

THE WEEK

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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.

It is believed that the old question as to the sources of the Nile has at last been answered. Speke's discovery of the Victoria Nyanza, thirty years ago, which was for a time supposed to have solved the problem, was soon found to have been but a step in that direction, as the question of the sources of supply of that great inland sea immediately took the place of the former. Dr. Baumann now announces that he has really reached the sources of both lake and river, in the highlands lying to the east of Lake Tanganyika, between the third and fourth parallels of south latitude. At least he has traced what he believes to be the longest and largest of the tributary rivers up to this point. The Nile is thus proved to be one of the longest rivers in the world.

Another instance of the use of the short method by a professedly Christian nation in civilizing the heathen is re-

corded in a recent despatch from Berlin touching German operations in Africa. The despatch, giving further particulars of the capture of a native stronghold at Hornkranz, informs the Government that seventy native women, ten native men and boys and a few babies were killed. The killing of the women and babies is of course regretted, but then the place had to be taken, and in some way or other the men seem to have kept out of the way of the bullets. It was, therefore, evidently the fault of the latter, for no doubt the soldiers would sooner have killed seventy men than seventy women, other things being equal. It would have sounded better. At any rate the thing has, it seems, been done. What a noble object-lesson is thus set before the barbarous natives! What exalted ideas they must gain from it of the superiority of our Christian civilization! And yet, savage ingrates that they are, it is said that the Hottentot chief, whose people's mothers, and wives, and sisters, and daughters, and infants were thus slaughtered, actually resents the deed and is collecting his warriors and vowing vengeance.

The Democrats of the United States are likely to find the difficulties in the way of a thorough-going tariff reform greatly increased by the necessity for raising more revenue than can reasonably be expected under the present McKinley tariff. Senator Mills, than whom no other statesman in the Republic is more familiar with tariff questions, referred in a recent interview to what seems to be now an admitted fact, viz., that the estimated revenue from customs and internal taxes will be far from sufficient to meet the ordinary expenditures of the Government. The cause is that while the Pension Bill has enormously increased the expenditures of the Government, the McKinley Bill has so far realized the ideal of a protective tariff as to diminish largely the revenues from that source. The repeal of the sugar tax has in itself caused a very serious loss to the treasury. It is gratifying to find that Senator Mills, while frankly admitting the facts, is as far as possible from seeking to find in them any excuse for failure to carry out the reform policy on which the party won the November battle. On the contrary he seems prepared to recommend a bold step in the direction of return to the principle of a tariff for revenue only, by re-imposing slight duties on tea and coffee. It is estimated that a duty of a cent a pound on tea and three cents a pound

on coffee would produce all the revenue needed. "Sugar alone at that rate," says the Philadelphia Record, "would yield an annual fiscal revenue of \$40,000,000; and the repeal of the sugar bounty would save to the Treasury nearly ten millions more." "The American people," it adds, "have never yet murmured against taxes and duties levied for the maintenance of their Government. What they rose in revolt against in the election of last year was a system which takes five dollars out of their pockets for every dollar that it puts in the public treasury. Light duties on sugar and coffee, yielding not less than \$60,000,000 of public revenue, would enable Congress to adopt a complete and logical measure of Tariff Reform."

While there can, we think, be no reasonable doubt that in its main features the Act for the Protection of Children, now before the Ontario Legislature, is based on sound principles and adapted, if properly administered, to prove of great service in the prevention of the evils against which it is directed, some of its features are open to serious criticism and must be regarded as experimental. The authority conferred for the removal of children from the power of those who, be they their parents or otherwise, maltreat them, or suffer them to be maltreated in any way, or to be placed in circumstances in which they are unduly exposed to vicious surroundings and influences, must commend itself to everyone who believes in the power and necessity of right physical and moral training for the production of good citizens. The appointment of unpaid "children's visiting committees," may, perhaps, be defended as an appeal to the patriotism and philanthropy of those so appointed, but it would be hard to justify on political grounds the requirement of special duties from citizens without corresponding emolument. The clothing of officers of children's aid societies with police powers is a still more doubtful experiment. It is questionable whether the tendency of such a commingling of officialism with philanthropy will not tend to injure the quality of the latter, or at least to lessen the usefulness of these societies by compromising their freedom and weakening their hold on the benevolence of supporters. A good deal is to be said in favour of giving municipalities the power to compel the withdrawal of children from the public streets at unreasonable hours, but Mr. Whitney's criticism of the name "curfew" is forcible. The asso-

ciations of the word are not at all pleasing and the choice seems unfortunate. Still these are but minor questions and may be amended as experience shall dictate. On the whole, much good may be hoped for from the new legislation, based as it is on the wise maxim that "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure."

It is a common remark in political discussions that the tendency of communities at the present day is altogether in the direction of consolidation. This is probably true as a rule, but it is not without exceptions. The present relations of Norway and Sweden present a case in which the tendency is decidedly towards separation, or, at the least, towards a looser form of political union. Whether it shall be the one or the other will, it is not unlikely, depend upon the answer which King Oscar may give to the proposal to refer the matters in dispute to the arbitration of a commission to be nominated by the Presidents of the United States, France and Switzerland. He is now governing by means of a minority Cabinet simply because there is no provision for an appeal to the people till the Storting shall complete its term, a year or two hence. Then the end will come, if not before. The truth is, no doubt, that the question whether the tendency of distinct peoples shall be in the one direction or the other depends mainly upon the prior question of affinities. Where both sympathies and interests draw toward union, or indeed when either does so very strongly, as is often the case in these days, the saying holds true. But in the case of the two states above named the affinity seems to be in a large measure wanting. They are in many respects unequally yoked. The Norwegians are an energetic, enterprising, trading people, whose merchant fleet is one of the first in Europe, and whose flag floats on every sea. The Swedes are deficient in enterprise, and their merchant marine is comparatively small. The former are free-traders; the latter protectionists. Hence the tendency to commercial jealousy and the demand of Norway for a consular service of her own. It is probably the consciousness of this disparity that explains the reluctance of King Oscar and the Swedes to grant the demand of Norway for a separate consular service. They regard the concession as but the entering of the wedge which would foretoken complete separation, an ultimate end which some of the Norwegian Radicals do not hesitate to avow. They are but small states and under a looser bond of union might be mutually helpful. That, and separation, are evidently the alternatives.

The struggle over the question of the Sunday-opening of the World's Fair at Chicago still goes on. The issue was, indeed, supposed to have been virtually settled by the decision of the Board of Directors about two weeks since to open the grounds, the

State and foreign buildings, and in fact all parts of the Exhibition except the buildings containing exhibits. This decision was reached in accordance with the opinion of the lawyer who presides over the legal branch of the management. The main question now is, it should be observed, not that of Sabbath-keeping, or of giving employees a day of rest, but of what is required by the condition attached to the vote of two-and-a-half millions of dollars by Congress. Some, probably many, who were not prepared to take a very decided stand against Sunday-opening on religious or other grounds, now maintain that the Managers, having accepted the Congressional appropriation with the condition of Sunday-closing attached, would be guilty of a dishonourable act and a gross violation of faith should they now either open the grounds unreservedly, or seek to evade the spirit of the tacit compact by adopting the legal subterfuge above referred to. Moreover the Commissioners, who are the National, as the Directors are the local, managers, are understood to deny the right of the latter to override or evade what they regard as the clearly expressed will of the nation. They may, therefore, take legal measures to prevent the carrying out of the purpose of the Directors. The latter are, on the other hand, threatened with legal proceedings by a Chicago citizen, who denies that either the Commissioners or the Directors have power to close a public park. For some reason the Directors failed to carry out their purpose of opening the grounds last Sunday, but it is said that they will do so next Sunday. It is not unlikely that the matter may give rise to some very complicated litigation. The Directors are between, not merely two, but several fires. Their main object is no doubt to get the largest possible amount of gate-money. But whether the Sunday half-fares would bring in more than might be lost through the staying away of conscientious citizens all over the Union, who feel strongly on the subject, must be another cause of perplexity.

A despatch from Port Huron, Mich., says that trade in that town has been seriously affected of late as a consequence of the exceptional vigilance of Canadian customs officers and detectives, who have been successful in exposing numerous smuggling operations on a small scale by citizens of Sarnia, and mulcting the offenders in heavy fines. The reports may be exaggerated, but they serve to call attention to a phase of the working of a high protective tariff which is not usually sufficiently considered. We refer to its effect in fostering dissimulation and blunting the edge of that nice sense of honour which cannot be too assiduously cultivated. No one who knows anything about the matter doubts that in spite of all the vigilance of officers a large amount of smuggling is done, not only by unprincipled hucksters who make a business of it, but by

respectable, and in all other matters, honest citizens. Indeed, it is no uncommon thing to meet with people esteemed by themselves and others exceptionally "good," who have persuaded themselves that there is no moral wrong whatever in evading the duty on small purchases for their own use or for that of their neighbours. When they are opposed to protection on principle, their arguments are somewhat after this fashion. "This article is mine. I have purchased it and paid for it its full value. Hence not even the Government has any right to step in and compel me to pay an additional sum for the privilege of taking it home and using it." But we are far from insinuating that the smugglers of this class are all enemies of the N. P. On the contrary, there is good reason to believe that the proportion of those who evade the payment of duty whenever possible is just as large amongst those who vote for protection as a policy as amongst those who do not, though how the former can defend their evasion, save on the principle that they believe in high taxation for all but themselves, we are unable to conjecture. Readers who pride themselves on taking thoroughly "practical" views of all questions may sneer at the ethical view of the case, but the morally thoughtful cannot fail to perceive that whatever tends to lower the moral tone of a large class of citizens, or to impair in any degree the delicacy of their sense of honour, tends to degrade the national character.

We hear strange reports from time to time concerning the alleged strength and purpose of the secret society known as the "Protestant Protective Association," which is said to have extensive ramifications on both sides of the international boundary line. It is not unlikely that the current notions with regard to the numbers and influence of this society may be a good deal exaggerated, in accordance with the tendency to mistake *omne ignotum pro magnifico*. Yet there can be no doubt that such a society exists; that its membership is not insignificant, and, if we may believe statements which we have seen over the signature of a respectable member, that its object is sinister. That object, as generally understood, and as openly declared by credible persons who claim to be members, is neither more nor less than to keep Roman Catholics out of office, and to depose those who already occupy public and official positions. A more unfair purpose could hardly be avowed, especially in a country like Canada, in which the citizens who are thus marked out for proscription at the polls not only constitute a very considerable part of the population, but are very largely in the majority in one of its provinces, and have special rights guaranteed to them by the Constitution. There can be no better test of the character of a given policy than a calm consideration of the state of things which would result should that policy completely

prevail. But a moment's reflection is required to make it clear that the complete success of the Association in question in Canada,—implying, as of course it would, the exclusion from office, not only of the present leaders of both political parties in the Dominion, but of a number of the subordinate and not always least honourable and efficient members of the Federal Parliament, and of each of the Provincial Legislatures, and thus inflicting a cruel injustice and wrong upon perhaps one-third of the people of Canada,—would mean either civil war or the upbreak of the Confederation, and probably both.

But if the purpose of the organization, as avowed, is wrong and reprehensible, still more so are some of the methods adopted by its organs for furthering that purpose. The Society seems to have had its origin in the United States, where it may take its place as a worthy successor of the "Nothing" Association of a former period. It is not long since its organ on that side of the line published what has been well characterized as a most ridiculous "outrage on truth, honesty and common sense," in the shape of a bogus encyclical attributed to Pope Leo XIII, excommunicating the people of the United States in a body, and declaring that on or about the 5th of September, 1893, when the Catholic Congress shall meet in Chicago, it will be the duty of the faithful to exterminate all the heretics found in the jurisdiction of the United States of America. However one may be disposed to laugh at so silly and despicable a forgery, and to imagine that only the most ignorant and uninfluential could be caught by such methods, the fact remains that the canard has caused, and is no doubt still causing, not a little perturbation amongst an honest and well-meaning class of citizens, whose traditional horror of the Roman Catholics is such as to predispose them to believe them capable of almost any atrocity, if only the mandate came from Rome. It is within our knowledge that persons of this class have actually sent the sheet containing the forgery to the press, requesting that it be published to warn and arouse the unwary. Aside from the wickedness of such unprincipled attempts to create bad blood between Catholic and Protestant citizens, whose duty and interest it is to live together in peace and good-will, the most regrettable feature of the case is that, while there is some reason to fear that the rest of the people of Canada may at no distant day be called on to defend the rights of the younger provinces to full self-government in local affairs, against the inadmissible claims of the Hierarchy and a large section of the people of Quebec, a body of Protestants should do what is in their power to compromise the just cause of "Provincial rights" by taking up a position and advocating a policy which would put the Protestants more completely in the

wrong than the Catholics who are disputing Manitoba's right to manage her own educational affairs now are. Surely if there is any one principle on which all lovers of freedom and good government should be agreed, it is that no man shall be civilly proscribed or punished for his religious opinions.

THE BEHRING SEA ARBITRATION.

Notwithstanding the energy with which the opposing counsel have so far urged their respective pleas before the Behring Sea Arbitrators, it is noteworthy that they have not as yet joined issue in their arguments. That is to say, Sir Charles Russell's speech is not a reply to the arguments advanced by the two American counsel who have addressed the Board at such length. He is proceeding along an entirely different line. The treaty agreeing to and authorizing the Arbitration specifies three questions to be settled, viz., the jurisdictional rights of the United States in Behring Sea, the preservation of the fur-bearing seals, and the rights of subjects of either nation in regard to the taking of such seals. Provision is made in subsequent sections for a decision by the Arbitrators upon each of five distinct points, four of which concern the nature and extent of the jurisdiction asserted and exercised by Russia in Behring Sea before the cession of Alaska, whether and to what extent Great Britain recognized those rights, and how far those rights passed to the United States under the treaty of cession. All these points regard "rights," while the seventh article provides that in the event of the failure of the United States to establish exclusive rights in Behring Sea, the Arbitrators shall say what regulations may be necessary for the preservation of the seals.

It appears, therefore, that all, or almost all the important points for decision by the tribunal, except those contained in the seventh article, which comes under consideration only in case of failure of the United States to establish exclusive rights, are questions of international law. But though, as the New York Nation admits, "all the departments of the Government—executive, legislative and judicial—seem to have asserted territorial jurisdiction over the eastern portion of Behring Sea," and although, as the British "case" maintains, these claims were at first asserted as descended from Russia, then based on the Republic's own right of dominion, first as over territorial waters, then as entitled to jurisdiction on the high seas over the fur-seal herd which has its home on the Pribyloff Islands, yet Messrs. Carter and Coudert, the counsel for the United States, in their lengthy arguments before the Arbitrators, scarcely touched upon the question of international rights or international law. They based their pleas upon the later grounds taken in the American "case," in which the right of

protection and of property in the seals is put on (1) the principles of the common law, (2) the civil law, (3) the practice of nations, (4) natural history, and (5) the common interests of mankind. "To all this shadowy claim," says the printed British argument, "the Government of the Queen submit but one answer—the law." To this point Sir Charles Russell ineffectually sought to have the argument, in the first instance, confined by the Arbitrators. To this, ignoring the subject-matter of the pleas of the opposing counsel, his argument, or so much of it as has been made up to date, seems to have been strictly confined. It seems, then, as if the main question would turn upon the principle which the Arbitrators may lay down as the basis of their decision of the question of "rights." If, as Sir Charles Russell contends, that basis can be nothing other than the admitted principles of international law, the British and Canadian case is as good as won. If, on the other hand, the "shadowy" claims are regarded as entitled to weight, the decision cannot so easily be foreseen though the practical consequences which would inevitably follow from admitting those claims are such as can scarcely fail to give pause to the distinguished statesmen and jurists composing the Board of Arbitration.

There is some obscurity in the press report of the conclusion said to have been reached by the Arbitrators on the point raised by Sir Charles Russell during Mr. Carter's argument, that the American counsel should argue the question of rights apart from the question of regulations. The statement is that after animated discussion "it was finally decided that the counsel for Great Britain should argue the question of rights and the question of regulations separately, but that the tribunal would not give separate decisions." Seeing that, according to the terms of the treaty, the question of regulations can arise only as a consequent of a certain decision in regard to the question of rights, there surely must be some mistake or misapprehension in the wording of this despatch. Be that as it may, it is evident from the tenor of Sir Charles Russell's argument that the British counsel adhere steadfastly to their determination not to be drawn into any discussion of the question of regulations, or of the "shadowy" claims which formed the groundwork of the arguments of the American counsel, until the prior question of international rights or law shall have been decided. The Nation well puts the situation as follows: The English and Canadians say to the Americans in effect:

"So long as you claim to impose 'regulations' on pelagic sealing based on legal rights, we resist, but when you shall have abandoned all your pretensions of rights, and come down to the lower and more practical plane of common sense and common benefit to every country, to the pelagic sealer and the Pribyloff Islands sealer, then England and Canada will cordially co-operate in measures to be formulated by the tribunal to preserve the fur-seals in the sea and on all the islands."

CANADA'S NATIONAL PARK, BANFF, ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

Everyone who travels over the Canadian Pacific Railway should stop off at Banff, one day at least if he cannot afford more time, longer if circumstances will permit. The Canadian National Park is well worth a visit, and no one who goes there should come away disappointed.

Eight or ten years ago an Act was passed by the Parliament of Canada, setting apart a rectangular area, 26 miles by 10, and containing 166,400 acres, as a park reserve. It was the intention originally to reserve only one square mile, to include the hot sulphur springs, which make the place famous. The reserve was made with the idea, doubtless, that it would ultimately become a health resort. Mr. Stewart, the present superintendent of the park, was sent out to make survey, but perceiving that it was too limited, recommended its increase to his chief, Hon. Thos. White, Minister of the Interior. Mr. White saw at once the future possibilities of the place, and ordered an extension of the reserve to its present dimensions. The lands included were withdrawn from sale, any sales which had been made were cancelled, and parties who had pre-empted the springs were induced to relinquish their claim for a consideration.

