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

CURRENT TOPICS.

Among the last revelations made before the famous Lexow Committee, which is investigating, with such astounding results, the workings of the Police Department of New York City, was the fact that not only the vicious and criminal classes have been made to contribute to the insatiable avarice of the police, but that merchants and builders have been systematically black-mailed. There seems to have been but one builder in the city who had backbone enough to keep up the fight against the system. Payments for police "protection" in violating city ordinances are so common as to be in some quarters the rule rather than the exception. One significant discovery was that the books of the Liquor-Dealers' Central Association have entirely vanished since this investigation began. In brief, the investigation has already demonstrated that the criminality

has not been confined to a member or an officer of the force here and another there, but that from commissioners to patrolmen, the taint of corruption is over the whole department, and that nothing but a radical overturning and renovation of the system can effect a cure. Can such a renovation be effected, and how, will soon be the practical question? Meanwhile the Committee has adjourned until September.

So far as can be judged from the general statements which have appeared touching the evidence adduced before the Parliamentary Committee in support of the charge against Mr. Turcotte, his case is in marked contrast with that of Mr. Corby, whose return to the House after his unopposed re-election was received with hearty cheers from both sides of the Speaker's chair. In fact, the evidence against Mr. Turcotte seems so conclusive that it is hard to believe that a majority of the members can conscientiously vote for the motion of "not proven" which is to be submitted by Mr. Amyot. The very precautions—may we not without harsh pre-judgment say subterfuges?—to which the accused seems to have resorted, will constitute, if satisfactorily proved, the strongest evidence of his conscious violation of the Independence of Parliament Act. The case appears on the surface to be one of those against which the Act in question may be supposed to have been particularly directed. It will be greatly to be regretted should such a matter be argued and decided on party lines. The law that members of Parliament may not have business transactions of any kind, such as may possibly tend to impair their independence, with the Government, is one which commends itself to all. It is very much to be desired that justice may be done in this and every similar case so impartially as to afford the people the protection they need against those who might seek to barter their parliamentary influence for personal gain.

The Tariff Bill that has now been sent back to the United States House of Representatives by the Senate is a nondescript affair. Mr. Wilson, the framer of the original bill, evidently finds it hard to recognize it as in any sense his bill. Whether the House will, in order to meet the Senate half way and put an end to the business agony already so long drawn out, consent to a compromise which involves changes, not merely in details, but in the funda-

mental principles of the Bill, is now the question. There seems to be considerable difference of opinion among the Democratic representatives themselves on this point. Some think it better to accept the fraction of the original loaf which is offered them in the few remaining free-trade or revenue-tariff features of the bill as changed by the Senate, rather than run the risk of getting nothing at all. Others maintain that it would be preferable to let the session pass without any tariff legislation at all, rather than throw to the winds all but the veriest fragments of the principles upon which the party won the election. Mr. Wilson, himself, seems to favour the latter alternative, if we may judge from his remarks on moving to refer the Bill to a conference of members of the two Houses. In this speech he pointed out that the Democrats are in honour committed to the three fundamental ideas of *ad valorem* duties, free raw material, and free necessaries of life, all of which are lost sight of or trampled under foot in the Bill, as returned to them by the Senate. Evidently the crisis of the struggle is not yet reached.

It is impossible to determine as yet how much foundation there may be for the rumour that Sir William Harcourt proposes to retire from the leadership of the Commons, and temporarily from Parliament, at the end of the current session. It must be admitted that the rumour has a verisimilitude which tends to secure it credence. Whatever may be the state of Sir William's health, it has been pretty obvious from the first to close observers that there is a want of congruity in the Liberal Government, with Lord Rosebery as Premier and Sir William as leader in the Lower House. However such a combination may suit the Conservatives, it is doubtful whether the Liberals can long be held together under a Premier sitting among the Lords. Of course the present strained relations between the two Houses augments the difficulty, while the contrast, so sharply accentuated in many points, between the present Premier and his great predecessor on the one hand, and between him and Sir William on the other, bids fair to be fatal to the unity and harmony which are indispensable to continued success. Lord Rosebery's cool-blooded opportunism, which he seems to be at no pains to conceal, can never avail to keep up the enthusiasm which is one of the elements of strength in a party which prides itself on being a party of convictions. If it be true, as there seems good reason to

suspect, that there is at bottom a lack of solidarity in the Cabinet, and but a divided loyalty to its head among the rank and file of its supporters, it becomes exceedingly doubtful whether the harmony essential to strength can be restored under any leader at present available. The chances are rather in favour of increased division, with defeat in the near future as its outcome.

The Intercolonial Conference has come and gone. If its deliberations have failed in some measure to attract the attention anticipated, the fact can no doubt be accounted for by the secrecy in which the delegates saw fit to enshroud their discussions. If the hope expressed by Sir John Thompson in the Commons should be speedily realized and the proceedings given to the public in some tolerably satisfactory form, it is possible that popular interest and enthusiasm may yet be in some measure evoked. The action taken with reference to the Pacific cable, which is about the only result of the Conference which is as yet definitely known, seems eminently wise and reasonable. It involves no little delay, but in matters of such weight it is the part of statesmanship to make haste slowly. To have attempted anything more definite in the absence of knowledge of the topography of the ocean bed on which the cable must be laid would have been reckless shooting in the dark. There can be little doubt that the British Government will promptly accede to the request of the Conference to conduct the required survey, on the condition named, viz., the payment of two-thirds of the expense by the colonies. As to the trade question we are still in the dark, but it is pretty safe to say that the chief, possibly the fatal, obstacle to any preferential arrangement will be found in the requirements of those members of the Empire which have committed themselves to a protective policy. It is in the highest degree unlikely that anything has been advanced, or can be advanced, which will cause the Mother Country to falter for a moment in her resolute adherence to free-trade principles, or to so much as consider any proposal looking to the imposition of a discriminatory tax upon the products of those countries which supply her with by many times the greater quantity of her food and raw materials. It is possible, however, though scarcely likely, that her treaties with other nations can be so modified as to enable her to give the colonies the right to discriminate in each other's favour. But any such preferential arrangement, with the Mother Country left out, will fail of its main purpose.

When a motion is made in the Commons to censure the Canadian Government for alleged breach of faith in having failed to fulfil the engagements into which it had entered with the British Government for enforcing a system of quarantine against the cattle of the United States entering Canada, or passing through it by rail, an unsophisticated onlooker would suppose that the main question to be discussed was that of fact. Either the charge is true in substance or it is not. If it can be shown to be true that our Government has serious-

ly and continuously failed to fulfil its engagement in the matter with reasonable strictness, no one can deny that it is deserving of censure, not only for having damaged the reputation of the country for honest dealing, but for having jeopardized a most important and profitable trade. If, on the other hand, it can be shown that the agreement with the British Government has been fulfilled in the spirit, if not in every jot and tittle of detail, the accusation can but recoil on the heads of the member making it and of his party. Opinions will differ, we suppose, as to Mr. Mulock's success in proving the strong charges of negligence and bad faith which he formulated in the Commons, the other day. It is not necessary for us to express an opinion upon that point. The fact that some of his specifications went back to a period eight or ten years ago certainly give the attack the appearance of being somewhat far-fetched. But, clearly, the logical and effective thing for the Government to do was to emphatically deny the alleged facts and proceed to minimize or refute them by counter proofs. To attempt to confuse the issue by raising the cry of disloyalty strengthens the very accusation which it deprecates. We confess that we have no patience with the attempt to muzzle opponents by crying out that their charges are disloyal, and calculated to do harm abroad. A Government should be always ready to challenge the strictest investigation. If it can show, in a case like the present, that it has lived strictly up to the spirit of its engagements, the discussion will do the country a service rather than an injury and the Government should be rather glad of the opportunity.

The tremendous strike now in progress in the United States is scarcely to be distinguished from civil war in its effect upon the internal commerce of the country, or that large part of it specially affected, while there is the possibility, so long as it is continued, that it may at any moment develop into actual civil war. This great calamity, however it may terminate, following so closely upon the heels of a previous strike of disastrous dimensions, must impress upon the minds of all who have to do in any way with public or business affairs, the necessity of finding and adopting some means to prevent a recurrence of such struggles. The fact that both strikes, as most other great strikes in these days, are directed specially against the railroads, is easily understood. As Mr. Stead has put it, the railways are the Achilles heel, through which the whole industrial system of the country is, under present conditions, made vulnerable. In the interests of labour itself it is greatly to be deplored that the striking labourers, or at least a large contingent of their sympathizers, show themselves so incapable of self-control. Whatever justification there may in any case be for their refusing to work, the moment they

commence to do injury to the persons or property of their antagonists, or to use violence of any kind to prevent the managers from supplying their places, that moment they put themselves in the wrong. They have, thereafter, no reasonable ground of complaint if the civil or military authorities come to the aid of their opponents, and sternly enforce the laws of the land for the protection of the property and persons of the capitalists. In this position the strikers in Chicago have already placed themselves. The result can only be that sooner or later, very likely before this paragraph is printed, either the state or the national authorities will be compelled to take stern measures to enforce the observance of law and order. In such a struggle the strikers are sure to get the worst of it, in addition to losing the sympathy of the great masses of law-abiding citizens, who really make the public sentiment.

But how to deal with the matter so as to prevent the recurrence of these great struggles, in which there is no discrimination between the innocent and the guilty, the delay compelled or the property destroyed being just as likely to inflict ruinous loss upon the best friends of the strikers as upon those whom they regard as their enemies, and yet do no injustice to either employer or employee, or the patient public—that is the great industrial problem of the age. Certainly the solution is not so simple a matter as many of the newspapers of the United States, especially the religious newspapers, seem to think. These seem with articles the purport of which is something like this: "The employees of the railroad should be compelled to perform the work which they engage to do when they accept the employment and wages of the companies, until such time as they may choose to quit, after giving fair and reasonable notice. The length of notice required may either be determined by contract made with the companies at the time of engagement, or be fixed by law. It is intolerable that not only the great business concerns of this nation, but the property, the health and even the lives of many citizens, should be destroyed or put in jeopardy, whenever a few employees of some private company fall out with their employers on a question of wages." All this is reasonable and right so far as it goes. But it is marvellous that so many of those who put it forth with confidence, fail to see that, as a matter of equity, it touches but one side of a great question.

Let it be granted by all means that under such circumstances as exist in a large part of the United States at the present moment, the first duty of the authorities is to protect property, to restrain violence, and to punish lawlessness, at any cost. That is what laws and governments are for. But when this is done, let it be recognized that

simply to prohibit strikes to the injury of the railroads and the public, without going further, would be gross injustice to the workingmen. It would put them at the mercy of the employers. We say nothing of the alleged impossibility of enforcing such laws as those hinted at. The authorities may not be able to imprison ten thousand or a hundred thousand men for refusing to work, but they can imprison one or a dozen of their leaders, which would amount to the same thing in the end. But to do so would be to disarm the combatants on one side by taking away their only effective weapon, while leaving their opponents in full possession of the most destructive arms known to modern industrial warfare. It cannot be denied by the fair-minded and thoughtful that the possession of capital gives the employers an immense advantage. They may close their works and live comfortably for an indefinite length of time, long enough to starve every employee into submission, on the profits which they have made by means of the labour of these same employees. The only means within the reach of labour with which to meet the force of accumulated capital is combined labour. Forbid the widest possible combination of workmen of all trades and grades, compel each little group to fight out its own battle with its own employers, and you tie the hands of labourers, take from them their only effective weapon, and reduce them to their former condition of serfdom through the operation of the merciless law of competition.

Take for illustration the present strike, in its origin. The Pullman employees are groaning under what they claim was to be only a temporary reduction of wages, to the extent of twenty, thirty, or forty per cent. They demand a return, which they say had been promised them, to the former scale, or some approach to it. The company refuses, alleging that they are even now working at a loss on every car they make, and have been doing so for some time, simply to provide employment for their men. The men refuse to believe the statement. The company says, with apparent fairness: "You may appoint a committee from among yourselves, and we will allow them to inspect our books, and see that we speak the truth." The men reply in effect: "We are not book-keeping experts, and are not competent to discover the actual state of affairs in that way. But we will submit the question to arbitration." The company refuse to arbitrate, saying that there is nothing for arbitrators to settle, save the question whether they shall continue to work at a ruinous loss, for the sake of meeting the demands of their employees. The men retort that, so far as appears, the company continues to pay its eight per cent. dividends; that there is, moreover, to offset any falling off in the price of cars, a great reduction in the cost of manufacture, etc.,

and ask why, if the facts be as alleged the company need hesitate to arbitrate, seeing that no arbitrators would decide that they should be required to do anything so unreasonable as that demanded of them, if their statements are frank and full. Now it is evidently useless at this stage of the industrial problem to repeat the old platitudes about the right of the company to manage its own affairs and the right of the men to quit their employment if they are dissatisfied. Many of the men would no doubt say: "This means that we shall, after long years of hard labour in the service of the company, which has made its wealth out of the profits derived from such labour, consent to suffer either slow starvation in the employ of the company which has grown rich on the products of our toil, or speedy starvation by quitting its employment with the probability of being unable to find work elsewhere." Left to settle the question between themselves and their employees the company would make short work of it. This would, evidently, be the result of such legislation as is being proposed. The sum of the whole matter is that such strikes must be stopped for the sake of civilization and progress, but cannot be stopped by simply throwing the workingmen back upon the old inexorable law of supply and demand. That law is outgrown and must be superseded by something better. Whether that something is compulsory arbitration in some form, in spite of all the difficulties which surround it, or some wiser alternative, is the question of the hour.

IS THIS FAIRLY PUT ?

Once upon a time there was a certain country which was ruled by a Government, a House of Representatives elected by the people, and an Upper House or Senate whose members were appointed by the Government. The Government was responsible to the House of Representatives, and could continue in office only so long as it had the support of a majority of these representatives. A certain member of the Government and a certain member of Senate, were, at the time of which we are speaking, members of a certain company organized for the construction of a certain railway. The Senator was president of the company and the Minister one of its shareholders. The terms upon which this company agreed to build the railway were that they should receive as payment all the money which had been voted, or which might thereafter be voted by the House of Representatives in aid of the construction of the railway, it being a constitutional law or usage that no such money grant could be voted unless introduced and recommended by the Government. The company in question afterwards transferred its contract for the building of the road to a certain contractor, on condition that he would not only build the road on the terms

agreed on by the company, that is to say, for the subsidies received and to be received from the Government and Parliament, but that he should further reimburse the company for expense already incurred to the extent of some hundreds of thousands of dollars. The company, on its part, bound itself to do its utmost to obtain further subsidies from the Government. Soon after this arrangement had been completed a general election was being held. The Minister in question, being also as aforesaid a shareholder of the company spoken of, and so a party to its engagements, applied to the Senator in question, the President of the Company, for financial aid in carrying on the election, so as to assure the triumph of his, the Minister's party and policy. Thereupon the Senator gave him a very handsome contribution for the purpose. This sum he immediately handed over to the treasurer of the Party fund, and afterwards, at various dates, during the progress of the contest, drew upon said treasurer for large sums as they were required for the use of the Party in the election struggle.

Time passed. The Party to which the Minister and the Senator belonged were successful in the contest. During the next three or four years the Government of which the Minister was a member proposed and Parliament voted various large sums as additional subsidies to the road in question, until the total amount of subsidies thus voted was over a quarter of a million of dollars. These various subsidies were paid to the order of the Senator in question, he being the chief shareholder, as well as the President of the company charged with the construction of the road.

Time passed. The Opposition by some means succeeded in bringing to light the facts above briefly stated, with many others of somewhat similar character, which we need not stay to particularize. These facts were brought prominently to the notice of the House of Commons or representatives, and the representatives asked to express their disapproval. The Minister in question thereupon arose in his place, admitted the general facts above stated, affirmed that he had done no wrong in accepting the large sum above mentioned from a party friend, and that the money had been used for legitimate party purposes. He further declared that he would not hesitate to do the same thing again, in similar circumstances. The majority of the representatives of the people, including his colleagues on the Ministerial benches, applauded his declaration and endorsed his position by their votes. This must mean that the transaction, as described, provided we have described it truthfully and without exaggeration or distortion, as we have tried to do, was, in their opinion, a proper and unobjectionable one.

Are the people of Canada, for the parable is for them, ready to accept the judgment of the majority of their elected representatives? Do they regard the transaction

as unobjectionable and proper? Do they see no impropriety in it? May a Minister of the Crown in Canada, without impropriety, as a member of a private company, contract with a business man to do a certain work for a speculative price, the amount of which is made to depend upon the success of that company in obtaining subsidies from the Government of which he is a member? May such a Minister, without impropriety, ask and receive for the purposes of the political party with which he is identified, a large money subscription from a person whom he knows to be deeply interested, financially, in obtaining further large subsidies from the Government of which said Minister is a member? Is the Minister, in such circumstances, in the position most favourable to his considering without bias and solely in the interests of the country, the application of the friend in question for further subsidies in aid of the railway enterprise with which the latter is identified? Is it, to put it bluntly, even decent that a Minister of the Crown, sworn to act as a faithful and impartial steward, should put himself in such a position, and that his colleagues should sustain him in it? Are not the principle thus affirmed and the precedent thus established full of danger for the future of the country which tacitly approves them?

This is the way in which we understand the recent episode at Ottawa in one of its aspects. If we have misunderstood or misstated the facts in any way, we shall be glad to stand corrected. If not, what ought an independent journal to say of the affair? What ought the independent people of Canada to say of it?

OTTAWA LETTER.

The question that has been raised by General Herbert's action in suspending Colonel Powell has brought out the injustice that the officials of the Militia Department rest under. Because they are soldiers they have no superannuation or retiring allowance, as the officials of other departments have. Colonel Powell is the father of the militia service, and as such has been the trusted servant in all matters connected with the militia force for many years, and General Herbert could not have been aware of the traditional respect in which he was held, when he suspended him for a departure from the routine that he believed military discipline demanded. The Minister of Militia had no other course open but to promptly re-instate an officer who has rendered such faithful service to the country.

General Herbert has been brought up in a military school that recognises the difference between the War Office and the Horse Guards, the former being controlled by the Secretary for War, the latter by the senior military officer, and seldom do the two branches clash. In Canada the relations of the two branches have been somewhat more intimate and interdependent, with perhaps a little too much politics overshadowing all.

As the country grows and the nation expands, greater interest must be taken in our defensive force and the force that gives power to our laws, so that while General Herbert's action may have been inconsiderate, there may have been behind it an honest desire to keep the matters under his

control strictly in the line of duty. However, "all's well that ends well."

The Conference has closed its labors. Their result have not yet been made public, so that it is impossible to comment with any degree of accuracy upon the proceedings. No doubt everything has been conducted in a very non-committal style, although the Hon. Mr. Bowell's appearance would indicate that his tea-party will be very likely to develop into a wedding. He himself is thoroughly up to date in his personal appearance and he looks as if he was at peace with all men.

