

THE WEEK:

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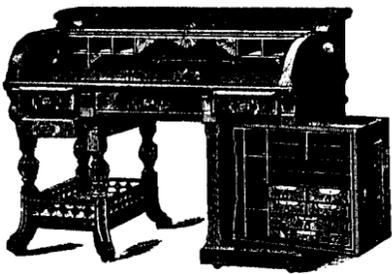
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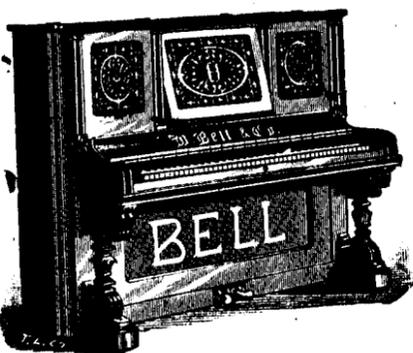
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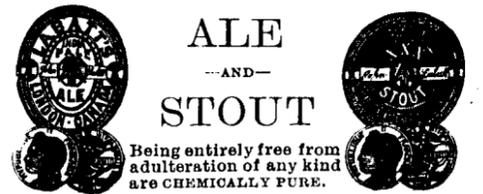
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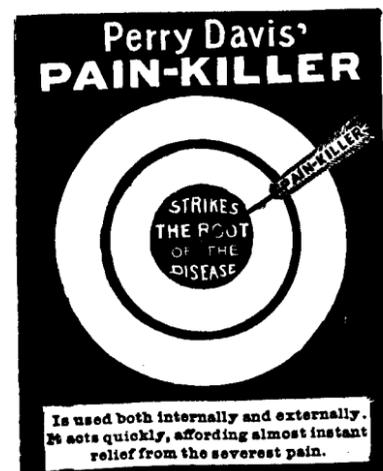
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All articles, contributions, and letters on matters pertaining to the editorial department should be addressed to the Editor, and not to any person who may be supposed to be connected with the paper.

WE reprint in this number a valuable paper on the manufacture of iron and steel in Canada, which was read by Mr. W. Hamilton Merritt, F.G.S., before the Geological and Mining Section of the Canadian Institute. Mr. Merritt, as most of our readers are aware, though as yet comparatively a young man, has already taken a high place among successful students of geology and mineralogy in their practical applications, and has made some valuable contributions to our sources of knowledge of these sciences in their bearing upon the mineral resources of the Dominion. His statements and conclusions may therefore be accepted as those of a thoroughly competent observer, as well as of a true Canadian anxious to promote the well-being of his country. The article itself is of peculiar interest and value at this particular juncture, when the very important question of developing and utilizing the vast mineral resources of the Sudbury and other districts of Ontario is under consideration by the Provincial Government and Assembly. It is desirable that the new policy which, it is understood, will shortly be proposed, should have the closest scrutiny and criticism by all who are competent to speak with authority on such a subject. Meanwhile Mr. Merritt's paper seems to establish, almost beyond question, several important facts touching the mineral riches of the Dominion. He points out that the development of iron mining and manufacture in the United States, during the past four or five years, has been most remarkable, and that the production of pig iron has risen from less than one million tons in 1860 to more than ten millions in 1890. Mr. Merritt further shows that the great Republic produces more than one hundred and thirty times as much pig iron per head of the population as Canada. He maintains, too, on what seems to be satisfactory evidence, that the conditions of manufacture of iron and steel in Canada, as determined by the abundance of the ore and the location of the mines in regard to fuel for smelting and to facilities for transportation, are at least as good as those of the United States, while our inexhaustible supplies of nickel ore, lately discovered to be so valuable as an alloy in the manufacture of steel, give us an incomparable advantage, so far as is yet known, over every other people, and cannot fail to be, if rightly utilized,

a source of untold wealth. That we have all the material needed for the manufacture of iron and steel, Mr. Merritt confidently answers in the affirmative. Have we the other indispensable condition—a sufficient market—is a more difficult question. Assuming that Canadians use, on the average, as much iron and steel as their neighbours, it is shown that the total quantity used in Canada would suffice to keep twenty-seven or twenty-eight blast furnaces in operation. The conclusion to which Mr. Merritt's argument leads is that Canada should adopt a policy which says, "We are going to smelt our own iron and steel," this policy being, of course, one of protection to whatever extent may be necessary to keep out importations. That the paper establishes this conclusion we hesitate to affirm, notwithstanding its merits. Two difficulties at once suggest themselves. The one arises out of the peculiar geographical features of Canada, and the magnificent distances over which the weighty product would have to be carried, when manufactured, in order to supply the whole market; the other, closely connected, relates to the enormous increase of cost of an article of daily and universal use and necessity, which would almost surely result, for a time at least. Would it be fair that all the farmers and other citizens of the whole Dominion should be so heavily taxed in order that even a large number of men should find employment in a new industry, and a-half dozen or so of them perhaps be enriched by it? Would the users of iron and steel submit to such an impost or should they be asked to do so?

HON. EDWARD BLAKE'S brief note in the *Globe*, called forth by "the contradictory inferences to which a sentence in his Durham letter, detached from its context, has in several quarters unexpectedly given rise," and explaining that he thinks "political union with the States, though becoming our probable, is by no means our ideal or as yet our inevitable future," is, we are sorry to say, quite as unsatisfactory to admirers, desirous of knowing his exact meaning, as the longer document which it is intended to explain. In our own case, and we have no doubt that the remark is true of most readers who came to the same conclusion, the inference was drawn not from any one sentence detached from its context, but from a careful study of the letter as a whole. We never for a moment supposed that Mr. Blake regarded political union with the States as our ideal future. On the contrary it was quite apparent from the whole tenor of his paper that he reached the conclusion that it is our probable, if not inevitable future, with great reluctance. But we confess that we were unable to resist the conviction that he did regard it as almost, if not quite, inevitable. If one should inform us that every avenue of escape from the building in which we were at the time located was locked and barred, with the exception of a single door, and that it was impossible for us to remain in the building, we should not deem it an unfair inference that, in his opinion, we must make our way out by that particular door. Mr. Blake certainly did not make the case quite so strong as that, but yet after searching the whole article carefully from beginning to end, we were unable to find that any outlook into the future was shown us with the least degree of hopefulness, save the one indicated. As it is, even now, our gladness in learning that Mr. Blake does not regard political union with the States as inevitable, is very seriously modified by our sorrow in learning that he does think it is becoming our probable future. We still sincerely hope that Mr. Blake may see it his duty as a citizen and a statesman to lay aside his reserve at some early day, and not only point but lead us in the direction which will bring us as near as possible to our ideal future. Meanwhile we must respect his evident desire that, for the present, his views shall be known to the public only negatively.

THE vigorous attack made by Sir Charles Tupper on the Grand Trunk Railway, and the rejoinder of Sir Henry Tyler, are well adapted to call the attention of the people of Canada to the evil and the danger attendant on the entrance of great railway corporations into the arena of partisan politics. To the impartial onlooker, who remembers that the party whose cause the Grand Trunk so warmly espoused, must have been supported by

nearly one-half of the electors of the Dominion, and that the Canadian Pacific Railway openly entered the lists with no less zeal and with still greater effect on the side of the other party, the attitude taken by the High Commissioner must appear, to say the least, remarkable. We are, as our readers are aware, no admirers of the party system of Government. But we had supposed that that system was understood and accepted on all hands as the one which at present obtains in Canadian politics and that, as such, it implies equal rights and privileges for both parties in making their appeals for popular support. On what principle, then, Sir Charles Tupper could believe himself justified in denouncing the one company for giving active aid to the Opposition, without involving in the same condemnation the other company for giving aid no less active to the Government, such impartial onlooker must fail to understand. As a supporter of the Government, Sir Charles had of course a right to maintain that, to quote the *Empire's* words, "the Dominion Government was contending for the integrity of our entire financial and commercial fabric, against a revolutionary proposition to overturn our industries and jeopardize the stability of the country." But Sir Charles is too astute a politician not to perceive that such a plea is a palpable begging of the question. Mr. Laurier or Sir Richard Cartwright would, no doubt, maintain with equal strength of conviction that in fighting against the Liberals and Unrestricted Reciprocity the Canadian Pacific was fighting against the only policy which could save the country from the ruin, or the annexation, which Mr. Blake so clearly sees lowering on the horizon, if the "old policy" is persisted in. These contradictory pleas must seem, so far as we can see, to a really impartial observer, equally legitimate, but neither could justify the party leader who made use of it in denying to one railway corporation the liberty accorded to another, to join in the fray on behalf of the side to which its supposed interests inclined it. But Sir Charles Tupper, if his somewhat famous Amherst speech was correctly reported in the *Toronto World*, took a position even more extraordinary and illogical, as the following extract will suffice to show:—

The Grand Trunk Railway had received more from the Government of Canada in proportion for the return they had given than the Canadian Pacific, yet these craven creatures had embraced the first opportunity to spring at the throat of the Government and endeavoured to choke it in the interest of an alien people. The Government were of a forgiving disposition, but they would fail in their duty if they permitted this great corporation to obtain increased power, influence and importance in this country.

We had supposed that, in theory at least, the aid given to railroads and similar enterprises was given by and on behalf of the people, not the Government, and that the Government was solemnly bound to recommend and apportion this aid solely in the interests of the country, without respect of person or party. Surely thoughtful and high-minded supporters of the Government must regret and repudiate such a view of Government obligations as is implied in the above two sentences.

IRRESPECTIVE of the foregoing considerations every fair-minded and patriotic member of either party must, we think, be convinced that it is exceedingly undesirable and improper that railway corporations should, as such, identify themselves with either party in a political contest. Such corporations stand to the public in a different relation from that of other bodies. They exist by virtue of a Parliamentary charter which confers on them extraordinary powers and privileges in relation to private property. They are, in Canada at least, usually constructed to a large extent by means of gifts of lands, the property of the public, and of money raised by indirect and direct taxation of the people. All this clearly implies that they exist, or are supposed to exist, for the service of the whole people. As the subsidies bestowed are taken from the pockets of the tax-payers, irrespective of party, so it behooves the Government through whom these subsidies are given to see to it that the services performed are performed without respect of party. No one would, of course, think of denying the right of everyone connected with a railway, in any capacity, to use his utmost influence as an

individual in favour of the party whose policy commends itself to his judgment. But even the speech of Sir Charles Tupper, to say nothing of the incidents of the late election, cannot fail to convince every elector who will consider the subject dispassionately, that it is not in the interests of pure politics or good government that corporations so dependent upon Government favour and so related to the general public as railway companies, should be permitted to interfere actively in party contests. Another electoral reform suggested by this topic should, we think, commend itself now, if never before, to the judgment of broad-minded men of either party. We refer to what is popularly known as the "one man, one vote" system, combined with a strict residential qualification. It surely cannot be deemed wise or fair that those Canadians who have taken up their residence in the United States, and are to all intents and purposes citizens of that Republic, should be brought in by hundreds and thousands on polling day to turn, it may be, the scale in favour of one candidate or the other. Were the question of annexation directly in issue, it is quite conceivable that such a vote might determine the destiny of the country. Of course, we do not forget that unusual facilities for the introduction of these non-resident voters were in this instance afforded by the length of time that had elapsed since the revision of the lists. We do not suppose, either, that many Canadians are prepared to defend, on principle, an arrangement which gives to one citizen who may happen to have his property distributed in half-a-dozen different localities, as many votes; while his neighbour, whose possessions are equally large and equally productive industrially, has but one, because his property happens to be concentrated in one locality. The earlier sessions of a new Parliament, when no party contest is in view, are probably the best times for bringing about such reforms.

THE indications are, seemingly, that the fierce struggle of parties which convulsed the country for a few weeks is to be followed by a series of contests in the courts. That bribery on a large scale was made use of by the more unscrupulous partisans on both sides, it is, unhappily, impossible to doubt. That being the case, it is we suppose desirable that the stringent provisions of the law should be brought into requisition, and the work of exposure and punishment be done as thoroughly as possible. In this, as in every other sphere, the effect of a penalty depends quite as much upon its certainty as upon its severity. The spectacle of protests being entered by the dozen against this and that member of Parliament, on the ground that his election was secured by bribery or some other form of corruption, is not a pleasant one. It is far from favourable in its effects upon our political reputation. Hence many are disposed to think it better to assume that the one party is as bad as the other, that their chances of gain or loss are about equal, and that it would, therefore, be better to accept the returns as they are made, thus saving the great cost and scandal of a series of trials in the courts. But it is probable that many of those who resorted more or less openly to bribery or intimidation, relied on that very disposition for impunity. Should the wrong-doers be permitted to go scot free this time, it is easy to foresee what would follow at the next election. The law would be regarded as a dead letter; the unprincipled canvasser would redouble his dishonest devices, and we should have a carnival of corruption. It is therefore to be hoped that every citizen to whom a case of corruption or fraud of any kind has become known will make it a matter of conscience to bring the offence to light and secure the punishment of the offender. The operation of the present law has wrought improvement in many respects. The closing of the saloons gives us quietness instead of disgraceful brawls. The transfer of the trial from a partisan committee of the House, to an impartial court of justice, is in itself a grand reform. However strongly and justly we may denounce the bribery, personation and trickery that still take place, there can be no doubt that a great change for the better has been wrought. But there is great need that the moral sense of the people should be further educated. Too many are even yet ready to buy or sell the franchise and their manhood for a few dollars, and to do it unblushingly. The election court judges are the best school-masters for such persons. But their educational work would be much more effective if they could uniformly make use of their power to imprison every man clearly proved guilty of either buying or selling a vote, or the promise of one. The fine is a most unequal penalty. To the man of means, or one who has the party funds at his

back, it is a bagatelle. What is still more important, it does not carry with it the stigma of criminality, as does a term of imprisonment, however short. By all means let the law courts do their educational work and do it thoroughly.

THERE is now good reason to hope that the vexatious Behring's Sea dispute may soon be settled by the fair and sensible method of arbitration. Lord Salisbury's latest despatch, replying to that of Mr. Blaine in December, so far accepts the terms of reference proposed by Mr. Blaine that further hesitation or delay on the part of the latter seems improbable. In the despatch referred to the United States Secretary of State proposed six distinct questions for reference to the arbitrators. Lord Salisbury takes exception only to clauses in two of them. The first of these clauses is that part of Mr. Blaine's third question which asks "what rights, if any, in the Behring Sea, were given or conceded to Great Britain by Russia in the Treaty of 1825?" Lord Salisbury says, in effect, that Great Britain claims no rights of any kind so derived, as she expressly maintains that Russia did not possess any rights in the premises, therefore could confer none. Mr. Blaine can, therefore, hardly insist on retaining that question as one of the points of reference. The only conceivable object he could have in doing so would be because of its supposed bearing upon the question of the competence of Russia to cede to the United States some special jurisdiction, but this point comes up distinctly in connection with the fifth question. Moreover, Great Britain is willing to grant that any rights of jurisdiction which Russia had ever possessed in the Behring Sea passed unimpaired to the United States with the cession of Alaska. Difficulty is, perhaps, more likely to arise in connection with the fifth question, which as proposed by Mr. Blaine reads as follows:—

What are now the rights of the United States as to the fur seal fisheries in the waters of the Behring Sea, outside of the ordinary territorial limits, whether such rights grow out of the cession by Russia of any special rights or jurisdiction held by her in such fisheries or in the waters of the Behring Sea, or out of the ownership of the breeding islands and the habits of the seals in resorting thither and rearing their young thereon, and going out from the islands for food, or out of any other fact or incident connected with the relation of those seal fisheries to the territorial possessions of the United States?

Lord Salisbury is quite willing to have the direct question as to the rights of the United States in the matter of the fur seal fisheries referred to arbitration, but takes exception to the modifying clause which appears to assume that special rights in waters outside of the ordinary territorial limits could grow out of the ownership of the breeding islands, and the habits of the seals resorting to them. The objection evidently is that the fact of submitting such a question to arbitration would be equivalent to an admission that the principle involved is not already clearly established in international law. If it be true, as stated in the Washington correspondence of the *New York Herald*, that the diplomats at Washington are agreed that Lord Salisbury's point is well taken, that to submit to arbitration anything already clearly settled in the unwritten code of nations would be to reduce international law to chaos, and that other nations would refuse to accept any new judgment on such a matter, it is not likely that Mr. Blaine will insist on the retention of the objectionable clause. It is, it must be admitted, somewhat difficult to reconcile either the existence of the clause to which Lord Salisbury objects, or his objections thereto, with the statement in the earlier part of his despatch to the effect that the advisers of the President do not "rely as a justification for the seizure of British ships in the open sea upon the contention that the interests of the seal fisheries give to the United States Government any right for that purpose which, according to international law, it would not otherwise possess." As to the rest, Lord Salisbury thinks that the sixth question, relating to the establishment of a close season for seal fishing, as it presupposes a decision of the main questions adverse to the United States' contention, would more fitly form the subject of a separate reference. He also notes the omission of any provision for reference to the arbitrators of the question of damages due to those who have been injured by the action of the United States cruisers. But if an agreement is reached on other points it is scarcely conceivable that serious difficulties can arise out of these.

WE are indebted to both the Dominion and Ontario Governments for a number of reports from various departments of the public service. To some of these we

may refer more particularly in future numbers. Amongst them all none is clothed with a deeper interest, although it is a melancholy one, than that of the Inspector of Prisons and Public Charities for the Province of Ontario. That before us is the Twenty-third Annual Report, and is for the year ending 30th September, 1890. Table No. 1, showing the movements of the entire asylum population during the year, presents at a glance many facts and suggests many questions of deep interest. We find for instance that no less than 669 patients were admitted into the four asylums for the insane during the year; making a present total of 3,850 lunatics. As only 259 were discharged during the year it is evident that either the numbers of the insane are increasing sadly out of proportion to the increase of population, or that these unfortunates are being sent in larger numbers than hitherto to the asylums. The total increase of 410 is, it will be seen, about twelve per cent. of 3,181, the number in the asylums at the beginning of the year. Is lunacy increasing at so rapid a rate? If so what are the causes? The number discharged as cured during the year was 172, or a little less than one-fourth of the total number admitted. There were in all discharged 259, escaped 24, died 209, a total of 492, or less by 177 than the total number admitted. This rate of increase must soon overtax the capacity of the asylums. A feeling which is something more than mere curiosity is excited by the simple statement that no less than 24, all males, have escaped from the four institutions during the year. What became of these poor creatures, one longs to know, though we suppose the information could hardly be expected in an official volume of this kind. The number of female lunatics exceeds that of males by 49, or about thirteen per cent., a fact which suggests many enquiries. On the whole, though Ontario is justly somewhat proud of her charitable institutions, her asylums for the insane among the number, it would not be difficult to find even in the statistics evidence that there is room for improvements. A crucial test of the excellence of the system and its administration would be found in a comparison of the percentage of cures effected with that in the best institutions in other countries which are in the van in medical science.

