

THE WEEK

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THE WEEK.

Vol. XII.

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Current Topics.

The Death of the Right Honourable Sir John Thompson.

On Wednesday morning, at about eleven o'clock, the sad and startling news reached Canada that the Premier of the Dominion had died suddenly that day, immediately after being sworn in as an Imperial Privy Councillor. The night before he had spoken amidst great applause in London at a meeting held to discuss matters brought out during the Intercolonial Conference. It is ever the unexpected that happens. A terrible blow to Canada is this tragic death of her greatest Statesman. His career has been one of the most remarkable in Canadian history, and his service to his country none can fully estimate. A great Canadian is dead. And he died almost at the foot of the Throne of our beloved Queen whom he had served so well.

The General Election.

Quite a flutter was produced in the party dove-cotes, a few days since, by the announcement in one of the city dailies, on the alleged authority of a Cabinet Minister, that the coming dissolution of Parliament and general election would take place in March next. The announcement brought prompt and somewhat emphatic denials from the Ministers concerned. These denials were, in each case, it was observable, worded with peculiar care. It was denied that, as a matter of fact, any such conclusions had been come to by the Government, or that the question had even been debated in the Cabinet. If we do not misread them, the speakers take care not to deny the possibility, or even probability, that the event may take place as alleged, or at some early date. That this will be the case seems to be the general impression. The activity observable in the political field looks like it. The past history of Conservative Parliaments creates a presumption in its favour. The state of the public finances, involving the certainty of a serious deficit, affords a strong reason why the Government might wish to postpone discussion until after the general election. On the whole, therefore, it may be pretty safely affirmed that the probabilities are all on the side of an appeal to the people within the next few months. All parties are agreed that the one great issue on which the battle will be fought is the tariff question. It need not be added that the many inter-

ests bound up in this question will make the contest one of the most important as well as one of the hottest yet had in Dominion political history,

The newly chosen leader of the Ontario Opposition has been peculiarly unfortunate, to speak euphemistically, at the outset of his career. A chieftain whose prowess has been proved on many a battle-field might, perhaps, on occasion venture to change his tactics somewhat suddenly, in the face of the enemy, but the untried commander who puts himself in a position in which he is forced to do so, or resign his command, need not be surprised and should not complain if he finds himself for some time thereafter viewed with distrust by friends and derided by foes. This will be more surely the case when it is known that the disastrous strategy, so suddenly abandoned, was not only wholly of his own choosing, but was chosen even in opposition to the advice and wishes of some of his most experienced lieutenants. This was, it is pretty well understood, the case with Mr. Marter, in bringing to the front his prohibitionist and ultra-Protestant policy in the London election. It may be that he will object to having described as "tactics" and "strategy" those views which he may say are with him matters of profound conscientious conviction. He would have the right to put forward this plea, had he not now publicly renounced those views as having been tried and found wanting, not in themselves, perhaps, but in their usefulness for party purposes.

Who Constructs the Party Platform?

Apart, however, from any question of personal conviction and loyalty to conscience, there is a hopeful element in the affair. Few men would have had the courage or the frankness to take the right-about so promptly and squarely as the Opposition leader has done. We must do him the justice to suppose that he is not less convinced than heretofore of the righteousness of his utterances on those two questions, but only of the possibility of winning a political campaign with "Prohibition" and "Down with Catholicism," inscribed on his banners. The most puzzling feature of the case is how any man with the acumen necessary for a successful party leader could ever have persuaded himself that success could be possible under such banners. We think it was Mr. Marter himself who complained in one of his speeches that the Roman Catholics in London went to the polls like a flock of sheep, to vote for his opponent. How, in the name of human frailty could he have expected them to do otherwise? Could he have conceived it possible that they should vote for the candidate and the party whose leader permitted himself to become identified with a secret society formed for the purpose of proscribing and ostracising them and all their co-religionists on account of their religion? A somewhat similar absurdity could be shown to have been involved in his Prohibitionist appeals. The question has been broached, in connection with this incident, whether should the party leader construct the platform for the party, or accept it from the party? Probably both Lord Rosebery and Mr. Marter have learned lessons on that point which may stand them in good stead in future campaigns. No leader who is worthy to be such will adopt and advocate measures of which he cannot conscientiously

tiously approve, simply because his party favours them, or because they promise success. But, on the other hand, no man, except a veritable Gladstone, can hope to be permitted to commit his party to measures or movements of which both his colleagues and his followers do not approve.

**The Political Situation
in England.**

The overwhelming defeat of the Government candidate in the Briggs Division of Lincolnshire is another severe blow to Lord Rosebery's Administration, which seems to be tottering to its fall. It is difficult to determine at this distance to what extent this result is due to popular disapproval of the Home Rule, anti-Lords, and Dis-establishment proposals of the Government, and to what extent to lack of confidence in Lord Rosebery's personal leadership. Probably it is the outcome of the two causes combined. Each of the Radical measures mentioned has, no doubt, stirred up opposing influences of such strength and energy that they have not only brought out the full force of Conservative and Unionist opposition, but have carried along with them a very considerable contingent of the element which is ordinarily indifferent or neutral, and even of the more timid Liberalism. On the other hand, it cannot be doubted that the divisions between the Radical and Liberal elements in the Ministerial ranks, and even in the Cabinet itself, is telling powerfully in favour of the Opposition. Above all, probably, is the signal failure of the Premier to beget confidence, to say nothing of enthusiasm, amongst his followers. There was undoubted weakness in this respect at the time of Lord Rosebery's accession to the leadership, and he has, from the outset, shown a fatal facility for saying the wrong thing, or saying the right thing at the wrong time, or not saying the right thing at the right time and in the right way. Outspoken fearlessness, unswerving conviction, and magnetic enthusiasm are indispensable qualifications for the leader of radical and revolutionary movements, and these have been conspicuously wanting. It may be that Lord Rosebery, who has undoubted latent force, may be aroused by the danger and prove himself, at the last moment, equal to the emergency, but present indications rather point to a forced and probably unsuccessful appeal to the people, to be followed by years of continued agitation and unrest, while the seething spirit of democracy is gathering strength for further conquests.

**Personal Government
in Germany.**

While even Russia, under the new Czar, gives some promise of progress in the direction of constitutionalism, Germany, under the sway of its energetic but not overwise Emperor, is entering upon a struggle against the forces of reaction. The refusal of the Socialists to respond to the toast of the Emperor, on the occasion of the first session of the Reichstag in the new building, was certainly a bold and significant demonstration, but, if the spirit of the Germans is at all like that of Anglo-Saxons, the very worst policy that could be pursued is to make it the occasion of threatened prosecution and repressive legislation. The Emperor is probably, at least partially right in regarding it as aimed rather against the Constitution than against himself personally, though it can scarcely be doubted that his own fondness for exploiting the monarchial factor in the Constitution at every opportunity is one of the most effective agencies in making that feature of the system unpopular. But what is the worth of any demonstration of applause apart from its spontaneousness? Should a body of British Radicals decline to pay a similar compliment to some member of the Royal Family on a similar occasion, the result might be an outburst of popular disapproval, but what Government would be so unwise as to take public notice of it? Should the very severe provisions of the proposed anti-revolutionary bill be passed and become law, and an attempt be made to enforce such clauses as most flagrantly

threaten to take away the right of free speech, it will be a marvel if the result does not prove to be such a strengthening of the Liberal and Socialistic forces as may lead to serious consequences. It is inconceivable that a people so intelligent, educated, and energetic as the Germans will tamely submit to have their liberties placed at the mercy of a personal Government, in any such fashion.

**The United States
Banking System.**

Secretary Carlisle, of the United States Treasury, has proposed a scheme for increasing, without cost to the Government, the volume of the paper currency of the country, and it seems not unlikely that something of the sort may be adopted during the present session of Congress. The national paper currency now in use—apart from silver certificates represented by silver bullion in the Treasury vaults—amounts to nearly \$500,000,000, and is made up of nearly \$350,000,000 of the old "greenbacks" and a little over \$150,000,000 of Treasury notes. All of this amount is redeemable in gold, and for the redemption of such notes as may be presented the Treasury holds only a little over \$60,000,000—less than one-eighth of the amount necessary to redeem all the Government currency if it were all presented at once. It was to increase the amount of gold held for the redemption of these notes that the United States Government recently issued \$30,000,000 of five per cent. bonds, that being the amount required to purchase \$50,000,000 of gold, as the premium on the five per cent. bonds brought the rate of interest down to about three per cent. This curious transaction has made prominent two features of the situation that the Canadian student of public finance would do well to note: (1) the fact that if the Government were free to ask for a loan at any rate per cent. that seemed to suit the money market it could obtain all it wanted at a still lower rate than three; and (2) that so long as the Government is compelled by law to keep up this immense amount of national paper currency just so long will it be compelled to resort now and then to extraordinary measures to keep its gold reserve up to the \$100,000,000 minimum. The United States has other paper currency of a very useful kind—the national bank notes secured by a deposit of national bonds with the national Treasury. Were this currency endowed with the elasticity so characteristic of the Canadian bank note issue, there would be little or no demand either for the coinage of more silver or for the issue of more Government notes. Indeed all the Government notes might be allowed to disappear from circulation, as they soon would through ordinary wear, tear, and losses. Secretary Carlisle's proposal is (1) to alter the national bank currency system so as to make it approximate to the Canadian system and (2) to allow the State banks to resume the power to issue notes without having them taxed. This would, if it were adopted, furnish at once an ample supply of the medium of exchange, but the bank note issue would still fall far short of the Canadian issue in one very important respect. In Canada every chartered bank is bound by law to accept at par the notes of every other chartered bank, and so long as State banks are allowed to issue notes it will be impossible to add such a provision to the United States system. As matters stand, Secretary Carlisle's proposal is a high tribute to our Canadian Banking System, which is undoubtedly the best in the world and is likely long to remain so.

**Is Christianity
Practicable?**

Skeptical writers of a certain class are just now fond of laying especial stress upon the allegation that Christianity, considered as a law for the regulation of human conduct, is not practicable. In an article in the *International Journal of Ethics* (October), Mr. F. H. Bradley pushes this argument to most startling conclusions. We quote a few specimens:

"If 'Christianity' is to mean the taking of the Gospel as our rule of life, then we none of us are Christians, and no matter what we say, we all know we ought not to be."

It (the morality of the New Testament) implies that the development of the individual and the state is worthless.

The rights of property are denied or suspected, the ties of the family are broken, there is no longer any nation or patriotism, and the union of the sexes becomes a second-rate means against sin. Universal love doubtless is a virtue, but tameness and baseness to turn the cheek to every rascal who smites it, to suffer the robbery of villains and the contumely of the oppressor, to stand by idly when the helpless are violated and the land of one's birth is in its death struggle, and to leave honour and justice to God above—are qualities that deserve some other epithet. The morality of the primitive Christians is that of a religious sect; it is homeless, sexless and nationless. The morality of to-day rests on the family, on property, and the nation. Our duty is to be members of the world we are in; to be in the world and not of it was their type of perfection."

One knows not what to say to such rant as this. Its own extravagance and absurdity would be its best refutation were it not that there is a shallow plausibility about it which is sure to be eagerly accepted by many, to their own lasting moral injury. Has the writer ever read history? Does he know anything of the great ethical forces which have, all through the centuries, been the most potent and effective civilizing agencies? What but Christianity has given the world its sublimest examples of moral heroism, in the individual and in the nation? What has been the mightiest inspiration of those who have fought and won the great battles for national and racial and personal freedom—freedom of action, of thought, of conscience? What has been the source of the invisible energy which has redeemed woman in all Christian countries from the lowest degradation and made her man's companion and helpmeet, and the light and joy of myriads of peaceful and happy homes, such as the world without the New Testament never knew? Did Mr. Bradley ever honestly set himself to imagine the result, could all the knowledge and all the moral influence of those Gospels be swept out of the world to-day so effectively that whatever of elevating thought, of pure motive, of lofty aspiration, of ennobling inspiration to good deeds of every kind, is, directly or indirectly, the outcome of that knowledge and that influence, should suddenly disappear with them? What would be the effect upon the world, upon his own country, nay, upon his own mental and moral character, could every vestige of thought and sentiment, of motive and impulse, of mental and moral habit, which have been directly or indirectly derived from Christianity, be instantly blotted out?

The mode of interpretation by which such writers as Mr. Bradley reach their conclusions with regard to Christian ethics is such,

A Short-sighted Interpretation.

we make hold to say, as would be scouted if applied to any other book or teaching. It is literalism pushed to the most absurd and self-contradictory extreme. A single example will illustrate this. Mr. Bradley implies that Christians are taught "to turn the cheek to every rascal who smites it, to suffer the robbery of villains, to stand by idly when the helpless are violated, etc." These tremendous conclusions are, no doubt, drawn from the grandest, the most sublime of all moral precepts—a precept which, if universally acted on, would make the world a restored paradise—"Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself," and its interpretative maxim "Whatsoever ye would, etc." If we ask "Who is my neighbour?" the Great Teacher answers by an illustration which clearly means that one's neighbour is any and every man or woman to whom one can do a good turn. And yet this strange interpreter would have us believe that the fulfilment of this great, all-comprehensive, ethical law would

require that one should stand by idle while the grossest and cruellest wrong was being perpetrated upon one or many fellow-creatures, simply because he is told to recognize in the perpetrator of the outrage a neighbour whom he is bound to love! Are those suffering the injury, be they strangers or his dearest relatives, not his neighbours, also, in the Christian sense? That were doing unto them as he would have them do to him with a vengeance! Then, again, a second assumption involved, which is scarcely less absurd, is that the true way to exhibit love to the aggressor is to stand idly by and permit him to perpetrate any crime to which he may be impelled by the passion of the moment, instead of saving him, if possible, from the consequences of his own depravity or madness, even by striking him, if necessary, senseless to the ground. One wonder is that such transparent nonsense should be admitted to a journal of standing, another that any thoughtful person can fail to see that the ethical law which is thus shallowly misinterpreted is manifestly adapted to constrain everyone who accepts it to do his very best, according to the clearest light and highest wisdom he can attain, to promote the true welfare of the individual as a member of the family and the nation, and in every relation of life.

Religion versus Ethics.

Before THE WEEK can plead to the charge of seeking the solution of the question of religious instruction in the schools in the direction of secularism (*vide* Mr. Burton's letter in last number), it is evident that we shall have to ask for an independent commission to lay down the boundary line between ethics and religion. If the system which Mr. Burton describes, with approval, in his last letter, is really a system of religious instruction, we can gladly lay down our pencil and admit that there is no longer any difference between us on the point worth mentioning. If our readers have done us the honour to note our views and arguments whenever the question has come up, they will remember that we have always strongly insisted on the necessity of distinct and positive ethical teaching in the schools. We have deplored the utter lack of anything like definite moral teaching under the present system. Nay, we have, unless our memory is strangely at fault, distinctly referred to the great moral law which the founder of Christianity quoted as the sum of his system on its man-ward side, together with the simple "Golden Rule" which he gave to guide in the application of that law, as constituting an ethical system, so complete, so far-reaching, so simple, that even an Agnostic could scarcely object to making it the basis of moral training for children in the schools. On this point, therefore, we are in hearty agreement with our contributor. The difference so far is that what we call ethics he regards as religion. The only question remaining is that of the daily repetition of the Lord's Prayer. To this few would take exception, so long as no notes or comments were permitted. The chief objection from either the educational or the religious point of view would be that which lies against unintelligent rote-work. Genuine education demands the development of the intelligence. It begins only when the child begins to ask questions, and a child of active mind could ask many questions based upon the foundations and implications of that sublime prayer, which nothing less than a certificate of theological qualification granted by the Educational Department after searching examination could guarantee the teacher's fitness to answer. Perhaps some might hesitate to accept even that. But by all means let us agree upon the teaching in every school of the great law of conduct, whether we call it religion or ethics, which requires right feeling as the basis and self-application as the test, of conduct in all our reactions to others,

and which commends itself to the reason as well as to the moral intuition of even a child. Let us not quarrel about a name. The only difficulty will be in inducing believers in dogmatic theology, as are nine-tenths of all those who value religious teaching, to accept this as such teaching.

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Municipal Government of Cities.

THE question of internal administration in cities, though circumstances have just now brought it to the front in an especial manner in Toronto, is, nevertheless, one of so great interest to every city in the Dominion that no apology is needed for discussing it in a journal whose mission it is to deal with general rather than with local questions. The revelations which are being made before Judge McDougall's Court of Inquiry have very naturally stirred the citizens of Toronto, as they have not in a long time been stirred by any municipal affair. The mass meeting of citizens held on Friday evening last was a manifestation of this feeling, which, there is reason to hope, may bear fruit in the shape of a wiser, purer, and more efficient civic government.

The leading citizens of all classes were fairly well represented at the meeting, and though all were not of one mind touching the reforms proposed, the desirability of very important changes was affirmed with sufficient unanimity to afford good ground to hope for practical and permanent results. While changes of system of considerable importance were recommended, the meeting did well to remember that not only is the evil too deep-seated to be cured by any spasmodic outburst of righteous indignation, but that no change of system will effect the reform needed, unless carried into effect by the constant watchfulness and untiring energy of honest and able administrators.

The meeting wisely took action to prevent the movement from exhausting itself in words by appointing a large and representative Citizens' Committee, to hold office until the improvements recommended and such others as may be found to be desirable small have been effected. The question of making this or some smaller committee permanent may perhaps arise on a future occasion.

The first change recommended by the meeting is a pretty radical one, but it is one which will, we believe, commend itself on reflection to most intelligent citizens. Its essential feature has been more than once advocated in these columns. It involves two important innovations, the separation of legislative from executive functions, and the payment of a small number of first-class experts, chosen to be the Executive branch of the civil government, with adequate remuneration, they in return to give their whole time and their best energies to the service of the city. Toronto is rich enough to pay adequately those who are capable of doing necessary work, and work which requires qualifications of no common order. She should be too independent, or too proud, or, if you please, too sagacious to ask or expect to have it done on any other than this sound business principle, and we may be sure that if the right men are chosen, the change, instead of increasing the cost of civic administration, will prove to be a most economical one, reducing, rather than increasing, the rate of taxation.