Sir John Pender of the Eastern Cable, had a doughty champion in the Hon. Mr. Playford, of South Australia. South Australia maintains a telegraph line across the Australian continent from which she derives a considerable revenue; this is the telegraph line that connects the Eastern Commercial Cable with all the Australian centres, and according to Mr. Geo. Parkin's pamphlet the receipts of the cable between Australia and England are \$5,000 a day. The result of the Conference of 1887 was to effect a reduction in cable messages from \$2.50 per word to \$1.10 per word to stave off prospective competition. How far Mr. Sandford Fleming has been headed off it is impossible to say. That there are great possibilities in a Western Commercial Cable there is no doubt, but it will require the strength of all the Governments interested to launch it in the face of the powerful opposition of the Eastern Cable Company.

The proceedings of the Conference are to be made public at once so that in all probability before the end of the week Parliament will be in possession of the result of its deliberations.

Ottawa has done her duty well from a social standpoint in entertaining our guests from the Antipodes; it has been Queen's weather all the time. The lawn tennis tournament helped to create additional interest for the ladies of the party, and Sir Adolphe and Lady Caron, the vice Patron and Patroness of the tennis club, wound up the proceedings of the tennis tournament by an At Home on the grounds and a ball in the drill shed. The evening on Parliament Hill was exceedingly pretty and a great number were initiated into the mysteries of the Lover's Walk, of wide renown. A trip on the Ottawa added to the diversity of interest, and altogether the people of Ottawa parted with their new found friends with a cordial hope that the mail service we may one day see established, as a result of the conference between Australia, Canada and Great Britain will give the opportunity of a renewal of friendship and a lasting combination of interests.

Whether the House will prorogue on Saturday is the question at present; the members are tired, and it is to be hoped the Government will not find it necessary again to postpone the meeting to so late a date, and that the next time the tariff is on the boards the number of items will be greatly reduced.

The meeting of the Conference has, no doubt, shown the difficulty that exists in developing intercolonial trade with the bars up. If the French treaty passes, which is now being debated, the peculiar anomaly will exist that French wines will be admitted on a minimum tariff, while the Australian wines will be subject to a maximum tariff; that is developing intercolonial trade with a vengeance. Australia is increasing her vineyards very largely and is anxious to develop her wine trade, but the French

treaty will shut her out. Opposition to the treaty is likely to be developed in the Senate, where it has already been under discussion.

The great railroad strike has been the feature of the week. The United States are passing through an experience as violent as that of passing through fire and water. They have, fortunately, a statesman at the head of the country in their President at the present crisis. He recognizes that law must be uppermost, and that his whole energies must be bent to establish it. His dignified reply to the Governor of Illinois, who wanted to stop and argue a constitutional question in the midst of a conflagration, was worthy of all praise. When the law is enforced, he will then be able to listen to the dispute between the Pullman Company and its employees and enforce arbitration.

The organization of labour is one of the signs of the times, and it is a good sign. It has, however, to recognize its grave responsibility in exercising power. The organization of the labouring men may be a power for good or a power for evil, and it should be the interest of the labouring classes to develop the highest aims for the good of the world and the improvement of the masses. There are certain principles of political economy that must govern and beyond which they cannot go, and to learn these principles is an essential part of their duty.

Complaints are heard of their being a little too much rain for the haying season, otherwise the weather has been perfect, but the rain has been polite enough to confine its showers to the night season.

The ladies of the Conference party left this morning, the delegates leave this evening; they will no doubt have a warm welcome in Toronto and a most hospitable entertainment.

VIVANDIER.

Ottawa, July 10th, 1894.

THE OTTAWA CONFERENCE.

The paramount problem to be worked out is the consolidation of the Empire, by drawing and binding together its geographically separate portions. So said the President of the Conference at the opening of its first business session. It does not need much discernment to see that this is simply an old friend under another name. Consolidation, too, is a better word than federation and a conference of accredited delegates from the Mother Country and self-governing colonies is a great advance upon a league of private gentlemen who did a graceful act when they agreed to unite themselves into an association and a still more graceful act when they agreed to dissolve. A world-wide Empire is feeling its way unconsciously or semi-consciously towards unity and solidarity, and a good many tentative efforts will have to be made before the end is accomplished. It will never be accomplished, cry out the critics, the sceptics, the dogmatists and the cocksure race, generally, by whatsoever name called. Perhaps not, but we intend to go on trying, is our reply. The creature is dead, they cry out again, as the baby collapses in its first effort to reach a chair. Not quite, we take the liberty of saying, as baby picks himself up and victoriously reaches his destination. But what a rickety thing it is, they snarl! Yes, but give him a little time, we plead, for he comes of a good stock and the heart of a king is in him. And the great silent peo-

ple that has given birth to the baby finds voice to say, yes, give him time; a day is much to a mushroom, while a decade is as little to a child of mine as to a cedar of Lebanon. The big mother does not necessarily speak with a loud voice. More than a thousand years ago, England seemed overwhelmed by the heathen. All said that resistance was hopeless. "All," adds the old chronicler, "save Alfred the King." England was with Alfred, though he stood alone and had to bide his time. He renewed in better form the condition in which Rome once found itself;

"Et cuncta terrarum subacta
Praeter atrocem animum Catonis."

The future was Alfred's because he represented the highest thought. The future is always with those who represent union rather than disunion and evolution instead of revolution. While not blind to the facts of locality and the present moment—they steer by the stars rather than by lights that lead astray, and in due time they get to port.

It is possible to magnify the Conference that has just closed its sessions in Ottawa, but it is also possible, and indeed very easy, to belittle it and indulge in cheap wit at its expense. It has agreed to ask the Imperial Government to give to the Australian Colonies as much power to make discriminating or preferential treaties as Canada has by its constitution, and it has agreed to ask for a survey of the Pacific Ocean with a view of laying a cable between Canada and Australia and has offered to pay a fair share of the cost of the survey. Was it necessary to come from the ends of the earth to pass these resolutions? Certainly not. But the Conference itself means more than any number of resolutions. It is at once a symbol and a prophecy—a symbol that there is such a thing as a world-wide Empire, and a prophecy of future action. If it is so easy for men to meet when apparently there is no special need and things are not ready to their hands, how naturally will they spring together when the necessity for concerted action is patent to all! The influence of the Conference has already been felt. It has made Canada realize its position "as the half-way house of the British Empire" and made it value the unity that it has accomplished, as it was never valued before. When the Australian representatives heard Canada speak with one voice through the lips of Sir John Thompson and Mr. Laurier, they felt what their own divided counsels and consequent political weakness meant, and they have gone home determined hereafter to subordinate parish politics to the great cause of a united Australia. It has given a new impetus to South African union. And it has made British statesmen speak as they have not been accustomed to speak in recent years regarding the essential unity of the Mother Country and the Colonies, notwithstanding the various degrees of fiscal independence granted to the latter. Sir William Vernon Harcourt has announced that in treaties between Britain and other nations or countries, "the third nation" does not mean a British colony; in other words, that unless the colonies are specified for separate treatment, they are considered to be part and parcel of Britain and one of the contracting parties. It follows that there is nothing external to hinder free trade between Britain and her colonies with a common tariff against the rest of the world or against all of it that suits them or that declines to deal fairly with them.

One of the most significant indications of the moral weight of the Conference is the influence that it has apparently exercised upon Mr. Laurier. Even before it met, he, with the intuitive sagacity of a statesman, discovered its promise and potency, and in seconding Sir John Thompson's motion, that Parliament should adjourn, to welcome the delegates on the 28th of June, he suggested that the same day might also be taken by Parliament to celebrate Confederation, and the Conference thus be regarded as the harbinger of a still grander Confederation. It was a most happy suggestion. Probably the reason why it was not accepted was that members felt sore over their preposterous mistake in the black year, 1891, when Parliament adjourned over "Peter and Paul" day, and also on the 4th of July, but sat on Dominion Day. But one could hardly imagine that it would have been shamefully misrepresented. Its object was so evident than any one who cares for the Empire, of which he is a citizen, might have caught the patriotic glow of the high-souled speaker. We all know that even the day for celebrating the birth of the Queen has been changed, whenever there has been sufficient reason; and the simple question in this instance was whether the reasons assigned were sufficient or not. But party spirit spares nothing. If it can get a stab at an opponent, it will stab him even through the heart of the country. And so, party papers are not ashamed to tell us that "Disloyal French Mr. Laurier has been forced by public opinion to withdraw his opposition to the Government proposition to hold no session on Dominion Day." If the spirit that dictated that sentence is not rebuked by the people, Canada can never become united or great. Mr. Laurier had no opportunity of speech with regard to the Conference till the night of the 28th, and what use he made of it is pretty well known. I arrived in Ottawa the following night, and the cry that greeted me from almost every one I met, Canadian, Australian or South African, was, "Why did you not come a day sooner? You missed Laurier's speech. We are all proud both of him and Sir John Thompson." Both speeches should be given to the public in full, for it is in the heart of our great men that we must look for the real heart of the country.

The London *Times* showed its sense of the importance of the Conference by sending out a special representative to keep its readers informed of the proceedings from day to day. It is not too much to assert that while the Conference sat, Ottawa was more truly the capital of the Empire than London.

Even from the Tombs the voice of Mr. Wiman has been heard concerning its far-reaching significance. I have no thought of insulting a man who, though justly convicted of a great crime, is of far bigger brain and heart than any of those who once accepted his services, his time or his money, and now cry out that he is as good as dead and buried. Such men as Wiman have a strange power of coming to life again, and I trust that he may rise, purified by his disgrace and his sufferings. No one understands better than he how incalculable would be the advantage, both to the States and Canada, of free trade relations between the two countries. He made the mistake of fancying that Canada would sell its soul for them, because the Republic would accept no smaller price, and as a Canadian he may now be proud that his native country benefited from him in opinion and that it is

likely to reap in due time the reward of its fidelity. "Free Trade under the flag" is a worthier word to conjure with than "commercial union with protectionists."

But nowhere will the Conference be appreciated as in Canada. Already it has been welcomed by the pulpit, the Boards of Trade, the press and the Parliament. The mind of the people is represented to a certain extent by these organs, but the depth of our welcome cannot be gauged at once. That will be understood only when it is seen how effectually it has killed all thought of separation, and how it has inspired hopes of a larger commerce and a higher national status and life.

G. M. GRANT.

BEYOND THE DARKNESS.

Earth's fairest scene—the farewell of the day—
Our eyes still follow sadly—though so oft,—
Its rose and purple hues,—commingling
soft,—

So rich,—so bright,—so swift to pass away!
But well we know,—that darkness will not
stay.

And so, with hopeful hearts, we sink to rest,
And sleep steals gently o'er the weary breast,
Till darkness yield to daybreak's welcome ray.

Oh Thou, who mad'st the darkness and the
light

Whom Nature's myriad forces all obey,
Grant us the faith that pierces death's dark
night,—

Teach us,—that darkness, too, shall pass
away,—

Help us to look, with faith's far-reaching sight,
To where,—beyond the darkness,—there is
day!

FIDELIS.

OUR ORIGINALS.—V.

(From the French of Benjamin Sulte, F.R.S.C.)

It now remains for us to deal with the colour of the skin, of the hair and eyes. Here I no longer fall back upon history. The science of observation suffices to resolve this problem in all countries of the world.

Were we in possession of documents particularizing the complexion of each Frenchman originally settled in Canada, we could in some degree compare them, from the point of view of the physical aspect, with their descendants; but failing this resource we will look at the thing after the manner of the scientists. From the days of our first progenitor surprising transformations have taken place in the figure and complexion of mankind. Always and everywhere it is under the influence of the surroundings that these phenomena are produced.

In the course of nearly three centuries, under a climate very different from that of France, making use of plentiful and wholesome nourishment, occupied in labour which exercise to the full the physical powers, we have acquired an energy of which physiologists recognize the full value. Does not our expansion sufficiently prove it, indeed?

Under such conditions the skin, the eyes, the hair, cannot fail to have been affected in the matter of change of hue.

For this the water they drank, the emanations from the soil, the chemical values of the various vegetables, will sufficiently account.

This will explain then, why this girl is fair, while her sister is dark, and their brothers auburn, copper-coloured or white!

In Canada, as in Europe, one observes like diversities. There, as here, the men and women of certain localities are robust,

while frequently their neighbours of the next village or commune suffer from debility and bodily weakness. It is a matter of local influences, even the animals are under similar conditions. I do not undertake to explain this theory more fully, for it is received to-day by the mass of careful students.

Now, have we black hair, black eyes, dark skins, in excess? No, assuredly not; no more than have other people. I go further and say that individuals in whom the features of the person and the colouring of the skin recall the savage type are rare among us. In many cases, going back two or three generations, it can be proved that the complexion was not so dark; probably the grandchildren of the present individuals will return to the earlier pale tints.

And thus we come to enquire whether we have just now a greater proportion of black eyes, swarthy skins, raven's-wing tresses than formerly, comparing the sum-total of the population. Whoever can reply so as to clear up this uncertainty will have discovered a novelty. But even then the question will not be ended, for it will be necessary to prove savage descent; and that, it seems to me, would be impossible, save in a few exceptional cases.

To say that the movement of emigration of Frenchmen to Canada came to an end about the year 1675, when the colony counted but about seven thousand souls, is to repeat that which everybody knows. Nevertheless to abide by the strict truth, we must add that more than one family settled among us after that date. The conditions of the time explain the whole thing perfectly. For example, a French merchant consulting his personal interests, establishes himself here. A young man, in a subordinate position at the desk, comes to the colony hoping to be advanced a stage, and ends by marrying here: a workman that the bait of a larger wage allures, a professional man required at a particular time adopts the New France, and becomes on this side the ocean the parent stock of a family. The military, officers and privates, quit the flag, by permission, to become farmers.

The military! Oh, the splendid race we owe to them! "*Canadians, sons of soldiers,*" is a stave most fittingly chanted at our national re-unions. Never were a people more justly entitled to say of their originals, "We are sons of husbandmen and soldiers." "The ploughshare and sword are our shining blazon."

"Poor, but valiant; pioneers, brave, adventurous, never despairing, that is our character in the past as in the present." We insist upon that, whatever debate may bring on an exchange of arguments upon our originals. It is the truth; let it so be understood; and let us always be proud of it!

The troops of France had been disbanded to the last man in 1672. After that not a single regiment was sent out to us, save in 1754, during the seven years' war; but to renew the garrisons the King despatched little detachments which received the offer of grants of land, on very favorable conditions. Year by year, some seignories were thus peopled; our Canadian women married these new colonists. If we can positively affirm that among us every man counted and that there were neither idle ones, nor a floating and undecided class, the same may be said of the women. As soon as a girl became of marrying age she found her own place, and indeed that was held as a part of her being.

A child of the country she continued to live in her first estate, and thus was founded that robust population which is our pride. There obtains throughout France a certain admiration for the works of Mr. Francis Parkman.* They are all admirably written as literature, and often well put together, but the oil of their mechanism is anti-Canadian. Mr. Parkman attributes wholly to France the successes of our element from Hudson's Bay almost to the Gulf of Mexico, while indeed the great things that we have accomplished are nearly always and solely Canadian doings. When he finds himself embarrassed to explain why our scanty militia scattered terror among the masses of the New England soldiery, he says that our commanders were, from the highest to the lowest grades, French, and he names them.

Now, all, with scarcely an exception, were born in Canada, and had never seen France!

This style of pleading a cause before a tribunal of justice is the manner of the advocate, but the method is execrable in historical matters.

When, after the death of Colbert (that is to say from 1683 to 1715) Louis the Fourteenth, engaged in his long and disastrous wars, was neglecting Canada, many expostulations were sent from the Supreme Council of Quebec. We were asking the men of Old France to help to develop in America a New France. The King responded to these just demands with an offer of certain convicts, coiners, bankrupts, vagabonds, footpads, galley slaves. But we never could accept such presents. Never! The letters of the monarch and of his ministers are extant, and it is true that they can be cited; but who can prove that the Canadians had endorsed them? The replies and refusals of the Supreme Council of Quebec (which was become by order of the King the Senate (Conseil Supérieur) are there in all their native dignity. Traditionally the temper of our population opposed itself to this class of people. Thus therefore the repulse! "Not a head rather than one with a smirch on its forehead." Seeing the impossibility of imposing on us the castaways of the kingdom, the Minister fell back on smugglers and salt-smugglers (contrebandiers et faux-sauners). In these times of war to the knife, of financial crises, of general distress (the end of the reign of Louis XIV), a smuggler was a sort of gentleman, born of the people, sacred by misfortune and readily to be compared with those whom we call in these days, "His Majesty's loyal Opposition." The salt-smugglers made their business the commerce in salt. The Mother Country was at such a point of exhaustion that the revenue of the tax on salt became one of the main resources of the Treasury. Read Vauban and shudder at the recital of the miseries of the French people. The contrabandists and salt-smugglers of 1693 to 1730, far from deserving the reprobation of history, have a right to our respect. Well, the Supreme Council of Quebec asked for contrabandists and salt-smugglers. They were not afraid of epithets. They knew the world from which these unfortunates were drawn; they called them to their help in preference to the adventurers of the large cities. Let us leave it to the writers who know nothing, to work themselves into a frenzy and pretend that such recruits became an injury to

* It must be remembered that this was written while Mr. Parkman was still alive. S. A. C.

us. On the contrary, it was a generous blood they infused into our veins.

But then, it will be said, the negligence of the French administration having given birth to a class in revolt against the laws, Canada was peopled with these persons. Do not let us pass the bounds of fact. According to all the documents in our possession not more than two hundred of these exiles came hither during the epoch in question, that is between 1700 and 1730. And observe that our population was at that period settled, constructed, organized from a long way back. The new colonists found themselves but a drop in a bucket.

But they came: I admit that. What I do not admit is the accusation of being contaminated by them. They were neither sufficiently numerous, nor sufficiently corrupt to exercise upon us an evil influence. We have absorbed them, not without retaining, it may be, a little of their spirit of opposition to power—not altogether an evil.

I have already spoken of *Le Sage*. The author of *Gil Blas* knew not much of Canada. The absurd narrations of Captain Beauchene put him into a rapture on us as his subject. This was in 1710 and 1715. Beauchene had lived more on the sea than on the land of this continent. His story relates more particularly to the Antilles than to Lower Canada. *Le Sage* confused the tropics with the West, after the fashion of the excellent *La Fontaine*.

What Beauchene has related of sons of great families exiled among us, from 1690 to 1715, is partly true, but what an overplus, good heavens! For ten gentlemen whom the *lettre-de-cachet* sent to our trading posts, *Le Sage* seems to imply that France had been depopulated, emptied, scourged, cleansed, relieved, consoled, by these expulsions. It is too much cleansing at one time. At this same period, a minister of the King was replying to a request for expatriation by force on the part of a family of some influence, "We send nobody to America against his will." Moreover, where do we find traces of these poor devils in the genealogies, perfect as they are, of our own families?

