

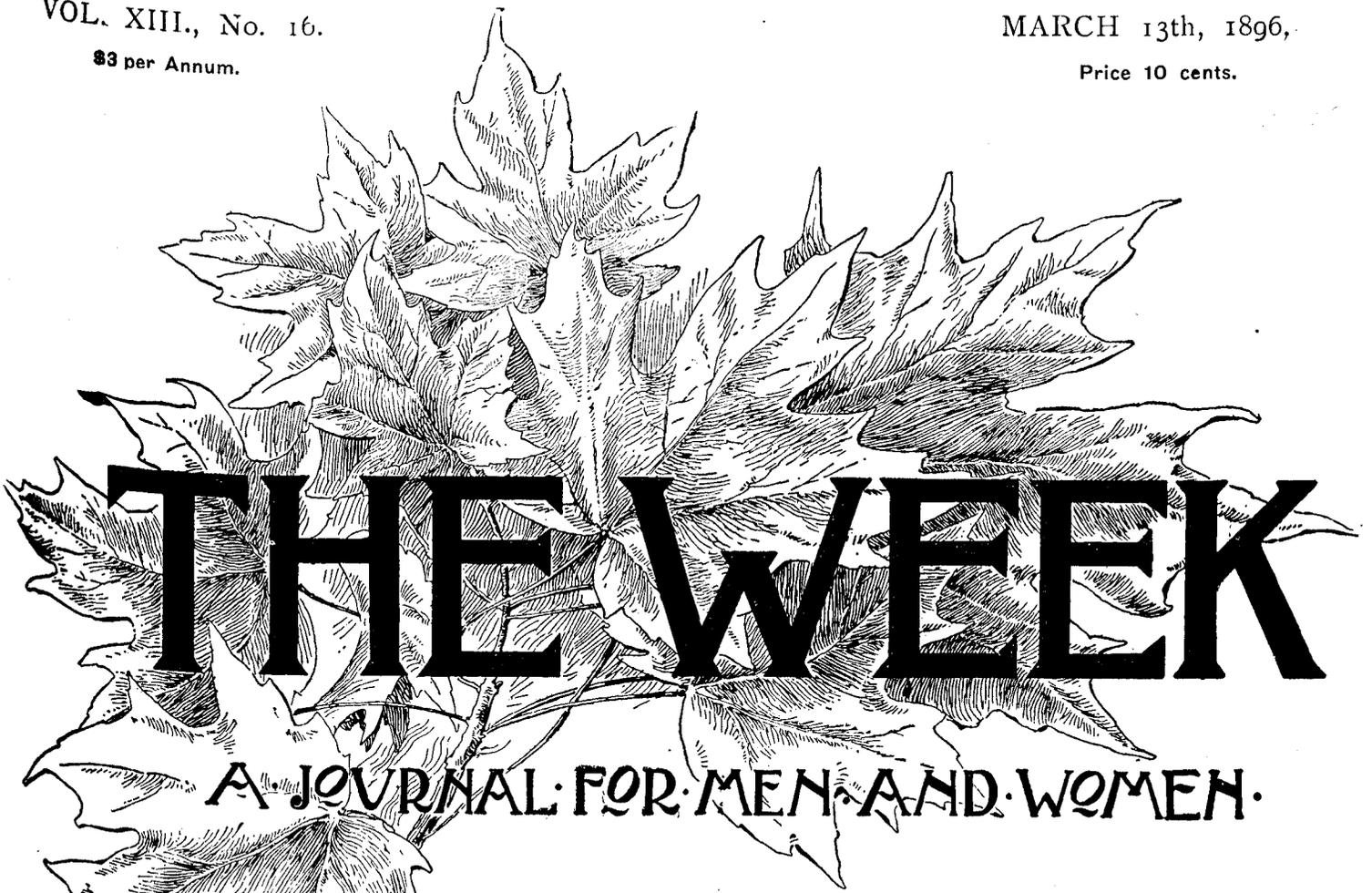
This Number Contains: Nova Scotia's Loyalty, by Hon. J. W. Longley, Attorney-General; Hypnotism, by Sydney Flower; The Arbitration Movement, by W. G. Jordan, B.D.; Anacreontea, by Arthur Harvey; The Letters of Matthew Arnold.

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THE WEEK

VOL. XIII.

TORONTO, FRIDAY, MARCH 13TH, 1896.

No. 16.

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Current Topics.

South Africa.

In the March number of the New Review Dr. Rutherford Harris, the secretary of the British South Africa Company, says that the fate of South Africa must be settled, and be settled soon, and that there are but three ways of settling it. The countries south of the Zambesi may renounce all connection with Great Britain, and federate as a "United States of South Africa," hostile to the British name; they may be constituted as a new "Dominion," but a Dominion beneath the wings of the German eagle; or if England does not hesitate—if she plays her part with foresight and with courage—they may draw together as a Dominion, loyal as Canada is loyal, under the Union Jack. The second of these developments is considered by the London Times to be out of the question. "Until the British Empire is crushed; until her Navy has been annihilated, her resources have been exhausted, and her courage utterly cowed, Great Britain can never be so false to all her interests and to all her traditions as to suffer a foreign Power to wrest from her, or to filch from her, the hegemony of South Africa." Dr. Harris argues with a good deal of force that the Transvaal problem is the cardinal problem on which all else turns. The Transvaal will soon be a densely peopled State, inhabited by an English-speaking population. Before long it will attain to the rights enjoyed by free men in all civilized States. All that is necessary to bind them to the Empire, maintains Dr. Harris, is to obtain at once redress of their just grievances. The English of South Africa "look to Mr. Chamberlain, and rejoice that at last a great statesman stands at the head of Britain's colonial empire." They will not look in vain.

Brockville's Tragedy.

It is difficult to understand why the good people of Brockville should have allowed a man like Lapointe—a drunken maniac—to go curvetting and prancing about their streets, flourishing a gun, and otherwise making himself a dangerous nuisance. His fearful crime is a most impressive object lesson on the need of restricting the carrying of firearms. No one should be permitted to carry a gun or a revolver without giving a sufficient reason for doing so, and obtaining permission from the proper authorities. The attention of the Government is directed to this matter.

The Cattle Business.

According to the cable message of to-day, Dr. Montague and Mr. Colmer, of the High Commissioner's office, had an interview with Mr. Chamberlain yesterday touching the matter of the importation of Canadian cattle into Great Britain. It was explained to the Secretary of State for the Colonies that pleuro-pneumonia was not found among cattle in Canada, and had never existed there. The Canadian Government are confident of this, and accordingly take strong exception to the bill recently introduced into the Imperial House of Commons excluding Canadian cattle permanently from England, except for slaughter at the port of landing. Mr. Chamberlain was informed that the restoration of the free admission of our cattle would be in accordance with the spirit of the despatch which he had addressed to the colonies in regard to the development of trade with the mother country. Mr. Chamberlain was very courteous, of course, and we have no doubt that he will do what he can in the matter. It is to be hoped that the bill in question will not be passed by the House.

"Tired."

In to-day's World, Mr. Sam Hunter's clever cartoon, "Tired," exactly depicts the present political situation. A weary man, sound asleep on a pillow, represents the Canadian public. Sir Mackenzie, with a hurdy-gurdy, stands on the tired man's head, grinding out the tune, "School Question"; on the shoulder is Mr. D'Alton McCarthy, with the Protestant drum and cymbals, beating time to the "School Question"; whilst hard by is Mr. Laurier, playing upon a silver trumpet the "School Question." He is close to the "public ear," and blows his blast straight into it, but the tired man heeds not. He has ceased to care for the hurdy-gurdy man, the Protestant drum, or the silver trumpet. They can play as they please. But the public sleeps. Some other tune might arouse the weary one.

Toronto's Taste.

The failure of another bookseller in Toronto emphasizes what was said to us recently by an experienced man engaged in the business, that the sale of books in this city has declined by over 60 per cent. within the last ten years, and that there has been an equal falling off in the character of the books for which there is demand. It is certainly a severe reflection on the intellectual tastes and habits of the people of Toronto. A first-class bookstore here is now an impossibility. The demand for high-class literature in any form, books or journals, is so exceedingly small that the man who attempts to supply it courts almost immediate failure. Besides regarding itself as pre-eminently moral, Toronto boasts of being the most intellectual city of the Dominion. Yet the journals and books for which there is any demand here are those devoted to sensationalism, gossip, and erotic twaddle in the form of fiction. Ruskin somewhere remarks that people will only willingly pay for two things: for being amused, or for being cheated.

Canada's Exports.

It is gratifying to learn from yesterday's cable message that Britain's imports from Canada in February were four and a half times greater than the imports of the corresponding month of last

year. The imports for January and February were two and a half times greater than the previous January and February. Since the opening of the year the import of oxen has increased by £20,000; wheat and flour, £45,000; bacon, £13,000; hams, £6,000; cheese, £11,000; and wood, £43,000. The exports to Canada increased 21 per cent. in February. These figures are very encouraging, and show what great possibilities there are in this direction for the development of our trade and commerce.

Mr. Longley's
Letter.

In another column we publish a letter from the Honourable J. W. Longley, Attorney-General of Nova Scotia, who has been kind enough to favour us with a few statements respecting the action of the Nova Scotia Legislature on the subject of the observance of Dominion Day. Mr. Longley takes exception to the remarks we made in a recent number on the matter, and says that we have gone out of our way to convey an entirely erroneous and unjust impression as to the attitude of the Nova Scotia Government. If we gave an erroneous and unjust impression, we did not go out of our way to do so, nor at the time did we think our remarks uncalled for or unjustified. But Mr. Longley's letter puts the whole question in a very different light, so far as his own sentiments are concerned. There can be no doubt, however, that his action and that of his confrères was generally regarded throughout the Dominion as inspired by that spirit of secession which was so manifest in certain members of the Liberal party in Nova Scotia during the last Provincial elections. We are very glad to know that this impression was wholly erroneous, and that Mr. Longley and Mr. Fielding, as well as Mr. Black, were animated only by a sincere desire to promote the best interests of Confederation in taking the stand they did with respect to Mr. Tanner's bill.

A
Blight.

The amount of energy, care, and thought wasted over this intolerable Separate School nuisance would, if directed into some profitable channel, be of no small advantage to the country. Religion is an excellent thing to practise, but the worst possible thing to fight about. Nothing smacks more of hell and the devil than a religious war. The Prince of Darkness is finding Canada very much to his taste just now, we imagine. Be that as it may, it is daily becoming more clear that the country at large sympathizes with Manitoba's determined opposition to Separate Schools. Mr. Greenway and his cabinet are admired for the firm stand they have taken even by those who do not agree with them. We believe that many of those who profess to be in favour of Separate Schools are secretly hoping that Manitoba will never consent to have them. If there is to be a conference between Mr. Greenway and the Ottawa Government, it should take place before the second reading of the Remedial Bill, not after it. If the bill is read a second time, we should not be surprised to learn that Mr. Greenway's backbone had considerably enlarged—and it is quite big enough now.

Cruelty to Children
at Ottawa.

The sentence on the man Bell, found guilty at Ottawa of cruelty to children, seems inadequate. If it was the limit allowed by the Code, the limit should be changed. If it was not the limit, the sentence is a miscarriage of justice. The evidence disclosed treatment so horrible that it can scarcely be realized. The remarks of the judge showed that he considered the culprit quite as guilty as the woman who has still to be tried. It is stated also that the man had been for some time the president of the Ottawa branch of the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. The world presents many

curious contrasts. This case seems to be one of them. If the cathode rays could be used to examine the inside of a man's head who could posture as a humanitarian, while he was at the same time torturing children, they would teach a psychological lesson of some value. As to the case of the woman, being still *sub judice*, we say nothing. We can think as we please. Periodically, shocking incidents come to the light of day which demonstrate the necessity for the existence of societies specially to protect children. That work in Ontario is being well and systematically done. In one aspect it may be looked at as a return by the cities to the country of the surplus population drifted from the country to the city. The parents leave the fields for the street. Their children or grandchildren are returned by the State from the street to the field. Here can be found one solution of the problem of how to get rid of the crowds which are blocking up the cities. Before they grow too old, send the street arabs to the green fields, where they may grow up into farmers and farmers' wives, instead of into thieves and prostitutes.

The Dirty
Bakers.

The suggestions made by THE WEEK with respect to official inspection of all bakeshops, small or large, has been promptly acted upon by the Ontario Government. Mr. Dryden has introduced a bill which provides that :

All bakeshops to which the Act applies shall be constructed as to lighting, heating, ventilating and draining in such a manner as not to be detrimental or injurious to the health of any person working therein, and shall also be kept, at all times, in a clean and sanitary condition, so as to secure the production and preservation of all the food products thereof in a good, wholesome condition. It is further provided that all bakeshops shall have proper conveniences, to be entirely separate from and not in direct communication with the bakeshop, and to be kept in a sanitary condition. The sleeping places of employees are to be entirely separate from the bakeshop, and no person is to be allowed to sleep in such shop. Fire escapes are to be provided. No employer shall require, permit, or suffer any employee in any bakeshop to work more than sixty hours in any one week, except by permission of the inspector, given in writing to the employer. The inspectors appointed under the Ontario Factories Act are to be inspectors under this Act. The penalty for violation of the Act is \$20 to \$40 for the first offence, \$50 to \$100, or imprisonment up to thirty days, for the second offence, and for third and subsequent offences imprisonment for a period not exceeding six months.

It is to be hoped that the inspectors will soon be enabled to act, and that they will do their work thoroughly. In the meantime we advise the dirty bakers to set their shops in order, and begin the task of renovation. From all accounts, it will be a laborious undertaking.

Italy and
Abyssinia.

The Italians are struggling with their African incubus. They never intended to go anywhere near Abyssinia in the first instance. They intended to appropriate Tunis, just as the French had appropriated Algiers. But the French anticipated them, and just when the Italians thought the pear was ripe the French plucked it. Then the Italians had to look elsewhere for foreign expansion, and the only country they could find available was Abyssinia. From the day they landed they had nothing but trouble. If all that is alleged against General Baratieri is true, namely, that he led the stampede, even his being a Parliamentarian will not save him from being shot. The Italians have proved themselves good soldiers on many battlefields, and they will feel their defeat keenly. Why the Italian Ministry should have resigned because the army was defeated in one engagement is not to be easily explained. They apparently

followed General Baratieri's example. The King seems to have been successful in persuading the new Premier to continue the war. What Italy expects to gain from it nobody seems to have any clear idea. If she were strong enough to try conclusions with France for Tunis, it would be different. There was a clear and distinct object to be gained, because Tunis is not so far from Italy, and the site of old Carthage is one of the most commanding in the world. If the Abyssinian king makes peace, even without another tussle, it would be a happy thing for Italy. The high reputation of her soldiers for courage and of her generals for conduct will not be dimmed by one disaster to the troops, or by the cowardice of one commander. The attitude of the other powers is still to be developed. If there is a treaty between England and Italy, events will soon demonstrate its existence. On the other hand, the strength of the union between Germany, Austria, and Italy, not a natural one at the best of times, will be soon tested.

The Venezuela Blue Book.

