

THE WEEK:

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Eighth Year.
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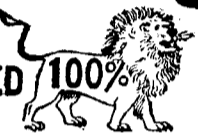


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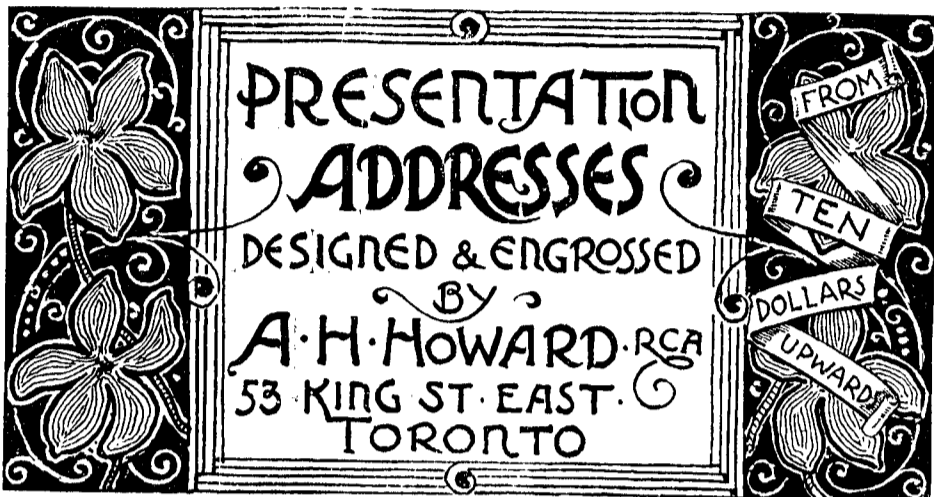
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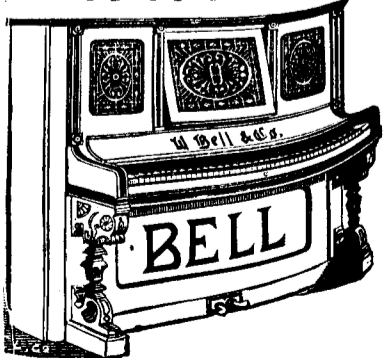
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All articles, contributions, and letters on matters pertaining to the editorial department should be addressed to the Editor, and not to any person who may be supposed to be connected with the paper.

THE National Club is to be congratulated on the success of the first of its evenings for the season. The keynote given by the Earl of Aberdeen to the addresses of the evening, and, it may be hoped, to those of subsequent meetings, was well adapted to catch the ear and win the sympathy of all true Canadians. Modest in tone, sober in statement, free from the exaggerations with which speakers on such occasions are too often tempted to tickle the ears of their hearers, his speech was yet full of a quiet confidence, begotten of personal knowledge, in the resources of the country, and full of hope as to its future. The Earl's testimony from observation to the signs of increasing development and stability in the North-West will be accepted abroad as well as in Canada, where the overdrawn descriptions of less accurate and conscientious observers are in danger of being discounted to a point even below their actual value. The way in which the wheat growing capabilities of the great prairies are supplemented by the fruit-growing capabilities of British Columbia goes far to support the Earl of Aberdeen's statement that Canada, the western portion of it at least, is so constituted by Nature as to form a harmonious whole. It is perhaps doubtful whether the prairie country will ever—it certainly cannot for many years—become able to supply its own necessities in the matter of the fruits so indispensable to health and comfort. It is, we suppose, even more certain that the Pacific Province, as its population increases, will be unable to supply its own bread. Hence the two may become constantly drawn more closely together by the bonds of a mutually profitable commerce. We need not attempt to follow the various points of interest touched in this eminently practical speech, but we cannot refrain from expressing the hope that the hint given as to the necessity for raising the standard of Canadian butter, a necessity which is at last coming to be understood and felt, may have its effect. It would not be easy to express more happily the trade policy which should govern our rulers at the present moment than did the Earl in saying that Canada's aim should be to secure as full commercial intercourse as possible with the United States, always retaining at the same time full scope for her own national growth and development. The speaker no doubt saw that these two things, so far from being necessarily incompatible, are both desirable and adapted, under proper conditions, to be mutually helpful. In deprecating the use

of a disparaging tone in speaking or writing of our great neighbours, the Earl spoke words of wisdom as well as of right feeling, which are not wholly needless at the present moment and which it may be hoped will commend themselves to all who may hereafter address the club, while in anticipating a far closer alliance of all the English-speaking nations of the earth he gave expression to the larger and nobler hope which we are glad to see is laying hold of the imaginations and the hearts of men of broad views and high aspirations in both hemispheres. Great dreams have often a tendency to work out their own fulfilment. This tendency we may be sure will not be wanting in the matter in question.

THE action of Jarvis Street Baptist Church in this city in voluntarily paying its due share of the city taxes, amounting to about \$1,100 a year, notwithstanding its legal exemption, is attracting attention abroad as well as at home. Dr. H. L. Wayland, Editor of the *National Baptist*, of Philadelphia, contributes to the *New York Independent* a strong article in support of the principle. The wonder is that the matter has not attracted more attention in Canada. We are accustomed to suppose, and many of us to boast, that there is no connection between Church and State in Canada outside of Quebec, and that all religious institutions are supported on the voluntary principle. But a hasty glance over the lists of ecclesiastical property exempted by law from taxation in our cities and towns can be needed to dispel the illusion. If all the churches in the cities of Toronto and Montreal, for instance, were to follow the example of that on Jarvis Street, the result would be a very considerable reduction of the rates to the present tax-payers of these cities. There are two distinct points of view from which the question may be regarded, that of the church, and that of the municipality. It is conceivable that the latter might have a right in its own interests to give exemptions which the former might, on its own principles, be doing wrong to accept. Dr. Wayland looks at the question mainly from the point of view of the churches, and has little difficulty in making out a strong case of inconsistency against them. The argument in favour of the giving of exemptions by Governments and municipalities is in substance that "the service rendered by the churches to the community is worth more than the sum which the exemption leaves in the church funds." It would not be difficult, we fancy, to show that, considered as payment for service rendered, the exemption system is a most irregular and unfair one, tending almost inevitably to favouritism and other forms of abuse. But from the point of view of the churches themselves, considered as divinely instituted agencies for the spread of religion, and so bound not only to give freely the moral and spiritual benefits they have to confer, but to set in every respect the very highest examples of the purest benevolence, the most absolute unselfishness, and the most scrupulous regard for every principle of right, the claiming or accepting of such exemptions seems particularly hard to defend. It can hardly be contended that there is any essential difference in principle between accepting exemption from taxation to the amount of \$1,000 a year, and accepting the same sum as a direct contribution from municipal funds. But there is surely an element of hardship and an injustice in compelling a larger or smaller number of citizens to pay taxes for the support of religious institutions in which they do not believe, which is very hard to reconcile with the lofty teachings of the Founder of the Christian religion and His early disciples. Moreover, the moral and spiritual benefits conferred on communities by the Christian Churches are, or should be, so far above all commercial considerations, to say nothing of the impossibility of weighing or measuring them so as to estimate their commercial value, that the idea of paying for them out of the city taxes borders on the sacrilegious.

AMONG the beneficent institutions for which the city of Toronto is becoming to some extent celebrated, the Deer Park Sanatorium, which was formally opened on Saturday last, promises to become not the least deserving. If the design of the promoters is successfully carried out, as there is every reason to expect and hope, they will deserve well of the city and Province, and will lay many

who are now victims of diseased appetite under deep and lasting obligations. The Sanatorium, we may again say for the information of those who may desire it, is a private retreat for the subjects of inebriety or narco-mania. The Board of Management recognize the fact that the sufferer from the insatiable craving for alcohol and other narcotics is the victim of disease, whether inherited or superinduced, and every means known to medical science will be employed for its eradication. It is the aim of the management to make the Sanatorium not only a place where the physical health is restored, but in every sense a Christian home, where the whole man, moral, spiritual and physical will be lifted and built up. The intention is to make all the surroundings so pleasant, attractive and home-like that patients will not be subjected to that feeling of social degradation which is commonly experienced in public institutions. The Board deem themselves fortunate, we are told, in having secured the services of Dr. C. Schomberg Elliot as Medical Superintendent. Dr. Elliot has for many years made the subject of Inebriety in all its phases one of systematic study and research, and is moreover believed to be eminently fitted in every respect for the position. The Sanatorium is probably the better rather than the worse for being a private institution, and the public will sincerely hope that its promoters may receive a suitable return on their investment, as well as the higher satisfaction that must result from the consciousness of being engaged in a work whose first and chief purpose is one of noble philanthropy.

THE inaugural address of Professor Hume, delivered at the University on Saturday afternoon, had more than ordinary claims upon the attention of the thoughtful. The speaker stood as the disciple and successor, and so, to a certain extent, as the representative of the late Professor Young. Hence the admirers of that lamented scholar, as well those of them who may never have been quite satisfied as to the clearness and coherence of his metaphysical and ethical teachings as those who ardently accepted those teachings, could not fail to feel a special interest in the deliverances of his pupil at the entrance of his career as his follower in the Chair of Philosophy. Then, again, the subject chosen, "The Value of a Study of Ethics," is one which had the very highest claims upon the attention of every intelligent and responsible auditor. With Professor Hume's vigorous condemnation of dogmatic methods of teaching, as being not, properly speaking, teaching at all, all who have given thought to the subject must heartily agree. The necessity of the study of philosophy, and, above all, of ethics, should scarcely have needed the demonstration it received. In his defence of the primacy of consciousness and his warning against setting up the non-mental as the ultimate reality, the speaker shows himself the disciple of his master, and suggests the query whether he is prepared to go as far as the Master sometimes went in the direction of casting doubt upon the reality of the non-mental as contra-distinguished from the mental, and the further query as to the reliability, on that hypothesis, not, indeed, of consciousness itself, which can, in the nature of the case, testify only to its own affections, but of that "personality" which is so constituted as instinctively and necessarily to refer the sensations of consciousness to a non-existent, or at least unknowable external object. In recognizing in will that self-expression of consciousness which is the essential and constitutive element in personality, Professor Hume gives us a definition which will commend itself to most critics as both acute and sound, but when he speaks of this self-expression of consciousness as intentionally selecting in accordance with ends or ideals of action, he, with one stroke, plunges us into depths from which it would, perhaps, be scarcely fair to expect him to rescue us within the time afforded by one short lecture. If the volition is the constitutive element in personality, whence come the ideals in accordance with which it makes the choice which marks or determines the personality, or in what way can it so separate itself from these ideals as to make choice amongst them, or attempt to frame out of them "the ideal of ideals," which is the perfect personality? Just at this point, we remember, Professor Young always left some of us, perhaps because of want of strength to follow him, in similar difficulties. The train of reason-

ing along which Professor Hume invites us to follow him in like manner leaves us to wonder at what point of our course he is to lead us out from the circle to which, to our shorter vision, the path seems to shut us up. But it is perhaps unfair to suggest even these difficulties on no better basis than a condensed newspaper report of a single lecture, and we hasten to say that they are suggested in no captious spirit, but with full and hearty recognition of marked ability and promise in this interesting inaugural.

MR. GOLDWIN SMITH'S lecture on "Jingoism," before the Young Men's Liberal Club, has called down once more upon the lecturer's devoted head fiery torrents of denunciation. It is not wonderful that that part of the lecture in which Mr. Smith openly avowed his belief in political union with the United States as the ideal as well as inevitable destiny of Canada should have called forth warm protests from loyal Canadians. But it is, we think, a pity that the contrast should have been made so marked between the calm, dignified and argumentative language in which these sentiments were spoken, and the unreasoning and even threatening style of some of the rejoinders. If those who are of Mr. Goldwin Smith's opinion in regard to the future of Canada are comparatively so insignificant in numbers and influence as the papers which are showering abuse upon him are constantly asserting, and as we ourselves believe them to be, it surely would be better either to treat such arguments, even from the lips of a distinguished scholar and thinker, with quiet indifference, or to refute them with the logic of fact and argument. We have never hesitated to express our conviction that the question of political union with the United States—we cannot bring ourselves to use the word "annexation," with its hateful connotations—is not a living or practical question in Canada, and has not been for the last quarter of a century. Possibly it may be because of the very strength of this conviction that we can see nothing either in Mr. Goldwin Smith's polished and scholarly essays, or in the feeble attempts at agitation of a few enthusiasts living near the border, which should disturb the equanimity of the most loyal Canadian, who feels that he can render a reason for his political faith. Opinions may fairly differ, and will differ according to temperament and training, as to the limits within which advocacy of radical political change should be permitted in a free country. We feel pretty sure that neither the Government nor people of Great Britain, whom we have no hesitation in taking as, on the whole, one of the freest, if not absolutely the freest, people in Christendom, would lift a finger to interfere with the scholar or essayist who should advocate, say, a British Republic, in preference to the present Constitutional Monarchy. Nor can it be denied that Canada, as a colony which has well-nigh outgrown the colonial habiliments, occupies, in this respect, a position widely different from that of an absolutely self-ruling nation. The feeling is undoubtedly becoming general in the Mother Country, as well as in Canada itself, that the day is not far distant when our present relations to the Mother Land must be superseded, and some new phase of existence better suited to our national aspirations be entered upon. Else what means all this agitation of so many of those who claim to be the loyalists of the country, *par excellence*, for an Imperial Federation? The difficulty that has just now arisen, touching the copyright question, shows how impatient we are becoming, even under a staunchly Conservative regime, of any restriction upon the full autonomy upon which we are accustomed to plume ourselves, perhaps to an unreasonable extent. But discussion of Imperial Federation or any other constitutional change is a mockery, unless there be full freedom of expression.

CONSIDERABLE interest has been aroused by the announcement that Mr. Laurier, accompanied by a large number of his political friends, is just now visiting the city of Boston for the purpose of delivering an address at a public banquet. There is, of course, nothing which is otherwise than gratifying and commendable in the interchange of such courtesies between citizens and public men of the two neighbouring and kindred peoples. We could wish that there was a great deal more of such friendly intercourse. The legislators of the two countries might learn to understand each other better and be better prepared to respect each other's views, prejudices and idiosyncracies. That which causes special interest to attach to this visit is that it is understood, whether correctly or not time will show, that Mr. Laurier will take advantage

of the opportunity to give some important indications in reference to the present and prospective policy of the Liberal leaders in Canada. The time at which our copy has to go to the printer precludes us from commenting upon the speech in this issue. Such comment must be reserved for another number.

THE plot has thickened in Quebec until one dare hardly hazard a guess as to what will be the outcome. Pending the report of the Royal Commissioners on the Bay of Chaleur Railway affair, the *Empire* correspondent has put into shape and published a series of charges which have been floating in the atmosphere, in a more or less nebulous form, for some time past. The authority for these accusations is Mr. John P. Whalen, the contractor who built the Quebec Court House, at a total cost to the Province, it is said, of about \$900,000 instead of the \$250,000 of the original estimates. The gist of the new charges is that during the time Mr. Whalen stood in the relation of contractor to the Quebec Government, he distributed no less than \$115,000 to prominent members and supporters of the Government, including Premier Mercier and Messrs. Charles Langelier, Beausoliel, Garneau, Turcotte, Prefontaine, and Mayor McSherry of Montreal. He also claims to have contributed \$14,500 to assist the Liberals during the Dominion elections of 1887. The trouble with Mr. Whalen, however, seems to be that what he positively states to one interviewer he as positively denies to the second, and what he affirms to-day he may declare to be unfounded to-morrow. The spectacle presented by such men as Murphy and he, a noble pair of cousins-german, and their associates, suggests many reflections as to the kind of men who have come from time to time into large business relations with both the Ottawa and Quebec Governments. That is, however, by the way. Among the latest developments in connection with the affair are the publication of a sworn declaration by Mr. Whalen that he has never given nor promised to give any money to any Minister or any member of the Legislature of Quebec, nor to any person whomsoever, to influence or cause to be influenced any Minister or member of the said Legislature of Quebec, with the object of settling his claim against the Government, and that he has no knowledge of anyone else having done so; and the announcement that Mr. Mercier has ordered prosecutions on criminal charges to be entered against the editors, publishers and correspondents of some five or six leading Conservative papers which have published or reproduced the Whalen charges. A peculiarity of the threatened prosecutions is that they are taken under the English common law against seditious libel, according to which it is a high offence and misdemeanour to bring organized Government into disrepute, and to try to overthrow the existing institutions of a country by the publication of false and seditious statements for the purpose of poisoning the public mind. The matter is pretty sure to be thoroughly investigated before a court or royal commission, and it is to be hoped, in the interests of justice and of political purity, that the whole truth may be made known at the earliest possible moment. The effect of such scandals, whether true or false, or partly true and partly false, upon the good name of Canada, cannot fail to be deplorable.

THE announcement made by Attorney-General Miller, of the United States, in the course of his argument in the Sawyard case, that the Governments of the two nations have agreed to submit the Behring Sea question to arbitration, is one that cannot fail to be gratifying to all lovers of peace and progress in both countries. The mode of announcement was somewhat singular, though it must be borne in mind that the case before the Supreme Court is itself of an unprecedented kind. The fact that the agreement has not, or had not at the time of the announcement, been formally signed, perhaps accounts for the fact that no intimation of it had been given to the public from British sources. Probably, however, due deference to the wishes of the U.S. Government would have in any case prevented such intimation, until the necessary ratification by the Senate had been secured. It is not unlikely that the somewhat humiliating experience of a former administration, in the matter of the abortive Reciprocity Treaty, may have made the present Washington Government chary of letting its proceedings in such matters be known, until sure of ratification. In any event these two great English-speaking nations are setting once more a good example before the world. It is only to be regretted that the subjects of reference do not include all matters in dispute between England and Canada and the United States. It

seems a little singular, by the way, that our own Government, which is primarily interested in the dispute, should have known nothing, as appears from a despatch in its Toronto organ, of the reaching of the agreement, until its announcement in the Court. Had that announcement been made by any lower authority, this fact and other circumstances might have given rise to fear lest the information should prove incorrect, but Attorney-General Miller no doubt knew whereof he affirmed. The appointment of the arbitrators, or umpire, and the results of the arbitration will be awaited with interest. The United States have a knack of getting the better of England in such matters, but it seems scarcely possible that such a result can follow in the present case.

