

THE WEEK

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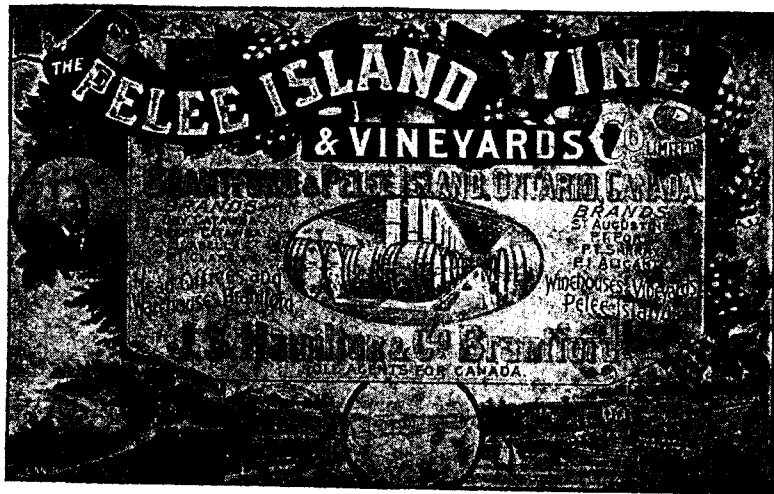
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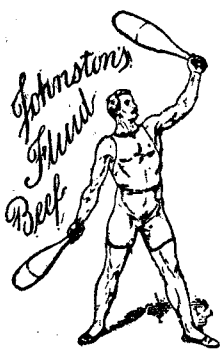
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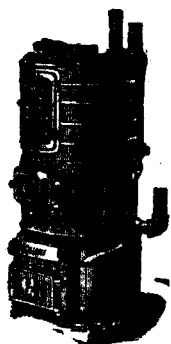


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THE WEEK.

Vol. X.

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

CURRENT TOPICS.

Unhappy France is still in the throes of the convulsion which so seriously threatens the life of the Republic. There is, however, reason to hope that she may be spared this dire calamity. It is probable that every day which now passes without precipitating the dreaded outbreak makes it more probable that she may escape the revolution which a few days since seemed imminent. It is in her favour that she is now bravely facing to the front, and that her gravest danger is the outcome of a determination to probe the festering sore of political corruption to the core. If her recuperative energy shall prove equal to the task of a thoroughly honest investigation and an equally thorough purification, it is possible that the present struggle may leave her institutions and administration on a higher moral plane than any hitherto attained.

Why ignore the Icelanders? This question is asked of the Census Department of the Canadian Government by the Heimskringla

Og Oldin, of Winnipeg, the organ of the Icelanders of the North-West, in its issue of the 14th inst. There are, it claims, certainly 10,000 Icelanders in Canada, and yet they are not deemed worthy of a separate column, though Italy and Spain, with only 2,851 representatives in the country, are given that honour. Our Icelandic contemporary, on thinking the matter over, comes to the conclusion that the Icelanders are partly counted as Scandinavians, of whom there are, according to the table, 7,826 in Canada; and partly under the heading of "Other Countries." "True enough," it says, "Iceland is not a sovereign state; but neither is Ireland nor Scotland, which are counted as separate countries. We Icelanders form a nationality of our own, with our own language and literature." The Icelanders are becoming, and are likely to become to a still greater extent, an important and desirable element in the population of the North-West, and no doubt the Census Department will give them the place to which they seem entitled in future enumerations.

From Ireland it is announced that Mr. Davitt's seat in Parliament has been declared vacant on the ground of undue influence by the clergy. From Quebec it is stated that the proprietors of the Canada Revue, one of the two journals which were recently placed under the ban of the Church, have taken or are about to take action, under the advice of an able lawyer who has been studying the question, against the Archbishop for damages. This is in both cases as it should be. If Mr. Davitt cannot be elected by the free suffrages of the people, he should not be elected at all. So, too, it is high time that it should be known whether every publisher of a newspaper for the French-speaking Canadians conducts it on sufferance of the prelates of the Roman Catholic Church. If the Canada Revue was guilty of malicious libel, the courts are open and the laws make ample provision for condign punishment. If, on the other hand, it simply performed its duty as a public journal in exposing gross wrongdoing under the garb of the priesthood, it is intolerable that an ecclesiastic should be permitted to launch the thunderbolts of the Church against it and destroy the legitimate business of its proprietors. The case will be watched with great interest, and it will be a happy omen for the Province of Quebec if the result shall be a vindication of the rights of a free press.

Municipal politics is not very much in our line, but we cannot be, and ought not to be, indifferent spectators of the annual elections of civic officers. Mayor Fleming is not, perhaps, the ideal mayor for a city like Toronto, but in the present instance we are unable to see any sufficient reason for wishing to have him superseded by the only opponent who has entered the lists against him. Mr. Fleming's record, as given in his speech on Monday—a speech marred by personalities which his friends might wish to blot out—certainly shows a good deal of

necessary, if not very showy, work done for the city during his term of office, and to a greater or less extent, through his instrumentality. He has proved himself to be economical and in the main thoroughly practical, in his ideas and aims. Mr. Sheppard's speeches—and, unfortunately perhaps for him, it is only by means of his speeches that we can judge of his fitness for the duties of the position to which he aspires—on the other hand, rather give us the impression of one whose eyes are turned towards the visionary and impracticable. Be that as it may, it is certain that he lacks that close knowledge of civic affairs which nothing but actual experience at the Council Board can give. For these and other reasons it seems tolerably certain that a majority of the citizens will prefer to bear the ills they have, so far as any of these may be the outcome of defects in the present Mayor's views and methods, rather than fly to others which they know not of, but which might result from putting an untried, and consequently unskilled, man in the civic chair for 1893.

The Labour Commission appointed by the British Government will shortly have completed its work. It has held 152 meetings, whole and sectional, and has examined 566 witnesses in London, besides holding local inquiries by means of assistants in the country. Its report will no doubt be a very interesting and important document. At a recent meeting some interesting evidence in regard to profit-sharing was given by Mr. Bushill, of the firm of Thomas Bushill and Sons, Printers, Bookbinders, etc., Coventry. Mr. Bushill said that, in 1878, "influenced by a Christian ministry, and by Ruskin's economic teaching," he doubted whether the wage system was justifiable, and was moved at a Bible-class meeting by a workman's remark that he did not believe in the charity of employers who built churches out of profits from bare-subsistence wages. After consultation a scheme was drawn up providing for interest at 5 per cent., partners' salaries, management, and risk, and for dividing the residue of profit among partners and employes. One-third of each man's share is paid in cash, and the remainder paid into a provident fund, which is part of the capital of the business, but duly secured. The men accepted the scheme, and it has worked satisfactorily. "From an employer's point of view the advantages are, less need of supervision, check against embezzlement, professional audit, improved tone among workers, less loss of time, less application for charity, and the moral satisfaction derived from the knowledge that hundreds of homes are brightened by the annual bonus." The firm's income is somewhat reduced, but Mr. Bushill did not think this a necessary accompaniment of any profit-sharing system.

The "apology for an apology"—the Independent suggests the characterization—which has recently been written by Father Corrigan,

of Hoboken, to Bishop Wigger, his ecclesiastical superior, and accepted by the latter as a basis of settlement of the matters in dispute between them, is a curious document. As a clever example of "how not to do it," it reminds us of an apology Captain Marryatt puts into the mouth of one of his midshipmen, a saucy young sea-dog who had insulted one of his superior officers by declaring that he, the said officer, was not fit for a certain very menial office, and who, to escape the threatened rope's-end on the quarter deck, formally retracted his insulting words, and declared that he now considered said officer "perfectly fit." Father Corrigan is not quite so saucy, it is true, but he assures his Bishop that he is "satisfied that whatever mistakes he [the said Bishop] may have made, did not proceed from malice."

The incident is of public interest as suggesting new or greatly modified relations between priests of the Church of Rome and their ecclesiastical superiors in the United States. Father Corrigan is, it appears, a priest who is given to speaking, and to writing for the newspapers, with a freedom unwonted among the clergy of the Roman Catholic Church. In consequence of several offences of this kind, Bishop Wigger had summoned him for trial, appointing a confidential priest of his own household to try the case. Then a thing heretofore unheard of happened. Father Corrigan objected to having the case tried by the person named by the Bishop. The question was left to arbitrators, and they decided against the Bishop. Friends of both parties then used their good offices with the result that the Bishop offered to dismiss the charges on condition that Father Corrigan should offer an apology and go into a retreat for two weeks. The obdurate priest refused to go into a retreat unless the Bishop would go also, with the result that the case was finally settled as above indicated. The result can hardly fail to prove a stimulus to liberty of speech among Catholic priests in the United States. If it may be taken, along with the deliverance on the school question, and the condonation of Father McGlynn's offences and his restoration to the arms of the Church, as an outcome of the visit of Mgr. Satolli, that prelate's mission will be a memorable one in the history of the Roman Catholic Church in the United States.

Among the many philanthropic institutions of Toronto there is none whose work and aims commend it more heartily to the sympathy and support of all good citizens than the "Childrens' Aid Society." The first annual report of this Society showed a very considerable amount of child-saving work done with very limited resources. It is to be hoped that, with the enlarged experience which its managers have gained, and in view of what may, we fear, prove to be the increased necessity for its operations during the winter which is now upon us, the Society may have largely increased means placed at its disposal by generous citizens. There can be no doubt as to the necessity and the true utility of the work carried on in the Shelter Department of the Society. As we have often had occasion to remark, there is probably no one respect in which the imperfection of our civilization is more deplorably apparent than in our defective provision for the protection and training of neglected children. The fact of the necessity of interposing in some cases to save little ones of tender years from the brutality of their own

parents, or other natural or legal guardians, humiliating as it is, is evident even from the report of this young Society.

But what a tale of woe and horror is contained in the recently published statistics of the British Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. This Society has been in operation for eight years, and during that time has dealt with no less than 25,849 cases of cruelty, affecting 56,615 different children. Happily the old extreme views with regard to the absolute right of control of parents, no matter how incompetent or vicious, over their children, are passing away, and the claims of humanity and a Christian conception of human brotherhood are beginning to prevail. All who have hearts to sympathize with the sufferings of the unfortunate of what Mr. Asquith has called "a dumb and helpless class" of our fellow beings, will acknowledge the debt of gratitude which society and humanity owe to those who are giving time and thought and labour for the rescue of neglected, abused and destitute children, and will not fail to manifest that sympathy upon occasion in tangible forms.

We are glad to receive even the modified approval of so good a journal as the Montreal Star. We are still more gratified to find that erstwhile influential advocate of the "National Policy" now ranged so unmistakably on the side of those who are demanding tariff reform. But in one or two respects the Star has misapprehended our position. It is not correct in supposing that we have, either "wisely" or unwisely, given up, "in the face of the Democratic victory, all thought of reciprocity." The thing that we have—not, indeed, "given up," seeing that we have never advocated it, but—pronounced unacceptable to Canadians "at the price proposed," is Commercial Union on the basis of a common tariff, and that the tariff of the United States, against Great Britain. It is true, as we said last week, that "theoretically we have no admiration for commercial treaties. In its very nature a commercial treaty implies trade restrictions to be removed, and in our humble opinion all trade restriction is evil, only evil, and that continually. But as absolute freedom of trade is not likely to be reached for a decade or two in America, it is quite possible that it may be for the advantage of Canada to make, should opportunity be given, a fair treaty of commerce with the United States. Such a treaty was, if we may credit the American Secretary of State, possible a year or two ago. It will be much more likely to be attainable under the Democratic regime. Meanwhile we shall be glad to see both countries scaling down their protective and oppressive tariffs as rapidly as possible. Every reduction on either side will make such an arrangement easier.

We commend The Week, however, to consider the advisability of treating our tariff toward Britain in a broader spirit, and thus gaining for ourselves a larger trade with the market where the prices of our surplus are always fixed, whether we sell there or not. Let us be competitors and not "understudies" of the American exporters.

The above paragraph in The Star's article has puzzled us not a little. Is our contemporary indulging in a little good-natured irony at its own expense? How else are we to understand such advice to a journal which has for years been steadily advocating the lowering

of the barriers which we have disloyally erected against the trade of the Mother Country—advice, too, from a journal which has been until recently one of the staunchest upholders of those barriers? For, be it observed, the only hindrances to the freest possible trade with the British market are hindrances for which we, ourselves, are responsible, and which we may remove whenever we will. Did we not, before the Presidential election, when there seemed to be little hope of a change of policy on the part of the United States, repeatedly urge that the very best way of meeting the McKinley Bill would be to throw open our markets as freely as possible to Great Britain? Could we treat our tariff towards her in a broader spirit than that, or adopt more effective means for gaining for ourselves a larger trade with her? If we have an eye just now mainly for the market of the United States it is because it is the exclusion from that market by the double row of customs' walls that is just now doing most to create the depression and unrest which the State and we alike deplore.

THE CASE OF PETROLEA.

The enterprise of the Toronto Globe in sending out two commissioners of different political faiths to inquire into the state of opinion and feeling in the country is to be commended. It is a great improvement upon what is more often the method of the party paper., viz., to send a single commissioner expected to report only what may be supposed to be pleasing to the patrons of the paper and helpful to the party. Of course the Globe's method lies under the disadvantage that the commissioners can, in the nature of the case, talk with but a very few individuals in each locality, and can give no satisfactory guarantee that these are fairly representative of the whole, or even of the majority. Yet the probabilities are largely in favour of their being so to a considerable extent. Nor, it must be admitted, is it easy to suggest a better method. At the least, the information thus gained concerning the state and needs of the country cannot fail to be very valuable to those who are honestly desirous to know the facts.

The latest reports from these commissioners at the date of this writing covers their visit to Petrolea, a most interesting field from a protectionist point of view. As all readers of the newspapers are aware, the N. P. is just now subject to assault all along the line, but at no point has the concentration of the enemy's fire been more severe than at that suggested by the name "Petrolea." People of all classes, and especially the farmers, are beginning to ask why they should be required either to use a very inferior illuminator at a much higher price than that for which they could, but for the high tariff, procure a superior article; or to pay for the latter three times the price for which it could be procured but for that tariff. The only possible answer is that given to The Globe's Commissioners by interested parties in Petrolea. That answer is not completed in the interviews the report of which is before us, but enough appears to make it clear that we have, in this case, a defence of protection which has at least the merit of novelty. As a rule, when a protected industry is assailed the defence of its supporters is that, by reason of the better market secured by the tariff, the producers or manu-

facturers are enabled to give the public an article as good or better than the imported, at a price at least as low as that at which the imported article could be had were there no protective tariff, and that thus protection gives the country the benefit of the industry without injuring the consumer of the product.

In the case of the triply-protected Petroleum industry the whole argument seems to be changed. It is frankly admitted that, owing to the inferiority of the raw material, it is impossible for the Petrolea refiners to give the country as good, or nearly as good, an article for lighting purposes as that which it is the object of the lofty tariff barrier to keep out, and, strange to say, this very fact is urged as one of the strong reasons why that barrier should be kept up! Take away the tariff, say well-owners and refiners, and our industry will disappear as the figures on a slate are wiped out by a sponge passed over them, and all the persons engaged in and dependent upon it—a number estimated, if memory serves us, all the way up to 25,000—will be left unemployed and destitute.

This is the main argument. True, it is supported by several subsidiary props. Some, for instance, say that the Standard Oil monopoly of the United States, having once got the Petrolea beneficiaries, or as they we suppose regard themselves, benefactors, of the Canadian users of oil, out of the way, would have the latter at its mercy and would soon show them that it has none. No doubt the people would gladly take their chances. Others take their stand boldly upon their vested rights, a plea which seems to imply that the country, having once granted a protective tariff for the benefit of those engaged in a certain business, can never remove it without being guilty of gross injustice to those who have been helped to a competence or a fortune thereby. It follows, we suppose, that the longer the special favour has been enjoyed, and the greater the wealth that has accrued to the protected persons, the greater the wrong that would be done by its removal. This does not harmonize very well with the familiar plea of nursing "infant industries." If the Government accept this theory, it is no longer wonderful that they continue to enrich the sugar refiners at the expense of all users of sugar.

To state the argument of the Petrolea oil producers, which we hope we have done not unfairly, is to refute it. It reduces itself to the absurd, on a moment's reflection, since the same argument would apply in the case of any business or industry, no matter how unsuited to the country, or how oppressive to the taxpayer, which a number of interested persons may at any time succeed in getting bolstered up by an enormous protective tariff until a number of families have become dependent upon it for a livelihood, and its speculative managers for dividends. From the point of view of the rights of the consumers of oil, that is, the public strictly interpreted, the Government is bound simply to do away with an unjust and oppressive tax as speedily as possible. From the point of view of practical politics a case may be made out for a reasonable notice, or a gradual reduction of the tariff. But even so, there would be an obvious necessity for a very careful enquiry into all the facts, in order to make it perfectly clear that the abolition of the unjust tax would injuriously affect so many persons, and be attended with consequences so disastrous. The one thing which no Govern-

ment or Legislature has any right to do, is to continue to provide for the few at the expense of the many.

EXCESSIVE ATHLETICISM.