The park contains within its boundaries, a variety of mountain scenery unsurpassed in the world. As it lies well within the chain of the Rockies, it includes a number of important peaks, which tower so high as to be clad with everlasting snow. The principal mountains within the park are Cascade, Mount Rundle with its twin peaks, 5,000 feet above the valley, the Devil's Head with its singular rock top, the great Sulphur Mount from which issue the hot springs, Saddle Mount, the Saw Back, Vermillion and Bourgeau ranges, Stony, Squaw and Tunnel Mount. The latter, though only about 1,000 feet above the valley, occupies a commanding position, and from its summit, which can be reached by either a bridle or foot path, a magnificent view is obtained in all directions. A carriage road around it affords the finest drive in the park. In a valley hemmed in by Mount Rundle on one side and by the Bow River on the other, is another beautiful drive, and to Lake Minnewanka, some six miles from the station, is still another, no less picturesque.

Of course, grand as is the mountain scenery, without water it would be incomplete. The Vermillion Lakes, the home of the wild fowl; Lake Minnewanka or Devil's Lake, 12 miles long, by 2 wide; fifteen miles of the Bow River, nine of which are navigable by small steamer or canoe; six miles of the Spray, a tributary of the Bow; the Ghost and Cascade rivers, and Forty Mile Creek, are within the park boundaries, besides other small streams and ponds. All of these abound with trout, and it is the desire of the superintendent that he should be given control of a number of small lakes without the park, from which those streams flow, that he may be able to preserve the fishing from being destroyed by poachers.

Among the points of interest in the park, besides those already mentioned, are the Corkscrew, a clever piece of engin-

earing on the road around Tunnel Mountain, the coal mines at Anthracite, and the Hoo-Doos, great statues of hard, cream-coloured conglomerate, nearly 100 feet high, which stand like spectre watchmen on the bank of the Bow. The Spray Falls, where the Bow tumbles about 70 feet over rocks curiously tilted on edge, are extremely picturesque. But the most curious and interesting feature, is the hot springs. They are eight in number and form three groups. The two largest issue from the centre of Sulphur Mountain, 80 feet above the Bow. The principal one has a discharge of one and a half million gallons daily. Over one of the springs is a dome-shaped roof, nature's handiwork, and, approached by an underground passage, a bath in its waters is both novel and invigorating. Bathing houses, with obliging attendants, have been provided, so that one may take a dip either in the cavern, which is lighted by a small hole in the roof, through which the stream escapes, or in an open pond close by. The temperature of the water ranges from 95 degs. to 120 degs. In the cave cold water drips from above, so that a hot plunge bath and a cold shower bath may be enjoyed at the same time.

A small pool of the hot sulphurous waters, where it issues from the mountain side at one place, swarms with small fish, whose existence in such a place, as well as the species to which they belong, is a puzzle to the naturalists. When removed to fresh water or when that in which they are found cools, they die, though experiments made in overflow ponds further down the hillside, demonstrate that they can be acclimatized to colder water, and that in it they attain a larger size. Their existence in such surroundings, is one of those freaks which Dame Nature sometimes plays to the discomfort of the laws which she has already established.

Parliament has voted about \$150,000 in all for park purposes. Of this sum about \$10,000 was spent on surveys, and most of the remainder on roads. Much remains to be done, though Mr. Stewart, the superintendent, deserves great credit for what he has already accomplished. The plans for the future comprise a number of dams to convert marshes into lakes, thereby promoting the healthfulness of the park, the establishment of Aquaria and a museum, besides further improvements in roadmaking and the removal of dead timber and underbrush. As a health resort it is sure to attract attention more and more every year, both for the curative effects of the waters and the pure mountain air. Dr. Brett, one of the pioneer settlers and a member of the North-West Legislature has established a private hospital and sanitarium with a hotel in connection, and the Canadian Pacific Railway Company's hotel, in a commanding site between Mount Rundle and Sulphur Mount, open in summer only, affords excellent accommodation.

Though no one is allowed to reside permanently in the park without permission from the Government, quite a little village has sprung up. Building sites are leased to those who desire to make it their home. A detachment of the mounted police preserve law and order, an easy task, for no intoxicating liquor is allowed to be sold, except to guests at the hotels,

and this law is very strictly enforced. With the Baroness Macdonald, Banff has become a favourite resort, and she has a cottage there where she spends a portion of her time every year. Others will, in course of time, follow her example. Canadians have every reason to be proud of their National Park, and, as it becomes better known, the advantages of having such a health and pleasure resort for the people, will be more fully appreciated.

Let me add, as being no more than what is deserved, that those who travel over the Canadian Pacific Railway to reach Banff will find it in all respects a well equipped and carefully managed road.

J. JONES BELL.

THE MODERN STAGE.

For years past a game of battledore has been going on in the columns of the press, with the alleged degeneracy of the stage for a shuttlecock. Authors, actors, and managers have ascribed the prevalence of sensationalism, pruriency and mechanism to lax morals, mental indolence and bizarre taste on the part of society. The press, as representing the public, have countercharged upon "the profession" with allegations of unscrupulousness on the part of managers in their quest of immediate gains; of deliberate substitution of "effects" for plot and dialogue by avarticious playwrights and of decay in acting as one of the fine arts—in short, that the drama has cut loose from its ethics, traditions and esprit du corps, and is no longer entitled to rank with the church, the bar, and the various academies of the arts and sciences as one of the "learned" and "liberal" professions.

Undoubtedly there are more sensational, mechanical, frivolous, and impure spectacles to be seen within the walls of theatres now than half a century ago, but there has also been a great absolute growth of population in civilized countries, and a great relative growth in the proportion of theatre-goers to the whole community. The variety theatre supplies habitual entertainment to a class of men and youth who would only occasionally and rarely be found in the pits and galleries of regular houses if their special resorts should be closed to them. It may be a bad thing that the variety house should exist; possibly its habits would spend their hours better if it were not; but the fact remains that one of the lowest forms of theatrical entertainment has been called into being by normal operation of the law of supply and demand, and the drama at large taxed with responsibility for its existence and want of moral or intellectual tone. Another fact is that this tone, in both its qualities, is rising steadily, if slowly, and that it is possible for a man who has kept to his standards, to "assist" at many variety shows now, with much less offence to morals or taste than would have characterized a single visit ten years ago. So that, taking one of the least promising aspects of the state of the drama we find grounds of belief that present badness is transitional and that even here there is a struggle upward, toward the light.

Modern society yearns after material comfort, another distinction due to successful accumulation of wealth. It has

not time to be leisurely; nor intellectual freshness enough to think much over its recreations and diversions, nor sufficient tenderness of conscience to delight itself with the finer workings of heart and spirit. When it goes to the theatre, dialogue must be subordinate, action predominant; and plot and incident superficial and broad, so as to tickle forth the smile that lies just beneath the skin and to draw the ready tear from the proximate eyelid. Try any popular play of the day by the tests herein suggested, and it will be found to conform to them, whatsoever other qualities it may possess.

The constitution and feeling of modern society is democratic. There is no longer any class privileged by birth or station to arrogate to itself an exclusive or major share of popular interest or attention. The penny newspaper and the interviewer have changed, or materially helped to change, all that. This democratic form and spirit must be reflected back upon the public in the drama, or the public will not feel the drama to be of any general account, and will leave it to the patronage of the select few till it dies of starvation. Apply, also, this suggested test to any popular modern play and that play will be found to conform to it.

A good company, adequately starred and well outfitted with costumes, scenery and properties, with a repertoire of famous comedies of eighteenth century life or authorship, not long ago played to more empty benches than one who likes and believes in the theater could wish to see. What is the cause? Evidently the range of human sympathy in these plays is not wide enough for the closing decades of the nineteenth century. Plot and incident are tied closely down to the lives, manners, tastes and feelings of a landed aristocracy that has largely ceased to cut a figure in current life. The professional man, the man of business, the man of humble life but boundless opportunity—he was not regarded by the dramatists of a century ago, nor the material environments of himself and his kind. The dramatists of a century ago took for their characters, scenes, incidents and accessories the people and things that then filled the public eye, and they wrote with their finger upon the pulse of that part of the public whose payments into the box office supported the stage of that day. The playwrights of the present epoch must follow the same rule and method, and in so far as they do so, and the rule and method is applied with complete skill and talent, their work will succeed; not without a struggle, of course, or it is just as true now, as in the days of Goldsmith and Sheridan, that a good play may be unjustly damned by applying to it the critical standards of an obsolete state. It is Shakespeare alone, among English speaking dramatists, who is "not for a day but for all time." the ordinary playwright should never forget that he is for a day, and a day only, and govern himself accordingly. In so doing, he will be able to do his fair share of stage elevation; if he tries to do more, he will almost certainly fail to do anything. But has not the public a duty towards the stage? It will be asked by some. Nothing more than a general duty to be virtuous towards all men and in all things. The lawyers, doctors, architects, artists, and other professionals do not ask the public to help them to be collectively good;

they conserve their class morals and interests by arrangements made and enforced among themselves, and desire and expect nothing from the community in general but common sense and common honesty. As for the stage, it is a fair and reasonable question, taking each full and large, whether it is not to-day as good as the church and even better than the press.

B.

HORACE, ODE XVIII. BOOK I.

My Varus, oh plant not in Tibur's green meadows
Round Catullus' walls trees in place of the vine;
For Bacchus has curs'd all abstainers with shadows,
Nor can dull care be drowned but in goblets of wine.
At wine over war and o'er love there's no mourning—
Father Bacchus and Venus fair drinkers all bless.
Yet the Lapidæ's quarrel with the Centaurs gives warning.
In drinking to flee from the curse of excess.
Yea Bacchus in hate spurns the worship of Thracians
By blinding their blear'd eyes to wrong as to right;
Let me not then annoy him with drunken libations,
Nor his mysteries drag from the shade to the light.
Cease these orgies of vanity, pride, and fierce passion,
This blowing of trumpets and beating of brass,—
Such excesses but lead into wild indiscretion,
Making holiest secrets more lucent than glass.

JAMES A. TUOKER.

PARIS LETTER.

What is the precise object of a Labour Day Manifestation? In possession of that test one could measure the importance and trend of these demonstrations. Here and in the provinces the turnout of last Monday was abortive. It has frightened nobody, it was not accepted as serious by anyone, nor was its presence measurable by numbers. The citizens went about their business as upon ordinary days; no traffic was suspended; no busses or vehicles had to take side streets. There was a large number of operatives abroad, in demi-Sunday toilette, more occupied as lookers-on than as manifestants. Pedestrians suffered from the streets being left unwatered; this strategetic inconvenience for citizens is ever adopted when the military are expected to act; dry pavements facilitate cavalry charges and the gallop of artillery. Perhaps, too, it is as well to keep water-barrels in the background; these like cabs, omnibuses and vans, are the readiest rudiments for a barricade.

The present manifestation clearly demonstrates that the working men of Paris have no sympathy with the individuals who cry out for the "three-eights," and that the latter are simply socialists steeped in utopias, possessing no property, so having nothing to lose, and who have no following. The operatives of Paris are divided into three serious classes; those who work in their own homes on their own account, or who work by the hour, or by the piece; for such, the shibboleth of "eight hours a day" is a farce. The

wind-bags have no hold on these artizans; the latter at same time are not thick-and-thin admirers of capitalists and employers; they demand labour ameliorations, but not by street parading, violent harangues, etc.; they rely on their voting bulletins and legislation.

The opening of the picture season ever takes place with the punctuality only equalled by that for blazing at partridges or pheasants. Many ask, what is the use of these salons or annual shows of paintings; they exhibit not progress, but falling away in the fine arts. Among 2,000 tableaux, perhaps not a baker's dozen merit the compliment of being excellent. And what life-waste the remainder represent. What becomes of all these paintings after they have been hung up for their allotted few weeks? A well-known authority suggests that the suspension of these shows for a few years would be the best way to promote art. In the salon of the Champs Elysees, just opened, there is an average of talent, and a small mean of art. It would seem that the painters were in a hurry to catch a market; there is a commercial haste about their productions; they give us images, not pictures; they copy subjects, but do not conceive them. So the public looks on unmoved, for where there is no pleasure, there can be no art. The majority of the exhibitors seem to rely on a large canvas and a gorgeous frame wherein to represent uninteresting commonplaces. Artistic talent does not come by nature, like reading and writing following Dogberry; it presupposes genius to conceive, and patience to execute. Happily, photography is mercifully coming to the rescue of the situation, by superseding the mechanical strata of painters. The shows for the general public are rich mines for the observation of manners. Everyone considers it to be a religious duty to do the salons; to be able to say, "I was there." Observe how they disturb, by airing their remarks in a loud tone of voice, to astouish country cousins and split the ears of the groundlings. One good these annual shows effect; a brisk business for the neighboring restaurants, where you are certain to encounter twelve-month forgotten friends and to converse upon everything—save pictures.

Society is at last becoming seriously alarmed at the frightful progress horse-betting has made and the depravity it begets. Even Rochefort, who is a notable turfist, has raised his voice against that gambling contagion. But it is too late; betting has struck root in manners, and cannot be eradicated, can the evil be moderated? Even that is questionable. Since the government has taken in hand the regulation of racing bets, on the courses, and makes some millions yearly by the tax it levies on the authorized pools. Staking on horse races has become, not only an institution, but a profession. Unable to register bets in the tobacconists' shops and the pubs, servants—of both sexes, and small boys—now club their savings—and their priggings, and delegate an old hand to attend the race course, and plank down their sous as instructed. That is co-operation with a vengeance. Not a day but the papers relate the history of individuals ruined by betting at race courses; the passion is more incurable than drink. Cashiers dip into their employers' safes for ephemeral aid to meet

losses; fortune continuing to frown, they rob, forge and abscond. Many once grave traders, having been induced to "try their luck," have contracted the disease, and their bankruptcy tabulates the steps of their ruin. Not a young person between 15 and 35, will now be accepted as an employee, till the most searching inquiries have been made; does he frequent race courses, or associate with betting people. And even then, should his occupation involve the collection of moneys, or the payment of accounts, he must be prepared to lodge cash as security for his probity. It is also to be noted that betting inevitably induces drinking habits and improvidence, and the victims of these vices cannot be reclaimed. Their end is crime and the prison, as certain as the sun shines. The malady is especially grave among shop assistants.

The favourite sport this season in France will be boat racing and yachting—the sole means to make "boys in blue." Apart from the laudable aim to man the navy, aquatic and every other out-door amusement can only tend to benefit young France, which has ever been too much coddled and lolly-popped. These sports will induce international contests, and so create and cement international friendliness, especially if a French yacht could beat at Cowes the yacht of the German Emperor.

A new type of newspaper kiosk has been adopted in principle, and a pattern one is in course of erection. It will resemble the circular posting columns for the theatrical bills on the Boulevards, and will be in two compartments: the door will self-fasten when the occupant enters; thus the entrance will be by the back, and so no necessity to disturb the suspended newspapers. The occupants will be allowed to take their meals in the kiosks, but not to make them into bed-rooms; the electric light, not gas, will be employed.

The Parisians, like the ancient Greeks, are ever on the qui vive for something new. On Sunday last they experienced a decided novelty in the way of a shower of rain. It was something, and at the same time nothing. It would hardly spoil a duck of a bonnet. Many persons passed their time in counting the falling drops. Another occupation consists in counting the swallows—these birds recall angels' visits, few and far between.

What has become of the swallows? Have they any connection with the persistent dry weather? It is observed that solar spots are not trotted out to explain the meteorological infirmities of the season.

Captain Charrollois now asserts his military "telephone" to be a success; one mile of his wire weighs three pounds, and each soldier can carry a mile of it; a battalion of 1,000 men could thus wire over a very large battlefield. With that handicap, along with the "para-matress" to protect the chest against bullets, to say nothing about other et ceteras, the soldier of the future will be a sort of ambulatory arsenal. All these improvements may necessitate the beating of swords into ploughshares and spears into reaping-hooks.

So little anxiety did the first of May no-demonstration cause, that the public funds actually rose; but that barometer does the same when cabinets are demol-

ished, England still declines to name the day when she will quit the vicinity of the Pyramids,—and the Grand Sphinx, with whom Lord Rosebery is evidently carrying on a flirtation.

DICKENSIANA.

Among collectors and lovers of books probably no author presents a more attractive field than Charles Dickens, and there are no doubt numerous collections of Dickensiana. Mr. E. S. Williamson, of Brampton, is an ardent, though youthful lover and disciple of the great novelist, and during the course of a few years has collected a very interesting library of works pertaining to Dickens. I append a list of the titles.

Toronto.

FRANK YEIGH.

Complete Works, Tavistock Edition, illustrations printed from the original steel plates. 30 volumes, bound in 3-4 brown morocco, (London, Chapman & Hall, 1891.)

The Dickens-Collins Christmas Stories, comprising No. Thoroughfare and The Two Idle Apprentices, (Boston, 1876.)

Sketches of Young Couples, Young Ladies, Young Gentlemen, by "Quiz" (Dickens), illustrated by Phiz. (London.)

The Ivy Green, by Charles Dickens, illustrated with etchings.

A Christmas Carol, a fac-simile reproduction of the author's original MS., with an Introduction by F. G. Kitton, (London, 1890.)

Dickens by Pen and Pencil, including Anecdotes and Reminiscences collected from his Friends and Contemporaries, 100 illustrations on copper, steel and wood.

Supplement to Dickens by Pen and Pencil, Portraits and Illustrations.

Additional Illustrations to Dickens by Pen and Pencil, comprising over 60 engravings on copper, steel, wood, etc., for the further embellishment of Dickens by Pen and Pencil: Complete, 2 vols. in parts and portfolio, (London, 1889-90.)

