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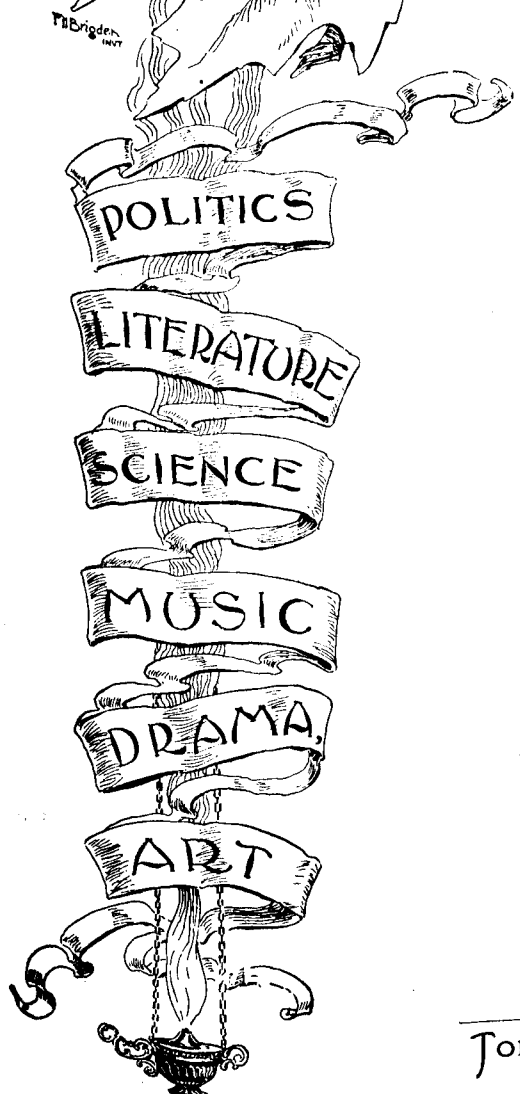
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# THE WEEK.

Vol. XII.

Toronto, Friday, August 23rd, 1895.

No. 39.

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## Current Topics.

Toronto and Montreal.

The Montreal *Star* of Saturday last contained an excellent article by Dr. Beers, of that city, on a trip which he took recently from Toronto to Niagara Falls. In this article the writer devotes considerable space to contrasting Montreal with Toronto, and the contrast is unfavourable to Montreal in several important respects. Dr. Beers says that "there must be quite a number who directly or indirectly benefit by the boodling and bad management of our [Montreal's] public affairs, because the number who seriously resent and try to remedy them are so few and far between. What Toronto has largely to show for civic extravagance is monumental development of its loins and its limits. What Montreal has chiefly to show for its share in the same direction is monumental rascality and coöperative fraud." Dr. Beers goes on to say that Montreal has "produced local boodlers whose genius in thieving and concealing theft would out-vie that of the expert who 'broke the bank at Monte Carlo.'" To this is added the statement that "at any time Montreal has been nearly twice as expensive to live in as Toronto," and that "an income of two thousand dollars a year in Toronto will go as far in securing the comfort and luxuries an ordinary family desire as four thousand in Montreal." According to Dr. Beers, one of Montreal's "most eminent city bankers" declares that in proportion to the average increase of the people, Montreal is the most expensive city in the world to live in. "Put on top of this," adds Dr. Beers, "the fact that while we have, it is true, more millionaires than Toronto, we have very many fewer men who are comparatively well off; that we are very much more cut up and curtailed as to extent of surrounding land per house, and that we are the peers and princes of long credit, and I venture to believe that most of us are burning the candle at both ends." What Montreal does not license it tolerates. "We tolerate dirt, noises, foul language in the streets, municipal and legislative boodling, the desecration of Sunday, the degradation of our parks, the inefficiency of our police, and it is becoming so like second-nature that we tolerate the despair that they cannot be bettered."

Ottawa Separate Schools.

The report of the Commissioners appointed by the Education Department, at the request of the Board of Separate School Trustees of Ottawa, to inquire into the condition of schools under their supervision, has brought to light facts which show that constant vigilance is essential to the efficiency of the schools conducted under that system. The

schools were found to vary widely in efficiency. Those taught by the Sisters have been found to be almost uniformly quite superior to those taught by the Christian Brothers. This is a fact worth pondering by those among us who seem to think that pupils are much better off in the care of almost any male teacher, than in that of the most efficient woman. The fact cited above does not, of course, prove that the woman is necessarily the best teacher. The superiority of the Sisters' schools is, in this case, evidently due more to the utter incompetency of many of the Brothers than to any special excellence on that of the Sisters. The obvious inference to be drawn from the report is that, as a rule, the Brothers in question either grossly neglect the work they undertake to do, or that their own education has been so exclusively theological and ecclesiastical that their minds are left without either the general and professional training or "the practical knowledge" which are prime requisites for the true teacher. While many of the schools taught by the Sisters are excellent and most of them fairly good, or at the worst, passable, those taught by the Brothers were all very inferior, and many of them unworthy the name of schools. In other respects, too, the facts brought out fully justify the unfavourable report of Mr. White, the Inspector, which led to the investigation. In fact, Mr. White would have been grossly remiss in his duty, had he failed to make known to the Department the state of things in his inspectorate. The matter for regret is that such a state of things has been permitted to continue so long. It is to be hoped and expected that the facts being now known the Department will act vigorously in applying the remedy. To do so will be a special boon to Roman Catholic parents who desire, as many of them no doubt do, that their children have the benefit of a sound, practical education.

## International Regulations.

The Conference held at Ottawa the other day, between representatives of Canada and New York State, respectively, with a view to the adoption of uniform international regulations for the preservation of the fisheries of the St. Lawrence, was a most sensible and hopeful proceeding. If each party to the proposed compact will but avoid any manoeuvring to get the better of the other in such an arrangement, and both will look only to the promotion of the best interests of all concerned, there can be no great difficulty in coming to an agreement which will be mutually beneficial. Only by some such agreement will it ever be possible to preserve from destruction the valuable fisheries in any of the boundary waters between the two countries. It is well that our neighbours are taking the initiative in the matter, for it is, we believe, beyond question that the tendency to the use of destructive methods is much stronger on their side of the line, and that Canadian regulations have hitherto been much more rigid, or more strictly enforced, than those of the States. Should the present state of things continue it will no doubt become increasingly difficult to enforce the Canadian regulations, even if it were worth while to do so. "Seeing that the fisheries are being destroyed anyway, we may as well have our share of the products while they last," is a rough and ready argument which is sure to commend itself powerfully to our fishermen. It is not easy to convince them of its weakness. It is to be hoped that, now that our neighbours seem to be awake to the folly and danger of in-

discriminate slaughter and disregard of close seasons, and our representatives are ready to meet them fully half way, it may be hoped that a reasonable and fair working arrangement will shortly be reached. We are glad also to perceive that the idea of an international park in the Thousand Islands, though only informally broached at this Conference, was received with favour. Not the least of the advantages to be derived from such a park would be its effect in promoting closer acquaintance and mutual good will between those who are geographically, and should be in the higher sense, neighbours.

The New Commander-in-Chief.

The announcement of Lord Wolseley's appointment as Commander-in-chief of the British forces cannot fail to please all British subjects, everywhere, save possibly a very few who may carry their notions of loyalty, or rather their reverence for royalty, to the absurd extreme of supposing either that the members of the Royal Family inherit in virtue of some infallible law of heredity, superior qualifications for military leadership, or that the most important position in the national army should be regarded as a prerogative or perquisite of royalty, rather than as a trust of tremendous importance to be committed to the most worthy, for the safety of the nation. The precedent being now established of placing in this position the soldier believed to be the ablest general in the kingdom, it is most unlikely that a return to the old system will ever be made. It must be extremely galling for officers of proved ability and ripe experience in actual war, to find themselves under the absolute command of one whom they and everybody else know to be immeasurably inferior to them in every quality of generalship. It might also prove very disastrous to the nation in time of trial, especially should the commander of royal birth happen to possess a specially good opinion of his own abilities, combined with a great hereditary obstinacy. The practical good sense of the nation, as well as of the Ministry which paved the way for the innovation and that which has now completed it, is conspicuous in the new arrangement. Nor is it unworthy of being taken into the account that the possibility of attaining to such a distinction is henceforth before every general and soldier in the army as a new incentive to exertion.

The Balance of Parties

Dr. Lyman Abbott, the able Editor-in-Chief of *The Outlook*, of New York, who is spending his vacation in England, points out in his paper a fact in connection with the crushing defeat of the British Liberals in the late election which has not hitherto received much attention. Notwithstanding the overwhelming majority gained by the party, or rather parties, now in power, the election was really won by a comparatively small majority of the voters of Great Britain. Leaving Ireland out of the account, the official figures are given as follows :

Conservatives and Unionists.....	2,263,121
Liberals .....	2,006,300

Conservative and Unionist majority..	256,821
--------------------------------------	---------

"The most significant fact," says Dr. Abbott, "in this election—far more significant than the Parliamentary majority of 152—is the fact that in England, Scotland, and Wales, out of an aggregate vote of 4,269,421, there are 2,006,300 who voted solidly for a democratic advance, not at one point, but at every point: for disestablishment, for local popular control of the liquor traffic, for lessening the power of the Peers, and for the introduction of local self-government in a quasi federal system; and that they have done this in spite of strong ecclesiastical and traditional prejudices in Scotland as well as in England, of a tremendous money interest repre-

sented in the breweries, of a hereditary reverence for hereditary families, and of a conception of Imperial solidity which is shocked, not to say horrified, at the suggestion of separate local governments for the separate communities of which the Empire is composed."

In keeping with this view is the statement in recent press despatches that the Liberals are beginning to recover courage in view of the smallness of the majorities by which they were defeated in many constituencies. It is by no means improbable that the usual tendency towards reaction may begin soon to manifest itself in bye-elections. The force of Dr. Abbott's argument is, however, much lessened, if not wholly neutralized, by inspection of the other side of the shield. If the total Liberal vote was reduced by the aggregate ballots of all who voted against any one of the radical proposals in the Newcastle platform, that vote was, on the other hand, swelled by the aggregate number of all the ballots cast specially for any one of those proposals. As many who were in favour of two or three of the planks included in the platform voted no doubt against the Party because of their strong objections to the remaining one or two, so many who may have disapproved of two or three of those proposals no doubt voted the Liberal ticket because of their strong approval of the remaining one or two. Is not the length equal to the breadth?

Turkey and China.

It so happens that the Great Powers find themselves just now called on to intervene for the protection of life and the punishment of massacre and outrage, in two Asiatic countries, Turkey and China. Mr. Gladstone, in his impassioned speech on the Armenian question, touched very briefly upon the radical difference, in other respects besides magnitude, between the two cases. It is usually the case when such atrocities occur in violation of treaty obligations and international laws that the crimes are found to have been perpetrated by some particular class or classes of malefactors. These are frequently foreign to the country in which the crimes are committed. If the words of a high Chinese plenipotentiary may be accepted, the latter is the case in regard to the massacres in Southern China, though it must be confessed that his explanation is not very coherent, seeing that, after declaring that on this as on previous occasions, the outrages were mainly the work of bands of Russians, who are taking advantage of the disturbed state of the country to indulge their lawless propensities, he goes on to explain them further by reference to the sore feeling of the people in consequence of their recent defeat, and on the further ground of resentment at the undisguised contempt with which, it is alleged, they are treated by the missionaries. These statements emphasize the need of a searching inquiry into the facts. Even should they be found to be altogether truthful, they cannot free the Chinese Government from responsibility, or the nations concerned from the duty of taking strong measures to prevent their repetition and to compel China to respect her treaty obligations. Yet they certainly are entitled to some weight in determining the course to be pursued. In the case of the Armenian massacre, as Mr. Gladstone so graphically showed, no such palliation of the horrible crimes is admissible. The Sultan and his Government are directly responsible, and should be held to strict account. Lord Salisbury has spoken very emphatic words of warning and even of menace, and the whole British nation is looking for their fulfilment. And yet, few will be surprised should a much sterner and more inflexible course be pursued with China than with Turkey. If so, it will not be the first time that diplomacy has proved more potent in national councils than righteousness.

Electricity vs.  
Steam.

The rapidly extending application of electricity is, in the opinions of many, making it but a question of time, and probably of a comparatively short time, when the ponderous steam locomotive shall have given place to the electric motor, even on the great railroads. The change will be, as the *New York Post* puts it, merely "substituting stationary for movable sources of power," "the stationary boiler and engine house for one which travels about on wheels. Instead of generating the power required to move every train of cars in immediate connection with that train, the power is to be generated at one spot, and drawn off where and when it is wanted." An event which is thought to have great significance in this connection is the recent alliance or partnership which has been entered into between two of the most powerful companies in the United States—the Baldwin Locomotive Works of Philadelphia, and the Westinghouse Electric Company of Pittsburg. The former company employs a force of about five thousand men, and the latter is one of the largest electrical concerns in the world. The combination is said to be a very strong one, not only financially, but by reason of the splendid equipments of both companies for their special lines of manufacture, and the corresponding ability of their mechanical and electrical engineers. The significance of the alliance is believed to be in the certainty that the shrewd business managers of the two companies evidently believe that the railroads will shortly enter upon the great work of making the change above indicated. The change will probably be ardently welcomed by the traveling public for many reasons. The absence of the intense annoyance of the smoke and cinders of the locomotive, the reduction of noise, and the probable substitution of an hourly or half-hourly service for the great trains coming but two or three times a day, are among those which most readily suggest themselves.

Depressing  
Fiction

Mrs. Humphry Ward's new and mournful novel "The Story of Bessie Costrell," which we reviewed in our last number, has already gained a large circulation. The more dismal a book is the greater its circulation is almost sure to be. We may be mistaken, but it seems to us that women write most of the doleful tales and it is the women who read them, and weep over them, and say they are "just too sad for anything." It is a sickly, morbid taste, and one with which we have no sympathy. "The Story of Bessie Costrell," is a good bit of work in its way, simple, strong, but intolerably depressing with very little indeed to relieve the gloom. We confess that we do not want to read a painful novel, even though it be the work of a master hand, and its pictures drawn from the life. When we read fiction we read for recreation, not for the purpose of strengthening pessimistic sentiments, or stirring painful emotions, and we cannot rid ourselves of the conviction that ninety-nine out of a hundred—the hundredth being hopelessly dyspeptic or misanthropic—agree with us, if they would be honest with themselves and with the public. We speak from bitter experience. More than once during precious moments snatched from what should be vacation days, we have been beguiled into taking up some brief story of the modern "realistic" type, only to fling it aside in disgust at the disappointing end, which leaves us either in the mistiness of a fog, or in the agony of a tragedy. Let others immolate themselves, if they please, on the altar of literary fashion, or realistic art, but give us for our part the good old-fashioned novel in which the hero and heroine, after braving appalling dangers and coming through innumerable tribulations like

the true heroes they are, emerge into the sunshine, make their happy way to the marriage altar and "live happily ever after." What say you, gentle reader? Is it not time that a vigorous reaction was setting in from the lugubriousness of the so-called realistic art which is taking all the romance out of present-day fiction?

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### The Question of the Unemployed.

A CABLE despatch informed us, a few days since, that the heads of five of the "Settlements," which are so remarkable a feature of the religio-social philanthropy of the day in England, had presented a memorial to Lord Salisbury, reminding him of a certain utterance of his, made on May 22nd, in a speech at Bradford, and asking him to give effect to that utterance. In the address referred to Lord Salisbury had said that the condition of the unemployed in England was foremost among the questions which needed the attention of Parliament. We are living in a day of great questions, national as well as international. Each country has its own sociological problems. In most cases these are, more or less, the outcome of conditions peculiar to the particular country or people. But the unemployed are everywhere. The question how to find work for those who are unable to find it for themselves is, we may safely say, the universal question. If by some happy revolution it could be brought about that next year every man and woman in every civilized nation, who is able and willing to work, would be provided with employment suitable to his or her capacity, on such terms as would enable the workers to provide comfortable food and raiment for themselves and those dependent upon them, the world would become in a short time a very different world and a much more comfortable one to live in. The charitably disposed could then, with clear consciences, give brief and pointed answers to able-bodied mendicants. Tens of thousands in every land would be delivered from the grim spectre of want and semi-starvation, and one-half the great armies of police and detectives might be disbanded.