In the prospectus of a new magazine which is about to be published by the University of Chicago, it is announced that among the various departments is to be one of "Athletics," and that it is to be conducted by a distinguished base-ball player. May it not be hoped that the time will shortly come, if not for a reaction against the tendency to excessive athleticism which is becoming so marked a characteristic of the colleges of the day, at least for a careful enquiry into its effects upon the physical, mental and moral well-being of the average student. Many will, we dare say, be surprised that any doubt should be cast upon the desirableness of college athletics for the development of the physical man, whatever may be thought in regard to its effects upon the other divisions of our complex natures. But is it, after all, so clear that the trained athlete is healthier, more long-lived, or superior for any of the practical purposes of every-day life to the man who has never been subjected to regular training, save perhaps in the valuable accomplishments of correct posture, carriage, gait, etc.? Est modus in rebus. There can be no doubt that a certain amount of vigorous exercise daily in the open air is a necessity in the case of the young of all classes, and above all for those engaged in brain-work. Time has been when hundreds of promising young men left college with shattered health as a result of the failure to observe this simple law which nature has plainly written in our physical systems. What it is desirable to make the subject of fuller investigation than it has yet received is the question of the limits of this exercise in respect to both time and severity, which are adapted to produce the best results in giving to the student an all-round, symmetrical development, and to the community or the world the highest type of a healthy, high-minded and useful man. Proper attention to regimen is the condition of health, and so the duty of every man; but it is far from being certain that the rigid regime to which many athletes and would-be athletes are subjected really improves them physically for the best uses of life. That it fits them for better work intellectually is still more doubtful, while it is beyond question that excess of any kind, even of bodily exertion, is injurious from the moral point of view. For our own part, we never see one of the abounding cuts of renowned athletes without wondering whether, after all, nature ever intended "the paragon of animals" to develop his muscles until they stand out "like whipcords," to borrow the favourite simile, and the graceful rounded symmetry of the natural arm is changed into the enlarged limb, with uneven, ridgy surface, which is supposed to represent the perfection of muscular development. A sad incident which occurred a few weeks since at the famous Rugby school has attracted a good deal of attention to the danger of excessive athleticism for boys in English schools. Boys at Rugby are, it appears, required to take occasional five-mile runs as part of their regular athletic exercises. Great care is taken, it is alleged on behalf of the school, to prevent weaklings from taking part in these runs. One

lad of fourteen, who had been examined and pronounced sound by the medical attendants, but a few months before, after having made four miles and a half in forty minutes, fell forward and died of over-exertion. Of course a single fatality of this kind—and this is said to be the first—in the case of the hundreds of boys who try the runs, proves nothing except the possibility of a most deplorable result. But it does very forcibly suggest the question whether nature ever intended young lads, in a civilized and enlightened state of society, to run five miles without intermission at a high rate of speed. It is, in the case of Rugby, denied that the runs are races, but it is easy to understand how impossible it must be to prevent them from becoming such in effect under the spirit of emulation which is sure to be aroused, and we can well believe that it will be scarcely less difficult to prevent ambitious "weaklings" from making the trial, seeing that the runs are made under the eyes of the masters. But five miles is a mere bagatelle for some of the English physical development enthusiasts, even of the medical fraternity. A Dr. Percival, writing in *The Times*, approves of the "crick," a twelve-mile race, once a year, for lads of seventeen! Nor can we on this continent, in view of what sometimes takes place, say in this city, at the close of the school year, under a hot July sun, afford to cast stones—to say nothing of the cruelty which has, in some cities of the United States, required or permitted boys, and if we are not mistaken, girls too, of tender years, to take part in processions whose demands upon the physical energies may be inferred from the fact that they have in some instances been three hours in passing a given point. But to return to our main question, is there any reason to believe that such excessive demands can be made upon the bodily powers save at the expense of the higher energies of the nature? Is it not, after all, pretty much the same stock of nervous energy which is drawn upon, whether the excessive demand be made through the medium of muscle or of brain? Has devotion to physical culture proved as a rule conducive to high thinking and noble living? Have the champions of the gymnasium, or the baseball or football or lacrosse arena, ever wrought any great deliverances in the earth? It would be interesting to hear the results of an exhaustive study of this question by a competent and impartial enquirer.

CHRISTMAS.

Unpleasant as the reflection may be, it is still true that Christmas is far more of a pagan than a Christian festival. Indeed its origin is purely pagan; that is to say, its origin as a festival in December. This period of the year is the height of the rainy season in Judea, and it is not likely that on December 25 in any year shepherds would be watching "their flocks by night all seated on the ground." When Christmas was first held as a Church festival, in the reign of Emperor Commodus, A.D. 180 to 192, it was held in April or May, a far more likely period of the year to be the anniversary of the birth of Jesus of Nazareth than the 25th December. Like all the rest of the things of the early Church, great risk attended the Feast of Christmas; and Diocletian, hearing that the Christians were assembled at a house in Nicomedia to "keep up Christmas," caused

the place to be set on fire and the inmates burnt to death.

In these circumstances "Christmas Day" did not become popular. The Church, however, in its first few centuries did not hesitate to adapt itself to circumstances in order to win converts. There had been for many years among the heathen a festival at the winter solstice, a period of the year they regarded as the beginning of renewed life and activity. This was more particularly the case in the northern countries, among the Celts and Germans. The latter people held the "Yule" wheel, a feast commemorative of the fiery wheel, that is to say, sun, having finished its annual course and started again. The festival lasted twelve days (twelfth night), during which time it was believed that it was easy to trace the personal movements and interference on earth of the great deities, Odin and others. The festival was the greatest one of the age, and it would have been impossible to destroy it. The Church was too wise to attempt its destruction, and indeed was only too glad to use it for its own purpose. It changed its character, banished the heathen feeling as nations became converted, and made it a Christian festival. The Church, however, did not attempt to divorce the mixture of merriment and piety that had characterized the heathen ceremonies. The Yule Log was retained, and at this moment it is still burnt at at Yule-tide (i.e., Christmas) in the north of England. It is a lingering sign of a fire-offering to the fiery wheel. The holly, the mistletoe, and the evergreen which decorate houses and churches, were the symbols used by our forefathers to denote that the sun would once again make green the earth; while the furmentum (frumentum) or sowans is the lingering remains of offerings paid to Hilda or Berchta, the divine mother, or personification of fruitfulness, to whom we look for new stores of grain.

Old Father Christmas has had many ups and downs. Nonconformists neglected him as a "human invention"; and holly and ivy were made seditious badges by the Puritans. The only result has been that Christmas is ceasing year by year to be a religious festival and is becoming more and more a national social holiday. It is the season for the gathering together of family connections, and drawing closer those bonds of kindred hearts which the cares and pleasures and sorrows of the world are continually operating to cast loose; of calling back to the hearth, to the rallying place of affections, the children who have launched forth in life and wandered widely asunder. In any other sense than this Christmas is dying out. The old customs are not now kept up, except rarely. Modern refinement creates havoc with old customs. The old halls and manor house are hospitable, as is every cottage in the land, but the old games and ceremonials, the feudal hospitalities and lordly wassailings of the Christmas of bygone years, descending from Roman Sundays, have disappeared. The traits exist, it is true, so do the manners, and in some of the villages in old England a waxen image of a new-born babe is carried about; children who go "wassailing," singing an old Christmas hymn with the refrain,

We are not wandering beggars,
That go from door to door,
But we are neighbours' children,
Whom you have seen before.

So to you a merry Christmas, &c.

We will not say that the changes that have come on Christmas-tide are not improvements. It is much better to have a complete social holiday than a gloomy day, followed by a riotous night. It is a great thing to have one day in the year at least, when everybody is trying to make everybody else happy; and as happiness, like the light of heaven, is reflective, each one adds to the other's store without diminishing his own.

WM. TRANT.

DREAMS.

Within the narrow margin of a bowl,
The pretty gold-fish winks his glistening fin,
And gulps as if he sucked a river in,
Dreaming a patient dream within his soul;
The fiery courser, urged upon his goal,
Flies till his heart is bursting with the strain,
And frantic cells are shivering in his brain,
To fill the fated dream his rider stole.

And yet the rider is a dreamer too,
Even he awhile who watched the gold-fish swim,
Escapes not ever from the boundless brim,
That marks the circle of the sky for him,
From whence great thoughts, upflying all too few,
March like white clouds, and sink beyond the blue.

Ottawa.

COLIN A. SCOTT.

THE EARLY BIBLIOGRAPHY OF ONTARIO.

Mr. Lindsey's paper on the volume published by me in September last has doubtless been read with interest by all who have paid attention to the subject. While this feeling is entertained by myself, it is accompanied by surprise that he was the possessor of the information, and has remained silent until last week. My first volume, "Archæology," was published in 1886, when I stated the difficulties I had experienced in obtaining information concerning the first book printed in Upper Canada, and with hesitation assigned the priority to David Thompson's "War of 1812," published in 1832. The statement remained uncontradicted until 1888, when it was called in question by Mr. Gagnon, of Quebec, who gave the names and dates of the books he himself possessed. A correspondence followed in *The Mail*, when the appeal was made to any one possessing information on the subject to impart it. Mr. Lindsey, although living in Toronto, took no part in the discussion. During the last six years, when in that city, I have repeatedly met him; but on no occasion he gave me to understand that he could throw any light on the question, or that he took any interest in it. I was aware that at the sale of the late Mr. Robert Baldwin's books he had obtained the volumes of pamphlets, some of which I have seen with other books, to which he alludes in his paper. He is likewise the possessor of the "Mackenzie papers." From his silence, I concluded they gave no information regarding the bibliography of Upper Canada, or I would have asked his permission to examine them; a request which, I conceive, the intimacy of a quarter of a century would have justified.

In giving the list of the publications which are not noticed in my volume, Mr. Lindsey, to my mind, shows he has misunderstood the purport and intent of my book. Therefore, when accepting the information given by him and for the first time made known, I feel

called upon to object to much that he has advanced, especially in the classification of the works included by him as omissions.

My book was, on my part, a humble contribution to the centenary observance of the first establishment of the Province. I have not made this statement in the volume because it appeared to me a pretension not fully justified by the narrative which follows; moreover, such a claim would, to no limited extent, have taken me outside the field to which I desired to confine myself. After describing the journals, statutes and the early almanacs, I calendared the books printed in the Province of Upper Canada from 1783 to 1840, likewise those published without the Province within certain limitations affecting the whole of Canada. I may refer the reader to page 42 of "Bibliography" to show that I dealt only with works bearing upon the history, politics and economic condition of the country.

Mr. Lindsey ignores this classification; he includes works published in the provinces of Quebec and Nova Scotia; likewise he makes mention of well-known reports of the Legislative Assembly and Council excluded by me. By these means he has greatly augmented the extent of what may be described as my sins of omission. I append, at the close of this paper, the list of the publications Mr. Lindsey has really made known belonging to the bibliography of Upper Canada, classifying them in dates to remove them from the obscurity in which they appear in his paper.

I am called to account for not including a large number of books published in the United States on the history of the war of 1812-15. I never considered it my duty to mention them, and I still so think. They would, indeed, have been out of place in the volume, for the description of them is accessible elsewhere, and it can easily be referred to. Any allusion to these works would have been an error of judgment in unnecessarily expanding the calendar, except in the special instances when I have mentioned them.

I am unable to accept Mr. Lindsey's view that the works of Major Richardson come within the date. "The Canadian Brothers" appeared at the close of 1840, when Upper Canada, as such, had passed away. As an author, this writer must be included in the succeeding period.

Mr. Lindsey has not correctly understood the classification that the book of "Archdeacon Strachan" of 1834 was the first book published at "Toronto." As I have mentioned others published at "York," it was scarcely necessary to state, that it is well known many books were published in Toronto before that date. I am informed by a friend of the family of Mr. Stanton, by whom the book was printed, that it is considered by them as the first which bears the imprint of "Toronto," not as previously designated "York." It is a question of fact, not of argument, to be disposed of by the specification of earlier books with the same imprint. In order to establish Mr. Lindsey's view, he must give their titles, otherwise his assertion is of no account.

Mr. Lindsey makes apparent his strange theories regarding Ontario bibliography by his remarks concerning Mr. Gourlay. He writes: "Dr. Kingsford says: 'Mr. Gourlay commenced the publication of pamphlets as early as 1818.' Gourlay began to write his 'Village System' in 1801, and published it in 1809. I have one pamphlet published by him in 1806,

three in 1815, one in 1816, and two in 1817. On the fly-leaf of several of these pamphlets the author has written, in a bold characteristic hand: "To the land-owners of Upper Canada this pamphlet is dedicated, to prove to them the early, persevering and unchanged principles of their most unjustly punished fellow subject and friend, Robert Gourlay, born March 24, 1778." All this has nothing to do with Canada. They were pamphlets published in England relative to the poor laws, and what Gourlay held to be the legislation which kept men indigent. Gourlay himself came to Canada in 1817, and the very rare pamphlet of 1818 named by me [page 28, No 3], a copy of which is in the Toronto library, is undoubtedly his first Canadian pamphlet. Those mentioned by Mr. Lindsey, whatever their incidental relation to Gourlay's life, have nothing to do with Upper Canada bibliography.

Mr. Lindsey must have forgotten Mr. Gourlay's own words, for he cannot fail to have seen them, page v. of his "general introduction" in his "statement to the editors of British newspapers. Craigrothie, Fifeshire, 1820." "In consequence of unavoidable change of fortune I went out to Upper Canada, where I had many friends in the summer of 1817, solely with a view to ascertain whether it would be prudent to remove my family thither. My intention of going there was announced more than a year before I set out, and my wish was not to be more than six months from home."

Mr. Lindsey's remarks about Mr. Gourlay's pamphlets are entirely irrelevant. The facts are as I represent them.

For my authority in giving Mr. Gourlay the prefix of "Fleming" I refer Mr. Lindsey, who disputes the correctness of the proceeding, to the prospectus published by Gourlay. "The Receded Life of Robert Gourlay, Esq., now Robert Fleming Gourlay, with Reminiscences and Reflections by Himself in his 75th year." The fact is likewise stated in the work so well known to the Canadian bibliophile, "Bibliotheca Canadensis," p. 156.

Mr. Lindsey doubts that Mr. Hector Beauchamp is the author of "Beautes de l'histoire du Canada." The fact, however, is accepted by all competent to form an opinion on the subject.

Mr. Lindsey, when alluding to the translation of Long's travels, by J. B. L. Bellecoq writes as if he is unacquainted with the English title of the book. It is well known to myself and excluded by me as having only relation to Indian life. It has no bearing upon Canadian history. The author, in 1768, landed at Quebec, whence he passed to Montreal and Caughnawaga, and thence to the then western territory. Mr. Lindsey does not seem to be aware that the translation does not contain the vocabulary given in the original, although it is apparent that the design was to include it.

The title of the work in English is: "Voyages and travels of an Indian interpreter and trader, describing the manners and customs of the North American Indians with an account of the posts situate on the river St. Lawrence, Lake Ontario, etc., to which is added a vocabulary of the Chippeway language, names of Furs and Skins in English and French, a list of words in the Iroquois, Mohegan, Shauanee, and Esquimaux tongues, and a table showing the analogy between the Algonian and Chippe-

way languages, by J. Long, 1791. London." [295 pp.]

Mr. Lindsey considers that reports of the trials relative to the destruction of the Earl of Selkirk's settlement in 1816, Hudson's Bay, should form a part of the bibliography of Upper Canada. At that date the Red River had not the least relationship with that province. I cannot see how this view can be sustained. I have distinctly said (p. 65) that "I do not consider it to be part of my duty to re-integrate these forgotten volumes."

I am taken to task for describing Mr. John M. McGregor; not McGregor, as by a printer's error it is made to appear in Mr. Lindsey's paper; as pleasant reading. Well, I found it so; Mr. Lindsey thinks otherwise. Surely a writer of Mr. Lindsey's experience must see that this is not a matter for criticism, and that his comment cannot be particularly mentioned as a mark of kindly feeling to myself.

Mr. Lindsey can only see that my work is far from complete, because I failed to include the books contained in the Baldwin pamphlets and the Mackenzie papers, which I could only know by information communicated by himself. He takes no account of the continuous labour bestowed on the acquisition of the information I presented, and the attempt made to systematize the chaos in which it stood. Mr. Lindsey limits his acknowledgment of my labours to the recognition that they may be looked upon as "beginning the good work, and he thinks he has said enough to show that the bibliography of Upper Canada is yet in its infancy." Mr. Lindsey must permit me to tell him, whatever his abilities and attainments in other respects, he cannot be accepted as an authority on the point. It is a subject he has never studied. For the last six years, while many of us have been engaged in seeking for information in every direction, he has been silently inattentive. The classification of the books named by him, including periodicals, reports of the Legislature and the publications of other provinces of that day establishes the imperfect and hasty views he has formed, when turning over the books ready to his hand, purchased years ago, which hitherto have remained unexamined.

I may appeal to the labour given by others as well as myself to this investigation, to warrant the belief that every known field of inquiry has been examined, and that great attempts have been made to gain all the information obtainable; accordingly I do not expect that discoveries to any great extent will hereafter be made.

I will venture, for my own part, to claim that my work is the result of laborious inquiry. I have laid under contribution every one who I believed could aid me, and I sought information where it seemed to me it could be derived. From the assistance I have received, and from the eminence of many who have seen fit to help me, I feel justified in the opinion that the field has been exhausted. Consequently I have been the more surprised at the additions made, especially coming from Mr. Lindsey, as I never heard that the subject had engaged his attention. As the fortunate possessor of the books and papers owned by him, he could follow the royal road to the information he has furnished. He appears before us as the owner of the lottery ticket which has gained the prize, who, on receiving the money falling to it, published a treatise on the acquisition of wealth.

It has been an easy matter for him to learn

from the papers in his possession the books not mentioned by me, and which I believe can be found nowhere else. The one possibility of further publications becoming known is from the Snodgrass collection of pamphlets at Queen's University, Kingston. My friend Professor Short, who is likewise in charge of the university library, unlike Mr. Lindsey, has directed my attention to them. He has kindly undertaken, so soon as he has placed them in form, to enable me to examine them. It is not impossible that some pamphlets hitherto unknown may be found amongst them. I scarcely think to any extent; I will, however, make the result known when it shall have been established.

This forms the one exception, the one source from which, in my humble judgment, any additional works can be calendared. The three most important libraries of the Province where they can be found, the Parliamentary; that of the Archives; and the Toronto Public Library, have been exhausted. From time to time a stray publication may become known; such was the case within the last month when I learned the existence of the following pamphlet:—

"Immortality: a sermon occasioned by the death of Barnabas Bidwell, Esq., by I. Scott, A.M., Kingston. Kingston, U. C., printed at the Spectator office by David Mackay. 1833."

The fact is that the devastation of fire has destroyed the collections in the great libraries, the latest being that of Toronto University, where they might have been looked for. Some twenty years back I gave to the University a book of some 150 pp., to the best of my recollection, being the report of the operations of the Patriotic Fund of 1812-15. It is the only copy I have ever seen, indeed I may add, or ever heard of, and I felt it to be a duty to deposit it where I placed it. Doubtless many of these pamphlets could have been found in the old Upper Canada branch of the Parliamentary library, but they perished in the fire of 25th April, 1849. The Canadian Institute, of Toronto, dates only from that year, and, although it has shown great vitality and energy, they have not been in the direction of which I am writing.

The following are the additional publications named by Mr. Lindsey legitimately coming under the calendar of the bibliography of Ontario.

Mr. Lindsey has also been enabled to give some special information with regard to the almanacs of Mr. Lyon Mackenzie. He tells us no almanac appeared in 1833, so in the five years named by me, 1830-1834, not five but four almanacs were published.

