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# THE WEEK.

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## THE WEEK:

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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.

At a meeting of the Senate of Toronto University, on Friday evening last, the Vice-Chancellor, Mr. William Mulock, M.P., presented an elaborate statement in regard to the matters on which we have before commented, touching the lease of the College Street lots for the purposes of the projected Park Hospital, and the changes so mysteriously, one might almost say surreptitiously, made in the interior arrangements of the Biological building. Mr. Mulock's statement has certainly the merits of frankness and candour. He takes upon himself the whole responsibility for the change in the plans for the interior of the building in question, and also for the method which was adopted to conceal from the Senate and others interested the fact that those changes were being made, thus exonerating Professor Ramsay Wright from all responsibility save that involved in following the instructions of the Vice-Chancellor. In another respect Mr. Mulock takes a different line of defence from that which has been relied on by the Minister of Education, Sir Daniel Wilson, and others who have spoken from time to time on the subject. Unlike all these, Mr. Mulock declares that he never imagined that the ground would be taken that no assistance (financial) was to be given by the University to the Medical department, but that, on the contrary, he felt that the policy of the University was to give reasonable aid to medical science, and that so far as he was concerned, it is perfectly true that the charging of the medical faculty with an occupation rent was an afterthought, as until recently he had no idea that any such charge would be made. In short, Mr. Mulock's defence is throughout based upon the frank avowal that he believed it to be in the true interests of the University that a strong medical faculty should be made an integral part of it, sharing in its funds and provided with class-room, hospital and other accommodations at its expense, though he seems to have expected that the department might in the end become largely or entirely self-sustaining.

THOSE who have followed with some attention the discussion of University matters will remember that among the papers laid before the Legislature was a reply by the Minister of Education to certain charges made by Dr. Geikie, in which reply the Minister stated that it was never intended to imperil the existence of other medical colleges or to interfere with their rights, that the large expenditure at Toronto University would have been necessary if no medical faculty had been established, and that it was made in the interest of the department of Biology. It will be remembered also that Sir Daniel Wilson, in the course of the paper which he wrote in answer to Dr. Geikie's open letter, made a series of statements which must certainly be understood to mean or imply that in the construction of both the original biological building and its later extension regard was had only to the wants of the biological and chemical departments, that the accommodation granted to medical classes was only incidental, and that the addition as part of the original plan was contemplated from the first, and would have been no less indispensable had no medical faculty existed. Can it be that the Minister of Education and the President of the University, as well as the Senate, were kept in the dark as to the real design of the building? Yet Sir Daniel Wilson voted, we observe, for the acceptance and endorsement of Mr. Mulock's defence!

LEAVING, however, the Minister of Education and the venerable President of the University to discuss with the Vice-Chancellor the discrepancies in regard to statements both of fact and of policy which seem to arise between them (*vide* Mr. Ross' letter read at the previous meeting of the Senate, touching the circumstances under which he gave his consent to the lease of the lots), we have to confess ourselves unable to reconcile the mode of procedure which the Vice-Chancellor admits having deliberately adopted, and in which neither he nor the majority of Senators who approved his defence seem to see anything wrong, with certain old-fashioned ideas of the straight-forwardness which should govern the members of a dignified and honourable corporation in the discharge of a public trust. Mr. Mulock well says: "A university's work is not confined to the lecture room. Her every action should be an object lesson of what is honourable and true." And yet, in another part of the same paper he says, touching the final arrangements for the lease of the lots:—

In explanation of my not having consulted the Board at every stage in these details, I beg to state that the course pursued was adopted in consequence of the views entertained by the few persons whose absolute concurrence was necessary, namely, that there was danger of the matter receiving publicity which might perhaps endanger the carrying out of the scheme or at least delay it; and such delay, owing to Senator Macdonald's delicate health, might defeat the undertaking.

And in yet another,

It is quite correct that no such names appeared on the plans, and were omitted by my instructions and for the reason stated by the architect in his answer set forth as follows (and what I have added below). His explanation is as follows: "I was instructed not to put names on the rooms used for anatomical purposes because, as I understood, of the possibility of objection being made by residents in the neighbourhood, such possibility being indicated by the opposition to the proposal to convert Wycliffe College old building into a hospital."

Were these object-lessons of the kind indicated? If a hospital were to be erected in the park, to the real or fancied injury of residents in the neighbourhood, or contrary to the wishes of the public who were lawfully interested in both park and university, or if the owners and patrons of the University all over the country were to be exposed to possible or even fancied risk or annoyance through the presence of dissecting rooms in the public buildings to which they send their sons and daughters to be educated, were these stealthy, not to say underhand, methods of deceiving or stealing a march upon possible objectors, object-lessons of the kind which, according to Mr. Mulock's high, but not too high, conception of the moral influence of a university, should be set before the public in her every action? The public must be the judges. Meanwhile not a few readers of this journal will recall a time in the history of

the University of Toronto when it had not the place in the public confidence which it has of late years happily enjoyed, when the people were forced to complain of the darkness which enshrouded some of its proceedings and to turn upon it the search light of parliamentary enquiry and press criticism. It has been hoped and believed that those days were happily past, and that a stage of progress had been reached at which those entrusted with its management could be relied on to take the public into their confidence and do everything above board and in the light of day. It would be a thousand pities should anything occur to injure this delicate plant of public confidence almost as soon as it is fairly rooted.

WE have before us a pamphlet, recently published, containing the reports of two mining engineers on the quality and extent of the Bessemer iron ores which are found in the Township of Snowdon, County of Haliburton, in this Province. From these reports and other sources of information, it is believed by those who have given attention to the subject that in at least two places, both within about 110 miles of Toronto, there are found excellent iron ores, capable of producing the finest steel, and existing apparently in large quantities. We have also before us a copy of a petition, based upon this information, signed by nearly sixty well-known business men and capitalists of the city, and addressed to the Ontario Government, asking substantial encouragement for the establishment of a blast furnace in Toronto, for the manufacture of pig iron from these ores. The petitioners point out the great benefits that would result to the whole country from the establishment and operation of such a furnace in the Province, but claim that, in view of "the considerable degree of uncertainty" attending such an enterprise, capitalists are unwilling to assume the whole risk of its erection. They ask, therefore, that an appropriation be made for the purpose of testing under proper conditions the extent and value of some of the most accessible iron deposits in Ontario, and that, further, a bonus of two dollars per ton on the output of a furnace of a capacity of not less than one hundred tons per day, be given for ten years from the time such furnace shall commence to produce pig iron. The petition certainly deals with a most important matter, and the names attached to it are, many of them, adapted to give weight to any recommendation to which they may be appended. But the two prayers of the petition stand, it seems to us, on very different footings, and must be considered separately. The first has, unquestionably, very much to recommend it. It is desirable, in the highest degree, that if the mines in question are of such extent and value as they are, for reasons apparently good, believed to be, the fact should be established as unmistakably as possible, at the earliest possible moment. If the Government has confidence in its mineral resources, we do not see why it would not be doing a patriotic and perfectly legitimate thing in recommending to the Assembly the appropriation of a reasonable sum for making the required tests, and in pushing forward the investigations with all speed. To be able to satisfy interested enquirers that ores so exceedingly valuable are accessible in unlimited quantities, within convenient distances, and that other necessary facilities for turning this hidden wealth to practical account abound in the same localities, would surely be rendering a most valuable service to the Province.

WITH regard to the request of the promoters of the projected "Ontario Iron and Steel Company" for public aid, in the shape of a cash bonus of two dollars per ton on the output of the proposed blast furnace, for a period of ten years, and also, as we infer from the tenor of the petition, for substantial aid in raising the capital necessary for the erection of the furnace, we cannot so easily see our way clear to approval. It is true that the bestowment of liberal appropriations from the public funds to secure the inauguration of enterprises which, when carried out, become private property and in many cases sources of great wealth and advantage to their owners, does not want for ample precedents, especially in the case of railways. But we confess that we have never been able to satisfy ourselves that full justice is done to the public tax-payer

in such transactions. It would seem to be but fair that the capital invested by the State should at least rank with any other capital in the distribution of profits. We do not see why the people should be called on to share the risks involved without deriving a right to a corresponding share in the rewards. This objection seems to us to lie with even increased weight against the bonus system, as applied to such enterprises as that under consideration. The Dominion Government already offers a cash bonus of two dollars per ton for pig iron manufactured in Canada. Let the Provincial Government add a similar amount; assume that the furnace when erected puts out the minimum amount of the manufactured article, viz., 100 tons per day, for 300 days in the year. The result is that the taxpayers of Canada will be called on to pay no less than \$120,000 a year into the coffers of a private company, which, unless the advantages of the industry are greatly over-estimated, could hardly fail of itself to provide a profitable investment to its owners. The public advantage is, we shall be told, to be looked for in the employment that would be afforded by such an industry to a large number of labourers. We have seen no calculation as to the number of men whom a furnace of the capacity indicated would require to carry on its operations, but from the foregoing it appears that the sum to be given as bonuses by the two Governments would pay the wages of 300 employees, at an average wage of \$8 per week. May it not well be questioned whether a manufacture which cannot live without so much extraneous support is really worth the outlay? Is there not, too, a serious discrepancy between the conditions as described, providing the tests proposed should show satisfactory results, and the amount of bonusing asked for? This leads to the further enquiry whether there are not other important conditions indispensable to success, which are not dwelt upon sufficiently in the petition. We do not profess to speak from any special knowledge of the iron industry, but it seems to us that conditions no less essential than those of the quality and abundance of the ores, and the existence of other facilities for manufacture, is that of a sufficient market accessible within such distance as would make it feasible to transport to it so heavy a product, in competition with other sources of supply. We are strongly inclined to doubt the soundness of the bonusing system under any circumstances, but we feel certain that in this case the public will need to be satisfied that the absence of a sufficient open market is not at least one of the chief causes of the unwillingness of capitalists to invest without such Government aid as would go far to counterbalance any advantage to be derived by the people generally from the establishment of the industry, before they will consent to tax themselves so freely in aid of a private company undertaking it.

SO far as at present appears, the recommendation of the Committee on Works that Charles M. Rust be appointed City Engineer, at a salary of \$3,000 per annum, with power to call in Mr. Jennings as Consulting Engineer, affords a satisfactory solution of the existing problem. Mr. Rust, though comparatively a young man, is undoubtedly possessed in large measure of the qualifications necessary to the efficient discharge of the duties of the office. He is a man of high personal character, of fine engineering ability, and of large experience in the service of the city. He is an enthusiast in his profession, a fact which in itself is, if not a pledge of success, at least a very important factor in producing it. He possesses also, we are informed, in good degree another very valuable qualification for such a position, viz., tact in the management of those under his direction, and the ability to combine kindness with firmness in proper proportions. Some of the most important works which must occupy the attention of the City Engineer for some years to come will be those connected with the improvement and extension of its sewer system, and this is, we understand, the department of engineering to which Mr. Rust has given special attention and in regard to which he is specially well informed. The salary proposed is moderate and would afford a considerable margin for the employment of such assistance as might be thought advisable in the case of any specially great or difficult undertaking, though it is not clear that it would be either necessary or wise to leave it entirely to his option to call in Mr. Jennings whenever he might deem it desirable to do so. It might, perhaps, be as well to retain both the choice of an adviser and the responsibility for consulting him in the hands of the civic authorities. We are the more inclined to hope that the recom-

mendation of the Committee may prevail because the promotion of tried and faithful men, whenever expedient, is the soundest principle in the making of such appointments.

IT is satisfactory to learn that the arrangements for the Ontario exhibit at the World's Fair, to be held next year in Chicago, are progressing hopefully. Mr. N. Awrey, the Commissioner for the Province, issued, a few weeks since, an invitation to producers, stock-breeders, agriculturists, manufacturers, fruit-growers and others, to send in their applications for space in the Ontario section of the great fair. The appeal was so well responded to that at last accounts Mr. Awrey was making arrangements for a large increase of space in Chicago. There can be no doubt that it is from every point of view, and in the highest degree, desirable that the products, resources, and capabilities of the Province, and indeed of every Province in the Dominion, should be set forth conspicuously at the great fair. No such opportunity for advertising our country and its resources throughout the world is likely to occur again for a decade. In order to accomplish this result in the best possible manner so far as Ontario is concerned, Mr. Awrey needs and invites the hearty co-operation of the citizens of the Province at large. The case is one in which the interests of the Province as a whole and the interests of the individual producers of all classes so closely coincide that there is every reason to hope that Mr. Awrey and his coadjutors will not fail in their laudable ambition to make the Ontario exhibit on this occasion far surpass the very creditable display made at the Centennial in 1876.

GREAT credit is due to the Quebec Government for its heroic resolve to resort to direct taxation for the delivery of the Province from the financial straits in which the recklessness and extravagance of successive administrations have placed it. It may indeed be said that their courage is but the courage of necessity, or of despair, but none the less will they deserve well of their fellow citizens, and of their fellow countrymen all over the Dominion—for the interests of the Provinces are so bound up one with each other that the calamity or disgrace of one must bring calamity and disgrace to all—if they succeed by brave, straightforward measures in saving the Province from the threatened crisis. It is not easy to conceive of a much worse financial showing than that of a corporation whose main reliance is upon a fixed income, when the charges over which it has no control have been brought up to a point at which they exceed that income. Hitherto it has been the custom for Quebec to rely upon securing an increase of subsidy for deliverance from her straits. It is indeed pretty certain that matters would never have been allowed to reach the present pass but for the confidence felt by the Provincial rulers that, as a last resort, they would again be able to force such an increase from the exigencies of rival parties. It is no small point gained that the Provincial Government and Legislature now realize clearly that it is hopeless to look again for help from this source. The people of Quebec are no doubt poor, but the probability is that if their repugnance to the system, or rather, as *La Presse* suggests, to the name, of direct taxation, can be so far overcome as to allow of this method being fairly tried, they may find it quite possible to raise even the large sum required to make ends meet, without suffering any such terrible distress in consequence as their imaginations may at first picture. *La Presse* is probably not far wrong in saying that "if political parties had not in the past used the expression 'direct taxation' as a scarecrow for the elections, the people would have long ere now demanded this manner of raising revenue in preference to all others." Owing, however, to the deep-seated prejudice which has been engendered by the means indicated, there can be no doubt that any measure of direct taxation sufficiently severe to meet the requirements of the situation will be received with great aversion, and the administration which is forced to resort to it will have to run the gauntlet of a formidable popular outcry when it next comes before the electorate for a new lease of power.

THE proceedings of the Presbyterian General Assembly of the United States, which has been in session during the last two or three weeks, has revived the public interest in the famous Briggs controversy. Two distinct points seem to be involved in this discussion. There is, first, the question of heresy or orthodoxy. This touches Dr. Briggs' relation to the Church and its theological courts. But notwithstanding all the breadth and warmth

of the controversy which his teachings have evoked, it appears that no distinct charge of heresy has hitherto been formulated against him, in any of the ecclesiastical courts of the denomination. A Committee of the New York Presbytery was appointed to consider his case and report. It reported in effect that there was no cause of action. The report was accepted and the Committee discharged. Some members of the Presbytery, however, were dissatisfied with this result and appealed directly to the Assembly, instead of to the Synod, the next higher court of jurisdiction. After prolonged and most animated discussion, this appeal was sustained by the Assembly and the New York Presbytery instructed to try the case. This decision has the effect, as we understand it, of postponing any direct action by the Assembly on the question of Dr. Briggs' alleged heterodoxy until another session, after the Presbytery shall have had an opportunity to try the case and report. Meanwhile the recent publication of a volume containing some of the principal lectures and papers of the accused, which have given rise to the discussion, will give every one who has sufficient interest in the controversy an opportunity to study his views and arguments in the only fair way, that is, in his own words. A peculiarity in the writings and addresses of the accused professor is that instead of posing as a theological reformer, or claiming to have received some new light on the points under discussion, he generally maintains that his are the accepted doctrines of the Church, or its leading divines, through the ages, while those doctrines and dogmas which his opponents quote against him, and by which they seek to condemn him, have really no historical existence older than the Puritan theology.

A DISTINCT source of the trouble in which Dr. Briggs is involved arises out of the relations of the General Assembly to the Union Theological Seminary, in which he is a professor. This seminary exists, it appears, on an independent foundation, and is not in any sense the property of the Presbyterian Church, or under its control. The right of the Assembly to interfere in the matter of its teachings is derived from an agreement made in 1850 in virtue of which the Seminary, in order to possess itself of the advantages derived from a quasi organic union with the Presbyterian Church, agreed to give the General Assembly a power of veto over the appointment of professors. Pleading its right under this agreement, the Assembly a year ago vetoed the appointment of Professor Briggs to the chair which he now fills in the Seminary. The Seminary has refused to recognize the veto, claiming that the agreement referred only to the appointment of new and additional professors, and did not affect the position of those already on the staff, and that as Dr. Briggs was already a member of the faculty and was merely transferred from one chair to another, the Assembly's veto power does not apply in this case. The directors of the Seminary also memorialize the Assembly, asking to have the agreement of 1850 annulled. The Assembly insists on its veto, refuses to permit the Seminary to withdraw from its compact, and offers to submit the question of the relations of the Seminary to the Assembly to arbitration. Thus the case stands at present. The *Christian Union*, which strongly champions the accused professor, intimates that the Seminary will take no notice of the action of the Assembly, but will retain Dr. Briggs on the staff, and assert its former independence, at the loss of whatever advantages may accrue from connection with the great Church which this Assembly represents. It even intimates that it is doubtful whether, under the trust, the giving to the Assembly or any other outside body a voice in the management of the institution is not illegal. The further progress of this remarkable controversy will be followed with interest by people of all denominations, and with sympathies varying according to their individual views of the freedom which should be accorded to theological students and teachers in their philosophical and biblical researches.

#### UNIVERSITY MATRICULATION IN ONTARIO.

MR. SEATH, Inspector of High Schools, has done well to publish in pamphlet form the important and valuable paper on University Matriculation in Ontario, which he read before the Ontario Educational Association, at its recent meeting in this city. The educational reforms advocated in this paper may be said, with sufficient accuracy for our present purpose, to be two: first, the unif-

education of the University matriculation and the High School Junior Leaving examinations; and secondly—partly in order to this—the raising of the standard of University matriculation. Most thoughtful persons, who have given attention to the questions connected with secondary and higher education, will readily admit that the unification of these two sets of examinations is in every way desirable. In fact, if we mistake not, many supposed that one of the chief objects of the changes which resulted in the establishment of the Junior and Senior Leaving examinations, as we now have them, was that this unification might be made possible, and will be disappointed to learn how far this aim is still from having been reached. We ourselves advocated the establishment of the High School and Collegiate Institute examinations mainly because of the great saving of time and labour, both to the High School masters and to the University professors, which we hoped for as an outcome of the change.