Life of Charles Dickens by John Forster, 3 vols. (Phila. 1873.)

Life of Charles Dickens by Frank T. Marzials, (London, 1887.)

Charles Dickens, the story of his Life, by the author of the Life of Thackeray, fac-similes and illustrations, (two copies), (London.)

Charles Dickens (The World's Workers' series) by Mamie Dickens, (his eldest daughter) "written expressly for the young." (London, 1886.)

Charles Dickens (Great Novelist series) by J. C. Watt. (London, N. D.)

The Life and Times of Charles Dickens, Police News Edition, (London, N. D.)

"Charles Dickens," a Lecture by Prof. Ward, delivered in Manchester Town Hall, November 30th, 1870.

The Childhood and Youth of Charles Dickens, with Retrospective Notes and Elucidations from his books and letters, portrait and numerous illustrations by Robert Langton, (London, 1891.)

The Letters of Charles Dickens, edited by his sister-in-law and his eldest daughter, 3 vols. (London, 1880.)

Speeches, Letters and Sayings of Charles Dickens, with portrait, including a sketch of the author by G. A. Sala and Dean Stanley's Sermon, (New York, 1870.)

The Dickens Birthday Book, compiled and edited by his eldest daughter, with Five Illustrations by his youngest daughter, (London, 1882.)

The Dickens Dictionary, a Key to the Characters and Principal Incidents in the Tales of Charles Dickens, by G. A. Pierce and W. A. Wheeler, with a Preface by Charles Dickens, Junr. (London, 1891.)

Dickensiana, a Bibliography of the Literature relating to Charles Dickens and his Writings, by F. G. Kitton, portrait, (London, 1886.)

In Kent with Charles Dickens, by Thomas Frost, (London, 1880.)

Charles Dickens as a Reader: a memorial of the author in association with his readings; by Charles Kent, (London, 1872.)

Charles Dickens as I knew Him, the Story of The Reading Tours in Great Britain and America, by George Dolby, (his business manager), (London, 1887.)

In and Out of Doors with Dickens, by J. T. Field, (Boston, N. D.)

About England with Dickens, by A. Rimmer, with portrait and illustrations, (London, 1883.)

A Week's Tramp in Dickens-Land, together with Personal Reminiscences of the "Inimitable Boz" therein collected, by W. R. Hughes, F. L. S., with more than 100 illustrations. (London, 1891.)

The History of Pickwick, an account of its Characters, Localities, Allusions and Illustrations, by Percy Fitzgerald, M. A., F. S. A., with a Bibliography and the original plates. (London, 1891.)

Dickens Memento, Hints to Dickens Collectors, and Catalogue with purchasers' names and prices realized of the pictures, drawings and objects of art of the late Charles Dickens, sold by Auction in London, July 9th, 1870. (London.)

Essay on the Writings of Charles Dickens, by E. M. Heavisides, (London, 1850.)

MAGAZINE ARTICLES.

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MENTONE IN SPRING.

How reluctantly one leaves this beautiful place, beautiful all winter, but still more so now, when over the stone walls are caught glimpses of fruit trees in blossom and the vivid green of young leaves. The long rows of plane trees in several of the streets, will soon be in full leaf, forming shady promenades beneath, where will soon be left to walk only the permanent residents, for the English are rapidly moving on.

One sees the omnibuses laden with luggage on their way to the station. The many large hotels filled all winter with gay and fashionable crowds, are closing. The band deprived of its audience will soon cease to charm, or the reverse, according to the tastes of its hearers. Yes—the season is over!

Not only for its scenery and climate is Mentone attractive. The historian, the botanist, and the artist may each find much to interest them. The old town, with its narrow, gloomy streets, is built on a promontory, on each side of which are two large bays, named respectively, the East and West Bay.

Although no precise date is given for the foundation of Mentone, it is supposed to owe its origin to the landing of pirates from the island of Lampedosa, near Malta, in the eighth century. The Romans once established a post there. The Counts of Kentimiglia took possession of Mentone about the thirteenth century, and afterwards ceded their rights to a Genoese noble. The next noteworthy event in the history of the town, was its purchase by Charles Grimaldi, Lord of Monaco, who, at the time of the French Revolution, was conquered by the troops of the Republic, and his possessions, Mentone, Monaco, and Rocca-bruna, were then joined to France, again in 1815 to be restored to the Prince of Monaco, and again in 1848 to rebel and throw off his yoke. Since that time, Mentone and its sister town of Rocca-bruna have belonged to France.

The sun beats down somewhat glaringly on the promenade by the sea, and the white dusty roads; but how lovely are the valleys, of which several run northward

from the sea. Their sides are terraced, and planted principally with the grape-vine and lemon, the latter fruit very largely predominating here over every other. A tradition says that Eve, driven from the Garden of Eden, carried in her hand a lemon, and seeking the most beautiful spot wherein to plant it, chose Mentone. Here at any rate it is seen to flourish in profusion, forming the principal trade of the place, and surely a profitable one, as there are three crops in the year.

Choosing this morning my favorite valley, that of the Gorbio, for a stroll, I wandered on, passing first the Palais Carnoles, with which are connected some historic facts. A guide book says: "If we may trust the manuscript history left in 1575 by Father Peter Boyer of the Order of St. Francis, a bloody battle took place in A. D. 70, in the plain of the Madone and Carnoles, between Otho and Vitellius, who were disputing the empire left vacant by the death of Galba. The name "Carnoles," says this writer, is derived from "carnis laesio," which means carnage."

The Palais Carnoles was once a residence of the Princes of Monaco, but it now belongs to the Saveresse family. I peeped through the old gateway, up a long and neglected avenue, at the end of which stood the faded, antiquated looking Palais. Then I continued my walk, admiring some beautiful roses. A great tree of white ones trailed long branches, perfect wreaths of leaves, flowers, and buds, over the stone wall; then there were large, soft, yellow ones, in which I would have liked to have buried my face.

Women passed me frequently, carrying on their heads with remarkable skill, burdens of all kinds, baskets filled with clothes, bundles of sticks, and some had their hands occupied with knitting.

My compassion was aroused for a donkey, ridden by a tall man. The donkey was gray, shaggy, diminutive, and the man's long legs almost touched the ground, but the little animal trotted along bravely.

My next object of interest was a picturesque old arch spanning the road, part of an aqueduct, the water from which turned a large wheel in connection with machinery for the manufacture of olive oil. The odour of the oil was heavy and sickening, but the splashing and falling of the water was so pleasant and musical. The outlines of the arch, the broken masses of masonry, with little tufts of ferns and green leaves growing out of the crevices, would form a tempting subject for the pencil of an artist.

On I went, on my right, reaching high up, were terraces of lemon trees, still bearing their golden fruit, such fine ones sometimes, large, fragrant and glossy. On my left was a valley, and in its green depths "A sound as of a running brook." The lemons were soon succeeded by a grove of olives, which I thought to-day particularly beautiful, with their dark trunks, and the sunshine on their greenish grey foliage, contrasting here and there with a fig tree. The ground was dotted with scarlet poppies. The birds here do not seem numerous, but one hears chirping, and now and then an interrupted song.

The village of Gorbio finally came into view. I had followed its zigzag ascent some weeks previously, accompanied by a friend, and with the assistance of a donkey. It is situated on a plateau, 1428

feet above the sea, and contains 500 inhabitants. It is a strange and interesting place. Its old circle of fortifications are now demolished. The castle called Lascaris, occupied nearly the whole site of the village, which is detached and broken up by small, stony courtyards, connected by narrow alleys or lanes, (they are not worthy the name of streets) arched over. The glimpses we caught of interiors through the small dark windows, did not convey an idea of comfort. The place was moreover very dirty, with that peculiar odour which seems to distinguish old continental towns.

Gorbio also, has its history of battles and sieges, and is certainly advantageously situated for such catastrophes. In 1745 it was the scene of a desperate battle between the French and Austro-Sardinians. The inhabitants attribute their conversion to St. Barnabas, therefore their patron saint.

The annual fete, as is customary with the village fetes of this region, consists of religious observances, mingled with dancing and ordinary amusements. We remarked the pretty dark eyes and refined faces of the little girls who were playing about, and wondered if the "beauty born of murmuring sound" and the varying charm of their surroundings accounted for the delicacy of their expression.

Behind the plateau on which Gorbio stands, rise the higher mountain peaks, pinky grey in the sunshine, deepening to purple when shadowed by a cloud; some with smoothly rounded summits, others with serrated edges. Altogether a lovely scene.

One of the most delightful hours, now that the warmer weather has come, in which to see Mentone to advantage is just before sunset. The sun on the point of sinking behind a mountain, sends his rays far eastward, bathes in sunshine the mountains opposite, lights up wonderfully the distant promontory of Bordighera, and causes Les Rochers Rouges to glow with a richer colour. The sea, such a brilliant blue in the morning, changes to many softer and more neutral tints.

Along the promenade the peasant girls loiter idly beside their long line of donkeys, for which there is now little demand. The gay parties who used to ride them up the steep ascents, have gone to seek amusement elsewhere—so I hope, Oh, Montebello, Victoria, Garibaldi and the other less renowned of your species, that rest, or at least an easier form of labour will be your lot during summer months! Gone, alas, from their accustomed places are the invalids in their wheeled chairs, young men for the most part, in whose white, ghastly faces we longed to see the sunshine working a change for the better.

Yes, the season is over! But there is one place in the vicinity, only five miles distant, where the season is never over—the far-famed Monte Carlo. Year in and year out, on all the 365 days, excepting neither Sunday nor holy festival respected by the rest of the civilized world, its doors are open; and the strains of classical music from a band, said to be one of the best in the world, entice fashionable crowds to enter, where around tables may be seen the votaries of chance—men and women to whom the green cloth is more attractive than nature's various hues, and the glitter of the golden louis more delightful than the sunshine without on the Mediterranean.

A RONDEAU.

Love passed me by when he was young,
 And round the board of others hung,
 And for awhile was so caressed
 Within their hearts he made his nest,
 And round their necks in rapture clung.
 He walked the fairest fields among,
 For him the sweetest viols were strung,
 And, being thus divinely blessed,
 Love passed me by.
 At length the silly child was stung
 By taunts from many a giddy tongue,
 And then he sought my lonely breast,
 Where he remains,—an honoured guest,
 Nor shall it evermore be sung,
 Love passed me by.

A. MELBOURNE THOMPSON.

Beddan, near Pontypridd, Wales.

THE CRITIC.

We have been for years past hearing of the marvellous advance of science, its discoveries, its achievements, its boundless hopes for the future. Surely it is high time for some one to tell us of the limitations of science. For fifty years science has ruled the world, and we have been accustomed to pride ourselves on living in a scientific age, with the apparently implied intimation that its scientific character raised it above all other ages. Now, however, curiously enough, the very advances of science are beginning to point out to us that after all science is not the exponent of all existing things—a title to which once it did not seem wholly abashed from asserting its claim. The talismanic phrase "matter and motion," for example, was by some once thought in some enigmatic manner to contain the explanation of all phenomena, despite the fact that matter is a physical fiction, and motion a mental figment. However, to-day the phrase is on the way to lose its paramount significance. We are beginning to believe that there is something beyond matter, and do not readily assent to the proposition that motion is explanatory of all change. And science, itself, as I have said, is by its very advances, proving itself far from omniscient. Weismann's theories of heredity, for instance, are creating no little stir among biologists, as the expressed views of Herbert Spencer, Mr Romanes, and others show. Professor Dewar's recent assertions also on the non-radiability of heat through space point to an entire subversion of the hitherto accepted views on a variety of physical laws—notably those affecting the cooling of heavenly bodies, and by consequence that much vexed question of geological time.

Again, the large share of attention which is now every year paid to that vague but interesting sphere of mathematics, known by the name of hyperspace points to a sphere of thought far beyond the confines of the widest scientific research. To the majority of people the space of three dimensions in which we live is thought to be—if they think at all on the subject—the only space possible. But it is now admitted by every mathematician that there is absolutely no reason for asserting that there may not exist space of four, five, or for that matter, n dimensions. That opens up a field for thought simply appalling in its complexity. One curious suggestion alone having reference to four dimensions only, is enough to show how the admission of the possibility of hyperspace may overturn our hitherto most rigid preconceived ideas, that namely

of Hinton's to the effect that birth and death, may, after all, be but the appearance and disappearance of the body into and out of three-dimensional from four-dimensional space. Before such a suggestion science stands dumb.

However, not to dwell further on such scientific or mathematical details, it must be conceded that we cannot and need not now look wholly to science as the exponent of the universe. Its explanations of the phenomena of the visible world have been wonderful; if it succeeds in showing that there is also an invisible world, its achievements will be more wonderful still. And strangely enough it seems as if this is exactly what now science is doing, in face of the fact that for years and years it would have nothing to say to any world that was not visible. Nor are the speculations which appear on these subjects the mere vapourings of dreamers. The "Monist" had recently a long and seriously written article on the subject of hyperspace which certainly could not be so characterized. Messrs. Macmillan and Company also have just issued a work with the extremely suggestive and as significant title "The World of the Unseen: An Essay on the Relation of Higher Space to things Eternal." Such topics lead us to think upon what a microscopic fragment of God's universe it is that science has hitherto bent its feeble gaze.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE "EIGHT HOURS" QUESTION.

To the Editor of The Week:

Sir,—In the "Current Topics" of your issue of the 23rd ult., you draw attention to the experiment now being made at the Salford Iron Works, England, by the adoption of the eight hours a day system; and you, very properly, venture to intimate that the experiment will be successful. You then say: "This is not, we believe, absolutely the first case in which the plan has been tried. Other instances, we have seen quoted in which it has been adopted with absolute success, though we are unable at the moment to give particulars which have escaped our memory, or even to verify the facts so far as recollected." I venture to supply some information bearing on the question, by quoting a few sentences from my little book on "Trade Unions, their origin and objects, influence and efficacy." 1. "It is a well-ascertained fact, that within certain limits, more work is done as a rule, where there is a prospect of an early cessation from work than where men know they are doomed to several hours of continuous employment. A few years ago the average day's work in England was ten hours. On the continent it was twelve, in Russia sixteen or seventeen; and yet it is calculated that two English mowers would do in a day the work of six Russian ones. Russian factory operatives worked seventy-five hours a week when those in England worked only sixty, yet the work of the former was only one-fifth of that of the latter. When the average working time of a miner in South Wales was twelve hours a day those in the North of England worked only seven, yet the cost of getting coals in Aberdare was 25 per cent. more than in Northumberland. As has been well said, 'The workman who cannot tire himself in eight hours, is not worth his salt.'" 2. "It is best to concentrate labour into as few hours as possible." (Mundella.) 3. "The man who works so moderately as to be able to work constantly, not only preserves his health the longest, but in the course of the year executes the greatest quantity of work." (Adam Smith.)

I may add that when high wages are associated with short hours, the addition-

al amount of work done is very marked, and with your permission, Sir, I will refer to this question on another occasion. It is well known to political economists that the dearest labour of all is slave labour, for which no wages is paid, nor any limit placed on the number of working hours. I am, Sir, Yours faithfully,

WM. TRANT.

Cotham, Assa., 12th May, 1893.

THE NOVEL: WHAT IT IS.*

Of the firm of Messrs. Macmillan and Company one is almost tempted to say, it doeth all things well—one hesitates, not at the assertion, but at the quotation, and this most dainty little octodecimo is only one more proof of the fact. It is a delight to the eye, and its binding, paper, and typography cause one to think that the New York branch of the great house adds a new-world artistic beauty to its old-world substantiality and worth—a high compliment, but one well deserved. Only two minute errors has a literally punctilious search discovered; the one not in the book itself, but on its dainty extra paper covering: that naturally popular little work, "A Trip to England," (which by the way first appeared in our columns) is attributed to "W. Goldwin Smith." We are not aware that the great political historian bears a second baptismal name. The second is minuter still: a Roman numeral on page 68 is followed by a period, on page 73 it is not. Either is, of course, correct; but consistency is the first law of punctuation, and it is a law of the Medes and Persians. So much, then, on typographical and bibliographical details. It is time to consider what Mr. Crawford has to say on the Novel.

What he has said here has, if we mistake not, appeared in slightly different form in one or other of the great monthly magazines. Upon the Novel there have lately appeared the opinions of many another eminent man—the names of M. Paul Bourget, Mr. Walter Besant, Mr. Andrew Lang, at once come into the memory. The analytical spirit of the day has penetrated so far that people now like to discuss the how and the why of their intellectual and artistic pleasures; to their delight in an agreeable illusion—as Napoleon is said to have defined art—they add the delight of trying to find out how and why the illusion is caused. Well, Mr. Crawford has done, if not his best, at least something to help them, and in a plain, simple, straightforward way; if without much picturesque-ness or variety of style, at all events, in a pleasant and eminently readable style; he does not, we take it, set up for a stylist, and evidently he despises "smart writing."

No small share of space is occupied by Mr. Crawford's expressed detestation of the purpose-novel. This particular species of literary hybrid receives at his hands a severe a castigation that in sheer curiosity one sets to wondering what particular variety he has had in his mind's eye. He has been re-reading "Robert Elsmere," has "Calibre" or "Karna" soured the compatibility of art and didacticism could hardly have so roused his ire.

In addition to his diatribe on the purpose-novel, another point upon which Mr. Crawford lays special stress is that the novel "is or ought to be a pocket-stage," "a novel is, after all, a play;" an assertion with which though few will be inclined to quarrel yet few will be inclined to be satisfied as a wholly satisfactory answer to the question propounded. Though at the outset Mr. Crawford treats us, with great parade of logical precision, to a definition of the novel as "an intellectual artistic luxury" (which, by the way, is so far illogical as to include much besides novels—epics and fairy tales, for example), he does not, after all, appear to be able to set before us anything more definite than

*The Novel: What It Is, by F. Marlow Crawford. New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: The Willamson Book Co. 18mo pp. 108. With portrait of the author 75cts.