Mr. Lindsey concludes his paper by stating that he will be pleased if anything he has said in his article will prove useful to me. The value of his contribution to bibliography is comprised in the following list of publications, which he has been the first to make known. Mr. Lindsey would have been entitled to greater acknowledgment on my part, if his information had been given at an earlier period, and communicated in a different form.

1. [1821]. "The Prompter, a series of Essays on civil and social duties. Published originally in the Upper Canada Herald. Kingston: Printed and published by H. C. Thompson. 1821." pp. 36." Published without name. According to Mr. Lindsey the author was the elder Bidwell. The preface is

signed "The Prompter," and dated "Kingston, February 10, 1821."

2. [1822]. "Observations on the State of the Colony. 1822." This publication is only known to Mr. Lindsey by mention of it in the Weekly Register.

3. [1824]. "A Warning to the Canadian Land Company, in a letter addressed to that Body, by an Englishman resident in Upper Canada, 1824. Kingston, U.C.: Printed at the Herald office. 1824." pp. 32."

4. [1824]. Title page missing. By "Thomas Dalton," dated "Kingston, Upper Canada, March 17, 1824," addressed "To Christopher Alexander Hagerman." The pamphlet has reference to the "Pretended Bank of Upper Canada." Page 58 is the last preserved; page 45 is signed and dated as the preface.

5. [1825]. "No. 1. 'The answer to the awful libel of the Spanish Freeholder against Cardinal Alberonia. By Diego.' Printed at the Observer Press. October, 1825." Mr. Lindsey tells us the brochure is "enigmatical."

6. [1826]. "A letter to the Right Hon. the Earl of Liverpool, K.G., etc., relative to the rights of the Church of Scotland, in British North America, from a Protestant of the Church of Scotland." Mr. Lindsey only knows this pamphlet by allusion to it in the United Empire Loyalist of June 24, 1826. It grew out of the controversy relative to the clergy reserves.

7. [1827]. "The Annual Report of the Canada Methodist Conference Missionary Society, auxiliary to the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church. York: December, 1827. Printed for the Society, at the office of the Colonial Advocate, by William Lyon Mackenzie."

8. [1827]. "A Report of the case of the king vs. Dennis Donahoe and others, Roman Catholics, and of the king vs. Edward Noble and others, Orangemen, for a riot on the 12th July, 1827. Tried before Mr. Justice Sherwood at the Midland District Assizes, September, 1827. Kingston: Printed at the Herald office, 1827." On the first of these trials all the accused, five in number, were found guilty, except Patrick Collins; in the second, all the accused, fifteen in number, were acquitted."

9. [1828]. "Letters from the Rev. Egerton Ryerson to the Hon. and Rev. Dr. Strachan. Published originally in the Upper Canada Herald. Kingston, U.C. Printed at the Herald office, 1828." pp. 42."

10. [1828]. "Letters from the Rev. Egerton Ryerson to the Rev. Dr. Strachan, published originally in the Upper Canada Herald, Kingston, U.C. Printed at the Herald office, 1828." p. 42, double column. The letters are dated Cobourg, from May 6 to June 14."

11. [1828]. "A speech of Dr. Strachan on the Clergy Reserves, 1828, printed by Robert Stanton," pp. 43." "In this speech," Mr. Lindsey tells us, "the admission is made that the future bishop, in 1803, made application for a Presbyterian church then vacant in Montreal."

12. [1829]. "A Memorial presented to His Excellency the Lt.-Governor by James G. Stowbridge, contractor for the works at the Burlington Bay Canal, and several documents relating to the works and the disagreement between the commissioners and the contractor. York: Printed by F. Collins, C. Freeman office. 1829." pp. 36."

13. [1831]. "Addresses, resolutions, dispatches, statutes and other official documents explanatory of the class of sufferers in Upper Canada by the operations of the late war between Great Britain and the United States of America. York: James Baxter, Printer. 1831." Double column, pp. 21."

14. [1832]. "Address to the people of the Newcastle District." Published by R. D. Chatterton, who instead of an imprint in the usual form prints and signs a note dated July 6, 1832, explanatory of the delay that had taken place in the publication. The author, Mr. H. Ruttan, prints his name at the end, dating from Amherst, Newcastle District, 2nd April, 1832."

15. [1832]. "British Freedom. Written by an English farmer, a member of the Church of England, an advocate for civil and religious liberty; and a lover of good government; whose father was a high churchman. Printed and published by the author, York, Upper Canada, Colonial Advocate Press. J. Baxter, printer. 1832." pp. 23."

16. [1832]. "A Letter to the Hon. Ven. Archdeacon Strachan in reply to some passages in his letter to Dr. Chalmers on the life and character of Bishop Hobart, respecting the principles and effects of the Bible Society, Upper Canada, 1833." Signed 'Joseph Harris,' and dated 'Upper Canada College, 31st October, 1832.'"

17. [1832]. "Meacham's History of the Methodist Church. Printed at Hallowell, by Joseph Wilson." pp. 503."

18. [1833]. "Upper Canada. Statute 3rd. Wm. III., chap 4. Relating to capital punishments; with an exposition of its provisions, in a charge of Chief Justice Robinson to the Grand Jury of the Home District, April, 1833. York, U.C.: Printed by Robert Stanton."

19. [1834]. "The celebrated Letter of Joseph Hume, Esq., M.P., to William Lyon Mackenzie, Esq., Mayor of Toronto, declaratory of a design to free these Provinces from the baleful domination of the mother country.' With the comments of the press of Upper Canada on the treasonable tendency of that letter, and the speeches, resolutions and amendments of the common council of the city, which were the result of a motion of that body to disavow all participation in the sentiments of Mr. Hume. [Then follow two quotations from Proverbs]. Toronto: Published and printed by G. P. Bull, at the Recorder and general printing office, 1834. Price one shilling and three-pence." pp. 64."

20. [1834]. In Archaeology, page 79, I mention the publication of a pamphlet, published by Stanton, by Archdeacon Strachan. Mr. Lindsey describes a different edition, viz.: "The Poor Man's Preservative Against Popery. Part I. Containing an introduction on the character and genius of the Roman Catholic Religion, and the substance of a letter to the congregation of St. James' church, Toronto, U.C., occasioned by the Hon. T. Elmsley's publications of the Bishop of Strasbourg's observations on the 6th chapter of St. John's Gospel. By John Strachan, D.D., LL.D., Archdeacon of York, etc., etc. Also additional observations on the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper and trans-substantiation." [Quotations from Moses and St. Paul.] Toronto: Printed and published by G. P. Bull, Courier office, Market House. 1834." By a

printer's error the date is given in Mr. Lindsey's paper as 1831.

21. [1836]. "A book written by J. B. Mackintosh and printed by W. J. Coates, Toronto, in 1836, was entitled 'The Discovery of America by Christopher Columbus; and the Origin of the North American Indians,' pp. 152. It has been reprinted once, if not more than once, in the United States. The work, in spite of its title, is devoted almost exclusively to the North American Indians. The author quotes at length in four different languages. He favoured the theory of the Asiatic origin of the Indians."

22. [1836]. "Proceedings had by the House of Assembly during the 2nd session, 121st Provincial Parliament, on the subject of the Clergy Reserves. Toronto: M. Reynolds, printer, 1836." pp. 27."

23. [1837]. "Thoughts on the Banking System of Upper Canada, and on the Present Crisis. Toronto: Printed for the author. 1837." pp. 16." Mr. Lindsey considers the author of the pamphlet was Mr., afterwards Sir, Francis Hincks.

24. [1839]. "Remarks on a Legislative Union of the Provinces of British North America. O.T. Cobourg, U.C. Printed at the Star office, Cobourg, by R. D. Chatterton, 1839," pp. 113."

Mr. Lindsey, in having given these twenty-four titles of publications hitherto unknown to collectors, has performed a public service which I am sure will be fully appreciated. It is possible that he may have been prevented from doing so at an earlier date; he must, however, permit me to say that he might have imparted this information in a manner to have given more unmix satisfaction. Had he seen fit so to do, the service rendered by him would not have been lessened, and I, for one, would have had greater pleasure in its acknowledgment.

WILLIAM KINGSFORD.

Ottawa, December 6, 1892.

PARIS LETTER.

The Panama scandal continues to be well pimented, so is attractive. It appears that we are but at the commencement of the revelations, as the Committee of Enquiry has only come into possession of all the books and documents of the bankrupt canal company; the magnitude of this dossier may be imagined from the fact that it weighs, I have been told, nearly three tons, and is as full of damning evidence of swindling, corruption and Jeremy Diddling in general as an egg is of meat. Each day continues to suck down into the whirlpool of public indignation and disgust some new reputation. The "explanations" of one witness are certain to involve the character of a fresh delinquent "from Copenhagen," who was duly corrupted on the sly. These ignominious personages are now known as "Panamistes." The academicians will doubtless fix the etymology of the word in their forthcoming dictionary.

The Enquiry will show how the country is swindled about loans, and how fragile are the reputations of public men. No man ought to be called happy till his death, and a deputy is perhaps not quite out of his reckoning in his proposition that no celebrity's remains should be admitted into the Pantheon till thirty years after his demise. That would avoid any summary ejection, as occurred to Mirabeau's re-

mains. The "Newfoundland party," as its members are called who desired to crush and stifle the Parliamentary enquiry, are hedging; hiding, in fact, their diminished heads. The menacing attitude of the public was too significant to be trifled with; it declined to "catch on" to the attempt to produce a wrong scent by drawing such red herrings as a royalist conspiracy, a Boulangist revenge, an anarchist plot to overthrow the republic.

The prophet Isaiah lamented the invasion of Jewry by the Persians. At present it is becoming very hot for the tribes of Israel in France. "It is a day of trouble and of treading down, and of perplexity." The Committee of Enquiry "want" the Americanized Bavarian Jew, Cornelius Herz, to explain all about the two cheques for one million francs each that the late A1 corrupter, Baron de Reinach gave him. What a pace the fashion of bribing has travelled! In 1695 Sir John Trevor, the Speaker of the English House of Commons, was detected taking a tip of 1,000 guineas to obtain the passing of the Orphans' Bill, and escaped moving the question for his own expulsion by strategically absenting himself from the House. King William III. himself accepted a paltry bribe of £10,000 sterling from the East India Company to renew its charter. The infamous corruption of the South Sea Bubble produced one salutary precedent, the estates of the guilty traffickers were confiscated, and the proceeds distributed among the victims. And these historical examples pointed no moral to French legislators, functionaries and leading newspaper proprietors—the latter admitting that he made one and a-half million frs. in associating with Baffal, a co-accused with de Lesseps, without ever having planked down a single franc in the enterprise!

Baron de Reinach, though an "Ebrew Jew," was very tolerant—the Turks are said to be the most tolerant of all sects, because they despise every creed outside "the shadow of the sword." De Reinach, in the village chapel of Nivillers, had a family row of praying chairs for the use of his Catholic guests, and sat with them under the pulpit. Nay, more, he had selected his vault amidst the crosses and Christian emblems in the grave yard, and that vault with the "remainder of the remains" of the great "Panamiste," is all that will be his record in the locality. The chateau, etc., of course, will be in due time confiscated to pay the "patriotic" advances made by the canal company. So will the estates of the directors, if not able to explain where the money went to. If M. Eiffel be convicted, it will be difficult to seize his "Tower"; even were it knocked down to an American it would be troublesome to transport. The chateau of Nivillers is an eighteenth century castle mansion; the deceased Baron purchased it fourteen years ago for 250,000 frs., embellished it in the highest rococo style, and each room was a curiosity or a bric-a-brac shop. He received his guests in "dine and sleep" batches. In every visitor's bed-room there was an inventory of all the articles of the chamber set forth on a sheet of paper, the latter pasted in a shady corner on the inside of a press door, so if any guest helped him or herself to a bibelot souvenir—

Naturally it is asked, now that the French have Dahomey, what will they do with it? What has it served? To afford a spectacular play in five acts at the Porte Saint Martin

theatre. Passing over the scenes of the soldiers who die for the glory of France and the defence of the tri-colour, etc., there are many comical incidents in the piece. The ballet of the Amazons enables the public to see a corps of pretty girls whirling and pirouetting in chocolate-coloured tights, with faces dyed a liquorice colour. A traitor is taken prisoner; he is a German, and at once ordered to be shot. The holiday season could have a worse eye-attraction. Dahomey will not prove a market for French importations, and the exports of ivory, nuts and palm oil, will not contribute much to pay the interest on the national debt. King Toffa, of Porto Novo, and now monarch of all he surveys in Dahomey with French support, considers that the wind could be raised by founding an "Order of the Black Star," and trafficking in the decoration, as do some Westerns—for he reads several of the widest-circulation-in-the-world journals; he would have the medal or jewel as large as blacksmiths could make them, and the ribbon as wide and as gorgeous as a Brazilian cockatoo. Nay, more, Toffa would allow the members to cover their backs, as well as their breast, with the decoration, till they were as thatched with glory as Offenbach's Swiss admiral.

The Temperance Society has distributed its annual prizes, 725 in number; one has been accorded to President Carnot; perhaps that may console him for the attempts made by his political adversaries to smirch him with Panama mud. His head must be well weary of the present situation, so much so, that temperance rigidists might grant him an indulgence to take a stiff tumbler for a night cap, and an occasional nip, a pick-me-up, in the day time.

The terminus of the Isthmian railway at Colon, M. Mimande firmly believes, is the rendezvous for all the waifs and strays of ethnology; the headquarters of all the filth diseases, and the breeding ground of every known microbe, bacillus and bacteria. You take a seat in the railway carriage for Panama. When the train starts, the guard enters; he has a revolver in his belt; he demands the fare, 120 fr. for 44 miles; he gives no ticket, no receipt, and it is prudent to ask for neither. The line passes through a virgin forest; swamps where alligators warm, and trees, etc., where vultures abound. There is no station office en route; if a passenger desires to descend at any spot—hut agglomerations for Chinese, niggers, etc.—the train pulls up for two minutes to throw out your valise on the ground, and your black bag, that rolls down the embankment into the mud. It is a proverb that the railroad cost the life of one individual for every sleeper laid down. "Open your eyes, but pinch your nostrils." The death rate in the hospitals is 76 per cent.; fever stalks every person. The soldiers at Panama have their victuals brought to the barracks by their mothers, sisters, wives, etc.; the men have no special uniform; a kepi with feathers, or a straw hat, a jacket, or a civilian frock-coat with a military trousers; all, however, wear boots with spurs, though there are no horses. Rifles are carried as the soldiers please; there is no step, and the small have to trot alongside a Harry long legs. In the way of music, every performer plays his own independent notes. When M. de Lesseps visited Panama, he was bamboozled: he always presided at banquets in his shirt-sleeves. The Chinese have all the commerce, and the famous "Panama hats" come from Paris!

DUSK.

In front, an old grey wooden bridge stands clear

Against the sky, where twilight seems to blend

* The yellow river stretching to the end
Of all the world with all the glow that here
Remains of day. Above, a few stars peer

Between the branches of old trees that bend
Their leafy tops in silence as they send
Their shadows o'er the water far and near.

Then night sweeps downward from the groves
behind

To cover up the glory in the west;
And, rising with the gently-rising wind,
The moon o'ertops the dusky far-off crest

Of hills, and pours her strongest light to find
The mists that float upon the water's breast.

FRANCIS SHERMAN.

OTHER PEOPLE'S THOUGHTS.

In these days of progress and reform a certain equivocal maxim has been unheeded, that of "Festina lente." In our efforts to avoid being superstitious, we have become positivists; in our eagerness to destroy sentimentality we have buried sentiment. We are passing on to a new and better state of affairs, you say? Possibly, but have we left nothing of value behind?

It is absurd as well as tedious to moralize upon ideals, which, of necessity subjective, must belong to this or to that individual. At the same time we would observe that the loss of certain ideals possesses a real significance, which is wholly objective. For, though the ideal itself is innate and peculiar to the individual, the tendency towards such an ideal has to do with the race and the sociological consequences involved in it are beyond question. Between Homer and Euripides the gulf between men and Olympus was bridged over and reverence for the unknowable was banished with credulity for the unknown. The people had changed as well as their gods. In later times Cervantes struck the death blow to chivalry, but it was only possible at the time of a transition in which an ideal was slowly but surely losing its hold upon the people. Many other instances might be brought forward to the same effect. As for us, we have forgotten the past; the ambitions on behalf of posterity have eliminated every spark of sentiment for the majores.

In seeking for an example of a country in which the traditions of the past have been paramount, one naturally turns to Spain. And yet it is in French literature that essentially Spanish sentiments have been, so to speak, popularized. How many of us know most of the Cid through the medium of Corneille! The Cid with his

Faut-il laisser un affront impuni

Faut-il punir le pere de Chemene?

softened even to tenderness, polished almost subtle in his French dress, but still true to the instincts of his race. And if Corneille has admirably portrayed one side of Spanish character, Victor Hugo has depicted, with equal clearness, another. Corneille, rugged perhaps in comparison with Racine, has nevertheless toned down the crude ferocity of the Cid; Victor Hugo, in "Hernani," has extenuated nothing.

Everyone knows Hernani, that death-blow to French Classicism. It is true, also, that all of us are quite capable of indulging in certain trite truisms in regard to it. Monotonous Alexandrines should not possess variety. The

aws of the French stage have been violated. The French genius is adapted for smooth and polished productions, reserve is more welcome than violence. All this is undoubtedly true, and—when said for the first time—interesting; but those of us who read *Hernani* forget all about these time-honoured criticisms, and lend ourselves to an enchantment as irresistible as it is undefinable.

L'Honneur Castillan! Let us take a glance at two scenes from it. A Spanish noble refuses to betray the man he abhors because he is his guest. He looks at the stately pictures of far-off ancestors;

O tous vous!

he exclaims, and in those three words is embodied the very essence of what once was, but which has since passed away. The woman he loves is demanded in exchange for the captive he will not betray. His answer to this is conveyed in one of the finest and noblest lines in French literature:—

Prends—la donc! et laisse-moi l'honneur.

Hernani leaves his enemy, who would not harm a guest, promising to come to him whenever a certain signal should call him to make atonement to the man whom he had wronged.