MOST Canadians are no doubt watching with sympathetic interest the progress of the federation movement amongst our Australian fellow colonists. Any reports yet to hand concerning the results reached thus far are meagre and unsatisfactory. But it is both necessary and wise to "make haste slowly" in such matters, and we dare say a good deal of time will be consumed before a definite result is reached. No doubt the negotiations, if successful, will go forward somewhat on the lines of the resolution moved by Sir Henry Parkes, soon after the assembling of the Convention. This motion was to the effect that a Federal Parliament be established, composed of a Senate and House of Representatives, that free trade be adopted throughout the federation, that authority to impose customs duties be vested in the Federal Government and in Parliament, and that the military and naval defence be entrusted to federal forces under one command. Subsequent reports indicated that the protected manufacturing interests in some of the colonies were up in arms against the free trade proposition. This is natural enough, but it can hardly be possible that such objections can prevail. A Confederation with hostile tariffs separating its members would be almost, or quite, a contradiction in terms. If the union is consummated it can only be by the delegates taking Sir Henry Parkes' advice and, losing sight as far as possible of local interests, treating federal questions in a broad and liberal spirit. The framers of the new nationality will have the great advantage of having before them the history of the forming and working of the Canadian Confederation as a guide in the way both of example and of warning. They will doubtless find in it much more to imitate than to avoid. They will, perhaps, do well to seek some better mode of adjusting the financial arrangements between the central and local governments than our subsidy plan. The financial system is probably the weakest and most dangerous spot in our federal system, though it is by no means easy to devise a better plan, especially if the people happen to have an inveterate prejudice against direct taxation. We cordially hope for the speedy consummation and complete success of Australian federation.

THE announcement that the British and French Governments have at length agreed upon a basis for the reference of the Newfoundland dispute to arbitration is

most gratifying. It gives reason to hope that the nations are really growing wiser, and that the sound and sensible principle of arbitration is making progress. There is, too, much reason to hope that Great Britain and the United States are on the eve of a similar agreement for the settlement of the Behring Sea dispute. It is to be devoutly hoped that in both cases arrangements may be completed and the arbitrators appointed at an early day. It would be nothing less than a world-calamity should anything occur to cause these negotiations to be broken off, or to prevent them from being successfully completed. On the other hand the peaceful settlement of these irritating and dangerous differences between these powerful nations would be an object-lesson for all the great powers, and might well be hailed as a distinct forward movement in the direction of "the thousand years of peace."

IT may be hoped that the somewhat unexpected and startling verdict of the coroner's jury in the cases of those killed in the recent railway tunnel disaster in New York city marks the beginning of a new era of reform in the history of railway management. The arrest of several of the officers and directors of the New York and New Haven Railway Company, including President Clark and Mr. Chauncey M. Depew, on charges of manslaughter, may, if logically followed up, lead to far-reaching results of a most beneficial character. Mr. Depew, it is said, denounces the verdict with its unpleasant and possibly serious personal results, as utterly absurd. Nothing could much better illustrate the influence of capitalistic and monopolistic power in blunting the perceptions of its possessors, than the line of argument Mr. Depew is said to have taken to show the absurdity of attempting to hold him and his fellow-directors responsible for the disaster and its consequences. Why, he is reported to have exclaimed, I am a director of thirty railroads, and another of the accused has a seat on one-hundred and twenty boards. How preposterous to suppose that either of us could be held responsible for the equipment and appointments of all those roads. It does not seem to have occurred to the astute mind of Mr. Depew that neither he nor his friend is under any compulsion to accept such a multiplicity of offices, or that the crowning absurdity lay in supposing that by multiplying his voluntarily assumed duties beyond all possibility of doing them properly, one could or should escape responsibility, either moral or legal, for their non-fulfilment. The evidence adduced at the inquest is said to have shown clearly that the tunnel is and has been for years a most dangerous place, under the conditions on which the trains were run. The jury were able to see for themselves that, on a foggy day, it was almost impossible to see the signals or anything else clearly in the tunnel. It was also proved that it was no uncommon thing for the engineers to "run their signals." The directors are said to find objections to every suggestion for the better equipment or safer running of the trains, but it is to be hoped that this may not prevent the rendering of a decision that will clearly fix the responsibility in all such matters upon such directors. It is time it was clearly understood that no considerations of economy, or difficulty, or rapid travel, shall avail to justify or excuse, in the eyes of the law, any managers or company for neglecting any precaution necessary to ensure the maximum of safety for employees and passengers.

AFTER fifty years of agitation and struggle, with occasional intermissions, the Congress of the United States has recognized the principle of a foreign author's right of property in the productions of his own brain. The Copyright Bill was passed by the Fifty-first Congress in its dying hour. If the good deed was done as an act of death-bed repentance for its own shortcomings and those of its predecessors, it cannot be said that it affords internal evidence of very deep remorse, or a very anxious desire to make amends. As an act of the simplest honesty the Bill is about as ungracious and grudging as it could be. While putting on the semblance of tardy righteousness, it certainly "skimps" the measure to the last degree. Instead of following the just and generous principles of the English law, which grants a foreigner the same rights in his brain-property as a British subject, it recognizes the products of a foreign author's labour as his own, in the United States, only on condition of his giving a share of the proceeds to the printers and publishers of that country. Nay, not only does it refuse the poor foreigner protection against its literary brigands until he has given its paper-makers, printers, and bookbinders each a job, but it actually for-

bids its own people to import his literary wares in their native garb. It was only by dint of a determined struggle that American readers who may, for any reason, prefer a foreign edition of a foreign book, were granted the poor privilege of buying a couple of copies, no more, for their own use, not for sale. Truly intense selfishness is as unlovely in a nation as in an individual. In saying this, we would not be so ungenerous and unjust as to forget that the members of the Copyright League, and a large body of American citizens of the better class, struggled nobly and to the utmost of their ability to secure a Bill which would have been a real credit to the nation. No men anywhere could have been actuated by loftier motives, or have fought more manfully and perseveringly for a worthy end. All honour to them! It was not their fault, but that of their political system, that the only shape in which it was possible to secure the passage of the Bill was that of a compromise with various powerful, self-seeking corporations and interests. Hence those features of the measure which make it more like an act to promote the transfer of a large amount of British and Canadian printing and publishing to the United States, than a Bill to protect the rights of foreign authors. Happily the principle of international honesty is recognized in the Bill, however grudgingly. Dislodgement from that coign of vantage is hardly possible. On the contrary, the fuller and more logical development of the principle in the near future is pretty well assured. The half loaf is the pledge and promise of the round and ample whole, in the better days which are coming.

A FEW NOTES ON THE PRODUCTION OF IRON AND STEEL IN ONTARIO.*

THE year before last I visited the Laurentian Iron producing district in New Jersey, and you will remember I read a paper with a view of pointing out the mineralogical and geological similarity between that iron ore producing belt, which stretches round through the north of New York State, and our iron ore producing territory in Eastern Ontario. The pleasing point to me, beside the similarity of occurrence, was the proved permanency of these ore beds, one which I visited being worked at a depth of 600 feet, and in several places along a length of two and one-half miles. As a rule abandonment of these deposits has come not so much from the lack of ore, or the exhaustion of the veins, but from heavy expenses, etc., when too great a depth has been reached.

The yield in 1887 was :-

For New York State	1,266,000 tons.
For New Jersey State	447,738 tons.
Total	1,713,738 tons.

Of this amount nearly all the New Jersey output was magnetite, and in New York State 926,000 tons were magnetite, 185,000 were hematite, 43,000 tons, limonite, and 112,000, spathic ore.

I was able also to point out that as a rule these New Jersey ores contained more phosphorus than our Eastern Ontario ores.

Last year, after visiting the Vermillion, Goegebic, Menominee and Marquette iron ranges on the north-west and southern shores of Lake Superior, I read before you a paper on these ranges for the same reason that I had treated on the New Jersey deposits, namely, because it has been proved, in the case of the Vermillion range, that it runs into Canadian territory to the south-west of Port Arthur, and it is also by no means improbable that we may find similar ranges on the north or east shores of the lake, where we have vast areas of rocks of the same geological formation. In fact, as I was able to point out, the mode of occurrence and the formation (save the jasper) is very similar to the deposits at Sudbury, though the iron in the latter case is a sulphide instead of an oxide. This latter fact alone served to magnify in my opinion the importance of the Sudbury deposits.

The magnitude and richness of the above mentioned Lake Superior iron ranges would, if justice were done to them, read almost like a romance. In 1890 (last year) they produced 8,893,146 tons, or to give some practical idea of this quantity it would represent a train load of iron ore passing a given point about every twenty minutes, day and night, during the whole year.

We have been told that the iron ores of the United States were becoming exhausted and that they therefore must have our ore.

In my paper I pointed out that it was not correct, and since then the Lake Superior mines turned out half as much more ore last year as they did in 1889.

The statement that they must have our ore is also misleading, for it takes us away from the great question of developing and utilizing our own iron ores.

Year succeeds year and still we remain content with a half-hearted "iron policy" and import our iron and steel from England or from the United States, save a very small proportion which is manufactured in Nova Scotia.

* A Paper read by W. Hamilton Merritt, F. G. S., before the Geological and Mining Section of the Canadian Institute.

While we are standing still let us note how things are progressing across the border. I find in the New York *Mining Journal*: "More than 10,250,000 of tons (of 2000 lbs. each) is the grand total of the production of pig iron in the United States for the year 1890, an increase of 1,750,000, or more than 20 per cent. over the product of 1889." The following little table also from above paper is of interest :-

Production in United States of Pig Iron.	Net Tons.
1860	919,770
1873	2,868,278
1882	5,178,122
1890	10,260,000

The *Journal* also states: "The production of pig iron in Great Britain in 1889 was 9,234,776 net tons." It is estimated that it will not exceed this amount in 1890.

"The United States has therefore surpassed Great Britain for the first time in the production of pig iron."

"Our estimate of the production of steel ingots in the year 1890 is 4,900,000 net tons and of steel rails 2,200,000 net tons."

We produced in Canada 25,921 tons of pig iron in 1889.

In the United States they produce .67 of a ton of pig iron per capita of the population. In Canada we produce .005 of a ton of pig iron per capita of our population. Or in the United States each person has 134 times as much pig iron manufactured for him in his own country as he would have if he lived in Canada.

This comparison is drawn not for the purpose of belittling the efforts of those among us who are striving to build up our metallurgical industries, but to invite attention to the disparity which is exhibited in the working results and which no one can believe legitimately exists in the possibilities of the two countries.

I boldly make the assertion that Canada's greatest deficiency lies in not producing her own iron and steel.

We have built magnificent railroad systems, have created splendid steamship lines and are constantly projecting others. These may be said to be our greatest works, but what are they but *Iron and Steel*?

What if we had produced it all in Canada, and were now manufacturing, that which will be used in all the newly projected railroads and steamship lines, to say nothing of all the multitudinous requirements of everyday consumption of the king of metals? We can say at least that there would be a million more people in Canada to-day.

We cannot point to any nation in the world that amounts to anything which does not manufacture its own iron and steel.

One who has never visited a "black country" cannot conceive the stupendous scale of each member of the family of industries that goes to make up the creation of iron and steel. First the underground world teeming with miners to produce the ore and coal, or the busy neighbourhoods where the forests supply charcoal, the great traffic of these products to the railroads to some central point for smelting, the men day and night round the blast furnaces, the swarm of workmen at puddling and rolling the product, if iron, or converting the pig into steel and then rolling it. In all of these the consumption of nearly every other product is so prodigious that a thousand other trades are permanently benefited from the farmer, who produces food for the workman, to the cloth maker who turns out his Sunday clothes.

Let me quote a paragraph from the controversy between Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Blaine. Mr. Blaine writes as follows: "Mr. Gladstone may argue for Great Britain as he will, but for the United States we must insist on being guided by facts and not by theories; we must insist on adhering to the teachings of experiments which 'have been carried forward by careful generalizations to well grounded conclusions.' . . . Mr. Gladstone boldly contends that 'keeping capital at home by protection is dear production, and is a delusion from top to bottom.' I take direct issue with him on that proposition. Between 1870 and the present time considerably more than 100,000 miles of railroad have been built in the United States. The steel rail and other metal connected therewith involved so vast a sum of money that it could not have been raised to send out of the country in gold coin. The total cost could not have been less than \$500,000,000. We had a large interest to pay abroad on the public debt, and for nine years after 1870 gold was at a premium in the United States. During those years nearly 40,000 miles of railway were constructed, and to import English rail and pay for it with gold bought at a large premium would have been impossible. A very large proportion of the railway enterprises would of necessity have been abandoned if the export of gold to pay for the rails had been the condition precedent to their construction. But the manufacture of steel rails at home gave an immense stimulus to business. Tens of thousands of men were paid good wages, and great investments and great enrichments followed the line of the new road and opened to the American people large fields for enterprise not theretofore accessible. I might ask Mr. Gladstone what he would have done with the labour of the thousands of men engaged in manufacturing rail, if it had been judged practicable to buy the rail in England? Fortunately he has given his answer in advance of the question, for he tells us that 'in America we produce more cloth and more iron at high prices, instead of more cereals and more cotton at low prices.'

Yet we rich Canadians can well afford to send out

money for our iron and steel and go on borrowing! You are probably all aware that a Commission reported last year on the mineral resources of Ontario, and in connection therewith some information was given about this question of Iron and Steel Smelting. The report states on page 21: "The industry is of first-class importance and every proper means should be taken to secure its establishment in Ontario"; also on the same page: "It is unquestionably in a country's interest not only to smelt its own ores, but to refine and manufacture the metals, providing always that the various operations can be carried on economically and without taxing other interests indefinitely for their maintenance."

I think the few notes I have given will have shown that there certainly exists a great gap in the chain of our national development, for who will deny that iron and steel are the back bone and sinews of a nation?

The next two questions which inevitably follow are:—

1. Can we make iron and steel; have we the materials?
2. Have we market for it if made?

I shall be obliged to answer these important questions shortly, but I think satisfactorily.

I shall not allude to Nova Scotia where smelting is carried on, and where in more than one locality ore and coking coal occur at no great distance from one another. But in Ontario I have shown in the commencement of my paper that parts of the greatest iron producing ranges of the United States run into Ontario and that geologically speaking there is no question about the quantity of iron ore available. Furthermore, the considerable quantities of ore produced in the past in Eastern Ontario as instanced in a very interesting paper by Mr. T. D. Ledyard, read before the New York meeting of the American Institute of Mining Engineers last September, and many other sources, leave no room for doubt that the supply of good ore will be forthcoming in the future.

There will of course be many disappointments about individual occurrences of ore as there have been in the past, and much expensive and heavy work lies in front of those who undertake the prospecting and development of our iron ores to supply the steady demand of smelting. But this steady demand would be met, and further, on account of it, developments would be made which would prove the possibility of our supplying foreign demand if it should arise.

With regard to fuel, I may draw your attention to the facts embodied in the Mining Commission report which carry out the fact so long recognized, that there is no more favourably situated district for charcoal iron smelting in North America than Eastern Ontario. In this connection I would add that the Rathbun Company, of Deseronto, is shipping large quantities of charcoal to the United States, and it is a known fact that for a long time charcoal has been shipped from Essex to Detroit chiefly for iron smelting purposes.

With regard to coke let me briefly remark that the Illinois Steel Company at Chicago produced last year the largest output of steel rails of any firm in the United States—nearly a million tons (exact amount 925,000 tons), and we should not have to bring our coke or ore so far to the works—say at Toronto.

A new and great factor in steel making, as you all know, has recently appeared. Mr. James Riley, of Glasgow, and others showed that structural steel could be improved in quality by alloying it with from one to five per cent. of nickel, and carrying out the tests on a larger scale; recent experiments at Annapolis proved that armour plate made of steel containing nickel was superior to any other plate.

These facts and the statement in the New York *Mining Journal* in connection with the Sudbury deposits (and which my observations lead me to believe are correct) "that the Canadian mines alone could supply the whole demand in the world even if the other sources did not produce anything" give to us a new interest in this question of manufacturing steel, as well as gratifying information as to the supply of this new element which, without doubt, will enter into its composition in the future.

I shall, lastly, briefly touch on the question of market. I merely allude to home market, for what foreign demand might spring up for a superior grade of nickel steel, did we make it, I shall not attempt to predict.

The fact that I previously pointed out that a man living south of the 49th parallel has produced for him in his own country 134 times as much pig iron as if he were located to the north of the said line, seems to prove to me one of two things, namely, that there is a great deficiency that can be legitimately made up by smelting and manufacture, or that the average Canadian is lower in the scale of civilization than I believe him to be.

I think if the matter were thoroughly investigated that a Canadian uses per capita as much iron and steel as an inhabitant of the United States.

As to the amount of the consumption I do not think I could quote anything more disinterested as authority than the geological survey of Canada. In the report for the year 1887-88, page 37 of part S, we find that "during the years 1886 and 1887 there were imported for consumption into Canada 345,000 tons of pig iron and 283,000 tons of steel. If to this is added the amount of pig iron consumed as such, it will be seen that, excluding all the iron and steel entering into such highly manufactured articles as cutlery, surgical instruments, edge tools, machinery of all kinds, engines and many other hardwares and manufactures, there was a total consumption equivalent in pig iron in 1886 and 1887, respectively, to about 415,000 tons and 356,000 tons.

If made in the country, this quantity of pig iron would represent to our makers at actual prices a value of about \$5,000,000; it would necessitate a yearly supply from Canadian iron mines of 1,000,000 tons of ore, and, before this ore could be melted into pig iron and further made into the different mercantile articles of iron and steel, which are now imported, it would also require about 3,000,000 tons of coal."

Taking this amount, say 400,000 tons (which we must believe is constantly increasing from year to year), we have the product of 27 to 28 blast furnaces being used per annum in Canada, instead of what we often hear—that one blast furnace would glut our market. I take the basis of furnace output, the standard adopted by Mr. Bartlett, alluded to in his evidence before the Mining Commission.

I would refer you as having a most important bearing upon this matter to the sworn statement of Mr. J. H. Bartlett, of Montreal, which appears as evidence given before the Royal Commission on the mineral resources of Ontario—page 396 and following pages. Mr. Bartlett is the author of a book on the manufacture, consumption and production of iron, steel and coal in Canada. I might add that he is also one of the ablest and most authoritative writers on the subject in Canada, both from the stand point of theory and practice, and his evidence contains an epitome of many of the most important facts and statistics bearing upon it, and I would strongly urge its perusal by all interested.

