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WITH the passing of Hon. Alexander Mackenzie, one of the ablest and most incorruptible of Canada's statesmen disappears from the stage on which he had well and faithfully performed his part. With regard to the breadth of his statesmanship and the soundness of his political principles there is, perhaps, room for difference of opinion. With regard to his honesty and incorruptibility, there is happily none. Time was when in the heat of political excitement and party rancour there were found some ready to cast doubt upon the personal integrity of the deceased ex-Premier. To-day, it may with all confidence be affirmed, no such persons are to be found in Canadian public or private life, or if such exist, they are of a class whose utterances carry no weight, and whose baseless suspicions the high-minded amongst Mr. Mackenzie's life-long political opponents would be the first to repudiate. As in the summing up of life's accounts we all both instinctively and deliberately assign to the moral the unquestioned precedence over the intellectual, it is the highest praise which can be bestowed upon the memory of the departed, that, in the course of a long and active public career, notwithstanding the inevitable mistakes and failures which mar all human action, he was betrayed into no intentional wrong-doing, no act of dishonour, "which, dying, he could wish to blot."

TOUCHING the question of ability and statesmanship, any comparison of Mr. Mackenzie with another or others would be lacking in the essential elements of fairness, if it failed to take account of the differences in early opportunities. As is well known, Mr. Mackenzie's school advantages were meagre. It is to his lasting honour that, commencing life with such bare rudiments of education as the public schools of his native Scotland could impart fifty years ago, he, by dint of the most unremitting mental industry, raised himself to a position in which he could stand beside the most intelligent and best educated men in Canadian public life, and give his friends no reason to blush from the comparison. The best test of an educated mind is what it is capable of accomplishing in the way of independent work. Tried by this test, Alexander Mackenzie was easily entitled to an honourable place in the ranks of

the educated. Rising, as is so often necessary for a Parliamentary leader, at a late hour to reply impromptu to the long and carefully prepared speech of a political opponent, he was perhaps seen at his best. Without any attempt at rhetorical flourish, or the glowing periods of the orator, he would proceed to dissect the argument of his adversary with a logical precision, a lucidity of statement, and a clearness and force of expression which very few are capable of attaining under such circumstances, and which had all the qualities of convincing argument. It was but the more to his credit that he was able to accomplish this, not so much by the display of any striking mental brilliancy, as by dint of intense concentration of thought. His vigorous effort showed the working of a well-trained mind obeying the behest of a strong will. An unusually powerful memory was of great service to him on such occasions, but it is doubtful whether this, too, was not more the reward of painstaking culture and previous careful investigation and arrangement of facts, bearing upon all subjects with which it was his duty specially to deal, than the result of any extraordinary natural endowment. In a word, there is reason to believe that the saying that genius is but a special capacity for hard work, had special force in reference to the talent which he displayed throughout a long and honourable public career. Be that as it may, and we have no disposition to detract from the mental endowments, strong and rich far beyond the average, which were his heritage from nature, the result was that the ablest and best educated men that the Canadian schools and colleges were able to produce never failed, when called on to measure swords with the self-trained stone-mason, to find in him a foeman worthy of their steel, while not infrequently they were fain to retire discomfited from the contest with a man who, while by no means their inferior in skill of fence, was often distinctly their superior in the mastery of facts and precedents bearing upon the case in hand. Of the soundness or the opposite of Mr. Mackenzie's political principles we have neither space nor inclination to speak. This is neither the time nor the place for such discussion. The future will decide between him and his successful opponents, for nothing is clearer than that neither the past history nor the present state of the Dominion has as yet demonstrated that he was wrong and his opponents right. Suffice it to say at present, without entering into that vexed question, that his political principles were adopted carefully and intelligently, that they were held as conscientiously as tenaciously, and that repeated defeats never caused him to swerve for a moment from his faith in their soundness and their ultimate success.

WHEN the responsible Minister of the Crown admits on the floor of Parliament that it is a fair question for consideration whether a given institution within his department should not be done away with, it may be taken for granted that the case against its retention is a pretty strong one. In regard to the Kingston Military College the figures are, it must be admitted, rather startling. If the fact be, as is not we believe denied, that each of the eighteen graduates of last year cost the Dominion no less than \$2,666, and that the year was not exceptional in this regard, it is evidently none too soon to enquire carefully whether the game is worth the candle. When there is added to this fact of undue expense in educating, the further fact that of the total of 175 graduates sent out from the College, at an aggregate expense of nearly \$1,000,000, only twenty have remained in Canada, and only eighty in the British service, i.e., that only a little more than half follow their profession in any part of the British Empire, most of the others going to join the military or civil service of the only country against which there is the slightest possibility of the Canadian military ever being needed, the problem is still further complicated. It is, or rather it would be, if we permitted ourselves to contemplate the possibility of our troops ever being called upon to defend their country against invasion by that nation, a rather startling fact that for every officer we train at so great expense for service in the ranks of our own volunteers, we are training two or three for the benefit of the prospective enemy. It seems almost capable of demonstration that, this being so, the College maintained at such

cost is really a source of weakness rather than of strength to the county. While, therefore, it is evident that if the College is to be maintained at all there is need of a searching examination with a view to discovering how the very serious defects under consideration are to be remedied or reduced to the minimum, it is also clear that the time is a favourable one for a reconsideration of the antecedent question of the utility of such an institution in the Dominion. It may require some moral courage to take such a position, but the contingency that would render necessary the use of a military force in Canada seems so very remote that it is, to say the least, an open question whether some much simpler and less expensive system might not safely be relied on to furnish the country with all the military officers she is likely to stand in need of for many years to come. To undertake to provide employment in the public service for the graduates of the College would be a method of meeting the difficulty lying open to so many objections that it may be hoped the proposal will not be seriously made or considered.

THE Ottawa Evening Journal had, a week or two since, a strong open letter, addressed to "Members of Parliament and Senators who accept Railway Passes," in which it commented in dispassionate but severe terms upon the impropriety and wrongfulness of the acceptance of such passes by those who are, by the very nature of the position which they occupy as the people's representatives in Parliament, the guardians of the public interests against the aggressiveness of the railways. We have on various occasions commented on the same subject, and in somewhat the same way. We do not propose to go over that ground. We do not see how any unprejudiced person could read our contemporary's article and refuse to admit the conclusiveness of the reasoning employed. The main question is just now, it seems to us, one of fact. Are there Senators and members of Parliament who do actually allow themselves to be placed in the equivocal position the Journal describes? The Journal does not hesitate to assert that a majority of the members and Senators do hold railway passes. If this is not true, it is distinctly libellous. We have not heard of any action being taken by aggrieved members to compel retraction. If it is true, then—does any reader doubt it?—those who do this thing are guilty of a shameful betrayal of trust. We do not place so low an estimate upon either the intelligence or the moral culture of any member of Parliament as to suppose that he does not know in his heart that in so doing he is guilty of a gross public wrong; in fact, as will presently appear, of two gross wrongs, against not only his own constituents but the whole people of Canada. He must know that, in the first place, as the taker of a gift from a party in respect to whom he may at any moment be called upon to act the part of judge in the interests of the rest of the community, he has placed himself in a position in which it will be very difficult, if not wholly impossible, for him to act independently in the interests of his clients. In the second place, by accepting—as every member of Parliament, so far as we are aware, does—the indemnity allowed by Parliament for the express purpose of paying these very travelling expenses from which the free pass exempts him, he is really accepting money under false pretences. The Canadian Government, through the Minister of Justice, is about to commence, or has already commenced, suits to recover from certain officials the amount of certain rebates on the regular selling prices of goods purchased by said officials for public uses, on the ground that any rebate thus made belongs to the public on whose behalf the officials were acting, and not to the officers themselves. Need we point out the parallelism? What do "honourable" members of Parliament think of it, and of themselves or their colleagues, if they do this thing? What do our readers think of it and of them who do it? Is it not time some step were taken to put a stop to the practice?

WE have not much fault to find with the letter of "A Greyheaded Civil Servant," though he seems to have failed to perceive that THE WEEK's strictures were directed against the superannuation system, not against the members of the Civil Service. From the tenor of his

letter we infer that he himself is not in love with the system, or at least with the feature of it which constitutes its best justification in the eyes of the Canadian tax-payer—the enforced deductions from the salaries of the employees. The fact that it thus treats the members of the Service as if they were overgrown children who could not be trusted to do their own insurance is, to our thinking, not the least among its objectionable features. We should be very sorry to imply that the members of the Service who have for years submitted to the deductions referred to, in order that the amounts deducted might go towards making good the superannuation allowances, are not entitled to those allowances when the proper time comes. The good faith of the Government and Parliament are pledged in the terms of the Superannuation Act. That Act could not honourably be changed or repealed without making full provision for compensation to all who had contributed more or less from their salaries in accordance with its provisions. As to the *personnel* of the Service, our correspondent, in the last paragraph of his letter, says by implication much harder things than we have thought of saying. The distinction which he seems to make between the members of the Service and the people is one which the public will be slow to recognize. Nor is it quite clear that the members of the Service themselves are not at least as much to blame for the “bullying” of Ministers into making improper appointments, as the influential friends who may have used their influence to bring about the appointments. We are quite unwilling, moreover, to admit that the fault is primarily that of the persons who do the “bullying,” so much as that of the Ministers who allow themselves to be bullied into betrayals of trust. Much less are we willing that “the people,” for whom our correspondent seems to have a good deal of undisguised contempt, though they are really the employers whose taxes pay the salaries in question, should be so illogically confused with the party wire-pullers who are mainly responsible, next to the Ministers, for the bullying and bad appointments. On the two main points, however, we and our correspondent are, we presume, heartily agreed, viz., that all appointments to the Civil Service of the country should be made simply and solely on the merits of the competitors, and that the persons so appointed should be paid a fair remuneration for their services and left to provide for their own futures, like any other citizens. Touching Mr. Mulock's proposal we know nothing but what appeared in the newspaper reports of his speech, but we apprehend that his idea was to make up the superannuation fund from the enforced contributions of the members of the Service, thus putting the system on a business basis. This would be, we fancy, quite a different thing from the present arrangement, under which the consolidated revenue must be drawn on for a much larger sum than the amount contributed to it from the one and a-quarter to two per centum taxation of salaries of the employees.

A SIGNIFICANT hint was that conveyed in one of the despatches in the Newfoundland correspondence to the effect that in case of the failure of the reciprocity negotiations between the Government of Canada and that of the United States, the British Government might find itself called upon to reconsider its refusal to assent to the Blaine-Bond draft treaty. The despatch itself, in which this intimation was given, is promised but not yet brought down, but the inference in regard to the point in question seems to be unmistakable. As indicated in preceding comments, we have all along been disposed to wonder at the apparent readiness of the Home Office to interfere with the wishes of the smaller colony in this matter, in deference to the wishes of the larger. We have also been unable to convince ourselves that had it been the other party's ox which was gored, our Government would have been much less angry than that of our sister colony now is. The long-talked-of Conference at Washington having failed, so far as the question of reciprocity was concerned, the question now arises whether the British authorities will withdraw their objections to Mr. Bond's draft treaty and permit Newfoundland to work out her own salvation or destruction, as the event may determine. If so, will the treaty in its operation harm Canada? Mr. Harvey, on behalf of the Island Government, maintains that it will not. Newfoundland, having refused to accept the proposed *modus vivendi*, will no doubt press for the consent of the British Government with all possible energy, and whatever may be thought of the character of her proceedings in other respects, she has certainly proved herself not lacking in that particular quality. We can

only wait the event. Meanwhile it is so far satisfactory to learn, on the authority of Mr. Blaine, that the enforcement of the Bait Act against Canada was no part of the bargain between him and Mr. Bond, and that the matter was not mentioned between them. Probably the Newfoundland question may come up again in Parliament before the close of the session. One naturally feels not a little curiosity to know what will be the attitude of the Opposition in regard to it. They seem hitherto to have pursued a hesitating and timorous policy, or rather, perhaps, to have had no policy at all in reference to the matter. It would seem, to say the least, a strange inconsistency should the party whose platform is based upon reciprocity for Canada, and which has just been demanding for their own colony the right to frame her own commercial treaties, be found denying, or hesitating to respect and defend, the right of a sister colony to do the same thing.

WE received from Mr. Ewart, too late for its intended use, a note supplying a few words which had been accidentally omitted from his letter on the Manitoba School Question, which appeared and on which we commented last week. As Mr. Ewart deems the omitted words of special importance to his argument, we repeat the sentence and context with these words supplied:—

The argument now runs this way: The State ought to protect itself from vice by education. Religion is “an indispensable factor in all education every day in the week.” Therefore it is the duty of the State to educate; but to have nothing to do with religion! The true Protestant should observe that his conclusion, “it is the duty of the State to educate,” is contradicted the moment he asserts that it is not the duty of the State to teach “an indispensable factor in all education.”

The correction, it will be observed, does not affect our position in the slightest degree; because, as we have before seen, there is no contradiction whatever between the Protestant's conclusion that “it is the duty of the State to educate,” and his assertion that “it is not the duty of the State to teach an indispensable factor in all education”—meaning religion. The fatal fault in Mr. Ewart's argument is his failure to observe that in the first proposition the Protestant, whose views we attempted to interpret, uses the term “educate” only in a very restricted sense—as was, we think, clear from the whole tenor of our reasoning—to denote merely such elementary and rudimentary mental training as is deemed indispensable to intelligent citizenship. In the logical terminology, of which Mr. Ewart seems fond, his syllogism is made worthless by the vice of an “ambiguous middle term.” To suppose us to assent to the statement, “It is the duty of the State to educate,” using the word “educate” to include the whole training of the child, mental, moral and religious, is to credit us with giving away our case with a simplicity so transparent that it would hardly be worth the while of a clever logician like our correspondent to expose it.

THE sad downfall of a member of one of the most respectable families in Toronto, under the influence of the mania for stock-gambling, which is unhappily so prevalent in our day, conveys a moral which not only young men in similar situations but the public generally will do well to heed. Gambling, in the multitudinous forms which it has assumed in these days, is unquestionably one of the most degrading and dangerous vices of the age. It rivals intemperance in the insidiousness of its advances, and in the terrible misery it entails upon the innocent, no less than upon the guilty. While the whole country is shocked and disgraced by the prevalence of the grosser forms of the vice, as it is found to be flourishing, in spite of the laws and the police, in Montreal and other cities, the occurrence of such incidents as that in which young Mr. Brown was the actor, warns us that our own fair city is not exempt from the evil, in its most insidious and dangerous forms. Surely the executive forces of organized society, that is, our Governments and Legislatures, have a duty to perform in the premises. The necessity of putting down gambling in every form with a stern hand is one which communities are painfully slow to recognize. The thing itself is evil and only evil, for its underlying motive in every case is the desire to get something for nothing, a desire which is not only morally wrong, but essentially mean, and one which should, therefore, be abhorrent to every honourable mind. No high-minded man will, under ordinary circumstances, take advantage of his better information, or shrewder intellect, to gain a pecuniary advantage over his less fortunate neighbour. He would feel insulted to be thought cap-

able of so doing, and the man known to have done so would be despised and spurned by any social circle that has not itself fallen to a deplorably low level. And yet it is capable of demonstration that this is essentially the basis on which all forms of gambling, stock-gambling included, rests. The only truly honourable man in business is the man who would scorn to take the property of another without rendering a fair equivalent. Can anyone doubt that the application of that just law in business transactions would destroy every form of gambling, root and branch? It is worth while to say this just now as emphatically as possible, because it too often happens that the very friends who suffer most keenly when someone whom they trusted has succumbed to temptation, may have been largely instrumental in his downfall by ministering unwittingly to the passion which gained strength day by day until it overmastered honour and conscience. It is surely time for serious reconsideration of the question of the morality of the whole class of business transactions which so frequently culminate in the downfall and ruin of those who might, under better auspices, have taken rank among the most useful and honourable citizens. Agitation and education against the vice of gambling, in its essential principle, are greatly needed. Parents, teachers, the pulpit, the press, and all other moral agencies should unite in this much-needed educational work. Stringent laws, rigidly enforced, should play their part in the education of the public conscience in the matter. In a word, is it not high time that all the morally conservative forces of society should unite in a grand crusade against the gambling customs which are doing more than almost any other vice to sap the foundations of the social structure, by destroying the basis of confidence between man and man?

RECENT despatches from Buffalo, New York, say that two inspectors are just now kept very busy in that city in examining into cases in which Canadian seamen are alleged to be employed on American vessels, and that the provisions of the law against aliens are being rigorously enforced against all such who will not take the oath of allegiance and promptly become residents of the United States. At first thought such a procedure appears to be unfriendly and small in the extreme. And yet every logical protectionist on either side of the line must, on fuller consideration, admit that it is but the carrying out of the protective principle to its legitimate issue. In the last analysis every protective tariff must have as its chief aim the protection of domestic labour from foreign competition. In other words its main object must be to prevent in the protected country the use of any commodity not produced by the labourers of that country, while resident in it. Hence it seems impossible to escape the force of the argument which insists that to forbid the importation of articles of foreign manufacture and at the same time to permit citizens of a foreign country to cross the lines day by day to engage in such manufacture is logically indefensible. However we may admire the magnanimity of those advocates of the N. P. in our own Parliament who somewhat loftily refused to stoop to the littleness of imitating the policy of the United States in this particular, by legislating to prevent citizens and residents of that country from labouring in Canada while domiciled on the other side of the boundary line, it is clear to the slightest reflection that their magnanimity was indulged in at the expense of their consistency. It is a trite saying and no doubt in many cases a true one, that the best way to secure the repeal of a bad law is to enforce it stringently. On this principle those who believe protective tariffs to be unsound in principle and unworthy of an advanced Christian civilization, should be glad to see the theory of protection carried out with such hard-headed and hard-hearted logic.