THE CHORUS OF DAWN.

Across the eastern hills whose outlines dim
 Swell vaguely darksome thro' the misty light,
 Tall poplars stand along the daybreak's rim,
 Like sentries on the fading walls of night.
 A dull gray haze hangs over sky and earth
 And westward glides, half dark, with silent flow,
 To guard the mystery of morning's birth
 From eyes that fain would watch it here below.
 In solemn silence, night has westward fled,
 And now, as morn's first beams grow dimly light,
 From orchard branches bending overhead,
 Half hidden 'mong the blossoms, ruby white,
 From the deep pine grove down below the hill
 And all the cloud-wrapt valley, eastward drawn,
 Swells up in joyous notes, and free, and shrill,
 The birds' wild welcome to the coming dawn.
 But, watching for the hour of daybreak's change,
 For me the air is filled with mystic song
 And all the misty scene grows vague and strange
 With no familiar things that there belong.
 On Gobi's desert plain 'tis opening morn,
 And round and fiery from the eastern rim
 Looms up the sun across the waste forlorn
 And floods its glory o'er the desert grim,
 And, as the rising sunlight, warm and strong,
 First o'er the wide east throws its glory fair,
 Strange sounds of music, and of sacred song
 Fill the lone chambers of the desert air.
 The sound of cymbals and the voice of praise
 From some lone wand'ring, trailing caravan
 As, with his head bent low to east, he prays—
 Fire-worshipper, the loneliest son of man.
 But soon the dreamy vision fading dies
 And backward on the tide of song upborne
 I see the glories of our dawnlit skies
 With night-shades prostrate at the feet of morn.

JAMES T. SHOTWELL.

Strathroy.

ART NOTES.

The Prince of Wales is said to be highly pleased with his portrait as painted by Mr. Stuart Wortley, who has sent the picture to the Royal Academy.

Mr. J. S. Hartley's statue of John Ericsson, the inventor, was unveiled in Battery Park in the morning of Wednesday, April 26, just before the American and foreign men-of-war that were to take part in the Columbian naval parade on the following day swept into the Hudson River from the Bay.

Lady Butler has sent home from Alexandria (where she and General Sir William Butler are now staying) a picture of a camel corps in full charge. It will be exhibited this summer at Burlington House. It is said to be one of the largest pictures she has yet painted, and to be full of action.

Admirers of Carlyle and Sir John Millais will be glad to learn that an unfinished portrait of the Chelsea sage by Sir John, may be seen at Mr. Gooden's gallery in Pall Mall. The head, which is very finely modelled and rich in colour, represents Carlyle as he was towards the

close of his life. This portion of the portrait is quite finished. The remainder of the canvas is in an incomplete condition, and the painter, it is said, is greatly averse to working any more upon it.

Among the Canadian artists who will be well represented at the World's Fair, is the well-known Daniel Fowler. Fourteen of his works were sent to Montreal for the consideration of the selecting committee, and have all been accepted and forwarded to Chicago. Of the pictures, three are the property of H. A. Reesor, Esq., of Toronto, and the rest were selected from works still in Mr. Fowler's own possession, and were all executed within the last eight or nine years up to last autumn inclusive. The collection comprises six landscapes, four game pieces, three groups of flowers, and one figure subject.

WORLD'S FAIR EXHIBIT.—I.

Some parts of the Palace of Fine Arts are still unfinished, principally the central rotunda and east court, where beside some statuary are three beautiful doorways, duplicates of continental cathedrals. In the north and south courts the statuary though placed, is unfinished, and the pedestals incomplete. Here is a Roman athlete with one leg and two arms lying beside him, and over there two beautifully modelled female arms on the pedestals of a statue to which they do not belong. Several colossal heads for semi-relief lie on the platform outside, among whom one may recognize Vandyke's In the rooms that are open, workmen here and there are painting or putting on finishing touches. In the French department, when some large picture was to be hung, the rest of the room being apparently in order, two French sailors came in with a step ladder. To the top of this they climbed, and, balancing themselves on it with the help of a frame near by, they swung up the picture, shortening and lengthening the cord as required—all with incessant chatter, exclamations, orders and counter-orders. Then the sailors and ladder disappeared, and the workman proceeded to retouch some parts of the injured frame.

Very little seems to have been done in the Russian exhibit; the vessel bringing the pictures was ice-blocked, we are told, so empty frames and stacks of pictures cover the floor. Italy and Germany are not quite in order, but may be open in a few days. In the room given to water-colours, Germany has covered the walls with a light cream plush; in some of her other rooms the walls are of a greenish colour pannelled by strips of crimson plush; the walls were not crowded. We could only have a glimpse, though, as only a few of the rooms are in order. Denmark is almost ready apparently, but the rooms are not yet open to the public. Instead of tinted walls they are covered with what looks like tapestry of a dull olive-green; the frieze is beautiful, the figure of an animal conventionalized, resembling a tiger somewhat, and alternating with a large flower treated in the same way—probably something Danish if one but understood. The door-ways are draped with crimson plush and comfortable seats upholstered with the same. In the centre of the seats, arranged in a circle, are groups of tropical plants, or sometimes they are filling a corner.

Japan is still in disorder; the work seems to be nearly all decorative—panels, screens, cases full of their exquisite ware, and sculpture. It is a great pity the Canadian exhibit is so crowded. Here are Sweden and Norway with fewer pictures, and occupying nearly twice as much room, so that the pictures have spaces between them and nothing is asked. Then for some reason the Canadian rooms are dark; there seems to be some obstruction over the skylight, which, however, will probably be removed in time. "Awaited in Vain" is there all right, wherever it was before, only it is away up over a door where it will have no chance to shock anyone, and where its good workmanship is pretty well lost.

the assertion of the essential similarity of the drama and the romance. Had he gone on with his definitions and told us in turn the function of the drama, how it should hold the mirror up to nature, which aspects of nature, if any, it should eliminate, and which it should reflect, and at what angle or angles, certainly Mr. Crawford would have done something well worthy the perusal. But this he has not done. He has contented himself with setting down in a somewhat rambling and disjointed manner certain opinions on some of the multifarious and multifarious questions which are to-day asked and have been for years asked on the subject of the scope and purport of fiction. He has chosen a great theme: great, because the drama, and therefore, (according to Mr. Crawford), the novel, is on so high a plane in literature; because of its influence upon humanity; and because of the vast numbers of men and women who to-day come under that influence. But Mr. Crawford does not seem to have treated this subject with quite that seriousness which it merited and required. For example, in one place he goes so far as to say, "Probably no one denies that the first object of the novel is to amuse and interest the reader." We will not undertake categorically to deny this, because so much depends upon the meaning attached to the word 'amuse.' But the word recalls some sentences in Carlyle's essay on Lockhart's Life of Scott. He is discussing Scott's title to the adjective 'great,' and he says, "On the other hand, he wrote many volumes, amusing many thousands of men. Shall we call this great?" No doubt "My Official Wife" is amusing. Is "Anna Karenina" or "The Sorrows of Werther" nothing more? Is the difference between these and Colonel Richard Henry Savage's tale merely one of degree? Indeed, since one of Mr. Crawford's sections commences with the words, "All this is rather frivolous, perhaps," it looks as if the writer had himself felt not a little culpable of want of seriousness. Here and there, we readily admit, are passages of a higher strain: the depiction of the perfect novel, for example; the sentences insisting upon the exhibition of "an ideal worthy to be imitated;" and those also impressing upon us the fact that "ethic rather than aesthetic is the foundation of good fiction and good poetry." But on the whole this little work leaves us with the impression that the writer had been asked, as a professional novel-writer, to give the results of his experience and answer the question, "The novel, what is it?" and had proceeded at once to do so, without that previous severe study and thought which such, in reality most profound and abstruse, question (for does it not touch the very heart of that mysterious factor of life—Art?) demanded and necessitated.

The popular taste must indeed be analytical and critical in a high degree, if so shrewd a firm as Messrs. Macmillan and Co. make choice of a work on the nature and function of the novel to make one of their series of "pocket editions." The choice of Amiel's "Journal" is intelligible, for it is more than a favourite with thousands. Professor Goldwin Smith's "Trip to England," too, is an admirable selection for obvious reasons. So perhaps are some of William Winter's works. Mr. Frederic Harrison's "The Choice of Books," also is a happy addition. But why Mr. F. Marion Crawford's "The Novel: What it is" was included, puzzles us not a little.

A cheerful soul that believes in the wisdom of the Creator, and is not at every turn thinking how much better he might have made the world, who now and then churns up the region below the diaphragm with a hearty laugh or sends a cheerful message to the solar plexus, denoting that he is in harmony with God and nature; living in peace and good will with the rest of mankind; who is, in fact, an optimist and a practical philanthropic Christian—can never become a dyspeptic.

The United States has naturally the most space and largest exhibit. The portieres throughout the rooms are very effective, of a dull green, with a deep border of dark-red leather. In the French rooms, the principal decoration is in a very effective frieze and cornice, and there are comfortable seats throughout. Norway and Sweden have little decoration, and a few chairs and some pretty wooden benches are the sitting accommodation. In the originality of their work, they make up for anything else.

After all the talk about impressionism, one is not as much shocked as one might expect, or even hope to be. Here are some specimens of Claude Monet—certainly very wonderful; admiration is something that requires careful cultivation. Looked at, at all closely, as of course they are not intended to be, they are a lot of the most hap-hazard blue dashes, for the outlines of house, and sky and sea are blotches of fall-varying tints of purples. Looked at from a distance, the sky is muddy, and there is nothing pleasing to the uncultivated eye. But there is impressionism and impressionism. There are some beautifully misty landscapes, purple water effects; studies of sunlight that could scarcely be surpassed; picturesque night effects, interiors and landscapes. But on the other hand are affairs of orange and purple—perhaps the worst examples of these were from Sweden. An orange landscape, an orange-face man smoking a pipe, and heavy purple shadows. A blue "nocturne" in a white frame; dark-blue sky, very dark-blue water, no horizon suggested even, and a vermilion patch radiating vermilion and yellow streaks. Again, in Alexander Harrison's "Bathers" is a very different thing, based no doubt on a fine theory, only one cannot get far enough away from the canvas for the theory to take effect. The picture shows three figures in bathing, and two seated on the shore; the water is fine, the purple shadows on the yellow sand very suggestive of sunlight, the bathers well done, but in all the flesh, most noticeably on the seated figures, the hatching of blue lines is most unpleasant, having anything but the desired effect; which is, of course, that of vibrating air.

In Belgium and Austria the work is much more conventional than that of Norway and Sweden; impressionism has few followers. Here are examples of Jan Van Beers, as far removed from anything of that sort as could be, with his extreme finish shown especially in the smaller pictures among them "Ada Rehan as Lady Teazle," "Mrs. Brown Potter as the Lady of Lyons." A large one of "Mrs. Y," is good example of his portraits, a lady dressed in black dress with short waist of lace and blue sash, a large black hat and leathers.

In the French exhibit of course we are prepared to see something astonishing; if anywhere, there is where impressionism is to be found. Here are two ponies, which the catalogue says are "disturbed by flies." Evidently they are excited, but the colours!—the animals are a purple-brown, the shadows pure blue, a glimpse of water on the upper part of the canvas, a vivid green. This is one of the kind that requires an "acquired taste."

Taking the whole collection, of all nationalities, there are several examples of what some one has called "religiosities," that show a new treatment of an old subject. Here is one by L'hermitte, "The Friend of the Lowly," Christ seated at table with some workmen of the present time, breaking bread: they look at Him with intense startled interest. The feeling is very fine—Christ in our every-day life. Though scarcely equal in technic, somewhat similar in subject and treatment is one in the Norwegian collection, "The Son of Man." The sun is setting on a farmhouse and buildings; on the hill near the house is a group. Christ in the clothes of an every-day workingman has His hand on the head of a child whom the mother pushes forward. Others are pressing near. Of the same group, having a different attitude, are three men, one evidently a minister, and two others not workmen,

who seem to be weighing the matter. But in the foreground, at the door of the house, are a couple, eager to welcome, while an old woman is placing plants on a rug which is on the ground, in honour of the coming guest, and a young man is pushing a sick girl propped up in a wheel-barrow, that she may soon reach the healer. Over all are the last rays of the setting sun. There are many other pictures of Bible subjects, but these stand out from the rest because of their treatment.

After leaving the gallery for a rest at the concert given by Thomas' orchestra in the Music Hall, we see colours with new eyes. The black coats of the musicians appear purple; the violins have shades we hitherto unnoticed; the "Theme," whose composer has the unpronounceable name of Tschalkowsky, is said by the artist of the party to be "impressionistic" in its stormy ending. At evening, as we sit at dinner and the lamps are lighted in gallery above, there are purples and violets in the long shadows cast on walls and ceiling, that are new to our eyes, and slowly but surely we know we shall never see things as we did before.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

The Delsarte School of Oratory held its annual commencement exercises in Association Hall on Monday evening last. Readings and recitations were given by representative scholars from various places, in and out of Ontario, as well as Toronto. The entire performance was most creditable to Professor Brown and his school. Mrs. H. M. Blight was organist for the evening. The large hall was well filled.

Robin Hood was performed at the Academy on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings of last week to crowded houses. The company was a very good one, and the work received careful and excellent representation. The opera contains all the attributes which go to make it a success, the music being bright and sparkling, not particularly original, but interesting; and the dialogue is both witty and amusing. The company could have played here the entire week to good houses.

Some piano pupils of Mr. W. O. Forsyth gave a piano recital in St. George's Hall, the 18th inst., to a large and fashionable audience. Those taking part were the Misses Muriel Lailey, Lillian Kennedy, Margaret Van Etten, Millie Evison, Lucy Kennedy, Annie Proctor, and Messrs. Cecil Carl Forsyth and A. T. Burns. The programme embraced compositions by Grieg, Chopin, Schumann, Mendelssohn, Raff, Rubenstein, Beethoven, Moszkowski, Nevin, Moor and Wagner; and all were performed in a manner which elicited the warmest applause from the audience. Many of the pupils possess undoubted talent, which no doubt will receive musicianly and artistic development.

An audience, which filled Association Hall to the doors, greeted the pupils and one or two of the faculty of the Toronto College of Music, last Thursday evening, when a programme was performed for the benefit of the Young Women's Christian Association. The most important, and probably the best received work on the programme was Mendelssohn's trio for piano, violincello and violin, op. 49, capably played by Miss Fannie Sullivan, Mr. Morgan and Mr. Boucher. Miss Topping contributed a couple of piano solos by Liszt and Chopin. Organ solos were performed by Miss Florence Clark and Mr. B. K. Burden, and songs were sung by Miss McKay, Miss Forbes, Miss Snarr, and Mr. Burt. All did themselves credit, and were much appreciated.

Also on the same evening a delightful concert was given in the Conservatory Music Hall, by piano pupils of Mr. Edward Fisher and vocal pupils of Sig. d'Auria. The selections were ambitious ones, and

were delivered in a style highly gratifying to both pupils and instructors. A large audience was present.

The Ladies' Choral Club, of which Miss Hillary is the conductor, gave an exceedingly interesting concert, Tuesday evening the 16th inst., the chief work being the cantata, "The Wreck of the Hesperus," by Mr. Arthur E. Fisher. After the performance of this cantata, which proved to be a scholarly and interesting work, a miscellaneous programme was given by the Club, consisting of duets, trios, songs, violin solos, etc.; and all were rendered in admirable style. Miss Katie Archer played De Beriot's Violin Concerto with a tone and technique quite remarkable, and in a style both vigorous and reposeful. Miss Hillary sang a solo with all her accustomed charm, and was presented with some lovely floral tributes. The accompaniments were excellently played by Mrs. Blight and Miss S. E. Dallas at the piano and organ respectively. During the evening a collection was taken up to aid the Hospital for Sick Children and the Nursing at Home Mission.

LIBRARY TABLE.

MEN'S THOUGHTS FOR MEN. Chosen and arranged by Rose Porter. New York: A. D. F. Randolph & Co., Toronto: The Williamson Book Co.

It is a salutary and strengthening practice every morning and evening on rising from, or before going to sleep, to read and reflect upon some short, pithy saying of one or other of the world's wise men. As water cleanses the body, so does wisdom tone and sweeten the heart and mind. Since the days of Thomas a Kempis there has been no lack of "aids to reflection" to all who need them—no small number. In the dainty little compilation before us, Miss Porter has methodically arranged, a sentence a day, for every month of a year: the selections being taken from the writings of such men as Marcus Aurelius, Chas. Kingsley, John Ruskin, F. D. Maurice, F. W. Robertson, Thomas Carlyle and others. This little volume is sure to be most heartily welcomed, and like every good guest, the house in which it enters will be the brighter and better for its visit.

WERNER'S READINGS AND RECITATIONS. No. 10, America's Recitation Book, Compiled and Arranged by Caroline B. LeRow. New York: Edgar & Werner.

In the preface of this compilation we are told at the outset that "America's Recitation Book presents the best productions in prose and verse which have been written on the great events in the history of the country." One sees so many similar claims made by compilers of volumes of recitations which from time to time drift across our border, that the anticipated amusement of testing each separate claim produces many a quiet smile. In this volume, the vaunt of the preface becomes a dissolving view at the 23rd page, where like the guest invited to an excursion trip on a gaily decorated Mississippi steamboat we strike prose snag No 1, in "Mrs. Christopher Columbus," swing off with difficulty, and are plumped by the current straight on to verse snag No 1, where the rough rhymes (?) "heaven", "even", "hand", "wand", "confront", "want", "arise", "vacillates" grate along the sides and verse snag No 2, "Christopher C—", with its absurd jingle completely punctures them and we leave the gay ship, Pretension, a wreck. But stay, we find in the second paragraph of the doughty preface this assertive statement: "American authors only are represented." May we deferentially ask the compiler when Aubrey De Vere became an American author and how long he continued such? as the "notes on authors" do not help us. There are many excellent selections in prose and verse in this compilation, which is not, we cheerfully admit, altogether bad.

