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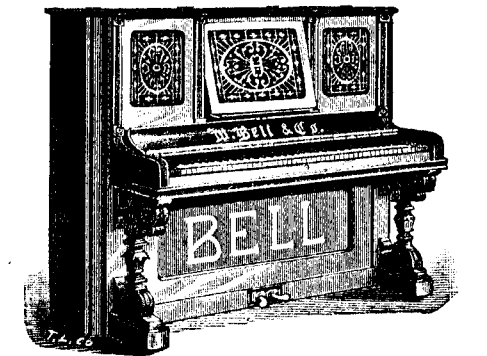
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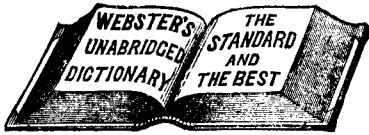
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### CONTENTS OF CURRENT NUMBER.

TOPICS—	PAGE
The Labour Strikes	307
An Extraordinary Proposal	307
The Case of General Middleton	307
Mr. Rykert's Pleas	307
North-West Affairs	308
Canadian Politicians in Extremes	308
Gen. Laurier and the Mileage	308
The Colonial Problem	308
Proposed Legislation in the British Commons	309
The United States Pension Bill	309
A Significant Symposium	309
IMPERIAL INDIA.—IV.	J. Castell Hopkins. 309
PAUL'S GREEK	Nicholas Flood Davin. 310
THE SONG OF THE HEPATICA (Poem)	Fideltis. 310
PARIS LETTER	Z. 310
THE LAST GREAT INDIAN BATTLE	G. A. Kennedy, M. D. 310
THE CONSTITUTION OF CANADA	311
"ITALIAN CONSERVAZIONE"	M. A. E. 312
THE KNIGHT OF TÖGGENBURG (Poem)	W. Kay. 312
PARISIAN LITERARY NOTES	313
THE JOURNAL OF MARIE BASHKIRTSEFF	K. Madeleine Barry. 313
THE MOONBOW (Poem)	Albert E. S. Smythe. 314
THE RAMBLER	314
CORRESPONDENCE—	
The "Bystander" on the Conservative Government	Fairplay Radical. 314
THE CAVE OF THE CROCODILES	315
THE SCIENCE OF MEDICINE	315
ART NOTES	Templar. 316
SPARKS FROM THE ANVIL	The Blacksmith. 316
MUSIC AND THE DRAMA	316
OUR LIBRARY TABLE	317
LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP	317
SCIENTIFIC AND SANITARY	318
READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE	318
CHESS	319

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

THE strike is a harsh as well as a most wasteful mode of conducting an industrial war, which should have been long since superseded in civilized communities. It would be a bootless task to attempt just now to enter into the merits of the questions at issue between the members of the various building trades in Toronto and their employees; but it is by no means creditable to the intelligence and capacity of all concerned that such questions should still have to be settled with such weapons. No one who is at all familiar with the history of labour unions, and who reflects upon all that they have already accomplished for the elevation of the status of the working classes, can readily condemn the principle of such unions. Nor can anyone who will honestly put himself in the workman's place and realize all that an increase of twenty-five or fifty cents in the wages, or the reduction of an hour in the length, of a day's labour, means to him and his family; and who will at the same time remember how powerless to secure either is the workingman single-handed in the presence of his employer and in the face of the ever-fierce competition, refuse to sympathize more or less heartily with the peaceful striker. No doubt many of those who are readiest to denounce the concerted action which causes so much inconvenience and loss, would, had they happened to be in the place of the artisans in question, have been among the foremost to resort to the measures they now denounce. Nor, on the other hand, should we forget to realize the position in which many a contractor no doubt finds himself, when, having placed himself under engagement, enforceable by heavy penalties, to finish a certain undertaking within a certain date, he now finds himself face to face with a cessation of work, or a demand for increased wages, either of which may mean heavy loss or bankruptcy. The more thoroughly we strive to realize the position of either party, and to get a fair conception of the rights and wrongs of both, the more clearly apparent is the necessity for establishing some competent and impartial tribunal, acceptable to both parties, to act as arbiter in all such cases. The slowness of both parties to consent to abide by the decision of such a tribunal, or to resort to the simple expedient of arbitration, is remarkable. The cost of such a Board or Court would be a mere trifle beside the waste and loss brought about by a general strike for even a few days, not to say

weeks. Such blindness and obstinacy on both sides are all the more astonishing in view of the fact that in nine cases out of ten, after untold suffering and loss have been incurred, the settlement is usually effected by means of mutually chosen representatives whose action is, in many respects, very similar to that of a Board of Arbitration.

THE Premier of New Brunswick, Mr. Blair, has introduced into the newly elected assembly of that province, a bill to amend the provincial law relating to controverted elections. One of the provisions of the proposed bill is as follows: "In the case of any election petition hereafter to be noticed for trial the respondent may, upon giving the notice 'A' in the schedule to this Act, to the petitioner ten days before the day fixed for the hearing of the trial of the election petition, adduce evidence before the election judge at the time and place fixed for the trial, but before evidence is received in support of the petition, to show that corrupt practices within the meaning of the controverted Elections Act were committed by the petitioner or the unsuccessful candidates or their agents in the said election, and upon such being made to appear, the judge shall forthwith dismiss the election petition without further hearing or trying the same." This is probably one of the most extraordinary bits of legislation ever proposed by a responsible minister in a Canadian legislature. With such a measure in force the chances of being able to unseat a member guilty of corrupt practices will be in inverse ratio with the degree of corruption prevailing in the constituency. A candidate who happened to have command of unlimited funds need only be assured that his opponent or some of his supporters were resorting to bribery, and he could proceed to buy up the constituency with impunity. Nay, it is quite conceivable that he might himself bribe some person to commit or procure a provable act of bribery on behalf of his opponent, in order to secure himself against the effects of the grossest corruption on his own behalf. This is surely, as a New Brunswick journal, not unfriendly to the Blair administration, has said, "to place a premium upon corrupt practices at elections." It proceeds, apparently, upon the assumption that an honest election is too much to expect, and that to make absolute freedom from proved corruption a condition of membership of the legislature, would be raising the standard of electoral purity to an impracticable height. It is not too much to say that the minister or member who could seriously propose such a law, fairly exposes himself thereby to suspicion of having unworthy ulterior ends in view, and it is not at all surprising that Mr. Blair should be suspected and accused of seeking to legislate with a view to the case pending in the courts against himself. It is inconceivable that the legislature of New Brunswick can be betrayed by any excess of partisan feeling, into passing such a measure. Should it do so it would earn for itself a most unenviable notoriety as a legislative body.

THOSE of the Canadian public who care for the reputation of their legislators and public officers will await with some anxiety the reports of the two committees which have been intrusted with inquiring into the serious charges which have been laid against two public men, and the action of the house in regard to the reports when presented. Though the cases are quite unconnected and dissimilar in kind, as well as in the positions held by the accused, there are two or three points in which they are curiously parallel. In neither case is the committee obliged to go into an extended hearing and sifting of testimony, the evidence in both cases being supplied by the accused himself. It is still more remarkable that in both cases the person so accused is, or appears to be, serenely unconscious of having done anything particularly reprehensible. In commenting on the case of General Middleton a week or two since, we expressed our surprise and regret that a gentleman in his high position could permit that advantage should be taken of a technicality to limit the scope of the enquiry, thus leaving some of the most serious allegations unanswered, and allowing the verdict of public opinion to be recorded against him, as it were, by default. At the next meeting of the committee General Middleton made a statement intended to cover the whole ground, though it is matter for deep regret that that statement was little more than an

admission of the facts charged. Some of the General's replies before the committee were very astonishing. That a British officer, supposed to be thoroughly imbued with the honourable traditions of the British army, could believe that, in quelling an insurrection in a British colony, he was empowered to confiscate on his own authority the property of persons suspected to be rebels, without even the formality of a regular inquiry, is sufficiently wonderful. But that such an officer could further believe that he had a right to distribute the confiscated property among the members of his staff, retaining a Benjamin's portion for himself, and that he could not only seize and use, for the present emergency, horses of whose ownership he knew nothing, but could retain such animals as his own after the close of the *emeute*, would have surpassed belief had we not had it from his own lips. The action which the committee may recommend and Parliament take in the premises will be awaited by the public, as we have said, with the interest that attaches to a matter in which the honour of the militia and of the country is involved.

THE case of Mr. Rykert, which will probably have been disposed of by the committee by the time this number of THE WEEK goes to press, has features no less peculiar, in addition to those to which we have already adverted, which it has in common with the other. The defence in this case has two phases. In the first instance Mr. Rykert pleads his own cause. Two features of his personal plea are especially noticeable. He unequivocally and emphatically clears the ministers implicated from the charges of having been moved by bribes or other improper influences. We do not suppose any one for a moment believed the ministers capable of such corrupt action, and the peculiarity of the case is that no such charges been and formulated or even insinuated elsewhere than in Mr. Rykert's own letters. Mr. Rykert's attempt to show that the promise and subsequent receipt of the stipulated gift of \$75,000 for his wife had no connection with himself and no influence upon his own conduct might perhaps do for a modern Apella, but could hardly satisfy any one else. The other phase of the investigation is that in which Mr. Rykert's legal representative, Mr. William Macdougall, pleads his cause on purely legal and technical grounds, disdaining, apparently, to refer to the moral aspects of the case. This plea is two-fold, first, that the Commons has no power under the constitution to take cognizance of the private correspondence of a member or to expel him on the ground of anything contained in such correspondence; and secondly, that, even if it had such power, it could expel only for an offence committed against its own dignity, not for one against that of a former parliament. The argument is of course one for the lawyers or the judges. To the lay mind the first part of the plea sounds more or less absurd, the second, plausible. But as there is no motion before the House or the committee for expulsion, the line of defence seems irrelevant, save as it may be directed to forestall a supposable recommendation of the committee. No constitutional law, written or unwritten, can prevent the House of Commons, if so disposed, from pronouncing a certain transaction or series of transactions of one of its members, "discreditable, corrupt and scandalous," and this is all that Sir. Richard Cartwright's motion proposed to do. It should be enough. The member who could go on sitting in the House which had pronounced such an opinion upon his conduct, would undergo a punishment in the daily consciousness of having lost the respect both of himself and of his fellow members, which would be worse than expulsion.

MONDAY last was a North-West day in the Commons. It is not too much to say that the hopes of Canada are centred in the North-West to a greater extent than in any other part of the Dominion, by reason of its unlimited possibilities of development. Whatever tends to promote, or threatens to retard, that development, demands the most serious consideration. There can be little doubt that some of the measures proposed and advocated by Mr. Davin are either premature or uncalled for, but others of them deserved much more favourable consideration than they received. The facts stated by other North-West



representatives make it pretty clear that no case can be at present made out in favour of any costly attempts at irrigation. The matter of protection from prairie fires is one of the very first importance, and railways should certainly be placed under the strictest compulsion to use all necessary precautions. It is well that the Government has undertaken to legislate in the direction proposed by Mr. Davin. The question of setting apart lands for a university may no doubt be most wisely left for the consideration of the provinces into which the Territory will one day be sub-divided, and to which this and other educational matters will constitutionally belong. There is not much to be said in favour of and a good deal against the policy of granting second homesteads, in itself considered, but there is certainly great force in the contention that faith should be kept with those settlers who went into the Territory when the offer of second homesteads was one of the inducements held out by the Act. So far as we are able to see, the logic of justice is on the side of Mr. Davin's proposal that the privilege should be extended so as to include all settlers to whom second homesteads were virtually promised when they went into the Territory. With regard to the unsettled Half-breed claims it seems impossible to know whether there is really any serious justification for the cry of rising discontent and danger, or not. Surely the facts could be ascertained, and if so, surely it is the duty of Government and Parliament to ascertain the facts and govern themselves accordingly. But whatever may or may not be desirable in respect to the other questions brought up by Mr. Davin, the refusal of the Government to institute an impartial inquiry into the management of the Mounted Police, and particularly into the charges against the Commissioner, is indefensible. In view of the definiteness of those complaints, and the fact that the Press of the North-West is practically unanimous in reiterating them, it is vain for the Minister of the Interior to rise in his place and say he does not believe them. The question is not one of Mr. Dewdney's personal belief, but of fact, capable of proof or disproof. The powers of the Police and of its Chief in the North-West are exceptionally large. The people are in a large degree at the mercy of the force, and the members of the force, in their turn, at that of the Commissioner. Justice to all—to the people, the force, and the Commissioner—demands that such charges should not be suffered to go unnoticed. The very refusal of the Government to permit an inquiry, which would have been no less useful in clearing the innocent than in convicting the guilty, will be construed by many in a sense very unfavourable to the accused and to the Government.

"MANKIND," says Arthur Helps, "is always in extremes." No one whose duty or pleasure calls him to read the debates which are now going on in the Canadian Commons, on tariff questions, will need to go any farther for illustration of the truth of this observation. If it were not aside from the point we might well stop at the outset to moralize over the spectacle which is now presented, of two kindred and so-called Christian peoples, united by many of the strongest racial and social bonds, located side by side and sharing between them the empire of almost a continent, yet both legislating in utterly selfish disregard of each other's welfare, if not, as there is just now some reason to fear, in positive hostility to each other's interests, instead of mutually striving to act in a neighbourly spirit. Such conduct is especially reprehensible when the rulers of each must know in their hearts that such friendly action would in the end, and in the case of both, redound to the advantage of the people for whom they respectively legislate. We on this continent are accustomed to moralize, as it is easy to do, on the folly and wickedness of the rulers of Europe, whose bitter jealousies and rivalries are perennially crushing their respective peoples under such enormous military burdens. But there is great danger, should not present tendencies be speedily checked, that the United States and Canada may very shortly exhibit a state of things, in their commercial relations to each other, equally foolish, unchristian and hateful. It may be doubted if a commercial war is not in many respects almost more ignoble than a military war. But this is aside from the observation we set out to make. It is hard to determine which party goes to the wildest extremes in these tariff debates, the one which now holds that free trade with the sixty millions of people to the South would be disastrous to Canada, or the other which maintains that such trade would be a panacea for all our agricultural and commercial ills. The one party enters upon a hopeless struggle against all economic laws when it

argues that it is wise for Canada to attempt to ignore the position in which nature has placed her in relation to her great neighbour. The other shuts its eyes to the teaching of the plainest facts, when it argues that any degree of unrestricted intercourse with the United States could free the farmers from a depression which is felt no less severely by those on the other side of the boundary, who have already free access to the coveted market. So, again, what can be more purblind than the argument which holds that free intercourse would expose Canadian manufactures to utter extinction by the competition from beyond the border, while it never takes into account the fact that by the same token Canadian manufacturers would have the market for their products indefinitely enlarged by access to unlimited numbers of excellent customers from whom they are now shut out by the tariff wall. No less notable in its extreme one-sidedness is the declamation which paints in glowing colours the blessings that would result from free trade with our American neighbours, while carefully forgetting that the only possible present condition of obtaining that free trade is that of adopting against the rest of the world, and above all against Great Britain, the tariff of one of the most highly protected nations under the sun. Can it be doubted that the path of reason and truth lies in this case, as in so many others, midway between the two extremes, or that, while the Government and its supporters are most unwise in allowing themselves to be driven by party pressure from the more defensible position they took ten years ago and have since maintained, those Liberals are no less illogical who would sacrifice not only national dignity, but some of the prerogatives of national self-government, upon the altar of Commercial Union?

THE familiar maxim *summum jus, summa injuria*, will seem to most readers, we think, to be applicable in a modified sense to the case of General Laurie, M.P., as explained by himself to the House. No one can doubt, we suppose, that he was justified by the letter of the law in accepting, and the accountant in paying, mileage dues from the place of his present residence in England; but few persons will believe that the law was ever intended to apply in the case of residence beyond the limits of Canadian territory. Though the amount of loss to the revenue is not large enough to be startling, there is no law of courtesy, so far as we are aware, which requires us to forget that it must be considerably in excess of the necessary travelling expenses of even the trans-Atlantic trip. But the aspect in which the matter becomes of sufficient importance to invite comment is that which presents the point of honour involved. In a case in which the validity of a pecuniary claim rests on a mere technicality, and not on the spirit and intention of the Act, one could wish that every Canadian Commoner, to say nothing of any peculiar sense of obligation which some might suppose to attach to the position of a military officer, would unhesitatingly give conscience the benefit of the doubt, and set an example worthy of imitation by private citizens of every grade all over the land. We think it unfortunate, to say the least, that the matter did not present itself in this light to General Laurie.

IT may be, perhaps, a little late to notice a matter which was set at rest some weeks ago, yet the result of the contest between the Colony of Victoria and Lord Knutsford, the Colonial Secretary, upon the subject of the new Divorce Law of Victoria, is too significant to be permitted to pass without comment. The *Spectator* of March 1st contained an article in which all that was involved in Lord Knutsford's surrender was very fully and frankly stated. The *Spectator* does not blame the Secretary for finally yielding the point, since it sees clearly that he really had no alternative. He questioned all the principal colonists available, consulted all the Agents-General from Australia, and the reply from all was the same—"the Divorce Act must this time be accepted, or the beginning of the end will have arrived." The Colonies are "determined that upon this kind of subject they will not submit to the authority of the Mother-country." The question they regard as one of their internal social civilization, of importance only to themselves and not to the whole Empire. It involves their right of internal self-government. "They insist, therefore, on going their own way, practically under menace of secession." There can be no doubt that the *Spectator* is right in thus interpreting the views of the colonists. Nor is it easy to dispute its conclusion that this result "reduces British sovereignty in Australia"—and by implication in Canada—"to something less than a

form, and considerably worse. The colonists take up the position, not of subjects of the Crown, with a right of veto resting in the Imperial Parliament, but of allies who, unlike most allies, leave ultimate responsibility on the shoulders of their ally." The *Spectator* does not see, nor do we, upon what plea, save her own will, Great Britain could now veto a re-establishment of slavery in a colony. It thinks that the wisest next step towards the friendly alliance in which the relations of the Mother-country and the Great Republic of the Pacific must ultimately end, should be for the former to abandon, by formal act, the right of veto, except in regard to laws deemed inconsistent with treaties, or perilous to the safety of the Empire. Australia would then remain in the Empire very much in the same position which Bavaria takes up towards Germany, but without the obligation of contributing her share towards the cost and risk of military defence, and also without conceding complete internal Free-trade. The relation would be undeniably one-sided, but it would at least entail no public humiliation, nor injury to the general conscience, both of which are held to be involved in the present system. But even under the new relation proposed it is clear that events would be liable any day to occur which would prompt the Colonial allies to ask why they should be held bound by the provisions of treaties which they had no hand in making, and to which they never consented. It is not to be wondered at if the Mother-country feels dissatisfied with the present colonial relations, any more than it is to be wondered at that the grown-up colonies insist on full self-government in internal affairs. As the *Spectator* philosophically observes, it is not easy to see that there is any remedy, "any more than there is in a household, where a son, being of full age and with a fortune of his own, insists on doing a wrong or an injudicious thing."