The publication of the English Blue Book on Venezuela will be satisfactory to those who have time and patience to investigate questions running back over two hundred years. In the jolly old days of the black flag, with its skull and cross bones, the Spanish main was in the hands of almost every freebooter in turn for a time. Some of these gentlemen would be greatly tickled if they learned that their dashing raids in search of gold were solemnly held out, in after years, as the occupation of the country on behalf of their king, who would be only too glad to have hanged them if he could have caught them. In the succession of nationalities who have gained a more or less precarious footing on the South American continent near the Orinoco, the Dutch and Spanish were both prominent. England, by conquest and treaty, succeeded to the Dutch rights. What these rights were Pollock's report is intended to demonstrate. It is not submitted to Mr. Cleveland's commission, but they may read it if they please. They might at the same time read Robinson Crusoe, who was wrecked off the Orinoco. His rights of occupation were just as valid as a good many of the other alleged rights of occupation relied upon in those parts. The fact is, most Englishmen will say England is right because she is England, and too many Americans will say she is wrong because she is England. We fear the solution of the question will not be much advanced by Blue Books. The plate published by the *Graphic* showing the first line of defence called forth a remark by a street arab, overheard by a bystander who was also looking at the picture, "That's the way to arbitrate," and with that arab we thoroughly agree.

The Spanish-American Trouble.

The attitude of the Spaniards in the face of the impertinence of the speakers in the American Senate has been, on the whole, dignified. There have been some ebullitions of national indignation, but the authorities have repressed them. The French seem disposed, as we thought they would, to help the Spaniards. There have been at some points in the States demonstrations similar to those in Spain. But the American executive probably feels the difficulty which exists. Spain alone could not cope with the whole power of the United States. But if the United States did succeed, what could they do with Cuba? That unhappy island would become another Haiti, or else the Americans would have to annex it. Are they prepared to take that step? If not, they would do more wisely not to interfere. By the way, what application have they made to France to take her hands off Brazil? A Franco-Spanish combination would not be so patient under American

dictation as England has been. The answer to a despatch like that of Mr. Olney to Lord Salisbury would be the appearance of an ironclad squadron with a demand for an apology. It is fortunate for the peace of the world and for the interests of humanity that the Anglo-Saxon race is patient and long-suffering, and would do almost anything rather than fight for the mere sake of fighting. Publicists in the Union who are not led away by political exuberance are commencing to dread the spirit of militarism which is being created in their peaceful republic. Cunning politicians are making use, for their own purposes, of the tread-on-the-tail-of-my-coat sentiment, too prevalent at present on the other side. They may go too far, and be taken seriously by people who say what they mean and mean what they say.

Aid for the Armenians.

Principal Grant has addressed a letter to the *Toronto Globe*, calling for aid for the unfortunate Armenians. "If we can do only a little," he rightly says, "let us do that at any rate, and do it promptly. . . . Christendom stands disgraced before the tribunal of God and man, and as we share in that disgrace so shall we in the responsibility." The Principal continues:

Never before did I feel more keenly that we have no voice, because we have never asked for it, in directing the policy of the British Government. But I do wonder that a strong man does not rise in the House of Commons and urge the Government to open negotiations with the United States with the object of taking conjoint action. Surely the heart of a people who have been trying so long to spread the light in Turkey would respond to such an overture. They have made no answer to the public addresses in which Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain urged this upon them, but a formal proposal should be made. Even were that refused, how our hearts would glow if Britain decided to dare all risks and act alone! We have no right to ask, or even to suggest, it. We are apparently content that Britain shall bear all the burdens of the Empire; our only discontent being, not with ourselves, but with her, because she is not eager to tax for our advantage the bread, the cheese, the butter, and the meat her people eat, while we exclude her products. But what true glory would be hers if she decided to enter on the crusade of mercy to which all Christendom is summoned!

The publication in England, within the past few days, of the Blue Book on Turkish affairs reveals a shocking state of things, and terribly emphasizes all that Principal Grant says. The British Ambassador at Constantinople reports that twenty-five thousand Armenians have been butchered by the Turks, and that if we add to this number the massacres respecting which there are no details the estimate may be increased to a much higher figure. In committing these atrocities the Turks practically have had the hearty support and encouragement of Russia. Which nation is to be the more despised and execrated?

Literature and Affairs.

The *London Literary World* recently remarked that statesmanship and literature—including journalism—are closely connected, the latter often supplying the bread and butter which enables the politician to serve his country. "Consequently," adds the *Literary World*, "when we hear of public men dropping their political engagements in order to devote themselves more closely to literature, we generally suspect a lack of ready cash wherewith to continue the former." Mr. Alfred Austin some time ago observed that literature and politics are in practice not so much distinct territories as borderlands whose boundaries are not easily defined, and that continually run into, overlap, and are frequently confounded with each other. If literature and politics were restricted each to its own particular sphere, Mr. Alfred Austin is strongly inclined to think both would lose considerably. The close connection between

literature and politics in England is very noticeable. Some of the most prominent and most useful members of the House of Commons are as well known in the literary as in the political world. Indeed, there are very few notable English politicians who are not active men of letters. The late Lord Beaconsfield was a brilliant writer as well as a brilliant statesman. In his earlier days, Lord Salisbury was an eminently successful journalist. Other notable examples are Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Balfour, Mr. Morley, and Sir Charles Dilke. Many more names could easily be added. How is it that the Canadian House of Commons presents such a marked contrast to the English House in this respect? The literary inactivity of the Dominion is nowhere more obvious than in our Parliament. There is a very stupid notion largely entertained by the uncultured that literary taste and business ability are incompatible. This is seen, as the *Literary World* points out, in the reticence displayed by practising lawyers in disclosing their journalistic ventures. It is supposed to be "prejudicial to the obtaining of briefs." It should be quite the reverse. When a lawyer "writes to the press," it is generally because he has something to say and the ability to say it. His love and pursuit of literature has given him ideas, made him more independent in character, more disinterested in his reasons, more elevated in his views. It is reasonable to infer that this would make him a better lawyer, one more worthy of being entrusted with briefs. Success in public life has been won by our best men largely owing to studies in literature. If this is true in politics, why should it not be true in law, or in any other profession of vocation?

To the Members of the House of Commons at Ottawa.

THOMAS CARLYLE may have been an unreasonable grumbler in many ways, but his dislike of and contempt for the exhibitions of talk in the British House of Commons would be increased a thousand times if he lived in Canada. There is a story of him that he took a fancy to the present Field Marshal, Lord Wolseley, and prophesied of him that, like a second Cromwell, he would have to execute a second clearance of the Commons. Have we no Cromwell who will do likewise in Canada? Is there no man whose individuality is so strong that he will decide what is to be done, and by sheer force of intellect carry it through? The ordinary inhabitants of the country know perfectly well that things are going wrong. They know that times are hard, money scarce, trade dull, no movement, failure after failure, and they see absolutely nothing done to put these things straight. They have a passionate affection for their country, and desire to see her progress in the path of solid national development. What do they see instead? The whole political energy of their representatives devoted to an Orange and Roman Catholic squabble!

The most important questions are side-tracked to give the grand masters of Orange lodges and fanatic priests an opportunity to become notorious. The debates on the Budget, the most important subject of the session, were dull and uninteresting. The Opposition, who have a legitimate grievance in the entire want of policy of the Government in matters of material development, allow the financial programme to go by without an amendment or a division. They fling themselves into a quarrel about Separate Schools in Manitoba, with every expectation of ruining the Government on a question which demands concession on all sides, and which, if pushed, can only lead to bad feeling and disunion. In short, the whole political intellect of the country has gone awry. The Government, by a bold scheme for public works, a spirited immigration policy, some attempt to develop the mining industries of Canada,

some attention to the urgent problems of national defence, could keep their hold on the country. As it is, there is a bitter feeling of discontent which, if not checked, will sweep away the Government, and their fall will be unlamented. When the people see quite clearly that there is no strong hand on the reins, they will kick over the traces directly they become aware of the fact. A most important convention relating to immigration matters was lately held in Winnipeg. The daily press of Ontario have been almost entirely silent about it. Their columns have been filled with accounts of Orange and anti-Orange meetings. What are the Boards of Trade about? There is no disguising the fact that, in national as well as in municipal politics, Canadians are not doing their duty. In both cases they are surrendering their liberties to inferior men, and in both cases the country is suffering heavily. If Canada is ever going to take her place among the nations of the world, she must turn over a new leaf. In Europe, France, Germany, and England are prosperous. In spite of their heavy armaments, the people are contented. Why? Because they have work. Because their own money is being expended among themselves. Because money is being made to circulate. Here, the money is kept locked up in banks, or else is sent across the line to be used in speculations in American stock markets, for the benefit of the stockholders. This country gains no benefit from this capital. It would be better for the Dominion to borrow money from Europe and lend it itself to farmers and merchants than to allow the present system of contracted credit to continue. The country is in distress for want of circulating funds. Wake up! Members of the House of Commons. Try to think of something else than race and creed quarrels. Devote yourselves to questions like the following:

First, attract immigration. Fill up our vacant lands. Advertise our undoubted advantages.

Second, commence some more public works. The Montreal, Ottawa, and Georgian Bay Canal for one. Some mode of providing the Saskatchewan Valley and the Northwest with a shorter communication with Europe. Or, if not these works, why not deepen the canals still further? This latter work is an undoubted necessity.

Third, how long are you going to allow our mines of gold, nickel, iron, and coal to lie idle? Is there no scheme which can be formulated whereby these resources can be made use of?

Fourth, what are you doing to open new avenues of trade? What about the millions in China and Japan waiting to receive Canadian machinery and farm implements? Can we do no more business with Australia than we do? What about the West Indies? Why is it we have lost our British cattle trade?

Fifth, what are you doing for the defence of the country? England is voting forty-five millions of dollars for new ships. All of this money will be spent in England, among English workingmen. Can you not do something in the same direction? If Afghanistan can make her own repeating rifles, why cannot we? Why cannot we have our own cordite factory? Put these factories in some central place where they cannot be easily got at, and we can turn out our own rifles, and even cannon, if necessary. Why do we go abroad for all these things? Give our own workingmen this work to do. Give our own professional men a chance to obtain employment in their own country. Nickel coins could be minted also, and a mint established for that purpose. Surely these are matters more worth arguing about than whether Orange William or Catholic Pope shall rule Canada.

Again, the people are discontented with the back-stairs work which is going on. What is all the mystery about? Stop these caucuses. If you have anything to propose, any objection to make, anything to criticize, say it in the House. Let your constituents hear it. You are not sent to Ottawa to

represent your party. You are sent to represent Canada. A prominent member of the House is reported (we trust falsely) to have said to his fellow-members at the close of a meeting: "Gentlemen, the Conservative party has nothing to fear from this question" (the everlasting school question). It is not, Canada has nothing to fear, but the party has nothing to fear. "When all were for the party, and none were for the State," seems to be the travesty of Macaulay's lines just now. There will be a day of bitter reckoning for all of this. You are making history, and the five years subsequent to Sir John Macdonald's death will be pointed at as showing the contrast when a superior man dies and inferior men succeed him. When Alexander the Great died his generals squabbled among themselves for a division of the spoils, and something similar has happened on a small scale in Canada. The second-rate men all thought they were able to lead, and the result has been an appeal by some of them to factional, by others to race, by others to creed, passions, in hope of strengthening their own claims. The Opposition has, on the whole, been forbearing; but neither side has during the last two sessions and the present one placed Canada before party. How long is it going to last? and where shall Canada land?

The Architects' Bill.

THE bill which is now before the Ontario Legislature to attach to the title architect an educational qualification seems to commend itself as the best means of establishing the safe construction of the new types of buildings that are now making their appearance in this country. And from this point of view perhaps the bill will be most considered by legislators and the public. A collapse of a great building is an easily recognized calamity, and to have the possibility of even one such in a generation hanging over a city is a new horror to add to the many chances of comprehensive ruin that underlie life in populous places.

But there are other evils which unskilled architects bring to us, and which, though less recognized, result in their accumulation even to greater loss of life and happiness. Nor is it only in large towns that we are at the mercy of the unscientific architect. The rural designer has often, in sanitary matters, a more difficult problem than that presented to the city architect, and one for which he is thrown usually upon his own inventive resources. Indeed, it is not only in the town, but in the country, that the insistence of a standard of training among architects will be felt to be a gain, and not so much in the large works of the towns as in the smaller works and in the general run of habitation and commercial building. The safety of life and property is the province of the legislator, and the bill will probably receive consideration chiefly on this ground; but the legislator might rightly also consider the pockets of investors in building property who have not at present the certainty they would like to have that money spent in building is a scientific investment; that when they hand over to the architect who spends their money a schedule of their wants he can fulfil them with exactness in a building.

But there is another point of view from which it seems well that education should be pressed upon the rising architect. Whatever may be said about the need that an architect should be a good constructor, a good deviser of sanitation, a good and trustworthy business man, there is another side from which he must be regarded; the only side from which we look at architects in the past, and the only side from which, in fifty years from now, our present buildings will be considered. An architect is, before all things, a maker of works of beauty. His reputation will live if he fulfils, and only if he

fulfils, that condition—which is to say that his works add or do not add to the value of the soil on which they are built chiefly on that condition.

Now, where are our young men to learn how to make their buildings works of art except from books? If we were in an old country, where a man cannot step out of doors without running against a standard example of architecture, observation might suffice; but our conditions distinctly point out the necessity of study. If the young architect is born an artist, he needs culture; for art is terribly long, even to the gifted. If he has not the innate bent to what is right, he can still acquire a knowledge of it and be pleasing. This side of the question cannot be estimated too highly, though it is likely to receive the least consideration. But though there is sometimes a tendency among business men to make light of art as a factor in the well-being of a nation, it is a tendency to be deplored, and one which we should all strive to check and suppress.

We hope that the public-spirited architects who have devoted so much time and attention to the bill now before the Local House will meet with complete success in their laudable efforts.

The Arbitration Movement.