In 1879, after I had been for some time at smelting works in North Staffordshire, I wrote an article, "A Few Words About Iron," in the *Canadian Monthly*. In it I pointed out that iron of the finest quality was being produced at that time in North Staffordshire for \$5 a ton, while it was costing \$20 a ton at Pittsburg to smelt a bessemer grade, prices in both cases not including management, interest, etc. I then stated that I was at a loss to know how we in Canada were to build up our iron and steel industries under a smaller protection than the United States.

I have yet to be enlightened on that point, and the existing state of affairs seems to indicate that no satisfactory basis has yet been arrived at. It would surely be better to have no protection than a half-hearted one, which is a tax on the consumer and yet one which will not build up a national industry.

The expenses in connection with the establishment of smelting works are so enormous that without a policy which says "We are going to smelt our own iron and steel," little can be hoped for.

But once that policy is adopted, whether by protection or by bonus, and the gigantic industries can be launched and set running, and we shall have taken a greater step in the commercial development of our country even than by the building of the Canadian Pacific Railroad.

This question is one of immense, nay, of vital, importance to us who are citizens of Toronto. There ought to be no point more favourably situated. Iron ore can be brought from the North-East, nickel from the North-West and coke from across the lake. The magnitude of the operations can be realized when I say that, from my personal knowledge, one private works in England paid in wages alone \$40,000 a week.

And not only Toronto, but the whole province would be benefited if we smelted our own iron and steel. Iron ore occurs in so many parts that it is difficult to say what part of the province might not be directly benefited by mining, besides the general renewed prosperity it would give to the whole Dominion.

PARIS LETTER.

M. GUIMET is a Lyons gentleman, who possessing a certain wealth expended it on globe-trotting, in the East especially, and buying up rare books, manuscripts, images, idols, relics, sacerdotal clothing, altars, vessels and praying machines. Feeling that his immense collection was out of place at Lyons he offered it to the municipality of Paris to form a "Museum of Religions"; it was accepted. The municipality conceded a site for the museum near the Trocadéro; the State erected the structure, allocated 45,000 frs. for its annual support, and appointed M. Guimet director of the museum for life.

The Upper Ten of the Republic assisted at the first Buddhist ceremony performed in the Guimet museum by two authentic Japanese priests from Ceylon. Messrs. Floquet, Ferry and Clemenceau, with their wives, were present; also one of M. Carnot's attachés, Messrs. Jules Simon, Faine, etc. The two young priests wore white leather shoes, a tight fitting white costume, and a black scarf, and hoods in variegated silks. They performed numerous genuflexions before the images of Buddha-Amida and Sin-Ran, and those of lesser deities. With a nasal twang they indulged in liturgical supplications by a series of groans, hiccups, tender cooings and warblings, all vocally scored. There were also "hymns" chanted in Chinese as well as in Japanese, but while the latter embassy and the Rising Sun colony in Paris were in full force—the Japs have 17,000 bonzes, it is said—not a single John Chinaman was present, not even that most cynical of Parisians, General Tchong-Ki-Tong, who runs the Celestial Embassy in Paris.

M. Clemenceau is credited as "bossing" the new religion; he is assisted by Professor de Rosny, of the Sorbonne, who boasts that there are 40,000 Buddhists in

Paris, now possessing a place of worship. Now the *fideles* are to have a grand temple. As soon as the sect numbers 100,000 it can legally claim state endowment, like Catholics, Calvinists, Jews and Mahomedans. It would not be astonishing if the new religion spread; it presses into its service all that is beautiful in Japan art, flowers, stuffs, designs, sculpture, colours, a cushat-dove softness of ceremony, and lotus-intoxicating appeals. In three words, thrice repeated, addressed to that most accommodating of goddesses—Buddha-Amida—consists all the ceremony exigible from members of the congregation. This will preserve even the prettiest Parisiennes from the necessity of reducing their bodies to powder, in order to secure the favour of Tathagata.

Whether the object of the visit of the Empress Frederick be artistic or political, while not doing any harm, it will not be productive of much good. It has stirred up in not a few patriots of the *Dérouléde* type, the ember souvenirs of 1870-71. Before this re-roused hostility to the Germans many artists who were sitting on the fence have climbed down to the stay-at-home side, and will send no pictures to the Berlin Show. The visit has demonstrated that there is nothing in the way of reconciliation between Teuton and Gaul to be attempted till Alsace be first restored. Germany now knows the part-purchasing price of French friendship. Is Barkis willin'? The Empress showed that she is a woman of sense, tact, and courage. She was everywhere courteously received, and closed a blind eye to *Déroulédis*m. Perhaps her happiest day here was her drive to Versailles, with Comte de Munster, who is not only a "careful driver," but a past master in handling the ribbons. He is a coaching club in himself. Had they returned by St. Cloud Park—a lovely drive—they might have encountered M. Carnot who was visiting the ruins of the castle to form a definite opinion as to what was best to be done with them. The Empress has had during her stay an uninterrupted spell of Queen's weather. The Princesse Marguerite passed most of her time with the Comte de Munster's daughter, the Comtesse Marie—that ideal of gentle and winning manners. In 1867 I encountered in that *bijou* part of the grounds of Versailles, the *Jardin du Roi*, the Crown Princess of Germany and her husband, sitting affectionately by themselves under the shade of the trees, reading together what appeared to be a guide book. Since then she has become an Empress and a widow. A fact not to be overlooked in the expiring struggles of the irreconcilable monarchists, couples with the free fight on the French Episcopal Bench, as to holding out against or rallying to the present constitution. There were elections on Sunday last in different parts of France for seven deputies. Not a monarchist candidate had the courage to face a poll. Not only were the republicans victorious but the number of voters in their favour had largely augmented since the preceding elections.

The Brothers de Goncourt had the questionable custom whenever they dined in company of writing out on their return home all the good or bad things expressed by the most notable guests. They applied this Boswell habit to the proceedings at the monthly dinners of their literary confrères. In due time these notes were published in their "Journals," and since the death of Jules his brother Edmond has continued the practice. Not having given warning of his intention "to note" to the guests was like striking below the belt. Certainly it would have produced such reserve that a dinner table would resemble a Trappist refectory. M. Renan complains bitterly of the manner he had been pumped, at the professional dinners; at one of which during the Siege of Paris, having observed: "that the Germanic was a race superior to the Gallic, because Protestant, and which naturally explained all the calamities of France." This was duly published. He does not deny the soft impeachment; but denounces the infamy of de Goncourt's stenographing on his paper cuffs, conversation intended only for four walls. Edmond de Goncourt's reply reveals the singular fact that in the books written by the Siamese brothers all the talent must have been on the side of his deceased brother Jules.

The French Government is at last beginning to take up position against the proposed tariff of the ultra-protectionists, who think that they command the situation, by placing heavy dues on imported products, and from those countries that buy from five to six times more goods from France than France does from them. The latter will likely shut out her goods, as is the intention of Belgium and Switzerland. The new tariff law will prevent France from negotiating commercial treaties, and even if these were to be made, a country will exact the benefit of the entire French minimum tariff. One authoritative journal asserts that the application of the new tariff in 1892 will produce at once an annual deficit of 400,000,000 frs. or one-eighth of the total revenue of France. England takes 1,000,000,000 frs. or a little less than one-fifth of all the exports of France, while the latter takes in return only 538 frs. and so on with other states. Z.

If we are ever in doubt what to do, it is a good rule to ask ourselves what we shall wish on the morrow that we had done.—*Sir John Lubbock*.

In a learned essay on "Experiments with Hydrogen on Vital Action," Dr. Richardson, of London, states that "hydrogen is neither anæsthetic nor hypnotic, but if inhaled so as to be taken up by the blood it proves rapidly fatal to warm-blooded animals, while in cold-blooded animals it suspends life for a long time before actually destroying it."

RIZ-PAH.

THE evening droops across the eastern sky,
And over vale and mountain turret high

A stillness falls;
The hills around are touched with gleam of light,
And the calm splendour of the Orient night
The earth enthalls.

On Gibeah's mount alone deep shadows rest,
The light drew back nor touched her sombre crest;
It turned aside.

For up her reeking sides the jackals creep,
And birds of night around the summit sweep
In circles wide.

They dare not nearer come, for love is there;
Not love alone, but woe and wild despair
Their vigil keep.
Lo! where dim shrouded in the darkness rise
Those ghastly forms betwixt the earth and skies,
Doth nature weep.

O! woe of woes, that e're the earth should know
The awful shame—the bitter wringing throes
Of mother love,
That rends the heart of Riz-pah watching there,
While round her in the haunted midnight air
Weird horrors move.

Awake, ye winds that o'er the mountains moan;
Cease your low dirge, and wing ye to the throne
Where splendours dwell,
And bid the minstrel monarch sweep the chords
Of his sad harp, and set in tune the words
That anguish tell.

And while his trembling fingers press the strings,
Blent with the notes, unutterable things
Shall pierce the skies.
And He who reigns enthroned in heaven shall hear,
And, gracious to the broken heart, draw near
To sympathize.

The seven sons of Saul, O Zion! weep;
How can ye rest? Arise and vigil keep,
Nor leave alone
On yonder solitude the riven heart;
That from her heroes cannot, will not part
Till life is gone.

Enough; the winds alone a requiem keep,
Sobbing by hill-side dread and cavern deep—
Of death they sing;
And darker still funereal night will fall
On Gibeah's lonely mount, the wild beasts' call
More awful ring.

But she who fears not death will watch beside
Her mangled slain; no evil can betide
Her matchless love.
About the sack-clothed rock a wall unseen
Stands firm and tried, while pity drops serene
From heaven above.

MINNIE G. FRASER.

THE HOPE OF IMMORTALITY.

IS it possible to explain the unusual interest which is just now manifested in spiritistic and kindred phenomena by the magazines, and therefore, presumably, by the public? Everyone who reads at all must have observed it. The ball seems to have been started by Rev. M. J. Savage, of Boston, in an article in the *Forum* for December, 1889, entitled "Experiences With Spiritualism," and, from that time to the present, interest in the subject has certainly been growing. Two leading periodicals, the *Forum* and the *Arena*, have had articles dealing with it, and the eminent scientist, Alfred Russell Wallace, has contributed a paper to the January number of the last-named review, entitled "Are there Objective Apparitions?" in which, admitting certain facts gathered by the English Society for Psychical Research to be authentic, he argues very plausibly in favour of the existence of supernormal intelligences. Can this movement be a mere reaction against the crude materialism which has swayed science so potently during late years, or is the theory of a future life about to receive scientific demonstration? The question is absorbing and deserves thoughtful consideration.

In the eyes of Christian believers the hope of immortality has a sure foundation, being attested by the fact of the resurrection. In the eyes of the modern materialist it is a notion, a pleasing dream, of a piece with the fairy tales and mythologies of the early world, which man's maturity has outgrown. According to him the doctrine of immortality has no basis of fact, the story of the resurrection falls into a category with that of the gadarene swine, and the order of nature is declared to be against both. On the other side that curious product of evolutionary forces, the modern spiritualist, advances and asserts that immortality is not a dream, that intercourse between the terrestrial and spiritual spheres has actually taken place, and that facts indisputable, facts scientific, are forthcoming to prove it.

Science, it need scarcely be said, has not disproved immortality. And if the human soul in its sojourn on this

planet should turn out to be in a state of probation merely, passing on to higher development in spheres of which we have now no knowledge, the process would, doubtless, be strictly in accordance with natural laws. To some it will seem the quintessence of absurdity to suggest that the quadrillions of human souls, good, bad and indifferent, who have appeared upon this planet, may have passed into other orders. But their gravity will be restored by the familiar reflection that the stellar systems are but a drop in the ocean of the infinite, and that spheres innumerable might exist for the perpetual transmigration of souls, and millions of acres of virgin prairie ever inviting new immigrants would still remain.

The race, it will be admitted, has no life apart from the individual, and, if the race have no life apart from the individual, then is the fate of the individual everything to the race. The expression that the individual exists for the race has become an axiom with a certain philosophic sect, but I should prefer the converse statement. I should be disposed to say (if to say so be not an hibernicism) that the race exists for the individual. Those who accept the materialistic position do not perhaps realize all that death, as they understand it, means. We habitually put that thought away from us. It does not concern this world, it has no practical value, we say. There is no money in it. We project ourselves in imagination beyond life's term, and see ourselves living in the lives of the human beings who come after us. But surely this is all illusion. When a man dies, if the materialist be right, it is not hard to see that, so far as he is concerned, the race is dead, the universe has gone out, as the quenching of a lamp. We talk of the race as if it were the unit of life, the finality, but it is not so—the totality of life, the organic unit is the individual. If we admit the extinction of the individual then there is an end to man.

But if it were not so—if the race were not simply the individual multiplied, and were, according to the Positivist idea, a larger existence in which the individual became merged and continued to live after his personal death—what better should we be? As the individual passes away so passes the family to which he belonged; as the family passes so passes the society in which it moved; as with the society so with the nation of which it formed part. Nation follows nation, as generation follows generation, into the darkness of oblivion. And eventually, in some far future age, when life on this planet shall have reached its highest development, we are told that man will retrace his steps, that he will go down the path he has so slowly and painfully climbed, and will sink again into the degradation of mere animality. Then in process of time the earth will become unfit to sustain life, and will finally become itself a dead world. This, I believe, is the last word of orthodox science. There is no gaiety in the prospect. The light of intelligence which fancied it perceived the universe gone out forever! The love, the friendship, the life—all gone! The charm of the domestic and social ties which make sweet the life of man—all gone, like words written in water or figures drawn upon the changing air. And all viewed by the robust materialistic philosopher without compunction; indeed, if you will believe him, with a sort of satisfaction. With the same absence of compunction and the same satisfaction he views the extinction of the countless generations that have preceded us into eternity. Some of us cannot have this satisfaction. I cannot have it. To me death is the saddest thing in life. Its dark shadow rests upon life's pathway; and though in youth we may not be conscious of it, in middle life and in old age we constantly walk in this shadow.

It may be admitted freely that to our ordinary experience there is nothing but the apparent universe—the universe that we see, hear, taste, touch, smell. Thus and thus do the senses report of this mysterious world in which we find ourselves, and the subtle processes of the intellect seem but an extension of the simpler movements of the sense-organs. This we must admit, and according to this measure, if this were absolute, there would be little hope for continued existence. But at this point we are confronted by a problem. How the brain thinks is still a mystery. The brain does not secrete thought as the liver secretes bile or the stomach secretes the gastric juice. It is doubtful whether you could discover an idea or an image among those convolutions of grey pulp. As Professor Huxley says, "what consciousness is we know not; and how it is that anything so remarkable as a state of consciousness comes about as the result of irritating nervous tissue is just as unaccountable as the appearance of the djin when Aladdin rubbed his lamp, or as any other ultimate fact of nature." Therefore, though we do not know of the action of thought apart from matter, we cannot safely assume that thought is merely the result of certain changes in nerve-tissue, that it is not the agent, and that what we call mind is not distinct from matter as we understand the term. We have no ground for asserting this, and then to go further! Many persons believe that our five senses give us perfectly accurate reports of the realities of the universe, and that nothing exists of which they are not qualified to take cognizance. To persons with this conviction what I am about to say will perhaps have little force; and yet their belief should at once strike us with a sense of its strange absurdity, that a foot-rule should presume to measure the immeasurable! that a mind admittedly limited should make itself a measure of the possibilities of a universe admittedly infinite. Let us suppose that instead of five senses we had but three, that we were without the higher senses of sight and hearing. The world would have a rather different

appearance to that deaf and blind animal. Only, mark, the animal would not admit his deafness and blindness, because such things as sight and hearing, our friend with three senses might argue, if he could argue, were unknown, and therefore non-existent, which is precisely the position of the materialist. But we know that such powers as those of sight and hearing do exist. Let us admit that they might be added to, indefinitely. Let us admit that in an infinite universe there are infinite possibilities. If human beings had ten or fifteen senses instead of five, what a flood of perception there might be, what an efflorescence of intellect! What does the fish know of the beings that move in that rarer medium in which it could not exist. How do we know that in an infinite universe there may not be infinite differences in *habitat*, in modes of life. To me it sometimes seems as if it must be so. And, with the illumination which these added senses should bring, who shall say that we might not discover that the poets and dreamers were right, and that death is indeed but a birth: that, to quote one who is both poet and dreamer, "It is not to diffuse you that you were born of your father and mother, it is to identify you."

J. H. BROWN.

AN IDYL OF HOPE.

A SHATTERED soul-case! An empty shell! Alas! A poor Stradivari, thy tones live but as memories, thine inspiration has fled. As thou liest there, yon mellow sunbeam kissing thy tawny skin to warmth, and caressing each melting line and graceful curve, I can only gaze and grieve that thou shalt never more vibrate to touch of humanity.

Perpetuum Silentium. No more shall melody fill the chambers of thy soul, or sweep in tremulous sweetness across those broken chords. For you and me the voice of music is dead. The pure and bird-like notes of Haydn are hushed, the mystic spell of Schumann and Mendelssohn is broken, the grand, deep harmonies of Beethoven are still, and Mozart's last requiem is sung. Ah! gentle friend, pity the heart sobs of a lonely man. Have you ne'er sought to tear away the cruel pall that enshrouds the past—that past which holds those beings from whom your life drew all its joy? The burial cloth once lifted, you too may cross the threshold, and penetrate with throbbing heart and trembling footstep to that inner sanctuary where the corpse of happier days lies mouldering upon the bier of the past.

She was my heart's fond hope—my little daughter, a delicate, sensitive plant, a blossom of song. Antonius was her master, and they loved; not as we rude mortals esteem that word—their love was that deep mysterious union of the spirit wherewith the soul leaps forth to wed its twin in passionate unending friendship; a love too pure for worldly uses, a dazzling shekina too bright for sin-filled eyes. Ah! those were halcyon days, that sped so swiftly on in glad succession, as well attempt to hold the trembling sand in the hour glass, to preserve the glistening of the dew drop, as to impede their blissful flight. It was the morning of the year, as yet the early dawn, when nature struggles to put forth her offspring, and every pulse is swollen with life and promise.

All barriers between master and pupil were burned away, and on the smouldering ruins rose that perfect equality of love. She gloried in her marvellous voice, each rare development brought her joy, and as the faithful violin answered to the master's touch, so she obeyed his every impulse with that sweet surrendering of self which is the hidden wonder of first love. Dolorosa! Dolorosa! How often have I sat thus, screened by this generous vine, listening spell-bound to her divine music as it floated out from yonder balcony, her voice was the essence of herself, and fell from her lips as drops of her soul.