Many important questions arise in connection with this proposal which are matters of detail, and into which the meeting did not, of course, enter. Such are the number of the Executive officers, and of the Legislative Council, which will still be needed, composed of some of our wisest and best citizens. How, and by whom shall the members of the Executive be appointed, is a question of fundamental importance, which the meeting might have well dis-

cussed. Not by the Mayor alone, we should hope. That is as one of the speakers pointed out, the New York system, which is a sufficient reason for its rejection. There are, too, serious objections to appointment by the Mayor, subject to confirmation by the Council, or appointment by the Council, subject to ratification by the Mayor, though it may, perhaps, be difficult to suggest a better method than one of these.

The other innovation approved by the meeting has also been hitherto discussed, and met with a good deal of favour. We refer, of course, to the resolution recommending that the ward system be done away with, and that the Aldermen be elected by the direct vote of the rate-payers of the city, without reference to such divisions. The evils of the ward system, even with the enlarged wards into which the city is now divided, are seen to be so glaring in practice that it is doubtful if a really reliable body of Councillors can be elected so long as that method remains in vogue. For our own part, we are inclined to anticipate a day when the analogous system shall be abolished in Dominion and Provincial elections, in which the abuses arising out of the selfishness and pettiness of local aims and interests are among the most corrupting influences which degrade our politics. In so speaking we have not in view, either in civic or general elections, the cumulative, but the "one-man, one-vote," method. Of course, the practical difficulties would increase with the size of constituencies, but they could not be very serious in a city no larger than Toronto.

But it must not be forgotten that these reforms, even if adopted, belong to the future and cannot be brought into operation in time for the approaching elections. It should be remembered, too, that no machinery, however excellent, can work itself. Even were the most perfect system that the wisdom of man could devise put into immediate operation, it could not bring about the needed reform, without the active co-operation and perpetual vigilance of the best citizens. Everything would still depend upon the characters and qualifications of the men behind the system. The perfected machinery would prove but a delusion and a snare, unless the mental and moral energies of good citizens were brought into perpetual requisition as the operating force. Our present system, with all its defects, is capable of producing good results were it worked throughout by honest and capable hands. The primary cause of the present deplorable failure is the selfish and purblind indifference, of which we spoke last week, of so many of the very citizens who ought to be foremost in energetic effort to insure the election of the right men to municipal office. It is to be hoped and presumed that the large and influential Citizens' Committee which has now been appointed will recognize it as an important and indispensable part of their duty, not only to induce the right men to offer themselves as candidates for the high and honourable positions of aldermen, but to use every practicable means to impress upon all the voters that it is their bounden duty to use their votes and influence to secure the election of such men. It may be worthy of consideration whether a brief but stirring circular placed, if possible, in the hands of every tax-payer, might not help to bring about this result.

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Women Teachers.

THE question of allowing married women to be teachers in our public schools was recently brought up before the Board; and we are happy to see that common sense prevailed, and that the opponents of the lady teachers were defeated by a very satisfactory majority.

What was the reason for this question being raised at

the present moment? Was it intended to raise the whole question of teaching being conducted by women in our schools? We could perfectly well understand that some among us might entertain a doubt as to whether, in our new-born zeal for the claims of women, we were not making mistakes, diverting them from proper feminine work by putting them to do work quite unfeminine. But even if such a question should be raised, it could hardly apply to the work of education; and we do not imagine that any one, at this time of day, seriously proposes to limit the action of women in this direction.

We could also understand that objections should be made to employing as teachers married women with young children. Very serious objections might arise on this subject from different points of view. In the first place, grave doubts might be entertained as to the efficiency of the work of a woman whose heart was in her nursery, whilst her head and hands were trying to be in the schoolroom and in her classes. But perhaps a stronger objection is found in the consideration that her heart ought to be in the nursery. The mother's first duty must be to her own children; and, even if she were able to clothe them better and feed them better by leaving them in the charge of others and earning money for them elsewhere, the gain would be of a very questionable character. Or rather, there would be unquestionable loss to her and to them.

But this is not at all the point which was urged or the proposal which was made. The proposal was, that married women who had no children should be removed from their posts in the public schools. And why, in the name of reason and justice? Why? Because they are incompetent? Not at all. Because they neglected their husbands, or their buttons, or did not darn their stockings? We are not speaking of women who have children, so that point does not come in. Still they might neglect their husbands. Was this the plea? Not at all. It was, that other and younger women were wanting their places. Heavens and earth! Here is a theory of government indeed! And we fear, one which has got rather serious possession of a good many of our rulers.

Every now and then some one is mysteriously removed from a post—in schools, in offices, in custom house; and no one quite knows why. He was not incompetent or neglectful or worn out; but he has to go. And then it leaks out that somebody wanted the place! This is the way to get cheerful service, is it not? This is the way to secure integrity? On the contrary, it is the way to make people try to retain their posts by all kinds of illegitimate methods, and to get all they can out of them, honestly or otherwise, so long as they hold them.

How would these school trustees like that these married women should commence a quiet canvas among their friends for the expulsion of Mr. Smith, or Mr. Jones at the next election, because Mr. Tompkins and Mr. Jenkins would be more likely to advocate their cause? Surely it would serve Smith and Jones quite right. And it is in this way that we get bad government, instead of good, and unreason instead of reason.

The proposition as regards the married women was defeated by a very satisfactory majority. If ever it should be revived, it is to be hoped that it may be so in a more rational manner. We have been very merciful to these foolish gentlemen in our discussion of their folly. They may fare worse another time.

* * *

Most old people are religious not because they have fallen on piety at the last, but because they embraced righteousness at the first. A golden autumn and its harvest are related to a green springtime, and its sowing of sound grain, in blood, brawn and brain, in the sequence of cause and effect.

Memoirs of Sir John A. Macdonald.*

THESE volumes are rightly named by Mr. Pope. They will be considered by many both as a political history and as a biography, but they are neither the one nor the other. Indispensable to the future historian of Canada, or to any one who may yet feel called on to write the life of the real John A. Macdonald, they are simply memoirs. They are, however, the only biography which we are ever likely to get of the great statesman. "He was naturally the most reserved of men and his confidences very few." It was, therefore, difficult for anyone to know him through and through, and those who knew him best have either gone from us or are little likely to reveal anything that might be construed to his discredit; and Mr. Pope the only person who has had the advantage of access to his private papers, and who says that the richness of the material proved a fruitful source of embarrassment has made his selection, and nothing that would tend to reveal the hero of his work in a different light is likely to be ever given to the world. In saying this, it is not meant that Mr. Pope has acted otherwise than in good faith in making his selection, but simply that he was bound by what he believed to be honourable obligations and necessarily by his own limitations. Sir John was sixty-seven years old before he ever spoke to him, and from that day the young secretary looked up to "the old man" as not only his chief and the unrowned king of Canada, but as a friend and almost a father. Naturally enough, then, the memoirs are not of the kind which Froude has given us of Carlyle, nor the portrait such as Cromwell insisted on, with the wart on the nose in all its ugliness, on peril of the painter not receiving a groat for his work. If Mr. Pope could paint like Sir Peter Lely or write a biography like Boswell, it would, to his mind, be treason to the man and to the party to do so. Even when he tells a story which throws more light on Sir John's character, particularly on his saving sense of humour, than scores of speeches or letters, he is careful to mention that it is told of Sir John, not by him. He evidently made no attempt to verify it, for there are persons who would use it as a ground of attack; and it is not for him to give occasion to any enemy to blaspheme. The story is too good to be omitted: A reporter knowing that it would not do to print his notes, as they stood, of a speech delivered by Sir John the evening before, called on him next day and told him that he was not quite sure of having secured an accurate report. Sir John received him kindly, and invited him to read over his notes. He did not get far when he interrupted him: "That is not what I said." There was a pause and Sir John continued: "Let me repeat my remarks." He then walked up and down the room, and delivered a most impressive speech in the hearing of the delighted reporter, who took down every word as it fell from his lips. Having profusely thanked Sir John for his courtesy, he was taking his leave when he was recalled to receive this admonition: "Young man, allow me give you this word of advice. Never again attempt to report a public speaker when you are drunk."

Such as the memoirs are, however, we are very thankful to get them. Although there are blemishes which must be noted and which can be explained in great part by the writer's too complete identification of himself with his chief's likes or supposed dislikes and points of view, the work has been done well, done, it may be added, with much self-suppression, with discrimination, and with a praise-worthy regard to brevity. Sir John is generally allowed to speak for himself, and the impression which, I believe, will be made on impartial readers is that he was not only a greater but a better man than we had thought. The praise lavished on him immediately after his death sounded indiscriminating and extravagant to all but his warmest friends. Read in connection with the still more indiscriminating and extravagant attacks made on him for many years before, and with the revelations of long continued corruption in the department of a trusted lieutenant which followed, and which threw a dark shadow on his methods of administration, it was difficult to form a just estimate of his true character and of the value of his services to the country, or to make due allowance for the fact that, in Canada and the United States,

*Memoirs of the Right Honourable Sir John A. Macdonald, G. C.B., First Prime Minister of the Dominion of Canada. By J. Pope. In two volumes. Ottawa: J. Durie & Son.

methods essentially immoral are accepted by both parties in one form or another as the rules of the game. Now that the data for forming a fair judgment are before us, it is a great comfort to know that the people of Canada did on the whole judge justly, and that the man whom they honoured with their confidence for more than thirty years deserved it. That he repaid their confidence with unremitting, untiring, self-sacrificing devotion to what he believed to be their best interests these volumes show. They certainly also bear out his own contention that "if a man desire peace and domestic happiness he will find neither in performing the thankless task of a public officer"; and that—in the language of one who knew him—"the office of first minister was not an office that a self-seeking man could have kept for a single session."

The great mistake committed by Mr. Pope and the fault for which he deserves censure is that, in allowing himself to be unjust towards some of the friends and at least one of the opponents of his chief, he has done an injustice to Sir John himself. What purpose was to be served by giving to the public the private letter in which Sir John, forty years ago, told a personal friend that Hillyard Cameron's abilities were confined to a good memory and a vicious fluency of speech; that he lacked general intelligence and was altogether devoid of political reading; that he was seeking Parliament again from selfish interests, and "I would be sorry to see him represent so powerful a constituency as Toronto?" Mr. Pope considers that Robert Baldwin was one of those "Radical leaders who understood imperfectly that system of Responsible Government for which they were so loudly clamouring," because, in accepting office under Lord Sydenham, "he actually took the extraordinary step of notifying certain leading members of the Council that they were not to regard his accession to their body as indicative of any political confidence in them. It appears," continues Mr. Pope, "that Mr. Baldwin considered this notice sufficient to relieve him of the ordinary obligations which are supposed to govern the actions of Cabinet Ministers in their relations towards the crown and each other, for that gentleman, while holding office in the administration, thought it was not inconsistent with his own honour and his duty towards his colleagues, to enter into negotiations with the leaders of the Opposition, with a view to the retirement of three members of the Government in favour of certain members of the Radical party." Well, how shall we compare Baldwin's frank attitude to his colleagues, an attitude known to them, quite legitimate in the circumstances, and sanctioned by the Governor-General, who considered himself the head of the Cabinet, with such a letter as this of Macdonald's regarding one of his colleagues? The only explanation to be offered for Mr. Pope's indiscretion is that his clansman-like fidelity to his chief made him forget, for the moment, Tallyrand's warning against over-zeal. Hillyard Cameron was one of the old family compact, regarded by Macdonald "as a selfish coterie of Toronto exclusionists" and concerning whom he wrote in 1864 to the Hon. William Macdougall: "The fiercest enemies I had in 1854 were Hillyard Cameron and the high Tories." Apparently the temptation to let us know what Sir John really thought of a colleague who looked upon him as "an audacious young man from Kingston" was too strong for Mr. Pope to resist. And his instinctive dislike of everyone who is or ever has been a "Radical" possibly explains the insertion of Sir John's private letter to Sir John Rose, of Dec. 31, 1869, in which he tells him that "Macdougall has made a most inglorious *fiasco* at Red River," and speaks of Macdougall entering "into a series of inglorious intrigues, *particulars of which I do not yet know*, with the Swampy Indians, etc." Had due thought been given to the political sacrifices which William Macdougall made to extricate Canada from the deadlocks which threatened its life and to put Sir John firmly into the saddle, as the first Premier of the Dominion, and, still more, to the sacrifices made subsequently when he refused to join with George Brown in his efforts to break up the Coalition Government, this sweeping condemnation of him unheard would not have been resurrected, twenty-five years after it was pronounced. My own conviction is that the state of matters at Red River was such, at the time, that there would have been an explosion, no matter who was sent up as Governor. Had the Baroness Macdonald's health permitted her to revise these volumes before publication, probably neither of the letters to which attention has been called would have appeared. At any rate, we might have had a similar footnote to that which is appended to Sir John's uncomplimen-

tary allusions to his American colleagues with whom the Treaty of Washington was made, that "It should be borne in mind that these letters were written in moments of irritation, when there is always a tendency to exaggerate."

Mr. Pope's view of men seldom rises beyond the horizon of personal or party fealty. His ideal member of parliament is Mr. George Dickenson, "one of many who, on that occasion," (the vote on the Jesuits Estates' Act) "risked their political lives, *for the sake of the old man*;" or Sir Charles Tupper, whom he contrasts with Sir Alexander Galt, a statesman whose high mental and moral independence he will not ascribe to "mere selfishness or jealousy," but rather "to an inconstancy of purpose which was constitutional to him." He evidently sympathizes with Sir John for "almost cutting" Sir Alexander, contrary to his own rule that political differences do not justify personal estrangement, because the latter had in a letter to Mr. Ferrier taken the position which the country took on the Pacific scandal; and he is unnecessarily rude in referring to Sir Alexander Campbell, who, on one occasion, having expressed a desire to go to England, drew back when appointed, "much to the annoyance of Sir John." "This action on Mr. Campbell's part," he authoritatively says, "had nothing to do with questions of public policy; it simply suited his personal convenience to change his plans, and the student of Canadian politics may not be surprised to learn that personal convenience was ever with Sir Alexander Campbell, a potent consideration in his relations with Sir John Macdonald." A strong man like Sir Charles Tupper, who was willing to work under Sir John, is all right. There is no blot on his fame. But what is to be said of the strong man, like George Brown, who was not willing? Mr. Pope is no more able to read such a man aright than Tacitus was to understand the early Christians. Mr. Brown, doubtless, was a most aggravating person. He had convictions but he had no sense of perspective. His convictions on small, personal and local matters were as strongly entertained and as vehemently expressed as those which he held on "the fundamentals." Mr. Mantalini's creditors were quite willing to throw off, from his account, the farthings, and even the pence and the shillings; but Mr. Brown's conscience would never have permitted such laxity. He would rather have sacrificed "the demd total." Almost any of his speeches or letters reveals the man. Here is a specimen:—In 1864, after making an examination of the Parliamentary buildings, then being erected in Ottawa, he says, in the course of a letter to Sir John, "The buildings are magnificent; the style, the extent, the site, the workmanship are all surpassingly fine. But they are just 500 years in advance of the time. It will cost half the revenue of the Province to light them and heat them and keep them clean." Mr. Brown knew exactly how far in advance of the time the buildings were, and he would have wrecked a government or gone to the stake rather than have taken one year off the five hundred. But, to explain his course in connection with the "Short Administration," or any other epoch, simply by "over-weening ambition and inordinate vanity," or by a desire for the prefix "honourable," or to such gratifications as could be afforded by the assumption, for a fleeting moment, of "the functions of constitutional adviser of the Crown," shows Mr. Pope's utter lack of insight into character; and the sneer that Mr. Brown had yet to learn that "the only means of entrance for him into that much desired chamber" (the Executive Council Chamber) "was by the favour of Mr. John A. Macdonald" shows something worse. Nothing could have been more honourable than Mr. George Brown's next entrance into the chamber; it was rather he who permitted Mr. John A. Macdonald to remain in it. At the time, he was leader of the Opposition and the Opposition numbered half the House and had just defeated Sir John's Government. Then it was, Mr. Pope being witness, that public attention was "attracted by the spectacle of George Brown pressing forward in the strangely unfamiliar garb of a peacemaker." He would have been within his rights had he demanded six members of the proposed Coalition Government but he accepted three rather than keep the country unsettled; and he sacrificed his own feelings, interests and power by becoming, much against his will, one of the three. Sir John and everyone else declared that his acceptance of office was indispensable to the peace and prosperity of Canada and to the securing of confederation. Now that both are dead, those who would have us blind to Sir John's failings might also be a little blind to Mr. Brown's.

What makes Mr. Pope's mistakes rather provoking is that his two volumes would hardly have suffered, even in size, to more than the extent of a page, had all these irritating references been omitted. As it is, they are certain to arouse ill-feeling and controversy. Worse, they are of the nature of red herrings across a first-rate scent. Attention will be called to them, instead of to the matters of national importance on which so much new light has been thrown. Besides, they contribute nothing of the slightest consequence to our knowledge of the man or of the times. As regards George Brown, the extract given from the speech at the "White" banquet, in 1875, shows that Mr. Pope reflects feelings which Sir John entertained. Brown hit so hard and so often, and used his paper so unscrupulously to spread broadcast over the country attacks which were slanders, even when they were half truths, that Sir John would have been more than human had he been able to speak of him calmly or to do him justice in his soul. But, these attacks are now forgotten, and it is unwise to disturb the judgment of the country by recalling them unnecessarily and still more by referring to them with *animus*. Sir John is now judged by what he was and what he did, and not by what Mr. Brown or any one else said of him in the heady fight.

