

THE WEEK:

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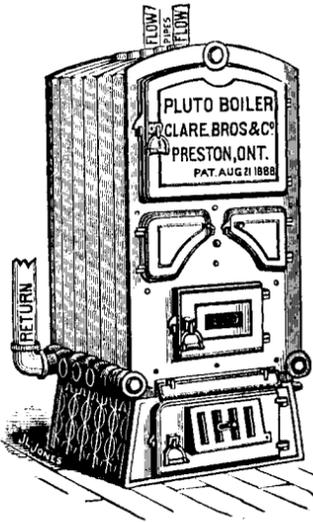
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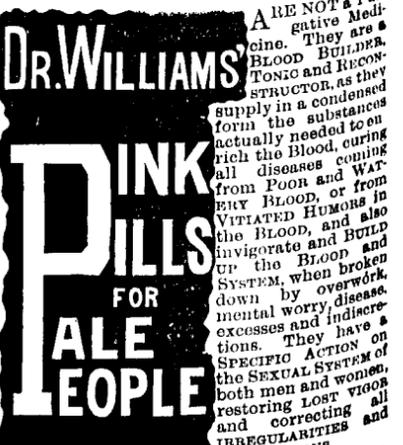
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All articles, contributions, and letters on matters pertaining to the editorial department should be addressed to the Editor, and not to any person who may be supposed to be connected with the paper.

THE dilemma in which the conscientious member of Parliament found himself placed when called on to choose between the majority and minority reports in the case of Sir Hector Langevin was, as we have before said, very similar to that which confronted him a few days before, in the case of Mr. Cochrane. In the one case as in the other, the choice was really between declaring the accused innocent of complicity or knowledge of certain transactions of which it was almost impossible, under the circumstances, to conceive him ignorant, and condemning him for crimes of which he had not been proved guilty by evidence which would have satisfied a court of justice. There was, however, one important difference between the two cases. Mr. Cochrane did not avail himself of the opportunity of going into the witness box and solemnly avouching his innocence, but left it for his counsel to excuse his failure to do so on grounds which must to every unprejudiced mind appear insufficient and paltry. Sir Hector Langevin, on the other hand, did not hesitate to declare his own innocence in the most solemn and unequivocal manner. Hence it is not strange that the members who pronounced Mr. Cochrane guiltless failed to convict the late Minister of Public Works. It should not be forgotten, though, that Sir Hector's testimony on his own behalf was in direct contradiction of that of more than one of the previous witnesses, and that one of these subsequently reaffirmed his previous statement. The weight of Sir Hector's denial was, consequently, diminished to the extent of whatever measure of credibility may fairly belong to the contradictory evidence. It may further be observed in passing that the late Minister of Public Works was fortunate in his tribunal. Had his trial been conducted before a criminal court, he would have been in much worse case, seeing that his own testimony could not have been given, whereas there can be no doubt that that testimony was the most potent factor in the verdict by which he now stands acquitted by the Commons of intentional and conscious wrong-doing. In regard to that verdict itself it can only be said that, leaving out of view all the positive testimony of the discredited witnesses, and remembering the length of time

during which the "conspirators" had seemingly everything their own way in the Department and plundered the Treasury almost at will; remembering also the utter absence of evidence of any adequate motive on the part of Perley and Boyd, the engineers who, on any other theory than that of the late Minister's guilt, must have most treacherously deceived him, and aided the contractors in robbing the Government; remembering further the remarkable intimacy through long years between the Minister and Thomas McGreevy; remembering, too, the fact that a prominent Quebec newspaper had, so long ago as 1886, stated that such outrages were being perpetrated, it must remain one of the wonders of the session how the one hundred and one members who declared by their votes that, in their opinion, the evidence did not justify the conclusion that the Minister knew of the conspiracy, or that he willingly lent himself to its objects, could have refused to accept the amendment proposed by Mr. McCarthy that the alternative of his guilty connivance can be nothing else than a "blind confidence in the integrity and efficiency of his chief engineer, even in that view scarcely to be distinguished from weakness almost criminal."

WHATEVER may be thought of the action of the Opposition in bringing, at so late a period of the session, an old charge against Mr. Haggart, the Postmaster-General, which both the latter and his alleged partner in the transaction, Mr. McLaren, have repeatedly denied in the most solemn manner, most of those who care for the good name of the country will, we think, deeply regret the action of the Government in refusing the investigation, and will still more deeply regret the argument by which Sir John Thompson supported that action. In regard to Mr. Lister, who brought the charge, and the prominent members of the Opposition who supported it, it is clear that their justification, or otherwise, depends almost wholly upon the kind and amount of the new evidence which the former claims to have discovered but a few days before making the charge. Nothing short of new evidence of a very positive and convincing character could have warranted Mr. Lister's motion, and in the absence of any knowledge of such evidence the public will be slow to believe the two gentlemen in question guilty of deliberate and repeated perjury. None the less, the charge having been seriously made, and the accuser having staked his position as a member of the House on his ability to substantiate it, it was, we believe, a grave mistake on the part of the Government to refuse the enquiry. As the *Pall Mall Gazette* observes, the present is not a time when the Canadian Ministry can afford to pass by such a charge against one of its members without investigation. Still less can Parliament itself, if it really cares to restore Canada's reputation for political morality, afford to dispose of such a charge, however honestly it may disbelieve it, by the too ready aid of the majority vote. But if the action of the Government majority was a disappointment to those who may have hoped that the conscience of the House of Commons had at last become thoroughly aroused, and that it would hesitate at no expenditure of time and trouble which might be necessary to purge itself from suspicion, the speech of the Minister of Justice and leader of the House was we believe to many, as to ourselves, an astonishment—we had almost said a revelation. If there is one man more than another on the Ministerial benches to whom many of the people have been looking for stern and effective measures of purification, that man was Sir John Thompson. One of the most reassuring facts in connection with the conduct of affairs, both in Parliament and in the Privileges and Elections Committee, has been the straightforward and impartial course of the Minister of Justice, who for a time seemed to decide about as often against the contentions of his own less judicially-minded colleagues and supporters as in their favour. That he, of all men on the Government side, should have come forward, not only to refuse a committee of enquiry into a serious charge against a member of his Cabinet—that might have been pardoned under the circumstances—but as the apologist of a theory which, carried to its logical results, might fill the Treasury Benches with Ministers who had violated the laws of Parliament, deceived their fellow-representatives, and forfeited their claim to the respect of upright men—this was unexpected indeed.

LEST any should think we are putting the case against Sir John Thompson's speech too strongly, let us look for a moment at his argument. It must be remembered, of course, that it is based throughout on the assumption that the accusation is true, which implies, be it observed, that the sworn testimony of Mr. Haggart is false, in other words, that he is guilty of perjury. Waiving, for argument's sake, the point whether the offence charged was within the jurisdiction of the House and properly a question of privilege, the Minister of Justice maintained that the violation of the Independence of Parliament Act being a statutory offence and punishable by the penalties prescribed in the Act, viz., fines and forfeiture of seat, and the imposition of these penalties being subject to time limits which have long since expired, so that neither the one nor the other could now be imposed, Parliament could not now take cognizance of the matter. After the penalty had been incurred by any member of the House, he was, Sir John pleaded, completely absolved when a new election takes place and the member acquires his seat by another title. Could it be said for a single moment that any stigma attached to a man who violated the Independence of Parliament Act in 1879 would make him unworthy to sit in the House or unworthy to be a member of the Government now? All which means, if we can understand it, either that a member of the House may not only secretly and stealthily violate a law which the House has put upon the Statute Book—which secret violation is surely in itself morally, if not constructively, a fraud—but may be repeatedly guilty of perjury in denying such violation, and yet have done nothing which makes him unworthy to sit in the House or be a member of the Government! From this it obviously follows that there is no moral guilt in violating the Independence of Parliament Act or any other Act of similar character. The only crime, at least the only one of which the Parliament, which enacts and is supposed to enforce the law, can take cognizance, is that of being found out within a certain limited time! And, be it remembered, in so arguing Sir John Thompson informed the House that he was not to be supposed to be making a legal argument. It is true that he supported his plea by citing as precedents several facts which were crushingly effective as *tu quoque* arguments against the Opposition, but which clearly had nothing to do with the right and wrong of the question. Touching the other part of the charge, that of making contributions from the proceeds of the contract for political purposes at the request of the Government, the Minister's argument was, we are sorry to say, constructed on the same low plane. It was pitched on the same ignoble key. It was to the effect that there was no wrong done in the soliciting or bestowing of such contributions, so long as it was not charged that the decisions of the Government were improperly influenced by these gifts. The best answer to that would be a quotation from Premier Abbott's speech in the Senate in introducing the new Frauds Bill. Making obvious substitutions, would it not still be true that not "one man in ten thousand, or one man in the Dominion, would believe that a contractor, desiring to get favourable terms and decisions from the Government of the day, who makes large contributions to political funds for the support of that Government, and procure larger prices or more frequent contracts, or more favourable decisions, or some other thing inconsistent with the best interests of the country which that Government represents"? The best friends of pure administration are, we repeat, grievously disappointed in the attitude of the Minister of Justice in regard to this question, and will be still more grievously disappointed if, in this thing, the sentiment of the country is not rather with Mr. Laurier in his declaration that the fact that the offence charged is a statutory offence does not make it any the less a moral offence for all time, as well; and that the proper rule to be observed in Canada, as in England, is that the House of Commons will not tolerate as an honourable member any man who has disgraced himself in any manner whatever.

READERS of the correspondence between Lieut.-Governor Angers of Quebec and his First Minister cannot but be struck with the strong family likeness in cer-

tain features between Mr. Mercier's plea of innocence and those of Sir Hector Langevin and Mr. Chapleau, in the Ottawa investigations. In all three cases, though the most outrageous exactions and frauds were being perpetrated in the departments, the Ministers were wonderfully innocent of all knowledge of the dishonest transactions. The whole guilt rests upon the shoulders of the wicked subordinates. Mr. Mercier's confidence has been, according to his own version of the affair, as heartlessly betrayed by his trusted Pacaud, as was that of Sir Hector by Perley, or that of Mr. Chapleau by Senecal. Perhaps, as Mr. Pacaud had no official position, the parallel would be still closer if in Sir Hector's case we substituted McGreevy for Perley. Another point of resemblance between the two cases last indicated is that in each the money filched from the public chest was put to party, not personal uses. But strong as is the presumption of guilty connivance against the Quebec Premier—and it would perhaps be hard to show that it is any stronger in his case than in that of Sir Hector—it cannot be denied that his explanation is plausible and skilful. He contends that the Government had nothing to do either with Mr. Armstrong or Mr. Pacaud, that Mr. Armstrong never had or made a claim against the Government. The Government simply placed the money in the hands of its Commissioner for payment, in strict accordance with the terms on which the appropriation was made. Mr. Armstrong's arrangement was with the company. The latter having agreed to pay Mr. Armstrong \$175,000 in settlement of his claim, the Government had nothing to do but hand the amount to its Commissioner, to be paid over according to agreement. If, says Mr. Mercier in effect, Mr. Armstrong was weak enough to let Mr. Pacaud have the lion's share of the sum, he has only his own folly to blame. But just there is one of the points of difficulty. The fact that Mr. Armstrong, a shrewd business man, and evidently fond of money, should have consented to hand back \$100,000 to Pacaud, points to the conclusion that there must have been more in the affair than meets the eye. Probably the Commissioners will bring out the facts, and show whether there was not a motive in Mr. Armstrong's generosity, and a method in the whole transaction. In the constitutional argument Mr. Mercier certainly reasoned well and clearly. He took the position we anticipated, in claiming the right of the Government to advise the Governor in respect to the commission. In consenting to the appointment of those named by the Governor he acted shrewdly, either as a matter of policy, or to avoid a disagreeable alternative. The proceedings of the Commission will be watched with interest. Meanwhile the heated discussion of Provincial and Constitutional rights which is going on in Quebec looks suspiciously as if Mr. Mercier anticipated failure before the Commission and was preparing for a struggle on other grounds. Meanwhile it is but fair to withhold judgment in his case, as in that of others, till the evidence is heard.

IN common, no doubt, with most Canadian journals—those, at least, of the non-partisan order—we hail the close of the Parliamentary session with a feeling of relief never before experienced. Ordinarily it is the duty of journals which interest themselves in public affairs to scrutinize the measures and proposals of the respective parties with reference to the political principles involved and to forecast, as they may be able, the probable effects upon the well-being and progress of the commonwealth. This session, as our readers too well know, attention has been of necessity almost wholly absorbed in the investigation of a succession of charges of malfeasance by Ministers and public officials, coupled with outrageous frauds perpetrated by unscrupulous individuals and firms having dealings with the Government. Even now, when both our readers and we would gladly escape from the atmosphere of public scandals which we have been so long forced to breathe, we find ourselves compelled to stop and ask what reason there is to hope that the daylight which has been let in upon the doings which have humiliated Canada in the eyes of the world has driven off the causes of corruption? We are forced reluctantly to conclude that the chief sources of the evil still remain. Somewhat vigorous measures have been taken to repress the streams, but the fountains are untouched. The primary causes, as they exist in a defective political system, are still at work. The English papers, which have followed the investigations with unwonted interest, have pointed out these causes very clearly. The London *Times* puts its finger

upon the seat of the disease in a single sentence: "The most alarming feature in all these stories of corruption is the close alliance between fraud and party organization." Closely connected with this is the point touched by the *Economist*, which, after describing the workings of corruption as disclosed in the investigations, says: "The only chance of a Department being pure in those circumstances is when it has no patronage to sell." The sum is this. Money must be had in large sums by the party organizations to enable them to win elections. Ministers must have large patronage that they may reward the party zeal which supplies the party funds. The party funds keep the party leaders in power, the party patronage rewards the party zeal. The circle is complete. That political gratitude which has been aptly described as a sense of favours to come is the force which keeps the whole machinery in motion. Have any measures been taken, any pledges given, for the introduction of a better system? Let the uproar which disgraced one of the last sittings of the Commons answer. The Opposition resorted to rowdiness to prevent the passage of an appropriation. The Government supporters responded with rowdiness to prevent the delivery of a speech, or rather the reading of an extract, designed to prevent or delay the making of the appropriation. What was the item? Only a paltry \$4,000 for the erection of a post office in a village or town in which the annual postal revenue is less than half that sum, while towns, represented by Opposition members, whose postal business is ten times as large, have for years asked in vain for a public building. The tactics of the Opposition were desperate and indefensible, yet they were powerless in the face of a majority ready to vote the public money to fulfil a party pledge, or purchase party support. The case is typical, and shows how little reason the country has to hope for any radical reform in the near future.

TO whatever extent the investigations of the present session may have tended towards improving the quality of Parliamentary morals, no one can claim that they have raised the level of Parliamentary manners. Some of the scenes which have been of almost daily occurrence in the Committee Rooms, and by no means rare on the floors of Parliament, have apparently beggared the descriptive powers of the correspondents. Honourable members have again and again hurled at each other epithets and insinuations which would scarcely be tolerated in a respectable bar-room. Some of the newspapers are crying out for a dissolution and a general election. We are not sure that the state of feeling that has been engendered between the two parties, as indicated by such occurrences, would not afford of itself, apart from other considerations, a valid reason for dissolution. One might well despair of seeing any useful legislation reached by two parties so evenly balanced and so intensely exasperated against each other. It may be that during the few months that will elapse before another session, the fierce passions aroused may have time to cool, and that all parties will come together again in the winter in a better frame of mind. In any case it should not certainly be too much to expect that the members of the Canadian Senate and Commons should be at least Canadian gentlemen of the best type, and should treat each other as such. In this connection we cannot refrain from making an observation on a kindred topic. We have more than once had occasion to speak in the highest terms not only of the gentlemanly conduct, but of the high-minded courtesy and fairness of the leader of the Opposition. Generally his example in such respects is such as some of his own adherents would do well to follow. Many admirers of Mr. Laurier were, we are sure, pained to perceive that he deemed it not unworthy of his reputation to garble, in the Langevin debate, a quotation from a speech of the late Sir John A. Macdonald, by omitting its explanatory and qualifying clause, thereby exposing himself to the severe reproof administered by Mr. McCarthy. There is on both sides of the House far too much of that kind of misquotation, for it is nothing else, but we have always believed the leader of the Opposition incapable of it. It may be argued, it is true, that the concluding part of the sentence which he omitted does not disprove the admission apparently made in the first part, viz., that the Government did bribe the people with their own money, but it was evidently so intended, and should in all fairness have been given for what it is worth. We charitably hope that the omission was due to failure of memory, in the heat of debate, though it is but reasonable to suppose that such quotations are usually made ready beforehand.

IT is not wonderful, in view of the history of the Ottawa investigations during the present session, that Mr. Girouard and others should have lost confidence, if they previously had any, in the Parliamentary Committee as a tribunal for the trial of members of Parliament. It is certainly remarkable to one who looks at it from an independent or philosophical standpoint, that in so many instances in which it has become the solemn duty of each member to weigh carefully the evidence presented and form his own unbiassed and righteous conclusion, those conclusions should, with almost absolute uniformity, have followed the lines of political cleavage. This fact certainly suggests another conclusion that it is not pleasant to reach, one that, to say the least, reflects no credit upon human nature as represented in Canadian public life. Yet it by no means follows that more satisfactory results would have been attained had these cases been tried in the courts, since the very same influence, the bias begotten of partisan feeling, would almost surely have been present in the minds of the jurors, and have led to similar disagreements, unless all happened to belong to the same party. The vice is inherent in the party system. The tendency of the juror, whether he be a member of Parliament or a private citizen, to give a public man on his own side of politics the benefit of the doubt, which he would not give to one on the other side, is well-nigh irresistible, though it operates, we may hope, without the consciousness of the individual. Touching this point there was a refreshing, not to say amusing, *naïveté* in a remark made by Lieut.-Governor Angers in one of his letters in his correspondence with Premier Mercier, recently published. To Mr. Mercier's objection to the selection of a certain newly appointed judge as a commissioner, on the ground that he was not long since, before his elevation to the bench, a strong party man, Mr. Angers replies, in effect, with apparently a touch of horror, that the objection is inadmissible, inasmuch as it would imply that the judge in question had not put aside all party feeling when he ascended the bench! His Honour evidently forgot that even judges are but men. The only way to rise above the influence of party prejudices is to rise above the spirit of partisanship. There is reason to hope that some progress is being made in this direction, and it will be strange if the events of the present session do not have the effect of largely increasing the number of citizens who determine henceforth to free themselves from the fetters of partyism and vote only for the best men and the best measures, according to their own unbiassed judgments. Difficulties may arise in consequence of apparent conflicts between these two rules of action, but it is more than doubtful whether any circumstances can justify an honest elector in casting his vote for any man whom he does not believe to be of irreproachable character and high moral principles.