As each day drew to its close, it was our custom to sit there watching the decline of the sun, as he seemed to dip and lave his scorching rays in the cool blue water of the Mediterranean Sea, and often as he sank from our view, and only a soft yellow light lingered on the horizon, a sad and wistful cadence fell aslant us three. At such times Antonius, taking his violin, would pour out the whole melody of his inner existence, alternate bursts of delight and melancholy would gush from his magic bow, the tender tones of a nature too deep for words, of a soul that loved and suffered, trusted and hoped with us, yet whose essence was music, whose element was delicious sound. As this sweet and peaceful hour dwelt with us for the last time, his soul melted into the grand weird notes of Beethoven's "Eroica," and ever and anon, through the melancholy splendour of the "Marcia Funebre," came a ray of melody that whispered of the coronation of hope in immortality. Yet scarcely had this celestial rapture escaped to upper air, when he was summoned from us. One fond *A Rivederci*, and we had parted. We knew whither he had gone, and his urgent reasons for leaving us, but fondly looked for his speedy return. The first period of expectancy over, I fell into doubt and dread, which, as days passed, deepened into despair; and she, though saddened by his absence and fearful for his safety, was never despondent but hoped in silence. Even when hope itself had died within her, and we learned that Antonius was dead, no accent of bitterness tinged her grief, but the light died suddenly from her flower-like face; the tendrilled vine had lost its support, and I knew that it must droop and die. The tale is soon told. The

change came rapidly; to me she was ever the same gentle spirit, but her life had lost its sweetness, her step had lost its vigour, and long e'er the summer had reached its noon-tide she grew weak and wan. One night at gloaming time she tried to sing to me, but after a few low liquid notes she ceased, and I knew that the voice of my nightingale was silenced forever. Those joyous days of spring fell rapidly into perspective, summer deepened into autumn, and each day found the weary little pilgrim farther on her way.

With pious lowly care she had lain away the sacred Stradivarius. One evening she softly asked to have it, and as I lifted it gently into her hands, she, who had never before deemed herself worthy to touch the soul piece of her beloved, wailed forth the strains of the "Marcia Funebre," which were even yet vibrating in our hearts as they had done on that memorable day when they fell from the master's hand. Then gently, softly, sweetly stole forth the shadow of hope, and we knew that Antonius was with us, even speaking in tender accents through the medium of his loved one. Ah! if all could know how near to us are those dear ones, would they hurt them and retard by selfish moaning and regret? These gentle spirits dwell about us ever, they greet us with soft endearing touch, they breathe upon us and inspire us, though too often our eyes are so filled with earth light that we cannot see their beseeching glances nor follow where they softly lead. Every night at sunset I carried my precious child to the balcony, and every night the burden grew lighter, a feverish light shone in those eyes that was not the light of earth or sky. The knowledge of the master's presence gave a momentary impulsion to her life, but she soon grew too weak to interpret him in music, though she often whispered in my ear rare gems of thought, the fruit of this farther sight. One evening in the autumn as I bore my darling in my arms her whole frame seemed strangely etherealized, and we knew that death was hovering near, though to each of us the thought was destitute of fear. This terror of Death is so much of our own creation. He is not the cold, cruel thing we paint him, but a warm, living presence, a princeling, who comes with a wand of light to liberate the poor-world weary spirit, to accomplish its identity, then to waft it onward and lose it in that infinite whole which we call eternity. To every atom of this whole there comes the sunset of existence, with a craving for peace and a longing for rest, and the slumber of death is but a mid-summer night after a day of toil. Yes, when death comes to each, the icy hand is warm and its clasp is truer than the grip of friendship.

As we sat for the last time, her hand clasped in mine, together quaffing the beauty of our southern home, and watching the descent of the sun as he neared the gleaming sea, her tiny hand quivered in my grasp, we understood each other without words, and I placed the violin at her side. She caressed it lovingly, and fell shortly into a fitful slumber. The sun, as if loath to mock my grief, stole out of sight, the fading daylight died gradually away, and the gentle hush of night was creeping softly on, her eyes opened and sought mine; one glance that pierced my heart, one tender pressure of the hand, one gentle sigh that lured the last breath from the weary body, and the soul had burst its prison-house. With grief too deep for movement, I still held her hand and gazed at my broken flower in the waning light. A low sob rose at her side, the chords of the faithful violin fell asunder. The messenger of death had touched it likewise with his wand, and the spirit released had joined its twin. These gentle souls born here to music are re-incarnated in immortal love.

CORA BETHUNE LINDSEY.

THEN AND NOW.

If it should hap, dear heart, that you and I,
In some dim distance when these days are done,
When Fate to the last thread her web has spun
And all this life and light behind us lie,
Meet and make known beneath another sky—
Shall we count o'er these moments, one by one
And say, this sweet—"that golden—sands have run
But harsh since these were sifted"—with a sigh?
Or shall some unknown and far-future joy
Lift us and fill us with such perfect power
That it must reign alone, all else forgot?
Dear, we know not: Time's task is to destroy
More than to give; snatch we this living hour
To build a memory no time can blot.

ANNIE ROTHWELL.

Kingston.

THE RAMBLER.

AN extraordinary statement is that recently made by our well-known Canadian artist, Mr. J. W. L. Forster, to the intent that we shall have no distinctive Canadian art among us until we have art critics. How is this statement proved by the record of past ages? It would appear, rather, that the creative and executive age is, in the history of most nations, not contemporaneous with the analytical and critical age. The great masters—creators of the Italian, Spanish, Flemish and other schools—certainly did their work for the most and best part unconscious of the thing we call criticism. Turner had to paint his pictures before Ruskin could analyze them. Lessing appeared—how many centuries subsequent to the moulding

of Laocoon? Art, like literature, has to become history before true criticism can be achieved. Mr. Forster has referred to Hamerton. Have the earnest disquisitions of the latter writer made any sensible difference to the position of various well-known painters, or to the intrinsic value of certain accepted aesthetic doctrines? Even in this connection the statement does not tally.

What Mr. Forster doubtless meant, and what we servants of the public have—many of us—contended for, during a long period of patient waiting, is that the position of Canadian art might be much assisted by current criticism of a more discriminating nature. Our artists must work away, not heedless, perhaps, of local opinion, but certainly not depending upon it either for inspiration or undue panegyric. How would the appearance of a highly developed critical individuality among us in all probability affect our artists? About half-a-dozen would receive a high meed of praise; the rest—damned with faint praise or scarified. But while the fortunate six would, no doubt, hasten to make hay while the critical life-giving and life-sustaining luminary shone, the others would work just as they were working before. Many of them, having no other resources, would naturally keep on at what, at least, brought in bread and butter, while others would be too thick-skinned to acknowledge the propriety of the "letting-down-easy" system. In point of fact, the advent of even a Ruskin will in no sudden or genuine way affect our local artists. Those who have it in them will go on quietly achieving; those who haven't will, perhaps, never discover the fact. For, in order to be great in any work, one has to be critical oneself.

Indeed if we can number half-a-dozen first-class painters for the Dominion of Canada in this year of 1891, we shall do very well. We have not a single animal painter. Have we a historical painter of any style or eminence? Supposing we allow two portrait painters, three landscape, and one composition or story painter—will it be deemed too small a list?

Improved standards of criticism are undoubtedly necessary. This reminds me that a friend of mine once wrote an article on this subject, boldly and tersely expressed, for a local musical paper. The editor paid for it, admired it, and promised to use it *some day*, when musical matters should improve. "At present," said he, "the publication of your paper would ruin my struggling journal; it would arouse the deadliest antagonism of the local press and do more harm than good."

I suppose art critics are a good deal like musical critics after all; it is a question who would suffer the worst treatment—the critics or the artists. 'Tis better to be neither.

A Symposium of Canadian Poets. Subject "March."

MARCH.

Shall Thor with his hammer
Beat on the mountain,
As on an anvil,
A shackle and fetter?

Shall the lame Vulcan
Shout as he swingeth
God-like his hammer,
And forge thee a fetter?

Shall Jove, the Thunderer,
Twine his swift lightning
With his loud thunders,
And forge thee a shackle?

"No," shouts the Titan,
The young lion-throated;
"Thor, Vulcan, nor Jove
Cannot shackle and bind me."

Past the horizon,
In the palm of a valley,
Her feet in the grasses,
There is a maiden.

She smiles on the flowers,
They widen and redden;
She weeps on the flowers,
They grow up and kiss her.

She breathes in their bosoms,
They breathe back in odours;
Inarticulate homage,
Dumb adoration.

She shall wreath them in shackles,
Shall weave them in fetters;
In chains shall she braid them,
And me shall she fetter.

I, the invincible;
March, the earth-shaker;
March, the sea-lifter;
March, the sky-render;

March, the lion-throated,
April the weaver
Of delicate blossoms,
And moulder of red buds—

Shall at the horizon,
Its ring of pale azure,
Its scurry of white clouds,
Meet in the sunlight.

MARCH.

Over the dripping roofs and snail snow-barrows,
The bells are ringing loud and strangely near,
The shout of children dins upon mine ear
Shrilly, and like a flight of silvery arrows
Showers the sweet gossip of the British sparrows,
Gathered in noisy knots of one or two,
To joke and chatter just as mortals do
Over the day's long tale of joys and sorrows;

Talk before bed-time of bold deeds together,
Of thefts and fights, of hard times and the weather,
Till sleep disarm them, to each little brain
Bringing tucked wings and many a blissful dream,
Visions of wind and sun, of field and stream,
And busy barn-yards with their scattered grain.

MARCH.

With outspread, whirring wings of vandyked jet,
Two crows one day o'er house and pavement pass'd.
Swift silhouettes limned against the blue, they glass'd
Smooth beak and ebon feather in the wet
Of gaping pool and gutter, while, beset
By nestward longing, high their hoarse cry cast
In the face of fickle March's treacherous blast,
Till all the City smelt the violet.

Then, through that City quick the news did run.
Great wheels ran down, vast belts were stopped in mill
And fire in forges. Long ere set of sun
Dazed men, pale women sought the open hill.
They thronged the streets. They caught the clarion cry:
"Spring has come back—trust Spring to never die!"

ON A MARCH MORNING.

Our elm is heavy with ice,
The mountain is hid in a mist,
And the heaven is grey
Above, and away,
Where the vapours the hill-tops have kissed,

The fields are bleak patches of white,
Our stream is still shut in his prison
Of ice and of snow,
And the sun, half-awglo,
Scarce over the forest is risen.

But there is something abroad in the air,
Perchance 'tis the spirit of spring,
That fills me with fancies
Of blue skies and pansies,
And songs that the meadow brooks sing.

Some spirit the season has sent,
With visions of blossom and leaf,
And song—as a token,
Of feeling unspoken,
In this time of the aged winter's grief.

Under the head of "Suggestions to Contributors," the well-known *Youth's Companion* tells about its latest scheme or Folklore Competition, and certainly leaves nothing unsaid.

"What is your old home story? What family story best pleased you when young, and how was it told? Who told it? Nearly all old towns have anecdotes or stories of local interest, which have passed from one generation to another, and have been told by household fires. Such stories in other lands, from the days of Homer and the 'Arabian Nights,' have been collected and have become a kind of pictorial history of the home life and character of the people. The English and Scottish minstrels and balladists used to sing such stories; the brothers Grimm collected the household tales of Germany, and Hans Christian Andersen those of the North. The 'Vicar of Wakefield' is a village tale. Irving has given us the quaint old humours of Early New York, and Hawthorne, in his 'Twice-told Tales,' has done for America what Scott did for Scotland in his 'Tales of a Grandfather.'"

"The *Companion* is the oldest literary paper in the country, and its editors wish to make a collection of stories that belong to the people, and have become a part of local tradition and history, like the legends of John Alden or 'Sleepy Hollow'; of Mosby's wig that terrified the Indians; Whittier's 'Skipper Ireson's Ride.' And not only these, but tales of old colonial houses and farms, and Southern plantations; old French legends of the rencontres; stories of sailors and seafaring people; pioneer cabin stories," etc., etc.

CORRESPONDENCE.

TRAINING INSTITUTES.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—Your correspondent, "Phalacroscia," might have criticized the policy of the High School Board in the matter of training institutes, without misrepresenting its members. That he differs from them in opinion is not a good reason for charging them with acting inconsiderately or hastily, or for characterizing them as "thoughtless." As a matter of fact this question has been with them one of grave, earnest, and careful consideration. It was thoroughly discussed at a meeting of the school management committee, with the high school inspector and the principals of the schools present. The extent and kind of interference with the ordinary work of the schools that would be caused by the adoption of the scheme were accurately arrived at, and the advantages likely to accrue were as thoroughly appraised. The proposal was afterwards subjected to a very long discussion at a meeting of the Board, which by a majority of thirteen to three resolved to try the experiment. In all this there can be no cause for alarm, for if the scheme does not work satisfactorily it can be dropped at any time on giving notice to the Department.

I am free to admit that the presence in the schools of teachers in training will be somewhat of a disadvantage, but I must emphatically deny that in admitting them the Board has been actuated by a desire to help the Education Department out of a difficulty. The matter has been discussed from first to last as one concerning Toronto alone. Any thoughtful and competent observer will admit that the system has from our own point of view advantages as well as drawbacks, and the question is simply whether the

former or the latter preponderate. The reasons for my strong belief that we will gain more than we lose I proceed to give.

It is alleged that the attention and services of the staff will be diverted from the pupils to the teachers in training. There is no reason why this should be so during class hours. The presence of the latter as spectators may be for a little while a slightly disturbing element—how long will depend largely on the teacher of the department, but during the class work they get no attention from the class teacher. He has conferred with them beforehand as to the way in which his subject is to be dealt with, giving them an outline of the procedure he is going to adopt, and of the reasons which justify it. He will confer with them afterwards as to the way in which his subject has been dealt with, and will account to them for any departures from his pre-arranged plan which they may have noticed or to which he may call their attention.

Just here comes in the censure to your own remark as to the utility of this opportunity for observation to the teacher in training. When he was at school himself his faculties were all directed to getting up work for examination, and methods attracted little of his attention. Now he is familiar with the work, and his attention is concentrated on the interchange of thought between teacher and pupils. I need hardly add that in my belief he will see in our schools better methods than he has observed in some other places, if not in all, and if any of our teachers are practising defective methods they will soon be forced under this system to abandon such as are indefensible.

At this point we come face to face with the important fact that for our own teachers this training institute work will be at once an inspiration, an impulse, and a discipline. The best and most earnest teachers are apt to get into grooves, and nothing could be better adopted for getting them out than the inevitable necessity of looking into their own methods with a view to explaining them to others and defending them against objections. With good opportunities for arriving at an intelligent opinion on this point I make bold to say that our teachers will rapidly and greatly improve under the system, and that if they do not they will have to make way for others. And if the teachers become more expert the pupils will benefit by the improvement.

In comparison with this advantage the slight derangement of the schools, caused by the influx of teachers in training, sinks into insignificance, and moreover it will be very slight. No "raw students" will be allowed to "try their prentice hands" on the pupils. The teachers in training will be well educated men and women, graduates of universities or experienced public school teachers. They will have spent sometime studying the history and theory of education in the School of Pedagogy before they begin their attendance at our institutes, and their theoretical training will go on step by step with their practical observations. Not till they have been at both kinds of work for a longer or shorter time will they be allowed to teach a class at all, and then only after explaining their method beforehand. Their class opportunities will be so few and they will be distributed through the school in such small groups that the disadvantage of their presence will be reduced to a minimum, while year by year the advantages direct and indirect will go on increasing. At least that is the belief which induced some, if not all, of the members of the Board, after careful and anxious consideration, to support the scheme.

WM. HOUSTON.

Toronto, March 14, 1891.

A CANADIAN NATIONAL LEAGUE.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—A short time ago, as you may remember, I made a suggestion in your columns that a Canadian national league should be formed, the object of which would be to further the nationhood of Canada and promote the interests of our country. At the time the scheme was pooh-poohed as being totally unnecessary. Canadian sentiment on the subject of annexation, we were assured, was perfectly satisfactory. "The mere consideration of such a league," the *Ottawa Evening Journal* said, "would be an admission that there is danger of political union with the States, and such an admission would be an untruth." I think the last election has been a strange comment upon such statements. Canadian sentiment on this subject is not satisfactory. I think it is much more solidly opposed to annexation than Americans, who only judge from the numerical results of the election, may be led to infer; but it is not satisfactory yet. It will not be so until every man, woman and child in the Dominion will be content to wait and work patiently, and, if necessary, even make sacrifices in order to preserve our present position; not out of a sentimental love of England—though that is a strong feeling with me—but for the sake of Canada. Great as the privilege is of being an integral part of the grandest empire the world has ever seen, we, as Canadians, must not forget that the welfare of our native land must come first. Any other policy would not only be disloyal to our country, but disloyal to the best interests of the British Empire; for the secret of England's success as a colonizing power lies in the fact that she allows her colonies to do what they please, and that her colonies do it. A man who builds a house for himself will, generally speaking, be more careful about its construction than a man who builds a house for some one else. A colony

which labours to exalt itself into a nation will become a worthier dependency of the Crown than one which is content never to hope to be anything but a dependency. We must not be in a hurry, we must wait. Maturity will come in time. One day we shall be able to look the States in the face and meet on equal terms. Every day, I believe, brings us nearer to the federation, not only of the Empire, but of the whole Anglo-Saxon race, when the world shall be clasped in English arms and speak in English speech. Should we at any time be mean-spirited enough to allow ourselves to be swallowed up by the hydra-headed nation to the south, our action will retard not promote such a consummation, and we shall have no share in the glory. Surely, then, it cannot be out of season to urge again the formation of a Canadian national league on the lines I have proposed, and to ask you, Mr. Editor, for your counsel and assistance in the matter. Now that the suspense of the elections is over, it is almost with the joy of a captive who has regained his liberty that I go back to my long winter drives through the forests of this glorious country and know that it is still ours—still Canada's—and not simply the half-despised backwoods possession of the "million-footed" mob which kicks in and kicks out the ever-changing tenants of the White House at Washington. Yes, Canada has been saved this time, but the cry goes up, "How long?"

Drummondville, P.Q. FREDERICK GEORGE SCOTT.

P.S.—It may be well to restate the principles of the proposed Canadian national league. Mr. Lighthall had, unknown to me, started something of the kind before I wrote my first letter, but I do not know the lines on which he is working. My suggestion was:—

1. That a C.N.L. should be formed with male and female members, the object of which would be to develop the national idea, and extend the knowledge of our resources, our literature, our history; to erect public monuments, and to have, annually, public dinners at which our political leaders could speak.
2. That entrance to such a league should involve the signing of paper, pledging the signer to work in the interests of the nationhood of Canada, specially as against annexation.
3. The small subscription fee would pay for cheap tracts, and perhaps a periodical devoted to Canadian interests.
4. A small badge should be worn by the members as a means of recognizing one another, and there should be branches of the C.N.L. in England and the States.