When Louis XIV died (1715) the difficulties in finance became a catastrophe. *LAW* appeared. Muddling everything, ruling everything, he opened a bank upon his own method. It was bankruptcy all along the line in 1720. We have paid dearly for the experience. The Regent repudiated almost all the debt of Canada. It was millions! But he bought a diamond which was his glory! A new trading company, another monopoly, saw the light. Then more mischief commenced. That there should be introduced into commercial affairs a set of rotten operators is easy to be believed. The details often fail us; but I take the general run of events and draw therefrom the idea of a very painful condition of things. The administration of the colony, straitly concentrated in the hands of the Cabinet at Versailles, was sure to produce here more than one misreckoning. The finances were not of the "habitants" but merely birds of passage. M. l'abbé de la Tour, who lived but two or three years at Quebec, about 1730, said, without the slightest distinction or naming any date, that "Canada is composed of persons ruined and compromised in France." He indeed was a little worse informed than *La Hontan* who, before him, had exercised his caustic pen upon the young women selected by Colbert. The abbé de la Tour evidently speaks of what passed

from 1715 to 1730, and, properly understood, that was not the period of the peopling of Canada. Some persons, men of money and others, had just at that time thrown the commerce of the country into some disorder, that was all. They had not, it is more than probable, added a single family to the population of the country. "Ne confondons plus autour avec alentour ou avec La Tour." (As this sentence is a clever play upon words it is impossible adequately to translate it, but it means, let us not confound *then* with *thereabouts*, or with La Tour, the careless writer.)

After 1680 emigrants ceased to come in numbers. What is the good, then, of representing a few isolated little groups of smugglers, soldiers, salt-smugglers, bank clerks, wild young fellows as having imprinted their characteristics upon our people? Historic facts are there which quite belie such suppositions. Our existence as a people or a nation was accomplished. The framework had been laid. We were an entity. We predominated by our numbers. The will of the Canadians was supreme in the morals of the community. An adventurer more or less could not affect the situation, no more than it could to-day, and then, as Pierre Boucher writes, "they knew as well how to hang in Canada as in France." They knew also the use of the lash, of the branding-iron, and the pillory. Scoundrels found things here no pleasanter for them than in Europe. A strict law well enforced is a page in our history, and thus it is still after the lapse of more than two centuries. Le sieur Lebeau, who was banished Paris by the authorities, together with fifteen or sixteen of his fellows, careless and wild, and who were all landed at Quebec, good and bad, relates that when M. de Beauharnois, the Governor-General, saw them arrive, and knowing that they were by no means desirable persons, he exclaimed, "Your relations and those who have sent you hither must have lost their heads!"

These young men were wholly unfitted for the work of the colony; they became a difficulty; they were, therefore, some of them sent into the army; one became a book-keeper; these were schoolmasters; those barbers, etc. Seeing that the occurrence surprised and disgusted the Governor and the Bishop to a degree, Lebeau tells us, "I concluded that it was not the rule, and that such sort of people were not received here."

The history of Louisiana at this epoch (1715-1745) informs us that two parties struggled the one against the other in that Province: the French and the Canadians. Bienville and Vaudreuil, two Canadians—governors of Louisiana during these thirty years—were constantly accused of supporting the Canadian party, whom the agents and French merchants characterized as "rabble," the scum of Canada. The source of the antipathy of the authors of these accusations is evident. On the other hand, Bienville and Vaudreuil used the French no better. These last had landed on the banks of the Mississippi under no better auspices than the Canadians. Taken as a whole, the people of our race who first set foot in Louisiana were no great things, whether they were from Canada or France.

From 1730 to 1744 nobody can tell us how the emigration of the French to Canada proceeded, for the good reason that there was not any, beyond that of the troops who continued to receive their discharge and took up land—still a very few in number—

not more than twenty men in a year. From 1744 to 1760 there was continual war with England. All our history of that period is comprised under that of battle, forced marches, scarcity, misfortunes innumerable which foretold the Conquest. Of that we need not speak.

I have thus endeavoured to recall, phase by phase, the movements which marked the peopling of Lower Canada, or the Province of Quebec, from the first. It is certain that I have hidden nothing, nor exaggerated anything. The verdict of a careful examination of the subject shows that the great bulk of testimony is favourable to us, and that the occasional dissentient voices which are heard in the course of the time, do not agree with that character for veracity and exactitude which is indispensable to the historian in forming his conclusions.

Nevertheless we do not object to being attacked; it furnishes us with an opportunity of recalling the past, to our advantage.

S. A. CURZON.

(Concluded.)

LILACS, WALT WHITMAN, AND CRICKET.

Seldom have the lilac bushes been as beautiful as they were this spring. Looking out of any window on a glorious May morning you could see them everywhere in blossom, white and purple, and your first thought, if you love him, is of Whitman, for his every lover surely in his heart holds this great poet and these perfect flowers inseparable.

In his "Memories of President Lincoln" you will find his lilacs:

"When lilacs last in the door-yard bloom'd.

In the door-yard fronting an old farmhouse near the white-washed palings,
Stands the lilac-bush tall-growing, with the heart-shaped leaves of rich green,
With many a pointed blossom rising delicate,
With the perfume strong I love,
With every leaf a miracle—"

Your second thought, if you have read "The Innings," will of a certainty be of cricket, for in this you have a good parody of Whitman's lilac poem. So much for the association of ideas!

"The Innings" teems with the spirit of the field:

"To take your stand at the wicket in a posture of haughty defiance;
To confront a superior bowler as he confronts you;
To feel the glow of ambition, your own and that of your side;
To be aware of shapes hovering, bending, watching around—white-flannelled shapes—all eager, unable to catch you.

Sing on, grey-brown bird, now I understand you!

Pour forth your rapturous chants from flowering hedge in the marsh,
I follow, I keep time, though rather out of breath.

The return to the pavilion, sad and slow at first; gently breaking into a run amid a tumult of applause;
The doffing of the cap (without servility) in becoming acknowledgment;
The joy of what has been and the sorrow for what might have been mingling madly for the moment in cider-cup.

Overhead meanwhile the splendid, silent sun, blending all, fusing all, bathing all in floods of soft ecstatic perspiration."

You have not forgotten those glorious old days; you who have retired from the field; and as you watch the game to-day do you

not envy the batsman and the bowler; you who have known the "perfect feet of a fourer;" "the thousand delicious cracks;" the charming sensation of "standing still in your ground, content and masterful, conscious of an unquestioned six," and "the hundred runs passionately yearned for, never, never again to be forgotten."

Your sympathy, may be, is with the batsman: you rejoice when he slogs; you are impatient, eager to make the run for him; may be with the bowler: if his ball is off you want to rush over and show him how you are sure you could take the wicket first ball. Anyway, you long to be on the field again.

Those were days when we were children! There were four of us, and hour on hour through the long summer vacation we played cricket, every man for himself, played with the untiring love of children, played in the sunshine, and when the clouds came sailing across the heated sky, prayed for it not to rain; in the long garden we played under the apple-trees when they were fragrant and white with blossoms, and when the fruit hung heavy and ripe on the boughs; in the autumn many a day did we pitch our wicket under the yellow, drifting leaves. It was good!

The origin of cricket is unknown. It is supposed to be English and undoubtedly is. Nothing like it is found among the Greek and Roman sports, while there are several English games from one of which it probably originated, the preference being given to trap-ball. This game can be traced back to the beginning of the fourteenth century. A trap was used by which the ball was elevated so that the batsman might strike it. Two boundaries were placed at given distances from this trap, and the batsman was out if the ball, after being elevated by him and struck away, fell outside of these, or if the ball was caught after his hitting it with his bat, or if the ball, when returned by an opposite player, touched the trap or rested within a ball's length of it. Each stroke counted one for the batsman. An interesting comparison this with cricket.

Another game was that of club-ball. An engraving in a MS. in the Bodleian library dated 1344 represents a woman about to throw a ball to a man who holds his bat elevated to strike it. The bat and the ball were apparently the only materials used in playing club-ball. It was not uncommon for women to join in the ancient games of ball in England.

Though we may not know surely the origin of cricket, yet we know this, that of all pastimes bequeathed to us by our forefathers, cricket is the most admirable—it is the one truly refined, scientific game, and, moreover, it has preserved its noble qualities through a century and a half of playing.

HELEN M. MERRILL.

The covetous man is a downright servant, a man condemned to work in mines, which is the lowest and hardest condition of servitude; and to increase his misery, a worker there for he knows not whom; "He heapeth up riches and knows not who shall enjoy them;" it is only sure that he himself neither shall nor can enjoy them. He is an indigent, needy slave; he will hardly allow himself clothes and board wages; he defrauds not only other men, but his own genius; he cheats himself for money. But the servile and miserable condition of this wretch is so apparent that I leave it, as evident to every man's sight as well as judgment.—*Cowley.*

HEINE.

There is no modern poet whose work lends itself less readily to critical analysis than Heine. The fabric of his genius was wrought of such diverse elements and the phenomena of his mind so varied in character and characterized by such exceptional mobility in expression that it is impossible to determine his literary status by establishing his intellectual affinity to any one school of thought or expression. He was one of those few authors who can claim a mental relationship with all moods of thought and whose genius is sufficiently versatile in its expression of diverse conceptions to justify romanticist and realist, pessimist and optimist, doubter and believer, sentimentalist and cynic alike to call him brother. He was a curious combination of malice, mirth and music. His poems are a perpetual revelation of conflicting moods, of swift mental alterations, pathos and merriment, smiles and sighs, sneers and sobs, reverence and mockery, love and hate, throughout all superbly eloquent and beneath all profoundly ironical. He passed through life with a sneer on his lip, a tear in his eye, a frown on his brow, laughter in his voice. A German by birth and a Jew by ancestry he had all the poetry of Isaiah, but none of the patience of Job. In his nature the fierce energy of a hot-blooded people was directed to the service of desires unknown to those that bequeathed it. He was a David up to date, a child of Israel adapted to the times.

It has been said "Life is a tragedy to those that feel, a comedy to those that think." Heine felt and Goethe thought. One is restless, passionate, emotional; the other is quiet, majestic, calm. Goethe stood apart, enjoying, in the midst of continental tribulation, a superb repose. Heine responded to every touch of his age, shared its sorrows, sympathized with its aspirations, enjoyed its humour, mourned for its misery, and with satire—with more than satire—with bitter irony, with almost voiceless scorn he scourged the fools and folly of his age.

Heine was no literary amateur, no poet of the mob. He was an exquisite artist of verse, a delicate artificer of ideas, a subtle builder of poems. In his verse, light and shade, shadow and sunlight are beautifully blended, and the finest, and most subtle tints and colors of thought are linked together in exquisite harmony. His lyrics are like the chimes of silver bells: silvery, subtle and sweet. His verses are like crystals; like delicate china finely finished, tenderly tinted, perfectly polished, delicately, lovingly wrought, light as a star beam, radiant as a rainbow, rare as a precious pearl from the depths of ancient ocean. He clothes his ideas in a drapery of loveliness, seemingly woven from the beams of suns and stars, the essence of clouds and mists.

Such is the architecture of his verse. Through the fine framework of form there flows a swift tide of passion, turbulent, emotional and fiery; sparkling, glowing, glittering, flashing and flaming as it surges turbulently up from the depths of a heart of fire. The crystal palaces of verse are illuminated with the light of thought, the golden harp is flooded with music, the perfect voice is freighted with eloquence. But in his thought there is no stability, no crystallization, no uniformity, no system, no repose. All is unquiet and disturbance. He was filled with unrest and was never at peace with men. In his mind was a vision of beauty, and in the world was deformity; in his soul was a yearning for peace, and

in the world was war; in his heart was a passion for freedom, and in the world was law. And he knew that the world was wrong. He was a caged bird who sometimes sang, and in the ecstasy of song attempted to soar, and fluttering in helpless agony against the bars that shut him from the skies, ceased singing to complain.

Heine was born at the dawn of the present century and lived in the midst of perpetual transition sharing in the fullest degree the restlessness of this unquiet age. His earliest work, the famous book of songs, contains some reflections on the despotic, social and political restrictions of his country which aroused the anger of the ruling powers and he was forced to fly. He went to Paris where his fame and genius won him admittance to the choicest intellectual and social circles, as well as into the councils of extreme democrats who welcomed him as one of themselves. In Paris he spent considerable time studying human nature as revealed in that wonderful city and occasionally seeing a wider experience by trips over the continent. He strove to experience every possible emotion and satisfy every passion of his nature. There was certainly no city so well qualified to minister to an ambition of this kind as the gay capital of France, and yet after many years residence there we find him still a dissatisfied man. There were evidently some aspirations in his nature which even Paris could not satisfy. He had literary success, social success, fame and comparative wealth, but yet he was a disappointed man. The age could satisfy his body, but it could not satisfy his soul. After such a man as this has taken his meals he is still hungry. He feels an intellectual appetite, a craving for mental delicacies. He likes to sit down and listen to the cadence of ideas, to hearken for the sounds of unseen but sublime choirs, to catch the melody of astral music. He longs for things earth cannot give. He wishes to dwell in a palace of art, to breathe the breath of perpetual beauty, to listen to the harmonies of spheres.

There seem to be some who think that a poet to be true to nature must creep in the dust; that his verse should be homely; that he should cover his palaces with mud; cling close to the earth, and forget the stars; sprinkle the pathways of thought with straw and set apart the choicest part of his mind for cattle stalls. This is a great mistake, or at best only a partial truth. The poets should not descend to the people, but the people should rise to the poets. The mountains should not be levelled to the plains. The great need not cease to be great because the small are small. The lofty should not become lowly because the low are low. Souls that have wings should spread them and soar nor cease to soar because the worm must creep. It should be the aim of the poets not to adapt their verse to the masses, but to adapt the masses to their music; to teach them the loftier harmonies of life; to lift them up, and by the light of genius illuminate the pathway that leads to the pinnacles of thought. All nature is not of the earth. All things are natural though all may not be visible. The supernatural is only that part of nature which has not yet been explored. It is true that dust and tree and stones and bricks and hills and plains are part of nature, but it is equally true that they are an insignificant part. There is also the nature manifested in stars and clouds, tides and waves and ether; in men, women and children, and their ideas, hopes and aspira-

tions. Thoughts are natural products. The poet is most true to nature who tells in music the loftiest feelings that stir his soul the divine cravings, the infinite yearnings, the pathos, joy and music of the mind.

It is said that Heine was cynical, satirical, caustic, cold, because he lashed with merciless satire the conventional customs and creeds of his age. Should he have left them alone? Were they worthy of anything better than contempt, and if they were contemptible should they not have been visited with contempt? Believing them bad, knowing them to be useless, should he not in the interests of the society they afflicted expose their frailties. If he, seeing in his mind a more perfect beauty, and feeling in his heart a higher wisdom, felt that the social world was evil, could he do anything less than scorn it, and if he scorned it at all, was it not fitting that he should scorn it well? The presence of an element of sarcasm in the writings of an author does not necessarily indicate that his nature is evil, or his heart unkind. Cynicism may have its origin in two causes. It may originate in an evil nature and be caused by pure and unprovoked malice; or it may originate in the genuine, honest scorn of a noble mind at the ignoble things it contemplates. Among cynics of this last and exalted class may be mentioned Pascal, Thackeray, Voltaire and Heine. These were all men of lofty nature, capable of unlimited love. Indeed their very scorn itself was born of love. It was because they loved the noble that they scorned the base; because they saw the true, they smote the false; because they loved the light they warred with darkness. So it was with Heine. He was filled with a passion for truth, and in the interests of truth, he called into service every weapon in the armoury of his intellect. He entered upon an intellectual crusade against everything less than that perfect ideal which dwelt in his mind. The keen eye of genius saw that what lesser minds worshipped as realities were nothing better than shams. In the light of his mind the deformity of the world was revealed as a fact, but not as a necessity. The greatness and beauty with which he dwarfed to the mental eye the littleness and deformity without.

A contented man is a curse to the world. All progress has originated in discontent. Civilization itself was due to this. To be satisfied with anything less than the perfect is treason to progress. The man who is satisfied with what he has will ask for nothing better, but sleep the sleep of mediocrity, live a life of nothingness, and die the death of a dog. The man who is dissatisfied will demand something better, and get it. He will differ, he will dissent, he will deviate, he will rise, he will reign, and when he dies he will become an angel and aspire to be a God. Discontent is the root of progress, the source of civilization; it indicates a lofty nature. The man who is satisfied with the law, is low. The man who aspires, complains and revolts does so because he has something better in him than the things he sees without, and he seeks to make the world as perfect as his thought. He strives to make the lowly within out conform to the lofty without. He measures the world by his soul and finds it exceedingly small. When old earth was ushered out of the midnight of chaos into the dawning of cosmos and passed from the agony of growth into the bliss of completion, the spirit of unrest must surely have passed from the element into the

spirit of man newly-made, and if ever it is banished from thence to mingle again with the elements, then will be a fitting time for it to sow the contagion of chaos again, and kindle once more the cosmic fires to rend forever in fragments the world whose citizens are worthy only of its dust. So long as men aspire, so long should they live. So long as the atmosphere of life is flooded with hope and faith and the eye of man is bent forward seeking new vistas, new pathways, new light and new truth, so long alone is it fitting that the sacred fires of life should burn in his heart as on an altar supremely divine.

To place a poet like Heine in the midst of the Europe of the nineteenth century was like placing a nightingale in a cellar, planting a flower in a desert, or banishing an angel to earth. He was oppressed, maimed, tortured, restricted by his environment, enraged by its narrowness, angry at its desecration, oppressed by its hopeless mediocrity. He saw that the social and political conditions of life on the continent were unnatural and (which, perhaps, distressed him more) he could discover no acceptable means to rectify the disorder. Could he have seen a light in the darkness, a way in the wilderness, a remedy for the disease, the whole tone of his life might have changed. Instead of being a victim he might have become a martyr, instead of wasting his life in ineffectual complaints at the errors of the age, he might have concentrated it to the service of a remedial cause. He might have concentrated his abilities on some definite point, enlisted his genius in the service of a cause, and risen to sublime proportions under the operation of a faith. It seems to me that the primary cause of the discontent of Heine was the fact that while he was perpetually face to face with the evils of the day he could never see a remedy. Had his genius been less than it was, he might have been deluded into the belief that some one of the remedies offered by the political physicians of the day was capable of rectifying social ills, and armed at least with a purpose he might have risen on the pinions of faith above the slough of despondency. The very genius of the man deprived him of hope by showing him not only that the condition of society was bad, but that every remedy proposed to rectify it was also bad. Therefore his life lacked purpose. He had nothing definite to give. Anxious for the destruction of political and social inequality, realizing the unfortunate condition of the masses, the narrowness and bigotry of the classes, and the subjection of literature to the despotism of government which restrained liberty of speech and thought, painfully conscious of the poverty and ignorance of the people, yet he had nothing definite to offer for the rectification of all these ills. Like Dante in the *Inferno*, passing through all the scenes of agony, he was doomed to see but not to aid, to gaze with tearful eye and bleeding heart upon misery he could not lift a finger to cure. But unlike the stranger in Purgatory, though he could not assist, still he dared to protest and to smite every devil he saw. His work, therefore, was restricted not by desire but by necessity to destruction. He fought the social shams, but he fought without a banner, without a faith. One only comprehensive remedy which the Reformers of Europe offered for the alleviation of the condition of the people in this time of Heine was Communism. On this remedy he looked with almost greater terror than the disease itself. The fairest instincts of his nature led him to believe that a

system akin to those of Fourier or Owen would mean the death of art. He did not wish to satisfy the stomachs of the people at the expense of their intellects. He feared that Communism with its system of universal levelling would inaugurate a reign of mediocrity. His vivid imagination clothed the proposed system with imaginary terrors. He fancied it would mean the death of art, of music, of poetry, of all those rare and subtle intellectual joys which were the idols of his soul. Already in his mind he saw them dead and mourned before they died, hushed the strain of the minstrel, hushed the voice of the poet, faded the colour of pictures, silent forever the music of life. Communism to him meant the triumph of mediocrity and mediocrity and its little laws were the things he scorned the most.