Hernani is with his bride of but a few short hours; it is the supreme moment of his life; the happiness which enervates is stealing close around his soul. The blast of a horn sounds. It is the sound of *Hernani's* doom. The man who had spared him once comes to him now and demands the atonement which it is his right to claim. *Hernani* appeals to him in these terrible words:—

Oh! par pitié! demain—

Oh! s'il te reste un cœur, duc, ou du moins un âme;
Si tu n'es pas un spectre échappé de la flamme;
Un mort damné, fantôme ou démon désormais;
Si Dieu n'a point encor mis sur ton front; "Jamais";
Si tu sais ce que c'est que ce bonheur suprême
D'aimer, d'avoir vingt ans, d'épouser quand on aime;

Si jamais femme aimée a tremblé dans tes bras!
Attends jusqu'à demain—demain tu reviendras!

But the Spaniard's sense of honour is not offended; his heart is inexorable, and *Hernani* dies.

When one considers the ferocious hatred which blasts an enemy's life at the moment when every dream had been realized, we cannot fail to recognize that strange power of sentiment which compelled this man, without pity and without fear, to sacrifice himself rather than the man he loathed, simply that it might never be said, that—

Ce dernier, digne fils d'une race si haute
Tut un traître et vendit la tête de son hôte!

Bah! It is a picture of the past, not a photograph of to-day. What we want is progress backed by common sense not romanticism dangerously tinged with hysteria. The day indeed is dying, but to-morrow exists for all time! So speaks the voice of the present in no uncertain accents.

But perchance some alien, amid the whirl and tumult around him, may pause. Buffeted and beaten by a world which is kind only to those who succeed; such an one may repeat slowly—O tous vous! wondering the while if in him also there dwells aught of that inborn energy of race. And while the great wave of democracy flows onward, strong in the consciousness of a great destiny, joyous in the triumph of a brighter era, this forgotten dreamer will ask himself if there is not something want-

ing—something which no prosperity can purchase.

O tous vous! he will repeat, and the shadows of the past will hover round him until they claim him for their own. Such an one, you exclaim, with excellent judgment, is superfluous. Possibly, but not wholly unhappy—not altogether unblest!

THE PORTRAIT AND THE PANSY.

Low in the prairie grass a well-known hue
Beguiled me into friendship, for I thought
One only flower showed that charming blue;
But even as I stooped to it, and sought
The tender perfume of the violet,
I knew the rank impostor was not kin
To that sweet woodland blossom o'er the sea,
Which, when the dew lay wet,
On early summer mornings, deep within
Some bosky hollow, used to peep at me.

'Twas but a pansy that I stooped to greet,
A wild, blue, pansy blossom, truth to tell,
Fair to the outward eye, but not so sweet
As that one which I recollect so well
As dearer far, and every whit as fair;
Yet, when I held the stranger in my hand,
Oh! faint and sweet from memory's distant
shore,

Here in this alien air,
The summer odours of my native land
Stole back in fancy to my soul once more.

I came across her portrait unawares,
Amongst forgotten trifles hid away.
I had not thought her face would look so fair
After these years; it seems but yesterday
We parted, and a week since first we met.
Faint phantom of my living love it lies,
The portrait there before me, pale and gray,
A faded image, yet,
It is herself that looks me in the eyes,
As once before, witching my soul away.

One backward glance o'er the white shoulder
flung;
It is herself—ah! no, 'tis but a ghost
Of the dead past; where is the voice that
sung,

My heart to hers? the picture calls a host
Of memories back, but not the best of all—
The perfume of the violet, the part
That lends the last sweet touch; the magic
thrill

This never can recall.
Yet in the empty chambers of my heart
Some echo of her music lingers still.

BASIL TEMPEST.

A ROMANCE OF CARLETON ISLAND.

Midway in the river St. Lawrence, between Jefferson county, New York, and the Canadian mainland, lies one of the celebrated "Thousand Islands." Fertile and well-wooded, with beautiful variety of coast line, it yet boasts no physical difference from its sister islands. But here man has left his mark. Here, on a slight eminence at the western end, overlooking a circular bay, a half-dozen crumbling chimneys, rising from out a pile of stones at each base, a broken stretch of wall with an empty moat surrounding it on all sides, tell their own story of war and war's alarms.

In one corner a hungry-looking well gapes, as if it had secrets to tell—and who knows?—while up its black throat scraggy bushes may be seen pushing their way towards light from curious footholds in the crevices. What secrets are hid in this dismal pit? Does it stand agape in its thirst to tell of the time when its sides glistened with the sweet waters drawn up by the famished garrison; or of the gold and jewels and warlike implements consigned to its depth to balk the plundering enemy? No one

knows. A silence, as of the grave, has fallen upon it. Name and deed alike is lost, save such bits as are handed down from one generation to another to be kept as fire-side tales when the storm howls loud outside and the huge log flames and crackles on the hearth, making more vivid those half-forgotten stories with a wayward superstition running through them all.

Such a one did I listen to not long since, with the spell of the flickering fire-light strong upon me, while the sobbing winds made mournful interludes in the pauses of the story.

Reine was beautiful. How beautiful we are left to conjecture from the passing glimpses we get of her through a chance rift in the mist of years, from out which her fair face shines as a star, with its halo of golden hair—those silken tresses which ensnared the heart of her hapless lover.

Perhaps to no one was the beauty of this girl a greater revelation than to her father, when he beheld her first a blooming maiden whom he had left a little motherless child in her aunt's arms years before when he sailed away from France by his king's orders, Commander of a military outpost in the New World. Who can tell what dumb, heart-sick yearnings for country and child he lived down in the years that followed till he heard at length of his sister's death and his daughter's resolve to share with him the dangers and solitude of a home in the wilderness? Months passed, and he sure the father's eye swept anxiously, day after day, the blue expanse of water that rolls down the St. Lawrence to the sea, ere the snowy sails that were bearing his treasure to him grew upon his sight.

It was glorious summer when she came, yet, before the maple carpeted the forest with its glories of crimson and gold, she had explored all accessible parts of the island. Oft times in the morning she would climb to the highest point, and watch the sun in his triumphant rising flooding with golden light the river and land. Sometimes she saw a solitary Indian paddle by in his birch canoe, and soon learned the intoxication of floating over the rippling water with the soft swish of the paddle for a lullaby. Sometimes with her father and a trusty guide, but oftener with her cousin Philip, she made long journeys among the neighbouring islands, enchanted by the strange and varied beauties unfolded to her sight. Occasionally they met an Indian in their wanderings, but usually their solitary canoe alone broke the ripples on the water where to-day hundreds of canoes of marvellous speed and lightness may be seen disporting during the pleasant summer months.

The forests, too, held a charm for her. The rich and varied foliage, the massive trunks, the whispering boughs, the glorious hues of autumn, were each phases of exquisite delight.

But perhaps her happiest hours were those spent in the long, moonlight evenings, listening with a sort of weird fascination to the loon's long, lonely cry; or the hoarse chant of the wild geese speeding southward; or mimicking with happy treble some sweet-voiced songster of the woods calling from afar to his mate who answered back—a long, melodious echo. Or, when sweet memories of motherland would wrap her happy heart in indolence, she would wander down to the pebbled beach, just below the fort, and dream to the soft wash of the slumberous waves, creeping up and up to kiss her feet, then lazily slipping back again.

It was on one of these moonlight nights that she became aware of a lurking shadow that followed where she went and rested when she rested, keeping sufficiently distant to be unrecognizable. Startled at first, she was about to draw her father's attention, when, recalling how lovingly careful he was of her and knowing that if the shade proved tangible her evening walks would be forbidden, she made no mention of it. So weeks slipped by and the shadow still haunted her, becoming bolder, till at last one evening, as she sat alone singing softly to herself, her golden hair falling richly about her, a young Indian stood before her. She made no attempt to move, but her low song died away into silence. Only for a moment or two he stood there, but so deep an awe and reverence were mingled in his steady gaze that the girl's foolish heart was stirred to foolish imaginings. Or was it a breath from the untamed thousand around her that had stolen, alien like, into her soul? Who can say? She stole back subdued and silent, but soon took up her song again, so sweet and clear that the tireless night-bird in the wood sat still in rapture to listen to the sweeter song, nest still in the shadowy hillside.

But meantime within the fort what a change her coming had made. How her youth and beauty brightened up each gloomy spot, and put to rout many a home-sick pang from the hearts of the little garrison! Her father smiled in conscious pride when he heard the wondering comments on her beauty, and saw how the hearts of his faithful band went out in worship of his golden-haired Reine. Not a man of them but, in his isolation, watched for her smile as the world watches for the sun, and one there was—her cousin Philip—who would have died to save from some slight harm one simple girl, and smiled in the dying.

And so the autumn passed away, and winter came with his icy bands and bound the earth and water hard and fast round the little fort, where brave men dreamed by night of the pleasant vineyards of sunny France, and by day shivered in the piercing blasts that swept over that vast expanse of whiteness.

But evil days were in store for the devoted garrison. One morning some officers from Fort Frontenac, on the mainland, arrived at the fort accompanied by a stalwart Indian, whose dress and bearing bespoke him the chief of a powerful tribe. Partly in curiosity, partly from some deeper feeling, Reine drew near, and, with a thrill, recognized the Indian who had interrupted her song on the hillside; while he, forgetting his usual haughty nonchalance, stood lost in contemplation of the fair, golden-haired creature, so unlike the dusky maidens of the forest.

Who can say what thoughts and plans had birth in that narrow brain in those few moments? That some plans were formed we know, and they bore bitter fruit.

The officers departed shortly after mid-day, taking the Indian with them, and the monotony of everyday life fell again upon the place. But not for long.

One morning Reine was missing. At first it was thought she was in some unusual part of the fort, but as enquiry spread, and no one knew her whereabouts, the alarm became general. Frantic search was made, but not a trace was found, not the slightest sign that could give a clue to this cruel mystery. Messengers were sent to the nearest forts; friendly Indians bribed to spy in hostile camps; scouts

despatched in every direction, with ever the same results—a silence ten thousandfold more bitter than death.

The wretched father refused to be comforted. The very hopelessness of hope in the desolation that encompassed him smote too heavily on his heart; for loyalty to king and country, the charge entrusted to him, the brave men whose lives he, perchance, held in his hand, all were forgotten in his bereavement; he turned his face to the wall and let the world slip by.

But Philip, her lover, could not so soon lose heart. With nothing but a blind instinct to guide him he made his way through the pathless forests, from one tribe to another, enduring hardships, risking dangers, overcoming tremendous obstacles. And the result? We know he found her, but there certainty ends. Months after the weary father had been laid to rest, a sentinel discovered beneath the outer parapet of the fort the emaciated form of a white man. He was carried in and most tenderly cared for, but so terribly changed was he that his old comrades were long in recognizing the wandering Philip.

As life ebbed slowly back they told him gradually of the changes during his absence; of the Commander's death; the alarming hostility of the Indians; and the gradual weakening of the garrison, and the gloomy outlook.

Then they pressed for the story of his wanderings, but he gloomily shook his head and would give no further sign. Lower and lower burned his lamp of life, and with rough tenderness his fellow exiles watched the expiring flame. Suddenly he spoke of Reine, and with faltering breath told them he had found her. They thought his mind was wandering, till he pulled from its hiding-place a bit of parchment tried round with a tress of golden hair. On the parchment the only words were "Found and Lost."

Whether he had found her bound by mystic Indian rites to the stalwart chief whose sight she dazzled that winter morning; or, with strange madness in her veins, intoxicated by the savage life; or wearied out by her strange vicissitudes, lacking strength for that long homeward journey, who can tell? We know he found her, and her secret, if secret there were, he took with him to keep in his long silence.

They erected a rude cross over his grave, and carved on it simply, "Philip—Ever Faithful." Of the subsequent history of the fort we know nothing, save what is dumbly told by the neglected ruins. It is said that some years ago, a gentleman found on it what might be a grave, a wooden cross embedded thickly in clustering vines and mosses. He knew nothing of Philip's life or death, but made a fruitless effort to decipher the inscription. He left the cross where he found it, but we searched vainly for it. Doubtless it is there still, mouldering in the embrace of clustering vines that have crept up and covered as tenderly as dumb things can, that dumb, pathetic inscription.

The Times gives some very interesting and important figures as to the gold production of the world. The yield is yearly increasing, and that of 1891 was the largest ever recorded. In round numbers, the production for the last five years was: 1887, 5,097,600 oz.; 1888, 5,251,000 oz.; 1889, 5,641,000 oz.; 1890, 5,586,000 oz.; and 1891, 6,033,000 oz. The chief feature of recent years has been the development of the Witwatersrand Goldfields.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. EDWARD BLAKE'S IRISH CONSTITUENCY IN 1799.

To the Editor of The Week :

Sir,—As Mr. Blake is now a representative of the county of Longford in the British Parliament, it is opportune to remind Canadians that in 1799 the Roman Catholics of that county petitioned for the union. At that time the Catholics could vote for members of Parliament, although Catholics were not eligible for the House of Commons. The suffrage was greatly wider in Ireland than either in England or Scotland prior to 1832. Practically in the great majority of Irish counties the Catholics returned the members. The following is extracted from the appendix to Dr. Ingram's "History of Ireland": "At a meeting held by public the Legislative Union of Great Britain and notice on August 31, 1799, at the Roman Catholic chapel of Longford the following resolution was passed: "We, the Roman Catholic inhabitants of the county of Longford, approach Your Excellency (the Lord Lieutenant) with assurances of unshaken loyalty to our beloved sovereign, whose auspicious reign shall ever be remembered with gratitude by the Roman Catholics of Ireland. . . . It is with peculiar pleasure we learn that an incorporate union of this kingdom with that of Great Britain is the principal means by which Your Excellency hopes to be able to lay forever that spirit of discontent, disaffection, etc., which has for a long series of years made this kingdom wretched, and which has been the fruitful source of almost every social evil to its inhabitants. We humbly beseech the Divine Father and Founder of our holy religion to prosper Your Excellency's endeavours towards the accomplishment of this great and salutary measure," etc., etc. The first signature is "John Cruise, R. C. Bishop of Ardagh and Clonmacnois for self and clergy." The petition evidently meant that the Irish had been "discontented" and "wretched" under Grattan's Parliament—dating from 1782—and that they believed that the country would be better ruled by a union Parliament. Dr. Ingram sets forth eighteen other Catholic petitions—some headed by dignitaries of the Church—and he adds that "it is remarkable that not a single petition against the union was presented by the Catholics of Ireland."

FAIRPLAY RADICAL.

P.S.—There is a shilling edition of Dr. Ingram's "History of the Union of Great Britain and Ireland" published by the Liberal-Unionist Association, 31 Great George Street, London.

ART NOTES.

When we look at a classical statue, we should pay no attention to the proper colour of the material employed, for it is not the method of expression. That which the sculptor has seen in his real or ideal model, that which he puts before our eyes, is pure form. How that form may be presented to us under the various materials of clay, plaster, marble or bronze, matters little to us; we do not need to take it into account any more than we do the colour of the paper on which a stamp has been printed. In conformity with that general law which makes everything disappear from our perception except the objective point, we make an abstraction of the colour of the statue; knowing what should have no connection with the statue we forbid ourselves to see it, and after some moments of contemplating the work, when we begin to comprehend the formal intentions of the artist, we really do not see it. A singular hallucination, which thus makes the colour of an object which we have before our eyes, disappear. I admire that frank and simple proceeding of art. But if a sculptor is thus authorized to simplify his intention, is he obliged to do so? Is it forbidden to give objects a representation more complete, more picturesque, and to have recourse to an increase of expression which may furnish him with some discreet indications of colour? In fact, it is

difficult for us, in the presence of a statue, to forget immediately the characteristic colouration of the object represented. We take pleasure in remembering the contrary. Before the statue of a young woman we think of the actual woman; we tell ourselves that she should be a blonde or a brunette; that what we have before us is not a block of marble, it is She, in the flower of her youth and beauty. To that feminine form, in which the sculptor has contented himself by reproducing the graceful contours, we assist him by giving still more grace in seeing the delicate colours of life, and it is precisely because our imagination thus colours the marble with ideal tints that its hard whiteness does not shock us. Why, then, does the sculptor, making himself an accomplice in that illusion, not try to render it more complete? In point of fact, we see that he is authorized to make a little use of this principle. With the exception of some critics, who cling to the dogmas of the past, no one finds it out of place for the sculptor to draw on the proper resources of his art and give to the work, according to the material employed, some picturesque hints. He should consider the natural colouration of that material, at least to the extent of avoiding a too flagrant contradiction to the colour of the object represented. Having a choice between marble and bronze, he would preferably represent a negress in bronze, and a white woman in white marble. With a common agreement they have ceased to give white eyes to statues, particularly in portraits which should most resemble nature; it is agreed that the sculptor should be allowed to give them a certain expression, and even to indicate, by a certain way of notching the marble, the more or less dark colour of the pupil. If he is as good a mechanic as artist he will know how to change the aspect of his marble by a simple manipulation of his tool, to render it smoother or duller, here to preserve its whiteness, there to scratch in some marks which darken it; in this manner he will obtain different values, which will give us an idea of the accidental differences of colour. Is it allowable to go farther and frankly adopt the methods of polychromy? This is where resistance begins. The defenders of great principles protest with indignation, Paint statues! Colour marble! Whither are we tending? We are tending toward the emancipation of art, which frees itself from academic rules solely in order to inspire taste, and the renewal of polychromy should be received with joy as being the end of an artistic prejudice. It is impossible for me to see, in the objections raised against polychromatic sculpture, anything more than the protestation of routine. It would spoil marble to paint it? Marble could be painted with such discretion that all of its beauty would show through. I remember a bust by Gerome, where the colour, applied with a light hand, slightly bronzed the ear and added more life to the marble without hiding its substance, the hair, indicated the red of the lips and gave a little rose colour to the lobe. Colour need not, however, be applied to Carrara marble. Polychromy has other materials at its command. It has burnt clay and bronze, that admirable material which we may some time, perhaps, learn how to handle. It is contrary to the dignity of art to colour statues? Colour is not a simple ornament, it is a means of expression, and I cannot see that art would lose any of its dignity by increasing its resources of expression. A painted statue resembles nature too much? "Colour," says Charles Blanc, "only makes the absence of life more apparent and shocking, and that first appearance of reality becomes repulsive when we see it contradicted by the inertness of the object. We have a striking example of this in wax figures. The more they resemble nature, the more hideous they are." Doubtless. But the sculptor will be able to adopt as conventional a colouration as he likes. It is not a question of reproducing colour, it is a question of representing it, and that could be done on a relief by methods as suggestive and artistic as in a picture. It is said that the polychromatic system has never yet produced a work giving a true expression of great art. I answer this by calling attention to the bas reliefs of the Parthenon, the archers and lions of the palace of Darius, the Egyptian

monuments, the wax head at the Museum of Lille. And even if it has not yet been done, it will be. We have already finished with this fetishism of the white. Let some great artist appear who will enter resolutely upon the new way, and the work will be accomplished.—Translated for Popular Opinion from the French of M. P. Souriau, in the Paris Revue Scientifique.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

Miss Neally Stevens the talented and beautiful American pianiste, will very probably give a piano recital in Toronto before the season is over.