THE action of the United States Government in voluntarily paying the sum of \$25,000 to the Italian Government as an indemnity to be distributed among the heirs of the three Italian subjects killed in the New Orleans massacre, is the natural sequel to the paragraph touching the general question in the President's message, on which we commented at the time. The position originally taken by the Washington Administration in regard to the matter was so untenable, or at least so inconsistent with any high sense of international obligations, that it is a decided relief to find it now tacitly repudiated. For a nation to seek to evade responsibility for the acts of her citizens on her own soil, on the ground that these acts were a State, not a national affair, was not only unworthy of high-minded people, but was such a course as could be

IN MEMORIAM.

THE HONOURABLE ALEXANDER MACKENZIE.

Integer Vitæ Scelerisque Purus. Hor. Lib. I, Ode 21.

OF Scottish birth and racy of the soil
 In speech and shrewd intelligence—he rose,
 By honest toil of skilful hand and brain,
 To the chief place in his adopted land ;
 Where, holding fast by his unswerving faith
 In equal rights and laws for rich and poor.
 Ordained by rulers of the people's choice—
 And strict frugality, the surest source
 Of public wealth—by many courtesy
 To each and all, he won the deep respect
 Of friends and generous foes ; nor lost it when
 His power passed to bolder hands, nor when
 His patriot record closed—in death he slept,
 And o'er MACKENZIE'S GRAVE a sorrowing people wept.
 W.

OTTAWA LETTER.

safely followed only by a stronger nation in dealing with a weaker. The payment of the indemnity demanded by the Italian Government will raise the reputation of the United States for fair dealing. It is pleasing to believe that this course has been dictated by a sense of justice, rather than by a less exalted motive. It would no doubt have been still more frank and praiseworthy had Mr. Blaine, or the President, had the moral courage to admit freely that the reparation was really due according to every principle of international equity, whatever might be the lack of provision in the constitution and the laws for meeting such an emergency, instead of claiming credit for the payment as an act of grace, as seems now to be done. As, however, the Italian authorities seem to have been satisfied with the acknowledgment and the manner in which it has been made, others need not, we suppose, complain. It is satisfactory to all lovers of peace and good feeling among the nations to know that this incident is so well ended and that good feeling is being restored between the two peoples concerned. It is probable that, in accordance with the President's recommendation, legislation will be had to render such a plea unavailable in any future case of the kind. In any event, a precedent has now been made which no future administration will care to ignore.

WHY is it that the advocates of radical reform in the spelling of English make so little progress in securing the adoption of a simpler and more natural method? It can hardly be denied that they have the best of the argument, in the somewhat rare cases in which serious argument is attempted in support of the present illogical and often whimsical forms. The defence has sometimes been based on the obliteration of etymological clues which would be the effect of the adoption of a purely phonetic system, and this is perhaps the argument which is generally most relied on by opponents of change. It is one which appeals more powerfully than any other to the scholarly classes. But it is easy to show that the present orthography of our English words is in very many cases utterly unreliable and often positively misleading as a guide to their derivation, a fact which seriously weakens, though it does not by any means destroy, the force of the etymological plea. In fact, in the eyes of those who attach great importance to derivation, not only as a guide to exact definition and usage, but as a valuable aid in historical research, the objection above noted would indicate the necessity of a spelling reform of a radically different kind, with a view to the correction of the mistakes which have resulted from the ignorance of early writers and lexicographers. There are of course various other objections with which the advocates of phonetic spelling are from time to time confronted, such as the effect which the change they propose would have in rendering the literature of to-day and preceding centuries as unreadable as if written in an unknown tongue, to succeeding generations. But we do not remember to have seen stated—though very likely this is because we have not read extensively in regard to the controversy—what seems to us to be without doubt the chief, though perhaps undefined, obstacle to the adoption of the reform. Is it not the fact that to readers the conception conveyed by the written word is formed through the medium of the eye rather than the ear, and so is associated with the form rather than the sound of the printed word? The weight of etymology as well as logic may be on the side of *rime*, *iland*, etc. But none the less the mind which has become accustomed to associate the ideas for which the printed symbols stand with the forms *rhyme*, *island*, etc., will not, without a distinct and troublesome effort, learn to connect those ideas with the former as it now does without conscious effort with the latter. The arguments of the spelling reformers seem to be generally based on the assumption that the chief use of the written forms is to represent the sounds of the spoken language, whereas it is doubtful whether the practised reader translates the symbols into sounds at all. To him the written or printed character becomes the sign, not of a sound, but of an idea. This may constitute a selfish and quite insufficient reason for opposing a change which has so much to be said in its favour, but it none the less may explain the fact that the majority so doggedly adhere to the old system. Even a scholar finds it a formidable task to read understandingly an article written according to any of the phonetic methods. May he not be excused if he shrinks from the task of having to learn his native language over again, so far as its use in reading and writing is concerned? The reform will no doubt come in time, but like all linguistic changes, it will be by slow and almost imperceptible degrees.

OTTAWA was unusually quiet in a parliamentary sense last week. The Easter recess corresponds to what in olden times was called the truce of God, when two contending armies, during a certain religious season enjoined by Mother Church, were ordered to refrain from warfare. And now a further adjournment until Thursday has been decided upon out of respect to the memory of the late Mr. Mackenzie, and in order that those members who can may attend the funeral. When the House met to-day (Tuesday) after the very first preliminaries, Sir John Thompson arose and made a pleasing, though not effusive, allusion to the dead ex-Premier. He said, he was a man who, by reason of his achievements and the important position which he occupied in connection with public affairs of the Dominion of Canada, had won for himself the esteem of all classes in the land. On behalf of those politically associated with him (Sir John) he was sure he could say that, on account of the great services Mr. Mackenzie had rendered, as well as the noble qualities he represented, his loss was as deeply felt by them as by those across the floor of the House.

Naturally, much was expected from Mr. Laurier, and although his remarks were brief, and spoken with suppressed feelings, the visitors in the galleries were not disappointed. The leader of the Opposition began by comparing, in no invidious manner, the respective deaths, as political events, of the late Sir John Macdonald and of his long-time opponent, just gone to his rest. It was Sir John Macdonald's good luck to fall at his post, to die in harness. In the very gaze of the public eye, he was called from the field of practical strife to eternal rest. Then the speaker dwelt upon the long years during which Mr. Mackenzie was so afflicted as to be practically dead, and reached a high pitch of pathetic eloquence when he said it was, "in the middle of the day, which is to Christians the symbol of victory over death, that the long imprisoned soul was released from its shackles and he now lives forever." "Mr. Mackenzie," continued the speaker, "was not of the stern, cold, ungracious nature, that many people supposed. On the contrary, he was endowed with a quaint humour peculiar to his race, and he fully enjoyed and appreciated the unrestraint of intimate life." Mr. Mills followed, pointing out the indefatigable perseverance and wonderfully retentive memory possessed by the deceased statesman, and then the House adjourned.

Before the recess, and since my last letter, there were two matters of particular interest to the House and to the country at large. One was of a constitutional nature, while the other is of special moment to the gentlemen of the legal calling. Sir John Thompson moved that the House afford the necessary authority for providing that the evidence of the parties accused before the respective enquiring committees last year be procured for the trials which were to have commenced at the Assizes to-day. By this resolution it is provided that all clerks and short-hand writers shall be enabled to give evidence as to the admissions made by the accused at the meetings of these committees. Mr. Mills, who is great on objections to Government proposals, feared that the resolution would tend to render enquiry or investigation into abuses abortive in all time to come. However, the motion was agreed to. Everyone was looking forward to these trials to come off this week, but, on application of Mr. S. H. Blake, the presiding judge has granted an adjournment till the autumn assizes. Mr. Blake has promised that all the books required for the purposes of the trial will then be on hand. Much is dependent in those trials on the evidence of Mr. Perley, the late chief Engineer of Public Works. He is a very sick man, and has suffered terribly since the investigations began, mind and body being alike afflicted. The doctors now say he is mending, and will be the better prepared to tell what he has to tell in the latter part of the summer than he now is.

Sir John Thompson explained the Bill which he has introduced respecting the criminal law, showing that the Bill aimed at a codification of both common law and statutory law, and, while it did not aim at completely superceding the common law, it did aim at completely superceding the statutory law relating to crimes. It will be interesting to those who are in the habit of attending criminal cases as jurors or spectators to learn that if this Bill becomes law we will hear no more

of the familiar phrase, "with malice aforethought." This change will be made on the ground, well taken, that the general public attach a very different meaning to the word "malice" from that which is given it in criminal law. Another very important change in legal phraseology proposed by the Bill is the substitution of the word "theft" for the word "larceny." Of course these are two of the most apparent provisions of the Bill and are particularly interesting as tending to show the inconvenience of a difference in language in courts of law from that used in the ordinary business of life.

The active militia of Canada is coming in for some well-deserved criticism. Perhaps it would be more correct to say that it is the management of this department which is receiving the most censure. Sir Adolph Caron does not appear to have covered himself with glory as a soldier, and the shuffle, which puts Mr. McKenzie Bowell at the head of the militia, is hailed with pleasure by all interested in the military force. Major-General Herbert's report was very out-spoken, plain and altogether soldier-like, and will take much better throughout the country than the silly flattery to which our ill-disciplined militia officers have become too well used. General Herbert speaks highly of the material from which soldiers may be moulded, but implies that the developing apparatus is clumsy and impracticable. He makes several new suggestions that have already won for him commendation from members on both sides of the House. The Royal Military College, Kingston, met with severe handling when the item was discussed in committee, and there were some very practical suggestions made by many of those who participated. Mr. Bowell promises to thoroughly look into the management of this institution.

The latest rumour regarding the Caron charges is that full opportunity for investigation will be allowed the Opposition. Upon the result of this and upon the nature of the Redistribution Bill the length of the session depends.

T. C. L. K.

A LOSS TO CANADIAN SCHOLARSHIP.

Great men have been among us ; hands that penned
 And tongues that uttered wisdom, better none.

SO Wordsworth wrote of England, and so, in a lesser sense, may we say of Canada. But how has Canada treated such men? We had a Hatch among us, who had to go home in order to be thought great. We had a Fraser and a Gibson, of whom we had but a small opinion, till England's metropolis gave them a standing. Well was it for Candlish's fame that he resisted the call to Ancaster, and for Huxley's that he did not accept the invitation of the University of Toronto. Canada has been the slaughter-house of learning and genius. How many, throughout the Dominion, knew the Rev. George Coull, M.A., the intimate of Dr. Norman MacLeod's study, the fellow-rambler with Hyde Clarke in Asia Minor, the co-worker with Wood of Ephesus, the greatest Hebraist, the profoundest Grecian, the most accomplished linguist, the simplest-hearted, kindest man-child in all Canada? They can be counted on your fingers, and even these never appreciated the man at his true value. Born in Banffshire in 1827, Lord Mount Stephen and Sir Donald Smith, whose fortunes have been so different, knew him well. His uncle sent him to the Grammar School at Aberdeen, and, such was his progress, that, between the ages of fourteen and fifteen, he entered the University of King's College, where he paid his own way with prize money. While an all-round scholar, excellent in classics, his chief proficiency was in Oriental languages. The Rev. Duncan Anderson, formerly of Levis, Quebec, poet and ornithologist, and the friend of the Marquis of Lorne, when Governor-General, tells how Coull took the first prize, and he, the second ; and others relate that Professor Scott used to say of the young Orientalist : "You will be my successor, sir." In 1850, having completed his studies, he became tutor in the family of Mitchell, of Thanestown, and in 1857 was ordained by the Church of Scotland as missionary to Smyrna, a post for which his great linguistic attainments eminently qualified him.

Mr. Coull's eleven years in Smyrna constituted the most eventful epoch in his life. His tall, spare figure, crowned with an intellectual face, set with almost dreamy eyes, yet radiant with a kindly smile, was well known in the ancient city of Homer. Every Saturday he preached in Judæo Spanish to the Hebrews, like St. Paul of old ; and, on Sundays, the sailors and English residents listened to his words of wisdom. During the rest of the week he superintended the Jewish school, which he had established under Mr. Späth, and the Greek under Mr. Kynegos, truly a man of many labours. The Asiatic cholera broke out, and people were dying in hundreds, after two or three hours' sickness. Mr. Coull sent his wife and children away to a village, three miles from the plague-infected city, but himself remained at his post, like a true soldier of the cross. None of his friends, not even his wife, knew what he was doing, while he and the brave Irish Dr. Mackeath for months stayed there, going about constantly, nursing and caring for the sick and the dying. Even when the great death passed away, he took no rest. While, on account of the excessive heat, all business was suspended, and everyone else was simply resting, he was out visiting the bazaars, because then he could talk to the Jews in their leisure hours, the apostolic man ! And yet he found leisure for work of a more purely intellectual kind. Greek,

ancient and modern, was child's play to him; he read it like English. Hebrew on his lips was a living language still. French and Italian, Spanish and German, he made no account of, any more than Latin; and he could make his way with Turkish and Arabic. He was equally versed in classical and patristic authors, and pursued his researches into many wide fields of historical, archaeological, and philosophical study. It was a marvel the man did not break down before, as break down at last he did.

His children delight to tell of the pleasant excursions amid historic scenes on which they accompanied their father, to Chios, to Ephesus, and to Patmos, whence he brought back cotton seeds from the cave of the Apocalypse. He explored Patmos thoroughly, and found there a very ancient and complete manuscript of Diodorus Siculus. He travelled on horseback all over Asia Minor, without pistol or weapon of any kind, and was never molested, although many other explorers were captured by brigands and held to ransom. He had many kind friends in Smyrna. One was Dr. Hyde Clarke, the well-known archaeologist and philologist, who wrote a glowing testimonial in his behalf when applying for the sub-chair of classics in McGill College, which was virtually filled before his documents were sent in, and filled by a failure. Another was Mr. Wood, the excavator of the temple of Diana at Ephesus, for whom Mr. Coull discovered the missing foot of a valuable statue. Prior to his African days, H. M. Stanley made a tour into the interior of Asia Minor, and Mr. Coull was his guide. Many learned Frenchmen and Germans, such as Renan and Adler, gladly availed themselves of his superior knowledge of the country. His house was always full of distinguished guests. Principal Tulloch was there, and Professor Mitchell, of St. Andrew's, and Dr. Norman MacLeod, of the Barony in Glasgow, into whose den he was ever after most cordially welcomed. Many a time has Mr. Coull proposed to the writer a trip in Asia Minor, to which no one would have more gladly agreed, but alas! what prospects does Canada hold out to any professional man to take a trip anywhere, save to lordly bank managers and people of that kind, who, apart from their business A. B. C., have, as a rule, but slim accomplishments?

Mr. Coull was sent home by the doctors, and, for a time, was engaged in literary work, chiefly translating, by the Foreign Mission Committee of the Church of Scotland. He lost the Hebrew chair at Aberdeen by one vote. The wonder is he got so many, for, of all the retiring men in the world, he bore the palm. Then he became assistant to Dr. Leishman, of Govan. In 1873, for the cause of health, he came to Nova Scotia. He was to have gone to Fredericton, N. B., but Dr. Grant sent him to New Glasgow, instead of into his true place, a college. He was buried there, and worse buried in the unappreciative cotton-spinning and paper-making Valleyfield, P. Q., and finally extinguished in the rural parish of St. Sylvester. The simple rustics could not appreciate the pale-faced, high-souled scholar, who gave them thoughts too lofty for their narrow souls, and who yet tended them with all a pastor's kindly sympathy. A twopenny-halfpenny sciolist who would kiss the babies was more to their liking. Oh, the pity of it! Yet he never murmured or complained, but was abundant in labours that the rawest lad who ever went out of a college was as fit for as he. Not that he was altogether unappreciated, even by the most humble members of his flocks. His memory is fragrant in New Glasgow; in St. Sylvester he was greatly beloved; and never were there sincerer mourners than those who wept over his remains at Valleyfield. Mr. Anderson says: "Of how much we all here will miss Coull I shall say nothing. To our children his arrival was always an event of deep interest, and little could be done until man and horse were made thoroughly comfortable. But I had no intention of singing his praises." That is true. The children loved him, and that is a good certificate of character for any man. A giant in learning, he was as simple as a child. Mr. Anderson also says: "I had always felt that a country charge was not the place for Coull, and many a time did the late Dr. Weir and I ponder together over the problem how could he be transferred to a chair in Morrin College. Dr. Weir would at any time have given up his Hebrew classes to Coull, whom he was always prepared to own was infinitely better fitted than himself to teach these classes, but then Morrin's poverty was the barrier." After Dr. Weir's death, Mr. Coull was appointed lecturer in Hebrew, and, during the session of 1891-92, was the idol of the students, and taught a class of Quebec ministers anxious to profit by his abundant stores of knowledge. At Christmas he went home to St. Sylvester to prepare new lectures, to preach, to visit, to care for the sick and the dying; in the midst of which the malady fell upon him. The news of his appointment as professor in full in the chair of Hebrew and Greek Exegesis came when he was unconscious, the one desire of his life, but he never knew it; and on the 3rd of February, one more of Canada's great but unappreciated blessings was removed to a sphere in which modest worth is acknowledged, duty and labours are crowned, and heartfelt piety receives its meed of immortal glory. No man more thoroughly improved life, but in him the Presbyterian Church of Canada and Canada's literary institutions wilfully squandered it. Canada will not see a Coull again for many a long year, and does not deserve to. Our so-called patrons of learning are a disgrace to any land, slaves of selfish expediency, purblind judges of outward appearance, too deficient in culture themselves often to estimate it aright in others, and too jealous of their own factitious reputations to suffer even an inoffensive rival

near the throne. Let this state of things go on, and our fate will be:—

Perpetual emptiness! unceasing change!
No single volume paramount, no code,
No master spirit, no determined road;
But equally a want of books and men.

THE CRITIC.

WHAT the novel has been for the last fifty years it is just possible that fifty years hence the drama will be—the most notable feature, because the most vigorous growth, of contemporary literature. Not that the novel—or, to be quite safe, the short story—will ever be wholly ousted from the field. That is impossible so long as magazines continue to multiply or readers demand a new book. But from the very length of time that the novel has maintained its sway arises the eagerness for change, and it is just possible that this change will show itself in the realm of drama. Already there is a shaking among the dry bones.