AS an Englishman who has found a pleasant home and a congenial sphere of usefulness in Canada, I have been very much interested in the discussion which has been carried on in THE WEEK on the question of the relationship of Britain and the United States. When I was at home I was, on the whole, a follower of Mr. Gladstone, an advocate, in my own small sphere, of some fair measure of self-government for Ireland, and an admirer of the United States and many of its institutions. I have had the opportunity of denouncing "Jingoism" in the pulpit and the platform in England, and have used it. A change of position, however, is sometimes good for one, and while I still think that all foolish bluster and noisy brag—for that is what I understand as Jingoism—is to be avoided, when we come to dwell in some part of "Greater Britain" beyond the seas one is led to hope for a real "Imperial policy" which shall bind together the great English-speaking communities of the world. When the first article appeared, "Delenda est Carthago," I thought that you had worked yourself up into a feverish state of excitement about nothing. I knew, of course, that there were many Irishmen and others in the United States who cherished a strong feeling of hostility to England; but I thought that if they were, if not *une quantité négligeable*, at any rate, a small number out of the more than 60,000,000 inhabitants of the great Republic. I am sorry to be convinced that you had more real grounds than I believed at the time, and that "Delenda est Fudge" does not altogether solve the problem. Having lived in England nearly all my life, and having resided in many parts of it, I know that there is among ordinary people no bitter feeling against the United States and its institutions. The self-restraint of the country under the provocations of President Cleveland's message is a sufficient proof of this. A war with the United States is looked upon not only as a calamity, but as nothing short of a crime; and I do not think, even after the events of the last three months, that the English people realize the extent of the hostile feeling that was stirred up against them in the neighbouring Republic. It would be unfair, however, in this connection, not to acknowledge the brave, noble words spoken by Christian ministers and others when the storm of passion was raging most loudly. There is also a good sign in the cry for arbitration which is making itself heard both in England and America. Surely the time has come when civilized Christian nations should be able to settle their grievances without letting loose the dogs of war. But is it not well to remember that arbitration has its limitations? Arbitrators may give fair decisions on questions that come within the range of international law, but you cannot arbitrate out of existence a deep-seated unreasoning hatred. There must be a large amount of mutual confidence to make arbitration possible and reasonable. Then the decisions of acceptable arbitrators should be carried out loyally and promptly. An honourable nation cannot, so long as she has any strength, accept arbitration at the point of the bayonet. If the American people are enthusiastic for arbitration, the

response on the other side of the ocean has been all that could be desired, and more than might be expected under the circumstances. Statesmen, artists, literary men, and ministers have shown that they were anxious for any honourable way of avoiding war. According to Mr. H. Norman, who ought to know, the Americans are prepared to go on a military expedition in favour of arbitration. He says: "It is not the case of Venezuela which attracts attention and enlists sympathy, or even the Monroe doctrine alone. What is at stake also is the principle of arbitration. This has assumed in the eyes of many Americans the character of a sacred cause, and if they fight for it they will do so with a good deal of the sentiment with which the North went to war with the Secessionists six-and-thirty years ago." After this it is strange to turn to the current number of the *Review of Reviews* and see how the proposal for a general treaty of arbitration is there discussed from an American standpoint. In one paragraph there is much matter for digestion, when it is suggested that Britain wants to tie the hands of the United States by a treaty of the kind mentioned, so that she may be free to carry on her policy of bluster the world around. Britain is further reminded that she should show her love for arbitration by treating smaller powers more gently. Anyone reading that kind of thing would naturally receive the impression that Britain was the very incarnation of cunning and cowardice. The lover of peace is saddened by the tone of such remarks, and wonders where we are on this question of arbitration. Though regretting the existence of such a spirit, we do not despair. The men who supported arbitration in London the other day do not need any certificate of character from the American editor of the *Review of Reviews*, and will go on what they conceive to be the path of duty, without being troubled by fear of misinterpretation. We do not tremble for the British Empire; it has a great place in the world, and a great destiny to accomplish, and we do not think that there ever was a time when its resources were larger or when its statesmen were more deeply imbued with a sense of responsibility to God and humanity. I trust these remarks will not be considered out of place from one who, although he is a "preacher-man," feels a patriotic attachment to the land of his fathers.

Strathroy, Ont., March.

W. G. JORDAN.

FOR THE WEEK.

Anacreontea.

DR. MEREDITH has translated with his usual grace Anacreon's charming ode to Eros, whom we slightly know as Cupid, and all who still love the classics are indebted to *THE WEEK* for giving an occasional corner to the consideration of ancient literature.

Anacreon is a favourite of mine; he was the pattern for the lyric poets of Rome, and has, until our own times, in all countries received that most expressive testimony to his talent—the flattery of imitation.

Lyric poetry may not be the highest form of the art. Anacreon himself tells he should have liked to sing of Cadmus, and Atrides' lofty deeds, but when he tried—the strings of his lyre mocked him, and resounded with the name of Eros only. So he gave the Muse her will, and in return received the gifts of grace, in form and matter. How his sprightly iambs bubble with glee, how they dance in lively measures, and yet how perfect they are—every word exactly fitting the idea, and not a superfluous syllable in a single ode!

This is one reason why it is so difficult to translate Anacreon into English verse. If a thought, if a single allusion, is omitted, the completeness of the gem is destroyed; if anything is added, the wine is watered.

This has been felt by all who have tried to paraphrase or copy him. Horace boasts that he introduced Greek metres to Roman poetry. He tried to be succinct, to lop off redundancy as the Greeks did, . . . but even he is inferior to Anacreon, his model.

Compare the Anacreontic

Τὸ σήμερον μέλει μοι
Τὸ θ' αἴριον τίς οἶδεν;

with the Horatian,

Carpe diem, quam minimum credula postero,

and admit that the former is the diamond of the better water. These days and this continent are unsuited to a full appre-

ciation of the merits of this poet. None of the old writers were more influenced by the old religion than Anacreon. For him Apollo was divine, Venus a living presence, Bacchus the real spirit of a feast; he trembled at the nod of Jove, and believed in a personal Cupid. The name of a mythological personage brought up to him and his hearers a wealth of legend and allusions which most of us have to study out, and many cannot comprehend at all. There is no trace of agnosticism or indifference in his lines; he would have voted to give Socrates his hemlock. If the gods did drink to madness now and then, and were not all at all times strictly virtuous, that was their affair; they were their own judges. We could follow Diana or Minerva, and avoid the excesses of any of the rest. Again, he was fond of good wine; he went wild about the form and features of a lovely girl—neither of which tastes one dare openly profess in pseudo-Puritan times. What think you of his epitaph, composed by himself?

"Stranger, if by this tomb, Anacreon's, you pass,
Pour a libation on it: I dearly love my glass!"

If any of your readers have been among the Red Indians and observed the tomato cans, the tobacco pipes, the other things that were associated with luxuries for the living Indians, strewn lavishly around their graves, they will understand how this may have been written in all seriousness. For the old belief which associated the spirit of the departed with the ghosts of things about his grave had not died out among the Greeks in Anacreon's day, nor among the Roman's in Virgil's:

At pius Aeneas, ingenti mole sepulcrum
Imponit, suaque arma viro, remumque tubamque.

—ÆN. vi. 232.

If I venture to send you a few of my translations, it is not that anything like justice is done to the original, nor that the general public would enjoy them if they were. Perhaps they will interest a small circle, and bring out some better work from those who can better choose "whatever fits the line."

TO A SILVER BEAKER.

Hephæstus, solid silver take,
But not a coat of mail to make,
None want to fight with me!
Display thine art, thou heavenly smith,
To form a drinking cup therewith
Deep as the rolling sea.

For ornamental illustrations,
Give me not stars in constellations
(Mere scientific lumber).
Let the Bear growl, the Pleiads weep,
Farmer Bootes vigil keep,
And sad Orion slumber.

Put vines with grapes upon the cup,
And scurrying Mænads, given up
To jollity and wit:
A wine-press, and a well-laid feast,
Where Cupid, Bacchus, and, not least,
Bathylus and I sit.

The allusion to the Homeric story of the forging by Vulcan of arms for Achilles, especially the shield, is, of course, clear; but not so evident are the references to the myths connected with the constellations named. Is it out of place to remind the reader of the dreadful misfortunes connected with Orion, who had his eyes put out by Bacchus, but, miraculously healed, suffered a second time at the hands of Diana, who hit him with an arrow, ignorantly, whereof he died? Bootes was despoiled of his possessions by his brother, and had to take to farming for a living. The Ursa Major was Callisto, transformed (for violating her vows of chastity) into a bear, and killed by her son, Arcas. All these myths are philosophic, capable of the most lucid explanation; they contain a very perfect theory of nature and of life; of how crime brings its punishment; of the workings of Fate from generation to generation. But Anacreon did not want any of these speculations when he dashed off this ode. He said, with Shakespeare's Antony:

"Let's have one other gaudy night: call to me
All my sad captans; fill our bowls; once more
Let's mock the midnight bell."

So much, then, for the wine-cup. Now for love; and here is a pretty little family gathering of gods at Lemnos, a volcanic islet, by the way, where Hephæstus, or Vulcan, was supposed often to do his iron work,

TO THE ARROWS OF CUPID.

At his Lemnian forges, old Vulcan, one day,
Was making some tips for the darts
Which Cupid is wont, in his sly, playful way,
To aim at all true lovers' hearts.

And Venus was busily dipping them all
In a bowl full of honey, so sweet
That Cupid was adding some acid and gall,
To fit them for service complete.

But Mars, with a shake of his spear, and a shout,
Made fun of the weapons there lying.
He said: "They're too light to do damage, I doubt."
Said Cupid: "You'll find out by trying."

Then Venus laughed gaily, for, when they were tried,
Mars found them as heavy as lead.
"Relieve me, dear Cupid," he groaned and he sighed.
"No, keep them," sly Cupid, he said.

And things have gone on in the same way ever since.
Love's arrows still lurk in the air, and, like Roentgen's "X"
rays, will penetrate the heart's bulwarks and other defences,
doing worse damage than all our modern artillery and
explosives. Honey and gall are still mingled to anoint their
barbs, and grim warriors still confess to being hard hit by
them, now and then.

One more ode, and I have done. Even in Anacreon's
day there was some conflict between the faith of the simple
rustic and the unfaith of the city merchant. Mark how skil-
fully, and yet how reverently, Anacreon touches on this
subject:

TO DIANA.

Jove's daughter fair, I kneel to thee, I worship thy pure name;
Dian, the hunter's model, the warden of his game!
Come, now, with me and seek the pools that whirl in Lethe's tide,
Saying farewell to sad-faced men who in the town abide.
For thou dost love the open fields and breezy recreation,
And shouldst not stay to bless one day their modern civilization.

With an apology for taking up so much space, but feeling
that you have opened the gate yourself, I am,

Faithfully yours,

ARTHUR HARVEY.

Rosedale, Toronto, Feb. 10th, 1896.

Hypnotism.

IN turning over the pages of the Saturday edition of a city
paper, I happened upon a subject which is of exceeding
interest to me, as to most thinking people of the present
day, and which has been made the theme of many ghastly news-
paper paragraphs and romances. Over the well-known signa-
ture of "Kit," I read that the writer had paid a visit lately to
a professor of hypnotism; a gentleman with a wonderful eye,
and a strange personality. In the course of conversation upon
hypnotism, the professor, we are told, would leap from his
chair, his wonderful eyes alight, and, springing across the
room, would snatch a sword from the wall, and dash it upon
the floor—all to illustrate some hidden meaning (!) A very
amusing article could have been written upon the "personality"
of the professor, no doubt, but, unfortunately, "Kit" desires to
point a moral with respect to the baleful influence of hypnotic
suggestion, and I venture to assert that her conclusions there-
upon, whether founded upon the professor's leaps or her own
previous experiences, are not sufficiently sound to stand
scrutiny. I prefer to leave the professor and his opinions on
one side altogether, and to assume that "Kit" has had some
personal experience of the dangerous side of hypnotism,
and had drawn her own deductions therefrom, being more
flattering to her understanding. For, having myself also paid
a visit to this professor, and still retaining a grateful feeling to-
wards him for the trouble he gave himself on that occasion, I
should be sorry to do more than insinuate that mysterious
and expressive shrugs, nods, and gestures do not suffice to
inspire the investigator with the belief that the one who
employs these doubtful agents has a knowledge of the power
he professes to possess.

Because almost every man and woman of sound mind and
body can be a hypnotist, just as every man and woman of
sound mind and sound or unsound body *can* be hypnotized.
It is not a question of marvellous powers of eye or will on the

part of the hypnotist, but it *is* a question of receptivity of mind
on the part of the subject, or the person to be hypnotized.
The Svengali eye, believe me, is not a necessary factor in the
induction of hypnosis.

There is, and has always been, a tendency on the part of
human beings to believe statements delivered authoritatively.
It is the part of some men and women to assume this robe of
authority, and to impress, or even dictate to, their fellows. It
is the custom of their fellows to believe, to a greater or less
extent, in the statements and assertions so made. This atti-
tude of the mind is called suggestibility, and is chiefly appar-
ent in children. It is characteristic of the child that he will
accept what he is told is fact *as* fact, and will not question the
truth of the statement. It is characteristic of the hypnotized
person that he is willing to believe what he is told. In the
case of the child there is natural suggestibility; in the case of
the hypnotic there is a temporary suspension of the processes
of reasoning, or a voluntary suggestibility. But neither the
free will, nor the conscience, nor the consciousness (and this
last is worth remembering) of the subject, is destroyed by hyp-
notic influence. These are bold statements; but, in view of
the fact that they can be, and have been, over and over again,
clearly substantiated, it does seem rather remarkable that the
public is not more fully acquainted with the principles of the
science. That the public will not investigate the aforesaid
principles is attributable, I presume, to their suggestibility,
indifference, or credulity. If they read that, as "Kit" puts it,
"given repeated efforts, and the strongest will may be con-
trolled," they are not likely to doubt the truth of the assertion.
"Kit" says so, and she ought to know! But they have also
at hand many romances, of attractive plot, which weave an
awful story of the dangers to which the hypnotized are subject.
Crimes can be perpetrated for which the innocent are held
responsible, and only ignominious death or drivelling idiocy
remain for the unfortunate being whose will is shown to be
completely in subjection to that of another.

It is impossible, in this article, to do more than touch
upon "Kit's" conclusions with regard to hypnotic influence.
With her statement that "it (hypnotic influence) is also a
power that can be of undoubted help to the human race, in
the alleviation of pain, in the curing of bad habits, and in
many useful ways," I heartily concur; but she further says:
"Consider, for a moment, the evil that one armed with this
almighty power might do, if he were of an hellish nature.
Many and many a murder has been committed by hypnotic
suggestion. Many a fire, a robbery, an assault" (!)

There are few people in the world who have not heard of
the great Charcot, of the Salpêtrière, Paris, whose application
of hypnotism as a therapeutic agent has been continuous for
many years. With his contention that hypnotism is only effi-
cacious in the case of hysterical persons we have nothing to
do; it is sufficient against this to set the present experience of
the Nancy School, and, formerly, of the Manchester surgeon,
Braid, who achieved the greatest success with healthy and sound
subjects. But it is significant to note that Charcot has
averred that there is no relation between hypnotic suggestion
and crime, and that he challenges the production of a single
case in which the evidence shows that under the influence of
hypnotic suggestion a man or woman has been made to per-
form an action contrary to the principles of his or her nature.
He is willing to admit that a criminal subject *may* be induced
to perpetrate a crime, but has, so far, looked in vain for an
example. He argues that a subject of criminal propensities
would be liable to commit that crime whether in a hypnotic or
normal condition; but, though the proofs of such an action
having been performed would not affect the position he has
taken, it seems rather remarkable that not a single case, even
of the latter kind, has come to light.

It will be remembered that the morbid horror which the
public entertain of hypnotism refers entirely, not to the com-
mittal of a crime by a criminally disposed person, but to the
committal of a crime by a previously virtuous, or compara-
tively virtuous, individual, whose principles are supposed to have
been undermined by the insidious power of hypnotic suggestion.
It would give me great pleasure, therefore, if "Kit," leaving on
one side the "many a murder" possibility, would present evi-
dence of one fire, one robbery, or one assault, in proof of her
assertion. Wilt thou lift the glove, lady?