The substantive value of Mr. Pope's work consists of a sketch of Macdonald's history from his entry into public life to the coalition of 1854, when the Liberal Conservative party was formed, his career in office to the Deadlock, the formation of the coalition ministry of 1864, the correspondence with regard to Confederation and the subsequent dealings with Joseph Howe, his correspondence with his colleagues on the subject of the Treaty of Washington, and his letter to Lord Dufferin on the subject of the granting of the first Canadian Pacific Railway charter. Light is thrown incidentally upon the character of the man, in the course of the narrative, and it all goes to confirm the personal estimate of him formed by those who knew him longest and most intimately. He was not only "intensely human" but essentially a humane man. His preserving for many years the box of toys—the animals, the broken rattle, the little cart—which had belonged to his eldest son, who was accidentally killed when only two years of age, his habit of going home from exhausting labours in the House and the Cabinet to give the half-hour before dinner to his invalid daughter, his first words on entering his house often being "Where is my little girl?" his correspondence with mother, sister and other relations never neglected—no matter how great the pressure of business might be—his infinite patience under slanders from enemies and what was far harder to bear—entreaties for offices for which God had not intended them, from friends' entreaties which often sounded like veiled threats—his readiness to forget and forgive, his lifelong sacrifice of personal interests and personal feelings, his reverence for divine things combined with comparative indifference with regard to their form, his loyalty, chivalry, humour and care for his "wounded birds," all attract us. When these qualities were combined—as they were in him—with wide knowledge of books and keen insight into character, with power of thought and power of speech, with rare mastery of political forms and constitutional questions and an intuitive perception of every current of popular feeling, with untiring industry and extraordinary acquaintance with details and with men, we see how it was that he drew others to himself by the force and attractiveness of his personality, and retained his hold of them by virtue of his solid weight as a statesman, until at length he came to be recognized as the one indispensable man in every government and every coalition to which he ever belonged. So remarkable was the combination of qualities in him for political leadership that, as a question of practical politics, we may venture to ask whether "the disgusting electioneering arts" to which, according to Mr. Campbell's letter of March, 1855, he had been compelled to resort, were the price which he had of necessity to pay, in order to succeed. Of course, he thought so, and practical politicians are so nearly unanimous on the point that the general question, when raised, is considered by them to be one of purely academic interest. He himself pleaded, for instance, in a letter to Lord Dufferin in 1873, that large sums had to be raised for the expenses of the general election, to offset the influence of the Ontario Government. "As the Provincial Government has all the local and county patronage of every kind, and the whole control of the sale and disposal of the public lands, timber and mines, you may easily fancy the

extent of the power they can exercise. Every manufacturer of lumber who wished to get an area of country for lumbering purposes, and every person having got or wishing to obtain or retain a mining license was transformed into an electioneering agent. I had, of course, cries for help from all sections and redoubled my exertions to procure it from every available source." In other words, "fire must fight fire." Money must be obtained, and it is most easily obtained from corporations, manufacturers and other persons who are interested in the success of the government. Where is that kind of fight to end? In a debasing civil war. In a universal Tammany. But does not the fact that Tammany has been overthrown, in the citadel of its strength, by moral forces, teach that it is not necessary to fight fire with fire, and that a man of the capacity of Sir John A. Macdonald might have had more faith in himself and in the higher forces that sway men. These very volumes are a record of how governments possessed of patronage have been beaten again and again by organizations new or old which appealed to the people merely with ideas or with promised reforms. Without wearying readers with citing illustrations from the earlier history, we may ask what brought about the result in 1878, when Sir John gained his greatest victory? Why, the party which had possession of all the patronage of Federal and Provincial Governments was routed, horse, foot and artillery, although the Opposition had been so discredited four years before that men everywhere predicted that it would never rise again, or that at any rate Sir John's day was at an end. Of course, the people may and often do decide wrongly, but all the time they wish to decide rightly. A real democrat knows that and therefore has patience with them and bends all his efforts to their enlightenment. He knows that it is easy to deceive them but that it is nobler, and in the end, too, it pays better, to undeceive than to bribe or befool them. It is, however, difficult to avoid coming to the conclusion that, though no one knew better than Sir John that the people are now the fountain of all power, he was not a true democrat. He did not trust the people. He thought that you must humbug where you could not master them. When we think of his powers and of what he might have done, it is with a feeling of profound grief that he did not choose the nobler path. Like Burke, he "To party gave up what was meant for mankind." He had indeed a brilliant career, but it might have been still greater. A man with his varied resources could afford to bide his time, and, at any rate, why should any man choose such a bed of thorns as public life, unless his object is to benefit the people? Consenting to impure methods of administration is consenting to poison the wells from which the people drink. A man may, indeed, retain power for a time thereby, but we are supposing that the desire for power is only the infirmity of a noble mind, not its controlling passion nor its main object.

It may be asked, at what points in Sir John's public life could a man, with his convictions as a Conservative, a Canadian, and a friend of British connection, have acted otherwise than he did? For answer, we may recall two occasions when he resorted to disgusting electioneering arts. On the first he opposed men like Baldwin and La Fontaine; and on the second, men like Alexander Mackenzie, Edward Blake and A. A. Dorion. We have only to name these men to see the absurdity of his invoking a power from hell to defeat them. Every one of them was as true a Conservative, in the proper sense of the word, as loyal a Canadian, and as firmly convinced of the advantages of British connection as Sir John himself. On the first occasion, however, he fought on the side of the "family," whose aims he knew to be selfish, instead of on the side of the unselfish Baldwin, who was driven out of public life by the extremists of his own party just because of his conservatism. Having defeated the Liberal Government by a union with Clear-grits and Rouges, which was based on an ambiguous phrase, interpreted in opposite senses by the different sections that voted for it, he subsequently formed the Liberal-Conservative party, by securing the co-operation of the Lower Canadian wing of the old cabinet, on the basis of accepting all the measures which the Conservatives had opposed;—the change in the constitution of the Legislative Council, the Abolition of the Seigniorial Tenure, and the Secularization of the Clergy Reserves! The coalition may have been necessary, though at the time it was called "immoral" by some of his friends and all his enemies. But how much better to have united earlier with Baldwin and La

Fontaine rather than later with Morin and his following! What moral beauty is there in fighting to the death to drive out of public life men whom you profoundly respect, and then uniting with inferior men of the same party? Of course, the Coalition broadened the base of the party, and lifted it out of its old position of antagonism to the French Canadians, but a coalition with Baldwin and La Fontaine would have been based on principle and have had in it the promise of permanence, instead of the seeds of deadlock.

Little need be said concerning the second occasion. By 1873, Sir John's mind had matured and he was at his best. He, himself, often declared that "his greatest triumphs were won before Confederation," but Mr. Pope rightly considers that, in saying this, "he had in his mind the extraordinary difficulties which beset his path in former days." Certainly, the best work he did for Canada was between 1864 and 1872. In the letter to Lord Dufferin, now made public, he has given his explanation of the Pacific scandal. Substantially, it is that Sir George Cartier, broken down in mind as well as in body, had yielded to the pressure brought on him, and had made the well-known arrangement with Sir Hugh Allan; but that neither he nor any member of the Government in Ottawa knew or had any suspicion of the nature of the arrangement or of the papers signed by Sir George, till they were stolen and given to the world; and that no such arrangement could bind the Government. Regard for Sir George prevented him from throwing any reflections on his memory. That high sense of honour to his colleague shows Sir John's magnanimity; but surely the public was entitled to know the truth as well as Lord Dufferin! As Sir Alexander Galt put it in a letter to Colonel Bernard in 1876: "It has always been a mystery to me how either of them (knowing them as I did) ever got into the position they did." Of course the true explanation was party expediency. As long as we have party government, similar things will be done, but greater care will be taken to conceal them. The public and public men may, in time, learn to distinguish between party as a means and party as an end, and to believe that the country is greater than any one of the political parties, past, present or to come.

Prior to 1864, Sir John would probably have been described as a very astute and far-sighted politician, with a rare faculty for governing men, and a remarkable power of administration, but his name could have been associated with no great measure originated by himself, as Baldwin's is with Responsible Government in the old Canadas, and Howe's with the same measure in Nova Scotia. But from that time his powers began to be recognized and Confederation gave proper scope for their exercise. Other able men from the different provinces took part with him and his colleagues in framing the seventy-two resolutions of the Quebec Conference, but, though no official record of the proceedings exists, it is pretty generally admitted that the largest share of the work fell to him. His tact was invaluable in bringing men to agreement, who differed so widely that more than once the failure of the negotiations seemed inevitable. At the subsequent conference, at Westminster, which resulted in the British North America Act, his was again the guiding hand. The importance of this work cannot be over-estimated by Canadians. The fact that the Australian Colonies have again and again tried to form a United Australia and have failed, in spite of their being homogeneous in every respect, is a commentary on the extraordinary difficulty of effecting a union between independent communities in time of peace. The difficulties which the thirteen colonies to the south experienced in drawing up their constitution, even after a long and terrible war had welded them into practical unity, points the same moral. Many were the difficulties which had to be triumphed over at both Conferences, because of differences of race, creed, political views, personal antipathies, the conflicting interests of the several provinces, and also—according to Mr. Pope—"the want of appreciation shown by the Imperial authorities of the great work in hand," they apparently not being "animated by any higher notion than that it would be a good deal more convenient to deal with one colony than with half a dozen." On Sir John also fell the labour of arranging and putting in motion the machinery of the new Dominion. Concerning this, it is enough to say that the first Cabinet had to be formed without Sir Charles Tupper or D'Arcy McGee, and with Mr. Edward Kenny! Mr. Kenny pressed no claim and had no personal ambition, but it was necessary to have an Irish Roman Catholic in the Cabinet,

and McGee could not be taken as a representative of Nova Scotia! Truly, a statesman who has to govern a country like Canada requires patience.

Almost immediately, another task, the pacifying of Nova Scotia, was imposed on Sir John. The difficulty of this task Mr. Pope appreciates. Success seemed out of the question and failure would have entailed the gravest consequences. The correspondence between him and Mr. Howe does credit to both men, although, of course, there were thousands, of whom some survive, who believed that Sir John had bought Howe with office, and that Howe betrayed the party which he had created. Men, who cannot sell themselves, generally believe that those who can will—whenever they get the chance. Sir John knew that this problem could not be solved by the gross methods of the ordinary politician. Howe was a statesman of the same rank as Macdonald, and having stirred up the anti-Confederate agitation, in Nova Scotia with consummate ability and energy, he well knew that he could not allay it unless he carried the sober political sense of the people. It was necessary, therefore, to allow him a free hand in Britain. Only when his efforts there failed could he be approached. Then the task was to convince him that there was no other course open to him, but to discuss with Sir John the defects of the Quebec scheme, so far as Nova Scotia was concerned, and to negotiate for better terms. He had also to be convinced that, in this, the Ministry was honestly desirous of meeting him half-way. The correspondence reveals the negotiations that took place and the process of thought by which Howe was led to agree to a settlement. That he had appreciated correctly the sentiments of the people was seen in the furious outburst of indignation which greeted the announcement that he had consented to become a member of the Ministry, as a guarantee that the better terms, which Sir John had pledged to carry through Parliament, would be accepted by Nova Scotia. He would have been defeated, when he presented himself for election, had not Tupper, with his usual promptitude, gone to his help and delivered some of his sledge hammer blows against the recusants.

When Sir John, soon after this, represented Canada on the Commission appointed to negotiate the Treaty of Washington, he did the most important work of his life. Others shared with him the labours connected with administration, Confederation, and the policy of constructing the Canadian Pacific Railway. Cartier, perhaps, deserves more credit than he, so far as the railway is concerned. But he stood alone in the work which he did in Washington, and he stood there on a very high hill. We are apt to forget the significance of the step which the British Government took, in deciding to place a representative of the Canadian Cabinet, as an imperial plenipotentiary, upon the Joint High Commission. It was a new departure in the history of the Empire, and much was felt to depend on its success or failure. It was taken in connection with a people whose friendship the Mother Country is more anxious to retain than that of the whole of the rest of the world. It was known, too, that the questions to be settled had excited the people of the United States so keenly that, if the negotiations failed, war would have been the result, on the very next occasion when Britain was in a difficulty with other powers. The correspondence now given to the world reveals how splendidly Sir John did his duty as an Imperial and Canadian Commissioner. It vindicates all that Mr. O. A. Howland has said in "The New Empire" concerning the significance of the step which was taken and its importance as a precedent:—"That most critical negotiation would not have been entrusted to weak or untried hands. . . . As a commissioner Sir John braved popular clamour from his own provinces. . . . Had Sir John taken the extreme course which a weaker minister could hardly have avoided, and withdrawn, protesting, from the negotiation, it is fairly certain that it would have been long before the precedent of recognizing Canada in the appointment of negotiators would have been followed. It was true statesmanship to perceive that temporary loss was balanced by future gain, that the abandonment of a million, or more, claimed for past raids," (the Fenian Raids) "was as nothing, compared to security against the recurrence of similar injuries. Nothing was surer to create that security than the establishment of Canada's right to participate in the making of British treaties; by which, in the course of time, it was to be made manifest to the neighbouring power that Canada and the Empire were one, and that Canadian interests would be guarded as those

of Britain herself.* Mr. Secretary Fish had objected in advance to the appointment of a Canadian Commissioner, and before the negotiations ended he must have wished that he had stood resolutely on his objection. But for Sir John he would have had it all his own way. Mr. Pope's two chapters on the treaty must be read to understand the statesman-like attitude of Sir John, on this great occasion, towards his colleagues and the American commissioners alike: his clear knowledge and firm defence of Canada's interests, and his wide and fearless vision in the most critical moments. No one estimated more truly than he the overwhelming importance of friendly relations being maintained between the Empire, Canada particularly, and the United States; but he refused to be "bluffed" into fancying for a moment that those relations could be endangered by the maintenance of an undisputed right, such as we had to our fisheries. He took the position, and could not be moved from it, that we ought not to sacrifice our rights by reason of threats, and that if the Americans wished to purchase our property they must pay our price. The price was the renewal of something like the old Reciprocity Treaty. When that was refused, nothing would induce him to sell, though he was willing to lease for a term of years for a fair rental. In the end, instead of one million, which the American commissioners had declared to be an ample price for the fisheries in perpetuity, we received five and a half millions for a twelve-years rental. Not only was this a sum worth struggling for, but the paying of rent is the best possible acknowledgement of ownership. Though a life-long Imperialist, he told the British commissioners that if England was afraid or unwilling to protect us in the enjoyment of our rights there was nothing for it but annexation. "Our maintenance as an independent nation was not to be thought of; we must be either English or American, and if protection was denied us by England, we might as well go while we had some property left us, with which we could make an arrangement with the United States." He had insight enough to know how it would fare with us if we stood alone, separated from Britain. That came out plainly enough even in the Washington negotiations. While he was there, the Canadian parliament repealed our coal and salt duties and "the moment the American coal and salt owners found that our market was open to them they put the screws on their representatives at Washington," and Sir John tells us with what result. "The present Government here is as weak as water and they have not the pluck to resist in the slightest degree the pressure from their friends in the Senate. The coal and salt dealers, with the usual blind cupidity of monopolists, calculated on the supply of our market for the present season and trust to the chances of the future." Another illustration is to be found in Article number twelve, in which Her Majesty agrees so urge the Legislature of New Brunswick to take off the export duty on lumber. Sir John says, "I fancy I see the Legislature granting the request! This is a part of Fish's buncombe to get the votes of the Senators from Maine to the treaty as a whole." Sir John's difficulties were enormous. Not only were the American and the four British commissioners all opposed to him, but also as Sir Stafford Northcote was one of the British—he knew that he could not expect any support from either party in the British House of Commons, as the British Opposition would not venture to criticise Sir Stafford's work. On one occasion he says that "Lord de Grey commenced to lecture me on my duty as a commissioner, and I was obliged to tell him very shortly that I believed I knew what my duty was and I would endeavour to perform it!"

Sir John's conduct of these negotiations gives us some idea of how much a statesman is worth to a nation. Had he been a colleague of Lord Ashburton, we should not have had "The Ashburton Capitulation;" and had he been the sole negotiator at Washington, it would have been better for the Empire. In crises, and these come to every nation, everything depends on having such men. As long, then, as a land breeds them, and has the wisdom to put them at the helm, it need fear no foe. When it takes to the breeding of caucus manipulators and picayune politicians, it will get its reward.

Mr. Pope's work has given us a better idea of Sir John than we had before, and he deserves grateful recognition. Let him not take criticism amiss. The imperfections of his work are few and its merits many.

Sir John had his faults. No one knew that better than himself, for he was free from that damning sin of hypocrisy, which eats the heart out of a man and makes him a mere *simulacrum*. But, in view of the repeated and splendid services which he did for his country, we forget the faults and pay him ungrudging honour. A story told by Mr. Pope shows how his apparently brilliant life appeared, on review, to himself. About a month before his last illness, the conversation at the breakfast table one morning turned upon death. Said he, "I cannot conceive how any one could consent to live his life over again." Somebody said, "Should you like it?" He said emphatically, "Certainly not." I did not quite catch his meaning, so I remarked, "With all your experience to guide you?" "Ah," said he, "that is a different matter. I did not mean that at all. What I mean is, to begin and lead your past life all over again, exactly as it has been led." It may be that this was said in a mood of depression, and that at another time he would have spoken differently. I read it otherwise. It seems to me the confession of a sincere man who had done his day's work, who had enjoyed life abundantly, but whose conscience, even in old age, was so true and tender that it recalled to him the sins of his youth and the transgressions of his riper years, the temptations to which he had yielded and the opportunities he had neglected, and who, from the depth of his heart, when alone with God, echoed the cry of the Psalmist, "For thy name's sake pardon mine iniquity, for it is great."

G. M. GRANT.

* * *

Connoisseur.