SONGS OF THE SEA.

To him, who in the love of Nature, holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language.

NO part of Nature's wide domain can these words of Bryant's be more truthfully applied than to the sea, and in no literature has the "various language" which it speaks been interpreted into grander verse than in the literature of the English tongue. How vividly some of our English sea-songs call up memories of the ocean in its infinitely-varying aspects.

Suppose yourself, gentle reader—I like that old epithet by which writers conjure into their magic circle the readers they love—suppose yourself off for a sail on a bright summer's afternoon. The wind is blowing almost a gale, and there is a voice in it which prophesies rain on the morrow. But that dark bank of clouds at the south-west is still a day off, and there is yet not a cloud to obscure the brightness of the sun.

Land and sea
Give themselves up to jollity.

Dull care is driven away, or rather we flee from it, for we left its shadow on the wharf, as we sailed merrily down the harbour, and every bound of our boat from wave to wave leaves it farther and farther behind us. Soon we round the outmost cape, and yield ourselves up to the glad sense of freedom, which the broadening view awakens within us. While the changing waves, parted by the prow, rush swiftly alongside, and foam out behind, and an occasional one breaking over the bow gives us a taste of the salt sea spray, what better song is there in any language for such a time than this one:—

A wet sheet and a flowing sea,—
A wind that follow fast,
And fills the white and rustling sail
And bends the gallant mast,—
And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
While like the eagle free,
Away the good ship flies, and leaves
Old England on the lee.

O for a soft and gentle wind!
I heard a fair one cry;
But give to me the snoring breeze
And white waves heaving high,—
And white waves heaving high, my boys,
The good ship tight and free;
The world of waters is our home
And merry men are we.

There's tempest in yon horned moon,
And lightning in yon cloud;
And hark the music, mariners:
The wind is piping loud,—
The wind is piping loud, my boys,
The lightning flashing free;
But the hollow oak our palace is,
Our heritage the sea.

There is a song by Barry Cornwall, which has sung

itself into my memory, and always comes up at such a time, beginning,

The sea, the sea, the open sea,
The blue, the fresh, the ever free.

And yet I read some time ago that the author was so subject to sea-sickness that he could not stand the voyage across the "narrow sea" from England to France. So that the verse,

I love, O how I love to ride
On the fierce, foaming, bursting tide,
Where every mad wave drowns the moon,
And whistles aloft its tempest tune,

must be taken as telling what he would love to do were it not for sea-sickness. What a pity when he has written us such a splendid song he could not enjoy forming one of our company!

But there is little brightness in sea or land or sky at the close of such a day. We sail back as the sun goes down behind the watery clouds. All the light has gone from sea and shores. The dull roar of the breakers seems to fill the heavy evening air. The white foam flies up over the bar at the harbour's mouth as we sail quickly in. How different the language the sea speaks to us now. Kingsey's "Three Fishers" speaks our thoughts for us.

Three fishers went sailing out into the west,
Out into the west as the sun went down;
Each thought of the woman who loved him the best,
And the children stood watching them out of the town:
For men must work, and women must weep,
And there's little to earn, and many to keep,
Though the harbour be moaning.

The sad voice of the sea at evening has been translated, yet more truthfully into verse in his other song of the "Poor Fisher Folk."

O Mary, go and call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
Across the sands o' Dee!
The western wind was wild and dank wi' foam,
And all alone went she.

The creeping tide came up along the sand,
And o'er and o'er the sand,
And round and round the sand,
As far as eye could see;
The blinding mist came down and hid the land
And never home came she.

O, is it weed, or fish, or floating hair,
A tress o' golden hair,—
Above the nets at sea?
Was never salmon yet that shone so fair
Among the stakes of Dee.

They rowed her in across the rolling foam,
The cruel crawling foam,
The cruel hungry foam,—
To her grave beside the sea
But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle home
Across the sands of Dee.

Byron's farewell to England in "Childe Harold" has the same mournful melody,

Adieu, Adieu! my native shore
Fades o'er the waters blue;
The night-winds sigh, the breakers roar,
And shrieks the wild sea-mew.
Yon sun that sets upon the sea
We follow in his flight;
Farewell a while to him and thee,
My native land, good night!

For war-songs (the "spirit of our fathers" yet survives in us) we have that spirited naval ode of Campbell's,

Ye Mariners of England!

worthy of the nation that is "Mistress of the seas," and his stirring lyrics of naval victories, which have been sung by British seamen to the fierce accompaniment of the "rushing battle-bolt from the three-decker out of the foam." What one of the many thoughts which the ocean has power to arouse in the minds of men has not found true expression in English song?—*The Dalhousie Gazette*.

ABOUT A.D. 1215, the Countess of Anjou paid two hundred sheep, five quarters of wheat, and the same quantity of rye, for a volume of Sermons—so scarce and dear were books at that time; and although the Countess might in this case have possibly been imposed upon, we have it, on Mr. Gibbon's authority, that the value of manuscript copies of the Bible, for the use of the monks and clergy, commonly was from four to five hundred crowns at Paris, which, according to the relative value of money at that time and now, could not, at the most moderate calculation, be less than as many pounds sterling in the present day.

THE fact that Easter falls on a very early date this year (March 29), has caused a "friend of fact and figures" to collect some curious statistics. In 1883, he says, Easter fell on March 25, and it will only once again this century, namely, in 1894, fall on so early a date. In the three following centuries it will occur only eight times on the same date, namely, in 1951, 2035, 2046, 2057, 2103, 2114, 2125 and 2198. The earliest date on which Easter can fall is on March 22, and this only in case the moon is full on March 21, when this date happens to fall on Saturday. This combination of circumstances is extremely rare; it occurred in 1390, 1761 and 1817, and will happen again in 1990, 2076 and 2144, while during the three following centuries it is not once "on the books" at this early date. On the other hand, Easter never falls later than April 25; this was the case in 1666, 1734 and 1886, and will only happen once in the next century, namely, in 1943.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

CANADA THE LAND OF WATERWAYS.

THIS brochure, written by Mr. Watson Griffin, and filling ninety pages of the "Bulletin of the American Geographical Society" for last September, is good reading for enthusiastic Canadians, while it is likely to open the eyes of some of our neighbours to the enormous possibilities of the northern half of the continent. The writer believes that Canada "seems designed to be the commercial highway of the world," and backs his belief by an imposing array of figures gathered presumably from blue-books. He suggests a bewildering number of schemes for shortening or facilitating travel and transportation, generally, it must be said, with an eye to the advantage of Montreal that indicates more localism than is desirable in a public writer. The predictions as to our future material development are given in a judicial and confident tone, inspired by faith, which in its turn inspires a reasonable amount of assurance in those who know little of the subject, and who are obliged therefore to lean upon authority. Our great climatic and geographical difficulties, sufficient to appal the stoutest heart that has had any actual experience of them, disappear in the closet or shrink into insignificance before suggested expenditures of indefinite millions. In fancy we see British Columbia's "sea of mountains" navigable, or embark on "a small steamer which, leaving Montreal harbour, will pass through the Lachine canal, up the Ottawa to Georgian Bay, and by way of Port Arthur, Lake Winnipeg and the Saskatchewan to the Mackenzie, which it will navigate to the Arctic Ocean, where a larger steamer will be waiting to take the passengers through Behring Strait and across the Pacific to China." Other proposals to shorten the distance between Montreal and the Georgian Bay are mentioned in detail; while a ship canal between Lakes Winnipeg and Superior, admitted to be a very costly undertaking, and schemes for securing navigation between Port Churchill and Montreal, are referred to almost as calmly as if they were to be commenced next year. Some of the prophecies indulged in seem to me somewhat venturesome. "There is very little doubt that Vancouver will eventually become the greatest city on the Pacific coast of America!" "Raw cotton can be imported from Australia or India, and wool from New Zealand can be mixed with the wool produced in British Columbia. All kinds of manufactured goods will be sent to Japan, China, Australasia, India and South America, and a large Russian trade may possibly be developed." These seem to me to be visions that unfold themselves to a young enthusiast when he "dips into the future far as human eyes can see." One is tempted to ask, has the writer a practical acquaintance with British Columbia or the kind of country that is tributary to Vancouver? has he estimated the illimitable resources of those great States that must continue to pour their wealth into the lap of San Francisco? does he think that the highly paid workmen of Vancouver can compete with the cotton and woollen factories that are being established in Shanghai and other great emporia in the East where labour is cheap and the market close at hand? Instead of "a British manufacturing establishment, with a large trade in the East, moving the works and the workmen from England to the southern coast of British Columbia," to save from one to seven thousand miles in shipments to different points in the East, the British manufacturer is very naturally and sensibly moving to the East itself. Instead of our sending goods to Japan and China, it is much more likely that we shall be demanding more protection against the products of Mongolian labour, as well as against the labour itself.

While inclined to think that Mr. Watson Griffin has not distinguished sufficiently between works of immediate importance and others that may wait for a century, and that some of his forecasts are baseless, nothing is farther from my mind than to depreciate what he has written. The value of his article is very great. As might have been expected from his other writings, the spirit is as admirable as the execution is careful. A great many of his predictions will certainly be verified, some of them probably in our own day. As soon as the proposed fast Atlantic service from Britain to Halifax and Montreal is established, corresponding to that which commences this year between Vancouver and Yokohama, Canada will become "the portage" between the East and West. The *Spectator* and other British journals have been pointing this out of late with an emphasis that shows the importance now attached in England to the Dominion route and in consequence to the greater Imperial importance of the Dominion. How soon a railway from Quebec to the Strait of Belleisle on the one hand and on the other a railway from Vancouver to Behring Strait, connecting there with the trans-Siberian railway, shall follow, will depend on the extent to which the Canadian route absorbs the passenger traffic from Britain to the East. That such a central cosmopolitan railway is sure to come, few will doubt. When that is built, as well as a bridge across the Straits of Dover and a tunnel between Scotland and Ireland, we can travel round the world in a Pullman car, interrupted only by two ferries, one at Behring Strait, thirty or forty miles wide, and the other between Labrador and Ireland, 1600 miles wide. These are pleasant possibilities to speculate about, so long as there is no proposal to increase the public burdens of Canada in connection with their consummation. But, we have become so accustomed to think that all great undertakings of the kind should be constructed by the Public Works Department or assisted by the Treasury, that it is necessary for

us to control our imagination when dealing with suggested improvements of trade and passenger routes and to take up a very decided position with regard to public liabilities in connection with them. Canada was forced to do a great deal that is done in other countries by private capital. We have constructed or helped to construct public works on a vast scale. The unification and development of the Dominion required this. The Grand Trunk and Canadian Pacific systems, the Intercolonial, the ship channel along the bottom of Lake St. Peter on which ocean steamers sail up to Montreal, and the St. Lawrence and Welland Canal system would be considered stupendous undertakings in countries with five times our population and wealth. It does not follow that we can go on constructing other works of a similar kind. There is a limit to the burdens that can be imposed on a small population. In connecting Prince Edward Island with New Brunswick by a metallic subway, completing the Chignecto ship railway, making our St. Lawrence Canal system equal to the scale of the Welland and Lachine and constructing the Sault Ste. Marie Canal, we have enough on our hands. It will take some years before vessels drawing fourteen feet of water can go to Montreal from Chicago, Port Arthur and Duluth, yet it is a long time since that moderate scale was adopted and commenced in the case of the Welland and Lachine. How long after that will it take to deepen all these canals sufficiently to allow ocean steamers to sail up to Toronto and so fulfil the prophecy recently made by the Hon. Mr. Tupper? Until our population is increased or our debt decreased we must call a halt. Any Government that may be in power must resolutely refuse to add to the public burdens. In the circumstances of the country any other policy would be madness. The national existence would be imperilled.

These are not meant to be pessimistic utterances. Canada is well able to bear the load that she has assumed. Our monetary institutions are in a healthy condition. We can live in spite of the McKinley Bill, even if the Government fails to secure a reasonable measure of reciprocity with our neighbours. Our farming population is in many places hard pressed, but they are as a rule intelligent and energetic and will be able to adapt themselves to the requirements of new markets, especially to such a sure and steady market as Britain offers. But for the next few years at any rate economy and retrenchment in public expenditure and a resolute refusal even to consider fancy schemes are clearly the lines of policy that must be adhered to.

But, while discounting the almost innumerable suggestions in favour of better routes for commerce, in so far as these are to be constructed in whole or part at the public expense, it is only fair to state that Mr. Griffin's article does not suggest Government aid and that it is stimulating as well as valuable in showing what the possibilities of the country are. He not only gives a clear account of our actual and possible water-ways, but an interesting and comprehensive sketch of the chief resources, products and necessities of our different Provinces. He has omitted very little of importance from Newfoundland to Vancouver Island; he loses sight neither of the subway that is to make Prince Edward Island an integral part of the mainland of Canada and without which "the Islanders will never be satisfied," nor the unique advantage which that province has "in the possession of inexhaustible supplies of natural manure in the form of mussel-mud, formed by the decay of oyster, clam and mussel-shells in all the bays and river mouths." His sketches of the Chignecto Ship Railway, the Bay of Fundy tides, the harbours of Nova Scotia, the rivers of New Brunswick and other natural features or works connected with the industrial and commercial development of the country are always brief but singularly accurate and telling. As a specimen of his style, take the following description of the Annapolis and Cornwallis Valley, a district about eighty miles long and from four to twelve miles wide, known as the garden of Nova Scotia, because of its complete protection from the summer fogs of the Bay of Fundy and cold ocean winds by two opposite ranges of fertile wooded hills, called the North and South Mountains: "The whole Annapolis Valley is an orchard of apples which command a higher price in the English markets than those grown in any other quarter of the world. In this valley and its extensions there are already about forty thousand acres of apple trees. Thousands of trees are being planted every year, and it is estimated that there are nearly four hundred thousand acres capable of producing the very finest fruit. With forty trees to the acre, and each tree averaging four barrels, the wealth-producing possibilities of the district are immense. While the climate and soil seem particularly adapted to the production of apples they are also favourable to peaches, grapes, melons and tomatoes; Indian corn is extensively cultivated, Chinese sugar-cane has been successfully grown, and it is alleged that peanuts have been raised and ripened in the open air from seed obtained in South Carolina. King's County, the scene of Longfellow's "Evangeline," although not quite so warm as Annapolis Township, is equally fertile, and the dyked lands are as productive now, after centuries of tillage, as when they were cultivated by the simple Acadians." The other provinces are dealt with in the same way, truthfully but, it must be admitted, in a *couleur de rose* style. The author dwells on the resources of each, not like the writer of a geography or a handbook, but as a man would who lovingly counts over his own possessions. If at times he shuts his eyes to the drawbacks and inconveniences of our northern position, he does so evidently because he has made up his

mind that it is best to look at the bright side of things. He knows that faith does remove mountains and that it is no sign of self-respect when a man whines in public or says that he is unable to paddle his own canoe. What is despicable in a man is infinitely more despicable in a nation.

G. M. GRANT.

AT ROTTERDAM.

FROM the low-seated city through the haze
Stretch hither, like dim ghosts, their arms of light
Long rows of lamps; great masted ships, all dight
Their sails for ocean, creep athwart the rays
Thrown by the high full moon, their many ways
From this one haven parting into night
Upon far world-wide seas; the fisher-wight
Steers homeward from the labour of his days.

Thus throbs thy life, O city, where the Rhine
Has ceased to flow. I feel the great world's peace
That wraps thee round take in this life of mine,
To look upon thee and my rest increase.

Thy moonlit calm abide!—pass I the while,
As once my fathers, to their wave-girt isle.

G. H. NEEDLER.

ART NOTES.

THE Royal Canadian Academy of Arts is to be congratulated on the marked progress which has been made by Canadian art, both in the increasing number of artists and in the improvement in their individual efforts. The exhibition held by the Academy in the Toronto Art Gallery is one of which any patriotic Canadian may well be proud. And though a hypercritical foreigner might utter a sneer at such an exhibit, yet, without vain glory, we would challenge any country of our own age, or, with similar limitations, to put Canadian art or artists to the blush by a fair comparison with their own best work. Upon entering the main room of the Gallery one is at once attracted by the splendid life-like portrait, by Mr. J. C. Forbes, of Mr. A. M. Cosby. The workmanship of this noble picture warrants the opinion that the cunning hand of the Canadian master will do full justice to the commission to imprint upon his canvas the form and features of the great English Liberal, the Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone. Mr. Cosby's portrait is softly and delicately finished, and while minute details are wrought out with scrupulous fidelity, the fine imagination of the artist has so harmoniously blended and idealized them that the sense of proportion is satisfied, and the *tout-ensemble* is gratifying in the extreme. Mr. Bridgman's—M. Le Curé—"Quietude" is in some respects good, but the perspective is somewhat defective. Mr. Percy Woodcock's exhibit is meritorious, but the glazed surface would be more appropriate either on old masterpieces or modern chromos. "A Roadside Cottage," by M. H. Reid, is very pleasing, with its sunny glow and wealth of verdure. Mr. John Hammond's "Misty Morning" would gladden the impressionist heart with its wealth of colour—shall we say "that never was on sea or land"—though Mr. Hammond has undeniable taste and skill. "Family Prayer," by G. A. Reid, is another triumph of pure Canadian art, and in the splendid series which is flowing from this gifted artist's brush there is the potency and promise of greater things to come. The children whispering on their knees recalls the line "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin," and we well may ask, To what may not art attain at the hand of such an artist? The kneeling mother, with little ones on either side, and the effect of light and colour in the treatment of her clothing and her husband's face is almost startling. The lounging posture of the husband, and the want of finish in some of the details are, it may be said, open to criticism. "Portrait" of a child, by the same artist, is an exquisite study, and, with its soft, imaginative idealism, it is a captivating picture. Mr. Homer Watson is at his best. His pictures impress you with elemental power and life. The Driving Wind, The Hurrying Cloud, The Storm-Bent Tree, The Waving Grass, The Rushing Stream, are all before you. "A Torrent" is particularly good, with its foreshortened mass of tumbling, foaming water. No. 53 is an admirable portrait of Mr. Samuel Nordheimer, by Mr. Forbes. Of Mr. R. Harris' exhibit, his portraits of "The Hon. G. W. Allan," and of "A Lady," are the most noticeable, and both are very effective. In the former portrait, which is somewhat severe, though dignified, we should have preferred a softer treatment and a lighter background. The latter is unexceptionable. It is finely and beautifully finished, and very natural in appearance, and recalls the tone and effect of the best French pastel work. In "Idleness (a figure)" and the "Old Saw-Mill on Riviere du Loup"—both by the veteran artist, the president of the Academy, Mr. O. A. Jacobi—we are at once impressed by the characteristics which have given Mr. Jacobi such a prominent place in Canadian art. "Idleness" represents a Swiss girl, lightly clad, refreshing herself during the noontide heat by standing beneath the spray of a tiny waterfall. The scene is unique and picturesque, and is presented vividly and with poetic feeling. The "Old Saw-Mill" stands around the bend of a river which flows towards you, broken by a fall. Its banks are clad with gnarled old trees; near the mill rises the smoke of the saw-dust fire

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

GERARDY is the name of a twelve-year-old violoncellist who is attracting much attention in London.