Man, according to Hudson, is possessed of two minds,
the objective and the subjective; defined by other writers as
the conscious and sub-conscious. During sleep, the subjec-

tive mind is on the alert; during hypnosis, also, the subjective mind is on the alert. Sleep is a self-induced hypnosis, and there is nothing to differentiate the hypnotic from the natural sleep in its first stages. The more advanced manifestations, such as analgesia (insensibility to pain), somnambulism, and catalepsy, are also apparent in some rare cases in the waking condition. They cannot, therefore, be regarded as supernatural, but seem to be more easily produced through sleep by suggestion than by any other means. In other words, hypnosis is the most favourable condition for the production of certain phenomena. The attempts to classify the different hypnotic stages have met with poor success, merely because the sleeping man differs as much from his fellows as the waking man, and while one may pass from light sleep to lethargy, and from lethargy to catalepsy, and thence to somnambulism, another may get no further than lethargy, or, again, may become somnambulant instantly. It is commonly supposed that a person hypnotized must become a somnambule. This is a curious error. He may never acquire the power of standing on his feet when asleep, or even of accepting a suggestion. It will thus be seen that the possible field of criminal action under hypnotic influence is considerably circumscribed.

No one who knows what hypnotism really is can be hypnotized against his will. But if a man believe that he can be so influenced without his consent, then the result will naturally follow that he can be so influenced. It is a matter of belief. If a result is confidently expected, that result is almost certain to follow. A knowledge of this fact accounts for the assured tone of the professional hypnotist, who banks on the suggestibility of the average man or woman, and impresses upon certain people in his audience the conviction that if he should chance to look in their direction, or, as it is popularly called, "throw his will upon them," they will be compelled to mount the platform and act the fool. This is the theory of fascination in a nutshell. On the other hand, the majority of those who perform platform experiments do so under the impression that, having voluntarily submitted to be hypnotized, they are merely obliging the hypnotist by seeing and doing certain things which he desires them to see and do. Later on, they find that they have no recollection of what they had done, and they are much astounded at the accounts furnished them afterwards by their friends. But let a subject who is a strict teetotaler be given a glass of water, with the suggestion that it is wine, and neither persuasion nor threats on the part of the all-powerful professor can induce him to put it to his lips. Or let a sensitive woman be commanded to do some action contrary to her nature, and she absolutely revolts. To continue the illustration of the woman, let us suppose that she is told that her husband is present and is about to kiss her. In fancy, she can see the form of her husband, and she leans forward and delivers a kiss upon the empty air with much apparent gratification. But if one of the company, or the hypnotist himself, be introduced to her as her husband, the kiss will not be delivered, nor will anything beyond the ordinary forms of conversation be indulged in. No secrets have ever yet been elicited under hypnotic examination, and the value of hypnotism as an agent for eliciting the truth from a suspected criminal is *nil*. Under cross-examination or contradiction the subject breaks down completely, though, if left alone, he or she is quite capable of weaving a plausible and convincing narrative of fact and fiction ingeniously commingled. I repeat that neither the conscience nor the consciousness of the individual hypnotized can be destroyed by the operator; but if I am mistaken in this contention, I shall be very glad to acknowledge the error when the necessary proof is forthcoming.

That there are grave dangers to be apprehended in the indiscriminate application of hypnotism my own experiments have convinced me, but not of the nature popularly supposed. I hope to deal with the question more at length in subsequent articles.

SYDNEY FLOWER.

A Tribute to the Memory of Rev. D. J. Macdonnell.*

AMBITION has sometimes been defended as, on the whole, a beneficial stimulus to human achievement. The poets see more truly. It is with them "the last infirmity of noble minds," the special temptation of the finer

*Given as the close of a paper on "Failure in Success," read before the Woman's Art Association in Toronto by "Fidelis" (Agnes Maule Machar).

organization. Shakespeare's well-known lines on ambition supply the right antithesis:

"Love thyself last! Be just, and fear not.
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's."

And Tennyson has pointed out that

"Not once or twice, in our fair island story,
The path of duty was the way to glory."

But ambition, being the desire for self-advancement, is an essentially selfish passion; though, like its kindred impulse, self-preservation, it has a part to play in that long evolutionary process which, we are told, has for its crowning end, not the self-assertion of the strong, but the perfection of devoted, and self-sacrificing love. And in proportion as we "love ourselves last" does the life become the nobler.

Let me for a few minutes set before you, in contrast to the craving, unsatisfied life we have been following, the memory of one which has so recently closed, dear to many in this city of Toronto, as to many more throughout Canada—a life which nobly fulfilled the ideal of one of the world's great poets:

"Like as a star
That maketh not haste,
That taketh not rest,
Be always fulfilling
Thy God-given hest!"

There are times when even the most superficial can see that it is *not* true that "*the wealthiest man among us is the best.*" Such a time was that day, last week, when, amid the tearful sorrow of thousands, rich and poor alike, workman and men of letters, the well-beloved pastor of St. Andrew's was borne to the resting place of the dead. And the universal love and reverence which then found expression were won, as has been well said, "Not by rare attainments or rare gifts (though he was rarely gifted), but by *rare character*. And character is but the outward garb and expression of the informing spirit!"

I feel it a privilege to bear testimony, the testimony authorized by a long, unbroken, intimate friendship and fellowship, that the pervading spirit of his life was *never ambition*, but single-minded devotion to his work, for love of God and his fellow-man. With knowledge of him dating back to a period when the character of a lad is hardly formed, I can say that I never knew a time when devotion to duty did not seem in him paramount to the desire for distinction. Such a desire, if he ever had it, was early subordinated in him to *aspiration*—the aspiration to be *made perfect in love*. Even his earliest sermons seemed to show no trace of the ambition often perceptible in the preaching of a very young man. In this, as in the simplicity and sincerity of his pulpit utterances, and in some other points, his life recalls that of the well-known and also beloved Frederick Robertson, of Brighton. They were, from first to last, inspired with the spirit of his Divine Master, the "spirit of self-renunciation for the good of others. He never concerned himself about popular favour, or the earthly "distinctions" which many so eagerly covet. This would have been as foreign to the noble nature God had given him as would anything like policy or finesse to his transparent simplicity of character. "His eyes looked straight before him," to use a striking Scriptural phrase. And in this grand carelessness of selfish advancement and conventional distinction, and in his fearless devotion to *what he thought right*, irrespective of consequences; in his absolute truth to conscience and his convictions, he became a power for good in Toronto, and in the Presbyterian Church of Canada, which has been equalled by very few. He had the true accolade of Christian knighthood, the purity of heart which alone can find the Holy Grail, the love and sympathy for all, even the most degraded and miserable, through which

"The Holy Supper is kept, indeed,
In what we share with another's need."

And it was this love and sympathy which drew to him so many, and so endeared him to all. Like his Master—the Divine Artist—whom he sought to follow, he could see the possible angel in the roughest human block; and in this spirit he went to work. And he did this because he drew his inspiration straight from the divine source of love. In his touching farewell message to his congregation, he blessed God for "the precious human sympathy whose streams are fed from the fountain of His own love." And he found them there!

It is workers of such a spirit, whatever their more special

vocation may be, that Canada most urgently needs to-day to meet the evils of all kinds that threaten her higher well-being. We need men and women willing to *fail* of the outward success so tempting to all; as he, in a testing crisis of life, showed himself "willing to fail for truth's sake," even in the kind of success he rightly prized, far more than we need "fast lines," or commercial prosperity, or any other material good. We count it a "mysterious providence" that has removed such a worker so early from the place he filled so well, the place that it now seems impossible to ever fully fill. Let us hope that his spirit and his example will be an inspiration to many hearts to follow him in that "lightsome path" of love which is not only the "greatest," but the only permanent thing in the world! Knowledge must fail; and the acquisitions of one age are often the lumber of another. Art must fail. Even the triumphs of intellect are not enduring. But love never faileth; for love is of God; and "*God is love.*"

At the House of Commons.

THE whole of the past week, with the exception of Monday, which is private members' day, has been taken up with the debate on the remedial bill. The speeches have been half in English, half in French, and, while there can be little that is new in them, yet to each speaker his little speech is a plea for his life politically. The temper of his constituency is shown by his attitude, if he is, in truth, their delegate. If he is that larger political being, a representative, he may differ from them in one matter or another. In that case he has no political life to talk for.

There is about this debate, more than any recent one, the nature of a real debate. So very often the chamber of the House is only a stage upon which the well-rehearsed parts are played while the caucus is the real work-room. In this instance there are so many divergent opinions, so many bolters, so many timid and uncertain members, that one must needs pay attention to the speeches, for surprises are often in the air.

Yesterday Sir Charles Tupper announced that after the second reading of the remedial bill is carried the Dominion Government would confer with Mr. Greenway anent the difficulties which are tormenting the Provincial and Dominion Parliaments. Mr. Laurier asked if Mr. Greenway had been invited. Sir Charles replied no, but a copy of the announcement had been forwarded to him. This announcement is supposed to be the outcome of the widespread dissatisfaction which has greeted the introduction of the bill.

It is a noticeable fact that almost every member who was within an easy distance of his riding was away from Ottawa over Sunday. It may be fairly inferred that the good representatives went on missions of enquiry, to test the political barometers in their constituencies, to absorb ideas, to watch the floating feathers of public opinion, to mark the straws of conversation which show the way the wind blows. The Liberals are jaunty and jolly. Their leader's grand speech still echoes in their brains, and it has "taken" in the country. To even the staunchest, most blinded Conservative there comes the sound belief that stock in the Government policy is below par. But then—"it is always the darkest an hour before day."

Yesterday the Chignecto Marine Railway was before the House again. It is an old story—the plan to set ships on four lines of tracks and ride them over the dry land, from the strait of Northumberland to the Bay of Fundy. Since 1884 the project has been frequently aired. Now, on the eve of the expiration of the charter, it is suggested that the charter be renewed. Dr. Weldon asked if the Government would deny that the promise of subsidy of \$170,000 a year for twenty years was to be also renewed. No one could object to the charter being extended. Sir Charles could not say it would not, and after a great deal of threshing from one and another the motion was lost by a majority of one. Ten of the Government supporters voted with the Opposition. It not often happens that a motion by the leader of the House is lost on division, but the temper of the House seemed against fairy tales of ships on land.

The other evening a neighbouring lodger began to pace his room. "I wonder what is the matter with that man?" said the next-door woman. "Perhaps he is in trouble," she continued, and she thought of sick babies or shaky business concerns, and — the carpets. Next day the pacing went on. "Poor man!" she sighed to herself, and thought how very ill those home folks must be, and what a fizzle business and money were anyway. In the evening it was announced at the dinner-table by one of the members that Mr. — "had the floor at six o'clock." That explained the restless pacing to and fro, for the same gentleman was her next-door neighbour, and his speech was in course of construction in his brain while his feet measured the square of carpet in his bedroom.

The Senators—the grave and dignified and not overworked Senators—said among themselves the other day that they would not allow any but Senators in the gallery in the House of Commons. It seems that of late the regulations have been allowed to lapse, and when the Senators came into the Commons during any interesting debate they found their special gallery filled with women and men who were plainly neither Senators' wives nor Senators, and no relation to them except by the tie of friendship or acquaintance.

However, their ruling was a little too strict, and it was finally modified to allow the wives of Senators and the daughters of Senators to sit there, though even they must be furnished with cards of admission.

It means only trouble for the messengers, more work for the pages, and much wrath on the part of those who have been allowed the freedom of the excellent seats so long.

The lobby, the corridors, and the Library of the Houses of Parliament are almost as interesting as the Chamber itself. In the lobby men buttonhole other men, and ask for influence, for favours, and information, and give that cheap return—advice. In the corridors members argue with each other, flatter their favourites, denounce their opponents, and give one another the little tips of knowledge, the bits of secrets, and tell and retell the gossip of the day. In the Library busy men pause to greet one another as they pass in and out of the little alcoves, where they sit and turn over reference books, to make extracts, to furbish up their speeches, or to write letters. I saw a gray-haired orator in an alcove the other day. He was writing to his sweetheart, he said. His sweetheart is gray-haired, too, and he calls her "My wife."

Ottawa, March 10.

Parisian Affairs.

PARIS, February 26, 1896.

All the old Peace Societies are to be placed in the melting pot, run into a mould, and the cast to be called an obligatory court of arbitration, from whose decisions there would be no appeal. The shades of Plato and Sir Thomas More are about revisiting the glimpses of the moon. The judges can be found, but what authority can compel litigants to come and appear, and what power will the court have to enforce its rulings? It is the maxim still that brute force will ever have the last word. The *ultima ratio* of a national dispute will be Maxim guns, repetition rifles, and lightning-speed cruisers connecting with coal mines. The new arbitration court will have its headquarters at Berne, close to the International Post Office, for Switzerland will be regarded as a cosmopolitan neutral zone, till some Napoleon converts the Helvetic Republic into a few French departments; or the Czar to an outlying Russian protectorate. It was good to drop the name of Peace Society; it was an anachronism, when the age illustrates that the whole duty of man is to prepare for war. It is also excellent to have a central head office. But when solemn treaties no longer bind the ambition and self-interest of nations, especially of those in a hurry to catch swollen head, how can a tribunal, with no background of strength, expect to succeed? When peoples, like individuals, dispute, stroke them down the grain, tranquillize them, lead them up to the conciliatory mood; then improvise arbitrators and keep a supply of umpires. Commence, say, with Germany and Russia; invite the former to make good her title deeds to Alsace, and Russia hers to Manchuria and the Corea. Summon England to appear for

Egypt, and call the case of Italy against the Emperor of Abyssinia.

Less sublime is the aim of Prime Minister Bourgeois; he is not afraid to admit his cabinet is socialist, as well as patriotic. But every man up-to-date is a socialist now. The Premier, if the Senators do not lapidate him into a jelly, will amend the existing arbitration law, in the sense to enforce its findings upon employers and employed. The experiment will be interesting, and will indicate how the cat jumps; for, as Sam Slick observes, there is a great deal of human nature in man. To compel people to love would be the panacea for all earthly ills; it might spoil us for heaven. But the idea is making way; divorced people display a tendency to re-pop the question, and start for a second honeymoon. If Mr. Vanderbilt makes Alva Smith his wife for the second time, the fashion will spread. Better find peace of mind by marrying again your repudiated bride than resorting to suicide—the dominant tendency.

The Senators won't fight the Deputies; they have thrown up the sponge for the present; so they reserve the right to come up smiling later on. No one really believed that, beyond throwing off coats, the Fathers would go further in pugilism. To make the House of Commons of France play second fiddle to her House of Lords, no one outside Charenton believed in that subserviency. The Deputies ought to push forward the Income Tax Bill, and send it up to the Senate to be voted—that will be a "facer" for the Patricians. It is time for the Ministry to relieve itself of the congestion of inquiries into cases—ancient and modern—of bribery and corruption on the part of legislators and functionaries. A few gibbetings of "big game" would please the nation and make it as good-humored as if presented with an additional *Bauf gras* cavalcade. The laundry interest will have its guild holiday in mid-Lent; that would be an excellent occasion to secure the services of "scourers" and "esses."