Dry bones surely we may call the majority of the productions that, with here and there an exception, for many years now have occupied the boards. If the materialism that some critics assert is the mark of modern literature is anywhere visible, it is on the stage. Materialism could hardly go farther when we see plays recommended to the public for their unsurpassed mechanical effects, and an important member of the management is the director of the electrical apparatus, when the glory of a startling *mise en scène* is in steel filings or exploding steamboats, to say nothing of heroes snatched from circular saws and heroines bound to leather belting. Not that such things may not be quite legitimate, but there is a danger lest realism should outrun art and sensationalism poetry.

However, there is a shaking among the dry bones. Irving, bowing to nineteenth century exactness and scenic splendour, has given us "Henry VIII.," thus going back to history. Maeterlinck is feeling his way—also with topics of days gone by. Oscar Wilde has come to the front, but with modern topics in accentuated form. Ibsen has long been experimenting, also with modern topics, or rather with modern problems, in still more accentuated form. The lyrical drama, too, has within recent years wonderfully revived; in its serious aspects in Wagner, in its lighter aspects in Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan, and in both the modern spirit, the spirit of introspective psychological analysis, is either deliberately avoided, or treated in jest. Much talk there is also on such subjects as a literary drama as distinct from stage plays, as the establishment of a *théâtre libre*, as the didactic functions of theatrical representations. Lastly the Laureate has produced a play which has been acted and criticized. Is there not a significance in all this? Yes, we are probably just now witnessing the birth of what in time may be the most prominent feature of twentieth century literature.

There are perhaps two ways in which modern drama may develop. On the one hand it may accept the modern spirit and seek to represent it in more intensely dramatic and artistic form than it has yet been represented. It may accept the habit of analysis and introspection and give us complicated psychological and sociological problems in terse and epigrammatic phraseology. It may deal but little with incident or action, and give us in their place mental, social, and even religious complications which shall stimulate the reason rather than the emotions and take little or no thought of the imagination. It may substitute personal idiosyncracies for traditional virtues and vices. In such a type there will be no such thing as a heavy villain, much less a doughty hero. Murder and sudden death will be accidents intended to intensify the effect of intricate situations rather than integral factors about which plots will centre. Perhaps even love and hate and jealousy will be given subordinate place. Domestic intrigues would probably abound, though what part they would play in the plot it is difficult to say. Perhaps it is on these lines that Henrik Ibsen is working. In Sardou there are signs of it, but Ibsen is more radical than Sardou. To mention Ibsen, however, is to raise controversy.

On the other hand, modern drama may develop along diametrically opposite lines; may start with a rebellion against the modern spirit, and end by seeking to divert man by taking him out of himself rather than by showing him himself as he deems himself to be. It may altogether avoid all problems; may shut its eyes entirely to introspection and analysis, and revert to simple and unsophisticated humanity. It may cease to treat man as an individual labelled with this or that creed, or this or that phase of scepticism, and view him simply as a creature who loves and hates and hopes, and who eats and drinks and sings. It may once again hold the mirror up to nature, and believe that nature is to be found rather in the core of the heart than in the many outer coverings with which modern convention has enwrapped it. It may give us beauty and poetry where the other gives us dark sayings and epigrams. It may stir the emotions and excite the imagination, rather than tickle the senses or stimulate the intellect. Something of this we see in "The Foresters." "The Foresters" surely was no haphazard choice of the Laureate's. To no other man living was the choice of subject so open. Tennyson would have received patient hearing and lenient criticism whatever his subject. But he has chosen to transport us to those green-robed senators of mighty woods, the tall oaks of Sherwood Forest, beneath whose boughs of old simple Maid Marian and unsophisticated Robin Hood tell their

love. Surely there was deliberate and set purpose in such choice. It would be strange if England's octogenarian poet made the first move in the new direction; yet it is quite within the bounds of possibility. Not that "The Foresters" is a great play; quite the contrary. It may not outlast its first courteous reception. What is significant is that Tennyson, in the midst of the realism, the materialism, and the pessimism so conspicuous on the modern stage, should make choice of a subject replete with their direct antagonists.

But it is an inexhaustible topic, this of the trend of the drama, and doubtless concerning it there will be as many divergent opinions as there are critics, and the only safe prophecy is that we shall see what we shall see. But that fifty years hence something new and good will be seen in the drama is more than probable.

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TWO KNAPSACKS:

A NOVEL OF CANADIAN SUMMER LIFE.

BY J. CAWDOR BELL.

CHAPTER I.

The Friends—The Knapsacks—The Queen's Wharf—The Northern Railway—Belle Ewart—The Susan Thomas, Captain and Crew—Musical Performance—The Sly Dog—Misunderstanding—Kempfeldt Bay.

EUGENE CORISTINE and Farquhar Wilkinson were youngish bachelors and fellow members of the Victoria and Albert Literary Society. Thither, on Wednesday evenings, when respectable church-members were wending their way to weekly service, they hastened regularly, to meet with a band of like-minded young men, and spend a literary hour or two. In various degrees of fluency they debated the questions of the day; they read essays with a wide range of style and topic; they gave readings from popular authors, and contributed airy creations in prose and in verse to the Society's manuscript magazine. Wilkinson, the older and more sedate of the two, who wore a tightly-buttoned blue frock coat and an eyeglass, was a schoolmaster, pretty well up in the Toronto Public Schools. Coristine was a lawyer in full practice, but his name did not appear on the card of the firm which profited by his services. He was taller than his friend, more jauntily dressed, and was of a more mercurial temperament than the schoolmaster, for whom, however, he entertained a profound respect. Different as they were, they were linked together by an ardent love of literature, especially poetry, by scientific pursuits, Coristine as a botanist, and Wilkinson as a dabbler in geology, and by a firm determination to resist, or rather to shun, the allurements of female society. Many lady teachers wielded the pointer in rooms not far removed from those in which Mr. Wilkinson held sway, but he did not condescend to be on terms even of bowing acquaintance with any one of them. There were several young lady typewriters of respectable city connections in the offices of Messrs. Tylor, Woodruff and White, but the young Irish lawyer passed them by without a glance. These bachelors were of the opinion that women were bringing the dignity of law and education to the dogs.

It was a Wednesday evening in the beginning of July, and the heat was still great in the city. Few people ventured out to the evening services, and fewer still found their way to the Victoria and Albert hall; in fact, there was not a quorum, and, as the constitution stated that, in such a case, the meeting should be adjourned, it was adjourned accordingly. Coristine lit a cigar in the porch, and Wilkinson, who did not smoke, but said he liked the odour of good tobacco, took his arm for a walk along the well-lit streets. They agreed that it was time to be out of town. Coristine said: "Let us go together; I'll see one of the old duffers and get a fortnight's leave." Wilkinson had his holidays, so he eagerly answered: "Done! but where shall we go? Oh, not to any female fashion resort." At this Coristine put on the best misanthropic air he could call up, with a cigar between his lips, and then, as if struck by a happy thought, dug his elbow into his companion's side and ejaculated: "Some quiet country place where there's good fishing." Wilkinson demurred, for he was no fisherman. The sound of a military band stopped the conversation. It came into sight, the bandmen with torches in their headgear, and, after it, surrounded and accompanied by all the small boys and shop-girls in the town, came the Royals, in heavy marching order. The friends stood in a shop doorway until the crowd passed by, and then, just as soon as a voice could be distinctly heard, the schoolmaster clapped his companion on the shoulder and cried, "Eureka!" Coristine thought the music had been too much for his usually staid and deliberate friend. "Well, old Archimedes, and what is it you've found? Not any new geometrical problems, I hope." "Listen to me," said the dominie, in a tone of accustomed authority, and the lawyer listened.

"You've heard Napoleon or somebody else say that every soldier of France carries a marshal's baton in his knapsack?"

"Never heard the gentleman in my life, and don't believe it, either."

"Well, well, never mind about that; but I got my idea out of a knapsack."

"Now, what's the use of your saying that, when it myself knows that you haven't got such a thing to bless yourself with?"

"I got it out of a soldier's—a volunteer's knapsack, man."

"O, you thief of the world! And where have you got it hid away?"

"In my head."

"O rubbish and nonsense—a knapsack in your head!"

"No, but the idea."

"And where's the knapsack?"

"On the grenadier's back."

"Then the grenadier has the knapsack, and you the idea: I thought you said the idea was in the knapsack."

"So it was; but I took it out, don't you see? My idea is the idea of a knapsack on a man's back—on two men's backs—on your back and on mine."

"With a marshal's baton inside?"

"No; with an extra flannel shirt inside—and some socks, and a flask, and some little book to read by the way; that's what I want."

"It'll be mortal heavy and hot this boiling weather."

"Not a bit. You can make one out of cardboard and patent cloth, just as light as a feather, and costing you next to nothing."

"And where will you be going with your knapsack? Will it be parading through the streets with the volunteers you would be after?"

"Go? We will go on a pedestrian tour through the finest scenery available." This was said correctly and with great dignity. It had the effect of sobering the incredulous Coristine, who said: "I tell ye, Farquhar, my boy, that's a fine idea of yours, barring the heat; but I suppose we can rest where we like and go when we like, and, if the knapsacks get to be a nuisance, express 'em through, C.O.D. Well, I'll sleep over it, and let you know to-morrow when I can get away." So the pair separated, to retire for the night and dream a knapsack nightmare.

Coristine's leave did not come till the following Tuesday, so that Friday, Saturday and Monday—or parts of them, at least—could be devoted to the work of preparation. Good, strong, but not too heavy, tweed walking suits were ordered, and a couple of elegant flannel shirts that would not show the dirt were laid in; a pair of stout, easy boots was picked out, and a comfortable felt hat, with brim enough to keep off the sun. Then the lawyer bought his cardboard and his patent cloth and straps, and spent Saturday evening with his friend and a sharp pen-knife, bringing the knapsacks into shape. The scientists made a mistake in producing black and shiny articles, well calculated to attract the heat. White canvas would have been far better. But Wilkinson had taken his model from the military, hence it had to be black. The folded ends of the patent cloth, which looked like leather, were next to the wearer's back, so that what was visible to the general public was a very respectable looking flat surface, fastened round the shoulders with becoming straps, equally dark in hue. "Sure, Farquhar, it's packmen the ignorant hayseeds will be taking us for," said Coristine, when the prospective pedestrians had strapped on their shiny baggage holders. "I do not agree with you there," replied the schoolmaster; "Oxford and Cambridge men, and the best *litterateurs* of England, do Wales and Cornwall, the Lakes and the Trossachs, to say nothing of Europe, dressed just as we are." "All right, old man, but I'm thinking I'll add a bandanna handkerchief and a blackthorn. They'll come in handy to carry the fossils over your shoulder. There now, I've forgot the printers' paper and the strap flower press for my specimens. True, there's Monday for that; but I'm afraid I'll have to shave the boards of the flower press down, or it'll be a sorry burden for a poor, tired botanist. Good night to you, my bouchal boy, and it's a pack you might throw into a corner of your sack." "Cards!" replied Wilkinson; "no sir, but my pocket chess box will be at your service." "Chess be hanged," said the lawyer; "but, see here, are they checkers when you turn them upside down? If they are, it's I'm your man."

On Tuesday morning, about eight o'clock, there appeared at the Brock Street Station of the Northern Railway, two well-dressed men with shiny knapsacks on their shoulders. They had no blackthorns, for Wilkinson had said it would be much more romantic to cut their own sticks in the bush, to which Coristine had replied that, if the bush was as full of mosquitos as one he had known, he would cut his stick fast enough. They were the astonishment, rather than the admiration, of all beholders, who regarded them as agents, and characterized the way in which they carried their samples as the latest thing from the States. For a commencement, this was humiliating, so that the jaunty lawyer twisted his moustache fiercely, and felt inclined to quarrel with the self-possessed, clean-shaven space between Wilkinson's elaborate side-whiskers. But the pedagogue, in his suavest manner, remarked that Cicero, in his *De Natura Deorum*, makes Cotta call the common herd both fools and lunatics, whose opinion is of no moment whatever. "Why, then," he asked, "should we trouble our minds with what it pleases them to think? It is for us to educate public opinion—to enlighten the darkness of the masses. Besides, if you look about, you will see that those who are doing the giggling are girls, sir, positively girls."

"Your hand on that, Farquhar, my boy; if it keeps the hussies off, I'll wear a knapsack every day of my life."

Coristine did not know where he was going, being subject to the superior wisdom and topographical knowledge of his companion, who appeared in the row that

besieged the window of the ticket office. "Two for Belle Ewart," he demanded, when his turn came.

"Trains don't run to Belle Ewart now; you had better take Lefroy, the nearest point."

"All right; two for Lefroy."

The ticket agent looked at the attire of the speaker, and was about to produce the cardboard slips, then hesitated as he glanced at the straps and the top of the black erection on Wilkinson's shoulders, and enquired, "Second class, eh?" The dominie was angry, his face crimsoned, his hand shook with indignation. Being a moral man, he would not use bad language, but he roared in his most stentorian academic tone, a tone which appalled the young agent with rapid visions of unfortunate school days, "Second Tom-cats! Does the company put you there to insult gentlemen?" It was the agent's turn to redden, and then to apologize, as he mildly laid the tickets down, without the usual slap, and fumbled over their money. The feminine giggling redoubled, and Coristine, who had regained his equilibrium, met his friend with a hearty laugh, and the loud greeting, "O Lord, Wilks, didn't I tell you the fools would be taking us for bagmen?" But Wilkinson's irritation was deep, and he marched to the incoming train, ejaculating, "Fool, idiot, puppy; I shall report him for incivility, according to the printed invitation of the company. Second! ach! I was never so insulted in my life."

There was room enough inside the car to give the travellers a double seat, half for themselves and the other for their knapsacks. These impedimenta being removed the occupants of the carriage became aware that they were in the company of two good-looking men, of refined features, and in plain but gentlemanly attire. The lady passengers glanced at them, from time to time, with approbation not unmingled with amusement, but no responsive glance came from the bachelors. Wilkinson had opened his knapsack, and had taken out his pocket Wordsworth, the true poet, he said, for an excursion. Coristine had a volume of Browning in his kit, but left it there, and went into the smoking-car for an after breakfast whiff. The car had been swept out that morning by the joint efforts of a brakesman and the newsagent, so that it was less hideously repulsive than at a later stage in the day, when tobacco juice, orange peel, and scraps of newspapers made it unfit for a decent pig. The lawyer took out his plug, more easily carried than cut tobacco, and whittled it down with his knife to fill his handsome Turk's head meersch-chaum. When all was ready, he discovered, to his infinite disgust, that he had no matches nor pipe-lights of any description. The news agent, Frank, a well-known character on the road, supplied him with a box of Eddy's manufacture, for which he declined to receive payment. However, he pressed his wares upon the grateful Coristine, recommending warmly the Samantha books and Frank Stockton's stories. "Are there any women in them?" asked the smoker. "Full of them," replied Frank; "Why, Samantha is a woman." "Take them away, and bring me something different." The news agent returned with a volume made up of cartoons and other illustrations from *Puck*, and soon the Irishman was shaking his sides over the adventures of Brudder Sunrise Waterbury and similar fictitious characters. So absorbed was he in this trivial literature that he failed to notice the entrance of an old man, respectably dressed, who took a seat on the opposite side of the aisle, and was preparing to smoke his three inches of clay. He was aroused by the salutation and request:—

"Good marnin', Sor, an' moight Oi be afther thrubblin' yeez for a loight to my poipe?"

"Certainly, with pleasure; glad to be of any use to a fellow-countryman," replied Coristine, looking up, and perceiving that his new acquaintance, though old and stooped, had a soldierly air. "You have been in service?" he continued.

"Troth I have, puff, puff, now she's goin' aisy. Oi was in the Furren Laygion in South Ameriky, an' my cornel was the foineest man you iver see. It was Frinch he was by his anshesters, an' his name it was Jewplessy. Wan toime we was foightin' wid the Spanyerds an' the poor deluded haythen Injuns, when a shpint bullet rickyshayed an' jumped into my mouth, knockin' out the toot' ye'll perceive is missin' here. Will, now, the cornel he was lookin' at me, an', fwhen Oi shput out the bullet and the broken toot' on the ground, he roides up to me, and says, says he, 'It's a brave bhoy, yeez are, Moikle Terry, an' here's a suverin to get a new toot' put in whin the war is over,' says he. Oh, that suverin wint to kape company wid a lot more that Oi'd be proud to see the face av in my owld age. But, sorra a toot' did the dintist put in for me, for fwhere wud the nate hole for the poipe have been thin, till me that, now?"

Mr. Coristine failed to answer this conundrum, but continued the conversation with the old soldier. He learnt that Michael had accompanied his colonel to Canada, and, after serving him faithfully for many years, had wept over his grave. One of the old man's sons was a sergeant in the Royal Artillery, and his daughter was married to a Scotch farmer named Carruthers, up in the County of Grey.

"She was a good gyurl, as nate an' swate as a picter, whin she lift the cornel's lady's sarvice, an' wint an' tuk up wid Carruthers, a foine man an' a sponsible, not a bit loike the common Scotch. Carruthers and her, they axed me wud Oi go an' pay thim a visit, an' say to the comfort av her young lady on the way."

"What young lady?" asked Coristine, and immediately repented the question.

"Miss Jewplessy, to be sure, the cornel's darter, and an illigant wan she is, av she has to make her livin' by the wroitin'."

At this juncture, the lawyer, with lively satisfaction, hailed the arrival of Frank, who came straight towards him.

"Are you Mr. Coristine, the lawyer?" he half whispered. "Yes; that's my name," his victim replied, thinking that Wilkinson had sent him a message.

"Well, there's a lady in the rear car wanted to know, and I said I'd find out."

"Fwhat's that you'll be sayin' av a lady in the rear car, my lad?" questioned the old soldier, who had overheard part of the conversation.

"It's the tall girl in the travelling duster and the blue ribbons that wants to know if Mr. Coristine is here."