We have no idea that either Lord Salisbury or Mr. Chamberlain indulges in any very sanguine anticipations of being able to bring about such a millenium; by devising a scheme whereby work will be provided for every willing worker. But they are pledged to do, or at least attempt to do, something to alleviate the pitiable condition of the unemployed masses and their suffering families in the United Kingdom.

What is the cause, or what are the causes of the great and growing evils arising from the inability of breadwinners to find markets for their labour? This is the necessary preliminary question, if any effective cure is to be found. Some may, perhaps, affirm that the evils, however great, are not growing; that in all ages and nations multitudes of unemployed have stood at the street corners crying out for work; and that great suffering has prevailed because no man did hire them. It may be that the numbers of such have but kept pace with the growth of the world's population. Statistics are not to be had, and there is probably no means of settling the question whether the world has been growing better or worse in this respect. Let the inquiry take a more practical form. Why is it that the march of civilization and science, while increasing a hundred-fold the demand for labour, and the varieties of employment, has not brought about a more even distribution of both industry and its products? Or, again, the world is, as yet, by no means full. There is still ample room for all, and for several times more than all, its present inhabitants, if only they were more uniformly distributed.

The low prices of agricultural products, as well as the vast quantities of fertile land still unoccupied and untilled, show that the limits of its capacity for food production are as yet very far from having been reached. Why, then, is it that not only in a densely settled country like Great Britain, but in Canada, with millions of unoccupied acres waiting for the plow, thousands of willing hands are seeking work and finding none, while their families, meanwhile, suffer hardship and privation in a land of plenty? We often speak of our own land as one in which the miseries resulting from over-competition are at a minimum — are, in fact, almost unknown. In comparison with these evils as they exist in older and more densely populated countries, we speak truly. And yet employers of labour tell us that it is pitiful to witness the result of an advertisement for a hand to fill a vacancy. One employer told us the other day that, the impression having gone abroad that two or three hands were needed in his establishment, though no advertisement had been published, the applicants poured in by hundreds, and that their eagerness to find employment was pitiable. Even now, in the height of the summer season, when work is most abundant, our City Council is casting about for a way of providing employment to the many needing it. By setting out in this way from one's own locality in any part of the Empire, and proceeding from the known to the unknown in proper progression, one can get some conception of the magnitude of the problem which the British Government has before it when once it sets itself seriously to grapple with the problem of finding work and a living for the unemployed.

And yet the problem should not prove wholly insolvable. It is pretty clear that there must be something fundamentally wrong in the social or economic conditions which make so unequal a distribution of the privileges and products of industry possible. This wrong may have, no doubt does have, its origin in human selfishness, working out its greedy purposes through the inequalities of mental and physical endowments which bring mastery to one, defeat to another, in the life struggle. But is there not strong reason to believe that these levers, which, in selfish human hands, are constantly producing these social upheavals by which one is raised and another crushed to earth, rests usually on a fulcrum of injustice in the laws, either of the past or of the present; generally, perhaps, of both. But whether this be so, or not, it surely ought to be within the power of modern statesmanship to ameliorate the results by legislation. If human governments are to be anything more potent than flies on the great balance wheel which has failed so signally to keep the machinery which is driven by the giant forces of selfish competition, working the inexorable laws of supply and demand, in proper adjustment, surely the resources of their statesmanship should be able at least to do something to regulate that working and ameliorate the condition of those who are now being crushed by it. The first duty of Lord Salisbury's Government will, no doubt, be to see whether some temporary device may be found to afford immediate relief. But it would be a Sisyphean labour to depend on any temporary measures of relief, which would have to be continually repeated, with the ever-recurring conditions which make them necessary. Nothing less will be worthy so great and powerful a Government as that now on the British Treasury benches, than a comprehensive investigation of the whole question, with a view to ascertain as far as possible the sources of a terrible evil which is not obviously or axiomatically incurable, and, if possible, to get such conceptions of the underlying causes which have wrought through centuries to produce such evil as may enable them to set intelligently about effecting the nearest approximation to a radical cure which is now possible.

## The Bishop and his Apologist.

IN my contribution to THE WEEK on the Manitoba School Question, I referred to the Gravel incident. I had considered it a matter of some importance as showing the methods which free communities have to counteract and contend against, in maintaining the freedom of their institutions. But it appears that I have given the incident an importance entirely unwarranted by the facts.

It would seem that a gentleman living somewhere in Eastern Canada, had by some strange coincidence, made the same misinterpretation of the incident as I had, and in a letter to the press, after some vigorous comment on Bishop Gravel's conduct, had suggested the propriety of Mr. John S. Ewart, the ubiquitous literary and legal advocate of the Manitoba Roman Catholics, retiring from that position, with a view to the protection of his own reputation. Mr. Ewart, in reply to Mr. Pringle (the correspondent in question), shows that the construction put upon the performance of Bishop Gravel by practically the whole of Protestant Canada (and probably by a goodly portion of Catholic Canada, if we knew it all) was not at all based upon, nor justified by the facts in the case, but was really the product of that unreasoning prejudice on the part of Protestants against Roman Catholics the unquestionable existence of which Mr. Ewart always assumes in his disquisitions on this subject. This assumption is, indeed, as a rule, indispensable to the cogency or coherency of Mr. Ewart's arguments in the school dispute.

Mr. Ewart shows that Bishop Gravel, far from being the wirepulling, intriguing ecclesiastic, which a superficial reading of his report might suggest him to be, is in reality a very simple and unworldly person, whose lack of sophistication, and whose ignorance of mundane manners, render him prone to the commission of trifling indiscretions such as that which recently caused the astonishment and widespread comment in Protestant and Catholic Canada, which Mr. Ewart, with great good taste and appropriateness, characterizes as an "Orange whirlwind."

It may be interesting to recall the salient facts of the incident. Bishop Gravel was requested by Cardinal Ledochowski, Prefect of the Propaganda (whose office at the Vatican is somewhat analogous to that of Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs in the British Government), to prepare a report on the Manitoba School Question. In compliance with this request, the Bishop made a report which was submitted on December 7th, 1894. The matter was considered by the Church authorities to be one of great importance, and it would naturally be thought that the Bishop would spare no pains to secure and to verify all available data, so that the accuracy of his report would be unimpeachable, and its exhaustiveness leave nothing to be desired. But strangely enough he commences it: "I have done the work from memory, not having any book or document relating to this question. I believe, however, that I can affirm that the account which I give of the events surrounding this affair is strictly true." This shows the folly of relying upon human memory in a matter of importance, even if the memory be an episcopal one. For the account given by the Bishop is so inaccurate in regard to some of the most essential facts as to render the whole recital a gross perversion. His description of the functions and *modus operandi* of the Imperial Privy Council is decidedly piquant and interesting. Referring to the judgment in which that tribunal held that the Manitoba School Legislation of 1890 was strictly constitutional, the good Bishop says: "That Council, which is the guardian of British interests, considered that it was more advantageous for the peace of the Empire to affirm the autonomy of the Province of Manitoba than to maintain the rights of the Catholics. It therefore reversed the judgment of the Supreme Court of Canada, and declared to be constitutional the obnoxious law passed by the Legislature of Manitoba. To reach that conclusion the Privy Council affected not to understand the force of the evidence furnished by the negotiations which had taken place at the time of the union, and by the solemn assurances given by the Crown."

It will be observed that the worthy Bishop evinces a cynical readiness to assume, as the most natural thing in the world, that the judges of the British Privy Council, the most exalted tribunal in the Empire, whilst pretending to adjudicate on cases brought before them solely on the facts and

merits of these cases, and with regard to the rights and interests of the parties, really considered, in the first place, the policy and the necessities of the statesmen who, for the time being, might be ruling in Britain. This idea is rather startling, and it is astonishing that it should have been conceived by such a guileless and unsuspecting person as the Bishop is, according to Mr. Ewart. It might just be remarked here, that the good Bishop's reference to the "negotiations which had taken place at the Union" clearly shows the want of investigation on his part. If he had investigated he would have found in connection with these negotiations an amount of ecclesiastical trickery and chicanery which was as disgraceful as it is easily capable of demonstration.

Commenting on the statement by the Judicial Committee of the reasons on which its judgment was based, the right reverend reporter remarks: "That reasoning is so lame that it is impossible to believe that men of such intellectual strength as the noble Lords could have advanced it in good faith."

The gentle *naiveté* with which the Bishop makes his startling accusations of duplicity and bad faith against such a body is not the least remarkable feature of the incident. It is interesting and amusing to contrast Bishop Gravel's report with the deliverance of the Archbishop of St. Boniface after the later judgment, which was, of course, favourable to the Church. The latter dignitary simply slopped over with loyalty to "England's Queen," and with admiration for the rectitude of Britain's judiciary.

In view of Bishop Gravel's opinion of the ethical standards of the Privy Council, and of the considerations which influence it in arriving at its decisions, his suggestion to Cardinal Ledochowski is not at all surprising. He proceeds: "Now, I am asked if the Sacred Congregation of the Propaganda can usefully intervene in the settlement of this important question. . . . It might, perhaps, through the intervention of His Eminence Cardinal Vaughan, represent, among other things, to the Colonial Minister in London, that his predecessor, Lord Carnarvon, had given in his own name, and, in the name of Her Majesty the Queen, the assurance to the Catholics of Manitoba that they would have their Separate Schools, and that, consequently, the Crown is bound in honour to fulfil these solemn promises, if it does not wish to alienate the hearts of the Catholics of Manitoba. *An intimation of this nature might have a good effect in reference to the judgment which the Privy Council will deliver within a few months.*"

This suggestion was made, be it remembered, after the case had been argued before their Lordships and the evidence all submitted to them. Now, these alleged facts, which the Bishop recited, if they had been true facts, would all have been brought out in the evidence in the case, and the attention of their Lordships would have been drawn to them by the legal counsel for the Catholics in their argument. Why, under these circumstances, was an intimation to the judges, through the Colonial Minister, coupled with the suggestion of the possible alienation of the hearts of the Catholics of Manitoba, thought to be necessary? As a matter of fact, the recital of Bishop Gravel was a gross misrepresentation of the whole question. His essential facts were wrong, and there was no such promise as he alludes to either on the part of Lord Carnarvon or Her Majesty the Queen. It is impossible to avoid the conviction that the real import of Bishop Gravel's suggestion is that the threatened estrangement of the Roman Catholic authorities, which would hardly be confined to the Province of Manitoba, and the political difficulties which would follow to the British Government from such estrangement, were to be used as a lever to influence the Judicial Committee to find some pretext to deprive the small and comparatively insignificant Province of Manitoba of those constitutional rights, which had been confirmed to it, by the previous judgment, as this course would, to use the language of the Bishop, be "more advantageous for the peace of the Empire."

Let us see what Mr. Ewart has to say about this. That gentleman is nothing if not erudite. His erudition is appalling at first and tiresome very soon afterwards. He introduces his reply to Mr. Pringle by a lengthy extract from a sermon of the late Cardinal Newman, in which that distinguished ecclesiastic discourses upon, and deplores, the tendency on the part of the world to misjudge Roman Catholics, and to misconstrue their most common-place and innocent acts as evidences of some sinister motive. This

tendency on which the Cardinal's discourse is based, is purely hypothetical. It has no basis of fact. But assuming that it existed, is it not strange that such an "eloquent controversialist" as Newman should not have stopped to examine into the nature and causes of such a remarkable phenomenon? There is no effect without a cause, and possibly Cardinal Newman might have discovered either that his hypothesis was only a hypothesis, or that, if it had an analogy in fact, it could be accounted for in some other way than by the further assumption of a spontaneous and entirely reasonless prejudice on the part of all non-Catholics. I am very much inclined to think that no very convincing reason could be given of the existence of the feeling of which Cardinal Newman has given such an exaggerated description.

But to return to Mr. Ewart, or as that learned gentleman himself would probably put it, "*revenons à nos moutons.*" He argues that "the Orange whirlwind aroused by the Gravel incident" was the result, not of anything which the Bishop had said or done, but was simply an ebullition of that fanaticism for the existence of which he quotes the authority of Cardinal Newman. Mr. Ewart, when at a loss how to account for inconvenient facts by ratiocinative methods, usually assumes the attitude of a superior being elevated far above the temptation to small sectarian prejudice, and contends that the facts and all the trouble relating to them, are solely the product of fanatical bigotry on the part of those who do not agree with him. Bishop Gravel suggested the use of corrupt and improper means to influence the decision of the Privy Council. Mr. Ewart cannot, and as a matter of fact does not, deny this. If Bishop Gravel's suggestion had been made by any non-Catholic, he would have been stigmatised as a dishonest, contemptible, and dangerous person, and everybody would have thought the condemnation well deserved. But Mr. Ewart's contention is that the condemnation of Bishop Gravel is simply an evidence of the existence of a fanatical prejudice against Roman Catholics. If you wake in the night and discover a stranger handling your watch and your wife's jewelry, you at once come to the conclusion that you have encountered a burglar. But if he should turn out to be a Roman Catholic it might be dangerous to call him a burglar unless you were prepared to incur the odium of being filled with unreasonable suspicions solely the result of religious bigotry. This seems to be a *reductio ad absurdum*, but it is really not more so than is Mr. Ewart's argument on the Gravel affair.

Referring to Bishop Gravel's suggestion quoted above, Mr. Ewart says:—"Inasmuch as there is not the slightest evidence that this suggestion was ever acted upon, how is it that Mr. Pringle dares to allege that the Privy Council was approached, corruptly or otherwise? If he says that it was done because it was suggested, I pity him, and his one-sidedness. And what was it that was suggested? That the Cardinal should approach the judges? No, not a bit of it; but that he should represent so-and-so to the Colonial Minister that is to say, to a political functionary. Is that such a desperately abominable thing that Mr. Pringle should become hysterical over it? And what was the political functionary to be asked to do? The Bishop does not say, but we may infer that the Colonial Minister was to be asked to inform the judges of Lord Carnarvon's promise."

I do not know that I remember encountering anything so entirely infantile in the way of argument as the above. Why should not Mr. Pringle dare to allege that the Privy Council was approached? A suggestion is asked for by Cardinal Ledochowski. It is made by Bishop Gravel, and, as advised by the latter, it is transmitted to Cardinal Vaughan, with whom the Prefect, as Bishop Gravel tells us, "at once placed himself in communication" on receipt of the Bishop's report. There is no evidence that either Cardinal Ledochowski or Cardinal Vaughan resented or criticised the palpably corrupt character of the Bishop's suggestion. Under these circumstances the onus is not on Mr. Pringle to show that the Privy Council was approached, but on Mr. Ewart and his ecclesiastical friends to prove that it was not. The point is that a corrupt suggestion was made by Bishop Gravel. Mr. Ewart may pity Mr. Pringle's "onesidedness" as much as he pleases, but this will not in any way distract attention from that fact. I think Mr. Ewart's own "onesidedness" is in want of a good deal more commiseration than that of the other party. Now if the suggestion had been that Cardinal Vaughan should "ap-

proach" the judges directly, it would have been less immoral and less "insidious" than the suggestion which was actually made. The "political functionary" was an important member of the British Cabinet and a colleague in the Government of the Lord Chancellor, who was the presiding judge in the case. It requires no lively imagination to conceive what was calculated upon in making an intimation through a dignitary occupying the peculiar and influential position of Cardinal Vaughan that the hearts of the Roman Catholic citizens would be "alienated" unless some mythical "rights and privileges" were conceded, and an "assurance," which was never given, carried into effect. Mr. Ewart says "the Colonial Minister was to be asked to inform the judges of Lord Carnarvon's promise." What egregious nonsense! Why should the judges require to be informed of Lord Carnarvon's promise (if he had made any) by the Colonial Secretary? This promise, if real, would be dealt with in the evidence. Why did Bishop Gravel suppose that the judges would be more impressed with the necessity of carrying out "Lord Carnarvon's promise," when reminded of it by the Colonial Secretary, than they would be when they learned of it from the evidence and in the arguments of counsel? The reason is very clear when we remember the Bishop's estimate of the *morale* and the motives of the Privy Council.