REPLYING to a question by Mr. Davin, Sir John Thompson said, the other day, that the Government must have the fullest information before adopting a change of policy by granting second homesteads in the North-West, seeing that to grant the claims of those who desired second homesteads would involve the giving up of probably two million acres of the public domain. There is a good deal to be said in favour of granting the privilege of taking second homesteads, as one of the most potent inducements for bringing in the settlers, who are now the great want of the North-West. Nevertheless we are glad to see that it has at last dawned upon the minds of the Ministers that the public domain, even in the North-West, is not absolutely illimitable and inexhaustible. The day will most surely come when Canada will vainly regret that the policy of economy and caution in this respect had not sooner commended itself to the Government. The *Winnipeg Commercial*, of September 21, has a vigorous article upon the dissipation of the public domain, setting forth facts that should be known and pondered by every man interested in the future of Canada. Setting out from the fact shown in a return recently brought down at Ottawa, that no less than 42,000,000 acres of land in Manitoba and the Territories have been already granted to railways, the *Commercial* proceeds to unfold the meaning of these figures. It points out that the territory thus given to the railways alone is larger by one million acres than the whole Province of Manitoba, swamps, muskegs, etc., included, while but a small section of either that Province or the Territories is as yet supplied with railways. It is thus seen that "if land grants are to continue until all parts are opened up by railway, at the same proportionate rate as in the past,

there will not be land enough in the entire country to satisfy the railways. The railways will own all the land, and will still be unsatisfied." It must not be forgotten, moreover, that the lands already bestowed are largely "the pick and choice of the country." The *Commercial* goes on to argue with much force that, apart from the danger of exhausting the supply, the policy of land grants to corporations or private speculators is iniquitous in principle. "The public lands should be held for the people." We have not now space to follow the argument in detail, or to discuss the important question involved. Whatever may be said in favour of the cautious giving of land-grants as the only available means, if it be such, of building railroads and opening up the country, the giving or selling for a trifle of large tracts or small to private speculators and corporations is demonstrably wrong. Vastly better it would be to distribute it in second homesteads, for in that case no one man could acquire more than three hundred and twenty acres. The *Commercial* is right, too, in insisting that in cases where the injury has been already done, it should be counteracted as far as possible by holding the corporations strictly to the conditions upon which the grants were given, and reclaiming for the public, on equitable terms, the lands, in all cases in which the conditions have not been fulfilled. We agree with our contemporary in commending the subject to the thoughtful consideration of the people of Canada, as one which concerns the welfare of all.

WHILE we are by no means sure that it would be sound in principle, or wise in practice, for the Government of Canada to commence a policy of "encouraging talent" by providing places in the public service for her budding or blooming geniuses, it is impossible not to sympathize with the proposal made the other day in Parliament by Mr. McNeill and heartily concurred in by Mr. Laurier, that a position in the Library be given to William Wilfred Campbell. Mr. Campbell is, it appears, already in the public service, being employed in the Railway Department at \$1.50 per day. No one who has read the poem "Mother" can doubt that Mr. Campbell is endowed with poetic talent of a very high order, and, though there is much to be said in favour of leaving genius, as well as mediocrity, to make its own way, there can be no harm in throwing an opportunity in the line of that way, when it can be done without loss to the public or injury to the self-respect of the individual. Both these conditions could no doubt be met, in the way proposed, for there must be service that could be rendered by such a man in connection with the Parliamentary Library which would be a fair equivalent for a moderate salary, and in the performance of which he could gain time and opportunity for the fuller development of his rare poetic powers.

EITHER the Emperor of Germany is a man of most uncertain moods, or the responsibilities of his high position have wrought a salutary change in his character. We all remember the jingoistic speeches which in the early months after his accession threatened the peace of the world. The diplomatists of Europe for a time almost held their breath as they waited for his next utterance or movement. After a little, a turn of the kaleidoscope showed the Emperor in the rôle of a social reformer, interesting himself in the welfare of the workman, listening to the tale of his grievances and trying, in what we may now regard as genuine earnestness, however sceptical we may have been at the time, to master the industrial situation with a view to its improvement. For a year or more past all the acts and utterances of the man whose advent to the throne was dreaded, as would be that of a firebrand in a storehouse of combustibles, have been those of a peacemaker. His last reported words are such as would do honour to the heart as well as the head of any Christian monarch. Sooner than precipitate a war which seemed inevitable, for the sake of securing a preliminary advantage, he would use his influence to postpone it even for a month, in the hope that a way of peace might be found. If this is, in truth, the Emperor's feeling, and we see now no reason to doubt his sincerity, the effect in prolonging, and possibly perpetuating, the peace of Europe must be very great. Nor has he confined himself to words alone. His recent action in removing of his own free will the irritating passport regulations, which have done so much to exasperate the French on both sides of the Alsace and Lorraine border, was an act of justice and good sense bordering on the magnanimous. His withdrawal of the edict prohibiting German capitalists from

subscribing to the Russian loan is perhaps of a more doubtful character. It seems to be suspected in diplomatic circles of having been prompted by a shrewd confidence that the Germans would of their own accord refuse to subscribe, thus making the Czar's rebuff all the more marked and cutting. If it stood alone it might suggest that as the most reasonable interpretation. Viewed in connection with other acts, such as those referred to, there is at least room to ascribe the more charitable motive and hope that the change was prompted by a genuine desire to remove unnecessary causes of irritation, and pave the way to a better state of feeling between the two great Powers concerned. The future course of Emperor William will be followed with increased interest by reason of late meritorious words and doings.

HOW FREE TRADE WITH THE WORLD WOULD BENEFIT CANADA.

IT is a well known historical fact that the manufacturers of Great Britain first opposed the doctrine of free trade, and then warmly adopted it. It is also an indisputable fact that the reason for their change of mind was, largely, the recognition of the fact that free trade, by enabling them to buy their materials in the cheapest markets, and by cheapening the cost of living for the workman, would enable them to greatly lower the cost of production, and increase their margin of profit. While free trade, however, gave a vast impetus and a solid foundation to the manufacturing industry of Great Britain, it disturbed for a time the agricultural industry, and it is only now, indeed, that careful observers are able to inform us that the British farmers in general are successfully adapting their methods and their productions to the new conditions that were brought about by the adoption of free trade. That the British farmer has had a strong undercurrent belief that the principle is the right one in the end is surely evidenced by the fact that during these many years of his struggle no protectionist party has gained a serious foothold with the people.

I propose to endeavour to show in this article that the principle which has so vastly benefited Great Britain on the whole would also vastly benefit Canada as a whole. It would be absurd, of course, to argue that *because* free trade has benefited Great Britain it would benefit any other country, and therefore Canada, as the conditions in the two countries are entirely different; and it is the conditions always which must govern any political or fiscal theory. Great Britain is essentially a manufacturing country. Her cultivatable area is not sufficient to afford food-stuffs for her great population, and her wealth has therefore to depend upon the fullest and most economical use of the natural and other advantages which make her a world workshop and a world carrier. *Cheapness of production* is the simple, open secret of her commercial and manufacturing power, and cheapness of production is best obtained by the freest of free trade.

Now let us apply that principle to the *conditions* of Canada. Canada is essentially an agricultural country. Her cultivatable area is vastly in excess of the needs of her population, and the exports of surplus products of the soil have always been greatly larger than the exports of manufactured articles. She is not, and is not likely to be for many years to come, a world workshop. But she is a world food-raiser, and any policy that will most strengthen her position in that respect is the one that will most greatly add to her general wealth. Now, I contend that the farmers of Canada need to be placed in the same position as the manufacturers of Great Britain. They should be enabled to produce their exports at the lowest possible cost. To do this they must be allowed to buy everything they need in the cheapest markets, whether their wants refer to the household or to the farm. They should be allowed to buy clothing and every other necessary of life where they can buy them cheapest, and no restriction should be placed upon the implements, the machinery, the raw materials and the fertilizers required for the farm. Free trade, and free trade only, can enable our farmers to buy in the cheapest markets, and therefore produce at the lowest possible cost.

Such, in bold outline and plain words, is the free trader's position; but there remain to be considered the practicability of the principle and its general effects apart from the advantages that would accrue to the agricultural interest.

For the purposes of Government a tariff, whether it be for protection or for revenue, is necessary as long as the people are unwilling to accede to direct taxation. The practical difficulty which arises is the question whether the difference between direct and indirect taxation can be made sufficiently clear to the electorate. By both of the political parties, directly and indirectly, direct taxation has been made so much of a bugbear to frighten the timid that it is doubtful if an intelligent expression of opinion on the subject could be obtained at the polls at the present time. The farmers of Canada are as blind to their own interests as the manufacturers of Great Britain were when Mr. Villiers and Mr. Cobden began to speak to them. But there is more in the way than the ignorance of the electorate regarding direct and indirect taxation; there is the natural hesitancy as to the effect of free trade upon our manufacturing interests. Some of our manufactures

would suffer; there is not the slightest room for doubt about that. Some workshops (let me state it frankly) which should never have been opened, would be closed, and there would be a temporary disturbance of the manufacturing interest in Canada just as there was a temporary disturbance of the agricultural interest in Great Britain. But the manufactures indigenous and proper to the country would not suffer, and would have no further burden laid upon them than to adapt their productions and their methods to the needs of the home market. By a parity of reasoning with what has been observed in Great Britain, the manufacturers of Canada would see that their most substantial interests lie in the best development of the chief source of the country's general wealth. The parity of reasoning, of course, can only be properly carried out by a recognition of the fact that the *conditions* in the two countries are almost opposite.

As to the general effects of free trade upon the country, apart from the advantages that would accrue to the agricultural interest, there is an immense *arcandum* of thought opened, both political and national, or rather national and international. The free trader sees an unhampered, successful agricultural population, steadily growing in culture and knowledge and forming a solid and permanent national groundwork. He sees a whole people devoting themselves to the elevation and advancement of an industry for which the country as a whole is most suited, and which most greatly adds to its wealth. And he sees in it, moreover, the true Independence that will lead to the most lasting Federation of his Anglo-Saxon brothers. Is it merely a dream? The question has yet to be thrashed out.

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Richmond, Que.

A PARSON'S PONDERINGS ON "SUPPORTING YOUR SUPPORTERS."

I HAVE just read my WEEK of to-day (Sept. 18), and its first page has set me a-thinking. It discussed the New Frauds Bill, and took high moral ground—very high indeed; it demanded that the Frauds Bill should begin higher. It would make it hot, not only for the man who gives presents to a Minister, but even for "the man who, having sold or wishing to sell goods to a department, makes a contribution, voluntary or solicited, to the electoral fund of the party to which the Minister belongs." Now this would be indeed heroic treatment, and might eventually reverse the present order of things, driving out of existence "the unlimited collection and use of money for election purposes," which is confessedly the bane of our political system.

I am not enough of a politician to discuss the ethics of this question from a political standpoint, but, as a parson, I would suggest that the proposed legislation should begin even higher yet. Instead of confining itself to Ministers of State and their clients, suppose it should reach even to Ministers of Religion and their flocks? The enforcement of the maxim, "Support your supporters," sometimes falls heavily on the clergy. Many a time is a poor pastor remonstrated with by the members or officials of his congregation for *not* supporting his supporters; many a time does he get some such hint as this, "I want to tell you, as a friend, that Mr. Tozer is offended with you; he talks of leaving your church and joining Mr. Smith's or Mr. Brown's church, because you don't deal at his store." Now under such circumstances there are two courses open to the offending minister. On the one hand he may pursue his own independent way. In that case he will lose Mr. Tozer, and then he will soon hear the mutterings of discontent at his alienating the members of his flock. On the other hand he may submit and patronize Mr. Tozer henceforth; in that case he must "grin and bear it" if he should perchance find himself the victim of stale groceries, or tough meat, or ill-fitting garments, all purchased at the highest price, in order to retain the good graces of Mr. Tozer.

Now the question is: Supposing the parson adopts the latter course, is he a "Boodler"? I confess I cannot draw the line between his conduct and that of a contractor, let us say—who subscribes to the election fund. The difference seems to me to be one of degree and not of kind. To be sure there is a vast difference between the amount of the contractor's cheque and the poor parson's little grocery bill, but the principle in each transaction is the same, I ween; it is "supporting your supporters." Now, if I am correct in my premises, I must needs confess with a heavy heart that I have more than once in my life been guilty (or the victim) of this species of "Boodling."

The fact is the Old Adam in us all dies hard, and legislation, in order to exterminate him, must go very deep. How would it be for the Government to enact that, "Whoever shall join any congregation or church and subscribe to its funds in order to obtain the custom and patronage of the members of such church or of the pastor thereof, shall be judged guilty of Boodling"; or again, "If any pastor of a church shall patronize any shop or store, and so make bad purchases or bargains, simply in order to secure or retain the attendance in his church of the master or owner of such shop or store, he shall be judged guilty of Boodling"?

Alas! if such laws were passed I wonder how many would escape of all the preachers who have of late aroused the indignation of the land with their eloquence concerning wickedness in high places!

In the small English town in which I was brought up the tradesmen and artisans were mostly non-conformists, and they had great grudge against the rector of the parish. It was not because he was a Ritualist; on the contrary, he was an Evangelical of the purest type—what we used to call a Simeonite—and a good, lovable, Christian man, although an "aristocrat." No; their complaint was: "A pretty shepherd of the flock he is! If he wants a new suit of clothes or a new pair of boots, he goes to E— (the county town) to get them!" Well E— was only sixteen miles off, and the tailors of our little town were not first-class; but the good rector took his own course; he belonged to the much-hated established church, and he was "haughty" enough to get his clothes and things where he could get best value for his money.

There may be demoralizing elements in a state church, but there are other elements, equally demoralizing, in the voluntary system, with all its miserable rivalries and competitions and struggles for existence. But the compact of Church and State is doomed, we are told. It is a "relic of mediævalism" that must be abolished everywhere as it is in Canada. Be it so. But the problem which has yet to be solved by us Canadians is: Now that there is an entire separation between Church and State, between Religion and Politics, to which of the two belongs the department of Ethics and Morals? If the Legislature means to control it, let it give the various religious denominations to understand that henceforth they must confine themselves to dogma and speculation, and let the enactments of the State on such questions as the day of rest, prohibition, and so forth, be based on purely political and utilitarian grounds, and let all its acts against "supporting your supporters" reach even to the churches and the pastors thereof.

Geo. J. Low.

OTTAWA LETTER.

THE charge made by Mr. Lister against the Hon. Mr. Haggart that the latter had, while a member of the House, been interested in the famous "Section B" contract, and had used his influence to the pecuniary advantage of the contractors and the political benefit of the Government in which he is now Postmaster-General, was quickly enough disposed of, and kept the Tarte-McGreevy debate back only part of one day. Mr. Lister was probably "riding for a fall." At all events the charge was no sooner made than the intention of the Government to refuse a Committee became current report. It was hardly to be supposed that in the closing days of the session an investigation of this character would be begun. But Sir John Thompson and Mr. McCarthy gave much more powerful reasons for not going into a matter dating back to 1879, and for putting some limit to the exercise of the House's jurisdiction in matters of this kind. By the time the Minister of Justice had got through his dissection the layman might well wonder whether there was any charge, any Mr. Lister, any House of Commons, so complete was the technical analysis of the formal motion made, and so plain the showing that this motion did not constitute the specific accusation, made on the responsibility of a member and involving his own seat, which is required before the House acts on a matter of privilege concerning the honour of any of its members. Mr. Laurier did not grapple very hard with the technicalities, being apparently more concerned with ultimate effect than immediate result, and taking as his main position the duty of Mr. Haggart to clear himself. But he was met on both grounds by Mr. McCarthy who *inter alia*, in the course of a concise pithy speech, pointed out that when the Independence of Parliament Act was passed, it was not to punish an offence of the class known to moralists as well as lawyers as *malum in se* but to remedy an evil, and also that even if the charge were proved to be true the finding would be a dead letter as neither Statute nor precedent provided for expulsion of the offender, unless the offence had been committed during the Parliament sitting now. That it would be a good campaign document he admitted, and many other people think that as the matter stands it is that already. The leading lights on both sides of the House had a hand in after dinner, and the references made to sundry cases in the days of the Liberals' administration, notably the incident of Mr. Anglin, made the debate a good deal warmer than the lawyer's argument it had begun with. These cases required a good deal of explaining to make it quite clear that they did not in the least support the contentions of the adversary and only emphasized those of friends. The discussion wound up with a strong direct attack on the Government by Mr. Lister who did not hesitate to charge them with having made Canada a politically demoralized country worse than any South American republic. But by a majority of twenty-four the House resolved to wait till next session for the proof of this and passed on to the Orders of the Day.

The Tarte-McGreevy debate is now history. Had it come over earlier it might have been matter for a couple of weeks' talking; but for once, in a way, it seemed to be practically admitted that when the case had been presented forcibly and ably for both sides, there was no need for any remarks that did not throw new light on the subject. Mr. Davies made a powerful argument for the minority report which he and Mr. Mills drew up, and used plain language in his statement of that argument. It was an able speech and was ably criticized by the young member from Cumberland, N.S., Mr. Dickey, who has all the faculty for speaking that Joseph Howe declared

was innate in every Nova Scotian. Mr. Amyot did not spare Sir Hector Langevin any more than he spared McGreevy, who came in for the impartial condemnation of both sides. During his speech only was there any of the disturbance which a bitter political fight of this kind is apt to produce. Towards the small hours of the morning in an empty House there was a warm interchange of epithets between him and Mr. Langelier on one side and Mr. Ives on the other, *apropos* of the Pacaud scandal and Mr. Ives' railway connections and Texas investments. This led to skirmishing with motions to adjourn the debate and the House, the technical result being that Mr. Amyot lost the floor. But *Hansard*, though big, does not contain everything said in the House of Commons.

One of the sensations of the debate was Sir Adolphe Caron weeping, so to speak, at Sir Hector Langevin's political funeral. Everybody who reads the papers will quite understand that the Minister of Militia's intense appreciation of his late leader and colleague must have been quite misunderstood now that his real sentiments of admiration and regret have found expression. Mr. Laurier spoke for the country as well as for the Commons, but did not come so much to the fore as usual, the analysis of a mass of evidence not being in his line. His closing reference to the days of the decline of French rule in Canada and to the corruption of Bigot was an unfortunate one, as was also that to Sir John Macdonald's famous utterance about bribing the constituencies with their own money. The latter gave Mr. McCarthy a chance to score heavily by showing that the leader of the Opposition had omitted the immediately following explanation by Sir John that "the charge amounts to this that we have so wisely and equitably distributed the revenue in the different parts of the Dominion as to gain the approbation of the country as a whole," and enabled him to appeal against unfair attacks on the great dead. The episode was an exciting beginning to the deliberate carefully argued speech, founded on a masterly digest of the voluminous evidence, with which Mr. McCarthy led up to his amendment. This denounced the inability of the House for want of certain evidence to arrive at a definite conclusion as to the nature of the connection, if any, of Sir Hector with the conspiracy to defraud the public revenue, but censured him on the ground that he could not be absolved from his ministerial responsibility, and recommended proceedings for perjury against some of the witnesses. Sir John Thompson did not speak at all, much to the disappointment of the curious in these matters, and Mr. Chapleau's opinion remained unexpressed, in which respect he is credited with being wiser than his only other French colleague now. The McCarthy amendment found but one supporter in Mr. O'Brien, and so this famous case ended in the main report being adopted by a vote of 101 to 86, and Sir Hector Langevin's career as a politician ends. He is said to be selling his house in Ottawa, but his future movements are undecided. It will be strange if so strong a personality with the attributes that have made him and kept him so long a leader among French Canadian politicians becomes effaced at once. It is far more likely to be felt, and powerfully too, with added energy, in the violent internal dissensions which form such a feature in the cliques and conspiracies underlying the apparently placid fronts which political parties in the Province of Quebec show to the public.

Mr. McGreevy has been formally expelled. Nothing else seemed left to do. This last act in the drama, like all the other incidents in connection with Mr. McGreevy, was performed quietly and almost in silence on the last day but one of the session. Probably everybody felt that after the preceding debate, actions speak louder than words. There is, however, nothing to prevent him coming back if his electors choose to return him, and he is said to have been canvassing his now vacant constituency very lately. This would be a sensation indeed, and it may even be that Mr. McGreevy has held silence thus long to speak with more effect when his time comes.