"Fwhat? my own dare young mishtress, Miss Ceshile Jewplessy; shure it's her that do have the blue ribbins, an' the dushter. Do yeez know that swate young crathur, Sor?"

"I do not," replied Coristine abruptly, and added, *sotto voce*, "thank goodness!" Then he relit his pipe, and buried his head in the Puck book, from the contemplation of which the Irish veteran was too polite to seek to withdraw his attention. In a few minutes, the door opened and closed with a slam, and Wilkinson, pale and trembling, stood before him.

"Eugene, my dear friend," he stammered, "I'll never forgive myself for leading you and me into a trap, a confounded, diabolical, deep-laid trap, sir, a gin, a snare, a woman's wile. Let us get off anywhere, at Aurora, Newmarket, Holland Landing, Scanlans, anywhere to escape these harpies."

"What's the matter, old man?" enquired Coristine, with a poor attempt at calmness.

"Matter!" replied Wilkinson, "it's this matter, that they have found us out, and the girl with the cream coloured ribbons and crimson wrapper has asked that villainous news-agent if my name is not Wilkinson, and if I don't teach in the Sacheverell Street School. The rascal says her name is Miss Marjorie Carmichael, the daughter of old Dr. Carmichael, that was member for Vaughan, and that her friend, the long girl with the blue ribbons, knows you. O, my dear friend, this is awful. Better be back in Toronto than shut up in a railway car with two unblushing women."

"Stay here," said Coristine, making way for his friend, "they'll never dare come into this car after us." Yet his eye followed the retreating form of the South American warrior with apprehension. What if he should bring his 'dare young mistress' and her friend into the atmosphere of stale tobacco after their lawful game? Wilkinson sat down despairingly and coughed. "I feel very like the least little nip," he said faintly, "but it's in my knapsack, and I will not enter that car of foul conspiracy again for all the knapsacks and flasks in the world."

Now, Coristine had smoked two big pipes, and felt that it was dry work, but loyalty to his friend made him braver than any personal necessity would have done. "It's sick you're looking, Farquhar, my dear," he said, "and it's no friend of your's I'd be, and leave you without comfort in such a time of trouble. Here's for the knapsack, and woe betide the man or woman that stops me." So up he rose, and strode out of the car, glowering fiercely at the second-class passengers and all the rest, till he reached the vacated seats, from which he silently, and in deep inward wrath, gathered up the creations of cardboard and patent cloth, and retreated, grinding his teeth as he heard the veteran call out behind him, "Would yeez moind comin' this way a bit, Mishter?" He paid no attention to that officious old man, but hurried back to the smoking-car, where he extracted Wilkinson's flask from its flannel surroundings, removed the metal cup, poured out a stiff horn, and diluted it at the filter. "Take this, old man," he said sternly, pressing it to the lips of the sufferer, "it'll set you up like a new pin." So the schoolmaster drank and was comforted, and Coristine took a nip also, and they felt better, and laughed and joked, and said simultaneously, "It's really too absurd about these girls, ha, ha!"

Apprehension made the time seem long to the travellers, who gazed out of the windows upon a fine agricultural country, with rolling fields of grain, well-kept orchards and substantial houses and barns. They admired the church on the hill at Holland Landing, and the schoolmaster told his friend of a big anchor that had got stuck fast there on its way to the Georgian Bay in 1812. "I bet you the sailors wouldn't have left it behind if it had been an anchor of Hollands," said Coristine, whereupon Wilkinson remarked that his puns were intolerable. At Bradford the track crossed the Holland River, hardly flowing between its flat, marshy banks towards Lake Simcoe. "This," said the schoolmaster, "is early Tennysonian scenery, a Canadian edition of the fens of Lincolnshire," but he regretted uttering the words when the lawyer agreed with him that it was an of-fens-ive looking scene. But Lake Simcoe began to show up in the distance to the right, and soon the gentlemanly conductor took their tickets. "Leefroy," shouted the brakesman. They gathered up their knapsacks, dropped off the smoker, and sped inside the station, out of the windows of which they peered cautiously to see that no attempt at a pursuit was made by the ladies and their military protector. The train sped

on its way northward, and feeling that, for a time, they were safe, the pedestrians faced each other with a deep-drawn sigh of relief. The station-master told them to walk back along the track till they met the old side-line that used to go to Belle Ewart. So they helped each other to strap on their knapsacks, and virtually began their pedestrian tour. The station-master would have liked to detain them for explanations, but they were unwilling to expose themselves to further misunderstanding. Walking on a railway track is never very pleasant exercise, but this old Belle Ewart track was an abomination of sand and broken rails and irregular sleepers. Coristine tried to step in time over the rotting cedar and hemlock ties, but, at the seventh step, stumbled and slid down the gravel bank of the road-bed. "Where did the seven sleepers do their sleeping, Wilks?" he enquired. "At Ephesus," was the curt reply. "Well, if they didn't efface us both, they nearly did for one of us." "Coristine, if you are going to talk in that childish way, we had better take opposite ends of the track; there are limits, sir."

"That's just what's troubling me; there are far too many limits. If this is what you call pedestrianizing, I say, give me a good sidewalk or the loan of an uneven pair of legs. It's dislocation of the hip or inflammatory rheumatism of the knee-joint I'll be getting with this hop and carry one navigation." Wilkinson plodded on in dignified silence, till the sawmills of the deserted village came in sight, and, beyond it, the blue green waters of Lake Simcoe. "Now," he said, "we shall take to the water." "What?" enquired Coristine, "on our knapsacks?" to which his companion answered, "No, on the excellent steamer *Emily May*."

There was no excellent steamer *Emily May*; there had not been for a long time; it was a memory of the past. The railway had ruined navigation. What was to be done? It would never do to retrace their steps over the railroad ties, and the roads about Belle Ewart led nowhere, while to track it along the hot lake shore was not to be thought of. Wilkinson's plans had broken down; so Coristine left him at the village hostelry, and sallied forth on exploration bent. In the course of his wanderings, he came to a lumber wharf, alongside which lay an ancient schooner.

"Schooner ahoy!" he shouted, when a shock-headed man of uncertain middle age poked his head up through a hatchway, and answered: "Aho yourself, and see how you like it." This was discouraging, but not to a limb of the law. Coristine half removed his wide awake, and said: "I have the pleasure of addressing the captain of the ship *Susan Thomas*," the name he had seen painted in gold letters on the stern.

"Not adzackly," replied the shock-headed mariner, much mollified; "he's my mate, and he'll be along as soon as he's made up his bundle. I'm waitin' for him to sail this yere schooner."

"Where is the *Susan Thomas* bound for?"

"For Kempenfeldt Bay, leastways Barrie."

"Could you take a couple of passengers, willing to pay properly for their passage?"

"Dassent; it's agin the law; not but what I'd like to have yer, fer its lonesome, times. Here comes the old man hisself; try him."

A stout grizzled man of between fifty and sixty came walking along the wharf, with his bundle over his shoulder, and Coristine tried him. The Captain was a man of few words, so, when the situation was explained, he remarked: "Law don't allow freight boats to take money off passengers, but law don't say how many hands I have to have, nor what I'm to pay 'em or not to pay 'em. If you and your friend want to ship for the trip to Barrie, you'd better hurry up, for we're going to start right away."

Coristine was filled with the wildest enthusiasm. He dashed back to the hotel, the bar of which was covered with maps and old guide-books, partly the property of Wilkinson, partly of mine host, who was lazily helping him to lay out a route. "Hurry, hurry!" cried the excited lawyer, as he swept the maps into his friend's open knapsack. Then he yelled "hurroo!" and sang:—

For the ship, it is ready, and the wind is fair,
And I am bound for the sea, Mary Ann.

Like a whirlwind he swept Wilkinson and the two knapsacks out of the hotel door, along the sawdust paths and on to the wharf just in time to see the first sail set. "What in the name of common sense is the meaning of this conduct?" asked the amazed schoolmaster as soon as he got his breath.

"Meaning! why, we're indentured, you and I, as apprentice mariners on board the good ship *Susan Thomas*, bound for Kempenfeldt Bay.

Brave Kempenfeldt is gone,
His victories are o'er;
And he and his eight hundred
Shall plough the waves no more.

But we'll plough them, Wilks, my boy. We'll splice the spanker boom, and port the helm to starboard, and ship the taffrail on to the lee scuppers of the after hatch, and dance hornpipes on the mizzen peak. Hulloo, captain, here's my mate, up to all sorts of sea larks; he can box the compass and do logarithm sums, and work navigation by single or double entry." The schoolmaster blushed for his companion, at whose exuberant spirits the sedate captain smiled, while the shock-headed man, whom Coristine named The Crew, displayed a large set of fairly preserved yellowish teeth, and guffawed loud and long.

"Do I understand, Captain, that you are willing to

take us to Barrie in your—ah—vessel?" asked Wilkinson, politely.

"Aye, aye, my man," answered the ancient mariner, "get your leg aboard, for we're going to sail right away. Hi, you, Sylvanus there, give another haul on them halliards afore you're too mighty ready to belay, with your stupid cackle."

So the indentured apprentices and their knapsacks got on board, while Sylvanus, *alias* The Crew, stopped laughing, and put a pound or two extra on to the halliards. "Wilks," said Coristine, "it'll puzzle the women to find us out on our ocean home."

Wilkinson saw the captain hauling at the halliards of the after-mainsail and went to his assistance, while Coristine, doffing his coat, lent a hand to The Crew, when, by their combined efforts, the sails were all hoisted and the schooner floated away from the pier. The lawyer walked over the deck with a nautical air, picking up all loose ends of rope and coiling them neatly over his left arm. The coils he deposited carefully about the feet of the masts, to the astonishment of Wilkinson, who regarded his friend as a born seaman, and to the admiration of the captain and The Crew. The schoolmaster felt that Wordsworth was not the thing for the water; he should have brought Falconer or Byron. So he stuck to the captain, who was a very intelligent man of his class, and discussed with him the perils and advantages of lake navigation. They neither of them smoked, nor, said the captain, did he often drink; when he did, he liked to have it good. Thereupon Wilkinson produced what remained in his flask, which his commanding officer took down neat at a gulp, signifying, as he ruefully gazed upon the depleted vessel, that a man might go long before he'd get such stuff as that. Then the conversation turned on the prohibitory Scott Act, which opened the vials of the old man's wrath, for making "the biggest lot of hypocrites and law-breakers and unlicensed shebeens and drunkards the country had ever seen." The schoolmaster, as in duty bound, tried to defend the Act, but all in vain, so he was glad to change the subject and discuss the crops, politics, and education. This conversation took place at what the captain called "the hellum," against the tiller of which he occasionally allowed his apprentice to lean his back while he attended to other work. Wilkinson was proud. This was genuine navigation, this steering a large vessel with your back; any mere landsman, he now saw, could coil up ropes like Coristine. The subject of this reflection was quite happy in the bow, chumming with The Crew. Smoking their pipes together, Sylvanus confided to his apprentice that a sailor's life was the loneliest life out of jail, when the cap'n was that quiet and stand-off like as one he knewed that wasn't far away, nuther. Coristine sympathized with him. "The bossiest time that ever was on this yere old *Susan Thomas*," he continued, "was last summer wunst when the cap'n's niece, she come along fer a trip. There was another gal along with her, a regular stunner, she was. Wot her name was I raley can't tell, 'cos that old owl of a cap'n, whenever he'd speak to her, allers said Miss Do Please. I reckon that's what she used to say to him, coaxin' like, and he kep' it up on her. Well, we was becalmed three days right out on the lake, and I had to row the blessed dingy in the bilin' sun over to Snake Island to get bread and meat from the Snakes."

"From the snakes!" ejaculated Coristine, "why this beats Elijah's ravens all to nothing."

"Oh, the Snakes is Injuns, and Miss Carmichael, that's the cap'n's gal, says their rale name is Kinapick."

"Look here, Sylvanus, what did you say the captain's name is?"

"Oh, the old pill's name is Thomas, like the schooner, but, you see, he married one of the pretty Carruthers gals, and a good match it was; for, I tell ye, them Carruthers gals hold their heads mighty high. Why, the ansomest of them married Dr. Carmichael that was member, and, ef they did say he married below him, there wasn't a prouder nor a handsomer woman in all the country. There's a brother of the Carruthers gals lives on a farm out in Grey, and he took up with a good lookin' Irish gal that was lady's maid or some such truck. That's marryin' below yourself ef you like, but, bless you, Miss Carmichael don't bear him no spite for it. She goes and stays with him times in the holidays, just like she does along o' the old man here. My! what a three days o' singin' and fun it was when them two gals was aboard; never see nothing like it afore nor sence."

"By George!" groaned the lawyer.

"What's up, Mister? turned sick, eh? smell o' the tar too much fer your narves? It do make some city folks a bit squarmish. Wish I'd a drop o' stuff for you, but we don't carry none; wouldn't do, you know." Coristine was touched by the good fellow's kindness, and opened his flask for their joint benefit, after which he felt better, and The Crew said it made him like a four-year-old.

"Hi, Sylvanus, come aft here to your dog-watch," cried the captain, and The Crew retired, while his superior officer and Wilkinson came forward. The former went down into the hold, leaving the dominie free for conversation with his friend. "It's all up again, Wilks," said Coristine sadly; "those two girls were on board this very schooner, no later than last summer, and the one that spotted you is the captain's niece."

"I know," groaned Wilkinson; "did he not tell me that he had a niece, a wonderfully fine girl, if he did say it, in the public schools, and made me promise to look her up when I go back to town! This kind of thing will be

the death of me, Corry. Tell me, is your friend at the helm another uncle?"

"Oh, no," laughed Coristine, "he's a simple-hearted, humble sort of creature, who worships the boards these girls trod upon. He has a tremendous respect for the Carmichaels. What a lucky thing it is they didn't come on board at Belle Ewart! Do you think they'll be on hand at Barrie?"

"I shouldn't wonder."

"Then, Wilks, I tell you what it is, we must slope. When it gets dark, I'll slip over the stern into the dingy and bring her round to the side for you; then we'll sail away for parts unknown."

"Corry, I am ashamed of you for imagining that I would lend myself to base treachery, and robbery, or piracy rather, on the high seas, laying us open, as you, a lawyer, must know, to penalties that would blast our reputations and ruin our lives. No, sir, we must face our misfortune like men. In the meanwhile, I will find out, from the captain, where his niece and her friend are likely to be."

(To be continued.)

AT MURRAY BAY.

CURLING off the points and shallows
Tides turn out and stream away,
Winning all the willing water
From the shoals of Murray Bay.

Flushed with pink and meshed with silver
Wide the beaches lie unfurled,
Where the Murray strives to sweeten,
All the oceans of the world.

Far and faintly far to southward
Like an hamlet dim of dreams,
White the line of Kamouraska
In the mirage floats and gleams.

Where the orient waters wander
Ebbing slowly with the light,
Burning deep with purple shadows
Cap a l'Aigle fronts the night.

Night that calmly moving onward
Fresh with breezes from the sea,
Pacing up the river floorways,
Kindles lights at Saint Denis;

Fills the land with slumber shadows;
While for her imperial rest,
Venus sinks in languid splendour
Down her caverns in the west.

DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT.

THE FIRST SHAKESPEARE CENTENARY, A.D. 1664: AN ARITHMETICAL CURIOSITY.

IT is difficult to suggest any matter, however trifling, connected in any way with our "great poet" which has not again and again been the subject of comment and disquisition; yet I do not remember ever to have seen any reference to the singular peculiarity (arithmetically considered) of the figures 1664, the first Shakespeare Centenary. Whether those who celebrated that occasion noticed the peculiarity to which I refer, I must leave to learned Shakespeare students to decide.

It needs not assuredly "a great arithmetician" like "Michael Cassio, the Florentine," to see that 1664 is made up of the square (16) and the cube (64) of the number 4. And Michael Cassio can hardly fail to note, further, that 4 itself is a square number. The first centenary is, therefore, made up of the square and the cube of a square number—and being thus made up it is practically *unique*. These conditions have indeed been partially fulfilled three times since the beginning of the Christian era—namely, in the dates 927, 48 and 11—where the numbers 3, 2 and 1 are the root numbers of whose squares and cubes those dates are respectively made up. In the coming "æons of the ages" the conditions will again be partially fulfilled in the years 25,125 and 36,216, where the root numbers are 5 and 6 respectively, and similarly also in the cases—I spare the figures—where the root numbers are 7 and 8. But in no one of all these cases is the root number itself a square number. In fact, the very earliest date at which *all* the conditions in question will be fulfilled is 81,729, which it will be seen is made up of the square and cube of 9—which is itself a square number. Shall we have to wait for that somewhat distant date to celebrate the centenary of another Shakespeare?

E. A. M.

THERE are two kinds of pity: one is a balm, the other a poison. The first is realized by our friends, the last by our enemies.—*Charles Sumner*.

To love one who loves you, to admire one who admires you—in a word to be the idol of one's idol—is exceeding the limit of human joy; it is stealing fire from heaven, and deserves death.—*Mme. de Girardin*.

CANADIAN LITTERATEURS: ARE THE UNIVERSITIES SO MUCH TO BLAME?