HOMER AND THE EPIC. By Andrew Lang. London: Longmans, Green and Co.

Mr. Geddes has thus far stood easily first in the field of Homeric criticism. His contribution by Mr. Lang is even more interesting and is equally important. Indeed his name is here a sufficient guarantee of both interest and value. We see at once the line of argument to be taken: it will be the judgment of a master critic of what is abiding in literature. This was needed in Homeric criticism; Homeric scholars have too long forgotten that the verdict of a true literary artist is worth more than all other so-called internal evidence. Mr. Lang disputes the main position of Wolff and all his followers, against the possibility of an early continuous epic, and, we think, successfully. He discharges his arrows, to use the graceful words of his dedication to Mrs. Monro, "from under the shield of the scholar." This is a modesty which the rare scholarship and literary genius of the work, by no means call for, for this work will bear comparison in minute accuracy and acute literary sense with anything yet written on the Homeric question, a question, in truth, as "eternal" as the Eastern question.

Nothing can excel the delicate skill of chap. xiii., but the whole volume abounds in interest to both scholar and layman! "The faithful" will find Mr. Lang's own words made good:

"The dust and awful treasures of the dead Hath learning scattered wide; but vainly thee, Homer, she meteth with her Lesbian lead And strives to read thy songs."

BLACKFOOT LODGE TALES. By Geo. Bird Grinnell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Toronto: William Briggs. Price \$1.75.

This attractive volume in its dark red and silver binding, with its 310 well printed octavo pages, is the work of one who loves the aboriginal part of his fellowman.

Mr. Grinnell has already been before the world with his Pawnee Hero Stories and Folk-Tales, a more ambitious work than Professor John B. Dunbar's excellent treatise on the Pawnee Indians. Blackfoot Lodge Tales is an admirable book, whether regard be had to its matter, its arrangement or its style. Its language is simple but chaste and sympathetic; its stories are void of all grossness, and the information it conveys seems to be thoroughly trustworthy. The folk-lore part of the book, which is the chief, consists of stories of adventure, of which many are historical, stories of ancient times, which are mythological and fabulous, and stories of Napi or Old Man, who is the same mischief maker as the Ojibway Neneboju. A very considerable portion of the latter half of the volume is taken up with the Story of the Three Tribes the Bloods, Piegan, and Blackfoot proper, which constitute the Blackfoot nation, and gives a very full account of tribal organization, domestic and social life, hunting, warfare, religious rites and superstitions, indeed of all that may interest the reader in the past and present life of this once powerful aboriginal family. Soon the information gathered by Mr. Grinnell from the lips of natives and from personal observation among them will be a thing of the past; so that the student of man owes to him a debt worthy of recognition.

THE FRENCH WAR AND THE REVOLUTION. By William Milligan Sloane. Ph. D., L. H. D. (The American History Series.) \$1.25. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Toronto: William Briggs. 1893.

Professor George P. Fisher contributed to the series, of which this is the second volume, the first—dealing with the Colonial Era. Professor Sloane deals with the period included between the years 1756 and 1788. This is one of a series of compact and popular histories in which chosen representatives of the historical

scholarship of the United States reasoning from the records and experience of their beginnings and growth as a nation, are seeking to postulate the principles which moved the founders of their republic to action, and which stimulated and consolidated its ultimate development. It is as well to remember that the atmosphere through which the causes and results, which are here dealt with, are discerned and described, is charged with republican sentiment, and begets prepossessions which are none the less real, though they appear to be but seemly and natural to the people of the United States. There is no lack of evidence of this mental attitude in such volumes: in the present, one may see it for instance, on pages 46, and 47; where "Acadia," and the "Treatment of the French Farmers" are referred to. Apart from this, however, the subject matter is well and carefully considered and admirably presented. All who are at all familiar with the period covered by Professor Sloane's contribution, know how many and important are the events included in it: they are discussed with freshness and vigour of thought, and their bearing upon the national life and institutional development of the author's country are concisely—yet ably and philosophically—presented.

THE REAL THING AND OTHER TALES.

By Henry James. \$1.00. New York and London. Macmillan & Co. 1892.

No one who is fond of skilled literary workmanship can read Mr. James' stories without sustained interest and artistic pleasure. Here we have a workman facile in conception and felicitous in execution. Human nature is to him, no sealed book, but a well equipped workshop, stored with ample material, from which the keen eye and correct taste of the master craftsman selects what he needs; and then, with ready hand, and delicate perception, idealizes the real to the delight of the cultivated reader and gratification of the oft-times sorely tried, critic. This new addition to Messrs. Macmillan's excellent dollar series contains five of Mr. James' stories. The volume takes its title from the first, which is the tale of an artist and his models. The artist is commissioned to prepare a series of sketches, on which his application to illustrate the work of a famous novelist will be tested. The book is to deal largely with upper class life. Major and Mrs. Monarch a distinguished looking couple, well-bred, well formed, and well clad—but in very reduced circumstances, having heard of his venture seek service as the "real thing" in the way of models for his illustrations. In describing and detailing the mental struggle of the artist with an impulse of humaneness and the stern sense of artistic duty and fitness; the firm conviction of the Major and his wife in their essential adaptation to his needs, and their gentle, well bred bearing under most severe trial; the demonstration of the utter inadequacy of the real as a substitute for the ideal—so clearly typified in the Bohemian, Miss Churm; and the whilom Italian ice vendor, Oronte; the author brings into fine play the cultivated qualities which have won for him such high literary distinction. The remaining stories: "Sir Dominick Ferrand," "Nona Vincent," "The Chapterone," and "Greville Fane" are all exceedingly well told, as we are quite sure our readers will agree, when, like ourselves, they have regretfully turned the 275th page of this neatly bound, beautifully printed volume.

SIMPLICITY AND FASCINATION. By Anne Beale. Boston: Lee and Shepard.

A story of the fortunes of a large family, who are left orphans at an early age, is told in this volume. The scene is laid in Somersetshire. Through many changes and chances all are brought to a good ending "Simplicity" and "Fascination" are exemplified by the two sisters. It is a pleasantly told story and with nothing in it that is sensational or in any way injurious.

LOST IN A GREAT CITY. By Amanda M. Douglas. Boston: Lee and Shepard.

This is the story of a little girl of high birth, and great personal charms, who is lost in the streets of New York. She passes through many vicissitudes, which do not harm her, but serve to develop the beauty and unselfishness of her character. Though somewhat sensational, this tale has a good tone.

THE ELOPING ANGEL: A Caprice, by William Watson. New York: Macmillan and Company. 1893.

Mr. William Watson is, beyond all question or controversy, a true poet, and even the caprices of such are of value. Nor will we deny the beauty of a good part of this poem. The beginning and the ending give us the Faust and Mephistopheles of Goethe reproduced in character, spirit, conduct; and we cannot say we much like a good deal of it. Still, we must not, we suppose, "judge the poet by our shallow wit," and we quite appreciate the beauty of the portion relating to the elopers on earth.

SOLDIERS OF LIBERTY. By Emily P. Weaver. Price 50c. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. 1893.

This is in every way an excellent story. It has a plot which is thoroughly interesting, and the narrative is animated throughout. The basis of the story is an episode of the Netherlands, centering in the terrible siege of Leyden and culminating in the most miraculous relief of that city. As far as we have observed, there is no departure from history where the story touches the actual occurrences of the period; but there is an ingenious introduction of a Spanish heroine, who endangered her safety by coming within the range of the Inquisition. How she made her escape and found her way to Leyden, and how this actually proved to be an escape when it might have been destruction, is well told in this very pretty volume.

THE MARPLOT. By Sidney Royse Lysaght. New York and London: Macmillan and Co. 1893.

A very readable story is "The Marplot." Mr. Lysaght has given us some admirable studies in boy character quite unusual in the pages of fiction. Here is an example of dialogue, which for complete "naturalness" of phrase and sentiment, is difficult to match. "It's a pity they've beaten the French," said Dick, meditatively. "I should like to have begun on the French, and I don't like the idea of anyone but us licking the French. I'd like to fight the French because they are gentlemen. My governor said the Germans were not."

"It is a pity," Tom assented sadly, "and besides there won't be so much credit in licking the French, now that the Germans have done it."

These boys are delightful and their adventures, conversations and general views make "The Marplot" what we have called it already—a very interesting story.

THE NINE CIRCLES; or, the Torture of the Innocent. Compiled By J. M. Rhodes. London: Swan, Sonnenschein and Co. 1893.

The striking red band which marks the cover of the above book, and its mysterious title prepare the reader for a treatise on the lore of astrology, and is at once suggestive of horoscopes, favourable conjunctions of the planets, etc. the title page, however, soon brings the imagination back to earth and reveals the real intent of the book. It is a collection of records of vivisection, English and foreign, with an introduction by Edward Berdoe, M.R.C.S., etc., being a second and revised edition of the work originally issued by Miss F. P. Cobbe. The argument against the practice of vivisection is presented most ingeniously, methodically and forcefully from a humanitarian standpoint. All who

are interested in the suppression of the practice will here find a mass of matter that is almost encyclopaedic in character in support of their views. To the ordinary reader the volume is by no means recreative or refreshing—as it most vividly portrays the various phases of torture inflicted on living animals in the presumed interests of science.

PICTURESQUE PRINCE EDWARD COUNTY. By Helen M. Merrill, Picton.

It is to us a regret that Picturesque Prince Edward County, by Helen M. Merrill, has not come to us for notice earlier. The author has evidently worked with great pains to get up this venture, and the cheerful, highly descriptive elements and short stories for which she is largely responsible, reflect great credit on her ability, enthusiasm, and patriotism. Got up at a price within the reach of all, which should surely commend it to our local readers, even were it not for the fact that it is edited by a young Canadian writer of undoubted talent, it includes some very pleasing poetry by Nicholas Flood Davin, M. P., Q. C., Annie Rothwell, Agnes Maule Machar, J. W. Bengough, Hector W. Charlesworth, Archibald Lampman, W. W. Campbell, E. Pauline Johnson, D. C. Scott and others. Apart from the poems, there is abundant matter of interest to those who delight in the beautiful and picturesque in nature. The well known Sand Banks and other points of interest in the County have full justice done to them and illustrations, short story and descriptive sketches diversify the contents of this pleasing pamphlet.

THE STORY OF JOHN TREVENNICK. By Walter C. Rhoades. New York: Macmillan and Co. 1893.

An undergraduate, following the ordinary instincts of his species, gets into debt. His name, also appears upon a friend's paper and the usual difficulties follow in due course. The "Squire" who plays the role of the orthodox father with fixed principles, is an object of a somewhat unreasoning dread in the eyes of his son. Instead of writing home in the conventional fashion the undergraduate strikes out upon an absolutely new road on his own account. He becomes, in fact, one of those now altogether unnecessary champions of free trade, a smuggler. The developments which follow are not uninteresting, and in more than one instance the author has given us some very clever character sketching—more particularly in the persons of "Grace" or "Gipsy Trevennick," the hero's sister, and "Micky," who candidly styles himself "the baddest boy in the place." Mr. Robarts, the heavy villain of the story possesses the fault of so many of these "bold, bad men"—he is a little too heavy. The book, taken as a whole, is readable, and many boys and some of their sisters, too, will follow the adventures of "Jack Trevennick" with pleasurable excitement.

CONSTITUTIONAL AND ORGANIC LAWS OF FRANCE, 1875-1889. Translated with an historical introduction by Charles F. A. Currier, American Academy of Political and Social Science: Philadelphia.

This is a supplement to the Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science. The historical sketch deals with the government of the national defence from the time that the news of the battle of Sedan reached Paris, the government of Thiers, which includes some of his most illustrious speeches in founding the Republic, the beginnings of constitution-making, and organic laws respecting the election of senators. All who have read the history of the French Revolution thoroughly, will find in these pages much valuable matter respecting the last transformation in the government of that people, the causes which brought about the downfall of the monarchy, and the re-modelling of the constitution up to date. In the preparation of the prefatory intro-

duction, the writer has had to rely almost exclusively upon the official reports of the parliamentary proceedings, which gives to his brief sketch an air of authenticity it might otherwise not have, were the facts recorded merely culled from the uncertain and very much biased pages of contemporary writing.

THE EVOLUTION OF DECORATIVE ART.

By Henry Balfour, M.A., F.Z.S. New York: Macmillan and Co. 1893.

Mr. Balfour, as the curator of the ethnographical department (Pitt Rivers Collection), of the University museum, Oxford, holds an exceptional position for the study of the beginnings of artistic effort by the modern races of mankind, and for tracing the process of their gradual development. This is a study which has for the most part been treated in a somewhat perfunctory manner, and generally by way of introduction to works which deal mainly with the later development of art. In this well illustrated treatise of 131 pages, we have a consideration of the art of prehistoric man; a description of the evolution of decorative art in successive stages, by various races in different parts of the world; a statement as to the beginnings of sculpture, and its early progress; as also of delineation of graphic art. We think the author has in his excellent essay, well attained his main object: to point out the value of a proper study of art among the less cultured races of mankind, as bearing upon the question of the actual origin and growth of decorative art, and as throwing light upon a subject for the study of which, archaeological evidence is per se very incomplete. The table of contents is well arranged, and the literary appendix a useful adjunct.

INSTEAD OF A BOOK. By Benjamin R. Tucker. New York: Benj. R. Tucker. 1893.

The author of the above compilation has written himself down on his title page as "a man too busy to write one"—he further describes the volume as a fragmentary exposition of philosophical anarchism. Mr. Tucker is the editor of a journal called "Liberty," which he tells us in his preface he started in Boston in 1881, and which he modestly says gradually produced the movement called anarchism, inspired books and other journals in the United States, England, France, Germany and the Antipodes. As anarchism lacks a systematic text book, and Mr. Tucker, though urged to provide it, is "too busy" to do so, he has compromised the matter by gathering together papers and editorials from "Liberty," classifying, and publishing them in book form. The opening paper discusses "State Socialism and Anarchism: How far they agree and where in they differ. Then come editorials, letters, etc., often with replies (which Mr. Tucker evidently thinks he has demolished), grouped under the respective headings 'The Individual Society and the State,' 'Money and Interest,' 'Land and Rent,' 'Socialism,' 'Communism,' 'Methods,' 'Miscellaneous,' to which is added a suitable index. As may be imagined, the large number of editorials and contributions gathered under the various headings, deal with a diversity of topics. The central aim of the writer, however, appears to be, the abolition of rule or government, and by implication, the dissolution of the State, or to use Mr. Tucker's definition: It is "the doctrine that all the affairs of men should be managed by individuals or voluntary association, and that the State should be abolished." Under the golden age, which anarchism will thus evolve, liberty, and minding your own business, will be the eternal safe-guards of the "individuals and 'voluntary associations' of humanity—the true philosopher's stone, at touch of which all the vice which under the present order of things, mars and rends the face of society, will be relieved of its dross, and transmuted into the re-

efined gold of anarchic blessedness and peace. We observe that the philosophic editor of Liberty lays down the fundamental proposition, that "Anarchism is necessarily Atheistic." This compilation embodies a curiosa felicitas of latter day light on the dark problems of life. Like scores of similar philosophers, who after age since the world began have been advocating similar social nostrums—Mr. Tucker contends that his central positions taken . . . are proof in his judgment against the heaviest guns. Unfortunately for Mr. Tucker and the like, and fortunately for the world at large, the great majority of right thinking and living men and women are behind "the heaviest guns."

SECOND BOOK OF VERSE. By Eugene Field, New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1893.

We confess our fondness for Eugene Field's work, whether it be prose or verse. A man of scholarly attainments, he has touched this hard work-a-day world of ours at many points, and yet through all the storm and stress of life has borne a bright and cheery spirit. With a keen quick sense of the devout, the humorous, and the pathetic: a ready command of clear, fluent and graceful verse; and the happy knack of at once putting himself on good terms with his readers, Mr. Field has won for himself an enviable place among the popular poets of America. The versatility of its author is quite in evidence in this second book of verse, which opens with a self-explaining dedicatory ode of which we give the last stanza:—

Dear one, I bless the subtle power
That makes me wholly thine;
And I'm proud to say that I bless the day
When a little woman wrought her way
Into this life of mine!

A tribute to his mother reads:

How you have loved me, mother,
I have not power to tell,
Knowing full well
That even in the rest above
It is your will,
To watch and guard me with your love,
Loving me still.

"John Smith" is a laughable travesty of the dialectic characteristics of a typical Smith of either the Northern, Southern, Eastern, or Western States: with a patriotic ending. "The Bells of Notre Dame" is touching and beautiful. We can not forbear quoting a stanza:—

"Heed not, dear Lord," they seem to say,
"Thy weak and erring child;
And thou, O gentle Mother, pray
That God be reconciled;
And on mankind, O Christ, our King,
Pour out Thy gracious balm,"—
'Tis thus they plead and thus they sing,
Those bells of Notre Dame.

How tender the pathos of "Telling the Bees" is, we must leave to our readers to judge. They will not pass unread, the verses beginning:—

All day long they come and go,—
Pittypat and Tippytoe."

But we must conclude. It is not every day there comes to our library table a volume which is opened so eagerly and shut so regretfully as this "Second Book of Verse" of Eugene Field.

PERIODICALS.

"World's Fair Electrical Engineering" for May contains matter of special interest to electricians.

Indigestion under Hygienic Treatment, is continued by the editor in the Journal of Hygiene for May; other subjects are treated instructively in this number.