I assume that that Mr. Ewart is quite sincere and quite in earnest in his extraordinary line of argument. But I have observed that Mr. Ewart's faculty of self-persuasion is only limited by the exigencies of the case which he may be endeavouring to uphold. He has also induced himself to believe that the performance of Bishop Gravel, was a very much less serious offense than the transmission to the Privy Council of a resolution of a Presbyterian Synod approving of national schools and of the present Manitoba school system. It is denied that such a resolution was ever transmitted. But whether it was or not makes very little difference. The comparison of such a transaction with the *affaire* Gravel suggests such a want of all sense of proportion on Mr. Ewart's part as to induce one to believe that there may be a good deal in Dr. Nordau's theory of "Degeneration" and that Dr. Gravel's apologist is an illustration of its soundness.

A. B.

Winnipeg, August 10th, 1895.

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### Living in Flats.

PROMINENT among the advertisements of the American newspapers are the tempting descriptions of residential flats, from the latest erections with their various attractions of steam heating, electric bells, elevators and all the advantages of modern improvements, to the simple ranges of unadorned rooms possessing merely the rudiments of habitable eligibility. In many cities in Europe the system of living in flats is growing very rapidly. In Paris, in Vienna, and Berlin, the small, separate house is the luxury of the wealthy, while the great bulk of the population live in flats. In St. Petersburg, which is the most modern of European cities, all the houses are flats. London seems to have withstood this modern idea of places of residence as long as it was possible, and those who have approached the great city by any of the numerous railway arteries will call to mind the thousands and thousands of small houses that present their tiny backyards to the visitor as he is borne rapidly along through miles of little domiciles, each with its own separate and particular chimney and its own distinct plan of existence. But notwithstanding the national liking for living in a house of one's own and being secluded by its walls from adjacent mankind, it appears that the demand for residential flats is greater than the supply, although, as a rule, the rent of this kind of accommodation is greater than that asked for a separate house possessing the same space. The change of popular opinion on this matter seems to have been wrought during the past three or four years, till, at the present time, it is understood that flats cannot be built quickly enough for those who want to live in them. Among reasons which weigh with London tenants in favour of flats are mentioned the freedom from many small demands upon the purse which come to the dweller in a separate house—though, of course, he pays for them in a lump sum to his landlord—and the lessening of the necessity for domestic servants. The tenant in a flat, too, when he wants to take a holiday can turn the key in his door and give it to the janitor, with the full belief that he

will find it, on his return, just as he left it, plus, perhaps, a little deposit of dust on his furniture.

There is no doubt that flat-living will be more general in the future than it is now. It has been calculated that in about 170 years, if the population of the world goes on increasing at the same rate as it has during the past quarter of a century, there will not be more than six square feet of space for every inhabitant of this planet. That is, that if the land area of the globe were divided by the number of its inhabitants, in the year 2065, it would give six square feet as the quotient. It may be said, in passing, that if this calculation be true, the days of the bicycle trade are numbered. But among the changes that will be wrought by the increase of population, flat-building will hold an important place. As bicycles and outdoor spaces wane, the halcyon days of high buildings and elevators will come in. Chicago, with its enormously high buildings and its quick running elevators will be eclipsed by the lofty structures of 2065. As the population increases it will have to build itself up in the air, and, having pushed out laterally to the greatest possible extent, it will grow vertically. It would seem that this must put an end to what is properly called architecture, and that travel will be confined to sea trips. There will be no landscapes worth looking at, and the pictures now being painted of vast stretches of valley and plain will be regarded with wondering eyes by the people of the future who listen to the traditions of their ancestors, or read the poetry of a bygone day.

Of course that sort of thing is far off at present, and seems very distant in Canada, where our trouble is that we have not enough people. Here in Ontario with 220,000 square miles we have barely a couple of millions of people compared with the 120,000 square miles of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland with their thirty-nine or forty millions. We welcome emigrants of the right sort with avidity, or ought to. In Quebec they encourage procreative tendencies by giving every man with a dozen children a *douceur* of a hundred free acres. To get a Lorne Park as a reward for a large family shows at any rate that we have plenty of room yet. But nothing is more certain than that Canada will be ultimately populated, and this shows the desirability of sticking to the country and providing for posterity. The interrogation: "What have I to do with posterity? it never did anything for me," was the product of a selfish mind. The man who has taken the responsibility of assisting to bring fresh human being into the world cannot be altogether careless as to their descendants. It is, perhaps, a little stretching the matter for us to go about burdened with solicitude as to what will be the fate of our great grandsons or grand daughters, but who can help looking forward to their day sometimes, and picturing, if he be of an imaginative turn, the sort of world they will have to live, move and have their being in?

This, however, is wandering from the theme. Let us think about the flats of the present. Perhaps it would be to the point to consider how we can help being "flats" ourselves—one permissible meaning of the word being a dull, stupid and silly person. Supposing, however, for the moment that we escape being just that, let us consider living in a flat. The first thing that strikes one is that all the apartments are on a level. There is no going up stairs to bed or coming down to breakfast. Everything is on a level. There is no sliding down the balusters (sometimes called "bannisters") for the youngsters. That is a sad thought, for there was much joy in our young days in those same bannisters. Per contra there is no "getting up stairs" ("such a getting up stairs" was the burden of an old song) so long as the elevator is working, though when that stops there is a great deal of it. Also there is more isolation about living on a flat than there is about residence in a demesne of one's own. The outer world is kept farther off. Even the most adventurous of the beggar tribe does not penetrate to the soaring solitude of the flat. Life is less elementary. Living in one's own house, if the servants are away, one has to chop wood, to light the fire, and to feed the furnace in winter. In a flat you turn the steam on the radiators and cook your breakfast with a gas stove. If it be a modern flat you know nothing of fire and ashes, the engineer sees to them in the basement. I am of opinion that this is a great loss. There is more poetry about fire than about almost every other household thing, and I am sorry for those who will in the future have to live in flats that they will not know its delight, its glow,



its mystery, its red caverns and fairy peaks, the joy of the dancing flame, the sympathy of the dying embers. Me thinks I could live in a hovel with just a pot and a fire—a crane to swing over the crackling logs that one could sling pot-hooks on to and hang a kettle on, which, though it might get blackened with the smoke, would sing, and sing oh so merrily! With that and one of the ordinary three-legged pots of the farmhouse to make porridge in, one could live a life of philosophy and thought. Shall we not make haste and live these lives while we can? Let us leave the purlieus of the genteel and the conventional before we are swamped by the utter comfortableness and artificiality of flats. There is room enough now to live half a mile from one's next neighbour in a space cleared out, perhaps, from solemn woods, and allowing of a look out over lake and mountain. There has not been time yet to thoroughly read and study the hundred best books in the world, and in the city there are so many meetings to attend and amusements to sit out and people to speak to that scarcely anyone grows to full mental stature, or spends enough time in cultivating the immaterial part of him. That doctrine expressed in the words, "he that watereth others shall himself be watered," has been worked to death, and the consequence is that we have thousands of people going about with watering pots that scarcely hold a thimbleful. We want more people who have given the cistern of the mind time to fill, but nowadays if a man get a single thought into his noddle he is not satisfied till he has shouted it through every street in the city and told everybody he knows of it. I am afraid it will be worse when we all live in flats.

For the present, of course, flats will be mitigated by the possibilities of getting to nature, of seeing forests and watching sunsets, but in those future far off days it would seem that there will not be room for a tree to grow or for a rock to be picturesque. What will poetry and art do then? Imagine a poet going home to seek inspiration. He enters his flat, and, if it be chilly, turns the steam on to the radiator. What daylight comes into his room comes down a whitewashed well in the midst of the towering mass of brickwork in which he lives. No poet is likely to be able to afford a window that has an independent view, and if he is he will see nothing around him but endless big tenement buildings. By that time dirt will probably have been got rid of and everything, including the boiling of the poet's egg, will be done by electric machinery, and he will not even have the humanizing exercise of boiling his own egg. He will touch an electric button and it will be shot out of some tube or other ready cooked. All his supplies will come in by similar magical avenues, but even this will not compensate him for the saddening consciousness that even if he gets into an electric train that goes a couple of hundred miles an hour he will not be able to escape from the eternal prospect of brickiness. I wonder what sort of poetry it will be that will be written under such circumstances!

But I am wandering again. The flats of to-day have to be considered rather than those of the future, and, barring several drawbacks, I am of opinion that a very satisfactory life may be lived in a residential building laid out on this principle. For adult people who wish for simplicity and refinement at comparatively small expense, the flat offers certain advantages. One of the drawbacks is that one cannot have a bit of garden and watch the flowers grow, and some people are so constituted that this would be a terrible deprivation to them. Another is that there is less chance, in a flat, of coming into contact with many varieties of human nature. We do not know how much of our sanity and balance depends on our having daily to deal with very different sorts of people. In a flat there is more chance of seclusion perhaps than there is in a house with a front and a back door, where one gets to know the milkman, and the beggar, and can watch one's neighbour running his lawn-mower laboriously over his turf or placidly watering it with a hose while at the same time he is conscious that the cook or the house-maid is receiving the attentions of some gay Lothario of a tradesman in the back regions. I fancy, too, that vagrant suppliants will not come to flats to a great extent, and that flat-dwellers will have fewer tales of woe to listen to than dwellers in detached houses. This will, perhaps, tend to selfishness and to a shut-in feeling. Dwelling in an ordinary house one can look up and down the street, and come to take an interest in one's neighbours. There is a wedding at the house opposite, and, though you don't know the peo-

ple, you realize some of their feelings on the occasion. A few doors up there is a funeral, and you know something of what it must be for those who, through a chink of the drawn-down blind, see the hearse stop opposite the door. These things have a tendency to enlarge one's personal horizon and to make one feel that he belongs to the large human family as well as to the five or six people of his own household. I fear that living in a flat will somewhat interfere with this salutary outlook upon the world.

J. R. N.

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### A Parson's Ponderings: Concerning Gallio.

I HAVE come to the conclusion that Gallio has been grossly maligned by preachers of all denominations. I refer to the Gallio mentioned in Acts xviii. 12-17, who has always been held up as the impersonation of apathy in religion. All those who won't come to church, all the careless and godless, are constantly warned of what is in store for them if they persist in following the awful example of Gallio, who "cared for none of those things"

Now I maintain that the said Gallio has thereby been libelled. Instead of holding him up to execration, the divines of the present day—especially those who most loudly advocate "the entire separation of Church and State"—should hold him forth as a model of statesmanship, and call up all rising, and risen, politicians to emulate the noble conduct of Gallio. For what are the facts? Gallio was pro-consul of Achaia (see Revised Version). That is to say, in modern language, he was Lieutenant-Governor of the Province of Morea, in Greece, representing H.I.M., the Roman Emperor. But he was more than that: he was Governor, Prime Minister, Cabinet, Parliament, Chief Justice, all rolled into one. In short, he represented the State. The Jews of the place dragged the Christians before him; he, very properly, declined to interfere in their quarrels. He was determined that Church and State should be kept entirely distinct. The matter brought before him to adjudicate upon was, in his eyes, a squabble between two rival religious sects. It was a matter of "denominations" and not of politics. "He drove them from the judgment seat," and would have nothing to do with their quarrel. He was quite right; and he should be held up as a model for all statesmen in these modern days.

The great problem we Canadians have to solve is, how to keep religion out of our politics; and we have not accomplished the feat yet. But the only way to solve any problem is to be logically and mathematically exact, and carry out every premise to its legitimate conclusion, even though that conclusion brings us—like Euclid's *ex hypo.* arguments—to the confession "which is absurd."

As an old-fashioned Tory, a believer in Church and State (*in the abstract*, that is to say), I must confess to a certain gr'm satisfaction in seeing things getting into the muddle they are now in our Canadian politics. I feel like rubbing my hands together and saying, "That is the outcome of all our sectarianism; we shall soon arrive at the 'which-is-absurd' end of our experiment!" However that is neither here nor there. Whatever my predilections as an old Tory may be, as a practical Canadian I ask, "What is to be done, things being as they are?" The true answer seems to be, "Carry out our principles to their logical end." The much-vaunted principle which we have set up as the Idol of the Forum for this fin-de-siècle age is the entire separation of the Church from the State; that is to say, of religion from politics. Very well; be it so; but let us be thorough, let us have no shams, no half-way measures. Let every member of Parliament, whatever may be his personal religious convictions, as a politician be a Gallio.

For example: a certain member, let us say, brings in a bill for the better observance of the Lord's Day. What has the State, I should like to know, got to do with that? Suppose the Jews and the Christians had argued before Gallio's judgment-seat as to whether the seventh day or the first day of the week should be kept holy? Indeed, possibly that was one of the questions they discussed when he replied; "If it were a matter of wrong or of wicked villainy, O ye Jews, reason would that I should bear with you; but if they are questions about words and names and of your own law, look to it yourselves; I am not minded to be a judge of such matters." So should it be now treated, for this is purely a

"Church" matter, and one on which the various sections of the Church itself are not agreed. Jews, Seventh-day Baptists, Second Adventists, Quakers, and others would be aggrieved by the State's interference. The various religious organizations must look to it themselves. Let Parliament follow the precedent of Gallio.

Again in the matter of education. The State is determined that every child shall be furnished with sufficient mental training to make him or her an intelligent citizen. That is all right; but the religious knowledge or training of the child is the business of the particular church to which the child belongs—if it belongs to any. Let us carry out to the full end, the "great principle" of this continent—the entire separation of Church and State. The State schools and colleges must be wholly secular; the morals therein taught being those of Aristotle, Cicero, Herbert Spencer, and the like.

I know all this will sound shocking to some good Christians; but "logic is logic"; we will have to come to this sooner or later. I can imagine a conversation like the following between some pious lady and myself:—"Would you have no religion in our public schools?" "No, madam." "No reading of Scriptures?" "None whatever, madam." "No prayer, not even the Lord's Prayer recited?" "Certainly not, madam: for let me tell you a fact in my own experience. In taking charge of a certain parish I found the senior boys' class in the Sunday school was taught by a young lady whose "views" were those of the Plymouth Brethren, and she positively objected to the use of the Lord's Prayer. I had to dispense with her services, considering such views somewhat incompatible with the usages of the Anglican Church, though my action savoured of 'High Church Tyranny.' Now I want to know, if resistance to the use of the Lord's Prayer was made in a Church school, how can we enforce its use in a State school?"

The State then must learn to act like Gallio, and the Church must learn to retrace her steps in many important particulars. For these eighteen centuries and more she has been working hard to make Christian States of the nations of the earth. Now, on the threshold of the twentieth century she must begin *de novo*, and remember that religion has nothing to do with the State as such, but concerns only the elect.

Of course to my old-fashioned Tory mind, all this is a *reductio ad absurdum*. But we Christians have brought ourselves to this by our sectarian divisions: it is not the State that is to blame. If the members of one sect take the chief rulers of the synagogue of another sect and, metaphorically speaking, beat him before the judgment seat, the civil power must needs dismiss both parties, and carry out the statesmanlike policy of Gallio.

Geo. J. Low.

### Criticisms of Some Magazine Articles— Part V.

PRELIMINARY TO REVIEWING MR. GLADSTONE'S ARTICLE  
IN "THE NORTH AMERICAN"—LORD CLARE'S  
GREAT SPEECH.