REFERRING to an article in your issue of April 8th, signed by "Alchemist," and dating from Montreal, I would venture to say that while I sympathize with the writer's aspirations and hopes for Canadian writers and Canadian development, I would urge that he is very harsh and even unreasonable in his treatment of the Universities. That the difficulty which he deplores exists may be true, but the same difficulty exists in all countries. We do not suppose that Wordsworth, one of the greatest writers of this century, ever received from the sale of his immortal works enough for the livelihood of himself and family. It was a long time before he received that post in the excise which gave him the leisure to ramble over the fells without feeling the pain of anxiety for the morrow, which is depressing to writers as to ordinary men. As "Alchemist" suggests, the true writer, the artist, the teacher, must be tested and tested often by adversity; he claims for those who have been tested solid remuneration and recognition. There is no doubt a special charm about a local literature, and every organized country should strive for the expression of its own proper wants and thoughts and aspirations; but these expressions should not be so excessively local as to appeal only to inhabitants of this Dominion. We are still under five millions, we are not five to the square mile; of these scarce five millions, nearly two millions speak and write French, and have a literature of their own growing up, which, unfortunately, does not form a homogeneous whole with the English literature. The two streams are clear and beautiful we may admit, but they are not the same colour, and though they flow within the same banks, they do not mix. We cannot undo or gainsay history and cheerfully admit that the existence of French Canadian literature is a valuable Canadian asset; but the fact remains that our constituency is reduced to less than three millions—the population of a second-rank American State, much less than the population of London. That such a population could support a literature would be a miracle. Then, consider the age of the Dominion, for the word national as applied to Canada has only been applicable in any sense for a quarter of a century. We have had our baptismal ode, our collect for Dominion Day, but in such a period with such a limited, and scattered, and struggling, and divided constituency we can scarcely expect to provide sufficiently for a class of authors. It is creditable that so much has been done. Such writers as Franklin of the first quarter of the century of the American Nation (1776-1801) wrote for England just as much as for America. And though good work has been done in Canada, it seems to me little can be done for the Canadian authors permanently, until their utterances are such that their words shall be listened to, and listened for, beyond the boundary of the Dominion, till their music shall not be drowned by the roar of the Atlantic. To be successful a Canadian literature must be such as to be called for, and read by, the other English-speaking and English-writing populations. Burns did not write for Scotland alone, nor Tennyson for England, nor Longfellow for the United States; and while it is true that Canadians should gather inspiration from their federated unity, from their picturesque history, from their unique lakes, vast Mediterraneans of vast potential history, from their mountains and rivers, from their festal life amidst the woods, the quaint grouping in the sugar shanty, the merry glee of skaters and tobogganers, from the courage and endurance which have conquered extremes of climate; from the whole compass of that wide gamut which makes up Canadian life, it is also true that their aim should not be local. The material for a special literature or flavour of literature is there, but the utterance must be such in form as to compel attention beyond our political boundaries. A new author of the true type is almost sure to emerge from the crowd; even in the thick press of the English book market, a new singer will be listened to. So if we produce a singer equal to Longfellow, he will find his audience where English is spoken; if we can produce a historian like Macaulay or Bancroft, he will be read as these writers are in the United States and England respectively. The Atlantic and the line of forty-five will not prove to us nonconductors of that deep and truthful human utterance which we call literature. The fact is, competition, natural selection has a cruel looking side. A species of literary protection, I fancy, will not, in the long run, help the Canadian authors much. By all means let us make subscription lists for works of Canadian authors; let us organize Canadian Evenings, but not confine ourselves to them; let us impress on our Canadian Ministers the usefulness of the Civil Service, that not too exacting profession, as a place to provide for promising writers. Dominion pensions might also be advocated; small pensions, such as would keep the wolf from the door at any rate. Perhaps our *littérateurs* would develop a specialty and become an authority in some department of statecraft as well as a literary man, as has already been done by J. G. Bourinot and, in another way, by M. J. Griffin. The Provinces, too, might do something. "Alchemist" is quite right in thinking that even high-class journalism is too engrossing for true literature-producing. In few professions can we find men of even partial leisure.

It is when "Alchemist" falls foul of the Universities that I think the majority of his readers will part company with him. Such language as he uses in his fourth paragraph

is scarcely worthy of the subject. He says the Universities are most "blameable" on account of their "neglect of Canadian abilities;" "that they are so absorbed in themselves that they are more or less blind to all the new movements going on around them," and so on. Their self-absorption seems to me to mean that they really mind their own natural business. It is their business to teach, first and chiefly; research will come later. They are not, as yet, fully equipped for research. They strive to make the best of the material brought to them in their various faculties, and to instruct and inspire their students. Their business is to do this, rather than to mingle in the political strife, or even the political constructiveness, of their time. Much of their work must necessarily be humdrum, akin to the drilling of recruits. Lectures and examinations may not have an inspiring sound, but there are hundreds to-day in Canada who would gladly confess that one of the leading inspirations of their lives has been the teaching received and the companionship found in college life in a Canadian University, and who know that they are better citizens for the years they have spent in one of those institutions; and the graduates of the smallest, as well as of the largest, colleges feel this strongly. There is one word which is to my mind needlessly and provokingly irritating in the article; the Universities are said to be filled with "foreigners," and it seems these foreigners are causing the Canadian *littérateur* to starve. At what stage the non-Canadian born began to be a foreigner we are not told. We are not even told whether Canada would now be existing without the intervention of foreigners. Sir John Macdonald was foreign-born, and so are more than half the leading men of the Dominion who are over sixty. These foreigners, who have been appointed professors because, as "Alchemist" admits, they are the best men available in the subjects they have to teach, fail to apply themselves to exactly "what is wanted to raise this political organism higher and improve it." What I contend is wanted is that the best Physicist available should teach Physics, the best Greek scholar available should teach Greek, the best English scholar should teach English; by this you will promote patriotic objects more than by consciously making everything subserve the Canadian idea. Surely the list of patriotic professors is not limited to three, much as we all honour the names of Grant, Clarke Murray and Ashley. Sir W. Dawson is a remarkable example of the patriotic University professor. Think of his work for general education in the Province of Quebec, and his scientific audience, whether he writes upon his own subject, or on such questions as the connection of religion and science, is not confined to this side of the Atlantic. He has satisfied the conditions of success, and any Canadian who in pure literature will show a like ability will gain the wider audience, and will not need much bolstering up. Surely "Alchemist" cannot expect Universities to replace "foreign" specialists by Canadian *littérateurs* indiscriminately; he would not have Lampman as Professor of Mathematics, or Scott as Professor of Chemistry; these men must be the professors of literature if of any subject, and the number of such professorships is very limited. C. G. D. Roberts is professor of King's, Windsor, a University implanted here by foreign Oxford men, while young C. Colby is a lecturer of McGill. We all mourn with Professor Roberts on the early death of Goodridge Roberts. He was a theological student, with his course incomplete at the time of his death, and it is a pity he should be mentioned by "Alchemist" as one who already ought to have been a professor. By all means let us have chairs of Canadian History, Archaeology, Literature founded in our large Universities by those who owe their wealth to Canada, but let us get the best man every time for any particular post. Try to secure with high special qualification high personal character and sympathetic disposition. Let us get rid of the slavery of names and boundaries. We are members of that United Empire of all the continents whose motherland is England; we have a fine strain, too, of French blood; this we do not undervalue or ignore, but, in speaking of foreigners, do not let us train ourselves to think of any of the citizens of the United Empire as foreigners. And in literature, science and philanthropy at least let us not consider any who use the tongue that Shakespeare wrote as foreigners. The name "United States," without any geographical addition, has become a name of loyalty-producing love to millions whose native tongue was or was not English; and the term "United" has been tested as by the fire of civil war. The South is not foreign to the North, nor the East to the West. Why should not the term "United Empire," obtaining a new application in these later times, be an equal watchword of loyalty for the people in Canada, Australia, Ireland, Scotland, England? Let Canada be a true unit and organism in a mightier unit and a mightier organism, but not an isolated unit or an isolated organism. Meanwhile I trust I have not been deficient in sympathy with "Alchemist" in his yearnings for the healthy and adult development of Canada and Canadian literature, nor in the desire which I share with him that our writers shall have a sufficiency and even an abundance. May their writings be known and loved from Vancouver to Cape Breton, from Melbourne to Manchester, from London to Calcutta; and in the meanwhile the French writers, too, have our heartiest good wishes. But let no localism disfigure or dwarf our patriotism, nor let us condemn our Universities for doing their special work, or for leaving undone what it was scarcely in their power to do.

Lennoxville.

THOMAS ADAMS.

THE RAMBLER.

CANON CAYLEY, of Toronto, has in his possession a translation of the Hebrew Funeral Oration for the late Duke of Clarence, delivered in the great synagogue at Jerusalem. I append some of the more florid and intensely Eastern portions of the sermon or elegy, which appears to have been a fine effort on the part of Rabbi Joseph Nassim Barba. The references to Her Majesty will be seen to be in the warmest and most loyal vein:—

"A sound of distress, of sickening and the groaning and sighing of the globe, proceeding from London the Metropolis, has reached us; for a man in whom the King delighted, a Prince of Princes and a Duke of Dukes, Prince Albert Victor, grandson of the mighty Queen Victoria, is cut off, and all the people lament and mourn 'Alas and Woe.' For fire descended from heaven to entreat in the earth the precious vessel, the sardius and topaz. The four quarters of London trembled and shook, and they that looked out of the windows were darkened. . . . Evil and bitter is the fountain of tears, as the brooks are they spread forth. Weeping is as rivers and brooks, because a prince and a mighty one fell this day in Israel, cut off as a young branch. For a fire went forth and consumed even the very apple of the eye. . . .

O thou mighty man, blessed among sons, how art thou eclipsed. A voice of crying, of sorrow and distress, the stone from the wall crieth out in pain for the burden of sorrow which has befallen Her Majesty in the death of her beautiful, cedar-like grandson 'Israel.' We sympathize with and say to her, 'We grieve for thee, O mighty Queen of Sheba.' . . . The loss of this great Prince, who was a most important personage, is (comparing mental suffering to physical), in respect to painfulness, as pain in the cavity of the heart; for in physical diseases the intensity of suffering felt depends on the member of the body affected, and in like manner the sorrow felt on account of the death of a member of society depends upon his position and usefulness."

Montreal exchanges contain full reports of the first general meeting of the Canadian branch of the American Folk-Lore Society, held Tuesday week in the historic hall of the Natural History rooms. Although the idea—that of following up original research in the walk of native folk-lore—seems a new one, I imagine that our own Canadian Institute here in Toronto has been doing a great deal of work in a similar direction for years past. However, the formation of the new society will doubtless call forth the labours of ardent specialists in this direction, and draw into the true and proper channel much valuable testimony to the great wealth of the French province both in history and tradition. Ex-Mayor Beaugrand has been elected president, Mr. John Reade, secretary, and Dr. Louis Frechette, second vice-president. A ladies' executive, composed as follows, was also added: Mrs. Beaugrand, Mrs. Frechette, Mrs. Penhallow, Mrs. Robert Reid, Miss MacCallum, Miss Van Horne. It is proposed to hold monthly meetings during the winter months. Membership in the Montreal branch will also secure membership in the American society, and its journal, which is published quarterly, can be procured from any of the officers of the branch.

If we believe that a certain hackneyed line of old-time verse be true, and that the proper study of mankind is man, then folk-lore may, I suppose, be looked upon as the foundation of the most important of all sciences, that of anthropology, and therefore very interesting in itself. But who were the greatest masters of folk-lore? Not the men of science, the pamphleteers, the contributors to quarterly journals and reviews; say, rather, the troubadours and poets, the writers of fairy-tales and sketches, the essayists and gentle scholars who embodied the tales of their childhood in charming and picturesque pages. Nevertheless the anthropologist proper, whoever or whatever he may be, hath my sympathy, as well as the unconscious anthropologist, who, like the incorrigible Jourdain, may remark: "Why, I have written on these subjects for years and must be a master of folk-lore without knowing it!"

The topic reminds me of a story by Leigh Hunt, which I quoted recently to one who was in want of something weird but not sensational, impressive, but not decked out in imagery. I think it the model of a short story remarkable for point, human interest and suggestiveness. This is the outline, and as some admirers of Leigh Hunt are among my readers, they at least will not quarrel with the digression. A gentleman of Bavaria, noble and wealthy, had the misfortune to lose his wife. Soon after he gave way completely to grief and isolated himself from society of which he had ever been very fond. It is necessary to say here that his one great fault previous to his great loss had been a violent temper, which, although never vented in anger upon his gentle wife, made him anything but an agreeable friend and perfect master. One day while visiting the burial-ground, a messenger of divine aspect hands him a letter from his wife, which he reads by the light of the setting sun, and which asks him to repair at once to the public walk, where he will find his wife—alive and well. Obeying the mysterious summons, he does find her—the "Bertha" of his love, apparently as she had been before, and after a sweet reconciliation, they return home to take up the old life once more. A mock funeral is referred to in order to quiet the neighbours, and for a time all goes well. The Bavarian's temper at first is character-

ized by extreme gentleness and self-control. Gradually, however, it changes, and his self-will and pride return, until at last, one day when he is thrown into a greater passion than usual, he encounters the fixed and terrible gaze of his wife, who suddenly glides from the room. He and others surrounding her are struck dumb with horror from the peculiarity of her expression and of her disappearance. After a pause, they follow, and from this point we will listen to Hunt himself. "There was a short passage, which turned to the right into her favourite room. They knocked at the door twice or three times and received no answer. At last one of them gently opened it, and looking in, they saw her, as they thought, standing before a fire which was the only light in the room. Yet she stood so far from the fire as rather to be in the middle of the room; only the face was turned towards the fire and she seemed looking upon it. They addressed her but received no answer. They stepped gently towards her and still received none. The figure stood dumb and unmoved. At length one of them went round in front and instantly fell on the floor. The figure was without body. A hollow hood was left instead of a face. The clothes were standing upright by themselves."

The sequel describes the blocking-up of the apartment, which was afterwards called The Room of the Lady's Figure, and also the penitence and deep dejection of the unfortunate husband. The strength of the whole tale is due to the absence of all attempts at explanation.

As the days roll by, I do not find that my remarks touching a Loan Exhibition of Fine Art bring any fruit. Our citizens are content with purchasing and owning beautiful objects; it is altogether a different thing—this proposition to place some of them where they can be seen by all. But listen to what J. Pierpont Morgan has presented to the American Museum of Natural History. The Tiffany collection, supposed to be the finest in America, was purchased by him for \$20,000 from the celebrated firm (having, of course, an intrinsic value far beyond dollars and cents), and this unique and magnificent purchase is now the property of the Museum, and through it, of the public. Henry Ward Beecher, who was a monomaniac about gems, would revel among the Pennsylvania amethysts, the Colorado topazes and the Californian pearls. There are no historic stones, but thirty-four cut sapphires from Ceylon help to vary the interest in what is principally a national exhibition. Mr. Beecher indeed had so strong and almost superstitious a liking for precious stones that he was in the habit of carrying unset gems about with him, very often in his pocket. One of these, a large opal, was his especial favourite, and after any fatiguing appearance in public it was his habit to withdraw into solitude that he might take out this stone and gaze reverently into its depths. He describes the sensation as akin to the refreshment of music upon the tired soul, and this attitude towards gems recalls a paragraph from Mr. Haweis' popular "Music and Morals," in which the author speaks of the probable existence of a colour-art, separate and distinct from painting, and akin to the charms of roseate or purple arrows, the showers of silver and azure stars and the convolutions of green and crimson ribbons, which delight us so inexplicably in fireworks. The American diamonds are, however, few in number as yet, while pearls of small size but fine lustre come from Lower California, garnets from Virginia, and amber from Montana and New Mexico.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE SUPERANNUATION SYSTEM.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—Judging by your remarks on this subject in last Friday's issue, you appear to be under a strange misapprehension as to the facts of the matter, and you represent Mr. Mulock as being so too, which, as he must have been present at many debates on superannuation, seems rather queer. You object to "Mr. Mulock's proposal to withhold a certain proportion from the salary of each official in order to provide a superannuation fund." Can it be possible that neither yourself nor Mr. Mulock should be aware that this has been done for a quarter of a century? During all these long years I have been mulct in two per cent. of my salary for this very purpose, and I maintain that I am as fairly entitled to my pension, when the proper time arrives, as I should be to the amount of an insurance policy in which I had kept up the payments during the stipulated period; and I think every fair-minded person will agree with me. And superannuation leaves plenty of room for the exercise of that frugality and forethought in which you imply that civil servants are more plentifully lacking than their fellow-worms. Not long ago a friend of mine, who had served nearly forty years, died in harness, and not a cent did his widow get of the large amount he had paid into the superannuation fund for the last twenty odd years of his life. But for his foresight and self-denial she would have been left penniless, and this phase of superannuation is an injustice which nobody seems to care much about, though I think I have heard it pointed out in the House once at least.

With the abuses of the system you hint at, I have nothing to do. They are not the fault of the civil servants, few of whom want their already slender incomes

reduced. Neither is their proportion to the whole number very large. Most of the retired men I know here are very proper subjects for pensions.

You describe civil servants as having better advantages for providing for their present and future wants than other people. Is it possible that Canadians all round should be in so destitute a state as that? If you will examine the scale of salaries, I think you will admit that a man in the civil service has not much to lay by until he gets pretty high up, higher than many ever get; and, however high a civil servant may rise, his possibilities are limited, while those of outsiders are infinite.

Although you do not say it in so many words, the tone of your article would seem to imply that the poor plundered people of Canada pay us our salaries quite gratuitously; an opinion which appears to possess people generally. I think the able gentlemen constituting the Commission which recently went round the Departments have a very different tale to tell. I know that, during their prolonged peregrinations about the "buildings," they frequently expressed surprise and pleasure at what they found. For my own part, I was delighted to see them and answer their questions, and was sorry they did not stay longer and ask more, so pleasant was their visit.

If a civil service is necessary—and no civilized country appears able to get along without one—it ought not to be everlastingly snarled at and spoken contemptuously of, as ours is. I am not accusing THE WEEK of doing this, but it is plentifully done. If the Canadian civil service is not all it should be, the Canadian people may blame themselves. It is as good as they will allow it to be, and much better than it could be expected to be under all the adverse circumstances they pile around it. They will know well enough what I mean. If they would not everlastingly bully their Ministers into making appointments for every reason under the sun save that of fitness on the part of those appointed, things might be better. But they have gone on doing this until they have effectually eliminated the class of gentlemen and scholars which once adorned the service; and this must be all right, for do not the people love to have it so?

A GREYHEADED CIVIL SERVANT.

Ottawa, April 11, 1892.

AT EASTER TIME.

THE Spirit of mystery, in April guise,
Wakens its witchery to the world anew;
Some *Breath of Life* to nature hither hies—
Lo, marvels merge to meet the waiting view!

There seems a wond'rous winging in the air,
Like wafts of magic messages above;
Sweet whisp'rings are astir with answer'd prayer—
Behold, the miracles of bounteous Love!