Mr. Seath points out that this unification is under present circumstances unattainable because, first, the standards of the two examinations are different, and second, the subjects are different. Those of our readers who may not have studied the minutiae of these matters may, perhaps, be surprised to learn that the standard set by the Education Department for the Junior Leaving examination, is considerably higher than that set by the University authorities for the matriculation examination, the former requiring from candidates thirty-three and one-third per cent. on each paper, and fifty per cent. of the total; the latter only twenty-five per cent. on each paper and forty per cent. of the total. As the former requirement is not unreasonably high, it is not strange that Mr. Seath advocates a levelling up by the Universities, rather than a levelling down by the Education Department. And surely any educator whose ideas of thoroughness are at all high will agree with us that when a student fails to secure at least one-third of the possible marks in each subject in which he is supposed to be specially prepared, and one-half of the total of marks in all the subjects combined, there must be something seriously wrong either with the student or with the examiner, or with both. At the same time it should not be forgotten that this matter of giving marks in written examinations is very far from having been reduced to an exact science, and that the number of marks gained can never be accepted as an infallible gauge of a candidate's abilities or acquirements. It is, indeed, easily possible that the better prepared student may often take the smaller number of marks, and that it may require a higher degree of proficiency to take thirty-three and one-third per cent. of the maximum number of marks with one examiner, than to take the fifty per cent. with another. We make the remark, not as by any means making any insinuation in regard to the cases under consideration, but simply to guard against the danger of dealing with these percentages as if they were results reached with mathematical precision, instead of figures liable to be largely affected by the incomputable personal elements in every examination.

Without entering upon an analysis of the scheme which Mr. Seath has wrought out with considerable care, to show how the task of assimilating the subjects of the two examinations may be performed, we may simply say that it seems to us that nothing but an utterly indefensible notion in regard to the true nature and ends of University education can make it very difficult to effect such assimilation. Believing as we do, that the chief, if not the only legitimate, reason-for-being of any matriculation examination is the test it applies to determine the ability of the student to do the work of the classes which he proposes to enter; believing also that the Professor's own tests in the lecture-room are after all the best and only reliable gauge of such ability, we can see no valid objection to effecting the unification desired in the most effective manner possible, by simply having the Universities do away with the matriculation examination so far as it relates to High School pupils and accepts the result of the Leaving examination in their stead. An agreement would of course still be necessary in regard to the subjects, and Mr. Seath's scheme would afford a valuable basis for the discussion of this question. In any case the existence of the double system is an anomaly and a waste of energy which our educators should be wise enough to avoid.

Principal Grant, of Queen's University, has made, in the last number of the *Educational Journal*, in which Mr. Seath's paper first appeared, a valuable contribution to the discussion. While approving of many of Mr. Seath's suggestions, Dr. Grant takes a serious exception to his

views on one or two points. He, in particular, objects most strenuously to the proposal to do away with the supplemental examination in September. He, moreover, repudiates Mr. Seath's representation of this supplemental as presenting a lower standard, or affording an easier entrance into the Universities, than the July examination. We have not space to give fully Dr. Grant's reasons for holding to the September supplementals as indispensable in the interests of higher education. The convenience of students coming from a distance and from other countries, also the peculiar circumstances of many in our own land, may be mentioned. As a matter of fact, we have little doubt that an analysis would show that the students who have entered at these supplementals have proved themselves in the end not one whit inferior, on the average, to those entering in July. Still it may be asked why should matriculation be insisted on in such cases? Why not admit the students freely without it, and if they prove equal to the year's work, and successful in passing its examinations, give them full standing at the end of the year? This is, in fact, the course pursued, if we mistake not, in most of our Universities at present, and we are not aware that it is attended with any evil results. With many educators, we should be prepared to go further and affirm that the matriculation examination should in no case be made a barrier to deprive any student of the privileges of the University, provided only that he shows himself able to profit by them. Of course each University will place its distinctive hall-marks upon those only who have stood its tests and satisfied its requirements.

#### TWO SONNETS OF PETRARCH.

QUAL DONNA ATTENDE.

WHAT maid is she that seeks the noble praise  
Of wisdom, strength, and stately courtesy?  
Let her upon that lady pin her gaze  
The world calls mine, my gentle enemy.  
Mark here how love to God and honour grow,  
How purity goes hand in hand with grace,  
Here learn the path to that far Heaven to trace,  
Which seals her for its own while here below.  
The language lovelier far than mortal speech,  
The silence yet more lovely, the pure ways  
Unspeakable, undreamed of human heart,  
These thou mayest learn, but none can teach  
The infinite beauty, dazzling with its rays,  
For this is God's rich gift, nor comes by art.

DUE GRAN NEMICHE.

Beauty and Purity, once deadly foes,  
Were joined in bands of peace and harmony  
And dwelt within her spirit's sanctuary  
Unmolested by storms in undisturbed repose.  
Now Death has cut the ties which bound them close,  
And one in Heaven shines most gloriously,  
And one lies underground: the earth doth lie  
On those fair eyes, whose fire no longer glows.  
The kindly deed, the language sweet and soft  
By noble thoughts inspired, the gentle glance  
Which soothed my spirit, I recall them oft  
These all are gone, and if I still delay  
I linger in the hope that thus perchance  
Her name may shine the brighter for my lay.

LOIS SAUNDERS.

#### THE ARCHIC MAN—I.

MADAME LALAGE was in the Speaker's Gallery when Mr. Taylor asked whether it was the intention of the Government to erect a statue to Sir John Macdonald, and she beckoned to Helpsam who, as he passed my seat, said, "Our fair philosophic friend wants to speak to you."

Up we both went, and after an interchange of small talk, the lady asked if we could not walk round the grounds with her, and show her where the statue would be placed. We walked westward and looked critically at the statue of Cartier, and declared unanimously that the sculptor had made him too tall, and that the pedestal was squalid, and one of the three expressed the hope that the monument to Sir John Macdonald would have an artistic pedestal.

Madame Lalage: "O, yes! of course there should be an artistic pedestal, as expressive as the shield of Achilles. Here we should have the C. P. R.—Sir John's true monument after all; there, the Statesman receiving a deputation; the deputation departing well pleased; coming again after twelve months with a suspicion that they had been humbugged; again received and again sent away happy. There we should have him surrounded by his friends, and they roaring laughing at his stories; and there——"

Here she was interrupted by the appearance of McKnom, his long hair and beard somewhat greyer than in 1890, but his blue eye as bright as ever, and he showed us letters from the Duke of Argyll, Mr. Gladstone, Lord Tennyson, and other eminent persons, all endorsing his scheme for a universal reciprocity treaty, under which the

world would be made millennially happy, the Jews be restored to Palestine, the lion eat straw like the ox, and Baron Rothschild take a quarter section on the right bank of the Jordan and become, as he grew wheat, planted vineyards and cultivated the olive, an Israelite indeed.

"We were talking," I said, "about Sir John's monument. Let us walk round and look at the site."

"Yes," said Madame Lalage, "that is the best place," as we halted at the eastern wing of the main building.

"He was," said McKnom, "a true archic man."

"What," asked Helpsam—"is an archic man?"

"The archic man,"—cried McKnom—"is——"

"Stay," said Madame Lalage—"the young ladies are beckoning to me. I must join them—but will you come and dine with me on Saturday next? Glaucus and his wife will be with us—and Mr. McKnom will tell us all about the archic man."

This was agreed, and having seen the lady to her carriage, Helpsam and I returned to the House, which was stiflingly hot.

On Saturday I found McKnom, Helpsam, Glaucus, Mr. and Mrs. Lalage, Gwendolen and Irene in the drawing-room, and having made my apologies for being a few minutes late, we all went to dinner, Madame Lalage on my arm.

"I am," said McKnom, "extremely partial to oxtail soup," as he laid his spoon in his plate.

"It is," said I, "a peculiarity of my own when I am hungry, which is a recurring weakness I have never been able to shake wholly off."

"But," said Madame Lalage, "what about the archic man?"

"The archic man!" exclaimed Irene. "I never heard of him. What constituency does he represent?"

"He is," said Glaucus, "a myth. The world is ruled by general laws, socially, morally, as well as materially—but the ordinary mind personifies the laws it cannot grasp—and attributes to some person or persons a train of events, the obscure and complex causes of which its faculty of analysis has not the eye to see, nor the hand to seize."

McKnom: "Away," he cried, "with your shallow philosophy. I believe in man because I believe in God—and because I believe in the Supreme Ruler I believe in the archic man. Each individual is a Kosmos, a world, a universe in himself. Even the imagination of Shakespeare cowers before the majesty and complexity of man. There are combined in each one of us the qualities of a large number of animals, together with qualities no other animal possesses. Although human nature is always the same, yet so wonderful is it—greatness, wisdom, nobleness, heroism, meanness, blindness, treachery, pig-wallowing filth, with a mass of other shining and loathsome things all jumbled together—that there exists among men the most extraordinary diversity, morally, intellectually, and even physically. One will rise to a moral grandeur which places him only very little lower than the angels; another sinks so low that a wolf compared with him is respectable. The gulf which divides men intellectually is not to be spanned. And as each animal is specially adapted to do certain things, first to secure its existence, and secondly in many cases to make it useful to the lord of this lower world, we see the law of division of labour manifesting itself in mankind in the clearest and most striking way. One man is fitted by his genius to be a poet, another a mechanic, another an architect, another an artist, another an orator; one is a moralist to teach; another is a humorist to amuse and soften the cares of life. Among those creatures which live in communities we mark a fine instinct of government, of the importance of rule and the virtue of obedience; the bees have a queen to regulate their highly civic state, and if they lose her, they proceed to manufacture one out of the dormant pupæ which are stored away for such a need. In the Queen it is certain there is a quality besides the capacity for maternity—the quality of a ruler. Illustrations might be multiplied. Enough has been said to justify the inference that the wise power to Whom order is clearly so dear would, when providing for human society, took care that some men should be endowed with a special capacity for rule—the power of governing, that which renders them born leaders, as we say; archic men."

Gwendolen: "The archic bee is clearly of our sex."

McKnom: "Pardon. We know that this is so. All history teaches it. The observation covered by a brief arc of life is sufficient to suggest and enforce the truth, nor would it be other than idle to ask the question—is there the archic man in the same way as there is the born poet, artist, mechanic, mathematician, were it not that in recent times a contrary doctrine has been preached."

Glaucus: "The wire puller has strangled your archic man."

McKnom: "Yes; we have been told that the day of the ruler of men is gone; that the great man is extinct; that myrmidons have it all their own way, and some will ask is their kudos any longer in the honours the multitude bestow? What can self-respect care for popular votes, ovations, banquets, articles filled with praise in newspapers? Have we not heard and seen eulogies which read like profoundest irony, and witnessed serious receptions and addresses which would have been amusing if one did not fondly cling to a residuum of reverence for the race? The great man is played out, it is said; he belongs to an extinct species; you will find him in historical museums; the modern world is for the dwarfs who understand the power of organization and the charm of safe bribes; the mountains have been blown up

with the dynamite of pygmies; all is now a dreary plane where a heap of refuse soars a Mont Blanc, and a few nettles wave proudly posing as cedars of Lebanon."

*Glaucus*: "Why, look at the men who have succeeded as politicians, who succeed, and who will succeed. Is it not a jackasses' race in which, as you know, it is the last jackass wins?"

*McKnorn*: "Something to justify such language may be found in states of society in which no great dangers menace and no difficulties, sufficient to rouse the popular indignation, have to be overcome. But let the hour of peril arrive, and the instinct of the many fixes with unerring appreciation on the deliverer. It is remarkable how true was the instinct of the Roman people in choosing their dictators; of the French people in cognizing one who could give the *éclat* and domination dearer to them than liberty; of the English in upholding in hours of storm or eclipse of fortune those who of all men were the best fitted to sway. The people of the revolutionary period in the States saw that Washington, who, if he lived to-day, would probably never emerge from obscurity, was their man. The majority of the people of Ireland apprehended, with a grip it was impossible to make them relax, how fitted Parnell was for the work they wanted done. This was remarkable, for he is the only man who without oratorical power has ever swayed the Irish Celt."

"Poor Parnell!" sighed Gwendolen. "How I hate those women who weaken instead of strengthen men. He is numbered with the tragic roll over whose blanching bones the sirens sing, and with which the howling, frothing waves of popular fury play."

*McKnorn*, unheeding the interruption, went on. "Carlyle spent a long life preaching the gospel of the great man. History is a record of what great men have done and made others do. Supposing, then, there is a ruling faculty, can one analyze it? Can it be cultivated? Men of the most diverse characters seem to have possessed it. The uncouth Cromwell, the all-endowed Byron, Frederick the Great, Pitt, David, Napoleon, Sir John Macdonald, George Brown, Luther, Wesley, Loyola, Cæsar, Hannibal, Alexander, Moses, Joshua, Samson, Chinese Gordon, to take a few names of men which rise at random, and among women, Deborah, Semiramis, Boadicea, the sagacious Elizabeth, the sensuous Catherine, the holy St. Theresa, Joan of Arc. It would seem to be something that goes out from its possessor and is felt rather than apprehended by processes of reason. Now, as for instance in the case of Sir John Macdonald, it is associated with a seductiveness of address which from the beginning is yielded to willingly and the ascendancy steals on and surrounds you, and now with something that at first repels as in the case of Peel or as in that of Napoleon inspires dread, but which, notwithstanding, never fails in the end to impose its yoke. Let us take for illustration the two greatest forces Europe in the first half of this century produced—Byron and Napoleon. Byron was magnetic; his charm was irresistible; he inspired love at once, but he never failed to assert his ascendancy. Witness his power over Shelley (a far greater poet), over Moore, over Rogers, over even Walter Scott and all the distinguished men with whom he was brought in contact, and finally over Greece waking from her degradation, and modern Hellas, gathering strength from his winged words, found hope of courage in native swords and native ranks, and was ready to crown that brow kissed by all the Muses, had not death marked it for her own. In his verse we feel the mighty heart of the leader of men throb against our own as truly as imagination takes fire at the burning touch of the poet. Napoleon on the other hand at first always created fear. His small stature, slight frame and narrow shoulders, as we see him in the portrait of Guérin, had nothing to suggest awe. But even at school his teachers felt the power that was in him. Madame de Staël was a strong-minded woman, but she tells us how she first saw him on his return to France after the treaty of Campo-Formio, and paints with her powerful brush her sentiment of fear. Without power, he was even in danger from the suspicions of the Directory, rather an object of sympathy and favourable prepossessions; the fear, therefore, he inspired was caused by the singular effect of his personality on almost all those who approached him. 'I had seen men,' she tells us, 'very worthy of respect; I had also seen men of ferocity; there was nothing in the effect Bonaparte produced on me which recalled either.' She saw him frequently in Paris, but seeing him day after day was so far from reassuring her that she became more and more afraid of him. All equality, all familiarity, all comradeship fled at his approach. When he was made General-in-Chief of the army of Italy, Admiral Decrès, who had known him well in Paris, learning that he would pass by Toulon, tells us that he offered to present all his friends to him. He hurried, full of *empressement* and joy, to greet his friend and congratulate him; the door of the salon opened; he was about to rush forward to take his hand, when the attitude, the look, the sound of his voice sufficed to arrest him. '*Il n'y avait pourtant en lui rien d'injurieux, mais c'en fut assez; à partir de là, je n'ai jamais tenté de franchir la distance qui m'avait été imposée.*' A few days afterwards the rough, huge hero, General Angereau, said to Massena, but only when they had got out of his presence, that *ce petit b— de Général lui a fait peur.*' He could not understand the ascendancy which made him feel crushed at the first glance. Long afterwards, in 1815, General Vandamme, a man more energetic and brutal even than Angereau, said to Marshal d'Ornano one day they

were mounting the staircase in the Tuileries: 'This devil of a man exercises on me a fascination I do not understand. It amounts to this, that I, who fear neither God nor devil, when I approach him, tremble like an infant. He would make me pass through the eye of a needle to throw myself into the fire.' I conclude, then, there is a ruling faculty born with some men and possessed in different degrees, as the poetic, or the mathematical, or the logical faculty is, and it follows that it may be cultivated, developed, strengthened."

"Pshaw!" said Glaucus, "Napoleon had like to have married a widow who owned an hotel; but for chance which gave scope to his talents for war, he might never have been heard of; would probably have been a Boniface, self-indulgent, and too fond of good wine as he afterwards was at St. Helena."

"Bear with me," cried *McKnorn*, who had during the interruption swallowed a glass of wine, and, with a wave of his right hand which had in it some impatience but more of natural rhetorical impressiveness,—

What *McKnorn* said as to whether the archic faculty can be cultivated or not, must be postponed for the present.

NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN.

#### PERSONAL VS. LOCAL REPRESENTATION.

THE Redistribution Bill, at present before the House of Commons, opens up questions of deep and lasting importance in relation to the essential nature of our representative system—questions all the more urgent, that they must be forced upon us with every decennial redistribution of electoral constituencies. In the light of these larger questions the bearing of the Bill upon the interests of political parties may well be left out of account. Whether the Bill can be fairly described as aiming at a purely artificial division of constituencies in the interests of the party in power, is a question which, however important in the politics of the hour, we shall for the present waive. We are rather led to enquire whether there is no measure by which the necessity of redistribution may be avoided, and such an evil as gerrymandering rendered impossible.

Now, it is obvious that this evil arises entirely from the division of constituencies by locality. From an early period the inherent defects of this system were more or less clearly recognized, and within the present century numerous changes of a profoundly revolutionary character have been brought about for the purpose of removing those defects. All the great Reform Bills of England have been directed towards this object, and it continues to be the aim of political reformers to make the representation in Parliament correspond as nearly as possible to the population which it professes to represent. In Canada this aim found expression in a catchword which was long a war-cry of one of her political parties—Representation by Population, or, in the abbreviated form which became familiar, "Rep. by Pop." This expression forms an admirable symbol of the universal principle which must govern a fair representative system; but as all universal principles must be limited by the conditions of time and place, the old party-symbol became narrowed to a particular demand of the hour, and in the realization of its transitory form its essential spirit seems to have been forgotten. For it is obvious that there can never be a real representation by population, as long as the population represented are divided into constituencies by a simple regard for locality. For such a distribution is beset by inherent defects which no ingenuity or honesty, or even generosity, on the part of those who arrange it can possibly remove. These inevitable defects may indeed be enormously aggravated by an artificial and unfair distribution in which the population is wholly misrepresented by the majority of electors being rendered powerless to obtain a majority of representatives. But, even if the distribution were kept free from every artificial injustice due either to dishonesty or to ignorance, there still remain imperfections which attach to the system by its very nature. For, even under a perfectly fair and natural division of localities, there must always be a large number of electors who remain entirely unrepresented. Every man in any constituency, whose political opinions require him to vote with the minority, is excluded from representation as effectively as if a special Act of Parliament had been passed to deprive him of the franchise for the crime of holding those opinions. There is surely something monstrous in a representative system which, while ostensibly giving a vote to every man with specified qualifications, at the same time neutralizes the votes of thousands of the duly qualified electors by the conditions under which they must be given.