THE difference of opinion which has arisen between the Canadian Government, on the one hand, and those of Great Britain and the United States on the other, on the question of copyright, illustrates the inconveniences and disabilities which are, to a greater or lesser extent, inseparable from the colonial status. According to a recent despatch, the officer of the American Government who is charged with the administration of the new Copyright Act says that Sir John Thompson is in error when he speaks of a copyright agreement between Great Britain and the United States. No such agreement, he alleges, exists. The works of British authors are admitted to copyright in the United States under the first two conditions prescribed in the law, which is that the Act shall apply to a citizen or subject of a foreign State or nation when such foreign State or nation permits to citizens of the United States of America the benefit of copyright on substantially the same basis as its own citizens. The British Copyright laws fulfilling this condition, Great Britain is declared entitled to copyright in the United States under the terms of the Act now in force there. The trouble, so far as Canada is concerned—and we fancy that if the voice of the British publishers could be heard it would be declared a trouble in Great Britain too—is that the British law more than fulfils the conditions of a fair, reciprocal measure. While under its operation American authors or publishers may obtain copyright in Great Britain without any condition as to place or mode of publication, the British author or publisher, and of course the Canadian, can obtain copyright in the United States only on condition of having deposited in the library of Congress two copies of the work which he seeks to protect, which copies must be printed from type set in the United States, or from plates made therefrom, or from negatives or drawings on stone made within the limits of the United States, or from transfers therefrom. The Canadian Copyright Act, which the British Government has hitherto declined to sanction, imposes a condition substantially similar upon the British or foreign author wishing to obtain copyright in Canada. But as the British Empire includes Canada, the Government of the United States, looking at the legal rather than the equitable aspect of the case, is understood to insist on the right of its citizens to enjoy the full benefit of copyright in Canada under the British Act, by simple registration. Hardly as the one-sided rule presses upon us, it is not easy to see how we can escape from its application. Should the British Government allow the Canadian Act to go into force under present circumstances, it would probably afford a pretext to the United States Government to decline any longer to recognize the British Copyright Act as coming within the condition above quoted. It might, therefore, refuse copyright to British subjects. We do not know what ground the Minister of Justice takes, or on what arguments he relies, in the controversy, but to the lay mind the case, great as is the hardship involved, seems clearly against the Canadian contention. We hold, of course, as we have always done, that Canada should have the right to make her own copyright laws, though we confess that it would be pretty hard for the people of Great Britain to lose the benefit of United States copyright for the sake of doing justice to Canada. Some of the newspapers have argued that by the terms of the British North America Act, the Dominion has the exclusive right to legislate upon copyright for Canada. We cannot see it in that light, much as we should like to do so. It is true that Chapter VI. of the North America Act includes copyrights among the subjects coming within the legislative powers of the Dominion Parliament. But that section, it will be observed, is merely dealing with the distribution of legislative powers, as between the Federal and the Provincial Parliaments. We do not see how, in any act of legislation, the Dominion can escape from the

operation of Sections 55-57 of Chapter IV. of the Act, which give the Governor-General power to reserve any Bill passed by the Canadian Parliament for the Queen's assent, and provides that any Bill so reserved "shall not have any force unless and until, within two years from the day on which it was presented to the Governor-General for the Queen's assent, the Governor-General signifies, by Speech or Message, to each of the Houses of Parliament, or by Proclamation, that it has received the assent of the Queen in Council."

EDISON, the Wizard, is one of the most remarkable personages that has ever appeared upon the stage of human life. In the field of invention he has so far distanced all competitors that he stands out as a unique personality. It is characteristic, too, of his inventions that they are not mere displays of mechanical ingenuity, such as often enables men to make useful improvements upon machinery constructed upon principles about which they know little or nothing. Edison's inventions, on the contrary, are in the main applications of the laws and forces which the science of the age has brought to light, to such practical uses as add very greatly to the comforts and conveniences of human life. He is, from this point of view, a world benefactor. A remarkable token of the confidence which has been implanted in the public mind that whenever he puts brain and hand to any new project, his success is as good as assured. If it be true, therefore, that he has now undertaken to provide an electric motor which shall not only take the place of the smoky and noisy steam engine on long lines of railway, but at the same time increase the rate of speed of ordinary passenger or mail trains to one hundred miles an hour, without diminution of safety, the public generally will expect it to be done. It is said that the new invention is now in the hands of the Edison General Electric Company, and that negotiations are already in progress for the application of the system at an early day to one of the long lines of railway in the United States. Such a consummation would be, of course, far less wonderful than many of the achievements which are now matter of history and of daily convenience. But should the expectations that have been raised be realized, travelling by rail bids fair to become in the future a luxury in itself, apart from its objects. The removal of the smoke and the noise would relieve it of the chief causes of its present irksomeness. It seems probable, too, that the new motor, successfully applied, may be much less expensive than steam. There is at present, we believe, a well-founded and growing impression that the expense of railway travel is out of proportion to its cost on well patronized lines. With cheapened motive power it seems, therefore, not unreasonable to expect a material decrease in the rates, a decrease which would of itself so greatly increase the volume as to go far even now to counterbalance a considerable reduction of rates, if only railway companies could be brought to see it. But travelling bids fair to become, in the good time coming, a universal luxury.

PARIS LETTER.

AMERICAN salt meat, pork products especially, will have to meet the same tariff as those most famed nations, Germany and Italy—thirteen frs. the cwt. This tariff, like the laws of the Medes and Persians, altereth not. For ten years American pork has been excluded from France unjustifiably, and perhaps would be so still were it not for the rod in pickle that President Harrison possesses to correct those who play practical jokes on the commerce of the States. Unable to execute reciprocal treaties before next February, the new minimum and maximum tariff will be applied. The former, in the case of Spain, will kill her wine trade, and so add another enemy to France; while the latter will actually be a blessing in disguise for Italy, that can hardly be ranked among the friends of the Gauls.

Accident has produced a compulsory Court of Conciliation for differences between employes and employers. The Omnibus strike raised clear issues of overwork and of underpay on the side of the men, and a Louis XIV. arbitrariness on the part of the company's directors. The servants obtained redress, in addition to the recognition of their syndicate. It was stipulated that the drivers and conductors should give twelve hours work per day, less one hour and a-half for déjeuner and dinner. For three months they have been compelled to give twelve hours work, meal time excluded. As this was not in the bond, the men, instead of resorting to another strike and so perhaps irritating the public, have taken, through their legal syndicate, an action against the company for breach of contract.

Every day continues to produce its smash on French railroads. How is it that the officials and servants have

become so suddenly remiss respecting punctuality in the working of trains, in the observance of signals and the shuntings of passenger and merchandise traffic? To these dangers must now be added the chloroforming of travellers as the preliminary to robbery and murder. The latter has been re-inaugurated on the Havre line, where a tradesman had a very narrow escape with his life. The criminal was arrested; he seems to be a Parisian who has made the tour of the world. He states his revolver was too rusty to shoot, but he had two pounds and a-half of chloroform in a bottle. The anthropometrical department have been measuring his head and joints, and hope to establish his identity by arithmetic.

M. Clemenceau, the demolisher of Cabinets, has taken to the war-path. So long as Boulanger lived it was an imperative duty for republicans to remain united to save the republic. The bugbear being laid, the old cleavages re-open. M. Clemenceau asserts that, trying to conciliate what cannot be reconciled, is simply mutual dupery, and he will no longer be a party to that policy. The present ministry has not kept its word, or displayed other than platonic interest in the matter of ameliorating, legislatively, labour grievances. This campaign means a return to the era of ministerial instability.

It would seem that the French are not quite pleased at being reminded so very frequently that, if the Cabinet be overthrown, the Emperor of Russia will take fright, and suspect his prudence in swearing an eternal friendship with the republic. It was the conduct, the sagacity, the sang froid of France, in picking herself up during the last twenty years, and not any ministry in particular that has won for her constitution the respect and the applause, not alone of the Czar, but of other rulers as well. At the bottom of the coming party fights there is an under current of dissatisfaction at keeping the nation in the dark respecting the nature of the relations between Russia and France. Has a treaty been signed between the two powers to aid, say, the triple alliance in maintaining the peace of Europe; a double barring of the door against perturbators? If so, let the fact be officially stated, and then shall be known where we are. The cold shade of this feeling for those who read between the lines was reflected at Brest, where some Russian warships looked in a few days ago, and whose officers were feted. Evidently throats are getting sore crying *vive le Czar*, etc., and musicians fatigued over the Russian Hymn. The Czar is to be congratulated in having obtained his French loan—to feed the starving Mujiks.

The friends of ex-President Grévy, and he has left a legion of them, intend that there shall be a statue to his memory in his native village of Dôle, erected in Jura granite—that of his own department too—which is a rival to that of Aberdeen. The monument will cost 160,000 frs., and the sum has been raised by private subscription. It will be very majestic, embodying the symbols of the Law and Justice, from which he never departed. Friends while deploring M. Grévy's parental blindness, that compromised his exalted station, do not forget the uprightness of his life and the yeoman service he did for democracy and the Third Republic. M. Grévy always desired to be first in the memory of his co-villagers.

Very deep sympathy is felt for the serious condition of Cardinal Lavigerie, who is dying from diabetes. The world could well spare a better man; he was engaged in the truly noble work of militant Christianity applied to the extinction of the Soudan slave trade. The Cardinal-Archbishop had in him the stuff of a Hildebrand, and that force of character quite fascinated the Pope, whose ear and full confidence he had. But marked out as a successor to his Holiness he could never expect to wear the tiara; the Italians forbid the banns; for, while the Italian prelates detest the Quirinal, they will never deprive the Church of the associations of the Vatican, and themselves of the pride to see Italy the rock on which the Church is built. Mental anxiety has worn away the Cardinal; since he rallied to the present constitution he was shown the cold shoulder by the monarchists, who closed their purses when he appealed to them; he was disappointed that so few of the high clergy followed his political lines, and the attacks of the clerical press on his "apostacy" were so many poignards turned on his wounded heart. From that moment he avowed that the seeds of death were germinating within him.

The world—at least that part of it known as France—seems to be getting topsy-turvy. Imagine the project being started to strike a medal commemorative of 1870-71, to celebrate the "Defeat of the Brave." That part of the French which I happen to be acquainted with desire no symbol to recal the events of 1870-71; they demand no decoration to keep alive a sadness so profoundly felt in their hearts, and so perpetually green in their souls.

Judging by the number of Anglo-Saxons passing through Paris by short and easy stages for Egypt, where they intend to pass the winter, the land of Goshen must be the land of health. No wonder the British decline to evacuate the Nile. It is said that Egypt has only three seasons—spring, summer and autumn—symbolized by a rose, an ear of corn, and an apple or a grape.

The intention of the Government to charge one franc for admission on five days of the week to the Palace of Versailles and the other museums meets with general approval. The proceeds will help to repair Versailles, where the out-door statuary is crumbling away, and becoming "sooty." There is one poor Venus rising from a basin so grimed as to colour that the goddess resembles her Hottentot sister. There is a Niobe, whose tears are

moss and lichen, and Ariadne whose feet have been for ten years dabbling in a pool of water, and are not quite white.

There is a crusade against *La Trolle*. The latter is a barometer of hard times. Small manufacturers of goods, cabinet makers especially, when they cannot dispose of furniture, and want ready money, sell their goods on the sly at any price. This pulls down the general trade rates, and affects the guild all round. In the public auction mart nothing fresh from the work-shop will be accepted.

The Comte de Paris has taken down all the pictures in his gallery at Eu, save two, which have always hung side by side—"Jeanne d'Arc" and "Queen Victoria"—two good guardian angels.

From the middle of the month the new time and distance measurer for cab-hiring will come into operation, but six months must elapse ere all the cabs be furnished with the apparatus. The plan will possibly obviate disputes over fares, and for short distances the public will gain thirty-three per cent.

Prince Victor Napoleon is said to cry whenever the name of France is pronounced. In his exile days the late Napoleon III. also did the weeping willow. Z.

NEO-BUDDHISM AND M. LEON DE ROSNY.

THE newspapers have had much to say, during the past few months, concerning the progress of Neo-Buddhism in the West, and more particularly regarding the conversion to that system of the well-known Professor in the Sorbonne at Paris, M. Léon de Rosny. Two genuine Buddhist priests have indeed taken up their abode in Paris, but not under M. de Rosny's wing, and there are some English-speaking Neo-Buddhists in Liverpool as well as in Boston, but, apart from the difference between the excitable French and the phlegmatic English temperament, there is little to choose between M. de Rosny's audience that drinks in his lectures on Buddhist morality, and Professor Max Müller's that listens to discourses on the Science of Religion. An English contemporary thus places the situation:—

Decidedly the literary lion of the Parisian season of 1890 has been M. Léon de Rosny with his lectures on the doctrines of Buddha, his admiring would-be disciples—largely composed of the fair sex—and the lively interest, not altogether on the amicable side, he has created in the world of religion and philosophy. He has been a fruitful theme for journalists and correspondents during the middle months of the year, and has had to bear as the burden of his popularity innumerable interviews and interviewers, the reception of innumerable letters and persons asking advice. If the commotion and interest of the spring had been merely a passing wave of curiosity, likely to vanish with the summer holidays, and to return no more to trouble the future life of Paris, the short article of M. de Collens in an April edition of the *Siccle*, the badinage of M. de Saunier in an August number of the *Roquet*, and the other accounts in French and English newspapers, giving details more or less similar of M. de Rosny's person and house, of his garden-wall, with its Buddhist inscription, and of his library, with its Oriental wax figure, might have sufficed for the delectation of the reading public. But the serious position of M. de Rosny as professor of the Ecole Spéciale des Langues Orientales, his reputation as an Eastern scholar, and his original initiative in forming the Alliance Scientifique Universelle, which bids fair to become a freemasonry of the learned and scientific men throughout the world—these qualifications give to his purpose of further treatment of Buddhism a character deserving of more permanent attention.

Speaking on the authority of an interview just accorded to us, we may go so far as to assert that the professor has had thoughts, perhaps the more correct word would be temptations, leading him to enter boldly "en chaise," and to become the leader of Neo-Buddhism in the West. If he has decided against this step it is from reasons affecting rather the utility of this particular line of action than the convictions which mark his mental standpoint. Yet, if questioned flatly whether or not he is an out-and-out Buddhist, M. de Rosny replies no. The fact is that disciples in these days who belong to any school of thought are no longer the disciples who accept without criticism the teachings of a master whoever he may be. Probably M. de Rosny would not covet the name of disciple. He claims more properly to be an interpreter of the chief Buddhist doctrines, to co-ordinate in some measure the "reincarnation" part of Sakya-Mouni's philosophy with the modern evolution theory; to develop side by side with his own understanding of the *a priori* argument the Nirvana principle of life, postulate at once of spirit, pre-existence, and immortality; and further, to illustrate as far as example will allow, the Central Buddhist teaching of Karma by the hitherto but partially explained variations of character and experience. It is no doubt a fascinating subject for all who have not lost their desire to see behind the veil of Isis while still bound by body and appetite; and a lecturer with the knowledge and eloquence of M. de Rosny is capable of lending an extra charm to its treatment. Better than any testimony of our own to his persuasiveness and eloquence, of which indeed an hour's conversation gave us a fair specimen, is the simple fact—we have it from the Professor's own lips—that on one occasion Claude Bernard and himself, returning together from some domestic ceremony, got into discussion about three o'clock in the afternoon as they were passing the

Place du Panthéon, and did not get out of it, nor yet away from the precincts haunted by the shades of Voltaire and Rousseau, till four o'clock the next morning. At the end of that time Claude Bernard avowed himself convinced. For the sake of that eminent scientist's reputation we hope that his stomach had nothing to do with his defeat. M. de Rosny is strongly against materialism; but he denounces it with syllogism rather than with anathema. He further limits his *a priori* method so as to avoid, at any rate nominally, the danger of running with Hegel into mysticism. Without posing as champion in reply to the question,

Who shall draw the mystic line
Rightly severing his from mine
Which is human, which divine?

he attempts to bound, after the manner though not with the dogmatism of Comte, the sphere in which, for the present, human intelligence may affirm its knowledge.

The salient point which we might suggest to the professor as needing some treatment in his approaching winter lectures is that which, in our opinion, Buddhism, judged by its authenticated manuals, does not really touch. It is true Christianity also shirks the question, and not even Père Lacordaire, in his Notre-Dame "conférences" on "God" and "Life," went deeper than verbal explanation. It is the old problem of good and evil, of knowledge and ignorance, which Buddhist philosophy, to claim a universal adherence, ought to be able to deal with; but which its statement of the four truths—the existence of pain, the production of pain, the annihilation of pain, and the way to the annihilation of pain—attacks in vain. Granting that nature and life be one whole with two phases, spirit and matter, why is it that the one phase presents always the ignorant, the imperfect, the conflicting units, if the other, while producing and penetrating this imperfection, be omniscient, perfect and in harmony with itself? We could enlarge on this "crux" of philosophy so as to state it in other forms. We prefer, however, to leave it for M. de Rosny's consideration stated in this simple manner.

It appears that the question of another and larger room for the next series of lectures which the Professor has introduced to the authorities is still unsettled; but we imagine that these gentlemen will see their way to comply with the former's request. The rumours current in some newspapers as to a petition on the part of certain ecclesiastic dignitaries with the purpose to debar M. de Rosny from continuing his subject, and even to imprison him, are surely without solid foundation. First of all, such a petition—none know it better than the Catholic priesthood—would be utterly useless; and, next, where M. Renan has been allowed to teach, without let or hindrance, his own particular tenets at the Collège de France, the authorities cannot in reason refuse the same liberty to M. de Rosny at the Sorbonne.

M. de Rosny has obligingly sent us his chief lecture or treatise, entitled "*La Morale du Bouddhisme*," a pamphlet of twenty-four octavo pages, published by Georges Carré, 58 Rue Saint-André des Arts, Paris, which may be taken to set forth his true opinions. Starting with the principle that the value of a religion may be estimated by that of the practical morality it teaches, he proceeds to show that almost all religions are saddled with philosophies, and that the philosophy of Buddhism is as bad as any of them. But he maintains that, on the side of morality, the teaching of Sakya-Mouni is essentially that of love, and that the so-called selfish acquisition of merit by deeds of charity and self-abnegation is no more selfishness than the conduct of the Christian who enters on the life of Christ for the sake of future weal. He does not oppose Buddhist morality to that of the Sacred Scriptures, but confesses that "the true morality has nowhere been summed up in a word more simple and more easily understood than that of the Gospel, 'Love one another.'" Nevertheless M. de Rosny will not allow to Christianity the exclusive claim to this precept, "the children of God have all received as a heritage from their Heavenly Father, the same confraternal instinct." Therefore the Christian is bound to recognize the good that is in the Buddhist, "not allowing argument to make him forget the holy saying: '*In terra pax hominibus bonae voluntatis.*'" This is a reading which Dean Alford considers "untenable in Greek as well as in theology." However, leaving the Dean and returning to M. de Rosny, we find him disposing of the current notion, which certainly belongs to Buddhist philosophy, that *nirvana* is the annihilation of sentient existence by its absorption into a non-sentient whole. He holds this to be absurd, inasmuch as love, the cardinal virtue of Buddhism, that in the way of which men are to strive towards perfection, would necessarily come to an end, involving the whole system in defeat. Therefore *nirvana* is the attainment by every creature of his true place in the universal divine plan, in harmony with all the rest of being, freed forever from the evils of this present state, all of which arise from the limitations and negations of love. It does seem as if the Professor of the Sorbonne takes more out of the Tripitaka than Gautama Buddha and his immediate disciples put into them, but the morality of his refined and elevated pantheism is a decided advance toward the doctrine of that beloved disciple who declared that "God is Love." An eclectic in religion M. de Rosny may be, but he is in no sense a Buddhist either of the present or of any other period.