In league with kindly skies this faithful earth
Away behind the break of years that roll;
She hides her secret of the body's birth,
As Heaven keeps the seal that link'd the soul.

Here, lay we down the dust of all our dead;
Safe the broad breast enfolds her hallow'd clay;
But whither, whither has the Spirit sped
Beyond the silence of that mystic way?

Oh, comes the crying of the riven heart!
The ruthless blow and blast of piercing pain;
The cruel, stunning pang, the bleeding smart—
Till boding darkness haunts the hapless brain.

Ah, brooding thro' these mists of low'ring gloom
Moves there the Warmth of some encircling Breath!
While murmuring Voices echo from the tomb—
"Was winter ever yet a weight of death?"

Go, search the sepulchre; *no stone enbars!*
Life, Love, Soul? See! their broken bounds of prison;
Hark! from the heights, above the bridge of stars,
Forth swells the vict'ry chant: "The Lord is risen!"

CHARLOTTE GRANT MACINTYRE.

Strathroy, Ont., April, '92.

LORD TENNYSON'S FORESTERS.*

THIS new play of our greatest living poet appears simultaneously on the stage at New York, and in one of those pretty green volumes which, for so many years, have been the first dress of poems which will never be forgotten as long as the English language is read. We are informed that "The Foresters" has proved decidedly successful at New York. Perhaps Sir Arthur Sullivan's music may have helped to make it acceptable to the musical public of the great city. Perhaps, too, as *Punch* has suggested, the combined efforts of a Peer and a Knight may have been found irresistible among American democrats. But the play has no need of such adventitious recommendations. It can stand on its own merits as the composition of our Poet Laureate which is best adapted, of all he has

* "The Foresters: Robin Hood and Maid Marian." By Alfred, Lord Tennyson, Poet Laureate. Price, \$1.25. London and New York: Macmillan and Company; Toronto: Williamson and Company, 1892.

written, for production on the stage. We do not mean that, as a dramatic poem, it will compare with "Queen Mary" or "Becket." There are no lines which come anywhere near those on the death of Lady Jane Grey or the Martyrdom of Archbishop Cranmer; nor do we get anything like the vivid picture of the age which we find in "Becket," although we must confess that we feel the air of Sherwood Forest round about us. But, for all that, it is more of a *play* than either of these two great works, and it is quite possible that it may retain its place on the stage. The action is animated, the dialogue is brisk, and the songs are delicious. Indeed, the art shown by the poet in these delightful songs is so consummate that we can quite understand an ordinary reader almost passing them over as noted for nothing but their simplicity. Let him examine them a little more carefully, and, if he likes, let him try his hand at something of the same kind, and see how it comes out.

The theme of the play is the old story of Robin Hood and Maid Marian. Robin Hood, according to the later legend, is here represented as Earl of Huntingdon, who is driven into outlawry by John during the absence of Richard in Palestine. Marian is the daughter of Sir Richard Lea and a god-child of King Richard. She loves and is loved by Robin Hood, but she will marry no one until King Richard comes home. Her father has raised a sum of money on his estates in order to buy back his son from captivity, and, unless he can pay the money by a certain time, his estate is forfeit—the estate on which he and his fathers had grown up for centuries. "They were born and bred on it," he says; "it was their mother—they have trodden it for half a thousand years, and whenever I set my foot on it I say to it, 'Thou art mine,' and it answers, 'I am thine to the very heart of the earth.' But now I have lost my gold, I have lost my son and I shall lose my land also. Down to the devil with this bond which beggars me."

The money is due to the Abbot of York, and the Sheriff of Nottingham, the Abbot's brother, undertakes to pay the money if Marian will become his wife. Robin could not help, even while in possession of his estates, for he had wasted his revenues in the service of Richard. But Marian knew that all would be well when the King came back, so she put off the decisive day. Along with the Sheriff appears John, sometimes as backing up that functionary, sometimes as plotting for a hold upon Marian for himself.

The first Act has three scenes; the first telling the story of the bond, the second and third of the outlawry. The second opens with a drinking song, simple as possible, but of extraordinary vigour: "Long live Richard, and down with John!" A kind of betrothal takes place between Robin and Marian before his exile; and a kind of sneer from Sir Richard that she will remember Robin until she forget him, brought from her the protest:—

Forget him? Never! By this Holy Cross
Which good King Richard gave me when a child—
Never!
Not while the swallow skims along the ground,
And while the lark flies up and touches heaven!
Not while the smoke floats from the cottage roof,
And the white cloud is roll'd along the sky!
Not while the rivulet bubbles by the door,
And the great breaker beats upon the beach!
Never—
Till Nature, high and low, and great and small,
Forgets herself, and all her loves and hates
Sink again into chaos.

The second Act is headed "The Flight of Marian," and shows Robin Hood and his merry men in Sherwood Forest. The third Act is on "The Crowning of Marian." Both of these are full of pretty snatches of song, with some charming Fairy scenes. In the fourth Act, "The Conclusion," King Richard appears in the forest *incognito*, and the reader feels that the crisis is approaching. The only one who escapes the fate which he merits is John, of whom his confiding brother can believe no evil; but who is here represented as the able and licentious ruffian which history represents him. We would gladly give some specimens of the songs, but every one who is worthy will certainly read the volume, and perhaps we have sufficiently set forth this duty.

THE uniforms worn by the present Emperor of Germany are positively legion in number. He possesses the trappings of nearly every regiment in his service. In addition to this he has the uniforms of two or three of the regiments belonging to the kingdoms, grand dukedoms and principalities of which he is titular chief. He also possesses two or three uniforms of every European country except France. Usually twenty-two tin cases are required for the travelling uniforms of his majesty. His cocked hat, helmets and other headgear are in charge of a separate servant, and another menial has charge of his boots.

It is notable that the president of the new Anthropometric Society, the eminent anatomist and biologist, Joseph Leidy, should have been the first man to hand over his brain for examination. He died but a few days ago, and his brain and that of his brother Philip, a distinguished physician, have both been submitted to the scientific investigation from which it is hoped to discover much concerning the connection of the organ of thought with the character and achievements of the man. Certain points are already published—that the brains of the brothers were each of the same weight to the minute fraction of a grain, and that both were considerably below the normal size.

MY THOUGHT.

My thought—like breezes blowing—
Floats whence? and whither flies?
Its coming and its going
Is heard through plaintive sighs.

It wakes not at my pleading,
Nor sleepeth at my will;
O whereto is it leading?
I can but follow still.

April 7, '92.

MARY MORGAN (Gowan Lea).

ART NOTES.

THE sculptor, Auguste Cain, has offered to the French Government the second casting in bronze of his large fountain called "Eagle and Vultures Disputing a Quarry," which was shown last year at the Old Salon. The first bronze is in private hands at Versailles.

THE 156 pictures sold by the American Art Association at auction in New York recently brought \$270,540. The highest price, \$27,000, was paid by C. P. Huntington for Troyon's "Le passage du bac," and the highest for an American artist's work was \$900 for F. A. Bridgman's "The Neighbours."

THE Italian Commissioner for the Chicago Fair, Alexander Del Nero, writes from Rome to the effect that there will be a fine exhibit of the mosaics, tapestries, Columbian relics, and other treasures of the Vatican which have never yet been on exhibition. He further reports that the Ethnographic Museum of Rome will probably loan many Columbian antiquities to the Exposition.

THE *Canadian Gazette*, of London, has the following anecdote: "Mr. John Colin Forbes, R.C.A., who painted the portrait of Mr. Gladstone which is to hang in the dining-room of the National Liberal Club, is sending to the Academy a large canvas to which a singular personal interest attaches. When a young man, Mr. Forbes was wrecked in mid-ocean, and it was largely due to his personal exertions that he and a few of his fellow-passengers were saved on a raft. It is this incident which the picture portrays."

THE late Mr. William J. Tempest, for many years connected with the Bank of Montreal, and who was a governor and counsellor of the Art Association of Montreal, by his will has, subject to the payment of a life rent of \$1,000 to his housekeeper, bequeathed a large legacy to that institution. The legacy to the Art Gallery includes Mr. Tempest's valuable collection of pictures, oil paintings and water colours and in addition to this, stocks and other assets amounting to from \$65,000 to \$70,000. The income from this sum is to be wholly applied to the purchase of foreign pictures, exclusive of American and modern British pictures, which the testator considered too costly in proportion to their merit. No portion of the money is to be applied to purchasing land, buildings or to meet expenses. The art collection is valued at \$20,000, and it is expected that when the whole legacy shall have been paid over to the Art Association it will practically reach \$100,000. Would that there were more wealthy Canadians imbued with the refined taste and patriotic spirit of this noble lover and benefactor of Canadian art.

THE world of art is a world of reflections. As in some magic mirror, phase after phase of human life and experience glitters across that polished surface and gives place to others, subtler and nobler as the ages proceed. For whatever the past has done, and to what extent soever certain aspects of expression, whether in words, or marble, or colour, have been carried to their limits, and exhausted in the entire range of their possibilities, yet to each perfected flower and fruit as it hangs and glows on the marvellous tree of time, another succeeds which touches deeper sensibilities, presents the story of the everlasting idea in a newer and more seductive guise, discloses depths of nature and heart and mind the earlier artists dreamed not of. All the ardours and glories of the imagination have disclosed themselves in the work of the landscape painter. To a Salvator Rosa nature is the reflection of moods sombre as the darkness of his own soul; to a Claude Lorraine, she is fresh with the joyousness of a soul to whom life was a scene of innocence and child-like gaiety. Very justly is he said to have been the first landscape painter who set the sun in the heaven of his creations; but that sun had first risen on the horizon of his own soul in the radiant view which his clear and joyous character took of the world and man. In Turner, on the other hand, all the tempestuous intellectual conflicts of his time are displayed; the attempt to believe what is no longer credible, the attempt to accept what is barely acceptable, the despair of doubt that disdains itself for the lack of power to allay its own torments, and exorcise its self-created ghosts, the moral struggle which leaps from stern asceticism to wildly ecstatic indulgence, and finds satisfaction in neither, with moments of transcendent peace, idyllic and serene as the golden age dreamed of by poets in the fore-world, all shine, and darken and fascinate in his incomparable portrayals of nature, made to be, as she is, the vehicle of the expression of thought in all its phases. But the great landscape painter above all perceives the total process of nature, how she perpetually destroys herself only to reproduce herself. He seizes all these aspects in their most permanent and essential form; the capricious, the

merely vague, the unimportant, by the instinct resident in his creative skill, he recognizes at once and drops from his picture. He sees how all nature is resumed and comprehended in the atmospheric process; how, as Emerson says, the mountains are dissolved into the air even as the waters are; how everything is engirt by the mist of its disintegration. Out of this marvellous medium the solidities of the earth are, so to speak, precipitated. The modern painter no longer portrays his object in clear isolation, in a medium crystalline and pure, but as it really is enveloped in the smoke and vapours of existence. The landscapes of Corot seem like dreams so pervaded by mists and exhalations are they; but the attempt is here distinctly made to reproduce that total process in which all things live and move and have their being, that dying into life and living into death to which everything sublunary is subject. These painters introduce the air into their pictures, and lo! the genetic processes of nature become their subject-matter and premeditated delineation. Such pictures, seeming irrational agglomerations of light and shade and colour, are gigantic efforts to throw upon canvas the whole movement of nature's life. No object in them has a definite outline; it flames up into the air, and seems gradually dissipating into space; the golden glow of the universal movement of all things suffuses the delineation, and one is confronted with nature as she really is, eternally passing away, eternally restoring herself. The art of the landscape painter, like music, is an essentially modern art, complex, capricious, various, but expressive of the deepest emotions, humane, ennobling.—*Louis J. Black, in the Open Court.*

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

THE GRAND.

"DR. BILLS" little running accounts with the Toronto public, having been satisfactorily liquidated, Manager Sheppard proceeded on Monday last to receive the annual admiration beneficiary fees from hosts of his friends, a deserving tribute to indefatigable energy and a constant desire to please his patrons. Roland Reed's clever company provided the bill of fare, served up under the title of "A Club Friend," being in the opinion of many the chief hit, so far, of this versatile comedian. The same "menu" catered to the appetites of the Grand audiences throughout the week. "Hermann, the Wonderful," is to appear at the Grand next week, beginning Monday, April 25th.

THE ACADEMY.

THE airy, fairy form of Marie Tempest is well suited to sustain the character of Adam in "The Tyrolean," the latest comic opera composed by Carl Zeller, presented on Thursday and Friday at the Academy. The music is not above the average quality in this class of composition, much of it, indeed, being commonplace, yet there are several catchy airs, and a few well-concerted numbers. "The Nightingale" song, introduced by Miss Tempest in the second act, was deservedly encored. Miss Tempest is a striking exception to most comic opera prime donne, in that she never forces her tones, thereby leaving an altogether pleasant impression by her vocal efforts, as also by her graceful acting. The supporting artists sustained the standard of Mr. Aronson's companies, which are invariably well selected. Mr. Fred. Solomon as *Baron Wepps* created an abundance of fun by his high class comedy acting; Messrs. Figman and Stevens as *The Professors* caused continuous merriment in their low comedy acting on the lines of the two thieves in "Erminie." Little Louise Beaudet sang as sweetly as ever in the character of *Christel*. This charming favourite improves constantly, and will make her special mark in the near future. The Tyrolean quartette, in the first act, with choral support, was very effective, the bass, Mr. Hofer, being especially fine in his lower register. The plot, as is usual in this class of opera, fulfils the old adage that "all is well that ends well." "Nanon" was produced on Saturday evening and matinee; the old favourite drew large houses, giving delight to everyone. This week, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, the favourite Carleton Opera Company, with Mr. Carleton at its head, in a new work entitled "Indigo," will hold the Academy boards.

TORONTO VOCAL SOCIETY.

THE final concert of this season of the Toronto Vocal Society, which takes place on Thursday next, April 28th, promises to fairly eclipse all previous efforts of this famous singing society. The choral selections are exceptionally fine and judiciously varied, being as follows: "Soldier Rest," Oliver King; "Matona, Lovely Maiden," a madrigal, composed by Lassus, A.D. 1530; "Lullaby of Life," Henry Leslie; "Duncan Gray," written for the Glasgow Select Choir; "My Lady Comes to Me," Pinsuti's (last work); "The Evening Hymn," solo and chorus, by Reinecke. The soloists, Miss Attalie Claire, formerly of Patti's Concert Company, and prima donna of the Carl Rosa Opera Company, London, England, etc., originally from Toronto, and Miss Mabel Glover, also a very young Toronto debutante, together with Mr. Fred. Boscovitz, the piano virtuoso, who will perform upon an ancient spinnett, that he recently used *en tour* in Montreal, Ottawa, Kingston, etc., also Mr. Harold Jarvis in solos. All combined should offer a musical feast that, judging by the appearance of the plan at Messrs. A. and S. Nordheimer's music store, will fill the Pavilion to overflowing. The following interview with Albani will be read with interest:—

Madame Albani graciously accorded Miss Florence Mabel Glover a hearing in several vocal selections on Tuesday week. Miss Glover is a young Torontonion of but fourteen years of age; the great *prima donna* was enthusiastic over her singing, saying amongst many pleasant things: "You have a wonderful soprano voice, and a correct technique, and should at once go to either New York or preferably to Europe, to study for opera." On Wednesday morning Miss Glover received a flattering letter from Madame Albani, the following being an extract:—

QUEEN'S HOTEL, April 12, 1892.

DEAR MISS GLOVER,—I write to you just before leaving to tell you how delighted I was with your musical talent. If I can be of any service to you in London, I shall be very pleased to see you there. Wishing you success. Believe me, yours sincerely,

E. ALBANI-GYE.

Miss Glover, who is a member of the Society, will appear at the concert of the Toronto Vocal Society Thursday, April 28, of which her singing-master, W. Edgar Buck, is the musical director.

MR. EDWARD LLOYD.

THE famous English tenor, Edward Lloyd, is to make his re-entrée in the Pavilion on May 5, together with Miss Dora Becker, violiniste, and Miss Pinner, soprano. A large audience is anticipated; Mr. Lloyd's reputation as the leading English-speaking tenor of the world being sufficient in itself to attract all music lovers. The plan is rapidly filling at Suckling's.

EASTERTIDE MUSIC.

THE Easter festival season may be looked upon as inaugurating the paraphrase from Haydn's "Creation," "Straight opening her fertile womb, the earth obeyed the Word and teemed creatures numberless, etc." On Sunday last the various Christian congregations in this city of churches sent forth their peans of joy in token of their spiritual salvation. The services in the Protestant and Catholic churches were this year specially ornate, nature herself being heavily taxed to provide many beautiful floral offerings to assist in celebrating the rising from the tomb of the Conqueror of death, who proclaimed the loosening of the chains of slavery throughout Christendom. The bright green herbage, having shaken off the cloak of winter, seemed to smile under the influence of the genial noonday sun, in consonance with this festive season, offering up sweet Hallelujahs on the bright Easter morn.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

SOME CHILDREN OF ADAM. By R. M. Manley. With Photogravure Illustrations. New York: Worthington Company.

The vague title of this book is not very alluring, and the story itself, although not without merit, is scarcely worthy of its attractive dress and the illustrations with which it is embellished. The author does not seem to have a proper sense of proportion, and his art, from inexperience, perhaps, rather than from want of ability, fails in the development of his characters and incidents into a well-wrought story. Most readers will consider the character of Uncle Plato, who could not have been such a fool as he is represented, a palpable exaggeration; and no good woman, however narrow and devoted to family interests, could have given even an implied consent to the wrong Franklin Raymond contemplated towards Desirée Renaud. The latter and her wicked, cynical, remorseless father are strongly-drawn characters, and add much to the interest of a story which, notwithstanding its defects, will doubtless have many readers and admirers.

BARRACKS, BIVOUACS AND BATTLES. By Archibald Forbes. London and New York: Macmillan and Company; Toronto: Hart and Company. \$1.50.