After the close of the great drama of the session there was little left to do but to hasten the fall of the curtain. The Public Accounts Committee has not had any specific outcome of the implications against Mr. Chapleau, and the Opposition are willing to leave the Printing Bureau as material to work on next session, which will probably see more definitely based charges against such of the Ministers now involved in scandals as are then remaining in the Cabinet after the reconstruction now in prospect. It is altogether unlikely that the inquisitorial methods of this session will be countenanced if they are resorted to again, while on the other hand there is not the least doubt that the fullest enquiry into specific accusations will be promoted by the Government and carried out with energy.

At the last hour the virtue, which is its own reward, made that reward of itself take the shape of \$500 extra indemnity for the length of the session. That this is a direct inducement for a certain class of members to prolong a session when in doubt cannot be denied; and it is tolerably certain that, to the men whose time is most valuable to the country and to themselves, this amount of money is not worth considering. The probable outcome will be the permanent increase of indemnity to a figure sufficient to really pay them in some measure. But, though many members may not feel easy in their minds about this practical denial of the much spoken of desire for economy and purification, he would be a bold and an unpopular man who denounces it by his vote.

Before this letter appears in *THE WEEK* the memorable session of 1891 will have ended. It has been a

gloomy one with little apparent outcome. It began with forebodings, it has seen death and disaster to men and to their political hopes, but through all the evil report and scandal of party warfare, the country may well have reason to hope that the darkest hour comes just before the dawn.

X.

THE CACTUS.

Look where the Cactus blows!
As brilliantly it glows
As yonder fiery sun!
Surrounding it dull green,
Rough, jagged stems are seen:
How was its beauty spun?

O was its tissue wove
By angel forms above,
Of crimson-tinted cloud?
And do the garden elves
Watch over it themselves,
Of its rare beauty proud?

Type of the poet's life!
Enveloped close with strife
And ruggedness and pain,
He gives the world, unsought,
The blossom of his thought.
Like sunshine through the rain,

His songs shed happiness,
And light and loveliness,
Calm, and content.
Of heaven is he the child;
His fancies glowing, wild,
The gods to him have lent!

MARY MORGAN (Gowan Lea).

ROAMINGS IN CLASSIC MASSACHUSETTS.

IF there is any region in America which we may regard as "classic ground" in the literary sense, that region is the State of Massachusetts, the gentle beauty of whose charming Arcadian scenery is so closely associated with names and memories that have become household words with every cultivated Anglo-Saxon. It has, of course, many other than literary associations. Canadians may well regard it as the cradle of our existence as a British colony; since out of Massachusetts, even more than the other New England colonies, came the brave men who were the backbone of the struggle with France for the possession of Canada,—the captors of Louisburg and Ticonderoga,—the heroes of many a well-fought field in the valley of the Ohio and on the fair slopes of Lake Champlain and Lake George. Massachusetts has been a leader in the arts of war and peace, in civilization, philanthropy, literature, art and education. The revered names of Bryant and Lowell, Hawthorne and Emerson, Whittier and Longfellow, Holmes and Parkman add to the natural beauty of the heart of New England a charm more sacred and enduring than even those with which a bountiful nature has enriched her—the fair wooded slopes and green valleys, the "quiet pastures" and "still waters," the winding streams and the lakelets that sparkle amid their embosoming verdure like gems in the summer sun.

It was on the first of June that we set out on our pilgrimage to this classic Massachusetts. Crossing our magnificent St. Lawrence through a labyrinth of islands, still bright in the first freshness of their spring attire—the heat of one of the first summer days tempered by the bracing breezes from Lake Ontario—we landed at the village of Clayton, close to the train which was to carry us eastward. We had blissfully forgotten that there were such things as "tariffs" or custom houses, or that we have not yet secured the boon of unrestricted reciprocity; but are suddenly reminded of the latter fact, by an admonition to "have your key ready!" For our small *impedimenta* the examination does not prove very formidable, but the incident sets us reflecting afresh on the anomaly and fatuity of these vexatious barriers between two civilized nations, lying side by side, whose origin, interests and general characteristics are identical, and to both of which the closest and freest commercial relations, in line with the evident intention of nature, could bring in the long run nothing but good. However, this is a digression from our journey, which, for the first two or three hours, carries us through a rather uninteresting bit of Western New York, which, like the corresponding portion of the Canadian shore, was evidently suffering from long-continued drought. As the shadows began to lengthen, however, we came out on the Black River, with wooded hills breaking the flat horizon line. Then we entered the Mohawk Valley, the scene of so much stirring border warfare during the French régime, and just before the revolution. But the soft summer dusk soon veiled all surroundings from our sight.

Soon after leaving Albany, before daybreak next morning, we found ourselves entering the hill country of Massachusetts, and henceforth every stage of the journey had, besides the charm of outward beauty, that of interesting association. At Pittsfield we are among the "Berkshire hills," fresh and fair in the early morning sun, the scenery of which is familiar to all readers of Hawthorne's life; for in the heart of them, about six miles from the pretty little town of Pittsfield, he and his family resided for

some years, and here his most classic work was written,—“The House with the Seven Gables.” Springfield is a large, busy town, where we halt for breakfast, and recall associations of the bright Springfield *Republican*, and the early literary career of J. G. Holland and other writers who tried their “prentice hand” on that well-known sheet. From Springfield onward we have a succession of charming pastoral scenery, in June freshness of verdure, with noble hills in the background, and glimpses of the winding Connecticut, rippling brown over its pebbly bed, with here and there a smaller stream wandering leisurely among the green pasture lands,—a constant feast to the eye, which would gladly linger to have the enjoyments prolonged. Somewhere about Worcester, an old colonial town with pre-revolutionary associations, we lose the delightful glimpses of the fine wooded hills, and the country, growing tamer, seems more like a garden, or, at least, a pleasure ground. We pass, in swift succession, one bowery village after another, their streets shaded by the stately spreading elms, which are such a pleasant feature of New England scenery, while the intervening country is thickly sprinkled with tidy farm houses amid their fields and orchards, the houses looking in many cases ample enough to accommodate a fair share of the summer boarders, who will soon gladly exchange the hot, dusty city for the quiet and fresh air of the country.

At last, after feasting for some hours on a succession of lovely sylvan pictures, touched with the dewy freshness of a June morning, the villages begin to wear more of a suburban aspect. Pretty little villas and more ambitious residences with park-like grounds attract the eye by their suggestions of summer rest in their bosky shades. At a pretty little station the name “Wellesley” attracts our notice, and we recollect that this must be the site of the well-known ladies’ college of that name. Looking out eagerly, we just catch a glimpse, above masses of clustering foliage, of an imposing red-brick, Elizabethan-looking pile of building, of which we shall see more hereafter. That is Wellesley College, devoted to the use of the gentler sex as exclusively as was that one in the pretty day-dream of the poet, presided over by the Princess Ida. Leaving this behind us, to return to it by-and-bye, we pass Wellesley Hills, Newton and its offshoot Riverside, beside its winding brown river, and other suburbs mainly composed of clusters of light-coloured wooden villas, large and small, where live many Bostonians, finding rest and refreshment, after the busy day, in these quiet country homes. Eastward, on the horizon, now gleams what looks like a yellow harvest moon, which, in due time, turns out to be the gilded dome of the State House of Boston, shining out as a land-mark for many miles round. Presently, we are crossing the classic Charles River, and swiftly speeding through the bare, new straits of the “Back Bay and the Neck,”—so familiar to all readers of Howells’ novels—and the dingy, crowded quarters of the older part of Boston, till, with the usual shriek, we draw up in the great Boston and Albany Depot—the terminus of one of the great thoroughfares, along which thousands of tired Bostonians are annually borne away to be refreshed and oxygenated by seaside or mountain air, and in due time transported back to their various avocations, to begin anew “the pace that kills.”

It looks that, at any rate, as we watch the hurrying crowds surging along Washington Street and the main avenues, as briskly as if the thermometer was not standing somewhere about ninety in the shade. Tired travellers, like ourselves, are glad to find shelter in a comparatively cool house, and refresh ourselves, after our night of travel, with a cold bath and luncheon, after which we feel sufficiently refreshed to take a ride in a street car down Huntington Avenue. The Public Gardens, which we pass on emerging from the Avenue into Boylston Street, look charmingly bright and beautiful, with their rich expanse of velvet sward, shaded by ornamental trees and flowering shrubs, which are one mass of bloom, and bright with gorgeous flower-beds, while an artificial lakelet, with its pleasure boats moored on the shore, looks invitingly cool and alluring, as it sparkles in the sunshine. But almost more delightful in appearance, and greatly more interesting in associations, is the Boston “Common,” or Park, lying adjacent to the “Gardens,” with avenues of stately elms crossing it in various directions, and the historical “Pond” filling a natural basin in the centre; though the old Liberty Elm has gone the way of all sublunary things, leaving, however, a youthful descendant and successor, which is carefully cherished and protected from harm. “That is the ‘Long Walk,’” remarks our friend, in answer to an enquiry made in the interest of old associations with the “Autocrat of the Breakfast table”—pointing out a long, shady avenue, paced, no doubt, by many a happy pair of lovers since the “Autocrat” distinguished it. It would be difficult to find, in America at least, another city possessing two such pleasure grounds in the very heart of its busy life—with shops and offices *vis à vis* to the shady walks and glowing parterres, and lines of cars converging towards them from all directions. A few blocks further on, we enter busy Washington Street, which, like the other main streets in old Boston, twists about in a sinuous fashion, very perplexing to the stranger. Following this busy thoroughfare, we find ourselves in the old colonial portion of the city, we soon pass the “Old South Church,” in which was held the great, enthusiastic public meeting of December 16, 1773, that resulted in the “Boston tea-party,” and was one of the factors in the Revolution. Its name also recalls a tragic

scene enacted within it in times of slavery, which forms the subject of two striking poems by Whittier. It has been long superannuated as a church, but stands unchanged, with its old-fashioned porch and belfry, draped in a luxuriant mantle of the pretty “Japanese ivy,” which so charmingly disguises the ugliness of so many of the red brick walls of Boston. It is kept as a national monument, and contains the original “Declaration of Independence,” and other relics of that stormy period, which were in evidence in Philadelphia at the time of the Centennial. Following Washington Street farther still, we come to the Old State House and Faneuil Hall—both wooden buildings, much in the style of old-fashioned meeting-houses, with their rows of small, narrow windows and their prim little belfries. Over one front of the Old State House the lion and unicorn still mount guard as in the old colonial times, bearing witness to our common origin and close relationship. Here, also, are kept a number of national relics, and public meetings are still held within the walls which have echoed to the noble pleadings of Phillips and Garrison for the liberties of their fellows, as well as to those of Warren and Adams, for their own. In the square opposite Faneuil Hall stands the grey, old, weather-beaten effigy of Samuel Adams, apparently still watching over the destinies of the commonwealth he helped to found, amid the tall piles of massive masonry around him, attesting the wealth and importance to which its youthful energies have already attained.

We turn downwards to Atlantic Avenue, lying along the high grey docks, from one of which we look seawards across the sullen brown waters of Boston Bay, and recall the occasion just referred to, when that band of determined men went out to the British vessel at anchor there and threw her cargo of tea into those turbid waters, in token that they would brook no interference with their rights as free-born British subjects. Could they have foreseen the marvellous changes which a century has brought about they would doubtless have felt themselves more than rewarded. Over at East Boston we see great ocean steamers which seem to reunite Britain and America, lying at their docks; and the bay is studded with sailing vessels riding at anchor, or winging their flight oceanward, carrying the manufactures of Massachusetts to many a far distant land.

But we must leave the docks behind, with all the thoughts they suggest, and find our way back to Washington Street, and thence by Park Street to Beacon Street, and the broad riband of the Charles River lying behind it. After a walk up this long street of fashionable houses, most of them four storeys high and many of them thickly draped with the Japanese ivy, we turn into the broad expanse of Commonwealth Avenue, the most fashionable of all, with little squares of grass and trees all along its centre, and its tall handsome houses betokening the wealth and luxury of their owners—the whole seeming to wear an expression of dignified repose that reminds one of the streets about Regent Square in London.

Finding our way back to Huntington Avenue, we find ourselves in a sort of centre of art, education and religion, the latter so far at least as the number of churches is concerned. The massive proportions of Trinity Church, with its cloistered appendages and Norman tower, faces the graceful Scottish Norman edifice of the “New Old South” with its slender and beautiful *campanile*, both churches taking an added beauty from the masses of Japanese ivy which festoon their warm grey stone walls. This church, like its parent, the “Old South,” contains also some venerable relics, one of these being a large and splendidly printed Bible used by George Whitfield when he preached to the men and women of Old Boston. Several other handsome churches are within a few blocks of these two fine edifices, among them the church of Edward Everett Hale, on the model of a *basilica* and decorated within in harmony with the style of its architecture. Near it is the Horace Mann Institute, a handsome stone building, and not far off on Huntington Avenue stands the immense building of the Boston School of Technology with its splendid equipment of appliances and workshops of all kinds. Only a short distance from this stands the Art School, a building of handsome proportions and simple but pleasing architecture. A walk through its long suites of classrooms gave a high estimate of the amount and quality of the work done by the able staff of teachers, and of the privileges enjoyed by the numerous students who study here. The modelling-room was especially interesting, with its eager workers, the young women looking workmanlike in the long light linen “dusters,” busy over the great lumps of clay which were gradually becoming portrait-busts of three “subjects,” who sat on movable platforms which could be turned at will into the various positions required by the artists, who took careful measurements with their compasses of the features of the patient “models.” One of these was a middle-aged man of marked physiognomy, which wore an expression of mingled endurance and amusement. Another was a “coloured” youth whose head was adorned with an incongruous “Tam O’ Shanter,” and a third was a very conventional looking young girl. Some of the busts were already good and lifelike portraits, showing decided talent in the young modellers. In the water-colour department a number of students were absorbed in copying a quantity of fresh flowers which had just been brought in. Some of the studies of roses, carnations, passion-flowers and *fleurs de lis* were very interesting and effective. Both teachers and students seemed greatly interested in the then approaching meeting of the International Teachers’ Con-

vention in Toronto, for which an “exhibit” was being prepared, including a carefully executed design for a stained glass window, by the student who showed most promise in that direction. The Museum of Art on Boylston Street by no means comes up to what one would expect from cultured Boston, many of the pictures being below mediocrity, and very few above it. The Greek and Assyrian casts are however interesting, and there are some pretty collections of vases, pottery and other *bric-a-brac*. But in this particular, at least, the “hub” city fails to keep up her high pretensions.

In general, the Boston streets and avenues have a decidedly monotonous aspect. The long succession of four-storey brick blocks everywhere one turns soon becomes fatiguing to the eye, to which an occasional stone building is a delightful variety, and the brick pavements and brick walls reflect the heat like an oven. But the environs of Boston are altogether charming. Of these, more anon.

FIDELIS.

PARIS LETTER.

AFTER all, the elements in the sixty years of public life of ex-President Grèvy are not many. This is due to the prudence and sagacity he always practised of never taking part in the opening storms of revolutionary crises. He only shouldered a musket once against royalty—to expel Charles X. Grèvy was the legal and political adviser of the Republican party, the man kept ready to drop into the highest offices that events had prepared for him. A peasant’s son, by birth and temperament a Republican, he was undeviating in his allegiance to both. His honesty and rectitude were above suspicion, but his obstinacy was too obdurate; he believed his judgments to be infallible and resisted any change in them with a papal *non possumus*.

Office never turned his head; he remained simple in his tastes to the last; aped no social distinctions; courted no popularity, marched along loyal roads and turned his back on paths of intrigues. He was humble, but never considered that for a second as a bar on an escutcheon or an impediment to national utility. His wife, the daughter of a laundress, had a fortune of only 6,000 frs., that almost any well-to-do artisan can give his daughter. He made 40,000 frs. a year at the Bar, or rather as a chamber lawyer. He has been accused of being close-fisted because he did not expend all his official income on displays and public voyages. But in France all functionaries save up; that it is which explains why to-day they are wealthy. There were no moneyed men at all among the founders of the Third Republic. M. Grèvy did not shirk giving the regulated number of dinners, balls and receptions, and as good as any given by his successor. Thiers refreshed his guests with *Bohea*, *causeries*, and iced water for blue ribbonists. M. Grèvy indulged in no official voyages; first, he disliked travelling and banquets—he only eat one meal daily, *déjeuner*—and next, considered them of no importance for the Republic.

In this he was wrong. France, though Republican, has a predilection for pomp, circumstance, fuss and feathers. That is why the fair sex has never cordially taken to the present constitution, and why London, by its court society, attracts the foreigner. As President of the Chamber, M. Grèvy’s career was a model of impartiality, suavity and tact. He committed the blunder—what M. Carnot will never do—of accepting the Presidency of the Republic for the second term, and was then chosen, just like his successor, to keep out inconvenient Richmonds. He was truly a “fond husband and an affectionate father.” In a moment of senile weakness—he was then eighty—he allowed his parental love to replace duty; to save a worthless and disreputable son-in-law at the official fire-side, he challenged infuriated public opinion, and instead of resigning with the abnegation of a Spartan and the dignity of an old Roman, he clung to office with the pettiness of the peasant and the pig-headedness of a Franc-Comtois. MacMahon had the choice to submit or to resign; Grèvy had to obey expulsion. But that one sorrow ought not to throw its bleak shade over his up till then unstained career. He did good yeoman’s service to Republicanism and did much to solidify the present constitution, and to disarm many of its adversaries by his toleration, impartiality and simple affability. Posterity will be kinder to him than contemporaries. He well merited the state funeral given to his remains. If the Republic had its Bossuet or Massillon, they would find in that honour paid to a peasant’s son, in the modest residence of his once serf ancestors, more themes for eloquence than in the autocracy of Louis XIV. or the voluptuousness of his successor. The funeral of the “Sun King” had for *De Profundis* the scornful hootings of the multitudes, and that of Louis XV., the “well-beloved,” the sarcastic pleasantries of the nation he corrupted. Thiers was interred with the accessories of martial law, between party hate and party defiance. Patriotic France, as his mortal remains descend into the vault, pronounces over her late President, *Pax Vobiscum!*

Patriotism in France appears to count two incomprehensibles. Five of the chief provincial cities have represented “Lohengrin,” and never remembered Wagner’s gallophobic skit of 1870, no more than they did Virchon’s anthropological dissertation on the coming extinction of the Gallic race. Not so Paris; a section of its population, and not the wisest, claims to be the *dépositaires* of the Holy Grail of patriotism; they will not allow “Lohengrin” to be represented at the opera, and intend to mob it inside the house and yell it in the street. These Mother

Carey's chickens the Home Minister believes to be the disbanded soldiers of Boulangism, and who want some work to do by organizing an international row. Either the Government or the noisy Anarchists must give way, and in either case such might cause the Czar to twirl his moustache. Unless M. Van Dyck ("Lohengrin") pleads again unstrung vocal organs, and so imposes another postponement of the opera, the ball must proceed with all its grave or comic consequences.

In the German manœuvres this autumn one circumstance has occurred and meriting well to be noted—the cordial reception of William II. by the Bavarians. The German unity, like the links of a chain, is strongest in its weakest part; now Bavaria has been suspected as the weak link in Teutonic unity, till the presence of the Emperor dispelled all doubt.