The non-colonization of her colonies is causing much anxiety to the colonial expansionists. The French appear not even to dream of emigrating to their colonies; they avoid them as if infected. According to re-trimmed official statistics, the total number of French subjects residing outside France is half a million; 200,000 of this total are in Europe; 130,000 in the United States and Canada; 100,000 in South America; in Asia, 15,000; Oceania, 4,000; and in Africa, less Algeria, 60,000. Most French emigrants come from the Pyrenees; next the Alps, Corsica, Alsace, and Franche Comte. The few thousands of French who emigrate to their colonies are chiefly old soldiers, sailors, and civil servants; very, very few real colonists. Between 1857 and 1891 the emigration to Algeria was only 25,755; during that same period, 109,966 emigrants went to the Argentina, 317 to Senegal, 52 to Martinique, and 27 to Guadeloupe, while Uruguay received 12,130, Chili 9,870, and Brazil 8,429. The anti-colonial expansionists are hence not far wrong when they affirm that France conquers colonies and administers them for the use of British and German—not emigrants, but traders. Now, what is the reason of that antipathy of the French, first, to emigrate, and, second, to give the widest of berths to their own colonies? The objections must be very grave, indeed, when they influence 434,000 patriots out of a total of 500,000 residing outside the French realm. To remove that cause should precede all attempts to foster emigration. No use putting new wine into old bottles. Deputy Merlon proposes to run the colonies on the *métayage* system. But there are two parties to that system; the labourer, who brings only his labour, and the capitalist, who will buy land and set him to work. The labourer prefers to go elsewhere and the capitalist to invest his money in other speculations.

The indifference and antipathy of the French for politics in general are the subject of general remark. It is not a healthy sign. The fact, however, exists. They seem to leave to Russia the care of looking after their foreign politics. They cannot even be cracked up to indignation at the British occupation of Egypt, and do not care a pin's head whether Russia takes over to herself the Turkish and Chinese Empire. Does that lethargy precede some cyclone? England, say lookers on, is freeing herself from old diplomatic swathings, is picking herself together, silently consolidating and developing her strength, watching the unrolling of events with a lynx eye, while letting them slide—the Russian, and the best paying school of diplomatic tactics.

It is full time to put an end to the disrespecting the sanction by parliament of the 1900 exhibition. Nothing is to be

gained by prolonging the academic debates; public opinion is fatigued with the whole affair. That is just what was desired by the exhibition commission; the moment is ripe to force parliament to accept the plans as prepared *en bloc*. And all the chances are in favour of that solution, despite the peacock screamings of the provinces. The humour of the debates is this: that what one party claim to demonstrate as clear as noonday, by "facts and figures," the adversaries claim to refute them as triumphantly, by other facts and figures. Is it not, then, full time to ring down the curtain? There is one chapter of the question that neither side will dispute—the bigger the exhibition, the more money will be required, and the longer must be its construction, and such implies a good spell of work for labourers sadly in need of it. Besides, all the money will be expended in France, plus many millions more by the visiting multitudes!

When the trials for accepting undue payments from the Panama Company took place, the court directed such overcharges to be restituted. Many persons who unduly received such sums voluntarily came forward and paid the conscience money, but on condition that their names would not be made known. Others declined to disgorge; these the liquidator has just sued before the Civil Tribunal; they must pay, and with interest for time unsettled, and also costs. Some of the recalcitrants are public companies. Eiffel escaped by a "fluke," the three years having expired before suing him for restitution, so he was free. But, morally, he ought to empty his pocket of the widows' mites he unduly received.

The tribunal of Lannat, in the department of Allier, has just tried a very peculiar case of breach of promise of marriage. Kings ere now have married shepherdesses; why not seigneurs farmers' daughters? M. Michel was an old bachelor, aged fifty-six, a millionaire, and owner of an estate and a château—no one of those chateaux formed by adding a turret on the gable of a barn for pigeons. He fell in love with Madeleine Charret, a very pretty farmer's daughter, aged twenty, and merry as a cricket. The banns were published, the wedding day fixed, all was ready—only the *fiancé* was absent. He sent a letter, offering 30,000 francs to the bride to take herself out of France, as he was informed she was not by any means a vestal virgin. Strong in her innocence, the bride did not faint; she put on a "going-away dress," and laid her case before a lawyer. The family of Michel, in order to keep the old bachelor's property among themselves, persuaded him the bride lacked virginity. Astounded and frightened, he sought refuge with his cousin. The latter's own cousin, also a bachelor and a millionaire, was cruelly murdered a few years ago for something wrong between himself and a widow, resident in Madeleine's neighbourhood—so the fair sex there are determined ladies. In the meantime, Michel died; he anticipated some vengeance perhaps. Madeleine then took an action against his heirs, for slander, and so causing the breaking off of her marriage; she laid damages at 200,000 francs. During the trial, Madeleine's counsel handed in a medical certificate, attesting she was a virgin—the material way to refute the calumny. The judges awarded the 40,000 francs and costs. The heirs ought to add something to the award, as were it not for Madeleine they might still be out of the succession!

Burning mountains are as common as ditch water, but a mountain marching in seven-league boots—that is, at the rate of eleven yards a day—is a novelty. So think the thousands who flock to Nimes to behold the rare spectacle. It is said to be a compensation sent to the locality for its having had to renounce the bull fights. "Le Louffre" is the name of the sinning mountain—an honour denied to Mahomet, but reserved for the Third Republic. It can be heard cracking rocks underneath as if nutshells; strong bodies of police have been sent, but, of course, are unable to "arrest" that disturber of the peace. The mountain has stepped upon coal mines, deranged the course of the river Gard, doubled up a local railway, and made high roads as unsafe as rotten ice. What the ultimate intentions of the monster may be is unknown. Perhaps, when the split comes, one may discover therein the famous Arton list of the 104 Panamist legislators.

Art Notes.

SPEAKING last week of Caton Woodville reminded me of a new light in the world of illustration in the person of Castaigne, who has blossomed into a large notoriety through the aid which he lent in the revival of the worship of Napoleon.

I remember the days when Castaigne was a promising student of the Beaux Arts school, laying in stores of knowledge, of which the evidence is plainly visible in the highly finished, nervously delicate drawings in Harper's Magazine.

Unlike Woodville, Castaigne is very dependent on his model. The Englishman, to a large extent, evolves his pictures from inner consciousness, and a bold, free design is the result; but Castaigne, whose drawings partake more of the nature of those of Abbey, poses his models, arranges his groups, draperies, furniture, etc., and then with consummate art disguises the fact of this arrangement by a beautiful and naturalistic treatment of the theme. Like Abbey, too, he is keenly alive to the charm of little things, and follows the waving lines of a silken gown with affectionate craft; furrows with many lines the cheek of a toothless old veteran of Corsica, and puckers his knee-breeches into innumerable folds. But Castaigne has introduced into the magazine a class of illustrations rarely seen; a large proportion of his drawings were originally executed in chalk, which is something of a novelty after the more frequent pen or wash illustrations. And as to those pale gray drawings representing harbours, streets, shipping, and other scenes which may be said to come under the head of landscape, it is difficult to say precisely what medium was employed.

In the illustrations to the Napoleon articles, despite their great merits, he has not been invariably successful, and a better result might perhaps have been attained if the illustration of so comprehensive a subject had been undertaken by more than one artist. I cannot imagine a better trio than Castaigne, Abbey, and Woodville. The latter was wanted for the battle pictures, where sheer weight is required, and the other, too, might have shared the honours in finesse. Napoleon's achievements have not been allowed to die forgotten; and if it was his own decree that they should be pictured by the artists of his country during his own lifetime, the succeeding generations of painters have fulfilled his wishes with a patient ardour which must be very gratifying to the spirit which hovers in the silent precincts of the Invalides. Hannibal seems to have been neglected by the historical painters of his day; and no Caton Woodville and no Illustrated London News recorded the deeds of Alexander.

Some of the early Italian painters produced battle-pieces in which the combatants fought in stained-glass attitudes; and the Dutch depicted their warriors making gallant charges on well-fed Flemish horses of the rocking-horse type. But no particular hero is made memorable by these. For the *connoisseur* merely looks upon them as examples of their respective schools of painting. One can scarcely imagine, however, that the art of realistic battle painting could reach a higher pitch than it has attained to in the last twenty years, so that it is probable that even that unimaginable person, the art critic of a hundred years hence, may be expected to treat as important historical records the pictures of De Neuville and Detaille, illustrating incidents in the Franco-Prussian war; the pictures of Flameng, dealing with incidents (though not the actual combats) of the Napoleonic campaigns; and the drawings and paintings of Woodville, dedicated to the glorification of British arms. The contemporary paintings of the triumphs of Napoleon were not masterpieces of a high order, but Napoleon, as I have said, has been abundantly exalted in picture; and the artist of to-day—painstaking, graphic, studiously accurate in matters of fact—has, quite as much as the historical writer, accomplished his apotheosis.

E. WYLY GRIER.

"Studio Day" on Saturday was said to be the last one this season. As it was, most of the studios were closed on account of so much work having been sent away to the Academy exhibition in Montreal. Amongst the studios opened were those of Mr. Wyly Grier, Mr. McGillvray Knowles, Miss Tully, The Women's Art Association, and a few others.

One of the most famous living portrait painters, Carolus Duran, is expected to pay a visit to this continent in a few weeks. He has been the teacher of several leading American artists of the day.

Some of the new French coins have been designed by well-known artists, and *facsimiles* are given in some of the last numbers of the illustrated papers in France. *Daniel Dupuis* for the bronze coins, *Roty* for the silver, and *Chaplain* for the gold ones.

Music and the Drama.

RUDOLF VON SCARPA, the brilliant Viennese pianist, who is now touring the United States with Miss Maud Powell, probably the most distinguished of the American violinists, writes to me of his success throughout the Union, and his wishes to play in Toronto again. He incidentally tells me that, with the possible exception of a few of the largest cities, the Canadian people are much more refined and appreciative in a musical sense than are the Americans. The latter run to extremes over a certain few—a sort of hero-worship—and often fail to find merit in the work of genuine artists, simply because of their not having that undefinable something which creates sympathy and enthusiastic admiration. There is, doubtless, a certain amount of truth in this, because, unless fashion wills it, or a certain form of more or less clever advertising and business management booms a performer, the chances are his success will be but meagre, and his spirits, in consequence, below zero. The management of artists has been, of late years, reduced to an art. If an artist is not launched properly, and skilfully managed, making the most of very small things, so he or she will be talked about, and become a sort of fad, curiosity is not excited, and the people stay away. European reputations count for very little in this country. Musicianship, skill, and modesty, although of sterling value in themselves, remain hidden or practically unnoticed except by the comparatively few capable of appreciating and detecting these artistic and essential virtues.

In answer to correspondent "Q.," I cannot give an opinion regarding the young lady's talent for piano playing without having a personal interview, and hearing her play. It then depends on several things whether she would make a success as a concert pianist. This can only be determined after ascertaining her temperament, mental capacity, patience, physique, formation of hand, and her willingness to study continually, with exactness and regularity, several hours a day.

Mr. J. D. A. Tripp has been invited to play at the Musicians' State Convention in Indianapolis next June.

A peculiar story comes to hand that Raoul Koszczalski, the Polish boy prodigy, who played in Ischl during my stay there in 1892, and who was then supposed to be eight or ten years old—I have forgotten which—is not a boy, but a girl.

Rosenthal, Chaminade, and Josef Hofmann are to be heard in America next season, and also Friedheim, who will probably return in the fall. So it will be observed that the public will not suffer for the want of good piano playing, even if Paderewski and Joseffy retire from the field.

Gilbert and Sullivan's new opera, "The Grand Duke," has made, according to despatches received, a great success in London, where it was first produced on Saturday evening last, the 7th inst.

W. O. FORSYTH.

STUDIES IN VOCAL MUSIC. FIRST PAPER.

INTRODUCTION.

Having had occasion, both in this column and elsewhere, to urge the desirability of more earnestness being displayed in the study of high-class vocal music, less in the singing of commonplace ballads, and none at all in the degradation of public taste by means of pernicious musical rubbish, it has seemed to the writer that something further might be done in aid of the good cause by the publication of a series of short essays, designed to be of as great practical value as possible to those who are interested in vocal music—especially solos. The present remarks are, therefore, to be considered as the introductory paper of the series.

The number of songs by the great composers is so large—numbering far more than a thousand—that an amateur may well hesitate to launch out on such a sea, often tempestuous and shallow, for the sake of discovering a few of the small number of really delightful harbours; for it must be admitted that only a few, relatively speaking, of these songs are of the first rank, and that the vast majority—however superior they may be to the cheap ballads of second-rate composers—are of no special interest. It takes a large amount of enthusiasm on the part of a vocalist to induce him to study about two hundred and fifty songs by Schumann (to take a specific in-

stance) in order to select from among them half a dozen, or a dozen, of the best of those which are suited to his particular type of voice. With many composers the difficulties are less than in this case, but the task is always a formidable one, especially when, as sometimes happens, the words of the songs are presented in a foreign language only. The writer has not seen any series of essays designed to help vocalists over this difficulty, and to present to them short selected lists of songs classified according to the voices for which they are adapted; and he hopes, therefore, that this feature of these papers will be appreciated. In deciding upon the songs worthy of special mention, data collected from a large number of concert programmes, as well as from other sources, will be utilized; and an effort will be made to pay due deference to the opinions of others as manifested in these ways. At the same time, the decisions will not be by any means free from a large element of what is called "the personal equation." A thorough study of the songs of any composer necessarily leads to the formation of certain opinions concerning them, and a writer could scarcely be expected to ignore his own views whenever they happened to differ from those of other people. Primarily, therefore, the list of songs selected in the case of each composer will depend for its value on the musical taste of the writer, and the trustworthiness of the grouping of these songs according to the types of voice for which they are suited will depend on his ability as a vocal teacher. Freedom from error is not claimed. The conclusions will be presented in an apparently dogmatic form (and without, as a rule, stating the reasons for them), but this will be done merely to save space. The object in view is not to dogmatize, but to suggest. The publication of these papers will be at such intervals as may prove convenient, and will not prevent the giving of proper attention to such local and other musical matters as may require notice in this column. It is not expected that the essays will form a complete series, yet each essay—unless otherwise specially noted—will be complete in itself, and will give a thorough, though brief, treatment of the subject under discussion. This explanation is made to prevent the possible disappointment of anyone whose favourite composer may be neglected.

In deciding upon the types of voice for which a particular song is to be recommended, there are many points to be considered. Two of these require discussion here, as there is so much diversity of opinion concerning them. The first question is in regard to the advisability of a vocalist singing any song of which the words are plainly intended for one of the opposite sex. Such a proceeding may, perhaps, be justified in opera, where the vocalist dresses according to the nature of the character to be represented; but on the concert stage it is surely out of place. At all events, it is important for the writer to state that the classifications which will be presented will be made in accordance with this view. It often happens, however, that the words in the original text which indicate the sex of the singer are comparatively unimportant; in which case, when the songs are translated, they may readily be made serviceable for vocalists of both sexes. Of course, many people will take the opposite view of this matter. There are individuals who listen to a song in an abstract way, as though the vocalist were merely relating something about someone other than himself; and there are those to whom a song is merely music, and by whom, therefore, the words are considered as quite unworthy of attention. To these two classes of people there could be nothing objectionable in a soprano telling how she rejoiced because a maiden had promised to be her bride, or a tenor singing a spinning song, or even going through the whole of the "Woman's Love and Life" series by Schumann; though there are passages in these songs that would be apt to cause a certain amount of uneasiness to anyone whose opinions were not entirely fossilized.