BLINDED as they are to their own character by self-love, every man is his own first and chiefest flatterer.—*Plutarch*.

ENGLISH ELMS ON BOSTON COMMON.

'Mid desolation all around,
Behold yon green and ancient trees,
Greeting the autumn stormwind's sound
With laughter as of summer breeze.

Erect and strong, with arms outspread,
Nor drooping low with yielding grace,
Each sturdy patriarch lifts his head
And high aloft proclaims his race.

What yonder name on each grey bole
For title in the forest realm?
Afar I read it in my soul—
"Ulmus campestris, English elm."

Here from the olden English day,
Ere senseless wrong had discord spread,
Ye bid the kindly memories stay,
That erst 'fore righteous anger fled.

Here o'er Columbia's cradle ye
Murmured your song and watched her grow,
And in her darkest hour did see
The steady flame of freedom glow.

And still ye flourish greenly on
To fairest days yet given to men;
Until the evil times are gone,
The olden love come back again.

Deep in thy daughter's mighty breast,
Mother august of nations free,
Forever may thy memory rest,
Green as thine emblematic tree.

Boston, October 24, 1891.

THOMAS CROSS.

WHEN THE CENTURY WAS YOUNG.

THE pages in "As You Like It" sang:—

In spring time the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing hey ding a dong, ding
Sweet lovers, love the spring.

The forest of Arden with its dukes playing foresters, and its ladies of high degree shepherdesses, differed widely from the miles and miles of billowy woodland that was Canada when the year of grace, eighteen hundred and twelve, was in its spring time.

The men and women who called the land of the beaver "home" then, or sighed in it as a land of exile, played at nothing, all was cruel reality. The melancholy Jacqueses of that time "lay not along under an oak," they had to cut down the oak instead; and we shall never know what philosophic musings were uttered over the interminable original woods, as the trees first swaying to and fro trying to bear themselves proudly still, then tossing aloft their leafy branches in anguish, then slowly leaning downwards, then hurrying with terrific crash, fell prone on the earth with many tiny saplings beneath. But sweet lovers were there, and they loved the spring in the tangled thickets of the new world as in the shady glades of the old.

It was in the March of that year when so many nations wrote their histories in blood, that a young man and a young girl stood under a wide-spreading silvery-boled beech, in a maple-sugar woods, in the Niagara peninsula. The wintry stillness was as yet unbroken by the blue-bird's glad song or the crow's hoarse "caw." The snow still covered the leaves of a long-dead autumn, but it was that porous crumbling snow that tells that it is hastening to make way for the flowers and the grass, at times one seemed to hear a sob as if it remembered how a few months before it had come so merrily yet so softly to claim the whole earth for its own. But these two were not thinking of birds or snow, but, as lovers have a habit of doing, were thinking only of themselves; the rude March wind rather suited their mood, which was tempestuous, but as lovers in any mood like to be alone they shall stand together under the beech tree while they are introduced.

Frederick Staunton and Charlotte Grafton were both the grand-children of U. E. loyalists who thirty years before had chosen that the Union Jack should wave over their hearthstones and not the Stars and Stripes. The Staunton's left land and houses in Massachusetts as did the Grafton's in New York and had begun anew, on the grant of a few hundred acres from the Canadian Government, to rear homes far from any of the comforts of life. Relatives of the latter family were now living in Buffalo; and Charlotte had been spending some weeks with an uncle there during the winter. The farms of the Staunton's and Grafton's joined, but the house in each case stood near the rude "corduroy" road that the farm fronted. But though the houses were nearly a mile apart, the log huts which constituted the sugar camps were separated only by the "line" fence.

Frederick's mink cap, home-spun suit and fur-topped boots were, save the latter, made by the deft fingers of his New England mother, who had great skill in fashioning garments, so that his tall well-knit frame was not disfigured by ill-fitting clothes. Charlotte had looked at him critically when they met, for she had seen several young men, not long from France, at her uncle's and felt herself a qualified judge. Believe me, "love has eyes."

Had Charlotte seen these latter days she would have

been described as "smart" in her dress, for a fur-lined pelisse, a pretty short-waisted gown, a broad-brimmed beaver bonnet with a long waving plume, were all after the very newest mode then known in America. They were calculated to enhance her charms, which were many; the wind playing with the curls on her forehead thought so, as did Frederick, though both wondered why she had come into the woods in such fine clothes. The wind had to be content with expressing its wonder by tugging at plume and cloak. These two were in that phase of loving when each feels a certain resentment against the other; the recognition of the fact that a presence not one's own is so essential to happiness, that self, and every other self is crowded out, had roused a feeling of resistance and antagonism. The soft warm blood that bears one along in lotos-eaters' happy oblivion had not yet engulfed them. They were no Romeo and Juliet lovers who could each say with Caesar, "Veni, vidi, vici," but strong northern natures, slow to yield. The resentment in Frederick's case was heightened by jealousy of the aforesaid young gallants of whom he had heard through his sister Julia, his greeting had in consequence been offered with studied coldness; Charlotte who had grown accustomed to be greeted with effusion felt actively resentful that he should be so indifferent. But withal they were both very glad of the encounter, and though Frederick kept saying to himself—

What care I how fair she be,
If she be not fair to me,

he knew he cared a great deal, and Charlotte felt such a warm glow at her heart and in her face that no March sun gave, that she turned half away, and leaning against the beech said, as she beat the unoffending snow with her foot, "Julia sent word by Jack that she would be here, and wanted me to wear my best clothes so that she could see the new fashion; why did she not come? I am too fine to help Jack, and if I do not see her my morning will be wasted."

Frederick, stupid fellow, might have said something pretty then, but he did not, he said only: "I wondered why you came in all your bravery to make sugar." Now Frederick's father who had been educated in Oxford had taught him much, but a great knowledge of books will never help one always to say the right thing to the woman one loves. Charlotte felt that he should not have such thought. When he added: "Mother was not well to-day and Julia could not leave her alone in the house," she was regretful in a dignified way. Frederick then asked: "And what news do you bring from across the river?"

"Oh," Charlotte said, "there is but one thing talked of in Buffalo, and that is these orders in council, that they say were especially passed by England to ruin the United States." "Do the United States think they are the world, and that France had no commerce with any other nation? The frog has grown into the ox very quickly," Frederick answered testily. "I simply tell you what they were saying; I do not know anything about their commerce, or any other commerce. What did interest me was that they said they were coming over to Canada before breakfast some day, as a slight revenge." She added in a moment, "Would that be very terrible?"

"And have they made you a traitor?" he angrily asked. There was a flash of colour in Charlotte's cheek, and an almost fierce light in her eyes, as she said: "I had better say good morning," then, turning quickly away, she went from him into the log sugar camp where her brother was. Frederick stood for some minutes, then, striking his hand fiercely against the tree, he said: "Is she as much a traitor as I am a boor and a fool?" by which you will see that he was a young man who spared neither his friends nor himself.

That night as he lay in the door of the cabin, stretched on a bear skin, watching the sweet vapour rising from the bubbling syrup, Frederick realized that life is not shaped as he formed a cake of sugar by pouring it into a dish, and as he put back his hand to rest his head on it, the soreness that his own blow had made caused him to wince, while the knowledge that the soreness of his heart was largely the result of his own act was not comforting. He felt terribly alone. The practical part of his attention was devoted to keeping up the fire under sundry sugar-kettles, swung on poles supported by strong forked sticks. Over each kettle was hung a piece of fat pork, when the seething semi-fluid, amber mass heaped up almost to overflowing, it touched the bit of pork, and then suddenly sank down. The flickering flames and their dancing shadows on the tree trunks, the rising and falling of the boiling sugar, the smoke rolling up among the bare branches, sometimes tumbling in fast following yellowish billows, then changing to a soft filmy grey with the sparks chasing each other in merry glee through it, lulled him at times into a half stupor, then darkness and solitude seemed to grasp him with such strong hands that he felt strangely moved. The fire would burn low, soon the crackling of a branch, the sniffing of some venturesome wolves, or the howl of a frightened wild-cat as it saw the light, would rouse him to action. So the night wore away. Sore hands and sore hearts some way feel better in the crude harsh light of day than in the romantic, deceiving darkness, and life that seemed a torture at midnight, looks rather desirable when floods of sun-light waken nature and new hopes.

Soon his brother brought Frederick his breakfast; now a healthy young man likes his breakfast after a hard night's work, though he does fear that a Yankee has stolen the love of his sweetheart and made her false to her country; so that the corn-bread, bacon and maplesyrup were

not neglected. Then he went into the cabin, wrapped some skins about him and slept soundly for some hours. He was awakened by girls' voices and laughter. He felt dazed, but soon remembered where he was, and realized that it was Charlotte and Julia who were talking of short waists and long waists, large bows and small bows.

He was rather surprised that all his anger had disappeared. As often happens, what worried us and is all a tangled mesh, is some way untangled in our sleep, the brain doing such work better than when our will holds its sway, now he saw clearly that an idle remark such as Charlotte had made was no true indication that either her heart or her loyalty was at fault.

In a few moments he heard her say, *apropos* of nothing: "Oh, Julia, do you know, I found five poor little half-frozen yellow chickens in the hen-house this morning; I missed Blackey and went searching behind some boards; there she was clucking and spreading her feathers trying to make herself so large that the chickens couldn't get outside her sheltering wings, but first one little downy thing and then another would run out and look for something to eat, they were so hungry."

"You'll have to watch them well if you keep them alive this March weather," Julia answered.

Quite far from chickens now, Charlotte said: "I must run home to our camp now; Jack will say, as he always does, my help in sugar making consists in eating the wax and talking."

"But wait till Fred wakens and I will go and sit with you for a little while," Julia answered.

"That's just it," Charlotte frankly said, "I do not want to be here when Fred wakens, he was very rude to me yesterday, and I am sure I heard him moving just now. Come as soon as you can though."

Before Julia could remonstrate she saw Charlotte climbing the two or three rails of a high fence that the snow had heaped itself against until it became a very convenient stile.

Frederick gave an unmistakable yawn at this juncture, and in rather a crumpled condition soon made his appearance. Then, as if he had but just wakened, this wily young man said: "Alone, Julia? I thought I heard voices."

"So you did," she said, "but Charlotte ran away when she heard you move; she said you had been rude to her."

Now, he had no idea of letting Julia know his feelings, but he wanted her assistance in helping him to see Charlotte soon, so he told her of his unfortunate interview the day before. Julia listened in silence, then offered the not very comforting remark: "Of course you were jealous of that Captain Headley, who was so attentive to Charlotte in Buffalo, or you would never have said that."

Oh, these women, these women, how they read what we think our unreadable secrets, and then declare them relentlessly, especially if the women are our sisters. Then, laughing, she added: "Don't look so apoplectic, Fred; a mole might have seen that anytime this winter when I told you what was in Charlotte's letters. Do you expect other men to wait, hat in hand, till you speak?" then a little more kindly, "But Charlotte is of a forgiving disposition, you know"; then she left him.

So he was as transparent as that, but then he had always loved her, and must have shown it often. He recalled just here how he, a boy of seven, had let the wee baby cling to his finger, and he had held his breath for fear she would let go; he had even allowed her to carry it to her mouth and mumble it with her little pink gums. But, though a "hose ungartered" might prove one a true lover, he felt that a head of tossed hair with bits of straw in it would not help the cause of a true lover, and, taking up the wooden basin, he got some water and proceeded to make his toilet.

Julia had left the sugar boiling at a critical moment, so that he had to busy himself with it for nearly an hour, then when that was finished the sap must be gathered. He placed a long bar of wood across his shoulders with a bucket suspended from either end, and went about his task. The snow was still deep in the hollows and on the northern slopes, and as he felt the wind in his face when he started out, he said: "When the wind is in the west the sap flows best," so that soon every thought but how to get the full sap-troughs safely emptied was driven out. "Just six trees more" was his glad thought when he came upon Julia and Charlotte having some last words, each standing on her own side of the fence.

Julia said: "You are gathering sap, I must run to the kettles." Then Frederick said: "Charlotte," she waited until he had taken Julia's place, and had begun: "I am"—all he would have said who can tell? But going close to him with some red-cupped moss, she interrupted, "See what pretty moss I found on an old pine log," then looking up with a soft friendly glance, "Jack is calling me, good-bye," and she was gone. Of course he felt as if a July sun was beating down on him, instead of a rather wintry wind chilling him, and making his nose uncommonly red, for the look and the saving him his confession of rudeness, gave him such glowing hopes. He thought it all the intuition of love; he did not remember that Julia and Charlotte had been together for some time that morning.

Important events followed each other in quick succession during the spring of 1812. The fact that soon war would be in their midst saddened the gayest. The wind kissed the pale anemones, their soft, downy, three-lobed leaves grew firm and brown, the dog-tooth violets hung out their yellow bells in the midst of their serpent-

spotted leaves, the blue-birds sang their shrillest, merriest notes, in the graceful elms, and the robins ran hither and thither; but Canadians, especially in the border villages, scarcely noticed these signs that all nature had awakened.

Frederick and Charlotte met often, but no more words of love were spoken than if they were in the presence of some dear dead one. Frederick gave the time that was not needed for ploughing the land and sowing the seed, to helping his father drill a company of militia they had been able to form. The men were armed with a non-descript collection of flint-locks, muskets, blunderbusses and their relatives in the gun family. When the Americans declared war in June, this company joined General Brock on his way to Detroit and shared in the bloodless victory there. But they shared too in the victory of Queenston Heights, that cost Canada its brave General and so many of her sons. In this, his first real conflict with the foe, Frederick, at the order to fire, discharged his gun wildly, and trembled so that he dropped the bullet on the ground; he stooped to pick it up; ammunition was precious; as he raised himself he saw Jack Grafton fall. Charlotte's eyes seemed to look at him from the stream of blood pouring over Jack's face, all fear vanished, a savage rage like that of a beast seized him; he longed to be able to hold the whole American army in his right hand and dash it to pieces on the rocks. He fought so fiercely and doggedly that he was almost taken prisoner when the Canadians wavered and fell back. When General Brock came up with reinforcements he charged with the fury of fifty men, he plunged his bayonet into an American soldier with such force that when his victim reeled backward over the cliff he had to let the bayonet and gun go, but seizing a sword from the hand of a dead man, he scarcely paused to draw breath.

His father was captain in the home company which he had entered as private. General Sheaffe made him an ensign, and he was invaluable to that officer when he was holding General Smythe with his thousands at bay with a few hundred men.

During this year the Staunton and Grafton farms had been neglected, though all who were left at home had done their best. Mr. Grafton, having hurt his ankle in the autumn when they had been clearing a field of stumps, was still lame, and could work only with difficulty. Mr. Staunton and Fred, having both gone to the war, the younger son, Henry, a boy of seventeen, was in charge. In both families, fortunately, they had negro women as servants. These women had escaped from their masters in the south some time before, and had had good homes and kind treatment for two years when the war broke out; that fidelity which Africans so often showed to their slave-masters, they now showed to their masters in freedom. They had worked hard in the cotton fields under burning southern skies, and so found the use of a sickle and a rake in a northern climate rather a pastime; but to Julia and Charlotte, who repeatedly helped to gather in the hay and the grain, it was hard work, and the remembrances of the March sugar-making seemed a dream of ease and happiness that could never come again. But though there was hard work and ceaseless anxiety, sorrow did not come until after that fateful thirteenth day of October. A man riding hard with despatches to York had stopped long enough to tell them of the victory, and their great loss in the death of General Brock; then bending forward, as if to examine a buckle in his horse's bridle, he added, "I scarcely know how to tell you, Mr. Grafton, but your son Jack was killed, too." Jack was dead. What did it mean? Of course men would be killed. But Jack dead? It was the mother who first seemed to comprehend the awful import of what had been told them, and who, in the words of the suffering king of old, cried out, "Oh, my son, my son, would God I had died for thee." Then the father said: "I must go and see if this be true," Charlotte, adding, "But, father, when your ankle is still so weak, how can you?" "My dear, I must," was all he could say.

In those days, when the road was often only a foot-path, or could only be recognized because the trees on each side were "blazed," a journey of but a few miles was attended by dangers such as we can scarcely realize to-day. A lurking Indian, a hungry bear, at any moment might crush out the existence of a wayfarer, as we brush away a buzzing mosquito. So when Charlotte said: "Mother, I do not know how to leave you here alone with Ruth Nancy, but ought I not to go with father, crippled as he is?" Her mother paused, then said, with dry, hard eyes and flushed cheeks:—

"That I should be alone does not matter, but shall two more go into danger, perhaps to death?" "If father goes must not I?"—her voice broke here, a strange, wailing cry from the kitchen told them that Ruth Nancy had heard the sad news, and had begun her chant for the dead. The mother's and sister's unnatural calm gave away at this; they sank into each other's arms; soon they heard Mr. Grafton's halting step, and tried to regain their composure.

A grey mask seemed to cover his face, his eyes looked beyond them as he asked, in a strained voice, "Charlotte, do you go too?"

"Yes, father?"

"The horses are waiting." With head and shoulders stooping he walked away; Charlotte soon joined him, and their lonely journey began. No word was spoken during the tortuous, wearying ride.

Their first intimation that they were drawing near to the battle-field was their encounter with some scouts, from

whom Mr. Grafton gained the information that they had buried the dead of Queenston Heights hastily, and many in one grave. Soon they came upon another group, from which Frederick Staunton quickly stepped toward them. When at last he could find voice he said: "Shall I show you where Jack is?" Without further remark they went to a huge elm that stood by itself; under it was a single mound. Mr. Grafton threw himself upon the grave, Charlotte leaning against her horse's neck, stood trembling and sobbing. The horse turned and touched her shoulder with his nose, a strange, loving enquiry in his dumb eyes. Mechanically she put up her hand and stroked him; Frederick at length ventured to take the slowly moving hand in his; he held it at first lightly, then more closely, saying a few comforting words that added to his sympathetic touch, gave such strength that Charlotte, who had felt her physical and mental powers deserting her, was able to go forward, and, kneeling beside the grave, to say, "father." At first there was no response, then slowly raising himself, "Yes, Charlotte," he answered, "we will go to your mother now."