Of all the wines, if I had my choice,
I'd quaff a rare Cæcuban draught;
Of all the fruits that the heart rejoice,
I'll take the figs of Khoras-Taft.

Of fine vase work, give me King-te-Tchin;
Of flowers, select the orchis race;
Of glasses, blow me a goblet thin,
Venetian art of wondrous grace.

In music, chant me a Lydian strain,
Like Philomel's pellucid notes
That rise to heav'n, when the spring's cold rain
Has silenced less melodious throats.

Old prints, old tomes and the good old days;
Old statues, plate, Etruscan ware;
Old gems, old thoughts, and Ben Jonson's plays,
Are what delight a connoisseur.

JOHN STUART THOMSON.

Montreal, Que.

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Editions de Luxe.*

BEAUTIFUL in their simplicity, and of workmanship most artistic and rare in its perfection, the three volumes which come from the publishing house of Mr. Thomas B. Mosher, of Portland, Maine, are a delight to behold. One hardly expects that out of Portland should proceed such gems of typographical art as are the books printed by Mr. Mosher. THE WEEK takes great pleasure in introducing him to Canada as a publisher of choice limited editions in Belles Lettres. His "English Reprint Series," of which the first book on our list is one, and the "Bibelot Series" to which belong the "Rubaiyat" of Omar Khayyam, and "Felise," are printed on hand-made paper and done up in Japan vellum wrappers. Each issue of the "Bibelot Series" is strictly limited to seven hundred and twenty-five copies. It is modelled on an old style format, narrow, 8vo, and printed from the clearest and best italic type. In the "English Reprint Series" there are four hundred small paper copies of each issue, forty large paper copies (price \$5) and ten large paper copies on Japan Vellum (price \$10) signed by Mr. Mosher himself. The copies are all numbered and no more than the one edition will be printed. In issu-

* "The Growth of Love." By Robert Bridges. To which is added a brief and general consideration by Lionel Johnson. Portland, Maine: Thomas B. Mosher. 1894. Small paper copy. \$1.50.

"Felise: A Book of Lyrics." Chosen from the works of Algeron Charles Swinburne." Portland, Maine: Thomas B. Mosher. 1894. \$1.00.

"Rubaiyat." By Omar Khayyam, the astronomer poet of Persia. Rendered into English by Edward Fitzgerald. Portland, Maine: Thomas B. Mosher. 1894. \$1.00.

ing "The Growth of Love" Mr. Mosher has desired to set forth the high estimate recently come to be held regarding the poetry of Mr. Robert Bridges. To do this effectually, says Mr. Mosher in a prefatory note, no more fitting introduction could have been given than the contribution by Mr. Lionel Johnson, to be found in the *Century Guild Hobby Horse* (October, 1891), and here reprinted entire. It was and is almost as inaccessible as one of Mr. Bridges' privately printed pamphlets. This reprint of "The Growth of Love" is made direct from a copy of the original, of which one hundred copies, in Fell's Old English Type, were put forth from the private press of Rev. H. Daniel, Oxford, in 1890. In point of mental and imaginative strength, this volume of seventy-nine sonnets may be considered Mr. Bridges' finest work. His earliest volume bears the date of 1873, and his latest, 1891. In the judgment of Mr. Robinson Ellis, Mr. Bridges stands second only to Mr. Swinburne, whose volume of chosen Lyrics comes next on our list. This selection is made with great care and taste and includes some of the very best work of the poet. We doubt if Mr. Swinburne were ever as beautifully set forth to his readers as he is in this charming little book. We can say nothing new of Omar Khayyam's well-known "Rubaiyat" and its matchless translation by Edward Fitzgerald. The present volume contains the parallel texts of the first and fourth editions, and is further enriched by verses from the pens of Andrew Lang and Justin McCarthy, addressed to Omar Khayyam. The quatrains which appeared in the second edition only (1868) are here reprinted. Valuable notes are appended, and also a list of English versions and editions.

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Montreal Letter.

THE vice-regal drawing-room is the chief topic in social circles and society ladies are preparing for it to the entire satisfaction of the modiste who is busily engaged on costumes of a character beyond the ordinary run required for social events in this city. The drawing-room will be followed by other events, although nothing is definitely settled as yet. There are several dinner parties on the tapis but these functions will be of a semi-private character, although it is understood that one or two balls will be given after Christmas. Lord Aberdeen is an enthusiastic curler and he, no doubt, will be found a good deal at the rinks. He and the Countess Aberdeen were at the opening of the Victoria Rink on Saturday last and among the first to enjoy a skate on the ice.

Countess Aberdeen is every where lending her aid to the various womens' associations and other institutions in the city. It is difficult to follow her movements so active is she and more so as she moves about without ostentation and without formal announcement.

Lady Marjorie Gordon and the Hon. Archie Gordon took their first cooking lessons at the Y.W.C.A. cooking school on Tuesday afternoon. The preparation of fruits and jellies was the subject of the lesson, it might be interesting to know. Then these young members of the vice-regal household have joined Miss Barnjum's Gymnasium and will attend regularly the usual afternoon classes.

The number of callers each day at the vice-regal residence is very large.

Old McGill is again in luck. Mrs. John H. R. Molson has added \$20,000 to the endowment of the John Frothingham chair of mental and moral philosophy. Mrs. Molson founded the chair in 1875 with an endowment of \$20,000. The Molsons have been good friends of McGill University, and their gifts so far amount to nearly \$200,000. Of this amount the faculty of medicine has received \$60,000, English language and literature \$20,000, and the pension fund endowment \$50,000. The late Rev. Fred Frothingham, brother of Mrs. Molson, gave \$40,000 to the John Frothingham principal endowment fund.

The Good Government Association is a new body formed to watch closely the doings of the City Council and to oppose everything which it considers not in the interests of the citizens. It has decided to oppose the St. Lambert Hill extension scheme and to agitate for the repeal of all legislation connected therewith. The city does not need, and has no funds, to carry out the improvement, and, in any case, there are plans of expropriation much simpler and less expensive

than those proposed by the city. It will oppose the annexation of property owned by the city by simple resolution; the repeal of the provision passed last session appointing an impartial board of revisors; also any further loan or any attempt to free from responsibility aldermen who have voted in excess of their appropriations. It will also oppose the election of the chairman of the assessors by the Council, the floating of any loan to build civic lighting works, and the making of electors on the eve of an election by the issue of a certificate on the part of the city clerk. It is hoped the Good Government Association will have the support of the citizens.

A special meeting of the Exchequer Court was held during the week to settle the dispute between the customs authorities and the Dominion Bag Company in respect to the importation of jute. The case arose out of the seizure some time ago by a customs officer of a quantity of jute cloth on the ground that under the new law it should not have been entered as unfinished goods, free of duty; but should have been made subject to a duty of twenty per cent. The matter was brought before the customs department, but the case, being a new and difficult one, the Comptroller of Customs referred it to the Exchequer Court. The term "cropped" seemed to be the main point upon which the Customs authorities based their claim, but the importers held that, even if the goods were cropped, they would still be free of duty, being unfinished goods. It was a question, too, whether the new or the old law applied to the importation of this particular lot of goods. After hearing expert evidence and the arguments of counsel, the Court quashed the seizure, basing its judgment on the fact that the case was a doubtful one. As regards importations which have taken place since March 27 last, it directed a reference to the registrar to enquire and report whether any of the cropped jute has been imported since that date. A. J. F.

* * *

A Deputy Surveyor General's Report of 1788.

V.

FRENCH RIVER is eighty leagues to the eastward of the Falls of St. Mary; the Entrance is composed of a considerable Number of small Islands and channels but the Westermost of these latter is the best Navigation, it is about 250 feet wide and has from two to three fathoms Depth of Water, it is narrower a little way up and about half a league from the Entrance becomes exceedingly intricate on account of the small Islands and channels which are here so numerous in every Direction, and so much resembling each other in appearance, as to make it extremely difficulty without a guide to find the true Navigable Channel, which in general is deep in some Places not less than thirty feet, but so narrow that there is scarce room for two canoes to pass each other; the Bank in these situations is a steep Rock almost perpendicular and there are very strong currents. The Country adjoining to near this River is a rocky Desert nothing growing but small scrubby Bushes and pine trees not thirty feet high, my own Observations did not extend above three or four Leagues up the River, but, as I am informed the same dreary Prospect continues all the Way up to Lake Nipissing which is reckoned 25 leagues and indeed I cannot speak more favourably of the general complexion of the Coast all the Way from Thessalon to French River, for it is a rude, barren and inhospitable shore, and in no Respect fit for or capable of supporting any settlement. There are scarce any situations that I have observed capable of any cultivation, except on the Borders of the River Missessague, but the tracts of good Land here as well as at Thessalon appear of such small Extent, and must therefore be so unconnected and unsupported that no advantage could, I imagine, be expected from them sufficient to encourage any attempts to settle on the north shore of Lake Huron. The greater Part of this Coast is also a dangerous Navigation even for canoes and would be much more so for Vessels, as the Rocks in many Places run to a considerable Distance into the Lake. Canoes indeed with discreet Management and by seeking in time a Place of Safety on the Appearance of a Gale of Wind, may generally find shelter among some of the Islands which lie along most Part of this Coast; but Vessels would not always so readily meet with a harbour, and to navigate here in them

with any Probability of Safety, would require a thorough knowledge of this Part of the Lake.

From French River to Matchadash bay is about 45 Leagues and the Description I have already given of the north coast of the Lake will also nearly answer for this District as it appears equally barren and rocky, there is a Range of Islands which line almost the whole extent of it in some Places not spreading more than half a league from the main Shore, and in others three leagues, but no where more, there are however other Islands detached and Scattered about in this Part of the Lake in various Distances.

Matchadash Bay (Plan E.) lies to the eastward and southward of French River, it is of considerable Extent being about twelve Miles Deep and an irregular Breadth from five to seven Miles: at the Entrance from the Lake there are several Islands, the best Channel thro' them for a Vessel is next to the west main shore, throughout the greatest part of the Bay there is a depth for Vessels of any Draft of Water but towards the bottom of the Bay it is shoal having only six feet Water within about a Mile and a half from the shore.

There are several small Rivers or creeks which fall into the bottom of this Bay, but not any one in particular which bears the name of Matchadash; Adverting however to that which leads to Lake La Clie, and by which there is a communication (sometimes used) to Toronto on Lake Ontario: I therefore examined the Entrance of this River particularly, and found that there was a bar with only six feet Water within that there was ten Fathoms and at a quarter of a Mile up a Rapid; The Banks of the River are rock and continue so, as I am informed the greater Part of its course: it therefore does not seem a proper situation for a settlement but if it should ever be thought an Object of Consequence in the view of a communication to Lake Ontario, Storehouses may be built at the Entrance and protected on the south shore. But it is I apprehend to be doubted, whether it can ever become a Place of much Importance in this Respect, if, as I am informed, it is impracticable to pass with large canoes on account of the Bridges and difficult carrying Places; and if to this is added the great length of Portage from Toronto to Lake La Clie, and the being obliged to keep canoes on that Lake: these seem altogether at the first view to be very strong Obstacles to any Business being carried on this Way upon the great scale of Trade.

The face of the country (as I have described it from St. Mary's) seems on a sudden in Matchadash Bay to put on a different appearance; it however continues rocky and barren quite down to the Bottom of this Bay—the northeast shore of it being much the same as that on the Lake but the south and S. W. shore has all the Marks of tolerable good Land and seems very well adapted for settlements.

From Matchadash Bay along the east coast of Lake Huron down to the River leading to Detroit the Navigation is in general dangerous, and in the last 60 leagues there is no harbour for any Vessel and but one even for Boats and Canoes: and being an open coast the swell from the Lake in Westerly Winds beats upon it with great violence. In this great Extent of Coast from Matchadash Bay which has been hitherto little known or frequented except by some few Indians: the country has various appearances in some Places sandy and Barren, but in many others very proper for Cultivation, there being several considerable Tracts of Land, which I make no doubt may hereafter be settled to advantage, but for more distinct Information as to the particular situation of these Places, I beg leave to refer to the annexed general sketch of Lake Huron.

I will now beg leave to close this Report with observing that I have endeavoured as far as in my Power to adhere to the spirit of my instruction, and to give every Information as complete as possible not having designedly omitted anything which I thought could be in the least useful. I have at present only further to add by way of recapitulation, a few Remarks on the subject of the Lakes in general: that Vessels sailing on these Waters being seldom for any length of time out of sight of land, The Navigation must be considered chiefly as Pilotage to which the use of good nautical charts are essential and are therefore much wanted. That Gales of Wind or Squalls rise very suddenly upon the Lakes and from the confined state of the Waters or Want of Sea Room (as it is called) Vessels here may in some degree be considered as always upon a lee shore, and this seems to point out the necessity of their being built on such a con-

struction as will best enable them to work to windward; Schooners should perhaps have the Preference as being rather safer than sloops they should be from 80 to 100 Tons Burden on Lake Ontario and 50 Tons Burden on Lakes Erie and Huron but if not intended to communicate between these two Lakes they may then be of the same size as on Lake Ontario and if this System is approved, there can be no necessity to deviate from it, unless an Enemy should possess Vessels of greater Magnitude or force; but as the intent of bringing any such forward, at least the Building them can never remain a secret there may be always time to counteract such a Design by preparing to meet them at least upon equal Terms.

It does not seem advisable nor do I know any Reason to continue the Practice of building Vessels flatbottomed, or to have very little Draft of Water, they are always unsafe and many of the accidents which have happened on the Lakes have perhaps in some degree been owing to that construction; on the contrary, if they are built on proper principles for Burden as well as for sailing, they will be safer and will find sufficient depth of Water, proportioned to any tonnage which can be requisite for them upon these Lakes.

(Concluded.)

* * *
Paris Letter.

THREE weeks duration almost—that, even for a Czar, is a long wake. But he was so unexceptionally good that his real image could not be kept too long on view. If Peter the Great could revisit the glimpses of the moon how he would start at the gathering of the world's great ones round the bier of one of his descendants! How proud the Russians ought to be of so many allies! In Paris, the day of interment was a sort of rough half holiday; some leading shops closed; a few did so for a few hours. But there was an increase in the number of flags with crape trimmings, displayed from private houses; still the total flag plebiscite did not in any way recall the autumn frenzy of 1893, or the heartfelt pity on the occasion of the funeral of poor M. Carnot—now as much forgotten as King Dagobert. The official and officious bunting is no barometer for public expression of opinion. To what then attribute the “drop” in the Franco-Russian enthusiasm? The steam could not be kept up at the high pressure everyone was convinced: but, after allowing for that, why the fall? The French, perhaps, that is the unreasoning mass counted upon the alliance as a sort of magic wand of Prospero; it had only to be waved, and accompanied by a command to Ariel or to Puck, and the wish was accomplished. The crowd saw no immediate practical results from the alliance and had not the political education to allow them to grow and blossom like the rose. Alsace was still in the grip of the Teuton, and Egypt in the occupation of the Briton. But Alexander III. never contemplated any violence to accomplished facts; he could not claim to be the apostle of peace by setting out as a crusader of war. He, like England, would not allow any power to indulge in any aggression on its neighbour, and, as the amount of damages could be easily estimated for such conduct, no one was prepared to venture the risk.

Nor are the French, whose feminine temperament makes them so easily roused to jealousy and pin sticking, in the happiest of moods at England coming forward as a suitor for a share of the affections of Russia, and the suit has been favourably welcomed. But then Russia has a heart as large as her empire and only demands to have occupants. To make advances to Russia is the best trump card England has thrown for many a day. Only the bold win. And Londoners will have heads, not hearts of oak, if they do not accord a Beaconsfield patriotic ovation to the Prince of Wales—his son comprised—for the work and labour he has accomplished in bringing two nations together that can so largely aid one another. The Charing Cross terminus ought to ring out the chimes of national satisfaction. The Prince of Wales is commonly accepted as the commercial traveller for the firm, “Victoria, her Empire & Co.” Never did he book such a magnificent order as that Russia requires, “an unlimited supply of British amity and sympathy.”

The cenotaph obituary service celebrated in the Russian church here, on the day of the inhumation, brought together the cream of the diplomatic and official worlds, headed by President Casimir-Perier. The service was imposing from

its very simplicity. The orthodox Greek church has no instrumental music, all vocal and mostly juvenile voices, hence sweet and winning. At the conclusion of the service there was a defile of some troops before the catafalque, accompanied by an adieu salute of 101 guns from the riverside. *Requiescat in pace!*

After the Czar's marriage the political world will regain its legs, and acts, not orations or addresses, will speak. The Princess Alice, to the ordinary Frenchman has only one drawback—she is the grand-daughter of Queen Victoria. This is a guarantee that she possesses rich common sense, shrewdness of perception, and energy in executing what is good, useful and true. Her portrait character sketch is considered to indicate a lady of strong common sense, who feels life is full of duties, whether in palace or cottage, and that to be useful is one of the talents lent to us and for which we must render account.

As time rolls on the Madagascar question does not increase in popularity with the French. They cannot digest the uncomfortable facts that 15,000 men must be sent to the island. The finding of the 65,000,000 frs. for their travelling expenses and outfit, has already deranged the current budget. No authoritative opinion from experienced residents has been adduced that the island is suitable for French colonists, a not very important matter, as none have the intention of going there were they given acres of land for nothing. The "poison fly" will not allow horses, mules, etc., to exist, hence, why roads are of no use in Madagascar. Railroads require money to construct, and that is the last thing to expect. The colonial expansionists are stumping the towns and drumming the press to keep up enthusiasm for Madagascar. Then much of the crusade is like tilting at windmills, as the speeches and the newspaper articles hold out, that the protectoral rights of France will be upheld against all comers. This can be the more easily done since no one desires to contest them. On the other hand, the hope is only expressed that France will respect the rights of others as guaranteed by treaty. Only imagine the *Figaro*—joker though it be—publishing an article, relating that a Society of Amateur Sportsmen has been founded in England, whose members will join the Hovas, to have splendid sport in potting at the French—a new kind of "big game" perhaps. It is sad to see such stuff printed, but sadder when you think there are *gobemouches* who swallow it.