There is also the question of transposition to be considered. The vast majority of classical songs were composed in keys which require a soprano or tenor voice, so that vocalists who cannot sing such high parts have a comparatively small number of songs to select from, unless transposition be resorted to. How far this can safely be carried must be decided for each song by itself, though it may be laid down as a general rule, subject, however, to exceptions, that a song should not be transposed more than a minor third from the original key. But the limit for many compositions is less than this, some scarcely bearing transposition at all without loss of beauty. Much depends on the character of the piano part, for an

accompaniment which is very noisy or very low in the original key is apt to become far too heavy when the song is transposed down, and this heaviness is increased by the fact that the voice part, in addition to being lower, is being sung by a more sonorous type of voice, so that a very dismal effect is often produced by excessive transposition down. When a song is being moved to a higher key, the greatest danger lies in the possible loss of all richness, so that what was intended to be a full, sonorous composition may become light and trivial.

The classification of songs according to their suitability for the various kinds of voices must necessarily be rather rough. It would occupy too much space to insert all known types of voice, and, therefore, only the commonly recognized ones are mentioned. As each of these includes voices quite different in character, it may be found sometimes that the key in which it is suggested that a particular song should be used will be half a tone too high or too low for certain individuals. The choice of the proper key for each song is a matter requiring the greatest care, because of two (often conflicting) considerations: the necessity of giving the composition in the original key, or in the nearest possible key to the original, and the desirability of having it in that key in which it is best suited to the voice of the vocalist. Sometimes, therefore, a compromise has to be made between the key best suited to the singer and that best suited to the spirit of the song.

Much interest is being taken in the coming performance of the "Messiah" on the 23rd inst. by the Toronto Philharmonic. The orchestra is to be enlarged for the occasion, and the chorus will probably fill every available seat. The soprano solos of the oratorio will certainly give Mme. Albani an opportunity to display her voice to very good advantage. Mr. H. Jarvis will be the tenor soloist, and not Mr. Rieger, as at first announced.

The programme performed by Mr. W. E. Fairclough at his organ recital last Saturday afternoon included, as the chief numbers, Bach's Trio Sonata in E flat, No. 1, a Rhapsody in E by Saint-Saens, and a Fantasy in F minor by Mozart, the latter being a composition of remarkable interest. Mrs. Wm. M. Douglas, contralto, gave much pleasure by her singing of Buck's solo, "Fear not ye, O Israel."

C. E. SAUNDERS.

"Dictionary of National Biography."*

WE give a hearty welcome to this handsome and precious volume, although it contains only a few names of very great interest, and those not exactly of the first rank. Yet, as we pass from page to page, we are impressed afresh with the great value and the enterprising fullness and accuracy of these biographical records, furnishing, as they do, not merely an account of illustrious personages, but a complete history of the English people; or, rather, of the people of Great Britain and Ireland.

The list of names which we have noted in going through the volume, as worthy of something more than welcome, is portentous, and yet, in noting them down, we passed by many hardly less worthy of notice. Passing by a number of not unimportant Perkinses, we pause for a moment at Alice Perrers, about whom legend has woven a good many fables. The history of this woman is a good illustration of the difficulty of forming judgments of people who have for their witnesses foes as well as friends. Passing on, we come to Peter of Blois, with a number of other Peters, some of them of great importance. This Peter, although born at Blois, was Archdeacon of Bath, and thus claims a place in the biography. He "flourished" 1190. We imagine that a good many well-read people never heard of this Peter, yet we have mention of about a column of Epistola still extant, no fewer than twenty-one Opuscula, some sermons, and a good many poems; and several of these compositions are still worth reading. "His exaggerated sense of his own importance," in which Peter certainly did not stand alone, "makes it necessary to accept his statements with caution"; but, for all that, we may learn much from him of the times in which he lived.

Sir S. M. Peto has rather more than three columns assigned to him, and, perhaps, this is right at a time when the ups and

*"Dictionary of National Biography." Edited by Sidney Lee. Vol. 45. Price \$3.65. New York: Macmillan. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co., 1896.

downs of his career are remembered by many. The next century will probably drop the name, although it is pleasant to think that, when he became poor instead of rich, all parties testified to his ability and goodness.

There are several other Petres, more or less distinguished, belonging to the Roman Catholic family of that name. One among them was the confessor of James II., known as Father Petre or Peters. Soon afterwards we come upon John Pettie, the painter, who died in 1893, whose vigorous work, especially in Scotch scenery, will be remembered by all visitors to the Royal Academy exhibitions in the years preceding his death. We are not surprised to learn that, between 1860 and his death in 1893, he sent about one hundred and thirty pictures to the Royal Academy, to say nothing of the numerous works "which went privately to their destined homes." Pettie was not only a powerful painter, but a kindly, genial, and hospitable neighbour.

Among noteworthy names are those of Sir William Petty, the political economist, now almost forgotten, yet handled here at length. Then we have a great number bearing the names of Philip, Philips, Philipps, and Phillips; and then we come on to Phillimore, or, rather, we light upon this name in the middle of the others, and this is a name connected with important ecclesiastical cases of the present century. A charming article is dedicated to Sir Thomas Picton, the great Peninsular soldier, who fell at Waterloo. We do not find the well-known commissariat story told here; but, for all that, we hope it is true.

A very interesting, and, as far as we can judge, a very just, article is dedicated to the famous Bishop of Exeter, Dr. Henry Phillpotts. A man of good family, Phillpotts was an excellent scholar, a man of great learning, of ready wit, and of surpassing intellectual power. He belonged decidedly to the party of the Church militant, but his legal acumen was so great that the general judgment marked him out as a man who would have become Lord Chancellor had he followed the legal profession. "Neither in intellectual power and force of will, nor in physical courage, has he been surpassed by Churchmen of modern times." It is a great pity that no biography of this great bishop has ever been published. Mr. R. N. Shutte brought out a first volume during his lifetime; but as the bishop inhibited the publishing of his letters the work was stopped, and has not been resumed.

Among the names we had selected for notice are those of Pierpont, Pilkington, Pindar, Pinnoch (of schoolboys' remembrance), Piozzi—formerly Mrs. Thrale, the friend of Dr. Johnson; a number of Plantagenets, Playfairs, Plunkets, etc. It seems terrible to place Plantagenets in such a row. Still they are not in bad company. As regards Mrs. (Thrale) Piozzi, we think Mr. Leslie Stephen has done her justice, and has given us the real facts of the case; and we may strongly recommend readers of Boswell's "Life of Johnson" to have recourse to this article if they want to know the truth.

Perhaps the most important articles in this volume are those on the two William Pitts, Chatham and his greater son. They are the two longest, the first extending over twenty-six columns, and the second over forty-two. They are both careful and admirable pieces of work; the first, by Mr. Russell Barker, gives a fair, if not altogether a favourable, estimate of the character of Chatham; whilst of his son Mr. Hunt testifies: "It was well for this country and for Europe that in the period of her deepest need Great Britain was guided by his wisdom and animated by his lofty courage. He lived for his country, was worn out by the toils, anxieties, and vexations that he encountered, and died crushed in body, though not in spirit, by the disaster that wrecked his plans for the security of England and the salvation of Europe"—words well deserved. We have mentioned the Plunkets. Near them are several Plumptres, one the F.P. of Verdant Green, another his nephew, Edward Hayes Plumptre, late Dean of Wells, a scholar, a man of learning, a poet, and an ideal Dean. We do not often detect a slip in this dictionary. But the second name of Dean Plumptre is incorrectly spelled in the article devoted to his brother Charles.

Taressa Carreno has composed a string quartette, according to Otto Florsheim in the Musical Courier, which will be produced in Berlin by the Halir Quartette.

"The Art of Living."*

THIS is a very clever book, indeed, and it is a great deal better than clever. It is the work of a man who sees clearly into the life of the American people; who, himself an American, thoroughly appreciates all that is best in his own people, but is also keenly alive to a certain degenerations which he marks in their social system. Here and there the book shows apparent traces of cynicism; but we think that this cannot be fairly imputed to the writer. He is simply doing his best to tell the truth about the present state of things in the United States; and, as we believe, nothing extenuates, nor sets down aught in malice.

Two things he seems to regard as beyond question; first, the loss of Republican simplicity and severity. The American of the great period of the republic scorned, as well as condemned, the luxury of the old European civilizations; and now, behold, their descendants have them in full measure, and without all the elegance of the Faubourg St. Germain. Again, the tremendous influx of foreign elements has begun to work a great change in the sentiments and conditions of the whole people, so that in many places they are not American at all. Perhaps the most striking characteristic of the book is the writer's slowness to prescribe remedies. He points out the evils; but he is perhaps mindful of Mr. Carlyle's refusal to provide a Morison pill.

The subjects treated in the volume are Income, the Dwelling, Education, Occupation, the Use of Time, the Case of Man, the Case of Woman, the Conduct of Life, etc. Instead of giving an account of the different sections, we shall probably convey a better notion of the contents by making two or three extracts.

Here are a few sentences from the "Case of Man": "A not inconsiderable portion of the women of the United States is inclined to regard man as a necessary evil. Their point of view is that he is here, and therefore is likely, for the present at least, to remain a formidable figure in human affairs, but that his ways are not their ways, that they disapprove of them and him, and that they intend to work out their lives and salvation as independently of him as possible. What man in the flush and prime of life has not been made conscious of this attitude of the modern woman? She is constantly passing us in the street with the manner of one haughtily and supremely indifferent. There are women enough still who look patterns of modesty, and yet let us feel at the same time that we are more or less an object of interest to them; but this particular type sails by in her trig and often stylish costume with the air not merely of not seeing us, but of wishing to ignore us, the compressed lips suggest a judgment; a judgment born of meditated conviction which leaves no hope of reconsideration or exception. 'You are all substantially alike,' she seems to say, 'and we have had enough of you. Go your ways, and we will go ours.'"

Under the "Conduct of Life" we have less perhaps of the sarcasm prevailing in the book, and more of a serious estimate of the ideal and real of American life. Here, then, are many thoughts, admirably expressed—and the author has great power of expression—which many, besides Americans, will do well to lay to heart.

"We are no longer," he says, "the almost homogeneous nation we were fifty years ago. There are far greater extremes of wealth and poverty. Our economic conditions, or at least the conditions which exist in our principal cities, are closely approximating those which exist in the cities of the Old World."

"Character is the basis and the indispensable requisition, the finest humanity. Without this, refinement, appreciation of manners, fancy, and power of expression are like so many boughs on a tree which is dead. But, on the other hand, what is more uninspiring than an unadorned soul? That kind of virtue and morality which finds no interest in the affairs of this life is but a fresh contribution to the sum of human incompetence, and but serves to retard the progress of civilization."

This is excellent, and so is the following—the closing passage in the volume: "No civilization which regards the blessings and comforts of refined living as unworthy to be striven

*"The Art of Living." By Robert Grant. Price \$2.50. New York: Scribner's.

for and appropriated can hope to promote the cause of humanity. On the other hand, we Americans must remember that purely selfish appropriation and appreciation of these blessings and comforts has worked the ruin of the most famous civilizations of the past. Marie Antoinette was more elegant than the most fashionable woman in New York, and yet that did not save her from the tumbrel and the axe. The best Americanism of to-day and for the future is that which shall seek to use the fruits of the earth and the fullness thereof, and to develop all the manifestations of art and gentle living, in the interest of humanity as a whole. But even heartless elegance is preferable to that, and that self-righteous commonness of spirit which sits at home in its shirt sleeves, and is graceless, ascetic, and unimaginative in the name of God."

"The Letters of Matthew Arnold."*

CHARLES LAMB, in writing to George Dyer, says: "I don't know how it is, but I keep my rank in fancy still since my schooldays; I can never forget I was a deputy Grecian! And writing to you, or to Coleridge, besides affection, I feel a reverential deference as to Grecians still. Alas! what am I now? What is a Leadenhall clerk or India pensioner to a deputy Grecian?" Most men are conscious of this feeling, but it comes upon us with a shock of pleasant surprise to find that Matthew Arnold carried through life something of the spirit of a Rugby sixth-form boy!

"Rugby Chapel" told the world years ago how large a place Thomas Arnold held in the affections and reverence of his son; but it is his lately published "Letters" that show for the first time how Rugby influence and Rugby training formed the very fibre of his being, and how all through life he viewed responsibility and opportunity from somewhat of the point of view of a head boy.

Till lately Matthew Arnold was a shadowy personality to most of us. Had we been called on to describe him, a composite photograph, combining vague reminiscences of Mr. Luke of "The New Republic"; of a "superior person," and of what Amiel might have been had he lived in England and spent his life inspecting schools, would probably have risen in a vision before us, and to all except his personal friends these "Letters" must be an unexpected and delightful revelation.

It was Matthew Arnold's express wish that he should not be made the subject of a biography, but his family felt a selection from his letters was not prohibited, and that "such a selection might reveal aspects of his character, his tenderness, and playfulness, and filial affection, which could be only imperfectly apprehended through the more formal medium of his published works." Such a belief is amply justified. At first we are apt to feel there are too many letters on purely personal affairs, too much repetition of domestic matters; but when we realize this is the only life we will have of Matthew Arnold, we are grateful for every Meissonier touch that paints more fully his charming and lovable nature.

The first letter was written in 1848, when he was twenty-six; the last is dated April 10th, 1888, four days before his sudden death, so the series really includes his whole working life. Most of the letters were written to his wife, mother, and sisters, and evidently without a thought that they would ever be read beyond the family circle.

They paint the picture of a hard-worked man. Most of his life was spent as a school inspector, and his literary work was done in holiday time, or when the day's routine was over. He writes to his mother: "Edward thinks my life all ease. Now, I will tell him of my last day or two. The day before yesterday, up at seven. At half-past nine, train to Ipswich. Ipswich at eleven. A great British school, 250 boys, 150 girls, and 150 infants, and the pupil teachers of these schools to examine. I fell at once to work with the Standards. My assistant joined me from London at half-past twelve. I worked in the girls' school, with the pupil teachers on one side the room, and the Standards drafted in, one after the other, on the other side. At four I departed, and reached Copford at half-past five. My assistant returned to London by the six o'clock train, and between us we finished that school in the day. This morning off as before, . . . and next week I have the same sort of days throughout."

* "The Letters of Matthew Arnold." Collected and arranged by George W. E. Russell. New York: McMillan & Co. 2 vols. 12mo., cloth, \$3.

The round repeated itself for many months of every year, lightened by an occasional gleam. "What I like best is such a letter as I saw the other day—not meant for me to see—from a teacher defending his school against a severe report of mine, and ending by saying he had not a word against the inspector, whom he would rather have than any other, 'as he was always gentle and patient with the children!'" His relations with children were always charming. He gathers only half a dozen white violets that his little girls may find an abundant harvest, and shares their sorrow when someone makes a clean sweep of the hidden treasure; his pleasure at being sent abroad by the School Commission is spoiled by the thought of how his children will miss him in the Easter holidays, and, when his little boy dies, he writes with simple pathos: "We have left the little darling behind us at Laleham, and he will soon fade out of people's remembrance; but *we* shall remember and speak of him as long as we live, and he will be one more bond between us, even more perhaps in his death than in his sweet little life."