AFTER referring to the confessions of the leading United Irishmen before the Secret Committee of the two Houses—a copy of the official report is in the Toronto Reference Library—he added: "I state with perfect confidence that the treasonable conspiracies which have brought this country to the verge of ruin are the natural offspring of the adjustment of 1782." . . . "I will now appeal to every dispassionate man who hears me whether I have in anything misstated or exaggerated the calamitous situation of my country. It is gravely inculcated—we are very well as we are! Gracious God! of what materials must the heart of that man be composed who knows the state of the country and will coldly tell us we are very well as we are. We have not three years of redemption from bankruptcy or intolerable taxation, nor one hour's security against the renewal of exterminating civil war. . . . Session after session have you been compelled to enact laws of unexampled rigor" (Coercion Acts) "to repress the horrible excesses, the murder, pillage, and desolation which have so outrun all legislative exertions that you have been driven to the hard necessity of putting the country under military govern-

ment, and in every little circle *we hear whispers of discontent at the temperate discretion with which it*" (martial law) "*is administered*. I repeat you have not a redemption for three years from public bankruptcy or a burden of taxation which will sink every gentleman of property. The debt of Ireland is now £25,662,000" (in nine years it had increased tenfold) and the annual interest and charges are £1,393,000. . . . "Our present difficulties arise from an Irish war, a war of faction, a Whig war" (alluding to the intrigues with Fox and his English followers) "and a United Irishmans' War. If England were at peace you would be compelled to maintain a war-establishment for defence against your own people." . . . "I am sick with the rant of Irish dignity and independence. I wish to withdraw the higher orders of my countrymen from the corrupted sphere of Irish politics . . . to teach them to exert their best endeavours to civilize the lower orders, to inculcate in them religion, morality, industry and due subordination; to relieve their wants and correct their excesses. Unless you civilize your people it is vain to look for national tranquillity or contentment." . . . "We claim a right to trade with the British colonies and plantations, and we claim the protection of the British navy without contributing to the necessary expenses of either. We raise a revenue of more than £230,000 on British goods imported from England, and the English tax imports from Ireland only a little more than £10,000" . . . "A declaration of war by any foreign power against the British nation is the signal for faction and rebellion in Ireland" . . . "Look to the number of Irish emigrants in Great Britain" (alluding to absentees) "who have been driven to seek an asylum there from the brutal fury of the Irish people, and the cold-blooded treachery of their own domestics\* palpably fomented and encouraged by Irish faction and Irish treason. If it is to remain at the discretion of every adventurer to dress up fictitious grievances for popular delusion and let loose outrageous people upon the property and respectability of the Irish nation, what gentleman who has the means of living out of the country will be induced to remain in it? If you wish to stop emigration" (of property owners) "you must enable sober and rational men to live at peace at home."

He then detailed the falsehoods disseminated against the proposed union, some being contained in a petition circulated through the country which he read. This petition falsely stated, "that a legislative union with Great Britain would be a dangerous innovation fraught with ruin to the constitutional independence, commercial interests and general prosperity of this kingdom. That this measure by depriving us of a resident and protecting legislature, *under which our country has hitherto prospered beyond example*, must augment the discontents of the kingdom," etc., etc.

Gladstone's words are that Lord Clare stated in that speech, that 1782 to 1800 "was a period of unexampled material progress." Could falsification go further?

Lord Clare then referred to the troubles between England and Scotland prior to their union and how near to hostilities the two nations were in Queen Anne's time.

He concluded: "It is with a full conviction that it will give to this my native country lasting peace and security . . . an increase of strength, riches, and trade, and the final extinction of national jealousy and animosity, that I now propose to this grave assembly an entire and perfect union of the kingdom of Ireland with Great Britain. If I live to see it I shall feel an honourable pride in reflecting on the little share which I may have in contributing to effect it." The peers patriotically responded; 75 voted for the motion and only 26 against it.

#### OBSERVATIONS UPON LORD CLARE'S SPEECH.

Mr. Gladstone is Scotch by blood, English by birth and Welsh by residence. No living Englishman or Scotchman of repute has so misrepresented Irish history as he. His misstatements—their name is legion—with full commentaries would fill a volume. Lord Clare's great speech disposes of some of the grossest of his historical fables.

Addressing the noblest and most intelligent audience in Ireland—there were numbers present besides peers—and facing bitter opponents he pointedly stated the well-known fact of the worse than factious opposition to the proposed

\* Was this the origin of "no Irish need apply" in old-time advertisements for servants—it has been obsolete since about 1845-50.

union—also that nothing but union could save the country, and alluding to the contrariness of so many of his fellow-countrymen, that the existence of two independent Parliaments had gradually led to their complicated and grievous sufferings.

He also pointed out the mischievous results of reforms brought about by veiled rebellion, which, in 1782, created Grattan's Parliament. (Prior to that time—on the authority of Arthur Young—Ireland was steadily progressing, his book abounds in instances of large improvements by landlords). Lord Clare also dilated upon the mischievous results of two Parliaments upon the Regency question and other matters, the two Legislatures being in opposition to each other. He disposes of Mr. Gladstone's persevering fiction about Lord Fitzwilliams' mandate in 1795. The Earl of Rosebery—the late Premier—has in his *Life of Pitt* done the like. But Gladstone's historical myths like cats have nine lives.

He indignantly denounced the circulated stereotyped petition of the anti-unionists which contained the false assertion anent Grattan's Parliament, "*under which our country has hitherto prospered beyond example.*" These words so scathingly denounced by Lord Clare, Gladstone falsely represents as his statements. Unbiased, intelligent readers will see that Clare's regretful and foreboding speech was exactly the reverse of what Gladstone represents it to have been. It was a jeremiad—not as alleged an historical hosanna. The facts capitally illustrate Gladstone's method of misrepresenting antagonistic history. He finally called upon his noble audience to vote for the union and they patriotically responded.

When Celtic Ireland again produces such a man as he, to fearlessly speak the truth to his fellow-countrymen, it will flourish beyond all present probability. The Irish are a rallying race, but they need a true man to lead them. To give the best results such a man ought to be a Catholic. How long will the mournful cry of the genius of Ireland continue, "*Wanted! a great Irishman!*"? There can be no true greatness without the work-a-day Commandments (Protestant 6th, 8th and 9th), but such a one would reinstate them in Ireland.

Lord Clare was the greatest man that the old race produced up to the beginning of this century, and his name will ever be classed among those of great patriotic statesmen.

FAIRPLAY RADICAL.

P.S.—Those who do not bind THE WEEK should cut this out for their scrap-book. Not 1 in 1,000 knows anything of Lord Clare's great speech which is so full of reliable information.

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### My Absent Host: An Experience in Jamaica.

HERE in Jamaica, in the shade of a gigantic cotton-wood tree and surrounded by the luxuriant growth of a tropical forest, with the sun pouring its fierce rays through the tangled undergrowth, reflected in many gorgeous colours unknown in more northern climes, it is hard to realize that this is Christmas Day as we know it at home.

The hill on which I am sitting, a thousand feet or so high, commands a magnificent view of Kingston harbor in which lie sleepily at anchor the war ships of various nations, and merchant craft from all over the world, seeking cargoes of coffee, cocoa, pimento, bananas, oranges, and logwood. Beyond the red roofs of Port Royal, the Caribbean Sea with its numberless reefs and cays, huge rocks standing out like grim sentinals of the narrow passages to that whilom hell on earth, the home and stronghold of the fierce pirates and bloody buccaneers of long ago, through which not a few gallant ships laden with pieces-of-eight and priceless spoils from the Spanish Main threaded the tortuous way in the wake of their merciless captors, whose deeds have been the subject of many a thrilling story but of whom the worst was never told. Port Royal, once "the finest town in the West Indies and the richest spot on earth," now exists merely as a naval station with a fort and sailors' hospital, surrounded by a few miserable hovels, but still the abode of vice. The great earthquake in 1692 destroyed and almost submerged the town, of which the ruins are still visible under the green water. There is story told in the Guide Books of a

man "who was swallowed up by the earthquake and by the providence of God was, by another shock, thrown into the sea and miraculously saved by swimming until a boat took him up. He lived many years after in great reputation, beloved by all who knew him and much lamented at his death." I visited his grave at Green Bay, so there can be no question as to the authenticity of the story.

The hospitality of the Jamaican planter is proverbial and during my visit to the island I received many marks of kindness at their hands; but one case in particular is, perhaps, worth narrating, being rather interesting on account of its novelty.

I had left Kingston early one morning without very definite ideas as to destination or direction, allowing my pony, a small wiry beast peculiar to the country, sure-footed as an ass and eminently adapted to climb the steep hills and endure the intense heat, to choose the way. That way led through "Mona," one of the few large sugar estates still in operation. Owing to the difficulty in obtaining the continuous labour necessary for the cultivation of cane coolies are imported by the government from the East Indies and hired out to planters. They are of much slighter build than the Jamaica negro and cannot match him for work when he feels like it, but that is not often.

After fording the Hope River, a zig-zag bridle-path makes an abrupt ascent of the foot-hills of the famous Blue Mountains. A heavy shower of rain, I supposed one of those sudden squalls common in these latitudes, induced me to seek shelter under a mango tree, but the down-pour continued and I was soon wet to the skin, so I determined to push upwards, knowing there was no house for miles behind me and trusting there might be one further ahead. I am at a loss to describe the changing beauties of the scenery developed by each bend in the path, the lovely colours of the foliage dripping with crystal, the stately palms, the waving bamboos, yam plots, reminding one of the Kent hop gardens, the mountain side covered with verdure and gay with the brightest tints, here and there little waterfalls flowing from the heart of the mountain through delightful grottos, laughingly losing itself among the maidenhair and hartstongue to reappear on the face of the bare rock, passing again out of sight with a pleasant gurgling sound on its way to the winding river below, sparkling in the sunshine, gleefully rushing in cascades over its stoney bed to the ocean; above, the purple peeks coyly hiding their heads in the clouds, inviting the traveller to penetrate their ether veil.

Upward and still upward I climbed for an hour or more before seeing any sign of human habitation, when a sudden turn brought me to a negro hut. My knock was answered by a black girl, bare-footed, her petticoats hitched up in the peculiar style of the women here and a coloured handkerchief wrapped around her head. From her I learned that "Massa Duncan," a white planter, lived about a mile further on. Following her directions, in due time I reached a roomy-looking cottage, with roses, honeysuckle, and jasmine, surrounded by rims of stone outhouses, an old mill, a rum-still, a delapidated-looking well and other relics of a once prosperous sugar estate. But the place seemed deserted.

"Massa Duncan not at home, sar," was the news that presently greeted my appearance. This was a dilemma I was not prepared for, but I was wet and I was hungry, so bidding the darkie lead my horse under cover, I took the liberty of inviting myself into "Massa" Duncan's abode. It was late in the afternoon; the place was miles away from everywhere. I was in for it now. There was a dash of adventure about the whole business, so I determined to see it through.

"Massa" Duncan was apparently a bachelor; anyway there were no signs of anything feminine about, but many evidences to the contrary, so I plucked up courage, decided to do the best I knew how, under the circumstances, and proceeded to make myself at home, comforting myself with the reflection that if "Massa" Duncan did turn up he could only kick me out. A tour of investigation discovered some dry clothes which I appropriated, not, indeed, without many misgivings when I found that the collar of the shirt was several sizes too large for me, the trousers somewhat long in the leg, and the sleeves of the jacket needed turning up to prevent them falling over my knuckles. "Massa" Duncan was a bigger man than I, that was certain, and I trembled in my borrowed slippers. Still, with a creepy feeling, of course only the result of my recent soaking, I tempted fate. It was was neck or nothing now and I con-

cluded I might as well die full as fasting. In the larder were eggs, butter, ham, tea, and other provisions, but the staff of life was wanting.

"Dars a shop roun' de corner, sar," volunteered my dusky friend, so I despatched him with a shilling and he mounted a mule and rode away while I drew a chair out on the piazza, picked up the *Strand Magazine*, lighted my pipe and watched the sunset. Anything more beautiful it would be hard to conceive; perched in a little hollow among the hills, looking down many hundreds of feet over the gorgeous dripping landscape, the rich reds and deep greens relieved by the lighter shade of the cane fields; this was surely one of the most lovely spots on earth.

I contained my soul in patience for upwards of two hours; it must have been a very long way around the corner, but bye-and-bye the nigger turned up again with some hot loaves, steaming from the oven, and in a few more minutes I was feasting on tea, goat's milk, and fried eggs at "Massa" Duncan's expense. I think I never enjoyed a meal so much in my life. The rest of the evening I smoked and meditated with "Marcus Aurelius," smiled over "Pickwick" and read "Far From the Madding Crowd," a book I thought eminently in keeping with its surroundings.

Mr. Montgomery Brandon confided to me that he was left in charge during his master's absence, presumably he took me for a friend of the family, a delusion which I was at no pains to dispel.

"Massa's bed's ready for ye, sar," he informed me when I had satisfied the cravings of hunger, and I turned in later and slept the sleep of the just.

The sun was shining brightly when I awoke the next morning; my own wet clothes were hanging out to dry, so I resumed my host's garments, made a hearty breakfast of butter, toast, ham and Blue Mountain coffee and leaving a card of thanks for "Massa" Duncan, my absent host, I resumed my journey in search of further adventures among the hills of this tropical paradise.

ROLAND WOOLSEY.

### At Street Corners.

ALREADY the first signs of the fall are in the air, and at some of our Toronto street corners there are eddies of withered leaves. Not very large eddies; only large enough to warn us that summer is coming to an end. And, when the harvest begins in Manitoba—and it is a relief to think of Manitoba in connection with anything else but the everlasting school question—we know that we shall soon be having the apples in, at least we hope so, and all the accompaniments of the fall.

Our idiot familiar, looking over our shoulder says that apples were always connected, in his mind, with the fall.

Among the brightest of Canadian writers Mrs. Kathleen Blake-Watkins, who writes for the *Mail and Empire* under the *nom de plume* of "Kit" has for some years taken an important place. She is a widely travelled and highly accomplished woman with a breadth of mind and a penetration that fall to the lot of few of her sex. To a genial and sympathetic insight into human nature she adds a poetic vein and a light and droll fancy which give to her work a distinct individuality. She displays withal a hatred of cant and hypocrisy that sometimes make her pen a very forcible weapon, and her descriptive style is of a high class. I understand that Mrs. Blake-Watkins is writing a novel, which, it is needless to say, will be looked for with much eagerness by Canadian readers.

I hear that Mr. Gordon Mowat is to retire from the editorship of the *Canadian Magazine* and that for the present his place will be filled by Mr. J. A. Cooper. The *Canadian Magazine*, under Mr. Mowat's management, has attained a definite place in our native periodical literature and it may be hoped that under the new arrangement it will suffer no retrogression. I have heard several times that a new magazine is to be started in Toronto with the new year, but have not been able to locate the origin of the statement, nor to find any tangible confirmation of it.

Mr. Wyly Grier has on the stocks a very fine masculine-

ly-painted portrait of Chief Justice Meredith, which bids fair to be one of the most characteristic presentments of a judicial functionary that have graced the legal walls of Toronto.

The weather appears to be breaking up preparatory to a fine spell for the Toronto Exhibition. Manager Hill begins to look somewhat anxious with the weight of his responsibilities and the young farmers are buying neckties on Saturday nights to come to the great annual show in. Meanwhile has anybody cared to remark what exceedingly fine skies we have had recently, with their piled-up masses of white cloud, tinged with sweet grays and golds and pinks? Civic Holiday was splendid on this account, and to lie on the grass and watch the splendours of lake and sky was a recreation enough for the writer of these paragraphs.

I am sorry that the "Elm Street Church trouble" still drags its length along, and I am personally sorry that so estimable a choir master and a man as Mr. Jury (who is no relation by the way to the aggressive politician of that name) should have been placed thereby in an unpleasant position. As this is a Jury that cannot himself bring in a verdict, which duty must be left to the public, I have the utmost pleasure in giving my personal testimony to the fact that Mr. Jury and also his clever wife—a vocalist of more than ordinary ability and merit—are people who may well receive general support and confidence. Mr. Jury's bearing throughout the entire pitiful proceedings has been worthy of all praise.

I heard Rev. W. S. Blackstock preach the other evening at Berkley street Methodist church. He is the father of the well-known lawyers of that ilk, and a fine, broad shouldered vigorous old man of much vitality. His father was a pioneer, and in his early days the reverend gentleman knew much of the hardships and triumphs of the settlers' life. To preach at a wayback church on a Sunday morning, and to ride twenty miles on horseback, to minister to another congregation in the evening; to be used to long tramps or rides through the primeval forest, to receive from time to time the rude but hearty welcome of the log hut in the wilderness, these were some of Mr. Blackstock's early experiences. He has recently been to Egypt, Palestine, and Rome, and as a conversationalist of the massive Johnsonian order he is very interesting.

The Toronto Humane Society is doing a good work in the city, and those whose courage and physique are not equal to undertaking a personal combat with cruel people, should hasten to appease their consciences by sending a subscription to the Secretary, Miss Bell, or the President, Mr. W. R. Brock. I once followed a man up on a charge of cruelty to animals, and at last got him fined by the police magistrate, but the trouble and time it took were considerable. Now Constable Willis, who has been provided with a bicycle by the Humane Society, is such a practised hand at following up cases of this sort, that one sees him with pleasure going about on his errands of mercy. Last month I understand that he prosecuted 26 people for cruelty, and obtained convictions of nearly all, besides investigating 30 complaints, seeing that the dogs at the pound were well cared for, and several other items of humane work.