Now, this imperfection must necessarily be a result of every representative system which separates the electorate into local constituencies, and there is no way in which it can be eliminated except by a method of election which will make legislative bodies represent the population without any necessary reference to the localities in which they live. The representation, in other words, must be personal, not local—a representation of persons and not of places. Such a plan, though admitting of considerable variety in its details, is exceedingly simple in its general principle. It collects the votes of the electorate from all parts of the country indiscriminately, and declares every candidate duly elected for whom the requisite number of votes is polled, though these may have been delivered in a

hundred different municipalities. To find the number of votes required for the election of a candidate, the total number of the electorate must be used as a dividend, and the number of the legislative body as a divisor; the quotient will be the requisite number of votes. Thus, to take a very simple hypothetical case, suppose the whole electorate to be 200,000, and the legislative body to be composed of 100 members, then 2000 ( $\frac{200,000}{100}$ ) would be the number of votes required to return any candidate.

Of course those who are interested in political literature know that this is the scheme of Mr. Hare. It is brought forward now, not for the purpose of discussing it on its general merits, but simply as indicating the direction in which our representative system must be reformed, if we would escape from the sickening controversies that seem incident to our decennial problem of redistribution. For the same reason I do not enter upon the general objections which have been urged against the scheme, and most of which banish before an intelligent and earnest study. But it may be worth while to notice one objection which will perhaps be suggested to some minds by that aspect of the scheme which is here urged as its main recommendation for Canadians at the present moment. It may be contended that every locality has interests of its own, which cannot justly be overlooked in the national Government, and that, therefore, it is but fair to give these interests their due representation in every legislative body.

In reply to this objection, it is sufficient to keep in mind that personal representation interferes in no way with the just representation of local interests. Neighbourhood will always form a powerful bond of union among men. As based on an irreversible fact of nature, the danger is that its influence in national politics will run to excess rather than to the opposite extreme. There will thus be a permanent tendency for the inhabitants of one district to act together in political life—a tendency which is sure to be enhanced by the fact that they are constantly acting together in municipal and industrial and other social relations. In fact, the system of personal representation would leave all the natural influences of neighbourhood unchecked by the artificial junctions and divisions of Redistribution Bills. Whenever, therefore, any real local interest was endangered by Governmental action, and required vigorous assertion in the Legislature, it would always be easy for the inhabitants to combine, and to secure at least as effective representation as under the present system.

If either of our political parties, or a new party, formed of the best men in both, were to take up the old battle-cry of Representation by Population, inspiring it with its fullest significance, there would be an outlook into other and nobler reforms, the hopelessness of which is disheartening nearly every patriotic Canadian at the present day.

Montreal, May 28, 1892.

J. CLARK MURRAY.

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#### TWO KNAPSACKS:

A NOVEL OF CANADIAN SUMMER LIFE.

BY J. CAWDOR BELL.

CHAPTER VI.—(Continued).

WILKINSON assumed the responsibility of the boards and the fishermen proceeded to the river bank near the bridge to find the canoe. It was long, and, for a dug-out, fairly wide, but ancient and black, and moist at the bottom, owing to an insufficiently caulked crack. Its paddles had seen much service, and presented but little breadth of blade.

"I should like to place these boards," said Wilkinson, as he surveyed first them and then the dug-out; "I should like to place these boards, one across the bow and the other across the stern, but I really cannot decide which is the bow and which is the stern."

"She's a sort of a fore and after, Wilks, like the slip-ferry steamboats. I think, if you could find a bit of chalk or charcoal, and write bow on one plank and stern on the other, it would make her ship-shape and settle the business."

"I have no sympathy, Corry, with makeshifts and factitious devices. I wish to arrive at the true inwardness of this boat. At what end of a boat is the anchor let down?"

"In the *Susan Thomas* it was pretty near the bow, and I think I've seen yachts riding at anchor that way in Toronto harbour."

"In the time of St. Paul, however, there were four anchors, if I remember aright, cast out of the stern."

"I don't see how the anchor is going to help us. This long Tom Coffin has nothing of the kind."

"You are sadly deficient in observation, Corry, or you would have observed a rope, very much abraded indeed, but still a rope, by which the vessel may be said, even though figuratively, to be anchored to this stake."

"It's you're the clever man, Wilks; education has done wonders for you. Now, I remember that rope is the painter; that's what The Crew called it on the dingy, and of course it was fastened to the bow."

"But to the stern of the larger vessel."

"Yes, but here there is no larger vessel. If you want one, for argument sake, you'll have to imagine the post to be it. The coffin is bow on to the shore."

"Corry, I insist, if I am to trust myself to this craft, that you call it by some other name."

"Were you ever in anything of the kind before, Wilks?"

"Never."

"Nor I." These simple words had in them a depth of meaning.

A young man came on to the bridge and leaned over the rail, looking at the fishermen. He was respectably clad in a farmer's holiday suit, was tall, strongly built, and with good features that bore unmistakable marks of dissipation. "I'll bet you that's Ben Toner," whispered the lawyer, who was examining the new-found bow prior to depositing his boards.

"Goin' fishin'?" asked the new comer, in a not unpleasant voice.

"Yes," replied Coristine; "we're going in this—what do you call it?"

"Dug-out, and mighty poor at that. Fishin's no good here now. River was a paradise for Trontah folks wunst, but it's clean fished out. I seen fellers go to a ho-ul up thayer," said the supposed Ben, pointing in the opposite direction, "and take out a hull barful afore sundown. 'Taint to be did, not now, wuss luck! Wait to I come down, and I'll haylp you off with that kinew."

The speaker descended, untied the frayed painter, and hauled the dug-out to a point where, the bank being higher, embarkation was more easy. He dissuaded the navigators from sitting on the boards placed over the gunwales, as likely to be, what he called, parlous, and recommended that the boards be placed on the floor of the craft to keep the water off their "paants." The fishermen consented, and sat down safely at each end facing one another, with his assistance to hold the dug-out steady, the dominie in the bow and the lawyer in the stern. They thanked their ally; bade him good afternoon, and proceeded to paddle. Ben Toner laughed, and cried to Coristine: "I'll lay two to one on you, Mister, for you've got the curnt to haylp you." The dug-out, in spite of the schoolmaster's fierce paddling, was moving corkscrew-like in the opposite direction, owing largely to the current, but partly to the superior height of the lawyer, which gave his paddle a longer sweep. Still, he found progress slow, till a happy thought struck him.

"Wilks, my boy, it's paddling our own canoe we are, but too much that way. We're a house divided against itself, Wilks. Either you must turn round or I must, and, if I do, then you'll be the stern and I the bow."

"I thought there was something wrong, Corry, but the excitement incident on a new sensation absorbed my attention. Of course, I shall move, as it would be very confusing, not to say ridiculous, to invert the relative positions of the boat."

"Then, Wilks dear, wait till I paddle her near the bank, for fear of accidents."

When the bank was reached, the dominie landed, picked up his board and placed it farther back, then sat down gingerly, with his legs spread out before him, and began paddling on the same side as his companion, which zigzagged the frail craft more than ever, and finally brought it to the shore. Ben Toner, who had been laughing at the city innocents, ran down to a point opposite the dug-out, and told them to paddle on opposite sides, giving directions how to steer with one of the emaciated propellers. After that, the course of the vessel was a source of continual self-commendatory remark by the voyageurs.

After a while, they came to a wooden bridge, built upon piles resting in the stream. "This," said the schoolmaster, "is the *Pons sublicius*, like that which Ancus Martius built over the Tiber. Shall we shoot it, Corry, or shall we call a halt and proceed to fish?"

The dug-out bumped on the piles, and the navigators trembled, but Wilkinson, bravely gathering his legs under him and rising to his knees on the board, threw his arms round a pile, when, in spite of Coristine's efforts, the craft slewed round and the stern got under the bridge ahead of the bow.

"Hold on, Wilks," the lawyer cried; "another bump like that and the old thing'll split in two. Now, then, we'll drop the paddles and slip her along the bridge to the bank. There's a hole under that birch tree there, and some fine young birches that will do for rods back of it. Doesn't the birch make you feel like England, home and duty, Wilks?"

"The quotation, sir, is incorrect, as usual; it is England, home and beauty."

"Well, that's a beauty of a birch, anyway."

They got ashore, and fastened the painter to a sapling on the bank, because it was not long enough to go round a pile. Then they produced their knives, and, proceeding to the place where the young birches grew, cut down two famous rods, to which they attached lines with white and green floats and small hooks with gut attachments. The lobster can was produced, and wriggling worms fixed on the hooks. "A worm at one end and a fool at the other," said the lawyer. "Speak for yourself, sir," replied the dominie. The next thing was to get into the canoe, which was safely effected. Then, the question arose, how was she to be moored in the current? Wilkinson suggested a stake driven into the bottom for the deep-sea mooring, and an attachment to the exposed root of the lovely overhanging birch for that to landward. So Coristine sprang ashore, cut a heavier birch, and trimmed one end to a point. Bringing this on board, he handed it to his com-

panion, and, paddling up stream, brought him opposite the overarching tree. The dominie drove the stake deep into the river mud and pressed it down. The stake was all that could be desired for a deep-sea mooring, and to it the painter was attached.

"What are you going to do about your end of the vessel, Corry?" he asked.

"That's all right," replied the lawyer, who, forthwith, took off coat and waistcoat.

"You are not going to undress, I hope," remarked his friend; "there is a bare possibility that people, even ladies, might be walking this way, sir, and I do not wish to be disgraced."

"Never fear, Wilks, my boy, it's my braces I am after." With this, Coristine took off these articles, and, fastening a button hole over a rusty nail in the stern, tied the other end about a root of the birch. The dug-out was securely fastened, so that the current only rocked it a little, causing the lawyer to sing "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep." Then they sat down on their boards and began fishing.

They had a very pleasant hour hooking shiners and chub, and an occasional perch that looked at a distance like a trout. The dominie, *apropos* of his friend's braces, told Alphonse Karr's story of the *bretellier* in the Jardin des Plantes, and the credulous sceptic who did not believe that a suspender-tree existed. He knew that cotton grew on a shrub, and that caoutchouc exuded from a tree, and admitted the possibility of their natural combination, but thought his deceivers had reference to braces with metal attachments.

"That reminds me," said the lawyer, "of a man from Lunark that came into our office asking where he'd find a mining geologist. He had some grey-looking cork and leather wrapped up in a newspaper, and said he had dug them out of the ground where there was lots more of both of them. I told him he had likely come on the remains of an old picnic, and that the leather was the skin of the ham they had taken out to make sandwiches of; but the impudent creature laughed in my face, as if any child doesn't know that leather is the skin of beasts, and cork, of a tree!"

"Nevertheless, Corry, he was no doubt right, and you were wrong in your scepticism. What are called mountain cork and mountain leather are forms of asbestos. They are of no use, unless it be for the lining of safes. The fibrous asbestos can be made into fire-proof clothes."

"So, old Leather Corks had the laugh on me there! Dad, I'll apologize for sending him to the marines next time he comes in. What a thing it is to have the larnin' like you, Wilks!"

"A mere mineralogical trifle, my dear Corry, nothing more."

"Wilks, do you mind the 'Fisher's Song,' composed by the late Mr. William Basse, that's in the 'Complete Angler'? I don't suppose it would scare the fish much. It goes to the tune of 'The Pope, he leads a happy life,' like this:—

Of recreation there is none  
So free as fishing is alone;  
All other pastimes do no less  
Than mind and body both possess;  
My hand alone my work can do,  
So I can fish and study too.

I care not, I, to fish in seas—  
Fresh rivers best my mind do please,  
Whose sweet calm course I contemplate,  
And seek in life to imitate:  
In civil bounds I fain would keep,  
And for my past offences weep.

And when the timorous trout I wait  
To take, and he devours my bait,  
How poor a thing, sometimes I find,  
Will captivate a greedy mind;  
And when none bite, I praise the wise,  
Whom vain allurements ne'er surprise.

But yet, though while I fish I fast,  
I make good fortune my repast;  
And thereunto my friend invite,  
In whom I more than that delight:  
Who is more welcome to my dish  
Than to my angle was my fish."

"Well done, Corry—a very good song and very well sung,

Jolly companions every one.

Why will these wretched rhymsters couple such words as sung and one? It is like near and tears in the American war-song, 'The Old Camp-Ground.' Some people are like these fish; they have no ear at all. A practical joker, like you, Corry, once corrected a young lady who was singing:—

Golden years ago,  
In a mill beside the sea,  
There dwelt a little maiden,  
Who plighted her troth to me.

He suggested Floss for sea, because of George Eliot's Mill on the Floss, and you would hardly believe it, did I not vouch for its truth, she actually rhymed Floss and me. It was excruciating."

"I can beat that, Wilks. I was out in the country on business, and stopped at our client's house, a farmer he was. The man that led the music in his church, an old Yank, who drawled out his words in singing, like sweetest for sweetest, was teaching the farmer's daughter to play the organ. He offered to sing for my benefit, in an infommal way, one of my national melodies; and he did. It was 'The harp that once through Tara's halls,' and—O Wilks—he sang it to a tune called Ortonville, an awful whining, jog-trot, Methodistical thing with a repeat. My client asked me privately what I thought of it, and I told

him that, if Mr. Sprague had said he was going to sing it in an infernal way, he would have been nearer the truth."

"Your language is strong, my friend. The late Mr. William Basse, as you designate him, would not have condescended to the use of such terms."

"Faith, the language isn't made that's too bad for Ortonville. You've got a big one this time, Wilks, my boy—play him!"

The dominie succeeded in bringing in his fish, a big fellow, between a pound and a-half and two pounds in weight, on which he gazed with delight, as the lawyer unhooked it, and deposited it, with a smart rap on the head, at the bottom of the canoe.

"Is that a trout, Corry?" the Dominie asked with eager pride.

"No; it's not a brook or speckled trout, for it has no speckles, and it's not a relative of the late William Basse, for it isn't deep enough in the body, nor a perch, for it's too big and has no stripes. It's either a salmon trout or a pickerel, Wilks."

"Is there not some fable about the latter fish?"

"Yes; old Isaac says that it's produced from the pickerel weed, the *Pontederia*, that should be coming into flower about now. I haven't seen any yet. There's another, for me this time—ugh, it's only a perch."

The schoolmaster, emboldened by success, declared that he was too cramped, and, gathering his legs together, while he held on to the sides of the dug-out, succeeded in grasping the top of the deep-sea mooring. Then, with the other hand, he raised the board, and transferred it to the gunwale. Sitting upon the improvised seat with his back to the bow, he expressed satisfaction at facing his companion, for one thing, and at being out of the way of the fish in the canoe, for another. Coristine followed suit, and, when his plank was in position, said he felt something like old Woodruff in a small way.

"How is that?" asked the inquisitive dominie.

"He's a director in ever so many institutions, and is always out, sitting on boards. I have only one so far; as Shakespeare says, it's a poor one, but mine own."

"Tut, tut," replied his disgusted friend; "more desecration."

Nevertheless he smiled, as a thought came into his mind, and he remarked that the vessel was rather a small concern to have two boards of direction; to which the lawyer answered that it was no worse off in that respect than the Province of Quebec, or the Church, or the universities, which could not trust one governing body to do their work.

"I have another, a large fish," shouted the schoolmaster, wildly excited and rising to his feet. The fish pulled hard up stream till the whole extent of line and rod combined was out at arm's length. Eager to secure the prey, and thinking nothing of the precarious foundation on which he stood, he placed a foot upon the gunwale in order to reach still farther out.

"Look out, Wilks!" cried Coristine, as he also rose and grasped an overhanging branch of the birch; but it was too late. The dug-out tipped, the boards slid into the water, and with them went the dominie, rod, fish, and all. When the canoe recovered its equilibrium, Wilkinson, minus his wide-awake, which was floating down the stream, was seen apparently climbing the deep-sea mooring post, like a bear on a pole, his clothes dripping where they were out of the water, his hair plastered over his eyes, and his face flushed with anger. The lawyer could not restrain his mirth, although he knew the vengeance it would excite in the dominie's breast.

"O Wilks, Wilks, my poor drowned rat of a friend, ha! ha! ha! O Moses! but it's too comical you are; the nuns couldn't help it, Wilks, no, nor the undertaker's drum-major, nor a hired butler, even. Howld on, just one second more, till I'm fit to steady this devil of a dug-out for you to get in. If I only had a kodak, Wilks, you would be immortal, and the expenses of our trip would be paid. Oh, garrahow, ha! ha!"

The dominie climbed on to the bow of the dug-out, while Coristine balanced it, and made his silent way to the shore end, from which he gained the bank. There he shook himself like a Newfoundland dog, and brushed the wet hair out of his eyes. He muttered a great deal, but said nothing loud enough to be intelligible; his tone, however, was far from reassuring to his companion. The lawyer unmoored the dug-out at both ends, and set forth to recover the missing articles. He found the hat and the two boards on the shore, a short way down the river, and, in the middle of the stream, recaptured the fishing-rod. To his great delight, the fish was still on the hook, and he imparted the joyful news to his shivering friend, but got no single word in reply. It was another salmon trout, or pickerel, or some such fish, and he deposited it gleefully in the bottom of the canoe with the others, which had not escaped in the tip-over. Returning, he handed Wilkinson his hat, and hoped he was none the worse of his ducking. The schoolmaster took the wide-awake, but gave no answer. Then the lawyer invited him to take his place in the boat, when the storm burst.

"Am I a fool, Mr. Coristine, an abject, unthinking, infatuated fool, to entrust my comfort, my safety, my life, to a man without the soul of a man, to a childish, feeble-minded, giggling and guffawing player of senseless, practical jokes, to a creature utterly wanting in heart, selfish and brutal to a degree?"

"Oh, Wilks, my dear boy, this is too bad. I had nothing in the mortal world to do with your tumbling out of the old dug-out, 'pon my honour I hadn't."

"Kindly keep your silence, sir, and do not outrage my sufficiently harrowed feelings by adding worse to bad. I shall go to the inn on *terra firma*, and leave you in charge of what you seem so able to manage in your own clownish, pantomimic way. Be good enough to bring my fish, and do not distinguish yourself by upsetting them into their native element." With these words, and in great apparent scorn, the draggled dominie took his course along the bank and soon disappeared from view. The lawyer followed in the canoe, but more slowly, as the current was against him, and often turned the boat round. By dint of strenuous efforts he gained the bridge, and found the supposed Ben leaning over it.

"I see you've drowned your man," he remarked with a laugh.

"Yes," replied Coristine; "we had a spill."

"Had any luck?"

"Pretty fair," the lawyer answered, exhibiting his treasures.

"Perch, and chub, and shiners, and them good-for-naw-thun tag ends of all creation, suckers."

"Is that what they are?" asked the disappointed fisherman, holding up the spoil of Wilkinson's rod.

"That's jest what they are, flabby, bony, white-livered, or'nary suckers. Niggers and Injuns won't touch 'em, ony in the spring; they'd liefer eat mudcats."

The lawyer tied his dug-out to the stake, while Ben, who informed him that his name was Toner, got a willow twig with a crotch at the thick end, and strung his fish on it through the gills.

"I guess you'd better fire them suckers into the drink," he said, but Coristine interposed to save them from such a fate.

"They are my friend's catch," he said, "and I'll let him do what he likes with them."