The Russophilism fever is sensibly cooler; is this the consequence of the new test it must undergo—lending the Muscovite half a milliard of francs? It remains to be seen will the extraction of that sum be a painless operation. Russia has now only France to borrow from. Madame Adam is the leader of the Russian boom. For years she has laboured in her *Revue* to tie a true-lover's knot between France and Russia. She has just published an authorized article on Holy Russia by a Russian, who must have sipped some "vodki" during its elaboration. The writer tells the French that the Russians of every class are indifferent to politics, that the Russian press—an official institution—in no manner represents public opinion, and that while detesting the Germans, the Russians have no cause of quarrel against them. The Czar and his Ministers know what is right, and can only do what is right. That's encouraging for an ally.

A serious French journalist, who has been at Trèves to witness the Holy Coat, availed himself of the opportunity to take stock of the feeling of Germany towards France. He spoke to many Germans; they all hungered and thirsted after peace, but added, "the moment France attempted to seize Alsace, every German, to a man, will range himself behind the Emperor." Next he interviewed German Alsatian soldiers that had just completed their two months' drill; they admitted that as private citizens they were as ever French at heart, but when they don the German uniform they are no longer the same men; they feel as it were in irons; the chef commands; they are between his hands as machines; they no longer reason, they but obey orders.

Prince Henri d'Orleans is son of the Duc de Chartres, and some months ago returned from a voyage through Thibet and China. Some people swear by all the gods of Olympus he was not in Thibet at all, etc. He has given his opinion on the burning question of the "heathen Chinese." In according to Protestant powers, such as Germany—why does not the same logic hold good for America and England—the right to protect her own missionaries, French influence received a knock down blow. He warns France to be on her guard against the sincerity of the aid to be expected from her rivals in trade in the far East, and, above all, of *perfidie Albion*. If France wishes to uphold her influence in China, she should send her fleet there to blockade all the ports and thousands of bayonets to aid the cutlasses. If the Prince proposed in the Chamber an expedition to China, plus one to Tonkin as a necessary consequence, he would certainly be locked up in an asylum and Jules Ferry sent to keep him company. Up to the present the Chinese massacre craze is clearly anti-religious; it is not anti-commercial, but the danger is that *all* foreign devils—Germans and French included—might be marked good for anti-Christian attentions.

Zola, upbraided with upholding Republican views, replies that when he was penniless in Paris, having an aged mother and a sick girl-wife to support, only the Republican journals would purchase his manuscripts, and that if he has a leaning to expose social corruption it is due to having had to live in a milieu of misery in his youth.

Respecting the rumoured doings of the British fleet and Turkey it seems to be forgotten that since the period when General Kaulbars tried to govern Bulgaria with his boots, England holds a firman authorizing her fleet to pass the Dardanelles in case Russia should ever land troops at Varna; this largely explains why Bulgaria is not invaded.

Honours to Lord Salisbury: his head now adorns the bowl of a new clay pipe. To be apotheosized he has only to be done in gingerbread.

Madame de Herrera and her three young daughters from Ecuador, owing to reverse of fortune—one time millionaires—have just taken the veil in the Dominican convent at Etrèpagny. Z.

DANTE ROSSETTI used to tell a story of Tennyson, with whom he was walking one sultry summer night through High Holborn. They passed a building brilliantly lighted up, and from which issued the sounds of joyous music. "What is that place?" asked the bard. "It is called," replied Rossetti, "the Holborn Casino." "I should like to look in," pursued the bard, "only I should be at once surrounded by a crew of groundlings who would mob and pester and jostle me." "My dear sir," quietly remarked Dante, "if you were to get on one of the tables, announce your name, and recite three of your poetic masterpieces into the bargain, probably not two per cent. of the audience would have the slightest idea of who you are!"—*The Argonaut*.

OUR ENGLISH WATERING-PLACE.

THE question, "Where shall we go for the holidays," has been asked and answered more or less satisfactorily in many hundreds of English middle-class homes during the last few weeks, and now the watering-place season is in full swing. To Londoners, this annual exodus is the event of the year, and the various railway stations there have been daily thronged with a motley crowd largely made up of family parties whose impedimenta, whilst severely restricted in the number and size of the trunks, swells out into undue proportions in the matter of what may be termed "outlying property." Unwieldy bundles, which are supposed to conceal, but do not, articles of intimate domestic economy; waterproof cloaks of the fashion of years ago, in which one species of female tourist delights to array herself, spades and tin pails; all these are crowded into the racks intended "for light articles only," to the dismay of the other passengers and the imminent danger of their heads. A third-class compartment on the South Eastern Railway is distinctly to be avoided during the months of August and September by the cynical bachelor or fussy maiden lady. They will be liable to have their toes freely trodden on by hordes of juvenile Jones', Smiths and Browns, who, unchecked by their fond parents, squeeze along the narrow space between the rows of seats in order to secure the vantage ground of the two small windows. They only desist from this occupation when called upon to share the contents of a basket of provisions, which would seem, by the odours exhaled, to consist chiefly of peppermints, oranges and stale apples. There is, however, a large packet of the *pièce de resistance* of the British tourist—sandwiches, which, having been wrapped in newspapers and disarranged during the process of transit, present a peculiarly revolting appearance to the uninitiated, and this is the reason, doubtless, that they are always accompanied and washed down with strong waters, usually contained in a flat black bottle and partaken of at frequent intervals, at first surreptitiously but afterwards with the nonchalance induced by custom and Dutch courage.

The last hour of the journey is decidedly the most trying: the children clamour to "see the sea" long before that range of Downs is passed which signifies that we are drawing near to our desired haven. After the Downs there is a grey line on one side of us, beyond the green stretch of pasture land; the line broadens—changes—presently the sun shines on tiny white sails. We pass a small fishing village and harbour, and now speed along for a few minutes still with the Downs on our right, not so bleak and bare as at first, but crested at intervals with clumps of trees and with deep undulations in which are nestled little villages. Each has its old church, built in the form of a cross and having the solid square towers peculiar to this part of the country. On our left is the sea, far off, indeed, as yet, for the tide is out and the sun shines on a glistening expanse of sand and shingle. Ah! here we are at our destination, and thoughtful friends having met us and secured a porter, we look on calmly at the scene of wild confusion in the little station. Our fellow-passengers and many others of their kind are rushing aimlessly about looking for a box which has probably been left in London, whilst their bundles, which have been all more or less unfastened and disarranged during the journey, scatter their contents freely about the platform, to the dismay of the matron of the party, who makes a wild clutch at children and packages and drags them away. Meanwhile, our luggage has been piled upon a truck, and we walk past rows of trim villas, each with its bright patch of garden in front, to the cottage whither we are bound, and which is a perfect tower of climbing roses and clematis.

The interior, we note thankfully, has little of the typical sea-side lodging about it. With the exception of the stuffed sea-gull standing on a wool mat, there is nothing to positively shock our æsthetic tastes in the little sitting-room, and much to charm us in the profusion of flowers arranged by our landlady. We make a hasty inspection of our new quarters, and, after a cup of tea, stroll down to the shore. There is, doubtless, an advantage in living close to the sea, and the great object of most people is to do this, but we question if after all there is not a more sybaritic pleasure in not seeing it all at once, but coming to it by degrees and almost unawares. We go straight through the principal street of the little town, past the town hall, which stands, like those in Belgium and Holland, at one end of an open "Place," past shops, quite one-third of which have for their stock in trade cheap fancy articles. At first we marvel how on earth the owners manage to make even a precarious livelihood by selling such rubbish, but after a week's study of the manners and customs of the British "cheap-tripper" one learns that a great part of his or her day at the sea-side is spent in pottering about the town, and that each invariably carries off a memento of the place in the shape of an *article de Paris* or a box decorated with Indian shells. But this street debouches on to the Esplanade or Marine Parade, and immediately we are struggling with a stiff north-westerly wind, and close to the sea, which is now tumbling in, bearing on each wave a burden of sea-weed, which in many places completely covers the shingle.

There is no bold line of cliffs here, as at other places on the South Coast; only a long stretch of pebbly shore, and below that a tract of dark sand, which, ugly in itself, has yet a weird charm of its own under certain aspects. The tide is coming in fast; as we pace from end to end of the sea-front it covers the sand, and then we begin to hear that familiar and delicious sound, the splash of the waves

upon the shingly beach, and the soft rolling back of the scattered pebbles—the crescendo and diminuendo which always makes us think of Schubert's Barcarole. As we listen and let our thoughts wander as they will amid the memories sweet and sad borne to us on the rhythmic refrain, twilight comes on, lights twinkle along the coast, and the coloured lamps on the pier attract most of the visitors in that direction. Presently the wind carries toward us snatches of airs from Dorothy, played by the band in the Pavilion—More associations, more memories, but this time not of the sea, but of crowded theatres on this and the other side of the Atlantic. As we did not come to our watering-place to sentimentalize, but to revive exhausted nature and think as little as possible, we turn our backs upon the "lady moon" just rising over the sea, and a smart walk of twenty minutes brings us to our cottage door.

On the morrow, our first question is the truly British one, "is it fine?" We are eager to go out and breathe more ozone, but a violent rattling of the window-frames warns us that there is a "little breeze on," as a stiff gale is playfully termed in this part of the world. Never mind—we are provided with clothing to defy the elements, and as, after breakfast we make our way towards the sea, we look with a superior and pitying eye on those damsels we meet, who, adorned with large flower-garlanded hats, are holding them on frantically with one hand, and gathering their fluttering drapery about them, and are driven like leaves before the storm.

If we were cynically disposed, which we are not, we should at once make for a certain corner on the pier, to pass which, in weather like this, with becoming dignity, it behooves a woman to be "gowned" in the tautest and trimmest fashion. Otherwise—but no, we will not even dimly hint at the harrowing scenes we have witnessed, but go in search of our own special boatman, who greets us with as near an approach to a smile as his wooden face is capable of wearing, and soon we are off for a long happy morning's rowing and fishing. There is nothing special to be caught at our watering-place. Though we go through many ceremonies with some very repulsive looking bait, we are more often than not disgusted to find, after a smart pull at our line, a crab hanging to each of our hooks. Great is our excitement when we secure a small plaice, and envious looks are directed at us by a party of excursionists in a boat yonder, whose countenances, "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of a thought," they would rather not realize, express a very tempered enjoyment of their position. The bay is looking perfectly charming this morning; the sea is a bright green with white-crested waves. There are numbers of sailing boats dotted about, and in the offing some stately ships making their way down Channel. Our boatman is even more laconic than usual. Finding that he only grunts in answer to our enthusiastic remarks on the scene before us, we pass on to more congenial topics, and soon elicit from him that business is bad, the weather having prevented the usual number of visitors from coming to "our watering-place." He gives us a short sketch, which we have often heard before, of previous years, when "summers were something like summers," to which we listen sympathetically, but are afraid to increase his gloom by imparting to him our favourite theory that the world is slowly but surely returning to the glacial period of its existence. Just imagine "our watering-place with no summer at all!" Our boatman, with his brethren of the craft, would become so many modern editions of the "Ancient Mariner," and we feel sure he would presume on old acquaintance, to stop us with that legend of the days of yore.

When we land at the Pier-head we find the morning promenade in full swing. After a few days one gets to recognize the *habitués*, and to feel quite a strong personal interest in their little ways. There are the ladies who bring work; the ladies who bring novels more or less the worse for wear from the circulating library; these usually take possession of the sheltered seats, from whence they can survey the passing crowd in comfort. There is the sentimental couple about whom we are tempted to weave a romance, until we discover that there is something radically wrong about the young man's necktie and that his hair is not cut correctly. It is foolish to let such trifles turn us against him, but they do; and we could wish the girl, who is not bad looking, a better fate. We feel sure she will "repent at leisure" if she decides to sit opposite that tie, or one like it, for the rest of her natural life. There is a sprinkling of the Hebrew persuasion, and then there is the largest element of all—the families—mothers and fathers, with troops of sunburnt, happy-faced children. Our watering-place makes a specialty of children of all ages and ranks, and they, at least, are thoroughly enjoying themselves. The wind doesn't trouble them a bit; they race about on the shore on donkeys and in goat-carriages; they paddle in the water, and carry home in triumph large trophies of sea-weed, which are hung up behind the back-door in their city homes to tell them what the weather is going to be.

There is this great charm about "our watering-place," that when one gets weary of its sea-aspect there are numbers of inland rambles. Off every road are inviting field-paths leading to little villages; shady by-ways which seem to take one nowhere in particular, but if followed on will bring us either to one of the prosperous looking farmingsteads, which seem to survive the decadence of English farming generally, or to the distant Downs. There is a fascination about these Downs. They always form the

back-ground to any inland view in these parts. There is a mystery about their long, undulating outline, so often wreathed in grey mist. They seem to shut us out from the world beyond—that world of hurry and unrest which we have left for a time. Only for a time, alas! The day will come, too soon, when we shall see the other side of those hills, and pass from their shelter to our work and to an unknown future. E.L.M.

POETIC ART IN CANADA.

THERE has been some very foolish writing upon the unfitness of our surroundings here in Canada to produce poetic art. Wherever mankind is with his joys and sorrows; wherever nature spreads her changing panorama of sky, field and flood, there will be a theme for the poet. Nature is not at fault, but perhaps the seer is yet wanting. "Every man sees in nature that which he brings eyes to see." Nature is indeed a divine palimpsest re-written by the hand of man, underneath which scrawl a mystic writing may be traced by honest study. Some critics seem almost to lament the lack of great national disasters, the absence of great wars, as if the drama of life and history were only unfolded to furnish a theme for the poetaster. Canada too has had her wars, not perhaps of world wide importance; there has been no shaking of dynasties, no tumbling of despots from their thrones; but if the poet desires a subject for martial verses, the smallest skirmish will as well afford him thrilling incidents as the most earth shaking of Marathon's or Waterloo's.

The maxim that *poeta nascitur non fit* is only true in a limited sense. No doubt the gift of harmony is a present from the gods; but in poetry, as in everything else, hard work, and hard work only, will develop the talent that was given as a fairy gift at birth. Only by long years of work, by much burning of the midnight oil, will any man learn "to build the lofty rhyme," and even if, in the end, failure and obscurity be his portion, let him remember "not failure but low aim is crime." Art is a hard task mistress, and only by much striving can we so much as grasp the hem of her skirts. Poetry is confessedly the highest of the arts, how then should one expect to excel "as by right divine?" In the sister arts of music and painting, how much is required of the aspirant for fame? How many are content to live for their art alone, through many weary years, content if in the end they earn some small meed of praise? Above all let no man prostitute his art for gold or passing *kîdas*; remember what Milton received for "Paradise Lost," and be sure that if a man does good work the world will recognize it in the end and repay him well.

Nor must we expect much at first from a young country; a great man is the result of an accumulation of thought, for him other men have laboured and he has reaped the reward. Let no man presume to say, "Alone and unaided I did it," for all the minds of all the ages have prepared a way for him, and he, the king, comes into the enjoyment of his sovereignty by the acts of many unconscious helpers. That is why one would say, "Work for the art's sake," and if any man demurs to this, let him go and carry bricks or post a ledger, for assuredly he will never be a poet. If he is a true artist he will be content to work for "some divine far off event to which the whole creation moves."

Perhaps, if there be a lack of poetical feeling amongst Canadians, the fact may be partly due to their up-bringing and not to any inherent sterility. Amongst the older nations the youth of a child of educated parents is largely fed with the tales of fairy and sprite. The nurse adds her quota of folk lore, and thus the child's fancy is stimulated, and its youth is spent in dreams that coming years will indeed dispel, but which leave memories and fancies never to be wholly lost amidst the great battle of life. And is it not the better way? Hard and bitter knowledge, sorrow and prosaic anxieties, come soon enough; let children, at least, be surrounded by sweet and graceful fancies, however unsubstantial the dreams may be. I know no better food for a child's mind than those tales of Arthur and his knights of the Round Table, the gambols of Robin Goodfellow and Oberon, Bayard sounding his horn with dying lips at Roncesvalles. What Shakespeare and Tennyson have embalmed in immortal verse may not a child learn? Then too the Northern mythology, Thor and the Jotuns; Baldur the Beautiful and the fatal Mistletoe, and hundreds of other legendary tales. Such stories pleased the childhood of nations from which sprang warrior, poet and philosopher. Are they not also good for the youth of the individual?

There is one irreparable loss for which the people of a new country are not responsible. Not for them the romance which hangs round ruined castle and heather from historic battle fields; their steps are not forever on an empire's dust, nor does the twilight of history half discover and half conceal a gorgeous pageant of the past.

In Canada, if not in the whole of the modern world, the practical powers of the mind are often developed at the expense of the imaginative. Whether this atrophy of the fancy is a necessary concomitant of the increase of the practical power, it is not within the scope of this article to discuss; but the fact remains that the cultivation of the imaginative powers is neglected, and I feel confident that nothing moulds the taste so certainly and ineradicably as a child's early reading.

Sometime ago I knew a little girl (herself a fairy for

beauty) living with her parents on the border of a lovely lake in Assiniboia. The child was accustomed to roam along the strand, through the woods, and over the flower prairie. To my astonishment I found she knew nothing of fairy lore, and I set myself to enlighten her ignorance, taking especial care to dwell on the friendliness of the "good people"; but the lesson came too late. Imagine my mortification when shortly afterwards I found that I had literally frightened my little friend from all her accustomed haunts; and yet I remember the day when in every dell the fairies held their midnight revels; when down the glades rode Sir Launcelot, his heavily caparisoned war horse shaking the ground at every tread, while the sun flashed back from pluméd helmet and trenchant lance point, when the "shattering trumpet" shrilled high from many a mouldering wall, and in every wood bold Robin drew his bow or wood-maid Marian in the shade.

The race for wealth and position is not all in all; let us sometimes pause in the grateful shade of wayside fancies, to renew our courage for the fray, and wipe the dust of the world from our parched and blackened lips with the sweet waters of forgetfulness; so at least we shall not always be hard and unlovely men and women.

Higher than all graceful fancies and pleasing versification is the necessity for the poet—the seer—the prophet, to search always and strenuously for truth. I am aware that Edgar Poe, in his dissertation on the Poetic principal, makes the beautiful and not the true the proper object of the poet; but it seems to me that Poe—acute reasoner as he was—has here fallen into a confusion of terms. He would seem to have confounded the true with the didactic, and the latter, certainly, should be avoided in poetry. In spite of some brilliant examples to the contrary, the poet, as poet, should be a singer and not a philosophical reasoner. Browning was both by turns, but not both together, I think.

Goethe, again, says that the beautiful includes the good—a difficult saying; but I conceive that in the good he included the true. Let us then take the message of the Greek Vase in Keat's beautiful lines:—

Beauty is truth, truth beauty—that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

Shall not those who possess the divine gift be careful of those wings of thought which lift them high above the storm and stress of the world to that rare altitude from whence they can signal to the dwellers in the valley the first sight of the "advancing spears" of the luminary of a larger day.

BASIL TEMPEST.

FRENCH SPELLING.