Mr. J. S. Willison, the managing editor of *The Globe*, is now taking an extended tour through Manitoba and the North-West Territories. The readers of Mr. Willison's paper are to have the benefit of his experiences and impressions in a series of letters on his travels, the first of which appeared in *The Globe* yesterday. In speaking of the school difficulty he says: "We must not forget that the settlers of this Province come of sturdy stock. Many of them are of the best blood of Ontario, and we will find in the new generation an energizing western strain that will give a splendid character to the civilization of the Canadian west. We find here very little of the refuse material that was thrown into many of the American States during the colonizing period. We have to do with a self-reliant and well-informed population. And it is as well that we should know that these people will not readily take instructions from the politicians either at Ottawa or at Winnipeg."

DIOGENES.

Montreal Affairs.

STREET-WIDENING ; A RICH FIELD FOR PLUNDER ; "THE BAND OF PAID SWEARERS"—NEFARIOUS SCHEMES OF UNPRINCIPLED ALDERMEN.—THE SAYING REMNANT IN THE CITY COUNCIL.—THE CITIZENS AROUSED BY EXPOSURE MADE BY THE CITY PRESS—JAMES MACDONALD OXLEY'S NEW BOOK, "THE BOY TRAMP," TO BE PUBLISHED BY W. & R. CHAMBERS NEXT YEAR—MR. ARTHUR WEIR CONGRATULATED BY THE MARQUIS OF DUFFERIN—A NEW CANADIAN NOVEL, "AN UNEXPECTED BRIDE," JUST PUBLISHED IN CHICAGO ; IT IS WRITTEN BY MRS. J. B. HAMMOND, OF MONTREAL.—THE CHATEAUQUAY MONUMENT TO BE ERECTED IN OCTOBER BY THE GOVERNMENT.

THE expropriation methods of the city council for the last few years have offered speculators a rich field for plunder. The city inherited from the old days narrow streets which, as population grew, become inadequate for passenger and traffic requirements, and some twenty years ago an elaborate plan for the gradual widening of the principal thoroughfares was adopted. A few years ago, however, the city council branched out in wholesale street-widening. In some cases streets, miles in length, were widened, the necessary land and building being expropriated by the city. The value of the land was fixed by evidence, and the necessities of the real estate speculators, who bought property on the streets about to be widened in order to make something out of the expropriation, soon called into being "a band of paid swearers," to use the phrase invented by the city attorney, by whose aid fictitious values were given to properties. There were continual scandals in consequence. About two years ago the rapid increase of the city debt aroused the citizens ; and by the combined efforts of a minority of the city council, the Board of Trade and the Chamber of Commerce (a French-Canadian organization), the Legislature forbade the city to increase its debt beyond the \$25,000,000 mark which has been almost reached. As this meant an end to expropriation proceedings, with the resulting good times for speculators, lawyers, and witnesses, a desperate but unavailing effort was made, at the last meeting of the Legislature, to secure a reversal of this legislation. The plan now adopted to force the Legislature to take off the brakes is to so increase the city's liabilities that it will either have to be allowed to borrow more money or default. Ald. Prefontaine, who is the leader of this wing of the council, with Ald. Hurteau as chief lieutenant, has been trying, for instance, to induce the city council to authorize the issuing of asphalt pavement contracts to the value of nearly a quarter of a million dollars, though there is no money available to pay for the work. The contractor is willing to wait because he knows that the city will have to pay ultimately, if not willingly, by action of the courts, since the city charter authorizes the sheriff, upon the council not paying its debts, to take possession of the City Hall and levy a sufficient rate to satisfy the creditors. The city debt is therefore a first mortgage on every foot of land and every building in the city ; and if a liability is incurred it must be paid no matter what the Legislature may say.

But the most daring scheme has been revealed by the advertised list of annual expropriations for next year. By the homologated plan adopted twenty years ago it was provided that whenever a proprietor should build or rebuild, on one of the streets to be widened, he should be bound to conform himself to the new line. This, of course, left in front of the new building a strip of land which in many cases was of no use to him. In order that a man should not be deprived of the use of his property for years, without compensation, a provision was put in the charter, providing that these strips of land should be expropriated, at their actual value, every five years. But some years ago a clause was slipped in, during one of the periodic overhauls of the city charter, under which proprietors of vacant lots and of old buildings were enabled annually to compel the city to expropriate them simply by making a demand. Under this law the city has been flooded with demands. It took two pages of our newspapers to publish the notices, and the cost will be between two and three million dollars, half of which the city must pay. Among the properties which the city is asked to pay for are cut stone buildings, three stories high. One of our newspapers published a complete exposé of the scheme, and now that the public has been alarmed steps

will be taken to prevent the expropriations going through. They have to be ratified by the Superior Court which appoints the expropriation commissioners ; and the court will be asked to refuse its approval on the ground that many of the applications for expropriations do not come under the annual expropriation law, as interpreted, until the present time, and as it should rationally be interpreted.

James Macdonald Oxley has sold the British copyright of his book, "The Boy Tramp," to W. and R. Chambers for a handsome sum. As the publications for the coming holiday season are now under way it will not be published until next year. Like most of Mr. Oxley's works it is Canadian in its setting. It recounts the adventures of boys who cross the continent by tramping along the Canadian Pacific Railway. Mr. Oxley gathered his "local colour" for this work two summers ago when he spent several weeks along the line of the railway. Mr. Oxley is just finishing another story of adventure for boys dealing with blockade running during the late civil war in the United States. Mr. Oxley having spent his youth in a Canadian seaport town had the opportunity of meeting men who had been engaged in this daring occupation, and many real incidents will be incorporated in the story.

Mr. Arthur Weir is in receipt of a letter from the Marquis of Dufferin congratulating him on the excellence of the ode read by him at the unveiling of the monument to Sir John Macdonald, at Ottawa, on Dominion Day. "The verses," the Marquis writes, "are excellent and I cannot help letting you know with what pleasure I have read them."

"The Unexpected Bride : The Story of an Old Fashioned Family" is the title of a Canadian novel published by Donohue, Henneberry & Co., Chicago. The author, "Constance McDonell," is Mrs. J. B. Hammond of this city. From its main title one expects something of the Mrs. Southworth order ; but the sub-title accurately describes the work. It relates the fortunes of a Loyalist family, the scene being laid in one of the St. Lawrence counties. It is very well written and the story is interesting.

The monument erected by the Government to mark the site of the battlefield of Chateauquay will be unveiled in October. It has been completed for some time apart from the inscription which has yet to be placed upon it. The monument has been erected at Allan's Corner in the parish of Tres St. Sacrament of Ormstown, generally known as the Howick Parish of the County of Chateauquay. It is close to the river road, and not more than a hundred yards from the river itself. It marks the first line of the Canadian defence where de Salaberry's forces, protected by the brushwood abatis, beat back the American column. It consists of a plain four-sided shaft and pedestal of grey Stanstead granite, resting on a square base of the same stone, the whole being about thirty feet high. Around the shaft at about half its height is carved a wreath of laurel, and below this are the figures, "1812-14." One face of the pedestal has been smoothed, and there the inscription will be placed. These are the only ornamental portions of the monument. All else is plain, roughly dressed, grey granite ; and no claim of graceful proportions or beauty of finish can be made on behalf of the work.

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Parisian Affairs.

THE SCHOOL-BOY SOLDIERS A FAILURE ; OBLIGATORY MILITARY SERVICE UNDER DISCUSSION—PRINCE FERDINAND'S INTRIGUES RENDER HIM GENERALLY OBNOXIOUS—ADMIRATION EXPRESSED FOR LORD SALISBURY ; THE FRENCH HAVE A HOLY DREAD LEST ENGLAND JOINS THE TRIPLE ALLIANCE AND THAT ANGLO-RUSSIAN COMPLICATIONS MAY DRAG THEM INTO A WAR—PERSISTENT BAD WEATHER IS SAID TO BE DAMAGING TO CROPS—THE CYCLE OF REJOICING IN GERMANY CAUSES PAIN TO FRENCHMEN—ANARCHY NOT YET DEAD ; ASSASSINATION OF M. VILLEMIN AND THE OUTRAGE AT ANICHE—M. BOISSMADE'S VIEWS ON JAPAN—SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT DUBBED THE NEW ENGLISH CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER BY DEBATS.

ANOTHER fad less in France ; the "school battalions" or "Scolos," that were organized some years ago, in a moment of "patriotic fever," have been definitely wound up. It was one of the engines destined for the "revenge," its existence was ephemeral like all toys. Children at the breast could not be made warriors ; there was nothing tangible in the creation. The "Scolos" captivated enthusiasm for a few

years when even Chauvinists became tired of the toy. Later the Municipal Council recognized its blunder and would no longer contribute to the military chest of the school boy soldiers; arms and accoutrements were returned to the arsenals and now are to be auctioned off: 10,000 stand of small muskets with bayonets, belts, fifes, drums, swords, etc. The lot will be knocked down for a song. *Sic transit gloria!* Another institution is being discussed and is making way, that of obligatory military service. There is a very large minority opposed to the creed of the nation armed. Thiers was of the number and so are several generals. It is suggested to return to the ancient system, and having a standing army of enlisted men—in a word to permit, as under the Second Empire, every conscript who may be drawn for the service to purchase his exemption by presenting a substitute—the latter was easily obtainable in the market—the price was 3,000 frs. It would be a great mistake to conclude that the French like soldiering; the re-engagements are relatively very few despite the inducements held out. The majority of the conscripts have private means, situations, trades, or industries. After putting in their three years' military service—one year if graduating for a profession—they are only too glad to return to civic life, marry, and settle down. But they not the less belong to the army of the reserve. M. MaxLebandy, is a millionaire, serving his three years as a private in a cavalry regiment and in his off moments sending cheques for 100,000 to 10,000 frs. to the leading charities. Be assured he will display no eagerness to return to barrack life when he becomes entitled to his time-discharge.

Public opinion, in the very troubled situation of Europe, is unanimous about one thing—the getting rid of the worthless Prince Ferdinand and sending him permanently to pitch his tent at Carlsbad, the watering place where he hatches his intrigues. He has proved to be the most mean, false, and worthless prince of modern times. But Bulgaria may not fall, notwithstanding, under the heel of another Kaulbars. Austria is making her arrangements against that eventuality. The accession of Roumania as the declared ally of Austria is accepted as proof that Austria and England have to come to a working understanding about the Balkans. For a long time the Servian army is bound by treaty to side with Austria. Turkey, it may be granted, will not facilitate the march of the Russians on Constantinople, and they were the Roumanians who saved the Russians from destruction at Plevna. Roumania wants back her Alsace, too, from Russia—the latter has quite a congeries of Alsaces to render—from Japan to the Balkans up to Sweden. If she gave back Kars and Batoum she would be in a better position to represent the virtue of the clauses of the Berlin treaty. But big powers ever hold what they grip.

The French press continues to smother Lord Salisbury with flowers for his proverbial common sense, fair play, and similar etceteras. It may be concluded that will not prevent his Cabinet—whose mere arrival at power has already done such an amount of good—by enabling England to recover from the several diplomatic let downs she has had of late to undergo. The French have a holy dread lest England joins the triple alliance; then give her no occasion for doing so. They have another fear that Anglo-Russian complications may at any moment drag them into a war. The whole Cabinet, invited to welcome Emperor William at Osborne, is viewed as a high political fact and intended for all whom it may concern. Fact also to note: people are not at all so frightened about the coming war—a necessary evil. Providence ordains everything.

The persistent rain is washing the last drop of courage out of farmers; the quality of their grain crops where still on foot has been injured, that added to a reduced quantity and low prices mean misery. Then the potato blight is reported to be taken advantage of wet weather. The Parisians are in full sympathy with the farmers in abusing the weather; the last five Sundays in succession have been wet, this means, confining them to the house. Being the fête of Montmorency, I sailed down to that gay suburb on Sunday last; the day was fine between the tropical showers, whose drops fell on your like small hammers. Montmorency is famous for its cherries, according to legend, but its supplies of asses and nags for equestrians remains a concrete fact. The day was too uncertain for either horse or ass manship. It was the most dismal of sights to witness girls from Paris, in groups of three having their donkeys—that would not go no matter

how the attendant lad walloped them. And there the poor girls had to sit under the downpour, their balloon dress sleeves and costumes presenting in a single minute the picture of having been pulled out of a pond. The asses were wicked; as the big drops came down they contracted their lips, raised their teeth and gums in the air to catch the cooling rain; to express their delight at that cheap refreshment, the animals then executed a braying chorus that dancers in the music rooms close by applauded and demanded a *bis*.

The French cannot but feel pained and soured at the cycle of rejoicings in Germany, in honour of the silver wedding of the once disunited Teutons in 1870-71, by their victories and the foundation of the Empire. You cannot expect a nation to conform to the wishes of a neighbouring nation, nor of a victor to ask a vanquished what would be most agreeable to him. The German soldiers of the battles of 1870-71, visit as civilians, the scenes of the war and the graves of their fallen companions, they decorate these resting places, and pay the same pious honour to the spots where French soldiers are interred.

Anarchy is not quite killed, nor is the way to make bombs forgotten, as the outrage at Aniche testifies. M. Villemin is 70 years of age, and director of the rich coal mine of Aniche, near Douai, which employs 4,000 miners. The director was originally a poor labouring lad in the mine, and rose step by step by his intelligence in the course of 50 years, to be its director. To fête his golden wedding, the hands, save 23, subscribed 2 and 4 sous each, to present him with a memorial silver vase, and an humble banquet was organized, at which the gift was to be presented. Last Sunday afternoon a thanksgiving service was celebrated, after which M. Villemin, surrounded by the Board of Directors, proceeded to march at the head of the procession to the banqueting room. A dismissed workman, aged 26—but all had been amnestied in honour of the wedding event, and whose father and brothers were in the procession—stepped forward, fired four revolver shots at M. Villemin, and the four balls lodged in his neck, head, and back. But next to simultaneously, a formidable explosion took place: the murderer had thrown a bomb on the ground; its explosion rent him—he lived twenty-five minutes—and wounded eleven persons. The glass of the windows in the vicinity was shattered, and portions of clothing were driven on the roofs of the houses. The unfortunate director still lives. His murderer was well known to be a leading anarchist.

An illustration of the independence of the press: There are 16 pictorial journals in Paris, and each of them gave a pre-Raphælite sketch of the murder of Stambuloff, taken by their own artist. Now every sketch is as different from the other, as widely as the Poles. One thing is clear, no paper can accuse its *confrère* of piracy.

M. Boissonade, who has done a good deal to establish the law system of the Westerns in Japan, has read an interesting paper on New Japan before the Academy of Moral and Political Science. The Japs, by pure patriotism—what the Chinese lack—made every sacrifice to work out their own regeneration; they replaced paper money by a metallic currency. They have all the financial systems of Westerns; their income tax is *degressive*: it strikes capital and revenue alike, commencing by a poundage of three per cent. and ending with a one-half per cent. They are controllers elected by the people, who decide contested cases of taxation. Japan, by her frugality and systematic attention to her finances, has been able to meet the expenses of the Sino-Japanese war, without borrowing a yen—not even from that surprising money-lender, Russia. It is at the University of Tokio, all the students for the professions are prepared, including astronomers and agriculturists. M. Boissonade remarks, the Japanese—like the English—speak little but act a great deal; they have a great power for assimilating knowledge and study for patriotism's sake. They are the evils resulting from luxury that the Japs have most to dread.

A man has just died, leaving all his wealth to his mistress; but as he signed his name "Nebuchadnezzar," for a whim, the testament has been broken, and having no relatives, the wealth goes to the poor.

The grave and well informed, otherwise *Débats*, alludes to "Sir William Harcourt" as "the new English Chancellor of the Exchequer." That ought to afford him a laugh, and so, happiness.

## Miss Pauline Johnson's Poems.\*

CLOSE BY.

WE sincerely congratulate the gifted authoress of these charming verses on the publication of her long expected volume which comes into our hands with every recommendation of hand-made paper, admirable printing, pretty and appropriate binding, but, above all, with literary contents not unworthy of the care with which they are thus given to the public.