Then, attended by Mr. Toner, carrying the string of fish, suckers included, he bent his steps towards the Maple Inn.

When they arrived, they found Madame standing in the doorway. She admired the fish, and complimented Coristine on his success. He, however, disclaimed most of them in favour of his friend, for whose health and whereabouts he enquired with much earnestness.

"Ze pauvre Meestare Veelkeenson retires himselfa in ze chomber to shongje his vet habillement vit datta of Pierre. I 'opes he catcha no cold."

"Better mix him a hot drink, Madame," said Mr. Toner.

"I 'ave fear, Ben, you lofe too much hot dreenks," replied Madame.

"That's jest where you're out, Missus; I take my little tods cold."

"Hot or cold, you take nossing in our salon."

"Naw, not so long as I can get better stuff, real white wheat that ain't seen the water barl."

The lawyer noticed this unguarded saying of Toner's, but this did not hinder his asking if Madame had hot water, and could mix some real Irish punch for his afflicted friend. Madame had no Irish, but she had some good Scotcha veesky, which Coristine said would do, only, instead of Irish punch, the mixture would be Scotch toddy. The toddy procured, he sprang up-stairs, two steps at a time, meeting Monsieur Lajeunesse, descending with an armful of wet clothes. Bursting into the room to which the dominie had been led, he found him on a chair drying himself by detachments. Already his upper man had been rubbed by Pierre, and clothed with a shirt, vest and velveteen coat from his wardrobe. Now he was polishing his nether extremities with a towel, preparatory to adding a pair of gaudy striped trousers to his borrowed gear. Striding up to him with a ferocious air, the lawyer presented the smoking glass, exclaiming: "Drink this down, Wilks, or I'll kill you where you sit."

"What is it?" feebly asked the schoolmaster, feeling the weakness of his kilted position.

"It's toddy, whiskey toddy, Scotch whiskey toddy, the only thing that'll save your life," cried Coristine, with firmness amounting to intimidation. The dominie sipped the glass, stirred it with the spoon, and gradually finished the mixture. Then, laying the tumbler on the table beside his watch and pocketbook, he finished his rubbing-down, and encased his legs in Pierre's Sunday trousers. As he turned up the latter, and pulled on a pair of his own socks, he remarked to his friend that he felt better already, and was much obliged to him for the toddy.

"Don't mention it, my boy, I'm so glad it's done you good."

"I fear, Corry, that I was hasty and unjust to you when I came out of the water."

"Oh well, Wilks darlin', let us say no more about it, or, like the late Mr. William Basse, I'll for my past offences weep. I don't know what it is exactly you're like now. If you had the faytures, you would do for one of the Peoplesh. You and the grinstun man could hunt in couples. With a billy cock-hat on the side of your head, you'd make a sporting gent. Are you feeling pretty well, Wilks, as far as the clothes will let you?"

"Yes; I am all right again, I think."

"Then I must damp the ardour of ingenuous youth,

And dash the cup of joy to earth  
Ere it be running o'er.

Wilks, prepare yourself for a blow."

"Quick, Corry, make no delay—has the colonel fallen from his horse? Has his niece accepted Mr. Rawdon?"

"No; my dear friend, but those big fish, one of which

you risked your precious life after, are—suckers. Ben Toner wanted to fire them into the drink, but I restrained his sucker-oidal hand. You seem to bear the news with resignation."

The lawyer accompanied his resuscitated friend down stairs. The velveteen waistcoat exhibited an ample shirt-front, and had pockets with flaps like the coat. The dominie's own blue and yellow silk handkerchief was tied in a sailor's knot round a rakish collar, that compromised between a turn-down and a stand-up; and his nether garments began with the dark and light blue broad-striped trousers and ended in a large pair of felt slippers, admirable footgear, no doubt, for seasons of extreme cold. Thus attired, Wilkinson occupied the sitting-room, and returned to the study of Alphonse Karr. Mr. Toner had left the string of fish by the door, where it was quite safe. There seemed to be no boys, no dogs, no cats, about the quiet Beaver River. Once in a long while, a solitary figure might be perceived going to or returning from the store. The only possible thief of the fish would have been a stray mink or otter prospecting for a new home, unless, indeed, Madame's fowls had escaped from the poultry yard. Coristine brought the string to his disguised companion, just as the hostess arrived to enquire after his health and renew the French conversation. Having replied politely to her questions, the schoolmaster expressed his regret that the fish were so poor and especially that he had been deceived in the "suceurs." Madame did not comprehend, and said "Plait-il?" whereupon he called his friend near and pointed out the offending fish. "Aw oui, M'syae, ce sont des mulets de l'eau douce, un petit peu trop tawrd dans la saison, autrement un morceau friand." Then she proceeded to say that the smaller fish could be cooked for supper, "comme les éperlans de law law," pointing with her finger eastward, to designate, by the latter words, the Gulf of St. Lawrence. She would boil the mullets, if Monsieur did not object, and give them to the fowls; did Monsieur take an interest in fowls? Generously the dominie handed over all the fish, through Coristine, for Madame to do what she liked with, and expressed an interest in various descriptions of poultry, the names of which he was entirely ignorant of. The interview over, he returned to his book, and the lawyer went to look for his civil acquaintance, Mr. Toner. Him he found on the bridge, and in a somewhat sulky humour, apparently by no means pleased at being sought out. Not wishing to intrude, Coristine made an excuse for his appearance in the bits of board, which he professed to have forgotten to take out of the dug-out. "That sort of lumber don't count for much in these parts," remarked Ben, suspiciously, and his intending companion retired, feeling that, though a limb of the law, he was a miserable sham.

While in the chamber which witnessed the dominie's transformation, the lawyer had perceived that its window commanded the bridge and the adjoining parts of the river. Leaving his friend in the enjoyment of his book, he ascended to the room, and watched like a detective. Soon he saw a waggon roll up to the bridge, and, almost simultaneously, a large punt in which was Ben Toner, come from nowhere. Three bundles of apparent grindstones were laboriously conveyed from the waggon to the punt, after which the waggon went back and the punt went forward, both becoming lost to sight in the foliage of road and river. Once more the bell of the Maple Inn sounded loudly, to inform the general public that the hour of six had arrived, and to summon guests to the early supper. Descending to the sitting-room, the amateur detective found his friend there, and escorted him, with much unnecessary formality, to the tea table. The fish were there, betrayed, even afar off, by their not unpleasant odour, and there also was an attractive looking ham, flanked by plates of hot cakes and other evidences of culinary skill on Madame's part. She poured out a good cup of tea for the table quartette, while Pierre aided in distributing the solids. The conversation turned on fish, and, as before, the dominie spoke French to the hostess, while M. Lajeunesse made the lawyer acquainted with some piscatorial exploits of Mr. Bulky. Mr. Bulky had once been upset from the canoe, but, unlike Mr. Wilkinson, he could not swim. The case might have been a very serious one, destructive to the reputation of L'Erable ("zatta ees maybole in ze Fraynsh langwitch," the host explained) and of city visits to the Beaver River.

"How was he saved?" enquired the lawyer.

"He was save by potting 'is foot to ze bottom," replied the host.

"I've heard of a man putting a stone on his head and walking through a river under water, but haven't believed it yet," continued Coristine.

"He had not necessity of a stone; 'is head was op; ze rivare was not so 'igh zan ze jouldares of Meestare Bulky," answered Pierre quite seriously.

"Then he saved himself?"

"No, sare, 'is foot save 'im; Meestare Bulky 'ave a veray 'eavy foot. Eef 'is foot hadda been also leetle as ze foot of M'syae, Meestare Bulky would 'ave drown."

Madame's sharp ears overheard this conversation while carrying on that with Wilkinson, and broke in upon her erring spouse:—

"Teh twa, Pierre! o'n'est paw trop poli d'se moquer des pieds d'un bon pawtron."

"Mez, Angélique, mwa, me moquer, mwa? et de M'syae Bulky? Aw, ma bonne Angélique, fi donc!" and M. Lajeunesse withdrew from the table, overwhelmed with the mere suspicion of such foul treachery and base ingratitude.

Batiste had put out three wooden arm chairs, and a rocker for Madame, on the verandah, whither the party of the tea table retired. Coristine asked her permission to smoke, when it appeared that Pierre had been waiting for a sign that either of his guests indulged in the weed. As he also filled his pipe, he remarked to his fellow smoker that "Meestare Bulky vare good shentleman, and rest 'ere longatimes, bot ze perfume of ze 'bonne pipe,' same of ze cigawr makea 'im seek."

"Does that interfere with your liberty to smoke?" Wilkinson asked.

"Aw, preciselly; zen most I go to ze stebble and tekka ze younga gueses zat smoke not in chombres *bouchees*, vat you call zat?"

"Literally, it means corked," replied the dominie; "but I presume you mean, with door and window closed, as it were, hermetically sealed."

"Preciselly; ve 'ave ze vord in ze Fraynsh langwitch, *éremitique*, zat ees as a religious oo leeves all alone, vis person zere bot 'imselluf. I tekka ze gueses zat lofe not ze eremitique life to ze stebble, vare ve smale ze stingy tawbawc of Bawtiste. M'syae parle Francea, meh pentehetre ne conneh le tawbawc puant, en Anglah *stingy*, de Bawtiste. C'n'est paws awgréable, M'syae. Aw, non, paw de tout, je vous asshere!"

"That is very considerate of you," remarked the schoolmaster, approvingly. "I wish all users of the narcotic were as mindful of the comfort and health of their neighbours. Regard for the feelings of others is perhaps the chief distinguishing mark of a gentleman."

"Meestare Bulky ees a shentleman, bot he 'ave no sharitay for smokinga men," replied Pierre, ruefully.

"That's where the shoe pinches, not your feet, Wilks," said the lawyer, with a laugh. "You could touch bottom, like Mr. Bulky, with these gunboats, but on all your privileged classes. Why should Bulky bulk so large in any place of entertainment as to send everybody else to a stable? Catch me smoking with that old garlic-perfumed Batiste! How about the garlic, and peppermint, and musk, and sauer-kraut, and all the other smells. Any smells about Mr. Bulky, Pierre?"

"Aw yehs; 'ees feeshing goat smale, aw, oet smale an' smale of som stoff he call ass-afeetiter, ze feesh liike ze smale, bot I am not a feesh."

"See that now, Wilks. This selfish pig of a Bulky, as Monsieur says, has no charity. He drives clean, wholesome smoke out of the hotel, and stinks the place up with as nasty a chemical mixture as disgusting science ever invented. He reminds me of a Toronto professor of anatomy who wouldn't allow the poor squeamish medicals to smoke in the dissecting room, because, he said, one bad smell was better than two. If I had my way with Bulky I'd smoke him blue in the face, if for nothing but to drown his abominable assafoetida, the pig!"

"Aw, non, M'syae," interrupted Pierre, to protect the idol of the Maple Inn; "Meestare Bulky ees not a peeg, but assafoetiter is vorse zan a peeg-stye. N'est ce paw, Angélique?"

"I 'ave no vord to say of M'syae Bulky," replied Madame, taking up her mending and entering the house. She was at once recalled to the verandah by a juvenile voice that called "Mrs. Latchness!" The speaker soon appeared in the person of a small boy, about twelve years old, who, hatless, coatless, and shoeless, ran up from the river bank. "Vat you vant vis me, Tommee?" asked Madame. "I come from Widder Toner's—Ben's dyin', she says, and can't move a stir. She wants to know if they's anybody here as knows anything about doctorin', and, she says, hurry awful quick!" cried the breathless youngster.

"I 'ear you spick of medical, M'syae Coristine; do you know it? Can you 'elp ze pauvre widow?" asked Madam.

"It's mighty little I know, Madame, but I'll go. Wait till I get my flask," said the lawyer, going after his knapsack in the sitting room. Returning, he handed it to the hostess with the request that she would fill it with the best, and add any remedy she had in the house. Soon she came out of the railed-off bar with a filled flask and a bottle of St. Jacob's Oil. Pocketing them both, the lawyer said, "Come on, Tommy," and, with his guide, set out for Widow Toner's.

(To be continued.)

#### GLIMPSES ALONG THE C. P. R.

ONE of the finest collections of views of mountain scenery, comprised in one of the neatest and most recent of railway publications, has just been published by the Canadian Pacific Railway Company. The portfolio called "Glimpses Along the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway" contains twelve views in the latest style of heliotype printing, showing a few of the magnificent scenes along the line of this famous railroad. The publication is really a work of art, and would make a desirable adjunct to a drawing-room; indeed, it may be said that no Canadian home will be complete without it. Owing to the exceptional superiority of this collection and the consequent rush for copies, the price has been placed at the very moderate figure of \$1.50 for the entire set. Samples may be seen at 1 King Street East. "Summer Tours," the well-known annual, which has proved so valuable and popular in past seasons, is now ready, and may be had free upon application at the same office.

A SABBATH CALM.

A PEACE surpassing utterance fills each place ;  
 No glad bird flutes a joyous morning song ;  
 The warm sun streams its steady light and strong,  
 No cloud destroys the glory of its face.  
 The winds have gone to rest. There is no trace  
 Of toil or anger, or the maddening throng.  
 The cruel mills, that with harsh throats prolong  
 The workmen's knell, have ceased a little space.

A godlike joy swells through all earthly things,  
 A joy whose source is Universal Love,  
 That wells in every heart, in every flower ;  
 To fevered brains and wearied limbs it brings  
 A restful calm, that lifts the soul above  
 Earth's cares, and fills it with new power.

Stratford, Ont.

T. G. MARQUIS.

LITERATURE AND MUSIC.

And books, we know,  
 Are a substantial world, both pure and good ;  
 Round these, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,  
 Our pastime and our happiness will grow.

—Wordsworth: Personal Talk.

THE age in which we live has been described as one that seeks to amuse itself. Whether this be true—whether we can no longer be accused of “taking our pleasure sadly”—or not, it is evident that Pleasure holds to-day a higher place in the estimation of the thoughtful than she occupied fifty years ago. Her votaries then were the avowedly frivolous ; now, the gravest are ready to admit that a life from which she is entirely excluded fails of complete development—is stunted on one side of its growth. It may be that no one accords to her the entire devotion she once could claim ; but, on the other hand, many who formerly regarded her as merely the fit companion of folly, now treat her with respect, and even own themselves her debtors.

We often hear it said that life has become so complex as to make living a harder matter to us than it was to our grandfathers ; that the strings of the bow of our endeavour have often to be stretched to a tension so painful that, if they are not to snap and become altogether useless, they must be frequently relaxed—relaxed by Pleasure's aid.

There are those who, failing to avoid “the dangerous falsehood of extremes,” accord to Pleasure a higher place still—and do not hesitate to assign to her the work of regenerating society ; and both Mr. Walter Besant and Mr. Bellamy have written very pleasing descriptions of an imaginary millennium, brought about mainly by her influence.

But, without exalting her to this pinnacle, we may admit that some part of every life should be devoted to her. Of course in this matter of choosing the form our relaxation is to take, as in everything, a wise economy is needed. Since Pleasure can pitch for us only the wayside tents into which we turn for brief shelter from the noon-day heat, and is not concerned in the building of that palace which is our journey's goal—since in her wells we find indeed the wine that cheers, but not the pure water essential to life—since she can only, as it were, embroider and make fair the robes that shelter us from the storms of life, but cannot give to us the robes themselves—let us exercise discretion in our choice. We cannot spare—the majority of us—much time for these excursions into her domains. Work—life itself—claims too much from us. We should, then, each one, choose from among her treasures that which is most suited to our own individual needs.

And, to speak practically, is this what we are doing? Doing for ourselves—doing for our children? Is the system under which they are being educated such as shall not only fit them to do their work in the world, not only develop their faculties, but also give them a right judgment in all things—even in this matter of choosing wisely and well their pleasures. Until this question can be answered, and answered confidently, in the affirmative, our educational system can hardly be called a complete success.

What are the great sources of pleasure to the majority of us? Avoiding both extremes—not taking into account either the noble joy which is the reward of those rare souls who are content “to scorn delights and live laborious days,” or the sensual pleasures of the base—we may reply : sculpture, painting, music, literature. These are not the only ones, but they are the springs of more lasting and assured delights than any others.

The next question that presents itself is, are these four of equal merit? Or can any one of them claim to have more power of pleasing than the rest? Probably no one will deny that the number of those who can be gratified by looking at a statue is exceeded by the sum total of those who can derive extreme pleasure from gazing at a picture. Or that music and literature delight a much larger proportion still. It yet remains to be decided which of the two latter shall have the preference.

There can be no question that, for many years past, Music has held the first place in our educational system—that is to say, in that part of the educational system which affects women. To descend to quite practical details, it is a fact that in most private schools girls devote every day a period of from one to three hours to music. When singing is studied, or the knowledge of a second instrument is added to the list of musical accomplishments, this period is

extended to four or even, occasionally, to five hours a day. During the week, then, in the majority of private schools the majority of the pupils give up from six to twenty-four hours to the study of music ; while the time given to literature rarely, if ever, exceeds two or three hours.

Is it true that Music can do so much more than literature to brighten and cheer our lives, that she deserves this prominent place in our schools? And do we receive so little pleasure from Literature that we act justly in thus relegating her to the background? Let us examine the relative merits of these two claimants for our time and labour—let us see what each can do for us, and then place the results side by side that we may compare them :—

Consider, first, the pleasure conferred upon us by music. She has one advantage over literature. She can charm us in two ways—actively and passively. We can be delighted by hearing music by merely listening, and we can be pleased also by performing. We learn that a great artiste—a Patti or a Paderewski—is coming. We have many pleasant anticipations of the musical feast in store. We go to the concert. We are entranced. We experience pleasure that is, in degree and in quality, superior to the pleasure any author has given us on any of those preceding evenings when we sat at home and read ; and we say quite justly that we owe some of the happiest moments of our life to music. But these stars visit us rarely, and we must compare the delight they afford us, not to the pleasure one evening with Shakespeare or Milton, with Dante or Virgil, with Byron or Thackeray, with Scott or Dickens, can give, but to the enjoyment derived from many such evenings.

Again, all the pleasure of that eventful night to which we looked forward so longingly, and at which we gaze backward so lovingly, was not given by music—the change from the ordinary routine of life—the drive to the concert-room itself—the consciousness of wearing a becoming dress—even the lower gratification of being seen among the audience, and the satisfaction of one's curiosity concerning those who formed it—all these are contributions to the sum of that evening's pleasure which did not result from the love of music—with which music, in fact, had nothing whatever to do. That amount of gratification which we should have received if the songstress or the pianist had come to us in the privacy of our rooms, and then played and sung—no other in the world knowing that she or he came—that only, ought justly to be weighed in the scales against the enjoyment given by not one, but many, evenings spent in the society of “the chosen, the mighty, of every place and time.”

With regard to the active side of musical enjoyment—that derived from playing and singing—from whatever these can give should be subtracted all that is not really due to music—all thirst for praise—all delight in applause—all gratification in excelling. When this is done, music will be found to have a smaller share in the pleasure than is usually attributed to her.