Messrs. Macmillan and Co., of New York, have issued a neat and modest periodical called "Book Reviews," which begins its career with the May number.

The Writer, for May, has an article of unusual interest on "Methods of Authors," from the pen of Dr. H. Erickson.

J. A. Copland has also a popular paper on "Copy-Holders and "Proof-Readers" in the same number.

"Storiettes, a Monthly Magazine of Short Stories," begins its race for popular favour this month, with fifteen tales by various writers, some of whom are popular favorites—such as W. E. Norris, Julian Hawthorne, "The Duchess," S. Baring Gould, John Habberton. Some of the stories are good, and some are the reverse.

Book Chat for May contains some rather sweeping statements under the head of "Some Recent French Books." Paul Bourget, and even the author of "Le Maître du Forge" are surely something more than the representatives of "snobisme" in French literature. The number contains much that is interesting in "Finnish Fiction" and "Notes."

We have before us the May issue of "University Extension." Edward T. Devine writes upon "University Extension Examinations." "Science as a means of Enjoyment in Every-Day Life" is the subject of two careful and interesting papers by Drs. Ida Wood and Harriet Randolph. Miss Helen Tuxbury contributes an intelligent article under the same heading.

A commendable feature of the May issue of "Books and Notions" is the compilation of a list of current Canadian books covering nine pages of the issue. This is patriotic and praiseworthy enterprise and cannot fail to stimulate a practical interest in our home literature and substantially add a most deserving, yet perhaps the most neglected, class of our people, Canadian authors.

Temple Bar for May carries that interesting serial, "Diana Tempest," through chaps. XIII.—XVI. "Dr. Nansen at Home," is a pleasant bit of descriptive writing, which the admirers of the distinguished Norwegian explorer will enjoy. Under the caption "The Sleepy Premier," Lord North's memory is resuscitated. The agreeable, chatty papers on whist, are concluded in this number, which has other interesting matter.

Varied, interesting and instructive, are the contents of the well-named periodical, "The Popular Science Monthly," for May. Japanese Home Life, is well illustrated and described, by Dr. W. D. Eastlake, in the opening article, and the number is closed by an attractive sketch of Samuel William Johnson, a scientific investigator in agricultural departments. Between these appear papers suitable for the diversified tastes of lovers of scientific experiment and discovery.

Mr. H. H. L. Bellot discusses shortly the Home Rule Bill in the light of the Canadian Constitution in the Westminster for May. Mary Negrepointe's "Parisian Vignettes" are indeed vivid, no reader will soon forget that of Anatole Ferrand, the Parisian pomper. Mr. W. H. Robinson considers the functions of H. M.'s Opposition; Mr. G. W. Buhman asks the serious question "Are Baellii the cause of Disease?" Mr. J. R. Edean forcibly urges that socialism will by no means remedy present social ills; and Mr. J. T. Blanchard goes fully into the "eight hours" question.

Joseph King opens the Andover for May with a well considered paper on "Switzerland as a Nursery of Politics." Mr. King has made a special study of the staunch little republic. He says, "The greatest danger that at present befalls the Swiss nation, is that it may wholly or partially lose its nationality in becoming cosmopolitan. Other papers, marked by the careful thought and adequate expression which mark the Andover, deal with qualifications for the ministry; the Japanese view of Confucius and wealth. The usual departments are also well filled.

An article showing research and literary treatment, is that on "The Romantic Professions," in Macmillan's for May. The "Son of the Marshes," arouses our expectations with each new number, and never disappoints them. "Wanderers," is

the title of the present delightful paper. We have "Some Thoughts on Pascal," that marvelous man of un fading memory. W. F. Stockley tells a tale of almost incredible bribery and corruption at a Canadian Election. An early chapter in English relations with Russia, is graphically told by Julian Corbett, and a not uninteresting story "The General," closes the number.

One of our most enjoyable and welcome exchanges is the Bookman. Its pages are always attractive, and one is sure to find them filled with well chosen, and well written matter: just the sort of reading for the class of readers for whom it is designed—embracing book-readers, bookbuyers and booksellers. It deals with present-day writers and the best of them. Its cost is so trifling (sixpence a month) when compared with its intrinsic worth, that it is really a surprising publication. Quite apart from the letterpress of the May number, the excellent portraits of the popular Dutch author, yet English writer, Martin Martheens, with his accompanying autograph, is of unusual interest.

April has loitered into May within the pleasant pages of the Dominion Illustrated. Mrs. Curzon gives her readers a valuable historical paper on "The First Legislators of Upper Canada," which has some quaint and interesting illustrations: this paper is the first of a series, apparently. Mr. G. G. S. Lindsey writes brightly and authoritatively, the concluding paper of the series on "Cricket in Canada." We then proceed to shoot the rapids on a raft with Mr. August Beers; to help to resuscitate "the apparently drowned" with Mr. F. H. Killick; to linger over "Scraps and Snaps" with Mr. F. Blake Crofton; to follow the "Big Gun" at command of Mr. W. P. McKenzie, and finally are shown "The St. Maurice Forges" by the editor.

Professor Dowden gives expression to some authoritative and unfavorable Irish opinion against the Home Rule Bill in the May Fortnightly. Mr. J. J. Clancy, M. P., then discusses the financial clauses of the Bill from an Irish Home Rule standpoint. A popular science paper is that by Sir Robert Ball on the large subject "Is the Universe Infinite." Lord Brassey's literary log of a cruise in the West Indies in 1892 with inferences, is pleasant reading. An interesting descriptive paper with a dash of history, is that by Henry O. Forbes, on the Chatham Islands. Frederic Harrison writes plaintively of the Rome of to-day. A paper by the late J. A. Symonds entitled "The Jesuit Doctrine of Obedience" closes the number.

For vitality, vigour and sustained intellectual power we know no superior of the venerable "Maga." Blackwood's has found a way perpetual to renew its youth. "The Russian Acquisition of Manchuria," is the opening paper of the May number, and it well describes the Russian mode of absorbing a "country as large as France, with a coast line of 600 miles." Major W. Broadfoot has a descriptive paper on "Addiscombe: The East India Company's Military College," and Lt. Col. Andrew Haggard a bright Canadian sporting sketch entitled "Ouananiche." "The Earl of Aberdeen" is a capital book review. Mr. Lowe's paper on "The Real Rejected addresses," is quite interesting and Aubrey de Vere tells a famous historic story in blank verse, under the heading, "Robert Bruce's Heart."

"Nemo" devotes some sixteen of the opening pages of the May Contemporary to proving that he is a financial somebody as regards that aspect of the Home Rule Bill. The historian, Lecky, concludes the succeeding paper on the same vexed question, with the following pithy words, "Memories, no doubt have become very short, and new alliances and combinations may be in store for us; but I believe that England will not forget the men who have been accomplices in the 'Great Betrayal.'" Sir Robert Ball, sup-

plies some popular learning on "The Recent Eclipse;" Vernon Lee, "A May Day Dialogue," on socialistic subjects; Father Brandl, S. J., a closely reasoned reply to the well-known paper on the policy of Leo XIII, (and passing other good articles) Herbert Spencer has some further examination of "Professor Weissman's Theories" in the scientific province of biology.

The May number of The Arena has for its frontispiece a portrait of that graceful poetess Louise Chandler Moulton. It opens with a paper on the "American School of Sculpture," from the pen of W. Orday Partridge, which will prove interesting to many readers from more than one point of view. Seriously, in a paper of this nature, the following sentence seems a trifle preposterous: "Our art is yet in its youth, but there is something in the American genius akin to the Greek—a most precious quality—that power to be evolved and evolve itself unendingly—capacity for indefinite expansion." What is it that Carlyle says about the antagonism between self-consciousness and greatness? Ignatius Donnelly resumes his now thread-bare discussion in a paper headed "In the Tribunal of Literary Criticism;" under the same heading there appears an unnecessary answer by Professor Schelling. Helen Campbell is the author of a valuable contribution to this number entitled "Women Wage-Earners."

No less a person than the Hon. B. F. Tracey (Ex-Secretary of the U. S. Navy) opens the May number of the North American Review with a long argument in support of the United States contention in the Behring Sea Case. Do not the editor of the Review and Mr. Tracey know that the case is sub judice, and are they not content with their country's representatives on the board of arbitration and its bar? Surely it were more dignified, to say the least, for the present to leave the matter to the court and counsel for argument and consideration. "Thoughts Suggested by Prof. Dewar's Discoveries" is the title of an article by Professor R. Ogden Doremus, which should prove interesting to those who have watched the course of modern scientific experiment. Frank P. Sargent discusses "The Ann Arbor Strike." Elizabeth Stuart Phelps is the author of an able and comparatively orthodox paper entitled "The Gates Ajar—Twenty-five Years After." "Heaven," says this lady in conclusion, "alone can justify earth; and as God liveth, justification is sure." "The enigmas of the old theology are exploded, religion takes its place in line with other normal forces, unfolding out of man as surely as his poetry or his art. It is natural or it is nothing." These fearless words may be taken as conveying the line of thought in John Burrough's interesting article upon "The Decadence of Theology." The Rev. W. S. Rainsford, D. D; contributes a long and thoughtful review of the "Possible Reformation of the Drink Traffic," from which we quote the following: "The public-house then that the people need, is no mere dram shop; but a commodious meeting-place, a club house. It must provide amusement—music certainly. It needs no standing bar. Its food supply must be plentiful, cheap, varied and well cooked. Milk, coffee, and tea, must be as much its staple trade as beer, wines, and in some cases, perhaps, spirits. It should be a directly business concern, with no savour of crankdom or religion about it.

What is said to be the finest fossil rhinoceros in the world, is the one now in the American Museum of Natural History in New York. It was sent to this institution last October with a carload of fossil freight, from the "Bad Lands" of South Dakota, and after three months' work by an expert preparateur, the skeleton was finally restored to its natural form. This is about eight feet long and a little less than five feet high. It has three toes in front, and three behind, and a pair of teeth in the upper and lower jaws, which are wanting in the modern rhinoceros.

LITERARY AND PERSONAL.

Under the title "Modern Miracles," The Popular Science Monthly for June will have a scientific account, by Prof. E. P. Evans, of the astonishing performances of Arabian and Hindu fakirs.

A. Conan Doyle's new novel, "The Refugees," now running in Harper's Magazine, is attracting much attention on both sides of the Atlantic. The Publishers' Circular, London, says, "It is one of the few really successful tales that have appeared since the days of Scott."

Concerning Marion Crawford's proficiency in nautical lore, the London Times, in a review of his latest romance, noted the fact that the yachting terms and sea phrases used there, are absolutely correct, and could not be criticized by the most captious of sailormen.

Dr. Daniel Clark has been elected vice-president of the Medico Legal Society of New York. This society is one of the first importance, and includes in its membership many of the ablest scholars and thinkers of the continent in both professions. We congratulate Dr. Clark on his merited and honourable distinction.

A change is announced in the house of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., by which Thurlow Weed Barnes retires, and Mr. Houghton's nephews, Messrs. O. R. and A. F. Houghton are admitted to the partnership. Mr. A. F. Houghton for fifteen years or more has had the management of the New York branch.

Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. announce publication of the following books: "Mr. Tommy Dove and other stories." By Margaret Deland; "Old Kaslaska." By Mary Hartwell Catherwood; "Columbia's Emblem: "Indian Corn," containing poems and essays on the subject; and "Oberon and Puck." By Helen Gray Cone.

Mr. Grant Allen has in the press a new novel called "Ivan Greet's Masterpiece," also a story for the Leadenhall Press, illustrated, by Francis C. Gould, with some hundreds of silhouettes, to appear during the summer. The poem of Mr. Wm. Watson, now fully restored to health, named "The Eloping Angel," is dedicated to Mr. Grant Allen.

The French Academy has resolved on abandoning for the present its "Dictionnaire Historique," a history of words, which after forty years has not yet in four volumes reached the end of letter A. The academy will proceed all the more actively with the completion of the ordinary dictionary, which appears about every twenty-five years.

A discovery has been made in a convent near Mount Sinai of what is said to be the full text of the four Gospels in Syriac. The discovery of the manuscript was made by two ladies, who photographed the whole and submitted it to Professor Harris, of Cambridge. This authority pronounced it to be a Syriac text of the four Gospels, and about the oldest authenticated text known.

The second volume of the superb illustrated edition of Green's Short History of the English People, will be published by Harper and Brothers about the middle of May. The same firm also announce in their Black and White series William Dean Howell's new farce, "The Unexpected Guests," and a characteristic story entitled "The Rivals," by Francois Coppée. Both books will be illustrated.

The annual meeting of the Royal Society at Ottawa this week has been very interesting and instructive: able papers were read in all the departments. Of special interest to our readers was that of the learned president, Dr. J. G. Bourinot, C. M. G., a synopsis of which will appear in our next issue. The Royal Society is doing good work for Canada, and the annual volumes of its papers and proceedings are creditable to the intellectual energy and scholastic progress of our country.

The Century Co. will show in their exhibit at Chicago a great number of original manuscripts and drawings for illustrations in the Century and St. Nicholas. Manuscripts by Tennyson, Longfellow, Whittier and Bryant will appear in the St. Nicholas exhibit, with that of the first chapter of Mrs. Burnett's "Little Lord Fauntleroy," and original stories by other well-known writers. The originals of famous letters and documents quoted in Nicolay and Hay's "Life of Lincoln" will also be shown.

M. Jules Simon has discovered the secret of old age, and has formulated the receipt in two words—intellectual work. Nothing, he declares, helps so materially to conserve physical strength as mental employment, and in proof of this theory he points out that the French institution is a perfect congregation of hale and hearty octogenarians. In the Academy of Moral Science alone there are Barthelémy, Saint-Hilaire, Vacherot, Franck, Duruy, Larombière, Ravaisson and Bouillier, all living their eighth decade through laborious and productive days.—London St. James' Gazette.

The late J. A. Symonds's "Walt Whitman: a Study," is coming out in London from the press of John C. Nimmo. It is a small quarto, containing a portrait and four other illustrations. The brief preface was written March 10 last. Mr. Symonds had recently been engaged on a new edition of his "Studies of the Greek Poets" and "Introduction to the Study of Dante," the last sheets of which had been returned for press within the last few weeks. He seems to have taken special interest in the former, to which he added a translation (the first complete one, he called it, in English) of the lately discovered fragments of Herondas. He had also added other renderings from the Greek poets.

Paul Bourget is said to be an avowed anglo-maniac. He buys his clothes in Sackville Street, and his boots in the Strand, and he is a devotee of the "tub," which is decidedly an English rather than a French household god. M. Bourget's father, who is a professor, wished his son to follow in his footsteps, but his inclinations did not run that way. He declined a college course, and at twenty found himself adrift in Paris. He tried writing for the press, and, while it did not pay him very well, it pleased him thoroughly. When he began writing novels he wrote of wealth and luxury only to revile them; but he finally became enamored of the luxurious world of his creation, turned his back upon the Latin Quarter, and went in for the elegances of life with an enthusiasm that has made him conspicuous among his fellows.

'Lavengro; the Scholar, the Gipsy the Priest,' usually regarded as George Borrow's masterpiece, has been added to Messrs. Ward, Lock, Bowden, and Co.'s famous 'Minerva' Library. The London Literary World says of the volume: It is enriched with two portraits of the author's home at Oulton, and by several pages of 'Notes upon George Borrow,' by Mr. Theodore Watts. Opinions still differ among the critics, as Mr. Watts points out, as to whether the work is 'autobiography spoilt' or 'spoilt fiction,' but he assures us from his own knowledge that Borrow did sit down to write his own life, and that in the first volume of 'Lavengro' he did almost confine himself to matters of fact; 'the manufactured incidents,' he says, 'were introduced to give colour to a web of life that strong Passion had left untinged.'

The New York Tribune says that the collection of books, manuscripts, paintings and drawings once belonging to Bayard Taylor, and presented by his widow to the public library of West Chester, Pa., is jealously guarded by the librarian. It will soon be arranged for exhibition. Among the books are forty volumes, which were well thumbed by the great American traveler during his journeys on the other side of the ocean, and most of them contain his autograph, written when he was a

boy. Beyond the books and manuscripts the directors of the library prize the old knapsack in which many of the volumes were carried as the owner trudged along the European roads seeking new sights, and preparing his famous "Views Afoot." The leathern bag is well worn, and it and the strap which holds it have almost parted company.

The London Literary World has the following notice of the late John Addington Symonds: Born at Clifton in 1840, Mr. Symonds inherited a taste for philosophy and literature from his father, a well-known physician. His education was pursued at Harrow and Balliol, and so successfully that he finished his university career with a Fellowship at Magdalen. His winning of the University English Essay on the subject of the Renaissance probably led to his devoting his energies to a study of Dante and other Italian writers. His "History of the Renaissance in Italy," in five volumes, supplemented afterwards by two others on the Catholic Reaction, began to appear in 1875, and occupied him until 1886. This was his most ambitious work. His other writings included the results of studies subsidiary to the chief one, such as "Italian Bypaths," and of studies in English literature that led to his writing lives of Shelley and Shakespeare, and a work on Shakespeare's "Predecessors in the Drama." For the past sixteen years Mr. Symonds had spent most of his time at Davos, which he "discovered" as a health resort, and made known to a grateful world. He was married to a sister of Miss Marianne North, and was accompanied by his eldest daughter at the time of his sudden and unexpected decease from pneumonia.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

THE MUSE AND THE PEN.

The Muse, renowned in ancient story,
But seldom seen these humdrum times,
Came down to earth, in all her glory,
To put new life in modern rhymes.
"Forsooth," she said, "I'm tired of hearing
Mechanic singers, every one,
With forced conceits and thin veneering
Serving the lamp and not the sun."