We think Miss Johnson has been well advised in exercising a very considerable amount of self-repression in giving us this volume. She must have very many poems—many, probably, which have already seen the light—besides those which are here printed. We think she has done wisely in giving those now before us, for they are all of them of a very high order. We have read them all—some of them more than once—and we have not found a bad or indifferent poem in the collection.

Roughly speaking, these poems may be divided into three classes, the first dealing with Indian life, customs, history; the second with nature; the third with human nature. Probably most readers will turn to the Indian poems first and will linger over them the longest, and they will probably be right. Perhaps they may also find the poems dealing with nature the least impressive; but they will probably, in the long run, be struck with astonishment that a writer who possesses the power of passionate expression displayed in some of the earlier poems should be so perfectly and calmly at home among flowers and trees and streams and birds. The poems which we have classed as dealing more particularly with human nature are of a very high order indeed.

The first poem, *Ojistoh*, is evidently a favourite with Miss Johnson, and it will be so with all her readers. She has often recited it in public, notably at the recent meeting of the Royal Society at Ottawa, with immense power and with wonderful success, drawing enthusiastic applause from a crowded meeting, composed of all classes of the community, from the Governor-General to the children of the public schools. It was with some anxiety that we turned to this poem, to read it in cold blood, and it is high praise to say that we were not disappointed. It is admirable, true, picturesque, passionate.

The next poem, "*As Redmen Die*," is full of the spirit of the noble savage who prefers death to ignoble captivity. "*The Pilot of the Plains*" is a story of an Indian raider betrothed to a white lover, who failed to return at the expected time. The sad story is sweetly told. It is not quite the same metre as "*Hiawatha*," although it reminds us of it; and we think Miss Johnson will hardly complain of this remark, since we intend no suggestion of imitation, and have always thought *Hiawatha* one of Longfellow's most beautiful poems.

Passing over two excellent pieces we light upon a very charming story of a powerful chief, who loved the daughter of a hostile tribe, and for her sake abandoned his purpose of massacre. *Dawendine* is her name, and the poem ends with these three stanzas:

"Dawendine, Child of Dawning, hateful are thy kin to me;  
Red my fingers with their heart blood, but my heart is red for thee:  
Dawendine, Child of Dawning, wilt thou fail or follow me?"

And her kinsmen still are waiting her returning from the night,  
Waiting, waiting for her coming with her belt of wampum white:  
But forgetting all, she follows where he leads through day or night.

There's a spirit on the river, there's a ghost upon the shore,  
And they sing of love and loving through the starlight evermore  
As they steal amid the silence and the shadows of the shore.

"*Wolverine*" brings out the finer side of the Indian character and is a very pathetic story. We ought to mention the remarkable power of lucid, picturesque, forcible expression possessed by Miss Johnson. No one can fail to be struck with the musical rhythm of her lines, and she has great power of rhyming—no slight accomplishment, and one which we venture to think constitutes a very considerable ornament to English poetry. A good example of charming word painting—word music rather—is "*The Song my Paddle Sings*."

We shall probably return to this volume again, as we are now giving but our first thoughts and impressions. We have spoken of the poems on human nature. Here is one of convenient shortness which we give as an example, and which we admire very much.

So near at hand (our eyes o'er looked its nearness  
In search of distant things)  
A dear dream lay—perchance to grow in dearness,  
Had we but felt its wings  
Astir. The air our very breathing fanned,  
It was so near at hand.

One, many days ago, we almost held it,  
The love we so desired;  
But our shut eyes saw not, and fate dispelled it  
Before our pulses fired  
To flame, and errant fortune bade us stand  
Hand almost touching hand.

I sometimes think had we two been discerning,  
The by-path hid away  
From others' eyes had then revealed its turning  
To us, nor led astray  
Our footsteps, guiding us into love's land,  
That lay so near at hand.

So near at hand, dear heart, could we have known it!  
Throughout those dreamy hours,  
Had either loved, or loving had we shown it,  
Response had sure been ours,  
We did not know that heart could heart command,  
And love so near at hand.

What then availed the red wine's subtle glisten?  
We passed it blindly by,  
And now what profit that we wait and listen  
Each for the other's heart beat? Ah! the cry  
Of love o'erlooked still lingers, you and I  
Sought heaven afar, we did not understand  
'Twas once so near at hand.

\* \* \*  
Wolfe.\*

JAMES WOLFE was born in the little town of Westerham, in Kent, England, in 1727, and he died on the plains of Abraham, behind the city of Quebec, in 1759, so that, when his heroic soul took flight, he was only thirty-two years old. His father and his uncle were soldiers, and so was his younger brother for the short period of his earthly life. Wolfe himself was a born soldier, and showed his capacity in every department of soldiering from the beginning to the end of his life. He was not only a man of undaunted courage, but he had all the instincts and intuitions of a strategist, and he was, moreover, a diligent student of the art of war, recognizing that English soldiers were generally lacking in this respect. To all, especially to all English-speaking readers, this admirably written memoir will be of deep interest, but especially to Canadians whose destinies have been forever influenced by the great victory of Wolfe.

Wolfe was only fifteen when he entered the army, and he was a captain at the age of seventeen. He was present at the battle of Dettingen, under the command of George II.—the last time that an English sovereign appeared on the field of battle, in the manner so graphically described by Carlyle; and he gives a very remarkable description of the battle, showing that he discerned the ability and the weakness of those in command. It was a surprising set of circumstances. "One hardly knows," says Mr. Bradley, "whether to wonder most at the condition of things which placed the responsibility of a regiment in the van of a great European battle in the hands of a boy of sixteen, or the matter of fact coolness and efficiency with which the gallant stripling performed his task. That he gave satisfaction is conclusively proved by his being regularly commissioned as adjutant immediately after the battle, and promoted to a lieutenantancy."

Within three years of the battle of Dettingen Wolfe was again to serve under the Duke of Cumberland, in circumstances no less decisive for the future of the British Empire. Mr. Bradley treats "the bloody Duke" with more tenderness than has been common with historians. His brief sketch of the battle of Culloden, too, gives a very good notion of the fighting on that day of doom for the Jacobite party in Scotland and in Great Britain at large. Whether "Bonnie Prince Charlie" behaved with pusillanimity, or only with prudence and a regard to the interests of his followers, the writer does not decide. Perhaps our judgment must lean to the side of mercy when we remember the state of his troops and his commissariat before the battle.

Passing over the fiasco of Rochefort, we come to the time when Wolfe was sent forth upon what proved to be the great work of his life, in the transfer of Canada from France

\* "*The White Wampum*." By E. Pauline Johnson. Price \$1.00  
London: John Lane; Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co. 1895.\* "*Men of Action: Wolfe*." By A. G. Bradley. Price 2s. 6d.  
London and New York: Macmillan. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co. 1895.

to England, an event which was not only full of consequence to this Dominion, but may, perhaps, be called, as Mr. Bradley calls it, indirectly at least, the founding of the American Republic. Wolfe saw quite well the importance of the work he was engaged in. Writing to his mother he "breaks out in a singular vein of prophecy," as follows: "North America will some time hence be a vast empire—the seat of power and learning. There will grow a people, out of our little spot, England, that will fill this vast space and divide this great portion of the Globe with the Spaniard [with the lion's share!], who is possessed of the other half. It is my humble opinion that the French name may be rooted out, if our Government will follow the blows they have given, and prosecute the war with the vigour it requires."

This was after the taking of Louisburg—a truly wonderful campaign, the principal credit of which must be assigned to Wolfe. But this, great as it was, was only a prelude to his still greater and greatest achievement, the conquest of Quebec. This fortress was regarded as impregnable, and capable of being held, in the face of any force that could be arrayed before it, by 4,000 men. As a matter of fact, the French forces, under Montcalm and Vaudreuil, were four times as numerous as those under Wolfe. If Montcalm had held the sole command, Wolfe's work would, undoubtedly, have been a good deal more difficult. We cannot even be sure that he would have succeeded without further reinforcements. As it was, his success was almost miraculous. We have no mind to tell again that story so well known to Canadians, so honourable to the victors and the vanquished. It is admirably told in these pages, graphically and vivaciously; and, we rejoice to add, with full concession to Montcalm of all the great qualities which he possessed. We are glad to see that Mr. Bradley discredits the absurd story of the boastfulness of Wolfe, by which he is said to have disgusted Pitt. It is either an invention or an exaggeration, and is utterly unlike what we know of Wolfe. More to the point is the story of Newcastle telling the King that Wolfe was mad. "Then," said His Majesty, "I wish he would bite some of my generals."

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#### BRIEFER NOTICES.

*The Bible Doctrine of Man.* By John Laidlaw, D.D. New edition, revised and rearranged. Price 7s. 6d. (Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark; Toronto: Revell Co., 1895).—It must be about 15 years since the first edition of Dr. Laidlaw's work appeared as the seventh series of Cunningham Lectures. We think he has done well to recast his book and put it forth in the form of a continuous treatise, rather than of a series of lectures, with their cumbrous notes and appendices. The present form of the work will make it decidedly more easy and pleasant reading than it was before. It may be well to inform some of our readers, at least, of the peculiar position which Dr. Laidlaw holds in the matter of Biblical Psychology. This science, which, to all intents, is a new one, received its principal impulse among English-speaking people, by the introduction of the contents of Delitzsch's *Biblische Psychologie*, chiefly through the instrumentality of Bishop Ellicott and Dean Alford, and afterwards by the translation of this work, and of Beck's *Seelenlehre*. Delitzsch and Beck were followed by the scholars just mentioned, by Bishop Lightfoot and others, until their teaching might almost be called the orthodox doctrine. According to this teaching, spirit and soul, although not separate, were distinct, the soul, generally speaking, being regarded as the seat of animal life and of the lower impulses, as well as the mediating principle between spirit and body, whilst the spirit was regarded as the sphere of the higher intelligence and will, and the organ of the Holy Spirit of God. This theory derived support from the history of the creation of man, and the trichotomy of St. Paul. It is very well worked out by Delitzsch, Beck, Olshausen, and others. But Dr. Laidlaw opposes its fundamental position regarding soul and spirit as merely different aspects of the same mind, and declaring that we have no more right to form a psychological science out of the statements of a religiously sacred volume than we have to form a geological or other natural science from similar data. Apart from this theoretic difference, there is not a great deal in Dr. Laidlaw's book which will not harmonize with Delitzsch. We cannot here argue the question on which they separate; but we can sincerely recommend both works to the attention of all

biblical students, assuring them that, if they have not got up to the study of Biblical Psychology, they will find it full of interest. Here and there we think that Dr. Laidlaw does not quite accurately represent his predecessors, e.g., at p. 70, when he says they hold spirit and soul to be of one nature and yet of distinct substance. Great care must be used in employing terms like these. Delitzsch certainly does not teach the independence of the soul. On the contrary, he represents it as the product of the descent of the spirit upon the body. First is the body of the dust, then the breath (spirit) of life, then man becomes a living soul. But, perhaps, we have said enough to induce our teachers and students to give some attention to this study and to the volume now before us.

*The Catalogue of the Citizens' Free Library, Halifax, Nova Scotia.* Prepared by Mr. Harry Piers. This work does great credit to Mr. Piers for he has evidently taken considerable pains in preparing it. The preface does justice to the public spirit of the Hon. Sir William Young, the late Chief Justice of Nova Scotia, who practically founded the original library in 1864. He afterwards largely added to it, and bequeathed \$4,000 to put up a building. Such men deserve to be held in honour. Mr. Piers has added numerous notes, etc., which, to "bookish" men, double the value of the index. The library contains many very valuable and some rare works, and we would suggest that these latter should—as in the case of the Toronto Free Library—be kept apart as a reference library, and not allowed to circulate. There are some that practically could not be replaced if lost; such should not be allowed to be borrowed—for instance the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle with translation and notes—one of our most valuable historical works. [See Gardiner and Mullingar's "Introduction to English History," p. 237.] "No other nation can produce any history, written in its own vernacular, at all approaching the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle in antiquity, truthfulness, and extent." We congratulate the citizens of Halifax upon (1) the general get-up of the index, and (2) the literary treasures contained in the library. We wish we had copies of some of the rarer works in our Toronto library.

*The Land of Evangeline and the Gateways Thither.* By Charles G. D. Roberts, Professor of English Literature in King's College, Windsor, N.S. This brochure, written for The Dominion Atlantic Railway Company, is, as one would expect on seeing the author's name, vastly superior to most of the literature of its kind. Professor Roberts is eminently qualified to write of the attractions of Nova Scotia as a resort for tourists and sportsmen, and the reading public, as well as those for whose especial edification the little book was written, may be grateful that the task was placed in competent hands, for it is delightful reading. Little touches of the early history of the Province are delicately mingled with the descriptions of its natural beauties—poetic yet not strained—so as to appeal to all classes of readers. The practical information as to the leading hotels and their charges, the railways and boats and their connections, will be most useful to visitors and tourists, while the chapters and appendices describing the best shooting and fishing districts and their means of access, and giving also the game laws of Nova Scotia, will make the book a very valuable one to sportsmen visiting the Province. The paper and letter press are good. It would have been better, we think, had the illustrations been omitted, but readers of the book will bear in mind that Mr. Roberts' descriptions are more to be relied on than the pictures, which were no doubt intended to, but do not, illustrate them.

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#### Letters to the Editor.

##### MR. HEATON'S ARTICLE ON DEMOCRACY AND EDUCATION.

SIR,—The readers of THE WEEK are under an obligation to Mr. Ernest Heaton for several articles, eminently thoughtful and suggestive, that he has recently contributed to your columns, notably a late one on "Summer Colonies." On subjects other than education Mr. Heaton writes with the confidence of a man who knows what he is talking about; and it is a pity that he did not allow his self-confessed ignorance of the working of the details of the Ontario



educational system to deter him from writing the article "Democracy and Education" that appeared in your last number.

The point of the article seems to be to show that some defects inherent in the system, and some objectionable results in working, are attributable to the democratic nature of the system, and he leaves the impression that, in his opinion, the democratic feature should be considered a reproach and something to be got rid of.

Mr. Heaton must surely know that an overwhelming majority—ninety-nine per cent.—of our people are democratic, and that democracy is a feature of all our public institutions. It is much in evidence in the election and working of our township councils, our county councils, our town and city councils, our provincial legislatures, our Dominion parliament, and in our conventions, conferences and synods. How, then, in the nature of things, can it be otherwise than that an institution that must be shaped by the feelings, wishes and wants of a democratic people as its educational system must be, can be other than democratic in principle? In the minds of our people democracy has no connection with mob rule. May this be far from us! To us the term means freedom to govern ourselves, to create, develop and support such institutions as wisdom and experience shall show to be necessary and conducive to our well-being. If democracy like this is a taint and reproach it runs deep in the life's blood of the people of Ontario and no objugation of Mr. Heaton or of any one else will ever eradicate it.

I pass over much in Mr. Heaton's article that has little or no bearing on the subject-title of it, and come to the paragraph in which he appears to condemn Toronto University for having "set books" in what he calls its "entrance examination." He should know that not only the matriculation examination into the University, but that all subsequent examinations in the University are on "set books"; and that the examinations all through the Public and High School courses are based on "set books." He lays the evil of cramming to the door of "set books," and says that "the absence of set books naturally presupposes time and good teaching." He evidently is not aware that a teacher bent on cramming his pupils can do so much easier and better without "set books" than with, and that a good teacher won't let his pupils cram even a set book. It will be found a difficult matter to eliminate cramming from instruction (it is not education) so long as there is competition between schools and teachers as to results; so long as the subjects of examination are so numerous; and so long as there is a desire on the part of students to rush and race through the period of education, and crowd into it (quite irrespective of mind and faculty training) the greatest number of examination results, with the view of making these results immediately available for the earning of bread and butter as soon in life as possible. But self-interest, freedom of action and cheap education, not democracy, are responsible for cramming like this. Educationists in monarchical England, and in autocratic Germany lament the evils of cramming quite as much as educationists in democratic Ontario.

I hope Mr. Heaton will excuse me if I point out two errors of fact in this paragraph about cramming. He says:—

"This evil (of cramming) is further fostered by the fact that not only the salary and standing of the teachers, but also the Government grant to the school is made to depend upon the successful examinations of leaving pupils rather than the average training of the school."