WITH the reassembling of the British Parliament this week the constructive work of the Session will begin in earnest. Apart from the Budget the three great measures for discussion are those relating to the Tithes, Land Purchase, and Free Education. Though the first-named has already passed its second reading, it is likely that it will yet have to run the gauntlet of a host of amendments and adverse criticisms. The Opposition thus far has been left largely in the hands of the Welsh members, but it is scarcely to be expected that the Bill will be allowed to pass without attack by the more prominent opponents of the Government. It is pretty apparent, however, that hostile criticism is much weakened by the fact that Mr. Gladstone and some other prominent Liberals are too sincerely attached to the Established Church to become very ardent opponents of the Bill on the ground on which it can be most effectively assailed, namely, that of the inherent injustice of the State-church Establishment. Lord Salisbury evidently fears that the progress of this and the Irish Land Bill may be seriously hindered by toes within his own political household. His main object in calling together his Conservative supporters before the recess was to impress upon them the necessity for avoiding frequent amendments and lengthy discussions on points of detail. A fact worthy of notice which crops out in his speech on this occasion is that the Government measures are designed not more to remedy present grievances or to meet present demands than to anticipate and as far as possible forestall more radical legislation by the Liberals should they return to power after the election. Thus the Tithes Act aims to remove the more glaring abuses of the system as at present administered, and to settle the tithe on such a basis as may put it, if possible, out of reach of the ruthless hands of those who would have it converted to non-ecclesiastical and national uses. In like manner a main purpose of the Educational legislation proposed, which may not however be reached this session, is to save the voluntary schools from the destruction which, it is thought, would overtake them, should a system of free public schools be established on an undenominational basis. The Land Purchase Act was advocated by Lord Salisbury as a necessary preliminary to the extension of the Local Government system to Ireland, and both these measures have it as their ultimate end to drain, to some extent, the sources which feed the Home Rule movement. Those sources are no doubt to be found largely in the discontent arising from landlord oppression and landless poverty, though it is probably that national or racial sentiment may be found a stronger auxiliary than Conservatives and Unionists are accustomed to suppose. In any case it will aid materially in understanding the motives and spirit of the coming struggle, to remember that the

eyes of both parties are not fixed simply upon the intrinsic merits of the proposed legislation, but are also turned to the careful consideration of its bearing upon more radical measures in the future, perhaps the near future.

THE Senate of the United States has passed by a large majority the Dependent Pension Bill. Under the operation of that bill it is estimated that the pension expenditures for the next year will amount to about \$130,000,000. These figures seem to be sufficiently appalling, both in their magnitude and in the possibilities of unlimited corruption they represent, but it was only by a display of courage which was unexpected and to some surprising, that the passage of an amendment, removing the limit relating to the arrears of pensions, was rejected. Had the amendment passed it would have involved an annual expenditure of not less than \$500,000,000. This pension legislation is at the same time a most lamentable exhibition of the political methods in vogue amongst our neighbours, and a most potent means of sapping the political honesty and the personal manliness of the soldiers amongst whom the money is distributed. General Grant is said to have declared, on the occasion of his last visit to the Capital, that he would never vote one dollar of pension to an able-bodied soldier. It is hard to see how such a soldier, with the manly instincts which are supposed to belong to the profession, could consent to receive a dollar so bestowed. Well may the *Christian Union* declare that while the obligation of the country to the men who carried through the great struggle of twenty-five years ago cannot be over-estimated, neither can it be discharged, and that "to attempt to discharge it by money is to degrade the service and to insult the men who rendered it."

ONE of the most interesting and perhaps profitable uses to which the journalistic device called the "symposium" has been put is that which appears in a late number of the *American Hebrew*, of New York. The conductors of this paper issued a circular to a number of "prominent non-Jews," requesting a frank expression of opinion in answer to certain questions. These questions were four in number. In substance they asked for the justification, if any, of the prevailing prejudice against Jews, as Jews; whether such prejudice is not largely due to the teachings of the Church and the Sabbath school, and whether there is any observable different standard of conduct in the social or business life of the Jews, from that which prevails amongst Christians. Suggestions as to what should be done to remove the prejudice were also called for. The questions were sent to individuals supposed to represent a very wide range of opinion and feeling, including, for instance, both Cardinal Gibbons and Robert Ingersoll, as well as prominent clergymen of the chief Protestant denominations. The answers are said to be marked by both courtesy and candour. All agree in deprecating racial prejudice, though many, at least, also point out that the Jews themselves, by their manners and customs, are continually emphasizing racial peculiarities. They hold themselves apart not only religiously, but to a large extent socially. Their "mark of the Abrahamic covenant," their Seventh-day Sabbath, their peculiar dietary rules, separate them from the rest of the people. They forbid and denounce intermarriage. They regard themselves as a peculiar people, in a sense different from what any other race in the country does. Representatives of Christian Churches, we may well believe, repudiated, as they might honestly do, the idea that antipathy to Jews is fostered in Church or Sabbath school. There was some difference of opinion but still a general negative to the question whether a different standard has been observed in the social or business life of the Jews, from that which prevails amongst other members of the community. It is admitted that some of the most noble and honourable of business men are Hebrews, yet there is a very prevalent, though perhaps erroneous, notion that dishonest transactions and sharp practices are more prevalent among the Jews than among other races. It is probable, however, that the discussion will do good. If the conductors of the *Hebrew* are in earnest in the matter, they can hardly mistake the evidences of kind feeling in the answers, and at the same time may get from them some new glimpses of themselves as others see them. The incident may, perhaps, be taken, along with some other recent movements, as indicating an awakening desire, in at least some Jewish communities, to become more closely identified with the social and national life of those amongst whom their lot is cast.

## IMPERIAL INDIA.—IV.

## INTERNAL DEVELOPMENT.

IN resuming this attempt to describe the continuous progress which is being made in our Indian empire, it seems almost incredible to believe that these few figures and facts regarding the internal Government of the country can be really applicable to the swarming millions of Hindostan. Neither in Great Britain nor in Canada is it possible to adequately grasp the wonders connected with the management of these immense numbers of antagonistic races, or the difficulties in the way of a just and generous administration of their vast and complex affairs.

The progress, however, in everything that tends to the elevation and improvement of a people has been marked, and although the figures, when taken in connection with the enormous population, are not so surprising, still, it must be considered a sign of wonderful advancement to find, that in 1886 there were 110 colleges and college departments with 10,538 undergraduates on the rolls; 122,257 schools with 3,314,542 scholars, and a total yearly expenditure of 2,550,000 pounds sterling. Normal schools have been established in each of the Provinces, while medical colleges, art, engineering and other technical schools are largely on the increase.

Thirty years ago, there were a few vernacular newspapers published as a rule near the capital cities. Now there are 315 newspapers published regularly in twelve different languages, while the register of publications for British India showed, in 1886, 8877 books and magazines published within the year, of which nine-tenths were in vernacular languages and dealt with poetry, history, religion, science, as well as furnishing many translations of standard English works. One of the most important sources of modern development in India has undoubtedly been the extension of her system of railways. As a means of facilitating trade interchange, encouraging intercourse between the different nationalities; destroying prejudice and caste; increasing the export of natural products; diffusing information, intelligence and general wealth, the usefulness of the modern railway system cannot be over-estimated. We find, therefore, that while the Indian Government had opened in 1857 300 miles of railway, carrying two million passengers and 253,000 tons of goods, they had in 1887 the proud privilege of seeing 14,000 miles of open railway which carried during the year 95½ million passengers and over twenty million tons of goods, while over 2500 miles of road were in course of construction.

This great progress, which would have been utterly impossible had it not been for the beneficent policy of the Government with the consequent expenditure of British capital, has done much to relieve the necessities of the people, not only by carrying food from the prosperous provinces to the famine-stricken districts but by giving an impulse to production and trade which saved many surplus products from rotting in the granaries for want of a home market.

It has been officially stated that the capital cost of all Indian railways open to traffic at the end of 1887 was \$914,395,000, while their net earnings amounted to 5.12 per cent. on the investment.

Another all important point has been that of irrigation and the creation of canals. In some parts of India the revenue, food, and very life of the people depend on the canal system and everywhere throughout the Empire irrigation is one of the principal factors in the welfare and progress of the inhabitants.

The total expenditure on irrigation amounts to about 130 millions of dollars, while the area taking water from such works was 10,951,000 acres, and the crops thus secured were valued at \$75,500,000.

After all, however, these figures of prosperity are but signs to assist us in arriving at a just conclusion regarding what is really the crucial point of the whole question of Indian Government and progress. Has the condition of the people as a whole improved? In the first place the question is a comparative one. If a strong despotic central Executive were not in power it is almost certain that from the lack of cohesion and quantities of inflammable material which exist in every section of the land internal peace would be of short duration. The warlike Mussulman hates and despises the soft and somewhat effeminate Hindoo, while the various minor religions and races are in a state of constant tension which is only preserved from outbreak by the existence of superior power.

Had the reins of government not been picked up and held in the firm hands of the British, the prevalence of universal anarchy would have been the result. The condition of the poorer people would have been terrible, and as in the time of Akbar, when splendour and squalor presented such terrible contrasts, so to-day the despotic uncontrolled rule of many antagonistic and battling princes would have resulted in untold miseries to the unfortunate lower classes and castes. But British rule effected a complete alteration. No one who is at all acquainted with the facts now denies that with the birth of British power in India dawned a period of increased national prosperity, which followed by natural process the formation of a stable and firm administration, as shown in the statistics already given. Knowledge has been diffused, education of a practical and useful nature increased, abuses destroyed, laws improved, commerce expanded, and internal trade developed.

It is necessary, however, to do more than mention

generalities, and while no doubt as to the progress of the people as a whole, and their increased wealth as a total, can be entertained, it will be wise to look at the matter more minutely. It must be remembered that though the poor people in India are extremely wretched, yet that to use the words of a well-known authority, Sir Richard Temple, "owing to the mildness of the climate poverty of sustenance causes less suffering than in colder climes. My impression is that very poor people in India do not endure nearly as much misery as very poor people in the British Isles or in the north of Europe."

The population of the peninsula may be roughly divided into (1) The land-owning class, which includes not only the great Zemidars of Bengal and Oudh, but tens of millions in the proprietary brotherhoods of Northern India, and the innumerable petty proprietors who hold their lands direct from the State; (2) The professional and trading classes; (3) The Ayot, or tenant class; (4) The labouring class.

The first three divisions have undoubtedly prospered of recent years, the progress of the great public works, increased inter-communication and development of trade, as well as the large amount of wheat now exported, having all combined to enhance the welfare and increase the wealth of those classes. The labourers, however, are in a different category, their existence being at the best a hand-to-mouth one, though as a rule while harvests are good they do not suffer materially. The advent of a poor harvest brings the dread and inevitable famine in its wake, and it is this which makes the life of the labourer so painful and toilsome. All the efforts and costly exertions of the Government, all the effects of increased wages and growing manufacturing establishments have been unable to avert this ever-threatening danger, and it still presents the most difficult of all internal problems for solution by their British rulers.

An official preliminary review of the condition of the poorer classes in India was published in October, 1888, from which the following extracts may be given. The Marquis of Dufferin's Government reported as follows:—"It may be stated briefly that over the greater part of India the condition of the lower classes of the agricultural population is not one which need cause any great alarm at present. There is evidence to show that in all parts of India there is a numerous population which lives from hand to mouth, is always in debt owing to reckless expenditure on marriages and other ceremonies, and, in consequence of this indebtedness and of the fact of their creditors intercepting a large proportion of the profits of agriculture, does not save, and has little or nothing to fall back upon in bad seasons."

The Government of Bengal, with its population of seventy millions, reported that "The general result of the inquiry is that in the greater part of the Lower Provinces the industrial classes find no difficulty in supplying their primary wants and are, as a rule, well nourished."

North-West Provinces and Oudh. Population forty-four millions in 1881. "In these Provinces the inquiry was made after a succession of bad seasons, but the Government consider that the consensus of opinion is to the effect that the people are not generally underfed."

Madras. Population thirty millions. "On the whole it may be said that in ordinary seasons the lower agricultural classes get throughout the year a sufficiency of food, that is food enough to maintain them in bodily health and strength and in full efficiency for labour."

The report from the Central Provinces states that "the people are well fed, the volume of wealth is rapidly increasing, and there is no lack of employment for those who wish it." While that from Berar states that "real distress is practically unknown and the labouring classes are generally well clad and in good care, and at their frequent festivals show a great deal of wealth in their attire."

Let me sum up the conclusions which may be safely reached in the able words of Sir Richard Temple: "The condition of half of the whole people, comprising the most intelligent, vigorous and progressive classes, is decidedly ameliorated by British rule. The condition of one quarter is nearly stationary with a slight improvement, while that of the remaining quarter is in a dubious stage with only that sort of improvement which arises out of security from the consequences of tumult and bloodshed, and a comparative, though by no means an entire, immunity from famine."

Upon the whole the British Government may claim that in the words of the Court of Directors of the old East India Company, their administration has been "not only one of the purest in intention, but one of the most beneficent in act ever known among mankind" and "that it has been one of the most rapidly improving governments in the world."

Toronto.

J. CASTELL HOPKINS.

THE fetich of our time is the legislative enactment. It is considered that men should be more moral, more temperate, immediately a party arises in the State clamouring for a law to legalize its theories. But, unfortunately, progress cannot be obtained by an Act of Parliament. Development is a plant of slow growth, and the only soil in which it will flourish is that of broad, human culture. Harmonious progress is not to be secured for the individual or society by hasty methods. You can make men hypocrites by prohibitory laws; you cannot make them moral.—*Elizabeth Cady Stanton, in the April Arena.*



## PAUL'S GREEK.

BECAUSE Paul quotes an old Greek poet, theologians have credited him with Greek culture. That he would be held among the Pharisees of his day as a highly educated man I have no doubt, but I cannot believe he had any Greek culture in the proper sense of the term. There is no trace of the method that a real Greek training would have given him. His mode of thought is that of a Hebrew of the Hebrews. His style would hardly be possible for a man familiar with the master-pieces of Greek prose. It may be said he would of design adopt the manner of speech familiar to the Hellenic Jews. But we must remember his greatest letters are addressed to men in Corinth and in Rome, in which last city in his day Greek was spoken almost as much and as well as Latin; that he was the apostle of the Gentiles and that on an occasion when he would have spoken in classic sentences had he been able, he evidently provoked the contempt of his hearers. It is worthy of comment that he seems to have made no headway at Athens. If he were familiar with Demosthenes, or Thucydides, or Plato, or Xenophon, can we believe his composition would be so involved? Can we believe his argument in one case—the early chapters of the Romans—would be so obscure, that, after reading it a thousand times, a man is not sure he has seized it?

That one may be educated in the midst of a society dominated by certain ideas and, recognizing certain writers as masters, and yet be trained wholly out of sympathy with it and knowing little and caring less about those from whom it receives its direction, we see demonstrated in the case of Roman Catholics educated in the present century at Stonyhurst and similar institutions, and in that of Roman Catholic priests. Three great minds have exercised a powerful influence on the second and third quarters of the nineteenth century—John Stuart Mill, Darwin and Carlyle. Yet we may meet by the dozen educated men on whose minds, on whose modes of thought, on whose opinions not one of these writers has had any influence. Such men leave college with a different idea of the greatest events of history from the mass of their contemporaries, with different, sometimes antagonized, views of science and philosophy and ethics; they are enlightened with another illumination than that accepted as the best in their day; they are walled round against the spirit of their time. Paul doubtless spoke Greek from his childhood. But the probability is his mother spoke nothing but Hebrew, and it is certain the masters who taught him Greek were Jews.

There must have been volumes or scrolls prepared specially for the young, perhaps some of them like the fourth and fifth books of our Ontario series. In these would be found extracts from poets and prose writers, and in such selections none would be more surely found than those passages in great authors enforcing moral lessons from the games and athletic contests. In this way we can account for the fascination the figures of the Christian life as an athletic struggle had for Paul, and not only for Paul but for John—(1 John v, 4; Rev. ii, 7, 11, 26). It also accounts for a striking similarity between the language of the apostle and Plutarch. It is morally certain, though Plutarch lived in the half of the first and into the second century, that he knew nothing whatever of Christianity, had never heard of Paul as anybody worthy of his notice. He made long visits to Rome; he travelled round the world of his day; but if he ever heard of Christianity he must have regarded it as some aberration of the despised and loathed Judaism: so silently, so obscurely was the spiritual dynamite being laid which was to blow out of existence the Pagan civilization then in decay, still imposing in appearance, but rotten and rife for ruin, into which in vain the latter Platonists, of whom Plutarch stands foremost, endeavoured to infuse new life; to make truth germinate where all was false, and moral beauty to flourish amid immoral fens, and hideous mockeries of distorted passion. But though no trace of any contact with Christian ideas is found in the sage of Charonea the similarity between the language he uses in some of his moral essays and that of St. Paul is startling. With him, too, life is a contest, man is in this life struggling as an athlete and when the struggle is over he will be treated according as he deserved. Well-doers are bearers away of victory; those who remain faithful to the end are overcomers, conquerors.

I hope it is not presumptuous to put down my thoughts on so interesting a question as Paul's Greek culture. It is not like one of those abstruse questions of scholarship to the discussion of which no busy man should think he can step aside from the dusty road of life, and by way of recreation bring anything worth the attention of other people.

NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN.

STATISTICS seem to show that in most countries insanity is on the increase. According to the investigations of Dr. Garnier, an eminent French physician, this increase is due mainly to two causes—brain over-work and alcoholism. Cases arising from other causes appear to be stationary in number. It is only in the two directions referred to that enormous increase is observed. A curious feature of this increase is the fact that it includes more women than men, and that while the number of male maniacs from alcoholic causes doubled in fifteen years, the increase of females from the same causes far more than doubled in the same time.—*Washington Critic.*

## THE SONG OF THE HEPATICA.

LET them sing of the lily and rose as they will,  
Of the daisy and daffodil poets hold dear;  
There's a flower that to us must be lovelier still,  
When it wakes in the woods in the spring of the year;  
The tiny Hepatica, welcome and dear,  
As it pierces the brown leaves, so withered and sere,  
With its delicate bloom and its subtle perfume,  
Its exquisite rareness,—its fineness and fairness,  
How it gladdens our eyes in the spring of the year!

How it whispers that winter is over at last,  
That the time of the singing of birds is at hand;  
How it blends with the music of streams rushing fast,  
And the note of the robin that thrills through the land!  
So fragile and graceful, so welcome and dear,  
As it smiles 'mid the brown leaves, so withered and sere,  
With its delicate bloom, and its subtle perfume,  
Its exquisite rareness, ethereal fairness,  
How it gladdens our thoughts in the spring of the year!

It comes like a vision of beauty, that soon  
Shall deck all the woods in a bridal of bloom;  
The waving luxuriant foliage of June,  
The breezes that bring us a wealth of perfume;  
Yet none to our hearts is more welcome and dear  
Than thine, breathing out from the leaves brown and sere,  
With thy delicate bloom and thy subtle perfume,  
Thine exquisite rareness, thy fineness and fairness,  
How they gladden our hearts in the spring of the year!

For *thou* comest when trees are still leafless and bare,  
When the last patch of snow has scarce melted away,  
When even the shad-flower still shrinks from the air,  
And thy soft stars shine out from a background of grey;  
A herald of *hope*, with a message of cheer;  
Peeping out from the brown leaves so withered and sere,  
With thy delicate bloom and thy subtle perfume,  
Thine exquisite rareness, ethereal fairness,  
How they gladden our souls in the spring of the year!