We all dread companionship in the grave as well as solitude in life. Frederick, feeling this, had gone without sleep until he had been able, with his own hands, to give Jack a grave. He now tried to persuade Mr. Grafton to take food, but he refused in an almost repellant manner, and would scarcely tarry long enough for Charlotte to take a little pea-soup, the best the soldier-larder offered.

Soon they began their homeward journey, but Frederick, loath to say good-bye, walked beside Charlotte's horse for a short distance. Soon they came to a creek to be forded. He suggested that her saddle-girth should be tightened before attempting it. Mr. Grafton, having ridden to the edge of the stream, was sitting with bent head waiting till Charlotte should say she was ready. She stood watching Frederick examining and lingering over each buckle, till he said: "Shall I help you mount now?" She moved towards him, looked up, he leaned forward quickly then—their lips met in their first love kiss. He held her very closely for a moment, saying: "Mine forever, Charlotte, forever?" she answering, "forever." A moment more and they parted.

The cruel winter following afforded but little rest to the heroic colonists. We are filled with wonder over Leonidas at Thermopylae and Henry V. at Agincourt, forgetting our forefathers, who, without faltering, fought on, when the Americans numbered eighty to our three. The mother-land had to struggle against an all-conquering foe, and could ill-spare troops at that juncture.

When the spring of 1813 came, Mr. Grafton grew restless; after the grain had been sown, he said suddenly one night as Mrs. Grafton and Charlotte sat spinning flax by some blazing pine-knots heaped up in a wide-mouthed fire-place: "I must join the army now, Ruth Nancy is so strong she can do the work of a man, and I am needed there more than here."

"Three women alone?" was all Mrs. Grafton answered.

"I know, I know, but I see Jack beckoning me, always; I must go." And he went.

Their life went on, after this, for some weeks with wearying monotony. They worked hard from the earliest light of day till its latest beams, and were so tired that they sometimes fell asleep on their knees while praying for their country and their loved ones. One afternoon in June they were roughly wakened from any feeling of security that might have come to them, by the sudden appearance of a party of American soldiers, curtly asking for something to eat. They proved to be a small advance party of Colonel Boerstler's men; fortunately in command of Captain Headley, who, as soon as he recognized Charlotte, called his men sharply to order and making them fall back asked courteously for food for them. Ruth Nancy was furious at having to cook hoe-cakes and bacon for such "low-down trash," but when Charlotte made her understand that she must do this, or the house would be pillaged, she controlled her tongue but not the rattle of her "baking-kettle" and frying-pan. Captain Headley remembering that Charlotte had never seemed to be angered at the conversations at her uncle's when they had talked of the easy conquest Canada offered them, took for granted that their presence was not distasteful to the owners of the house. A few words Charlotte had accidentally overheard made her anxious to deepen this impression. She explained this to her mother and Ruth Nancy; the latter, by cunning questioning, and a good deal of graciousness, accompanied by some of her best culinary efforts, soon confirmed her young mistress' suspicion. As soon as Colonel Boerstler and the remaining troops had come up, they were to push on and surprise the British and Canadians at Beaver Dams. At nightfall the main forces had not come; so with the Captain and other officers in the house the men being accommodated in the barn, and with one or two sentinels carelessly posted, the household apparently went to rest. The three women had kept one room on the ground flat for themselves; when they retired for the night they did not light a candle, but sitting close together talked in low tones of the situation. Mr. Grafton, Mr. Staunton and Fred were all with Lieutenant Fitzgibbon, they must in some way warn them of the intended attack. But how? At length Charlotte said: "I have made every preparation, and I shall go, mother." "No, no, my child, my child, I cannot let you go."

"Yes, mother, you will, you know you will;" then she explained her plan, and fastening a belt about the home-spun linen gown she had put on, she thrust two pistols, which she knew well how to use, into the belt

beside a long hunting knife; she already had on thick boots, while close at hand was her dark cotton sun-bonnet which would conceal her face from any chance prying eyes.

The one window of the room opened away from the barn and the sentinels, a fence ran up close to it; by slipping along in its shadows she hoped to reach the woods unnoticed. She stood looking out of the low window, grasping her mother's hand, feeling that life could never be quite the same after taking that twenty miles' walk through the woods, yet she was in that exalted state in which one only half feels. Mrs. Grafton's agony at Jack's death was nothing to her suffering now. Ruth Nancy grovelled on the floor, sobbing and praying, burying her face in a pillow lest a sound should reach the enemy.

Very cautiously she crept out of the window, her heart beating so that there seemed the noise of a cataract in her ears. She gained the sheltering fence, then turned towards the house to see whether she had been observed; the sentinel came to the corner of the house. Was all lost? Shivering, crouching to the ground, she drew the hunting knife from her belt, feeling that if need be she would use it. The sweet June air whispered under the eaves, the calm moon looked down serenely. "All the air a solemn stillness held." The sentinel was looking attentively at the edge of the forest; then, apparently satisfied, he turned away. But Charlotte could not move: when she tried to rise her trembling knees refused to bear her; an awful horror came upon her. The sentinel soon appeared again, again listened, again scanned the woods; when once more he disappeared, her added fears seemed to give her strength, and in a moment she had reached the coveted shelter. On she ran, the moon showing her the familiar path. She had many tree-friends; these seemed to flash out upon her as she ran, and the recognition helped her. When she reached a large stone that marked the boundary of her father's farm, she stooped and listened. Not the slightest sound of pursuit came to her; then she walked quickly on, so swiftly and lightly that an occasional snapping of a dead branch under her foot was all that could be heard. Once the soft feathers of a large white owl brushed her in passing. Soon the way grew rougher, gnarled roots hindered her: she often tripped and fell, but she scarcely noticed that she had fallen. Far away she heard the howling of wolves; blackberry bushes snatched at her with their hooked thorns as if to stay her; twice, as she waded through the oozy slime and mud, a spotted snake, glistening in the moonlight, slipped from under her foot. About three o'clock an awful weariness came upon her, she shivered as if in an ague fit, her head reeled; stopping, she breathed long and full, clenching her hands and closing her eyes, while she gathered her waning powers for the few miles before her. In a tree near by a bird uttered a few broken notes, the sound of its voice as it seemed to comfort its nestlings, helped her; more slowly she went forward; just as a faint saffron and rose tint brightened the east, she saw a man walking in the narrow path before her; she sprang behind a large tree; as he had almost reached her hiding place she saw that it was her father.

"Father, father," she called, then sank on the ground sobbing wildly. He sprang to her, then raised her up, saying, "My darling, my daughter, your mother! what is it?" Soon she was able to tell him. Supporting her, they hurried to Lieutenant Fitzgibbon; her father had not been able to sleep at all, and had wandered some distance from the troops. In the confusion and preparation for battle, Frederick and Charlotte had only a few moments together, but those moments during the coming years were her life, for when the sun went down it shone on a victory nobly won through her warning, but on a victory that seemed the end of all things to her—Frederick was dead!

And how can man die better than facing fearful odds,
For the ashes of his fathers and the temple of his gods?

L. O. LOANE.

PARNELL'S CHARACTER, BY A FRIEND.

MR. LABOUCHERE, the editor and proprietor of *Truth*, has recently given a very remarkable account of Mr. Parnell. I subjoin a condensed summary with some explanatory comments. Mr. Labouchere, who is one of the members for Northampton, is also a leading proprietor of the *Daily News*, the principal organ of the Gladstonians, and the only London morning daily advocating Home Rule. He is a very wealthy man, and is regarded as the leader of the Radical extremists in Parliament, who probably form one-fourth of Mr. Gladstone's supporters. He has the reputation of being clever, but is sceptical and a scoffer. He is French on the mother's side, and, after the French manner, is fond of pungent, epigrammatic sayings, not sparing even his friends, and was once thrashed on the street by Lawson, of the *Daily Telegraph*, for having maligned the deceased father of the latter—a man who had been greatly respected. Like the elder Bennet of the *New York Herald*, on a similar occasion, Labouchere made circulation-capital out of the incident. He it was who was the author of the famous joke in reference to Mr. Gladstone's well-known observance of his religious duties—his passion for speculating in the cheapest political market, and failure to understand humour—that he always had several aces up his sleeve, and that when any of these opportunely came to hand, he solemnly believed that Divine Providence had placed them there.

Labouchere was on very friendly terms with Parnell, and was evidently more intimate with him than the

majority of even the leading Irish members. Although a firm ally and great friend of Parnell's, it is evident from his observations that he looked upon the Irish leader as a mysterious character; it is also clear that there is much to be read between the lines. Labouchere is a very fervid politician, and evidently throughout his article had in view to avoid injuring or compromising the cause of Home Rule or the Gladstonian party; yet he inadvertently reports one of Parnell's plans which corroborates the charge by the Unionists, that the latter contemplated the total separation of Ireland from the United Kingdom.

As many of Mr. Labouchere's statements are very trenchant, I add quotation marks in order to give his exact words, but space compels the omission of the major part of his incisive article:—

"It was a perfect passion with him to conceal his place of residence . . . the morbid secretiveness which was so strange a part in his character. . . . Parnell had O'Shea on the brain. . . . Everything that happened adversely he set down to the Captain. . . . He always fancied that he was being followed. Several times he has said when calling on me, 'I am sure that I have thrown them off.' There was on these occasions, to the best of my belief, none to throw off. With respect to the forged letters he said: (to Labouchere) 'It cannot be Pigott, because I know that it is O'Shea.'"

These facts show that what phrenologists call the organs of secretiveness and cautiousness were morbidly excited, and it is easy to understand the cause. At the divorce trial, O'Shea, to show his *bona fides*, proved that at one time he had challenged Parnell to fight a duel on the Continent, but that the latter would not accept the challenge; and that Mr. O'Shea's sister-in-law then persuaded him that there was no intrigue. In 1882, after he had in the House of Commons denounced the Phoenix Park murders, Parnell, through O'Shea, applied to Sir William Harcourt, the then Home Secretary, for police protection, and it was given during the time that he was staying at O'Shea's house—this fact was proved before the Parnell Commission. It is easy from what we know now to understand that for years Parnell was in continual dread of discovery, and also that Captain O'Shea might, in such an event, attempt his life. Of course, as an educated man, he knew that in one event happening, the law would hold the injured husband justified, and he had roused such strong feelings in England, and made so many enemies, that it was possible that O'Shea might at any time be put upon his guilty track. If a man firmly believes that he is always being followed by spies, it is certain that his mental equipoise is disturbed.

"During the Parnell Commission, O'Shea (in cross-examination) stated that he had once met another witness at some tavern in London. Parnell wanted his legal advisers to put detectives round (this house), but they thought it unnecessary. Night after night he hung round the public-house himself."

"Parnell never impressed me as a man of exceptional ability—he was destitute of all constructive ability, and his strength lay in his extreme tenacity of purpose. (It might have been added—and in the pliability of Mr. Gladstone.) He told me that he could only write the simplest letter with effort. He once showed me a letter that he contemplated sending to the *Times*—never in my life did I see more astonishing English, confused, ungrammatical, and passing comprehension. . . . One morning, whilst the O'Shea case was proceeding, he sat reading the report of the evidence, and said to me, 'My people will never believe all this.'"

There has always been a doubt in the minds of some who are in the habit of weighing evidence, as to the first of the alleged Parnell letters. Pigott, just before rushing into the presence of his Maker, stated that that one was genuine. The body of the letter was in a different handwriting to the signature. If it was a forgery—having regard to all the circumstances, the mortal offence given to the Invincibles by the denunciatory speech in the House of Commons, the necessity of placating men who might think that they had been made tools of and then betrayed, and who, by the application for police protection, were believed to be capable of attempting his life—the carefully-guarded wording of the letter—evidently every word had been weighed—the signature so appended as to be, by accident or design, easily detached from the body of the letter—all go to show that, if it was a forgery, it was the work of a man of genius. Pigott—an extreme patriot—was unprincipled and clever, but not a genius. In addition, for a long time Parnell refused to bring an action against the *Times*—but ultimately his hand was forced. It is clear from Labouchere's statement that Parnell, unaided, could not have drafted such a document, and there was no evidence to show that his secretary had. Probably we shall hear more upon the subject, and also what is the true explanation of statements made by others, that Parnell's resources were drawn upon to keep people silent upon some subject, the nature of which is not even hinted at.

"Parnell was in truth a Conservative and he had very little sympathy with Liberal aspirations. . . . he had a radical distrust of all mankind. . . . Once it was deemed desirable during the Parnell Commission to send a person to Paris and he asked me to find a man. I replied, 'Surely you might find him amongst your followers—do you think them all traitors?' " "No they are not traitors, but the only Irishman I know who can keep a secret is O'Kelly and he is away. They do not mean to tell but they cannot help talking."

This latter statement is corroborated by the following facts. Up till within the last few years there were in Continental Europe professional conspirators—mostly Poles—the stormy petrels of the political world—who contrived to be on hand when conspiracies were being planned; as for instance in the case of the French Communists in 1871. During one of the last organized attempts by the Fenians to raise insurrection, one of these foreign professional conspirators took an active part in organizing the affair, and about fifteen years ago he published his reminiscences. He states that such was the want of secrecy on the part of the Fenian leaders located in London, and so great was their talkativeness, that he at times almost doubted their sanity. Such a man must have been thoroughly aware of the immensity of the undertaking of his co-conspirators in seeking to overturn a Government, which, when not half so strong, had warred down Napoleon. It was only by a system of terror extending to taking life, that the American branch of the League preserved its secrets, and it was through the publicity given by Dr. Cronin—one of the conspirators—of how the American leaders had embezzled the funds, that led to his being murdered.

Returning to Labouchere's article: "His eyes were so shifty that they marred his face. . . . A selfish man Parnell certainly was, but he was good-naturedly selfish. If anyone stood in his way he would sacrifice him without a moment's hesitation, nor would he go greatly out of his way to serve a friend. . . . I suspect he never really forgave Gladstone for putting him in Kilmainham. . . . Physically he was no coward; but he had a morbid horror of imprisonment."

This statement as to the absence of fear is doubtful; for he refused to fight O'Shea, and was evidently for years in mortal dread of him; and such was his fear of assassination after he had denounced the Invincibles in May, 1882, that he applied for and procured police protection in London.

The *New York Nation* also states that he habitually carried firearms. This is so extremely rare in England that it is always regarded as evidence of a lack of courage or of incipient insanity.

"He had little belief in any party being actuated by principle" (according to the old proverb, 'he measured other people's corn with his own bushel'). "I said to him (re the Round Table Conference), Gladstone had announced that the Irish should sit in the Imperial Parliament. Parnell replied: 'It must be understood that I am no party to this,'—adding when pressed, 'It must be understood that I retain the right to move an amendment in Committee excluding them;' and after a silence, he added, 'I should carry it.' This corroborates his statement when in America (afterwards strenuously denied) and also the charge of the Unionists, that Parnell intended ultimately to sever Ireland from the United Kingdom; for he well knew if no Irish members sat in the Imperial Parliament that he could easily persuade Irishmen by reason of their being unrepresented that they had a great grievance and should consequently declare for total separation.

"Parnell was never mad (insane) in the ordinary sense of the word, but he was always so strange and peculiar that there must have been something exceptional in the stuff of which his brain was formed. He can hardly be deemed responsible for either his words or his actions during his last Irish campaign. About a week before his death he said to a friend: 'It will take several years to reconstitute my party, but I shall do it.' Parnell was a pleasant man when unbent, quiet, gentlemanly and courteous."

With reference to Labouchere's statement of Parnell's inclination to eccentricity, verging on abnormal brain-action, the *New York World* last December published some curious facts—written by one who had known the family—relative to his grandmother and her daughters. The grandmother was eccentric in appearance and in her general intercourse with others—her friends attributed this to the harsh treatment by her husband, Commodore Stewart, from whom she was separated. The daughters inherited their mother's peculiarities. The latter statement is corroborated by a letter appearing several years ago in the *London Spectator* from an Irish gentleman who knew the family. Parnell's mother, after her marriage, made herself disliked by the gentry of the neighbourhood—she reciprocated the feeling, and, as a result, brought up her children to hate England and the English. As the Irish gentry were proverbial for their hospitality and friendliness—especially towards the fair sex—it is certain that it was not their fault.

Parnell stated before a Committee of the House of Commons last year that the greater part of the soil of Ireland would, under a proper system of agriculture, produce about twice as much as at present. If the energy shown in the agitations of the last seventy years had been employed to increase the material well-being of the country, its present income would have been doubled. The following from "The Growth of Capital," by Mr. Robert Giffen, of the Board of Trade, indirectly shows how much has been lost by political agitations. Scotland in 1707—the date of the union between England and Scotland—was poorer than Ireland, yet reckoning all descriptions of property, it is at present richer than Ireland by \$2,562,000,000. Home Rule and civil war would make matters far worse. Persistent industry and law-abidingness, starting from lowlier beginnings, have made Scotland, with a less population and less opportunities, more than twice as wealthy as Ireland.

FAIRPLAY RADICAL.

THE RAMBLER.

AS year by year the influx of students in the Liberal Professions into our larger towns becomes startlingly obvious, the reflection occurs of itself to every thinking individual that, especially with regard to medicine, it seems a pity that so many are devoting themselves to its practice. Surely, if the poor, among whom are the greater number of afflicted, were to be thoroughly brought to understand the importance of hygienic and sanitary truths, there would be less call for so many doctors and surgeons of both sexes. Suppose our young women of leisure were to organize a kind of peripatetic and grown-up *crèche*, and as they walk from house to house, from street to street, advocating fresh air here, plenty of water there, a visit to the Dispensary, a timely appeal to the best doctor in the vicinity, make in reality the finest possible and practical use of their many powers. Call it a new kind of District Visiting, with authority back of the individual to enforce commands. Call it what you like—some such minute supervision as this would go far towards lessening the world of tribes of diseased suffering people, among whom ignorance and want of necessary leisure are so much to blame for their condition.

Well—this moralizing once a week doesn't do any good, only it occurred to me the other day that there was a great deal too much money paid for, and too much attention bestowed on—Chiffon. Male readers of THE WEEK, do you know what *Chiffon* is? I will enlighten you. It is a charming and diaphanous substance similar to *lisse* or tulle, made in different pale tints, such as cream, lilac, ivory, blue and so on. It is worn at the neck or at the wrists, and costs—the better kind—from seventy-five cents to one dollar, three dollars, five dollars a yard. There is no question as to its being becoming; the thing is, that it remains mere *Chiffon*. It is not lace, nor fine stuff, nor purple velvet, nor pure linen; neither is it jewels, nor fur, nor garniture exceeding rich, but which may pass down from one generation to another. No—it is only *Chiffon*—an article which, worn for a little while, is cast off and literally trampled and assailed under foot.