Perhaps this is the consequence of the *Figaro* having just lost its chief editor, M. Francis Magnard, the best gifted with common sense of all the writers on the French press. It may be said that "he left no line that, when dying, he would wish to blot." He was concise and precise; had a keen sense of what the public required, was the enemy of windbagism and of leading articles whose "weight" was measured by the yard. He was a sunny skeptic who never expected too much of mankind; he never aided in bolstering up obsolete politics or dodo-tainted pretenders. He was the incarnation both of proper and of common sense. He was not a scholar, he belonged to none of the learned academies; he was also a modest and retiring man, who lived as much as he could on his little private property, cultivating chiefly roses, and passing as much of his time as he could reading—but all actualities. He was intended for the church, but feeling no vocation for that life, he was appointed a check clerk in the canal customs office; then he became an accountant, but had ever an itch for journalism. He sent occasionally some well turned paragraphs to the press, to the *Figaro*, then a bi-weekly journal, which pleased Villemessant. As the *Figaro* prospered, Magnard demanded to be employed thereon. He was at once appointed to the position of book-keeper, and allowed a half a column space which he was to fill with a review of the "Press from Day to Day." It was in that eclectic work that he really won his spurs. The public depended upon his catering for their daily supply of newspaper alimentation. People do not give Magnard sufficient credit for the talent he there displayed; he made "the scissors speak," and his well assorted, elegant extracts were sought when ponderous contributions by notable men were not even glanced at, as they flew over the heads of the readers. When Villemessant died, he divided his *Figaro* realm—as did Alexander the Great his empire—between his generals; in the present case, there were only three selected, and Magnard was the recognized chief. He fell a victim to his fear of undergoing an operation for the stone, now as easily performed as opening the abdomen, and taking a Paul Pry peep at the interior. The doctors told

him he was now paying the penalty for shirking their remedy a year ago; his only chance lay in the present operation, but they were not sanguine he would pull through—nor did he. The action of the kidneys suddenly stopped, and blood-poisoning set in.

The feeling still gains ground that the Chinese are recovering from their scares, and are plucking up heart of grace. Then it is accepted as next to a certainty that both Russia and her "friend" England have come to an agreement as to the lengths the Japanese will be allowed to go with the Celestials. If Japan declines to make known to China her conditions for peace, the Anglo-Russian *entente* will at once come into play. When a man says he is beaten, and is prepared to pay for the damage done, civilized warfare commands the massacre to cease.

The highwaymen of Paris, and there are still many, have at last become tender hearted. They carry bludgeons as heretofore, only they are cased in india rubber; this does not open a fellow's head nor disfigure his features, but concentrates the blow, and secures at once greater insensibility.

Good news for Western Australia; it is in luck with gold fields, but it never rains but it pours. Hermann Kurtz, a German *savant*, does not agree with another fellow-countryman of his that the Garden of Eden was situated at the North Pole, a region now apparently abandoned to the Lost Tribes, or, according to others, to the ancient Britons. M. Kurtz finds that the site of the Garden of Eden was near Albany, in Western Australia, because the skeletons of the aborigines exhibit thirteen pairs of ribs—we poor moderns have only twelve, equalling a gorilla's; so the short rib must have been extracted from a chimpanzee. But what a beautiful creature was prepared from the extract.

Of all the contemplated projects for the 1900 Exhibition that taken in hand by the National Ethnographic Society of France promises to be the most curious and interesting. Evidence of the success of the idea was conclusive at anterior exhibitions, because "the proper study of mankind is man." For the project in question, the government and unpaid assistants will be responsible; thus it will be run by no cheap jacks; it will be genuine. It will contrast the life of France, of the Provinces a century ago, with that of the Departments of to-day. Each province has its special manners, customs and industries, and so deep seated in the character of the inhabitants that these traits in many respects remain unchanged. At the Exhibition each province will have typical homes of the time. Manikins dressed in the period, engaged in domestic life and industrial duties; cheek, by jowl, will be the manikins of 1900. Once a week, each province will give a representative fête of songs and dances, in character; there will be specimens of local products and outputs, with prices marked in plain figures, of the then and now. As a general feeling, the 1900 World's Show will have a rather serious character, but where neither true gaiety nor legitimate amusement will be banished. The local fair element will be eliminated.

France will take an active part in the Belgian competition for improved sign-boards, shop fronts, lamp posts, etc., in a word, in the movement for street art, but not architecture. Much attention will be given to conveniences for posters and facilities for publicity.

The amended sanitary law will compel hotel keepers, under pain of forfeiture of license, plus fine and imprisonment, to personally make the declaration, when a client has an infectious disease.

A true labour grievance: the *octroi*, or barrier police of Paris, complain that they have ever to work twenty-four consecutive hours, snatching rest between sentry changes.

Z.

* * *

The Dufferins and Sheridans.

II.

NOTHING is more striking in the Sheridans than abounding richness as well as versatility of their genius. There is nothing stinted and nothing laboured about them. Their works are to be counted not by scores, but by hundreds. Novels, poems, songs, comedies, pamphlets, memoirs, tales, addresses, speeches, lectures, ballads, letters, translations, farces, grammars, sermons, histories, prologues, and elegies, nothing came amiss to them. They lisped in numbers, and "mixed up with sunbeams, and other bright 'things,' they

even wrote *vers de société* and valentines. Through all this variety, as through the different generations, sexes, ages, and collaterals a genuine family likeness is traceable. We recognize a patriotic heart-beat, or some little pathetic trick of speech which recalls the kinship, while in their eyes, as in those of Moore's "Erin" herself, hang always rainbow smiles and tears. Lady Dufferin's two sisters unfortunately lacked the sweet self-control which had distinguished their mother, and which rendered Lady Dufferin soothing and unselfish both as friend and parent. In them the vivacity of their Irish temperaments sometimes put on formidable proportions, and under the pressure of grief and anger they would overstep the limits of justice and courtesy. In the case of the Queen of Beauty this defect may well have been fostered by the success and the triumphs which, as they breed over-security, indispose us for the discipline of sorrow. In the case of Mrs. Norton she was embittered by an early and most ill-assorted marriage. She had plenty of cause for complaint, both in the worthlessness of her husband, and in the eccentricity of some of the members of his family, and, above all, from the unjustifiable way in which the Tories, angry at the popularity of Lord Melbourne with the young Queen, sought to make political capital out Mrs. Norton's domestic trials and her often unguarded conduct. The *cause célèbre* so got up was really a trap set for the Minister, and Mrs. Norton came out of the ordeal victorious and pardonably incensed. Her beautiful lines to the Duchess (Harriet) of Sutherland, who had stood by her in the hour of trial, show the grateful tenderness of which her nature was capable. Those to Lord Landsdowne breathe the same spirit:—

"I weep the eyes that should have wept for me;
But all the more I cling to those who speak
Like thee in tones unaltered by my change;
Greeting my saddened glance and faded cheek
With the same welcome that seemed sweet and strange.

"In early days when I of gifts made proud,
That could the notice of such men beguile,
Stood listening to thee in some brilliant crowd,
With the warm triumph of a youthful smile."

To have kept her friends to the close of what was always rather a stormy life, and to have made such a second union as her marriage to Sir William Stirling-Maxwell, of Keir, were real triumphs for Mrs. Norton; they were all the more real because her shortsighted anger had made her choose bad advisers and reject pacific counsels. She had long fought a good fight with slander, poverty, and the bad health of her children, but a brilliant society met at her table, and the authoress of "Stuart of Dunleith" has left no one to replace her in the world of fashionable letters. Yet her themes were not by any means exclusively fashionable. Her "Lady of La Garaye" is a pathetic story with an excellent moral—viz., that the best place to dry our own tears is in the rags of the poor. Her literary talents were far in advance of those of her sisters. Her novel, "Lost and Saved," is one of the most powerful works of fiction of the time; and she broke many a lance in print on behalf of the injured and the oppressed.

Take this example of her gravest manner:—

The poor, the labouring poor, whose weary lives,
Through many a freezing night and hungry day,
Are a reproach to him who only strives
In luxury to waste his hours away.

The patient poor whom insufficient means
Make sickness dreadful, yet by whose low bed,
Oft in meek prayer some fellow sufferer leans,
And trusts in Heaven, while destitute of bread.

The workhouse orphan, left without a friend,
Or weak forsaken child of want and sin,
Whose helpless life begins as it must end,
By men disputing who shall take it in?

Who clothe, who aid that spark to linger here,
Which for mysterious purpose God has given,
To struggle through a day of toil and fear,
And meet Him, with the proudest, up in Heaven

The heart of Helen Dufferin was less stormy than that of her sister Caroline, but it was the seat of those emotions which, if they do not always need to be termed poetical, do at least redeem the prose of egoism and indifference which disfigures daily life. She was susceptible of impressions both deep and varied, and incapable of jealousy, or of petty intrigues about a straw. Her understanding was powerful enough for any task it ever was set to; her piety was unaffected, and, as La Bruyère would say, the thing in which

she succeed best was the only thing she had never been taught: wherever she went she pleased.

Very young and very poor, she accepted, in 1825, the hand of Captain Blackwood. The first great event of her married life was the birth of a son, in Florence in 1826. The second was Captain Blackwood's appointment to the "Imogene." He sailed for Rio in 1831, and their son—then a child of five years old—had his first taste of the realities of life in seeing the misery of leave-taking between his parents. Captain Blackwood was absent nearly four years, during which time his wife lived with her mother, or went to Ireland. There with her delightful smiles and tears she conquered the prejudices which the old Lord Dufferin and other members of the family had begun by entertaining against Tom Sheridan's portionless daughter. Her health became delicate, and the climate of North Ireland had to be exchanged by the Blackwoods for Italy. But the husband had temporarily left his wife at Castellamare when he came by his tragic death, through an accidental overdose of Morphia, between Liverpool and Belfast, in 1841.

The beautiful lady of Clondeboye was now a widow: left, as her mother had been left before her, to bring up a child from boyhood to manhood under inspiring and yet onerous conditions. She left the great world where she was so fitted to shine, and the years that preceded her son's life at Oxford she passed with him in the solitude of an Irish country house. That son says:—

"The gain to me was incalculable. The period between seventeen and twenty-one is perhaps the most critical in any man's life. My mother, in spite of the gayety of her temperament and her powers of enjoyment, or perhaps on that very account, was imbued with a deep religious spirit—a spirit of love, purity, self-sacrifice, and unflinching faith in God's mercy. . . . I never knew anyone who seemed to derive such exquisite enjoyment as she did from the splendour of earth and heaven, from flowers, from the sunrise, from the song of birds. But the chief and dominant characteristic of her nature was her power of loving. Generally speaking, persons who love intensely are seen to concentrate their love upon a single object; while in my mother's case love seemed an inexhaustible force. However little, as I am obliged to confess to my shame, I may have profited by these holy and blessed influences, no one, I am sure, has ever passed from boyhood to manhood under more favourable and ennobling conditions."

Does Lord Dufferin, in making these almost sacred disclosures, sin against their sacredness? We think not, and we have copied his words. In these days great publicity is given to offensive matter, to nauseous trials, and to traits of guilt, folly, vulgarity, that can only pander to the worst sort of prurient curiosity. Things nowadays, if not called by their true names, are, at least, exposed in all their nakedness. Then why not speak of goodness where it existed; why not portray, not from fancy, but from fact, one of those good women whose friendship is first a whole education in itself, then a just cause for pride, and finally a goodly heritage?

Thanks to this education the young Lord Dufferin began life under happy auspices, and was surrounded by the best friends. In 1849, he became a Lord-in-waiting to the Queen, and could consort with all the intellectual leaders of the day, with Carlyle, Dickens, Thackeray, Venables, Gladstone, Charles Buller, Macaulay, Kingsley, Stirling Maxwell of Keir, Procter, and many more. But his dearest companions were ever his mother, and perhaps the happiest hours they spent together were at Dunrobin, in the castle made so beautiful by its mistress's grace, and full of the loveliest bebies of children, who sported between its bastions and the sea.

In later years Dufferin Lodge, at Higate, became the resort of all the distinguished and agreeable people in Britain. One visitor came there more often and remained longer than the rest. The young Earl of Gifford conceived for Lady Dufferin a deep and enthusiastic admiration. His home was uncongenial, he was depressed and morbid, and after an accident he became an invalid. Helen Dufferin was a woman who had already trained a boy through youth to manhood, who had led a son from college to marriage, and up to the high places of public life. To her Lord Gifford turned for sympathy, till her considerate interest in her young visitor's welfare woke in a lonely heart a passion which was only to be extinguished by death. When he was thirty-five years of age Lord Gifford asked Lady Dufferin to marry him.

But her honourable heart, even more than her good sense, revolted from the idea of capturing and chaining to her mature life a man, who, were he to become a husband and a father, might yet fulfil his whole career and taste "household happiness, gracious children, 'debtless competence,' stately purposes, and golden means at Yester." But Lord Gifford's malady increased, and when "on his deathbed he repeated the same prayer to her," she could not refuse him this last satisfaction; but in justice to him, to herself, and to his parents, she thought it necessary to obtain from the doctors a formal assurance that his recovery was impossible. This being given without any hesitation, the marriage ceremony was performed in Lord Gifford's bedroom on the 1st of October, 1862."

Immediately after the ceremony, Lord Gifford, who had at one time leant to agnostic views, received the Holy Communion with her, all doubts and pains vanished under the influence of her piety and of her gentle teaching, and "Lord Gifford passed painlessly away, in the peace of God, in December, 1862."

These painful sufferings and duties left their mark on the sensitive nature of Helen Dufferin. She had little grandchildren to love, and friends to surround her, but she now bore in herself the seeds of ineradicable disease. Those who nursed her through that valley where the shadow of death lies longest and darkest, said that she was the sweetest of patients, that she slept less and prayed more than any invalid they had ever tended. Death released her at midsummer, 1867. There was, says her son, "no quality wanting to her perfection."

After recording this verdict we almost hesitate to play the part of critic to her works. The woman was herself a poem; but we must turn to her verses. Those by which she will live are the "Irish Emigrant." It avoids the commonplaces of pathos by its great simplicity, by the way in which the Irishwoman who first sang it has so truly caught the secret of a poor man's love.

"'Tis but a step down yonder lane,
The little church stands near,
The church where we were wed, Mary,
I see the spire from here;
But the graveyard lies between,
My step might break your rest,
Where you, my darling, lie asleep,
With your baby on your breast.

I am very lonely now, Mary,
The poor make no new friends,
But, oh! they love the better still
The few our Father sends.
I bless you for the pleasant word,
When your heart was sad and sore,
Oh! I am thankful you are gone, Mary,
Where grief can't reach you more.

I am bidding you a long farewell,
My Mary—kind and true,
But I'll not forget you, darling,
In the land I'm going to.
They say there's bread and work for all,
And the sun shines always there,
But I'll not forget old Ireland
Were it fifty times as fair.

"The Charming Woman" is very witty, and "Katey's Letter" is delightful in its puzzle-headed, blundering tenderness, and who does not remember the song, "They bid me forget thee," and the sly fun of "Donna Inez's Confession," and of the "Lament on the Weather?" The writer describes in turns the effects of the bad weather on every member of the family.

"When all these things are in this state,
Above, around, below,
And even spring itself suggests
No better *quid pro quo*
Than east winds bearing on their breasts
Fresh colds in embryo!
Then Nelly [herself] sits with feet on grate,
And wrestles with her woe,
She sits and sings, with hair uncurled,
'There is, there is, I know,
Another and warmer world,
And there amean to go.'"

All the poems addressed to her son on his birthdays are beautiful: words, feeling, taste, and rhythm leave nothing to be desired. We are puzzled which to select. Perhaps this one sent with a silver lamp on which "*Piat lux*:" was engrav-

ed, deserves the bays. Both the lamp and the lines were meant to mark the majority of young Lord Dufferin:—

"How shall I bless thee? Human love
Is all too poor in passionate words.
The heart aches with a sense above
All language that the lip affords.
Therefore a symbol shall express
My love—a thing not rare or strange,
But yet—eternal—measureless—
Kowing no shadow and no change.
At a most solemn pause we stand,
From this day forth, for evermore,
The weak, but loving human hand
Must cease to guide thee as of yore.
Then, as through life thy footsteps stray,
And earthly beacons dimly shine,
'Let there be light' upon thy way,
And Holier guidance far than mine!
'Let there be light' in thy clear soul,
When passion tempts, and doubts assail,
When grief's dark tempests o'er thee roll.
'Let there be light' that shall not fail,
So, angel guarded, mayest thou tread
The narrow path which few may find,
And at the end look back nor dread
To count the vanished years behind!
And pray that she, whose hand doeth trace
This heart-warm prayer, when life is past,
May see and know thy blessed face
In God's own glorious light at last."

* * *

John Granger's Pomes:

CHRISTMAS AT THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

We'll be meetin' all together at the Old House in the grove,
The 'dential old farm house we was born in,
If by night we don't forgather around the big hall stove,
We'll be handy with our welcomes in the mornin'.

They'll be me and my Mariar, sot down by our own fier,
And Bill that's quite a squire in Nova Scotia,
And Corny from Quebec, and Fritz from off his deck,
He's second mate aboard the *Tuscaloosa*.

They's my oldest sister Hamner, that can play on our pianmer,
Her man keeps store in Stormont, does MacRobie;
And they's Norah and they's Freeder, married with a cattle breeder
And a farmer, Hogg and King of Manitoby.

Of the livin' they is seven, and they's three as won't be there,
Little Tom and Sissy Kate, and dear old Ellen;
Long time they've ben in Heaven, safe in the old folk's care,
And the Christmas they keep there is past the tellin'.