FIDELIS.

## PARIS LETTER.

TWO singular customs are in course of development in Paris; the first, a precaution against being buried alive, and the second, to be incinerated as a protest against the Church. In France, burials must take place not later than the third day following the decease; that is to say, the body must then be removed from among the living. The feeling against the possibility of being entombed alive seems to be rather generally entertained. Many persons in their wills direct that they be examined by one or more eminent doctors, to pronounce that they are really dead, before being confined. The celebrated Dr. Trélat, who has just died, made his fortune by these *post mortem* examinations, thus illustrating the saw—"after death the doctor." Now this mortuary consultation, and consolation, was made apart from the official inspection, as no license to inter will be granted, unless a medical certificate is forthcoming from such functionary attesting the death. And if the application to bury be not made within twenty-four hours after death, the friends of the departed can be fined and imprisoned. Dr. Brouardel, the celebrated medico-legal practitioner, will inherit the *clientèle* of the "dead," which was a specialty with Dr. Trélat. But a certificate, even from him, is apparently not considered as definitely reassuring by many graduates for the tomb; since to calm their fears, and remove their last anxieties, the Municipal Council has erected a mortuary chamber—and commenced a second, or ante-room to the grave, where, as in many parts of Germany, the dead—till decomposition shows itself—will lie in their unclosed coffins, a bell-rope, communicating with the cemetery porter's lodge, placed across their breast, while the room will be maintained permanently illuminated by a dim religious light.

A very respectable volume could be written on the cases of premature interments, the majority of these being harrowingly tragical. The Academy of Medicine's prize is still unwon—that for a ready and crucial test to ascertain the presence of death. In the region of Dahomey, when a native dies, naturally his parents and friends lament him for a long time, and cross-examine him on the incidents of his life. In some parts of China, a corpse may be kept over-ground as long as the family desires. In Borneo, snuff is employed as a death-detector. The Romans allowed seven clear days to elapse before incineration, and during this interval the corpse was serenaded and requested to answer questions. The Scythians brought their dead for a drive over the country, which lasted forty days—after which, burial. There were tribes in the Caucasus, who merely placed the departed in a sitting posture, in a niche in the rocks. Squeamish Parisians ought henceforward to feel at ease, that they will be beyond all surgery, when the official sanitary inspector certifies the death which is corroborated by Dr. Brouardel, *plus* the further precaution of lying in an ante-chamber to the tomb for a fortnight, without being able to address a *bon jour* to the watchman, after tolling at their alarm bell.

Since the Church has proscribed incineration, by ordering that no prayers shall be celebrated over those whose last request is to be calcined, many, to show the ruling

passion strong in death, of opposition to the clergy, have joined the Cremation Clubs. The decision of the Church bears especially hard on ladies who are exemplary Catholics, yet have a horror to be "in a narrow cell for ever laid." The Cremation Clubs of Paris, allowed to exist on condition that they "will not meddle with politics," now I am informed, include 2,423 members. The Club of Post Mortems, founded by the late Paul Bert, and to which Gambetta belonged, seems to combine the ends of the anti-premature Burialists and the Incinerationists. This society is rather for the rich middle classes; every member wills in advance his body to be dissected in presence of the members; his brain is bequeathed to the museum, and is bottled up in spirits of wine. These operations terminated, no mistakes ought to be possible about suspended animation. The society has been endeavouring to carry the resolution, that all members should adopt incineration, instead of burial, and that their ashes ought to be deposited in cinerary urns, in a specially erected "Biological Colombarium," in one of the metropolitan cemeteries.

The French delegates to the International Labour Conference have returned to Paris; they all testify to the courtesy—perfect and marked, without being inconvenient—everywhere extended to them. It would appear that the whole "meet" was a big palaver of the over-the-walnuts-and-wine character, and that nothing new in the way of humanitarian labour legislation was brought forward. England was very business-like; she handed in a summary in English, French and German, of all her legislation, up to date, affecting mines, and the industrial employment of women and children, which were read, as each of these three subjects came up for discussion. She thus tacitly showed she had nothing to learn from the Congress, while inviting her example to be imitated. As for a weekly day of rest, why, she had observed Sunday to that end, for centuries. The Anglo-Saxon, as usual, leads civilization.

The French working classes attached very little importance to the Conference. Its programme excluded exactly the questions in which they were most interested—"Hamlet," without Hamlet—the principal being eight hours maximum of labour for adults. Public opinion is not ripe for this levelling idea, while prepared to distinguish between adults working eight hours in the mines, and eight hours in the open air. The German socialists have "struck ile" by the imperial recognition of the sufferings of labour. But they are not going to allow the grass to grow under their feet. To the watchword of "eight hours' work" they intend to add "war to the knife to bloated armaments." The Conference having no power to enact laws—to place suffering humanity on a Procrustean bed—it wound up by a catalogue of good wishes. But the latter will no more extinguish socialism, than good words will exterminate pauperism. The Berlin gathering has made socialism fashionable, it is no longer a proscribed word; but verbal pity for women, children and miners is not the solution of socialism; the latter, daily becoming more powerful and more disciplined, has now obtained at Berlin its letters of naturalization. It will take a new departure from next May Day. Can it be muzzled? This was beyond the ability of Bismarck; will the terrible earnestness of William II. be able to beat back the flowing tide?

The *abattoir* men, or slaughterers, gained nothing by their strike. They object to sheep being slaughtered outside France, and their carcasses delivered in Paris. They want the animals to be imported alive, and make money by killing them. The Paris deputies coaxed the deputation of the strikers, to wait for the good time coming—very near it appears, but date unfixed, like the Millennium—when sheep from Algeria would arrive weekly, by thousands.

Prince Bismarck's adieu to Fontainebleau did not provoke on the part of the French, either tears or joy. They never denied he was an able man, and would have been only too happy, had he been French. They know that the departure of any great statesman must affect the policy of his country. Will Emperor William be able to be his own Minister-President; will he be equal to rule the rising waves of democratic socialism? Germany could not be kept indefinitely on Bismarck's drill-sergeant lines, while progress seethed around; she could not remain uninfluenced, silent, and inert. Bismarck wanted his own way; his once "favourite pupil" wanted his. Both are pure absolutism. The nation sorrows, after her great statesman, but it has full confidence in her young Sovereign. Time must decide between the old and the new despotisms. Z.

## THE LAST GREAT INDIAN BATTLE.

AN EPISODE IN THE EARLY HISTORY OF ALBERTA.

IT is within the knowledge of most of the residents of the North-west, that the Indian population of the territories is composed mainly of two great divisions—the Crees and Assinaboines forming one, and the Blackfoot confederacy, or the Blackfoot Bloods and Piegiens the other. Speaking different languages, inhabiting different though adjoining parts of the Territories, and with different manners and customs, they have been enemies from time immemorial, and it is unquestionably due to this fact that the rebellion of 1885 was so quickly and easily put down. Had the Blackfeet forgotten their old enmity and joined hands with the Crees, it is hardly possible to calcu-

late the enormous additional loss of life and property that would have followed, and we cannot therefore be too devoutly thankful that out of evil there came good—that an hereditary feud between the two great camps was the means of ensuring peace and safety to a large and populous part of the North-west.

I have said that west nor'westers are aware of the two great divisions, and possibly of the fact that they are mutually antagonistic; but I venture to say that few of them know that, at the present site of the Galt coal mine, these two races came together in mortal combat, and fought out one of the greatest Indian battles of the past fifty years. I purpose telling the story as briefly as possible because I believe the event to be worthy of record, and also of interest to the people of Canada. Additional incentives are found in the fact that I know the ground well and have the details of the battle from an eye-witness who was also a participant.

It was late in the fall of 1870. The preceding year, small-pox had swept through the Blackfoot tribes, and left in its wake whole camps of "dead lodges,"\* the mortality being estimated by competent authorities at forty or fifty per cent. The Crees and Assinaboines thought this a favourable opportunity to strike a decisive blow at their powerful enemies (Indians are not generous foes), and accordingly organized and despatched a war party, numbering in the neighbourhood of six or eight hundred braves. Big Bear, Piapot, Little Mountain and Little Pine—names which became rather well known in '85—were among the Cree and Assinaboine chiefs, either present themselves or represented by their bands, and they were largely reinforced by the South Assinaboines.

The Blackfeet and Bloods were then camped mainly on Belly River, between "Kipp" and "Whoop-up," two whiskey trading posts about twenty miles apart, but the Blackfeet themselves were not numerically strong. The South Piegiens were camped on the St. Mary's, above "Whoop-up," which is at the junction of the Belly and St. Mary's, having been driven to this side of the line by the American Expedition against them under Col. Baker. Big Leg, Black Eagle and Heavy Shield were their chiefs. Crow Eagle led the North Piegiens, and Bull Back Fat and Button Chief the Bloods. The South Piegiens were well armed with repeating rifles, needle guns and revolvers, the Bloods were not so well equipped, while the Crees and Assinaboines had only old muskets, Hudson Bay fukes and bows and arrows to depend on.

The Crees reached the Little Bow, about twenty-five miles away, and small parties from the main band, sent out to reconnoitre, succeeded in stealing several horses from small camps about "Whoop-up." One night, however, about the 25th of October, the whole band set out and descended in a few lodges about three miles above "Whoop-up," on Belly River, killing a brother of Red Crow, chief of the Bloods, and two or three squaws. The noise aroused the whole Blood Camp, which was in the immediate vicinity, and in a few minutes their braves were engaging the enemy, while messengers were riding in hot haste to alarm the South Piegiens.

Such was the commencement of probably the only purely Indian pitched battle in the Canadian North-west, of which we have any authentic record.

The first faint streaks of dawn had hardly begun to show in the east when the Piegiens came up and the fight became general; the Crees slowly retreating across the prairie towards the present site of Lethbridge (the distance between the rivers is here four or five miles), and the Blackfeet following. The river banks reached, the Crees took up their position in a large coulee running up from the river and out on to the prairie, while the Piegiens, after much difficulty, succeeded in establishing themselves in a shorter coulee to the south. A large number of Bloods and Blackfeet were in a small coulee to the north, and on the prairie to the north and west, but they found themselves too much exposed, and during the progress of the fight, gradually worked around to the south. The Crees on the whole had much the best of the position. The horses of course were stationed in the bottoms of the coulees out of range.

The main fighting seems to have been done between the two coulees first described. They are parallel, from three to four hundred feet wide, and separated by a ridge varying in width from thirty to two hundred feet. Here for over four hours the battle raged, the braves crawling to the edge of the coulee and exchanging shots with the more adventurous of the enemy. A head, a hand, a piece of blanket or robe—anything was enough to shoot at. It was a contest in which skill and cunning in taking advantage of the inequalities of the ground came largely into play. It is stated that several were badly injured by heavy stones thrown across the narrowest part of the ridge from one coulee into the other. Two Piegiens attempted to gallop down the ridge for the purpose of ascertaining the strength and position of the enemy, one was killed outright, and the other badly wounded and his horse killed under him. In all, during this time about a dozen of the Blackfeet were killed, and a large number wounded. It is impossible to say how many Crees were killed.

The Piegiens finally got a strong force of braves behind a small butte, which in a measure commanded the Cree

coulee, and the fire from them and from their friends in the coulee, became hotter and hotter, until the Crees, becoming alarmed, began to effect a strategic movement to the rear by slipping out of the coulee and making for the river. At this instant, Jerry Potts, a half-breed Piegan, (he afterwards became famous as a police guide) who was reconnoitring around the bank of the ridge facing the river, perceived this movement, and made a sign to his companions in the coulee to charge; and charge they did. Some on horseback, some on foot, they poured over the ridge and down the coulee, driving the now panic-stricken Crees before them, and killing without quarter. A large number of the latter were forced out of the ravine over the point of a hill to the north. The descent here is some twenty or thirty feet, and almost perpendicular, and over this pursuers and pursued both rushed headlong, horses and men tumbling over each other, the men fighting and struggling for dear life, until the river bank was reached and the fight became a butchery. The Crees plunged into the current, and moved across almost in a solid mass, while the Blackfeet halted on the bank and shot them down like sheep. To use Jerry Potts' expression—"you could fire with your eyes shut and be sure to kill a Cree." The scene now, and during the charge, must have been one not easily forgotten. The river valley was filled with dust and smoke, the air resounded with the reports of rifles and the deafening war cries of the Blackfeet, while thick and fast came the death yells of the Crees.

The slaughter did not end at the river. The Blackfeet followed the Crees across, and being joined by a large contingent of their brethren, who had crossed higher up, the butchery went on, and at one spot where the Crees made a sort of stand, about fifty of them were killed. It is a matter of fact that in the confusion and excitement of the pursuit, some of the Blackfeet were killed by their own friends, while Crees, mingling with the Blackfeet, escaped. Finally, the Crees reached a clump of trees immediately in front of the present entrance of the Galt mine, and having abandoned most of their horses, took refuge there, and made a last stand. The Blackfeet collected all the horses and virtually surrounded the place, but on the approach of night decided to withdraw.

Such was the great battle of the fall of '70. Cairns of stones along the edges of the ravines mark to this day the places where the Blackfeet braves fell. It is difficult to estimate the loss of the Crees, on account of so many having been killed in the river, and their bodies swept away by the current, but it is certain that it was between two and three hundred. About forty Blackfeet were killed and fifty wounded.

The year following, the Crees sent tobacco to the Blackfeet, and in the fall, a formal treaty of peace was made between the two nations on the Red Win Run. The house of Mr. E. T. Galt, the general manager, now stands on this spot. Scarce two decades have passed since the event which I have tried thus briefly to record, and a town of twelve hundred inhabitants now looks down on the peaceful valley which resounded on that October morning with the rattle of musketry and the shrieks of defiant foes. Shrieks are still heard but they are from the steam whistle of factory and locomotive, while the busy town and the heavy trains, exchanging western coal for the merchandise of the east, are sure enough evidence that one page in the history of Alberta has been turned down forever.

The actors in the drama—those who have not gone to join the great majority—are widely scattered. The Crees and Assinaboines are distributed on small reserves through the Qu'Appelle and Saskatchewan country. The powerful Blackfeet confederacy still exists, but sadly shorn of its onetime greatness. Small-pox commenced the work, whiskey continued it, and now the relentless Moloch of advancing civilization with its attendant train of diseases is causing these Indians to disappear like snow before the warm breath of the "Chinook."

On the Blood Reserve last year, the births were sixty-three, the deaths one hundred and forty-eight.

G. A. KENNEDY, M.D.

#### THE CONSTITUTION OF CANADA.

IN a recent issue of the *London Spectator* we find a comprehensive review of a book bearing the above title, by Prof. Munro, of Owens College, Cambridge. As likely to prove of interest to our readers, we reproduce it as follows:

Mr. Munro's "Constitution of Canada" is a strictly legal exposition of the Canadian system, and does not challenge comparison with works of wider scope, such as Mr. Bryce's "American Commonwealth." The subject is one of great interest at the present time, and Mr. Munro's very careful and lucid work has not been thrown away. The Canadian Constitution is worth studying, as an instance of the successful establishment of Federal institutions in a British Dependency, as the probable model of that Dominion of Australia which Sir Harry Parkes is anxious to bring into being, and, above all, for its bearing on our own great controversy. Whatever be the nature of the plan locked in the breasts of the Gladstonian leaders, if plan there be, it must bear a strong resemblance to one side or another of the Canadian system. Exclude the Irish Members from Westminster, as was proposed in 1886, and Ireland would bear almost the same legal relation to England that Canada does now. Nominally, the Imperial Parliament might retain the power of legislating for Ireland as it does now for Canada; but it could not be

actively exercised without embroiling the two peoples, and Ireland would be as practically independent as Canada. On the other hand, retain the Irish Members at Westminster, and the Irish Legislature would bear much the same relation to the Imperial Parliament as the Legislature of a Canadian province bears to the Dominion Parliament, with one important exception. The power to be left to the Irish representatives of voting on purely English and Scotch measures has, of course, no parallel in Canada, where each province looks after its own affairs, and the Dominion Parliament deals only with common interests. The conditions of Canada and Ireland are so different as to make institutions successful in the one which would be hopeless in the other; but though the experience of Canada can be of little use to us, an examination of its institutions does show the nature of some of the problems requiring to be faced in any scheme of Home Rule, and may enable us to bring the Gladstonian leaders to book about the details of their mysterious plan.

Mr. Gladstone has declared that it passes the wit of man to draw the line of distinction between imperial and local affairs, and in this he is borne out by the experience of Canada. The framers of the Constitution of 1869 empowered the Dominion Parliament to make laws for the peace, order and good government of Canada in all matters not specifically assigned to the Provincial Legislatures; and then went on, for greater certainty, to set out twenty-three heads of matters in which it was to have exclusive jurisdiction, and which were not to be included under the head of local and private matters assigned to the local bodies. The next section of the Act set out sixteen heads of matters to be assigned to the Provincial Legislatures, concluding with the general head of "matters of a merely local and private nature in the Province." The Public Debt, the regulation of trade and commerce, military affairs, bankruptcy, questions of currency and coinage, and the criminal law were among the matters assigned to the Dominion Parliament, while the Provincial Legislatures were to have control over local taxation, education, property, and civil rights, and various other things. As was only to be expected, the twenty-three heads assigned to the Dominion Parliament and the sixteen heads assigned to the Provincial Legislatures are found to overlap in numberless instances, and the result is that questions as to the validity of provincial statutes are constantly arising. Such questions can only be settled by the interposition of the Governor-General's veto or the decisions of the Law Courts.

For the satisfactory working of Federal institutions, it is absolutely necessary that there should be a Supreme Court, whose decisions all parties shall be willing loyally to accept and act upon. Not quite realizing this, perhaps, the framers of the Canadian Constitution did not establish any such Court, but empowered the Dominion Parliament to do so, if it saw fit. The omission has now been supplied, and adequate provision made for securing a legal decision of constitutional difficulties:—

"In Canada, as in the States, the Judiciary (including under this head the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council) tends to occupy the most prominent place as the arbiter between Provincial and Dominion rights. The decisions of the Courts as to the limits of the legislative power of the Dominion and of the Provinces have been loyally accepted in Canada as in the States, and as time goes on, there seems every reason to expect that the importance and the power of the judicature will be one of the most striking features of the Constitution."

These difficulties have arisen in Canada, where all parties are desirous of acting within the lines of the Constitution, and it is certain that they would arise with infinitely greater frequency and severity in the case of an Irish Legislature anxious to aggrandise its powers at all costs and at every turn. Looking at this, and at the suspicious temper of the Irish mind in regard to the law and its administrators, what chance is there of establishing any Court whose decisions on such matters would be loyally accepted, much less a Court in which English Judges would preponderate? Such a Court is an essential condition of Federal institutions, and without it they are simply unworkable. The Canadian Supreme Court does not specially represent any one province or section of the Canadians more than another, and even less can the Privy Council, in the rare cases of appeal, be said to do so; but as much could hardly be said for any Committee of the Privy Council or Anglo-Irish Court which should be set up to decide on the competency of the Acts of the Irish Legislature. No one has ever impeached the integrity of the Supreme Court of the United States, yet on a difficult constitutional question like the "Legal Tender" case, all the Judges with Democratic leanings went one way, and all the Judges with Republican leanings the other, and additional Republican Judges had to be appointed to obtain the decision necessary for the public welfare. It is possible that the Irish Legislature might have some reason for complaining that their measures had been wrongly disallowed; it is almost certain that they would think they had.