It may be true that some boards of trustees are inclined too often to estimate the value of a teacher by the number of pupils he can get through some examination ordeal, rather than by the mental training he gives the whole school; but in a long teaching experience, I have never heard of his salary being made to depend upon it; and certainly, in no way whatever, does the amount of the Government grant depend on the successful examinations of pupils—leaving or otherwise. If Mr. Heaton's statement were correct it would only be adopting the principle of "payment by results"; and this could be no reproach to Canadian democracy, since it is an essential feature of government assistance to education in monarchical England.

The other error lies in the following:

"This characteristic (use of set books) of the University matriculation examination may be due to the fact that the studies of High Schools, as intimated by the Minister of Education, are conducted chiefly in the interests of embryo Public School teachers."

While it is true that many—possibly a moiety—of the young men and women, who attend a High School, do so with a view of qualifying as teachers, I don't think it true that the studies of the High Schools are conducted chiefly in their interests. How can they be, when (as Mr. Heaton has previously said) "the University, by its matriculation examination, sets the tone to the studies of the High School?" It is true that the work of preparing embryo teachers for the departmental examinations, and the work of preparing embryo graduates for their matriculation examinations, in subjects common to both examinations, has now for some years gone hand in hand; and so much to the benefit and satisfaction of the Universities has this been done that all our Universities now accept the Departmental Junior and Senior Leaving Examinations in place of their own Junior and Senior Matriculation Examinations; and well, indeed, they might, since, as a rule, the questions are more difficult and the percentage of marks required higher. Other bodies, too, such as the Dental Association, the Pharmaceutical Society, the Veterinary College, the Medical Council and the Law Society, accept, in place of entering examinations of their own, the examinations to which the Education Department subjects its embryo teachers. Thus it will be seen that the arrangement of studies in a High School that suits embryo teachers also suits embryo graduates, dentists, druggists, vets., doctors, and lawyers. Mr. Heaton may consider this state of things very democratic; but to bring it about was the very acme of wisdom on the part of the Minister of Education and the heads of these learned institutions. If monarchical England would take this leaf out of democratic Ontario's book, it would show her wisdom too. As for the intimation, I may mention that I have kept pretty close track of the public utterances of the Minister of Education, and I do not remember of ever hearing him intimate that High School studies were chiefly conducted in the interests of Public School teachers. In his efforts to get money from a close-fisted legislature for the proper support of secondary schools, he has endeavoured to overcome the objections of those members who were willing to support Public Schools only, by showing that Public School teachers were indebted to High Schools for their non-professional training.

Having in view the results of the last elections in monarchical England, Mr. Heaton really should not sneer at "pot-house politics," and say that they and democracy appear to be inseparable. I have seen it stated that beer carried Salisbury back into power and saved the House of Lords.

Mr. Heaton is only half correct in saying that "School-Trustees are elected in the same manner as the Municipal Council, by the ratepayers." The fact is that it is only Public School Trustees that are elected in this way. High School Trustees are appointed partly by the Town Council and partly by the County Council. If Mr. Heaton considers this democracy he should remember that England has lately gone much further in her "Parish Boards."

He deplores, as will every right-minded person, that, in the appointment of teachers "merit too often goes to the wall." But is this a feature of education alone? Is it not true of civil, military, clerical and commercial appointments? And is it a feature peculiar to democracy? Unfortunately, Ontario has no monopoly of "ways that are dark and tricks that are mean" in the matter of bestowing and obtaining appointments.

I can easily understand how astonishing, even horrifying, the so called rebellion of the students of Toronto University must appear to one to whom everything that savors in the least of democracy is as offensive as it seems to be to Mr. Heaton. Youth is democratic everywhere, and the "Ontario educational system" is no more accountable for that "example of the spirit of young democracy" than are educational systems of Germany or Russia for the riotous escapades of their University students. If such an uprising against high-handed proceedings (whether real or supposed, I am not saying) had taken place at Oxford, I can readily imagine Mr. Heaton with his Old Country proclivities and national characteristics, applauding it as a fine example of proper British spirit, for "Britons," you know, "never, never, will be slaves."

A. PURSLOW.

Port Hope, August 19th, 1895.

# A Tonic

For Brain-Workers, the Weak and Debilitated.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate

is without exception, the Best Remedy for relieving Mental and Nervous Exhaustion; and where the system has become debilitated by disease, it acts as a general tonic and vitalizer, affording sustenance to both brain and body.

Dr. E. Cornell Esten, Philadelphia, Pa., says: "I have met with the greatest and most satisfactory results in dyspepsia and general derangement of the cerebral and nervous systems, causing debility and exhaustion."

Descriptive pamphlet free on application to

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Beware of Substitutes and Imitations.

For sale by all Druggists.

## Art Notes.

No sketch of Sargent's career would be complete without reference to his success in England, where not only the cultured admire him, but even the sometime antagonistic Philistine element is beginning to acknowledge him. The earliest picture of his which I recollect seeing in the Academy was the portrait of the Three Misses Vickers. This canvas when hung in the salon (where it was first exhibited) seemed to be a vivid piece of impressionistic portraiture—I mean "impressionistic" in that wider sense which the word used to have before a certain school monopolized it to designate their own very narrow conception of how nature should be translated into pictures. But the Vickers portrait, as seen on the walls of the Academy, was a somewhat startling apparition; for, surrounded as it was by the painstaking efforts of British mediocrity, it looked a trifle like a joke. It exhibited none of the traces of pain, none of that plodding conscientiousness which is so highly commended by the English Press, and which is considered by a large section of the public to be the stamp of the highest order of art.

The year following the exhibition of the Vickers picture Sargent sent to the Academy a work which *The Standard* described as an "at first baffling and unexpected but finally fascinating picture." The critic says further: "Mr. Sargent has noted down and artistically intensified what he saw at the very beginning of evening in an English country garden—even though part of what he saw was several Japanese lanterns, all aglow, and two refined and lovely children gravely charmed with the cheap spectacle. For, besides the delightful little girls and the garish lanterns which they took so seriously, Mr. Sargent saw and painted with equal subtlety, the tender

greyness and the quietude of the beginning of night—had the sense of the serenity of the late Summer, and of its splendid abundance in flower and leaf; the little homely garden bursting, as it were, too full to hold its crowd of blossoms—'carnation, lily, lily rose.' This is a picture before which intelligent people, if they chance to come to mock, are likely to remain to praise. But they must take it quietly, and they must take it by itself. Near it—horribly near it—hang many works of an entirely virtuous mediocrity, in which the thing that has been seen a hundred times is seen again, by no new eyes. That at first bids fair to be very fatal to Mr. Sargent. For it is his distinction to come with new eyes, and to see the new thing. His picture is eccentric by the respectable—a vagary by the side of that which is made by the machine. Isolate it, if it is possible to do so, and you understand—and then not at once—its value and curious beauty."

The English have "remained to praise"; and Sargent to-day is actually in receipt of numerous portrait commissions from the hands of people of no especial culture. The "Carnation" picture was bought by the Royal Academy and is now perhaps the most noteworthy of a rather mixed assortment of purchases most of which are to be seen on the walls of the South Kensington Museum. The portraits of Mrs. William Playfair, Henselt, Ellen Terry, and a host of others have appeared since he set up his studio in Tite Street. And he seems to have found time to make pilgrimages to the States and paint the wonderful child-and-parrot portrait, a Senator or two, and a large decoration for a ceiling. He is still a young man—about thirty-six or so—of a dark complexion, and bearded. In manner he is reserved; in dress he is conventional. But the best gauge of his significance is his pictures, for it seems to me likely that if a handful of painters are to occupy the position in this century that was enjoyed by Reynolds, Gainsborough and Romney in the last, Sargent will be of that handful.

E. WYLY GRIER.

## In Deep Despair.

A MONTREALER RELATES HIS WONDERFUL EXPERIENCE.

He Had Tried Foreign and Local Physicians and was operated Upon Without Success, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Cured When all Other Medicines Failed.

From the *Montreal Herald*.

Instances of marvellous cures by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are numerous, but the one related below is of special interest, owing to the peculiarity of the illness, and also to the fact that in the present instance the gentleman is well known in Montreal. Mr. Charles Frank, inspector of the mechanical department of the Bell Telephone Co., at 371 Aqueduct street, and who resides at 54 Argyle Avenue, in an interview with a Herald reporter, related the following wonderful cure by the use of Pink Pills. Mr. Frank, who is 25 years of age, is a Russian by birth, exceedingly intelligent, speaks several languages fluently, and is now apparently in good health. "My illness came about in a peculiar way," said Mr. Frank. "Up to three years ago I was in the best of health. About that time while in Glasgow, Scotland, where I was employed as a clerk in a hotel, and while sculling on the Clyde, a storm came up, and I had a pretty rough time of it for a while. I evidently must have injured myself internally, although I felt nothing wrong at the time. On my way home, however, I fell helpless on the street, and had to be conveyed home in a cab, as my legs were utterly unable to hold me up. I was confined to bed for several days in the same helpless condition, when I rallied, but found that my urine was of a strange reddish hue. I called in a physician, who prescribed, but did me no good. I then called on Sir George McLeod, M.D., who also prescribed and advised me to go to the hospital. I was averse to doing this, and he advised me then to try a change of climate, telling me that my bladder was affected. I acted on his sugges-

tion as to change and came to Montreal. I did not do anything for about a year, as I wished to get cured. All this time my urine was tainted with blood, although I was suffering no pain, but this abnormal condition was a source of continual anxiety. I finally went to the General Hospital, where the physician in charge advised me to stay, which I did. After remaining there for five weeks with no benefit, a consultation of physicians was held and an operation was suggested, to which I this time agreed. After the operation was performed I was no better, my condition re-



Caught in a Storm on the Clyde.

maining absolutely unchanged. From this out I was continually trying medicines and physicians, but derived no benefit from anything or anyone. I was in despair, as the physicians who had operated on me could not decide as to my trouble. I visited the hospital once more, and they said they would operate again; but I did not care to undergo a second and perhaps equally unsuccessful operation. Some physicians thought my trouble was consumption of the bladder, others that it was Bright's disease, but none could cure that bloody condition of my urine.

"Finally I went to work for the Bell Telephone Co., some two years ago, where I worked myself up to my present position. But I was in a state of constant anxiety, as I felt myself getting weaker all the time, and was listless and sleepy and weak in the legs. I was also pale and ill-looking, no doubt owing to loss of blood. From a naturally cheerful man I became morose, and gave up all hopes of ultimate recovery. One Saturday, some months ago, while walking along Bleury street, having seen the advertisement of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in the *Montreal Herald*, I stopped at John T. Lyons' drug store, and bought a box. I had tried so many medicines that I said to myself, 'If they don't cure me I can't be any worse off than before.' After taking the first box I felt stronger and more cheerful, although there was no change in the bloody condition of my urine. But I felt encouraged and got three more boxes, determined to make a thorough trial of Pink Pills. After I had finished the second box I found my urine was getting clearer, so I continued the use of the pills, taking two after each meal. When I had finished the third box my urine was quite clear, for the first time in three years. I was delighted, and continued taking the pills until I had finished six boxes. I am strong now, and have had no recurrence of the trouble, and as you can see, the flush of health shows itself in my face. To think that I was cured by the use of \$3.00 worth of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills after trying a number of physicians and undergoing an operation in vain is a puzzle to me, and I am sorry that I didn't know about this grand medicine before. I would have willingly given \$2.00 or \$3.00 to have been guaranteed a cure by anyone."

"I am willing," said Mr. Frank, in conclusion, "to see anyone who wishes to verify this interview, as I consider it my duty to my fellow-men and a matter of gratitude to the marvellous cure their medicine has effected. I have come to the conclusion that Pink Pills are the best blood builders in existence, and I think everyone should try them."

I was cured of rheumatic gout by MIN-ARD'S LINIMENT. Halifax. ANDREW KING.  
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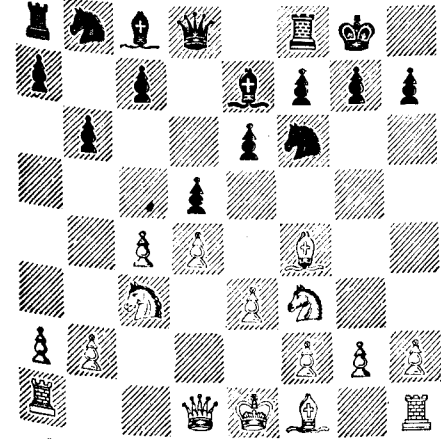
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Tarrasch improving rapidly.  
Steinitz' age defeating him.  
Pollock under brilliancy mark.  
Bird renewing his youthful vigor.  
Mason beaten by John Barleycorn.  
Tschgorin lost to his *bete noir* (Schiffers).  
We begin, Hastings Games, next issue.  
Should any reader desire to play a few games by correspondence, we hope to find opponents for him.

AUSTRALIAN CHESS CHAMPIONSHIP.

In the eighth game, Mr. Esling also declined Queen's Gambit losing Our Game No. 703 with notes.

WALLACE.	ESLING.	White.	Black.
1 P Q4	P Q4	VD	dv,
2 P QB4	P K3	UC	eo,
3 Kt QB3	Kt KB3	22M	7p,
4 Kt B3	B K2	77P	6e,
5 B B4	Castled	33F	57,
6 P K3	P QKt3	WO	bk,

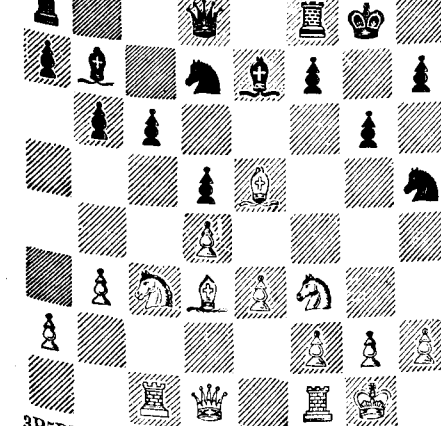
BLACK (rnbq1rk1, p1plbppp, 1p2pn5p4.



2PP1B4N1PN2, PP3PPP, R2QKB1R) 16 WHITE, =

7 B Q3	B Kt2	66N	3b,
7... PxP seems best.			
8 R QBsq	P QB3	1133	cm,
8... P QB4 is better, 9 white getting freer game.			
9 Castled	QKt Q2	5577	2d,
10 P QKt3	Kt R4	TK	p%,
11 B K5	P KKt3	Fw	g(t,
12 P xQP	KP xP	Cv	ov,

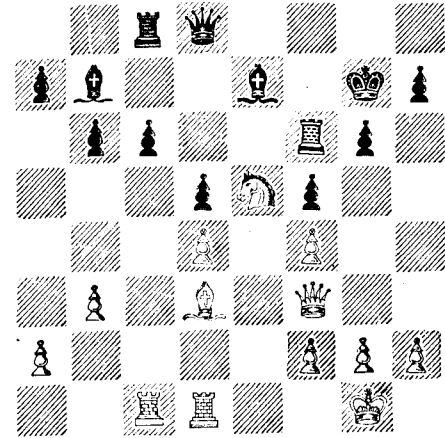
BLACK (r2q1rk1, p1bnbp1p, 1pp3p4p2n.



3P5PNBPN2, P4PPP, 2RQ1RK1) WHITE, =

13 Kt K2	P KB4	MW	fx,
14 Kt KB4	Kt xQB	WF	dw,
15 Kt xKt	Kt xKt	Pw	zF,
16 P xKt	R KB3	OF	6p,
17 Q KB3	R QBsq	44P	13,
18 KR Qsq	K Kt2	6644	7g,

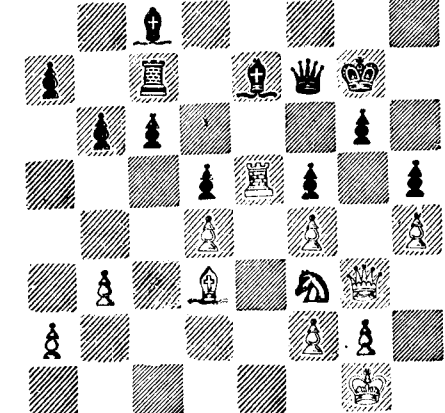
BLACK (2rq4, pb2b1kp, 1pp2rp4pNp2.