And for the pleasure that the performance of an ordinary talented and skilled amateur can give is that so great, after all, as to be really worth the years of labour that it costs? In a social evening, a song, indeed, is listened to with interest, and applauded with warmth ; but the number of those who really prefer good instrumental music to the gossip which precedes is very small.

Contrast, then, these results—not, indeed, with those that Literature has achieved, but with what she could accomplish if she had the chance—and, in estimating all that she has power to do, let the lowest type of pleasure she can give—in the ordinary sensational novel—be subtracted from the total, as all the adventitious aids to enjoyment that music had claimed as belonging to herself were put aside. Let the kind and quality of delight afforded by the appreciative study of the works of the great master-minds by the contemplation of Shakespeare's thrilling scenes, and the companionship of his noblest characters ; by the accompanying of Dante on his awful pilgrimage ; by the winging, with Milton, of his heavenward flight ; by the learning to look at Nature with Ruskin's eyes—to love it with Wordsworth's soul ; by the looking at man with Browning's vision ; by living, loving, suffering, rejoicing with the deathless creatures of the great fiction-writers. Let this be measured with what music has done for us, and shall we find it to be so very inferior, in kind or in degree?

Literature does, indeed, require an apprenticeship, but a far less arduous one than music exacts. Comparatively little training is required to enable us to draw from books a deep, a real, an unceasing delight—to find in them a perennial spring of joy. And the longer we serve her the more gracious are her smiles—the more unspeakably precious the gifts she bestows, until she leads us—if we will—onward and upward to the sunlit mountain heights whereon “divine philosophy” spreads for us

A perpetual feast of nectared sweets  
 Where no crude surfeit reigns.

Again, to reap the benefits that music confers, so many externals are required—a cumbrous instrument, a special place, an appointed time. Literature can put her choicest offerings in a compass so small that we can have some of them always with us. Moreover, her treasures can be stored in the mind until it expands into a vast hall, peopled with lofty and beautiful forms—the hours of solitude and sickness can be lightened and strengthened and cheered with images drawn by the handmaid Memory from this store. One effort of the will, and all past ages live again for us.

“We are a part of all that we have seen,” and read, far more than we are a part of all that we have heard. What we have read—and learnt—becomes absolutely a part of us, is incorporated into our very being—ours—long after the singer's sweet strains or the organ's grand chords are things of the past—things of the past, whose haunting, subtle, shadowy memories alone remain. Sweet, indeed, they are—lovely would we be to lose them—still they are but shadows—while whatever we have appropriated from Literature's vast store-house of gifts—little or much, good in positive or superlative degree, according to the measure of our capacities of choosing wisely, and assimilating well—are ours forever, in actual reality—ours more, and not less, as the years roll on—and

The lengthening shadow that the sun doth cast,  
 Emblems our span of life—so nearly past.

LEE WYNDHAM.

A MAY SYMPHONY.

OF all the months of the changeful year, May has the most distinctive character of its own. October, which is the next most individualized month, frequently takes on the seeming of September or of November, but a day in May can scarcely be mistaken for a day in any other month, unless it be just on the borderland when April shades into May, or May into June. But May seems full of inarticulate voices of opening buds and swift-growing plants, besides the more articulate music of the busy, joyous birds—all blending into an exquisite symphony which no musician has yet rendered, as he that hath ears to hear can catch it for himself. The soft flutter of the tender foliage of early-leaving shrubs, the gentle waving of the faint russet touches of light made by the bursting buds amid the sombre, grey tones of the woodland, the rustling of slender grasses and sprouting ferns—all seem to make the most exquisite piano accompaniment, too delicate for any earthly instrument save the reed of Pan, against which rises and falls a blended melody of carol and chirp and twitter, into which break, at intervals, the liquid *alto* of the robin, pathetic in its sweet monotony ; the clear and definite *allegretto* “phrase” of the song-sparrow, delivered with a cheerful assurance ; the tender love-notes of the Baltimore oriole ; the emphatic interludes of the catbird, varying between his bewitching *potpourri* of bird-melodies, and the sharp asperity of his feline protest ; and the gruff bass of the crow, whose sententious harshness seems to accentuate the sweetness of the rest of the woodland choir. The little wren occasionally interposes one of her graceful little *chansons*, and the humming-bird strikes in now and then, as if he were tuning up a tiny violincello, while a woodpecker drums out a quick march somewhere in the background. Then, as the closing shades of eventide gradually hush most of the notes of this varied *concerto*, the shrill tremolo of the frogs, and the plaintive refrain of the whip-poor-will, seem to round in the symphony and prolong it far into the dewy night of May.

May is, indeed, a generous minister to all the senses at once. Her witchery is so complex that no poet or painter or musician could hope to disentangle or reproduce it. At most, each can but supply some hint or suggestion, from which the imagination can evolve for itself some portion of the beauty of bursting and abounding life that eludes, in its multiformity and complexity, every attempt to chain it within the bounds of art. Then, everything seems not only so exuberantly fresh, but also so exquisitely perfect at this wonderful season. The poorest specimen of what we call a “weed” assumes such wonderful delicacy of texture, such exquisite contour of form and tenderness of colouring, that it seems like a brutal vandalism, ruthlessly to uproot such lovely things. The commonest thicket of “underbrush” is a marvel of exquisite beauty—a centre of wandering fragrances that fill all the delicious air. The woodland ways are all carpeted with the delicate blue violet,—fair and sweet, though inferior to her English sister in intensity of hue and ineffable sweetness of odour. Here and there a late, shy hepatica lingers in a shady nook, while the stately trillium—our Canadian “Queen o' the May”—nods her graceful head above her rich clustered green leaves, and the scarlet and gold of the airy Columbine touches the old grey rocks with a fairy grace unmatched in all the woodland band beside, and well beloved of the droning bee, which finds in it so rich a supply of honey that we recognize the fitness to *fact* of the botanically incorrect name of honeysuckle, which the children insist in giving it. But it seems as if the bee might suck honey from everything, great and small, so sweet does the world seem at this delicious season!

It is little wonder that the poets have always loved “May month,” with all her uncertain ways, her changeful caprices, her rains and mists and chills that intervene betwixt sweet and sunny days, too heavenly to last. For she is full of the charm of contrast and movements and life ; full of the nameless delights of hope and promise, and that perpetual vital change that alone makes beauty immortal. She is the perpetually renewed youth of nature, in which the sympathetic observer can feel his own youth return for a season, and his own life assume the sweetness of the life around him. It is the season, of all others, for the full enjoyment of nature in the fields and woods ; and they who cannot enjoy them at this season, lose a pleasure that no words can fully describe.

But even to the dweller in the city, May still brings her message of delight. Even there the trees bud and blossom, and the garden borders fill the air with exquisite



frangrances that cannot be matched by all the mature beauty of the summer; and, where even garden flowers are not, the common dandelion can reveal marvels of beauty, sufficient to set a dreamer "babbling of green fields"—dreaming of "quiet pastures and still waters;"—a touch and a hint of the "beauty that excelleth." For, after all, the beauty is rather in the eye that sees than in the things that are seen, and it is a ray from the unseen and invisible beauty that, so to speak, consecrates for us the seen and visible. Even where, amid a wilderness of brick and mortar, the dandelion, common as it is, cannot live and reveal its perfection of contour and colour to an artist eye,—even in such a desolation, there is for the truly loving heart a beauty and a symphony that do not exist for the outward eye. Keble has caught and sung it, in words whose sweetness seems never to grow old, because the truth they express is immortal, and has been verified in the experience of many of earth's noblest souls; and with these we may pleasantly, and not inaptly, close our "May symphony:"

For Love's a flower that will not die  
For lack of leafy screen,  
And Christian hope can cheer the eye  
That ne'er saw vernal green;  
There are, in this loud, stemming tide  
Of human care and crime,  
With whom the melodies abide  
Of th' everlasting chime;  
Plying their daily task with busier feet  
Because their secret hearts a holy strain repea-

FIDELIS.

## PARIS LETTER.

IN throwing over the principle of Divine Right, and accepting *de facto* governments, no matter by what names they are baptized, the Pope has, by a leap and a bound, become the foremost of modernists, and the most omnipotent of moral rulers. His new, and essence of common sense, departure has so amazed the fossilized monarchists, that some of the political dowageresses of the Faubourg St. Germain roundly accuse the Pope of heterodoxy, while the more pious of that sisterhood are said to be meekly praying for his conversion. When Charles V. held the Pope a prisoner in the castle of St. Angelo, he ordered, not the less, masses to be celebrated for his liberation. For nearly four centuries the monarchists simply viewed the Pope as their major-domo, and the Church itself as their servant.

In return, they believed themselves to be true Christians, because they went to church on Sundays, and invited the parish priest now and then to dinner; that they were the knight defenders of true religion, because they exploited that religion for their political ends. Save a passing decrease in the revenue of Peter's Pence, the Pope has nothing to fear from what religio-devotees call his "treason"—the separation of the altar from the throne. In proclaiming that all established government, sanctioned by universal suffrage, has the right Divine attribute also, the republicans are too disconcerted. In fact the Pope, like the best of his predecessors, has placed the tiara far above the crowns of monarchs; he uses that symbol of moral power on the masses, on the people—in a word, on democracy. That is the rock on which to modernize the Church. Leo XIII. has a spice of Hildebrand inflexibility in his character; he resolved to be obeyed and to uphold discipline, and hierarchy as well as laity submit. With a Pope who ranks religion above the fluctuating tides of politics, France cannot denounce the Concordat, especially when the head of Catholicism so pointedly and fearlessly grips the republican hand of the eldest daughter of the Church. Will the Vatican, after putting its hand to the plough, look back; will the Czar object to his the "Marseillaise"?

The mania is for cycling. Only a Ravachol explosion could cut out, in palpitating interest, the anxiety felt over a contest between wheelers from Bordeaux to Paris, a distance of 360 miles, and wheeled in 25½ hours, being one hour less than the English champion, Mills, took last year to roll over the same distance. Waterloo is now considered as avenged. Mills, however, was not present this time, nor were the roads in the same condition. Stéphane, the winner, was welcomed by a crowd of 10,000 persons—quite a Derby Day multitude. Before organizing the ladies' race, why not engage the championship belt in a big wheeling open to the world, from John O' Groat's house to Land's End?

What a sad ending for the Russian Finance Minister, Vychnegradski, and a warning to civil servants not to overwork themselves. When this Minister entered on duty five years ago, he found the clerks did not come to their office till two or three o'clock in the day. He insisted on their attendance at nine, and to remain till five, he himself showing the example; he worked sixteen hours a day—the labour movement is still unknown in Russia. He broke down under the strain. A few weeks ago he made his usual weekly visit to the Czar; *en route*, he complained to his secretary that the clerks had copied his lines twice over. The secretary privately communicated to the Chamberlain that the Minister had lost his mind; the Czar was made acquainted with the calamity, and when Vychnegradski was ushered into his presence he begged the Minister to postpone business till to-morrow, to take a holiday, and, rising from his chair, begged him to come and dejeuner. Instead, Vychnegradski remained standing, addressing himself to the chair the Czar had quitted, and in English. The Emperor's physician declared the Minister's intellect irretrievably lost.

M. de Marcoartu, an Italian publicist, invited by some French economists to state his views respecting the Suez Canal in case of a war in the Mediterranean, asserted that all commerce would seek its way to the East by the Cape and the Americas, and that no dividends could be expected in Canal shares.

The correspondent of a journal writes from Shanghai that the exports from the Celestial Empire will be twenty per cent. higher this year to Europe, that representing the increased purchasable power of a franc, so scarce is hard money. He adds that on the breaking up of the ice the cost of freight from Shanghai to Tien-Tsin is greater than that from London to Shanghai. The same writer deplures that only the subsidized mail packet represents the French shipping interest in China; that at Shanghai an old mansion, and a nuisance, though belonging to the French Consulate, has been sought to be demolished as an eyesore, by petitions from the French residents to the home Government. The request, repeated during several years, has received no attention, while a few English merchants, complaining of the indifference and neglect of their Minister at Peking, have obtained his recall.

The only cure for intense obesity is the removal of the diseased fat by a surgical operation—the latter is now mere child's play. General Sausier, the Commander-in-Chief of the French Army, was, till two years ago, so elephantine that it would require a powerful derrick to lift him on and off his charger. He was *degraisé*, and, though sixty-three, is as active as a fellow under thirty, and if not as diaphanous as Sarah Bernhardt, is certainly as thin as General de Galliflet. After the surgeon makes the abdominal incision, several napkins are introduced to keep the internal organs in position while the fat, or tumour, is being removed. On three occasions after the operation had been successfully terminated, it was discovered that a napkin, a sponge, and on one occasion a pincette, had been forgotten inside the patient; some months later a fresh opening had to be made to remove the foreign body. One surgeon now has all the napkins he uses in a visceral operation numbered, and before sewing the incision, controls the professional linen.

I have just been visiting the demolition of the Bastille. The latter was the lath and plaster model erected on the Champ de Mars for the 1889 exhibition, and that formed a town within a town, where the social, trade, and business life and customs of 1789 were accurately revived. Masons and carpenters were storming the structure with pickaxes, hammers, saws and hatchets. The famous Salle de Fêtes had been doing duty as a potato magazine; the tower had been utilized by a laundress to dry clothes; some of the shops had taken fire, and the wooden *débris* was employed to heat the meals of the demolishers. The roofs of the houses, on which the escaping Latude was captured twelve times a day, had fallen in. Descending the spider-web staircase to the cell occupied by Latude and the man with the mask—not of iron, but a padlocked velvet disguise—the wax figures were in an advanced state of decomposition, and the rats, no longer pets, were playing hide-and-go-seek over the remains; though unmasked, it was impossible to identify the "Man with the Iron Mask," whether the son of Cardinal Mazarin and Anne of Austria, of the Duke of Buckingham, or the twin brother of Louis XIV., or Count Matthioli. The enigma remains as great a mystery as Junius.

The curious desire to know what is the signification of some of the Paris papers, the *Figaro*, to wit, displaying a St. Andrew's Cross on the margin of the title page. The *Figaro* has never passed as the organ of the religious world.

Respecting the crude songs sung by Mme. Judic at the recent Hôtel de Ville ball, before the official and diplomatic worlds, M. Carnot listened to them in the Pickwickian, not the Presidential sense. The Marquis Dufferin does not remember them, as he was thinking all the time about the Egyptian question.

The upholstery, old clo', and bedding, sold in the public auction mart and the Temple market, are never disinfected. It is only by pawning such articles, following Dr. Martin, that gratuitous disinfecting can be secured.

Z.

## THE RAMBLER.

ONE of those curious and delightful events we mark as coincidences and remember as pleasures recently happened to me. Some time last autumn was discovered in the garden an immense larva, *vulg.* slug, feeding on the leaves—I imagine—of the Virginia creeper. Its size, its beauty, its potential value, all united to make us disinclined to leave it alone, so it was watched very carefully for several days, vigilance being at length rewarded by discovering the creature safely asleep one day in its filmy temporary resting-place or web. At this point it was brought into the house and laid away in a half-opened drawer to await the mysterious change natural to it. During the first two or three months its privacy was frequently disturbed; after that it was gradually forgotten, until about a month ago when the paper tray was investigated and it was found that the change had taken place and that we were too late. The beautiful creature had been born again and now was dead; I suppose we had not given it enough air and the drawer had been closed and all opportunity cut off of trying the shining wings and gaining liberty and life. Its size was very great, its markings characteristic and brilliant and the *antennæ* the most

curious I ever saw. Nothing could be done; the moth was dead, beyond doubt, and all we could do was to take care of it and be more wary another time. About an hour ago an old copy of *Scribner* came into my hands and the first article I saw was entitled "A New Moth" with an illustration which recalled my unfortunate butterfly in the drawer. In 1881 Baron L. von Reizenstein, of New Orleans, discovered a large moth of the sub-genus *Smerinthus*, which he named further after George W. Cable; in full, *Smerinthus Cablei*. The Baron's description of larva and moth so directly tallies with the appearance of the slug I reared that if not *Smerinthus Cablei*, it must be some kind of a *Smerinthus*. The points of resemblance are these: five inches in breadth (a very large moth, it will be seen), general colouration, as white, black and crimson in the moth; pale green with coral red dots and golden stripes in the larva, and time of appearance. Points of difference seem to depend upon the illustration, which is a poor one since it does not carry out the description of the author. Perhaps some scientific reader will inform me as to the name of my moth; if it be a discovery as Baron Reizenstein's was, we will furnish a Canadian author's name for it, and immortalize ourselves.

Mr. Goschen's last Budget speech, delivered either late in March or early in April of the present year, revealed some singular points to which I do not recollect having seen any reference in our Canadian papers. Indeed, it is matter for regret that we have no good system of clipping among us, so that those who can not have access to libraries or even read such eclectic journals as *Public Opinion* or *Literary Digest*, are cut off from all share in the best periodical work of the day, such as that met with in the columns of the *Saturday Review* and the *Spectator*. Mr. Goschen, then, showed us—what will be interesting and surprising to all—that the total earnings of the great professions, of which the separate members are not very rich, are larger than the total earnings of the great industries of which the separate members are usually persons of much wealth and influence. Medical men, for example, are set over against the cotton lords. Lawyers are contrasted with coalowners, and invariably to the advantage of the former. The curing and preventing of disease, the protecting of life and property, the instructing and amusing of mankind, are all directly affecting the distribution of wealth every hour of the day, and such industries yield more annually in the direction of earnings and salaries than the great primitive industries, as they may be called, of agriculture and mining and weaving and spinning. On the whole, this is a very cheering reflection. The vast and growing army of writers and actors and teachers and lawyers, not to mention doctors, will be grateful for the information that they are no clog on the wheel of progress, but rather the reverse. If we cannot point to similar conclusions in our Dominion, it is not the fault of some, but the misfortune of the many. At all events, it is to be hoped that these disquisitions on political economics will not result in a large irruption of rustic youth from farm and paddock and meadow into the towns of either England or America. In such statistics mention is made only of the fortunate. What of the other side of the picture? Granting the main question, that the doctors and lawyers of the United Kingdom earn more in a year than the millers and the coal owners, how about the unsuccessful medical men, the shiftless, failing lawyers? There may be a larger totality of wealth in the professions, but there are also many poor men. A miner who does not become a millionaire, or even realize comfortably out of his mine, will not suffer as much as the disappointed medico, or the unnoticed lawyer. Like many assertions, it cuts two ways.

A recent scientific writer—that is to say, an individual with the most uncompromising and uncomfortable notions about "Dust and Fresh Air"—tells us that three things are required of a good window. One of these is that the outside of the window may be cleaned by a servant standing inside the room, so that the risk and expense (!) of cleaning from without are avoided. Having explained that this is easily possible by the innovation of hinged windows, the scientist remarks that two windows of his bedroom "treated" five years ago have never needed to be cleaned, and a pane, removed at the end of four years for inspection, was "absolutely clean." The mode of "treatment" seems to consist of a double pane, and flange faced with cotton velvet, the latter serving as "filter" for the air. All very plausible and doubtless practicable and true, but the scientist must be a terrible person to keep house for—of course he is unmarried. Would you not prefer, on the whole, your ordinary square-paned window, cleaned twice a week by a nice neat-handel Phyllis, who balances herself on the sill while exchanging the time of day with the Italian banana-seller, one Vincenzo Cas-trucci, late of Leghorn, Italy? I know I would.