Another check upon the Provincial Legislatures is the Governor-General's veto, exercised in accordance with constitutional usage, with the advice of his Privy Council,—in Canada only another name for the Dominion Cabinet. He may disallow Bills as being beyond the power of the Legislature, or opposed to the general policy of the Dominion, or contrary to natural justice. This power of veto is, however, a very delicate one, and its frequent exercise is incompatible with constitutional government. In Canada

\*A "dead lodge" is, or was, one of the burial customs of these Indians. When a brave died he was rolled in robes, his arms and trappings were laid beside him, along with enough food and water to last him on his journey to the Happy Hunting Grounds, and the lodge was left standing over him. These lodges were never disturbed.



it has only rarely been exercised, and even then, as in the case of the recent railway dispute with Manitoba, it has given rise to not a little friction. Were it necessary often to resort to it, Canadian institutions would be subjected to a strain which they have not yet been called upon to bear.

The Canadian Constitution has sometimes been mistakenly described as a mere copy of the American system; but, as Mr. Monro points out, there are important differences. In the States, the functions of Congress are strictly defined, and the residuum of power is in the States and the people at large. In Canada, the functions of the Provincial Legislatures are defined, and the residuum of power is in the Dominion Parliament. The American Senate is elected by the State Legislatures, and enjoys great influence and patronage. The Canadian Senate is made up of Life-Senators nominated by the Crown, has no patronage, and is eclipsed in importance by the Lower House. The Canadian Ministerial system is framed on an English rather than an American model. The Dominion Parliament has not, like Congress, the power of declaring war, and is further subject in all respects to the supremacy of the Crown and the Imperial Parliament.

If the Canadian Constitution has proved, on the whole, a great success, it should be borne in mind that it was a Unionist and not a Disruptionist measure. It did not raise up new walls of separation, but brought together provinces till then divided by local jealousies and hostile tariffs, and so gave an immense impetus to the development of the Dominion. The Canadians have their differences of race and religion, but they have so far all loyally accepted the Constitution, and endeavoured to work it to the best of their power without ulterior object. In this, rather than in any of its special features, is to be found the explanation of its success.

### "ITALIAN CONSERVAZIONE."

CANADIAN minds are not "sympatica" with the idea of "cremazione," or the destruction of the human body after death, therefore the conservazione or preservation of our human frames, an art now taking fast hold of Italian scientists, may prove less revolting. Italy, one time mistress of European arts and sciences, and ever a deep student of human anatomy, has established cremation as the nervic method of disposing of its dead. The stern frown of His Holiness, the repeated opposition from the pulpits, have availed but little against the erection of crematories in all the larger cities.

During the past score of years, the deep research of Prof. Marini, practically illustrated by many experiments, have claimed attention, and his success in the petrification of human bodies is pronounced wonderful to modern beholders. Several expositions have rewarded him for his discoveries in this occult art—an art by which he preserved the great Mazzini, after five years' interment—perfect, and lifelike in the colouring and expression of his dark, intense, and noble face.

Another striking feature of the Professor's skill is the suppleness of his subjects, after some slight atmospheric exposure, it being then possible to dissect portions with great ease. Honour has fallen upon Prof. Marini, although his discoveries are still at a partially crude and unpractical stage, but Italian annals give one Girdlomo Segato, the credit of a former knowledge of this process, the secret of which, his chroniclers state, he bore with him to the grave.

Florence, seated in its Arno-intersected vale of picturesque beauty where the beauty of the country is enlivened by the animation of the town, Florence with all the attractiveness of its Palazzi Pitti, and Uffizi, its Medicean chapel, and Piazza del Duca, rarely spares even a straggling tourist to pass through the portals of the ancient hospital of Sta Maria Nuova, in the museum of which, the incomparable specimens of Segato's method of human petrification are displayed.

The founder of this hospital was the father of Dante's Beatrice, and a queer bas-relief in one of its cloisters shows the face of Monna Tessa, her faithful nurse, who was instrumental in influencing its founder to the good deed, and who afterward laboured within its walls.

Among Segato's matchless specimens is a small tabletop of well polished surface and deep colouring, a charming mosaic, formed of fragments of human members, nothing marvellous in its aspect until you learn the singular and peculiarly fearful nature of its ingredients. But Segato lived just within the borderland of that age of continental life, when occult sciences and arts were often shackled by Church and State. His one desire was a subject to practise upon, hitherto his genius having expended its efforts upon animals or fragments of the human body. But the superstitious cry of priests and people were alike raised against him. Once the favour of the Grand Duke Leopold was for a brief time extended towards him, but at the zenith of success, it was withdrawn through the interference of the Archbishop. His laboratory was plundered and his house pillaged, but the papers in his secret chest escaped their ruthless hands, to be destroyed immediately after by himself in a fit of hot anger and desperation. Shortly after this he died, without revealing to the world the discovery, that might have been of immense benefit to science, especially the anatomical branch.

This marbleization of human organisms, great and worthy though it may be of deep research, could hardly be utilized for any other than purely scientific purposes. Few men or women of the nineteenth century seek such

eternal immutability, either for themselves or for those to whom they may be bound by deep ties of affection.

Those who truly believe in the fundamental doctrine of the Resurrection, that great reunion of the soul and body after death, do not require the assistance of human experts with their processes of petrification to preserve bodies in their form and shape until the judgment day. When we "fall out of correspondence with our environment," the term applied by biological scientists to the common fate, mankind would be wise to accept the plain biblical truth of our return to the dust from whence our forms were created.

M. A. E.

### THE KNIGHT OF TOGGENBURG.

[From Schiller.]

"KNIGHT, as sister's love for brother,  
Must be mine for thee;  
Seek from me, I pray, none other,  
Lest it jeopard me.  
God's peace in my bosom keeping,  
Calm I'd ever seem,  
Surely thou canst not be weeping;  
Why that watery gleam?"

Silent hears it her true lover,  
Though his heart it wrings;  
One embrace and all is over,  
On his steed he springs;  
Summons all his men around him  
From the Upper Rhine;  
Takes the cross and soon hath bound him,  
Off for Palestine.

There our hero's deeds of glory  
History's page illumine;  
Foremost in the struggle gory,  
Gleamed his streaming plume.  
Toggenburg—that name of terror  
Thrilled the Moslems pale;  
But to comfort him, the bearer,  
All could not avail.

Heart ache—twelve months he endured it,  
Till obliged to yield;  
Heart's ease—war no whit secured it;  
So he leaves the field—  
Finds a ship at Joppa waiting  
For a homeward breeze,  
That, soon rising, sails inflating,  
Wafts him o'er the seas.

Soon the pilgrim Knight stands knocking  
At her castle gate,  
Till, for answer, come the shocking  
Thunder-words of fate:—  
"Gone is she you seek—yes, married;  
She is now Heaven's bride—  
Dwells in yon far convent, quarried  
From the mountain's side."

To his father's halls, so stately,  
Next he bids adieu,  
Leaves his armour, worn so lately,  
And his steed so true;  
Drapes his noble limbs in lowly  
Hermit's sackcloth suit;  
Down the Toggenburg then slowly  
Wends his way on foot;

Builds a hut without assistant,  
'Neath a linden tree,  
Whence that convent, not far distant,  
He could plainly see.  
Waiting there from dawn's red gleaming  
Till the bats do flit,  
In his looks love patient beaming,  
All alone he'd sit;

One high window watching, full of  
Hope to hear it clink;  
Watching far into the cool of  
Night to win a blink;  
Through his eyes his whole soul sending  
On that earnest quest,  
Till she look'd forth, o'er him bending,  
Like a spirit blest.

Then with heart relieved of sorrow  
He would calmly sleep,  
Rising early every morrow  
Keener watch to keep.  
Many a day, sun-bright or raining,  
Found him sitting there,  
Watching, pale but uncomplaining,  
For that vision fair;

Through his eyes his whole soul sending  
On that earnest quest,  
Till she look forth, o'er him bending,  
Like a spirit blest.  
There one morning a poor peasant  
Found him as he past,  
Dead—with visage thin, but pleasant,  
Upwards wistful cast.

W. KAY.

### PARISIAN LITERARY NOTES.

MEMOIRES DU BARON HAUSSMAN. (Havard). Since ten years, the once Cæsar of the Seine, the Great Baron as he was familiarly called, has promised to give the world his souvenirs and experiences of Prince Louis Napoleon, and of the Rise and Fall of the Second Empire. Perhaps after the Comte de Morny and M. Rouher, no person was in a better position to execute the task. The Baron at last satisfies curiosity by publishing the first of the four volumes that his administrative recollections will embrace, and which serves to whet curiosity to possess the promised three.

The author, whether as functionary or private person, possesses strongly marked individuality. You feel at once he is a personage. The present writer knew him in his pride of place, and though the Baron's herculean statue be now well stooped, he still looks every inch the urban king, the man that ever knew his own mind, who, when he commanded was certain to be obeyed. It is always pleasant to have to deal with such men of grit. The Baron admits that if he enjoyed several successes and substantial rewards, he experienced not a little the deceptions and the miseries of life.

The volume makes no pretension to style, nor was this expected; it is literature *en pantouffles*. From his situation as *Préfet de la Seine*, during 1853-70, readers have naturally many political revelations, and the volumes will be valuable documents for historians. Not so much the social as the functionary side of the Second Empire is given. The Baron reveals no piquant scandal, and is very aggressive towards his political enemies. Like all those who have served Napoleon III., the Baron is fidelity itself. But the Emperor was a good and generous master; full of attentions for his *serviteurs*, bestowing on them honours, and occasionally money. Napoleon had a veritable instinct for selecting his friends, and, by keeping his promises with them, linked them to his fortunes with hooks of steel. In common with all Imperialists—Madame Carette is the latest illustration—the Baron labours to palliate, to white-wash, his Majesty for the 1870-71 catastrophe. He lays the blame on M. Ollivier, though, he avows, the Emperor knew well that the Germans were prepared for the struggle and that France was not. Yet Napoleon, fully cognizant that the issue of the duel would be fatal to France, signed not the less the declaration of war. And his Minister of War declared that not a button was wanting on a soldier's gaiter, while his Parliament refused to hear M. Thiers, who, by a kind of second sight, asked the Government to pause while on the brink of the abyss, not that he was opposed to fighting Germany, but because France was not prepared for the struggle.

Happily, politics do not engross all the volume. The Baron gives an interesting account of his childhood. His memory is marvellously limpid, despite its four score years. He recalls when his first teacher taught him to spell the sky, and the stars; then his student repasts on three penny beef-steaks and cutlets, through which he could read his Greek grammar, and washed down with wine, that never had relations with any vineyard. The author states that he was an Imperialist by birth, as well as from conviction. Waterloo prevented his becoming a page to Napoleon I.; but he accepted a Sub-Prefecture in 1835 from Louis-Philippe, and when he went to occupy the post, and made his official entry at Nérac, he was received by the chief citizen, a cook in his white costume and cap, accompanied by his wife, who had a moustache like a trooper. That was the first *femme à barbe* he ever saw.

At college the Baron had for class-mate the Duc de Nemours—eldest son of Louis-Philippe. He helped to place the latter on the throne, as a unit in the National Guard which overthrew Charles X. in 1830. This secured him the Sous-Prefecture of Nérac in 1835. There, a colleague told him; "the reason you do not get on with your superior, the Prefect is, because you talk to him on business, and so weary him. I never do so; he likes camellias, so I procure him new varieties; you are a musician, entertain him with musical, but never shop matters. The Baron did so and succeeded. He followed efficaciously another counsel; always to suspect fat men. That was the contrary of Julius Cæsar's experience.

Baron Haussmann was not in the inner circle, in the secret beforehand of the *coup d'état*. He was the first, however, to be told a few hours after its execution by the Comte de Morny. The crime proceeded on the lines the Baron had sketched out to the Prince-President; take the bull by the horns; arrest all the trouble—some legislators; prepare a list of the Republican agitators in the provincial towns, and ship them to Lambessa and Cayenne, there to set up their one and indivisible republic. It appears that Napoleon III. had a peculiar shakehands for his trusted friends; a kind of freemason grip, whose squeeze was tightened in proportion to services well executed. Baron Haussmann was a neck or nothing Prefect, at Bordeaux, and prepared the banquet and its accessories, where the Prince-President made his famous un-republican announcement, *L'Empire, c'est la paix*. The first Napoleon had his image of "Emperor," on one side of the coin of the realm, and the effigy of the "Republic" on the other. The Baron hints, that his services were not recompensed as they merited, and that he had too much confidence in the foundations of the second Empire. He found Paris in brick and left it in marble; but he bequeathed the bill also to the citizens, who will be for many a long year occupied with its settlement. The only "expropriation" the Baron did not foresee was that of the 4th September 1870.



LE SUPPLICE UNE REINE. By Baron Kervin de Lettenhove. (Perrin et Co.) The author is a correspondent of the Institute of France; and has taken for life-task, to study all the accessible documents connected with the trial and execution of Mary Stuart. He avows his indebtedness to the English authorities for their generosity in placing at his disposal, full access to all archives—diplomatic and juridical—bearing on the captivity and execution of the unfortunate queen. The author does not add much to the stock of historical material, that M. Chantelauze has accumulated on the same subject some years ago; but he controls and corroborates it.

So long as the world makes books, so long will books be written on those two queens—Mary Stuart and Marie Antoinette. Their fate grips our pity, for their lives include the extremes of contrast in human existence. Each queen has become a *culte*; they have been immortalized in song and story. By-the-bye, is it not curious that while the College of Cardinals is petitioned to canonize Marie Antoinette, none have even demanded beatification for Mary Stuart? For the chivalrous student history cannot produce too bulky a brief in the pleadings for and against each of "the queens of beauty." But it is only when we have passed through the romantic stage of life that we learn to judge past events, from the standpoint of their occurrence, not from the *milieu* of our own days. That is the weak point of Baron de Lettenhove's two volumes. Respecting Marie Antoinette, her case is very clear; it was peculiarly the final struggle between effete absolutism and the birth of popular sovereignty. The French pardoned her frivolity, her extravagance, and her *légèreté*; but they remember her *veto* conduct on every occasion whenever the slightest attempt was made to clip the personal power of the king. It was she who nullified the constitutional efforts of Mirabeau, and thus let loose the Revolution. But what brought her to the guillotine was intruding with foreign armies to invade France and to crutch up a dry-rot throne, crumbling since the courtesan reign of Louis XV.

In the case of Mary Stuart, Baron de Lettenhove seems to leave out of sight two counts, that never figured in Marie Antoinette's indictment: the competition between two dynasties and two religions. And in the days of both queens there were no impartialists—only zealous partisans. France herself passed through a not unlike ordeal under the Valois. Henry IV. restored moral and material order by recanting the religion of the minority—the Huguenots and his, "Paris was worth a mass." He observed his compact. Louis XVI. agreed that France was worth a Phygian Cap, but he did not keep to his bargain. That was not the situation of Elizabeth. The author invites the reader to judge Mary Stuart politically, and not sentimentally. But they are precisely political influences that pushed her to the block. The Baron also forgets that England too was fighting for her life; that Spain was hovering over her as executioner, and the blow—the Armada—destined to annihilate England, created her maritime greatness and supremacy, while simultaneously extinguishing the Spanish Empire. Austria has been reproached with having been at most only luke-warm in rescue negotiations to save her daughter, Marie Antoinette. Baron de Lettenhove instead of foggy allusions to Oliver Cromwell, and the rivalry of the two queens—though the Protector was not born till a dozen years after the execution of Mary—might have investigated the political conduct of France at that period, and her attempts to save her widowed queen of eighteen.

### THE JOURNAL OF MARIE BASHKIRTSEFF.

AN OPEN LETTER TO S. M. C.

I VENTURE to announce as literary probabilities for the coming season—a profound commotion in the world of readers, and a great deal of talk and comment because of the appearance in the publishers' stalls of what Mr. Gladstone, it seems, has called "a book without a parallel." Already the tension is noticeable among the reading-circles of our larger cities where new works are introduced and propagated with so much avidity. Men and women who meet at the same literary board, look questioningly at one another when the name of the Russian girl is uttered. They can hardly discuss her book, and yet, to ignore it is not possible. It is the plainest apocalypse of the sad realism of a rank luxuriant century, which the French Babylon has yet produced—and its author was but four and twenty—and a woman.

If she had outlived the fervid, passionate, tumultuous period, during which it is natural for men and women, gifted as she was gifted, to think mad thoughts and speak mad words and do mad deeds; it is almost certain that this thunderbolt had never fallen on the minds of the reading-public, but it was not given her to view in the clear noon-day of intellectual maturity and with the calm dispassionate equiposed temperament of later life the unspeakable extravagances of her moral childhood. She died while the fire of the heart's first fervors were hottest, before the ashes of burnt-out follies and illusions had tempered their glow. She went down in the tempest of adolescence, before the sobering experiences of mid-life had bidden the waves to "be still?" But, although there is much in her abnormal volume to offend and to tire and even irritate the kindest reader, there is plainly something more in it withal, than a mere apotheosis of human vanity. Something deeper, too, there is than the triple-dyed egoism which is a salient feature of the whole,

something worthier I believe, than the wild ignoble craving for the blazoned homage of the powerful; in the poor, distorted, unpoised but indubitably marvellous genius, who consummated a life of clever and brilliant follies by committing with malice aforethought, with the pen which left this record to posterity, the melancholiest of moral suicides. I cannot but recognize and pity, perhaps I might and not unwarrantably add love, the victim of contemporary influences, the living, breathing, suffering index of a mournful sociological fact. The story of this ruined life is to me too sadly adjustable to the parable, for such I consider it, of Rappaccini's daughter, to excite one so than sentiments of the profoundest compassion for other so irremediably wroaged. The fiend Rappaccini, we are told in his lust of scientific lore, immolated his own and only daughter, by causing her to be nourished from her birth with the deadliest poisons, distilled (is it not an old story?) from the hearts of fragrant flowers. And does not Paris, that dark valley of Tophet, in which Marie Bashkirtseff lived and died, swarm with the liveried priests and priestesses of a Moloch more imperious and insatiable than even Rappaccini's god! Like the doomed Beatrice she walked at pleasure in luxuriant gardens inhaling the rich but perilous fragrance of a fauna whose preternatural brilliancy was not unkindred to her own. Like the dommed Beatrice, too, she called the buds and blossoms because they had grown needful to her distorted appetites, buds and blossoms of intellects like Zola's and Georges Sand's, Balzac's, Musset's, Victor Hugo's, Dumas', Tolstoi and the Greek and Roman writers to boot, and wreathed them on her brow and wore them near her heart, then went out among common men and women seeking to mix with them in such attire, the maddest effort ever woman made.