THE Minister of Public Instruction in France has thus addressed the "recteurs" of "l'Université"; and pleased some of the leading French papers. In three matters especially correction ought to be indulgent:—

1. Give up being rigorous whenever there is doubt or division in opinion, whenever usage is not yet fixed, or has been only recently, when common practice varies, when authors differ, and when the Academy itself takes note of these hesitations in opinion. Up to 1878 one had to write *consonance*; the Academy now admits *consonance*, by analogy with *disonance*. Up to 1878 it had to be *phthisie* and *rhythme*; since that date the Academy suppresses an *h* in each, but the second in *phthisie*, the first in *rhythme*! Up to 1878 *collège* was a bad fault, one had to write *collége*; now it is just the opposite. The Academy authorizes *agendas*, *alvéas*, and seems not to admit *duplicatas*. It prefers *des accessit* without condemning *des accessits*. About a number of ordinary words no one can, without pedantry, pretend to be infallible; the Academy confesses that one may write *clef* or *clé*, *sofa* or *sopha*, *des entre-sol* or *des entresols*, *dévouement* or *dévoûment*, *il paye* or *il paie*, *payement* or *paiement*, or even *païment*, etc. In this case, and in all like cases, whatever be the corrector's personal opinion, he cannot ask the pupil to be more sure of the ground than the masters themselves are.

2. The Minister claims the same indulgence for the pupil when logic declares the latter is right, though usage is against him, and when the fault he commits proves that better than the language itself, he respects the natural laws of analogy. "One of the first things taught to children," says one who is a master in philological matters, "is a list of seven nouns in *ou*, which take *x* instead of *s* in the plural; *genoux*, *bijoux*, etc.; yet no one has ever discovered any reason why these will not submit to the ordinary rule." Is it just to count as so many faults certain spelling rule-breakings, when these are simply proofs of attention on the pupil's part? (The italics are mine.) For instance, it is not because he is scatter-brained or ignorant, but because he reflects, that he wants to write either *dixième* like *dizanie* or else *dixamè* like *dixième*; logic will hinder him too from admitting *imbécile* and *imbécillité*, *siffler* with two *f*'s, and *persifler* with one. So he will write *assoïr* without an *e* in spite of the *e* in *séance*, because everyone has come to write *déchoïr* without an *e*, notwithstanding *déchéance*. What master could give a good reason to justify the difference between *apercevoir* and *apparaître*, between *alourdi* and *allonger*, between *abatage* and *abbatteur*, *abatis* and *abbatoir*, *agrégation* and *agglomération*?

3. Lastly, since the beginning of this century a certain number of rules have come into French spelling founded on distinctions which grammarians think decisive, but which

modern philology, with more respect for the history of the language, confirms only after many restrictions, and never grants them a bit of that superstitious respect we have been asked to surround them with. Those are the points the examiners and masters must be invited to pass over lightly, instead of taking pleasure in dwelling on them: that sort of thing is just where the burden can be made easier. How absolutely useless for education of the mind are all the hours that have been given up even in the very primary schools to searching into rules of *tout* and *même*, *vingt* and *cent*, *ne*, and *demi*, to the discussion of innumerable exceptions, and exceptions to exceptions, concerning the spelling of compound words, which is nothing but a history of perpetual variation: the newspapers have more than once drawn attention to the inane folly of endless debate which arise out of dictations, in connection with expressions like *des habits d'homme* or *d'hommes*, *la gelée de groseille* or *grosseilles*, *de pomme* or *de pommes*, *des moines en bonnet carré* or *en bonnets carrés*.

The Minister ends by saying that pupils are simply turned aside from what is beautiful or true in thought, or even prevented from understanding the sense of what is written, by their picking to pieces of words.

Is it not worth noticing another example of high authority rebelling against the routine which has been the terrible tyrant, even if the inevitable one, of the modern organization of popular instruction? Perhaps in England (where there is so large a class comparatively free), men going to universities, for instance, hardly realize the woes of their humble brethren; but in countries where with the advantages of greater regularity in teaching methods, there are felt its disadvantages. Most people have passed under the yoke: if this is true of France it is more true of North America when it has produced what Mr. Lowell himself called "the best common-schooled and the least cultivated people in the world." But everywhere it is time to shake off the yoke pressing more or less heavily. What is written above cries to the pity of some examiners, even at the risk of leaving them no work to do, or only some more honest sort of work. And about a foreign language we are inclined to be even more foolish than about our own. Is it possible a few more teachers of French will cease to begin with the nouns in *x* when they find they are wishing to be more French than the French themselves? Littré, as many must have noticed, constantly puts the grammarians aside by appealing to usage to prove that rightly or wrongly the best authors mix up *sembler* and *paraître*, *commencer à* and *commencer de* and *il semble* (though impersonal) with indicative and with subjunctive—even though one may see a possible distinction in every one of these instances. But children, set on their way with grammatical exceptions, are passed on to this sort of doubtful syntax: are not the edited books full of it? Certainly they may be useful as reference books, but there ought to be warning as to use with discretion. An abbreviated edition of *Les Misérables* not long ago published in England is very strong on *commencer à* and *commencer de*, and carefully calls attention to V. Hugo's use of the distinction, but passes in silence the passages where the author's practice does not fall in with the editor's theory: it is the same in this book with *il semble*.

Perhaps if English teachers of French heard a French professor of English, at the Sorbonne, putting an end to too German-minded pupils' discussions of the distinctions in "Adam Bede" between "yes, thank you, sir," and "thank you, sir," between "I felt a few drops of rain fall on my nose," and "I felt a few drops of rain falling on my nose," they would desire to imitate M. Baret's wisdom, which comes of a real knowledge of the foreign language.

But this ministerial circular with its revolutionary second paragraph suggests not only being merciful to offences, but also taking away some of the causes for offence. If freedom as to two *b*'s or two *p*'s, or our *l* or our *t*, in French leads to uniformity—as it probably will—why should not English spelling, even if still holding *theater* and *color* in horror (*sic*), be ready to follow American in such a rule as doubling final consonants of dissyllabic verbs before participial endings only when the accent is on the second syllable? True, that would bring us all to *traveled* as we are already at *galloped*. And another following of American dictionaries or of French Ministers would make Englishmen say they were *thankfull*, when the new-coiners write *praise-full*, does it look so extraordinary? W. F. STOCKLEY.

Paris, 1891.

THE excavations conducted at Eretria, in Eubœa, under the directions of the American school at Athens, have been very successful. The theatre has been opened and throws considerable light on the construction of the stage. Before the stage building is a low, narrow platform, with an arch through the middle. We have opened a large number of tombs in what appears to be a city of tombs. Of these the finest show elegant marble architecture. The only epitaph mentions a "daughter of Aristotle." Dr. Waldenstein, the permanent director of the American school, distinctly disclaims the identification of this as the tomb of the philosopher Aristotle. Much gold has been found in the tombs, including six diadems, an immense wreath of wrought gold, a seal ring and ear-rings in the form of doves, set with jewels. Nothing finer in the way of ancient jewellery has ever been discovered. Besides these may be mentioned white lekythoi, or vases for unguents. The walls excavated show New Eretria was founded upon Old Eretria.

WHERE DWELLETH POESY?

THE city's arid ways had tired my soul,
I said, "I am alone"—I chafed at life.
"E'en Poesy hath fled—my once delight,
My sweet companion and my gentle friend—
E'en she hath fled, unable to endure
This heat and drought, these dusty flowerless ways;
And I—I cannot follow, here my path,
And here must I abide—my heart away
Far in the depths of fragrant summer woods
Wand'ring in happy solitude with her
My Queen, sweet Poesy. She who for me
Makes the brook purl and sparkle, and the trout
Dart hither, thither, 'neath the floating weed
That, half-diaph'nous, veils the pebbly bed;
For me sets forest trees in proud array
And fills the bosky boughs with choristers;
For me scatters rare scents upon each breeze,
And gives me glints of heaven through pearly bars;
For me throws out blue lakes in broad expanse
Shining and glorious; for me casts up
High hills, with rifts where many a wild flower hides,
And silver birches topple at the edge;
Where fairy-fountains fling their diamond spray
And chant wild runes that tame the fiercer winds.
"O wherefore, wherefore, art thou flown" I cried
"Me leaving here so lone!" Yet in my heart
I held no blame for her—sweet Poesy—
Who called me follow in enchanting tones,
And yet could I not harken for the bar
Duty had set across my daily path.
And so I fared, painful, at Duty's call,
Performed the tasks she set; while in my heart,
My heart of hearts, a voice I softly heard—
But found not whence it came—that gently said
"Doth Poesy indeed dwell far from Man—
Man, Nature's crown of crowns, scorneth she him?"
Then I "These streets, stifling with human breath,
Where care and woe dog every foot that falls,
Can she abide in such sad company?
I trace her not, I, who her lineaments
Know passing well." And on I went my way.

The streets were long; I hailed a passing car
And found it full of sweating toil-worn men
Of whom one rose for me nor would take nay:
Me-seemed, for all his garb besmirched and coarse,
I saw upon his breast a beauteous flower,
The fragrant flower of human courtesy.
As on we rode, a stalwart healthy man,
Of mien above the rest, yet of them, too,
Drew my regard. His hands were filled with leaves
Dyed by the early frost, and 'mongst them flowers,
Asters of many hues, and golden rod:
And, as I looked, I saw his eyes fell oft
With soft regard upon his posy, as
Mem'ries around it hovered. He nor spake,
Nor stirred save as his flowers he scanned,
But held him as if resignation fought
With some strong grief nor had the victory.
"That man," I thought, "has some one sick at home
To whom he takes his flowers, a memory
Belike to them and him of merry days
That may return no more. Is't wife or child?"
Gravely he left the car. His neighbour said
In accents kind and pitying: "Every day
He takes that girl of his a posy home;
I guess next year he'll deck with them her grave."
"Yes," the reply, "it racks his father-heart
To know she's going where the angels are."
And then a silence fell. And men got out,
Some here, some there, until but two were left.
These nearer drew, and one to other said—
Pointing beneath the seat where stood a pail
Full of rich earth, black, soft and promising:—
"Taking home more? How do the flowers get on?"
"Yes, every day I fill the dinner pail,
The earth's so rich just where we're digging now,
All the good washings that the river brings,
And brought long years ago down from the Heights;
'Tis just the thing for flowers."

"Flowers!" thought I,
"Flowers! where can a man like this grow flowers!
Living as I perceive, and judged," for here
The men got out, he with the pail, a bright
And cheery fellow, young, but somewhat pale,
As if hard work and meagre fare had drawn
The colour out of him, yet left content.—
"Living," I mused, "where poor folk congregate,
And rents are high, and back yards very small,
'Tis likely that he dwells in two small rooms
Upstairs, with a flat roof at hand on which
His flower-pots stand; or, perhaps, roof being sound,
He's made a tiny plot where he can turn
And make believe parterre, and here he grows
The bright geranium and a vine or two
That need but sun and air, and a scant inch
Of generous soil, to set them climbing high
And throwing blooms—yellow, or white, or red,—
Canary-creeper, or a bean, or best
A morning-glory, with its wealth of hues,
To shade the wife's window, and to show
The little one that earth is not so dull
As else it might appear."

"Such men are wise
And can't be rude: the soft beneficence
That cultivates a flower has flowers of soul.
And that young wife! how joyed to see him home!
How her eye smiles, though pale and thin the cheek,
And hard the toil-worn hands."—For such men's wives
As well I knew, fill up the busy hours
With other work than their plain household tasks,
And earn their dollar toward the weekly store,
Glad if by such tense lives the wolf be kept
Far enough from their door.

Softly I stepped—
My car-drive over—along the thronging street,
And as I went, musing on many things,
The gentle voice within my heart of hearts
Spake soft again, "Doth Poesy indeed
Avoid the ways of men?"

Ashamed.

And low I bent,

S. A. CURZON.

THE RAMBLER.

I SUPPOSE one dare not consider the announcement
that Lord Tennyson is writing a three-act comedy for
the Daly Company in the light of a joke. There is a part
specially adapted to and written for Miss Ada Rehan and
another for Mr. John Drew. The principals have been stay-
ing with the Laureate in order to combine successfully in
the production of a prose "Princess" or a newer "Garden-
er's Daughter." Might not an amplified "Locksley Hall"
be written, with *personnel* as follows:—

Sir Midas Vere de Vere—a Baronet of the Fine Old
School.
Alfred Percival Pendragon—Nephew to the Squire and
in love with Amy.
Squire Arden—Owner of Locksley Hall. A man who is
up to the times and has "views" for his daughter.
Rev. Edwin Holmes—a Country Parson with antiquarian
tastes.
Ronald Clare } Guardsmen and friends of Alfred.
Walter Vivian }
Mahratta—a Savage Chief.
Torra—His daughter.
Mrs. Arden—No friend to Alfred and a lady whose word
is law.

Amy Arden—fair to look on but not strong enough for
her mother.

Katie Willows—a Village Maiden.

Alice—Amy's old nurse.

Villagers, Soldiers, Savages, etc.

The action is divided between Locksley Hall, the
Crimea and an Island in the Pacific. Synopsis of the
Play:—

Act I.—May day on the green with Locksley Hall in
the distance. The Squire's difficulty. Mortgages on the
old estate. Alfred and Amy discovered. "This will
never do!" Disgust of the Squire. Opportune arrival of
Sir Midas Vere de Vere. Has sprained his ankle fox-
hunting and is conveyed to the Hall. Mrs. Arden has a
Plan. Alfred is sent to London. Amy makes her choice.
"To save the home of my fathers—" The Wedding
Day arrives. Alfred, who has been informed by his
staunch ally, old Alice, arrives also—but too late. Amy
is a wife! Her Lover's Curse!! Old Alice turns proph-
et, and Amy, overcome, sinks at her mother's feet.
Alfred turns and flies! "A long farewell to Locksley
Hall."

Act II.—An Island in the Pacific. Torra, gathering
herbs, reveals her affection for the young Englishman.
Mahratta's Decision. Alfred has to marry Torra. The
Island *en fête* for the occasion. The rite interrupted by
the arrival of a British Man-of-War conveying troops to
the East. Clare and Vivian interfere and rescue Alfred.
Trouble with the "Narrow Foreheads." Escape of the
three Englishmen. Tableau, "Britons never will be
slaves." "Hands all around."

Act III.—Sebastopol. Alfred has enlisted. The Mis-
anthrope of the Corps. He is wounded and nursed back
to health by a gentle hospital nurse—no other than Amy
herself, who has run away from Sir Midas, taking Katie
Willows with her. Upon his recovery he tries to discover
who his nurse has been. Katie informs him, Amy having
been recalled to England by the news of her Mother's
sudden death. Alfred, drawn to England, returns,
attended by Katie and by Walter Vivian, who has taken a
fancy to Katie. Sudden appearance before they embark
of the Country Parson, who has, it appears, been all round
the world after Alfred, having unexpectedly come into
possession of a secret long in old Alice's knowledge, to
the effect that Alfred, and not Sir Midas, is the rightful
heir to the Vere de Vere estates. Rejoicing among the
friends. Confusion to Sir Midas and hope for Alfred!!!

Act IV.—Locksley Hall Again. Its "Ivied Case-
ments" and its roof-tree tall. The Old Squire a wiser and
sadder man. Amy makes her home with him once more.
The true character of Sir Midas known. "Poor child!
Alas, your mother—" Arrival of Parson Holmes,
Vivian and Katie. Sir Midas comes in search of his wife
and is met by Alfred, the Rightful Heir. Old Alice is
led in and makes all things clear. Triumph of Alfred.
Sir Midas falls to the floor and never recovers. At long—
long last the lovers are happy. Startling appearance upon
the scene of Torra, who comes to claim Alfred, but is easily
persuaded to turn her affections over to Holmes, who devotes

himself to educating her and finally making her his wife
and in years to come goes out to the Pacific and converts
Mahratta and his Island. Tableau and epilogue conclud-
ing thus:—

In prose—not rhyme this time—we've tried to tell
A tale (both less than rhyme and more than prose),
A tale so common you must know it well.

For rhyme, but rhyme, is worthless while it flows,
And prose, though less than rhyme, hath still its spell
When the tale woven out of experience grows.

So whether prosed rhyme, or rhyming prose,
Our tale is finished. Have we told it well?
Answer, O answer—to the Bard it goes.

Ten years ago an English writer affirmed that "a Con-
servative Ministry has spent six millions on preparations
for war which happily has not come, and has pledged the
country, whenever the Porte may make the signal, to
spend ten, or twenty, or thirty times as much. This is
the most tangible result of a foreign policy finally approved
by a parliamentary majority of one hundred and forty-
three on the 2nd of August. A chapter of history pro-
claimed full of triumph in its issue to Great Britain is now
written, and its contents may be summed up."

The Park Drives have become the fashion. Several
months ago I drew attention to the fact that not enough
children were seen in the Parks. I hope that sooner or
later it will become equally fashionable (*sic*) to send gov-
ernesses, nurses and children into the Park for a merry
hour or so of romping and ball-playing which shall counter-
act the cramming and the studying, or worse—the dawd-
ling and loafing on the crowded streets between four and
six every afternoon. Once instituted it would become
just as natural and easy and pleasant as the fashionable
drive is now found to be, while it would prove of great
benefit to the school children and their guardians. At
present the Queen's Park is large enough to admit of this,
but it may not always be, so let those who have the daily
charge of children make the most of their opportunity.
The Avenue, too, might be more frequented than it is; at
present it is a lonely impossible artificial kind of place.

CORRESPONDENCE.

AN ORIGINAL PORTRAIT OF GENERAL WOLFE.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—Wolfe's character, in your issue of 18th Septem-
ber, was an excellent article. I trust the following will
prove of interest to your readers, as showing that Canada
possesses an *original* portrait of this illustrious character.

Recently, when on a visit to the Principal of the Jacques
Cartier Normal School, of this city, the Rev. Abbé Verreau,
a well-known Canadian Antiquary, I found he had a life-
size, three-quarter bust portrait of our hero. It is in an old-
style gilt frame—on the inner margin of which to the
right, in small black letters, were the words "Gen. Wolfe,
æt. 27," and to the left "Hudson Pinct." The portrait
was purchased in London by its present owner about
1872, at the sale of the effects of the Marquise of Hastings,
and was catalogued as an original. In the *Life of Wolfe*
you previously quoted from, it is said: "Mrs. Wolfe (the
General's mother) judging from her portrait by Hudson—
probably about the time of her marriage—was a very beau-
tiful woman. She had dark hair and dark brown eyes,
with a clear, delicate complexion, and straight, well-shaped
nose. It is strange that her son, who inherited her delicacy
of constitution and some of her mental qualities, did not
partake of her beauty, yet, though every feature of their
faces differed, there was an evident resemblance in general
expression." I find that Thomas Hudson was a famous
English artist, born in 1701, and who for many years
flourished as the chief portrait painter of London. He
died well off in 1779. I think, therefore, it is fair to pre-
sume that he painted this likeness. As Wolfe was born
in 1726, it would place the date of this work as executed
in 1749. In the beginning of this year we find Wolfe was
major of the 20th foot regiment, who were quartered in
Stirling, Scotland. In this painting he appears in a red
military uniform, head slightly turned to the left, and
with different features from the generally-accepted
engraved portraits, as here we see a pleasant, agreeable
face.

Taking these portraits of mother and son together, it
seems reasonable to believe they were executed at the same
time, or nearly so, i. e., 1749. There seems but one
undoubted portrait of the General in Europe, and the one,
in this city, here mentioned. Of the many verses composed
on the death of the General, I think this the best:—

Let no sad tear upon his tomb be shed,
A common tribute to the common dead,
But let the good, the generous and the brave,
With god-like envy sigh for such a grave.

Montreal, Sept., 1891.

JNO. HORN.