To those who worship the beautiful and love unsullied light, who cherish in their minds a pure ideal, and keep their inner eye forever fixed upon the picture of perfection, there is something painfully repugnant in the contented mediocrity of the masses of mankind. It is mortifying to think that the majority of our fellowmen, in the very humblest of whom we fondly like to think there is something of the angel, should be contented neither to seek nor to soar but forever to dig and delve, to hoe and sow and eat and sleep and die. Yet this is the history of mankind. Untold generations have done this and this only, walking forever with their eyes upon the earth, oblivious of the stars. Sometimes indeed they have sought variety in war and murdered each other, and very often they have contentedly walked the earth with halters on their necks, chains on their limbs and darkness in their minds, bound by kings, bound by priests, bound by capitalists, but above all things, bound by their own consummate mediocrity. Only here and there, and now and then a stately spirit has spoken, a kingly soul has snapped his chains and soared, showing that in human nature there was something of the divine and whispering hope in the night. It was not the fact that men were mediocre that annoyed Heine so much as the fact that they were contented to be mediocre, that they never aspired to rise above the lower level, but flattered themselves that they were already on the summits and had reached the pinnacle of joy. If the majority of men have risen from barbarism to civilization it is not because they have elevated themselves but because they have been dragged upward by the strong arms of an unselfish few. The inventor of the printing press, the inventor of the steam engine, the discoverer of electricity, of gravity, of circulation, the authors of "Social Contract," the "Spirit of the Laws," the "Rights of Man," the "Wealth of Nations," the "Critique of Pure Reason," and the few other revolutionary works which opened the paths of civilization, those men were the saviours of mankind, and yet so few are they compared with the masses of men who did nothing for their own salvation that they seem to bear to those almost the same proportion as the grain of sand to the desert or the drop of water to the ocean.

It was not, however, so much against the enforced mediocrity of the toiling masses as against the chosen mediocrity of the "respectable classes" that Heine was inclined most bitterly to protest. The folly of conventional society is most repugnant because it is ostentatious. Society parades its insignificance and prides itself on its littleness. It has its little

customs, its little habits, its little dogmas, its little opinions and its extremely little code of conduct. It is publicly precise, decorous, decent, orthodox, not only virtuous but prudish, not only good, but goody-goody. It is narrow, artificial, conventional, contemptible, and in the eyes of an enlightened posterity will probably be considered absolutely barbarous. The average man to-day in so-called civilized countries is hedged in, and crippled by rules and customs and obsolete forms of conduct made by narrow, shallow minds whom the accident of fortune or birth has made the dictators of society. Genius, that sublime rebel, revolts against these petty restrictions ordained by asinine mediocrity, and asserts its divine right to be lawless. It was because Heine hesitated to praise a country subject to such restrictions as these he was called unpatriotic. As a matter of fact, he loved his country and not its institutions. He knew that its laws were despotic, he knew that its government was tyrannical, he knew that its customs were irrational and he knew what the so-called patriots were too blind to see that the national spirit in Germany and every other country in Europe was kindled at autocratic fires and utilized by the privileged classes to withdraw the attention of the people from the civil abuses of the land.

And so he hovered between the past and the future, scorning to rest on ruins and fearing to rest in clouds; angry at the past for its errors, angry at the present for its incompetence, and fearful of the future with its mists. All life long he had lashed the shams and follies of his age, battered and bruised himself against the walls of the artificial, and enlisted every power of his nature, good and evil, in the service of elemental truth. He was one of the class of men who so long as their eyes are open can never rest at peace until the thing they gaze upon is as beautiful as the thing they think, who seek to paint perfection on the world and make the physical conform to the mental and the real to the ideal. Throughout the whole of his life he was searching for something he never found, something his age could not give. He sought for an art-crowned palace of life, where genius and beauty and light and love prevail in the minds of men and are held somewhat higher than gold. Unlike his countrymen, who seek for cash, he sought for beauty. He aspired to be paid from the treasury of human affection and be rich with a wealth of love. In the literature of travel we read continually of explorations made by fearless mariners in the search of the North Pole. We have never read of any who found it. In the literature of poetry we may also read of many fearless mental mariners forever faring forward toward the highest, holiest poles of thought, seeking, ever seeking for the perfect light. Bravely they press forward toward the pinnacles of thought, moved by a mighty yearning to reach the pole perfection, frost and fire, and fire and frost, hope and doubt and death and love and most ineffable desire are in them while they journey towards the distant poles they never yet have found.

The sad history of the closing portion of the life of Heine is too familiar to require repetition. For the eight years immediately preceding his death he was confined to his bed suffering from a most painful disease, and partially paralyzed and partially blind. The story of his last appearance abroad has been thus told in Weisner's "Reminiscences of Heine": "Through the

streets of Paris the crowds were moving, swayed by their leaders, as by a storm, hither and thither. The poet, half-blind and half-paralyzed, dragging himself along by help of a stick, tried to get out of the bustle of the streets by taking refuge in the Louvre near by. He entered the halls of the palace, which in those turbulent times were almost empty, and soon found himself in the large space on the ground floor where the antique gods and goddesses are placed. All at once he stood before the ideal of beauty, the smiling, enchanting goddess, the marvellous work of some unknown artist, the Venus of Milo. Startled at the sight of her, moved, struck, almost horrified, the sick man staggered back and dropped in a chair, and hot and bitter tears ran down his cheeks." This is the whole of the story. The beautiful art that he had sought for, sighed for, fought for, feared for, stood there before him like an angel, and he, too, he stood before her—a wreck. The vision of beauty filled his eyes and blinded him. He thought of himself, aged, worn, palsied, dying, and art, the true love of his soul, living but lost. All life long he had sought for a loveliness earth holds not; through all lands, in all the corridors of art, in history, in philosophy, and in the world he wandered, peering into the homes and haunts of men, forever on his lip a sneer of scorn at the pitiful mediocrity about him, forever on his brow a wrinkle of unavailing thought and forever in his eye the strange far away look of one who seeks for something earth cannot give.

No dead thing is so terrible in death as the corpse of an ideal. The shattered hopes and golden dreams of youth look strangely, sadly desolate in death. And after they are slain we will not bury them nor yet believe them really dead, but hold them holiest then. Their ghosts come back to haunt us in the night. Lifeless, but beautiful they flutter round us on the downward slope towards the final darkness. Spirits of hopes unrealized, spirits of faiths unsatisfied, spirits of yearnings unaccomplished, spectres of perished dreams, these are our companions in the journey into the dust. No one hoped more than Heine. No one aspired so much as he. He hoped for liberty, he hoped for art, he hoped for civilization, he hoped for love, he hoped for the conquest of error, he hoped for the crowning of truth, he hoped for the coronation of beauty; and in a little while, when the perfume had fled from the flower, and the music had gone from the harp, and spirit had died in the creeds, and the light of the stars had gone out, and he lay on the verge of the valley of death, his hopes came back to haunt him in his night. And so he lay on his bed and saw with sarcastic bitterness that the world survived his absence. What had become of the gold-tipped arrows of his wrath, what had become of the angry darts of cynicism he had hurled among his foes? Had the wounds all healed, had darkness and night prevailed, was his life spent entirely in vain, and was his fury wholly unavailing? "Do you think they are dead, do you think they are forgotten?" he feverishly inquired of visitors regarding his books. Had he written his books in vain? Not entirely in vain if in the temple of the human mind the shadow of ancient error grows fainter day by day, and wherever the arrows of his divine scorn fell on the convictions of men the rotten husks of thought drop off and wither and fade and die. Not entirely in vain had he sung, if often, when the twilight clasps the earth in dusk and falls in

quiet restfulness on German homes and hearts, when the snowflakes gently fall upon the cottage roof, and old Father Rhine rolls his waters without and the fitful fireside flames within fall on the tearful eyes of those that lift the harp to sing a song that touches human hearts, through the ivied lattice of the German cottage there bursts the melody of perfect song, and fathers and mothers and men and maidens twine their arms around each other's necks and sing the songs of Heine.

ETHELBERT F. H. CROSS.

A FOREIGNER'S GRAVE.

He sleeps forever by the Aurelian wall
Under the summer's Tyrian coverlid,
With sprinkling jasmine flowers set amid
And the sun's golden opal over all.

Aloft in dusking vapors, builded tall,
With black sky edge, looms Cestius' pyramid,
And silvery footprints through the twilight
thrill
Where bare Pomona let her kirtle fall.

Soon the soft eve-hush falls upon the graves
And singing from a mouldered parapet
His bird the Madrigals of Time repeats.

The man's name, so he said, was writ on waves,
And he sleeps on—the sleep that may forget,
To never be forgotten—for 'tis Keats.

EZRA HURLBURT STAFFORD, M.D., C.M.

PARIS LETTER.

The Minister of Finance has done the right thing in the matter of the income tax. He has nominated a commission, composed of the best financiers, the ablest administrators, and the soundest political economists, not to discuss the principle of the income tax, but the best manner of laying it on, and the commission is bound to hand in its report by the first of October next. France has only a Hobson's choice in the matter, as she wants the money, and has no other plan to obtain the millions. With obligatory military service and a robust poundage in the way of income tax, the French will be less in a hurry to rush to glory. The prospect of an empty purse and a battered skull are powerful pacificators. The French do not object to pay more taxes, only they shudder at the idea of having to state on a schedule the nature and amount of their revenue, and to have that confession at the mercy of prying house porters, and loquacious officials. The tax is eminently inquisitorial. If the form of making a declaration be rejected, there remain only two other means of arriving at the fact, at the truth of an individual's income: guess it, and if excessive, allow him to prove it so. The guess may be based on the nature of his trade or profession; it may be fixed by the external evidences of his mode of life. But fixed it will be, and the income tax will be added to the modern institutions of France. In the long run it will prove a blessing in disguise; it will enable a multitude of petty taxes to be abolished, and armies of starving clerks to be set at liberty, and compelled to seek out a proper existence on the Congo, or in Tonkin.

For the moment all immediate danger has been removed from Morocco. Evidently the time has not come for dividing the realm; that will be an outcome of the next European war. The attitude of Russia in keeping out of the wasp's nest is not overlooked. It is not the interest of any Power to upset Morocco.

The Sapor trial is terminated, but is destined to be re-opened. It sheds a vivid light on official life in Algeria, and makes one doubt his senses that such things can exist to-day. Sapor was a butcher, and for ten years Mayor of the Commune of Aumale, in Algeria. He was monarch of all he surveyed, a veritable tyrant. Some of his barbarities could worthily figure in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." The population is chiefly Arabs, with a fair sprinkling of Europeans. His object was to extort money by any and every means. He helped himself to the public moneys; he sold local appointments, after a while dismissing those nominated, retained the fees paid him, and sold the vacancies to the highest bidders. As a magistrate he sentenced persons to prison, but he had a tariff for those desiring to be liberated. As for the Arabs, he governed them with a stick, compelled them to sell their farms, helped himself to the purchase money, and banished those who complained. He conceded to thieves the "right" to steal, and to prostitutes the privilege to sin, on paying a fee. Then he had them arrested, and forced their families to buy their freedom. No wonder the indictment contained 235 counts, and the jury at the assizes in Algiers found him guilty, after a deliberation of eight hours. He was sentenced to five years solitary confinement, and ruled to be liable for civil damages. But his counsel had a Parthian arrow; he objected to the verdict because one of the jurors was not of the required age, and that quashed the proceedings. Sapor was the director of a Tammany Hall; it was his influence that returned deputies and senators in his region; he had prefects removed, and still humbler officials, and at Paris, the Government was badgered into conceding whatever he asked. And these iniquities were being carried on, in full blaze of day, from 1884 to 1894.

Diplomacy keeps dark respecting the palaver over the Anglo-Congolese treaty. People are surprised at the "stiffness" of Germany's attitude, and ask, what does she now want to be purchased into placidity. There are now no more Heligolands to barter. No European power in the grab for African territory has observed very closely the clauses of the Decalogue, or the text of treaties. France objects to Belgium extending her frontiers beyond the limits fixed by the Berlin Congress, but she was ready to join Belgium in dividing the territory, despite the Berlin decrees, and in addition has made an arrangement to, in certain eventualities, take over the Belgian Congo which the Berlin Congress does not recognize. But when Belgium "leases" a portion of her extra grab to England, France then appeals to the Congress she herself gave a few wrenches to. She is considered to have made a blunder in not agreeing to maintain a *status quo* till the Belgian case was examined, as that reluctance to pause gives England what she seeks, the right to help herself to the unsettled territory. General Frey has just brought out a timely book, whose subject is not new, wherein he counsels his fellow-countrymen to pick out and develop what is best in the new possessions they have obtained, and not be making will-o'-the-wisp expansions. This is only the doctrine of "digestion" many well-wishers of France have urged her to pursue.

The journals intend to play at plebiscite; that just taken to feel the pulse of France as to the best candidate to succeed M. Carnot in the presidency, places Prince Victor Napoleon at the head of the poll, above

all competitors. Grave people assert it is a sign of the times not to be neglected, though of no immediate importance. Beyond doubt there exists an organization to run the Prince, because France has no idol at present, and never likes to be long without one. Taken in connection with the revival of Bonapartism at the theatres, and Napoleonism in literature, the movement contains evidence of being well log-rolled and wire-pulled. During his exile, the Prince has lived most correctly, has indulged in no spasmodic politics like the Comte de Paris and his son, and though the pretenders have little chances apparently, the Prince is not on the losing side.

There are a few remarkable incidents connected with the running of the "Grand Prix." The weather remained fine, as if by a miracle. Next, the popular passion for betting never was more doggedly intense, and the vertigo of colours in toilettes was extraordinary. The total value of the prize was 235,000 fr. Parisians wished "Matchbox" to win, not to lose by a neck, as Baron Hirsch, the proprietor of the horse, would have given the winnings to the city charities. Then "Dolma," accepted as the champion of France, though the owner, Baron de Stickler, is a resident German, was the conqueror of the English, and that was the main point. Over two millions of francs were staked at the official gambling pools or booths, and the government tax on same realized 250,000 fr. That money is employed to aid in keeping up the breeding studs, and relieving in part the poor. It is time for France to rear and train native jockeys; a French horse guided to victory by an English jockey is not full glory. No suicides are recorded as a consequence of the day's betting; this must be due to the fact that there were two favourites.

The "Hippic Fortnight," which commences with the French Derby and closes with the Grand Prix, is the height of the season for blacklegs, sharpers, etc., to reap their best harvest on the racecourses. This year their syndicate was dropped on by the police. Gangs of swindlers are drilled to operate in fives, and supplied with cash and apparel by capitalists called "barons." The latter meet in an obscure shop near the racecourse an hour before the running commences, and give their men full campaign instructions. In the evening the men meet in Paris, at another rendezvous, to divide the day's spoils. We have seen the "last of the barons"; they constituted a syndicate of 20, and 19 have been arrested, and their money bags impounded. The police next formed a mouse-trap round the house where the men met in the evening, and captured some forty-three individuals; the whole institution is now in prison, and, as their private papers have been seized, quite an extensive organization has been unearthed.

Occasionally a bridal party ends the happy day in the police office. A carpenter was married a few days ago, but his best man, rather abusing his privilege to embrace the bride, high words ensued between him and the bridegroom, when the tavern keeper called in the police, and they were marched to the cells. The bride implored to be allowed to share her husband's captivity, which was done. The magistrate reconciled all the party on their promise to be good, and the dinner took place, followed by a ball.

Politicians may rage, and diplomatists intrigue, but there is one class that will remain happy—the anglers. They have for

some days been enjoying their simple sport—like simpletons, as they can hardly be classed wise; those individuals who day after day sit on the quay walls, with rod, line and baited hook, to catch nothing. They are good souls, as they feed the fish that bite off the worm, but have the knack of avoiding the hook. It is said that alienists recommend recovering patients to "take plenty of exercise in angling."

Baron de Hickey is an Irish Californian whosome years ago, though a foreigner, threw himself hotly into partizan monarchical politics, and sank a good deal of his wife's fortune in founding newspapers. As might be expected, he was in due time requested, as a foreigner, to try change of air. He was lost to sight for a time; he has now turned up, possessed of an island—kingdom of his own—off Brazil, and called "Little Trinity"; he offers all the advantages of his realm to French immigrants and capitalists; he will entrust them with the formation of his cabinet; he also announces that every Cook's, or other excursionists that visits his island, will have the right to be elected member of an order that he has founded, with medal, ribbon, etc. And no fees are charged by his chancellor.

De Goncourt was anxious to study the hand of the executioner; he consulted a friend in the treasury, who arranged for the sight. The executioner came the first day of every month at noon, to receive his salary, 500 fr. a month. On the occasion of de Goncourt's visit the money was handed, with an apology, all in pieces of silver, so that the headsman had to be some time engaged in picking them up. The executioner's hand was very thick and clumsy.

M. Schneider, in his memoirs of Napoleon III., remarks that on the downfall of the Second Empire, 4th September, 1870, nearly every person fled the Tuileries. M. d'Azy wanted to see the Empress; not a valet was visible; he went towards the private imperial apartments; knocked at the door; a lady opened it, and welcomed the visitor: "You see I'm already alone, M. d'Azy," sadly remarked Her Majesty.

Z.

HARMONY AND ITS INFLUENCES.