WE never willingly offend where we sincerely love.—*Rowland Hill*.

REPROACH is usually honest, which is more than can be said of praise.—*Balzac*.

HIGHEST AWARD.—At the Universal Cookery and Food Exhibition held in London and opened by the Lord Mayor May 3rd, 1892, Messrs. W. G. Dunn & Co., of Croydon, London, and Hamilton, Canada, obtained the highest award for Baking Powder.

LOVE'S AWAKENING.

To my cold heart the infant Love God came,  
And in a moment all my burning cares  
Flashed into stars of Hope, so unawares  
He lit my heart with his consuming flame.  
My cheeks began to blush in violent shame  
As I rehearsed the vows which true Love swears ;  
All magnified, I suffered Love's despairs,  
Whilst hopes delicious thrilled through all my frame.

Love, grant me, if it be in thy control,  
Blessed with thy presence all my days to pass,  
No matter then what cares shall Fate amass  
For my soul's stumbling, onward I will grope  
Though dark the way, flushed with the abiding hope  
That Love is surely man's predestined goal.  
Brandon, Man. A. MELBOURNE THOMPSON.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. FRITH'S PROPOSED STATUE OF THE QUEEN.

To the Editor of THE WEEK :

SIR,—Your issue of 3rd inst. had an article professing to be a critical review of the present Annual Exhibition of the Ontario Society of Artists, and there was reference to a work of my own, to which I would ask you to allow me to reply.

Your contributor, whoever he may be, says: Mr. Frith exhibits an equestrian statue of the Queen, which he suggests as suitable for the front of the new Parliament Buildings in the Park. It would be unfair to criticize the anatomy of the figure under these circumstances. Under what circumstances, it may be asked? Is it because of its being a suggestion for an equestrian statue in the Queen's Park, or because the work itself is a sketch model? The writer's meaning is obscure; but, assuming that the forbearance is towards the sketch model, I would, as its author, say to him, "Thanks, awfully"; but pray go on with your criticism, if only you will do it over your own name. Fair and reliable criticism is always acceptable, and may be valuable, whereas anonymous and irresponsible criticisms are seldom worth consideration, and frequently are arrogant assumption and ignorance, and, in this case, worse than trash.

It is curious that it has been deemed unfair by your contributor to "criticize anatomy" under the circumstances, etc., but quite fair to imply by innuendo and insinuation vastly more than his most laboured criticism could effect.

My equestrian figure of Her Majesty is at present incomplete and a sketch model, for while the horse is much elaborated and (for reasons of strength and stability, lightness for transport, etc.) modelled in an almost impracticable material, the figure of the Queen is not yet perfected, and will require for this the posing on horseback of an equestrienne, arrayed in the long flowing habit which was in vogue at the time indicated in my work. It may be possible for one to find such a habit; to have one made for the special purpose of this study is as yet unnecessary, for the general conception, I think, is clearly indicated by the model as it at present exists, and the close details of the folds of the flowing skirt, etc., can hereafter be carried out.

Your professor of anatomy might, in addition to the treatise suggested above, like to demonstrate his acquirements in this scientific line of art. He, I take it, is a practitioner with pencil and brush; my own endeavours are in the line of sculpture, an art even nobler than painting, I think it is generally regarded. Its range is indeed less wide, for the three functions of sculpture limit it to the treatment of lofty, dignified and elevating subjects, which it aims forever, humanly speaking, to perpetuate. The art is more severe, its practice, in some respects, more exacting. Now, I would venture to meet him on his own ground of art, and some afternoon that may suit you in the sanctum of THE WEEK, let an umpire be appointed, and with a time limit, say twenty minutes, let each of us make a sketch on a sheet, for instance 18x24 inches square, of a rough composition of a horse and rider. The subject set may be unconventional and unusual—say an equestrienne, or a circus rider standing or seated on a barebacked horse, or a nude Indian throwing a lasso, or a nude athlete restraining a rearing horse. Neither of us "under these circumstances" would be likely to produce a masterpiece, but at least it should be demonstrated which had the inferior conception of anatomy. There would be fun in such a contest, and some local charity might be benefited by the loser paying over to it a ten dollar note.

Toronto, June 7, 1892.

GILBERT R. FRITH.

ART NOTES.

WE hope to present our readers with a notice of the water colours at the Ontario Society of Artists exhibit in our next issue.

APROPOS of our criticism of the sculpture in the present Exhibition of the Ontario Society of Artists, we regret that through press of matter and scarcity of space our notice of Mr. Frith's sketch model for an equestrian statue of Queen Victoria was cut so short as to do but scant jus-

tice to that gentleman's very laudable endeavour to promote loyal and patriotic sentiment in our province. His very clever and intelligent model of the horse, as well as the pose of the figure—which is that of a true horsewoman—is worthy of all commendation. Our remarks as to the anatomy of the figure were not unkindly meant, but implied that in a mere sketch model we should hardly look for perfection of detail, and we are sure an artist of Mr. Frith's ability could not expect us to regard his evidently somewhat hurried figure of Her Majesty as more than an indication of what the completed work would be, were the statue executed in bronze as a national memorial for future generations of loyal Canadians to look upon, as the presentment of one who has proved herself the greatest queen and empress, of the greatest empire, this world has ever seen.

ONE of our welcome exchanges, *Arcadia*, the new journal of music, art and literature, published in Montreal, appears much exercised by some rather plaintive remarks which appeared in the issue of 13th May in reference to the treatment accorded to Toronto artists by the Hanging Committee of the Spring Exhibition lately held in Montreal. We hasten to assure our new contemporary that what was then said was not intended unkindly, or inspired by any motive other than a strong desire to preserve and increase the friendly feeling so long standing, and apparently growing, between the art circles of the East and West. We ventured to call the attention of the Council of the Art Association to what was rather keenly felt as a grievance by those upon whom art associations generally rely for the material with which to build up a creditable and attractive exhibition of national or local works. Though compelled to state some facts to which we greatly regretted to allude, in order to make ourselves understood, yet no accusation of intentional unfairness was implied. It certainly is hardly to be expected, that a local committee of non-professional gentlemen should look with sternly judicial eyes on the mass of works presented to them, and we have no right to be surprised if they look with more favour upon the efforts of those within their own circle and ken than upon such as may come from a distance. This, however, seemed to us to be a case requiring a very careful study on their part, as the expense and inconvenience of sending works so far bear rather heavily upon artists who may happen to reside at a distance. We would here ask permission to repeat the protestation of our faith in the good will of the Montreal Art Association as a body, as well as our appreciation of the generous conduct of several of its members, in their support, and encouragement of their annual Spring Exhibition of Canadian work.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

THE ACADEMY.

THE Academy of Music contained a large and well-dressed audience on Friday evening last, decked out in spring *toilettes* of fascinating cuts and colours, all to greet the St. Alphonsus Club amateurs in their very creditable representation of "Esmeralda," a comedy-drama that proved a drawing card at the Madison Square Theatre during two seasons past. The cast of characters was a good one, excepting perhaps that of *Dave*, which was somewhat overdrawn in the more heart-touching scenes. This, however, is always a most difficult character element to pour-tray; otherwise Mr. Barron made a manly lover, winning at last the bonnie prize, *Esmeralda*. Miss Ward in the title rôle must be credited with a genuine display of womanly indignation upon discovering the unswerving faithfulness of her old lover, and quite rose to the occasion when she casts from her the bejewelled presents of the *Marquis*, whom her mother wishes her to marry in Paris. Mr. J. O'Donoghue played the dual rôles of *Jack*, brother to the *Misses Desmond*, and also that of the *Marquis de Montessin*, excelling in the latter, his broken English being well assumed. In the quarrel scene just mentioned Miss Ward's flashing eyes and gestures of indignant positiveness were strikingly realistic, and when reunited to her lover, her softened glances and natural embracing of the true object of her heart's desires won the sympathy of all. Miss Cummings as *Liddy Ann Rogers*, *Esmeralda's* scheming mother, was always amusing and true to her calling; even at the last, when *Dave* turned out to be rich, she failed to give in as beaten out of her ideal son-in-law, the *Marquis*. Mr. A. Cottam as *Geo. Drew*, a speculator, who, having discovered rich ore on the Rogers' North Carolina farm, induced *Mrs. Rogers* to sell out at what appeared to her a large sum, but in reality but a moiety of its worth, played his part well. *Old Man Rogers*, was capably carried out by Mr. J. McKittrick, whose make-up and Southern dialect were worthy of the professional stage; his evident ill-at-ease deportment while trying to do the fashionable in Paris was grotesquely funny, and when, later, he shakes off the life-time thralldom of Mrs. Rogers, his acting awoke the genuine enthusiasm of the audience. *Kate and Nora Desmond*, two sister artists, were respectively well portrayed by the Misses O'Donoghue and Pringle; *Nora* forms the acquaintance of a *non-chalant* New York beau, *Mr. Estabrook*, who sets out by poking fun at her paintings, but eventually is entangled by the fascinations of *Nora* into a genuine courtship; being requested by her to put her left glove on her hand, at which she remarks: "Oh, there is a ring in the fourth finger," this finished *Estabrook's* chances of freedom (though some engaged persons might argue that the ring

should go on the *third* finger). Mr. W. C. McCarthy carried out the quondam, blazè, man-about-town and eventually the ardent lover, to the admiration of all, looking handsome and acting easily. The play was under the management of Messrs. S. H. Clark and H. Rich, who deserve every credit for the successful issue "Esmeralda" was brought to, both as to stage settings, freedom from hitches, and the generally distinct enunciation of the lines. The following comprise the officers of the club: President, A. Cottam; Vice, W. Callaghan; Secretary, J. B. Murphy; Treas., S. Dee; Fin. Sec., T. W. Slattery; Lib., D. McLaughlin; Asst., J. O'Brian; Sergt.-at-Arms, James Mann.

THE PAVILION.

MR. HURST'S benefit concert, in spite of the efforts of Jupiter Pluvius to the contrary, attracted a large crowd to the Pavilion on Thursday evening last, to give the veteran a suitable send-off to his native land, where it may be hoped peace and plenty may greet the remaining years of his hitherto useful life. The long list of assisting artists was published in a previous edition, suffice it here to say that their several efforts were greeted with becoming applause. Mr. Hurst, in the course of the evening, made an affecting farewell speech, in which he thanked both those on the platform and in the audience for their friendly efforts, so successfully crowned that evening.

MUTUAL RINK.

THE annual musical gathering of the Public School children was held in the Mutual Rink on Friday evening last, when about 1,800 boys and girls assembled on a specially built platform in the presence of the new Lieut.-Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick and suite and an audience that filled every available space in the capacious building, chiefly composed of proud parents and admiring friends of these young Canadian futurities. All strove and well succeeded in doing justice to their instructor, Mr. Cringan, their enthusiasm being refreshing in the extreme. The band of the Royal Grenadiers opened the proceedings with the "March of the Israelites" (Eli), the choir then singing two verses of "God Save the Queen," trustees Brown and Kent meanwhile escorting the Lieut.-Governor's party to their seats. Chairman W. D. McPherson, of the Public School Board, who presided, remarked upon the programme being a fair specimen of the music taught in the schools, and he trusted that, although there had only been time for one rehearsal, the results to-day would silence those unmusical people, who even objected to short moments devoted to instruction in music in our schools. The following programme was rendered: Part I.—March, "March of the Israelites" (from Eli) Costa, Royal Grenadiers band; Chorus, "The Village Chorister," Moscheles; Piano, "Concert March," DeKontski, Mrs. Annie Waldron; Part song, "Sweet and Low," Barnby; Patriotic song, "Hail to the Land," Cringan; Three part song, "Rest for the Weary," Gounod, choir of boys' voices; Song, "The Children's Home," Cowen; Valse, "Katie Connor," Williams; Chorus, "Footsteps on the Stairs," Holder; "The Meeting of the Waters," Irish air. Part II.—Echo chorus, "They Say There is an Echo Here," Bradbury; Exhibition of Sight Singing (from Manual signs); Violin solo, "Polonaise in G," Viextemps (Mr. Percy W. Mitchell); Part song, "Forget Him Not," Abt; Chorus, "Huntsman's Chorus," Weber; Four part song, "The Fairies Banquet," Hatton; Piano caprice, "Polka de la Reine," Raff; Vocal march, "What a Charm has the Drum," Anon; Patriotic song, "The Maple Leaf," Muir; Instrumental, ethiopian, carnival; laurendean (Royal Grenadiers band); Chorus, "Merriely Speed the Millwheel," Barritt; "God Save the Queen." Among many of the pleasing features was that of St. James' Cathedral choir-boys, who were taught music in the Public Schools, and who sang a pretty chorus. But the patriotic choruses "Hail to the Land," in which the children waved Union Jacks vigorously, and "The Maple Leaf," the applause after which was deafening, the children waving small branches of the maple-tree, the sight being very effective, were the best numbers on the programme. Lieut.-Governor Kirkpatrick here made a short complimentary speech, for which he was cheered to the echo, by young Canada. Conductor Cringan and the Board of Trustees must be heartily congratulated upon the successful outcome of their untiring efforts.

MR. EDWARD LLOYD.

THE announcement that Mr. Edward Lloyd, the greatest living English-speaking tenor, would appear in several selections of sacred music, served to attract a large and highly delighted audience to the Metropolitan Church on Monday evening, June 6. The programme was made up of choruses from Gounod's "Mors et Vita," "Redemption," and Haydn's "The Heavens are Telling," all well sung, excepting a bad start made in the opening of "From Thy Love as a Father," Mr. Torrington ably pulling his forces together after a few bars had been sung. The amateur vocalists were Mr. Curren, Mrs. Parker, Miss Mortimer and Mr. Chattoe; the former failed through apparent nervousness to reach the pitch, frequently; the others sang carefully throughout. Mr. Lloyd was heard to great advantage, for despite the drawback to resonance in the carpeting and heavy upholstering of the pews, his voice reverberated through the vast sacred edifice, this to an appreciable degree in "Sound an Alarm," the frequent attacking of the upper A with *voce di petto* seemed to gain ring and carrying power each time it was essayed; in this number also Mr. Lloyd showed great distinctions of

enunciation in his singing of the various *gruppetti* that abound in this great Handelian excerpt. "The Holy City," as sung by Mr. Lloyd, must have been a revelation to those of his hearers unprejudiced by their own previous interpretation of this charming composition. Both in this and in the air from "Rebekah" Mr. Lloyd's phrasing and execution of the appoggiaturas, repeated-notes and shading, were superb to a degree of unsurpassed excellence; in the latter number just for the space of a very few seconds, a slight roughness pervaded his *mezza-voces* tones, owing no doubt to the close humidity of the atmosphere, but Mr. Lloyd's grand method here stood him in good need, enabling him to clear his voice almost immediately. "Cujus Animam" from Rossini's "Stabat Mater," afforded Mr. Lloyd an opportunity of showing his great range of voice, the high C being taken with ease and firmness, astonishing many who know that the singer has past his prime in years vocal. The enthusiasm of an apparently straight-laced audience was awakened time and again, no less than four recalls being the award of the "Judas Maccabæus" number, a selection with which Mr. Lloyd has often filled the great Crystal Palace auditorium, delighting his 25,000 Handel Festival audience there, he being engaged for that triennial event this month, once more. Mr. Fairclough and Mr. Burden played several organ solos, Mr. Torrington playing the accompaniments and acting as conductor.

#### DETROIT PHILHARMONIC CLUB.

THREE chamber music *soirées* were given on Thursday and Friday evenings and Friday matinee, in the Normal School theatre, by the string quartette, calling themselves by the above title, assisted by students from the College of Music. The club, consisting of Mr. Yuncks, 1st violin; Schultz, 2nd violin; Voightlander, viola; and Hoffman, violincello, first played a quartette for piano and strings, by Jadassohn, in exquisite style, the piano-forte part being carefully supplied by Miss Sullivan; also by the same composer another work for the same instruments, Miss Cowley presiding efficiently at the piano; then followed the first part of Hummel's Quintette for similar instruments, Miss McKinnon proving herself to possess a crisp, finished touch at the piano. In the Quartette by Schumann, the club proved their sterling qualities and the artistic result of constant *ensemble* playing, their rendering of this classical gem being delightful in technique and execution alike. Miss Maud Snarr, the possessor of a light soprano voice, and Mrs. Parker, who is well and favourably known in musical circles, sang "Leila's Song," by Suppe, and "Come bello," Bellini, to the acceptance of the audience. Mr. Hoffman's violincello solos, by Molique and Popper, served to display a smooth sonorous tone and ease of execution.

At the concerts on Friday afternoon and evening the Club repeated their successful efforts of the previous evening. The programmes, including the "Adagio" from Jadassohn's quartette for piano and strings, Mr. Burden presiding at the piano, quite effectively; a "Trio," by Goldmark, with Miss McLaughlin at the piano; a "Quartette," by Dvorak, Miss Dease at the piano; "Trio," with Miss Kane at the piano, and a "Quartette" by Schumann, Miss Sullivan again evincing good technical ability; indeed the playing of the various students bore testimony to the pains-taking instruction received at the hands of Mr. Torrington and the professors in the college. Mrs. Klein, Miss Forbes, Miss Roseburgh and Miss Burns gave several vocal selections in a creditable style. The Club, in Beethoven's "Quartette," in G major, won the encomiums of all for their work. It is to be hoped this quartette of artists will visit Toronto again ere long.

#### OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

**A POOR GIRL.** By W. Heimburg. Translated by Elise L. Lathrop. With photogravure illustrations. New York: Worthington Company. Paper, 75 cts.

This number of the "International Library" is a story of German life, in which the incidents are entirely social and domestic. The obligations and some of the absurdities of "caste" as it exists in German Society are illustrated; and the continental notion of marriage, according to which the *dot*, not the mutual attraction of the parties, should be the chief consideration, is the *motif* of the whole story. The "poor girl" is merely a well-born maiden without a dowry to enable her to marry the man of her choice; but novelists know how to manage those things, and love wins in the end.

**A LOYAL LOVER.** By E. Lovett Cameron. New York: John Taylor and Company.

We have here a genuine, old-fashioned romance, containing all the elements for which our grandmothers looked, when they read stories—a beautiful heroine, with whom every man in the book, save one wicked uncle, falls madly in love—and a handsome hero, shrouded in mystery, who turns out to be the inevitable scion of a noble house. We have come to demand less in the way of incident than satisfied our grandmothers, therefore modern writers usually give us tamer fare than is offered for our delectation in this book. It is long, indeed, since we have read anything so exciting as the account given here of the way in which a too ardent lover carries off his mistress, against her will, in a cab. We must confess that at times we wished it were possible to shake a little common sense into the hero and the heroine, but, as the story wore on,

we were relieved to find that these two, after the proper number of adventures, separations, and misunderstandings, "married, and lived happy ever after." "A Loyal Lover" will satisfy those readers who like their fiction "neat," undiluted by anything so uninteresting as probability.