Herbert L. Clarke, the coronet soloist, delighted a Toronto audience in Association Hall with his playing on the evening of the 26th inst.

In conversation with one of Toronto's best-known portrait painters a few days ago, relative to the criticisms which appear in the papers regarding artists and pictures, he told me that for the most part such articles were ridiculous nonsense, and written by some general reporter who knew nothing whatever about the subject. The same remark applies equally, we think, to most of the criticisms on music and musical events, in this and many other cities which we could name, for the ridiculous comparisons and assertions, the totally meaningless and often false statements written and published regarding this beautiful art, is most deplorable. People will assume to criticize and pass judgment upon musical works when they have not even the slightest idea of their art, value, meaning, originality or technic, to say nothing of the many forms, rhythms, motives, phrases, etc., and how they are developed and elaborated by the composers art into beautiful creations, expressing the highest sentiments of the mind, and describing in tonal colours phases of thought, emotional and intellectual, which cannot be described in words. Condemnation, or flattering justification and praise, is liberally dealt out by these species of so-called critics just as it happens, and the public is influenced accordingly. To speak of the class of criticism applying more generally to Toronto (public performers and performances) is the object of this article, and of which we desire to express our candid, impartial judgment, and in many cases entire disapproval. Amateur criticism has no value, and is worse than none at all, for the great mass of the reading public do not know about the writer's incapacity and lack of critical knowledge, so are wrongly informed. Take, for instance, piano playing—to properly criticize it the writer should at least have a knowledge of what comprises a pianist's outfit, the various touches and how made, the use of the pedals and their effects, and a thorough knowledge of the pieces played, their correct interpretation, the sentiment, dignity, intelligence and poetical contents each number displays, and if artistically effected, besides at least some knowledge of the various schools of composition. It is the same with any other branch of the art, a fundamental training on what constitutes a poetical and artistic performance is absolutely desirable. Criticism should be valuable, educational in its character, and besides giving a correct account of the performance, should show its deficiency, if any, and also give any hints which would render greater proficiency possible. In England, the Continent, and most cities of the United States, the leading great dailies and other journals have the most learned musicians to review musical performances, and condemnation or censure has positive value, for the public know that the opinion expressed is in most cases reliable, because the articles are usually signed, and the writer is known to be eminently qualified by education and talents for the position he assumes. A critic on one of our papers in Toronto once asked the writer whether the composer, John Field, was an American, and if he was still living; yet he would not hesitate to write very knowingly about that composer's works, and how they should be interpreted, should a pianist happen

to play one of them at a public recital. But the worst feature of the criticism business in this city is the average reporter's gallant and overwhelming effusions. The most mediocre performance will often be written up in such flattering, superlative language that a Rubinstein, Sarasate, or an Albani could not be more lavishly praised. Is it any wonder, then, musicians have a contempt for that sort of amateur criticism, and place so little reliance upon the lengthy reports which often follow such performances? Of course we do not expect criticism to be on the same plane as in great musical centres like Berlin, Vienna, Leipzig, London or New York; a certain leniency is right and necessary, for we are a young people and have not had the years of advantages in hearing the best music rendered in the most perfect way, as in the cities spoken of above, and certainly should receive full justice and recognition for work performed and advancement made, besides being stimulated to greater artistic effort. The public, as well as those working faithfully for the cause of music, have a right to expect and, if needs be, to insist on being informed through the press about what is going on in the city in the way of concerts, etc., for it is news; but a report of such performance need not necessarily be a criticism unless it be written by a person in every way fitted for the task; if not, in justice to the beautiful art of music, leave the critical part alone.

The London Musical News says that sellers of sham titles and bogus diplomas are dealt with more promptly and drastically on the Continent than in England. A short time ago in Vienna a man was tried for selling spurious decorations, and received a sentence of "five years' rigorous imprisonment."

In a long article lamenting the tendency to run to the extremes in harmony, a London writer says: "I lift up my voice, then, to our training schools for young musicians, and I cry with a loud voice, beseeching for less harmony and more music. More technical training, more, much more counterpoint (both strict and free) we want; but if we must learn to grub for roots of chords, let us not waste more time than is absolutely necessary over an occupation which is, after all, of doubtful utility. Learn to recognize the principal chords by ear, and to know what happens to a dominant seventh and an augmented sixth; but beyond this no practical musician needs to burrow in the fields of theory. Learn a vocabulary of chords, of melodic phrase, and, ah, yes! of rhythmical figures, then you will be learning music."

I have been accused of treating criticism of the Stage in a pontifical spirit, but there is so much infallibility abroad that the actor is in no danger of suffering from odious comparisons. Mr. Barlow is, I am told, a Minor Poet, and in this character he naturally deplores the absence of "appreciation of poetry in the public." Then he suggests that art is vanishing from the Stage, because we are in process of being "democratized." Incapacity to speak Shakespeare will, I suppose, culminate some day in manhood suffrage. Mr. Barlow devotes a page to trivialities, concerning what appears to have been an uniquely bad-mannered audience at a French play, and then deduces the conclusion that they demonstrate "our lack of artistic instinct." These things are unworthy of notice, except as illustrations of the boundless comprehensiveness which distinguishes the casual critic of the drama. This capacity of constructing a whole philosophical system on some foolish ejaculation overheard in the playhouse is eclipsed by the novelist who assures us that, when the racial instinct of the British public, at the end of the Napoleonic wars, decided that fiction was the real vehicle of literary art, the drama became unnecessary. Theatres have multiplied in our time beyond all expectations. The number of people in London who go to the play in the course of the year must be not far short of the number of novel readers. But we are told that as the racial instinct decided against the Stage about the year 1815, the millions who

have interested themselves in the drama since then are of no account in the census of intelligence. These singular judgments are only samples of many, and they suggest at least some extenuation for the actor who prefers the collective opinion of the public to the fantastic individualism of his censors. Some of us who are zealous for what we conceive to be the highest interests of dramatic art have no reason to deplore any want of public sympathy. The popular taste for the theatre is heterogeneous. It is gratified in some ways which, perhaps, are no more artistic than certain novels, not dignified with the name of literature, though having thousands of readers. I am not aware that this phenomenon is peculiar to this country. But when I survey the extensive area of theatrical enterprise, I see a great deal of admirable talent, both in the drama and its interpreters, and a very large measure of public appreciation for artistic effort. Nobody except Mr. Barlow suggests that the prosperity of the music-hall is a stigma on the theatre. Under no conditions can there exist more than a limited number of theatres in which dramatic art, properly so called, can be said to be paramount. There are many places of entertainment, excellent of their kind, from which the genuine art of the Stage must be dissociated. But in this limited number of theatres may be seen plays destitute, it is true, of the pessimism of Ibsen or the moral squalor of Zola, yet abounding in delicate observation and broad views of humanity. They are comparatively few, perhaps, but a wide experience of dramatic authorship has taught me that to write a good play is one of the most difficult achievements, and demands a combination of talent, thought, and patience not often surpassed by the novelists who have been telling us, somewhat superfluously, why they do not work in a medium which is absolutely strange to them.—Henry Irving, in the Nineteenth Century.

LIBRARY TABLE.

BIBLIOGRAPHY OF THE ATHAPASCAN LANGUAGES. By James Constantine Pilling. Washington: Government Printing Office. 1892.

This fine large paper volume of 125 pages and four facsimile illustrations, worthily sustains Mr. Pilling's high reputation as the bibliographer of aboriginal American languages. It contains no fewer than 544 titular entries concerning what has been written on forty Athapascan dialects, as they are spoken from the Coppermine River down to Mexico. Already Mr. Pilling has written bibliographies of the Eskimo, Siouan, Iroquoian, Muskogean, and Algonquian languages, by which he has laid the students of those tongues under a very heavy debt of gratitude. This painstaking, unselfish work, involving much knowledge and very great research, has been magnificently executed, with a completeness of honest labour beyond all praise.

THE DIARY OF A NOBODY. By George Gros-smith and Weedon Grossmith. New York: Tait, Sons and Company.

The "Diary" originally appeared in Punch, but there have been several additions to it, and we have now the pleasure of reading Mr. Charles Pooter in book form. It is quite unnecessary to praise these delightful studies of English middle-class life. Those who have caught even a brief glimpse of it recognize Mr. Pooter, Gowing, Cummings and Lupin at once. Those to whom Pandora has denied this glimpse of respectable wonderland will find in this book faithful pictures of life as it is, for the authors are always aware of that faint line of demarcation between the humorous and the grotesque. In short, they have drawn a certain type so vividly, so—we were almost going to say—patiently, that in their masterpiece, Mr. Pooter, we see the embodiment of all that honest smugness which is peculiar to this type of Anglo-Saxon. Ex uno disce omnes! If you think this is exaggeration, read the book for yourselves; whatever your conclusions may be, you will never regret it.

PLATO'S DIALOGUES: Referring to the trial and Death of Socrates. Reprinted from the translation of William Whewell, D.D. Price 4s. 6d. London: Geo. Bell & Sons; Toronto: The Williamson Publishing Company. 1892.

This is a very charming little volume to look at, and its contents are precious. It is a gratifying sign of the quickened interest in the great philosopher of Athens that publishers should find it worth their while to bring out, in quick succession, so many editions of the writings of Plato, and especially those which deal with the last days of Socrates. Thus, to say nothing of the great work of Professor Jewett and the excellent "Crib" of Bohn, we have the "Trial and Death of Socrates," by Mr. Church in the Golden Treasury Series, "Selections from Plato," the translation of Sydenham, revised by Mr. Rolleston, in the "Scott Library," and now we have the present volume selected from "The Platonic Dialogues for English Readers," by the renowned master of Trinity College, Cambridge. We have carefully compared this translation with the others named and with the Greek, and we can confidently affirm that as a rendering of Plato it is not inferior to the best of them, whilst it has the advantage of being supplied with comments, let into the text in smaller type, which will be found of the greatest value, especially by those who are less familiar with the circumstances of the age of Socrates.

FROM FINLAND TO GREECE; or, Three Seasons in Eastern Europe. By Harriet Cornelia Hayward. New York: John B. Alden. 1892.

Globe-trotters are numerous and globe-trotting is becoming more frequent every year. The globe-trotter pure and simple is not altogether an exciting personage; one is apt to associate him with that, well—something "round English face" mentioned by Byron in connection with the pyramids. The author of this book, however, is not merely a globe-trotter, and, although she possesses a truly American love for facts and figures, she has stamped upon every page of her book the impress of a strong and vigorous personality. In speaking of Russia, and more particularly of St. Petersburg and of Moscow, the author is perhaps at her best. "To be sure," she writes, "the Russians are twelve days behind us on their calendar, but they are years in advance of us in other things." And in this generous, tolerant spirit she discusses everything from St. Isaac's and the Kremlin to the "exile system" and Borodino. En passant, she does not discuss the rights of Russian Jews. There is an interesting chapter devoted to Smyrna, in which the author touches lightly—very lightly it must be confessed—upon the Homeric question. The chapter on Eleusis is also interesting. After a brief mention of the life-work of Æschylus, the author describes with considerably more vivacity a very disagreeable conflict between some modern Greek women. "Shades of Socrates," she writes, "what a sight!" From first to last there is hardly a dull page, and we feel sure that no one will be disappointed with this journey "From Finland to Greece."

THE CHILDREN OF THE POOR. By Jacob A. Rus. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. 1892.

The pathetic title of this volume is a key to its contents. Commencing with the emphatic statement that "The problem of the children is the problem of the State," the author discusses the sufferings of children in general and in particular. The value of this book consists in the fact that it is not the work of a pessimist who paints the horrors that he sees around him, but of a philanthropist determined to alleviate them. This "child-lover" does not merely show us a disease, he also points out a remedy. "The chief end," he writes, "has been gained in the recognition of the child problem as the all-important one; of the development of individual character as the strongest barrier against the evil forces of the street and the tenement." Rescue the children and you nip poverty in the bud. A list of nurseries, kindergartens, industrial schools and all the other prohibitions of poverty and

crime, is given at the end of this volume, and in the chapters entitled "The Industrial Schools" and "The Boys' Clubs," one sees the enormous good these institutions have done and have yet to do. "Open," writes Mr. Rus, "the museums, the libraries and the clubs on Sunday, and the church that draws the bolt will find the tide of reawakened interest that will set in strong enough to fill its own pews, too, to overflowing." This treatise on "The Children of the Poor" is by one who knows them face to face, and in every line of this work we find the burning impress of sincerity and conviction. The author is, before all else, a man of action, and the purpose of this volume is to lead others, not to talk, but to do.

THE DIVINE ART OF PREACHING. Lectures by Rev. Dr. A. T. Pierson. Price, 75c. New York: Baker and Taylor Company; Toronto: W. Briggs. 1892.

We took this book into our hands with some degree of prejudice, not from any disfavour for Dr. Pierson, whose sermons we have read with pleasure; but simply because there are already many books on this subject on our shelves, and this one seemed too small to add much to its treatment. Our prejudice is gone. Of course this is not a complete treatise like the "Traites de Predication" of the Cure of St. Sulpice, or several others that might be named, but it is a thoroughly sensible, earnest, useful hand-book either for the young beginner, or for the preacher who wants to revive his sense of the greatness of his work. It is terrible to think how poor and imperfect are the notions of the greatness of the pulpit entertained by many preachers of all communions. It is not true that the pulpit has lost its power. If it is ever true, it will be because the clergy have lost a sense of its greatness. We can assure our readers that the young clergyman who will read and digest the contents of Dr. Pierson's little volume will have no inadequate conception of the importance of his work. Some of the topics are "The Sermon as an Intellectual Product," "The Preacher Among his Books," "The Preacher with his Themes," "Types of Sermon-structure," "The Preacher with his Bible," "The Preacher in his Pulpit." The book will not supplant the larger and more comprehensive treatises already in existence, but it is adapted to do an excellent work of its own.

UNDER THE EVENING LAMP. By Richard Henry Stoddard. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; Toronto: William Briggs. 1892.

The object of this book in the author's own words is "biographical rather than critical"; he has chosen for the most part his studies of life and character from the ranks of the unsuccessful in literature, and he has dealt with them in a kindly manner, which does not, however, prevent a certain playful irony peeping out upon occasions. "Scotch Contemporaries of Burns" is the name of the opening chapter. Speaking of Burns' "Epistle to Davie," the author writes: "It reminds one of no Scottish or English poet; and if it reminds one of any poet, it is of the Latin Horace, whose sagacious, worldly spirit seemed to hover at times over his rustic scholar." This interesting chapter gives an account of Jeanie Glover, as well as a cluster of little poets who had been stimulated by the success of a great one. The chapter on James Hogg is particularly good: "His genius," says Mr. Stoddard, speaking of Hogg, "was not imperial, like Shakespeare's, nor patrician, like Byron's, but plebeian, of the people from whom he sprang, and for the people to whom he sang. He sang because they sang; no people ever had such songs as theirs; and his songs, for what they are, are what the plays of Shakespeare are." One of the most readable studies in the volume is that one on Edward Fitzgerald, of "Omar Khayyan" fame. The sketch of David Gray is most humorous. "If there be a moral in the life of David Gray," writes the author, "I am not moralist enough to point it out." That is the beauty of the book. Mr. Stoddard has not given us these dainty studies of literary failures with the intention of merely holding them up as object lessons. They have, failures though

they be, a human interest, and the author has shown them to us as they are.

THE MISSING MAN. By May R. P. Hatch.
HER FRIEND'S LOVER. By Sophia May.
Price, 50c. each. Boston: Lee and Shepard;
Toronto: P. C. Allan. 1892.

These volumes belong to the "Good Company Series," a very well printed series of novels of American growth; differing, therefore, from most of these libraries which are made up either of English books or of translations from the French and German. "The Missing Man" is one of those stories which, although not peculiar to the United States, are yet more at home among the psychology-loving descendants of introspective Puritans of early times. Nathaniel Hawthorne is, of course, the greatest representative of the school; but there are many other members of it, some good and some not so good. Miss Hatch has given us a story which is interesting and even sensational without being morbid or horrible. She tells us that the details in her story most open to conjecture have a basis in scientific fact, as set forth in the records of the Societies for Psychological Research. Now, we are not so absolutely confident of the results of the researches of these societies as Miss Hatch seems to be; but enough is known of the mysteries of hypnotism and of the strange connection between twins that we dare not say that any of the incidents in her story are either impossible or even so highly improbable as to be unlawfully employed in her story. Having so far hinted at the solution of the mystery in "The Missing Man" it would hardly be fair to go further.

"Her Friend's Lover" is also a good story, taking its beginning from the misdirection of a letter, which came into the hands of the hero and excited his curiosity to know something of the writer. The plot is well worked out, although here and there perhaps a little artificially; and the end is reached with something like abruptness. Still the interest is kept up to the end, and, if here and there the humour seems a little forced, that may be because we are less familiar than we ought to be with New England modes of thought and expression.

THE CUCKOO IN THE NEST. By Mrs. Oliphant.
HIS GRACE. By W. E. Norris. (The Strathmore Library, Nos. 7 and 8.) Price 50 cents each. New York: United States Book Company. 1892.

It is probable that we have to thank the new Copyright Law or treaty between Great Britain and the United States for these admirable reprints of two novels recently published in England. During the period of free trade in piracy it was the endeavour of the various publishing firms to undersell each other, so that we had a contest in what Mr. Carlyle called the race of "cheap and nasty." Now, when English authors can obtain a copyright in the States, publishers are able to give us cheap enough editions of novels which are also handsome enough to be laid upon any drawing-room table. Here we have now before us two novels, by first-rate writers, costing a guinea or more each in England, put into our hands at the price of fifty cents each, quite worth binding and putting on the library shelf.