IN Topeka, the tenor Whitney Mockridge has had a great success in the "Elijah." The basso Beresford also gave pleasure.

THE great English baritone, Mr. Santley, will start for his American trip, from London, by the middle of this month. His first concert will be given in Montreal on the 31st inst.

THE Académie des Sciences has submitted a new system of musical notation, in which twenty-seven characters replace the 203 symbols now employed to represent the seven notes of the gamut in the seven keys.

IT is announced that Sims Reeves, who is nearing three score and ten, will give his farewell performance in London, May 11, and thereafter devote himself to teaching singing. Christine Nilsson will journey from Madrid to be present on the occasion. The veteran tenor made his debut in 1829.

MR. ROBERT GOLDBECK, now in Königsberg, Prussia, has been awarded the first prize in a contest of over 200 German composers. He was specially invited by the Prize Committee to take part in the contest. The successful composition was entitled "Mexicanische Tänze." Mr. Goldbeck hopes soon to produce his opera, "The Comodore."

THE eighth anniversary of the death day of Richard Wagner (Feb. 13) was duly remembered and commemorated at Venice, where he died, by a concert, in which only excerpts from "Tannhäuser," "Lohengrin" and "Rienzi" were performed. The work of the orchestra is said to have been excellent, and the audience listened with rapt attention and great enthusiasm.

MRS. TOM TAYLOR, widow of the famous dramatist, is still alive, and is one of the finest amateur pianists in London. She is very small and quite feeble, but those who have heard her say it is wonderful to see her hobble to the piano, and bewitch everybody by the sad, sweet, almost timid melodies that she improvises. Her eyes are so weak that she cannot read music, so that her playing is either from memory, or based on her mood at the moment.

A MUSICAL recital and art exhibit at Moulton College on Friday evening last was a good presentation of the work done in these departments of the College during the winter. The programme consisting of songs, choruses and instrumental music was well rendered, and the specimens of painting and drawing were excellent, some of them showing exceptional ability. An address by Rev. T. H. Rand giving an account of a visit to the Doulton Pottery at Lambeth, with specimens of Doulton ware on exhibition, added greatly to the interest of the entertainment. This College is one of the new schools of McMaster University, and is already establishing for itself a reputation for thorough work and a high standard of scholarship.

RUBINSTEIN refuses the offer of \$100,000 from a syndicate represented by Edmond Gerson, to revisit this country. His reasons are that he cannot leave his present interests in St. Petersburg, and that his recollections of his previous visit to America are not agreeable. He hates travelling. In his recently published biography he records his views. "It was all so tedious," he says, "that I began to despise myself and my art. So profound was my dissatisfaction, that, when I was asked to repeat my American tour, with half a million guaranteed to me, I refused point blank." From this it would appear that we shall never again listen here to the greatest of living pianists. Moreover he has publicly taken a farewell to pianism itself, and has announced that he will devote himself henceforth to composition.—*Friend's Music and Drama.*

THE Toronto Choral Society and the Toronto Symphony Orchestra may well be pleased with the result of their combined concert of Thursday evening, the 12th inst. A noticeable feature of the performance was the grace and skill with which Signor D'Auria filled the difficult position of conductor at this initial, combined concert. The Symphony Orchestra showed to great advantage and the lovers of high class instrumental music, who were present, were highly gratified with the marked progress of the orchestra. Chaminade's "Air de Ballet" was a pleasing air tastefully rendered. Weber's romantic "(overture) der Freischütz" was also admirably interpreted; the clarinet solo was the weak point. Such difficult music affords a capital test of the capabilities of the orchestra and with a very satisfactory result in this case. Hofmann's Cantata "Melusina" and E. Fannig's "Song of the Vikings" brought the combined forces of the society and orchestra into full play, more to the advantage of the latter than of the former. D'Auria's "Recollections of Scotland: Hail Caledonia" was a charming arrangement of old Scotch airs, delightfully rendered and enthusiastically encored. "Extravaganza Walzer" was one of Joseph Strauss' light and airy compositions suitably expressed. We heartily commend and shall always hail with delight the first number on the programme, "God Save the Queen." Toronto may well anticipate great things from this happy combination under the baton of such an accomplished musician, and finished conductor as Signor D'Auria. Let her citizens extend the elevating and refining power of music and song, by their warm and generous patronage, of all such meritorious local efforts as the above.

LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

THE words "telling anapestic measure," in a review by "Fidelis" in last issue, should have read "lilting anapestic measure."

THE late Alexander Kinglake's beautiful "Eöthen" sought nine years for a publisher before it finally reached the public and made the author famous.

EVERY edition of the *Century* since the "Talleyrand Memoirs" were begun has been nearly exhausted. The March number is entirely out of print.

MR. BRANDER MATTHEWS, the well-known writer and president of the Nineteenth Century Club, has become the book reviewer for the *Cosmopolitan Magazine*.

COLLEGIANS and teachers generally will be interested in an article by Dr. R. P. Falkner in the next number of the *Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science, on the Universities of Italy.*

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER's new book, "Our Italy," a superbly illustrated volume describing the climate, physical features, and resources of southern California, is nearly ready for publication by Harper and Brothers.

MRS. BURTON HARRISON, the novelist and magazine writer, is a Virginia woman of ancient lineage. Her maiden name was Cary, and she grew up at Vanclose, a home of the Fairfaxes in the county that bears the family name.

"IS THIS YOUR SON, MY LORD?" by Helen Gardener, is enjoying a phenomenal sale. Although less than four months have elapsed since it was brought out by the Arena Publishing Company, four editions of five thousand copies each have been issued.

A COMMITTEE has been formed of influential friends of the late Sir Henry Layard, and his services to Oriental and Archaeological research are to be commemorated by a bust to be offered to the British Museum. A replica is proposed, and is nearly ready, of a work by the late Sir Edgar Boehm.

THE tombs and cities of Egypt are giving up the literature of the past, that has been so long looked for by lovers of classical literature. Less than fifty years ago the discovery of manuscripts of classical Greek authors, written on papyrus rolls, began. Then we knew of Athenian Hyperides only by name. Now this world has no less than four or five of his orations, while we know more of the lyric poet Alcman, Homer, Plato and Demosthenes for these recent discoveries. And now the British Museum has found in a little bundle of papyrus rolls, the lost work of Aristotle, that the early Christian writers copied so copiously, and which Plutarch drew from as an authority for his biography. Truly, it does not radically alter the main outline of history, for it cannot change events, but it does give a clearer insight into the political institution of long ago.

IN our last issue we deplored the loss to Canadian literature of the late Professor K. L. Jones. We now mention with regret the death of the well-known Canadian poet and novelist, John Talon Lesperance. Some years ago Mr. Lesperance, under the pseudonym of "Lacède," contributed a series of brilliant literary articles to the *Montreal Gazette*, of which he was for a time one of the editors. He was at different periods editor of the *Illustrated Canadian News*, and the *Dominion Illustrated*. He was also one of the first members of the Royal Society of Canada. For many years Mr. Lesperance has been a power in Canadian literature. His novels "Fanchon," "The Bostonnais," "My Creoles"; his numerous poems, and critical, literary, and historical essays have won for him, in it, a place of honour and distinction. His, was a constructive influence, and many a young Canadian is gratefully sensible of the debt he owes to the kindly sympathy, the fair, though generous criticism, and the timely encouragement of his elder brother in the realm of letters—whose voice is stilled in death, but whose memory is as fragrant as the breath of the sweet spring flowers which will soon perfume the woodland air of the land he so dearly loved. Almost the last message sent by this gifted and loyal man to his fellow-countrymen was this:—

Shall we break the plight of youth,
And pledge us to an alien love?
No! we hold our faith and truth,
Trusting to the God above.
Stand, Canadians, firmly stand
Round the flag of Fatherland!

Britain bore us in her flank,
Britain nursed us at our birth,
Britain reared us to our rank,
'Mid the nations of the earth.
Stand, Canadians, firmly stand
Round the flag of Fatherland!

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

- Finck, Henry T. The Pacific Coast Scenic Tour. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons.
Marlitt, E. A Brave Woman. 75c. New York: Worthington & Co.; Toronto: P. C. Allan & Co.
Rawlinson, Geo., M.A., F.R.G.S. Isaac and Jacob: Their Lives and Times. \$1.00. New York: Anson D. F. Randolph & Co.; Toronto: Methodist Book Room.
Schubin, Ossip. Boris Lensky. 50c. New York: Worthington & Co.; Toronto: P. C. Allan & Co.
Talks with Athenian Youths. \$1.00. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons; Toronto: Methodist Book Room.

and above are the blue sky and fleecy clouds. Mr. W. Raphael's "Tramp" is a pleasing picture, but it cost us an effort to discover the tramp. Mr. J. W. L. Forster's portrait, "J. C. Fullerton, Q.C.," is conscientious, artistic and lifelike; the expression is remarkably true. Mr. John A. Fraser's exhibit is of unusual merit. "Neath Threatening Skies in Springtime" is poetic in conception and exquisite in execution. It is a fascinating picture, and one difficult to leave. The woman feeding the ducks; the soft, vernal tint of grass and foliage; the group of trees and the stormy sky—all contribute to the impressive effect of the scene. "Within the City Limits, 1890," by T. Mower Martin, is a fine rural scene, with its mown meadow, piled haystacks and busy haymaker. The sky is also very good. "At the Close of the Day," by Mr. Carl Ahrens, is a large, ambitious picture. By a large pot suspended over the dying embers stands a girl looking dreamily at the pallid face of a woman with a babe in her arms, seated near her; the light and shade are good and the reflected ember glow is very natural. Mr. W. A. Sherwood's portrait of himself is an advance on his previous work. "The Silurian Gates of Elora," by Arthur Cox, is a large imposing picture of a striking scene; the towering rock angle at the left, the hollow cavern at the right, the softened light and shadow, the pool in the foreground with the rising waterfowl, the stream flowing towards you through the narrow gorge, the trees and bushes on the upper ground, and the sky, are all well and faithfully detailed, and the general effect is pleasing and impressive. Miss McConnel's "Portrait" is a bold, clear, life-like portraiture and gives great promise of her future work. In water colours Mrs. N. E. Dingman's "Peonies" is a very pleasing mass of colour, fresh and attractive. "Are You Ready, Lads?" by F. McGillivray Knowles, is a very successful treatment of a Percé sea scene; the white sand, the fishermen about to haul up their boat, the green sea, the fisher craft in the offing, the soft sky, all, are admirable. This picture and "Early Morning" represent Mr. Knowles at his best, and are highly creditable. Time can only increase this rising artist's fame by fulfilling his present promise. Mr. M. Matthew's exhibit is one of the triumphs of the exhibition. "Rest at Evening" has the charm of a delightful dream; it gives you a peep across a verdant bank slope past a sturdy beech at the left into a shady clump of trees beyond and through the distant opening—where the light of day is dying. "Mount Macdonald," one of our rugged snow clad "Rockies"; "The Old Willow Bed" and "Oaks in Wychova Park" woo us to linger before them—with the charm of their exquisite art. "After the Gale," with its sloping foreland, massy clouds, subsiding waves and sweep of sand; "September Equinox" with its stormy sky, waving grass and bending trees; and "At the Harbour Mouth," which is an almost perfect picture of the sea, all show Mr. L. R. O'Brien's art to great advantage, not to mention his other admirable contributions. The "Snow Clad Monarch of the Rockies" is a fine specimen of Mr. F. M. Bell-Smith's artistic ability as one of the truest interpreters of the grandeur of our lake and mountain scenery, though we prefer his work in oils. In "Near Wolfe Cove, Quebec," the moving water, the approaching boat, the vessels about the pier and the effects of sky, are well wrought out by Mr. G. Bruenech, whose "Toilers of the Sea," with its over shadowing storm cloud, foam-crested billows bounding and bursting on the sea-washed sand, and its picturesque figures of returning fisher folk, forms one of the gems of the exhibition. Mr. Hamilton McCarthy's bust of Mr. L. R. O'Brien is an almost perfect piece of modelling; the expression is wonderfully true. Mr. McCarthy has every reason to be gratified with the tributes of praise bestowed upon this exceptional specimen of the sculptor's skill. In architectural designs Messrs. Strickland and Symon's "Design for a Church"; Mr. Andrew Taylor's "Design for a Residence"; Mr. W. J. Storm's "Victoria College, Queen's Park," and Mr. R. Weir Crouch's "Designs for Wall Paper and Illumination," and "Etching in Brass" are all of a high order of merit. We very much regret that we have not space to mention many other pictures in both departments that are well worth seeing, that are full of promise, and that are very creditable to the rising artists whose work they are.

MEISSONIER left no will. His family intend to fulfil his intention of presenting to the Louvre two pictures which he always refused to sell, namely: "L'Attente" and "The Etcher."

HENRY SANDHAM has just finished a very charming picture of his daughter Gwendoline, a full length portrait representing her seated in an old oak chair with a noble St. Bernard dog by her side.

IN the interest of collectors the *Art Amateur* is cataloguing the works of Meissonier in the United States. The editor publishes a list of seventy-three pictures, and asks every one who thinks he owns a painting or sketch of the great Frenchman to send him particulars about it.

AT a meeting held at the New York Chamber of Commerce by a dozen well-known men, a committee was appointed to receive subscriptions for an equestrian statue of Gen. Sherman. Nearly \$6,000 were subscribed at the start, and the committee will try to raise about \$50,000 without an appeal to the general public. Gen. Sherman having expressed his antipathy to such a course. It is understood that the sculptor will be Mr. St. Gaudens, whose bust of the General is a singularly lifelike and vigorous portrait.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

CHURCH AND STATE. By Count Leo Tolstoi. Boston: Tucker; Toronto: Williamson. 1891. Price \$1.00.

Count Tolstoi is a man of genius, and even in his dotage or delirium he is sure to say a good many things which are true and profound and striking. Yet we cannot honestly recommend anyone to read this volume; nor can we justify this judgment by quotations or references, because we should then be doing the very thing which we should wish to prevent. It is the duty of literary men to read many books that they may warn others away from them; and we counsel all men and women, young and not young, to give some attention to the advice which is offered on these subjects. A recent book of Count Tolstoi's was prohibited in the United States, and we fear that the prohibition tended to increase its circulation. We do not name it here lest we should do similar mischief. But we will advise our readers to have nothing to do with any of the later works of Count Tolstoi, until he shall be able to show a clean bill of health, certified by competent authority.

THE WORLD OF FAITH THE EVERYDAY WORLD: as Displayed in the Footsteps of Abraham. By Otto Funcke. Price 7s. 6d. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark; Toronto: McAinsh. 1891.

There is no grander figure in ancient history than that of the Father of the Faithful; and there are few to which the devout heart turns back with greater pleasure, and sense of help and stimulus. Every one is, in some sense, walking in the footsteps of Abraham, going forth, not knowing whither he goeth. The volume before us is intended to show that the life of Abraham is a type of every life which is lived in faith; and the work is done in a very superior manner. The discourses are devout, but never feeble in thought and expression, the author avoiding the dryness which is often thought to characterize "intellectual" sermons, and the weakness of thought which is sometimes connected with subjective and emotional discourses. Through twenty-one chapters he traces the career of the Friend of God from the first consecration of the life to the day of his departure; and no part of the journey is without interest or instruction. It is an excellent volume for devotional reading; and the clergy may find help from it in their homiletic work.

MEMORABILIA OF GEORGE B. CHEEVER, D. D., AND OF HIS WIFE. E. W. Cheever, in Verse and Prose. New York: Wiley; Toronto: Williamson. 1890.

It is possible that the name of Dr. Cheever may be unknown to many of our readers; and it is a very long time since we first made acquaintance with his writings, especially with his "Wanderings of a Pilgrim." This, like his other works, was written with a good deal of vivacity and picturesque effect, although, we are bound to add, in a style somewhat too florid for our taste. There are in the present volume a good many specimens of the author's poetical effusions, many of them being hymns. If they cannot claim the highest place among such compositions, they are all of them respectable. But the real interest of the volume consists in its bringing before us a man and a woman of genuine and elevated Christian character, and of deep devotion to their religious work. Besides the poems, the principal part of the volume consists of a memorial offering in which Dr. Cheever gives a touching account of his wife, and relates many incidents in their lives. An appendix containing many of Mrs. Cheever's letters, and some from her friends, has one from Longfellow, acknowledging Cheever's photograph, which, he said, resembled Dr. Channing and Mr. Ruskin, persons, said the poet, "whom one may not be ashamed to resemble." The photographs and other illustrations to this volume are very good.

FRA LIPPO LIPPI: a Romance by Margaret Vere Farrington. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; Toronto: Williamson. 1890.

This is in every way a beautiful book. We are immediately attracted by the exquisite taste of the binding. We open the volume, and the paper and printing are sumptuous. The photogravure illustrations, fourteen in number, are of various degrees of merit, but most of them are extremely beautiful. We might specify the portrait of the Abbess, the copy of the Madonna della Stella of Fra Angelico, and several Madonnas by Lippi. When we add that the story which is sent forth with all these accessories is in no way unworthy of them, we have said much, but no more than is fit to be said of one of the prettiest books we have had in our hands for many a day. The story, as told here, follows substantially the account given by Vasari. Our readers are probably aware that Vasari was something of an "old woman," and great doubts have been thrown upon many parts of his "Lives of the Painters." Some recent discoveries of documents are said to disprove the stories generally circulated and believed to the discredit of Lippi. Of these new lights no notice is taken by the authoress of this "romance"; whilst at the same time she softens the ordinary story, so as to remove most of its repulsive features. The result is a very charming novelette, charmingly written, enlisting the sympathies of the reader at once, and maintaining his interest to the end. We must not further let our readers into the secret of the

story; and we will only add that if any one should wish to get a volume suitable for presentation, a prettier than this one could hardly be found.