3P1P3P1B1Q2, P4PPP, 2RR2K1) WHITE, =

19 P KR4	P KR4	ZH	hz,
20 Q Kt3	R K3	PQ	po,
21 Kt KB3	Q KBsq	wP	46,
22 R Ksq	R xRch	4455	o55,†
23 R xR	R QB2	3355	3c,
24 R K6	Q KB2	55o	6f,
25 R K5	QB Bsq	ow	b3,

BLACK, (2b5, p1r1bqk2pp3p4pRp1p.



3P1P1P, 1P1B1NQ1, P4PPP7K1) WHITE, =

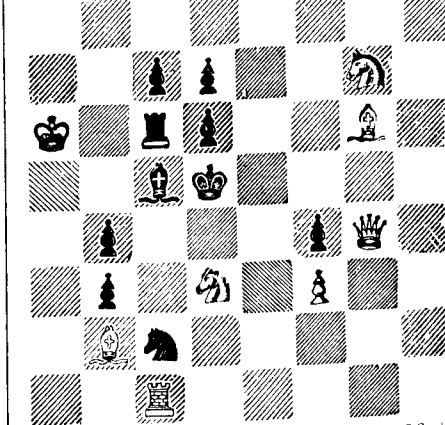
26... BxK7, 27R1xB, still not good enough.			
26 Kt Kt5	Q KB3	Py	fp,
27 Q K3	B Q3	QO	en,
28 Kt K6ch	B xKt	yof	3o,
29 R xB	B xP	wo	nF,
29... a blunder, R K2 was proper.			
30 Q xB	Q xR	OF	po,
31 Q xRch	Resigns	Fct	ill.

(8 p1Q3k2pp1q1p4p1p1p. 3P3P.1P1B4. P4PPP7K1).

Arcade CHESS and CHECKER Club

PROBLEM No. 703.

Mate in 2, by H. Hosey Davis.  
9 BLACK—16 pts (10pp2N1, K1Rp2B3bk4.



1p3pQ2p1N1P3Bn7R5) 9 WHITE + 16pts. 703, White to play and mate in 2 moves.

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**POET-LORE**  
THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE OF  
LETTERS

DOUBLE SUMMER NUMBER.  
June-July, 1895.

ALLADINE AND PALOMIDES. A Prose Play. (Com-  
plete). Maurice Maeterlück.

THE DEVIL INSPIRES THE MONK: An Anglo-Saxon  
War Story. Lindsay Todd Damon.

VIRGIL'S ART. John Albee.

THEOCRITUS: Father of Pastoral Poetry. Joshua  
Kendall.

GREEK TRAITS IN WALT WHITMAN. Emily Chris-  
tina Mouch.

URIEL ACOSTA. (Translated). Karl Gutzkow. Trans-  
lated by Richard Hovey and Francois Stewart Jones.

RUSKIN'S LETTERS TO CHESNEAU: A Record of  
Literary Friendship. III. William G. Kingsland.

CHOICE OF SUBJECT-MATTER in the Poets: Chaucer,  
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Annals of a Quiet Browning Club. I. N. Coy.

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Personal.

Mr. and Mrs. Rudyard Kipling and Mme. Modjeska arrived in New York this week.

The English University cricket team, which Mr. F. Mitchell is bringing to Canada, leaves Southampton to-morrow, and will play at Toronto, on September 9th and 10th, against a Canadian team.

Dr. H. Clowes, of Sydney, N.S.W., who passed through Ottawa yesterday on his way to England, expressed the opinion that there was very little chance of establishing trade between Australia and Canada.

Miss Regina Lewis, of London, Ont., has received the degrees of M.D. and C.M. from the medical faculty of Bishop's College, Lennoxville, P.Q. She is the first woman in the history of education in Canada to do so.

Mr. Stanley J. Weyman's summer holiday—the first he has had for a long while—will extend to the end of December. On the first of that month, Longmans, Green & Co. will publish in book-form his latest romance, "The Red Cockade," recently printed in *Harper's Weekly*.

Mr. Alexander Asher, Q.C., M.P., late Attorney-General for Scotland, in an opinion on the suit entered by Paulin, Sorley and Martin to recover damages from the city of Toronto for alleged breach of contract, has recommended a settlement. Mr. Christopher Robinson has been retained by the city, as an expert on Canadian law, should the case go to trial.

Sir Charles Rivers-Wilson, the new President of the Grand Trunk Railway, accompanied by Mr. A. W. Smithers and Mr. H. Oppenheimer, arrived in Montreal on Monday last. The best "innovation" that Sir Charles could make would be the removal of the head offices of the Company to Canada. This is the screw in the machine that needs tightening.

A meeting of the Canadian Cricket Association was held at the Walker House, Toronto, on Tuesday evening, to complete arrangements and select a team for the big September fixtures. The President, Major A. M. Cosby, occupied the chair, and the members present were: A. H. Collins, Ontario Cricket Association, Ottawa and London; A. Gillespie, D. W. Saunders, O.C.A.; E. G. Rykert, Toronto; G. S. Lyon, Rosedale; C. F. Nourse, Manitoba Association; Kirwin Martin, Hamilton; Secretaries, J. D. Hall and H. F. Petman. At the request of the Philadelphia Committee a change of dates was agreed to. The International match will be played September 2nd, 3th and 4th, that with the Oxford-Cambridge team, September 6th and 7th. Both matches will be played at Rosedale. The Canadian team for both matches was selected as follows: Rev. F. W. Terry, London; D. W. Saunders, J. M. Laing, W. R. Wadsworth, M. Boyd and P. C. Goldingham, Toronto; A. F. R. Martin, A. Gillespie, Hamilton; E. S. Jacques and H. G. Wilson, Winnipeg; M. G. Bristowe, Ottawa. Spare men, G. S. Lyon (Rosedale), J. H. Horstead, Chatham, and D'Arcy Martin, Hamilton. Mr. Terry was elected captain, Mr. F. Harley, of Guelph, umpire, and Mr. J. E. Hall, scorer.

**HAVERGAL HALL,**  
350 JARVIS ST., TORONTO.  
OPENED SEPTEMBER, 1894.

The Board having determined to make this School equal to the best Ladies' School in England, was most fortunate in procuring as Lady Principal, Miss Knox, who has taken a full course in the University of Oxford, passing the final examinations in the two Honor Schools of Modern History and English. Miss Knox, until she came to Havergal Hall, held an important position in "Cheltenham," one of the largest and best appointed Ladies' Colleges in England.

The Board has determined to have a staff of assistants fully competent to sustain the Lady Principal in her work. Mr. H. M. Field, late pupil of Martin Krause of the Royal Conservatory of Music, Leipzig, is the head of the Musical Department. Mr. E. Wily Grier, R.C.A., the well-known Painter, is head of the Art Department.

The School is open for both day pupils and boarders. Full information may be obtained by circulars on application to Havergal Hall, or to

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Literary Notes.

Mrs. Mary E. Wilkins is so busily engaged in finishing both a novel and a novelette that she is obliged at present to decline all social invitations, her only recreation being an occasional day or two at the beach with friends.

Mark Twain will make a six to nine months' reading tour next fall and winter in the Sandwich Islands, New Zealand, Australia, Ceylon, Madras, Calcutta, Bombay, and other India cities; then South Africa and Mauritius.

Apropos of the one-hundredth anniversary of his birth, *The Critic* of August 10 will contain an article on Joseph Rodman Drake, by Richard Henry Stoddard, with a portrait of the author of "The Culprit Fay" and "The American Flag."

Harper & Brothers will publish the following books during August: "About Paris," by Richard Harding Davis; "The Money We Need," by Henry Loomis Nelson; "The Front Yard, and Other Italian Stories," by Constance Fenimore Woolson, and a new edition of Thomas Hardy's "Two on a Tower."

The special literary features of the volume of *The Critic* for Jan. June, 1895, include half a dozen papers by Mr. Zangwill, an address by Mr. Hall Caine on "Success in Literature," as essay on "The Need of Sound Logic in Fiction," a picturesque description, by Mrs. Janvier, of "A Poet's Wedding in Provence," a letter from Rudyard Kipling in Defence of the literary agent, and an account of the growth of the American fund to aid in the erection of the Tennyson Beacon on the Isle of Wight, which has increased from \$720 to \$1,160 since *The Critic* took the matter up on April 27.

"Although we are apt to speak of the 'writing' or the 'making' of a book, rather than of its 'building,' each of these is a distinct operation; and when a book, first written, then made, is finally ready, it has been built as truly at a house or a ship is built. It has demanded an equal amount of planning, skilled labour and close attention to the thousand details that go to the making of a completed whole." With these words Kirk Munroe begins an exceedingly interesting and valuable article on "The Building of a Book" in *Harper's Round Table* for August 6th. Himself a successful author of tales of adventure, Mr. Munroe is enabled by his own experience to speak with confidence upon such topics as authorship, the training that fits one for the profession of letters, the selection of a subject for a projected work, the preparation of the manuscript, and so on to the moment when "the precious manuscript is put into a box and sent off to the publisher." At that point in the narration the fund of Mr. Munroe's varied experience is still further drawn upon, and we find him examining the newly arrived manuscript from the publisher's point of view. For the purposes of this article, of course, the book is accepted, the questions of royalty and copyright and such matters are adjusted, and we are led onward through composing-room, press-room and bindery, with entertaining descriptions of the mechanical processes that precede publication. Naturally, the most quotable portions of the article are those relating to the creative period—as where Mr. Munro says: "So every one, except those who know, imagines book-writing to be so easy that most of those who desire to earn a livelihood without very hard work try their hands at it. The girl of brains and education, thrown upon her own resources, decides to become an author; and, after a desperate struggle, fails because she has no real experience to draw from. The sea-captain who is too old to follow his chosen profession, but must still make a living, and is brimful of experience and adventure, decides to become an author. When he, too, meets with failure, he blames everybody and everything except himself, and rarely discovers that the reason he cannot become a successful author at his time of life is because he has not been trained to the business, and does not know how to write."

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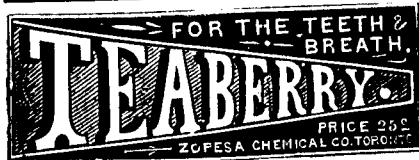
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Dr. Dawson, director of the Geological Survey, left Ottawa yesterday for Athabaska Landing, N.W.T., to inspect the progress recently made in boring for oil. As yet oil has not been struck in paying quantities, but the indications are hopeful.

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## Literary Notes.

Max Nordau is writing a novel, which he will follow up with a play for the Lessing Theatre, Berlin.

The first instalment of Paul Bourget's new novel will be published next month. The author has gone to Scotland, where he will finish the book.

Mme. Taine is putting the finishing touches to the memoirs and correspondence of her husband, the late H. Taine, with the assistance of her daughter.

The present Lieutenant-Governor of the North-West Territories of Canada, Mr. Mackintosh, was once a reporter in the Gallery of the Dominion Parliament.

For the autobiographical "Vailins Letters" by Stevenson a new portrait has been etched by Strang. This is said to be the most satisfactory portrait of Robert Louis Stevenson yet known.

Many people think Mr. Walter Crane's toy books, done some years ago, the best work he has ever done. They are already exceedingly rare and bring extravagant prices in the London market. This fall is to see a series of these books issued by Stone & Kimball.

Mr. J. M. Bowles has moved his beautiful quarterly, "Modern Art," from Indianapolis to Boston, and now inaugurates his third volume with a number dated January 1, 1895. Two more numbers will follow in quick succession, enabling the periodical to "catch up." A new typographical dress makes it more attractive than ever.

"I went into the Gaiety Theatre with £200 and in eighteen years had £120,000 out of it." This is one of the most interesting of Mr. John Hollingshead's reminiscences in his book just published. The losses which prevented him from retaining the "plum" were made in other theatres—a lesson to those who have a good thing not to be greedy.

Mr. Eric Mackay, concerning whom the amusing mistake was lately made in *The Bookman* of calling him Miss Marie Corelli's son, rather than her brother, has just issued a new volume of poems. "The Love Letters of a Violinist," his former book, attained a tremendous sale both in England and America. Mr. Mackay has popularity which is a rare thing now-a-days for a writer of verse. "A Song of the Sea: My Lady of Dreams, and Other Poems" is the title of the new volume, which is to be issued by Stone & Kimball.

John Murray's publications this autumn will include the Duke of Argyle's "Law in Christian Geology," which embodies the same idea as that dealt with by Drummond in "Natural Law in the Spiritual World," worked out on an entirely independent basis; a volume of the correspondence of Dean Stanley, as a complement to his biography; a volume by F. St. John Gore, "Lights and Shades of Indian Hill Life," illustrated from the author's own photographs; and "The Journal of a Spy in Paris, from January to July, 1794."

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Lean and lank,  
He's such a crank;  
My stars! I thank  
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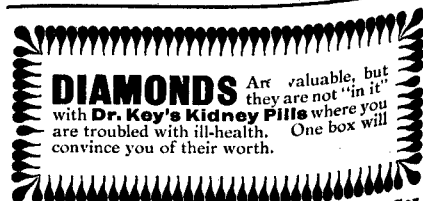
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D. Blackley, 80 Bay Street, Toronto and 17 King Street West, Hamilton.
- Architects** { Curry, Baker & Co., 70 Victoria Street.  
Darling, Sproat, & Pearson, *The Mail* Building.  
Beaumont Jarvis, Traders Bank Building, 63 Yonge Street.
- Booksellers  
and  
Publishers** { Copp, Clark Company Limited, 9 Front Street West and 67 Colborne Street.  
The Fleming H. Revell Company, Limited, 140-142 Yonge Street.  
Methodist Book and Publishing House, 29 Richmond Street West.  
Rowell & Hutchison, 74 King Street East.  
Hunter Rose Printing Company Limited.
- Bookbinders  
and  
Stationers** { The Brown Brothers, Limited, 64-68 King Street East.
- Brewers** { Cosgrave Brewing Company, 293 Niagara Street.  
Dominion Brewery Company Limited, 496 King Street East.
- Chemists** { Hooper & Co., 43 King Street West and 444 Spadina Avenue. Dispensing under direct supervision of Principals.
- Clothing** { Oak Hall. Fine Ready-to-wear Clothing. 115 to 121 King Street East.  
"Flags Of All Nations." Cheapest Clothing Store on Earth. Corner King and Market Sts.
- Coal & Wood** { Elias Rogers & Co. Head Office, 20 King Street West.  
Standard Fuel Co. Ltd. Wholesale and Retail. Head Office, 58 King East.
- Dry Goods** { John Catto & Son, King Street, opposite the Post Office.  
R. Simpson, Nos. 170, 72, 74, 76, 78 Yonge Street and 103 Queen Street.
- Furniture** { The Chas. Rogers & Sons Co., Ltd. Manufacturers and Retailers. 97 Yonge Street.  
The Campbell Furniture Co. Jolliffe's old stand, 585 to 591 Queen West. Lines as complete as usual.
- Financial** { The Toronto General Trusts Co. See advt. 2nd page of THE WEEK.  
The Home Savings and Loan Company, Limited, 78 Church Street.  
London and Canadian Loan and Agency Company, Limited. J. F. Kirk, Manager. 99 and 103 Bay Street.
- Grocers** { Caldwell & Hodgins, Corner John and Queen Streets.
- Hardware** { Rice Lewis & Son, Limited, 30-34 King Street East.
- Hotels** { The Queen's. McGaw & Winnett, Proprietors. 78-92 Front Street West.  
The Arlington, Cor. King and John Streets. \$2 to \$3 per day. W. G. Havill, Manager.
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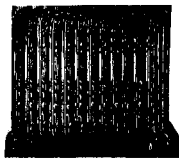
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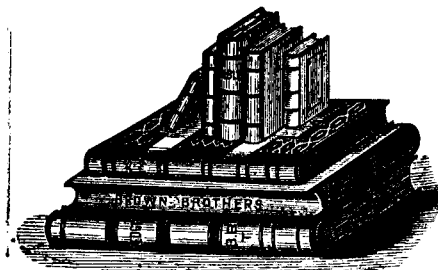
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