I went into a certain Yonge Street store quite recently—the very apotheosis of vulgar modern haste and triviality—and noted exactly fifty-five women at the *Chiffon* counter. Since I have been given away in these columns not so very long ago—with reference to my sex, I mean—I suppose I may as well confess that I, too, wandered to that Yonge Street pandemonium to buy some *Chiffon*. I fought my way to the counter and priced the coveted stuff, but retired without buying any. It looked so perishable, so fragile, so ephemeral, that I walked away—a trifle sadly, I own. But why should I spend money for that which is not—even *torchon* or imitation Valenciennes?

Now—I do not care to preach, but as I watched the fifty-five, feverishly inspecting the mass of *Chiffon* of different delicate hues, it seemed to flash upon me that it was sad, that it was foolish, that it was *wrong*. And I thought, too, how many, too many of us, were forever haunting the *Chiffon* counter of life, paying money for what is not bread, and giving out our precious strength in a struggle for some superfluous and trivial thing—excitement, sensation, hobby, what you will—instead of cultivating the things which make for importance to ourselves and others. *Chiffon*! Yonder winds the vast procession of humanity, and nearly every individual in it cultivates that dangerous taste for *Chiffon*. *Chiffon* at three dollars per yard—think of it! And the people—especially the working girls—will buy it—*Chiffon* holds the day. Literally, *Chiffon* means “rag,” *Chiffonné*, past participle, is “rumpled” or “crumpled,” and a *chiffonnier* is a rag-gatherer. These are of course the primary meanings; there are also secondary ones. But purveyors and consumers of *Chiffon*—do not forget that the word originally meant *rag*.

Did you ever meet anybody who was ready—in the sense of work done and commissions executed—for Christmas? I have never done so myself. The year, the working year, that is, opens warmly and languidly in September. Then pleasant October comes with still an occasional feel of summer in the air; then November steals along with a hint or two of snow, and you light fires and perhaps don furs, but still it seems very far from Christmas. Then, one bright morning, you write December 1 on your note of invitation, or your business cheque, and lo! in a few days Christmas will be upon you. It always comes as a great surprise. No one is ever completely ready for it. Things that you might, that you could, that you should have done weeks before are left to that one week, very likely to the day of Christmas Eve itself. The year has caved in with you, and your plans are all frustrated. You are inclined to blame the weather, your acquaintances, the pleasant season itself. You cannot understand “where the time has gone to” and what has become of the long autumn. You heave a sigh and say you will try to do better next year, and accordingly end in doing very little, leaving over until the following Christmas the things which should have been done ere this one. And when next year arrives Christmas comes in just the old way, as a genuine shock to the system, and you are just as unprepared for it. All this is very curious, but it is most true of many people. In the end they tire themselves to death rushing about all over town the first half of the holidays, finding it difficult to get exactly what they want, and pro-

bably dispirited the second half owing to the unsuitable and extravagant purchases they have made in a wilful hurry. Then, in the fuss of “remembering” the right people, what mistakes are made, and delicate feelings wounded, and sensibilities aroused, and so we make of Christmas a miserable, fretful, disappointing season, full of injuries to others as well as ourselves! I can only recommend a systematic planning in every direction long enough beforehand. It would be wiser in some cases not to give at all than to give with indiscretion, haste and obvious unwillingness. And I shall be glad when the custom of Christmas cards goes, as go it must. I have a wall-cabinet packed full of the useless things, which arrive year by year, are looked at, criticized and then relegated to limbo. We might manage Christmas better, I think.

I do not know why I am so melancholy this week. It may have been the Thanksgiving feast, or it may have been the result of a new book by a New Humourist, so called, or it may have been Ben-Hur. I saw Ben-Hur four times. The tableaux were capital and the dancing excellent. A little confusion of ideas was engendered by the appearance of young ladies called Gondoliers, who danced most charmingly to Sir Arthur Sullivan's music, but whom I do not recollect encountering in Lew Wallace's graphic tale of the “Days of the Messiah.” A still more curious anachronism was heard in the well-known tune of “Baby Bunting,” an old English music-hall melody evidently very familiar to the Grand Opera House gods. The incongruities of the musical accompaniment were indeed very marked, and as the rest of the performance was exceedingly well done, the management should look to it. Ben-Hur is, of course, a book intended to be taken seriously, which is more than one can say for the pantomimic representation of it, though, as to efficiency, there was no doubt. The dumb show was well managed, and the costumes quite entrancing. The Butterfly Queen executed a pretty *pas seul* worthy of many older *coryphées*. The noble proportions of Thord, the Northman, were gazed on in respectful awe. The March of the Amazons—that old and tried friend—appeared in a new guise; the drill of pale pink and green Naiads who, with hair arranged *à la Grecque*, demonstrated the versatility of Toronto young ladies. The Roman soldiers were so Roman and so very soldierly that it was quite a shock to encounter them afterwards, going home in the street-car with half the rouge and grease-paint still on their faces and their eyebrows as black and pointed as Lonnen's in “Faust Up To Date.” But Ben-Hur is evidently a drawing card, and the Management of the Infants' Home is doubtless well satisfied with the financial result of the hard week's work. The sale of the book must be greatly influenced, I should think, by such performances. It is a very noble and beautiful book, and Mr. Ebbels' rendering of the famous “Chariot Race,” supplemented by a striking and faithful tableau, was the culminating point of the performance, when the thoughts instinctively reverted to the author with gratitude and admiration. At least, mine did.

BY THE LOCH IN SCOTLAND.

A DULL grey loch, edged with brown shingle, thickly strewn with wreaths of sea-weed: dotted by white gulls, whose rapid movements give life and colouring to the autumn scene. Here and there the water is flecked with white foam and blown into eddies by the wind; beyond, and to seaward, are hills dark blue, sharply outlined on a pale background. Hills, with clefts of a bright grass green, and ravines thickly studded by firs, with shielings far up on the mountain sides, white walls surrounded by brown enclosures.

Wreaths of fleecy clouds veil the summits of the hills, shifting continuously with the wind, disclosing now and then a flock of sheep feeding, widely scattered all along the range. Suddenly a new sight burst upon the eye as sunlight glances on the scene, hill beyond hill, rugged and scarred, bright red, veiled in a mist of blue. Stretching away, far down to Loch Toyle (where once dwelt Lord Ullin's daughter), velvet-like in texture is the colouring on this late autumn afternoon. On the lowest spur but one a shepherd's cot rises, lonely, isolated, in dim distance, before which, glancing away over the Loch, children's forms and coloured lines are seen. Many such cottages are scattered hereabouts, appearing at widest of intervals, whose perpetual solitude is enlivened only by the sea gulls and passing steamers. Here and there coppices fringe the borders of the Loch on the nearest side of the narrow pass, where black-faced sheep and red Highland cattle are picking up the scantiest of livings. Brown bracken, russet-like in colouring in the open, yields to bright gold in hidden glades; brambles and mosses, rushes and blackberries, all of them have taken autumn shades. Now and again a keen-eyed Scotch collie starts from among the dying leaves, disclosing, perhaps, the merest shelter, hidden hitherto from the human eye, whence flocks are watched and cared for and tended on through severest winter weather—weather in which the small yard below holds all that is left of mountain sheep: and the biggest herds have steamed away southward, waiting till winter days and storms are over.

But now the Loch beams out again in sunlight, which changes all the shades of neighbouring hills, liquid blue for a moment gleams the loch, azure blue the hills—a symphony for the pencil say of a Graham, such as you

and I have often seen, which he has drawn for us, and our eyes now see again as in a well remembered picture. Now a steamer passes, belching black smoke and blotting out all the mountain side: its red funnel gleaming, its small band playing old and pathetic Scotch airs. White gulls follow afore and aft of the swiftly advancing Loch steamer, which, by the bye, sends big waves curling and leaping against each inch and rock, leaving behind it a long white line, a track, road-like in directness; whistling and screaming as it passes, echoes, disturbing the silence of the grey crags—rousing, perhaps, flocks of small birds, bringing out the inmates of lowly shielings: for an instant civilization is within measurable distance. Then again the scene sinks to rest, the shepherds trudge their weary way homeward; the last of the season, the steamers now over; nature reassumes her grim solitude, only to be disturbed at distant intervals by the passage of a traveller through the pass, or by the receipt and despatch of letters, fetched and carried many a mile. Letters which perhaps tell of Highlanders working out their lives in the far West, whose ruined cottages speak volumes of the rapid depopulation of the western Highlands, whose lives are lived out far apart in solitude as great almost as this, and whose letters teem with reminiscence of the old home by the Loch.

And “Argyll's Bowling Green” towers above, gaunt, huge, rugged in its beauty, unconquered by the hand of time, stern in beauty and magnificence, golden in russets, wreathed into blue mists; now overspread by thin clouds, its summits appearing often above them, with golden tints indescribable. The sky is gilded as the sun sinks behind them, and far away over the western seas, throwing tints innumerable, indescribable, over hill-side, moor and loch stretches an outline of highest peaks, visible only at sunset, obscured sometimes for days and weeks by rolling clouds and heavy winds. Showing wide areas where grazing is not and foxes and rabbits have their homes: where eagles build and the hardiest tourist does not care to roam or climb.

Summits which will soon be melted into snow crests; when the grey Loch takes on another colouring, and winter storms sweep up with huge gusts, and the shepherd's life is grim earnest. But now, as night falls and day decreases, nothing is visible but dark blue; hills, loch side, valley, pass, all are wrapped in its varying hue; stars come out one by one; the moon rises over the scene; soft silver touches guild the loch side, nature is at rest. The moon rising like a red ball puts an end to the day's wandering: in daylight, in moonlight, storm and sunshine, nothing is more beautiful to Scottish eyes than “the Loch.”

E. K. PEIRCE.

CORRESPONDENCE.

WHAT THE N. P. HAS DONE FOR CANADA.

Notwithstanding they would not hear, but hardened their necks, like to the neck of their fathers, etc.—2 Kings xviii. 14.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—If you are not already too tired of the little controversy on Free Trade and Protection, conducted between Mr. Sutherland and myself through the columns of your much esteemed paper, I would like to submit a few remarks on the above subject, with the view of replying a little more fully to my opponent on this vexed question.

I am sorry that Mr. Sutherland chafes under friendly criticism, and I hereby apologize to him for the “misfortune” I have heaped upon him in having “adversely criticized” his article entitled: “How Free Trade with the World would benefit Canada,” but perhaps he may pardon me if I can furnish him some satisfactory reasons for doing so, which are, that I had some hopes of relieving his mind of some erroneous and misleading views, or else, if I were mistaken, to invite a little information even though I be “adversely criticized” in receiving it. Moreover, let Mr. Sutherland consider that those who draw the sword are liable to perish with the sword. Let me, also, pause to thank Mr. Sutherland for the compliments he has bestowed upon me in such a public way, as to my “shrewdness” in putting a little different interpretation on his words.

Now with regard to the statement: “When Great Britain adopted a Free Trade Policy,” etc., which Mr. Sutherland cites as an example of those of mine which are open to direct criticism, I would say that, broadly considered, I think it would not be far from the truth, because, although at the exact time when Great Britain adopted a Free Trade policy (after having got all possible benefit from Protection), she had hostile tariffs to deal with; she had comparatively free markets to deal in previously, which were much nearer home than those she now has, and until some other countries, notably the United States, had built up their manufactories by Protection, she could successfully compete with them even on their own ground, within their borders, in spite of the wall of “Protection” erected by shrewd statesmen. But now the scene is changed; some foreign manufactories are about matured, and look at Great Britain sending her wares thousands of miles away to find a profitable market for them in India, China, Japan, etc. Witness also the competition she is meeting with from other nations whose manufactories have been stimulated and whose trades have been extended and are being extended by Protection.

Great Britain thrived under Protection up to a certain point. The United States has brought herself to the

front by Protection; other countries have practically "acknowledged the corn" to their advantage, and lastly, but not least, Young Canada rejoices under a protective tariff.

I think it is clear that if other countries had not protected their manufactures that Great Britain, on account of her peculiar situation, would be doing a good deal of their manufacturing for them to her advantage and to their loss. Now that I have given examples (which could be multiplied) of countries that have benefited by vigorous Protection, I ask Mr. Sutherland to offset these by a single example, either ancient or modern, in which a country has been able to compete under a Free Trade policy with other countries, equally gifted by nature, but which protected themselves. What would Mr. Sutherland think of the plan of allowing a child to grow up just as nature directed, instead of studying its disposition, respecting and cultivating its tastes, and, in a word, measuring its capabilities, with the view of educating and training it for its future career, and that it might be able to successfully compete with those who have had such advantages?

Of course it would be folly for a small country, such as Canada now is, to adopt a protective policy if other countries with the same natural advantages were to freely throw their markets open, because trade would be thereby diverted from her as long as these other countries could furnish food and other raw material to over-populated countries like Great Britain, and we have not population enough to consume the products so bountifully furnished by nature. I must also allow that immediate but temporary benefits would accrue to certain people by tearing down the wall of Protection so carefully erected around the country, but I think the country would, as a whole, suffer, for the advantages arising would not offset the disadvantages and loss sustained.

Another point—What is the use of teaching the sciences and arts in our schools if the hand of Protection does not afford liberal opportunities whereby they may be practically applied in, and for the benefit of, our own country?

But now let us see what the principle of Protection has actually done for Canada as it is embodied in the N. P., but I wish it to be understood that my remarks are to take only a general view of the subject, as I do not propose dipping into dry and never-ending details and statistics. The N. P., then, as I understand it, is based upon the facts that Canada is a young and growing country with great natural resources to be developed, vast territories to be settled, an ambitious and energetic race of people to be furnished with suitable and varied employments, and to be educated, trained and cultivated in keeping with the great future before them, and upon this broad and solid foundation is constructed the framework of the National Policy, which is somewhat as follows: That home manufactures should be encouraged; a desirable class of foreigners induced to settle in the country; our people properly educated; profitable trade relations with foreign countries established, and a consistent loyalty to the Mother Country maintained. That this policy and the means for bringing it into practical operation have been fairly successful, and would be more successful if duly regarded, I think I am prepared to show. For if anyone doubts it, let him consider the numerous branches of foreign manufactures and wholesale houses that have been compelled to settle in this country; behold the marvellous growth of many of our cities and towns; see the backbone that has been constructed from Halifax to Vancouver; think of our well-fed, well-clothed, and comparatively well-educated people, and witness the internal commerce of the colony.

Now, sir, I think our great trouble here with regard to this issue is the extreme and selfish partisanship manifested. It is the root of most of our political evil. The N. P. is the voice of the country expressed over and over again; it has come to stay; then let us, as a people, honour it. There are some people who seem to get hold of an idea and cling to it with the regardless tenacity of a bulldog, and when the consequences result, which they themselves have helped to bring about, they exclaim "ah, ha! ah, ha! I told you so!" Listen to them jeering at the result of our last census-taking. How can the boat make good progress with a large minority pulling against the majority, who are trying to row in an opposite direction?

If the Government tree needs pruning, as it certainly does from time to time, let the people prune it that it may bring forth better fruit. It pays better to prune an old and reliable tree rather than spend time and money in trying to grow a new tree whose fruit would be, to say the least, doubtful. I have no personal interest in trying to maintain a duty on foreign goods coming into Canada. I am open to conviction, but, unless some one is able and willing to show me that I am mistaken, I am bound to the conclusion that the views I hold are sound.

C. H. CHURCH.

Merrickville, Ont., Nov. 9, 1891.

P.S.—Dr. Church, of Merrickville, is not the author of these letters, as has been stated by several papers that copied my first article.

C. H. C.

THE common problem—yours, mine—everyone's—
Is not to fancy what were fair in life,
Provided it could be, but, finding first
What may be, then find how to make it fair.

—Robert Browning.

SANCTIFIED SOLITUDE.

A LONELY walk across a sun-bronzed wold,
Among sparse bushes of gold blooming furz;
Upon the wind the sound of Ocean's surge,
In which the voice of Sadness chants a dirge;
White-feathered sea-fowl wheeling round the spurs
Of jutting cliffs, precipitously bold.
Aslant the bald and rugged foreland crags,
A flash of sun-light, brightening their cold dun;
Seaward, a million-fathom stretch of blue,
Profound, as if the warder of a clue
To all of Nature's secrets, who would shun
Approaching Science, that so ruthless drags
Internal things to daylight, thus to find
The knowledge in them hidden from mankind.

Reclining on the cliffs, to dream and gaze
In endless space, through sunset's glimmered shade;
To feel the pulsings of Infinity
O'erwhelm the soul with awful mystery,
And—nothing hampered with a world of trade—
Emerge, enfranchised from chaotic maze
Of thought, and rise with Intuition's wings
To grand conceptions of the Universe,
Of its Creator and His kind intent,
The end of suffering—for what good 'twas meant,
Man's destiny, the better and the worse
Of him, his circumstances, and all things;
Then, in a reverie, to homeward move,
Convinced of that sweet truth that "God is Love."

WILLIAM T. JAMES.

THE INSCRIPTIONS OF THE YENISEI.*

THE Archaeological Society of Finland, with commendable enterprise, has taken upon itself the task of thoroughly exploring what may be called almost an unwrought mine of scientific treasure. This lies not within the area of Finland itself, rich as that country is in its traditions of the aboriginal Kalewala, which served Longfellow as the model of his "Hiawatha," in its records and relics of ancient political and commercial relations with the Scandinavians, in its traces of lost magical arts, and in its extensive prehistoric remains; the Society, seeking for the material of more definite history than all these can afford, sent its expeditions far afield into the great land of Siberia. At least three expeditions have been undertaken in charge of Mr. Aspelin, the State archaeologist, and the results of two of these are set forth in the work here referred to. One naturally asks, what archaeological finds of special import pertain to that Asiatic Canada, with the general features of which readers have been made familiar through the writings of Erman and Malte Brun, of Atkinson and Kennan? Siberia, and, in particular, the large region watered by the Yenisei and its affluents, was once the seat of a northern civilization, attested by innumerable sepulchral mounds, which the wandering tribes, during many centuries, have robbed of the implements and ornaments in bronze, silver and gold, in jade and precious stones that were buried with the long-forgotten dead. Atkinson has portrayed the larger tumuli and the gigantic megalithic monuments of the country. Russian explorers have found in it a seat of religion, witnessed by hewn stones engraved with Buddhist emblems, and by exhumed images of the Light of Asia. But more important than all of these are the carved stones bearing upon their faces and sides lines of unmistakable written characters, genuine records of the past, of lesser antiquity indeed than the lats of India, the cuneiform inscriptions of western Asia and the hieroglyphics of Egypt, but worthy of a place beside them in the story of the world's history. It was the naturalist, Messerschmidt, sent on a journey of exploration by that volcanic upheaver of old world barbarism, Peter the Great, who, in 1721, found, on a tributary of the Abakan, a stone sixteen feet high, covered with what he termed runic letters; and, in 1730, his companion, Strahlenberg, narrated the fact to a little attentive scientific public. He who would become familiar with the history of discovery should read Mr. Aspelin's introduction, setting forth the names and the work of the explorers down to the present day, and the conjectures of scholars of note as to the origin of the mysterious characters. Some forty inscriptions of varying length have been already found, and of these Mr. Aspelin furnishes thirty-two. "Inscriptions de l'Jénissei" is a folio, admirably printed, containing seventeen pages of letter-press introduction, with fifteen illustrative engravings, thirty-four pages of inscriptions, and eight well executed photographs of the more important stones. The expeditions of which it gives the results were undertaken by the Archaeological Society of Finland, with the aid of private beneficence and of learned societies, no less than of the Imperial Government of Russia; and the Government of Finland provided for the expense of publication. As its title indicates, it is written in French, so as to be generally available. The work is hardly procurable by private individuals, but the librarians of our public institutions may expect a favourable answer to applications addressed to the editor in charge, Professor O. Donner, Société finlandaise d'Archéologie, Helsingfors.