THE LORD'S SUPPER: A Biblical Exposition of its Origin, Nature and Use. By the Rev. J. P. Lilley, M.A. Price 5s. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark; Toronto: McAinsh. 1891.

This volume may be reviewed from a literary or from a theological point of view. The former is our business, the latter is not. When an author deals with a subject so much controverted as the great Christian Sacrament, he cannot please every one, or perhaps a great many. But very few will have a right to be positively displeased with the present volume. It is a well-written book, dealing thoughtfully and reverently with the contents of Holy Scripture, first, in reference to the Hebrew Passover, and next in reference to the Lord's Supper and its connection with the ancient institution. In regard to the author's own point of view, it is better that we should let him speak for himself. Referring to the view of the "Free Churches"—that is English Nonconformists generally, that the two Ordinances of the Christian Church are "not causes of grace, not in themselves vehicles of grace"—expressions, by the way, which could be taken with many shades of meaning, Mr. Lilley remarks: "In the rebound from the manifest errors of Romanism and Ritualism, Protestantism here takes up a position that is in itself alike weak and indefensible. For in no sense is this a new view. It is, indeed, only an approach to what was held by Socinus and his followers long ago, and is held by Unitarians still. But it is none the less a very imperfect explanation of the teaching of Jesus and His disciples on the Supper. Very specially does it come short of giving due prominence to the close connection betwixt the symbols and the living Lord who distributes them. . . . This Holy Supper was far more than a sensible representation of a figure of speech."

MESSIANIC PROPHECIES IN HISTORICAL SUCCESSION. By Franz Delitzsch. Translated by S. J. Curtiss. Price 5s. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark; Toronto: McAinsh. 1891.

It is not necessary to recommend to students of the Old Testament a new work from the pen of the late Dr. Franz Delitzsch, the first or among the first of European Hebrew scholars. The volume now before us represents his latest and most mature work, as he corrected the proof sheets during his last illness and dictated the preface five days before his death. The subject of the volume is of unceasing and unflagging interest to all students of history; but it is much more than this to the believers in the Christian Revelation. Those indeed, who have received in faith what Delitzsch elsewhere calls the Easter Message will be little troubled by the controversies which have arisen about the origin and composition of the Old Testament; yet it is of no slight importance to follow intelligently the historical development of the ancient prophecies in their bearing upon the Messianic hopes of Israel. No one could be a better guide in such an undertaking than Dr. Delitzsch; and his book has the great advantage of not being loaded with unnecessary or extrinsic matter. It should be noted that the volume, giving the groundwork of the late Professor's lectures to his students at Leipzig is prepared for those who have some knowledge of the Hebrew language, but most people will be able to find their way through it. It is a matter of some surprise that the translator should have made no reference to a previous volume, bearing the same title, by the same author and translator. We have remarked only one reference to the earlier volume in a note. We will, however, inform our readers that the volumes have very little in common, except in the arrangement of the historical matter; and here there are considerable alterations. For example, the comments on the Song of Deborah are omitted, a passage on Job and the Goel appears for the first time. The exposition of Shiloh is expanded from a brief note to a lengthened excursus, and the same may be said of the Wisdom in Proverbs. If we did not know that the author of the two books was the same, we should hardly discover it from the contents.

CANADIANS IN THE IMPERIAL SERVICE. By J. Hampden Burnham, M.A. Toronto: Williamson and Company; London: W. H. Allen and Company.

In this work the author has gathered together a great deal of valuable information relating to Canadians who have entered the Imperial Army or Navy, and have served their Sovereign in all parts of the world. The work has evidently been one of great difficulty, and great labour; the author says that he has travelled over twelve thousand miles in searching out the material obtained. This is we believe the first attempt to bring out a book on the subject, and it is therefore not as complete or as perfect in its details as so important a portion of the history of our Canadian people deserves to be. The author has experienced all the difficulties and obstacles which are always met with, by one who breaks the first path through a wilderness or an unknown country. Those who follow after in the same line will find the path blazed, and can easily widen, improve and perfect it.

Under the circumstances Mr. Burnham deserves every credit for the good work he has done in preserving the memory of the great deeds done by so many of our fellow countrymen both by sea and land. The list contains many

most distinguished names, such as Sir Wm. Fenwick Williams, of Kars; Sir John Inglis, the heroic defender of Lucknow; Admiral Sir Provo Wallis, now over 100 years of age, who commanded the *Shannon* at the conclusion of the fight with the *Chesapeake*, besides a large number of other Generals and Admirals. Nova Scotia has certainly produced the most distinguished men, probably on account of Halifax being a great Imperial station so many Nova Scotians entered the service in days gone by. There is a sketch of the formation of the 100th Regiment in 1858, with a list of the officers in that year, which must certainly be incomplete, as names of officers who raised companies for the regiment do not appear in it.

Mr. Burnham asks for information and in all probability the publication of this book, and this request, will bring to him a vast amount of information which can be included in a future edition. Canadians should encourage this not only by forwarding to Mr. Burnham any particulars they may have, but by procuring a copy of the work which will be found pleasant reading by the natives of this country.

CANADA FIRST: A Memorial of the late William A. Foster, Q.C. With Introduction by Goldwin Smith, D.C.L. Toronto: Hunter, Rose and Company. 1890.

This is a volume, small indeed in bulk, but most interesting and precious in its contents. Most of us will remember the grief, deep and widespread, which was stirred not much more than two years ago by the news of the death of Mr. Foster, caused in large measure by his great labour in winding up the affairs of "the unfortunate Central Bank"; and those who had not the privilege of knowing him will be enabled by the perusal of the present volume to understand how great was our loss in Mr. Foster's death. The Introduction, from the cultivated and graceful pen of Mr. Goldwin Smith, is a fitting introduction to the speeches and essays—all too few—which form the bulk of the volume. It would be wrong to complain that Mr. Foster gave so much of his time to the duties of his profession that he could exercise so little his great literary gifts. We have little in Canada to give encouragement to literary men. But no one can read these products of the deceased gentleman's pen without seeing that he was, in this respect, highly gifted, and that he might have made valuable contributions to the literary monument which we are here slowly raising. The papers before us are: Canada First, a speech or essay, an address to the Canadian National Association, Party versus Principle, the Canadian Confederacy, the Canadian Confederation and the Reciprocal Treaty, and Down the St. Lawrence on a Raft. There is an appendix containing tributes to the author from some of our best known writers—that by Mr. Mercer Adam, of THE WEEK, standing first. Of principal interest, undoubtedly, is the first of these papers. It was published as "a brochure," we are told, in 1871; although the internal evidence would lead us to suppose that it had been delivered as a speech. We can hardly imagine any one, much less any Canadian, whether by birth or by adoption, reading this eloquent discourse without deep emotion. The author comments with great point and propriety upon some of the ignorant and silly remarks of English papers on Canadian affairs; and he says out plainly and manfully what Canadians expect. "Young as we are, we are too old to be abused without retort; weak as we may be, we are too strong to be bullied with impunity. What we demand from English writers is fair play; and should the hour of peril come, we may venture to ask from England, without sinking our self-respect, a quantum of assistance proportioned rightly to the part we play in attack or defence. No decorations lavishly distributed, no baronetcies generously conferred, can or will answer as a substitute for respect and kindness or a mutual interchange of affection." The whole volume may be commended to the notice of Young Canada. Not of least mark is the charming "Down the St. Lawrence on a Raft," so justly praised by Dr. Goldwin Smith.

RICHARD HENRY DANA. By Charles Francis Adams. In two volumes. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

These volumes contain a biography of a well-known United States' lawyer and politician. And it is a singular fact that though he would have preferred to have gained fame and distinction in either or both of these capacities, inexorable fate decreed it otherwise, and the laurel wreath which she has placed upon his brow is woven from the pages of that unique and imperishable book, "Two Years before the Mast." How well we remember its fascination and the marvellously clear, graphic and striking presentation of the minute details of the daily round of the young sailor's life, and of the toil, hardship and adventure of his memorable voyage in the thirties, round "The Horn," and up the Californian coast. In these two very interesting volumes, Mr. Adams, who was a junior law partner of Mr. Dana, has proved himself a competent and exhaustive biographer. The advantage which personal contact and intimate knowledge give has proved a great aid to him and though for the most part Mr. Dana speaks to us in his diary and letters, yet Mr. Adams has used his material with judgment and skill. It may be said that we are presented not only with a clear and well-drawn picture of the life work and personality of Mr. Dana but there come and go upon the scene many important personages and many eventful incidents that figured conspicuously in the

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history of his time. The salient features of his life and character are fully presented, his piety, courage, industry, his clearness of intellect, grasp of legal principles and his power of close and cogent reasoning. And on the other hand his dogmatism and pride, which formed such insuperable barriers to his success, together with the political views which made him obnoxious to many of his fellow-countrymen. He seems to have possessed many qualities which would have ensured for him a lofty and influential position were it not that they were handicapped by others, which overweighted his promise. He was an indefatigable worker and it is said that excessive work contributed to his comparatively early death. In whatever work he was engaged he discharged his duty with diligence and faithfulness, whether it was as a seaman before the mast, a defender of fugitive slaves, as United States District Attorney, or member of the Massachusetts Legislature. He appears to have been too much addicted to dealing with details which he could with advantage have delegated to subordinates, and to have been singularly lacking in political sagacity. The last years of his life were spent abroad and to this fact we are indebted for the large amount of descriptive writing dealing with his travels, and observations of men, incidents and scenes, which from his unusual literary talent give such an added charm to the volumes. The enmity of his political opponents appears to have deprived him of the mission to England for which he was nominated by General Grant during his Presidency, but his reception there as a private individual was of the warmest and most hospitable character. Nothing more need be said of the litigation with W. B. Lawrence over the notes to the edition of "Wheaton's International Law," edited by Dana, than that on the evidence, Dana appears to have been most unjustly and unfairly treated, mainly through the objectionable and one-sided practice of the Senate Committee on foreign relations in dealing with such matters. The finely executed etching in Volume I. of Dana in early manhood and the excellent steel engraving representing him at a later period of his life add to the interest of the work. The admirable index is very helpful and the letter press, binding, etc., are what might have been expected from the well-known firm who are the publishers. These volumes are a worthy contribution to the biographical literature of the United States and are deserving of high praise.

EMIN PASHA AND THE REBELLION AT THE EQUATOR. By A. Mounteney-Jephson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Toronto: Presbyterian News Company. 1890.

This very handsome volume is complementary to the two volumes of Mr. Stanley on "Darkest Africa," and is brought out, as the title-page informs us, "with the revision and co-operation of H. M. Stanley, D.C.L., etc." Some persons will probably remark that it is also complimentary to Mr. Stanley; and it is certainly the production of one who is a loyal fellow-worker with the great traveller, and a sincere admirer. But why should the testimony of a book like this be taken lightly? It is the fate of men like Mr. Stanley who have been carried to the skies by popular adulation, not only to be visited with undue severity on account of any mistakes they may have committed; but alas! to be the objects of the envy of those who are ever on the watch to bring down those who have risen higher than themselves.

We have no intention of here offering any judgment on the fierce controversy which has arisen on the subject of Mr. Stanley and the Rear Column. It will be well for the public at large to withhold their verdict until the two sides can be heard in such a manner as to make the decision arrived at of some permanent value. The volume now before us bears upon this controversy only indirectly; but it shows conclusively that Mr. Jephson at least had no misgivings as to the ability, straightforwardness, and devotion with which Mr. Stanley carried out his undertaking.

We have said that this volume is complementary to those of Mr. Stanley. In other words, it supplies a history of the fortunes of Emin Bey from the time that Stanley found him, or rather from the time when he made his return journey to the time when he brought up the wreck of the Rear Column. It thus dwells at length with the rebellion in Emin's province, and gives in detail the incidents which are referred to in Stanley's narrative.

In one respect this volume is very superior to those written by the author's chief. Even the most ardent admirers of the great explorer must admit that his book, if not exactly badly written, is heavy and almost confused. It is not easy to keep track of his journey, even with the map before one. Mr. Jephson's book, on the contrary, is very pleasant reading throughout, lucid and vivid in almost every page, so that the reader has very little temptation to skip.

With regard to the fortunes of Emin Pasha, Mr. Jephson has precisely the same testimony to bear as that which has already been made public by Mr. Stanley. Perhaps Mr. Jephson is a little more severe of speech, but this may easily be accounted for, by his being a great deal longer with Emin, and this too at the time when his weakness, vacillations and inconsistencies were most conspicuous and most dangerous. Of Emin's excellences as an individual and utter hopelessness as a governor there would seem to be now no possible doubt.

Here is the author's summary in which he gives his mature judgment of Emin. "A man with a kindly and

generous mind, physically courageous, but morally a coward. A clever accomplished gentleman, enthusiastic for the science of natural history, but not of that firm temper required to lead men, or of that disposition to attract and sway men. A man whose natural kindness of heart is being constantly spoilt by his delicate susceptibility and childlike vanity. A man whose straightforward European directness and accuracy has been warped by a too long residence among Orientals."

There is a testimony of interest and value respecting Stanley. "There was one thing about Stanley which made working under him interesting; he was always ready to listen patiently to what his officers said with regard to any step which it was proposed to make, and even if he did not agree with them he never merely said shortly that it was impossible, but carefully explained why he thought that the suggestion made was not good, or was impossible to follow"; and more to the same effect.

We had noted many passages which might have been quoted; but these must suffice; and we doubt not that many of our readers will make acquaintance with the volume itself, which is beautifully printed and admirably illustrated.

Knowledge of 7th inst. contains a full list of "Bishops in English-speaking Churches."

The Illustrated News of The World of March 7 had in the "Men of the Day" series of portraits a very fine one of Professor Huxley as well as an impression of the celebrated portrait of Adrian Pulido Pareja, by Velasquez, by many considered his masterpiece.

The Home Maker is an illustrated magazine published by The Home Maker Company, New York. The March number contains a variety of long and short contributions; serials, short stories and poems abound. Literature, art, society, domestic life, fashions, women's clubs, etc., all receive due attention.

Onward and Upward is a philanthropic magazine recently issued by the Haddo House Association and edited by our recent visitor, that benevolent lady, the Countess of Aberdeen. The publishers are S. W. Partridge and Company of Paternoster Row, London, England. We are sure that its noble purpose, its cheery illustrations and its pure and elevating matter will win it a hearty welcome in many a Canadian home.

The Expository Times (March), among a number of most useful papers, has one by Professor Salmond on Dr. Martineau's "Messianic Mythology," which is of great value. We agree with the writer in wishing that Dr. Martineau would stick to Ethics and Theism, and leave Christianity alone. This is a very useful periodical, only 3d. a month, quite intelligible to mere English scholars, yet not beneath the notice of the learned.

STUDENTS of Shakespeare usually find something worth reading in *Poet Lore*. The March number opens with a sparkling article by Katherine Hart on "Such Sarcenet Surety" taken from a remark of Hotspur to Kate in 1 Henry IV., iii. 1. A Canadian litterateur, Mr. E. B. Brownlow, discusses "Wyatts Sonnets and Their Sources" with his accustomed ease and erudition. Dr. Rolfe's critical note on "The Tempest": Magic and Prospero is *multum in parvo*. Other articles, notes, etc., complete a good number.

The illustrated article on "The Parks of San Francisco," by C. S. Greene, fill us with a longing to enjoy their varied beauties. E. S. H., under the caption of "The Problem of God, Freedom and Immortality," gives a readable translation of an article in the *Revue de Deux Mondes* for November 15, 1890. "Did California Need the McKinley Bill?" is a political battle with the pen of an impersonal character, between J. P. Irish and M. M. Estee. Other poetical and literary articles complete the number of the *Overland Monthly*.

The Educational Review (March) continues its useful work in a solid and satisfactory manner. If it has—not exactly a fault, but—a defect, it is in the somewhat abstract character of its contents. Although the somewhat that education is an exact science, the conductors of the *Review* seem inclined not to give much attention to the purely practical side of the subject. The article on the "Growth of New England Colleges" has lessons for ourselves. The paper on the "Pronunciation of Greek" is timely. We wish we could think it would bear fruit.

"HORACE WALPOLE'S TWIN WIVES" in *Temple Bar* for March is a very bright and readable narrative of the warm and devoted friendship which existed between Walpole, and Mary and Agnes Berry, two of the most charming and intellectual women of their time. "Eöthen" Kinglake is a bright gossip personal sketch of the renowned historian of the Crimean invasion. Mr. William M. Hardinge contributes "A Note on the Louvre Sonnets of Rossetti," which has an artistic as well as a literary interest. The serials sustain the reader's interest.

The Critical Review (March) in its second number amply redeems the pledge of its first. Principal Fairbairn writes on Cardinal Newman with perhaps a little too much of the *de haut en bas* style, but with insight, if not quite so perfect as he thinks. Professor Roberts has an excellent paper on Mr. Brown's "Life of G. Buchanan." Dr. Marcus Dods reviews with discrimination Principal Cave's "Doctrine of Sacrifice"; and Mr. J. A. Cross criticizes Dr. Salmon's fine "Introduction to the New Testament." Readers of this review will be kept well abreast of the theological and philosophical literature of our times.

THERE are three very interesting contributions to *Macmillan's Magazine* for February. Professor Goldwin Smith's "Mr. Lecky on Pitt," which contains a forcible estimate of Pitt's character ending as follows: "can his detractors imagine that he would ever have acted in concert with the foreign enemies of his country, and rejoiced in their damning applause;" Mr. F. Dixon's short but clever portraiture of one of our historic Paladins of India, Sir Herbert Edwardes; and Arthur Paterson's vivid and graphic description of the breaking in of "An American Broncho."

Canadiana for August and September, 1890, has some contributions of interest to Canadians. Mr. Ernest Cruickshank continues his "Reminiscences of Col. Clause." Mabel supplies an interesting note on "Tecumseh." Mr. John Popham has an entertaining paper on "A Montreuil's Reminiscences," being some amusing anecdotes of ex-town Major Hughes, who died in 1826. Mr. Wm. McLennan gives the roll of the 1st Regiment of the Glengarry Militia, dated November 10, 1812. Dr. Scadding's historical paper "The Toronto Landing" is well worth reading. There is also a curious "Note on Canadians in the Bastille."

In the *Andover Review* for March Dr. Thomas Hill, in "The Proximate Causes of the Crucifixion," gives a thoughtful study of the testimony of the four gospels in that regard, and presents "a strong argument for the genuineness and authenticity of St. John's Gospel." Mr. Robert A. Woods shows the progress of "University Extension in England." "Some Philosophical Aspects of the School of 1830" is the title of a thoughtful article on the ethical teaching of the art of that period. Rev. F. H. Johnson discusses "Creative Intelligence" with philosophical acumen. The usual departments present well considered matter for the special and general reader.