Though widely separated, of each other we keep track,
The old house is the pole to our heart's compass,
For, not a jot abated is the longin' to get back,
Leastwise at Christmas time, and have a rumpus.

It's a blessin' it's capacious, for they's sech a lot of kids
Comes to see their aunts and uncles and their cousins;
And my pocket book, thank gracious, is stuck full enough of quids
To feed 'em up on turkeys by the dozens.

Oh, the snow, it is a fallin', and the mill-pond is fast took,
We'll have no end of skatin' and of coastin';
And I heerd my Yeo callin' that the haves was thick as muck,
They'll be shootin' if the rascal ain't a boastin'.

Oh, I'm wishin' and I'm wishin' that the frost may be severe,
So's we can cut a big hole in the river,
And set Bill and Hogg a fishin', with the naval officer
To smoke and tell 'em yarns, and help 'em shiver.

Then at dark we'll have rare dancin', for we shan't need to invite
Folks outside, nor any fiddles for to borrow;
Old and young will go a prancin' till the middle of the night,
And wake up fit for more fun on the mornin'.

Yes, we'll have to have the Canon, and his wife, though she's some
weak,
And, when MacRobie's tired out with the fiddlin',
Fritz will tell us how the *Shannon* licked the Yankee *Chesapeake*
Under Broke; for Hanmer's playin's only middlin'.

Oh, we'll clear out the big chimbley of the shavin's and the stuff,
As made me wunst fling cuss-words at Mariar,
And we'll skip around so nimbly at the game of Blind Man's Buff,
With cordwood lengths a cracklin' in the fier.

Mother says I ain't no father, I'm nothin' but a boy,
And asks "Now is he?" at the boys about her;
But the boys they answer, "Rather!" and I kiss her in my joy;
The dear old girl, where would we be without her?

Oh, I'm longin' and I'm longin' for the sleighbells for to come,
And bring back to the old house they was born in
Brothers, sisters, with kids througin' for to get their Welcome Home!
On the quiet Eve and jolly Christmas mornin'.

J. CAWDORE BELL.

Library Table.

THE BURIAL OF THE GUNS. By Thomas Nelson Page. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Toronto: William Briggs. 1894. \$1.25.

Thomas Nelson Page is a Southerner in brain and heart. The lost cause is still to him a stern and sorrowful memory. He paints the scenes and incidents of that fratricidal strife with a strength and vigor all his own. Six short stories make up this volume, which takes its name from one of them; stories which well illustrate the subject so dear to Mr. Page, and the power and pathos with which he invests it. "The Burial of the Guns" makes read to the duller reader, the grim old Colonel and his redoubtable battery. The battle scarred guns seem living things as this moving story is told. "Little Darby" is a study of calm yet resolute heroism in humble life, at once touching and pathetic. Mr. Page's reputation is well sustained in these capital stories; all of which are good.

AUSTIN ELLIOT; 1 vol \$1.00. GEOFFREY HAMLYN; 2 vols. \$2.00. By Henry Kingsley. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

It is, indeed, a pleasure to see these old time favourites, "Austin Elliot" and "Geoffrey Hamlyn," bound so neatly, and printed so clearly, in a new and convenient edition. Here we can again follow the fortunes of James Elliot's son and George Hilton's daughter, and when we have enjoyed to the full this fine English tale what better can we do than renew our acquaintance with that noble book, "The Recollections of Geoffrey Hamlyn." Who that has read it will ever forget the grand old Australian story? How, even now, at by no means a second reading, the pulse throbs and the heart beats at the thrilling record of Sam Buckley's daring ride on his splendid thoroughbred, Wilderin, and the fight among the fern trees which followed it! These sterling novels of Henry Kingsley's are an excellent antidote for much of the rubbish which is shot through the press now-a-days. They cannot be too widely read.

ST. NICHOLAS. Conducted by Mary Mapes Dodge. Vol xxi. 1893-94. New York: The Century Company. London: T. Fisher Unwin.

To those who have followed the bright career of *St. Nicholas* through the year, the appearance of the annual bound volumes is hailed with pleasure. Within their glowing covers of red and gold, readers, old, young or of middle age, the wide word over, can read again the delightful stories and enjoy the charming illustrations which have beguiled their leisure hours for the past twelve months. What memories spring up as one turns over the opening pages and sees Rikki-tikki-tavi, with his nose full of ink, or, later on, engaged in his glorious battle with the venomous Nag and his vicious spouse, Nagaina. Nor does interest abate till the last of the 1,104 pages has been reluctantly turned. It is gratifying to have all the stories, poems, articles of divers sorts, illustrations, frontispieces and departments gathered together and made available for continuous reference and perusal. We venture to say there are few volumes which good father Santa Claus will this year bestow that will find as hearty a welcome as the bound *St. Nicholas* for 1893-94.

THE BIRD'S CALENDAR. By H. E. Parkhurst. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Toronto: William Briggs. 1894. \$1.50

It is surprising to note how much material for observation a limited area will yield to acute and trained senses of the specialist where the ordinary passer-by would see little or nothing to arrest his attention. A happy illustration of this fact is afforded in the result of Mr. Parkhurst's observations of bird life in "The Ramble"—a part of Central Park, New York, "covering only one-sixteenth of a square mile," made off, and on,

as opportunity offered during the year 1893. One would scarcely believe that within such circumscribed limits, and so near one of the world's great cities, so much could have been accomplished. But our author assures us that "within this little retreat I have, during the year, found represented nineteen of the twenty-one families of song birds in the United States; some of them quite abundantly in genera and species; with a sprinkling of species from several other classes of land and water birds."

How fond of his favourite pastime this writer is, may be gathered from such pleasant comment as this which we quote: "One never thinks of age in connection with these creatures. They seem to have discovered the elixir of life, and to maintain the perennial freshness of youth. Year after year they arrive at just about the same time in the spring, sing the same old songs, repeat their love passages, rest in the same fashion, and perpetuate all their graceful ways and charming oddities. The old man finds his cherry trees plundered by apparently the very same robins that he saw in his boyhood in his father's orchard, and drives away the same everlasting crows from his corn-field. The woodpecker's vigorous tapping never becomes feeble, nor the song sparrow less blithesome. The burden of sorrow is never lifted from the everlamenting pewee, and in season and out of season, with sometimes provoking equanimity, the chickadee is brimful of merriment. These sights and sounds are among the stabilities of life, the changeless things that give equilibrium to nature, binding the present to the past, and spreading a pleasing and restful aspect of permanence over the mutabilities of existence."

The chapters follow the order of the year and each month yields the record of its own feathered visitants. No one at all interested in bird life could fail to be charmed with this well-arranged, prettily printed and illustrated volume.

* * *

Literary and Personal.

Paul Verlaine has begun the publication of his "Confessions" in the Paris *Fin de Siècle*. His memories of his early youth are poetic and touched with the mysticism that permeates his verse.

Mrs. Humphrey Ward is said to be the best paid novelist now living. Out of her three books that have been published within the last six years she is said to have realized \$200,000.

Professor Dr. Eugen von Bohm-Bawerk, the distinguished Austrian economist, is the author of a monograph on "The Ultimate Standard of Value," which has lately been issued in its series of publications by the American Academy of Political and Social Science.

Among the holiday books, though it is really a book for all time, is Charles Kingsley's "Hypatia," with 300 illustrations from drawings by William M. Johnson, which Harper & Bros. announce. The work will be published in two volumes, and will contain a portrait of Canon Kingsley.

The Governor-General of Canada, the Earl of Aberdeen, delivered an interesting address before the students of Yale College during his recent visit to the United States. His topic was "Student Life," and was delivered under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association of the University.

Robert Browning's account of how Mrs. Browning came to write and print her famous "Sonnets from the Portuguese" is given, on the authority of Mr. Edmund Gosse, in *The Critic* of Dec. 8. The story has not previously been told in any paper. In the same number there is an article on Du Maurier's drawings for "Trilby," now on exhibition in New York.

Mr. Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes, the son and executor of the late Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, asks that any persons having letters of Dr. Holmes will send them to Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 4 Park St., Boston, or A. P. Watt, Esq., Hastings House, Norfolk St., Strand, London, with reference to their possible use in a contemplated Life and Letters of Dr. Holmes. These letters will be carefully

returned to their owners after copies have been made of such as are found to be available.

The Toronto Weekly *Globe* has had a long and useful life. For fifty years it has been one of the chief purveyors of news and journalistic literature to the Canadian people. Enterprise and energy may justly be claimed for the chief exponent of Reform thought in this Dominion. In all the departments of progressive journalism the *Globe* holds its own and well deserves contemporary commendation.

The Century will publish during the coming year a series of five short novels, each one complete in a single number. The first will appear in the January number. It is called "A Lady of New York," and is by Robert Stewart, an entirely new writer. It is a picture of society in New York, written with lightness of touch, and introducing characters that are familiar in life, but which seem to have escaped the novelists heretofore.

We are much pleased to know that our old contributor, Mr. G. Mercer Adam, has taken a position on the staff of that eminent publishing firm, Macmillan & Co., at the New York branch. Mr. Adam's many friends in Canada will be glad, indeed, that one who has been so warmly interested in Canadian literary effort has established such intimate relations with the great English and American publishing house of Macmillan.

Mr. William Watson is universally recognized to be, if not the greatest of living English poets, at least the most poetic poet of his day. A new volume of poems by him is a distinct event in the literary world, and the greatest interest is aroused by Macmillan & Co's announcement of "Odes and Other Poems." It will contain among others the verses published recently by him in the *Spectator*, the *Daily Chronicle*, and other English papers.

George Meredith has been at work for ten years on the novel, "The Amazing Marriage," which begins in the January *Scribner's*. He frankly states that he has written it in the simpler phraseology which people prefer, rather than in the complex style to which some readers have seriously objected. Gilbert Parker will have a story of Labrador in the same number, entitled "The Going of the White Swan," with illustrations by Albert Lynch.

The *Athenæum* has the following interesting announcement: "The most important contribution yet published to the biography of Dante Gabriel Rossetti is now in course of preparation, and is likely to be issued at a not very distant date. The book will consist of two sections; 1. Memoir of some considerable length, on which his brother, on which his brother, Mr. William Michael Rossetti, is now actively engaged; 2. Dante Rossetti's family letters, from his boyhood to the latest months of his life."

It is not generally remembered, says the London *Literary World*, that Mr. Crockett, like Mr. Weyman, Mr. Couch and Mr. Anthony Hope, is an Oxford man. He was at New College, where he was a contemporary Mr. Lionel Johnston, whose brilliant book on "The Art of Thomas Hardy" is a topic of the hour. The breeziness which is such a delightful characteristic of all his work is due partly to his love for working in the open-air, partly to the fact that he does nearly all his creative work before nine o'clock in the morning.

Some new stories of Ruskin's stay at Corpus Christi College, while he held his professorship at Oxford, are told in the *Pelican Record*, the undergraduates' magazine: "One day at dinner, one of the Fellows said that Dore's illustrations to 'Don Quixote' seemed to him to have considerable merit, whereupon tears began to run down Ruskin's cheeks. He laid down his knife and fork, saying: 'You have spoiled my dinner.' Meeting a tutor on the staircase, Ruskin asked: 'What are you lecturing upon this term?' The tutor answered: 'Inductive Psychology.' 'Oh, the devil!' shouted Ruskin, rushing immediately upstairs and violently sporting his oak."

"Literary people have often great musical talent," remarked a literary woman recently, "and it is often hard to tell in which course the greatest talent runs. Beatrice Harraden, the author of that clever book, 'Ships that

Pass in the Night,' is as much devoted to music as to books, and is said to be a splendid performer on the violoncello, her favourite instrument. Another great lover of music and a clever musician is Gladys Dudley Hamilton, the young author. A visitor at her beautiful home in Newark describes it as being an ideal one. There is everything there to make a girl's life happy. A loving devoted mother, and a brother two years her junior, form the household in which Gladys Hamilton takes such an active part. Everything about the writer has the wonderful charm and attraction that have become so familiar in her writings."

The Rev. R. Y. Thomson, M.A., B.D., late Professor of Biblical Literature in Knox College, died somewhat unexpectedly on the forenoon of Sunday last. His marked ability and scholarly attainments well qualified him for the duties of his chair, and secured for him the esteem and confidence alike of his students and fellow professors, while his amiable disposition and high character won the love of all who knew him.

Periodicals.

The issue of *Littell's* for 8th instant has some attractive and instructive selections from leading English periodicals, and there are pleasing examples of current verse as well.

Electrical Engineering in its December number has a rejoinder on the subject of the "Patent Laws"; "A Study of the Galvanometer in the Station," a paper on "Telephone Traffic in Exchanges and for Individuals," and other articles on "Electrical Fads," "Wooden Pulleys" and "Electrical Power in Factories."

"College Diseases" is the somewhat curious caption of the leading article in the *Journal of Hygiene*, for December, by Dr. A. W. Leighton. A sensible, outspoken paper it is. The paper of Mrs. Mary Drew (Mr. Gladstone's daughter) on the health and working habits of her father is reproduced from the *Youths' Companion*. It is well worth reading. The notes, topics, etc., of this number are as usual good.

Temple Bar for December is good. In its biographical features, which are always of interest, we find sketches of Abraham Cowley, the English poet; Theodore Hook, satirist and novelist; Rev. John Hamilton Thorn, controversialist and theologian; Guy de Maupassant, novelist, and in a minor key, "A Little Girl's Recollections of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, William Makepeace Thackeray and the late Emperor Napoleon." The serial fiction is well sustained and poem and short story enliven the pages.

Bright and breezy is the *Idler*. Always a welcome visitor to our sanctum, its fun and frolic cheers many a momentary depression, and the cleverness of its contributors gives pith and brilliancy to its joyous pages. Among some of the best known writers of the day the December number brings us work from two famous Canadian writers. We refer to Robert Barr's story, "The Christmas Picture," and Gilbert Parker's tale, "At Point o' Bugles," both of which are excellent. Rudyard Kipling, Conan Doyle, Anthony Hope, I. Zangwill, not to mention others, add to the zest of this capital number.

The December number of *Music* is the most interesting of the year. The articles are fresh and singularly comprehensive. "The Harmonic Nature of Musical Scales" is concluded in this issue; John C. Fillmore writes on "Piano Touch"; John Howard contributes an article on "Correct Breathing in Singing," and Emil Labling, who writes so entertainingly, begins "A Ramble" of gossipy wit and wisdom, which flows so easily from his pen. Many other excellent essays, "Reviews and Notices," and Mr. Mathew's "Editorial Bric-a-Brac" conclude this splendid number.

"Athletics for City Girls" is strongly and wisely advocated in the leading article of the *Popular Science Monthly* for December. Dr. Mary Taylor Bissell's arguments are well founded and deserve serious attention. "All work and no play will make Jill as dull a girl as it would Jack a boy." President Jordan is a voice in the wilderness calling for educated men. The need for them is apparent

everywhere. Dr. James Sully continues his studies of childhood, and in the present paper considers the child's thoughts about nature. Dr. Wurtz's paper on the "Chemistry of Sleep" will interest the slaves of insomnia. There is much more in this number that is both readable and instructive.

L. Hereward begins the current number of the *Chap Book* with a wierd rondel. Herbert S. Stone has a paper on Mr. Bradley's drawings, and most extraordinary drawings they are; clever indeed, but *cuti bono?*—a nightmare of whirling curves and limbs, and what not. Bliss Carman's "Night Washers" smacks of the red *Falerniana*, with its

Whe—ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh!

We are the Scavenger Saints, but who,

In the name of the Shadowy Kin, are you?

I. Zangwill writes cleverly on the abolition of money, and Hamlin Garland pursues his investigations into the land of the straddle-bug.

Very pretty indeed are the first pages of the *Cosmopolitan* for December. Portraits of two beautiful women illustrate the relation of photography to Art, then a full page reproduction of an unpublished drawing by Meissonier greets the eye, a knight in chain armor. This is followed by Sir Edwin Arnold's pleasing poem, "My Guests," also charmingly illustrated; and the wealth of illustration by no means ends there. Napoleon Ney writes of "The Tribes of the Sahara"; Andrew Lang, in the series "Great Passions of History," tells the story, and who could do it better, of the loves of Argive, Helen and Paris, whose beauty was "the bane of Ilios." W. D. Howells contributes the first instalment of the story, "A Parting and a Meeting." Mrs. Burton Harrison, Julien Gordon, James Whitcomb Riley, Kipling, Stedman and other well-known writers add variety and interest to the number.

Mr. David N. Beach begins the *New World* for December with a thoughtful consideration of "Some Questions in Religion now Pressing." "The theology under whose spell the world still rests, that of the age of Anselm and Aquinas, was conformed to the best contemporaneous science and philosophy. It was of even date. Is ours?" significantly asks Mr. Beach. Mr. E. Benjamin Adams urges that science is a natural ally of religion. "To do aught against real science is to shut a prophet's mouth, to stifle a voice from on high. We may be sure of it, every discovery in any field of truth has its religious bearing; to suppress or to hinder this from coming to due influence is fighting against God," says Mr. Andrews. Frank Sewall contributes an appreciative paper on John Addington Symonds, and Mr. C. C. Starbuck's consideration of Count Paul von Hoenbroech's reasons for seceding from the Society of Jesus, after thirteen years' association with it, is an article of unusual interest.

Music and the Drama.