Mrs. Oliphant's "Cuckoo in the Nest" is a very clever story, quite out of the common and well worked out. The cuckoo is the daughter of an innkeeper, who captures the somewhat silly son of a baronet and marries him. By this means she draws upon herself the detestation of the family, but she gives as good as she gets and comes off with flying colours. We must not tell the details of the story, which, if it has no great surprises, yet keeps the interest well awake and ends in what the judicious reader will probably think the proper fashion.

"His Grace," by that agreeable writer, Mr. Norris, is neither above nor much below the very respectable average which his novels attain. We can see from the beginning that the Secretary's sister will enslave the Duke; but we cannot be quite sure how it will turn out, especially when a rival appears on the

scene. The Duke is a very pleasantly drawn character; rather foolish, perhaps, yet not incurably so, and otherwise nice. His cousin is a very objectionable person, and the reader is glad that he does not succeed in everything as it seems likely at first that he will. Perhaps the only real surprise (a very pleasant one) is the discovery of coal. But we must say no more. It is a very pretty story.

EPOCHS OF AMERICAN HISTORY. Formation of the Union, 1750-1829. By Albert Bushnell Hart, Ph.D. New York and London: Longmans, Green and Company.

Professor Hart tells us in his preface that this book is the result of "the study of causes rather than of events." The author commences with a rapid review of America's position, social and economic, in 1750, and then passes on to the expulsion of the French (1750-1763). Speaking of the political effects of this war, he tells us that there were "two rival theories as to the nature of the war. The British took the ground that they were sending troops to protect the colonies from French invasion, and that all their expeditions were benefactions to the colonies. The colonists felt that they were co-operating with England in breaking down a national enemy, and that all their grants were bounties. The natural corollary of the first theory was that the colonies ought at least to support the troops thus generously sent them, and various suggestions looking to this end were made by royal governors." The Navigation Acts, in force as early as 1650, were systematically broken by the colonies—those Acts "of which they had never denied the legality. To organize the control over the colonies more carefully, to provide a colonial revenue for general purposes, to execute the Navigation Acts, and thus to confirm the colonial trade to the Mother Country—these were the elements of the English colonial policy from 1763 to 1775. Before these ends were accomplished, the colonies had revolted." Then follows a dispassionate chapter on the causes of the Revolution, which he concludes by quoting Sir Edwin Thornton addressing the United States in 1879: "Englishmen now understand that in the American Revolution you were fighting our battles." To follow the author consistently through the book would be giving a skeleton of the development of the American people for upwards of seventy years. This we do not propose to do. Suffice it to say that to those who wish for a clear and concise study of a most remarkable period, this second volume of the "Epochs of American History" should prove invaluable. Suggestions are given for the benefit of readers and teachers, and a list of references accompanies every chapter.

THE DUCHESS OF BERRY AND THE COURT OF CHARLES X. By Imbert de Saint-Amand. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; Toronto: William Briggs. 1892.

This most interesting book commences with the dying gasp of Louis XVIII. *Le roi est mort! vive le roi!* and the comedy of the Restoration reaches another act, in which Charles X. is the leading figure. The "petit caporal" of St. Helena is forgotten, the visions of Marat and of Robespierre have already grown dim, and the cry of the "divine right of kings" has effaced the memory of "Death is an eternal sleep." All this belongs to history, but in these pages it becomes terribly real and vivid. Inensibly one is reminded of "le premier conscrit de la France" in the person of the present Duc d'Orleans and—still more grotesque comparison—of that solitary shout (derisive or impassioned?) of "vive l'empereur" which greeted the once dreaded soldier-charlatan, Boulanger! Perhaps the most impressive chapter in a book which deals with, from one point of view at least, the most brilliant period of modern French history, is that describing the funeral of Louis XVIII. The pageantry of monarchy has been renewed, and the word of the King-at-Arms goes forth: "Monsieur the Prince de Talleyrand, Grand Chamberlain of France, bring the banner." There is seen approaching, the banner in his hand, an old man, slight, lame, clad in satin and covered with embroidery, in gold and jewelled decora-

tions. It is the unfrocked priest who said the mass of the Champ-de-Mars, for the Tete de la Federation; it is the diplomat who directed the Ministry of Foreign Affairs at the time of the murder of the Duke d'Enghien; it is the courtier who, before he was Grand Chamberlain of Louis XVIII. and Charles X., was that of Napoleon." The picture is superb, and in describing the courteous bonhomie of Charles X., the sanctified rhetoric of Chateaubriand or the marvellous personality of that woman (the Duchesse de Berry) who "persuaded herself that France loved her as much as she loved France," the author is equally out-spoken, equally sincere. Space will not permit us to write of this book as we should wish to write, but we can assure our readers that they will discover in the pages of "The Duchesse de Berry" those truths that are the property of history, that charm which is ever associated with the Lost Cause.

POEMS, LYRICAL AND DRAMATIC. By John Henry Brown. Ottawa: J. Durie and Son.

There is an old Arabian proverb which says that "The fig-tree gazing on the fig-tree becomes fruitful." This saying rises to the mind of the reader who turns the leaves of Mr. Brown's later book of poems, for upon almost every leaf he meets with evidences that the author of these scholarly and well-made verses has been a wide reader. Here and there we gain the knowledge, moreover, of the writers to whom Mr. Brown has the more often turned, and whose companionship and counsel he most values. Keats, Whitman, Shelley and Shakespeare are comrades of whom no literary workman need be ashamed, and although the name of the great American has not often sounded in such company, Mr. Brown has the courage to utter it, and is justified in so doing. There is only one poem in the book which is a direct imitation of the great rhapsodist, but many of the thoughts and aspirations which rise in the verse are inspired by him. A true and brave-hearted love and trust in humanity pervades a great deal of the author's work, and often he utters a truth of nature and life to which the world must rise before it becomes better and brighter. Many of these passages occur in the drama to which at least one-half the volume is devoted, and which also contains one of Mr. Brown's best lyrics, that commencing "Twin'd with ladies' tresses bright"—words that would flow easily to some quaint air. But it is to the first section of the book that the reader must turn for Mr. Brown's best work, and in the sonnets and lyrics he will find it. The sonnet, "Love and Thought," is an example of how carefully and with what success Mr. Brown can convey an idea beautiful in itself, in fitting and beautiful words, and "Greatness" is a yet more successful presentation of a peculiar and unhackneyed idea. The sonnet entitled "The Horizon-ring" is very fresh and natural in its treatment, and the touch of imagination in the lines:—

And gnomes unseen are heard with sudden spring
The ice pools crackling,—
comes from a basis of close observation. The sonnet, "The Minor Poets," is worthy to be quoted entire for a quality which may be called pleasant for want of a word which has a less restricted meaning. "A Winter Evening," too, is one of the most harmonious sonnets in the book. Mr. Brown is a sonneteer first of all, and he seems to be more at home in those of his lyrics which have the sonnet movement, such as the poems in the stanza which the translator of "Omar Khayyam" has used, and in "To the Queen-Moon." Here the strength of Mr. Brown's ideas and images seems to find an adequate form, and his best lines and stanzas occur where the limitations seem the greatest. The Byronic fire and daring of such a piece as "The Letter" does not contradict this statement, for in this poem the author is dealing with a form similarly well defined, and as he has command of the spirit and movement of his subject, he makes as unequivocal a success. There is a line in one of Mr. Brown's poems in which he describes an ideal planet, "Where love is law and impulse never errs"; that ideal seems to be unattainable in human life, but it is sometimes attainable in art, and.

is there not such a harmony in this stanza from Mr. Brown's varied book?
 No more on earth among the forest trees,
 Nor where the streamlet's music ripples clear
 Along its pebbly shallows, nor by seas
 White-beached where the flying nereids hear
 The playful trump of a young triton's horn,
 May'st thou by any chance be heard or seen
 Chasing the deer, while yet the dewy morn,
 With cool smile mantles o'er the leafy green:
 No, stripped of deity, thou now art shown
 A lifeless borrower of reflected light
 From the proud-dazzling sun,
 Illusion past, thy bright romance all flown,
 A weary traveller through the realm of night,
 With service to be done.

FAITH-HEALING, CHRISTIAN SCIENCE AND KINDRED PHENOMENA. By J. M. Buckley, LL.D. Price \$1.25. New York: Century Company; Toronto: William Briggs. 1892.

Here is a book of real value and of manifest utility. The subjects are of immediate and profound interest, and are being investigated by many adequate and inadequate enquirers, sometimes to the manifest injury of the enquirer and the public. Dr. Buckley has entered upon the study of these subjects in a thoroughly scientific spirit. From beginning to end he makes us feel that he has had but one ruling motive, the desire to ascertain the facts and phenomena of faith-healing, apparitions, divinations, etc., and then to carefully investigate the meaning of the phenomena. His results may be briefly stated. In the first place, many of the alleged facts have to be received with caution, and many deductions have to be made because of the defectiveness of observation in connection with them and the prejudice of the observers. But he does not deny that many wonderful cures have been effected by what is called Faith, whether at London or in Mr. Simpson's church in New York, by Roman Catholic, Protestant or Theosophist. The facts are not denied, but it is pointed out that the class of diseases which are thus cured is distinctly limited, that the results are most uncertain, and that the influence deduced by some so-called Christian Scientists, that no medical treatment is ever necessary, is sheer madness, fraught with the most serious consequences. All this is clearly made out, not only by reasonable argument, but by ascertained facts.

The chapter on astrology, divination and coincidences is of great interest, and so is that on Dreams, Nightmare and Somnambulism. Many popular illusions are dispelled, even if we cannot be quite sure that we have got to the bottom of the facts. A chapter that will be read with special attention and with suspension of assent is that on Presentiments, Visions and Apparitions. Probably a majority even of educated persons have a belief, more or less defined, that the evidence for the appearing of persons, for example, at the hour of death, to friends at a distance from the scene of their departure, is almost irresistible. We confess that considerable doubt was thrown upon the whole of these phenomena by a careful examination of the evidence by which they were supported; and it can hardly be said that they have been rendered more credible by the large collection of materials put forth some years ago by Messrs. Myers and Gurney, the secretaries of the Society for Psychical Research. We can, in any case, seriously recommend this able and candid work of Mr. Buckley's, and especially would we insist that it is the duty of those who may be neglecting the ordinary means of preserving health to give attention to the facts and arguments which are here adduced.

WONDERFUL CHICAGO and the World's Fair. By G. W. Melville. Price \$3.50. Other editions, \$5.00 and \$7.00. Chicago: George W. Melville. 1892.

There are various adjectives which might be employed quite intelligently to characterize the great city of the West; but there is none which most persons will feel more appropriate than this term wonderful. There is no history of a town in all the world which in any way comes up to the history of Chicago. Think of the following statement: "New York and Boston, over two hundred and fifty years old,

have respectively 1,650,000 and 525,000 inhabitants; Chicago has made up her 1,250,000 in just fifty years." This is certainly wonderful—all but miraculous. Sixty years ago Chicago did not exist even as a village. It was in 1833 that a village was organized, and the city charter was obtained in 1837. The census that year showed a population of 4,179. As late as 1840 Chicago had but 5,000 or 6,000 inhabitants, and eight years later 25,000. In spite of the great fire of 1871, "the most dreadful conflagration of modern times," the wonderful city has attained to its present proportions. Apart from the fact that Chicago will be the scene of the greatest of universal exhibitions, the city is an interesting subject of study, and ample information will be found in this volume, which will be equally useful as a preparation for visiting Chicago, as a souvenir, and as a source of information for those who are unable to see it in person. After a brief sketch of the history and statistics of the city, comes a section on the twenty-seven mayors, from 1837 to 1893, giving a brief memoir of each, together with a series of well-executed portraits. Next comes a brief, but not inadequate, account of modern Chicago, which is followed by what is not improperly called a grand panoramic view of the Heart of Chicago, which is accompanied by a detailed account of the principal localities and buildings, abundantly illustrated with views. Some of the illustrations of parks and residences are very charming. A very important section of the volume is devoted to Religious Chicago, which gives portraits of the leading clergy of all the churches, and views of the churches, some of which are extremely beautiful. The views of the "World's Columbian Exposition" give us some notion of the magnificent scale on which Chicago means to carry out her great show. It is rather more than forty-one years since the first great Exhibition of 1851 in London was regarded as the eighth wonder of the world. We imagine that this and the French "Exposition Universelle," of Paris, which followed in 1855, would form only a department of the immense show now in progress. Mr. Melville, the publisher of this volume, tells us that he came to Chicago shortly after the great fire of 1871, "while the coal piles along the river were still smouldering," and made the study of word-engraving his life work. Among the fruits of his work are the admirable illustrations to the present volume. It should be added that the literary portion is done with excellent taste.

AVE: AN ODE FOR THE CENTENARY OF THE BIRTH OF PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY, AUGUST 4, 1792. By Charles G. D. Roberts. Toronto: Williamson Book Company. 1892. 8vo, pp. 27.

Mr. Roberts has himself undertaken the task (the first suggestion of which, if we are not mistaken, appeared in the columns of *The Week*) of publishing in Canada a volume in memory of the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Shelley, and his task has taken the form of an Ode in thirty-one stanzas. His ode will easily stand alone. He had a great theme, and if he has not produced a great poem, he has certainly come very near it. His subject, too, was dear to his heart, for he apostrophizes Shelley as he—

Whom chief of all whose brows prophetic wear
 The pure and sacred bays
 I worship, and have worshipped since the hour
 When first I felt thy bright and chainless power.

Mr. Roberts commences with an introduction of some nine or ten stanzas descriptive of the marshes of Tantramar, and the tides of the Bay of Fundy, the disproportionate length of which and its slender connection with the main theme must be forgiven for its beauty. This introduction is extrinsically interesting. Mr. Roberts has very evidently made an experiment (for which of course he has abundant precedent) of yoking the traditional and the classical with the new and unknown. When hymning Shelley in the lofty style of the elaborate threnody, a style which breathes the very atmosphere of antiquity and speaks to us of Bion and Moschus, and later of Milton and Shelley and Matthew Arnold it is an experiment surely to introduce the marshes of

Tantramar, Minudie's flats, and the Isthmus of Chignecto. Such a line as—

O Baths of Caracalla, arches clad

which occurs in the eighteenth stanza is legitimate and good, and for very obvious reasons; but could the same be said if he spoke, not of the "Baths of Caracalla," but of the Sulphur Springs of Arkansas, or the Mineral Springs of Banff, or, for that matter, of Brill's Baths at Brighton? To some there will appear to be violence done to the grand style by such introduction; to others no doubt there will be no perceptible declension. Amongst new-world poets the experiment is frequent enough, and Mr. Roberts sins, if he sins at all, in very good company—was not this the infirmity in which Walt Whitman especially gloried? At all events the language in which Mr. Roberts tries the experiment will almost draw over to his side those most jealous of the austerity of poetry. Indeed his language throughout the ode is beautiful; the abundance of semi-breves in the metre (if we may so speak), the result of an abundance of long well-chosen vowel-sounds; the carefully-employed alliteration; the large meaning with which many of his adjectives are pregnant; the iteration; together with the general tone of subdued and majestic grief of which the "Lycidas" and the "Adonais" have given him such majestic models, all this he has employed with admirable effect. But if we can praise Mr. Roberts' language, we can also praise the thoughts of which they are the expression. There is not in the ode an idea that has not been happily and poetically treated. Oxford's supposed recantation for the expulsion of the poet, for example, is expressed thus:—

With how august contrition, and what tears
 Of penitential, unavailing shame,
 Thy venerable foster-mother hears
 The sons of song impeach her ancient name,
 Because in one rash hour of anger blind
 She thrust thee forth in exile, and thy feet
 Too soon to earth's wild outer ways consigned,—
 Far from her well-loved seat,
 Far from her studious halls and storied towers
 And weedy Isis winding through his flowers.

The casting up of Shelley's body is described thus:—

Hither and thither in the slow, soft tide,
 Rolled seaward, shoreward, sands and wandering
 shells
 And shifting weeds thy fellows, thou didst hide
 Remote from all farewells,
 Nor felt the sun, nor heard the fleeting rain,
 Nor heeded Casa Magni's quenchless pain.

Back from the underworld of whelming change
 To the wide-glittering beach thy body came.

The incident of the burning of the body is expressed thus:—

And thou didst contemplate with wonder strange
 And curious regard thy kindred flame,
 Fed sweet with frankincense and wine and salt,
 With fierce purgation search thee, soon resolving
 Thee to the elements of the airy vault
 And the far spheres revolving,
 The common waters, the familiar woods,
 And the great hills' inviolate solitudes.

All these are highly poetical and rarely, we think, has a cold scientific fact been more delicately handled than in the last of these selections.

Readers of Shelley will detect throughout the ode the many graceful allusions to Shelley's own works; in fact, the poem is alive with the feelings and philosophy of the poet in whose praise it was composed; in such lines, for instance, as—

On an endless quest
 Of unimagined loveliness.

Thyself the lark melodious in mid-heaven;
 Thyself the Protean shape of chainless cloud;

Thyself the wild west wind

The lonely aziola's evening cry

The Serchio's sun-kissed waters

Thou on whose lips the word of Love became
 A rapt evangel to assuage all wrong,
 Not Love alone, but the austerer name
 Of Death. . . .

Few readers of these lines will require any references to the "Hymn to Intellectual Beauty," "To a Sky-Lark," "The Cloud,"

the "Ode to the West Wind," "The Aziola," "The Boat on the Serchio," "The Revolt of Islam," to "Prometheus Unbound," "Adonais," and to many minor poems.

Probably no monody can or will be written in which the influences of ancient models will not be detected, for of monodies the world has some very perfect specimens. Naturally and legitimately enough, therefore, they are to be found in Mr. Roberts's "Ave." In fact, as to those intimately acquainted with the Sicilian poets, Milton's avowed imitations are a source of pleasure, so in this centenary ode it is by no means unpleasant to find here an echo of Milton, there one of Shelley himself, but space prevents the tempting task of tracing these.

Mr. Roberts's ode, then, may be declared a success; its merits should bespeak its perusal far and wide.

The paper and typography are good and the binding chaste. The bibliophile might have asked for a single stanza on a page, instead of a stanza and a half. We are not quite sure whether the word "secret" in the line

Received between my lips the secret fire

(stanza iv., line 3)

is or is not a misprint for "sacred." It has reference, of course, to Isaiah vi. 6, in a similar allusion to which Milton uses the word "hallowed."

The printing, it is but just to say, is by J. J. Anslow, Windsor, Nova Scotia.

PERIODICALS.