* Inscriptions de l'Jénissei, recueillies et publiées par la Société finlandaise d'Archéologie, Helsingfors. 1891.

ART NOTES.

MR. MCGILLIVRAY KNOWLES will offer for sale at Mr. Lydon's auction room, on Friday, the 20th inst., one of the finest collections of Canadian water-colour paintings that has been presented for purchase in our city.

CHARLES CHAPLIN was born at Andely in the department of Eure, on June 8th, 1825. His father, from whom he inherited his physique, his tall stature, and his quizzical blue eyes, was English, while his mother, who more than probably transmitted his daintiness of touch and perception and Gallic warmth of temperament, was a native of the soil. In addition to these parental endowments, it would seem that he received but little, for at the age of fourteen we find him already learning the rude lesson of life in the French capital. To his birthplace, Andely, he afterwards returned, drawing and etching some of his most beautiful and tragic landscapes in his wanderings; but it was in Paris, in the atelier Drolling, that he first felt his feet, and in the École des Beaux Arts that he failed only to take the *Prix de Rome* for the reason that he was disqualified as a foreigner. A foreigner! The keynote of all Charles Chaplin's sufferings lay here. Neglected in his own country, even to the day of his death, he was a stranger in the country of his adoption insomuch as the coveted *Prix de Rome* was denied him as a boy, even as a seat in the Institute was denied him in his ripe middle age. Forced to exhibit in the English section of the exhibitions, and decorated only as a "stranger," he yet found his art practically ostracized on this side of the Channel. "Mes œuvres ne sont pas faites pour un pays aussi vertueux," he wrote bitterly on hearing that a small water-colour of his had found its way to a London gallery. The chilling Philistinism of the English mind in general would seem at moments to have made him doubt even his English friends, for two months later he wrote: "Si plus tard vous vous souvenez encore de moi et de mon nom, vous prierez les puissances invisibles qui dirigent le monde de jeter un peu de rosée sur le pauvre malheureux desséché qui se dit votre maître. Strange words coming from the mouth of one of the most envied men in all Paris! Strange words on the lips of a man whose art had brought him ample fortune, and more than fortune—fame. Hardship might have been his nurse, and an excellent nurse he declared her to be, but these lines were written when the great ladies of the Faubourg St. Germain had been pleased to make him a vogue, when fashion had brought him so much work that he could both choose and refuse sitters.—*Magazine of Art for November.*

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

THE GRAND.

"THE Infants' Home" sustentation fund has been considerably augmented through the assiduous efforts of quite an army of Toronto's tenderlings, whose gratuitous services during the past week at no less than eight performances, representing Lew Wallace's strangely weird "Ben Hur" in scenic pantomime, have completely filled the Grand Opera House, in aid of the above necessitous charity. Too much praise could not very well be bestowed upon the untiring efforts of the home management, amongst whom it may not be considered invidious to mention the names of Mesdames Bendelari and Drayton. On these ladies chiefly devolved the maintenance of order and discipline. Surely they, and all associated with them, have reaped a just reward, and the poor little infants, timely succour. It may be in order to express a hope that success as an amateur will not tempt any of the associated performers out of their present useful sphere into the trying experiences of the already inflated army of professional Thespians. During the first three nights of this week we have listened with delight to the Duff Opera Company in "The Queen's Mate" and "Paola," with the youngest, and, it is said, the handsomest prima donna in America, Miss Helen Bertram, in the leading rôles. This young aspirant for lyrical honours is a good singer and a very clever actress. The company is exceptionally strong in both numbers and *matériel*, the chorus alone numbering sixty voices. Crowded houses of course resulted. Thursday, Friday, Saturday, and *matinée*, Augustin Daly's fine comedy company will hold the boards at this house, in "The Last Word." Mr. Daly's well-established reputation should draw crowds to witness his latest creation, from the Lyceum Theatre, London, England.

Next week we are promised "Old Jed Prouty," a home drama, the action being located in Maine. The originals of the old throat-whiskered tax-gatherer and the tall lank teamster are to be found in any of the roads leading in and out of Bucksport. Richard Golden employs more skill in these characters than Denman Thompson or John Owens; he makes up the character to the life. Mr. Golden will appear Monday, November 23.

THE ACADEMY.

"LITTLE PUCK," a comedy introducing Mr. Frank Daniels and his extensive company, including a new English comedienne, Miss Sanson, will furnish funny, farinaceous food, forcing the frequenters of the Academy to "laugh and grow fat," during the latter half of this week, including Saturday *matinée*, at which "A Dead Shot"

and "The Attorney" will be presented. Next week a drama entitled "Kidnapped" will no doubt follow up its rather strange title by gathering in the lovers of stage wonderments, catching both old and young "napping." The play is by a well-known playwright, and should prove effective here as it has in America, in drawing large attendances.

THE TORONTO.

CORINNE in "Carmen up to Date," has made glad the hearts of thousands, including the management of the Toronto Opera House, by her truly captivating, winning ways, and seconded by a good all-round company, during the whole of last week, attracting many of Toronto's most highly respectable residents.

This week "The Dark Secret," introducing the famous spectacular aquatic scene, depicting the regatta at Henley-on-Thames, is attracting large audiences.

The week beginning November 23 will bring Mr. Pat. Rooney in the Irish comedy drama "Lord Rooney," its first production in Toronto, when little Mattie Rooney, the phenomenal child comedienne, will also make her appearance:

And blest forever is she who relied
Upon Erin's honour and Erin's pride.

Poor Tom Moore. Would that his poem sermons were more deeply felt to-day!

THE AUDITORIUM.

ON Thursday evening, November 26, Sir Edwin Arnold, one of England's accomplished *litterati*, will visit Toronto *en route*, being engaged by an American bureau to deliver a course of lectures and readings through the United States and Canada. The readings are chiefly selected from his own writings, and should prove attractive and instructive to all students of literature, more especially to the literary aspirants of our universities and colleges.

MASCAGNI's new opera, "Friend Fritz," has just been produced at Rome with pronounced success, the composer having been called before the curtain no less than thirty-five times. (The curtain-raisers might fairly demand tips for trouble, one might assume.) A flower song for soprano brought the audience to their feet. A lovely air for violin, a duet for tenor and soprano, song for tenor, and an oboe solo, with original and perfect orchestral setting, are the most striking features. The following is the home-spun story: *Fritz* is a rich bachelor, forty years of age, averse to marriage and inclined to a merry life. He is a confirmed woman-hater, and ridicules the advice of his friends to marry. The *Rabbi* is a professional match-maker, and vainly seeks to induce his friend *Fritz* to take a wife. *Fritz* finally makes a wager with the *Rabbi*, pledging his vineyard that he will never marry. During a visit to the country he meets *Suzel*, the young, sprightly and beautiful daughter of one of his tenants, and in spite of himself falls in love with her. The *Rabbi* stimulates his passion by telling him that *Suzel* has many admirers and has received fine offers. Provoked at the position he finds himself in, and enraged with jealousy, he attempts to leave *Suzel*; but she, already deeply in love with him, weeps bitterly over his threatened departure. *Fritz* is conquered, and asks her to be his bride. The *Rabbi* wins his bet, and all ends with a country dance and a song. The scene is laid in Alsace, and the action takes place in the first act at *Fritz's* house, in the second at *Suzel's* farm and returns in the third act to *Fritz's* home.

PADEREWSKI, the new bright star in the Polish pianistic firmament, is described as being strikingly fascinating in appearance. Tall, thin, pale, dignified, with an uncanny-looking shock of wavy, reddish-blond hair, which almost envelops his head; modest, quiet and dreamy at the piano, but devoid of affectation. Fine execution, brilliant technique, clear, crisp tone and astonishingly powerful. He created a genuine sensation in New York at his first recital November 17.

CONCERT-LECTURE POSTPONED.

THE concert-lecture announced for Thursday, November 26, in aid of the Children's Aid Society, by Mr. W. Edgar Buck, is unavoidably postponed through sickness and other causes to Wednesday, December 2, in Association Hall. All tickets purchased will be available for that date. Plan at Nordheimer's, November 26.

MR. BOSCOVITZ'S RECITAL.

THE piano recital with *au courant* remarks by Mr. Boscovitz drew a large and fashionable audience to the hall of the Educational Department last Monday evening. Mr. Boscovitz illustrated on a spinnet and on the piano-forte a variety of compositions from William Byrd in the sixteenth century, down to Chopin and Liszt. All were played in a masterly manner, evincing a deep study of his subject, and a thorough knowledge of a great variety of styles.

TORONTO COLLEGE OF MUSIC.

THE students' Saturday recitals at this institution are always of an interesting character, and have been most successful in promoting the artistic development of its students. The recital of last Saturday brought forward students of talent in the organ department. The exacting numbers by Bach, Mendelssohn, Batiste, were played by Miss Clarke, Mrs. Weekes Church and Mr. Burden in a manner that would do credit to professional musicians. The constant and vigilant supervision of Mr. Torrington, the director, together with the faithful efforts of the teaching staff of the college are being rewarded by the widening fame and ever-increasing usefulness of this school of music.

It is satisfactory to find that Lieutenant Dan Godfrey, who is sixty and consequently has arrived at the time for retiring, will remain bandmaster of the Grenadier Guards for another five years. The experience of an artist of such varied and extensive knowledge may well be utilized as long as possible. Lieutenant Dan Godfrey's extension of service-time must further be taken as a distinct official recognition of his abilities and merits.

THE following paragraph voices the best opinion of the progressive vocal and elocutionary professors of the day in its bearing on vocal and elocutionary culture. We further hold that there should be attached to the staff of every university college and educational establishment, a professor of vocal physiology: "The London *Musical Times* says that a special professorship for the physiology and hygiene of the vocal organs has just been established in connection with the Paris Conservatoire, and Dr. Gougenheim, for several years medical attendant at the Conservatoire, has been appointed to the chair."

A UNIQUE performance marked the closing of the German Exhibition in London. The final concert was appropriately closed by a performance of "Die Wacht am Rhein," by the combined forces of the chorus and orchestra under the conductorship of Mr. Bonawitz. Scarcely, however, had the German National song been commenced, when "les amis de la France" started the "Marseillaise," carefully timing their entry with the beat of the conductor. The latter tune being quickly taken up by the rest of the audience, the two melodies were given forth simultaneously, with of course considerable rivalry of lung power.

WAGNER reached Paris in September, 1859, and was met by an incident of happy augury, which Victorien Sardou relates. At that time an amateur poet-musician named Roche was on duty at the railway station as a customs officer, and one day had his attention drawn to a lively dispute. He found a German in a condition of great annoyance at the formalities observed. Roche intervened, and, on learning that the stranger's name was Wagner, very politely tendered assistance, and saw the irate visitor through his trouble. On receiving Wagner's thanks, Roche observed: "I am only too happy to have obliged a great artist." "You know me then!" cried Wagner. In response, Roche hummed a melody or two from "Tannhäuser" and "Lohengrin." "Ah!" exclaimed the delighted composer, "this is a fortunate presage, the first Parisian I meet knows and appreciates my works," and taking some pieces of music from his portmanteau, he presented them, with an inscription, to the equally pleased *douanier*.

CECILIA's ancient soothing system of healing the sick by music has had a success as marked as unexpected. The success of the late experiments have been indorsed by even the *British Medical Journal*, which says: "So far, the virtue has been tested chiefly in cases of insomnia; and it must, we think, be admitted with decidedly satisfactory effect. That a whole ward full of patients should have been soothed to slumber by a lullaby, that even the medical man who watched the proceedings should have felt it hard to keep awake, are striking testimonies to the soporific power of the performance. The results would doubtless have been better but for the disturbing influence of one or two accidents, and we congratulate Canon Harford and his devoted band of fellow-workmen on the success they have achieved, hoping that they will be encouraged to push their musico-therapeutical conquests still further. The medical profession would hail with satisfaction anything that promised to deliver the victims of insomnia from the dangers and degrading thralldom of morphia, chloral and the whole catalogue of drowsy syrups."

THE *Musical News* thus speaks of Sir Villiers Stanford's new oratorio, "Eden," at the recent Birmingham Festival: The effect of the first act, with its entrancing orchestration and its majestic themes allotted to six soli voices and the upper sections of the chorus, the deftly interwoven ancient plain-song, clever though it all was, paled before the lurid picture of the wonderfully scored second act, the change being as sudden as turning from a Botticelli to a painting of Wiertz. The third act rises to still higher power, the difficulties of the Temptation and Fall scenes being victoriously grappled with. The scene of the repentance, however, would be improved by compression. In Adam's Vision the composer's imagination soars still loftily, the terrific dream of war with the ensuing grandiose Poem, the frightful description of plague, famine and disease, then, in blissful contrast, the Vision of Good, give the composer plentiful opportunity for displaying his versatility. The restful sentences of the Vox Christi fittingly close a work of remarkable cleverness and great originality. Miss Anna Williams splendidly interpreted the parts assigned her, and Messrs. Lloyd and Henschel were at their very best. The other soloists were most capable; and probably no chorus ever sang better at a first production of an important work. The Festival has netted five thousand pounds.

WE all have to learn in one way or another that neither men nor boys get *second* chances in this world. We all get *new* chances till the end of our lives, but not *second* chances in the same set of circumstances; and the great difference between one person and another is, how he takes hold of and uses his first chance, and he takes his fall if it is scored against him.—*Thomas Hughes*.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

DICTIONARY OF NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY. Edited by Sidney Lee. Vol. XXVII. Hindmarsh-Hovenden. New York: Macmillan and Company; London: Smith, Elder and Company; Toronto: Williamson and Company. 1891. Price \$3.75.

It cannot be without regret that the readers of this great work miss from the title page of the present volume the name of the original editor, Mr. Leslie Stephen. Our readers are aware that for some years the health of Mr. Stephen has rendered necessary the collaboration of Mr. Sidney Lee in the editing of the Dictionary. Now Mr. Stephen's name no longer appears as joint editor. It is probable that the work has for some time been substantially done by Mr. Lee; and it is quite intelligible that Mr. Stephen should decline to share either honour or responsibility where he has no share in the work. However this may be, we are able to congratulate the public on the fact that the new volume of the Dictionary quite sustains the place which its predecessors have won in regard to fulness and accuracy.

An early name in this volume is that of a bishop from whom great things were once expected and who is now almost forgotten, Dr. Samuel Hinds, of Norwich, "a man of learning, ability, and engaging character." Shortly after come the Hinton—John Howard, the father, once highly esteemed among English Nonconformists, and his son, James, a man of many thoughts, chiefly good, yet some bad and others indifferent. Passing on we come to Bishop Hoadly, to whom and to the Bangorian controversy the learned and competent Mr. Perry gives a lengthy and interesting article. Perhaps we might say that the interest of Hoadly's life consists principally in his having had such antagonists as Swift, Atterbury and William Law. Among the Hoares we find William Henry, the clergyman, but not his more illustrious cousin, Henry Hoare, the banker, who was one of the instruments in the revival of the English convocation, and a principal contributor to the building of St. John's College Chapel, Cambridge. Passing over a number of Hobarts we come upon one of the great names in the volume, Thomas Hobbes, philosopher, author of the "Leviathan." This article, by Mr. Leslie Stephen, who, in ceasing to edit, continues to contribute, is in all respects excellent. We really learn here all about Hobbes that we need to know, and have ample references to his works. Hobbes' "remedy" for the evils of his age was "the entire subordination of the ecclesiastical to the secular authority—a theory which made the religion of a state dependent upon its secular sovereign, and therefore not derivable either from churches or philosophers, and shocked equally the rationalists and the orthodox. It is disputable how far Hobbes carried his own scepticism; he ostensibly accepted the creed of the national church, but in virtue of obedience to the law. He argues from texts as confidently as a puritan, but, besides twisting them to strange uses, incidentally suggests many of the leading criticisms urged by later rationalists." This is very good, and so is what follows. Mr. Stephen properly points out that one of the leading characteristics of Hobbes was his intellectual arrogance.

Passing over John Cam Hobhouse, Lord Broughton, no unimportant personage, a good many Hodgins and Hodgkings and Hodgsons, we come to the Hodsons, and pause at the name of William Stephen Haikes Hodson (1821-1858), the commander of Hodson's Horse. It is a comparatively brief memoir, but it is executed with care, and with due regard to the facts; and those who hold in honoured remembrance that brave soldier will be glad to learn that his memory is here substantially cleared of reproach. One of the best articles in the volume is that on Hogarth by Mr. Austin Dobson, occupying no fewer than twenty-nine columns. All the information that can possibly be wanted is here supplied, whilst the estimate of the painter's genius is well considered and just.

Close upon Hogarth follows Hogg, the Etrick Shepherd, the author of "The Queen's Wake," and the hero of the "Noctes Ambrosianae." Hogg was a favourite with his great contemporaries, Scott, Wordsworth, Southey and Wilson, and will never be forgotten in his native land. Holbein, who may rightly claim a place among Englishmen, although he was born at Augsburg, receives able treatment at the hands of Mr. Lionel Cust. Passing over many noteworthy names we come to an excellent sketch of Holinshed or Hollingshead, the chronicler, by the editor. A large number of Henry Hollands are commemorated, adorning all kinds of professions, winding up with Sydney Smith's son-in-law. Among the Holloways is quite properly found a place for the proprietor of the famous pills. Home, the author of the once famous play of "Douglas," receives very careful and favourable treatment at the hand of Mr. Francis Espinasse.