The Muse was but a simple maiden,
Who loved the woodlands, meads and streams,
With odoriferous buds her gown was laden,
Her hair was bright with rippling gleams;
And murmuring an Arcadian ditty,
She wandered, with uncertain feet,
In wonder, through the crowded city,
Bewildered by each clattering street.

She gazed upon the hurrying mortals,
Each busy with his own affairs.
She spurned some lauded poets' portals,
"Let monthlies print such stuff as
theirs."

A milkman nodded her a cheery
"Bon jour ma'mselle," in ready French,
And as she passed a cabman beery,
He hiccupped, "there's a likely wench."

She met a red-faced, buxom Chloe,
A dapper Strephon, full of airs;
The one in vesture cheap and showy,
The other versed in brutal stares;
And shocked and weary, hot and maddy,
Into the nearest house she turned,
And found herself within the study
Of one whose pen his living earned.

She looked quite curiously about her,
(Being of a curious turn of mind.)
To learn if he did also flout her
And still in life some pleasure find.
Shortly she marked his desk, half hidden
Beneath a mass of copious notes,
And turned to it and read, unchilded,
Of chartered banks and chartered boats.

She read that crops were thriving better
But that the country needed rain;
And then another item met her
On "Watered stocks, the country's bane."
She read of "interest rates as under,
With money still in poor demand,"
And let the item fall, to wonder
Were there no poets in the land.

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The Muse above the table bending,
Laid her warm lips upon the Pen,
A thrill throughout its fibres sending:
"This for thy master." Slowly then,
She passed away; and after, never
The writer laboured, but a throng
Of fancies cheered him, singing ever:
"The Muse hath crowned each un-
voiced song."
Montreal. ARTHUR WEIR.

(By request we republish the above poem.—Ed.)

ADMIRAL SAUMAREZ.

In the course of the conflict between Russia and Sweden an occasion arose which seems to show how far Saumarez fell short of that inspiration which distinguishes great captains from accomplished and gallant generals. The Russian fleet, after an engagement with the Swedes, had been forced into a harbour in the Gulf of Finland. Soon afterwards, on the 30th of August, 1808, Saumarez arrived with part of his fleet. He had six ships of the line, and the Swedes ten, the Russians having but eight. The remainder of the 30th and all the 31st were spent in consultation. On the 1st of September, the admiral reconnoitred the enemy, satisfied himself that the attack was feasible, and issued orders for it to be made the next morning. That night, the wind, till then favourable, shifted, and for eight days blew a gale. When this ended, the Russians had so strengthened their position as to be impregnable.

It is very probable that to this disappointment of public expectation which had in England been vividly aroused, is to be attributed the withholding of a peerage, eagerly desired by Saumarez in his latter days,—not for itself merely, but as a recognition which he not unnaturally thought earned by his long and distinguished services. Yet when we compare his deliberate consultations with Nelson's eagle swoop at the Nile, under like difficulties, or with the great admiral's avowed purpose of attacking the Russian fleet, in 1801, at Revel, in the Baltic,—a purpose which would assuredly have received fulfilment,—it is impossible not to suspect in Saumarez the want of that indefinable, incommunicable something, we call genius, which, like the wind, bloweth where it listeth; we hear the sounds, we see the signs, but we cannot tell whence it cometh nor whether it goeth.

"True," said Nelson, speaking of Revel, "there are said to be some guns on shore; but it is to be supposed that the man who undertakes that service will not mind guns." Nelson himself was not more indifferent, personally, to guns than was Sir James Saumarez; yet what a contrast in the conduct of the two, when face to face with the great opportunity! For cool, steady courage, for high professional skill, for patient sustained endurance, Saumarez was unsurpassed; nor is there on record in the annals of the British navy any more dazzling instance of unflinching resolve than was shown by him at and after Algeciras, when a double portion of the master's spirit for the moment fell upon him.

Seeing these things, one is tempted to say that the power of genius consists in that profound intuitive conviction which lifts a man to the plane of caution by the sheer force of believing—nay, of knowing—that the thing to others impossible can and will be done. "If we succeed," cried Nelson's flag captain, as night approached amid the unknown waters of Aboukir Bay, "what will the world say!" "There is no if about it," replied the hero: "we shall certainly succeed. Who will live to tell the story is another question." To such inspiration, when it comes, nothing is impossible; for the correspondence between the facts and the intuition, however established, carries within itself the promise of fulfilment. Here, perhaps, we touch the borders of the supernatural.—Capt. A. T. Mahan, in *May Atlantic*.

Every duty we omit obscures some truth we should have known.—Ruskin.

She read that none who float on paper
Long raise the wind, for all their craft,
"Bulls up a tree, a market caper,"
"A house in trouble with a draft."
She read of butter growing stronger
And cheese more lively every day,
That baker's flour will rise no longer,
And of "a serious cut in hay."
As still she turned the litter over,
Reading an item now and then,
Beneath the pile she did discover
And pounce upon the writer's pen;
And by the charm the Muse possesses
She made it speak like flesh and blood,—
Oh! happy Pen, to have her tresses
Fall round thee in that solitude!
"Dear Pen," she cried, "in what strange
service
Is this I find thy skill employed?
Thy master's style seems bright and
nervous,
Yet is of sense a little void."
The Pen replied: "O gracious lady,
Trade questions are considered here,
And thou wilt find transactions shady
By master's hand made easily clear."
The pouting Muse her pretty shoulder
Shrugged as she listened to the Pen.
"Thy master must than ice be colder
If thus content to write for men.
Go, bid him frame a graceful sonnet,
A simple poem from his heart,
And I will gently breathe upon it
And to its body life impart."
Again the Pen: "O goddess puissant,
My master lacks nor heart nor skill
To turn a stanza, but of recent
Days he hath hungry mouths to fill.
He loves thee, but he may not show it,
And Pegasus must drag the plough,
For men would starve him as a poet
Who earns at least a pittance now."
The Muse waxed wroth: "Would not my
beauty
All else thy master make forget?"
The Pen replied: "The path of duty
My master hath not swerved from yet.
Thy beauty haunts his every vision,
Sweet on his ear thine accents fall;
Yet could he tread the fields elysian,
Thinkest thou, while suffering loved
ones call?"
"But I can make his name immortal."
"Immortal shame!" replied the Pen.
"When he shall pass the sombre portal
And stand before High God, what then?
He hath a God-like, awful function,
To shield his own from want and wrong;
And wouldst thou he, without compunc-
tion,
Should sell his birthright for a song?"
"I am his trusted friend, Unflinching,
I help him win his daily bread.
Though heart may ache, or thought be
lagging,
Still must the ink be ever shed.
Let oft he lays me down, and, sighing,
Looks through the casement at the
stars;
And then I know his soul is trying
Vainly to pass beyond its bars.
"A soldier in the war of labour,
He battles on, from day to day,
Swinging the gold-compelling sabre,
Nor finding time to pluck a spray.
Nay, more! he must, through glorious bow-
ers,
Press harshly on, with heavy tread,
Crushing to earth the beauteous flowers
With which he fain had wreathed thy
head."
The Muse grew pensive. Softly sighing,
She said: "Now pity him I can.
Strong, full of purpose, self-denying,
Here I have what I seek, a Man.
Would that this noble self-surrender,
These high resolves, this purpose stern,
Might yet the grander verse engender,
And brighter make his genius burn!"
"How grief must gnaw his heart asunder
As still Fate balks him, day by day!"
"Nay," cried the Pen, "Thou may'st won-
der,
But know, my master's heart is gay.
Perchance at times, a pang concealing,
His face grows sad; but not for long,
For sweet, loved arms around him steal-
ing,
Fill all his soul with unvoiced song."

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After Three Years of Illness His Friends Despaired of His Recovery—Restoration Came When Hope Had Almost Fled—The Little Fellow is Now as Lively as a Cricket—A Story That Will Bring Hope to Other Parents.

Woodville Independent.

The Independent has published from time to time the particulars of some very remarkable cures following the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. These cases have been so fully verified as to leave no doubt that this now universally favorite remedy is one of the greatest medical achievements of an age that has been remarkable for the wonderful discoveries of science. Possibly some of our readers may have thought that the virtues of this medicine have been exaggerated, but there are many among them who can testify to its virtues, and now the Independent is able to give the particulars of a cure occurring in our village quite as remarkable as any that has hitherto been published, and which may be so easily verified by any of our readers that skepticism must be silent. We had heard that little Georgie Veale had been cured through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and as all our people know, that little boy had been ill for a long time, and his recovery was thought to be hopeless. The report of his cure, therefore, created so much astonishment that we resolved to ascertain the facts, and accordingly we called upon Mr. Veale to get the particulars. Mr. George Veale has been a resident of this village for years, is a waggon-maker by trade, and is well known to all our citizens, as well as to most of the people of the surrounding country. He has a family of young children, who unfortunately lost their mother some six years ago. One of these children, named George, is about seven years of age, and some three years ago was taken ill, and since has been practically helpless, and as a result, much sympathy was felt for the family, owing to the child being motherless. The case of the little fellow was considered hopeless and no one ever expected to see him able to rise from his bed again. On asking Mr. Veale about the report we had heard of the boy's recovery, he said it was quite true, and expressed his willingness to give us the particulars, declaring that he had no hesitation in saying that it was owing to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills that the lad was now better. He said that some two and a half years ago little Georgie was taken ill with inflammation of the bowels, and received good medical treatment. After being ill for some time, the trouble seemed to take a new form, and settled in his bones, which became diseased. During the summer he got a little better, but when winter set in he was taken down, and the disease became worse. Swelling arose over the body, and several small pieces of bone came out. He could take but very little sustenance, and for seven months could not stand on his feet. He had to remain in bed or be carried about in his sister's arms. All the medicine he got did him no good, and his case was given up as hopeless, and it was thought that he would not long survive. Mr. Veale had read of the wonderful cures effected by the use of Pink Pills,

and decided that all things else having failed, he would try what they would do for his boy. Accordingly he purchased some at Fead's drug store, and began giving them to his son. After about two weeks he found that there was an improvement in his condition, which warranted the further use of the Pink Pills, and accordingly he procured another supply. "And now," said his father, "the little fellow is running about as lively and as mischievous as ever." "There is no doubt about the matter," said Mr. Veale, "Pink Pills cured my boy when all other remedies failed, and I am glad to give this information so that it may be of benefit to others."

We called upon Mr. Fead, the druggist, and asked him his opinion of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. He said that the demand for them was so great as to be astonishing, and that those who once use them, buy again, thus proving their value. Mr. Fead said he sold more Pink Pills than any other remedy, and the demand is still increasing, and he thought no better evidence could be given of their value as a medicine than this.

The Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., of Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., a firm of unquestioned reliability. Pink Pills are not looked upon as a patent medicine, but rather as a prescription. An analysis of their properties show that these pills are an unfailing specific for all diseases arising from an impoverished condition of the blood, or from an impairment of the nervous system, such as loss of appetite, depression of spirits, anaemia, chlorosis or green sickness, general muscular weakness, dizziness, loss of memory, palpitation of the heart, nervous headache, locomotor ataxia, paralysis, sciatica, rheumatism, St. Vitus' dance, the after effects of la grippe, all diseases depending upon a vitiated condition of the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, correcting irregularities, suppressions, and all forms of female weakness, building anew the blood and restoring the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In the case of men, they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of any nature. These pills are not a purgative medicine. They contain only life-giving properties, and nothing that could injure the most delicate system. They act directly on the blood, supplying its life-giving qualities, by assisting it to absorb oxygen, that great supporter of all organic life. In this way the blood, becoming "built up" and being supplied with its lacking constituents, becomes rich and red, nourishes the various organs, stimulating them to activity in the performance of their functions, and thus eliminate disease from the system.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark, and wrapper, (printed in red ink). Bear in mind that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are never sold in bulk, or by the dozen or hundred, and any dealer who offers substitutes in this form is trying to defraud you, and should be avoided. The public are also cautioned against all other so-called blood builders and nerve tonics, put up in similar form, intended to deceive. They are all imitations whose makers hope to reap a pecuniary advantage from the wonderful reputation achieved by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Ask your dealer for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and refuse all imitations and substitutes.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medical Company, from either address, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50. The price at which these pills are sold, makes a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compare with other remedies or medical treatment.

METEOR-BEARING AEROLITES.

In 1891 Mr. Foote discovered at the Canon Diablo, in Arizona, a meteorite, which he asserted to be studded with black diamonds. The statement was received with some suspicion, and when fragments of the body were brought to Europe, they were subjected to a keen investigation. The results not only established the statement of the discoverer, but brought to light the fact that bright diamonds also existed in the mass, though in very minute crystals. This has led to further results which will make the Canon Diablo stone famous. It suggested to M. Meunier the theory of the gaseous origin of aerolites, and it led M. Moissan to undertake the experiments for the artificial reproduction of the diamond which have produced such brilliant and unexpected fruits. Diamond-bearing aerolites are, however, by no means common. A few well-known specimens are classified as such, and a peculiarity of these, is their extreme hardness. This point suggested to M. Nordenskiöld, in discussion at the Academie des Sciences, that a clue might be found to explain certain samples of iron he had received from Ovilak, which were so hard as to withstand cutting or splitting. M. Berthelot, also drew attention to a passage in Avicenna, which relates how an aerolite fell at Djorjan, in Central Asia, in the sixteenth century, and the Sultan Mahmud desired to have it fashioned into a sword, but the substance, it was found, says Avicenna, erat infrangible et infabricabile.—Pall Mall Gazette.

STREET CARS AS CHILD KILLERS.

The question of the most importance to street-car companies just now, is not whether the trolley, the storage battery, or ammonia makes the best motor, but how surface cars can be run at high speed without killing too many children. Children described as "about six years old," girls preferred, are the trolley-car's earliest game. Their judgment of speed and distance is imperfect, and they are liable to panics. The street cars killed about one a week last month in Rochester, and a proportionate number in Boston. The old-time ability of India to keep up its population in the face of the institution called Juggernaut, is quoted in support of the belief that our city population can stand high speed on surface roads. But the age of marriage is so much earlier in India, and life is so much cheaper and more common there than here, that the argument is not good for much. Amert cans are in a hurry, and are willing to pay a good deal for rapid transit; but when it comes to pay a regular tribute of children, mostly girls, "about six years old," there is liable to be a good deal of computation on the question whether it really saves much time to go so fast. There is an average loss of some thirty years of time on every six-year-old that is run down, and that must offset some of the minutes saved. Besides, the next six-year-old to be ground up, may be yours, and there is no denying that that makes it awkward. There are bank presidents that could better be spared, and that it would be cheaper to run over, than some six-year-old children.—From Harper's Weekly.

The officers of the Salvation Army who work among the Zulus get sixty cents per week as salary, besides meals (corn) meal for breakfast and rice for dinner, with an occasional bucket of molasses, which can be got for twelve cents from the sugar mill.

Silk worms are not the sole source of the production of silk; it is also obtained from several vegetable substances, but of an inferior and less durable description. Excellent coloured silks obtained from the prepared and finer fibres of the bamboo, which is much in demand for clothing in tropical countries from its lightness and porosity. Another form of silk is obtained from the pods of the silk cotton tree, of which there are several varieties in existence, the material obtained from them being known as vegetable silk.

VITA NUOVA.

Long hath she slept, forgetful of delight;
At last, at last, the enchanted princess,
Earth,
Clasped with a kiss by Spring the adven-
turer,

Through all the deeps of her unageing
heart
With passionate necessity of joy,
Wakens, and yields her loveliness to love.

O ancient streams, O far-descended woods
Full of the fluttering of melodious souls;
O hills and valleys that adorn yourselves
In solemn jubilation; winds and clouds,

And all exuberant creatures that acclaim
The Earth's divine renewal: lo, I too
With yours would mingle somewhat of
glad song,

Through tempest and through cataclysm
of soul
Have come, and am delivered. Me the
Spring,

And I would dedicate these thankful tears
To whatsoever Power beneficent,
Vexed though his countenance, undivulged
his thought,

Into the gracious air and vernal morn,
And suffers me to know my spirit a note
Of this great chorus, one with bird and
stream

And all but broken! of that lyre of life
Whereon himself, the master harp-player,
Resolving all its mortal dissonance
To one immortal and most perfect strain,

William Watson, in the Spectator.

wore (on the evening of the ball at which
the lady saw him) a bronze-green dress
coat with metal buttons. On his brown
silk vest there hung a gold chain. His
cambric shirt-front was fastened with two
onyx buttons. His light satin cravat
set off the pale tint of his countenance;

AN HOUR WITH IRVING.

Henry Irving is a very busy man. To
have a whole hour of his society is, there-
fore, no small privilege, and he can man-
age to crowd into that hour enough pleas-
ant chat to fill up several hours for fu-
ture reminiscence in the mind of the visi-
tor. Mr. Irving's London residence is
just off Bond Street, Piccadilly. Here he
formerly had two or three unpretentious
chambers, but he now occupies the entire
house, a small one, so far as the number
of rooms goes, but large in the matter
of the size and luxury of those rooms.

Our lives are as little barks storm-
tossed upon the great ocean of sin; but
the heavenly Pilot is ever waiting, ever
watchful to steer them safely into harbour.
—Mrs Ellis.

Dyspepsia

Makes the lives of many people miserable,
causing distress after eating, sour stomach,
sick headache, heartburn, loss of appetite,
a faint, "all gone" feeling, bad taste, coated
tongue, and irregularity of
the bowels. Dyspepsia does
not get well of itself. It
requires careful attention,
and a remedy like Hood's
Sarsaparilla, which acts gently, yet efficiently.
It tones the stomach, regulates the diges-
tion, creates a good ap-
petite, banishes headache,
and refreshes the mind.