MANY men owe the grandeur of their lives to their
tremendous difficulties.—*Spurgeon*.

The best education in the world is that got by
struggling to get a living.—*Wendell Phillips*.

If thou would'st conquer thy weakness thou must
never gratify it. No man is compelled to evil; his con-
sent only makes it his. It is no sin to be tempted, but to
be overcome.—*William Penn*.

ART NOTES.

MR. PAUL WICKSON'S portrait of a horse shown at the Industrial Exhibition attracted a good deal of notice. Some critics of animal painting have spoken very highly of its merits. We hope that the encouragement which Mr. Wickson has received will stimulate him to still abler efforts in the splendid and attractive field of art in which he has shown such promise.

MR. FORBES has nearly completed the portrait of Mr. Gladstone, upon which he has been working for several months past. Mr. Gladstone last year expressed his willingness to do everything in his power to forward the matter, and at no little inconvenience gave Mr. Forbes special sittings at London and at Hawarden, his country seat. The picture will be presented to the National Liberal Club by Mr. Gladstone's Canadian admirers. A copy of the portrait will be taken and placed in the Canadian House of Commons.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

MR. FREDERICK BOSCOVITZ will give a piano recital at an early date at the College of Music, and will, we understand, give two or three of his interesting illustrated lectures during the coming season. These lectures, which evoked great interest in England, and indeed wherever they have been given, will be arranged on the subscription plan.

THE good work being done by the Toronto College of Music has evidently been recognized abroad. The *Musical News*, London, Eng., September 4, has the following: "Under the able and zealous direction of Mr. F. H. Torrington, the Toronto College of Music is doing right good service to music in Canada, and its recent affiliation to the University of Toronto in connection with the preparation of candidates for degrees will ensure that these distinctions must be honestly earned. Indeed a perusal of the course to be gone through, and the tests to be passed (a proof of the regulations has just reached England) shows that the curriculum does not materially differ from the standard exacted by our English universities. . . . We are indeed glad to see such a promising school of music established in the chief city of the Dominion. The systematic course of teaching shows that the school is working on the right lines. Mr. Torrington has just been paying a flying visit to the Continent and England, gathering fresh ideas for carrying on his work in the best and most experienced way."

TULLO TRICCOLI'S Chopin and Gottschalk playing has created a sensation in Italy. He is assisted by Arturo Bizzarri, a violinist who has much success in the compositions of Sivori and Sarasate.

THE Italian composer receives one-third of the profits of "Cavalleria," the other thirds going to the librettist and publisher. There was some queer litigation between these three before the matter was arranged.

MADAME PATTI gave her annual concert for the benefit of the Swansea Hospital the other week, meeting with a reception of quite a royal character at the Welsh sea-port, so recently the scene of the National Eisteddfod.

THE violinist, Edward Remenyi, will travel this year for the Redpath Bureau. Some of his earlier dates are: Albany, October 28; Philadelphia, November 5, and Hartford, November 15. He will visit all the large cities, and travel as far as the Pacific coast.

ON account of several mishaps and ill-health, Madame Trebelli's concert-touring in Scandinavia came to an abrupt end in Copenhagen, on August the 17th. The well-known lady singer has now gone to spend a time at her villa at Etretat, in France, in order to rest before she returns to England.

MINNIE HAUKE has returned to New York on the *Elbe* and will soon go out with her English opera company, in which Galassi, the great baritone, will sing. Mme. Hauke brought with her superb dresses for the parts of "Selika," "Elsa," "Mignon" and other rôles. Her tenor will be one Montariol from Brussels.

AT the Paris Conservatory the jury to decide on the competition, in the line of comic opera, included Ambroise Thomas, Jules Barbier, Carvalho and Capoul. At the recent examination no competitor was deemed worthy of a first prize, but a second was awarded to MM. Ghasne, David and Perier. The first prize for violin was won by a lady, one Mlle. Vornése.

SOMETHING like a sensation was made by a young lady at a concert at the Etablissement at Spa. She is an American with a powerful voice, said to have been used with effect in the large building in which she sang. The name under which she appeared was Smith-Blawett. Since her first performance she has been engaged to sing at the Théâtre de la Monnaie at Brussels.

THE Norwegian journal *Morgonbladet* is responsible for the following: "Last winter Verdi went from Genoa to Milano in order to hear Madame Sigrid Arnoldjon sing as Rossina in his opera 'The Barber.' The maestro was so pleased with the singing of Madame Arnoldjon that he said to her: 'At present time there are only two Rossinas in the world, Adelina Patti and Sigrid Arnoldjon!'"

NICHOLAS YOUSUPOFF, the Russian composer and critic, died in Baden-Baden. He was born in 1827, in St. Petersburg, and was a pupil of Vieuxtemps and organized

an orchestra at his own expense. He wrote a concerto symphonique for the violin, a symphonic poem, "Gonsalvo de Cordova," and a treatise on the history and construction of the violin. In 1862 he published a history of music in Russia.

ONE is glad to see that Mr. Tree has commissioned new music for the revival of "Hamlet." As he seems to have failed in getting an English composer to undertake the task, fault cannot be found with him for employing Herr Henschel. This gentleman has already given proof of his power to write, and no doubt he will produce some good and effective music. It is said the music will be of a far more ambitious character than the incidental music usually associated with stage plays; indeed, so far as orchestration goes, it will partake of an operatic character, an attempt being made to identify the persons in the play with representative scenes.

ON the occasion of the first night of "Tannhauser" at the Grand Opéra in Paris, it met with a very stormy and unfavourable reception. The courtly director of the Conservatoire, after listening to the violent judgment passed on the opera by some of the younger French musical generation, said: "Gentlemen, this is a work which requires a second hearing to enable one to judge it." "Then," after a short pause, and with his peculiar humorous dryness, rejoined Mons. Auber, turning up the collar of his overcoat, preparatory to his exit, "I am afraid I shall not be able to judge it."

IN the last issue of *Le Ménestrel* appears a letter from the eminent writer Arthur Pougin, giving account of a trip he has made, staff in hand, to Spain; he briefly mentions some concerts he attended *en route*, but his letter is chiefly concerned with the doings at a bull-fight he witnessed at San Sebastian. The subject is far removed from the art of music, though an orchestra was employed at this place, but was hardly to be heard amidst the applause and cries that went on, and the account he gives of the proceedings would sicken our readers. We only mention the matter to say it is a most vivid and graphic account of this disgusting "sport," and the distinguished critic Mons. Pougin does not hesitate to write in the strongest terms of condemnation of this debasing spectacle and the horrible scene presented.

IN an article entitled "Animal Aesthetics," which appears in a recent number of the *London Spectator*, some interesting and curious stories of the effect of music upon various animals are related. The writer tells how the old horses in the regimental riding schools learn the meaning of the different bugle calls; and, though it is not possible to say whether they distinguish between different airs, it is well known that they trot or gallop better to some tunes than others. This may be compared with a curious story told by Playford in his "Introduction to Music." "When travelling some years since," he writes, "I met on the road near Royston a heard of about 20 bucks following a bagpipe and a violin; while the music played they went forward, when it ceased they all stood still; and in this manner they were brought out of Yorkshire into Hampton Court." Seals have long been known for their love of sweet sounds; Laing, in his account of a voyage to Spitzbergen, says that when a violin was played on board a vessel a numerous audience of seals would often assemble and follow the vessel for miles. Sir Walter Scott mentions this taste in the lines:—

Rude Heiskars seals, through surges dark,
Would oft pursue the minstrel's bark.

And it is said that when the bell of the church on the island of Hoy rang, the seals within hearing swam to the shore and remained looking about them as long as it was tolled. After remarking how interesting it would be to make some musical experiments in the Zoological Gardens, the writer relates his own experience in this direction. The only occasion when he attempted this led to such strong suspicions of his insanity among the visitors that, in the face of a caution addressed by an elderly nurse to her charges, "Don't go near 'im; he ain't right in his 'ead," he had not the courage to continue his researches. Who knows what useful discoveries have been arrested by this untoward incident!

SATURDAY last was a notable day in Canadian annals of sport. At the great athletic gathering held on the Rosedale grounds by the Canadian Amateur Athletic Association, some of the foremost athletes of America met in competition. The best Canadian records were broken in some cases, and the Association achieved a signal success. The entire conduct of the games was of the most satisfactory and commendable character. The field management and appointments were excellent. The promptness, fairness and capacity shown by the management was very praiseworthy, and reflected credit not only on the management themselves, but also on the amateur athletic fraternity of Canada. At Woodbine Park the fall meeting of the Ontario Jockey Club also took place. The day was a charming one for a race meeting, and the sport was in keeping with the day, though the entries were not numerous. The fifth race was perhaps the most interesting and closest, and was won cleverly by "Long Shot." The management are to be heartily complimented on the able and efficient way in which they carried out their programme.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

THE LEAF COLLECTOR'S HAND-BOOK AND HERBARIUM. By Charles S. Newhall. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; Toronto: Williamson and Company.

This Hand-Book was published as an aid in the preservation and classification of specimen leaves of the trees of North-Eastern America. The book is a model of its kind. It contains a sufficient description and classification of all the important trees and abundant illustrations of their leaves. Clear and concise directions are given for finding, mounting and preserving specimens. A list of genera is also provided. At the end of the book there is an index. There are also oiled leaves and a pocket for pressing and storing leaves when gathered. A most interesting and entertaining recreation is provided in this book, and we cordially commend it to our young readers of both sexes.

FREEDOM AS ETHICAL POSTULATE. By Professor James Seth. Edinburgh: Blackwood. 1891.

Mr. Seth is Professor of Philosophy in Dalhousie College, and brother, we believe, of the Professor of the same name at St. Andrew's, Scotland. In this pamphlet he well sustains the honour of his name; his utterances are reasonable as well as weighty. There can be no doubt that ethical beliefs are in considerable danger. The old Necessitarianism has come back, as Mr. Seth truly remarks, under the name of Determinism; and the doctrine has been promulgated that freedom of will is no necessary element in responsibility, or, perhaps, that responsibility itself is a mere name. Now, there can be no doubt that an unspiritual philosophy of this kind must and always does lead to materialistic conceptions of life, and we are indebted to those teachers of philosophy who set themselves to stem this dangerous torrent. Mr. Seth contends in this pamphlet that Morality would be a mere name apart from Liberty. It is impossible to condense his argument, but we strongly commend it to the attention of our readers.

THE BROADWAY SERIES. 50 cents per volume. No. 1, SWEET IS REVENGE. No. 2, OUT AT TWINNETT'S. New York: J. A. Taylor and Company. 1891.

THE MAY FLOWER LIBRARY. 30 cents per volume. No. 1, WELL-WON. (Same publishers.)

We have pleasure in drawing attention to these two new series of works of fiction on various grounds. In the first place, they are, so far as the English novels are concerned, an outcome of the new international copyright law between England and the United States. These works are all copyright, and can be published only by the firm whose name they bear. But a second feature of the series results from this. These books are excellently printed on good paper, and, as far as their external appearance is concerned, are quite fit for binding, and worthy of being placed on the library shelf. They are, in this respect, very superior to the best of the "pirated" reprints which we had before the passing of the new law. We have noted above that the Broadway Series is fifty cents a volume, whilst the Mayflower Library is only thirty cents. This difference is caused by no difference in the quality of the books, but by the difference in quantity, the dearer ones being double the thickness of the cheaper ones. In other respects they are identical in getting-up.

The first novel in the list is perhaps the weakest. It is sensational, it is moderately well written, and the plot, whilst fairly credible, is tolerably obvious. Still it is not at all a bad story, and it ends with poetical justice all round, which is pleasant alike to the natural man and the spiritual man. Mr. Fitzgerald Molloy will find a good many readers for his "Sweet is Revenge."

The second, "Out at Twinnett's," by Mrs. Habberton, the author of the famous "Helen's Babies," and of a very good book which is not mentioned on the title page of this one. "All He Knew" is a story a good deal out of the common, whether we consider its subject or the manner of its treatment. We confess that we guessed at the secret of the story; but we were not quite sure, and this is exactly as it ought to be. It is not quite a love-story, although there is love in it; but we do not think anyone will grudge the time spent on its perusal.

"Well-Won," by Mrs. Alexander, is perhaps a little slighter than most of that lady's very excellent novels, of which the "Wooing O't" may be regarded as the type. Here and there we wish that the points were a little more elaborated; but then we are difficult to please. If they were so, we might complain that they were a little too prolix. The heroine is a governess, a sweet, true, brave woman, perhaps a little imprudent, and this gets her into something like trouble; but happily she has to deal with those who in her imprudence discern high principle. It will be seen that these two series begin well, and we give our thanks to the publishers for their enterprise.

THE *Writer* for September prefaces its usual complement of excellent and helpful matter for its literary readers with a series of anecdotes, letters and reminiscences by a number of well-known writers bearing upon the life and work of James Russell Lowell. It is a fine collective tribute to the sweet and enduring memory of one of the noblest, most robust and accomplished men of this, or indeed of any, age.

A VERY attractive story is now running in *Scribner's Magazine* entitled "The Wrecker," by Robert Louis Stevenson and Lloyd Osbourne. It was commenced in the September issue, and the second part appears in the number for October which has just come to hand, and contains also, among other good papers, "The Corso of Rome," by W. W. Story; "Hunting American Big Game," by Archibald Rogers; "The Actions of Wounded Animals," by J. N. Hall, M.D., etc.

THE October *Ladies' Journal* has many good things. Major McKinley has his wife sketched for the first time in print, with portrait, in the series of "Unknown Wives of Well-known Men"; the domestic tendencies of New York's social leaders are described in "Society Women as Housekeepers"; Henry Clews, the New York banker, tells about "The Making and Saving of Money"; Maria Parloa starts her new domestic department, as does Foster Coates his boys' page; Ella Wheeler Wilcox discusses "Social Slave Markets"; Susan Coolidge, Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney and Kate Tannatt Woods each have a story; "To Entertain Evening Parties" is treated fully by six writers.

THE opening paper of the October *Quiver* by the Countess of Meath is "A noble work in Germany," by which is meant the philanthropic work carried on at Bielefeld, where over 1,300 "suffering souls are watched over with tender care." The sufferers at Bielefeld are all epileptics. Following this paper comes a sonnet on "Peace," and the concluding chapters of the serial "For Erica's Sake," which will be finished in the next number. "Don't Scare the birds Away!" is a sensible paper. "Rosemary for Remembrance" is a short story which precedes a sermon on "Sin its Own Avenger." "Homes of Some Foreign Reformers" is an instructive as well as entertaining paper. "The Yokes of Youth" and other interesting matter completes the number.

THE serial story, "A Quaker Girl," opens *Cassell's Family Magazine* for October. From this pleasant bit of fiction we turn to the "Proposed Scotch Water-Way," which is very practically set forth. "How Shall I Make Him Pay?" is a contribution by a "Family Lawyer." "How We Got Our Tennis Court" is a subject in which all the young readers of the magazine will take a lively interest. "The Only Resource" is the story of what a young girl did who was in difficulties. "A Gossip on Rings and Wedding Rings" is a chapter which young people as well as antiquarians will find attractive. "The Brightening of Three Dreary Back Rooms" tells how it was done. A new serial, "That Little Woman," by Ida J. Lemon, is begun in this number, and promises well.

THE enterprising editors of *Poet Lore* deserve the hearty thanks of all lovers of literature for the capital translation by Otto Heller, and adaptation by Dr. Hugh A. Clark, of Wildenbruch's masterly drama "Harold." Their August and September issue could not have been devoted to a more worthy purpose. The learned and talented author's manly and intellectual face is presented in photogravure in the frontispiece. The historic interest of the subject, the dramatic skill with which it is presented, the vivid portraiture of the various persons, and the sustained interest from the opening act to the closing scene, are all a tribute to the unusual merit of the drama and the great ability of its author, who stands in the forefront of the German dramatists of to-day. It is a fine lesson in comparative criticism to read it side by side with the "Harold" of our Laureate.

Wide Awake for October has a pleasure in store for all young lovers of English literature in the form of a narrative called "The Maidens of the Lakes," they being the young daughters of the three lake poets, Dorothy Wordsworth, Edith Southey and Sara Coleridge, lovely girls, to whom Wordsworth addressed his poem, "The Triad"; there are portraits of the three girls in early womanhood, and views of their homes and favourite haunts; the article is by Miss C. H. Garland. There are two long articles for those who enjoy natural history, "Bee-Hunting," by Rowland E. Robinson, and "The Trouble Grandpa Nature had with the Horse," by L. J. Bates; also a shorter and very curious one, "The Joint Snake." There are also three stories, "Edith's Guinea-Pig," by Esther George, "Jessie's Chickens," by Hattie Tyng Griswold, and "A night with Russian Wolves," by Lieut.-Col. Thorndike, and other excellent matter.

IN the *Forum* for October Archdeacon Farrar writes "An English Estimate of Lowell"; Edward Atkinson on "The Real Meaning of the Free-Coinage Agitation"; the Hon. M. D. Harter, member of Congress from Ohio, explains "A Plan for a Permanent Bank System," by substituting good state, municipal, and railroad bonds for Government bonds—a plan that deserves the attention of all students of finance. A remedy for municipal misgovernment is presented by President Eliot; W. P. Andrews writes to show that the "reformatory" system of management has doubled crime in Massachusetts. The status and needs of the U.S. Army and Navy, and Coast Defences, are explained by Col. Theo. A. Dodge and by Commander Miller, of the N.Y. Naval Militia; a very able review of English writers of social verse is by the poet Swinburne; an explanation of the cost and uses of English Royalty, by Henry Labouchere, and the Extent and Growth and Forms of Gambling are treated by W. B. Curtis.

THERE are a number of entertaining articles in the *Atlantic Monthly* for October. Oliver Wendell Holmes has a fine poem in memory of Lowell. "The House of Martha," by Frank R. Stockton, reaches a happy conclusion. "The Ascetic Ideal," by Miss Proctor and Miss Dodge, is an exceedingly interesting paper on Saint Jerome. The paper on "The Cave-Dwellers of the Confederacy," by David Dodge, when read in the light of the Sherman and Thomas articles, and two biographical sketches—one a notice of the late Sir John Macdonald, the Canadian statesman, by Martin J. Griffin, done in Mr. Griffin's well-known style, and the other of that modern Erasmus, Ignatius von Döllinger, by E. P. Evans—should not be forgotten. "Mr. Howells' Literary Creed" furnishes the subject of a closing critical paper.

THE *Century* for October is an exceedingly attractive number. The frontispiece is a photo-engraving of Mr. Rudyard Kipling, and a taking review of the popular novelist's work is contributed by Edmund Gosse. The first article, "My Last Days in Siberia," by the intrepid explorer, Geo. Kennan, is intensely interesting and is illustrated with Siberian views by his fellow traveller, Mr. Frost, and others. Hiram S. Maxim explains an experiment he is inventing for Aerial Navigation. "The Press and Public Men," by H. V. Boynton, is a defence of legitimate journalism, and a condemnation of "shysters lobbyists, and sensationalists who are merely cheap scribblers for a class of cheap newspapers, whose managers regard cheapness and sensation as the chief essential of journalism. Other prominent articles are "Besieged by the Utes," by Lieut.-Col. Sumner; "Who was El Dorado!" by Henry Rowan Lemly; "Tarrying in Nicaragua," by Roger S. Baldwin, Jr. R. W. Gilder has a pretty piece of verse, "Pro Patria," while an anonymous writer pays a beautiful tribute in poetry to the memory of James Russell Lowell.