Quite a number of illustrious Hoods are commemorated, among them the great sailor and the famous humorist. We were nearly forgetting Robin Hood. The article on Admiral Viscount Hood, by Professor J. K. Laughton, is excellent. The one by Dr. Garnett on the elder Thomas Hood is short, but good, and his remarks on the character of Hood's humour and poetry are well judged. Theodore Hook is also well treated by the same hand; and the renowned Dr. Hook, once Vicar of Leeds and afterwards Dean of Chichester, the nephew of Theodore, is ably and sympathetically treated by his nephew (as we think), or perhaps son-in-law, Mr. Stephens. Among many other articles of note which cannot even be men-

tioned here, we must refer specially to a very complete and satisfactory essay by the editor on the great "Richard Hooker."

Book Chat for this month is welcome as usual. The prominent articles in the leading reviews are impartially and critically discussed. "Bretano's New Books for the Holidays" are favourably noticed and representative illustrations given. A number of New Books also receive attention.

For the originality and excellence of its short stories, *Temple Bar* has long held a foremost place. The November number contains a vivid Russian sketch by Egerton Castle, entitled "The Baron's Quarry"; "The Strange Case of Muriel Grey," by Ross George Dering, illustrates the powers of mesmerism. F. G. Kilton writes of "Dickens as an Art Critic." There is a capital article on "Turenne," the great French General.

A PROFILE portrait of James Parton accompanies the November number of the *Writer*. The face somewhat resembles that of the late Mr. J. C. Dent, the well-known Canadian *litterateur*. Harriet Prescott Spofford contributes an article on Mr. Parton which is eulogistic and interesting. The remaining articles of most interest are the symposium on "How to get Work as a Reporter"; "Approaching the Editor," and "Getting on a Newspaper."

THE *Overland Monthly* for November is full of sprightly sketches and stories. F. H. Clark deals with "Libraries and Librarians of the Pacific Coast"; "Personal Recollections of Abraham Lincoln" are given by Jas. M. Scovel; F. B. Perkins writes of "Calvin as a Ruler"; a particularly noteworthy article is an anonymous contribution on "Californian Horse Farms." "Hannibal Hamlin—an Old-Fashioned Statesman" is written of in a taking manner by Enoch Knight.

THE *English Illustrated* for November has for a frontispiece Lord Salisbury, and an entertaining article on "Hatfield House," by Mrs. Marwood Tucker. Francis Prevost writes of "Carlyle and Ruskin." Ven. Archdeacon Farrar has a short and beautiful article on "Three Portraits of Milton." Gilbert Parker gives his impressions in "Art Notes from Australia." "Rugby School" is championed by Lee Knowles, M.P. W. Clark Russell's serial, "A Strange Elopement," promises exceedingly well.

THE *Andover Review* for November contains a powerful article on "Preaching the Gospel," by Dr. Van Der Veen; Prof. J. H. Hyslop has a most timely article on "Shop Girls and their Wages," in which he points out the gravity of the present situation. "Recent Progress in Ballot Reform" is delineated by Frederic J. Mather. Prof. E. H. Johnson deals with "Conservative Apologetics." The editor discusses "The New York Presbyterians and Dr. Briggs," "The Limit of Liberty: a bishop's charge to his clergy," with other timely subjects in the theological world.

"THE ELGIE" is the title of an imaginative and pathetic story which opens *Blackwood's Magazine* for November. "Autumn Lights and Shades" is a charming piece of descriptive writing by "A Son of the Marshes." D. Kerr Cross refers to the civilizing and commercial forces at work in Central Africa in "Dawn in Nyassaland." General Sir Archibald Alison appreciatively reviews Von Moltke's Franco-German War of 1870-71. "The Auld House o' Gask" is a stirring lyric from the classic pen of Professor Blackie. Other timely and instructive contributions complete this excellent number.

LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

EARLY in 1892 Houghton, Mifflin and Company will publish, under the title of "The Spirit of Modern Philosophy," the lectures given by Dr. Josiah Royce, of Harvard, in Cambridge last winter.

MAARTEN MAARTENS, the author of "The Sin of Joost Avelingh" and "An Old Maid's Love," has written a serial story for Mr. Bently, which will be commenced in the *Temple Bar Magazine* next January.

DR. LANSDALE is engaged on a volume that will embody the results of his last journey in the East. He travelled over 50,000 miles, visiting Little Tibet and the less-known districts of Chinese Central Asia.

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD will be the guest of Dr. Goldwin Smith during his stay in Toronto. Sir Edwin's public appearance as a reader from his own works will be an event of unusual interest to our literary people.

HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH, the popular editor of the *Youth's Companion*, furnishes in his new volume, "The Christmas Book," a delightful collection of stories and poems and articles descriptive of the Christmas festival.

NOTWITHSTANDING his advanced age, Professor Virchow works eighteen hours daily, and thus he has been able to find time for his scientific studies whilst holding a prominent position in the political world as a Progressionist or Freisinnige.

MRS. HUMPHREY WARD's new book is to appear very soon from the press of Messrs. Macmillan and Company, New York. It is to be called "The History of David Grieve." It is understood that the book will trace the career of a disciple of the Elsmirian doctrines in his work among the poor of London.

WORTHINGTON AND COMPANY, of New York, announce for immediate publication as No. 22 in their International Library "Light o' Love," by Clara Dargan Maclean, and as No. 10, The Rose Library, "The Bachelor of Salamanca," by A. R. Le Sage. Translated by James Townsend.

W. E. NORRIS has recently finished a new novel, which he has disposed of to a literary syndicate for publication in serial form. The heroine is a countess of fabulous wealth, the hero a rising member of Parliament, and the scene changes from the English country to Paris and thence to London.

AN invention that bids fair to work a revolution in printing, namely, type-casting machines, will be described in the December *Popular Science Monthly*, by P. D. Ross. A cut of each of the two forms will be given. These machines are used by several of the largest newspapers in the United States, and have been ordered for a number of others.

THE long-promised life of Dr. Pusey is being completed by Canon Paget and Mr. Johnson, and the latter gentleman is also preparing a volume of Canon Liddon's correspondence for publication, which ought to be a work of the greatest interest. It appears that Canon Liddon had written about two-thirds of the life of Pusey when his last illness began.

THE December number of *Lippincott's Magazine* will be a special Southern number. All the contributions have been prepared by popular Southern authors. The complete novel is to be by T. C. De Leon, author of "Creole and Puritan," "The Puritan's Daughter," etc. It is an exciting romance of the civil war, and is entitled "A Fair Blockade-Breaker."

THE *Dominion Illustrated* for the 7th of November has for its frontispiece a portrait of the Prince of Wales, taken lately. There is also a copy of one taken when H. R. H. was in Canada in 1860. There is besides a capital picture of Abbe Laffamme, the President of the Royal Canadian Society, and a gentleman of whom Canada has reason to feel proud.

THE Christmas number of the *Century* will contain four complete stories: "The Christmas Shadrach," by Frank R. Stockton; "A Christmas Fantasy, with a Moral," by Thomas Bailey Aldrich; "The Rapture of Hetty," by Mary Hallock Foote, and "Wulfy: a Waif," a Christmas Story from life. Dr. S. Weir Mitchell's novel, "Characteristics," will begin in this number.

MR. GRANT ALLEN has been travelling in the Tyrol and is at present writing a story of the Tyrol which no doubt will be unusually interesting. We very much regret that Mr. Allen has become afflicted with that enemy of so many excessive literary workers, the writer's cramp. The charming seaport town of Antibes, in the Maritime Alps, will be Mr. Allen's home during the coming winter.

MESSRS. HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY announce "Ciphers," a novel by Ellen Olney Kirk; "The Works of Oliver Wendell Holmes," New Riverside Edition; vols. eleven, twelve, thirteen; Poetical Works, with a portrait of Dr. Holmes; "On the Threshold," familiar lectures to young people, by T. T. Munger, D.D.; new edition, thoroughly revised and enlarged, from entirely new plates.

Wide Awake for 1892 will contain a very interesting group of articles by Harvard graduates, representative of famous literary names. John Mead Howells, son of W. D. Howells, and Robert Beverly Hale, son of Edward Everett Hale, will be the first to contribute. Howells' story, "Such Stuff as Dreams are made of," will appear in the Christmas (December) *Wide Awake*, which opens the new volume.

BALZAC's house, No. 11 Rue Berryer, Paris, is about to be demolished. Although externally not of much account in an architectural sense, it has the biographical and personal associations dear to men of letters, and some of its details are curious; for instance, a door in marqueterie which belonged to the bedchamber of the novelist. This door, with a series of photographs of the house itself, the Baronne S. de Rothschild, its present owner, has offered to the Musée Carnavalet, which is already rich in relics of the men of letters of Paris.

WILLIAM MORRIS, the poet, has lately issued from his Kelmscott press his "Story of the Glittering Plain." The paper is hand-made, the binding vellum with wash-leather thongs or laces. The type is dark, the capitals are conventional and there is no title-page in the full sense of the word. The book is said to be already at a premium, though it is a little less available than it would have been had Mr. Morris determined to bring out for ordinary readers a cheaper edition on inferior paper.

HARPER AND BROTHERS have just published "Pharaohs, Fellahs, and Explorers," by Amelia B. Edwards; "Art and Criticism," by Theodore Child; "Sharp Eyes, a Rambler's Calendar of Fifty-two Weeks among Insects, Birds and Flowers," written and illustrated by W. Hamilton Gibson; and "In the 'Stranger People's' Country," a new novel by Charles Egbert Craddock. They have also brought out a magnificent illustrated edition of "Ben-Hur," containing over one thousand marginal drawings, besides twenty full-page photogravure illustrations.

A DISCOVERY more important than that of Aristotle's treatise on the constitution of Athens has been made in one of the British museum's job lots of Greek manuscripts. This is a papyrus containing a number of short dramatic sketches in verse by one Herodas, a writer in Ionic dia-

lect of the same group as Theocritus. This, says the *Saturday Review*, "is literature, and that of a high class;" Aristotle's recovered treatise is dull and not much of it new, but the sketches of Herodas, while not at all poetical, are vivid and realistic. The Alexandrian would seem to have been a sort of Howells of his day.

AN enterprising Frenchman, with a fancy for statistics, has discovered that Alexander Dumas, the father, is the most widely read author in France. Millions of volumes bearing his name have been purchased by the French people. Emile Zola, whose publishers sell annually more than 100,000 volumes, and Ohnet, 6,000,000 of whose books are to be found in France, are next to Dumas in popularity. The statistician has also learned that during the last twenty years "The Belles of Corneville" has been produced on the stage 600 times; "The Journey 'Round the World in Eighty Days" and "Mascotte," 400 times; and "Mamselle Angot" and "Miss Helyett," 300 times. "The Journey 'Round the World in Eighty Days" and "Mamselle Angot" have earned each 2,000,000 francs for the fortunate authors and publishers; "Orpheus in the Lower World," 1,750,000 francs; "Theodora" and "Miss Helyett," 1,000,000 francs; and "Fin de Siècle," 500,000 francs. It is easily seen that writing in France is a good enterprise from a financial point of view.—*Publishers' Weekly*.

DR. JOHN FRASER, of Sydney, Fellow of the Royal Society of New South Wales, well known in that colony for his services to public education, the author of "An Etrusci Celtæ?" and many more recent works, dealing chiefly with the aborigines of Australia, has been chosen by his Government to edit a book of much interest, entitled: "An Australian Language." It is to consist of Threlkeld's grammar of the native dialect spoken in the vicinity of Hunter's River, Lake Macquarie and other points in New South Wales, a vocabulary, key, the Gospel by St. Luke, and a few minor pieces, with an introduction by the editor. Dr. Fraser says: "Nothing so large in the field of Australian language has been attempted before. Our Government is to forward copies to all universities, public libraries and literary institutions of any note. . . . An advance notice of what is coming, if inserted in your literary journals, might help to excite interest in the language of our blackfellows." An advance proof of part of the volume, extending to eighty-two octavo pages, clearly printed on good paper, and preceded by a spirited engraving of a picturesque blackfellow, accompanies Dr. Fraser's letter. Threlkeld's grammar, originally published in 1834, is very full and exact, thus supplying a want long felt by philologists, who have had to depend almost entirely upon doubtful vocabularies for their knowledge of what bears the internal evidence of a language of great antiquity. The Australian dialects, like the Papuan and unlike the Malay-Polynesian, are postpositional, and have certain affinities to the Dravidian tongues of Southern India, but the continuity of their south-eastern line of migration is everywhere broken by the Malay-Polynesian of entirely diverse origin. On this subject of affiliation and migration, much that cannot fail to be of great interest may be looked forward to in Dr. Fraser's introduction, as he has given many years' study to the problem, and his linguistic and historical attainments eminently fit him for the task of its solution. It is much to the credit of the New South Wales Government that it should have undertaken the publication of this valuable document, that it should have placed the editorial work in such competent hands, and that it proposes to enrich the libraries of the world with the literature of the rapidly disappearing blackfellow. Drs. Dawson and Tolmie's vocabularies of the Queen Charlotte Islanders and the British Columbian Tribes, and Dr. Rand's Micmac Dictionary are all that our Canadian Government has yet produced in the same line.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

- Atkinson, Rev. J. C., D.C.L. The last of the Giant-Killers. \$1.25. London: Macmillan & Co.
Cameron, E. Lovett. A Hard Lesson. 50c. New York; Jno. A. Taylor & Co.
Fay, Theodore S. The Three Germanys, Vol. 1. 11. New York: Walker & Co.; Toronto; William Briggs.
Henderson, W. J. Preludes and Studies. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.
MacLean, Clara Dargan. Light o' Love. New York: Worthington & Co.
Pierson, Arthur T. The Divine Enterprise of Missions. New York: The Baker & Taylor Co.
Shinnick, J. The Banker's Daughter. Montreal: The Gazette Printing Co.
Townsend, James. The Bachelor of Salamanca. New York: Worthington & Co.
Collections of the Nova Scotia Historical Society, 1889-91. Vol. VII. Halifax, N.S.: Morning Herald Printing and Publishing Co.

ON with your mission, and never a summing of results in hand, nor thirst for prospects, nor counting upon harvests; for seed sown in faith day by day is the nightly harvest of the soul,—and with the soul we work, with the soul we see.—*George Meredith*.

THE library of Windsor Castle contains about 100,000 volumes. As the Royal Library, which George III. got together at great cost and labour, was taken to the British Museum, his successor really founded the present library, which has several specially interesting characteristics. There is a magnificent collection of books on the fine arts.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

GREATER BRITAIN WHEN FEDERATED.

SECURE may Greater Britain rest,
True common wealth in heart and deed,
Within whose States from East to West
Is found resource for every need ;
In Northern and in Southern zone
The chosen lands of earth our own.

Rich yields from meadow and from mine
Of bounteous grain or precious ore,
Of horses sleek, and fragrant kine,
And fleecy flocks, and fruits in store.
All these are ours ; and, free from care,
Our native food our children fare.

A race of sturdy human flowers,
Brave youths and maids we thus have bred ;
Brothers and sisters—equal powers—
With gentle heart and steadfast head ;
What need have we, made strong in these,
Of foreign aid from other seas ?

We deal our States, in measure fair,
Their mutual profit, mutual pain ;
For cheerfully our men will share
Some private loss for general gain ;
With helpful trust, with willing hand,
Each cares for each throughout our land.

So shall our Union evermore
From strength to fuller strength progress,
And stand erect from shore to shore
In stalwart self-sufficingness—
One people—growing, sweet and good,
Their body's and their spirit's food.

Without, the old-world wars may rage,
Or old time factions vent their strife ;
They shall not daunt our higher age,
Nor penetrate our truer life ;
A world to us our States shall be,
Serene, intact, and nobly free.

—Ben Elmy, in *Belfast Telegraph*.

UNEXPLORED CANADA.

IN a paper recently read before the Ottawa Field Naturalists' Club, by Dr. G. M. Dawson, F.R.S.C., it was stated that the unexplored and unoccupied regions of Canada present an aggregate area of nearly 1,000,000 square miles. A good many of the districts included, however, lie to the north of profitable agriculture, which Dr. Dawson defines as the isothermal line, 60 deg. Fahrenheit in the month of July. The following are the tracts which await the explorer: The country between Alaska, the Porcupine River, and the Arctic Ocean, 9,500 square miles; between the Lewis and Yukon Rivers and Alaska, 32,000 square miles; between the above rivers, the Stickeen, and the coast ranges, 27,000 square miles; the territory between the Pelly and Mackenzie Rivers, 100,000 square miles; between the Great Bear Lake and the Arctic Ocean, 50,000 square miles; between the Great Bear and Great Slave Lakes and the Mackenzie River, 35,000 square miles; a tract of 81,000 square miles, bounded by the Rivers Stickeen and Liard on the north and the Skeena and Peace on the south; 75,000 square miles between the Peace, Athabasca, and Loon Rivers; 35,000 square miles to the south of Athabasca Lake; an area of 7,500 square miles between Bathurst Inlet and the Coppermine River; and a territory of 31,000 square miles between Black River and the Arctic Ocean. There is also a vast region made up as follows: An area of 178,000 square miles between the lakes already mentioned and the western shore of Hudson Bay; an extent of 22,000 square miles between Hudson Bay and the Rivers Severn and Attawapishkat; an area of 15,000 square miles between Lakes Trout and Seul and Albany River; and about 35,000 square miles south and east of James Bay. Finally, almost the whole of the interior of Labrador, estimated at 289,000 square miles, is unexplored country.—*Quebec Chronicle*.

THE BATH IN VENICE.

THERE is one great popular enjoyment in Venice, the bath. Every one bathes. There is no place in the world, perhaps, where there is such a general taking to the water on every summer day; and not day only either, but all night as well. It is so convenient to walk to the door of one's own house and plunge from the very threshold into the clear, cool water. So at almost any hour, gliding in your gondola along the smaller canals, you pass among merry parties of bathers, who swim about your boat like sea nymphs and tritons about old Neptune's car. They chatter at you gleefully, perhaps splash water at you, or swim up and insist on shaking hands, with dripping fingers, over the gunwale of the boat. These swimmers in the canals are mostly children, but sometimes they include a whole family party, old and young. In the great harbour the street boys plunge by hundreds. Such swimmers as they are, too! They turn somersaults as they leap from the quays, and perform almost countless tricks in the water, until one fancies them a school of dolphins at play. These are the people, with the accent

on "people." The people with the accent on "the," go elsewhere to bathe, and chiefly to the Lido. There are glorious sands, and the water is perfection, despite the absence of surf. A barrier of rope, by no means impassable, divides the women bathers from the men. Nowhere can one find more accomplished swimmers, or more graceful, than on the women's side of the rope at Lido. As a rule, too, their bathing dresses are handsome, modest, and well designed to give freedom to the muscles and to offer as little resistance as possible to their wearers' passage through the water. For head-gear, broad-brimmed straw hats are worn, though generally half of them are left floating on the water while their owners dive and swim. Italian women are not afraid of getting their hair wet. Is there any esoteric significance in that fact? At any rate it is a fact. One sees no oiled silk caps at the Lido, nor any women fearing to go far into the sea lest they should wet their hair. On the contrary, they all get their hair soaking wet, and when they come out they loosen it and let it dry hanging over their shoulders. The men are fine, strong swimmers, too, the equals of any in the world. Swimming, indeed, is an important part of an Italian's life. People here do not content themselves with a quarter-hour's frolic in the waves. They go in for a good, long bath of an hour, or two, or even three. And this is not only a daily practice, but often occurs two or three times a day.