**TATTERS.** By Beulah. Boston: Lee and Shepard.

The heroine of "Tatters," a marvellous creature, as her history will show, is introduced to the reader at the age of twelve, steeped in poverty of the most deplorable kind. But her career is, nevertheless, one of unexampled prosperity. Clothed in rags, unaccustomed to the use of a comb, with a painful habit of dropping her "h's," when we first knew her, we yet meet her, a year later, the friend of an Earl's daughter, visiting the "palatial residence" of the Earl himself. In one short year (part of which was spent on a sick bed) she has learned to read Greek and to speak in fluent and polished English. Yet a little later, she acknowledges that she can speak French and German. After this, we can hardly be astonished that, before she has completed her fourteenth year, she is a popular authoress and, after twenty-two weeks' training, a *prima donna* to boot. The hero of this tale is no less phenomenal as regards natural gifts, nor unparalleled in good fortune. No words can convey any adequate idea of the language in which these absurdities are narrated—it must be read to be believed. The plot is complicated, the characters unnatural, while each episode seems to rival its predecessor in extravagance and improbability.

*Book Chat* for June has critical notices of Buchanan's "Come Live with Me and Be My Love"; Julian Gordon's "Marionettes"; and Aides' "Voyage of Discovery"; readings from Crawford's "Three Fates"; Conan Doyle's "White Company"; Max O'Rell's "English Pharisees and French Crocodiles," and Bret Harte's "First Family of Tsajara," and the usual supply of other excellent literary matter.

"THROUGH COLORADA" is a bright, descriptive article by "The Editor" in the June number of the *Methodist Magazine*. There are many other interesting contributions to this number, such as "Attica and Argolis," by Rev. Geo. J. Bond; "The Story of the Dominion," by J. J. Maclaren, Q.C.; "Dr. Samuel G. Howe," by Rev. A. C. Courtice; "Dorothea Lynde Dix," by Mrs. Mary S. Robinson, not to mention numerous other articles of merit.

"KILANEA" is the title of the attractive illustrated article on the Hawaiian Islands, which opens the *Overland Monthly* for June. In it Miss May L. Cheney gives a good idea of the character of the islands and their inhabitants. Another Hawaiian sketch is on "The Treasure Cave on Oahu," by M. H. Closson. An article which gives a full description of California athletics, and which is well illustrated, is that by Philip L. Weaver, jr., on "Track Athletics in California." Other articles, stories, etc., complete the number.

THAT fine old English magazine, *Temple Bar*, by a strange freak of publication, has in its June number given us a medley of mixed articles. The serial, "God's Fool," ends with a page of the sketch on "Boswells Johnson." Then the serial, "Aunt Anne," and Francis Prevost's Russian contribution, "A Concord of the Steppes," embrace each other in the most perplexing way. However, the number rights itself at the short story, "The Fulfilment of a Failure," and thence it is quite plain and pleasant sailing to the last page.

THE prominent article in the *Arena* for June, entitled "The Democracy of Darkness, or Ishmaelites of Civilization," is from the pen of the able editor, and contains most startling information relative to the condition of civilization in the United States. Other timely papers appear, consisting of: "The Ether and its Newly-Discovered Properties"; "The Rights of Children"; "The Lake Dwellers of Switzerland"; "Three English Poets"; "The Bed-Rock of True Democracy"; "A Flaw in the Public School System"; "Life Insurance, Its Rise and Marvellous Growth"; "Automatic Writing"; "The True Basis of Currency"; "Confessions"; "Why She Did It"; "A Spoil of Office" (concluded), book reviews, etc.

MRS. GREGORY-FLESHER has a very attractive paper on "Art in Japanese Swords," in the *Californian Illustrated Magazine* for June; the illustrations are very good. Mr. C. M. Waage writes on the famous sculptor, Thorwaldsen. Charles Frederick Holder has an angling article on "The Great Black Sea Bass." A timely paper on "Lake Tahoe," is by Mrs. Anna C. Murphy. Mr. C. R. Ames contributes to the series on the "Glaciers of America" an article on the "Malaspina Glacier." Mr. J. C. Cantwell treats of the Seal Question in a well-illustrated article. Other articles, poems, etc., make up a good number.

MR. CHARLES F. LUMMIS continues his instructive papers on the great Southwest in *St. Nicholas* for June, by a notice of "The First American Traveller"—the Spanish adventurer who traversed that region on foot in the earliest days. It is a vivid sketch, written with Mr. Lummis' usual force and directness. William Abbott has a good contribution on "The Lonely Lighthouse." Ernest Ingersoll's "The Vireo's Nest" is a bright little picture of country life. "A Visit from Helen Keller," the clever blind deafmute, is described by Adeline K. Perry. Malcolm Douglas has "A Tale of Piracy," which is irresistible. Tudor

Jenks has "A Story of Old Spain." "Dick's Dive" is a shark adventure, by Howard Bunch. Other excellent matter completes the number.

THE *Bulletin De La Société D'Ethnographie de Paris* Mars, 1892, contains some interesting reading. M. Franck contributes an ably-written paper, in which he compares Confucius and Lao-tse; the result of the comparison is uncompromising: "Confucius, malgré le prosaïsme de ses enseignements, est presque un aigle quand on le compare à Lao-tse. Il est pourtant indispensable," he adds, "que nous connaissions Lao-tse, autant qu'on peut le connaître." *Propos* of this last injunction, we are sorry to state that Chinese philosophy, in Toronto at least, is at a premium. "L'Eglise Anglicane par Frélic Lawton" is an interesting though a rather one-sided paper. The *Bulletin in toto* is well worth reading.

"THE University Extension Lecturer" is the title of a pamphlet by Edmund J. James, Ph.D., and a clear and competent monograph on the best mode of treatment of this timely and important subject. As Dr. James is President of the Society in the United States whose aim is the extension of university teaching, it follows that his opinion and advice are of more than ordinary value to all who are interested in the question. The pamphlet is from the press of J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. The same publishers also offer a reprint of the address, by Mr. M. E. Sadler, of Oxford University, delivered before the National Conference in Philadelphia in December, '91. Mr. Sadler's address is suggestive and scholarly; he says in it: "Our aim, however, in university extension is not intellectual communism, but the greater equalization of intellectual opportunity."

*Wide Awake* for June is a capital number. Elbridge S. Brooks' picturesque account of the parade of the boys and girls of old Rome on "Children's Day," in the time of Augustus the Emperor, is very good. Mrs. Margaret J. Preston has a stirring ballad of the boy Bayard—afterwards the famous chevalier—that every boy and girl will like: "The Golden Spurs." Kate Upson Clark, the editor of the magazine *Romance*, commences a charming serial story for boys and girls, "That Mary Ann." S. G. W. Benjamin has a story of the sea and the light ship. Kirk Munroe, editor of *Harper's Young People*, begins a stirring serial story of adventure and treasure-hunting on the Florida reefs, and he calls it "The Coral Ship." Prof. Charles E. Fay tells the readers "Why the White Mountains are called White."

IN the *North American Review* for June "The Harrison Administration" is discussed with appreciation by Senator Dawes, of Massachusetts, and Senator Dolph, of Oregon, and with reprobation by Senator Colquitt, of Georgia. Karl Blind has an article on "Modern Revolutions and Their Results." Mr. Murat Halstead offers a solution of the silver question in his paper, "A Silver Senator Reviewed." Sir J. William Dawson writes ably in "Prehistoric Times in Egypt and Palestine" on ancient history in the light of modern research. "The New York Clearing House" is described by its manager, Mr. William A. Camp. The Hon. Dorman B. Eaton shows "The Perils of Re-electing Presidents." In "The Future of Westminster Abbey" Archdeacon Farrar proves that the great Abbey is already too small. Ouida writes on "The Penalties of a Well-Known Name." Edward Bellamy of the "Progress of Nationalism in the United States."

THE series on "The Poor in Great Cities" is continued in *Scribner's Magazine* for June. The article on "Life in New York Tenement Houses, as Seen by a City Missionary," is by the Rev. William T. Elsing, who has had large experience of the life he depicts. "The Drury Lane Boys' Club," London, is by Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, who may be said to have re-appeared on the magazine stage. The Rev. David Swing, D.D., contributes "A Memory of the Chicago Fire," and a very vivid memory it is. Thomas Curtis Clarke's article on the solution of the problem of "Rapid Transit in Great Cities," is of especial importance. Charles Moreau Harger writes an article on "The Cattle Trails of the Prairies," which is illustrated by A. Castaigne. A. F. Jacca's description of "An Ascent to Mount Aetna" is illustrated with his own drawings. Professor N. S. Shaler writes on "Sea-Beaches." "The Wrecker" is drawing to a thrilling close. The poems of A. Lampman, Graham R. Tomson and John W. Chadwick are excellent.

A STRANGE, weird frontispiece is that styled "In the Garden," provided by Howard Pyle for the June *Cosmopolitan*. Perhaps the most striking article of the number is that by St. George Mivart (one of a series) on "Evolution and Christianity." The writer discusses the general theory, and states that "The doctrine of evolution has come to be an acceptable and accepted doctrine to the general bulk of the men of science of either hemisphere." He proposes to deal with the problem of how "Evolution" has taken place in the next article. This promises to be a valuable series. The unsolved question of navigating the air is considered in a thoughtful paper by Hiram S. Maxim, the inventor of the Maxim gun. Mr. Maxim approaches the subject with the skill and experience of a scientific mechanic, and the reader will find him a competent and instructive authority on this important subject. The new editor, Mr. Howells, has greatly improved this magazine, and the contents of this number, varied in subject matter and able in treatment, make it one of the most promising magazines of the day.

"BEATA BEATRIX," by Dante Gabriel Rossetti, is represented in the frontispiece of the June number of the *New England Magazine*. Moorfield Story has an intelligent and sensible article on the vexed question, "The Government of Cities." The most interesting article of the number is that on "General Armstrong and the Hampton Institute." It well describes the great work which is being done by this important industrial institute and its noble founder in educating and civilizing the Indian and Negro youth of the United States. Another very interesting article is that by Edward G. Porter on "The Ship Columbia and the Discovery of the Oregon," dealing with the hazards and experiences of the pioneers in discovery of that State, and illustrated from old drawings and engravings. A great moral movement is that known as "The Christian Endeavour Movement"; the Rev. Francis E. Clark, President of the United Society, and others adequately explain its objects and development. "Broken Measures" is a fine moral lyric from the pen of Sarah K. Bolton.

THE twenty-seventh volume of the *Magazine of American History* closes with the June number. In it Edward F. de Lancey writes an article, entitled "King George's Personal Policy in England, Which Forced His Subjects in America, Against Their Wishes, into a Successful Revolution." It is a historical study of its subject. The illustrated article which opens the number, "Historical Reminiscences of our New Parks," is by Frodham Morris. "America Must be Called Columbia" is an honest and sensible suggestion, by Edward A. Oldham. "An Hour with Daniel Webster," by Hon. Horatio King, is of unusual interest. A contemporary thus wrote of him: "To hear him converse upon the past, the present, the future, in a familiar, colloquial manner—to listen to his great thoughts, expressed in the purest words of our language, and wonder how he could thus speak and think, are joys to which we can find no words to express." Three old unpublished letters, contributed by James W. Gerard, refer to "The Storming of Stony Point, in 1779; Military Operations, 1780; and the Burning of Washington, 1814."

A HANDSOME portrait of a noble man is that of the late Mr. Roswell Smith, formerly President of the Century Company, which is the frontispiece of the June number. An appreciative poem on Mr. Smith is from the pen of Edmund Gosse. Albert Shaw's article on "Budapest," the Hungarian capital, has a clever illustration in Joseph Pennell. The literary reader will find delight in the artistic and admirable article on "The Nature and Elements of Poetry," with the sub-heading, "Melancholia," by Edmund Clarence Stedman. What a fine conception of the mission of the poet and just estimate of its expression is conveyed in these words: "Where the nature of the singer is noble, his inner life superior to that of other men, the more he gives us of it the more deeply are we moved. We suffer with him; he makes us sharers of his own joy. In any case, the value of the poem lies in the credentials of the poet." How this noble truth withers the pretensions and blasts the hopes of those poets whose lives are vile, and whose vanity is but a sorry substitute for their fancied genius. Other articles of interest relate to a visit to Mount St. Elias, in Alaska; the Sea Serpent, the land of the Cliff-Dwellers, and Christopher Columbus. A new serial, "The Chaletaine of La Trinité," is begun by Henry B. Fuller in this number.

LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

PROFESSOR JOWETT has completed his translation of the "Dialogues" of Plato.

GINN AND COMPANY, Boston, will soon issue Addison's "Criticisms on Paradise Lost."

RUSKIN'S profits from the recent re-issue of his "Modern Painters" were said to be \$30,000.

MR. WHITTAKER publishes this week Archdeacon Farrar's sermons on the Ten Commandments, under the title of "The Voice from Sinai."

MR. ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON is reported to be busy with a sequel to his tale of "Kidnapped," which will be called after the name of the hero "David Balfour."

AN inventory of the effects of the poet Racine, which has just been discovered, reveals the singular fact that, at his death, he did not possess a single copy of his own works.

HARPER AND BROTHERS have in preparation a new edition of Laurence Hutton's "Literary Landmarks of London." It will contain seventy portraits and be ready in June.

MR. ERNEST INGERSOLL is said to be writing for the Appletons a guide-book that will do for western Canada what Prof. Roberts' has done for the eastern part of the Dominion.

PIERRE LOTI'S excellences are not confined to literary work nor naval service, skilled as he is in both. He is a fine pianist, the composer of many melodies, and draws admirably.

THE Pope has subscribed 10,000 francs towards the international museum to be erected to Dante at Ravenna, and made that city a present of a rare portrait of the poet.

THE first edition of Poe's "Tamerlane," the only perfect copy known outside the British Museum, recently offered for sale, has been purchased by a New York publishing firm for £370.

WILLIAM MORRIS' new romance of mediæval times will afford its author more scope for his power of dealing with the middle ages, the *Athenæum* thinks, than any other of his prose productions.

THE eulogies of Mr. William Morris' printing are quieting down a little. It is said to be an open secret that his types and press-work do not take the fancy of some of the best English art-printers.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY is editing Swift's "Polite Conversation" for the Chiswick Press editions—the first of which is to be Austin Dobson's edition of Fielding's "Journal of a Voyage to Lisbon."

"THE NAULAHKA," the novel by Rudyard Kipling and Wolcott Balestier, now running in the *Century* magazine, will be issued in book form by Messrs. Macmillan and Company immediately after its completion in the July number.

M. EMILE BLEMONT has discovered in a manuscript in the library of St. Germain des Près the story of the abduction of Matilda, the lady who afterwards became the wife of William, Duke of Normandy. This old legend, he thinks, is the original source of "The Taming of the Shrew."

MR. RUSKIN'S publisher, George Allen, has just printed a chapter from the "Stones of Venice" in what appears to be old black-letter, with beautiful initial letters and broad margins, the paper being hand-made. The volume is bound in vellum, tied by flat silk cords, terra cotta in colour.

THE *Novel Review* says of Clark Russell that when a youth at sea he was put in irons for being cheeky to his superiors. The meditation which resulted from the enforced idleness of being in irons led to the writing of poetry, and that eventually to his drifting into the writing of stories.

MESSRS. WARNE AND COMPANY will shortly publish a new volume by J. Marshall Mather, author of "Life and Teachings of John Ruskin," entitled "Popular Studies of Nineteenth Century Poets," a series of sketches of our modern poets from "Wordsworth, the Naturalist," to "Browning, the Optimist."

NEW YORK *Tribune*: "The taste in books of so brilliant a writer as Rudyard Kipling is matter of interest. This is what the librarian of a public library in India once wrote to an English acquaintance—*apropos* of deficiencies to be made good—'Mr. R. Kipling always asks for more books by Walter Besant than we have.'"

JAMES R. OSGOOD, who was for thirty years one of the best known of Boston publishers, and, at the time of his death, head of the London firm of Osgood, McIlvaine and Company, died in London, May 18th. Mr. Osgood was one of the founders of the *Atlantic Monthly*, and was the friend and publisher of Hawthorne, Emerson, Longfellow, Whittier, Lowell, Holmes, Mrs. Stowe and many other distinguished writers.

HARPER AND BROTHERS announce the following works as ready for immediate publication: "The Puritan in Holland, England, and America," by Douglas Campbell; "The Venetians," a novel, by Miss M. E. Braddon; "Vesty of the Basins," a novel, by S. P. McLean Greene; "How Women Should Ride," by "C. de Hurst"; and "Diego Pinzon, and the Fearful Voyage he took into the Unknown Ocean, A.D. 1492," by John Russell Coryell.

HON. CAVENDISH BOYLE, C.M.G., Colonial Secretary at Gibraltar, has sent handsomely bound presentation copies of his recently published "History of and Guide to Gibraltar and its Neighbourhood" to the Dominion Secretary of State and to Mr. Henry J. Morgan, of that department. Mr. Boyle was previously, for some years, Colonial Secretary at Bermuda, and is very agreeably remembered for his obliging kindnesses to American and Canadian visitors there during his term of office.

MRS. HENRY SIDGWICK, the new Principal of Newnham College, would seem to have inherited her intellectual qualities from her mother, Lady Blanche Balfour, sister of the present Prime Minister. While a girl, according to a writer in the *Educational Review*, Lady Blanche did all her lessons with her gifted brother, and it was said that she even passed him in her knowledge of Latin and Greek. Indeed, it is believed that some of Lord Salisbury's holiday tasks were really the work of his sister—so the *New York Critic* says.

THE *Colonies and India* has a good word for "Round the Empire," by G. R. Parkin, M.A., announced by Cassell and Company, London. It says: "This excellent little work should be read by every Englishman, from London to Levuka. It has been well and ably written, and the preface from the pen of Lord Rosebery is worthy of that cultured and distinguished nobleman. Mr. Parkin's efforts in behalf of Imperial Federation have made his name familiar throughout the English world, and the book will no doubt be widely read throughout the colonies."

A LITTLE anecdote told by Robert Barrett Browning to a Boston visitor about his father, describes him as having been greatly amused at what an English friend had related to him on returning home from a visit in Boston. He said he was stopping at one of the best hotels in the city, and, retiring early one night, found himself unable to sleep, owing to mysterious, doleful noises in a room near by. Calling a boy he impatiently asked what was the cause of the disturbance. "Oh, sah! oh, sah; that is the Browning Club, just reading Browning, sah! That is all, sah!"

At the eleventh general meeting of the Royal Society of Canada, held at Ottawa last week, the following officers were elected: President, Dr. Bourinot, C.M.G.; Vice-President, Dr. G. M. Dawson, C.M.G.; Secretary, Mr. James Fletcher; Sec.-Treasurer, Dr. Selwyn, C.M.G. The names of the new Fellows are as follows: His Honour Lieutenant-Governor Royal, Abbe Gosselin, Dr. Bethune, Dr. Douglas Brymner and Professor Ashley. The new volume of Transactions just out is the largest and best illustrated work of the class ever issued in America. The second, or English literary and historical section, is exceptionally strong. It contains Dr. Bourinot's work on "Cape Breton," which is copiously illustrated, and written from original sources of information.