IN the October *Popular Science Monthly*, Mr. W. F. Durfee, in the series on American Industries, gives the history of "The Manufacture of Steel" from the colonial times to the introduction of the Bessemer process. The article is copiously illustrated. Under the title "Metamorphoses in Education," Prof. A. E. Dolbear traces the necessary connection between the new character which human life has taken on and the rise of scientific education. Prof. G. T. W. Patrick discusses "The Rivalry of the Higher Senses," and shows that man is becoming less "ear-minded" and more and more "eye-minded." In "Exercise for Elderly People," Dr. Fernand Lagrange tells what sort of exertion should be chosen and what avoided by persons who have past their prime. "Life on an Ostrich Farm" is described in a very bright and instructive way, with several helpful pictures. The work done by "Astronomical Societies and Amateur Astronomers" is dealt with by L. Niesten. There is a pleasant and very reasonable article on spiders—"The Spinning Sisterhood," as they are called by the writer, Mrs. Olive Thorne Miller. There are also a sketch and portrait of John Winthrop, one of the ablest among the Harvard professors in the times just before the Revolution.

MR. GLADSTONE proves in the September number of the *Nineteenth Century Review*—Professor Dicey to the contrary notwithstanding—that his financial right hand has by no means lost its cunning. "Electoral Facts No. 3" is a very ingenious piece of political figuring; the Marquis of Lorne heaps ridicule on the un-British opponents of "The British in East Africa"; "Ferdinand Lasalle" is a vivid and glowing sketch of that striking personality, the German political socialist, of whom Bismarck has written: "He was one of the most intellectual and amiable men with whom I ever conversed"; Archibald Forbes again delights all readers with his brilliant and fascinating "War Correspondent's Reminiscences"; Lord Brassey gives "An English View of Imperial Federation," which must win the respect and admiration of every patriotic Briton, even though he may not accept all the conclusions of the noble writer. Andrew Carnegie presumes to give what he is pleased to style "An American View" of the same subject, of which we may fairly say that his references to Canada are as unfair and unfounded as they are coarse and bullying. Such glaring misrepresentations calmly made by a United States plutocrat in the pages of a reputable English review afford the British reader a striking object lesson of the magnanimous methods of the politicians of the United States in their disinterested (!) dealings with our portion of the Empire. It will recall to every Canadian school boy who is familiar with the facts, Æsop's well-known fable, "The Wolf and the Lamb."

LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

MESSRS. HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY will shortly publish a new novel by Grant Allen, "Recalled to Life." Its plot is peculiarly strange and startling.

J. G. CUPPLES, Boston, will issue at once a limited edition of two Scottish works, "Auld Scots Humour," and "Auld Scots Ballads," edited by Robert Ford, the witty and highly popular Scottish lecturer.

WHILE Lord Tennyson was celebrating his eighty-second birthday at his home on the Isle of Wight last month, Algernon Charles Swinburne was burying his only brother Edward on the same island by the side of his father, Admiral Swinburne. Much of the latter poet's youth was passed on the Isle of Wight.

WORTHINGTON COMPANY, 747 Broadway, New York, announce for immediate publication as No. 21 in their International Library: "A Maiden's Choice." By W. Heimburg, translated by Elise L. Lathrop, with over eighty photogravures.

THE October *Century* contains a frontispiece portrait of Rudyard Kipling and an article on his work by Edmund Gosse. Mr. Gosse says that Kipling was born in Bombay in Christmas week, 1865, and is therefore only in his twenty-sixth year.

MESSRS. HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY announce Vol. IV. of Riverside Science Series "Geodesy." By J. Howard Gore, B.Sc., Ph. D., Professor of Mathematics, Columbia University; author of "Elements of Geodesy," "Bibliography of Geodesy," etc.

MR. RICHARD HENRY STODDARD contributes to the October *North American Review* an eloquent tribute to the nobility of manhood and genius as a writer of the late James Russell Lowell, who was editor of the *Review* for nine years, 1864 to 1873.

PROF. J. MARK BALDWIN's Handbook of Psychology—second volume—on the subjects of "Feeling and Will," will be issued from the presses of Macmillan and Company, of London, and Henry Holt, of New York, in a few days. The first volume has been received as a text book in over thirty universities and colleges. No doubt the second volume will receive equal favour.

BALZAC's house in Paris has been purchased by the Baroness Salomen de Rothschild, who will add its grounds to those of her town residence after demolishing the dwelling. She has aimed to make atonement for the act by having several photographs of it taken and sent to the Carnavalet museum of historical and archaeological curiosities. A richly ornamented door which led to Balzac's bedroom will be sent to the museum.

MR. ANDREW LANG has in preparation a volume of angling sketches which will be published in the fall by Longmans, Green and Company, with illustrations by Mr. S. Murdoch Brown. Encouraged by the success of the "Blue" and "Red" Fairy Books, Mr. Lang has prepared for the same publishers a "Blue Poetry Book," also to appear this fall, and to contain the poetry which the editor judges best fitted for juvenile readers.

FREDERICK DOUGLASS is a powerfully built man, possessing a tall and commanding figure. He has the swarthy complexion of a mulatto and an abundant crop of wavy hair that is now white as snow. His eyes have an expression of fire and force, but his habitual manner is gentle and dignified. Mr. Douglass is older than he is generally believed to be, having been born, as nearly as he can tell, in 1817. His mother was a black slave on a Maryland plantation. His father he never knew. He escaped from slavery at the age of twenty-three.

HAROLD FREDERIC writes from London: "Publishing and writing circles here are much interested in the fact that Mr. Kipling's 'Life's Handicap' touches a climax of commercial success in fiction hitherto unknown. Although the book is merely a collection of short tales, all of which had been published before, the Macmillans give him twenty per cent. on the gross sales, and despite the unusual price of the book, 6s., Smith's bookstalls took 500 copies in the first order, which is entirely unprecedented. It is said that Haggard in his best time never made half the money now rolling in upon Kipling. The novel for next year's *Century*, in which Kipling does the Indian and Wolcott Balestier the American parts, was finished just before Kipling sailed for the Cape. It will be somewhat longer than 'The Light That Failed,' and is enthusiastically spoken of by those who have seen a portion of it."

ULRICO HOEPLI, the scholarly antiquarian bookseller of Milan, whose bibliographical labours are widely known, has just published a most interesting and valuable contribution to Italian bibliography. To meet the increasing demand for information as to the best books in Italian on various subjects, M. Hoepli decided to follow the example of the *Pall Mall Gazette* and the publishers of "Die besten Bücher aller Zeiten und Literaturen," and addressed a circular to a hundred of the best-known literary men and scholars of Italy, in which he invited their opinions as to which they considered the best books in the various departments of Italian literature. As a result he has collected about five thousand titles of ancient and modern publications, which he has issued under the title of "I Migliori Libri Italiani" ("The best books in Italian literature"). The titles are given first under subject headings, and again in one alphabet. Preceding the list are given the replies of the contributors, including their opinions and criticism.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

Allen, Grant. *Recalled to Life*. 40c. New York: Henry Holt & Co.
Bynner, Edwin Lassetter. *The Chase of the Meteor and Other Stories*. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. \$1.25
De Saint-Armand, Imbert. *Marie Antoinette at the Tuilleries*. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons; Toronto: Wm. Briggs & Co.
Heimburg, W. *A Maiden's Choice*. 75c. New York: Worthington & Co.
Kennedy, Geo., M.A., LL.D. *Digest of Crown Lands Cases*. Warwick and Sons.
Wendell, Barrett. *English Composition*. \$1.50. New York: Scribner's Sons; Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

October 2nd, 1891.]

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

ASHES.

[Written in the Shakespeare Church at Stratford-Upon-Avon.]
No eyes can see man's destiny completed
Save His, who made and knows th' eternal plan ;
As shapes of clouds in mountains are repeated,
So thoughts of God accomplished are in man.

Here the divinest of all thoughts descended ;
Here the sweet heavens their sweetest boon let fall ;
Upon this hallowed ground began and ended
The life that knew, and felt, and uttered all.

There is not anything of human trial
That ever love deplored or sorrow knew,
No glad fulfilment and no sad denial,
Beyond the pictured truth that Shakespeare drew.

All things are said and done, and though forever
The streams dash onward and the great winds blow,
There comes no new thing in the world, and never,
A voice like his, that seems to make it so.

Take then thy fate, or opulent or sordid,
Take it and bear it and esteem it blest ;
For of all crowns that ever were awarded
The crown of simple patience is the best.
— William Winter.

TENNYSON'S BIRTHDAY.

LORD TENNYSONS eighty-second birthday was celebrated at Freshwater, Isle of Wight. We need hardly say (writes the *Daily News*) that Freshwater is one of the poet's homes. The British excursionist and the American tourist know the place and love it "not wisely but too well." There is to be a concert in the Assembly Rooms, and the programme is to comprise various settings of Tennyson's words to music by Lady Tennyson. We are glad to hear that the poet is in excellent health, and has gone back from his short visit to London improved rather than impaired in physical condition. We are all proud of the old age of our foremost living poet, and proud especially of the fact that years have in no way chilled or damped the youthful spirit of his song. Some of Lord Tennyson's latest poems, like some of Robert Browning's, have been among his very best. He has had lyrical command of England, and, indeed, of all English-speaking lands, for a very long time. He is above all things the Poet Laureate of the Victorian age. For although Wordsworth to whom he succeeded, lived well into the age of Queen Victoria, he was not of it, and before that day, and for some time before it, the Poet Laureate accepted by the Court was not always the Poet Laureate accepted by the people. All the men of Tennyson's prime in literature have passed away. Some of them, like Matthew Arnold, were much younger in years than he, and are not long gone. Browning is not yet two years dead, and he, too, was much younger when he died than Lord Tennyson is today. Like Lord Tennyson, Browning seemed to bow to no power of years, and kept up the freshness of youth in his poetry long after the time when in former days inspiration would have been expected to desert the soul of the singer. Dickens was one of the first among the outer literary public to recognize the genius of Tennyson, and Dickens has been twenty years a classic, and Tennyson remains a living author. Thackeray came into the literary field with his first novel after Tennyson had established his place and made sure his fame, and Thackeray has gone off among the immortals for more than a quarter of a century.—*Daily News*.

BOOKSELLERS IN EARLY DAYS.

THERE were in the days of ancient Greece manuscript compressors and sellers, to whom for many centuries the world was indebted for its best poetry, philosophy and wit, most of which has been lost because the art of printing was unknown ; in consequence of which the Old World and the New are as far apart as the north and south poles. At the time of the Roman Empire it is supposed there were many publishing firms that issued books at least as cheaply as their modern brethren. To the Roman of the Augustan era literature was an essential, and the taste was gratified in various ways. There were public libraries and public recitations, over which, too, emperors presided, and poets with a world-wide reputation read aloud their favourite verses. There were, too, newspapers compiled by the sanction of government, and hung up in some place of public resort for the benefit of the multitude, and which were copied for the private accommodation of the wealthy. All public events of importance had their places in these journals ; the reporters, termed *actuarii*, gave abstracts of the proceedings of the law courts and public assemblies ; there was a list of births, deaths and marriages, and particular attention was paid to reports of trials for divorce. Horrible, and that the merchants and traders invented false news in order to affect their various markets. Every respectable house in Rome possessed a library, and among the richer classes the slave-readers and the slave-transcribers were almost as independent as cooks and scullions. These slaves were at first employed in copying celebrated writings for their masters ; but gradually the natural division of labour produced a separate class—publishers.

Atticus employed a number of slaves to copy from dictation simultaneously, and was thus able to multiply books as quickly as they were demanded. Of course he found imitators, and thus publishing by written copies became a recognized trade. Martial, Ovid and Propertius mention that their works were known the world over ; that young and old, women and girls, in Rome, in Britain and in Gaul read their verses. "Every one," says Martial, "has me in his pocket, every one has me in his hands." What a sight it must have been to see a Roman maiden with a copy of one of Martial's Epigrams, reading the obscenity and filth of that writer which is now to be found only in the "Index Expurgatorium," which has been consigned to the limbo of unclean things. Horace did not like this wholesale trade in his works, and speaks of his repugnance at seeing them in the hands of the vulgar—that is, the common people. School-books, too, were in great demand in Rome ; Juvenal mentions that "the verses which the boy has just *conned over* at his desk, he stands up to repeat." Nero, who was of inordinate vanity, gave special command that his verses should be placed in the hands of the students. According to Martial, the first book of his epigrams could be bought, neatly bound, for five denarii (nearly seventy-five cents), but in a cheaper binding for the people for about twenty-five cents ; his thirteenth book of Epigrams was sold for ten cents. By employing a number of transcribers simultaneously, it would be quite possible to produce a daily edition of five hundred and forty verses. By the employment of slave labour—and thousands of slaves were engaged in this work of transcribing—books were both plentiful and cheap in Rome.—*Boston Saturday Evening Gazette*.

MADAME NECKAR relates the following anecdote of M. Abauret, a philosopher of Geneva : "It was said of him that he never had been out of temper ; some persons, by means of his female servant, were determined to put this to the proof. The woman in question stated that she had been his servant for thirty years, and she protested that during that time she had never seen him in a passion. They promised her a sum of money if she would endeavour to make him angry ; she consented, and knowing he was particularly fond of having his bed well made, she on the day appointed neglected to make it. M. Abauret observed it, and the next morning made the observation to her ; she answered that she had forgotten it ; she said nothing more, but, on the same evening, she again neglected to make the bed ; the same observation was made on the morrow by the philosopher, and she again made some such excuse, in a cooler manner than before. On the third day he said to her : 'You have not yet made my bed ; you have apparently come to some resolution on the subject, as you probably found it fatigued you. But, after all, it is of no great consequence, as I begin to accustom myself to it as it is.' She threw herself at his feet, and avowed all to him."

F. MARION CRAWFORD'S NEW NOVEL.

"THE WITCH OF PRAGUE' IS SO REMARKABLE A BOOK AS TO BE CERTAIN OF AS WIDE A POPULARITY AS ANY OF ITS PREDECESSORS. THE KEENEST INTEREST FOR MOST READERS WILL LIE IN ITS DEMONSTRATION OF THE LATEST REVELATIONS OF HYPNOTIC SCIENCE . . . BUT 'THE WITCH OF PRAGUE' IS NOT MERELY A STRIKING EXPOSITION OF THE FAR-REACHING POSSIBILITIES OF A NEW SCIENCE ; IT IS A ROMANCE OF SINGULAR DARING AND POWER."—*London Academy*.

THE WITCH OF PRAGUE,

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MORNING COLD BATHS.

In the past few years several patients have come to me, says a medical writer in the London *Lancet*, complaining that they from time to time, especially in winter, in the early part of the day, have expectorated mucus tinged with blood. In each case there was no family history of phthisis, the temperature was normal, there were no bacilli discoverable in the sputa, there was no loss of strength or weight, and the chest-sounds were healthy. The men, however, were not of a vigorous type, and they were all accustomed to have a cold bath summer and winter. It seemed likely, especially in winter, that the sudden application of intensely cold water to the whole surface of the skin too suddenly raised the internal blood-pressure, and hence the oozing of the blood through the walls of the capillary vessels lying beneath the lining membrane of the throat or larynx, or possibly the lungs. In any case, whatever the true explanation may be, the fact stands out that the unpleasant symptom disappeared as soon as the temperature of the icy-cold water was reasonably increased. The practice of taking a cold bath is so universal nowadays that it is perhaps as well to know that although the strong man may indulge in it with unmixed benefit, it may cause in the weak man a symptom which fills him with anxiety.—*Science*.

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SCIENTIFIC AND SANITARY.

It is reported that recent borings for artesian wells in South Dakota have disclosed an extraordinary variety of clays, gravels and quicksands hundreds of feet deep, beneath which is a hard rock resembling granite. The cretaceous formation abounds with remains of plants, animals and fossils, among which are those of a fig tree and five new species of fish, three of them heretofore unknown to science. This of itself is interesting, but most extraordinary is the conclusion drawn by scientific men that the area lying between the quartz line and the Laurentian-Huronian line was once the bed of a sea.—*New York Recorder*.

A CLEVERLY designed instrument, by means of which the profile of a river bed can be taken automatically, has been invented by a German engineer. The record can be taken from a boat at the rate of $3\frac{1}{2}$ to $6\frac{1}{2}$ miles an hour. The apparatus consists of a curved arm, which is hinged at its upper extremity, and is so long that the lower curved portion trails on the bottom of the stream. The deeper the stream the greater the inclination of the arm, and hence, by a suitable recording mechanism, the depth can be automatically registered on a revolving drum as the boat moves. The instrument has already made a record in practical testing of 297 miles in ten days. *Louisville Courier-Journal*.

A LETTER received in St. Paul from the Menage exploration expedition records the discovery of a new race of people in the Philippine Islands. "It had been decided to make the ascent of the highest mountain in the Philippines, and it was when a height of 1,200 feet had been reached that it was first discovered that the mountains were inhabited, and by an entirely different people than had ever been seen in the lowlands. After several attempts to photograph a group the feat was accomplished. It took a good deal of manœuvring, as the natives were not up with the Kodak craze, and imagined that the camera was on the scalp hunt."

A two year old girl was brought to Professor Ranke in the children's hospital at Munich, who was suffering from dropsy in consequence of cirrhosis of the liver. Professor Ranke says that its foster-mother had confessed that she was in the habit of taking the child with her into the saloon, often in the morning, sometimes staying till midnight. The child drank at least a glass and a-half of beer daily, and the other frequenters of the saloon often made the little one drunk out of sport. It could drink a glass of beer at one draught. The illness had commenced three months previous, and there is no doubt that this is the same liver affection, which is so often a consequence of drinking, and that sooner or later proves fatal.—*Belletristisches Journal*.

"August Flower"

Perhaps you do not believe these statements concerning Green's August Flower. Well, we can't make you. We can't force conviction into your head or medicine into your throat. We don't want to. The money is yours, and the misery is yours; and until you are willing to believe, and spend the one for the relief of the other, they will stay so. John H. Foster, 1122 Brown Street, Philadelphia, says: "My wife is a little Scotch woman, thirty years of age and of a naturally delicate disposition. For five or six years past she has been suffering from Dyspepsia. She became so bad at last that she could not sit down to a meal but she had to vomit it as soon as she had eaten it. Two bottles of your August Flower have cured her, after many doctors failed. She can now eat anything, and enjoy it; and as for Dyspepsia, she does not know that she ever had it."

DR. E. C. MAPOTHER says in the *British Medical Journal*: Several cases of shedding of hair after influenza have confirmed my opinion that diet has much to do with the production and with the cure of symptomatic alopecia. Hair contains 5 per cent. of sulphur, and its ash 20 per cent. of silicon and 10 per cent. of iron and manganese. Solutions of beef, or rather of part of it, starchy mixtures, and even milk. . . . cannot supply these elements, and atrophy at the root and falling of hair result. The colour and strength of hair in young mammals is not attained so long as milk is their sole food. . . . The foods which most abundantly contain the above-named elements are the various albuminoids and the oat, the ash of that grain yielding 22 per cent. of silicon. With care these foods are admissible in the course of febrile diseases. . . . I have often found a dietary largely composed of oatmeal and brown bread greatly promote the growth of hair, especially when the baldness was preceded by constipation and a sluggish capillary circulation. Those races of men who consume most meat are the most hirsute (hairy). . . . I have always found that friction of the scalp with pomades and lotions dislodges many hairs which might otherwise remain, and that cold or tepid baths with salt added and rough rubbing of the rest of the body will flush the capillaries of the affected part more effectually. Besides, when pomades are used, frequent washing becomes necessary, and this is conducive to baldness.