It is not hard to presage the things that shall be thought and said about this Russian artist. Some shall applaud her candour, many shall denounce her indiscretion, a few who know no better shall be carried away with what may seem to them unprecedented disclosures. As if at this date of the world's history, there were anything new to reveal of human nature. Her journal in tone and substance is manifestly uncommon; it is an outrage from one standpoint, upon good taste; it is a worse production in the aesthetic sense, than even in the moral, but it can scarcely be said to be without a parallel, except in its book-shape. Not many women, I admit, are endowed with the physical and intellectual qualities which distinguished this Russian girl, but every daughter of Eve in whose veins the crimson waters of the great river of life run full and strong has been tossed about at one time or another by these whirlwinds of vain glory, has reeled with the vertigo of passionate longings and furious resentments, has basked in the false sunlight of childish complacency, but has guarded the secret of such unworthy indulgences, inviolate. I do not think these pagan uprisings commend her or any woman to the sympathy or interest of men. They are mere natural phenomena and are surely no mark nor index to greatness, but I cannot say the same of her religious sentiments (they can hardly be called convictions), these were indeed a source of zeal and pregnant suffering to her, these went deep into her heart and soul, these do command her to the sympathy and the kindness of all. That crisis of the spiritual life when the soul awakens out of the peaceful slumbers of infancy, to the consciousness that the cradle of prepared beliefs in which the child rested happy and well, is not large enough nor strong enough for the man or the woman is surely of all the great crisis of the mortal state, the most thrilling and momentous. How many promising, sturdy youths have gone out from that bed of roses to search for truth in the treacherous labyrinths of science or in the mazes of individual speculations, and have after long weary years of travel and of toil, come back to it all seared and stooped with sorrow and soiled with sin, to lay them down to sleep again—the last long sleep, upon it—because they found forsooth, that beneath its simple snow-white coverlets, the great treasure-trove lay hidden? But how many, too, are they who go out and never return, who fall by the way-side, overcome with the journey's difficulties? The great highway of history is paved with the whitened bones of these vanquished, unhappy wanderers. Would that their fate might profit the generations of restless minds to come unto more patience and prudence than they possessed. The religious evolutions of Marie Bashkirtseff were more like the experiences of hundreds of other men and women than perhaps she would have liked to believe. As the bonds of her early impressions about God and divine things loosened their hold upon her head and heart she became a prey to the relentless ravages of every form of doubt. She did away with a personal God who interests himself in and disposes of our temporal affairs, she lost faith in the revelation, in the divine character of the Scriptures. She no longer recognized the necessity and sacred office of the church, to quote her own words at this climacteric of her skepticism, it was "not in the God of the Bible that I can believe," she says (p. 371), "the Bible is a narrative of primitive times in which all that relates to God is treated from the standpoint of a child. The only God I can believe in is the God of philosophy, an abstract being, the great mystery, earth, heaven, the universe, Pan. But this is a God who can in no way help us, this is a God on whom our thoughts may dwell in adoration as we look up to the stars at night, seeking to penetrate to the heart of the Spiritual universe, *a la* Renan. But a God who sees everything that takes place, who interests himself in our affairs, to whom we may pray for what we desire, I should

indeed like to believe in such a God, but if He existed, would He suffer things to be as they are?" Now this falls upon my ear, upon my brain, upon my heart, and shall live with a painful vividness in my memory, as the last despairing cry of a great soul whose bark is aground upon the shoals and the quicksands of conscious error. I know the plaint, I have heard it more than once.

If any reasonable palliation can be offered for the unwomanly attempt which Marie Bashkirtseff has made to secure for herself after death the prestige which she believed was denied her during her life, it must be sought among the exceptional circumstances in which she was reared. She was an artist, and as such claimed the wonted immunity from the conventional restraints by which the rest of the civilized world is pleased to be governed. She was an out-and-out realist, for all that she did do a life-long violence to her own natural tendencies—because of the effect it might produce—her passionate longing to recreate nature out of "muddy colours" became at times a veritable mania storming the fortress of her reason. She worshipped form and colour, and yet, I take it, no nude model ever posed before her, however soft in contours and however pink in flesh, who appealed one-half so strongly to her savage enthusiasm as the naked soul and the uncovered heart. What her brush pined to do for the flesh and outer substance of the human being during the long hours of patient labour in the studio, her pen worked hard to accomplish for the soul and minor substance in the still moments of her uncanny midnight leisure. Both tasks were very arduous, and a partial success was the most that a girl of four and twenty had a right to expect!

It is almost certain that when the name of Marie Bashkirtseff and the story of her tragic life have been borne by the four busy winds of heaven to the homes and hearts of the great wide world which she loved not wisely, but too well, there will be much wagging of heads among the inspired minority who have all along foretold that advanced mental training for women must yield just such a harvest and none other. Ah! well—the woman is an old transgressor! She has grown weary of staying at home tending the chicks and the kitchen garden, and keeping an eye on the heirlooms while her lord and master roams at pleasure in the shaded woods and up the lofty mountain heights in search of that for which *her* heart, and soul and senses dare to clamour, as well as his! To sit by the cottage door and guard the old traditions, keeping the modest violet-bed of early creeds and precepts moistened (with tears it may be), while her mate goes forth to seek a better fortune if such there be among the groves and gardens of science, is a better lot in the poetic sense than in the truly practical, it is not favoured of some women—of the women who are over-wise—the women who have intellectual pinions and who mean to put them to some service. Sometimes, as in the case of the Russian artist, they come to grief, but not because they are women—to err is human.

I do not want this to look like a quasi-plea or apology for the unwarrantable indiscretions of Marie Bashkirtseff; in the delirium of her self-worship she committed an unpardonable folly; the blistering pages of her Journal shall make many a woman wince; she has done for herself what Froude did for Carlyle, and what Balzac's and other celebrities' biographers did for them; she deceived herself into believing that there is a subtle charm about those features and phases of the hidden life which are tacitly ignored in civilized society. She flattered herself apparently that she had an unprecedented surprise for the public, whereas she was only preparing a shock for their sensibilities. The garbage heap of unspeakable details in the biography of Carlyle which Frederic Harrison so justly anatomizes is a worthy parallel for many of the Russian artists' open confessions, but, as I have already said, and if plea were possible, this should surely constitute a good one—she was only a child of four and twenty summers, and her views and sentiments, where they are not caprices of irresponsible girlhood, are the morbid illusions of a doomed valetudinarian. Her book, notwithstanding, is a dangerous one. There is no telling what havoc its glowing coils may not work in the inflammable hearts of adolescence, nor how disastrous the impulse which it gives the introspective faculty, may be in individual instances, but the responsibility for all or any of these consequences rests even more, I take it, upon those who have launched this ill-advised volume into the literary market, than upon the poor magnificent dreamer who wrote it in the fever and delirium of passion, with the blind hope that it would force out of the cold earth which covered her the laurel shrub whose leaves she so wildly and vainly coveted in life. "It would be curious if this record of my failures and of my obscure life should be the means of procuring for me the fame I long for and shall always long for. But I should not be conscious of it then." These are her own words; do they ever so feebly express the racking tension her brain and heart endured with this moral parasite devouring her? One word remains, I think, to be said of Marie Bashkirtseff, and this, in sooth, the epitome of all else that can be spoken or written of her. She was to the very depths of her a child of the period; the storied beauty of her face and form was the simple exponent of the super-refining influences of the circumstances of her life; her tastes and habits were the outgrowth of the aesthetic precepts of the age. The bounding impulses that veered her thoughts and sentiments from high to low, from right to wrong, are of a piece with the wavering fluctuating temperament of the times. The surges of strong passion that welled up within

her were nature's responses to the whispered appeals of the sensuous world about her. Her doubts and her dreams, her wants and her griefs, the "biting alkaline of unbelief" with which she let her soul be tortured, bear the mark and unmistakable complexion of the demented days in which she lived. The apples of Sodom were not more sadly blighted on their boughs than this fair fruit of our overwrought civilization; thwarted nature is at all times a revengeful foe.

So Marie Bashkirtseff stands upon the public pillory, de-womanized, in a sense, by her own rashness. What shall we do to her? We, the inquisitorial multitudes—the new Pharisees who are not like other men; for are we not to be the arbiters of her future destiny? Shall we take a precedent from the Gospel which we love so well and follow so much more circumspectly than she did. Well, here is one: let him or her who has not helped in thought, or word, or deed, by will or wish, by commission or omission, in youth or mid-life, or in later years, to make the times and manners what they are take up the first stone and cast it at her. Ha! I thought it should be so, Marie Bashkirtseff is safe!

Ottawa, Ont.

K. MADELEINE BARRY.

### THE MOONBOW.

ONCE, long ago, I saw the lunar bow  
Set in a western vapour, dim and pale,  
Cloud-pierced, mist-built of moonbeams, rising frail,  
Bridging the night that drifted black below,  
While far above faint stars shed gleam and glow;  
And fancy there, as through a filmy veil,  
Discerned true saintly knights in silver mail,  
Armed, on the archway pacing to and fro.  
This was my love that spanned the east and west,  
And these my thoughts, ambitions, hopes, and prayers  
That turned devoted service to their Queen.  
But ah! Moon Marion darkened to their quest;  
The vault of heaven is full of midnight airs,  
The dream dissolved, the skies have lost their sheen.

ALBERT E. S. SMYTHE.

### THE RAMBLER.

IT is Horace who says, is it not, He is a poet,

Ille enim qui pectus inaniter angit,  
Irritat, mulcet falsis terroribus implet,  
Ut magus, et modo me Thebis, modo point Athenis.

I am concerning myself with the last line alone. If he be a poet who so has the power to set me down, now at Thebes, and now at Athens, he must be a painter, and a great one, who can transport me so completely from the incomparable Rockies, jutting up clear and undisguised into the blue of an American sky, to the "sweet familiar" of English lanes and English ruins, and thence back again to scenes Canadian.

No one could have viewed the work presented to him for notice by Mr. L. R. O'Brien last week in this city without recognizing the fact that whatever his subject, this artist has *au fond* a positive command over many and widely diversified landscapes and aspects of Nature. The exhibit was not large—a dozen pictures, I think, but all the better. So carefully wrought, so perfectly thought out, so clean and clear and *important*—each one, that it was a chief and unusual pleasure to be able to admire everything, and not have the critical faculty wounded by demanding of it to pick out from among a dozen indifferent pictures the eleventh or thirteenth first-rate one. Even Mr. O'Brien's admirers will view with some degree of astonishment his unequivocal successes in the nautical line, by which I do not mean to suggest his taking to the festive hornpipe or the attire of an old salt, but only his collection of marine pieces. Three or four of these have the lucidity, the pearly glow, the potential ripple—all the watery charm that clings or should cling to pictures made up mostly of sky and water. They are not pretensions, perhaps, which, after all, constitute their highest attribute. But they are, if conventional, like most of Mr. O'Brien's work, so finished and withal so lightly sketched, that they are fraught with suggestion, and seem to show that their author has no small share of the vision and the faculty divine. Then there are glimpses of Devonshire and Cornwall lanes and ruined churches, bits of sea-coast, fishing-boats sailing red and low before the wind, picturesque Thames barges, with their peculiar long curved sails—so precious to the painter—delicious skies, half-mist, half-fog, with glints of a rapid English sun—must it not be confessed that there is nothing here in our clear literal atmosphere, our straight up and down country, that can furnish themes like these—boat and low-dropping red rail, vista of gray bridges seen, Venicelike, through copper fog and silver mist, tower and steeples, quay and copse, alder-fringed bank and lichened churchyard, fair country lanes and smoke-black towns alike.

Mr. O'Brien, with truth, confesses to finding an element of monotony in the familiar Hog's Back outline of so many Canadian hills.

I have been much impressed by a paper I came across lately entitled "On Taking a Moral Measure." The writer, after considering the pains we are forever at to discover and foster the physical and mental growth of our children, laments the unsatisfactory, altogether lame and

impotent condition of moral teaching. "Away, then, with vagueness, with indecision, in this matter! Wrong is wrong, and right is right. No matter what else we believe, we believe this, yet one would not gather that we did from the way in which we manage to forget the one and to palliate the other. There should be in place of this pitiful vagueness, a clear understanding of the child's temper and moral conditions, a daily analysis of his conduct and his motives, a complete code that he, as well as yourself, will learn and remember, with a *tariiff*, so to speak, that you may refer him to on special occasions. It will not even hurt him if you experiment a little on him. You try his mettle in other ways, try it now in a new relation. If you fancy that with all his gifts and all his manliness he is just a trifle untruthful, unstraightforward, you call it, do not rest until you have satisfied yourself and him that it is so or not. Let him know himself. Cause him to realize early in life that conduct and character are of more importance to him and to you and to the general well-being of the race than the most brilliant attainments, or the most refined state of personal culture. Cause him, in fact, to take his own *moral measure*, and unless his be a morbidly diseased nature which weakens at the contemplation of sin, he will never regret it."

There will be found some day in the near future a great and powerful use for the teachings of pure morality. The mind of a child still comparatively "new to earth and sky," does not, religious people to the contrary, imbibe the story of Christ or the doctrine of Atonement sufficiently to enable him to conquer his young temper and appetite before, say the age of twelve or fourteen. But the mind of a young child does in a most marked manner understand any truth which can be practically demonstrated; scientific truth, mathematical truth—what we may call the truth of books—and the great important truths of his own physical nature. Keep then the spiritual truth away a little longer, till he is ready for it. Make him to grasp morality as a fact, as a truth, and you will do a great thing. By doing this you do not weaken the religion of Christ; that theory of morality which acknowledges not the beauty and divinity of His character would be defective indeed. But in the early practice of morality the Christian doctrine will, doctrinally given, impair rather than assist the teachings of the parent or instructor who must therefore wait some years before he can make known to those he instructs "the real character of religion as exhibited in the Christian revelation, and the reasons which command an inviolable adherence to it."

In the case of men and women one great difficulty in the way of ascertaining a true moral measure will have been caused, as John Foster says, "by the extreme deficiency of that self-observation which is of no common habit either of youth or any later age. Men are content to have no more intimate sense of their existence than what they feel in the exercise of their faculties on extraneous objects. The vital being with all its agency and emotions is so blended and absorbed in these, its exterior interests, that it is very rarely collected and concentrated in the consciousness of its own absolute self, so as to be recognized as a thing internal, apart and alone, for its own inspection and knowledge."

That great egotist and philosopher, Sir Thomas Browne, possessed this power and habit of self-observation in a marvellous degree. "The world that I regard is myself; it is the microcosm of my own frame that I cast my eye on; for the other, I use it but like my globe and turn it round sometimes for my recreation. . . . Whilst I study to find how I am a microcosm, or little world, I find myself something more than the great. . . . That mass of flesh that circumscribes me limits not my mind."

If to the habit of self-observation were added that of self-control, we should both in childhood and in after life understand better how to practise "the great art of piety, the end for which all the rites of religion seem to be instituted, and which is the perpetual renovation of the motives to virtue by a voluntary employment of our mind in the contemplation of its excellence, its importance, and its necessity, which, in proportion as they are more frequently and more willingly revolved, gain a more forcible and permanent influence, till in time they become the reigning ideas, the standing principles of action, and the test by which everything proposed to the judgment is rejected or approved." Following this truly ponderous period of the great Dr. Johnson is his conclusion, "This is that conquest of the world and of ourselves which has been always considered as the perfection of human nature."

An illustration of the adaptability of the electric motor was recently afforded in Chicago. The engine and boiler of a printing company had been wrecked by an explosion. Had they been obliged to wait until the new boilers could be set up and got ready, and the engine overhauled and repaired, it would have caused a delay of a month, and the loss in failing to fill contracts on time, and the loss to employees by being thrown out of work, would have been greater in money value than the loss caused by the wreckage. The situation was promptly realised, and a 40 horsepower electric motor was placed in the building and connected with the shafting, and the next morning the office was in full work. Instead of a month's delay, one day had been sufficient to make the necessary change.—*Electrical Review*.

### CORRESPONDENCE.

THE "BYSTANDER" ON THE CONSERVATIVE GOVERNMENT.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR.—In the *Bystander* for this month there is a serious historical error. As the disproving evidence has recently been again brought forward the truth should now be publicly stated. The false statement has been so often repeated by eminent politicians, and the belief in its truth has been so widely spread, that even the *Bystander*, the highest historical authority on this side of the Atlantic, has been deceived. In THE WEEK for April 5th, you, also believing it to be true, have reprinted it from the *Bystander*. Up till a few weeks ago I, like the rest, believed that there must be some portion of truth in the charge so repeatedly and circumstantially made by the Gladstonians. Yet the leaders knew it to be untrue.

Among your readers are those who will in the future shape the destinies of Canada either through the press or in Parliament. I, as a life-long Liberal, sorrowfully caution such and all other truth-lovers, that, to rightly understand the history of the last hundred years, they must very warily receive the positive statements of ultra-Liberals, and even of a moiety of the moderate men.

It was a great loss to England when "the scholar statesman," Sir G. C. Lewis, died. He was an able, moderate, exact and truthful man. Had he lived he would have succeeded Palmerston as leader of the Liberals—and we should have had a school of moderate, firm, patriotic and truthful political economists to rule the United Kingdom and "to teach the nations how to live" in lieu of the Gladstonian school.

Since 1876, when to injure and displace a political opponent, the coals of foreign strife were painstakingly blown into white heat—from the effects of which unrighteous toil, armed Europe stands now in dread of what the morrow may bring forth—extra care must be taken before one believes even the positive and solemn assertions of those who are unfortunately suffered to be leaders of the once great Liberal party.

The statement (p. 231) of the *Bystander*, deceived by the positive and continuous assertions of the leading Gladstonians, is that Lord Salisbury "allowed Lord Randolph Churchill (a political adventurer and sham-Liberal in Conservative clothing) to entangle him in an alliance with the Parnellites for the overthrow of the Liberal Government and to abandon the Crimes Act as the price of their support," the said Crimes Act being then about to expire by effluxion of time.

Having read in the London *Times* of March 10th, the statement of Sir Frederick Milner, to whom Parnell, on July 31st, 1885, wrote denying the truth of the Gladstonian statement, I referred to the speech of Sir M. Hicks-Beach in the House of Commons, reported in the *Times* of March 4th, in which the truth was again repeated in order to rebut the old disproved falsehood which had once more been brought forward.

Sir M. Hicks-Beach stated the original charges made by Sir W. Harcourt in the summer of 1885, that to obtain the Parnellite votes to turn Gladstone out (Gladstone had a clear majority over both together) Lord Salisbury had promised:

1. "To drop Gladstone's Crimes Act" (which unfortunately expired that year).
2. "To bring in a bill to benefit Irish labourers."
3. "Also a Land Purchase Bill."

All the Conservatives alleged to have been concerned in this imaginary negotiation denied it at the time in Parliament. Sir Frederick Milner in July of that year wrote to various Parnellite members to ascertain the truth. In reply they all denied any knowledge of such a transaction. The old falsehood having been again revived by Sir W. Harcourt, Hicks-Beach again read Parnell's letter of July 31st, 1885, to Sir F. Milner. Parnell apologized for not having replied earlier. Milner's letter to the *Times* shows that his letter to Parnell got to the House of Commons during one of Parnell's mysterious hidings. Parnell states in his letter "there is not the slightest foundation for these statements. I have no knowledge of any such alliance, nor have any of my colleagues. I have held no communication with any member of the present (Conservative) Government, directly or indirectly, except across the floor of the House of Commons."

It is thus clearly shown that the Gladstonian charges are entirely false.