DR. GEORGE STEWART, F.R.G.S., of Quebec, has, we learn from the *Quebec Chronicle*, received through the hands of the Count de Turenne, Consul-General for France, the intimation that the French Government had conferred upon him a distinction seldom given to foreigners, and but sparingly granted to citizens of the French Republic. In recognition of his literary and historic writings, many of which relate to France's past career on this continent, Dr. Stewart has been named Officer d'Academie de l'Instruction Publique, the highest honour paid to letters by the Government of France. We heartily congratulate our learned contributor on his new distinction.

HARPER'S *Bazaar* has the following notice of Thomas Hardy: The author of that much-talked-of book, "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," lives near Dorchester in his beloved "Wessex." He is an acting magistrate, and in discharge of the duties of his position he has many opportunities for studying life among the poor and lowly. When he is engaged on a story it is his practice to retire to his study immediately after breakfast, and not emerge until his day's work is done. Most of his work is rewritten at least once, but there are chapters that go in just as they were dashed off in the first draft. Mr. Hardy is fifty-two years old, and did not definitely make literature his profession until 1872, after the success of "Under the Greenwood Tree." Before that he had read divinity, and studied and practised architecture. Several of his novels have been translated into French and Dutch, and at least one has been dramatized and acted.

MESSRS. HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY announce the following works: "The Claims of Decorative Art," by Walter Crane, with illustrations by the author; "Favourite Flies and their Histories," with replies from experienced anglers to enquiries concerning how, when, and where to use them, by Mary E. Orvis Marbury, very fully and beautifully illustrated; "A History of Presidential Elections," by Edward Stanwood, fourth edition, revised; "The Silva of North America," a description of the trees which grow naturally in North America, exclusive of Mexico, by Charles Sprague Sargent, Director of the Arnold Arboretum of Harvard University, illustrated with figures and analyses drawn from Nature by Charles Edward Faxon, and engraved by Philibert and Eugène Picart—Vol. IV., Rosaceæ: Saxifragaceæ; "Benjamin on Sales," a treatise on the Law of Sale of Personal Property, with the American Law in the form of a Monographic Note (appended to each chapter), by Judah P. Benjamin, Q.C., of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister at Law, new American edition, reprinted from the latest English edition, edited by Messrs. Arthur Bailby Pearson-Gee and Hugh Fenwick Boyd, of the Inner Temple, London, and newly edited and revised by the Hon. Edmund H. Bennett, Dean of the Law School of the Boston University; "Cox on Trade-Marks," a manual of trade-mark cases, comprising Sebastian's digest of trade-mark cases, covering all the cases reported prior to 1879, together with those of a leading character decided since that time, with notes and references by Rowland Cox, Esq.,—second edition, revised and brought down to the present time, with facsimiles of many trade marks; "Phases of Thought and Criticism," by Brother Azarias.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

- Abbott, Lyman. The Evolution of Christianity. \$1.25. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin; Toronto: Williamson & Co.
- Buckheim, C. A., Ph.D. Goethe's Faust. London: Geo. Bell & Sons.
- Dennis, John. Scott, Vol. V. London: Geo. Bell & Sons.
- Fisher, Geo. Park, D.D., LL.D. The Colonial Era. \$1.25. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons; Toronto: Wm. Briggs.
- Froude, James Anthony. The Spanish Story of The Armada. \$1.50. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons; Toronto: Wm. Briggs.
- Habberton, John. Well Out of It. 30c. New York: John A. Taylor & Co.
- Henley, W. E. The Song of the Sword. \$1.00. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons; Toronto: Wm. Briggs.
- Hibbard, Geo. A. The Governor. \$1.00. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons; Toronto: Wm. Briggs.
- Le Sage, A. R. The Adventures of Gil Blas. New York: Worthington & Co.
- Lummis, Charles F. A Traup Across the Country. \$1.25. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons; Toronto: Wm. Briggs.
- Parkman, Francis. A Half-Century of Conflict. Vol. I, II. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; Toronto: Williamson & Co.
- Pierce, S. L. Stolen Steps. 50c. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.
- Russell, W. Clark. Alone on a Wide, Wide Sea. 50c. New York: John A. Taylor & Co.
- Romanes, Geo. John, M.A., LL.D., F.R.S. Darwin and After Darwin. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Co.
- Sparhawk, Frances, C. Onoqua. 50c. Boston: Lee & Shepard.
- Tinseau, Leon De. Love Knows No Law. 25c. New York: Worthington & Co.
- Von Eschstruth, Uataly. The Erl Queen. 75c. New York: Worthington & Co.
- Hazell's Annual, 1892. London: Hazell, Watson & Viney; Toronto: Williamson & Co.
- Wetherell, J. E. Over The Sea. Strathroy: Evans Bros.

A TRENTON MIRACLE.

A REMARKABLE CURE IN A CASE PRONOUNCED HOPELESS.

An Estimable Young Lady Raised from a Death-bed After Being Given up by Several Doctors—A Simple Statement of Facts.

Trenton Courier.

At intervals during the past year the proprietor of the Courier has been publishing newspaper reports of miraculous cures occurring in various parts of Canada and the United States. Perhaps among the most notable of these were the cases of John Marshall, of Hamilton, Ont., Mr. C. B. Northrop, of Detroit, Mich., and Mr. Chas. A. Quant, of Galway, N.Y. Mr. Marshall's case was more prominently fixed in the public mind by reason of the fact that after being pronounced incurable by a number of eminent physicians he was paid the \$1,000 disability claim allowed by the Royal Templars of Temperance, and some months afterward was announced his almost miraculous restoration to health and active life. The case of Mr. Northrop created equally as profound a sensation in Detroit, where he is one of the best known merchants in the city. Mr. Northrop was looked upon as a helpless invalid, and could only give the most desultory attention to his business on days when he could be wheeled to the store in an invalid's chair. In his case the same simple (yet wonderful) remedy that had cured Mr. Marshall restored Mr. Northrop to a life of active usefulness. The case of Mr. Chas. Quant is perhaps the most marvellous of all, inasmuch as he was not only perfectly helpless, but had had treatment in one of New York's best hospitals under such eminent medical scientists as Prof. Ware, and Dr. Starr, and in Albany by Prof. H. H. Hun, only to be sent out as incurable and looked upon as one who had but a few months before death would put an end to his sufferings. Again the same remedy which restored Mr. Marshall and Mr. Northrop was resorted to, with the same remarkable results, and to-day Mr. Quant, restored to health, anticipates a long life of usefulness. The remedy which has succeeded, where the best physicians had failed, is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People—and a name that is now a familiar household word throughout the continent—and a remedy that apparently stands without a rival in the annals of medical science. Having published, among others, the cases above alluded to, the curiosity of the publisher of the Courier was aroused and he determined to ascertain if anyone around Trenton had been benefited by the use of Pink Pills. In conversation with Mr. A. W. Hawley, druggist, he was told that the sale of Pink Pills was remarkable, and steadily increasing. And Mr. Hawley gave the names of a number within his own observation who had been benefited by the use of this remedy. Among others Miss Emma Fleming, granddaughter of Mr. Robt. Young. It was stated that Miss Fleming, had been raised from what was supposed to be her death-bed, after all other remedies and physicians had failed, by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. This statement was so startling that the Courier determined to investigate it further, and if true set the facts before the public for the benefit of other sufferers. Mr. Robt. Young, grandfather of the young lady was first seen, and in reply to an enquiry said it was a miracle the manner in which these pills had restored his granddaughter. As a last resort, and with a prayer in his heart, he had purchased a box

of Pink Pills at Mr. Spaulsbury's drug store, and so much good resulted that the remedy was continued until his granddaughter was as well as ever she had been. Miss Fleming's aunt was next seen, and she corroborated what had already been told the Courier, giving as well some additional particulars. Miss Fleming was next seen, and we must confess to being surprised, and at first somewhat incredulous, that this young lady in the bloom of womanhood and health was the person whom we wanted to interview. Miss Fleming, however, soon convinced us that it was she who was so miraculously saved from death, and cheerfully consented to give a statement of her case. Her father, she said, was for years miller under Mr. Spence, and afterwards at Gordon's mills, near Trenton, and is now miller at Union. Three years ago Miss Fleming's mother died of consumption. Up to four years ago Miss Fleming stated that she had enjoyed good health, but taking a severe cold then she had not had a well day since, until she began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills last December. She was reduced in weight to 90 pounds, but now weighs 111 pounds; a gain of 21 pounds. She consulted a number of doctors and took their remedies, but never obtained more than temporary relief. A physician at Newmarket whom she consulted said she was going into a decline and that he could do nothing for her. Her Trenton physician said that a sudden cold would go to her lungs and he had no hope of her ever getting better. She felt very miserable, strength continually failing, suffered so much distress from food that she had no desire for it and lost all appetite. She kept continually growing worse until last fall she was not able to stand without support, and gave up all efforts to help herself. In December she was taken with inflammation of the bowels and Dr. Moran was called in. He gave her medicine that relieved her and cured the inflammation, but her strength was gone and she had to be lifted in and out of bed and could not sit on a chair at all. She had taken her bed expecting never to rise again, and this was the opinion of all her friends. It was at this juncture that her grandfather, having read in the Courier of the wonderful cures effected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and as a last resort purchased a box, and urged his granddaughter to take them. Miss Fleming had been before this recommended by a friend in Toronto to try Pink Pills, but declared she had no faith in them. Now, however, to please her friends she consented to take the Pink Pills; on the seventh day after beginning the use of the Pink Pills, she was able to walk down stairs, and has not gone back to a sick bed since. The effect upon her system was truly marvellous. Her appetite was gone, strength gone, prostrate upon her supposed death-bed, in seven days she was able to walk down stairs, feeling renewed strength and a better appetite than ever before. Miss Fleming continued the use of Pink Pills, daily gaining health and strength, until she was able to take part in the household duties without the least injurious effect. Miss Fleming still continues to take one pill after each meal, and now feels as well as she ever did in her life. She feels truly grateful for what this great remedy has done for her, and only a sense of gratitude enables her to overcome her modest scruples in giving this testimony to the wonderful virtues of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

Miss Fleming has recommended Pink Pills to a number of lady friends who say they are doing them much good.

A further investigation revealed the fact that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are not a patent medicine in the sense in which that term is usually understood, but are a scientific preparation successfully used in general practice for many years before being offered to the public generally. They contain in a condensed form all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, and the tired feeling resulting from nervous prostration; all diseases depending upon vitiated humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, over-work or excesses of whatever nature.

These pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ontario and Schenectady, N.Y., and are sold in boxes (never in loose form by the dozen or hundred, and the public are cautioned against numerous imitations sold in this shape) at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company from either address. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

THE forms of sea life in the upper portion of the ocean waters may descend to a depth 1,200 feet or so from the surface, but there then succeeds a barren zone, which continues to within 360 to 300 feet from the bottom, where the deep-sea animals begin to appear.—Chicago Herald.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

THE NEW SAFE.

PERHAPS one of the most original inventions of late years, and one which promises to be of great use to commerce, is the new method of protecting safes from burglars, by the use of explosives applied to the exterior of the safe door in panels covered and hidden from view by a coat of composition, which offers but little opposition to the explosive force but which is further protected from chance concussions and injury by a thin elastic wire network.

It seems a kind of poetical justice which thus brings the favourite weapon of the midnight toiler to bear against himself, and it will be a boon to bankers and others who are at present depending on very uncertain methods of protection, for late cases of burglary have shown that the skill of these gentry is more than match for the safemakers. Mr. Mower Martin, the Toronto artist, has already procured patents for this invention in the United States and Canada, and is now in negotiation for letters patent in Germany, France and England. So far nothing but favourable reports and opinions of its usefulness have been received, and it is anticipated that safes of the new improved pattern will soon be placed upon the market by some of the enterprising firms of the U. S., as well as by Canadian safemakers who are in treaty with Mr. Martin on the subject.

As the improvement can be applied to old doors at moderate cost there must be a large field open for this invention, and if the burglar's occupation may not be altogether gone, it will soon we hope be very much curtailed.

OIL has hitherto been the only material that has been successfully employed for breaking the force of the waves. An ingenious inventor while crossing the Gulf Stream observed that the vast fields of floating sea-weed, though upheaved by the swell, always remained glassy and smooth, and this suggested to him the idea of a device for lessening the force of the waves. The invention consists of a thin cotton or silken net rendered non-submersible by being dipped in a special chemical composition. The device is being experimented with by the Paris society for the saving of life in shipwrecks, and it has been found to act as a wave-dispeller in the same manner as the sea-weed in the Gulf Stream.—Indianapolis News.

IT IS NOT WHAT WE SAY but what Hood's Sarsaparilla does, that makes it sell, and has given it such a firm and lasting hold upon the confidence of the people. The voluntary statements of thousands of people prove beyond question that this preparation possesses wonderful medicinal power.

HOOD'S PILLS cure Constipation by restoring the peristaltic action of the alimentary canal. They are the best family cathartic.

AN Atlanta, Ga., druggist has invented a bottle that will prevent druggists from making mistakes in filling prescriptions. It has a stopper which is covered with sharp points that will prick the hand of the person handling it if he is not careful. The idea is to put all poisons in such bottles.—New York Tribune.

BAD DRINKING WATER.—Travellers suffer greatly from the different kinds of water they are compelled to drink, as nothing is so likely to bring on an attack of Diarrhoea as change of drinking water. PERRY DAVIS' PAIN-KILLER is the only safe, quick, and sure cure for Diarrhoea, Cramps, and Cholera Morbus, and the valise of every traveller should contain a bottle of the mixture, which he can procure at any reputable drug store. 25c. for a large bottle.

C. C. RICHARDS & Co.

Sirs,—I was formerly a resident of Port La Tour and have always used MINARD'S LINIMENT in my household, and know it to be the best remedy for emergencies of ordinary character. Norway, Me. JOSEPH A. SNOW.

THE great reason for the success of Hood's Sarsaparilla is found in its positive merit. It cures where other preparations fail.

You Need It Now

To impart strength and to give a feeling of health and vigor throughout the system, there is nothing equal to Hood's Sarsaparilla. It seems peculiarly adapted to overcome that tired feeling caused by change of season, climate or life, and while it tones and sustains the system it purifies and renovates the blood.

We earnestly urge the large army of clerks, book-keepers, school teachers, housewives and all others who have been closely confined during the winter and who need a good spring medicine, to try Hood's Sarsaparilla now.

Glad to Recommend Hood's.

"I had a very sore leg for a long time, owing to impure blood, and was advised to try Hood's Sarsaparilla, which I did and found it of great benefit to me. I have much pleasure in recommending it." T. Crow, Carriage Builder, 619 Yonge Street, Toronto.

For Blood Poisoning.

"I have used Hood's Sarsaparilla for blood poisoning, and it cleansed my blood and cured me entirely. I recommend it to others as the best blood medicine." Mrs. E. JOHNSTON, 188 Chestnut St., Toronto, Ont.

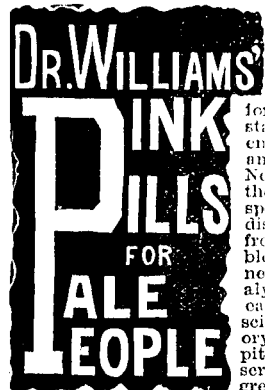
Hood's SARSAPARILLA Cures

Where other preparations fail. Be sure to get Hood's Sarsaparilla. It is peculiar to itself.

Hood's Pills cure liver ills, constipation, biliousness, jaundice, sick headache.

At a late meeting of the Paris Geographical Society, Lieutenant Vedel read an interesting paper on the Polynesians, whom he has had constant opportunities of studying during the last seven years. Referring to the Maoris, he said it was impossible not to be struck with the extraordinary resemblance which exists between their myths and those of the ancient Greeks.—Philadelphia Ledger.

THE manner in which men fall depends also upon the nature of the action in which they are engaged. Nearly every one is familiar with the traditional stage fall, where the victim of a supposed death-shot strikes an attitude, clasps his hand to his heart, stiffens every joint and muscle, breathes hysterically, and goes down like a log toppled over from the end. Another popular yet erroneous notion is that men shot through the vitals leap into the air and go down in a dramatic attitude. Sometimes men are found on the field in striking positions, but often an examination shows that the position was taken after the fall. As a rule, a man who is hit above the hips goes down. The slightest the wound the more commotion, for the body instinctively resists just as it does when one slips or is pushed or collides with some object. But a wound in a vital spot weakens the resistance, and men sink at once, or reel and tumble with very little self-control.—From First Actions of Wounded Soldiers, by George L. Kilmer, in the Popular Science Monthly for June.



Are a BLOOD BUILDER AND NERVE TONIC.

They supply, in condensed form ALL the substances needed to enrich the blood and to rebuild the Nerves, thus making them a certain and speedy cure for all diseases arising from impoverished blood, and shattered nerves, such as paralysis, spinal diseases, rheumatism, sciatica, loss of memory, erysipelas, palpitation of the heart, scrofula, chlorosis or green sickness, that tired feeling that affects so many, etc. They have a specific action on the sexual system of both men and women, restoring lost vigor.

WEAK MEN

(young and old), suffering from mental worry, overwork, insomnia, excesses, or self-abuse, should take these PILLS. They will restore lost energies, both physical and mental.

SUFFERING WOMEN

affected with the weaknesses peculiar to their sex, such as suppression of the periods, bearing down pains, weak back, ulcerations, etc., will find these pills an unfailing cure.

PALE AND SALLOW GIRLS

should take these Pills. They enrich the blood, restore health's roses to the cheeks and correct all irregularities.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS. These Pills are sold by all dealers only in boxes bearing our trade mark or will be sent by mail, post paid, on receipt of price—50 cents a box or 6 for \$2.50.

THE DR. WILLIAMS MED. CO., Brockville, Ont., or Morristown, N.Y.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

"August Flower"

Mrs. Sarah M. Black of Seneca, Mo., during the past two years has been affected with Neuralgia of the Head, Stomach and Womb, and writes: "My food did not seem to strengthen me at all and my appetite was very variable. My face was yellow, my head dull, and I had such pains in my left side. In the morning when I got up I would have a flow of mucus in the mouth, and a bad, bitter taste. Sometimes my breath became short, and I had such queer, tumbling, palpitating sensations around the heart. I ached all day under the shoulder blades, in the left side, and down the back of my limbs. It seemed to be worse in the wet, cold weather of Winter and Spring; and whenever the spells came on, my feet and hands would turn cold, and I could get no sleep at all. I tried everywhere, and got no relief before using August Flower. Then the change came. It has done me a wonderful deal of good during the time I have taken it and is working a complete cure." G. G. GREEN, Sole Man'fr, Woodbury, N.J.