A piano recital of considerable interest and artistic excellence was given in the beautiful theatre of the Normal School, on the 5th inst., by two talented young ladies, Miss Mary Mara and Miss L. Gunther, who are pupils of Mr. H. M. Field, assisted by the splendid baritone, Mr. Pier Delasco. Miss Gunther's performance of the first movement of Hummel's Sonata in E flat—if we except the too continual use of the open or sustained pedal in involved and running passages—was highly praiseworthy, and served well to exhibit her well developed style and regulated touch. She afterwards played John Field's familiar nocturne (with additional ornamentations), Liszt's passionate Love Dream No. 2, and Chaminade's graceful Air de Ballet in G. These pieces were received with much favor, and deservedly so, for they were really well played. Miss Mara played the difficult "Tannhauser March," Wagner—Liszt, Liszt's "Spozalizio," Chopin's Nocturne in F; one of the Liszt "Sonnets," and the Davidoff-Reinecke Romance. In many respects these numbers were surprisingly well performed, and Miss Mara can be congratulated on her success. She played with freedom and commendable abandon, but likewise used her pedals indiscriminately. However, this may have been the result of nervousness. All piano numbers were played from memory. Mr.

Delasco sang as usual with much success. We are sorry this artist does not pronounce his words more distinctly. He sings so well, and with such spirit and artistic ease, that it seems a pity that more care is not taken in this particular. He received several encores, to which he responded. A large and fashionable audience was present.

Notwithstanding the rain and wind, Association Hall was completely filled with presumably music loving people, at the first quarterly concert of the Conservatory of Music, last Monday evening, the 10th inst. As with all the concerts given by Conservatory pupils, a programme of wide range and comprehensiveness was presented and that, too, in a style marked by maturity, excellent cultivation, and technical brilliancy. Perhaps the most important instrumental numbers were the "Rondo" from a Trio by Reissiger, Miss Edith Meyers, piano, Mr. John Bayley, violin, and Mr. Dinelli, 'cello; the first movement of Haydn's Trio No. 4, Miss Eschelmann, piano, Miss Lena M. Hayes, violin, and Mr. Dinelli, 'cello; the Chopin Ballade, Op. 47, Miss Ida C. Hughes; Sonata, Op. 52, commonly known as "The Waldstein," 1st movement, Mr. Dorsey Chapman; and Moskowski's Moment Musical in C sharp minor, Op. 7, Miss Abbie M. Helmer. These numbers were well played and much appreciated. The vocal selections were also a feature of genuine merit. Miss Wheeler's singing of Meyerbeer's "Robert, My Beloved" was a good effort and showed her flexible voice to advantage. The other young ladies taking part were Miss Emily Robinson, Miss Dora McMurtry, Miss Amy Barret, Miss Alice Porhan, Miss Eldred McDonald, Miss Mary M. Gunn (reader), Miss Jessy Perry, Miss Edith C. Miller, and Miss May Hamilton, the latter three being organists. They all did most creditably, as did Master Willie Anderson in his violin solo, Leonard's Souvenir de Hayden. The Hon. G. W. Allan presented several diplomas to graduates during the evening.

Before our next issue the great violinist, Ysaye, will have been here and gone. We venture the opinion that those failing to hear him will be sorry, because he ranks as one of the greatest and most satisfying performers living, whose playing reveals a highly sensitive and emotional organization, a tone really phenomenal for depth and beauty, and a technic remarkable for faultless accuracy. We anticipate great pleasure when he appears in the Pavilion on the 18th, and, as the tickets are most reasonable in price, all *real* music lovers should endeavour to be present. Plan is at Nordheimers.

Miss Ruby E. Preston, (Mrs. Bash.), an enthusiastic and talented young pianiste and teacher, has been added to the staff of the Metropolitan College of Music, as a teacher in the piano department.

The concert to be given by the University Glee Club this (Friday) evening, will doubtless be a huge success judging by the varied programme. Miss Evelyn de Latre Street, the young violiniste, will appear in two solos.

Mr. A. S. Vogt gave an organ recital in Orillia on Friday evening last, the 7th inst., to a very large assembly. He played several numbers which were enthusiastically received and applauded.

At the concert of the Male Chorus Club, on Feb. 7th, the soloists will be Miss Emily Winant, contralto, Mr. Delasco, baritone, and Mr. Tor Pyk, tenor. The club, among other things, will sing the Pilgrims Chorus from "Tannhauser."

We are expressing the universal feeling of the public when we say that the play of Madame Sans Gêne, at the Grand Opera House, was not merely successful, but successful in a very unusually high degree. Everything was good, there were no weak places, and the feeling at the end was one of thorough satisfaction.

We begin with the scenery. There were but three scenes in fact, although there were three acts and a prologue—the Washerwoman's House, Marshall Lefebvre's Apartments at Compiegne, and the Library of the Emperor Napoleon in the same Palace. The scenery in each case was simply perfect; and the same may be said of the dresses which were extremely rich and beautiful.

Then, as for the acting, it would be diffi-

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cult to praise it too highly. Of course the heroine of the play was the chief attraction, and nothing could well have been better than Miss Kathryn Kidder's presentation of Catherine Hubscher, the Washerwoman, known among her friends as Madame Sans Gène ("Don't care"), who married Sergeant Lefebre at the end of the prologue, and appears in the first act of the play as the wife of a Marshall of France, who is also Duke of Dantzig. She is still, and to the end remains, Madame Sans Gène. The acting of this part was first rate, simple, spontaneous, spirited, and never for one moment lost its hold on the audience. But one of the principal charms of the presentation was in the excellence of the subordinate characters. Every one of them was adequately sustained. Napoleon, Fouché, the Queen of Naples, the Princess Elisa, and others were excellent, and all were satisfactory.

The prologue is of the period of the reign of terror, and represents Catherine Hubscher's laundry in the Rue Ste Anne, Paris, on the day on which the Swiss Guard were massacred at the Tuilleries. The madness of the Parisian populace is well depicted, and the scene between Catherine and the jealous lover is admirable.

The chief part of the play, all except the prologue belongs to the time of the Empire. Several of the characters are historical: for example, Fouché, the head of Police, and Savary, who supplanted him and was supplanted by him, are excellently sustained, especially the part of Fouché. So the two sisters of Napoleon are real characters. The plot of the story turns on the Emperor's jealousy of his second wife, Marie Louise, of Austria, which had very nearly led to a tragedy which was averted by the audacious, but successful strategy of Fouché.

Among the most striking scenes in the play is the one in which the Duchess of Dantzig gives a reception and finds the greatest difficulty in dressing, keeps the Queen of Naples, the Princess, her sister, and other illustrious people waiting, and finally enters dragging on her gloves, amid the derision of the imperial highnesses and their friends. These ladies, however, go a little too far in their taunts, flung at the former vivandière and washerwomen; and she treats them to a copious flow of rhetoric which makes them wince. She had been a washerwoman—yes! and her husband a sergeant; and what had they been? Nothing and nobodies, whose crowns had been won by the people whom they now despised. And what was their own origin. What was Ney! A cooper. What was her own husband, Murat, now King of Naples? The son of a tavern keeper, a pot-boy, who not long ago had been called to replenish the glasses of his father's customers. This was a little too much—smell of the fish-market, as the Princess declared as they left in a rage.

Another scene, fully as good, was that in which the Emperor scolded his sisters

for their insolence, and sarcastically threatened to send them back to their husband, followed immediately by the interview between the Emperor and Madame Sans Gène. Her manners would not do at all, he said, not in the least suitable for a duchess. Besides she had been unspeakably rude to his sisters; and the Marshall must, in short, have a divorce, and get rid of her, and marry some one more presentable.

His sisters! Yes they had scoffed at her for being a *vivandière* and serving the army which had made them all what they were; and here she worked upon the Emperor's feelings until he was ready to side with her against the world. But a *vivandière*, yes, that would do; but a washerwoman! that was not so nice. Not so bad, said the lady, if her customers had only paid their bills; but they did not always. In fact, she had, in her possession a letter acknowledging one such debt from a lieutenant with whom at that time she was very much in love, although he never gave her a thought. And to this day that bill had never been paid! Here was the letter, and it was signed Napoleon Bonaparte!

It would be wearisome to tell the story of the plot which is comparatively slight, as it would be to enumerate the many points of attraction presented by the situations, the dresses, the dialogue. It may suffice to recall these points to those who have seen the play and to give some notion of its attractions to those who have not.

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Art Notes.

A most delightfully illustrated and extremely interesting article is that by Mr. R. Holmes in the *Canadian Magazine* for December, on the "Toronto Art Student's League." The illustrations, which are from different pens, are numerous and varied and are given with a freshness that is very pleasing.

Any one wishing to spend a pleasant half hour will not fail to do so (if he or she be an art lover) by going to the Art Gallery at James Bain & Sons, 53 King street East. The collection holds over twenty canvases by Homer Watson, as well as a number by foreign artists which William Scott & Sons, of Montreal, are exhibiting here. Of these works we hope to speak further next week.

On December 22nd Arthur H. Heming, artist, of Hamilton, and Casper W. Whitney, sporting editor of *Harper's Magazine*, will start on a long trip north. They will go to Edmonton, N.W.T., by train, and from there north by horse and still further with dogs, past Lake Athabasca to the Barren Lands, there to hunt and sketch the musk ox. They expect to be away until April and the trip will take them to within a few miles of the Arctic Circle.

There is a rumor in Baltimore that Mr. Walters, the well-known art collector and capitalist, left his art treasures to the New York Metropolitan Museum of Art. It is much more likely that he left them to the Peabody Institute, or else carried out his old notion of endowing an art museum in Baltimore. Yet it is said that he held New York to be the art centre of the country, and regarded Baltimore as sadly unappreciative of art. The enrichment of the Metropolitan Museum by such a gift would raise its galleries of paintings high in the list of the world's great galleries.

Before us lies a catalogue of some seventy pictures in, to us, unreadable characters, excepting the name "G. Bruenech;" also several newspapers as non-understandable. With the assistance of a translator we learn these latter are copies of the *Aftenposten*, of Christiania, Norway, and that Mr. Bruenech has been holding in that city an exhibition of his work, much of it recent. The notices speak in terms of praise of the pictures, and of the artist as "Norse American." The attendance was excellent, from 112 to 178 daily, and, judging from the sales made, times are not as hard in Norway as here.

Mr. Wyly Grier has about completed a portrait of Professor Goldwin Smith which seems to give entire satisfaction to the Professor's friends and certainly adds to the artist's reputation. The hands are slightly clasped

while the arms rest on the arms of the chair in which the Professor is seated; the black robes and scarlet scarf of the D.C.L. are worn, and the three shields in the upper right hand corner of the canvas are very significant, belonging as they do to the three colleges with which Professor Goldwin Smith was associated at Oxford. The tone of the whole is warm, much warmer and lighter than we remember to have seen in Mr. Grier's earlier portraits, and that the work is free and vigorous goes without saying.

The first view of the work of the group of artists exhibiting in the American Art Galleries, Madison Square, New York, was held Dec. 7th. Several changes have been made in those taking part. An English Artist, Mr. Herbert Oliver, who came to this country with Dean Hole, is one of the number, his work being chiefly in water color. Alexander Harrison is not exhibiting as was expected; he is still abroad and found it impossible to direct his work as would have been desirable. As it is, all the space is filled without his work. Mr. Reid, in addition to the pictures he took with him from here, exhibits "The other Side of the Question," now the property of Mr. Brown, of Brooklyn, "Adagio" belonging to Mrs. Vanderpool, of Newark, and the portrait of Will Carleton, the poet.

Mr. L. R. O'Brien and Mr. C. M. Manly are together giving an exhibition of their work at the rooms of Matthews Brothers, Yonge street. The place of honor is held by a large picture of "Cape Gaspé" in which a lonely fir tree is seen through a mist, and faintly on the far away high cliff appears a lighthouse. A panel of loosely painted chrysanthemums, with hazy surroundings, is the only flower piece and is quite striking. "A Street in Rye" with its quaint English houses and narrow, straggling street, is very pleasing in color, subject and treatment, and the same is equally true of "The Stone and West Gate, Canterbury" with the quiet variations of color in the stone and still reflections in the water. Of Mr. Manly's work, "Spring on the River," and "Spring on the Beach," with tender faint colors of spring, are to us very charming, only equalled in their good qualities, perhaps, by "Gould of the Wayside," which is most appropriately named. The figures in "Ripe Meadows" are well done, and the careful drawing in "Under the Greenwood Tree" is seen in the fowls as well as in other details, but the color is somewhat harsh. Mr. Manly shows a number of others in both oils and water colors.

The English artist and distinguished critic, Philip Gilbert Hamerton, died at Boulogne-sur-Seine on Monday, November 5. In this country, Hamerton was known chiefly as a man of letters, and his popular reputation rested upon his "Intellectual Life," which appeared in 1873. In Europe he was considered one of the foremost writers on art. *The Dial*, Boston, speaking of him some time ago as an art-critic said: "He is thoroughly grounded in the technique. Whatever science, observation, and actual practice can afford for an accurate judgment is at his command. He has lived with nature in the closest intimacy. His mind is happily balanced and admirably constituted. His sense of the beautiful is keen and cultivated. His sanity and disinterestedness are apparent, and so, with all this, he is a safe guide in the interpretation of nature, art and life. . . . Hamerton's writings have a definite aim and supply a place in our intellectual wants that is not exactly filled by any other." *The International Review* speaks of Hamerton's "Thoughts about Art" as an almost perfect work. Of his style, *The Review* says: "Effect is produced by few touches; no wearying details, Hint and Suggestion being set so clearly before Fancy that the picture is filled out instantaneously, involuntarily, almost unconsciously. His 'Intellectual Life' contains golden grains on every page. It is vitalized with truth. We cannot conceive of any human mind born with the irresistible instincts toward the intellectual life, that would not find in the volume, not only ample food for deep reflection, but also living waters of the sweetest consolation and encouragement."

* * *

More than two hundred French cities have resolved to erect statues in honour of the late President Carnot, and it is expected that soon almost every French town will have a Carnot street or square.

It's Time That Tells.

NEW-ANGLED IDEAS DON'T COUNT FOR MUCH
AFTER ALL.

People are going ahead so rapidly in life that they are likely to run rough shod over health—Timely words of advice to all—Stick to what you know is legitimate.

One good way to test the merit of a preparation advertised to benefit health is to look carefully into its record. In times like the present, when there are so many worthless preparations in the market and so many new schemes for making money questionably, you will do wisely if you buy only a preparation which has stood the test of time.

Another important thing is to look out for secret compounds. It is unfortunate that the laws of nature make it impossible many times to trace the origin of many vegetable concoctions, for the medical world might be able to expose their worthlessness. But it may be well for Scott's Emulsion, however, that the laws are as they are, for Scott's Emulsion can say that it is one of the few preparations whose ingredients cannot be concealed and whose formula is endorsed by the whole medical world.

In these days of worthless mixtures Scott's Emulsion stands out conspicuously. It has honesty back of it, the endorsement of physicians all around it, remarkable curative properties in it and permanent cures ahead of it.

For twenty years Scott's Emulsion has been growing in public favor until it is now a popular remedy in almost every country of the world. Its growth has been somewhat remarkable, when viewed on the surface, and still it is only natural, for Scott's Emulsion is the natural outcome of many human complaints.

Scott's Emulsion presents the curative and wonderful nourishing properties of Cod-liver Oil within the reach of everybody. It is unnatural to take plain Cod-liver Oil, as it is in a form that taxes the stomach, and yet for a person who is wasting to go without Cod-liver Oil is to refuse the very thing which is the best adapted to wasting conditions.

Scott's Emulsion really has over fifty years back of it, for all the plain oil taken for thirty years before Scott's Emulsion was made had to be made exactly like Scott's Emulsion before it could be assimilated. So Scott's Emulsion saves the digestive organs the work of preparing the oil for assimilation and it also aids the digestion of other food.

Loss of appetite, loss of flesh, loss of strength and general physical vigor, are speedily overcome by Scott's Emulsion. These ailments usually mark a decline of health. Unless a nourishment especially adapted to overcoming this condition of wasting is taken, the patient goes from bad to worse, and Consumption, Scrofula, Anemia and other forms of disease surely result.

Scott's Emulsion is not an ordinary specific. Besides soothing and curative properties which are useful in curing Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat and Inflammation of Throat and Lungs, it also contains the vital principles of nourishment. A little Scott's Emulsion given to babies or children goes more to the making of solid bones and healthy flesh than all of their ordinary food. Babies who do not thrive soon grow chubby and bright on Scott's Emulsion, and children who are thin and have the appearance of growing too fast do not seem as though they could grow fast enough.

To Consumptives Scott's Emulsion is life itself. There are thousands of cases on record where Scott's Emulsion has actually cured quite advanced stages of this dreadful disease.

Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Weak Lungs, and all of the phases Emulsion and decline of health, are cured by health, are cured by Scott's Emulsion when all other methods of treatment fail. For sale by all druggists. Price 50 cents and one dollar. Pamphlet free on application to Scott & Bowne, Bellevue.

* * *

Granden, the pedestrian and Parisian journalist, who last year went on foot from New York to Chicago, has for the last four months been tramping over Algeria, Tunis and the extreme south of the Barbary States.

Public Opinion.

The Canadian Gazette: The British author and publisher have now done their worst in the matter of Canadian copyright. They have waited upon Lord Ripon in great force this week, but we read their speeches in vain to find a single new reason why Canada should be deprived of the control over her local affairs which the British Legislature long since granted her. The secret of the whole agitation against the Canadian Copyright Act of 1889 lies in the action of the United States. Because the United States has treated the British badly in the past, and for fear she should do so again, Canada must be sacrificed and denied her liberty of local legislation.

Ottawa Citizen: Everyone is reading the novels of Hall Caine, Conan Doyle, Stanley Weyman, Du Maurier and Mrs. Humphrey Ward. The appearance of these authors, especially the first four—for Mrs. Ward's works are either social or theological studies—marks a singular change in taste within a very short time; and it is especially observable when we contrast the productions of these writers with the French novels that within most recent times have held the vogue, not only in their own country, but, in spite of the weakness of translations, in England and America. Realism in literature is disappearing from the stage and its place is being taken by a return to romanticism.