The influence that harmony exercises on our senses, and consequently on our health, cannot be questioned. Harmony, in the general sense of the word, signifies positive accord. We say that our functions, our vital faculties, are or are not in harmony, when concord reigns or is broken between them. When there is a persistent appetite and no digestion, harmony is destroyed between a sensation and a function. Harmony represents the homogeneous and well arranged circle of the elements and functions of our body, a truth proven by the fever which supervenes whether from the single thrust of a thorn into the finger, or by the strange disorder of the whole body which follows the introduction of a poisonous substance into the stomach.

There are many kinds of harmony in the organism of living beings; that of mixture or of temperament, of the equilibrium of elements, and the relation of the vital or animal faculties and functions. No organized being, vegetable or animal, could subsist in the universe, if it were not constituted in some harmonious relation with every thing that touches it or surrounds it. The plant needs water, air, earth, light and gentle heat; food of different kinds is necessary for animals. We are affected

by climate, air and the place we inhabit. We require to accommodate and habituate ourselves to the seasons and variations of temperature. We can receive only a certain modicum of things, and when the equilibrium is broken, when discord displaces harmony, the man, the animal and the plant fall sick or die, because their concert with nature is disturbed.

But independently of the concord of these general relations, necessary between animated bodies and exterior objects, there is a particular harmony that rules in the human organization, still more than among other animals and plants. All the pieces or parts that compose our organization cannot act simultaneously without being well proportioned and indented, one into the other, like the wheel work of a clock; or stretched rather, pursuant to certain relations, like the strings of a harp. Even counterpoises are necessary, partial equilibriums in the general equilibrium, to establish unity, or the happy medium, which is health; a salutary and harmonious disposition between opposite morbid extremes. Health that results from an harmonious concurrence of our organic system, and the more perfect this concurrence is, the more the individual will enjoy that plenitude of vigor necessary for the happy exercise of all his functions.

The laws of harmony preside over the formation of organized beings. Look at man issuing in all his beauty and original grace from the maternal womb! love in infancy; Adonis in youth; the Pythian Apollo in manhood; the most perfect model of strength and regularity, and considered by the Greeks as the rule or *canon* of organic proportions. Such is the charm that attaches to the most perfect productions of nature and those of art founded on her models, that their harmony enraptures us by unveiling the sublime features with which the Author of all things was pleased to adorn His noblest creations.

The symmetrical human body is composed of two classes of organs whose functions establish two kinds of life. The internal organs serve for the nutrition and reparation of the individual, digestion, circulation, respiration and secretion. The external organs place us in relation with the objects that surround us by means of motion and the senses, the nervous, muscular and osseous systems. The heart, or circulative apparatus, presides in the first rank of functions over our nutritive or internal life. The brain or nervous system dominated in the second order, in the external or sensitive life. Internal life acts without interruption during our whole existence; external life has intermissions of repose, and needs tranquillity and reparation in sleep, because it exhausts itself.

Circulation operates by regular rhythmic returns; locomotion, or sensitive motion, by harmonic irradiations of the muscles or double sense. Hence we observe that musical rhythm, or measure, affects our heart or internal life, but that modulated accordant sounds, on the contrary, charm the ear and mind. The first gives warmth and melody, the second form images and colours. Their proper combination constitutes supreme harmony—the result of equality and symmetry in organized bodies.

The harmony between the male and female sex manifests itself even in their accord of voices. It is known that if a man and woman sing in unison there is constantly between them the affinity of an octave, the sweetest and most natural of all harmony.

Similarly, singing birds, when amorous, especially the males, make their warbling still more overheard. If separated from the female, they sometimes die from excess of amorous desire, exhaling in perpetual song the whole internal harmony of their vital force. Love and harmony manifest themselves at the age of puberty, when the body is in a state of perfect unison: singing, dancing, poetry and the fine arts which they inspire, announce a superabundance of vital harmony. Man's reproductive energy exhorts his musical and poetic genius and becomes feeble and is extinguished by age, cold, and voluptuous abuse.

When a homogeneous body, as a metal, or a glass, is struck, a sound is produced. When the molecules of a body are associated in such a way that the trembling of one is shared equally by all, the simultaneous concurrence of resonance establishes the unity of sound. In like manner, the concurrence of vital impulses in love produces corresponding union. But in a composition of elements badly joined, each one more or less shaken by a blow and clanking in its own way, the multitude of different tones produces noise and discordance, like parties clashing against each other, causing discordant result. Unison and harmony charm, because they are an imitation of life; discord and noise are revolting, because they are a disgregation like death.

When all the faculties are bent in unison, the body remains sound and invulnerable to exterior morbid influences. Hence it comes that many philosophers and astronomers have lengthened out their career to a green old age, whilst most men, agitated, or rather harrowed in the world, by passions, the tossing of a thousand different interests, and the excesses and irregularities of their lives, experience maladies that soon terminate their existence.

We do not propose to discuss with Aristoxenus the musician, and Alcmaeon, a doctor of Crotona, whether the human soul is a harmony emanating from the grand diapason of celestial music; or to consider Leibnitz's theory of pre-established harmony. Let us establish facts that manifest the impression of sounds and noises on natural bodies. When we sound the trumpet or beat the drum in front of glasses, one of which is filled with salt water, another with water, another with alcohol, and another with oil, the liquid having the least density vibrates most. Very thin, large glasses brought into unison with the voice, fall to pieces by its sudden and forcible rise to an octave.

What happens to inorganic bodies is still more evident among organized beings. A motion is communicated to our bodies in unison with music. Our fibres having different degrees of tension, of mobility, according to age, sex, temperament and country, are naturally affected by sounds in accordance with their condition, as a vibrating string causes another in unison with it to vibrate also. Every body has its appropriate melody. The slender and mobile fibre of woman is more easily agitated by sharp sounds, and that of man by deep hollow sounds. If each country has its national music, it is because the fibres of its inhabitants are stretched or relaxed, according to the degrees of humidity, dryness, heat and cold that prevail therein. This effect is observed in their natural tone of voice which gives the key of their diapason.

We do not invent music; it exists within us. Harmony pleases because it

produces vital union, love, generation; discord offends because it perplexes and disperses. The body being composed of many elements joined together, according to a symmetry and order which produce a good disposition, each organ has a voice in the general symphony and concert of life. Harmonious sounds, proportions and measured cadences, naturally agree with our vital principle; such is the source of pleasure and delight that we find in music, poetry and all rhythmical compositions.

A refrain or *ritornello* redoubles the impression, and affects us more than a change of time; for irregular numbers cause a secret displeasure by breaking the circle of melody. Quantity in poetry, although deprived in most modern languages of prosodial measure and accent, is analogous to rhythm. The period of Alexandrine or hexameter verse, being longest, is noble and corresponds with the *doric* method, the majestic music of the ancients. It is also used in epic poetry and in tragedy; it suits the natural scale, dismal tunes, with long periods, suggest the quartan ague. Pentameter verse of six syllables, used in erotic and playful productions, corresponds with the *ionic* method of ancient music, and is analogous to the gay temperament of youth who are subject to a type of tertian ague. Other verse of shorter measure used in sprightly and rapid poetry, like the ode, dithyrambic, and lyric chants resembles the *phrygian* method, a warm and sanguine complexion, disposed to daily and continuous fever. The same relative conditions are found in prose: the minced and hash style of Seneca does not possess the harmony of the flowing magnificent periods of Cicero.

A child cries in its cradle because it is tormented by colic; its nurse begins to sing, and the nursing is quiet, smiles merrily, mutters indistinct sounds, then slumbers and rests in sleep. How did the song charm the pain away; re-establish order in the vital functions; restore to its delicate senses the calm of sleep and healthy equilibrium; the well-being that fortifies the infant child?

As sweet melody insinuates itself into our senses; tempers the vital movements; conciliates sleep: so the serious and monotonous chant of the churches causes meditation. As man is habituated to a manlike or an effeminate species of music, his character, in the long run, will be similarly fashioned. Likewise, ministers of religion insensibly assume most serious ways, and soldiers most martial habits from impressions formed by their music.

A healthy human body may be compared to a well tuned harp, from which the soul draws melody, like the musician from his instrument. We cannot refuse to admit that there is a sort of unison or accord between the different branches of the nervous system. The result of which is that, by reciprocal action, exterior harmony influences our own. As a rule, we sing in harmony with our own organization. We judge by the vibration of a vase whether it is sound or cracked, so disorderly songs announce badly adjusted bodies. When the body is out of order, whether from disease, or strong passions, discord is manifested by perturbation of accent, of voice, of ideas, or of mind. In great deviations of the soul, such as despair, terror, profound grief, nature pours out such frightful cries as make one shudder. If discord in our physical organs produces disease, it also produces folly and perversion of mind. As

beauty is the result of well-proportioned harmony in our members, goodness is the harmonious temperament of our moral affections. The upright and honourable man is always in unison with himself: *Vir semper sibi consonus*. A man without sound intelligence is like a chord out of tune in a concert: *homo absonus*.

As discordant, harsh and false sounds set our nerves on edge; as the sharp buzz of a saw jars the teeth; or as a hissing noise excites dogs to fight; so clamour or tumult in popular commotions stirs up the furious passions to the utmost, makes beasts of men and plunges them into atrocious barbarities. The uproar of trumpets, drums and cannon excites combative minds beyond their ordinary disposition, and inspires soldiers with martial ardour and the ferocity for carnage. On the contrary, the playful songs of youth, and the melody of love revive even old men. People of depraved sentiment, and without feeling or accord that unites a man to his fellow-man, are looked upon as monsters from a moral point of view; possessed of a disgregated constitution, and without a spark of melody in their system.

There would probably be no hideous and wicked children if they were all educated in the notes of a simple music that tempered the inequalities of their affections. We are surprised when we read in the philosophers of antiquity of the prodigies of music; as when Aristotle speaks of the harmonic methods employed in the education of the young men of Greece; and Polybius attributes the cruelty of the inhabitants of Cyneta to their contempt of melody. But it must be understood that music was so continually practised among the Greeks, that their language, poetry and religion were eminently musical; and their laws were hymns chanted musical tones. The moral sense is an outcome of harmony, and essentially contributes to the just temperament and equilibrium of a sound mind.

Harmonious sounds make us affectionate and good. It was by them that Orpheus subdued the lions and the tigers, and by them David charmed Saul.

A. KIRKWOOD.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"A GRAMMAR OF GRAMMARS."

To the Editor of The Week:

Sir,—I was much amused with Mr. H. Morrison's scathing criticism, in your issue of the 22nd ult., of the Canadian Public School Grammar. I wish, however, that Mr. Morrison had given the instance in which "were" in the Grammar is used as a transitive verb, because the criticism seems to imply that the word cannot be so used. The words that form the verb "to be," however, are sometimes used as transitive verbs. In the sentence, "Two and two are four," "are" is undoubtedly a transitive verb, as Mr. Morrison will discover if he will translate the sentence into other languages.—I am, etc.,

WILLIAM TRANT.
Cotham, Assa., July 2nd, 1894.

Sir Henry Ponsonby, secretary to Queen Victoria, disposes of the delusion that Her Majesty invariably makes a present of three guineas to the parents of triplets. The Queen's bounty is dispensed under certain conditions only. The three children must all survive, and there must be proof that the parents, though respectable, are too poor to meet the unforeseen demands made upon them by the appearance of the trio.

LETHE.

O, the waters of Lethe are dark and deep,
 Are dark and deep and dead,
 And over its breast the poppies drift
 Here and there as the winds make shift
 All bright and red.

And the breath of a dream oft haunts the tide
 On winds that wander and flow,
 And stirs the poppies at times in fear,
 And sighs for the souls that never can hear,—
 Deep down below.—

There's a shore that greens by the darksome
 wave
 Where willows trail and bend,
 And cedars gloom the winding ways,
 Till down on the marge mid mist and haze
 Each finds an end.

Far up on the hills in gleam and sun
 The brooklets ripple and sing,
 Where violets droop so fresh and fair,
 And lilies sweet on the morning air
 Sway ever and swing.

And the breeze from the mountain roams the
 tide
 And rocks the mist to dream ;—
 But sound nor gleam nor scent can come
 To souls that sleep in the dark, dead gloom
 By Lethe's stream.

JAMES T. SHOTWELL.

Strathroy.

ART NOTES.

The American School of Athens, working on the site of Argos, has laid bare a large marble building which is supposed to be the gymnasium, and has uncovered many very early tombs like those which Schliemann found at Mycenæ.

F. A. Verner has been exhibiting, along with several others, pictures of the big game of America, at the Burlington gallery, London, England. "This is just the show to win the suffrages of the Englishmen," the art critic of the *Spectator* says.

Among recent acquisitions by the Metropolitan Museum of Art are the following paintings: "Queen Esther Before Ahasuerus," by Batista Trepolo, the gift of Henry G. Marquand; "Battle Scene; a Detour by Arabs," by Adolph Schreyer, and Alexandre Cabanel's "The Birth of Venus," both given by John Wolfe; "Winter Scene in Holland," by Isaac Van Ostade; "Dutch Interior," by Peter de Hooghe; and "Coast Scenes," by John Sell Cotman, the three being gifts from George A. Hearn. "Portrait of Theodore Child," by William T. Dana, the gift of Mrs. Theodore Haviland, and a portrait of Cromwell's son-in-law, General Henry Ireton, painted by Robert Walker, and given to the museum by S. P. Avery.

The following is translated from *Public Opinion* from the French of Robert de la Sizeranne in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*: "For some years past a very strange proceeding has attracted attention and provoked discussion among those who follow the æsthetic movement in France and abroad; as well in the Salon of Champ de Mars as the Crystal Palace of Munich, or in the *Kunstlerhaus* of Vienna. That spectacle, at once archaic and novel, displeasing and attracting, which irritates our tastes, shocks our erudition, scandalizes our religion, but excites our curiosity and sharpens our analytic sense, is that which accommodates the scenes of the New Testament to modern life; it is the Christ, leaping over eighteen centuries and as many hundred miles, and coming, in spite of

archæology and ethnography, to preach among the blouses of our workmen or the overcoats of our capitalists, His somewhat forgotten message. Everyone remembers having seen at the Salon of 1891, that sinner in the dress of the ball-room, prostrate at the feet of Christ, surrounded by Parisian notabilities in the guise of Pharisees, drinking their coffee. A little later, a Magdalene in Finland costume weeps in recognizing the Christ on the borders of a polar lake.

What bizarre ideas have the painters of to-day! one cries, and to dissipate the impression of an anachronism so violent, leaves the Champ de Mars and direct his steps to the Louvre, hoping to find there the mute protest of the old masters, so wise, so thoughtful, so religious, against the loud eccentricities of our contemporaries. But behold, at the first glance, the anachronism which one believes would be missing, appears triumphant. That Magdalene of Memling is dressed in the Flemish mode of the fifteenth century; the Pilgrims of Emmaus have the forms of the Hollanders, etc. Anachronism in art, far from being a new movement, is then only the resumption of a constant tradition among the grand masters of religious painting; and it is rather respect for historic truth, local color, which we should call exceptional and novel.

Mr. Collingwood applauds an anachronism in the 'Christ Blessing Little Children' in the National Gallery. 'The artist does not expect,' he says, 'that you will suppose that to be a portrait of the Saviour placing his hands on the heads of the little boys and girls of Holland, but he wishes to keep you from falling into the error of supposing that all this is only a dream of the past forever fled; for behold He is with you always.' This explains the pious significance of anachronism. If Christ is among us, why represent Him as among the people of Galilee? As to Christ Himself, why demand of those with whom He formerly lived what costume He wore, what language He spoke? 'Why seek ye the living among the dead?' Rather listen to that mendicant at your gate, and be careful that He be not the concealed God.

That which has shocked believers, and also Christians at heart, is not the plastic modernness of the exhibitions; it is the modernness of the sentiments expressed by the authors. It is the recognition in the saints, in the Virgin, in the Christ even, of the contradictions and doubts of the sceptical and blasé dilettantes who have read Strauss and Schopenhauer, and of those attempters of religious emotions, who, wearying of materialism, create a god after their own image, and lend to him all the weaknesses by which they feel themselves oppressed. Thus, Roger Von der Weyden, being lymphatic, paints lymphatic Christs. That which is shocking is a Saviour doubting everything, His mission, His father, His divinity. Wishing to show us the Man-God, these painters have varied the proportions of the two natures. They have given us a man sufficiently great, but a very small god.

There is another point of view from which to consider anachronism, and to remind ourselves that works of art are not only to be judged from a reasoning brain nor an impressionable soul, but from a certain sense of the beautiful and the unsightly, which Topffer called a third sense, and which has surely its importance. Now that

instinct, called upon to pronounce judgment upon the costumes in the scenes of the Evangelists, has very quickly condemned them, not because they were anachronistic, but because they are ugly. It is that sense which is wounded by the coats and the waistcoats of the Pharisees; it is that which suffers, which cries out before the table in the Inn of Emmaus, and that which we take for protestations of our archæological scruples or our religious sentiment is above all, fundamentally, the revolt of our taste. It is repugnant to us to see the grand, almost fabulous figures of the Apostles, those 'fishers of men,' imprisoned in coats of geometrical cut, in methodical folds, of vivid colours; of not finding in their plastic appearance the vigorous grandeur and strong simplicity which the Evangelists reveal in their characters. One finally comprehends that if a Christ in a modern coat is not less religious nor less rational than a Christ in a pallium or a gown, there are many probabilities that the first will be a less æsthetic figure than the second."

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

Complaint has recently been made in some of the American musical journals, says an English exchange, that there is no poetry in English musical criticism. What will these critics say of this production for a recent issue of the *Glasgow Evening News*!

"Each instrument symbolises some particular colour. So, according to Hadyn, the trombone is deep red; the trumpet, scarlet; the clarinet, orange; the oboe, yellow; the bassoon, deep yellow; the flute, sky-blue; the diapason, deep blue; the double diapason, purple; the horn, violet; while the violin is pink; the viola, rose; the violoncello, red; and the double bass, crimson. Let us examine the sunrise in the "Creation." At the commencement our attention is attracted by a soft, streaming sound from the violins, scarcely audible till the pink rays of the second violin diverge into the chord of the second, to which is gradually imparted a greater fulness of colour, as the rose violas and red violoncellos steal in with expanding beauty, while the azure of the flute tempers the mounting rays of the violin; as the notes continue ascending to the highest point of brightness, the orange of the clarinet, the scarlet of the trumpet, the purple of the double diapason unite in increasing splendour, till the sun appears at length in all the refulgence of harmony."

The London *Musical News* has the following interesting report of an important recent lecture: On Monday, 25th June, at the Queen's Hall, an interesting lecture on the "Music of the Ancient Greeks," accompanied with a performance of all the examples which are at present known, was given by Mr. C. Abdy Williams and Mr. W. H. Wing. The lecturer first mentioned a Pythian ode, by Pindar, written in commemoration of a victory gained by Hieron, Tyrant of Syracuse, at the Pythian Games, 474 B.C. This was first published by Kircher in his *Musurgia*, 1650, and said by him to have been discovered in the Library of the Monastery of St. Saviour, near Messina, though the lecturer thought it possible that Kircher was mistaken in his statement. Greek music was written for instruments and voices, the former being flutes and lyres. As to the rhythm, a difference

of opinion existed, but it was probably the most satisfactory solution of the difficulty to follow in the music the rhythm of the poem to which it was set.