Sick Headache
"I have been troubled with dyspepsia. I
had but little appetite, and what I did eat
dressed me, or did me
little good. After eating I
would have a faint or tired,
All-gone feeling, as though I had not eaten
anything. My trouble was aggravated by
my business, painting. Last
spring I took Hood's Sar-
saparilla, which did me an
immense amount of good. It gave me an
appetite, and my food relished and satisfied
the craving I had previously experienced."
GEORGE A. PAGE, Watertown, Mass.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only
by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.
100 Doses One Dollar

A large three-seated wagon weighing
2,500 pounds was to be seen running
about Chicago's streets the other day.
"Well, I never," the women exclaimed
as they stopped on the sidewalk to watch
its graceful movements. No horse was at-
tached to it, but a two-horse power elec-
tric motor energized from a storage bat-
tery made it go as the man on the front
seat willed. The battery attachment
weighed 850 pounds and stored enough
electric power to run the wagon thirty
miles. Horses are already back numbers
on street cars, is their usefulness, to be
still further limited?

The application of photography to as-
tronomy has been productive of especially
noteworthy results in the discovery of
the small bodies which move in orbits be-
tween those of Mars and Jupiter. From
the observation of the first of these,
Ceres, in 1801, until the end of 1891, 321
had been discovered by the laborious
method of eye observation. Then photo-
graphy was brought into this service,
and within the last fifteen months no
fewer than forty-four of these celestial
bodies have been found. Six were found
by Professor Charlois of Nice in the first
week of March.—New York Sun.

ST. LEON SPRINGS.

Thousands of Canadian and American tour-
ists visit these springs annually to drink and
bathe in their miraculous healing waters.
Perhaps you have not the time nor means to
enjoy this luxury. Yet for a small trifle you
can obtain this water at home. It is sold all
over the Dominion and the principal cities of
the United States by druggists, grocers and
hotels. Hotel opens 15th June.

C. C. Richards & Co.
Gentlemen,—The top of my head was
bald for several years. I used MINARD'S
LINIMENT, and now have as good a
growth of hair as I ever had.
Mrs. Albert McKay.

Wheatly River, P. E. I.
I have used MINARD'S LINIMENT
freely on my head and now have a good
head of hair after having been bald for
several years. It is the only hair restorer
I have ever found.
Mrs. C. Anderson.
Stanley Bridge, P. E. I.

"August Flower"

Mr. Lorenzo F. Sleeper is very
well known to the citizens of Apple-
ton, Me., and neighborhood. He
says: "Eight years ago I was taken
sick, and suffered as no one but a
dyspeptic can. I then began tak-
ing August Flower. At that time
I was a great sufferer. Every-
thing I ate distressed me so that I
had to throw it up. Then in a
few moments that horrid distress
would come on and I would have
to eat and suffer
again. I took a
little of your med-
icine, and felt much
better, and after
taking a little more
August Flower my
Dyspepsia disap-
peared, and since that time I
have never had the first sign of it.
I can eat anything without the
least fear of distress. I wish all
that are afflicted with that terrible
disease or the troubles caused by
it would try August Flower, as I
am satisfied there is no medicine
equal to it."



LET IT RUN,

and your cough may end in something serious. It's pretty sure to, if your blood is poor. That is just the time and condition that invites Consumption. The seeds are sown and it has fastened its hold upon you, before you know that it is near.

It won't do to trifle and delay, when the remedy is at hand. Every disorder that can be reached through the blood yields to Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. For Severe Coughs, Bronchial, Throat and Lung Diseases, Asthma, Scrofula in every form, and even the Scrofulous affection of the lungs that's called Consumption, in all its earlier stages, it is a positive and complete cure.

It is the only blood-cleanser, strength restorer, and flesh-builder so effective that it can be guaranteed. If it doesn't benefit or cure, in every case, you have your money back. All medicine dealers have it.

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PURE
POWDERED 100%
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PUREST, STRONGEST, BEST.

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E. W. GILLETT, Toronto.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

25 CTS

Minard's Liniment cures Dandruff.

PUBLIC OPINION.

Brandon Times: Why cannot the tariff be regulated in some way, so that it will better suit the wants of the greater number of the population. The population is composed essentially of farmers, and it is high time that we were having a little legislation to suit them. The manufacturers have been helped for a number of years, and they should be able now to get along without it.

Vancouver, News Advertiser: Now there is no difficulty in arriving at a reasonably accurate conclusion as to the number and distribution of the people of the Province. Examined and checked by various standards which are available, the substantial accuracy of the Dominion Census' returns can be shown. As regards any attempt to separate the whites from the Indians, it cannot be done to give results any more satisfactory than those which can be obtained from the statistics furnished by the Indian.

St. John Telegraph: The dinner given to the Hon. Geo. E. Foster last evening, did not differ in any material respect from the usual run of political banquets. There was plenty of enthusiasm, although some of it bore the marks of being made to order, the aspirants for public office being specially noisy in their demonstration. The Conservatives of the Province, far and near, had been collecting for the occasion, hardly a single county being without its representative, and Fredericton turning out a strong contingent of the faithful.

St. John Gazette: It will renew the confidence that the people already feel in Hon. Mr. Foster. His speech was one of the best he has ever delivered. It was clear and to the point, and left no room for doubt as to the future policy of the Conservative leaders. Loyal to Canada, loyal to the Empire, seeking alone the development of our beloved country, it was a magnificent answer to the treason of the Opposition party. When such men lead, as the Minister of Finance, and his colleagues in the Government, the success of the Conservative party is assured.

Brantford Expositor: There is evidently another big boom in the speed of trans-Atlantic steamships. The Campania has just completed her record-breaking run from Sandy Hook to Queenstown, and established herself the fastest steamer on the sea, when the news comes that the White Star Company has asked Messrs. Harland and Wolff, of Belfast, to build them a steamer that will eclipse the Campania in size and speed. This leviathan will be 800 feet long, that is nearly 120 feet longer than the Great Eastern, and will be built and equipped suitably to her enormous length.

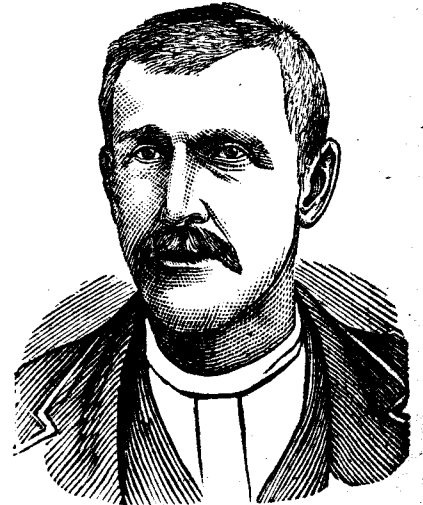
Montreal Star: It is our belief that an improvement of the condition of farm life in Canada, would wonderfully decrease the number of country lads who drift into city life anywhere, and of any kind. The majority of them are driven, not drawn, away from home. Make life easier, and a living surer for them on the farm; and, not only will immigration be attracted by the noise of it, but these best sons of ours will be kept at home as well. Canada will then escape the hemorrhage of the exodus; will escape the curse of the American Republic, in that all its vitality is flowing to its cities, there to be vitiated; and will fill its vacant farms and boundless prairies with human beings glad for the breathing space. These results await only the betterment of the farmer's life; and this can be accomplished by simply taxing him less on the things he buys, and helping him to sell to better advantage in his best market.

Quebec Chronicle: Neither side will accept the erratic member from North Simcoe, able and brilliant as he undoubtedly is. His hostility to the French and the Roman Catholic religion, will prevent Mr. Laurier from asking him to join his band. The Conservatives cannot afford to take him up, knowing as they do, that

his racial and religious opinions are against him, as a public man. Then, while he has some sensible views to offer on the question of tariff reform, he is restricted from doing anything practical, by his connection with Imperial Federation, which has ideas of its own on fiscal matters. Indeed, Mr. McCarthy has turned himself into a Jonah, and more's the pity, because he is a clever man, a clear-thinking man, and independent enough to do a world of good, if he only had a mind to.

THREW AWAY HIS CRUTCHES
AFTER YEARS OF TERRIBLE SUFFERING.

AN INTERESTING HISTORY.



STATEMENT OF MR. WM. McNEE.

For eight years I was troubled with a sore on my leg which resulted from having it broken. The doctors kept me in bed five months trying to heal it up, but all to no purpose. I tried all sorts of salves, liniments, ointments, pills and blood medicines but with no benefit. In 1883 it became so bad that I had to sit on one chair and keep my foot on another for four months. I could not put my foot on the ground or the blood would rush out in a stream and my leg swelled to twice its natural size.

ELEVEN RUNNING SORES

developed on it which reduced me to a living skeleton (I lost 70 lbs. in four months). Friends advised me to go to the Hospital; but I would not, for I knew they would take my leg off. The doctor then wanted to split it open and scrape the bone, but I was too weak to stand the operation. One old lady said it had turned to black erysipelas and could never be cured. I had never heard of Burdock Blood Bitters then, but I read of a minister, Rev. Mr. Stout, who had been cured of a severe abscess on the neck by B.B.B., after medical aid had failed, and I thought I would try it. I washed the leg with the Bitters and took them according to directions. After using one bottle I could walk on crutches, after taking three, I threw away the crutches, took a scythe and went to work in the field. At the end of the sixth bottle my leg was entirely healed up; pieces of loose bone had worked out of it and the cords came back to their natural places again. That was nine years ago and it has never broken out since. I can walk five miles to-day as fast as anyone, and all this I owe to B. B. B., which certainly saved my leg, if not my life. I cheerfully recommend it to all sufferers. Give B. B. B. a trial, it will cure you as it did me.

Yours truly,
WM. McNEE, St. Ives P.O., Ont.

Mr. F. C. Sanderson, the druggist of St. Marys, Ont., certifies to the entire truthfulness of the remarkable statement made by Mr. McNEE and says that several other wonderful cures have been made in his district.

Minard's Liniment relieves Neuralgia.

Unlike the Dutch Process

No Alkalies

—OR—
Other Chemicals

are used in the preparation of

W. BAKER & CO.'S

Breakfast Cocoa

which is absolutely pure and soluble.

It has more than three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, and EASILY DIGESTED.

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SCIENTIFIC AND SANITARY.

Soldering metal for aluminum has been invented in Norway, composed of cadmium, 50 parts; zinc, 20; tin, 30.

A vein of onyx, possibly one thousand acres in extent, was recently discovered in Garfield County, Washington.

An electric arc-light carbon, consisting of two pencils side by side, and connected by a thin web, has been invented by an expert electrician, of Asbury Park, N. J., George M. Lane. He expects thereby to secure a steadier blaze than is afforded by many lights of that type now.

A simple and ingenious way of repairing holes in pneumatic tires has been patented by Frank M. Hamman, of Goshen, Ind. He inserts a pointed plug, which has a groove around it near the but end for the rubber to hold into, in order to hold it in place. He shaves the outer end off even with the thread.

Lieutenant Peary, of the United States Navy, during his coming expedition to the northern-most Greenland, will record observations of the aurora upon a plan that will enable comparisons to be made in detail with records from other localities. The plan, devised by Dr. M. A. Veeder, of Lyons, N. Y., is already in operation upon an international basis.

More car couplers than any other kind of inventions are patented just now every month. Recently thirty-four were presented for examination, and twenty-eight (representing sixteen different makes) were tried in Chicago. Only four survived the "drop test," which consists of three blows of a 1,640-pound weight, falling ten feet. Tension tests are yet to be applied.

A yellow pine on the banks of the Rouge River, Southern Oregon, contained, according to a rough estimate, about eighty thousand acorns, which had been driven into its back by the California woodpecker. These acorns, thus strangely stored, are not valued so much as articles of food direct, as for the worms which are afterwards found in the decaying portions of the acorn kernels.

In the prevention and cure of writers' cramp, Langes, himself a former sufferer, advocates the following method of using the pen. The holder is placed between the index and middle fingers, and rests against the centres of the first and second phalanges of the bent middle finger. It is supported in this position by the index finger slightly curving round it, and by the thumb. The holder points straight outwards, and makes an angle of 30 deg. to 35 deg. with the paper. The fourth and fifth fingers form the support, and the movements take place at the brachio-carpal articulation.—Munchener medizinische Wochenschrift.

NINE LONG YEARS.

Mrs. John McLean writes from Barrie Island, Ont., March 4th, 1889, as follows: I have been a great sufferer from neuralgia for the last nine years, but, being advised to try St. Jacobs Oil, can now heartily endorse it as being a most excellent remedy for this complaint, as I have been greatly benefited by its use.

Paper stockings are said to be a new German invention. A Berlin shoe trade journal says that the stockings are made of a specially prepared impregnated paper stock, which, it is claimed, has an extraordinary effect on perspiring feet. The moisture is absorbed by the paper as rapidly as it is formed, and the feet remain dry and warm, while the constant temperature maintained in the shoes is said to be a great preventive of colds.

MY LITTLE BOY.

Gentlemen.—My little boy had a severe hacking cough and could not sleep at night. I tried Hagar's Pectoral Balsam and it cured him very quickly.

Mrs. J. Hackett, Linwood, Ont.

POET--LORE

THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE OF LETTERS.

Browning Anniversary Number.

MAY 1893.

Robert Browning—The Man: Some further Reminiscences. William G. Kingsland.

From the Provincial of Sordele, Troubadour. Prof. Owen Seaman.

Aristophanes' Philosophy of Poetry According to Browning. Helen Leah Reed.

Ideals of Beauty in Keats and Browning. Alice Groff.

Gentle Will, our Fellow. F. G. Fleay.

Browning's Mastery of Rhyme. Dr. William J. Rolfe.

Browning's Mildred. J. J. Britton.

The Sightless. Maurice Maeterlinck.

Browning Books of the Year. Triggs' 'Browning and Whitman, A Study in Democracy.' P.—Reyell's 'Browning's Criticism of Life.'—'Browning's Prose Life of Stratford,' etc. C.

The City of Dreadful Night. C.

Notes and News. The Original Book of Browning's 'The Ring and the Book.'—Some Interesting Reminiscences of Browning, Carlyle, Lowell, Holmes, etc., by Moncure D. Conway.—Browning, A Sonnet. C. E. D. Phelps.—Boston Browning Society. E. E. Marean

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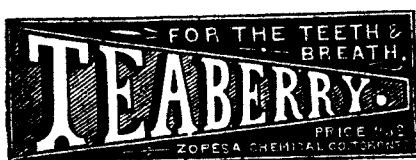
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A society has been formed for the promotion of discussions on philosophical and economic questions under the name of the London University Extension Philosophical Society, which is open to all interested in the objects of the society, though primarily intended for University Extension students.

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Sirs,—I had such a severe cough that my throat felt as if scraped with a rasp. On taking Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup I found the first dose gave relief, and the second bottle completely cured me.

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QUIPS AND CRANKS.

Babes in arms: The infantry.

Mr. Fury: I want to know what you mean by kissing my housemaid, sir? Mr. Cheeky: I mistook her for your wife, sir!

Lady (engaging nurse): Have you any experience with children? Irishwoman: Oh, Yis, mum! Oi used to be a child me-off wanst!

What do you think will be the biggest thing you will see at the World's Fair? said Mrs. Fucash. My hotel-bill, replied her husband.

The Rev. Mr. Arlington: You should always be particular about details, Miss Tucker. It is little things that tell. Nellie: I know that. I have three little sisters.

Jones: How are you succeeding, Mr. Horablower, in your work? Rev. Mr. Horablower: Magnificently. There's a great awakening at the close of every sermon!

Irate Customer: Do you call this butter? It is not fit to eat. Sentimental Cheesemonger: The poet says, 'To the pure all things are pure.' Irate Customer: Bosh!

Lady (interviewing housemaid): I'm afraid you're too small. Housemaid (humbly): Yes, mum, I know I'm very small, but I've got a large appetite, an' I'll grow.

I wish I were an ostrich, said Hicks, angrily, as he tried to eat one of his wife's biscuits and couldn't.

I wish you were, returned Mrs. Hicks, I'd get a few feathers for my hat.

New Magistrate at the Court: Drunk again? Five shillings or seven days. Pleoner: Oh, shure, I have only two shillings in the world. Magistrate: Well, you must just go to prison. If you hadn't got drunk with your silver, you'd have had quite enough to pay the fine.

In a cathedral one day, after service, a boy, the bellows-blower, said to the organist: I think we have done very well to-day. We, said the organist, in no small surprise at the impudence of his mental: How can you pretend to have any merit in the performance? Never let me hear you say such a thing again. The boy said nothing more at the time, but when they were next playing, he suddenly intermitted in his task of inflating the organ. The organist rose in wrath to order him to proceed, when the fellow, putting his head from behind the curtain, asked slyly: Who's we now?

It's sometimes said patent medicines are for the ignorant. The doctors foster this idea. "The people," we're told, "are mostly ignorant when it comes to medical science." Suppose they are! What a sick man needs is not knowledge, but a cure, for the medicine that cures is the medicine for the sick. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures the "do believes" and the "don't believes." There's no hesitance about it, no "if," nor "possibly." It says "I can cure you, only do as I direct." Perhaps it fails occasionally. The makers hear of it when it does, because they never keep the money when the medicine fails to do good. Suppose the doctors' went on that principle. (We beg the doctors' pardon. It wouldn't do!)

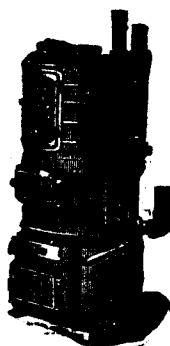
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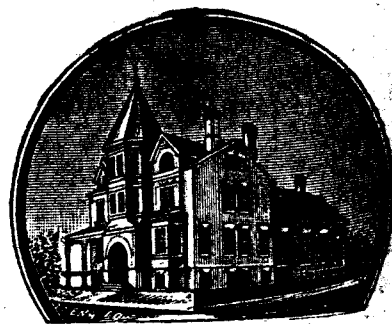
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