made, incontrovertible by any "Medical Authorities," and which is of inestimable and incalculable value to those of mankind, who have spirit enough left to investigate for themselves. "Thousands of Lives" are lost yearly, that might have been prolonged, had they but exercised their "God-given" faculties, in doing some thinking for themselves, instead of asking others to do it for them.

Information Free, from Head Office:
120 KING ST. W., TORONTO.

The first duty towards children is to make them happy. If you have not made them happy you have wronged them; no other good they may get can make up for that.—Charles Buxton.

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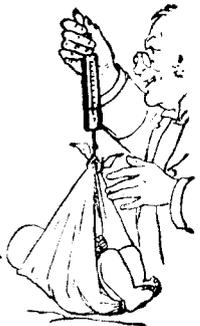
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It is not only the purest, sweetest and most refreshing of nursery soaps, but it contains delicate emollient properties, which purify and beautify the skin, and prevent skin blemishes occasioned by imperfect cleansing and use of impure soap.

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BATES, the successful advertising manager for the great Indianapolis department store, says:—
"A Great Deal about advertising is uncertain, but some things I know. I know them so well that I wonder how anybody ever doubted them.
"One Thing is, that the highest-priced paper is likely to be the cheapest.
"Another is that advertisements in dull seasons and on 'off days' pay, and

PAY BIG.

Burdock BLOOD BITTERS CURES CONSTIPATION.

Constipation or Costiveness is an annoying and dangerous complaint caused by irregularity of the bowels, which produces disastrous results to health, causing biliousness, bad blood, dyspepsia, etc. B.B.B. acts perfectly to cure constipation and remove its effects. If you have never tried it, do so now.

IT NEVER FAILS.
"Was very bad with Costiveness, and one bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters cured me. Would not be without it."
Mrs. Wm. Finley, Jr., Bobcaygeon.