A MAGNIFICENT microscope has just been completed by the Munich Poeller Physical and Optical Institute for the great Chicago Exposition, at a cost of \$8,750. It possesses a magnifying power of 11,000 diameters. As might be expected, electricity plays an important part in the working of this gigantic instrument, which, after inspection, is expected to give an impetus to the Munich mart for scientific apparatus. The electricity furnishes and regulates the source of light, which placed in the focus of a parabolic aluminium reflector reaches an intensity of 11,000 candle power. The electricity also provides the means of an ingenious automatic mechanism for the centering of the quadruple condensers and illuminating the lenses. There is an arrangement for the exact control of the distance of the carbon point. The most important novel feature is the cooling machine, which is indispensable on account of the extreme heat, 1-43 calories per second, generated by the intense illuminating arrangement. A machine regulated by a Helmholtz electric centrifugal regulator provides the several microscopic and polariscopic systems of the apparatus with a fine spray of fluid carbonic acid, which immediately after its release from the copper vessel, in which it is held under a pressure of twenty-three atmospheres, becomes converted into gaseous matter, so intensely cold that only .00007 gramme of carbonic acid per second is required to give the result. The magnifying power of the apparatus with ordinary objectives, as has been stated, is about 11,000 diameters, but with the oil immersion it can be increased to 16,000.

CHURCH'S AUTO-VOCE SCHOOL FOR STAMMERING.—A few facts about this excellent institution may not be amiss to the readers of THE WEEK. The Auto-Voce School, 249 Jarvis Street, is under the personal supervision of Mr. S. T. Church, the author of the auto-voce method for stammering, and is continually filled to its utmost capacity with students from the city and elsewhere. No advance fees are required, the fee for training being payable at the end of the course, providing those interested are fully satisfied with the results of the training. No drugs, surgery, hypnotism or magnetism are introduced. After having passed through the auto-voce course the students are not dependent on certain fixed principles which, if relaxed, would cause a relapse into their former wretched condition; but, on the contrary, they enjoy that perfect freedom and naturalness in voice delivery that the person who has always had the free use of the vocal apparatus usually possess. Each and every case under the auto-voce method has been an unqualified success, notwithstanding the many difficulties which are usually encountered in the early history of almost every educational venture. We understand that a full and complete report of the results already achieved is sent to any person on application.

COMPOUND INVESTMENT PLAN

Of the North American Life Assurance Company.



Notwithstanding the advantages of the plans already explained, the Company recognizes the fact that there are many who are unwilling or unable to pay the premium necessary to purchase a full return premium policy, but who consider that in event of death toward the latter part of the Investment Period a dividend should be paid on the policy, also that there are others again who doubt their ability to pay their premiums regularly for a term of fifteen or twenty years, and who are thereby prevented from securing an Investment Policy.

It was to meet these two objections that the Compound Investment Policy was introduced by the North American Life.

The peculiar features of this form of policy are applicable to all Semi-Tontine Policies and fifteen and twenty payment life and fifteen and twenty year endowments, with, respectively, fifteen and twenty years' Investment Periods.

After the policy had existed for ten years, should death occur previous to the expiration of the Investment Period of fifteen or twenty years, a dividend will be paid with the face of the policy, consisting of the 11th and each subsequent premium.

It is also guaranteed, that after the policy has existed for ten years the 11th and subsequent premiums will be lent, if required, the insured paying thereon interest annually at the rate of 6 per cent. If insured should die before completion of the Investment Period, no deduction is made from the face value of the policy, as the guaranteed dividend cancels the amount of the loan.

If the Compound Investment Policy be on the 20 payment life plan, should the insured survive to the end of the Investment Period, the following options are secured by the policy, any one of which may be selected, and which may then be most suitable to the circumstances of the holder of the policy:—

1st. Surrender the policy to the Company, and in lieu thereof receive its full cash value.

OR

2nd. Withdraw the investment dividend in cash, and in addition have a paid up policy for its full face value, payable at death.

OR

3rd. If insured in good health, use the cash dividend to increase such paid-up policy.

OR

4th. Leave the whole amount of cash with Company, and in lieu thereof receive an annual income for life.

OR

5th. Take a paid-up policy for the full face value, and in addition use the cash investment dividend to purchase an annual income for life.

If there is any debt against the policy, that sum will first be deducted from the cash investment dividend.

Upon application at the Head Office or to any of the Company's agents, information respecting the Company's investment plans of insurance will be given; or, if you forward your address and state age next birthday, the Company will send you full particulars.

WM. McCABE,

Managing Director,

Head Office, 22 to 28 King St. W., Toronto.

DR. T. A. SLOCUM'S

OXYGENIZED EMULSION OF PURE COD LIVER OIL. If you are Feeble and Emaciated—Use it. For sale by all druggists.

It is a matter of astonishment that so many women suffer in silence the troubles peculiar to their sex, when Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are an unfailing cure. Suppressions, derangements, weakness, etc., especially yield to their treatment. Sold by all dealers or by mail on receipt of price (50c. a box) by addressing Dr. Williams Med. Co., Brockville, Ont.

THAT tired feeling now so often heard of, is entirely overcome by Hood's Sarsaparilla, which gives mental and bodily strength.

"JUST AS GOOD," say some dealers who try to sell a substitute preparation when a customer calls for Hood's Sarsaparilla. Do not allow any such false statements as this induce you to buy what you do not want. Remember that the only reason for making it is that a few cents more profit will be made on the substitute. Insist upon having the best medicine—Hood's Sarsaparilla. It is Peculiar to Itself.

40 lbs. in 60 Days

Remarkable Improvement in Health

Statement of Facts from a Prominent Vermonter.

We call attention to the statement below from Mr. J. A. R. Corwin of Chelsea, Vermont, known not only in his own town, but all through the State as a man of the strictest integrity and uprightness. Mr. Corwin has long been proprietor of a general store, and for many years has been town clerk, selectman, and held many other positions of responsibility and trust.

Chelsea, Vt., June 16th, 1891.

"My son had a severe sickness last winter, and after his partial recovery he was very weak, had no appetite and grew very poor, weighing only ninety-one pounds. At the suggestion of Wm. F. Hood he commenced the 16th of April to take Hood's Sarsaparilla and the result was wonderful. He regained his appetite and gained forty pounds in flesh, and now seems much better than at any time since his sickness." J. A. R. CORWIN.

N.B.—Be sure to get

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & Co., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar.

THE legend "048" is well known to most writers in this country. It is the number of Esterbrook's most popular pen, the Falcon.

THE electric lighting plant of the new Masonic Temple in Chicago will probably be the largest isolated plant in the world. The generating plant will consist of six 80,000 Watt dynamos, and provision will be made for between 7,000 and 8,000 incandescent lamps.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Standard*, writing from Lake Zürich, states that some novel and interesting experiments have recently been made on the Lake of Zürich with a steamboat built entirely of aluminium, which claims to be the first of its kind. The boat weighs only about half a ton, viz., about half the weight of an ordinary boat of the same size. It was built at the works of Messrs. Escher, Wyss and Company, of Zürich, the metal having been furnished by the Aluminium Works of Schaffhausen, where it is obtained by an electrical process, the dynamos being driven, not by steam engines, but by turbines, which utilize the water-power of the celebrated falls of the Rhine, so that the boat claims to be exclusively the product of Swiss labour and power. It carries eight persons, and, with a petroleum engine of only two-horse power, easily makes six miles an hour. Aluminium not being subject to rust, the permanent colour of the boat is a beautiful dull white, whilst the chimney, being of polished aluminium, shines like silver. The trial trips of the boat were eminently successful, and it is anticipated that the construction of aluminium steamers, having the same capacity, and only half the weight of the iron ones now used on Swiss lakes, has a great future before it.

A Skin of Beauty is a Joy Forever.

DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM, OR MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER

PURIFIES AS WELL AS Beautifies the Skin. No other cosmetic will do it.

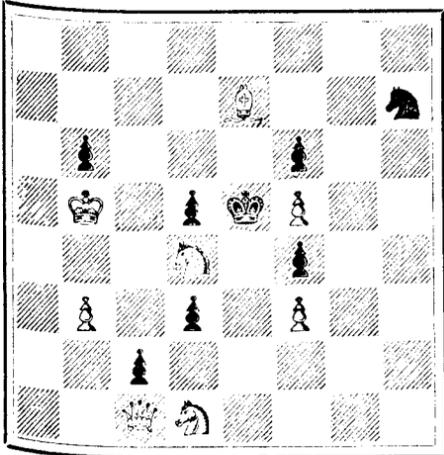
Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth-Patches, Rash and Skin Diseases, and every ailment on beauty, blemish or defect, and defies detection. On its virtues it has stood the test of 40 years; no other has, and is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeits of similar name felt of similar name. The distinguished Dr. L. A. Sayre, said to a lady of the *hautton* (a patient): "As you ladies will use them, I recommend Gouraud's Cream as the most beautiful of all the Skin preparations." One bottle will last six months, using it every day. Also Poudre. Subtile removes superfluous hair without injury to the skin. FERT T. HOPKINS, Proprietor, 37 Great Jones St., N.Y. For sale by all Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers throughout the U. S., Canada and Europe. Beware of base imitations. \$1,000 reward for arrest and proof of anyone selling the same.



CHESS.

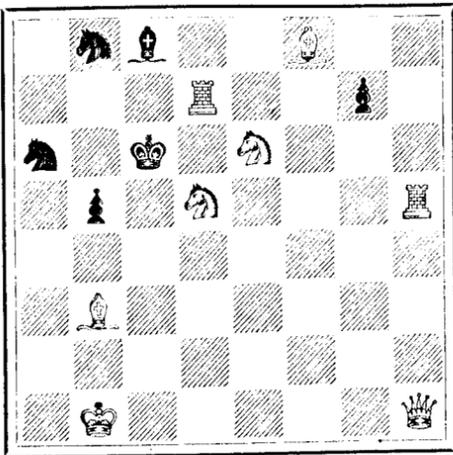
PROBLEM No. 603.
By M. Ehrenstein.
BLACK.

PROBLEM No. 604.
By C. A. Gilberg.
BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS.

No. 597.

- | | |
|----------------|-------------|
| White. | Black. |
| 1. Kt-Q 5 | 1. R x Kt |
| 2. R x P + | 2. K-Q 2 |
| 3. R x R mate | |
| | If 1. K-B 4 |
| 2. R-B 7 + | 2. K x P |
| 3. Kt-B 3 mate | |
- With other variations.

No. 598.
Q-Q R 7

A FINE PRIZE GAME.

The following remarkable game was played not long ago in the masters' competition of the British Chess Club:

SCOTCH GAMBIT.

- | | | | |
|--------------------------|----------------------|--------------------------|----------------------|
| HERR WALBRODD.
White. | HERR CARO.
Black. | HERR WALBRODD.
White. | HERR CARO.
Black. |
| 1. P-K 4 | P-K 4 | 15. Q x P + | Kt-K 2 |
| 2. Kt-K B 3 | Kt-Q B 3 | 16. Kt-B 3 (d) | Q x Kt |
| 3. P-Q 4 | P x P | 17. Q-Kt 5 | P x P |
| 4. B-B 4 (a) | B-B 4 | 18. Q-B 4 (e) | P x P |
| 5. Castles | P-Q 3 | 19. Q x Q | P x R Queen |
| 6. P-B 3 | B-K Kt 5 | 20. Q x Kt + | K-K 1 |
| 7. Q-Kt 3 | Q-Q 2 (b) | 21. B-K 3 | Q-K 4 |
| 8. B x P + | Q x B | 22. B x B | Q x B |
| 9. Q x P | K-Q 2 | 23. R-Kt 1 | K-B 2 |
| 10. Q x R | B x Kt | 24. Q-B 4 + | K-Kt 2 |
| 11. P x B | Q x P | 25. R-Q B 1 | Q-Q R 4 |
| 12. Kt-Q 2 | Q-R 6 | 26. P-K R 4 | Kt-Kt 3 |
| 13. Q-K B 8 | Kt-B 3 (c) | 27. Q-Kt 5 (f) | Q x Q |
| 14. Q x R | Kt-K Kt 5 | 28. P x Q | Black resigns. |

NOTES.

- (a) A form of the Scotch game nowadays seldom played by experts in important matches. The complications which arise therefrom should result in favour of the defence.
 (b) 7... B x Kt; 8... B x P +, K B 1; 9... B x Kt, R x B; 10... P x B, Kt K 4, gives Black the best of the position. Black, however, made the move in the text as an experiment, and to test the soundness of the novel variation which follows.
 (c) Bold, and not sound. But the attack had to be kept up at any cost.
 (d) Necessary, as Black threatened mate in two moves.
 (e) Although this loses the exchange, it is the simplest mode of extricating himself from all difficulties, and remaining with a good position and sufficient material to insure victory.
 (f) Forcing an exchange of Queens, or else winning the Knight by P-R 5. White has conducted this difficult game with skill and excellent judgment.

DEVELOP YOUR MUSCLES BY EXERCISE.



Supply your system with MUSCLE-FORMING ELEMENTS by taking
JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEEF,
THE GREAT MUSCLE-FORMER.

RADWAY'S PILLS PURELY VEGETABLE.
ALWAYS RELIABLE

For the Cure of all DISORDERS OF THE STOMACH, LIVER, BOWELS, KIDNEYS, BLADDER, NERVOUS DISEASES, HEADACHE, CONSTIPATION, COSTIVENESS, COMPLAINTS PECULIAR TO FEMALES, PAINS IN THE BACK, DRAGGING FEELING, etc., INDIGESTION, BILIOUSNESS, FEVER INFLAMMATION OF THE BOWELS, PILES, and all derangements of the internal viscera.

DYSPEPSIA.

RADWAY'S PILLS are a cure for this complaint. They tone up the internal secretions to healthy action, restore strength to the stomach, and enable it to perform its functions. The symptoms of Dyspepsia disappear, and with them the liability to contract disease.

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Will be accomplished by taking RADWAY'S PILLS. By so doing DYSPEPSIA HEADACHE, FOUL STOMACH, BILIOUSNESS will be avoided, the food that is eaten contribute its nourishing properties for the support of the natural waste and decay of the body.

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FOR RHEUMATISM

Which is caused by an acid in the blood, the best remedy is Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Abundant testimony shows that where all other treatment fails, the persevering use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla effects a complete cure. H. P. Green, of Johnstown, Ohio, writes: "For over fifteen years I suffered untold misery from rheumatism. Physicians' prescriptions, as well as the various specifics, proving of no avail, I at length concluded to give Ayer's Sarsaparilla a persistent trial. I have used in all about eighteen bottles, and am now enjoying perfect health. The expense for this medicine was nothing compared with what I had put out for doctoring that did me no good whatever."

"About three years ago, after suffering for nearly two years from rheumatic gout, being able to work only with great discomfort, and having tried various remedies, including mineral waters, without relief, I saw by an advertisement in a Chicago paper that a man had been relieved of this distressing complaint, after long suffering, by taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I then decided to make a trial of this medicine, and took it regularly for eight months, and am pleased to say that it has effected a complete cure. I have since had no return of the disease."—Mrs. R. Irving Dodge, 110 West 125th street, New York City.

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Cures Others, Will Cure You



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Bad Blood is responsible for all the Boils, Blotches, Pimples, Eruptions, Skin Diseases, Humors and Disfiguring Rashes that are so prevalent, especially in spring. There is a NATURAL FOE TO BAD BLOOD called Burdock Blood Bitters which always conquers, never fails and is recommended by thousands. It searches out and removes all impurities from the smallest pimple to the worst scrofulous sore. In Scrofula, Erysipelas, Salt Rheum, Shingles, Tetter, etc., its effects are wonderful.

WHAT THEY SAY.

Two of my children had large sores on their bodies caused by poorness of the blood. They were completely cured by one bottle of B. B. B. MRS. J. PINEL, London East, Ont.

About a year ago I got a running abscess on my neck which made me very weak. B. B. B. cured it and I am strong again. MRS. GEO. LEDINGHAM, Montefiore, Man.

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SIRS,—I have great faith in your Burdock Blood Bitters, and can recommend it for most anything. Two years ago I was troubled with an ulcer on my ankle; having used B. B. B. for bad blood I procured a bottle, and a box of Burdock Healing Ointment; after using three bottles and three boxes I was completely cured and can recommend it everywhere. Yours truly, Mrs. Wm. V. Boyd, Brantford, Ont.



HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT

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For Disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

FOR SORE THROATS, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS.

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BAKING POWDER
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from which the excess of oil has been removed, is **Absolutely Pure and it is Soluble.**

No Chemicals are used in its preparation. It has more than three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, EASILY DIGESTED, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

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MUCH BETTER, Thank You!

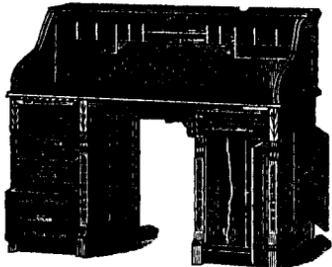
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Of Pure Cod Liver Oil and HYPHOPHOSPHITES—Of Lime and Soda.—IT IS ALMOST AS PALATABLE AS MILK. IT IS A WONDERFUL FLESH PRODUCER. It is used and endorsed by Physicians. Avoid all imitations or substitutions. Sold by all Druggists at 50c. and \$1.00. SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville.

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Already famous in Europe, entitled "Four Days," from the Russian of *Garskin* appears in the double summer number of POET-LORE—June 15th. It is a vivid picture of a significant episode in the life of a modern soldier. Two short stories of a very different kind follow—"Faded Leaves," and "Green is Hope," translated from the Norse of *Alexander Kielland*. The same number of POET-LORE contains a hitherto unpublished letter of *John Ruskin's* on "Wages"; and critical papers on "Two Versions of the Wandering Jew," by *Prof. R. G. Moulton*; "The Text of Shakespeare," by *Dr. Horace Howard Furness*; "An Inductive Study of 'As You Like It,'" by *C. A. Wurtzburg*; and a "Study Programme: Magic, Out-door and Human Nature in Literature," of practical use to Reading Circles or for the home study of Literature

A COMPLETE PLAY—"Harold," by the distinguished German dramatist, *Ernst von Wildenbruch*, will be given, translated into English verse, with the author's sanction, in the second double number of POET-LORE—Sept. 15th. This drama is on an English theme, is full of action, and is a marked success on the German stage (copyright applied for). A portrait of the author, and a critical and biographical account of him, will also be given.

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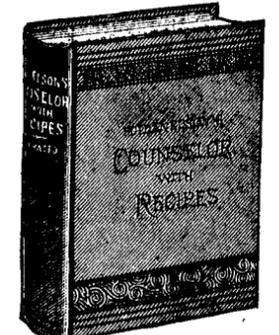
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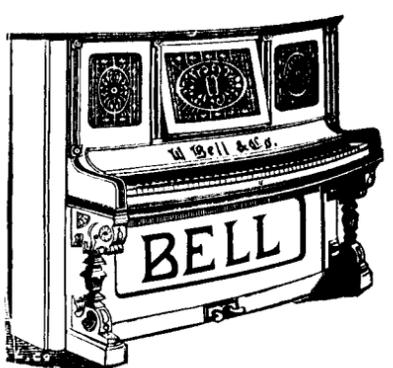
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