One of the institutions of modern warfare is the War Correspondent. A consequence of the direct contact of the press with the people is that, as in great events, so in small, the people look to the press to provide them with ready and authentic accounts of the chequered course of events, whether in war or in peace. Among the band of resolute and intrepid men who by their genius and address have made the name "War Correspondent" one of distinction and honour, none have achieved greater fame than Archibald Forbes, the hero of "the ride from Ulundi." He who has "watched the conduct in the field of the armies of eight European nations" should be well qualified to tell many a tale of thrilling interest, and sketch many a stirring scene. In the volume before us of 328 pages Mr. Forbes has gathered together sixteen contributions, some of which are old favourites, and all of which will be heartily welcomed and read, and re-read with unabated interest. They all evidence the graphic power of their writer's pen, his copious command of clear and forcible English, his sturdy manliness and invincible pluck, and yet tender and humane spirit. English to the core are these sketches, whether they reveal the splendid heroism of British valour, in rank or file, or expose the perversity or incompetence which are the foils of the noblest virtues. The pathos of "How 'The Crayture' got on the Strength" and of "The Old Sergeant;" the humour of "Jellypod; alias The Muleteer;" the dash and cool-

ness of "Bill Beresford and his Victoria Cross"; the daring risk of "An Outpost Adventure," will all be welcomed again by readers old and young, and they with the other companion sketches form a very attractive volume which only increases our indebtedness to their world-renowned author.

AMERICAN COMMONWEALTHS: Vermont: a Study of Independence. By Rowland E. Robinson. Price \$1.25. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company; Toronto: Williamson. 1892.

We have already commended the very excellent and useful series to which this volume belongs, and the present is an admirable addition to the histories of the States already published. Instead of the two volumes given to New York, we have one for Vermont, and it is sufficient. The story is told of the conflicts arising out of its position, surrounded as it was by Frenchmen on the north, Indians on the west and Englishmen on the south. It is a very stirring story which is told, every chapter of it, from the first chapter on "the Highway of War" to the seventeenth on the "Republic of the Green Mountains," being full of living interest. The story of the revolutionary war has been often told, yet we read these pages without weariness. To ourselves, however, some of the later chapters contain statements of greater present interest. We dip into chapter XIX., "Vermont in the War of 1812," and chapter XXI. on "Religion, Education and Temperance" with the following results:—

"The continual aggressions of Great Britain were gradually but surely tending to a declaration of war against the imperial mistress of the sea. To the impression of our seamen, the search and seizure of our vessels, the wanton attack of the *Leopard* on the *Chesapeake*, and many other outrages, was added the insult of attempting the same policy toward all New England, which for years England had pursued in the effort to draw Vermont to her allegiance." Naughty England! meditate on these things. And at the end of this chapter we read: "Peace was welcome to the nation, though the treaty was silent concerning the professed causes of the declaration of war, and the only compensation for the losses and burdens entailed by the conflict, so wretchedly conducted by our Government, was the glory of the victories gained by our little navy and undisciplined troops over England's invincible warships and armies of veterans." We should like to hear Colonel Denison's comments on this passage.

Here is a passage of universal interest from the latter chapter. Speaking of the attempts at Prohibition, the writer remarks: "Yet the fact remains that, after forty years' trial, prohibition does not prohibit, and presents the anomaly of an apparently popular law feebly and perfunctorily enforced. It is a question whether the frequent and unnoticed violations of this law, and the many abortive prosecutions under it, have not made all laws less sacredly observed, and the crime of perjury appear to the ordinary mind a merely venial sin." This is an excellent volume.

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON: A Biographical Essay. By Goldwin Smith, D.C.L. Price \$1.00. Toronto: Williamson and Company. 1892.

This is a very admirable piece of work, considered from the literary, historical or philanthropic point of view. Here is the problem of the book stated perfectly and charmingly in the author's Introduction: "There is sometimes a crisis in the history of a nation when a man is urgently needed to prick the national conscience on a moral question. The man need not be supremely wise after the fashion of earthly wisdom, nor supremely strong after the fashion of earthly strength. But he must be himself an impersonation of conscience. He must be perfectly free and disinterested, free not only from ambition and cupidity, but from vanity, from mere love of excitement, from self-seeking of every kind, as well as brave, energetic, persevering, and endowed with a voice which can make itself heard. Such a crisis was the ascendancy of the Slave Power in the United States, and such a man was William Lloyd Garrison. His character is interesting in its weakness as in its strength, and the contemplation of it is cheering as it shows what a fund of moral force a society sound at the core always possesses, dark as may be the apparent outlook, and how that force may be called forth, perhaps from the most unexpected quarter in the hour of need."

These are large demands and large assertions; yet they are not exaggerated. Lloyd Garrison responded to these demands, and the little book before us, which is based upon the "Story of his Life told by his Children," tells the story of what he was and what he did. Garrison was practically the originator and the life of the Liberation movement in the United States; and he lived to see the work accomplished, not indeed in the manner he had attempted, but more perfectly and completely than he had ever dreamt. Beginning as a gradual emancipator, he soon came to demand that the freedom of the slave should be immediate and universal. It was a martyr's life that he lived, although he did not die a martyr's death—sometimes, however, coming very near to it, as did his coadjutor from England, Mr. George Thompson. There are some pathetic scenes as that in which Garrison was presented with a gold watch in token of the appreciation of his work. If it had been rotten eggs or brickbats, he said he should have known what to do with them. He was

accustomed to that kind of offering, but not to gold watches! Professor Goldwin Smith points out that Garrison did not quite see all the difficulties of the Negro problem, which has not yet received its final solution.

LYRA HEROICA: A Book of Verse for Boys. Selected and Arranged by William Ernest Henley. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; Toronto: Wm. Briggs. 1891. \$1.25.

To all who are at all familiar with the literary taste and work of the editor of the "Scots Observer" and the author of "Views and Reviews," this volume will be by no means disappointing. Its title suggests a subject congenial to the manly spirit and the unfettered style of its gifted editor. It requires no apology to permit Mr. Henley to speak for himself from his preface as to the object of the work. "My purpose has been to choose and sheave a certain number of those achievements in verse which as expressing the simpler sentiments and the more elemental emotions, might fitly be addressed to such boys—and men, for that matter—as are privileged to use our noble English tongue. To set forth, as only art can, the beauty and the joy of living, the beauty and the blessedness of death, the glory of battle and adventure, the nobility of devotion—to a cause, an ideal, a passion even—the dignity of resistance, the sacred quality of patriotism, that is my ambition here." For our part we must say we think Mr. Henley has given in his "Lyra Heroica" one of the brightest and best collections of songs of high incentive and valorous achievement that our language, or, for that part, any language, contains. Of course we miss old favourites. We should have preferred to have had some of Aytoun's stirring lyrics and Moore's melodious verse, and the work of others that we could name, but everyone to his taste, and where so much of good has been given it were ungracious to complain of the lack of the good withheld. From Shakespeare to Kipling opens a wide field, and the three hundred and thirty-nine pages of this "book of verse for boys" contain a collection of varied and virile verse that should warm the blood and stir the heart of every British reader be he man or boy. The nobility that breathes in the fine lines of rare Ben Jonson:—

It is not growing like a tree
In bulk doth make man better be:
A lily of a day
Is fairer far in May:
Although it fall and die that night,
It was the plant and flower of light.

The tender plaint of Cunningham:—

Hame, hame, hame, hame fain wad I be,
O hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!
When the flower is i' the bud and the leaf is on the tree,
The lark shall sing me hame in my ain countrie:
Hame, hame, hame, hame fain wad I be,
O hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!

And the stirring lines of Kipling:—

The dead dumb fog hath wrapped it—the frozen dews have kissed—
The morning stars have hailed it, a fellow star in the mist.
What is the flag of England? Ye have but my breath to dare,
Ye have but my waves to conquer. Go forth, for it is there!

appeal alike to the Race that has never been a laggard on the path of duty or the field of honour. No Canadian lad should be without this volume. The table of contents, the notes and the index, the clear type, excellent paper and convenient form, make it all that could be desired.

PROBLEMS IN GREEK HISTORY. By J. P. Mahaffy, M.A., D.D. Price \$2.50 or 7s. 6d. London and New York: Macmillan; Toronto: Williamson and Company. 1892.

It is superfluous to recommend a work by Professor Mahaffy. Whether he appears the expositor and apologist of Kant or as the critic of histories and historians, his remarks are always weighty and worthy of attention. We do not even dislike his tone of self-assertion, nor altogether the cool way in which he speaks of the greatest of his predecessors being tolerably right as far as they understood their subjects. There are very few men who have a right to talk in this fashion. If there are any, Professor Mahaffy is one of them; and, whether he is or not, we enjoy hearing him.

The area covered by these essays is nothing less than the whole history of Greece and the manifold problems and difficulties which present themselves for solution in the course of that eventful record. Dr. Mahaffy differs in no small degree from his predecessors in regard to the goodness and badness of the democracy and the tyrants respectively. He never thinks quite well of the democracy, and he does not think quite badly of the tyrants. It is too large a question to be even fully stated here. It is not of much use to debate it, since everyone seems to carry back to the question of Greek history the political prepossessions of the present age. Dr. Mahaffy shows clearly how this has been done, particularly by Grote, who is nothing less than a partisan historian.

One of the most interesting chapters in the book is the first on the earlier historians of Greece. Goldsmith is, of course, quite useless. He has a good word to say for Gillies, in spite of his having written in the interests of monarchy and loyalty and in the midst of the horror caused by the French Revolution. To Mitford he is a little kinder than was Dr. Freeman, who, in his cut and thrust manner, pronounced him to be a bad writer and a bad historian. The chief merit of Mitford, in the eyes of Dr. Mahaffy, however, is the fact of his having called out two "splendid refutations," the histories of Thirlwall and of Grote.

Both of these histories are of great value. Thirlwall was a great scholar, a profound thinker and an admirable writer. But Grote excels him in warmth and glow. It was impossible for a man like Thirlwall, with his judicial and well-balanced mind, to take up the work in the spirit of a partisan. It was, apparently, impossible for Grote to do it in any other spirit and manner. Grote's history will, therefore, always be the pleasantest reading; but there seems now to be a tendency to go back to Thirlwall as to a writer upon whose judgment the reader can more confidently depend. It was natural that Dr. Mahaffy should be almost contemptuous of Grote's treatment of Alexander. He has told us more than once what he thinks of the great King and of the Athenian demagogues and orators.

We recommend to special attention also the fourth chapter on the Despots and the Democracies, the fifth chapter on the Great Historians; where he plucks, with no faltering hand, some leaves from the crown of Thucydides. The eighth Chapter on Alexander the Great is of supreme interest, even if we sometimes hesitate to adopt his conclusions.

THE April number of *University Extension* has several useful and practical articles. "Class Work in University Extension" is a full and good series of directions for the difficult task of guiding a number of purely voluntary pupils through a course of lectures. There is an encouraging report from Wisconsin, a memorandum of successful classes in mathematics, and an article on the general aspects of the work. The "Notes" are full and valuable to persons wishing to keep fully informed of the condition of the scheme.

"LORD ROBERTS OF KANDAHAR" is the subject of a characteristic sketch by Archibald Forbes, which has the first place in the *English Illustrated Magazine* for April. A fine portrait of that distinguished soldier is the frontispiece of the number. "A Hampshire Moor" is a pleasant piece of descriptive writing, made vivid by the excellent illustrations of Alfred Parsons. W. E. Norris begins a new serial story entitled "A Deplorable Affair," which is but poorly illustrated. Other interesting articles will be found in this excellent number.

GENERAL SIR ARCHIBALD ALISON, under the caption "Our Army," in *Blackwood's Magazine* for April, gives some startling statements with reference to that important subject. Sir Herbert Maxwell makes philology easy and attractive reading in his article on "Personal Names." The serial story "Diana" is continued in three readable chapters, and "Sketches from Eastern Travel" conducts the reader from "Shechem and Samaria" to Damascus. In short fiction there is "The Conquest of Dona Jacoba," and "Six in a Lava Flow." The African explorer, the late Colonel J. A. Grant, C.B., receives a well-merited notice, and a timely subject is treated in "The History of Small Holdings."

THE frontispiece of the *Magazine of Art* for April is an etching by Chauvel from Troyon's "The Watering-Place," which is among the happiest and most admired of this famous painter's compositions. The opening article of the number on "The Old Masters at the Royal Academy" is richly illustrated with reproductions from Rembrandt, Sir Joshua, and Constable. "The Art Treasures of the Comédie Française" is by Theodore Child, and is illustrated with views of the interior of *La Maison de Molière*. "The Royal Water Colour Society: its Rise and History" is by F. G. Stephens. "The Dixon Bequest at Bethnal Green," by W. Shaw-Sparrow, is well illustrated. Lewis F. Day writes, in a series on Artistic Homes, about "The Choice of Wall Paper." There is also a short paper on architecture "A Profession or an Art," and other good matter.

Literary Opinion for April comes to us in the first number of the new volume in improved form and make up, and opens with "Walt Whitman: A Study," by Gilbert Parker. "And though his work," says Mr. Parker, "has not been a great achievement in art, though he is a magnificent and audacious failure in the arena of emancipated form which he projected, he still has been a poet, a force, and an inspiration." Mr. Charles Whibley follows with a paper entitled "The Decadence," in which he treats upon the nerve-school of French novelists which M. Zola and his confrères, be their faults what they may, have been opposing for so long. The real decadent, however, according to this writer is not M. Verlaine or M. Kahn, but—Mr. Swinburne! "Mary Wollstonecraft" is the title of a most interesting paper from the pen of Elizabeth Lee. J. Ashcroft Noble contributes two pretty sonnets entitled "Half a Century of Love."

THE writer of the remorseless article entitled "William" in the *Contemporary Review* for April has surely placed that intellectual periodical in the same category with *Punch*, and cost its publishers a royal subscriber. It will be but sorry reading for Wilhelm II., and we might ask is it altogether fair? R. T. Reid, Q.C., M.P., tries to aid a solution of a vexed question, by his article on "Forms of Home Rule." A strong negative plea from the facts, is that of Henry Norman on "The Evacuation of Egypt." The Rev. J. Guinness Rogers argues in favour of the salutary influence of "Nonconformists in Political Life." A Russian article, is the review of de Windt's "Siberia as it Is," by F. Volkhousky. "The New Star in Auriga" receives attention from Agnes M. Clerke. In the article, "Spoken Greek, Ancient and Modern," Pro-

fessor Jannaris contributes an article of especial interest to our modern Grecians. Sir C. Gavan Duffy concludes his series of contributions on "Conversations and Correspondence with Thomas Carlyle," with perhaps the most interesting of them all. In conclusion the editor of the *Review* pays a short but sterling tribute to the "great contributor" his review has lost in the death of Mr. Freeman.

PROFESSOR RAINY in his scholarly notice of "The Incarnation of God," Bampton Lectures for 1891, by Rev. Charles Gore, M.A., in the April number of the *Critical Review*, estimates the worth of the book in this way: "It shows the reader how the faith of the Incarnation holds its place in a reflective mind which is sensitive to modern ways of thinking, both in truth and duty, and which would deal candidly with those elements of the time, and give them their proper place." In reviewing Professor Max Müller's Gifford lectures for 1891, Professor Macalister says of their teaching: "This Neo-Christianity lacks the great central power of the real Christianity, the personal living Christ, the divine Saviour of men. In place of the bread of the real Son of God incarnate, crucified and risen, it gives us the stone of a sham Christ, one of a cycle of human reformers." Many other recent theological works of high character are reviewed by able specialists in their various departments of culture and research. The *Critical Review* has won for itself a position as one of the foremost exponents of the best theological and philosophical thought of the day.

PROFESSOR SCHAFF treats "The Calvinistic System" courteously but critically in the leading paper in the *Andover Review* for April. He says of it: "The Calvinistic system involves a positive truth, the election to eternal life by free grace; and a negative inference, the reprobation to eternal death by arbitrary justice. The former is the strength, the latter is the weakness, of the system." The Rev. Charles Dickinson considers "The Perfecting of Jesus" somewhat after the historical method of Beyschlag. The Rev. Frank R. Shipman in his able contribution on "The Fountains of Authority in Religion" holds that "America's theological strife is, and is to be, between a theory of self-illumination in the moral and spiritual life and a theory of the Bible's preemptory authority." In the first of a series of articles from representatives of different religious communions the Rev. Frederic Palmer, for the Episcopal Church, says: "Just as the true foundation of government consists in the due balance of centralization with localization, so the true basis of every church must be institutionalism, representing the organic idea, in due proportion with individualism, asserting the worth of the isolated will." Other instructive matter will also be found in this number.

LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

GEORGE McDONALD, the novelist, has been preaching lately in London.

JULES VERNE has been very ill, and is, at present, doing no literary work.

GEORGE MEREDITH has been made an LL.D. by the University of St. Andrew.

MR. SWINBURNE is understood to have in the press a tragedy on a Northumbrian theme called "The Sisters."

DR. BERNHARD TEN BRINK, Professor of English Philology in the University of Strassburg, died Jan. 29.

MR. ALEXANDER'S forthcoming book is a love-story called "For Pity's Sake," the scene being laid in a cathedral town.

MR. WALTER BESANT'S new volume of stories is to bear the extraordinary title of "Verbenia Camellia Stephanotis."

LITERARY publications in Germany last year numbered 18,875, of which 1,763 were theological, and 1,731 novels, poems, and dramas.

PROFESSOR CLARK, of Trinity College, is to deliver the first of a series of lectures at the Church of Zion and St. Timothy in New York, on the 24th inst.

WALTER BLACKBURNE HARTE is the author of a story entitled "Ambition on Crutches" which will be published by the United Publishing Company of Boston.

VICTOR HUGO wrote standing at a high desk; the elder Dumas worked with his shirt-sleeves rolled up; the present Dumas writes with a quill on blue paper.

W. E. HENLEY has edited a new edition of Florio's translation of Montaigne, which will be published in Edinburgh with a study of Florio's style by Mr. George Saintsbury.