This Pythian Ode fulfilled one of the conditions laid down by Aristoxenus, namely, that the melody should begin with a high note. Mr. Wing, the vocalist, sang this ode, which was accompanied by Mr. Williams on the pianoforte with simple chords, the total effect being not strikingly at variance with modern music. Indeed, the little song is substantially in the key of C minor. In continuing, the lecturer said that music with the Early Greeks was considered to be a mode of strengthening the character and the intellect, and not by any means as a mere amusement. It was a means of leading to a higher ideal of life. At the Pythian games, a prize was given for the best hymn in honour of Apollo, and the sounding of trumpets was practised, the object being apparently to sound them as loudly as possible. Vocal harmony was unknown among the Greeks. Everyone sang in unison or in octaves. Music was closely connected with and dependent on poetry, and in this respect the Greek music might be compared with music written on the Wagnerian principles.

The record illustration was the hymn recently discovered at Delphi. It was a paean in praise of Apollo, and appeared to have been written to celebrate the victory of the Phocians over Brennus the Gaul in 279 or 278 B.C. It is in two sections, the first in the diatonic genus, and the second chromatic. This latter is remarkable, being highly dramatic and emotional, and in striking contrast with the first section, which is comparatively inexpressive. The other examples of Greek music performed were a specimen found in 1882 at Tralles, near Ephesus, engraved on a marble pillar set up by Scilikos, and three hymns published by Vincenzo Galileo, which were supposed to date from the first half of the second century, A.D. The lecturer dealt with the causes of the decay of the music with the Greeks, and described the part played by music among the Romans, referring to the three Roman colleges for flute players, for bronze instrument players, and for singers. In concluding, he said that he had presented all the known specimens of Greek music, and he expressed the hope that the finding of the hymns to Apollo would be followed by further discoveries.

LIBRARY TABLE.

A PRINCESS OF PARIS. By Archibald Clavering Gunter. New York: The Home Publishing Company. 1894.

To those who enjoy such sensation as they have found in "Mr. Barnes, of New York," and "Mr. Potter, of Texas," the present volume will be acceptable. It is an attempt at the historical novel, having for its hero O'Brien Dillon, an Irish soldier of fortune, who is made to perform wondrous feats of valour, in the days of that famous soldier, Prince Eugene. The book lacks refinement and dignity, and is the dime novel of larger growth. Even the English at times seems questionable. On the whole we regard the reading of it, even in summer weather, as a lamentable waste of time.

THE WATCHMAKER'S WIFE, and other stories. By Frank R. Stockton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co., Ltd.

Mr. Stockton has here given us 225 pages of that gentle, easy flowing humor which has made him so deservedly a favourite with many

people. There is an utter absence of that grossness in his work, which enters so largely into the literary efforts of some popular humorists, and which to them is apparently never so effective as when it dallies with the sensual, or the blasphemous; but which, however, discredits them with all right thinking and pure minded men. Though some of our readers will probably have read one or more of these tales in their magazine form, they will none the less welcome them here, as a genial company well brought together. Delightful summer reading is all Mr. Stockton's work. To our mind he is one of the most acceptable humorous writers that the United States has yet produced.

WITH THE WILD FLOWERS. By E. M. Hardinge. New York: The Baker & Taylor Co. 1894.

Mrs. Hardinge has here put together in book form a number of articles which she contributed for the most part to "Demorest's Family Magazine," and the *Evening Post* of New York on the pleasant subject of Wild Flowers. The book is entitled, "A Rural Chronicle of Our Flower Friends and Foes: Describing them under their familiar English names," and it well fulfils its purpose. It is charmingly written and has evidently been a labour of love. There is a freedom from the pedantry of puzzling technicality, which in a book intended for popular use would be quite out of place, at the same time there is no disregard of such terms and explanations as are necessary in conveying rudimentary information on botanical subjects to the general reader. The order of growth through the seasons is observed and a table of contents, an index and occasional illustrations add to the welcome which we give this pretty little volume of 270 pages to our library table.

HIS VANISHED STAR. By Charles Egbert Craddock. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Company. 1894. \$1.25.

This story has already appeared as a serial in the *Atlantic Monthly*. It is a strongly written tale, the scene of which is laid in the Tennessee mountain region. An enterprising young architect, named Kenniston, who owns a large tract of land in that district, forms a company for the purpose of building a summer hotel in a picturesque situation on his property. Luther Tems, an old guerilla of the war, had a log cabin on the mountain side which, with the adjacent "fire scar," marred the outlook. But though Kenniston made every effort to buy Tems' land, he as obstinately refused to sell his "heartstone," and the dealings of the two men form an interesting episode of the story. Miss Murfee's intimate knowledge of the country, the people, their habits and mode of speech, enable her to fill her pages with vivid descriptions of scenery and climate, and to impart to her characters, and the play of conversation and incident, an effective local colour. One feels that the wild, in some respects lawless, life of these rugged people is being adequately presented. The operations of the moonshiners in the old "Lost Time Mine" are forcibly detailed. On the whole, Miss Murfee has added to her reputation in this novel, which is well worth the reading.

SYLVIE AND BRUNO CONCLUDED. By Lewis Carroll. New York and London: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co., Ltd.,

To all who have read the earlier volume, this later and concluding one will be doubly welcome. The author of "Alice in Wonderland" long ago made sure his position as one of those who are privileged to be most welcome instructors and entertainers of youth. It is given to comparatively few writers to so deal with the mystery which surrounds and involves human life as to arouse the imagination gratify the taste, instruct the mind and strengthen the morals under the guise of fictitious narrative addressed to juvenile readers. This the

learned professor, whose *nom de plume* is "Lewis Carroll," has done heretofore and is doing now. The gravity of many of the topics referred to in the present volume will be at once recognized by all who turn to the explanatory preface of some 23 pages, and the general index covering 10 pages. But to the 410 delightful pages of narrative itself, with its songs and stories; its humour and pathos; its mysterious blending of science, morality and religion; the extraordinary freaks, fancies and actions of animate nature; and the mysterious, but beneficent, doings of our sweet friends of the spirit world "Sylvie and Bruno," we direct our readers young and old. How much of profit and of pleasure they will find there it is not for us to say, but at least we express the wish they may all learn more fully the solemn truth impressed upon them by Sylvie's parting words in reply to Bruno's question, as to what gives the universe its beauty. "It is love."

PERIODICALS.

The *University Extension Bulletin* for June came late for notice; it has just such information as University Extensionists require as to the progress of their heart's desire.

"Cornered" is the title of a very short story in *July Stories*, by W. Clark Russell, and this is one of eleven other similar diversions which our buff colored visitor for July brings us.

C. Staniland Wake has an article worth reading in the July number of the *Journal of Hygiene*. Another timely article is "Work and Worry," by Hester M. Pool. W. A. English writes of Ceylon Customs. The health notes and topics are as usual helpful and practical.

Archdeacon Wynne, the Rev. Hugh McMillan, W. H. Longhurst, Rev. B. P. Power and other special contributors combine in making the *July Quiver* all that its many friends could wish it: instructive, devotional, recreative. The full page frontispiece of Mr. Gladstone is a superior attraction in itself.

Captain Charles King fills 102 pages with the well told tale, "Captain Close," in *Lippincott's* for July. A capital story this to take up for holiday reading; it is full of life and movement, and has not a dull page. The other contributions to this number lend it variety, but the *piece de resistance* has the place of honour.

"Direct Coupling of Arc Dynamos" is the subject of the leading paper in *Electrical Engineering* for July, written by W. E. Burgess. Another interesting paper follows, from the pen of C. A. Brown, and treats of the "Evolution of the Arc Light Dynamo." A number of other practical papers will be found in this number, together with the usual departmental matter.

Annie Edwards begins a new serial story, in *Temple Bar* for July; "The Adventurers" is its taking title. "Some Recollections of Yesterday" recalls incidents in the lives of Dickens, Collins, Fanny Kemble and others. "A Chat with Mrs. Lynn Linton" will be appreciated by many, as will the few pages referring to "The last days of Edmund Yates." The paper on "Dante and Tennyson" is timely and well written. This is a good number of *Temple Bar*.

Portraits of Mr. Ruskin, M. Maeterlinck, and of Mr. Walter Raymond ("Tom Cobbleigh") will be found in the *Bookman* for this month. There is also a notice of Mr. Raymond as a new writer. "The Reader" is supplied with a third instalment of Mr. D. H. Fleming's article on "Mary Queen of Scots;" and Mr. Maeterlinck writes on the Mystics and on Emerson. The news and novel notes and book notices and other material are both enjoyable and instructive.

Paul Verlaine is the figure head, and more, of our welcome and clever little visitor the *Chap-Book*, in its July number. Gertrude Hall translates prettily some mournful stanzas

of this clever *decadent*, with the apt title, "Moonlight." M. G. M. turns into good English a short, bright paper on Verlaine from the pen of the inimitable Anatole France. By long odds the best portrait we have seen of the extraordinary French poet accompanies this number, which is in other respects most readable.

"How I discovered the North Pole" is most spiritedly told by J. Munro, C. E., in the July number of *Cassells*. Professor J. F. Bridge writes with illustrations of "Musical Gestures." "A Family Doctor" tells us how good a medicine fresh air is. A capital song entitled, "The Home Trail," is contributed by Rudyard Kipling, with music by Louis Snigton. A War Correspondent tells "How we tried to rescue Gordon," and many other good things will be found in *Cassells* for July.

We really thought "Kossuth" was at this date to be permitted to rest in peace, but here comes the *New England Magazine* for July with a full page portrait of the great Hungarian, and a description of his visit to New England in the fifties. Two enjoyable descriptive papers in this number are those by Sarah Orne Jewett on "The Old Town of Berwick," and William H. Rideing, "In the Country of Lorna Doone." Charles Gordon Rogers has a bracing poem on the subject "Unrecorded Heroes," and Samuel C. Williams an interesting paper on "The First Abolition Journals."

Outing comes to us with a capital mass of reading matter of the sportive turn; Ed. W. Sandys has a stirring account of a breezy day's fishing in a cat boat. Lenz's tour is exciting reading; the Chinamen relieve him of part of an ear, and nearly demolish his machine; infuriate mobs pursue him with yells of "Tae-tae!" which means, "Strike! Kill!" but the plucky wheelman lives through it all. Clarence Hobart, who knows whereof he writes, has a paper on "Champions at Lawn Tennis." Charles L. Marsh gives a good account of "Rifle and Rod in the Rockies," and, at that, the half is not told.

"A Great American Number" is the red letter announcement of the July *St. Nicholas*. Under any circumstances it is a most enjoyable and diverting number. A beautifully illustrated poem, "Sir Morven's Hunt" begins the treat, and apart from the departments, "The Frog's Fourth of July" ends it. Stories, jingles, historic narratives, and numerous capital papers of varied interest will be found in this number. Miss Seawell writes of "Decatur and Somers;" W. T. Hornaday of "The Bears of North America;" Palmer Cox takes "The Brownies through the Union;" and H. G. Frost tells us "The last of the Kearsage;" and there is much more besides.

"From Galilee to Hermon," the Editor of the *Methodist Magazine* takes the reader in the July number, in his "Tent Life in Palestine" series. Rev. R. N. Burns continues his consideration of the knotty subject, "Prisons and our Relation to them." The Rev. Septimus Jones delivers, as he fears, a *concio ad clerum*—an episcopal charge on the subject, "Prophets, the need of the Church." Articles will be found by Rev. Dr. Sutherland on "Missions among the Chinese," and Rev. Hugh Price Hughes on "The Science of Preaching," as well as much other good reading in this number of the *Methodist*.

Among the poets who are noticed and represented by selections in the July number of the *Magazine of Poetry* are Sir John Suckling who wrote "The Constant Lover," and many another good thing. Thomas Carlyle is made to pay tribute, and W. E. Henley also speaks for himself in verse, as does another for him in prose. Mr. George Washington Moon, who it was if we are not at fault, who took exception to the Dean's English, has here a sketch of R. L. Stevenson. "We feel our flesh creep upon our bones as we sit absorbed in some of his weird and witch-like tales," writes Mr. Moon; rather hard on the bones this. Is it not, gentle reader?

Margaret Deland's serial story "Philip and his Wife," reaches its xxii chapter in the July *Atlantic*. William R. Thayer begins a series of papers on letters of Sidney Lanier. They will be welcomed by all admirers of that gentle poet. Mrs. Catherwood's story "Pontiac's Outlook" is as welcome as one could wish. Clinton Scollard's poem "El Mamoun" is a graceful eastern picture. A paper by the late Frank Bolles entitled "The Home of Glooscap" is one of the descriptive series from his pen dealing with Nova Scotia. Professor Tyrrell writes with scholarly acumen and poetic feeling of Lucretius. Two timely and soothing papers, dealing respectively with Floridan and Japanese subjects, in light and graceful vein, are contributed by Bradford Torrey and Lafcadio Keam, respectively. M. B. Benton writes on the subject of "Coleridge's Introduction to the Lake District" and Agnes Repplier helps us sweetly through the "Dozy Hours."

Charles Dudley Warner begins a new serial story in July *Harper's*. "The Golden House" is its not unattractive title. W. A. Brooks writes up "The Harvard and Yale Boat Race" attractively. Henry Loomis Nelson has a contribution describing the home life of Presidents of the United States. Miss C. H. Spence, an able Australian observer and writer, gives her impressions of things American. Brander Matthews continues his vivid Manhattan sketches, and William D. Howells makes the reader thank him for his pleasant reminiscent narrative of his first visit to New England. "Trilby" is as bright and clever as ever. Commander T. F. Jewell, U. S. N., graphically describes the working of the United States Naval Gun Factory. Of short story, poem and departmental writing there is a pleasing variety in this capital number of *Harper's Magazine*. In "The Editor's Study" Charles Dudley Warner writes with manly fairness and judicial discrimination on England's work in Egypt. Such frank and impartial writers as Mr. Warner are noble examples to American youth, and give weight and worth to American letters. These are the men who make one long for the re-union of the Anglo-Saxon race.

LITERARY AND PERSONAL.

Count Tolstoi is writing a "cosmopolitan drama," which he says is to be the last of his works.

Lord Macaulay's journal, which is to be published in full, will fill several volumes. It may be expected in the autumn.

A somewhat unique little volume of collected verse is soon to be published by Joseph Knight Co., Boston. It is entitled "Pipe and Pouch, the Smokers' Own Book of Poetry."

The great popularity of "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" has affected the sale of Hardy's latest novel, "Life's Little Ironies." The whole edition was sold in advance of publication.

The *Bookman* reports that a portrait of Emily Brontë, the only one known, has recently been discovered, and has been engraved for publication. It has been pronounced an excellent likeness.

Drachman, the Danish poet, is the oldest son of a physician. He was destined for the navy, but was sent to a university, where he was graduated in 1865. His mastery of rhythm is marvellous, his lyric gifts are great, and his originality of expression has added to his poetical fame.

M. Francois Coppée, the French poet, is not inclined to accept large sales as a proof of merit, and declares that the figures often have little significance. The Abbé Delille's

works, he points out, once sold by the thousand, and now no one can be hired to read them. Plenty of similar cases can be cited in this country and in England. Nobody, for example, buys Tupper's works any more.

Ruskin began to write "books" at six years of age. His first dated poem was written a month before he reached the age of seven. His first appearance in print was in the *Magazine of Architecture*, in 1834, when he was fifteen. Macaulay wrote a compendium of "Universal History," and three cantos of a poem in imitation of Scott, when he was only seven years old. Mrs. Browning read Homer, in the original, when she was ten years of age.

The latest photograph of Mr. Swinburne in a grizzled beard shows a much better-looking man than the Swinburne of his sentimental youthful portraits. He is now fifty-seven years old and lives in a handsome bachelor home at Putney with his friend, Theodore Watts. He is always more or less busy. The long list of over thirty volumes which bear his name will doubtless have several additions before death stills his pen. His new book, "Astrophel," has already reached a second addition in England.

A "Universal Index to the World's Technical and Scientific Literature" is announced for publication in Vienna by the *Publisher's Weekly*. It is to be published in that city by Henry Wien, and F. A. Brockhaus, of Leipzig, will be general agent. The work, as contemplated, is intended to furnish a comprehensive index to the literature of scientific subjects. It will include periodicals as well as books, and is meant to represent all the known literature that has appeared in any part of the world on technical or scientific topics.

The various opinions of high authorities concerning Heine are interesting to read, now that the town of Düsseldorf has refused to set aside a piece of ground for a monument to the German poet. Carlyle called him a blackguard; Ruskin, a Dead Sea ape; and the *Pall Mall Gazette*, a scoffing, renegade Jew. The *Gazette* has the grace, however, to print a letter from a correspondent who says: "So be it! But I for one venture to think that, monument or no monument,

'Far on in summers that we shall not see,' Heine's lyrics will live when 'Teufelsdröckh' has ceased to trouble, when the 'Seven Lamps of Architecture' no longer illumine any paths trod by mortal man, and when the P. M. G. shall have seen the error of its ways."

The *Boston Home Journal* thus pictures the home of William Black: "William Black, the novelist, is a man of many homes. He has a residence in London, another at Brighton, and a country house at Oban, Scotland; where he goes every summer to hunt and fish. It is at his Brighton home that Mr. Black spends the greater part of his time and does all of his literary work. Paston House is a delightful place. Outside it has a cheerful and substantial air, and inside it is crowded with rare and beautiful things. The walls of the wide halls and staircase which lead up to a luxuriously furnished drawing-room are covered with pictures by some of England's best artists, prominent among them being a reproduction of the storm scene in 'Macleod of Dare,' painted by Aitkin. In the drawing-room there is a wealth of

articles of curious historic interest. Two things that are pretty certain to be shown the visitor are the tray on which the Pretender, Prince Charles Edward, was served when, aided by beautiful Flora McDonald, he found safe shelter from the McDonalds of Kingsbury; and more racy of the land of the thistle than the foregoing, a brace of whiskey jars once owned by the family of Rob Roy. Mr. Black is a loyal Scot, and delights to gather about him reminders of the land of his birth. His study is on the top floor of Paston House, with no outlook to distract his attention, and well removed from the noise and confusion of the little domestic world below stairs. Though an old newspaper worker, he must of necessity have absolute quiet and privacy while at work."