THOUGH some magazines may fail or falter *Maga* seldom lags in the literary race, and in its March number old *Blackwood's* is as young as the youngest. In "A Suffolk Parson" Francis Hinds Groome gives some valuable literary and personal reminiscences of her father, the late Archdeacon Groome. "A Memoir of Sir Edgar Boehm," by Constance Eaglestone, is not the least interesting of the timely tributes to the great sculptor whose death the world of art deplores. Principal Geddes writes in just appreciation of "George MacDonald as a Poet." J. P. M. provides a graceful translation of an old Roman inscription. Other able articles of archaeological, financial, agricultural and literary interest complete the number.

"THE First Vigilance Committee in San Francisco," by "One of Them," in *Belford's* for March, is timely reading for Canadians in view of the recent lynching of Italians in New Orleans. It is rather cold blooded reading, however. In close proximity comes Mr. Charles A. Choate's cheerful suggestion that the best method of obtaining a "Reformed Civil Service" would be for "the present elect" to invite sealed proposals for the purchase of offices in the United States Civil Service. There is a refreshing frankness about such Chicago propositions, would it not be well to frame them for the World's Fair? A little further on Lieut. Frémont, U.S.A., in "Our Other Coloured Race and its Emancipation," wishes to have the Indian problem solved by the handing over of the Indians to the Roman Catholic Church. Miss J. E. G. Roberts contributes a lovely little poem called "March Waking."

IN "The Tsar and the Jews" in the March *Contemporary*, an Anglo-Russian makes a very mild and rather ineffective protest against the onset that civilization is making upon the cruel treatment of the Jews by the Russian Government. "Postal and Telegraphic Reforms" is an able article by the energetic specialist on such matters, Mr. J. Henniker Heaton, M.P. It is brimful of important facts and figures. "John Wesley" is a characteristic contribution by Archdeacon Farrar; it is clear, concise and graphic. In "The Eclipse of Justice" Francis Peek says: "It is a discredit to the English nation that the administration of the Criminal Law should for so long a time have remained in its present state of imperfection and injustice." Mr. J. M. Barrie on "Mr. Kipling's Stories" predicts that "he may surpass us again." Mr. R. M. Wenley converts us all to Optimism by his successful arraignment of "Pessimism as a system." We hail with delight a new article from the pen of the great war correspondent, Archibald Forbes—"The Battle of Balaclava" recalls his old time vigour and is a distinctive feature of this excellent number.

A NEW method of photography is described in *Photographic Archives*. It is based on the fact that yellow phosphorus, dissolved in carbon bisulphide, is converted by the action of light into red allotropic phosphorus, which is insoluble in that liquid. A solution of the yellow variety is poured over a glass plate or a lithographic stone and allowed to dry in the dark. It is then exposed to the light under a negative photograph for half an hour, when a feeble red image is produced. Any unchanged phosphorus is now washed away with carbon bisulphide. Copper or silver images can be obtained from the red picture by immersing the plate in a solution of copper sulphate or silver nitrate to let the phosphorus reduce the salt. Paper moistened with these solutions takes a print of the picture when pressed upon the plate.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

THE BELFRY CLOCK.

High up in the belfry tower,
The belfry clock proclaims the hour,
Shadow and sun
For everyone.
Shadow and sun from the belfry tower!

Nine of the clock! 'tis morning gay,
The children sing at their merry play,
And bird and bee are over the lea,
And the ships are out on the the dancing sea.

Twelve of the clock! 'tis golden noon,
The bells are ringing a happy tune,
And the bridegroom waits for his bride—sweet flower;
Shine on them! bless them, O bridal hour!

High up in the belfry tower,
The belfry clock proclaims the hour,
Shadow and sun
For everyone,
Shadow and sun from the belfry tower!

Six of the clock! the sun is low,
And homeward the weary world doth go;
And, passing by, they pause and sigh
Where the quiet dead in the churchyard lie.

Twelve of the clock! so time goes on,
So time shall be till time be done,
And the clarion ringeth its bidding clear,
"Sleepers, awake! the dawn is here!"

High up in the belfry tower,
The belfry clock proclaims the hour,
Shadow and sun
For everyone,
Shadow and sun from the belfry tower!

—Frederic E. Weatherly, in *Cassell's Family Magazine*.

A NEW NATION.

THE general absorption in the elections last week diverted attention from a most important movement now in progress at the antipodes, and which, under other circumstances would have received more general notice in Canada than it has so far done. We allude to the meeting of the National Australian Conference at Sydney, N. S. W., on Monday last, to discuss the question of a Federation of the Australian colonies, and which very much resembles the meeting of the Confederation delegates held in Quebec in 1864. The feeling amongst the different Australian colonies appears to be strongly in favour of some change from the present form of separate colonies, but there is considerable divergence of opinion as to the precise form which such change should take. There is, apparently, a general feeling of disquiet and unrest at the existing state of things, but no unanimity of opinion as to the best solution of the problem presented to the different colonies. Sir Henry Parkes, Governor of New South Wales, is a strong advocate of the federation of the colonies on the Canadian plan, with a protective tariff and the maintenance of the existing connection with the Mother Country. On the other hand, there is undoubtedly a considerable feeling in favour of absolute Independence, and the formation of an Australian Republic, on the basis of the United States constitution. This movement is principally on the part of "Young Australia," natives of the colonies, who have no personal knowledge of the Mother Country, and who feel that a continent of the size and growing importance of Australia cannot always remain a dependency, but must, some day, assume the full responsibilities of nationhood, and who think that the present would be as good a time as any to separate—kindly and amicably—from Great Britain. There is no doubt some little soreness against the Home Government on account of its action with regard to Chinese immigration, but it is not likely to prove sufficiently strong to develop into any very powerful movement towards absolute Independence; and the probabilities are strongly in favour of the formation of a Union based on the Canadian plan, with a common tariff, free Interprovincial trade, and the control by each province of its domestic affairs, pretty much as we have in the Dominion. The conference is expected to last about three weeks, and its result will be watched with interest. Canada is daily becoming more interested in Australia, on account of the probability of the establishment of steam communication between the two countries, and the laying of a Pacific cable, and the union of the different colonies on a plan similar to our own, may tend in no inconsiderable degree to bring the two countries closer together in their business relations, and to greatly enlarge our mutual trade.—*Ottawa Citizen*.

WHAT STAR PHOTOGRAPHS REVEAL.

PERHAPS the most notable of these celestial photographs, in the direct light that it throws upon the nebular hypothesis, is Mr. Roberts' already famous picture of the Andromeda nebula. Nobody can look upon the vast nebulous spirals that this photograph reveals, surrounding a great central condensation, and showing here and there a brighter knot where a satellite of the huge focal mass is in process of formation, without telling that Laplace and Kant were not very far away in their guess as to the

mode of formation of the solar system. But, although stars in abundance are scattered over and around the Andromeda nebula, there is little in their appearance to suggest a connection between them and the nebula. It is different with the nebulae in the Pleiades and Orion. In the wonderful photographs of the Pleiades by the Henry Brothers of Paris one not only sees masses of nebulous matter clinging, so to speak, to some of the more conspicuous stars, but in one place a long, straight, narrow strip of nebula has stars dotted along its entire length, like diamonds strung upon a ribbon. It becomes more difficult to resist the conclusion that in this strange nebulous streak, with its starry file, we possess an indication of the mode of origin of the many curious streams and chains of stars with which the heavens abound, when we look at another amazing revelation of celestial photography. I refer to Prof. Pickering's photograph of Orion, taken with a portrait lens from a mountain in southern California.—*Popular Science Monthly*.

WHITE SLAVERY IN RUSSIA.

THE writers (for there are evidently more than one) of the articles on Russia, which have appeared in the *Fortnightly Review* under the *nom de plume* of E. B. Lanin, have framed a terrible indictment against the Government of that country, both from an economic and a moral standpoint. The last article, which is devoted to Russian finance, describes the racking of the peasantry; and, after reading it, the conclusion likely to be arrived at is that whatever the oppression to which the Jews in Russia may be subjected, their condition cannot be worse than that of the peasants, who are forced to yield not only their flocks and herds, their crops and labour, homes and home-life, but also at last their very life-blood, at the bidding of the Czar. There has been, it is true, a rapid development of industrial manufactures in the Russian Empire, and the manufacturers have wonderfully prospered under the Government's commercial policy; but there are other important points of view from which the economic position of a country may be studied, and the chief of these in the present case is the state of agriculture. The agricultural class in Russia is carrying on a desperate struggle against adverse conditions. The land has been rapidly losing its productiveness, and has been in many places thoroughly exhausted; yet in proportion as the profits have diminished the taxes have been steadily increased. To pay these taxes the peasant is compelled to borrow at a high rate of interest, and in some districts it has become a regular custom for whole communities to borrow money for this purpose at 60 per cent. interest, although we are told that 100 per cent. is the usual rate of interest, and that in many cases from 300 to 800 per cent. has been obtained! Many wretches who have borrowed money and repaid it several times over have been obliged to sell their labour for the ensuing harvest, and others have been forced to toil for a number of years in the service of their "benefactor," who is called the "soul-dealer." These dealers scour the country in search of children, whom they buy from needy parents for a trifle and forward to St. Petersburg, where they are resold for double and treble the money to manufacturers and shopkeepers. Nothing even remotely approaching prosperity is visible in any corner of the Empire. Mendicity is becoming the profession of hundreds of thousands. Moneyless, friendless, helpless and almost hopeless, the peasantry are rising up every year in tens of thousands and migrating to the south, to the west, anywhere, not knowing whether they are drifting, nor caring for the fate that may await them. The moral effect of these hard conditions upon the peasants of the young generation is admitted even by Russian newspapers to be truly horrible. Sons persecute their fathers, and drunken fathers dissipate their property and abandon their families to despair. "This," one Russian official says in his report, "is not a proletariat; it is a return to savagery. No trace of anything human has remained."—*Philadelphia Record*.

At a recent meeting of the Cambridge Philosophical Society, Mr. C. Warburton read a paper on the method employed by the spider known to science as the *Angelena labyrinthica*. It is a remarkable instance of an insect performing a variety of complicated operations in obedience to a blind instinct. For some twenty-four hours before the eggs are laid the spider is busy in preparing a chamber to receive them. The ceiling of this chamber is formed as a sheet, and the eggs are deposited against it, then swathed in silk. They are further protected by making a small box or cell to cover them, and fastening it to the sides of the chamber. The spider then jealously guards the box, even though the eggs have been removed from it by the observer. The eggs are always laid by night, but the animal does not mind the presence of an artificial light. Thirty-six hours of incessant labour are required for the entire process.

DYSPEPSIA'S victims are numbered by thousands. So are the people who have been restored to health by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

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ENGLAND AND FOREIGN ART.

IT will be said that the patronage of foreigners is a proof of their superiority. In this day the matter has become a very, very serious one and it behooves some one to speak out. While there were a few only who came to glean on poor English soil—although then we saw no sign that France, Germany, Holland or Italy were disposed to reciprocate our hospitality—it might have been ungenerous to protest; but the legions that come every year now put English art altogether in peril, and it would be cowardly in an elder to leave young England to be done further injustice to. When John Wilson was starving, Vernet, the seaport painter, was patronized by the English aristocracy, with the infatuation that he was a much superior man. Forty years ago Ary Scheffer was worshipped here as an equal to the greatest and William Dyce had to give up art, for want of appreciation and patronage, for several years, and became a mere clerk. Who wastes a thought on the French painters of namby-pamby sentiment now? Thirty years ago you had Baron Marochetti here, and no one of the great world would listen to the plea that there were any Englishmen alive who could be the equal to the maker of Victory with a Parisian corset on—a figure which, perhaps, still peers over the Duke of Wellington's garden at Apsley House—or to the Cœur de Lion, where horse and rider are curvetting and posturing like a theatrical character sold in prints at that period for boys to tinsel; and yet it turned out that Armstead, who later did the east and south side of the podium of the Albert Memorial, was wasting his life as a goldsmith's designer and had to do his great work afterward at less cost than would have paid a mason. There was Stevens, also, who later did the Wellington monument, and died in the doing of it with less than ten shillings in his pocket as his only fortune, and who then was working for furnishing purposes. And others—infinitely Marochetti's superiors—were also kept aside for him. You all have in your memory the preposterous laudation given by the press to Doré's vulgar and ignorantly-executed paintings, and you may see how his flimsy fancies have been thus spread broadcast to vitiate the submissive English mind. Doré's early book illustrations, although poorly drawn, were works of genius. His large pictures were empty theatricalities. The unreasonable praise was given when Rossetti and other native painters were not noticed at all. No! it is nothing but the ignorant fashion of the most foolish critics, and must cease if English art is to continue.—*W. Holman Hunt, in the Magazine of Art*.

Now, when the Canadian campaign is just over, and Sir John A. Macdonald is so prominently before the world, I am inclined to tell of the only interview I ever had with that most remarkable man. He was "booked" to speak in a prosperous Canadian town, but, being somewhat ill, sent his colleagues to attend to the political duty, and remained in his private car. It was after the sentence of Riel, and I entered the car, sending in my card, and being summoned, with the least formality, full of the subject and confident of results. Sir John sat, wrapped in a heavy fur cloak, but arose as I entered, and greeted me cordially. We talked of the weather, the crops and the campaign. Finally I asked him as to Riel. "Riel," he repeated, "oh, certainly. But first let me ask you a question concerning a man whom I most sincerely admire. Tell me what you think of Blaine, his policy and his prospects." The amount of the matter was that I spent a delightful hour with the Premier, produced an acceptable sketch, but discovered before I reached home that he had clearly avoided telling me anything worth knowing about the live issues on his own side of the line. Sir John looks like Beaconsfield, and has much of Beaconsfield's skill in fence.—*Detroit Free Press*.

TABLES of the density of the atmosphere, calculated from telegraphic weather reports, have been found to give a better clue to the movements and origin of cyclones than the usual method of a comparison of the isobars and isothermes alone.

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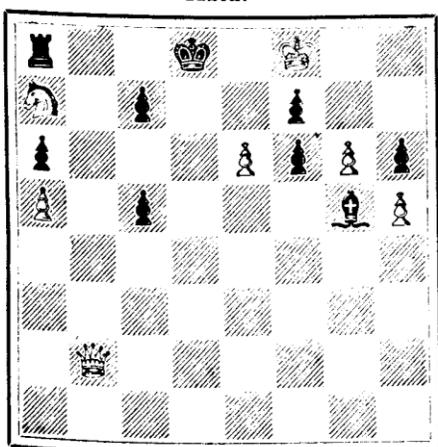
Hood's Sarsaparilla

CHESS.

PROBLEM No. 549.

By W. A. Spinkman.

BLACK.



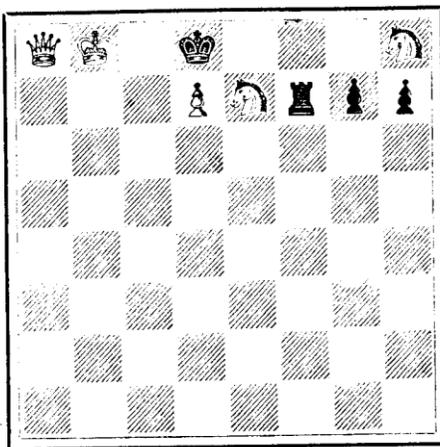
WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

PROBLEM No. 550.

By E. B. Cook.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS.

No. 549.

- | | |
|---------------|-------------|
| White. | Black. |
| 1. Q-K 2 | 1. P-R 7 |
| 2. R x P + | 2. K x R |
| 3. Q x B mate | |
| | If 1. B x B |
| | 2. K-Q 1 |
| 2. R x P + | |
| 3. R-K 8 mate | |
- With other variations.

No. 544.

Q-K 2

BLINDFOLD GAME PLAYED AT NEW ORLEANS, 1858—ONE OF SIX GAMES, PLAYED SIMULTANEOUSLY, AGAINST SIX AMATEURS.

EVANS GAMBIT.

Mr. Morphy. White.

1. P-K 4
2. Kt-K B 3
3. B-B 4
4. P-Q Kt 4
5. P-B 3
6. P-Q 4
7. Castles
8. B-R 3
9. Q-Kt 3
10. Kt x P
11. Q x B
12. Q-R-Q 1
13. P-R 3
14. Kt x Kt

Amateur. Black.

1. P-K 4
2. Kt-Q B 3
3. B-B 4
4. B x P
5. B-R 1
6. P x P
7. P x P (a)
8. P-Q 3
9. Kt-R 3
10. B x Kt
11. Castles
12. Kt-K Kt 5 (b)
13. K-Kt 4
14. Kt x Kt

Mr. Morphy. White.

15. B-K 2 (c)
16. P-B 4
17. B-B 4 +
18. B-Kt 2
19. Q-R-K 1
20. P x P
21. R-K 8
22. Q x R
23. Q x P +
24. P x Q
25. K x B
26. K x B
27. R x Kt and wins.

Amateur. Black.

1. P-K B 4
2. Kt-B 3
3. K-R 1
4. Q-K 2
5. R-B 3
6. Q x R (d)
7. Q x R
8. Q-K 2
9. Q x Q
10. Q x Kt P + (e)
11. B x P +
12. P-K R 4

NOTES.

- (a) We have elsewhere called attention to the inferiority of this line of defence in the Evans' Gambit.
- (b) To stop the advance of the King's Pawn.
- (c) Intending to throw up the B P, a move that promises to be more forcible after this move of the Bishop than before.
- (d) The student would do well to determine in his own mind the best line of play before looking at that which Mr. Morphy really adopted.
- (e) Black might have played Kt-K 4, but the game in that case would equally have been lost.

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Last year I suffered greatly from a Cold, which had settled on my Lungs. My physician could do nothing for me, and my friends believed me to be in Consumption. As a last resort, I tried Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It gave immediate relief, and finally cured me. I have not the least doubt that this medicine

CURED ME.

In the twenty years that have since elapsed, I have had no trouble with my Lungs. — B. B. Bissell, Editor and Publisher *Republican*, Albion, Mich.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral cured my wife of Bronchitis, after friends and physicians (so severe was the attack) had almost despaired of her life. She is now in perfect health. — E. Felter, Newtown, O.

When about 22 years of age, a severe cold affected my lungs. I had a terrible cough, could not sleep, nor do any work. I consulted several physicians, but received no help until I commenced using Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I continued to take this medicine, and am satisfied it saved my life. — C. G. Van Alstyne, P. M., North Chatham, N. Y.

SAVED MY LIFE.

I am now ruddy, healthy, and strong. — James M. Anderson, Waco, Texas.

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