Arnold, in these letters, gives his reason for the literary manner he used in his essays. As much a teacher as his father, he believed England suffered from a "stupefying earnestness and provincial unconsciousness," and his chief aim in life was to "inculcate *intelligence*, in a high sense of the word, upon the nation." He adopted of set purpose the bantering manner of the superior person, believing that tone would produce more effect than many volumes filled with ponderous words. And in a certain sense he was right; his phrases made their way where his arguments never would have penetrated, and yet we believe his final status will show that a preacher can never be "a superior person." In this rapid age—when the *latitudinarian* of one generation is the *platitudinarian* of the next—it is difficult for any man to remain as an abiding influence; still, we think one chief reason Arnold's poems every year grow in influence, and his essays do not, is that in his poetry alone does he speak out his inner convictions with absolute earnestness and sincerity. He says himself in a passage that is just as true as though he were exercising his critical faculty on someone else: "My poems represent, on the whole, the main movement of mind of the last quarter of a century, and thus they will probably have their day, as people become conscious to themselves of what that movement of mind is, and interested in the literary productions which reflect it." And he adds: "It might be fairly urged that I have less poetical sentiment than Tennyson, and less intellectual vigour and abundance than Browning; yet because I have perhaps more of a fusion of the trio than either of them, and have more regularly applied that fusion to the main line of modern development, I am likely enough to have my turn, as they have had theirs."

Arnold cannot be taxed with much enthusiasm for any of his literary compeers. In fact, outside of his own family connections, for whom his devotion is unbounding, unselfish, and charming, he seems to have unreservedly admired among moderns only the French essayists, some dogs, a cat, a pony, and a canary bird. Professor Dowden is too much for his patience; Freeman is a ferocious pedant; he never liked Carlyle; Mrs. Browning is hopelessly confirmed in her aberrations from health, nature, beauty, and truth; while Swinburne has a fatal habit of using one hundred words where one would suffice!

But if he did not put his friends on pedestals, neither did he stand on one himself. He thinks the verse in "The New Republic" very well done, and writes to Morley: "Parody is a vile art, but I must say I read 'Poor Matthias' in the world with an amused pleasure. I wonder if it is that demon Traill!"

His American letters are especially interesting to us on this side of the water. The young man who had written, "When I think of the narcissus growing on the shores of Lake Geneva, I can hardly sit still," and who filled his letters with such notes as these, "The woodlands hereabouts are full of wild flowers; I have hopes of finding even white violets," and, "Next week I shall be where oxlips grow in every wood," had grown old before he crossed the Atlantic; but his love of nature was as young and strong as ever, and his letters home tell of his delight over the new treasures he found through all the country from Virginia to the Berkshire hills.

At forty-four, Arnold had written "the time past of our life may suffice us" to have trifled and idled, or worse, in. I more and more become conscious of having something to do,

and of a resolution to do it. . . . I shall, I hope, do something of it; but whether one lives longer or not, to be less and less *personal* in one's desires and workings is the great matter." That Arnold did not pass away with his task undone, his writings testify;—for the *humanity* of his life these letters are an unanswerable argument. A brief review and a few short extracts can give no suggestion of their charm; but we believe no one will read them without agreeing with their editor: "To have known Arnold, to have loved him, to have had a place in his regard, is

'Part of our life's unalterable good.'

E. G.

*" Here and There in the Home Land."

THOSE persons who read Mr. Haight's book, "Country Life in Canada Fifty Years Ago," will be gratified to learn that his last book, "Here and There in the Home Land," will tend still further to enhance the author's already high reputation. In "Country Life in Canada" there was displayed a knowledge of the characteristics of Canada as she was fifty years ago which has been rarely equalled. In the present volume Mr. Haight gives the impressions of an educated and intelligent man travelling in the British Isles anxious to know of the principal features of the country from which his forefathers came. Mr. Haight has appropriately called his book "Home Land" because to most Canadians England, Ireland, and Scotland are still "home land." From there their ancestors crossed the ocean, and there the remains of the forefathers of those ancestors lie buried. To a Canadian the associations of the two islands are unbroken, for to him there has been no severance, and he is able to share in the recollections of and the pride in the triumphs of England, Ireland, and Scotland with exactly the same feeling of continuity as if he had been born in any one of the three countries himself.

Mr. Haight takes his reader on board ship at Quebec. He gives an account of the voyage across the Atlantic with its usual characteristics, and lands in England at the well-known Liverpool docks. His first excursion in England is to Yorkshire, and he gives his reader there his first insight into the notable things to be seen in almost every English county. From Yorkshire he turns to Bristol. Cheddar, Tintern, and Bath are in turn visited. At last he reaches London, and a succession of days with the different sights to be seen in that wonderful place make up a most interesting chapter. Windsor and Hampton Court then follow. From Hampton Court Mr. Haight goes to Warwick, and, being at Warwick, naturally visits Stratford-on-Avon. The last place in England is by no means the least interesting—Chester, with its curious old streets, antiquated houses, receives a full description. From England Mr. Haight goes to Scotland, and Glasgow is first fully described. Through the Trossachs Mr. Haight takes his Canadian reader, by the scene of many historic conflicts and through localities associated with every element of romance. Callender and Stirling are next visited. Edinburgh receives a full share of notice, and the celebrated buildings and prominent features of Auld Reekie are most fully described. A visit follows to the home of Scott, and then to that of Burns. From Scotland Mr. Haight crosses to Ireland. He visits Killarney as a matter of course. He speaks of the Irish girls, and, as he calls it, their "wiles." He describes the beautiful scenery of the country, and ends up, appropriately enough, with Blarney Castle. After a short trip to Scotland to revisit some of the outlying localities, he takes leave of the British Isles, and brings back his reader to Canada, full of delightful reminiscences.

When we say that the book comprises six hundred pages, and that in those six hundred pages there are at least two hundred and fifty illustrations, all beautifully executed, we can give our readers some idea of the treat that Mr. Haight's book has in store for them. The illustrations have two merits: they are exceedingly well selected and beautifully executed. They are all reproductions of photographs obtained on the spot by Mr. Haight, and anyone who has visited the localities he

*" Here and There in the Home Land." England, Ireland, and Scotland as seen by a Canadian. By Caniff Haight, author of "Country Life in Canada Fifty Years Ago." Profusely illustrated. "Travel makes all men countrymen, makes people noblemen and kings, every man tasting of liberty and dominion."—Alcott. Toronto: William Briggs, Wesley Buildings. Montreal: C. W. Coates. Halifax: S. F. Huestis. 1895.

describes will at once acknowledge the faithfulness of the reproductions. It is quite impossible in our limited space to give sufficient extracts from Mr. Haight's book to do justice to the clearness of his style and the judicious selection he has made of topics of interest. The book is fascinating from cover to cover, and even a person who has not travelled, or who has not seen any of the places or buildings about which Mr. Haight speaks, can find a very great deal to interest him. As a specimen of Mr. Haight's humorously descriptive powers we quote the following, which relates to the Gap of Dunloe:

"We had passed the old ruins of Pallis Castle and Killallu Church, which no one knows anything about, and we now pass Dunloe Castle, once the seat of the powerful O'Sullivan Moor, and soon after Kate Kearney's cottage, where, Jerry assured me, the charming Kate, the original of the song, once lived.

" 'O did you not hear of Kate Kearney?
She lives on the banks of Killarney;
From the glance of her eye
Shun danger and fly,
For fatal's the glance of Kate Kearney.'"

"Our dreams of the beautiful Kate were of brief duration, for we had scarcely got abreast of the cottage when there streamed out of it a dozen or more squalid wretches, who gave chase with shouts and swooped down upon us like so many starved eagles: 'Penny, Masther—a penny for the love o' God!' Not being posted in this feature of the Gap, this rush startled me, and I told Jerry to drive on; but either Jerry or the horse, or both, did the very reverse, and these beggars pounced upon me with their clamour and Irish jargon—'God bless your honour, have pity on a poor cratur that hasn't had a taste of a morsel past her mouth this blessed morn'n.' 'God's blisen on yer, it's me that's a poor man intirely, wid me arrum done up with the rumatics'; 'Buy an Oirish dimon, Masther, and take it with ye to yer honour's lady—God bless her!—and help a poor mon'; and thus we go on for a mile with those persistless torments hanging on the car and pelting us with a continual volley of appeals for aid. The rascal Jerry was, no doubt, in league with the crew, for, although we ordered him repeatedly to drive on faster, he professed that something was wrong with his horse, and he 'wouldn't budge aff a walk.' This is the place for persons to come who are fond of distinctive titles—they can get be-honoured and be-lorded to their heart's content by a judicious outlay of sixpences."

As a companion piece, we append Mr. Haight's description of his experience at Warwick:

"It struck me that I would not like to be a chaperon at the Castle. There are a number of the relics of that mythical hero, Guy, Earl of Warwick, kept in the hall—the sword, shield, helmet, breastplate, walking staff and tilting pole, all of enormous size; horse armour, a large pot called 'Guy's porridge pot,' his flesh fork and his ladies' stirrups. Besides other things, there are deers' heads with enormous antlers. While passing around you would hear some feminine seeker after information questioning the attendant: 'I say, mister, do you think that ever a man lived that could eat at one time all that pot would hold?' 'Can't say, ma'am; they say that was his regular allowance.' 'Three times a day?' for mercy sake! Sir Guy must have been an awful strong man to handle such a sword as that. Don't you think so?' 'He—why, he was as strong as Samson.' 'Tell me, mister, what is that long stick there for?' 'That is a tilting pole.' 'A tilting pole! What's that?' 'A pole used in tilting.' 'Dear mercy! but what do they do with it?' Here the attendant briefly describes a tilting match. 'And do they really ride at one another with such great sticks as that?' 'Yes.' 'Well, I declare; I never heard of such a thing in all my life!'"

The serious pieces of descriptive work are enriched by many apt quotations, just such as a well read man would recall. In writing a book of travels it is difficult to avoid turning one's recollections into those of a mere guide book. If, on the other hand, a traveller only deals with vague generalities, his book is worse than useless. What Mr. Haight has succeeded in effecting is that he is able to give any Canadian the means of acquiring a pleasant acquaintance with all the principal localities in the mother country, and to be able to learn their chief attractions, while at the same time, having actual views of their outside appearance presented to him in the series of beautiful pictures contained in the book, he is thus able to see what they are really like. "It does not

happen to every man to go to Corinth," said the old Romans, and it does not happen to every Canadian to be able to go to England, Ireland, or Scotland. To those people of this country who have been fortunate enough to recross the ocean, this book will serve as a pleasant reminder of happy days. To those who have not been able to visit the two islands, there is here afforded a means of knowing what those islands are really like; and we know of no book which will give the reader a better means of acquiring that knowledge than Mr. Haight's volume. In every respect the book is a credit to this country. The paper, printing, and binding are all done by our own people; the engraving was done in Toronto; and the only things not Canadian in the book are the scenes themselves. Unfortunately, we cannot bring them actually and visibly here to this side of the Atlantic, but Mr. Haight has done the next best thing when he has so beautifully reproduced them by pen and pencil. The book deserves, and no doubt will obtain, a very large sale.

Letters to the Editor.

NOVA SCOTIA'S LOYALTY.

SIR,—On returning to town yesterday my attention was directed by a friend to some editorial observations of your issue of February 21st, touching the action of the Nova Scotia Legislature on the subject of the observance of Dominion Day, and more especially commenting upon Mr. Fielding and myself in connection therewith.

As I happen to know that you are a native of Nova Scotia, and quite familiar with events here, I regret that you should have stepped out of your way to convey an entirely erroneous and unjust impression as to the attitude of the Nova Scotia Government on this question, and I must take advantage of the occasion to make a few statements which I hope will be reassuring to any who have unnecessarily been worrying over this little incident.

It is quite true, as you observe, that Dominion Day is largely observed in Nova Scotia. It is equally true and still more gratifying that by degrees the old prejudice which formerly existed to such a large extent against the Act of Confederation is dying out. But it remains the fact that a large number of the older men in Nova Scotia still retain their rooted antipathy against Confederation. This feeling is due, as I understand it, not so much to the Act of Confederation itself, as to the infamous manner in which it was brought about. If the people had been permitted, after free discussion, to have determined the question, ultimately, I have no doubt, the judgment must have been in favour of union and national life. But when it was perfectly apparent that an overwhelming majority were against it, Sir Charles Tupper, ignoring every sound constitutional principle, forced it through the Legislature, and thereby laid the foundation for decades of bitterness and ill-feeling.

As I have said, the Dominion progresses in strength and power, the national spirit develops, as well in Nova Scotia as in the other provinces, and the time is not far distant when I hope every person will feel that his highest interest and aim should be the development and prosperity of the great Dominion of which we form a part. This, I have no hesitation in saying, is the spirit which animates me, and, I think I may safely say, Mr. Fielding as well, at this moment. If the question of the observance of Dominion Day were let alone for a little while, I am sure that it will be observed universally. But the introduction of a bill by Mr. Tanner to make its observance compulsory, in the face of the fact that there still remain thousands to whom the name of Confederation is hateful, was a blunder and a misfortune. While a majority on the Government side of the House, as I understand it, were quite friendly to the observance of Dominion Day, it was felt that no more certain method of retarding the object aimed at could be imagined than the passage of the bill in question. As a consequence, Mr. T. R. Black, a unionist, and a gentleman with the strongest possible sentiments of national pride, moved an amendment, the purport of which was that at present it would be unwise to make the observance of Dominion Day compulsory, and he accompanied it with some well-chosen and thoroughly patriotic observations to the effect that time would more quickly bring about the object aimed at than any Act of Parlia-

ment. This amendment was supported by a majority of the House and adopted.

I only wish to add that the passage of this amendment did not imply on the part of those who voted for it an indisposition to observe Dominion Day, or any lack of loyal regard for the Dominion itself. As you have singled me out for special comments, let me make the statement, explicitly, that I am for the union first, last, and at all times. The success and development of Canada is the object nearest my heart, and I believe that the spirit of national pride is as strong generally in Nova Scotia to-day as it is in Ontario.

You state that my loyalty has been seriously called in question on more than one occasion. So has the honesty of most of the members of the present Dominion Government. All I can say is that, if the charges against the latter are based upon no greater evidence than yours, they should occupy a very much higher position in the public confidence than they do. I have never spoken a word or penned a line which justified any person whomsoever in impugning my loyalty to the Empire, or my devotion to the great Dominion to which we owe our best allegiance, and around which our fondest aspirations cluster.

J. W. LONGLEY.

Halifax, March 3rd, 1896.

AMERICAN "DEFENCES."

SIR,—Notwithstanding the very general expression of opinion that war between the two great English-speaking nations is impossible, and much to the same effect which has been put forth of late (not only on the other side of the Atlantic, where it is put forth in sincerity, but on this side also, south of our boundary line, also perhaps sincere in some quarters, but certainly not so in all cases), our neighbours appear to be very much exercised about what they have begun to consider to be their defenceless condition. It seems that they are proposing to spend vast sums of money in erecting defences, all of which is quite right and proper for them to do if they consider it necessary; but one curious phase of the movement is the extreme anxiety which seems to prevail with regard to the erection of "defences" on the south shores of the lakes. Against whom are such defences to be erected? No nation on earth can deliver an attack upon that frontier excepting England; and why does such a dread of an attack from England prevail? Does it imply a consciousness that the twisting of the lion's tail may be carried to such an extent as to become an annoyance to that animal, and cause him to rise and turn and smite his tormentor? An aggressive attack by England upon the United States is, as the Americans perfectly well know, the most improbable event which can be imagined. In connection with this discussion of defences, it may be well to note that the Americans have lately launched a new powerful cruiser of very light draught, which, when she was launched, was declared to be built for the purpose of operating in the rivers of China (the idea of the Americans taking the trouble and expending the money to build a cruiser to operate in the rivers of China is quite funny!); the dimensions of this vessel are suspiciously suggestive of measurements of the Erie Canal. Another point may be noted, and that is that our good friends seem to be afflicted with a bad attack of Welland Canal fever, the bulk of the defences being proposed to be established as a "defence" against the Welland Canal. All of which put together rather leads to the conclusion that the variation of the American dialect from pure English is greater than has been hitherto observed, and that the word "defences" in American parlance is nearly equivalent to what we understand by the English word "aggression."