Hicks-Beach explained to the House—and his statement was unchallenged—that the Parnellite policy in 1885, as all intelligent persons knew at the time, was to obtain the position of being the arbiter in the House of Commons; to displace first one government and then another to suit their own purposes, and for that purpose so to vote at election time that the Conservatives and Liberals would return about equal numbers, leaving the Parnellites the masters of the situation. The Conservatives in 1885, being in a great minority, the Parnellites in Great Britain therefore voted for the Conservatives, seeking to equalize the two parties in the House.

Sir M. Hicks-Beach also quoted from public speeches of his own in 1885, distinctly stating as a member of the Cabinet that the Conservative Government were prosecuting many persons in Ireland for what the Parnell Commission Judges have recently called "criminal conspiracy," and that if justice could not be had (the Crimes Act having expired) the Government would apply to



Parliament for additional powers as Gladstone had been obliged to do.

It was stated at the time that Gladstone, in 1885, allowed himself to be displaced (for he had a majority of reliable adherents) that there was discord in the Liberal Cabinet, Gladstone wishing for a renewal of certain portions of the Crimes Act, but that some of the Cabinet were against renewing any part of it. So Gladstone was willing that the Conservatives should face the trouble and do his dirty work, leaving him untrammelled by his conscience to turn them out for so doing or attempting it.

Lord Salisbury's error was this: Before assuming office (as he was in a hopeless minority in the house) he should have required Gladstone to state what portions of his own Crimes Act he wished to renew. He should have said, "don't, as a professing Christian (Gladstone's strong point) leave quiet, honest people to the cobweb protection of the old law, and to be a defenceless prey to criminals. State clearly what you are prepared to support and I will bring in a Bill to carry out your views. The Liberals who will stand by you, and also by the defenceless victims in Ireland, combined with the minority of Conservatives, will easily make it law. Half a loaf is better than no loaf—so half protection against criminals is better than no protection." If Gladstone had declined, then the saddle should publicly have been put upon the right horse—that he had admitted that innocent people ought to be protected against criminals—but that he had refused such protection.

It was an error of judgment; but really great statesmen are very rare, and unfortunately Lord Salisbury was not in the House of Commons. How many of the victories won by Wellington would have been won had he been absent from the field of battle? Yours, etc.,

FAIRPLAY RADICAL.

### THE CAVE OF THE CROCODILES.

THE sudden demand for mummied cats reminds me of a visit paid many years ago to the famous crocodile pits of Maabdeh. It may safely be assumed that those who have visited Maabdeh are very few. It lies some distance from the Nile, behind Manfaloot, where no one stopped in the good old dabeeh days, and the modern steamers only touch; moreover, the pits are in the desert, itself some hours' ride. "Murray," prudent as usual, does not encourage the adventurous. The editor of the Egyptian Handbook admits that his brief remarks are not based on personal knowledge, and the errors therein show that they are not based upon a trustworthy report. It is no unwarrantable presumption, therefore, to fancy that these very curious antiquities are rather discussed than known. My own experience was due to accident. Dropping down the Nile, very late in the spring of 1863, our dabeeh was becalmed off Manfaloot, and the dragoman, badgered by two young Britons to find them sport, unwillingly named the pits of Maabdeh. He proposed simply to ride thither and return—that, indeed, is a day's journey. But, as it chanced, the legend of the pits had been familiar to me as long as I can recollect. In the beginning of this century a certain Mr. Leigh, M.P., explored them, with most disastrous results. His narrative may be found in a quaint old child's book, called "Winter Evenings," extracted, doubtless, from some record which I never came across. "Murray" gives no reference to the story. My recollection cannot be trusted to tell what happened to Mr. Leigh precisely; but I know that one of his followers died in the cavern, another was lost, a third escaped after awful sufferings; and finally they had to run the gauntlet of an infuriated population to the river-side, whence the Pasha, or somebody, sent them prisoners to Cairo. On the whole, it was a very striking adventure, a special favourite in our nursery. So, when the dragoman suggested in this casual way a visit to the crocodile pits of Maabdeh, it seemed very strange and thrilling to my mind—as though he had proposed a trip to fairy land by excursion train. Of course, his modest programme was derided; we would follow the steps of the unfortunate M. P. to the bitter end. Our dragoman became serious now. He urged that it was much to late in the day for starting, and we had to submit; doubtless the good man hoped that a wind would spring up in the night. But he was disappointed. Long before dawn on the morrow we set out; and in the afternoon we reached the spot.

The entrance of the pits is an oblong fissure in the middle of a small plateau among the mountains—that is, no other entrance was known in 1863. There are no facilities for descent; one may let oneself fall sheer a matter of nine or ten feet, and clamber up again with the help of a donkey boy's cummerbund. I do not recollect that the ugly possibilities of this situation struck us at all; but perhaps some measures had been taken to make sure that the boys did not desert. One of them, indeed, headed the advance; our dragoman had never been down before. The Arab began by stripping completely, and he advised us to do the same. Then we lighted a candle each, and in single file dived into the bowels of the rock. At a few feet distance the passage narrowed rapidly until there was only room to crawl along on one's stomach. This first gallery may be some fifty yards long; it opens on a chamber spacious enough, but a natural cavern evidently. On the further side runs another gallery as cramped as the last, heated like a furnace, reeking with foul air, vile stench of bats, and pungent fumes of bitumen. Then we understood why

the Arab had stripped. This frightful passage may be a hundred yards long, or the double of that, or more—one is unused to measure distances crawling like a snake on one's stomach. At the end lies another chamber, of good height apparently, if the floor were cleared; but the whole area with enormous masses of stone packed as close as they will stand, over which one has to clamber stooping. Here myriads of bats assail the explorer, blowing out his candle instantly, clinging to his hair and beard in ropes. A moment more, and they vanish with a soft rustle of countless wings, such as I have heard in other climes when the sand grouse fly over head at dawn and evening. On the opposite side of this vault, the first trace of handiwork is observed—a square doorway. I myself would have been quite satisfied to drop the track of Mr. Leigh's footsteps at this point. But the dragoman was interested now—taking, perhaps, a professional pride in putting the business through successfully. He could speak with the guide also. So we went on, still on our stomachs, for an indefinite time, in an atmosphere beyond analysis and heat beyond example in the upper air. It was here, probably, that Mr. Leigh's party broke down, for I think they did not reach the end. We did. After some hundreds of yards, as it seemed, slowly the passage heightened—one could get upon one's knees; and then the flooring changed from smooth granite to soft uneven compost. I lowered my candle to observe. We were crouching along over kneaded human forms.

A very strange spectacle, which seemed to us an embodied nightmare under the excitement of that awful journey. I think I was almost delirious. No scene recurs to my memory now more fresh and striking than that black cave, with a slender glow of candle light here and there, and the half-naked figures glistening with perspiration stretched out above a pavement of heads and limbs. Many of the faces had been gilt, and they shone flickering here and there upon the dusky mass. We could not get any explanation of this extraordinary mangling. The Arab said things had been so ever since he could recollect. It must be supposed that these were mummies of priests and attendants buried with the sacred reptiles in their charge—great personages, some of them evidently. Their families had been laid with them; for there were as many women perhaps as men, and a great number of children. Everyone had been stripped and torn to pieces, all those on the surface, at least, for a hurried examination failed to show how deep the serried pile of bodies lay. Mingled with them were sheets and strips of cloth, fragments of sarcophagi and quantities of women's hair in scalps—wigs possibly. On the other side of this vault lie the hindmost battalions of the crocodile host—innumerable. Standing on the human pavement, there is just space enough above and in front to observe the manner of their disposal, for the topmost layer or two has been pulled down. If it were not certain for other reasons that the present entrance is not that formerly used, the arrangement of the crocodile mummies would prove it. They filled the space completely from floor to arch and side to side until the upper ones were removed—neatly aligned, tail to head, head to tail, with palm leaves laid between, and the interstices filled up with countless multitudes of young and eggs; these latter tied in bundles and wrapped each one in a strip of cloth. Since every layer was piled to the roof, it is manifest that those who arranged them must have worked backwards; and since it would be as easy to drag an elephant through those passages as to drag the superb specimens here—unequaled in my experience—of alligators and crocodiles—they must needs have been brought from the other side. The demonstration is complete, for we had extremest difficulty in drawing behind us two heads chosen from among the smaller ones. Moreover, it is unlikely that the bats used that long subterranean outlet; they are probably acquainted with a better and nearer route. I fancy that the enormous blocks of stone upon the floor of the second chamber had been put there after excavation, out of the way. No one can form any idea how far the caverns extend. Removing the top layers as they went, and crawling beneath the roof, Arabs, we were told, had explored a vault beyond this and found more crocodiles still on the further side. The mountain, they said, was stuffed with them; and it is possible. Assuredly the pits are a mine of nitrate; and this exportation of mummies for manure may effect one good thing at least, by causing them to be emptied. Treasures may lie beyond the vaults where those myriads of crocodiles are stored.—*An Old Traveller, in the St. James' Gazette.*

### THE SCIENCE OF MEDICINE.

THE wise physician is aware of the complex problems every pathological condition presents, and governs his treatment accordingly. His patient may be likened to a ship in a storm, and surrounded by reefs and shoals. He is the pilot whose duty it is to carry that boat safely past rocks and sand-bars whereon it might be wrecked or stranded. Every rock and bar must be known to him, and the helm must be kept under his steady grasp. He cannot stay the storm; but by his skill and courage he can save the ship until it is past. The foolish old woman, or meddling neighbour, or the foolhardy parents, friends or guardians of a patient, who give medical advice, are ignoramuses that do not know a single danger, but believe they have a remedy, or method of holding the helm, that will stop the storm itself. The physician's remedies are to protect the life at danger-points. If the family is heir to heart-disease

or rheumatism, his medicine to cure scarlet-fever is an anti-rheumatic remedy. If the danger is kidney-disease, he eases in advance the strain on the kidneys. If weak lungs or scrofulous glands "run in the blood," his "cure" for scarlet-fever is a protection to these. See that insane idiot who says, "Oh, your trouble is the same as mine, and my doctor gave me so and so; do try it?" He is asking the patient to leave himself to the tender mercies of the storm, while he holds the helm in a way to avoid a rock that does not exist in that family's sea. The stupid blunderer thinks he is staying the storm of disease—a thing no man has yet done, except partially in possibly two diseases only. Avoid him, if you value your own lives and the lives of your sick friends. Avoid, too, the doctor who never inquires into the disease-tendencies of your family, or the past troubles of the patient, and who has therefore few questions to ask. A family-doctor of long standing has mastered all these facts in advance, and no longer needs to ask; but a stranger who pretends to know without asking is a dangerous pilot.

The proper practice of the art of medicine depends upon the Science of Medicine. The Science of Medicine is an inductive science in all its parts. The part known as diagnosis is especially so. The doctor has no magic way of finding out what ails a patient, or what his latent tendencies are. He gets at his facts just as a detective does who wishes to run down a criminal. The more facts he gets, the more likely is he to be right in his conclusions; and the fewer he gets, the more likely is he to err. A stupid physician will make a snap diagnosis on one prominent fact, and many of this kind of doctors depend upon the unskilled diagnoses of the patients themselves or of their friends. A single falsehood, or misstated fact believed in, will lead the most skilled physician into error, and condemn the patient to the wrong treatment. That falsehood weakens the whole chain of facts, and everybody knows that the strength of any chain is only the strength of the weakest link. A detective makes numerous guesses as to how a murder or a theft occurred, and finally adheres to the guess that agrees with all the facts. This guess generally is the right one. Let any person introduce misleading cues, and he will be totally unable to right himself, until he discovers that he is being deceived. It is just so with a doctor. If he is told a falsehood, he cannot possibly discover what ails the patient until he first discovers that he has been misled. No doubt an occult power of getting at truth would be superior to this method, but we have discovered that the belief in occult processes is an ignorant superstition. During the dark ages, the pretense to occultism was greatest, and the evidence of knowledge least. Then progress was at a stand still; now it is rushing with dizzy speed. The masses of men still believe that doctors have some magic way of getting at a knowledge of disease, and a miraculous way of curing. To be able to do what nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every thousand people believe their doctors can do, would require more knowledge than could be mastered in a thousand years, with a brain as retentive as that of a child of fifteen and logical acumen as fine as that of a Newton.

Physicians are praised for things they never do, and blamed for results of which they are innocent. Where their work is most laborious, and their mental anxiety most intense, their pay, as a rule, is abuse only, and they are denounced and villified without mercy. Every doctor has this experience. There are no exceptions. The denser the ignorance of the patient, the greater the abuse. And yet no class of men can anywhere be shown with a less selfish record than that of the physician.

Medicine in all ages has attracted into its ranks the most self-sacrificing members of society. As a science it was born in altruism. To this day it offers the greatest opportunities of any department of life for the practice of the most ennobling graces of character. These constitute a primary cause of its evolution. To pass this phase unnoticed would be to do Medical Science scant justice. Medical men stand alone in the earth among all others, striving with their whole might to extinguish their own business. They preach temperance, virtue, and cleanliness, knowing well that when the people come to follow their advice their occupations, like Othello's, will be gone. They establish Boards of Health to arrest the spread of disease, while well aware that such sanitary measures steal money from their purses. How well they succeed is shown by official statistics. The number of deaths from contagious diseases are directly proportioned to the certainty of the doctor being called. Nobody ever fails to send for a physician in typhus fever. Only six persons in a million now die of this disease. Many more used to die when no effort toward its suppression was made. Whooping-cough seldom frightens patients, and neighbourly old ladies of both sexes give advice. As a consequence 428 in a million die of this disease. Measles, being a little more serious, needs the doctor oftener, and only 341 in a million die. Scarlet-fever is still more alarming, so that medical advice is more in demand, and 222 in a million die of it. Diphtheria frightens still more, thus assuring the doctor's presence oftener, and 168 in a million die.\* It is thus with every disease: the fewer it kills, the more people fear it; because if they did not fear it, they would play the fool, and give it a chance to kill more people.

If bakers, grocers, dry-goods men, carpenters, tailors, and members of all other lines of business, give as much of their labour in charity as doctors do, poverty would instantly be wiped from the earth. Nearly one-half of their time and labour is given freely to the poor, without

\* New York World, quotation from St. James Gazette, Feb. 5, 1890.

money and without price. All dispensary work is free. All hospital work is free. All that apply to the Society for Improving the condition of the Poor are treated free. Every physician known to this lecturer has many families that from year to year are treated free.

Doctors do sometimes refuse to take special cases, because of the legal restrictions and responsibilities that, like Damocles' sword, hang over their heads. Such cases will be received in the dispensaries and hospitals, so that none need suffer. Let every other person, in all occupations, give nearly half his time and labour to the poor, and what a revolution it would work. Like a pair of Siamese Twins, Altruism and Medicine have always been linked together. The majority of the devoted heroes of science have been medical men. They suffered and died to benefit the race.—*Evolution of Medical Science.*

#### ART NOTES.

THE exhibition of modern French pictures lately closed in New York realized the sum of over \$50,000.

SIR JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS is painting a portrait of Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain, formerly Miss Endicott, of Salem, Mass.

A BENEVOLENT Association for the assistance of destitute or impoverished artists has been formed in Scotland. Almost all the prominent artists have donated pictures to the Association to be disposed of for its benefit.

THE new artist on *Punch*, whose grotesque and old-fashioned figures rather shock eyes used to the delicate lines of Du Maurier, is Mr. E. T. Reid. He did the illustrations to "Asmodeus," and he is engaged on a series of legal satires.

T. M. RICHARDSON, the well-known water-colour painter, one of the most popular of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours, is dead. He joined the Society in 1843, being then thirty years old. His works are well-known wherever water-colour art is studied.

THE twelfth exhibition of the Society of American Artists will be opened at the Fifth Avenue Galleries on the 28th inst.—a little earlier than usual. It is thought probable that many members have held back their best things for this exhibition, instead of sending them to the Academy.

P. O. COOMANS, the famous Belgian painter, has died at the age of seventy-eight. He has exhibited at the Paris Salon since 1857, his subjects being of the same order as those of Alma Tadema. His best known works are "The Orge of the Philistines," "The Cup of Friendship," and "The Massacre of Teucri and Usipetes."

IN the Exhibition of the National Academy of Design, now open in New York, our old friend, John A. Fraser, is represented by two pictures, and J. E. Maxfield by one of his charming child studies. Both of these artists now reside in New York, the thirty per cent. duty on works of art precluding their living in Canada any longer.

A NUMBER of pictures by G. F. Watts, R.A., have been disposed of at Christie and Manson's sales lately, fetching high prices. The "Red Cross Knight and Una" fetched over \$8,500; "Love and Death," nearly \$7,000; "Rider on the White Horse," \$7,500, together with others at less price. From the point of view of foreign art dealers they will not prove a good investment at these prices.

MR. CHASE is easily first of the group of American artists whose works are now on exhibition at the American Art Galleries. The exhibition is in part made up of paintings loaned by private owners, in part of recent works sent by the artists themselves. To a certain extent, therefore, it is representative, although few of the artists appear to have been able to induce the owners of their best works to send them. Mr. Chase has suffered as much as anybody, perhaps, in that way; yet he makes a very interesting showing.

By exchanging their old quarters at the Dudley Gallery for Humphrey's Mansions, Knightsbridge, the members of the New English Art Club have secured for themselves and their friends very superior accommodation, if not as regards lighting, at least in respect of wall-space. Whether the change is an unmixed blessing, each beholder must decide for himself. Personally, we fear the members of the club are too generous; the extra space at their disposal has been devoted, for the most part, to the placing of a greater number of outsiders' works, comparatively few of which add much to the success of the show.

THE pictures of Herr Von Uhde in the French Gallery at London are causing some astonishment as the work of a man who till middle life was the captain of a Saxon cavalry regiment, and is now, after studying under Munkacsy, producing pictures full of poetic fervour and passion, albeit tinged with the vulgarity of type peculiar to his master. In his "Suffer Little Children to Come Unto Me," complaint is made that the children are squalid and gaunt; and the fact is pointed out that his "Last Supper" is composed of a group of Bavarian peasants. In the same Gallery Prof. M. Siebermaun exhibits "Flax Spinners" and "Women Mending Nets," which, although painted with a certain coarseness and apparent careless roughness, show great power of dealing with light and shade; and, although necessarily composed of working people, the expression and type have no vulgarity in the bad sense, but are refined without losing truth and force of character.

TEMPLAR.

#### SPARKS FROM THE ANVIL.

*Sparks from the anvil! sunlight gilds the plain!  
Gentles! the Blacksmith is at work again.*

GLEBLY, "De mortuis nil nisi bonum,"  
Falls from the lips of those who haven't known 'em.

"There's no disputing your good taste," the sparrow said,  
As pussy pounced upon him and bit off his head.

"Humanum est errare." (*Sed non sequitur*)  
Germans are human 'cos they run so much to Herr.

"Ars est celare artem," and,—to tell the truth, this minute  
A hundred artists in this burgh are quite successful in it.

An iceberg struck the ship—stove in her hold.  
Afraid? By George! it simply "struck us cold."

Re the "City of Paris," experts disagree  
Of the why and the wherefore they're somewhat at sea.

M. P.'s blend principles with their ambition,  
They're only virtuous in Opposition.

If every man who signs the pledge  
Could keep his word for honour's sake,  
Soon obsolete would be the words  
Of the bar-keeper, "What'll yer take?"