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

- W. H. Withrow, D.D., F.R.S.C.: Harmony of the Gospels. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Montreal: C. W. Coates.
- J. A. Froude: Short Studies of Great Subjects. London: Longmans, Green & Co.
- F. Marion Crawford: Kathrine Lauderdale. New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: Copp, Clark & Co.
- The Troublesome World. New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: Copp, Clark & Co.
- Mary Angela Dickens: A Valiant Ignorance. New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: Copp, Clark & Co.
- Geo. Douglas, D.D., LL.D.: Discourses and Addresses. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.
- Mary Agnes FitzGibbon: A Veteran of 1812. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Montreal: C. W. Coates. \$1.00.
- Jas. Douglas: Canadian Independence, Annexation and British Imperial Federation. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 75 cents.
- Edward Marlon Chadwick; Ontarian Families, Parts I and II. Toronto: Rolph, Smith Co.
- The Reform Club and its Library. London: Smith, Elder & Co.
- J. W. Larned: History for Ready Reference, Vol. II. Springfield, Mass.: The C. A. Nichols Co.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

"PASSION AND PATIENCE."

The wine of life tastes stale and sour,
The gilt comes off the golden year,
All shadowed is "each shining hour,"
Because, Sweetheart, ye are not here.

The stupid people come and go,
And prate of pleasures old and new;
But they offend and bore me so,
Because, Sweetheart, they are not you.

And you meanwhile accept what good
The gods provide, and leave the rest;
Nor would you alter if you could
The state of things that Fate thinks best;

For you—as happy days pass by
And bring you friendships not a few—
May meet another Me; but I
Shall never find another You.

—Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler, in *The Speaker*.

ENGLAND'S POSITION IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.

It is comparatively common to hear the opinion expressed in the British navy that the blowing up of the Suez Canal, and the

complete or partial abandonment of the Mediterranean by our naval forces, or at the very least, the entire abandonment of the commercial canal route in war, would be a sound policy, and one that would greatly ease the situation. I am quite unable to accept the view, and I do not know what arguments exist to refute the considerations I have put forward above. I can see how much we should lose by ceasing to hold the Mediterranean as the dominant naval force there; how we should lose so many millions of our trade; how we might sacrifice Malta; leave Egypt and India open; facilitate the junction of the Russian Black Sea fleet with that of the French; leave Italy and Austria open to pressure for joining an alliance against us. But I entirely fail to see the *per contra* of advantage. Except, indeed, in one matter which I have never seen alluded to by other writers. If we look at the table of comparative force we see that France and Russia have twenty-three coast-defence vessels, which are prepared to act within a certain radius of their ports. The British coast-defence ships are not available in the Mediterranean, perhaps not in the Baltic; and it may be equally assumed that French coast-defence ships would not accompany any French fleet sailing from Toulon to pass the Straits; hence it might be said that, in the possible pitched battle off Gibraltar, the British force would be in a better position than it could be within a hundred miles of Toulon. The same might, but yet with less plausibility, be said of a pitched battle in the Skager Rack.—From "England in the Mediterranean," by Admiral Colomb, in *North American Review*.

THE HUMAN BIRD.

Scientific experiment in the regions of the air has recently been given an impetus from certain partially successful flying leaps made by Professor O. Lilienthal in Germany. These have been widely reported in the press. An account of his experiments, which appeared in *Nature* in December last, was written by C. Runge, who describes the apparatus as follows: "The shape of the wings is not flat but slightly curved. The experiments recorded show that the curved form has decided advantages as regards both the amount and the direction of resistance. The wing surface is fifteen square metres. It is not safe to take a larger surface before having learned to manage a smaller one. He (Professor Lilienthal) takes a sharp run of four or five steps against the wind, jumps into the air and slides down over a distance of about 250 metres (over 800 feet). By shifting his centre of gravity relatively to the centre of resistance, he can give the wing surface any inclination, and thereby can, to a certain extent, either slide down quicker or slacken the movement or alter the direction. If the wind is not too strong and the surface of the apparatus not too large, I think there is very little danger in this kind of practice. If it is taken up by a great many people, improvements of the apparatus are sure to follow, and the art of keeping one's balance in the air will be developed. Perhaps this is the road to flying. At any rate, it must be fine sport."

The trials made by Lilienthal were near Berlin, a local journal reporting that he leaped from a tower on a steep and stony hill, 340 feet high, and that after falling 50

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feet he began working his wings and was able to reach an altitude of 1,000 feet. The credibility of this part of the feat has been doubted, however, by an anonymous American writer in a Western journal. "It is worth while," he says, "to consider this wing feature. The 20 yards square would represent 400 square yards or 3,600 square feet. This would give to each wing an area of 1,800 square feet or an area of nearly 41 feet square. In shape, these wings represent an oblong spheroid, cut into two parts longitudinally, with their concave sides turned downward. This is in accordance with what natural law would require, as all birds have the concave surfaces of their wings carefully and without exception turned the same way—and so far so good. Unfortunately this inventor's weight is not given. But assuming that he tips the scales at 150 pounds we find that he has provided 24 square feet of wing surface for each pound of his avoirdupois, and this seems most excessive. When he raises his wings he must use his body as fulcrumage the same as the bird, and when he has his wings up it is a little hard for the mechanic to see how he is going to pull down with any force against that resistance of 3,600 square feet of area. This he must do to keep that 150-pound body from gravitating downward. It is this feature—the encountering of this inevitable law—that fixes the limit to the wing stroke of the bird. Persistence to muscular action of the wing base becomes too great, as does also the necessary velocity of cleaving action, for the material that enters into the construction of wings. Assuming that this alleged German scientist has a weight of 150 pounds, it was a most grievous mistake to bestow to the fanciful narrative of his inventive achievement a wing area of 24 square feet for each pound of weight, which at once shows the rioting of a distempered imagination. A bird thus equipped would present a most ludicrous spectacle."

Whether this is a fact or not, the use of large wings made of willow and covered with tough skin indicates the direction in which recent experimentation has been most successful. Navigation of the air by air ships, balloons and cumbersome bodies has been abandoned by the most progressive inventors in favour of a closer study of the flight of large birds.—*Current Literature*.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

EBB AND FLOW OF THE EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE.

The current number of *Himmel und Erde* contains a valuable article by Dr. J. Hann, entitled "Ebb and Flow of the Earth's Atmosphere." The paper deals entirely with the diurnal and annual range of the barometer, and Dr. Hann's laborious investigations of these phenomena have frequently been referred to in our columns. It is more than 200 years ago since the regular variation of the barometer by day-time was first observed, and the first person who investigated the regular variation during the night-time, and fixed the morning minimum at about 3h. or 4h. a.m. was the celebrated botanist Colestino Mutis, at Bogota, who commenced his observations in 1761. Blandford and F. Chambers first explained the characteristic difference between the daily range on the sea-coast and at inland stations, and showed the connection of this difference with land and sea breezes. Dr. Hann points out that while there is a large number of theorists as to the cause of the double daily oscillation of the barometer, none of them satisfactorily explains the whole of the phenomena. With regard to the yearly range he shows that when the values for the northern and southern hemispheres are separately considered it is found that the smallest quantities occur in both hemispheres in July, so that we obtain the important result that the values of the double daily oscillation depend more upon the position of the earth with respect to the sun than upon the seasons. He agrees with Lord Kelvin and others that the only means of eventually obtaining a satisfactory explanation of the subject will be by harmonic analysis, and by comparison of the variations at a large number of stations.—*London Public Opinion.*

A WORD TO CAMPERS.

"A holiday under canvas can be made a remarkably pleasant experience if congenial spirits compose the party, but there is a common mistake made by too many of those who take to the woods at a time when fish are the only lawful quarry. I refer to the practice of taking guns and rifles to camp when the law forbids the killing of any game. There is no sense in carrying a weapon which is not to be used, and I know cases where the fact of one being within reach has made a law-breaker of a man who meant no harm, but was tempted by an unexpected chance at unlawful game. Furthermore, country people visiting a camp and seeing a gun or rifle included in the outfit, are apt to conclude that it is there for use and that the campers will have a quiet try at whatever game appears. This idea encourages the countryman to do a bit of illegitimate killing himself when he gets a chance. Gun and rifle are excellent in their proper place, but that place is not in a July camp. The usual excuse offered is the possibility of a shot at a bear or wild-cat. That is all very fine, but the 'bears' and 'cats' really killed have always appeared to me to strangely resemble does and fawns. It is far better to leave weapons at home than to run the risk of being tempted to join a native in that miserable business, 'floating' or 'jacking.'—*Outing.*

SPANISH THEATRES.

In no other country is the theatre as popular as in Spain. After the bullfight, a Spaniard loves the theatre best. A true Spanish home is so dull that men and

women alike scarcely ever spend a quiet evening in their inner circle. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that they should prefer to leave their uncomfortable rooms to get warmed and dazzled for a few hours in the glare of the *teatro*. It is there also they see their friends, and continue their habitual *tertulia* or gossip. Even the children love the drama, play, or *sainete*, and on Sunday afternoons and feast days their mammas deck them up in finery and take them to see the latest sensational play. It is curious indeed to watch a box full of baby faces keenly interested and devouring a terrible drama full of harrowing scenes, or laughing at a short play full of wit and piquant jokes. It does not seem at all natural to see children taken to these spectacles, but Spanish children are little old men and women, and a fairy pantomime would be too dull for them. In Madrid there are almost as many theatres as churches. They are very commodious, splendidly decorated, and all built after the same model. A large stage, a pit full of cozy red velvet *butacas* or stalls where ladies and gentlemen sit together, and round the house the *palcos* or boxes, large and airy, with looking-glasses, chairs, and carpets. Above the tiers of boxes is the *paraiso*, paradise or cheap gallery, which derives its name from its vicinity to the sky. The Madrid Opera House is perhaps smaller than the Grand Opera or Convent Garden, but it is far more convenient. It reminds one of a dainty lady's boudoir; it is so fresh and bright with its red and gold decorations, its soft electric lights, its velvet carpets and pretty frescoes. The Royal box itself is a gem with pink *capetonnees* walls and the arms of Spain above the red and gold curtain. This is only the small royal box, as the Queen never uses the immense one that occupies the centre of the house except on very grand occasions. Behind the Queen's box is a pretty saloon, where she can retire to take refreshments between the acts. There is a telephone there, and it was through it that Her Majesty received the news of Montpensier's death one night when the opera was going on.—*North American Review.*

CAMPOAMOR, THE SPANISH POET.

An interesting sketch of the literary career of the favorite Spanish poet of the new school, Campoamor, is given by a Madrid correspondent of the *Evening Post*, New York:

Campoamor is the hero of the day. His special creation is a short poem melodiously called the "Dolora"—a sort of bitter and fragrant epigram that may run to any length from a line to a page. It has been variously defined by various critics. The poet himself describes it as a "poetical composition in which lightness is wedded to feeling, and conciseness to philosophic import." 'Tis no hopeful spirit that pervades these wonderful and sharply-flavored little poems. Campoamor treads jauntily enough the gloomy forest of disillusion. But he fronts sorrow with a cynical if tranquil brow, and rhymes her with delicate and graceful raillery. In brief and smiling lines he tells us that glory is vapor; that to live is to forget; that the best in life is but a mingling of shadows, ashes, and wind; that evil is infallible, and death man's greatest gift; that honor and virtue are but words, and heat and cold our keenest sensations; that change of destiny is but change of sorrow, and that pleasure is the fount of satiety. One "Dolora" contained in two lines tells somebody—

"However much I weep and lament the fact, Good I loved thee not; perfidious I adore thee."

Another in four lines:

"Half my life I lost
For a certain pleasure;
The other half would I give
For such another joy."

His most popular "Dolora" is "Quien supiera escribir." It is the story of a girl who comes to the priest to write her a letter for her lover. The rhythm is delightful and the simplicity flawless. The verse is broken into conversation, dictation, and comment, and it is the girl, in the vivid eloquence of passion, who dictates and gives the priest a lesson in amatory style. "Well done, bravo, love! I copy and I conclude," remarks the priest; "for this subject 'twere idle to study Greek or Latin."

Campoamor, like most other Spanish men of letters, has followed a varied and versatile career. He started as a doctor, then turned to philosophy and politics. In those palmy days he was the Governor of Castellón, Alicante, and Valencia, and numerous streets were called after him in these provinces. He has sat in every Parliament, and wrestled triumphantly with the eloquent Castelar.—*Literary Digest.*

PRIMROSES.

Faded! O yes, but if I were a flower
I could desire no happier fate than this:
To serve you with my beauty for a time,
To please you with my freshness while it
stayed;
And when it passed, to fade upon your breast.

Worthless? O no, for richer far to me
And dearer, too, are these few primroses
Than all the rarest blossoms in the world;
For they have nestled near your heart, and
felt,
Perhaps, the gentle imprint of your lips.

Keep them! O yes, and kiss them o'er and
o'er
To catch some lingering echo of the kiss
You left on them; and when they're dry and
brown
I'll love them in their death for your sweet
sake,
Who wore them when they lived, and gave
them me.

—S. B. K., in *The Speaker.*

In the December number of *Florida Life* is an article from the pen of B. W. Partridge, in which he describes the effect of the drought of 1891 on Lake Miccosukie one of the largest lakes in middle Florida, where about 6,000 acres of water became dry land for a time. The rainy season of 1892 filled it with water again. Mr. Partridge conceived the idea that the lake could be drained, by boring holes in its bottom, and organized a company to try it. Experts were engaged to examine and report on the plan, and the result was that the company has bored a number of holes in the bottom of Lake Miccosukie, and the water is rushing down through them *via* a subterranean passage to the Gulf. In a few months they expect to permanently drain the lake, and thus recover 10,000 acres of valuable land.

What would Fenimore Cooper say if he heard that his favorite Blackfoot Indians had earned upwards of \$3,000 by freighting and selling coal? Yet, according to the *Calgary Herald*, they did this last year, and they now have three mines on the reserve; but the mining is carried on in a primitive fashion. They are putting up new houses with lumber taken out at Castle Mountain, and many of the buildings are painted.

MAARTEN MAARTENS.

The author of "God's Fool" is distinguished for two qualities in which most of the Dutch novelists are lacking—breadth of view and virility. His satiric tendency has sometimes been misunderstood as Thackeray's was. Those who read "God's Fool" would do well to turn back to the three or four striking parables which serve as a preface to this striking story. One of these throws a flood of light on Maarten Maartens' aim and spirit: "There was once a man—a satirist. In the natural course of time his friends slew him and he died, and the people came and stood about his corpse. 'He treated the whole round world as his football,' they said, 'and he kicked it.' The dead man opened one eye: 'But always toward the goal,' he said."—*The Book-buyer*.

A BRIDGE OF AGATE.

A mining expert sent to investigate some Arizona properties for Denver capitalists reports the finding of a most remarkable natural bridge formed by a tree of agatized wood, spanning a canyon 45 feet in width. The tree had at some remote time fallen and become imbedded in the silt of some great inland sea or mighty water overflow, says the *Jeweler's Journal*. The silt in time became sandstone, and the wood gradually passed through the stages of mineralization until it is now a wonderful tree of solid agate. In after years water washed and ate away the sandstone until a canyon of 45 feet in width has been formed, the flint-like substance of the agatized wood having resisted the erosion of the water flow. Fully 50 feet of the tree rests on one side and can be traced, but how far its other side lies buried in the sandstone cannot be determined without blasting away the rock.

THE BLACK BEAR OF NORTH AMERICA.

The Black Bear (*Ursus Americanus*) is the most persistent of all our large mammals in his refusal to be exterminated. Because of the facts that his senses are keen, his temper suspicious and shy, and his appetite not at all capricious, he hangs on in the heavily wooded mountains, swamps, and densely timbered regions of North America, generally long after other kinds of big game have all been killed or driven away.

As his name implies, he is jet black all over, except his nose, and when his fur is in good condition it is glossy and beautiful. His muzzle, from his eyes down to the edge of his upper lip, is either dull yellow or dingy white, and sometimes, particularly in Alaska, he has a white spot on his breast. According to locality and climate, the hair of the Black Bear may be short and close, as in the South, or long and inclined to shagginess, though not so much so as the grizzly's. Very often his coat will be abundantly thick and of good length, but so even on the outside and so compact that he looks as if he had been gone over by the scissors and comb of a skilful barber. So far as I have seen, neither the grizzly nor cinnamon ever has that appearance. In the North, where his furry coat is finest, it is now eagerly sought by the furriers, and the standard price of a large skin of good quality is twenty-five dollars. The ladies prize it for muffs and collars, and the carpet warrior and the bandmaster love to have it tower heavenward from their warlike brows as a shak. — *St. Nicholas*.

PUBLIC OPINION.

Regina Leader: The great "Fathers of Confederation" have mostly disappeared from the stage of action, but their work endures and their names are recorded in the undying pages of Canadian history, and their fame will endure as long as the national life which they were the means of founding. Sir John Macdonald, Sir Alexander Galt, Hon. Joseph Howe, Hon. George Brown, are dead, but on the foundation which they laid so broad and deep, the young Canadian nationality is gradually developing and enlarging and realizing the high hopes which were the fond dreams of these great statesmen.

Halifax Chronicle: The strike, or series of strikes, has become a case of labour-unionism gone mad. No one would question the right of the Pullman men or the railway men to cease work, if they had, or believed they had, a genuine grievance which their employers refused to redress. But when they employ force to prevent others taking the places they have vacated, when they use force to prevent the railways serving the public, and when they add to this the crime of destroying property that does not belong to them, they deliberately place themselves in opposition to the laws of the land, defy the constituted authorities and practically become anarchists.

Montreal Witness: The delegates to the Colonial Conference must have been amazed at the shamelessness of the vice-president of the Conference as they sat in the gallery of the House of Commons and listened to the story of how Sir Adolphe Caron had with his own hands accepted twenty-five thousand dollars "in dirty bank notes" from Senator Ross, to whom the Government subsidies of \$262,000 to the Lake St. John Railway Company were payable; how Sir Adolphe had handed it over to another member of the House, Mr. Thomas McGreevy, who had paid the whole of it out on orders from Sir Adolphe Caron for expenditure in the close constituencies during an election, and how Sir Adolphe had ordered \$5,000 of it to be expended in his own constituency.

Victoria Colonist: Twenty-seven years ago the inhabitants of the different colonies were strangers to each other. People in the Far East and the Far West talked about Canada as if it were a foreign country, and although being of the same race and speaking the same language they were separated by prejudices and jealousies that in some cases had become almost antipathies. But now Canadians are one people, old prejudices have almost completely died out, and old distinctions have been nearly effaced. In a very few years there will be fewer differences between the English-speaking provinces of the Dominion than there are between the inhabitants of the different counties of the Old Country. The success of the Canadian Confederation has been so remarkable and has produced such happy results that it is regarded as an example which the other dependencies of Great Britain ought to follow, and some enthusiasts consider it as a forerunner of the Confederation of the whole British Empire.

Mankind is always happier for having been made happy. If you make them happy now you will make them thrice happy twenty years hence in the memory of it. — *Sydney Smith*.

DOCTORS ENDORSE IT.