Hamilton Herald: The much revised Municipal Act requires further revision. A sharp line should be drawn between the right to legislate and the power to execute, and until this is done matters will go along in the same old way. The exposures in Toronto may send the city into moral spasms for a year or two, but unless the change here advocated is made, matters will soon drift back again into the old rut. It is no new thing. Other cities have gone through the same experience many times before, and it has always ended in the same old way. Until we make it a privilege and a pleasure for shrewd and honest men to place their time and talents at the service of their fellows, there is no hope for a permanent betterment of municipal government.

St. John Telegraph: The death of Vicomte Ferdinand de Lesseps is announced. He was in his 90th year, having been born on the 19th November, 1805, and it would have been better for his fame if he had died ten years ago. The name of de Lesseps will always be associated with the construction of the Suez canal, and if he had rested there he would have been secure of immortality. But the Panama Canal Scheme blasted his reputation both as an engineer and as a man, and showed that the world had been worshipping a false idol when it declared him the greatest engineer of the age. The prestige acquired by his work in Egypt made him an object of intense admiration to every Frenchman and enabled him to ruin thousands of his too confiding countrymen.

Montreal Gazette: There is a belief in the East that Winnipeg contractors care more about the H. B. railway than do the Manitoba people. For the benefit of the contractors some years ago the province began the construction of the Hudson's Bay line, and after it had been run out into the prairie some miles, and paid for, the work ceased. The operation of the Hudson's Bay road would, however, be of immense benefit to the Northwest and to Canada, and if it was clear that it would be a commercial success, and could be used as a link in a regular line of communication with Europe, the whole country would acquiesce in any reasonable public grant to build it. The trouble is that such investigation as has been made tends to create a belief that the bay is not navigable for a long enough period to make the route valuable.

* * *

"Historical students," says the *London Telegraph*, "will learn with regret that the famous Bayeux tapestries, the most authentic representations we have of the Norman conquest, are showing signs of decay. Although kept in a glass case in the Bayeux Museum they are rapidly deteriorating."

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DR. R. V. PIERCE: Dear Sir—My daughter has been sick all her life, and the older she grew, the worse she was until she was the picture of death: the physicians could not do her any good. I heard of your "Favorite Prescription," for women, and I gave her three bottles, and now she is a perfectly healthy girl. Have recommended it to a great many sufferers from female complaints, and it has cured them. I think it is the greatest medicine in the world, and I have never found anything to compare with it.
Yours truly, MRS. M. J. LOYD.



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Although Italians are much given to quoting, they have never had in their language a dictionary of quotations. Such a work has just been published in Milan, which traces 1,575 quotations to their original source.

JACKSONVILLE, Fla.,

18th August, 1894.

To whom it may concern—and that is nearly everybody.—This is to certify that I have used Coutts & Sons' "Acetocura" on myself, my family and hundreds of others during the past fifteen years for headache, toothache, rheumatism, sciatica, sprains, cuts, boils, abscesses, scarlet fever, chills and fever, and also with good success on myself (as I was able) in an attack of yellow fever. I can hardly mention all the ills I have known its almost magical power in curing, such as croup, diarrhoea, biliousness, and even those little but sore pests to many people—corns. The trouble is with patients, they are so fond of applying where the pain is—and not where directed, at the nerve affected. And the trouble with the druggists is that they also want to sell "Something just as good," which very often is worse than useless.

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Yours truly,

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Scientific and Sanitary.

Dr. Roux has received from President Casimir-Perier the congratulations of the Government and the Cross of Commander of the Legion of Honor, in recognition of his work upon the serum treatment of diphtheria.

According to trustworthy statistics there were used in central station plants in the United States, at the end of the year 1893, 2,500,000 incandescent lamps, and in isolated plants about 1,500,000 more, making a total of 4,000,000.

According to *The London Engineer*, the Paris, Lyons, and Mediterranean Railway is now building sixty electric locomotives, each capable of drawing eight hundred tons at a speed of fifteen miles an hour, and also a number of motor cars.

White hydraulic limestone, making a beautifully pure cement when ground and calcined, has been discovered by H. S. Du Val in northern Florida. Such cement is likely to prove especially useful in construction with marble, onyx and alabaster.

To mask the smell of kerosene add amyl acetate to the extent of about one per cent. (ten grains to the liter). This not only modifies the disagreeable smell and converts it into a not unpleasant aromatic odor, but seems to make the flame brighter and whiter.

The Chinese dentist makes artificial teeth from the femur of an ox, and inserts them by passing a copper wire through them and fastening to the adjoining teeth. They are ornamental rather than useful, and the cost of three or four amounts to twenty-five or thirty cents.

A jackknife which will open so easily as to save fingernails and patience to a pleasing degree, an electric car-coupler, and a spring rocking-chair which can be made at much below the present cost of such articles, are among the inventions of Charles H. Waldron, Gifford, N. Y., a young and intelligent farmer.

A board of United States engineers has reported favorably upon the construction of a canal from Great Falls, on the Potomac River, to Washington, a distance of about 10 miles. The estimated cost is \$3,765,000, and more than 6,000 horse-power would be available. About 4,500 horse-power of this would be necessary to generate sufficient electricity to light the public buildings and streets of Washington.

Asbestos is used in paints, roofing and building materials as a non-conductor of heat, for steam-packing, for fire-proof cements, for tubing, for shovels, fork-tines, cloth rugs, cord and sewing-thread. In the household it is now made into hearth-blowers, stove-polishers, mats, sadiron rests, and for baking-paper. It will come in time, no doubt, to furnish fire-proof handles, aprons, carpets, and a dozen other things.

A new disappearing gun-carriage has been invented by Colonel S. M. Mansfield, of the United States Engineer Corps. When the piece is fired the recoil sends it backwards and downward to a loading position, where it is automatically locked. Releasing the lock leaves the gun free to rise, and a counterpoise compels it to do so. The apparatus is much more simple and inexpensive than some others now in high favor.

For his brilliant experimental work and discoveries Professor Dewar has been awarded the Royal Society's Ronford medal. But Professor Dewar deserves even higher distinction than that, for, without doubt, his researches into the properties of matter at low temperatures, and his production of liquid air are among the most brilliant discoveries of the century. Professor Dewar is now engaged upon the production of liquid hydrogen. This task is infinitely more difficult than his former ones, and is also attended with great danger, as the liquefaction of gases is apt to lead to explosions, even when the greatest care is used both by the experimenter and his assistants.

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Miscellaneous.

The *New York Herald* says that while counterfeiting is steadily increasing there is cause for congratulation in the fact that nearly seven hundred arrests for this crime by the United States Secret Service were made during the past fiscal year.

The world's tunnels are estimated to number about 1,142, with a total length of 514 miles. There are about 1,000 railroad tunnels 90 canal tunnels, 40 conduit tunnels and 12 subaqueous tunnels, having an aggregate length of about 350 miles, 70 miles, 85 miles and 9 miles respectively.

Shakespeare wrote some popular plays; a performance very remarkable when we consider that he lived before locomotives, elevators and steamships were invented. There is not one of Shakespeare's heroes who is saved from a fast express; nor is there a heroine almost lost in the wreck of an ocean steamer or pulled from under a pile-driver.

MR. W. A. REID, Jefferson Street, Schenectady, N. Y., 22nd July, '94, writes:

"I consider Acetocura to be very beneficial for La Grippe, Malaria and Rheumatism, as well as Neuralgia, and many other complaints to which flesh is heir, but these are very common here."

Countts & Sons, 72 Victoria St., Toronto.

Medical Lake, so called on account of the remedial virtues of its waters, situated on the great Columbian plateau, in Southern Washington, at an altitude of 2,300 feet above the level of the Pacific, is the Dead Sea of America. It is about a mile long and from a half to three-fourths of a mile in width, and with maximum depth of about sixty feet. The composition of the waters of this Alpine lake is almost identical with that of the Dead Sea of Palestine.

James Anthony Froude, the historian, was in Boston during the city's great fire in 1872. He had just finished his course of lectures the evening on which the fire broke out, and the manager of the course held in his hand a check for one thousand dollars—the proceeds of two or three of the lectures. He proffered the check to Mr. Froude, but the warm-hearted Englishman immediately ordered it paid to the proper authority for the benefit of the sufferers by the fire.

M. Daudet's country chateau is one of the most luxurious homes in France; but the novelist feels homesick at times for the old mill in Provence, where on a rickety table in a room which contained one dilapidated straw-bottomed chair, he wrote "Tartarin." Daudet is still a handsome man. In his youth, when he became the Duke de Morny's secretary, his pink and white skin and fine dark eyes led the duke to think that he was a woman in male attire, who had adopted that disguise to get near him.

DON'T BE IMPOSED UPON,

when you ask for Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Go to a reliable dealer. He will sell you what you want. The ones who have something else to urge upon you in its place are thinking of the extra profit they'll make. These things pay them better, but they don't care about you.

None of these substitutes is "just as good" as the "Discovery." That is the only blood-cleanser, flesh-builder, and strength-restorer so far-reaching and so unerring in its effects that it can be guaranteed. In the most stubborn skin, scalp, or scrofulous affections, or in every disease that's caused by a torpid liver or by impure blood—if it ever fails to cure, you have your money back.

A marvellous trial of endurance between the well-known French Mares, Merveillers, Pomponne and Gazelle, was concluded on Monday afternoon. The animals were matched to race from Paris to Havre and back—a distance of about 264 miles. Each of the competitors was heavily backed by its admirers. Pomponne was the winner, reaching the Port Mailot at a quarter to three on Monday afternoon, having accomplished the distance in 53 hours, 45 minutes. She was in good condition and did not seem to have suffered from her exertions. The weather was most unfavourable, rain falling nearly all the time, and the roads being heavy.

Camels are now in general use throughout Australia. Within twenty-five years, by scientific breeding, a race has been produced larger in frame, sounder in wind and limb, and able to carry more weight than the Indian camels originally imported. A quarantine for imported animals is established at Port Augusta, two hundred and sixty miles north-west of Adelaide, where they are carefully guarded for three months, during which time they are subject to a destructive mange, which carries off most of them, but to which they are no longer liable when once acclimatized. There are ten thousand camels at work, which not only transport loads upon their backs, but are trained to draw waggons, yoked in teams of eight like oxen.

REV. P. C. HEADLEY, 697 Huntington Avenue, Boston, U.S.A., April 2nd, 1894, writes:

"I have found the Acid treatment all it claims to be as a remedy for disease.

"While it does all that is stated in the descriptive and prescriptive pamphlet, I found it of great value for bracing effect, one part of the acid to ten of water applied with a flesh brush, and towels after it; also an excellent internal regulator with five or six drops in a tumbler of water. I should be unwilling to be without so reliable and safe a remedy.

"I wonder that no mention is made in the pamphlet of the sure cure the Acid is for corns (applied once or twice a day), so many are afflicted with them. It was death to mine."

To Countts & Sons, 72 Victoria St., Toronto.

* * *

A Calamity Averted.

AN ACCIDENT AT ST. MARY'S WITH ALMOST FATAL RESULTS.

The Victim Suffered for Months, During which time he was forced to Sit in a Chair—His Case Finally Pronounced Hopeless—How his Restoration was Brought About.

(From the St. Mary's Argus.)

How different are the feelings that take possession of one as they read the particulars of some great railway or steamship disaster where scores of lives with whom we have no acquaintance have been lost, and reading the particulars of the runaway of a span of horses attached to a carriage from which one of our acquaintances has been thrown and killed. In the former case, although the loss of life has been great, you say "Isn't it terrible?" but in a few days the affair has probably passed from mind, while in the latter instance months after you could recount the minutest particulars of the runaway. And so it is when we read the particulars of cures really remarkable, but because we are not interested in the person restored the facts are soon forgotten. But when a case can be submitted right at home, with which a large number of our readers are familiar, it will, we are sure, be of special interest and carry conviction.

Our readers will remember that over two years ago while Mr. Gideon Elliott, James street, St. Mary's, was teaming ashes he was thrown from a load and received such severe injuries to his spine that he was unable to walk or lie down in bed. He suffered great pain in his back. For long months he lived night and day in a chair, not able to do the slightest thing to help himself. And with no prospect of help before him he began to feel that life was a bur-

den and he had no desire to live. Two physicians attended him, but after exhausting their powers Mr. Elliott was told that "if he had anything he wanted settled he had better attend to it at once," the last doctor telling him he could not be cured. To an Argus representative Mr. Elliott gave the above facts and said that, after having suffered a great deal of pain, and notwithstanding he was told he was incurable, he determined to try the Pink Pill treatment, and purchased a dozen boxes of the renowned Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Inside of three weeks he began to feel the effects of the pills and now most emphatically declares that they have made him as well as he is to-day. When he started taking them he was not able to help himself in any way, but during the past fall he took up the potatoes in his garden, and can now do all the chores around his house. This is a wonderful change in a man who spent months in a chair unable to help himself or even to lie down and who was told by physicians that his case was hopeless, and it is another trophy added to the many victories of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills over disease.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood, and restore shattered nerves. They are an unerring specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, nervous prostration, all diseases depending upon vitiated humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities, and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood, and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of whatever nature.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold only in boxes bearing their trade mark and wrapper printed in red ink, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company from either address.

Photography does not receive any official encouragement in Russia. It seems there are no photographic societies in that country, nor are Russian contributions usually found in the international exhibitions. To become an amateur photographer in Russia, it is necessary to communicate with the police and obtain a license. If the photographer is not discreet in what he "takes," the authorities take him and keep him. It is no wonder that under such conditions the art does not flourish there.

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"The Ministerial crisis in Germany is not without its benefits. It keeps Emperor William from writing more poetry."

Patron (to laundryman): John, how did it happen that the Japanese killed so many Chinamen in that last battle? John: Notee know. Maybee bigee rain makee bad runee.

A new formula, according to *Puck* (New York): The Count: Dearest, I am not worthy of your father's money. The Heiress: Say not so! It is I who am not worthy to marry into your poor but noble family.

Pat has offered his school-fellow a bite from his apple and is astonished at the large piece measured off by Mike's teeth. "Here, I say, hold on there, hold on!" (Then, correcting himself) "When I say 'hold on' I mean 'let go!'"

She: I am afraid you are somewhat insincere. I heard you ask Miss Jones to sing something else, and I happen to know you don't admire her voice. He: Well, I knew we had only a choice between something else and the same thing over again.

Actress (angrily): Did you write that criticism which said my impersonation of The Abandoned Wife was a miserable failure? Critic: Ye-y-e-s; you see you looked so irresistibly beautiful that it was impossible to fancy that any man could abandon you.

"The hardest thing to acquire, Miss," said the dramatic teacher, "is the art of laughing naturally without apparent effort." "Oh, I've got that down fine," said the would-be soubrette; "I typewrote three years for a man who was always telling me funny stories about his little boy."

Miss Gush: So you teach at college. That must be so nice. And you teach the students all sorts of languages. I suppose they never speak English at all. Professor: Very seldom speak it. Miss G.: There, I was sure of it! What language do they speak most? Greek or Latin or Professor: Slang.

Visitor: Call your paper a great advertising medium, do you? It isn't worth anything. I put in an advertisement last week, and didn't get an answer—not one. Editor: Dear me! How was your advertisement worded? Visitor: A poor young man wants a pretty wife who can do her own housework.

Overheard in Free Library. Servant Girl (who has been sent by her mistress to change a book): Now, mind you give me the right one this time! Librarian's Assistant: You always have had the right book. Servant Girl: Well, I don't know how you make that out; I've had to change every book we've had yet.

Old Gentleman (bestowing a trifle): Poor fellow! What has brought you to this condition of suffering? Beggar: Timperance, sor. Old Gentleman (astonished): Temperance? Beggar: Yes, sor. Oi've done nothing all day but sit in the park and drink water; but with the help of your honour's sixpence Oi'll be a new man in a few minutes.

London Vanity Fair, desiring to convey some information, recently remarked: "Five years ago, Rudyard Kipling left India to see China, Japan and America, after which he came to London and got married. He has now made his home in Vermont, Central America, and when he has passed seven years in the study of the people among whom he dwells we may expect a great work on that country, which has in it the making of several empires."

Paddy has been telling the story of a big pike he caught—too big to get into the boat, so that he had to be towed behind (with the gaff in it, it must be understood). Then followed this dialogue: "What weight, Paddy?" "Divil a know I know, but he was an ojus baste." "Was that the biggest you ever saw, Pady?" Then a description of the biggest. "What weight, Paddy?" "Sorra a bit I know—he was a terror." "How big, Paddy?" "Sure, I can't tell you to a fut or two, but a man could walk down his throat." On this incredulity; but Paddy "clinched the matter and silenced all controversy" by adding: "Wid his hat on."

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Gentlemen: One day last month I called into the office of your agent, Mr. S. W. Hall, on other business, and received the gentleman's condolence upon my wretched appearance. As a matter of fact, I was a sick man—had been receiving treatment from two different physicians without the slightest benefit. I certainly was discouraged, but afraid to let go. I had not had a decent night's rest for most ten days, no appetite, no ambition, "achey" all over, but bowels were in good order—the fact is, neither the physicians nor I knew just what the trouble was. Mr. Hall spoke of Acetocura. I confess I would have paid little attention to it but for my precarious condition. He insisted on giving me half a bottle to try, and refused to accept any payment for it. I read the pamphlet and had my mother rub me that evening. Failing to produce the flush within 15 minutes, I became thoroughly frightened—the flesh along the spine seemed to be dead—but persisting in it produced the required result in just 45 minutes. That night was the first peaceful one in ten, and on the morrow my spine was covered with millions of small postules. By night I felt a considerable improvement. Owing to soreness the application was omitted, but again made the third night. The following day showed a wonderful change in me. I felt like a new man. Since then I have chased rheumatic pains several times, with the greatest ease. From being sceptic, I cannot help but say, "Great is Acetocura." It is truly wonderful, and I am most grateful to Mr. Hall for his action.

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