The Reverend Nono Nines brings back to me  
Fair shores where sad Atlantic's surges sigh,  
For all his platitudes I know to be  
Like far Madeira's vintage—Old and Dry.

A lonely tomb in Arkinsaw,  
And on it, this, "Hank Severn,  
He robbed his blind mother to keep his deaf brother,  
And of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

Asleep, by the way! 'Twas the bottle-scarred tramp,  
Nothing save filth 'neath his ragged old vest.  
And the constable sigh'd as he murmured the air,  
"Let the dead and the beautiful rest."

Did Christians give just what they can afford,  
Increased would be their offerings to the Lord,  
And fuller would each church's coffers be  
Where plates in lieu of bags contain the offert'ry.

"Use me and you're attached to me,"  
Exclaim'd the porous plaster,  
"Lick me," piped out the postage stamp,  
"And I'll stick to you the faster."

"Why don't our young men come to church?"  
The vestry sought to know,  
"Parson," the people's warden said,  
"Just get the girls to go."

They did; No trousers graced the sacred floor,  
But, Oh! the mob of dudes outside the door.

'Tis spring. The vagrant now by clamorous rule  
Wails forth his woes, imploring charity,  
His noisy grief provokes but ridicule,  
'Tis suffering, silent borne, excites our sympathy.

When Jack proposes to sweet May,  
Her father, pompous, rich and gruff,  
Asks what his bank book has to say,  
May thinks Jack's face says quite enough.

A pretty fable is the story of the Prodigal,  
And yet I must confess that I, for one,  
Esteem far higher than that selfish porcine diner-out  
The quiet worth that mark'd the elder son.

Do lawyers ever go to law?  
Do plemen tackle pies "all 'ot?"  
Do butchers take to sassingers?  
Not they. The rascals know *what's what*.

The widow Cliquot ne'er drank "fizz,"  
For Beer do Brewers care a jot?  
Do Editors their papers read?  
Not they. The rascals know *what's what*.

Do doctors ever treat themselves?  
Or fail to advertise (God wot!)  
By hook or crook in divers ways?  
Not they. The rascals know *what's what*.

Our preachers eloquently preach  
Of fair contentment's happy lot,  
Are they content with *shabby pews*?  
Ah, no, not much, *they know what's what*.

"O rest in the Lord" (Elijah) was that spinster's number,  
But she, poor flutterer, unequal to the test,  
Stuck at the two first words, and, waking up from slumber,  
The critic yawned, "I'm satisfied *au rest*."

The guillotine had done its work—  
A student—absinthe drunk—  
Wrote "Desunt cetera" upon  
Pranzini's headless trunk.

When M. P.'s take constituents to clubs and dine 'em,  
Can such be term'd the *argumentum baculinum*?  
For, if a cudgel be a club, as 'tis, no doubt,  
The *raison d'être* of this query's soon found out.

*Silent the anvil! Shadows veil the plain.  
Gentles! farewell—mayhap we meet again.*

THE BLACKSMITH.

#### MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

THE new comic opera, "The Ferry Girl," by Lady Arthur Hill, will be produced at the Savoy Theatre on the 15th and 16th of May next. This latest work of Lady Arthur Hill will greatly enhance the reputation which her ladyship has already established as a composer of sparkling and fascinating light opera. Her Majesty the Queen has graciously signified her patronage of the performances, which are to be given for an eminently charitable purpose—adding to the funds of the Irish ladies' distress fund.

MRS. E. ALINE OSGOOD writes to the *Ladies' Home Journal* that choir singers receive about \$200 more in Boston than they do anywhere else, and that many Boston singers receive \$1,000 and \$1,200 a year, while several receive \$1,500. This statement will set some singers by the ears. It is true that church singers are in a few instances well paid in Boston, but as a rule New York churches pay much better salaries. There are a few singers—but a very few—who receive \$1,000 a year, but every singer in town would like to see the one who has \$1,500.

WHEN "Phyllis" was written the manager to whom it was submitted saw at once that there was no draught in it. It was, however, difficult to say to the most successful woman writer in this country, Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, both in a financial and popular sense, "Your play is a failure." The manager was more clever than that. He distributed the parts. He called a rehearsal and invited the authoress to oversee it. She came; she sat it out; she saw the truth at once. With a shake of her short blonde hair she said to the manager, "That won't go, will it?" and the manager courteously said, "No, Mrs. Burnett, not as it is."

A VERY characteristic little story is being retailed of Elsie Leslie, the child actress. One morning during her Chicago engagement Elsie's mother arose feeling very badly, and could not be induced to eat any breakfast. The child probably remembering how nice it was to sometimes be tempted, thought that possibly if her mother had a pretty cup to drink her coffee from she might be induced to take it. It was but a step from thought to action. She put on her things and went out. She found a china shop, and she spied a beautiful cup and saucer in the window. She entered the shop where, of course, the clerk was pleased to serve her. She told him the whole story—that mamma was ill, and she had hoped to tempt her to take some coffee from a nice cup. The clerk was of course sympathetic, and the cup in the window was taken out. She examined it and remarked: "Yes, I think that is just the right thing—how much is it?" "Twenty-seven dollars," said the clerk. "Oh," the child replied, hastily, "my mother is not so sick as that."

MR. EDWARD LLOYD, whose appearance in Toronto is the next event of importance in the musical world, has begun his engagement in Boston. He appears to have given general pleasure, as the *Boston Home Journal* observes that "So far as the soloists were concerned, Mr. Lloyd bore off the honours. His delivery of the recitatives was noble in its simplicity and full of musical taste, while his singing of the extremely difficult 'Haste, ye Shepherds,' was a masterpiece of vocal art, where intelligence and refined taste met nature and technique in friendly rivalry. The same may be said of his singing of the air from the 'Creation.'" Again, the same paper says of the eminent tenor: "Mr. Edward Lloyd has but little opportunity in 'Elijah.' The singing of the few recitatives and solos allotted him was characterized by pure and beautiful tone, exquisite phrasing free from affectation or mannerisms, and a sympathetic manly delivery, which qualities have combined to place him where he rightly belongs—at the head of oratorio tenors."

AN interesting and instructive organ recital was given by Mr. J. W. F. Harrison, of the Conservatory staff, on Saturday afternoon, 12th instant, in Association Hall, to an appreciative audience. The programme, which comprised an excellent selection, was agreeably diversified by a piano and cello solo and a vocal number contributed by other members of the staff and pupils of the Institution. The following is the programme in full:

Organ—Sonata, No. 4, Allegro con Brio, Andante Religioso, Allegretto, Allegro Maestoso e vivace, Mendelssohn; Piano—Moments Musicales, No. 2, Moszkowski, Miss Eleanor Milliken; Organ—(a) Fanfare, Lemmens; (b) Bridal Song, Jensen; (c) Offertoire in F, Hainworth; Cello—(a) Romance, Giuseppe Dinelli; (b) Arlequin, Popper, Mr. Giuseppe Dinelli, of the Conservatory staff, accompanied by Mr. J. D. A. Tripp, A.T.C.M.; Organ—(a) "Fixed in His Everlasting Seat," (Samson), Handel; (b) Gavotte, Amillon; Vocal—"Tacea la notte," Verdi, Miss Anna McWhinney; Organ—Overture to "Stradella," Flotow.

A HIGH-SCHOOL girl, just graduated, said in her essay:—"Let us avoid the frivolities of life, and pursue the noblest ends only." The next day she was moved to tears in an agonizing attempt to decide the proper shade of blue for her complexion.

A STRANGER in a printing-office asked the youngest apprentice what his rule of punctuation was. Said the boy:—"I set up as long as I can hold my breath, and then I put in a comma; when I gape I insert a semicolon, and when I want to sneeze, I make a paragraph."



## OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

THE HAUNTED FOUNTAIN. By Katharine S. Macquoid  
Toronto: William Bryce. Paper, 25c.

This is the latest addition to the publishers' Canadian Copyright Editions. It is a story of French life of no special interest, and far inferior in merit to most of the novels heretofore published by Mr. Bryce.

THE IDLE THOUGHTS OF AN IDLE FELLOW: A Book for an Idle Holiday. By Jerome K. Jerome, author of "Three Men in a Boat." New York: Henry Holt and Company. 12mo., Cloth. Pp. 209, \$1.00.

The dozen or more essays in this neat little volume are on familiar topics, but they are written in a style so fresh and entertaining that the well-worn themes are invested with a novel attractiveness. There is a gleam of humour in the pages, but not of the kind so obtrusively displayed in "Three Men in a Boat." The author's observations and reflections are shrewd and thoughtful, and his philosophy is of a robust and manly type. As he says in his preface, "When you get tired of reading 'the best hundred books,' you may take this up for half an hour. It will be a change." And, we may add, it will do you good.

THE PASTOR'S DAUGHTER. By W. Heimburg. Translated by Mrs. J. W. Davis. International Library. New York: Worthington Company. Cloth, \$1.25; paper, 75c.

Several works of this author, all of more than common merit, have already appeared in this series of contemporary fiction. "The Pastor's Daughter" is a story illustrating some phases of German social life in the early part of the present century, and turns chiefly on the strong caste prejudices which made intermarriage between those of noble birth and plebeians almost prohibitory. The heroine, only child of an eccentric village clergyman, wholly immersed in his studies, is left motherless when only five years old, and is abandoned to the sole care of an ignorant but faithful and devoted old nurse, who lets her charge run absolutely wild. The Baron and Baroness von Bendenleben, pitying the child's neglected condition, obtain her father's consent to bring her up and educate her with their own daughters, who were of about the same age. Profiting by the advantages thus afforded the little girl grows up a clever, accomplished, and beautiful young woman, almost as much beloved by the Baron and his wife as their own children. From this intimate association of a daughter of the people with a family of noble rank, a story is developed as interesting in plot and incident as it is wholesome in its moral.

VERSES OF FEELING AND FANCY. By Wm. M. Mackereacher. Montreal: W. Drysdale and Company.

We cannot say that we see much merit, or even promise, in this collection of verses. They are the productions of a young man who is evidently very greatly wanting in the faculty of self-criticism. Mr. Mackereacher would have done much better had he listened to the friends who endeavoured to dissuade him from publication. We are quite sure that in a few years he will regret more than anyone else the mistaken judgment that led him to submit his boyish effusions to the judgment of the public. The youthfulness of a writer may claim for a meritorious work far higher commendation than it really deserves, but it cannot be admitted as an excuse for inferior work. The young writer is under no compulsion to publish. If he must write "to obtain relief by the expression of his feelings or to enjoy a pleasant way of spending an idle hour," as we are told these verses were written, it may be done by sacrificing foolscap or the pages of his friends' albums. But when he collects his album verses and other fugitive productions, and has them printed in a book, he distinctly challenges the public to pass judgment on his work on its merits, and it is idle to plead his "few years" in extenuation of its defects. Canadian literature is struggling for and slowly obtaining recognition. It is handicapped in many ways; and it is hardly fair that it should be weighted down and discredited by the premature effusions of juvenile poetasters.

IN A CLUB CORNER: the Monologue of a Man who might have been Sociable. Overheard by A. P. Russell, Author of "A Club of One," "Library Notes," "Characteristics," etc. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Co. 16mo., Cloth. Pp. 328, \$1.25.

This book is, so far as we know, quite novel in design and construction. It contains very few personal opinions of the author, but is a mosaic of quotations and anecdotes so connected as to make a series of interesting short essays on a great variety of subjects, such as "Conversation," "Originality," "Long Sermons," "Old Age," "Public Speaking," "Reading Aloud," etc. The essay on "Reading Aloud," full of sensible observations on a much neglected art, is more in the author's own language than any other we have noticed. The book is not divided into chapters, but runs in a succession of paragraphs. The topics treated of are indicated by small cap titles in the margin, and there is a convenient marginal summary of contents. Of course many of the anecdotes are old and familiar, but some are, to us, at least, quite new. We venture to quote a couple given under the title "Shake-

peare." "Some one told Fields of a pretentious woman who was once heard to say at a dinner-table that she had 'never read Shakespeare's works herself, but had always entertained the highest opinion of him as a man.' Which called out M. who convulsed the little group by relating a comical story of venerable Mr. B. who believes unqualifiedly in Boston as not the hub only, but the forward wheels also, of the Universe. The excellent old man, having confessed that he had never found time, during his busy life, to read the 'immortal plays,' was advised to do so during the winter then approaching. In the spring G. called on the estimable citizen, and casually asked if he had read any of the plays during the season just passed. Yes, he replied, he had read them all. 'Do you like them?' returned G., feeling his way anxiously to an opinion. 'Like them!' replied the old man, with effusive adoration; 'that is not the word, sir! They are glorious, sir; far beyond my expectation, sir! There are not twenty men in Boston, sir, who could have written those plays!'"

WE have received from The Humboldt Publishing Company, New York, the following numbers of "The Humboldt Library": "Modern Science and Modern Thought," in two parts, by S. Laing; "Electric Light and the Storing of Electrical Energy," illustrated, by Gerald Malloy, D.D., D.Sc.; "The Modern Theory of Heat and the Sun as a Storehouse of Energy," illustrated, by the same author; "Utilitarianism," by John Stuart Mill; and part I. of "Upon the Origin of Alpine and Italian Lakes, and upon Glacial Erosion," by Sir A. C. Ramsay, F.R.S., etc., Sir John Ball, M.R.I.A., F.L.S., etc., Sir Roderick I. Murchison, F.R.S., D.C.L., etc., Prof. B. Sluder, of Berne, Prof. A. Favre, of Geneva, Edward Whymper, Prof. J. W. Spencer, Ph.D., F.G.S., with an introduction and notes upon the American Lakes, by Prof. Spencer. This valuable library is published semi-monthly at \$3.00 per annum.

THE *Contemporary Review* for April contains "King and Minister—A Midnight Conversation," a thinly disguised representation of the views and feelings of the German Emperor and Prince Bismarck on the eve of the latter's resignation; "The Discovery of Coal near Dover," by Prof. W. Boyd Dawkins; "New Watchwords of Fiction," by Hall Caine; "Ought the Referendum to be Introduced into England," by Prof. A.V. Dicey; "Sunlight or Smoke," by Rev. H. D. Rawnsley; "Aristocracy or Democracy," by Samuel Laing; "The Old Testament and the Critics," by Principal Cave, D.D.; "Industrial Co-Operation," by David F. Schloss; "Rotterdam and Dutch Workers," by Richard Heath; "The 'Midsummer Night's Dream,'" by Julia Wedgeworth; "The Cretan Question," by W. J. Stillman; and "School Fees and Public Management," by Rev. J. R. Diggle, Chairman of the School Board for London.

"ONE Method of Hunting Antelope," from a drawing by H. Sandham, is the frontispiece for the April *Outing*, which will be found, as usual, full of interesting and richly illustrated reading matter for all lovers of open air sports. The principal illustrated papers are "Signalling for Antelope on the Staked Plains," by W. H. Johnston, jr., U.S.A.; "Wheel and Camera in Normandy," by J. W. Fosdick; "Melton Mowbray, or Fox Hunting on the Shires," by Merlin; "Yacht Racing in Great Britain," by F. C. Sumichrist; and "The Alabama State Troops," by L. G. Leefe, U.S.A. There are two contributions from Canada—"Sybarites on the Tobique," by Charles G. D. Roberts, and "Duck Shooting on Lake St. Francis," the former of which is an admirable piece of descriptive writing, and the latter contains some valuable practical suggestions to Canadian sportsmen.

THE frontispiece in the *Century* for April is "Madonna and Child," by Giovanni Bellini, who is the subject of the paper on "Italian Old Masters," in this number. The "Autobiography of Joseph Jefferson" deals chiefly with the genesis of "Rip Van Winkle," and the first production of that popular play, and is illustrated with pictures, in character, of the author, and a portrait of Henry A. Perry. The other illustrated articles are "The Slave Trade in the Congo Basin," by E. J. Glaive, "The Herr Maestro," by Elizabeth Robins Pennell, "The Shrines of Iyéyasu and Iyémitsu," by John La Farge, "The Serpent Mound of Ohio," by F. W. Putnam, "The Old Poetic Guild in Ireland," by Charles de Kay, and "The Shoshone Falls," by John Codman. Two short stories, "A Dusky Genius," by Maurice Thompson, and "That Yank from New York," are also illustrated. There are poems by Charles G. D. Roberts, Aubrey de Vere, James Whitcomb Riley, and others. The first of what promises to be a useful "Series of Every-day Papers," by various authors, is "A Programme of Labour Reform," by Richard T. Ely.

## LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

THE long promised article by Henry George appears in the April *New Review*. The same number contains a timely paper on the Fall of Prince Bismarck.

*The Dial* of Chicago completes its tenth year with the April number. Under the competent editorship of Mr. Francis F. Browne it has maintained a high standard of literary journalism.

SHORTLY before his death, Wilkie Collins said: "After more than thirty years' study of the art, I consider Walter Scott to be the greatest of all novelists, and 'The Antiquary' is, as I think, the most perfect of all novels."

MR. CHARLES LANIER, of the banking-house of Winslow, Lanier & Co., has ordered a bust of his cousin, Sidney Lanier, the poet, to be presented to the Public Library at Macon, Ga. Some time ago he made a similar present to Johns Hopkins University.

IN the May *Century*, in an article entitled "Blacked Out," Mr. Kennan will describe the methods of the Russian Press Censor. Two pages of the magazine for August, 1889, will be reproduced in fac-simile, showing how the Censor endeavoured to prevent Mr. Kennan's article in that number from being read in Russia.

MR. WILLIAM O'BRIEN, M.P., has been somewhat too forcibly reminded of Carlyle's experience when writing the "History of the French Revolution." The Irish member, it seems, either lost or mislaid several chapters of the novel which has been so much talked about. He has repaired the disaster, and the story will be issued by the Longmans, at the end of the month.

MR. SUTHERLAND EDWARDS, so *The Athenæum* says, is writing an historical work on Russia, "The Romanoffs: Tsars of Moscow and Emperors of Russia." Mrs. Sutherland Edwards has finished a novel entitled "The Secret of the Princess," in which she has endeavoured to make use of her knowledge of Russian society, and to supply a truthful and not unfavourable picture of town and country life.

THE Wilkie Collins memorial, for which somewhat over \$1,500 has been raised, will take the form of a small library of works of fiction presented to the London People's Palace. Application was made for permission to erect a memorial in St. Paul's Cathedral, but the Dean and Chapter reported adversely. "Other considerations than Mr. Collins' literary excellence," they said, had to be taken into account.

THERE was a special meeting of the Authors Club on Thursday, April 3, to consider Andrew Carnegie's gift of \$10,000. Mr. Stedman presided, and the club voted unanimously to accept Mr. Carnegie's gift, and passed a resolution declaring that the principal should be kept intact, the interest to be used at the discretion of the Executive Council. A committee was appointed to draw up resolutions thanking the donor for his gift.

ONE of the most eccentric effects of Ibsen's "Doll's House" has been the mania for writing a sequel to it which spreads about in the most contagious manner. As the continuation of the story might be made in any one of as many as twenty directions, nearly every one who can write at all might take a rise out of it and yet not hit the course which Fate would have taken, and which the natural development of character, not the sentimental exigencies of a novel, would have brought about.