An Eminent Physician of Arkansas, tells of some Remarkable Cures of Consumption.

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Dr. R. V. PIERCE:
Dear Sir—I will say this to you, that Consumption is hereditary in my wife's family; some have already died with the disease. My wife has a sister, Mrs. E. A. Cleary, that was taken with consumption. She used your "Golden Medical Discovery," and, to the surprise of her many friends, she got well. My wife has also had hemorrhages from the lungs, and her sister insisted on her using the "Golden Medical Discovery." I consented to her using it, and it relieved her. She has had no symptoms of consumption for the past six years. People having this disease can take no better remedy.

Yours very truly,
W. C. Rogers, M. D.

THE BIBLE AND ITS PEOPLE.

The English people love the Bible, and their affection extends to the Bible's originators. That is the secret of the failure of anti-Semitism to find a hospitable entry into these shores. That is why, when a statesman of the foremost position like Mr. Chamberlain advocates the restriction of foreign immigration, he does so with keen regret. And this tacit, yet all-pervading, love not only for the Book, but for the people of the Book, implies a duty which the Jews of England can only ignore with disgrace and danger to themselves "Measures and not men" politicians cry in vain. The Englishman calls for men, confident that the measures will be forthcoming if the men are there. No such subtle distinction is possible to the English character. It identifies professors and profession. It cannot dissociate the Jew from Judaism. The world has always judged Judaism by the Jews; Englishmen have judged the Jews by Judaism. They have ever loved the Hebrew Bible, they have found in its call to righteousness of life and thought the supreme voice of God, and thus they have fancied they were meeting in every Jew a prophet, an inspired mouthpiece of the Divine. English politics owes more to the Old Testament than Jews are aware of. But though the Jew is thus ignorant, while he is callously indifferent to the part played in the present by Judaism and the Bible which he neglects, the Englishman is not ignorant, the Englishman is not indifferent. The Bible and the Bible alone still holds the key to human progress. Whether Jews be its bearers or basely surrender their position to others, the light of the Bible will continue to be the Light of the World. The Bible will reign for ever, it is only we ourselves who are in danger of deposition. The Book endures, shall we cease to be its people?—*Jewish Chronicle*.

With books, as with companions, it is of more consequence to know which to avoid than which to choose, for good books are as scarce as good companions, and, in both instances, all that we can learn from bad ones is that so much time has been worse than thrown away. That writer does the most who gives his reader the most knowledge and takes from him the least time. That short period of a short existence which is rationally employed is that which alone deserves the name of life; and that portion of our life is most rationally employed which is occupied in enlarging our stock of truth and of wisdom.—*Colton*.

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SCIENTIFIC AND SANITARY.

Aluminum is being tried in the saddletrees and stirrups of certain cavalry in the Soudan. The saving of weight thus effected amounts to about six and one-half pounds.

A long distance telephone line in Spain, now under construction, from Madrid to Barcelona, and covering a route 500 miles long, will probably be completed in two or three months.

A British inventor has followed up the pneumatic tire and hub with a pneumatic wheel for bicycles. This is a flattened spherical chamber, fitted with compressed air, and contained within metallic side plates.

Bicycles are coming into increased use in the Belgian army, and the military authorities intend soon to establish a training school, to which every regiment will send a few men of the grade of corporal for instruction.

Turpin, the French inventor who makes such fearfully destructive war apparatus, has apparently eclipsed all his former efforts in this direction. *Le Temps* announces that he has just completed an electrically operated automatic mitrailleuse capable of discharging, at a minimum, 25,000 projectiles four times in fifteen minutes.—*Electrical Review.*

One of the deepest holes, made artificially, in the world, is the one sunk at Parvshowitz, in Western Siberia. It has a depth of 6 568 feet, and a diameter of 2.75 inches. Work has been stopped temporarily, in order to lower sensitive thermometers into the well; but eventually it is proposed to go down 8,000 feet. Temperature investigations afford the motive for this enterprise.

Motive power is soon to be distributed through the streets of Antwerp, in the form of water under high pressure. At numerous stations in the city there will be hydraulic motors, which will operate dynamos, to provide electricity for a limited region. The aim of this plan is to avoid the high cost of continuous current wiring and the high tension of the alternating current. It is a curious experiment.

The Greenwich Observatory, England, has received the promise of a 26-inch photographic telescope, to cost \$25,000. It will be used mainly for work on the international chart of the heavens at first. This instrument must not be confounded with the 28-inch glass which Mr. Clinistie has already been fortunate enough to secure at government expense. Sir Henry Thompson is the giver of the proposed telescope.

Annunciators, indicating the name of the next station, are in use on the Metropolitan and District suburban roads in and near London. They are set, after leaving a station, by pulling a cord. One official controls the apparatus in all the cars of a train simultaneously. This method of imparting information is an improvement on the one now in general use, of bawling out the names more or less indistinctly.

Experiments made in India under the auspices of the health authorities at Calcutta indicate that cholera may be prevented by vaccination with anti-choleraic virus. In a village of 200 inhabitants 116 were inoculated with this virus. Out of ten cases of cholera in a recent epidemic in the village, resulting in seven deaths, every one of the

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persons affected was among those who had not been treated. This may not be conclusive, but it is very reassuring.—*Philadelphia Record.*

Some months ago a Dublin inventor claimed for a preparation of his that it would preserve eggs in perpetual freshness. To thoroughly test the efficacy of the invention, which, if successful, would revolutionize the egg market, an experiment was carried out at the *Freeman* offices. A sample of eggs immersed in the patent solution, which is a thin grayish paste of the consistency of honey, have remained undisturbed there for a period of four months, and when opened the other night in the presence of experts were found to be all perfectly fresh.—*London Public Opinion.*

A new patent process of hardening steel articles which has been tried by Krupp, the Mannesheims and other German firms, is now being brought to the attention of British manufacturers. It is said that drills prepared by this method cut through the hardest steel without the aid of any lubricant, and last much longer than the usual run of drill. In the operation of hardening, the drill or other object is brought to only a dark-red heat, dipped in a composition known as "Durol" for ten to twenty seconds, then heated slowly until cherry-red, and cooled directly in tepid water.

When our consciousness turns upon the main design of life, and our thoughts are employed upon the chief purpose either in business or pleasure, we shall never betray an affectation, for we cannot be guilty of it; but when we give the passion for praise an unbridled liberty, our pleasure in little perfections robs us of what is due to us for great virtues and worthy qualities. How many excellent speeches and honest actions are lost for want of being indifferent where we ought?—*Sir R. Steele.*

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

MISCELLANEOUS.

In drawing up a will it is always best to call in the aid of a solicitor. Otherwise your executors may have a lot of trouble, and the bulk of your property be swallowed up in law costs. These consequences are likely to follow in the case of the will of Morris Roberts, the Birmingham prize fighter. The bulk of the property is to remain in the Bank of England for twenty years, at the expiration of which time it is to be equally divided among the sorrowing relatives.—*London Figaro*.

Fencing for young ladies is coming in vogue in Copenhagen, where several young ladies of good social standing have recently been receiving lessons in this graceful and health-giving pastime. It would seem that the members of the fair sex can hold their own against the men in fencing, and that they, in fact, frequently excel the latter in precision, swiftness and grace of movement. Nor can there be the slightest doubt that fencing affords an unusual amount of varied and healthy exercise at the same time.

The *New York Herald* says that the disappearance of all titles in the French Chamber is shown by a comparison of the Deputies in the new Chamber bearing titles with those returned by the first elections under the Republic. Now there are two princes, three marquises, fifteen counts and forty-five members bearing other titles—or sixty-five in all. In 1871 there were as many as two hundred and twenty-two, the number of princes being the same. The dukes, however, mustered seven strong, the marquises thirty, and the counts fifty-two.

A very valuable secret in connection with the solidification of petroleum is, it is said, about to be imparted to a large firm in America. The discoverer of the process is not an American, but evidently expects to meet with more enterprise and cash in the United States than in his own country. Hitherto the difficulty or inconvenience of handling petroleum in the liquid state has been a serious drawback in using it, and the secret of the process for converting it from its natural state into solid matter is said to be one of the very highest importance, and will probably have far-reaching results, as it may lead to its more general and more varied uses.

Nothing in an English village or town is more touching and thrilling than the ringing of the nine o'clock bell, commonly called the curfew, says the *Boston Herald*. It was once quite common in New England in the country towns; but in the disuse into which the ringing of bells has fallen it has largely passed away. It is a custom which has found a home among people of English descent, and its early revival is evident from the signs of the times. The new interest in the pealing of bells is manifesting itself in the demand in Cleveland, in Baltimore and in other cities that the curfew shall be restored; and when once the peals are rung from the Christ Church bells in this city, it will be almost imperative that the curfew shall be heard from the centre of old Boston.

The *Daily News*, London, publishes a letter from Russia, in which it is asserted that the importance of the plot against the life of the Czar has been greatly underestimated. Upon reaching the Baroness Marihoff's house at St. Peterburg, the police

found a list of women Revolutionists, most of whom belong to the higher classes. In consequence of this, the Czar has issued an ukase re-creating, from November 18, the special committee for the control of civil service appointments. This committee was instituted by the Czar Nicholas, but was abandoned in 1858. The ukase brings the entire patronage for subordinate posts under the immediate supervision of the Czar, and deprives the higher officials of their powers to appoint and dismiss. The press comments are adverse to the severe mechanical discipline of Nicholas' time.

Mr. John Cook has formed a high opinion of Manitoba, says the *Colonies and India*, as will be seen from the following: "I have paid two visits to the Dominion, and three to the American continent. Five-and-twenty years ago I worked in the bay fields and harvest fields of Ontario for a common wage; I have worked in the bush and ploughed on the best prairie land of Michigan and Illinois; I have been a sheep farmer on the pampas of Buenos Ayres; I have seen the best farming land in Chili, and spent five years on the best and largest sheep stations in New Zealand. Some may say, perhaps, that these remarks have no connection with the question at issue, but I am only giving them to show that my experience qualifies me to pass an opinion; and, in replying to the question, Which is the best country for a small farmer or agricultural laborer? I unhesitatingly give my verdict for Manitoba."

THE VANITY OF GREAT MEN.

It is unquestionable that many of the most celebrated men have been absurdly and foolishly vain, but before any one concludes that vanity is either a part or an incident of greatness it ought to be remembered that no man, great or small, is a fixed quantity, to be counted upon at all times as the same. No man is the same from year to year, from month to month, or from day to day. The processes of thought, the moods of the mind are as swift as the flash of light, and doubtless one man who lives through a long life experiences all the moods of which any man of his level of cultivation has ever been capable. Instead of being true that the vanity of great men makes them great, or that they do their best in the mood of vanity, it is probably true that in doing their really great work they are not vain at all, or even self-conscious at all. It is only as they look back upon it that it inflates some of them with pride, which often shows itself in vanity. "Gods," said Dean Swift, smiting his hand on the table, as he read over one of his own productions, "what a genius I had when I wrote that!" This was vanity, no doubt. And it was vanity in Ruskin which made him say: "With Carlyle I stand, we two alone now in England, for God and the Queen." But does this justify anyone in saying, as M. du Clos does in concluding a series of interesting anecdotes on the vanity of great men, that "as people are usually taken at their own estimate, self-appreciation should not be condemned"? It seems rather true as a fact of the physiology of the mind that uncontrollable vanity is a sure symptom of the onset of insanity. All great men are brave in initiative, but the courage which enables them to succeed where others dare not even attempt is never so potent as when it leads to entire self-forgetfulness. When Napoleon concluded himself a demigod, when he began

to stuff his stomach instead of exercising his brain, as he had done, he became unable to keep awake when he most needed to be wary, and having reached this stage he was already far along on his road to Waterloo. And both Ruskin and Swift were far along toward the madhouse when it was no longer possible for them to master their vanity and hold it in the same subjection in which they were holding it while they were doing the work which made them celebrated. Great intellectual effort requires high nervous tension. It is ability to stand this tension which makes greatness, and the vanity of greatness is merely the symptom of reaction—of breaking down, of the insanity which is the result of nervous tension uncontrolled by will. The lunatic asylums are full of people whose symptoms are identical with what some have mistaken for indications of greatness.—*St. Louis Republic*.

AFTER DOCTORS FAILED.

THE EXPERIENCE OF MR. FRANK A. FERGUSON,
OF MERRICKVILLE.

Attacked by Malarial Fever, Followed by Decline—Two Physicians Failed to Help Him—The Means of Cure Discovered by Taking the Advice of a Friend.

From the Smith's Falls Record.

Mr. Frank A. Ferguson, partner of Mr. Richard Smith in the marble business at Merrickville, is well known to most residents of that vicinity. He went through an illness that nearly brought him to death's door, and in an interesting chat with a reporter of the Record told of the means by which his remarkable recovery was brought about. "While engaged in my business as marble cutter at Kingston," said Mr. Ferguson, "I was taken ill in May, 1893, with malarial fever. After the fever was broken I continued to have a bad cough, followed by vomiting and excruciating pains in the stomach. I was under the treatment of two different physicians, but their medicine did me no good, and I continued to grow weaker and weaker, and it seemed as if I had gone into decline. About the middle of September I was strongly urged by a friend to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial. I had not much hope that they would help me, but from the time I commenced the Pink Pills I found myself beginning to improve, the vomiting ceased and finally left me altogether. I grew stronger each day, until now I weigh 180 pounds. At the time I was taken ill I weighed 197 pounds, and when I began using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, illness had reduced me to 123 pounds, so that you will see how much the Pink Pills have done for me. I never felt better in my life than I do now, although I occasionally take a pill yet, and am never without a part of a box in my pocket. I believe that had I not been induced to take Pink Pills I would be in my grave to-day, and I am equally convinced that there is no other medicine can equal them as a blood builder and restorer of shattered systems. Five boxes cured me when the skill of the ablest doctors in Ontario failed, and when I look back to the middle of last September and remember that I was not able to stand on my feet, I consider the change brought about by Pink Pills simply miraculous."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills strike at the root of the disease, driving it from the system and restoring the patient to health and strength. In cases of paralysis, spinal troubles, locomotor ataxia, sciatica, rheumatism, erysipelas, scrofulous troubles, etc., these pills are superior to all other treatment. They are also a specific for the troubles which make the lives of so many women a burden, and speedily restore the rich glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. Men broken down by overwork, worry or excesses, will find in Pink Pills a certain cure. Sold by all dealers or sent by mail post paid at 50 cents a box or 6 boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N.Y. Beware of imitations and substitutes alleged to be "just as good."

QUIPS AND CRANKS.

A small mind has usually plenty of room for pride.

Every mortal wants a little more than anybody else has.

A society lion is sometimes found in the skin of an ass.

Poverty wants some things, luxury many, avarice all things.

Good intentions sometimes go a long way in the wrong direction.

People who consider themselves ugly are proud of their ugliness.

It seems that the good points of some people have all been broken off.

It is indolence and not kindness that causes some people to let the flies stay on them.

Judge—Your age, miss? "That, your honor, I leave to your kind indulgence."

J. S. Coxe is not a Julius Caesar. After crossing the Rubicon he failed to keep off the grass.

The man who dresses to please his wife should never be asked to perform any further penance.

Christopher Columbus also discovered Jamaica, but at that time it was not considered a run discovery.

Flies follow a red-nosed man because they seem to know that he will soon take something with sugar in it.

"Why is an empty champagne bottle like an orphan?" asked Bub. "Because they have both lost their pop."

Miss Daybye—I shall never marry. Miss Bloom—Don't say that; some one may leave you a fortune some day.

If it wasn't for his vaulting ambition the professional acrobat could never hope to achieve much of a success.

"Is Muggins a story-writer?" "Yes."

"What is his style?" "Style! he hasn't any; it's all he can do to get bread and butter."

"How shall I enter the money the cashier skipped with?" asked the book-keeper; "under the profit and loss?" "No; suppose you put it under the running expenses."

"The death of her husband must have been a dreadful blow to Mrs. Musicale." "It was, indeed." I suppose she has given up her piano-playing entirely?" "No, she still plays; but only on the black keys."

"Have you anything to say before we eat you?" said the King of the Cannibal Isles to a Boston missionary. "I have," was the reply.

"I want to talk to you a while on the advantages of a vegetarian diet."

Jess—Did you know there was an antenuptial agreement between Mr. and Mrs. Slivers? Bess—No, but I'm not surprised. If they ever agreed about anything, it must have been before they were married.

"Mr. Courty asked me to marry him last night," she blushing told her mother. "And what did you tell him?" "I told him to ask you." "Ask me?" echoed the startled parent. "Why, Mary, surely you wouldn't have your dear old mother commit bigamy, would you?"

Miss Richgirl, of Chicago: And so you kissed the Blarney Stone at the Columbian Exposition? Ha, ha! It was nothing but a Chicago paving stone. Mr. Smartchapp—So I heard at the time; but I thought perhaps you might have walked on it. Then she married him.

"Who are yez workin' fer now, Dinnis?" "Yeknow Mulcahy that has the livery stable?" "It is him! Shure, I wouldn't work for a man as mane as him. It's a hard name he has."

"Ah! yer mistaken in the man. Old Mulcahy is one av the kindest an' most considerate bosses in town. He allows aitch of his hands sixteen hours to do a day's work in."

The German professor of music to be met with in English drawing rooms is an entertaining old gentleman. To him recently a lady said, when one of his compositions had just been sung by one of the guests: "How did you like the rendering of your song, professor?" "Vas dot my song!" replied the professor: "I did not know him."

MR. WM. CALDER, 91 Spadina avenue, Toronto, cured by Acetocura of spinal disease nearly 40 years ago, endorses all we say about our remedy.

The city of Arequipa, Peru, has recently received the visit of a native phenomenon, who has attracted great attention and will be exhibited in public museums. He is an Indian, born on the Yanavnes plantation, of the Province of Huancane. This descendant from the indigenous Peruvians is one hundred and seven years old, and measures only two and a quarter feet in height. He still possesses his mental faculties and some physical strength.

In nine cases out of ten, says *Forget-Me-Not*, the women of the stage commit the words of their parts to memory by copying them out in their own handwriting, and among other distinguished disciples of this method are Miss Ellen Terry, Miss Amy Roselle and Mrs. Patrick Campbell. As regards learning parts in the open air while walking, driving, and so on, the system has fewer advocates among women than it has among men: but Mrs. Bernard Beere and Mrs. Langtry are both accustomed to this form of study, and many younger actresses adopt it, railway and even bus journeys being utilized. Both Mrs. Kendal and Sarah Bernhardt sit down to serious study and allow nothing whatever to interfere with them during the time they are learning a part.

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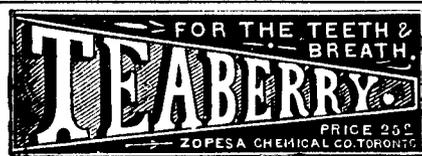
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