Benjamin West's painting, "The Raising of Lazarus," now over the altar of Winchester Cathedral, in England, is for sale in America for \$12,000. It has not yet been offered for sale in England, and if not sold here will probably be secured for the national gallery of the British Museum.

Alfred Austin, who, in the introduction to his "England's Darling," states that "the greatest of Englishmen has never been celebrated by an English poet," has had his attention drawn by a cruel critic to a poem called "Alfred," written by a former poet laureate, Pye.

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Literary Notes.

Mr. F. Tennyson Neely, the New York publisher, announces the immediate publication of the following works: "Bugler Fred," Captain Charles King, with many full-page illustrations, will be published in Neely Prismatic Library, 75 cents. "How Women Love," by Max Nordau. Neely's International Library, 12mo, cloth, \$1.25. "The Disciple," by Paul Bourget. Neely's International Library, 12mo, cloth, \$1.25. "In the Day of Battle," by J. A. Steuart. Neely's Library of Choice Literature. Paper, 50 cents. "The Captain's Romance," by Opie Read. Neely's Popular Library. Paper, 25 cents. "The Spider of Truxillo," by Richard Henry Savage. "The Adopted Daughter," by Edgar Fawcett.

Paul Bourget is coming in for a full share of recognition in America, from both the publisher and the public. Book-readers love contrasts, and they have it in Zola and Bourget. "The Disciple" (cloth, \$1.25) is said to be a more dramatic study than "Cosmopolis," and among the most matured of all his works. Bourget's stirring, inspiring romances of moral analysis and life-building not only stimulate the emotions, but compel thought, and are, therefore, all the more worthy of wide circulation. F. Tennyson Neely is the authorized American publisher. "The Land of Promise" (cloth, \$1.50), the same author and publisher, is in the third edition. Both books are bound in cloth.

It is not generally known that there were four conspiracies against President Lincoln—three to take his life, and one to kidnap him. Victor Louis Mason, an attaché of the United States War Department, has written an article for the April number of The Century on "The Four Lincoln Conspiracies," which gives the first complete and consecutive account of these attempts. A number of people were connected with the flight of Booth after the assassination of Lincoln, but the fear of prosecution has hitherto kept them silent. Now they are willing to talk freely, and Mr. Mason has taken down from their lips the story of the last days of Booth. Pictures of scenes and objects connected with the assassination, many of them hitherto unpublished, accompany the article.

A volume giving the history of the European settlements in "The West Indies and the Spanish Main," by James Rodway, Fel-

low of the Geographical Society, will be published by Messrs. Putnam early in the spring. It will possess special interest in connection with the attention now being directed to the northern districts of South America. Messrs. Putnam also have in press a work which will be issued under some such title as "The Nicaragua Canal: Its History and Its Future," by Prof. Lindley M. Keasbey. The volume will include detailed maps and plans.

From Mrs. Burton Harrison's article in The Ladies' Home Journal on Mrs. Fairfax, née Sarah Cary, "the imperious young beauty who swayed the pulses of George Washington as no other woman did," we take the following:

That is a pretty story they tell of her, returning belated and overtaken by dusk into Williamsburg, when the town was under military rule, accompanied only by her negro maidservant, and much taken aback when challenged by a sentry demanding the password for the day. Blushing, yet imperious, she stamped her little foot, and said, "But I am Miss Sally Cary." "Pass," said the sentry, and the young lady was made thus aware of the gallantry of an officer who had selected her name as the *mot du guet* for the protection of the garrison.

The following books will be published by Harper & Brothers in March: "Out of Town," a series of clever stories or sketches dealing with types of suburban residents. The author's name is withheld; the numerous illustrations are by Rosina Emmet Sherwood. "Venezuela: A Land where it's always Summer," by William Eleroy Curtis. "Tommy Toddles," the amusing travels of a little boy, described by Albert Lee, and depicted by Peter S. Newell. "The Hand of Ethelberta" (new edition), by Thomas Hardy. "The Second Opportunity of Mr. Staplehurst," a novel, by W. Pett Ridge, author of the novel entitled "A Clever Wife." "The Evolution of Woman," shown in a series of forty-four drawings by Harry Whitney McVickar. "The Bicyclers, and Three Other Farces," by John Kendrick Bangs.

Mr. Hope has recently written to The Bookman that an American firm has published "a new volume of stories, by Anthony Hope, entitled 'Frisivolous Cupid.'" Mr. Hope says: "I have never written any story or any volume of stories under the title of 'Frisivolous Cupid,' and I am in no way responsible for this publication. The stories are very probably written by me. I have not seen the volume. But since I myself exercise a strict censorship with regard to the republication of my earlier essays, I do not desire that in America, where I have received such kind and generous encouragement, I should be held responsible for what may be, in my own judgment, entirely unworthy of republication."

Arsène Houssaye, the celebrated French litterateur died in Paris on February 26th. He was born at Bruyères, in the Department of Aisne, on March 28th, 1815. When about twenty years of age he went to Paris, and was soon upon friendly terms with some of the leaders in the French literary world. His first books quickly attracted public attention and led in a short time to his becoming celebrated. In 1849 he became director of the Comédie-Française, and under the Empire was appointed inspector-general of the museums. Among his works are "Philosophes et Comédiennes," "Les Filles d'Eve," "Sous la Régence et sous la Terreur," "Blanche et Marguerite," "Les Grandes Dames," "History of the Forty-first Fauteuil of the French Academy," "King Voltaire," and "History of French Art."

Since sin came into the world, there has probably been no one purely human agency more prolific of crime and human suffering and of temptation to do wrong than the multitude of arbitrary, impolitic, and absurd laws which have been enacted to unjustly exact from the people contributions of their labour and property under the name of taxation, and yet the utilization of these experiences by novelists and dramatic authors has been almost entirely restricted to the comparatively petty transactions of smugglers and the illicit producers of distilled spirits. Even the terrible tax incidents which preceded, and, in fact, occasioned, the great French Revolution, have not entered largely as an element into

more than one or two works of fiction of acknowledged merit in the English language. As a field of morals also, this subject has been almost entirely ignored, and rarely entered upon by theologians; and yet under the tax laws of the United States, to say nothing of other countries, the practise of perjury is encouraged and tolerated to a degree that is utterly inconsistent with the existence of any high standard of public morality, or any rational religious belief.—"Principles of Taxation," by Hon. David A. Wells, in Appleton's Popular Science Monthly for February.

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Literary Notes.

A new volume, entitled "George Fox and the Quaker Testimony," by Mr. Henry Deacon, is in the press, and will be published at an early date by Mr. Elliot Stock.

An elaborate "Dictionary of Philosophy and Psychology" will be issued by Macmillan & Co. under the editorial supervision of Professor J. Mark Baldwin, of Princeton University.

Messrs. Henry Holt & Co. will at once add to their German texts Heyse's "L'Arabiata," with introduction, notes, and vocabulary by Miss Mary A. Frost, of Smith College, and views of Sorrento and Capri from photographs.

Mr. Russell Sturgis has written an elaborate treatise on "European Architecture and Historical Study," which will be published at an early date by Macmillan & Co. The book is divided into nine chapters, each of which deals with an important period in the history of architecture.

The March Arena contains a finely-illustrated paper written by Justice Walter Clark, LL.D., of the Supreme Bench of North Carolina, on "Mexico in Midwinter." Incidentally the able jurist discusses the silver question as it was brought to his attention during his recently extensive trip throughout our sister republic under the auspices of The Arena.

A new magazine is to be commenced in May next, under the editorship of Dr. Lunn, entirely devoted to travel and allied subjects. The magazine will contain illustrated articles on mountaineering, cycling abroad and at home, pedestrian, boating, and riding tours, the great cathedrals of the world, new countries as spheres for the adventurous tourist, and other features, besides short stories.

The April number of Harper's will contain the concluding chapters of the story of "Joan of Arc," showing the maid and conqueror as at last the martyr. The frontispiece will be an engraving, by Florian, of the mural painting by Lenepveu in the Pantheon at Paris—a striking representation of the execution of Joan. An engraving will be given of Fremiet's statue, and other illustrations of the closing scenes of her imprisonment and martyrdom from drawings by Du Mond.

At the time when Dr. Nansen's achievements are attracting so much attention, the project of Mr. Woolrych Perowne to charter the Arctic steam yacht, the Blencathra, for a pleasure cruise next summer to Greenland, Iceland, and Hudson's Bay, is worth mention. The Blencathra was the pioneer vessel in Captain Wiggins' Yenesei expedition, and acquired some fame in consequence of the description of the voyage given by Miss Helen Peel, daughter of Sir Robert Peel, in her volume entitled "Polar Gleams."

During March Harper's Weekly will contain illustrated descriptions of the more important happenings in Cuba, furnished by that journal's special correspondent on the island. Other noteworthy articles and illustrations to be published this month are: "The Church of the Black Sheep," a review of the work of the Salvation Army, by Maud Ballington Booth; "The Chicago Opera Season"; Kenyon Cox's decorations for the new Congressional Library; and a double-page hunting picture by A. B. Frost.

The recent selection of Anatole France to fill the place in the French Academy left vacant by Ferdinand de Lesseps lends a new interest to Lafcadio Hearn's characterization. "The author of 'Le Crime de Sylvestre Bonnard,'" wrote Mr. Hearn, in his introductory note to the translation of the work in question, which the Harper's published in 1890, "is not classifiable—though it would be difficult to name any other modern French writer by whom the finer emotions have been touched with equal delicacy and sympathetic exquisiteness.

It is not because M. Anatole France has rare power to create original characters, or to reflect for us something of the more recondite literary life of Paris, that his charming story will live. It is because of his far rarer power to deal with what is older than any art, and withal more young, and incomparably more precious—the beauty of what is beautiful in human emotion."

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Personal.

The Queen and her suite left London on Monday morning for Nice.

The new Italian Cabinet, with the Marquis di Rudini as Premier, was sworn in on Tuesday. The Chambers will meet next Monday.

It is stated that the relations between President Cleveland and Secretary Olney are very strained over the policy of the Administration towards Cuba.

Populists, Free Silverites, Prohibitionists, Woman's Suffragists, Greenbackers, and other cranks and faddists, are holding a three days' conference at Pittsburg for the purpose of forming a new party.

The Rome Tribuna denies that King Humbert has expressed his intention to abdicate. The report grew out of the fact that the king said: "My son may negotiate with the Negus, but I will never do so."

The Paris Radicals and Socialists are angry because the cross of the Legion of Honour was bestowed upon Prince Henry of Orleans, the explorer, and the matter will be debated in the Chamber of Deputies at the earliest opportunity.

W. T. Stead believes that it is high time that we return to the old custom of political tracts, driven out of existence by the modern newspaper. His first tracts will deal with the Armenian and the Venezuelan questions as Mr. Stead sees them.

General Booth, of the Salvation Army, arrived unexpectedly in London on Monday, having travelled overland from Brindisi in response to urgent appeals from headquarters regarding the American situation. He has telegraphed a manifesto from London to the headquarters of the Salvation Army in New York.

Bramwell Booth had a manifesto in Tuesday's London War Cry, in which he declares that the fidelity of the American troops is unshaken, and warns the army against the misrepresentations of the anti-English American press. He adds that the general's heart is torn and sorely wounded, but he is determined to carry on the government without respect to persons.

Nicola Tesla, the great New York electrical expert, speaking of his experiments with the Roentgen rays, says that he is becoming more and more convinced that we have to deal with a stream of material particles, which strike the sensitized plate with great velocity. When the head is exposed to the rays there is a soothing effect, a tendency to sleep, and time seems to pass very quickly.

E. T. Cook, who succeeds Sir John Robinson as editor of the Daily News, was Mr. Stead's lieutenant on the old Pall Mall Gazette, and became editor on Mr. Stead's withdrawal. When the Pall Mall was sold to Mr. Astor, Mr. Cook seceded, and helped Sir George Newnes to found the Westminster Gazette, which he has edited from the outset. Alfred Spender is to succeed Mr. Cook as editor of the Westminster Gazette. Mr. Spender has been assistant editor of the Westminster Gazette from its start.

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"The Rule of the Turk." A new and enlarged edition of "The Armenian Crisis." By Frederick D. Greene.

"Books and Their Makers During the Middle Ages." A study of the conditions of the production and distribution of literature from the fall of the Roman Empire to the close of the seventeenth century. By Geo. Haven Putnam, A.M.

"The Broken Ring." By Elizabeth Knight Tompkins, author of "Her Majesty," etc. "The Tower of the Old Schloss." By Jean Porter Rudd. "At Wellesley. Legenda for '96." Stories and Studies by the Senior Class of Wellesley College. A popular edition of the "Age of Reason." By Thomas Paine. The fourth and concluding volume of "The Writings of Thomas Paine." Edited by Moncure D. Conway. "The History of Oratory and Orators." By Henry Hardwicke. Mr. Hardwicke has given a comprehensive and interesting history of orators and oratory from the dawn of the creation of civilization to the present time. The volume contains a brief and comprehensive biographical sketch of the more noteworthy political and forensic orators, together with their methods of preparing speeches, their habits of study, and extracts from their orations.

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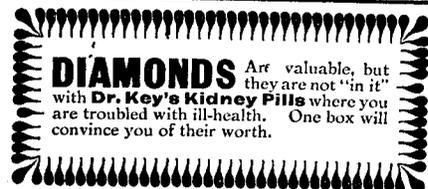
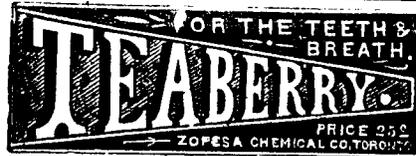
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D. Blackley, 80 Bay Street, Toronto, and 17 King Street West, Hamilton.
Henry Barber & Co., Accountants and Assignees, 18 Wellington Street East.
- Architects** { W. A. Langton, Rooms 87-88 Canada Life Building, 46 King Street West.
Curry, Baker & Co., 70 Victoria Street.
Darling, Sproat, & Pearson, The Mail Building.
Beaumont Jarvis, Traders Bank Building, 63 Yonge Street.
J. A. Siddall. Room 42 The Janes Building, 75 Yonge Street
- Booksellers and Publishers** { Copp, Clark Company Limited, 9 Front Street West and 67 Colborne Street.
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Rowell & Hutchison, 74 King Street East.
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J. C. McGee, 5 Toronto St. Debentures bought and sold. Loans on mortgages at current rates.
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- Hardware** { Rice Lewis & Son, Limited, 30-34 King Street East.
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