MUSIC.

Oh, take the lute this brooding hour for me—
The golden lute, the hollow crying lute—
Nor call me even with thine eyes; be mute,
And touch the strings; yea, touch them tenderly;
Touch them and dream, till all thine heart in thee
Grow great and passionate and sad and wild.
Then on me, too, as on thine heart, O child,
The marvellous light, the stress divine shall be,
And I shall see, as with enchanted eyes,
The unveiled vision of this world flame by,
Battles and griefs, and storms and phantasies,
The gleaming joy, the ever-seething fire,
The hero's triumph and the martyr's cry,
The pain, the madness, the unsearched desire.

—A. Lampman, in *the November Century*.

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN COLLEGES COMPARED.

PERHAPS it must be conceded, too, that the old country has still the advantage in refinement. That manners are substantially less good here than there I fail to see: perhaps in these matters a student's eyes are not the sharpest. The behaviour of Oxford or Cambridge students towards each other is regulated by the code, and reflects the habits of a polished society. Practical joking is not unknown, and never will be unknown where boys are gathered together. A student has even been ducked by his fellow-students in the college fountain; but it was for "Vulpicide," the most heinous crime known to a community of fox-hunters. The unspeakable practice of hazing does not exist. An English university also has an advantage in being a federation of colleges, each of which is a little community in itself, supplying a genial bond and affording happy facilities for friendship. It is partly, perhaps, the lack of something of the kind that has called into existence what we style our "Secret Societies." The relation between tutor and pupil in the English college is close, sometimes affectionate, and useful if the tutor is a man of the right sort. The "tutor" designates a member of the college staff of teachers, "professor" being reserved for members of the university staff. The limits of the two sets of teachers are not very well defined; but, in the main, the professors are supposed to take the higher work. Physical science, requiring laboratories and demonstration-rooms, falls almost entirely to the university professors. There is much less idleness, much less extravagance, far fewer snares for the feet of the weak and foolish in the American university than in the English. No one, I should think, in an American university can have such power for evil as a wealthy and vicious young nobleman, with the influence of his rank added to that of his purse, has at Oxford and Cambridge. That prince of heartless sybarites, who figures as Lord Steyne in Thackeray's "Vanity Fair," began at college his career not only of licentiousness but of corrupting and ruining his companions. One of them, who could ill afford it, lost heavily to him at play; the father of the victim paid the debt, exacting from his son a solemn promise that he would play no more. The nobleman induced him to break that promise by an assurance that, if he lost, any amount of time should be given him so that he would not have to encounter his father's wrath. He lost again, and gave his note to the nobleman, who negotiated it next day. College debt is a cruel thing: I have seen the misery which it entails, and which is often prolonged for many years after leaving the university. I could mention a case in which the accumulating weight was dragged through a life of distinction and of high ferment till the man died, as was generally believed, by his own hand. It must also be borne in mind that the benefits and pleasures of life at Oxford and Cambridge depend in some degree on the connections and habits which the student brings with him at entrance. The influence of the great public schools predominates in university society, and the great public schools of England have a social character of their own. An American youth would find himself perfectly well-received, and see at once that

there was not a particle of national prejudice among the Britishers; but he might not at once find himself at home. The discipline at Oxford and Cambridge, though it has none of the strictness of a seminary, proceeds decidedly on the theory that the student is *in statu pupillari*. I am not sure that it would suit a young American who had become his own master in his teens. English universities, I have said, are federations of colleges. Not long ago the rule was that every student must be a member of a college, and at Oxford that he must board within the walls. That rule is now relaxed. But a student must still belong to a college and live in it if he would enjoy the full advantage and pleasures of English university life; and to get into a good college his name must be put down several years beforehand.—*Professor Goldwin Smith, LL.D., in Youth's Companion*.

The best receipt ever given for a lady's dress may be found in the works of Tertullian. He says: "Let simplicity be your white, chastity your vermilion; dress your eyebrows with modesty, and your lips with reservedness. Let instruction be your earrings, and a ruby cross the front pin in your head; submission to your husband your best ornament. Employ your hands in housewifely duties, and keep your feet within your own doors. Let your garments be of the silk of probity, the fine linen of sanctity, and the purple of chastity."

AMONG the stories which are being revived about the late Archbishop of York perhaps the best is that of Sir Robert Anstruther's pregnant summary of his speech on the Irish Church. Dr. Magee concluded, it will be remembered, by saying that he could not reconcile it with his hopes of heaven to vote for the Bill. As Sir Robert left the house of Lords, magnetized by this peroration, he was met by a friend and asked who had been speaking last. "M-m-agree, making a sp-sp-lendid sp-sp-speech. He s-s-said he'd be d-d-d—d if he'd vote for the Bill."

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THE recent losses by fire in the cargo of ships carrying cotton has shown that cotton-seed oil, when held in the cotton on the outside of the bale, rapidly oxidizes and generates spontaneous combustion.

"JAPAN WAX," as it is called, is obtained from the tree, the *rhus succedanea*, which grows in Japan, China, and the East Indies. The Japanese call it haje, or haze. The wax is formed in the middle of the berry, between the skin and the seed, like the pulp of a grape. It is extracted by boiling the berries in water and allowing it to cool, when the wax separates from the skin and seed, sinking to the bottom of the vessel in a solid cake.

ONE of the modern ideas in the economical use of steam power is the use of a number of small engines located at various points in a large shop, instead of a single engine of sufficient power to drive all the machinery. Professor Coleman Sellers asserts that with the best shafting that can be made hardly one-half of the power generated by the engine reaches the machines when distributed by means of long shafts. So great is the friction that a shaft two miles long could not be turned by any amount of power applied at one end, as the shaft would be twisted off before it would turn. In the new shops of the Pennsylvania Railroad at Altoona and Walls Station this idea of subdividing power has been admirably carried out. In the Altoona shops there are seventeen small engines, ranging from five to eighty horse-power, and there are five engines in the Walls shops. The same idea has also been carried out at the Newport News shipyards. Another application of the same principle is shown in the use of independent engines for driving heavy pieces of machinery, many large machines being now constructed with engines attached.

IT is dangerous to neglect catarrh, for it leads to bronchitis and consumption. Hood's Sarsaparilla cures catarrh in all forms.

A RECENT invention in coverings for electric conductors is one in which provision is made to retain air or gas within the protective covering to increase the static capacity.

CATARRH

In the head
Is a constitutional
Disease, and requires
A constitutional remedy
Like Hood's Sarsaparilla,
Which purifies the blood.
Makes the weak strong,
Restores health.
Try it now.

DR. T. A. SLOCUM'S

OXYGENIZED EMULSION OF PURE COD LIVER OIL. If you have Asthma—Use it. For sale by all druggists. 35 cents per bottle.

"German Syrup"

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

THE MIRACLE CITY.

A NEW NAME SUGGESTED FOR HAMILTON.

Another Remarkable Case Which Would Indicate that the Name Would be Quite Appropriate.

The number of remarkable cures occurring in Hamilton is causing general comment throughout the country. To those who know the inside facts there is not the least cause for wonderment. The remarkable cure of Mr. John Marshall who was known to almost every citizen in Hamilton gave the Pink Pills an enormous sale in the city, one retail druggist alone selling 2,880 boxes in the past six months. People whose cases had been considered hopeless as was Mr. Marshall's, took hope from his cure, persisted in the use of the pills, with equally wonderful results in their case. And what is happening in Hamilton in the way of remarkable cures, is happening in all parts of the Dominion, and every day adds to the pile of grateful testimonials which the proprietors of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are receiving. Last week the *Hamilton Times* investigated two more cases, the result of which is told in the following article in the issue of Nov. 7th:—

The account of Mr. John Marshall's wonderful cure, after suffering for years with locomotor ataxy naturally brought to light several other cases of almost equally miraculous cures in this city. Among the many citizens who profited by Mr. Marshall's experience and who have been troubled for many years with the same affliction was Mr. William Webster. For a long time he was in the flour and feed business in the Market Square, and for over ten years while in his office he was compelled to remain in a reclining position on a couch, covered with heavy buffalo robes winter and summer. It was with difficulty that he could make his way, even with the aid of crutches, to his residence, but a short distance from the store. He attributes his trouble to constant exposure at the open door of his store, carrying heavy bags of grain in and out, and when overheated and perspiring sitting over an open cellar-way in order to cool off. About a year and a half ago he found it necessary to give up his business, owing to the fact that he was becoming utterly helpless from his terrible disease. In June last, on hearing of Mr. Marshall's case, he began to take that well-known remedy, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and has been greatly benefited thereby.

Mr. Webster was seen by a *Times* reporter at his residence, Macnab street, Saturday afternoon, and was not at all loath to speak about his case. "With the exception of this trouble with my legs," he said, "I have never been sick a day since I was 17 years old, and now I am 55. This locomotor ataxy is a terrible disease. For years my legs have seemed as though they belong to someone else. As I have lain asleep on a winter night, one leg has fallen out of the bed, and when I would awaken with the cold I would have to feel around with my hand before I could tell which leg was out of bed. If I were to try to place my foot on a spot on the carpet within easy reach I could no more do it than fly. The pain at times has been terrible. I have lain awake night after night, week after week, alternately grasping each foot in my agony as the sharp pains like knife-stabs shot through various parts of my anatomy. When I was first attacked with pains in my feet some 12 years ago I tried several physicians but could get no relief. Paralysis then set in and I immediately consulted a well-known specialist in Buffalo, who told me that I was suffering from locomotor ataxy and could not get better. I came home again, and on the advice of friends tried several hot springs, but with no effect, except, perhaps, to aggravate my complaint. I finally became discouraged and after two years' doctoring, I underwent an operation. I was placed under chloroform; a gash two inches and a half in depth was made in the side of each leg near the hip, and the doctors put their fingers in the gash and stretched the sciatic nerves in the vain hope that such would give me relief. Since then, now over ten years ago, until June last, I took no medicine whatever, and, retiring from business, became so helpless that I could not

walk a step without my crutches, and sometimes the pain was something awful. About June, however, I got some of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and after using the first box felt such a beneficial effect from them that I continued to use them ever since with the result that the terrible pains I used to suffer from have vanished, and, with the exception of a gentle little dart at rare intervals, I might never know I had ever suffered with them. Since using the pills I get to sleep early and sleep as soundly and peacefully as a baby all night through. I can also walk a dozen steps or so without my crutches." And to illustrate, the old gentleman got up and walked across the room and back again to his seat alongside the reporter. "Now I couldn't do that at all before last June," continued he, "and the pills are certainly the pleasantest medicine to take that I ever tried. I would advise any one who is troubled with an affliction any way similar to mine, or who is suffering from any nervous disease, to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

THEY SELL RAPIDLY.

Mr. J. A. Barr, the well-known Hamilton druggist, says that the demand for Pink Pills is something astonishing. Last winter he purchased one dozen boxes. This was his first order. Since then he has sold 2,880 boxes of the pills, and every day the demand is increasing. He sells at least two dozen per day. The same story comes from other druggists in Hamilton.

The other day Mrs. Martin, of Ferguson Avenue, Hamilton, Ont., called at Mr. John A. Barr's drug establishment and asked for a box of Pink Pills. She had a little girl with her in a perambulator, and while the mother was in the store the child climbed out over the side of the carriage. The mother laughed over the incident and remarked: "If it were not for Pink Pills my baby would never have been able to do that." To those in the drug store Mrs. Martin narrated the wonderful cure which had been effected by Pink Pills in the cure of her infant. When about a year old the baby became paralyzed, and the anxious parents consulted the best doctors in the city, but their treatment was of no avail. The little one was not able to move hand or foot, and for a time the case was considered a hopeless one. Seeing an advertisement in the *Hamilton Times*, of the wonderful cures being effected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, Mrs. Martin procured a box and before the youngster had taken all it contained, a marked improvement in her condition was noticed. The paralysis disappeared and the little one's appetite returned. The parents' hearts were delighted with the result. It was while buying the second box that the child scrambled out of the carriage on to the sidewalk. The mother told Mr. Barr that the paralysis had resulted from teething. A representative of the *Times* who investigated the case discovered that the little girl is now walking around in the best of health.

The proprietors of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills state that they are not a patent medicine but a scientific preparation used successfully for many years in the private practice of a physician of high standing. They are given to the public as an unfailing blood builder and nerve restorer, curing all forms of weakness arising from a watery condition of the blood or shattered nerves, two fruitful causes of almost every ill that flesh is heir to. These pills are also a specific for the troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, all forms of weakness, chronic constipation, bearing down pains, etc., and, in the case of men, will give speedy relief and effect a permanent cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of whatever nature. The pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price, (50 cents a box—they are never sold in bulk or by the 100) by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Morristown, N. Y.

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Gents.—My daughter had a severe cold and injured her spine so she could not walk, and suffered very much. I called in our family physician; he pronounced it inflammation of the spine and recommended MINARD'S LINIMENT to be used freely. 3 bottles cured her. I have used your MINARD'S LINIMENT for a broken breast; it reduced the inflammation and cured me in 10 days.
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"Having tried Hood's Sarsaparilla I wish to state that I have found it excellent. I have used about 4 bottles and have proved the virtue of it for the blood and appetite. I have found no equal to it and cheerfully recommend it to others." F. LOACH, Engineer for W. H. Banfield, No. 80 Wellington St. West, Toronto.

Believes it Unsurpassed.

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"From my own experience and from the experience of others to whom I have recommended Hood's Sarsaparilla, I have proved to be one of the best blood purifiers and Spring medicines extant. I believe

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to be unsurpassed by any other remedy on the market." D. L. JONES, 345 College Street, Toronto.

DR. L. WEBSTER FOX is of opinion, says *Nature*, that savage races possess the perception of colour to a greater degree than do civilized races. In a lecture lately delivered before the Franklin Institute, Philadelphia, he stated that he had just concluded an examination of 250 Indian children, of whom 100 were boys. Had he selected 100 white boys from various parts of the United States he would have found at least five of them colour-blind; among the Indian boys he did not discover a single case of colour-blindness. Some years ago he examined 250 Indian boys, and found two colour-blind, a very low percentage when compared with the whites. Among the Indian girls he did not find any. Considering that only two females in every 1,000 among whites are colour-blind, he does not think it surprising that he did not find any examples among the Indian girls.—*Science*.



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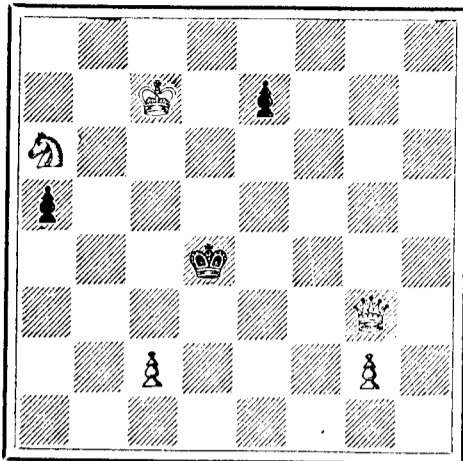
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BLACK.

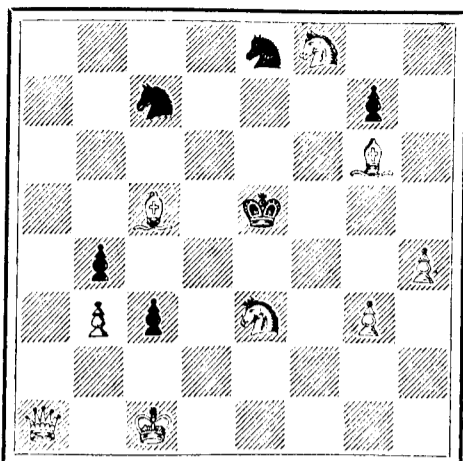


WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 618.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS.

No. 611.
White.
1. B-K 3
2. R-K 4
3. Q-K 6 mate
if 1. Kt-B 6
2. B-Q 4 +
3. P x P mate
With other variations.

No. 612.
Kt-Kt 6

GAME BETWEEN MAJOR J. M. HANHAM AND MR. E. KEMENY.

White. HANHAM.	Black. KEMENY.	White. HANHAM.	Black. KEMENY.
1. P-Q R 3	P-Q 4	11. Kt x Kt	B x Kt
2. P-Q 4	P-Q B 4	12. Kt-B 3	B-Q 3
3. P-K 3	Kt-K B 3	13. P-Q B 4	B-Q B 3
4. P-Q B 3	P-K 3	14. P x P	Kt x P
5. Kt-K B 3	Kt-Q B 3	15. P-K 4	Kt-B 5
6. Q Kt-Q 2	B-Q 2	16. B x Kt	B x B
7. B-Q 3	B-Q 3	17. Q-B 2	Q-K 2
8. Castles	Castles	18. Q-B 3	Q R-Q 1
9. R-K 1	P-K 4	19. P-K Kt 3	B-B 2
10. P x K P	Kt x P	20. Q R-B 1	B-R 4
A beautiful stroke, which is all the more interesting as it was not a surprise. Hanham anticipated the move, but claimed that it was not a good one.			
21. Q x B	R x B	27. P-K Kt 4	R-K 3
22. Kt-R 4	P-Q Kt 3	28. Q-R 5	R-K Kt 3
23. Q-R 6	Q-Q 2	29. Kt-K 3	R-Q 7
24. P-R 4	B x R P	30. P-R 3	P-K R 4
25. R-R	P-Q Kt 4	31. Kt-Q 5	R x Kt
26. Kt-B 5	R-K 1		
I think this brilliant sacrifice, which practically settles the game, was a surprise to others besides the Major.			
32. P x R	P x P	34. K-R	Q-Kt 5 wins
33. Q-Q 2	P x P +		-N. Y. Recorder.

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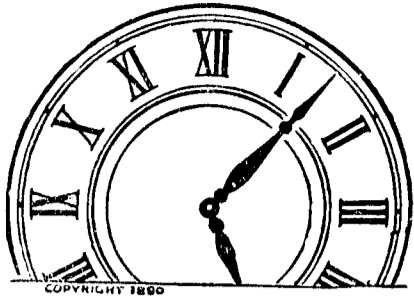
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