*The Spectator* of March 22nd contained a leader upon the charm of Jane Austen's novels, suggested by Prof. Goldwin Smith's "Life" of this celebrated woman. "If now and then Mr. Goldwin Smith says a word that is perhaps too depreciating, he is generally as sure in detecting a flaw as in signalizing a success. . . . He is more trustworthy, for instance, than Lord Macaulay. . . . He does not get into ecstasies, but shows all the fine sense and moderation which Miss Austen herself evinced in so high a degree."

THE prospect is that the exploration and conquest of Africa will be the absorbing problem of the twentieth century. Already nearly every nation has its Stanley. France has hers in the person of M. Trivier, whom she prefers, however, to call her Livingstone. An article on this "French Livingstone," by Henry Fouquier has the post of honour in the *Transatlantic* of April 1. The peaceful method employed by Trivier in his recent two years' journey across Africa is contrasted by the writer with the warlike and bloody methods of Baker, Emin Pasha and Stanley. This article heads a very enticing array of literary attraction. The novelette, "Totor's Drum," is by Jean Richepin, known in France as the modern Rabelais, and the portrait of this author on the cover is perhaps the most striking of the series of admirable pictures which the *Transatlantic* is giving its readers. The music of the number fits the season, and so does the poetry, the former being an Easter mass, "O Salutaris," written by Samuel Rousseau, and the latter a delightful translation of Arno Holz's "The Heart of the Spring."

AFTER the death of Sir Walter Scott, 1832, it was found that the debt stood where it was in 1830—that is, at £54,000. But the amount for which his life had been insured (some £24,000) and the price which Mr. Caddell gave for the copyright of his existing works (£30,000 more) enabled his survivors to clear off the existing commercial debt. Scott himself died under the impression—a delusion, no doubt, but one of which it would have been cruelty to disabuse him—that the whole of his debts had been cleared off. In addition, however, to this £54,000, the residue of the Ballantyne complications, there was also a debt of £10,000 which Scott had privately incurred in the endeavour in 1825 to stave off the coming disaster, this sum having been borrowed by him upon the security of his estate. A few years after his death it was found that on account of this and other accumulations there was a danger that his valuable library, with his magnificent collection of armour, historical relics, and the like—all as still exhibited in Abbotsford House—were in danger of being seized and dispersed. A number of noblemen and gentlemen thereupon collected a sum of money, amounting

to from £7,000 to £8,000, sufficient to pay off the claims which endangered the library and armour, and so restored the whole to the family. The house and shootings of Abbotsford are at present let to a tenant, and a dispute having arisen between the tenant and the county assessor as to the amount of rental upon which the house should be assessed, the matter came up a few days ago for adjudication in Edinburgh, before the Lands Valuation Appeal Court. As all who have visited Abbotsford know, there is a charge made of one shilling a head for all visitors; this during last year gave to the proprietor the sum of £419, which sum the assessor wished to include in the assessable rental of the house.

The following admirable parody on Browning occurs in a recent English publication entitled "Oxford Wit and Humour":—

CALIBAN UPON RUDIMENTS.

Rudiments, Rudiments, and Rudiments!  
'Thinketh one made them i' the fit o' the blues.

'Thinketh, one made them with the 'tips' to match,  
But not the answers; 'doubteth there be none,  
Only Guides, Helps, Analyses, such as that:  
Also this Beast, that groweth sleek thereon,  
And snow-white bands that round the neck o' the same.

'Thinketh, it came of being ill at ease.  
'Hath heard that Satan finds some mischief still  
For idle hands, and the rest o' it. That's the case.  
Also 'hath heard they pop the names i' the hat.  
Toss out a brace, a dozen stick inside;  
Let forty through and plough the sorry rest.

'Thinketh, such shows nor right nor wrong in them,  
Only their strength, being made o' sloth i' the main—  
'Am strong myself compared to yonder names  
O' Jewish towns i' the paper. Watch th' event—  
'Let twenty pass, 'have a shot at twenty-first,  
'Miss Ramoth-Gilead, 'take Jehoiakim,  
'Let Abner ly and spot Melchizedek,  
Knowing not, caring not, just choosing so,  
As it likes me each time, I do: so they.

'Saith they be terrible; watch their feats i' the Viva!  
One question plays the deuce with six months' toil.  
Aha, if they would tell me! No, not they!  
There is the sport: "come read me right or die!"  
All at their mercy—why they like it most  
When—when—well never try the same shot twice!  
'Hath fled himself and only got up a tree.

\* \* \* \* \*  
'Will say a plain word if he gets a plough.

SCIENTIFIC AND SANITARY.

A FOREIGN medical man has discovered that coffee is a powerful antiseptic, the effects noted being probably due to the empyreumatic oils developed by roasting. It is pointed out as singular that good and bad coffee produced precisely similar effects, but what is meant by "good" and "bad" is left to the imagination.—*English Mechanic*.

DR. RICHARDSON cites the Jews as a living example of the advantages of sobriety. The remarkable vitality of their race strikes him as something astounding. Oppressed by cruel laws in the past, and living in abodes where others must have died, they yet contrived to exist. The explanation, according to this indefatigable apostle of Hygeia, is that which was given by Haller, a leading German doctor of the last century. It is that they lead, as a rule, simple lives, and are mindful of the expressive maxim in Proverbs, "wine is a mocker." Dr. Herman Adler has pointed out that, although Judaism does not denounce the taking of wine in moderation, there runs throughout the Hebrew literature the strongest condemnation of intemperance. It is, however, we are told, a mistaken idea that during Passover Jews are forbidden to take fermented wine. What is forbidden is the product of fermented grain, for which reason strict Jews at such time are restrained from the use of such liquors as whiskey.—*London Daily News*.

The second volume of "The Report on the Scientific Results" of the *Challenger's* voyage has recently been published, and it is no whit less interesting than its predecessor. The deep sea is full of wonders. There are fish living 2,600 fathoms down; some blind, others almost eyeless, which are so compressed from the weight of the water that when brought to the surface their bodies expand. Three miles down there is no light and no change of temperature. Being no light there is no vegetable growth, and the fish feed on each other—at least, so many of them as have teeth probably do so. Those without teeth, no doubt, feed on animalculæ. From Professor Tait's experiments it seems that at a depth of six miles the sea is compressed about 620 feet. May this compression long continue; for should it cease something like 2,000,000 square miles would be inundated.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

THE *British Medical Journal*, referring to a case recently reported, says: "That a bullet, or a fragment of a larger projectile may remain imbedded in the brain for months, or even years, without causing any very serious symptoms has been proved by a table of seventy-two cases collected by Dr. Andrews of Pennsylvania. Sir Thomas Longmore has put on record the case of an English officer who, with a musket-ball imbedded in his brain, was able to discharge certain military duties during nine years after the receipt of the injury. In several of these instances the foreign bodies were of considerable size and weight. A well authenticated case has been published in which recovery followed the removal on the twenty-seventh day after the injury of the linch-pin of a cannon, which had been driven into the brain through the frontal bone. Hughes, an Irish surgeon, has published an instance in which a patient lived for fourteen months without any bad symptoms, with a portion of the breech of a gun in the

anterior lobe of the brain. One of the most remarkable of such injuries is that recorded by O'Callaghan, and referred to in Erichson's 'Surgery,' in which an officer lived for nearly seven years with the breech of a fowling-piece, weighing three ounces, lodged in the forehead, and resting on the surface of the brain, from which it was separated by a false membrane."

THERE are certain occupations which predispose to the occurrence of consumption. It is common amongst stonemasons, grinders and polishers of steel, dressers of flax and feathers, straw plaiters, iron and coal miners, tailors and sempstresses. In many of these the inhalation of foreign particles into the lungs sets up irritation, which proves injurious and deteriorates the constitution; in others the result is occasioned by the combined operation of sedentary employment, impure air, exhaustive work, and bad food. On the other hand, cooks, butchers, tanners, tallow-chandlers, and soap-boilers enjoy to a great extent an immunity from this terrible scourge. They get good wages, and as a concomitant have plenty to eat and drink, whilst the constant contact with oil and fat is probably not without its influence. A consideration of these facts may in some instances be of service in deciding on the choice of an occupation. Sedentary habits and want of exercise, intemperance in any shape or form, excessive indulgence and debauchery of all kinds powerfully influence the development of phthisis, especially in the young. Imperfect digestion, and the resulting malnutrition, favour the occurrence of the disease. It is probable that a bad set of teeth, by preventing the proper mastication of food, is not without its influence. Some doctors lay great stress on a deficiency of fat in the system as a cause of consumption. It is an undoubted fact that most consumptives have a great dislike to fat, and will not eat it unless absolutely made to do so.—*Family Physician*.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

STRANGE MARRIAGE LAWS.

THE *Times of India* publishes the rules which the Bombay Government, with the assent of the Governor-General, has drawn up for regulating the marriage expenses of the Kadva Kambi caste in the district of Ahmedabad and Kaira. Power to make these rules is given under the Act for the prevention of female infanticide. Some of them are curious. The *chennlo*, or present given at betrothal by the bride's father to the bridegroom's father, is not to exceed one rupee and seven *suparis* and betelnuts. The marriage *chennlo* payable to the bridegroom's father may be one rupee and shall not exceed one hundred rupees. The value of the coconuts distributed at the marriage procession is not to exceed ten rupees, and the same limit is fixed on the value of the *mosalu*, or present by the bride's maternal relation. The payment at the ceremony, when the bridegroom touches with his finger his mother-in-law's dress, must not go beyond two rupees. The number of dinner-parties given by the bride's family is not to be more than five, and the number of guests at each not more than twenty-five. The marriage party going to the bride's village are not to spend more than thirty rupees, and when the bridegroom is invited to a social evening at his father-in-law's house he is not to be paid more than two rupees, nor to take with him more than five men.

HIGHER WAGES AND STRIKES.

A REVIEW of the industrial outlook at home and abroad reveals several interesting phases. In this country strikes and labour disturbances may be said to have been at a minimum during the closing months of 1889. Last year, as a whole, was one of the least disturbed as regards strikes and lockouts in some time. Since January 1st, and particularly since March 1st, there has been a larger number of strikes than in the same period of 1889, but the number of men on strike is smaller. But it must be remembered that strikes and lockouts, while in a measure indicative, are not conclusive evidence of the state of trade and labour. Of late years the tendency to consider carefully before striking has become more marked. The business outlook is now more often consulted, and there are fewer sympathetic strikes, or strikes designed to show the power of "labour," independent of the logical necessity for the strike in question. There is also a feeling that business conditions and the outlook may make or mar a strike, no matter what is the condition of the particular trade involved. In one line, coal, the conditions and outlook have been particularly discouraging. Mild weather and kindred causes have operated powerfully to depress mining. In some sections of the anthracite region the destitution arising from the lack of employment has been and is very great. *Bradstreet's* has for several weeks pointed out why the coal trade is perhaps one of the most depressed industries in this country. The building trades have been active, with most disputes heretofore arising out of demands for shorter hours or more pay. The depression in the ingrain carpet trade seems likely to cause a restriction of production and consequent loss of employment. Strikes of New York city cloak and skirt makers—the former on account of union disputes, and the latter to restrict the "sweating" system—have favoured the employees. The near approach of May 1st renders the extent of the eight hour movement one of wide interest. In a recent interview Mr. Samuel Gompers gave a brief sketch of the probable scope and character of the movement which will make itself apparent within five weeks.

According to that gentleman the building trades will be the first to demand the proposed short day. The trade selected to lead the advance, the carpenters, is said to be the best prepared to make the demand. It numbers 73,000 men, with a large strike fund, and the organization covers the entire country. While the movement as regards hours is to be a national one, the question of wages paid is to be left to local settlement. The men themselves will have to decide whether the same or lower wages will be demanded or accepted, not the federation itself. Upon the success of the carpenters' demand will no doubt depend the question of other trades taking similar action. The year 1889 compares favourably with the preceding four years as regards the number of men striking or locked out. Compared with the large number of men on strike in 1886, there is a decline of nearly two-thirds; and, compared with 1888, there is a falling off of 9.8 per cent. The English industrial situation presents some sharp contrasts to that ruling in the United States. The demand there is not one for shorter hours, but almost exclusively one for more pay. No sharper contrast could be mentioned than that furnished by the English and American coal trades respectively. After securing advances aggregating nearly 30 per cent. in the trade as a whole, the English miners have won a further advance of 10 per cent. after one of the largest (as regards numbers) strikes on record. Nearly every other branch of industry in Great Britain has been subjected to pressure by employees for an advance in wages.—*Bradstreet's*.

MAGNITUDE OF THE STELLAR CREATION.

THE starry heavens present a field to our vision of such beauty, grandeur and immensity that the human mind is lost in wonder at beholding them and asks in vain, under old theories, for a consistent explanation of their physical structure. It is constantly reiterated by astronomers that stars are composed of heated, luminous matter; consequently, uninhabitable. That the fixed stars, with our sun the nearest, are fire balls, or melting furnaces, ever ready to devour nebulae, and everything else around them that is tangible, in order to supply light and heat for the cold and dark universe of space. This old theory cannot longer be rationally sustained, and must give space to the newly discovered law of Actien, i.e., combustion. More than six thousand stars meet the gaze of the naked eye in its survey of one night. Astronomers say that the fabulous number of 20,000,000, all aglow, can be seen with a powerful telescope. When we consider that the nearest of these is 200,000 times as far from us as the sun, and that it would take from three and a half to twenty-one years for the light which reaches us to cease, if they were extinguished, we cannot grasp and hold the vast conception in our minds. Yet it is supposed that each of these is a central sun with its own colony of planets circling round it, which in size are vastly superior to those of our own solar system and are travelling through space with such speed that it is impossible for us to comprehend it. The star Sirius is said to be moving fifty-four miles a second, or 194,400 miles per hour; a flaming mass, leading its brood of planets through illimitable space.—*Stephen M. Allen, M.A., in the April Arena*.

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THUCYDIDES. Translated into English with marginal analysis and index, by B. Jowett, M.A., Master of Balliol College, Professor of Greek in University of Oxford, etc. Edited with introduction to American edition, by A. P. Peabody, LL.D. 8vo, cloth, \$2. Half calf, \$3. Prof. Jowett's book is especially valuable, from its sympathetic quality, to the student and the man of letters.

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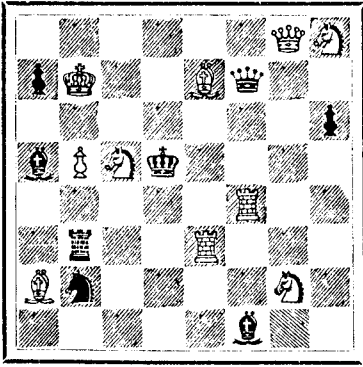
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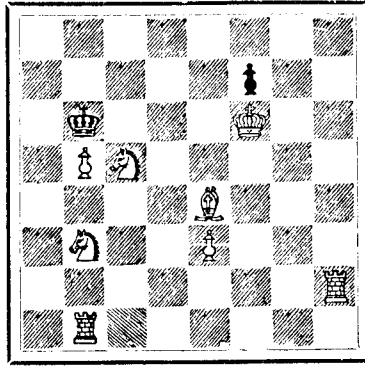


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2. Q—Q 1 + K—B 5  
3. Q—Q 4 mates.  
If 1. K—R 5 +  
2. K—B 3 moves  
3. Q mates.  
With other variations.

No. 448.

- Q—Kt 8.

GAME IN THE TORONTO CHESS CLUB TOURNAMENT FOR 1890, PLAYED BETWEEN MESSRS. FRIEDEWALD AND MCGREGOR, MARCH, 1890.

EVANS GAMBIT.

MR. FRIEDEWALD.	MR. MCGREGOR.	MR. FRIEDEWALD.	MR. MCGREGOR.
White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1. P—K 4	P—K 4	20. Q R—K 1	P—B 3
2. Kt—K B 3	Kt—Q B 3	21. Q—Kt 3	R—Kt 4
3. B—B 4	B—B 4	22. Q—B 2	B—Q 5
4. P—Q Kt 4	B x P	23. Kt—B 4	B x B
5. P—B 3	B—B 4	24. Kt x B	R—Q 4
6. Castles	P—Q 3	25. R—K 3	Q—B 2
7. P—Q 4	P x P	26. K R—K 1	K R—Q 1
8. P x P	B—Kt 3	27. P—K R 3	P—K R 3
9. P—Q 5	Kt—R 4	28. Q—Q Kt 3	P—Q Kt 4
10. B—Kt 2	Kt—K B 3	29. Kt—Q 3	Q—Q 3
11. P—K 5	P x P	30. Kt—K 5	Kt—Q 2
12. Kt x P	Kt x B	31. Kt—Kt 4	Kt—B 4 (a)
13. Q—R 4 +	B—Q 2	32. Q—B 2	Kt—K 3
14. Q x Kt	Castles	33. Kt—K 5	Kt—Q 5
15. Q Kt—B 3	P—Q R 3	34. Q—Kt 1	Q—Kt 1
16. Q R—Q 1	B—Q Kt 4	35. Kt x K B P	K x Kt
17. Kt x B	P x Kt	36. R—K 7 +	K—Kt (b)
18. Q x P	R—R 4	37. Q—K Kt 6	Kt—K B 6 +
19. Q—B 4	R x P	38. K—B 1	Kt—Q 7 +

Drawn game.

NOTES.

- (a) P—B 4 seems a strong move here.  
(b) K—B 3 here looks risky, but if followed by careful play ought to win.

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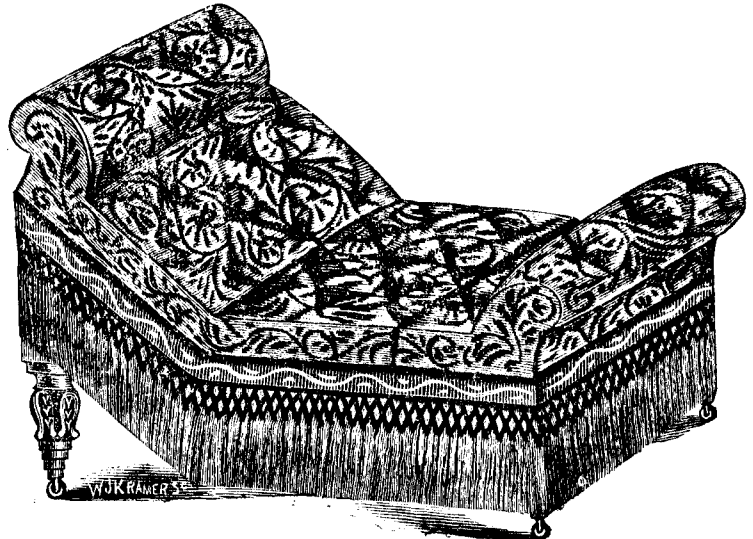
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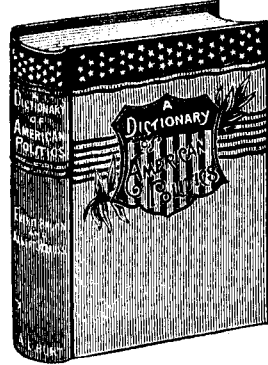
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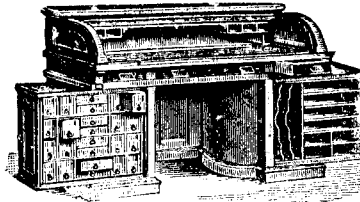
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