EDNA LYALL has entirely recovered from her long illness, and she is once more at work. She is now writing a novel which is to appear in one of the magazines as a serial next year.

MR. KIPLING is credited with having arranged to write a series of letters, descriptive of his travels, for a London daily, to appear, also, simultaneously in other English-speaking centres.

PROFESSOR F. VON WIESER'S recent essay on the "Theory of Value," which has been issued by the *American Academy of Political and Social Science*, is a valuable contribution to Political Economy.

A POSTHUMOUS story by Wolcott Balestier, "Captain, my Captain!" will be printed complete in the *Century* for

May. It is said to be the last short story to appear from his pen of this gifted and fated writer.

EDGERTON CASTLE'S important work on "Schools and Masters of Fence," which has heretofore only been obtainable in an expensive 4to form, will shortly be issued by Macmillan and Company as a volume in the Bohn Library.

WORTHINGTON COMPANY, 747 Broadway, New York, announce for immediate publication as No. 13 in the Rose Library "Felix Lanzberg's Expiation," by Ossip Schubin, author of "Asbein," the musical novel, translated by Élise L. Lathrop.

BOTH admirers and critics of Spencer will be interested in the paper on "Herbert Spencer and the Synthetic Philosophy," in the May *Popular Science Monthly*. The writer, Mr. William H. Hudson, was formerly private secretary to Mr. Spencer. The paper contains a statement of the relation between the work of Darwin and that of Spencer.

EVIDENCE of the increasing interest in the works of American authors since the passage of the International Copyright Act is given by the fact that the entire first edition of F. Marion Crawford's new novel, "The Three Fates," was disposed of by Macmillan and Company on the day of publication. The same firm announce a new edition of S. Dana Horton's "Silver in Europe."

THE CASSELL PUBLISHING COMPANY take pleasure in announcing a new novel by Julien Gordon (Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger) entitled "Marionettes." It is said to be the strongest work that has yet come from her pen. They also announce "Sybil Knox; or, Home Again: A Story of To-day," by Edward Everett Hale; and Mrs. L. T. Mead's new story "Out of the Fashion," in their international series.

"ROUND THE COMPASS IN AUSTRALIA," by Gilbert Parker, is announced. It is said to comprise a general review of Australian affairs brought up to date; a fascinating and faithful description of life in the towns and cities, as in the heart of the continent; notes on the public men of the country; and a discussion of industries, development, and past, present, and prospective sources of wealth. It is to be well illustrated.

ALTHOUGH Professor Freeman was not spared to complete his larger "History of Sicily," for which he was really gathering material when he died, he has left a short general history of Sicily, so far as he knew it, in a volume written for Mr. Fisher Unwin's "The Story of the Nations" series. It will be entitled "Sicily: Phœnician, Greek and Roman." Instead of scampering his work, as suggested, the historian insisted even upon preparing his own index; "nobody," he held, "can make an index but the author himself."

THE CASSELL PUBLISHING COMPANY offer the public something entirely new in a novel, which they are about to publish, called "The Fate of Fenella." This story is from the pens of twenty-four popular authors. The names of these twenty-four are a guarantee of the interest of the work. They are: Helen Mathers, Frank Danby, Justin H. McCarthy, M.P., Mrs. Edward Kennard, Frances Eleanor Trollope, Richard Dowling, A. Conan Doyle, Mrs. Hungerford, May Crommelin, Arthur A'Beckett, F. C. Phillips, Jean Middlemass, "Rira," Clement Scott, Joseph Hatton, Clo. Graves, Mrs. Lovett Cameron, H. W. Lucy, Bram Stoker, Adeline Sergeant, Florence Marryat, G. Manville Fenn, "Tasma," and F. Anstey. The first chapter was written by Helen Mathers, the author of "Coming Thro' the Rye," and then passed on to Justin McCarthy, who read it, wrote the second chapter, and in turn passed it on. So it went until it reached the author of "Vice-Versa," who brought the story to a propitious close. There was no consultation among the authors, and each and all were equally ignorant as to the development of the plot.

THE Authors' Club has passed from the preliminary stage to that of actual existence. The Club is founded upon a Limited Joint Stock Company, already established and registered, the possession of a single share in which will serve in lieu of entrance fee. The shares in the Company are limited to 600 of £5 each, of which it is not anticipated that more than £3 will ever be called up, and the shares will be allotted upon application in the usual form by the directors. The Company is not a commercial one, its directors receive no fees, and all profits will accrue to the Club. When the first 600 shares are applied for and allotted, the election of members will be according to usual club law, by proposer, seconder, payment of entrance fee, and election by the General Committee. The share-holding members, therefore, will possess an advantage over ordinary members. The annual subscription is fixed at four guineas, and the entrance fee at ten guineas, the usual facilities and remissions being extended to country members. The number of members is fixed at 600, and the Club house will be as near that centre of the civilized world, Piccadilly Circus, as possible. Almost every name of men at once eminent (and clubbable) in every branch of letters—scientific, informative, or recreative—and in the ranks of the higher journalism, is upon the list of the General Committee of the Club, and its first directors are Lord Monkswell, Mr. Walter Besant, Mr. H. Tedder (the well-known secretary and librarian of the Athenæum), and Mr. Oswald Crawford, C.M.G. (chairman). The qualifications for membership are that a man should be a British subject, or a citizen of the United States; an author, in the widest acceptance of the term; a contributor to a leading periodical; or a journalist of

established position. Application for shares can be made to the Company's bankers, Messrs. Barclay and Co., No. 1 Pall Mall, or to the chairman, who may also be applied to for any general information, at the temporary office of the Authors' Club, Queen Anne's Mansions, S.W.—*The London Literary World*.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

Cameron, E. Lovett. *A Loyal Lover*. 50c. New York: John A. Taylor.
Crawford, F. Marion. *The Three Fates*. \$1.00. London: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: Hart & Co.
Dennis, John. *The Aldine Edition*. Scott Vol. IV. London: Geo. Bell & Son.
Forbes, Arch., LL.D. *Barracks, Bivouacs and Battles*. \$1.50. London: Macmillan & Co.; Toronto: Williamson & Co.
Helms, Ludwig Verner. *Pioneering in the Far East*. London: W. H. Allen & Co.; Toronto: Williamson & Co.

A FAMOUS Chicago lawyer once had a singular case to settle. A physician came to him in great distress. Two sisters, living in the same house, had babies of equal age, who so resembled each other that their own mothers were unable to distinguish them when they were together. Now it happened that by the carelessness of the nurse the children had become mixed, and how were the mothers to make sure that they received back their own infants? "But perhaps," said the lawyer, "the children weren't changed at all." "Oh, but there's no doubt that they were changed," said the physician. "Are you sure of it?" "Perfectly." "Well, if that's the case, why don't you change them back again? I don't see any difficulty in the case."

THE annual report of the Indian Affairs Department was presented to the Dominion Parliament on March 8. It places the entire Indian population of the Canadian Dominion at 121,638 souls. During the past year tranquility has prevailed among the tribes, but the influenza epidemic had disastrous effects and caused many deaths. The Indians in the North-West Territories are making great progress towards becoming self-supporting; they are less inclined to a nomadic life and are taking to agriculture. The agents of the Department have won the confidence of the Indians by their kindness and patience. Education is also advancing, and no fewer than 7,554 Indian children are attending the Government schools. Altogether the outlook is described as most favourable.

"A most fascinating narrative."—*The Daily Chronicle*.

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SCIENTIFIC AND SANITARY.

A NEW "Jahrbuch der Chemie" is to be issued by the German publisher, H. Bechhold, Frankfurt. It will be edited by Professor R. Meyer, who has secured the co-operation of many eminent men of science. The intention is that the progress of pure and applied chemistry shall be recorded every year in a connected series of articles.—*Science*.

THE tea planters in Ceylon are about to employ electricity in their tea factory at Mariawattee, the water power of a neighbouring stream being utilized. The spot at which the turbines are to be placed is, curiously enough, the very place where the ancient rulers of the country had at some time in the past attempted to utilize the water power in some way, the cutting in rocks and river clearly showing their work and design.

AMONG the most singular cats which have been introduced into Europe of late years are those known as the Siamese. They are coming into favour, and half-a-dozen old cats and several young ones in the kitten classes were exhibited last fall at the Crystal Palace show. The ground colour of one was pale cream, slightly darker on the hind-quarters, the colour of the extremities, that is to say, the muzzle, ears, and tail, and the four feet, being a very dark chocolate, approaching black.—*Science*.

JAPAN has no fewer than 700 earthquake-observing stations scattered over the Empire, and the Tokio correspondent of the London *Times* is of opinion that they are all needed. He points out that not only are the Japanese shaken up by fully 500 earthquakes every year—some of them more or less destructive—but at intervals there comes a great disaster, amounting, as in the earthquake of Oct. 28, 1891, to a national calamity. Japanese annals record twenty-nine such during the last 1,200 years.—*Science*.

THE volcano of Kilauea is very active at present. The cavity produced by the last breakdown has not filled up, but there is an active lake two or three hundred feet below the general level of the floor and a quarter of a mile in diameter. Rev. S. E. Bishop of Honolulu says the whole plateau of Halemanman is steadily rising. It is evidently being pushed up by lava working underneath and not built up by overflows. Professor W. D. Alexander, in charge of the Trigonometrical Survey, writes that his assistant, Mr. Dodge, will probably re-survey the crater during the coming summer, for the purpose of comparing the present topography with that delineated in *Science*, vol. ix., p. 181, 1887. The Volcano Company is constantly improving the facilities offered to visitors for inspecting the crater.—*Science*.

"German Syrup"

"We are six in family. We live in a place where we are subject to violent Colds and Lung Troubles. I have used German Syrup for six years successfully for Sore Throat, Cough, Cold, Hoarseness, Pains in the Chest and Lungs, and spitting-up of Blood. I have tried many different kinds of cough Syrups in my time, but let me say to anyone wanting such a medicine—German Syrup is the best. That has been my experience. If you use it once, you will go back to it whenever you need it. It gives total relief and is a quick cure. My advice to everyone suffering with Lung Troubles is—Try it. You will soon be convinced. In all the families where your German Syrup is used we have no trouble with the Lungs at all. It is the medicine for this country."

John Franklin Jones.

G. G. GREEN, Sole Man'fr, Woodbury, N.J.

THE operation of an electric railway and three electric light companies makes the successful working of the telephone a matter of extreme difficulty in Ottawa. The induction on the Bell Company's long distance grounded lines made them practically useless either by day or night, and the business fell off to a mere fraction of its former volume. To remedy the trouble the company's assistant manager, Mr. E. C. Dewar, has adopted the following device. Between the central office and the outskirts of the town a metallic circuit was strung and connected to one coil of a transformer placed under shelter on a pole; to the other coil was connected the long distance line and a line to the earth. The result is most satisfactory—all noise from power and light currents having disappeared. Some difficulty was at first experienced in ringing through the coil, but by speeding up a power generator and ringing on both sides of the metallic circuit, signals can be sent to any office on the line. The resistance of each coil in the transformer is, of course, the same, about 67 ohms.—*Canadian Electrical News*.

THE "Bol. dell Instituto Geogr. Argentino," Tomo xii. Cuad. v. y vi., contains a description of Tierra del Fuego by Dr. Polidoro A. Segers, who took part in an expedition in 1886, and since then has continued his observations during three consecutive years. The northern part of the island, explored by MM. Rousson and Willems, is covered with prairies, where no trees and few shrubs are to be found (see vol. vii., p. 536). To the south, however, of the line from Useless Bay to Cape Peñas the surface is clothed with forest, which gradually becomes more dense towards the south. Here the coast is more rugged and the shore is encumbered by rocks, harbouring large numbers of sea fowl and a variety of molluscus. Fish also and seals are more abundant on southern coasts. This difference in the animal kingdom causes a corresponding difference in the mode of life of the natives. Whereas in the north the Onas, or, according to Dr. Segers, Aonas, subsist on the guanaco and the *tucutucu*, a small rodent, the natives of the south, where these animals are seldom met with, are almost entirely dependent on the sea for their living. They catch seals with a decoy of seal skin stuffed with grass, which they draw through the water by a thong, imitating at the same time to great perfection the bellow of the animal. Birds they catch at night by torch light, letting themselves down the cliffs by ropes of leather, and fish they take in nets made of sinews of the guanaco. In their dress and customs the southern Onas resemble their brethren of the north, with whom they are constantly at feud. Their number, in consequence of frequent battles with their more numerous enemies, has been much reduced, and is now, probably, very small. They are very skilful in the use of the bow, and show some dexterity in the manufacture of arrow-heads of flint and glass and needles of bone, but they never make any improvements in their utensils and are utterly ignorant of art of the rude description generally found among savages. Tierra del Fuego is inhabited by six tribes of Onas, each of which speaks a particular dialect, though men of different tribes are able to converse together. Each man has his distinctive name, wherein the Onas differ from the Yaghan, who live on the Beagle Channel, and go out in their canoes to sell otter and seal-skins to passing vessels.—*Science*.

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DR. T. A. SLOCUM'S

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

IN these days when electricity is being pictured as a destroyer of life, it is refreshing to come across a person who has faith in its life-giving or life-preserving qualities. The writer had a conversation with such a man a few days ago. He was wearing on his wrist and ankle a couple of turns of copper wire as a preventative against rheumatism. Without professing to know its mode of action, he cites the case of a friend who was so crippled by rheumatism as to be powerless to move his limbs, but who, by wearing copper wire in the manner described, was entirely freed from the disease. Perhaps some of our electrical experts will be able to explain this phenomena.—*Canadian Electrical News*.

THE old ascription of the power to remove mountains to such as had faith as a grain of mustard seed has come to be no mere figure of speech. The effect of the hydraulic monitor, which is now used for the purpose of removing masses of earth, well nigh passes belief. A stream of water issuing from a nozzle or pipe six inches in diameter, with a fall behind it of 375 feet, will carry away a solid boulder weighing a ton or more to a distance of 50 or 100 feet. The velocity of the stream is terrific, and the column of water projected is so solid that if a crowbar or other heavy object be thrust against it the impinging object will be hurled a considerable distance. By this stream of water a man would be instantly killed if he came into contact with it, even at a distance of a couple of hundred feet. At 400 feet from the nozzle a six-inch stream with 375 feet fall, projected momentarily against the trunk of a tree, will in a second denude it of the heaviest bark as cleanly as if it had been cut with an axe. Whenever such a stream is turned against a gravel bank it cuts and burrows it in every direction, hollowing out great caves and causing tons of earth to melt and fall and be washed away in the sluices. The quantity of material which can thus be removed in a short time is almost inconceivable. This quantity depends, of course, very much upon the nature of the soil, whether loose soil, ordinary gravel or cement gravel. Some idea of the immense amount of earth and gravel which has been removed in this way may be gathered from some statistics on the subject recently compiled in California. During the height of the hydraulic industry there was in use from the Feather, Yuba, Bear and American rivers and three other streams of water a total of 18,650,505 miner's inches of water every 24 hours. At an average of 3½ cubic yards of gravel to the inch, there was thus washed away daily 30,600,000 yards of material. This is a low estimate, and as an actual fact much more was carried away. The amount stated represents a mass of earth 500 yards long, 386 yards wide, and 200 yards high. If such a prodigious quantity can be washed away in 24 hours, it can require no great length of time to remove mountains and cast them into the sea.—*Pittsburg Dispatch*.

AN IMPORTANT WARNING.

The following paragraph, which recently appeared in the legal reports of the Toronto newspapers, is of vital importance to the people of Canada:

Q. B. AND C. B. DIVISIONS.
Before STREET, J.

FULFORD v. HOWE.—Hoyle, Q.C., for the plaintiff. George Taylor Fulford, of the town of Brockville, druggist, moved for an injunction restraining the defendants, S. L. Howe and W. A. Howe, from selling pills in imitation of those sold by the plaintiff under the name of "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," and thereby infringing the plaintiff's trade mark for such pills registered under that name which, the plaintiff alleges, by reason of his extensive advertising, is well known throughout Canada. Judgment granted for a perpetual injunction.

An old adage has it that "imitation is the sincerest flattery," but when imitation takes the form of palming off upon the public worthless, perhaps positively harmful, drugs in imitation of a popular remedy, it is quite time the public is aroused to a sense of the injustice done them. There is no other proprietary remedy in Canada today that approaches Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in the esteem and confidence with which it is regarded by the people. And justly so, as this remedy has to its credit cures in cases where even the most eminent

men in the ranks of medical science had pronounced the patients incurable. These cases have been thoroughly investigated by such leading newspapers as the Toronto *Globe*, Hamilton *Times*, *Spectator* and *Herald*, Halifax *Herald*, Detroit *News*, Albany *Journal*, Le Monde, Montreal, and others, and their accuracy vouched for. Thus Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have achieved a continental reputation, with the result that we find dealers here and there imposing upon the public by selling, in their stead, for the sake of extra profit, worthless imitations. These imitations are sometimes given names somewhat approaching the original, while in other cases the dealer, while not openly offering an imitation, imposes upon the customer, by declaring that he can give something "just as good." In still other cases Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are openly imitated in size, colour and shape, and are sold in loose form by the dozen or hundred as the genuine Pink Pills. Against all these imitations the public should be constantly on their guard. There is absolutely no other pill, or no other remedy, that can take the place of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills as a nerve tonic and blood builder. To purchase any imitation, any substitute, or any remedy said to be "just as good" is a worse than useless expenditure of money. The public can protect themselves against all imitations of this great remedy if they will remember that *Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are never sold in bulk, or by the dozen or hundred.* They are always put up in neat round boxes about two and a half inches in length, the wrapper around which is printed in red ink, and bears the trade mark, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." If offered to you in any other form depend upon it they are worthless imitations and should be rejected as such. If your dealer does not keep Dr. Williams' Pink Pills do not let him persuade you to take any substitute he may say is "just as good." Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had by mail, post paid, on receipt of price, 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Morristown, N.Y.

No OTHER Sarsaparilla has the merit by which Hood's Sarsaparilla has won such a firm hold upon the confidence of the people.

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