The December number of Macmillan's opens with an article from the pen of H. Clarence Bourne entitled "The Unemployed." "When the final stage is reached," says the writer at the end of an interesting paper, "we shall be ripe for State socialism. But," he adds significantly, "even our present institutions will work well enough then." "Our Young Historians" is the subject of a most readable paper by Mark Reid. J. Herbert Bindley writes upon "College Life in the Tropics." Marion Crawford's "Don Orsino" is concluded in this number. A. Kenney-Herbert contributes a delightful paper entitled "In the Days of John Company." The December number of this deservedly popular magazine is a most readable issue.

The December number of Blackwood's opens with "A Bird's-eye View of the Riviera," a most interesting descriptive paper; an extraordinary story, entitled "The Restless Dead," comes next. "The Long Parliament and Dr. Gardiner" is the name of a carefully written historical paper in this issue. At its conclusion the writer makes this forcible statement: "The civil war, with all its atrocities and suffering, was the direct result of the Puritanic outburst." "Singularly Deluded" is brought to a close in this number. "Alders and Reeds" is the name of a most readable contribution. "Byways to Fortune—By Sea" is most readable. "The Old Saloon" by itself would make this issue of Blackwood's a valuable one. Millicent Sutherland writes some powerful lines "dedicated to those who mourn their dead in the wrecks of the Bokhara, Roumania and Scotch express." "Election Week in America" brings this excellent issue to a close.

Mary E. Stickney is the author of "A Pacific Encounter," which is the somewhat ambiguous title of an interesting story in the January number of Lippincott's. Colin Campbell Cooper contributes an article on "A Spanish Painter": speaking of this great painter, he says, "Velasquez was a painter of portraits, a delineator of souls, his personages are living and human." "Humility" is the title of a sonnet from the pen of Ina Lillian Peterson. "An Old Time Philadelphian" is a study of Charles Biddle, by Elizabeth Ballister Bates. W. L. Shoemaker is the author of some curious lines entitled "Gypsies and the Poet." "In War Time" is the name of a vigorous paper by M. E. W. Sherwood. S. L. Bacon tells the story of "Across Dug Gap," and Alfred Stoddart writes a short eulogy of Sydney Armstrong, entitled "An Actress and Her Art."

The October number of The Journal of the Polynesian Society, published at Wellington, New Zealand, is a well-printed large 8vo quarterly containing some valuable articles. Mr. Atkinson answers the question: "What is a Tangata Maori?" Mr. Charles Murray reviews a work of Dr. Codrington entitled "The Melanesians: Studies in their Anthropology and Folk Lore." Mr. S. Percy Smith edits the Maori Text, which he translates, of Timi Wata Rimini on "The Fall of Mannga-a-Kahia Pa, or early settlement of New Zealand." M. A. Shand contributes "The Occupation of the Chatham Islands by the Maories in 1835." But the most important paper is Dr. John Fraser's on "The Samoan Account of Creation." This, like Mr. Percy Smith's, contains the full native text, with translation and notes, and is thus of equal value to the students respectively of philology and of folk-lore. In notes and queries it is stated that the Society has received a paper from Dr. Carroll "giving further translation of the Easter Island Tablet, which deals with South American history prior to the times of the Incas."

In the December Nineteenth Century under the heading of "Labour Leaders on the Labour Question," John Burns, M.P., writes upon "The Unemployed," while Thomas Purd, M.P., H. H. Champion, J. Keir Hardie, M.P., and Sam Woods, M.P., discuss "Mr. Chamberlain's Programme." St. George Mivart writes a curious paper entitled "Happiness in Hell," in which he does much to tone down the horrors of the celebrated "Lasciate ogni speranza, voi che entrate." Sir Herbert Maxwell, Bart., contributes a brilliant defence of the modern girl in an article entitled "Walling the Cuckoo." The writer concludes with the following words: "It is mischievous to the last degree to spread such false notions; it is as far as possible from the spirit of true philosophy to institute a comparison between two centuries to suppress all that is gross, weak, rude, foolish, or wicked in one, and all that is good, pure, healthy, polished and intelligent in the other; and so endeavour to persuade Englishmen to be ashamed of that which is the glory and blessedness of their lives—the society of women." Edith Lyttleton Gell follows with a forcible and calmly-written paper on "Squandered Girlhood," in which she makes the following statement: "Above all, the very future of England depends upon a right understanding by all classes of the difficulties, the trials and the problems which beset every grade in the community, and this can only be attained by the friendship (from which every element of patronage has been eliminated) of the highest and the lowest." "Aspects of Tennyson" is the name of a critical and appreciative paper from the pen of H. D. Traill. Jesse Collins contributes a paper entitled "£38,000,000 Per Annum," which we would recommend to the attention of protectionists generally and "Fair" Traders in particular. Lady Grey Egerton writes an interesting account of "Alaska and its Glaciers." Prince Kropotkin is the author of a paper on "Recent Science." Sir Charles Robinson brings an excellent number to a close with a valuable paper "On Our National Art Museums and Galleries."

LITERARY AND PERSONAL.

Leo XIII. is publishing his poems from the Vatican press in an edition de luxe. They consist of elegies, sonnets and even epigrams, all in Latin.

A serial story by Mrs. Amelia E. Barr, "A Sister to Esau," is making a first appearance in The Irish Church News, a new monthly magazine, with headquarters in Belfast.

A collection of fairy tales, translated from the Italian of Luigi Capuana, and illustrated by Mazzanti, is issued under the title of "Once Upon a Time," in Mr. Fisher Unwin's "Children's Library."

Tennyson is credited with once having advised a man to read a verse from the Bible and a verse from Shakespeare daily; "for," said he, "one will teach you how to speak to

God, and the other how to address your fellows."

Mr. Henry Frowde will shortly publish a book entitled "Chapters on Alliterative Verse," a dissertation in candidature for the degree of D. Lit.: by John Lawrence, M.A. (Lond.), Lektor of English in the University of Prague.

The Russian Jewish poet, Leon Joseph Gordon, who recently died, composed his poems in the Hebrew language. The Hebrew Journal says of him: "He was by gift divine a poet of Israel, who in classic Hebrew sung the sorrows of Israel as did the inspired poets of old and the middle-age poets of the dispersion."

A New York correspondent writes: "Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes suffers somewhat from asthma, and it is noticeable in his voice, but otherwise he seems to be in excellent health. He is a great walker, and is often seen on Beacon Street, in Boston, taking his 'constitutional.'" He always wears a nicely-polished silk hat and carries a large cane.

The Cupples Company, Boston, announce for immediate publication "Johann Wolfgang von Goethe: his wit, wisdom, poetry." Preceded by the biographical sketch of Thomas de Quincey; edited by Newell Dunbar; with new illustrations, and "Inspiration and Truth," from the Rt. Rev. Phillips Brooks, D.D., Bishop of Massachusetts; with portrait.

The publication of Mr. G. Manville Fenn's Boys' Book for this year has been delayed by the necessity of setting the types in America in order to secure copyright in that country. Messrs. Griffith, Farran and Company inform us, however, that "The Weathercock; or, the Adventures of a Boy with a Bias," the title of the book in question, will appear shortly.

Two of the codices found in an Egyptian tomb—the "Gospel" and the "Revelation" of Peter—have now been published in pamphlet form by the Cambridge University Press, together with two lectures on the fragments by Messrs. J. Arm tage Robinson and Montague Rhodes James. Messrs. Macmillan have also issued an edition of the Greek text of the apocryphal "Gospel of Peter."

A new work, presenting in a popular form some of the results of recent discoveries in the domain of Oriental archaeology which elucidate the various points of interest in the historical portion of the Bible, will be issued by Messrs. Cassell and Company in a few days under the title of "New Light on the Bible and the Holy Land." It is written by Mr. B. T. A. Evetts, and will be illustrated.

Poultney Bigelow, in an article entitled "Why we Left Russia," to be published in Harper's Magazine for January, will tell the story of his brief but eventful visit to the Czar's dominions last summer, and of the circumstances which induced his return. Frederick Remington, the companion of his adventures, will contribute a number of striking illustrations to Mr. Bigelow's very interesting narrative.

Charles L. Webster and Company announce that they have arranged with Henry George for the publication of his new work, "A Perplexed Philosopher," being an examination of Mr. Herbert Spencer's various utterances on the land question, with incidental reference to his synthetic philosophy. They have also arranged with Mr. George for the control of his former books, and will issue them in a uniform edition.

Everyone interested in the progress of Canadian literature will rejoice to learn that Mr. Henry J. Morgan has almost completed his laborious task of preparing for early publication a new edition of his "Bibliotheca Canadensis, or, a Manual of Canadian Literature," the first edition of which appeared as long ago as 1867. Owing to a fire in the printing office shortly afterwards, copies of this valuable work, which, it may be stated, was the first bibliographical work in the English language published within the Dominion, have become exceedingly scarce, and now command

a high price—one copy, last week, fetching as high a price as \$10. The published price was \$2.50.

In a story in Longmans' Magazine, called "The Pot Boiler," says the Lounger in The New York Critic, Mr. Grant Allen goes out of his way to slap the British art critic. He says: "But there were no observant critics for Ernest Grey's pictures; the craft were all too busy inspecting the canvass of made reputation to find time on hand for spying out merit in the struggling work of unknown beginners: It's an exploded fallacy of the past to suppose that insight and initiative are the true critic's hall mark. Why go out of your way to see good points in unknown men, when you can earn your three guineas so much more surely and simply by sticking to the good points that everybody recognizes? The way to gain a reputation for critical power nowadays is to say, in charming and plucid language, what everybody regards as the proper thing to say about established favourites. You voice the popular taste in the very best English." Isn't there some injustice in this? Was Turner's reputation made before the most famous of all English critics took notice of him and berated the English nation for its apathy? It seems to me that the critics are very fond of discovering budding genius. The want of appreciation is on the part of the public. It takes the critics a long time to convince the picture-buyer of his opportunities to help struggling merit, even when there is an ultimate pecuniary advantage in doing so. No, Mr. Grant Allen is wrong; there is more sound than truth in his fling at the art critics. To those who do not know the true state of the case, what he says has a sound of plausibility, but it is only occasionally true.

The Rev. H. R. Haweis, in an interesting paper in The Independent on Robert Browning, thus speaks of him: "No one was less prophet-like exteriorly than Robert Browning. I first met him at dinner at Mr. Cowper Temple's, afterward Lord Mount Temple, somewhere about 1866. The late Dean of Westminster, Arthur Stanley, was there, the Bunsens, and I think Lord Shaftesbury and Lawrence Oliphant—a very extraordinary mixture. When Browning found himself in such heterogeneous company, he was admirable—a ready sensibility and quick wit, a marvellous gift of commonplace helped him over every stile and saved him from every pitfall of clashing opinion. I never in my life knew a man who could talk longer about the weather with apparently unabated interest than Robert Browning. In casual company he was wonderfully chit-chatty, and quite as impossible to 'draw' as Lord Palmerston. But in artistic and literary society, when the doors were closed—'tiled,' I ought perhaps to say—quite another phase of Browning emerged. I met him at the gifted Miss Swanwick's. Lowell, Lecky, I think, and a few other distinguished literati were at table. The conversation took a literary turn, and then Browning's wonderful memory, his lavish and lucid power of criticism, came out. He would talk freely without restraint, and repeat a stanza of Dante or Keats with the greatest gusto. I often wondered how it was that a man so intelligible in conversation contrived to be so obscure in his poetry. Of course we have heard a great deal about the beauty of his condensed expression, the power of his involved sentences, and the force of his ungainly and abrupt metaphors. But as Tennyson once said, 'Browning—ah, yes, Browning—really fine thinker—pity he's so obscure!' and obscure he undoubtedly is. Browning, speaking of Tennyson's Idyls said, 'Another miracle of verse!' It is pleasing to note the cordial, though on one side qualified, admiration that the two foremost poets of the day had for each other's genius."

NEW BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Adams, W. I. L. American Annual of Photography. Scovill and Adams Company.
Aitchison, Sir Charles. Lord Lawrence (Rulers of India). Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: Macmillan.

- Allen, Grant. The Attis of Catullus. London: David Nutt.
Atkinson, Canon. Scenes in Fairyland. Macmillan.
Anstey, F. Voces Populi. Second Series. Longmans, Green and Company.
Bent, J. T. The Ruined Cities of Mashonaland. Longmans, Green and Company.
Blavatsky, Helena P. From the Caves and Jungles of Hindostan. The Path.
Bourinot, J. G. Historical and Descriptive Account of the Island of Cape Breton. Montreal: W. Foster Brown and Company; New York: Scribners.
Browning's Prose Life of Strafford. Boston: Estes and Lauriat.
Bruce, Rev. A. B. Apologetics. [International Theological Library.] Scribners.
Burr, Rev. E. F. Aleph, the Chaldean; or, The Messiah as seen from Alexandria. W. B. Ketcham.
Buxton, E. N. Short Stalks; or, Hunting Camps, North, South, East and West. London: T. Fisher Unwin; New York: Putnams.
Caine, R. H. Love Songs of English Poets, 1500-1800. Appletons.
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OF INTEREST TO STAMMERERS.

We clip the following from the Toronto Daily Mail:

Church's Auto-Voce School, for the cure of stammering, is now a recognized educational institution, and is giving efficient aid toward the relief of those suffering from this fearful impediment. Not only has the school an excellent local reputation, but its fame is fast becoming wide-spread, students having come from Ireland, distant parts of the United States, Manitoba and Quebec. At no time since the opening of the school have its prospects been so encouraging and the demand for admission so great. The list of students registered includes physicians, lawyers, ministers, professional and business men, mechanics, tradesmen, farmers and children, each trained with equal success. Through a strictly educational channel Mr. Church is gaining for his school an enviable reputation, beside building up a good, substantial business and at the same time proving himself a public benefactor.

A commendable feature of the institution is that no advance fee is required—showing the confidence Mr. Church has in the result of his work.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

A PLEASANT SURPRISE.

At this season of the year, when it is customary for friends and relatives to bestow gifts upon one another, the question very often arises, "What kind of a gift shall I purchase, and where shall I secure it?" In answer to the first query, by acting wisely you should secure something which would both surprise and be of use to the recipient; the place where you should secure it, of course, depends on the nature of the gift you wish to bestow and the price at which it rates.

Like the obtaining of parliamentary honours to the ambitious politician (who thought his election doubtful), so to the recipient is the bestowal of a gift which was not expected; both, of course, would occasion a pleasant surprise.

If you are desirous of creating a pleasant surprise for your wife and family, you would do well to investigate into the numerous channels through which you can accomplish the same; be sure you keep in your mind's eye before you act, "that the thing which will be the instrument of contributing the most good to the greatest number is what you should secure." If you will follow out the advice contained above, you will consider the advantages offered through the medium of life insurance, and immediately act by taking out a policy in a first-class company; thus, in discharging a parental duty and a Christian necessity, you will occasion a pleasant surprise for your wife and family by presenting to them a policy of life insurance.

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Minds that have nothing to confer
Find little to perceive. —Byron.

"German Syrup"

Here is something from Mr. Frank A. Hale, proprietor of the De Witt House, Lewiston, and the Tontine Hotel, Brunswick, Me. Hotel men meet the world as it comes and goes, and are not slow in sizing people and things up for what they are worth. He says that he has lost a father and several brothers and sisters from Pulmonary Consumption, and is himself frequently troubled with colds, and he Hereditary often coughs enough to make him sick at Consumption his stomach. Whenever he has taken a cold of this kind he uses Boschee's German Syrup, and it cures him every time. Here is a man who knows the full danger of lung troubles, and would therefore be most particular as to the medicine he used. What is his opinion? Listen! "I use nothing but Boschee's German Syrup, and have advised, I presume, more than a hundred different persons to take it. They agree with me that it is the best cough syrup in the market."

NEW COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF IN INDIA.

The Queen has approved of the appointment of Major-General Sir George Stewart White, V.C., K.C.B., K.C.I.E., as Commander-in-Chief in India, in succession to Lord Roberts.

In an article on Indian affairs, which appeared in The Times of October 19, 1891, we said:—

"The Government of India seems justified in its reported unanimity in designating Major-General Sir George White, V.C., K.C.B., for the Commandership-in-Chief. A large part of Sir George White's service of thirty-eight years has been spent in India, and the later portion of it in high Indian commands. Entering the Army in 1853, he served in the Indian Mutiny, 1857-59 (medal), and with the 92nd Highlanders in the Afghan campaign of 1879-80 (medal, bronze star, and V.C.). In 1881 he became Lieutenant-Colonel, commanding the 2nd Battalion of the Gordon Highlanders. In the Nile expedition of 1885 he rendered distinguished service on the staff (medal with clasp and Khedive's star), and he was appointed to a brigade in the British expedition to Burma in the same year. He commanded the Burma field force from 1886 to 1889, and established his character as a General of the highest practical ability during the difficult and protracted operations which followed the annexation of the country. During those four years he had command of an army of occupation numbering about 30,000 men, drawn together from every branch of the British and Indian services. His management of the complicated questions which arose, alike on the military and on the political side of his duties, elicited the highest approval from a Viceroy so careful of his praise as Lord Dufferin. On the conclusion of his service in Burma he was appointed to a first-class division in Northern India and holds the most important military charge on the frontier—the Baluchistan command. Throughout his career he has been as distinguished for the personal gallantry which won for him his Victoria Cross as he is for sound judgment and administrative ability in handling a large mixed force of native and British troops. Everything that has been given to him to do he has done well, and he enjoys in a high degree the love and esteem of the Indian Armies.

"The only demerit that can be raised to Sir George White's appointment is that he is still only a Major-General. His regimental promotion had been slow, and when he was selected in 1886 for the command in Burma it was only after repeated applications that the Government of India succeeded in getting his local rank of Major-General made substantive, the Horse Guards objecting that 'he would supersede so many Colonels.' His brilliant and valuable services since then in Burma have received no military recognition, although prominently brought to notice by the Government of India. It can hardly be argued with sincerity that a mere defect in Army rank, a defect which may be remedied by a stroke of the pen, and which the Government of India, who know his services most intimately, have done their best to remedy, should be allowed to weigh against the exceptional value of Sir George White's experience as a proved Indian commander and his knowledge of impending questions alike on the Burmese and the North-Western frontiers."—The Times.

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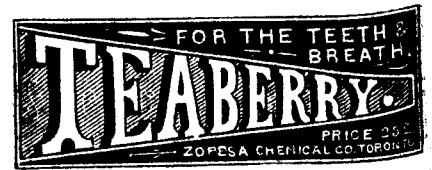
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LINES.

Dedicated to those who mourn their dead in the wrecks of the Bokhara, Roumania, and Scotch Express.

Peace! still thy sobbing. Grief has deemed it wise
To cast a veil upon thy tear-dimmed eyes;
And through its tangled folds thou seest
naught
But ghastly, shapeless forms. Thy mind distraught
Can make no music save the moan of waves
Or wail of agony. Yet life that craves
For life, God knows, has gained it trebly blest
By what Earth never yields, Death's treasure,
Rest.
Look up! The dying leaves fall russet-brown
On grass that grew with vetch and thistle-down;
And as they fall, the sky half hid before
Spreads wider, bluer, and a priceless store
Of sunny rays athwart the naked tree,
Speaks hope in suffering, love in misery.
Look up! thy darlings live! for while they part
With trembling kisses, clinging heart to heart,
Their piteous calls by storm and fire defied,
Death's sable mantle, Pain, hath fallen wide.
And lo! an angel stands with love-lit eyes,
Turns night to glory, Earth to Paradise!
—The Duchess of Sutherland, in Blackwood's Magazine.

MARION CRAWFORD.

Mr. F. Marion Crawford is, as Mr. Andrew Lang says, the most "versatile and various" of modern novelists. He is an American, though born on Italian soil, and has studied at the Universities of Cambridge, Karlsruhe, Heidelberg and Rome. A scholar, a linguist, and a wanderer over three continents, he has gathered much experience of society and of very diverse types of men and women in different countries. He has great adaptability and subtleness of mind, and whether dealing with life in modern Rome, or at the court of Darius at Shushan, in the wilds of Northern India, or in the fashionable quarter of New York, in the Black Forest or in a lonely parish of rural England, he is equally facile and sure of his ground; a master of narrative style he throws a subtle charm over all he touches. A polished man of the world, urbane, tolerant and genial, though of marked originality, his ready appreciativeness commands sympathy and renders his pages delightful reading; and his great breadth of view, keen intuition, and artistic feeling, invest his observations with a peculiar interest and value. Though Mr. Crawford admits that "Zoroaster," which has been translated into six modern languages, contains some of his best work, it is undoubtedly by his great trilogy of Roman life, which has just been completed by the publication of "Don Orsino," that he will live longest. The three volumes "Saracinesca," "Sant' Ilario," and "Don Orsino" together give a vivid description of society in Rome during the last twenty or thirty years, beginning at a time when the city was in great measure its old self down to the present day. The special excellence of these three books lies in the drawing of the characters, the dialogues, and the high dramatic quality of various scenes, and in these respects the power shown is so considerable as to raise Mr. Crawford to the highest level as a psychological novelist, and as a painter of manners and character. In the earlier volumes of this series a graphic picture of the political and social condition of the city during a stormy and changeful time is laid before us.

The joints and muscles are so lubricated by Hood's Sarsaparilla that all rheumatism and stiffness soon disappear. Try it.

Life is a quarry, out of which we are to mould and chisel and complete a character. —Goethe.

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SCIENTIFIC AND SANITARY.

At the recent International Congress of Physiology at Liege, Professor Hermann demonstrated his method of photographing the sound of vowels. The vowels were sung out before one of Edison's phonographs. Immediately afterward they were reproduced very slowly, and the vibrations recorded by a microphone. The latter was furnished with a mirror, which reflected the light of an electric lamp upon a registering cylinder, covered with sensitized paper and protected by another cylinder with a small opening which gave passage to the rays of light from the reflector. By this means was obtained very distinct photographic traces, and the constancy was remarkable for the different letters.

Mr. L. MacLean, whose efforts in the acclimatization of trout at the Cape have been warmly appreciated, is about to introduce to the Cape Peninsula the Mauritius fish, the Gourami. This kind of fish was originally brought to Mauritius from China, and one of their peculiarities is that they delight in a temperature ranging up to eighty-five degrees. They are fond of stagnant water, preferring the pool to the running stream. They are, however, capital sport, are very good eating, and grow up to 7 lbs. or 8 lbs. Mr. MacLean interested Captain Harris, of the Doune Castle, in his project, and the vessel is taking over 100 of the curious creatures, which Mr. MacLean intends distributing in Smith's Vlei, Diep River, Prince's Vlei, Muizenberg, Mr. Albrecht's (Constantia), the Pond at Newlands House, and the Pond at Mount Nelson.

The mixing of mechanics from the different European races in machine manufacture has had an important effect on the development of the arts in America. The British workman brings all the wonderful practice, the arts, and the honest execution of the birthplace of engineering. The Frenchman, especially the Swiss-Frenchman, gives us the refined arts and practices. The German may not have had a refined practice or a smooth execution, but his technical education generally is sounder than the others. The Scandinavian—that Yankee from Europe—either fits every place he falls into or pulls the hole about him. Each nationality brings its native arts and practices. The American finds in a French practice the germ of an invention. The Frenchman finds the missing link of an incomplete chain of discovery in an Englishman's tool-chest. The Englishman finds in the German's mathematics the proof of his speculations. And the German compiles from all and produces a masterpiece. Leaving out invention in the highest sense, there is enough to be gained by the association of the differing practices of the various European nations to produce and stimulate progress for a generation. Then we may begin on those of Asia.—Engineering Magazine (U.S.A.).

A description of the schisephone has been presented to the Paris Academy of Sciences by M. de Place. It promises to be a very useful apparatus for ascertaining the homogeneity of metallic masses—in other words, the soundness of castings and forgings, so important in the case of crank-axes of locomotives and the shafts of steam vessels. The apparatus consists of a microphone and an induction sonometer, and appears to be used in much the same way, as it was suggested in these columns some time ago, that Professor Hughes' induction balance might be employed. A rod of steel which is kept oscillating is attached to the microphone, and strikes against a piece of metal under examination. The sonometer, which consists of two coils that can be moved along a scale nearer or farther apart, has a telephone attached to one of the coils, and is placed in a separate room, being connected by wires to the microphone. The coils are so adjusted that the taps of the steel rod are scarcely heard at the sonometer, and the piece of metal under test is then shifted, so that the taps are received on different parts. It is stated that any flaw in the casting will be indicated by changes in the sound. This is a matter which should be studied by those responsible for the soundness of castings.—English Mechanic.

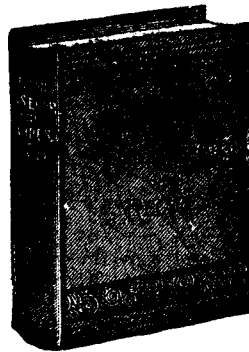


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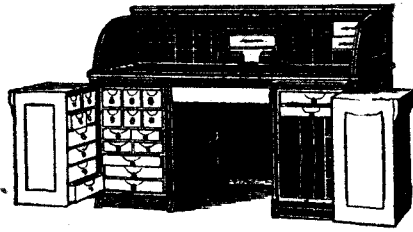
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MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN HISTORY

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- An Incident in General Jackson's Career. Hon. Horatio King.
- The Story of Casine, Maine. Illustrated. Edward Ireneus Stevenson.
- A Glance at the Age of Queen Elizabeth. Illustrated. Rev. George G. Hepburn.
- How to Study United States History. Professor Henry E. Chambers.
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A correspondent of The Times has furnished that journal with the following statistics of British men-of-war wrecked and lost during the present century :—

In the ten years	No.	Per Year.	Per cent. of ships in Commission.
From 1801 to 1810..	175	17.1	2.76
From 1811 to 1820..	79	7.9	1.70
From 1821 to 1830..	27	2.7	1.85
From 1831 to 1840..	10	1.0	0.61
From 1841 to 1850..	16	1.6	0.72
From 1851 to 1860..	15	1.5	0.72
From 1861 to 1870..	19	1.9	0.76
From 1871 to 1880..	6	0.6	0.29
From 1881 to 1890..	8	0.8	0.43

Improved forms of telephone have been invented in America; but there is difficulty in getting them introduced, as to replace the half-million instruments now in use would cost many millions of dollars. The newest form of receiver is said to be capable of reproducing speech from a distance of 200 miles, so loudly that it can be heard distinctly all over a small room. Many improvements will be introduced when certain patents become void by efflux of time; but as matters are, there is no special inducement for companies who have undertaken the telephonic supply to replace the old instruments until they are practically obliged.—*English Mechanic*.

Near Niebert's Springs, seven miles south-east of Knoxville, some workmen recently unearthed four molar teeth of the mastodon, which were in a fair state of preservation. They were found beneath about thirty inches of yellow tenacious clay, containing water-worn stones. The largest tooth measured sixteen inches in circumference, and bears on its grinding surface one small and four large ridges, which are covered to the depth of one-fourth of an inch with perfectly preserved enamel. The smallest tooth measures twelve inches in circumference, and has only three transverse ridges, whose surfaces are so worn as to expose the dentine in a number of places. The roots are so decayed and broken that it is impossible to determine their original length or number. The University of Tennessee has in its possession other remains recently found in Hawkins County of this State. These consist of part of a tusk, measuring twenty-two inches in circumference by twelve inches in length, and a molar tooth with only two ridges. The tooth is well preserved; but the tusk is much decayed.—*S. W. McCallie, in Science*.

"How delicious is the winning
Of a kiss, at love's beginning."—
sings the poet, and his sentiment is true with one possible exception. If either party has the catarrh, even love's kiss loses its sweetness. Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy is a sure cure for this repulsive and distressing affliction. By its mild, soothing, antiseptic, cleansing and healing properties, it cures the worst cases. \$500 reward offered for an incurable case.

There is some difference of opinion as to whether the process of digestion is promoted or hindered by bodily exertion. Herr Rosenberg recently made some experiments on a small dog with reference to this point (Pfluger's Archiv.). The animal was fed once daily with a certain quantity of lean horseflesh, lard, and rice, and the amount of nitrogen and fat daily absorbed was determined by an examination of the excreta. There were five series of experiments, each consisting of a rest period of several days, followed by a working period of several days, the dog being made to work in a kind of treadmill. In some cases these efforts were made during stomachic digestion, in others during intestinal. In both series of experiments the difference observed lay within the limits of physiological variations, the inference being, accordingly, that in a healthy dog the utilisation of food is quite independent of whether the animal rests during digestion or is energetically at work. Whether this applies to man could only be determined by direct experiment. Herr Rosenberg thinks it probable, however, as observations on people with heart disease appear to show that the absorption of food is to a certain extent independent of the circulation and distribution of the blood.—*Nature*.

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A SICK LIVER

is the cause of most of the depressing, painful and unpleasant sensations and sufferings with which we are afflicted; and these sufferings will continue so long as the Liver is allowed to remain in this sick or sluggish condition.

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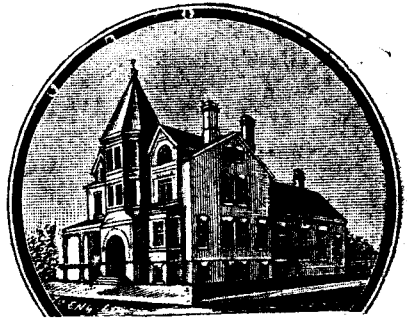
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Mr. Frederick Treves, the well-known surgeon of the London Hospital, in his "Manual of Operative Surgery," has some striking remarks on the risks attending operations on the bodies of drunkards. He says:—"A scarcely worse subject for an operation can be found than is provided by the habitual drunkard. The condition contra-indicates any but the most necessary and urgent procedures, such as amputation for severe crush, herniotomy, and the like. The mortality of these operations among alcoholics is, it is needless to say, enormous. Many individuals who state that they 'do not drink,' and who, although perhaps never drunk, are yet always taking a little stimulant in the form of 'nips' and an 'occasional glass,' are often as bad subjects for surgical treatment as are the acknowledged drunkards." "Of the secret drinkers," continues Mr. Treves, "the surgeon has to be indeed aware. In his account of 'Calamities of Surgery,' Sir James Pagot mentions the case of a person who was a drunkard on the sly, and yet not so much on the sly but that it was well known to his more intimate friends. His habits were not asked after, and one of his fingers was removed because joint disease had spoiled it. He died in a week or ten days with spreading cellular inflammation, such as was far from unlikely to occur in an habitual drunkard. Even abstinence from alcohol for a week or two before an operation does not seem to greatly modify the result." Dwelling on the immense importance to an operator of cultivating "a surgical hand," the same writer points out that "a shaky hand" may be developed by irregular modes of living, by the moderate use of alcohol, and by smoking.—Journal of Inebriety.

Davis' Pain Killer.—Its valuable properties as a speedy cure for pain cannot fail to be generally appreciated, and no family should be without it, in case of accident, or sudden attack of dysentery, diarrhoea or cholera morbus. Big 25c. Bottle.

Mr. Theodore Bent's journey to Abyssinia is reported to have for its object the exploration of the ruined city of Axum, which lies about one hundred and twenty miles to the southwest, as the crow flies, of the Italian settlement. This city and its harbour town, Adulis, were evidently of great importance in the last centuries B.C., as we learn from two long Greek inscriptions from these sites, and also from statements of Ptolemy and Arrian. They formed part of the Æthiopia which had Meroe for its metropolis and was ruled by queens with the hereditary title of Candace. One Candace invaded Egypt in B.C. 44, and was eventually forced to treat with Augustus. It was probably her successor whose chief of the harem was converted by Philip in the episode so graphically described in Acts viii., 26. This interesting country has been so little explored that scarcely anything is known as yet of its early history and relations with the classical nations; but from the occasional mention of the "blameless Æthiopian," even as far back as Homer, it is clear that it must have had a civilization from remote times; and there is no knowing what may be found there. Mr. and Mrs. Bent will do an excellent work even if they only succeed in bringing back accurate squeezes of the two famous inscriptions. The longer and more important of these at Adulis, the "Monumentum Adulitanum," was published so long ago as A.D. 545, by Cosmas Indicopleustes. It is in two separate portions, on a marble slab surmounted by a p diment, and on a marble chair in front: in the first portion are recorded the res geste of Ptolemy Euergetes (247 B.C.); in the second, which seems to be of later date, some king whose name is not given records his own. The second inscription was found on the site Axum, and is of special interest as being presumably bilingual. The lettering on one side of the slab is Greek, on the opposite in the Æthiopian character. These inscriptions are best known from the copies of the traveller Salt, whose "Voyages and Travels to India, Abyssinia, etc., by George, Viscount Valentia," were published in 1809. Mommsen has given a good deal of attention to this Axumite Kingdom in the fifth volume of his "History."—The Colonies and India.



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Camphor trees have abounded in great numbers in Iki Island, and since the profitability of the manufacturing of camphor has become known the number of factories has of late years rapidly increased. One result of the great increase is that grown trees are becoming exhausted. Fortunately, however, the young trees are very numerous, and if steps are at once taken to put their cultivation on a proper basis the industry may be saved from extermination.—Industries.

Mr. W. Mattieu Williams, the well-known metallurgist and popular writer on scientific subjects, died suddenly on the 28th November in his 74th year. Mr. Williams spent his early days in London, and was apprenticed to an optical instrument maker when only eleven years of age. At the foundation of the Birmingham and Midland Institute, in 1854, he was appointed master of the classes then forming the industrial department. About 1862, Mr. Williams left Birmingham to undertake the management of some oilworks near Wrexham. After holding for some time the appointment of metallurgical chemist to Sir John Brown and Company's Atlas Works, Sheffield, Mr. Williams removed to the neighbourhood of London, and occupied himself in writing scientific works and articles, among which may be mentioned "Science in Short Chapters," and "The Fuel of the Sun," which created some stir in scientific circles. Mr. Williams was a great pedestrian. In his early days he made a tour on foot through the principal countries of Europe. Later in life he walked through a considerable portion of Norway, a record of his experiences being given in "Through Norway with a Knapsack."

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Lieutenant Peary, who so recently returned to the United States from his exploration of Northern Greenland, is already forming plans for another expedition, in the course of which he thinks he may reach the Pole itself by a sledge journey across the surrounding ice. General Wistar, president of the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences, who intends to share the cost of the expedition, wrote to the Secretary for the Navy asking three years' further leave of absence for the explorer, saying: "Peary is of the opinion, in which we concur, that on the second trial he can reach the coast point last seen by him in much less time, and make it the starting-point and basis for actual demonstration" that the northern circum-polar area is mainly oceanic. "Should he do so, one at least of the three principal theories by which it has been sought to account for the astonishing change of temperature in these regions during recent geological periods will be excluded and the field of investigation correspondingly narrowed. I may also add, should Mr. Peary reach the northern coast of Greenland after a favourable season—that is to say, a season when the closing of the circum-polar sea shall have been accomplished under the smoothing influence of northerly winds—there is no apparent reason why, by the extension of the same methods, he should fail to reach the geographical Pole itself, although that would be but an incidental object." Lieutenant Peary's last expedition, according to General Wistar, has proved ice-travelling to be perfectly feasible, having "apparently shown that the behaviour of ice in continental masses differs materially from that of the comparatively limited glacial masses from which our deductions have hitherto been drawn, and tends either to avoid altogether or to fill up and smooth over the fissures which apparently render the latter untraversable." In reply, the Secretary has granted the leave required. The cost of the expedition is expected to be about £5,000.—The Times.

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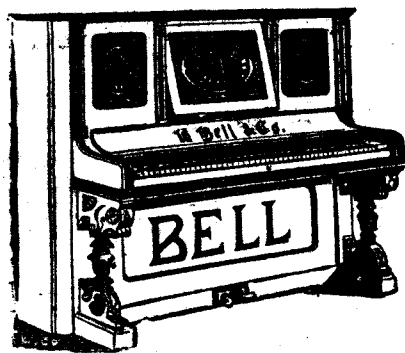
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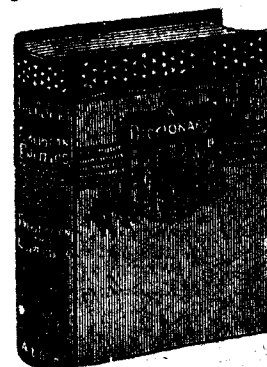
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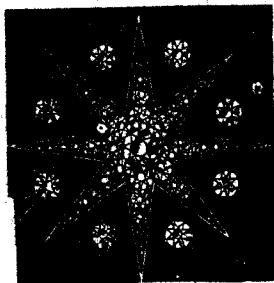
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